## Featured Poets

Eftichia Kapardeli \* Metin Cengiz Hussein Habasch \* Kosh K Mathew

## Albert John Lutuli ~ 1960





The Year of Peace Celebrating past Nobel Peace Prize Recipients

## The Poetry Posse 2020

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



# June 2020

## **The Poetry Posse**

inner child press, ltd.

## The Poetry Posse 2020

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

~ \* ~

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

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

## **General Information**

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#### The Poetry Posse

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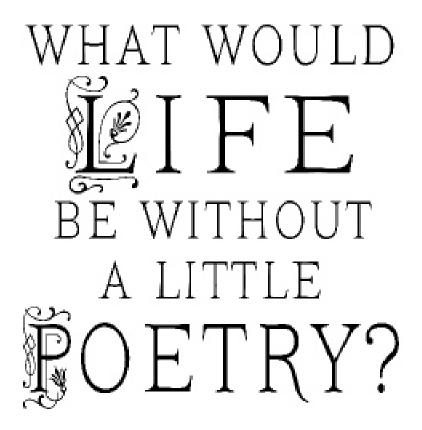
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### This Book is dedicated to

Humanity, Peace & Poetry

the Power of the Pen can effectuate change!

#### æ

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



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

Janet P. Caldwell

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# Foreword

We talked of information explosion in the late 1980s, the information superhighways through the 1990s. We are so much engrossed to leave our digital foot prints today but the Greater Peace is always hash tagged with love, humanity and core values.

"Peace is the loaf of bread for a beggar the first monsoon for a farmer a butterfly on the mast of a submarine five elements of a creation seven notes of music"

Peace is a journey and never a destination. So, in the process of learning to inculcate inner peace in our lives we search, research and recognise the values. The perception of peace is different for different people.

This month's theme was dedicated to Noble Peace laureate Albert John Luthuli, also spelled as Lutuli. He was a Zulu chief, religious leader, teacher, and president of the African National Congress (ANC), South Africa. He became the first African to be honoured with the prestigious Nobel Prize for Peace in <u>1960</u> for his leadership role in non-violent struggle against the apartheid rule in South Africa. He had a noble bearing, and was intolerant of hatred, and firmly struggled for equality and peace among all men of the South African society. He was awarded the Nobel Peace prize for advocating nonviolent resistance against apartheid in South Africa. In leading his people, he was always democratic and consulted his people before any decision taken. He was honest, transparent and accountable to his people.

In his acceptance speech he said "May the day come soon. when the people of the world will rouse themselves, and together effectively stamp out any threat to peace in whatever quarter of the world it may be found,"

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

Literature has undergone a tectonic change. We express our deep reverence to all the noble peace laureates for they are the apostles of a time zone who have solved the situations, saved human lives and helped the economic, cultural social growth of society. The Year of the Poet has dedicated each month of 2020 to the noble peace laureates.

Poetry is the living song of human race ......

We respect the humanity ... We respect history and coexistence Let us join our hands for peace and build a paradise on the Earth ...

Swapna Behera

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

# World Healing World Peace 2020



## Poets for Humanity

# Now Available

www.innerchildpress.com/world-healing-

world-peace-poetry

www.worldhealingworldpeacepoetry.com

www.worldhealingworldpeacefoundation.org

# Preface

Dear Family and Friends,

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

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

To reiterate, our initial vision was to just perform at this level for the year of 2014. Since that time we have had the blessed opportunity to include many other wonderful poets, word artists and storytellers in the Poetry Posse from lands, cultures and persuasions all over the world. We have featured hundreds of additional poets, thereby introducing their poetic offerings to our vast global audience. In keeping with our effort and vision to expand the awareness of poets from all walks by making this offerings accessible, we at Inner Child Press International will continue to make every volume a FREE Download. The books are also available for purchase at the affordable cost of \$7.00 per volume.

In the previous years, our monthly themes were Trees Flowers, Birds, Gemstones, and Past Cultures. This coming year we have elected to continue our focus of choosing what we consider a significant subject . . . PEACE! In each month's volume you will have the opportunity to not only read at least one poem themed by our Poetry Posse about such celebrated members Peace Ambassadors, but we have included a few words about each individual in our prologue. We hope you find the poetic offerings insightful as we use our poetic form to relay to you what we too have learned through our research in making our offering available to you, our readership.

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

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

Building Cultural Bridges of Understanding . . .

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

Bill

The Poetry Posse Inner Child Press Ineternational

PS

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

Available here

www.worldhealingworldpeacepoetry.com

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

#### World Healing, World Peace Foundation human beings for humanity



#### worldhealingworldpeacefoundation.org

## Albert John Lutuli 1960

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

In 1960, The Nobel Peace Prize was awarded to Albert John Lutuli.

For more information about visit :

en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Albert\_Lutuli or www.nobelprize.org/prizes/peace/1960/lutuli/biogr aphical







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

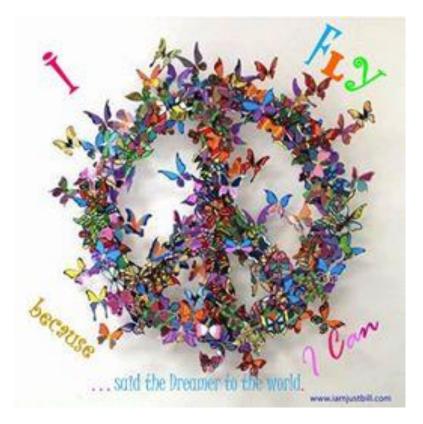
~ wsp





Poetry succeeds where instruction fails.

~ wsp



# Gail Weston Shazor



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

#### Author of ...

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

Lies My Grandfathers Told Me

available at Inner Child Press.

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

#### Continuous Rain

Mvumbi accidently taught the world That to be black was accidental He accidently stood easy When there was great need To be accidently found non-violent In a world where his accidentiality Was considered passive They thought it an accident that The Christianity didn't take And he reverted to tribal chief As Myumbi missioned his purpose The ancestral voices came forth Too loud to be mistaken And the ones who insisted he was Albert Pushed back against the nations Until an accident occurred And the Zulu's mourned.

#### Re-Breath

I listen to you breathe And I am awed by your easy peace The relaxed shoulders of one Who dreams big and quiet "Mom, tell me a story" And it comes forth in memories and wishes The colors are grand The words, in a hurry for the saying Driving the point home Driving the story to God The lesson pressing towards love The cords fray from navel to wrist With the wearing of time In the loudness of living you laugh Choosing a blessing over bitterness And how is it be known What is truth and what is fancy The lesson is this Don't cry because it ends Laugh because it is happening I watch you from my end of the day The seasons pass far too quickly And the hours grow thin As time changes from yesterday Into the wonder of tomorrows The meanings change In the turnings We have wound around each other From living to begin To living to end

We carry in turn our hearts I watch you breathe And count the moments We spend together I have asked for my story From the inhalation May you ask for mine At exhalation As you watch them breathe

#### The Art Forbidden

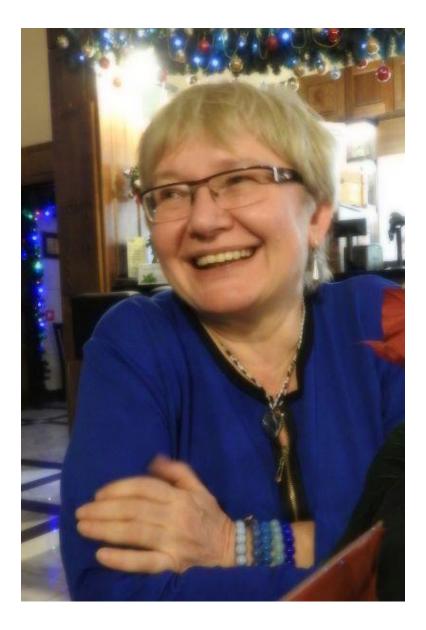
Song of Solomon 3:1-3

By night on my bed I sought him whom my soul loveth: I sought him, but I found him not. I will rise now, and go about the city in the streets, and in the broad ways I will seek him whom my soul loveth: I sought him, but I found him not. The watchmen that go about the city found me: to whom I said, Saw ye him whom my soul loveth?

Why did you hide from me I beseeched you earnestly In city streets and Lanes paved wide Across heaven's horizons I sought your face My soul longed for you Every watchman watched But none could help me Find you who I desired Above the touch of strangers That I will always shun By night I dreamed Of your sweet voice Calling out to me Calling me from evensong In the quietest hour Twixt now and then Though in all faith I prayed without ceasing I fasted on my knees I called you by name

But you answered not Your essence still lingers Around every memory Those that keep count Of us who are alone Cannot erase the stain of tears As there is no grace Sufficient to make an art Of being one forbidden love

# Alicja Maria Kuberska



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

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

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

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

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

#### Evening in Africa

poem dedicated to Albert John Lutuli

Dark clouds whirl like bad moments. They obscure the setting sun and the bloody glow closes the day.

This moment gives a birth to my reflection - the calm of the evening is disturbed by a storm, and a man destroys the harmony of the world Another and long chapter in human history described the power and enormity of the empire and contempt for the black color of the skin.

Suddenly a ray breaks through the clouds a luminous spark gives comfort and hope when it paints a rainbow on the raindrops

Not so long ago a boy was born, who was sensitive to pain of a man, He called evil by name bravely. His words sounded like new music. Freed thoughts gave independence and crushed the megalith of injustice.

Africa stands proudly upright now. It wiped the tears of suffering for slaves and again looks boldly into the future.

#### Come back of everyday life

It will be fine again and the world will regain its brilliance. Time will go on, bad hours will pass - these ones filled with fear, suffering and tears. One day the death will forget to sharpen its scythe.

Joy will return home to bloom on the faces Sadness and fear will settle in memories like a bit of dust - only sometimes they will echo in the nightmare dreams or will recall in the stories about long days of horror

# Your name

You said: " A man - it sounds proudly" and you mean Einstain, Mozart or Rafaello

Later you added: "A man- it sounds terribly" and you mean Hitler, Stalin or Pol Pot

Now, you must choose your way. You have to decide if your name makes people smile or cry.

# Jackie Davis Allen



Jackie Davis Allen, otherwise known as Jacqueline D. Allen

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

# Continuous Rain: His Zulu Name

Albert Mvumbi John Luthuli, Servanthood of justice. Activist, inspired by Gandhi. With passionate heart and soul, Resisted against apartheid, always engaged. Continuous rain: Mvumbi. That was his Zulu Name

Albert Mvumbi John Luthuli, teacher, Politician, chief. A Zulu, South African, caring son. Guided by Christian principles. Confirmed Methodist, lay pastor. Continuous Rain: Mvumbi. That was his Zulu Name

Albert Mvumbi John Luthuli, Banned, restricted, though Unrelenting in his goal for racial equality. Eloquently negotiating with whites; Stripped from his role as tribal chief. Continuous Rain: Mvumbi. That was his Zulu Name

Albert Mvumbi John Luthuli, Impeccable morals, character. Traveled to India, the United States of America. Awarded the 1960 Nobel Peace Prize: First African so honored. Continuous Rain: Mvumbi. That was his preferred name.

# About Love's Name

There was a time when we were not yet hardened. Earth, too, in its newly formed garden. So much fun when embraced in the romance of love's warm arms.

Love danced the bright light of desire's charm!

The music, fidelity's commitment. How it blossomed. Blush of astonishment! And the turtledoves, how sweetly they cooed.

Why, then, did dark clouds choose to descend?

They rained down in such way that the sun withheld its light. Love, passion, dissolved into guile's potion, tainting love's name.

Pleasure's cup of emotion wept.

Like storm of discontent regret shamed their hearts. With innocence of trust torn apart, how, you may ask, can love's name ever be the cause of blame?

# A Version of the Truth

Stand by the shore, look out at the sea, and Somberly, heart is sinking in grief, scarred Beyond relief. Why is it that some see what Others don't want to see, and why is it that They don't understand how truth views life?

The sound, the world overflowing, its banks Brimming fully with wealth, knowledge and truth. Alas, had truth's version been able to drink Of its blessings, it may have allowed one to navigate The path to its borders, to cross over the bridge.

Barred by tradition, universal misunderstanding. There, where the current swells, where deeply Hidden, the secret treasures enjoyed by elders, Love would have been like a fountain, springing Forth and uniting truth's family in affection

Alas, it was not to be for the recipients whose Foreign ways clashed with the stringent Tenets of the old regular ways of religion. The budding of romance, the stems clipped. The formation of the leafing out of passion, faded..

O, that truth's version surfaced, had it not been forbidden. One class pitted against another, though color Of skin, remarkably the same. Either in light of Day or dark of night. Alas, the cast of blame paints In black and white the stains of truth's alternative name.

# Tzemin Ition Tsai



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

He is a scholar with a wide range of expertise, while maintaining a common and positive interest in science, engineering and literature member. He is also an editor of "Reading, Writing and Teaching" academic text and a columnist for 'Chinese Language Monthly' in Taiwan

He has won many national literary awards. His literary works have been anthologized and published in books, journals, and newspapers in more than 40 countries and have been translated into more than a dozen languages.

# Let The Rain Continue

As the east wind blows Willow's silk dance Those anti-Apartheid activists The only black Africans with deprived voting rights Discriminatory laws Like the pond water quietly waiting for the stormy storm full of ponds Must not extinguish The lone lamp in the center of the lotus pond Would rather let the rain continue

Grass on the plain The moisture of the dew has just dried up Bans Following the Sharpeville massacre Lie on the empty bed, listening to the rain from the south window Who can't sleep by night lights The Nobel Peace Prize ceremonies in Oslo An inexplicable pathological phenomenon

Willow trees on the lake covered with white flowers In the smoke, unable to overcome its weights and hang down everywhere Let the rain continue Circular shore Pedestrian figure seems to be in the fog on spring evening When the snow on a sunny day warms the wind The quiet mood will naturally become clearer

## Thoughts of my life knew before

The page full poems The thoughts full night Just for that heartbreak Just for so many past memories crowded in upon my mind Teared up the poem page I suddenly lost the page of thought

The page full poems The completely torn night Did not see the so-called peace of mind My mind has been hollowed out Conceived the poem Also broke off the lingering night

Carefully posted back a page The torn scar Scotch tape fall to pieces As if The bandages for healing Smooth it out daily Still can't wait for the recovered soul How can I Not blame my selfishness?

# Life and Death In The Forest

Look at this fruit as bright red as blood, it will not just be a dream in our forest If you want to Snatch Between you and me There won't be only wails

Among these vast forests, would not just conceive only one fruit like this Had better not dare to try anything Extinguish That greed in your eyes Or blood red will not only contaminate the fruit

Your claws are not as sharp as mine Your beak is not as hard as me Your wings and feathers are less plump than me Your will is not as firm as mine Your voice even is not as sad as mine

Under my scalding, ruthless eyes This red It's already hot as flames, crimson like fires Not afraid of getting yourself under the fire Bring it on

# Shargef Abdur Rashged



Shareef Abdur-Rasheed, AKA Zakir Flo was born and raised in Brooklyn, New York. His education includes Brooklyn College, Suffolk County Community College and Makkah, Saudi Arabia. He is a Veteran of the Viet Nam era, where in 1969 he reverted to his now reverently embraced Islamic Faith. He is very active in the Islamic community and beyond with his teachings, activism and his humanity.

Shareef's spiritual expression comes through the persona of "Zakir Flo". Zakir is Arabic for "To remind". Never silent, Shareef Abdur-Rasheed is always dropping science, love, consciousness and signs of the time in rhyme.

Shareef is the Patriarch of the Abdur-Rasheed Family with 9 Children (6 Sons and 3 Daughters) and 41 Grandchildren (24 Boys and 17 Girls).

For more information about Shareef, visit his personal FaceBook Page at :

https://www.facebook.com/shareef.abdurrasheed1 https://zakirflo.wordpress.com

# Albert Lutuli..,

b. 1898 d. Zulu chieftain teacher respected man of peace relentless seeking justice abolish apartheid in South Africa persecuted for ANC activism from 1945 one of early leadership Mandela contemporary withstood sustained restricted movement banned from freedom to travel peaceful resistance against apartheid Nobel peace prize recipient 1960 one of the soldiers for justice who are willing to sacrifice their lives in peaceful resistance. his sacrifice left its mark in the long struggle against inhuman racist tyranny in South Africa

food4thouight = education

# X-cited!!

Dedicated to brother Malcolm, AL Hajj Malik(ra)

X-ception since conception! X-Tracted, May 19,1925! X-posed to racist deception X-celled at trying to stay alive X-tremely gifted inside X-ample of the guided strive X-acted so the oppressed are lifted X-pressed what's needed to survive X-ponent of speaking truth to might X-pounded on Human rights X-Fought the good fight, it's fact alright X-hounded by the Alphabet guys day and night X-ported far all the way to Hajj for real not a mirage X-horted "No one's worthy of worship X-cept Allah!" X-treme sacrifice to the day he died X-traordinary one sent to lead X-cellent brother Al-Hajj Malik Shabazz, Shaheed, (ra) X-pired Feb. 21 1965 but i, X-pect to Insha'Allah be with him one day!! Remember they (Martyrs) are not dead, You just don't see them, instead!!

food4thought = education

### Rabil Alamin

Lord of the Worlds

-----

got the whole joint locked down including dem self-anoint dem think wear crowns dem clowns datz da point ya'll delusional since mortality is the usual tenure brief can't rule from where dem lay reefs nuff said bout kings speak none of ya'll have power of 'Be ' fact: be and it is to be exact only Allah(swt) does that and right now it's on delusional clowns reduced to pawns reminded who's the boss ceeee to degree only his biz only thee (1) say be and it is

food4thought = education (swt) = All glory to Allah.

# Kimberly Burnham



A brain health expert with a PhD in Integrative Medicine, Kimberly Burnham has lived in tropical Colombia; in Belgium during the Vietnam War; in Japan teaching businessmen English; in diverse international Toronto, Canada and several places in the US. Now, she's in Spokane, WA with her wife, Elizabeth, two sets of twins (age 11 & 14) and three dogs. Her recent book, *Awakenings: Peace Dictionary, Language and the Mind, a Daily Brain Health Program* includes the word for peace in hundreds of languages. Kim's poetry weaves through 70 volumes of *The Year of the Poet, Inspired by Gandhi, Women Building the World, A Woman's Place in the Dictionary*, Tiferet Journal, Human/Kind Journal and more.

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

# Human Rights On The Agenda

A Nobel Peace Prize sends a message inspired by Mahatma Gandhi South African chief teacher and trade unionist Albert Lutuli earned the Prize in 1961 the committee took a stand respect for human rights on the agenda joining the movement against apartheid. honoring civil disobedience directed against racial segregation then took a step further in 1984 respecting South Africa's Bishop Desmond Tutu with the award

### Values in a Motto

Lesotho has a motto showing what we value "Khotso Pula Nala" Peace Rain Prosperity

We say these words as if prayers for what we don't have

Hoping for the best days in Marakabei when all three come together folding into a graceful life

Two hundred sheep ten goats thirty cattle and five horses all together we enjoy a life of "Khotso" with "Pula" creating "Nala"

# Peace Talking and Telling Tales

"The most loquacious people" J. Marshall observed referring to the Ju/'hoan suggests one useful strategy maintaining peace "fgou" diffusing tensions by talking the San people of the Kalahari Desert are not silent "fgau" engage in conversation all day long and well into the night as they work as they eat as they gather around the fires with their children at night as they visit with other families people who have hunted or gathered separately recount in exhaustive detail the tracks of animals amounts of berries abundance of certain plants then plan what come next where might there be game? to whom will they give nuts? the band a unit of sharing demands peace and cooperation among members

# elizabeth e. Castillo



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

#### Web links:

#### Facebook Fan Page

#### https://free.facebook.com/ElizabethEsguerraCastillo

#### Google Plus

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

# Of Peace and Rain

Blessed with a name of continuous rain, Mvumbi, a lover of peace First person of African Heritage To have the Nobel Peace Prize Struggled for non-violent means Against apartheid.

The Zulu Chief who laid his life For his pack of ten million, He once said: "You must learn the rules of the game, And then you have to play better than anyone else."

Peace and rain, a lovely refrain, Harmony and unity will remain A noble man of peace Set the world in bliss.

# The Sojourner

In my search for meaning-I often wondered where is my place in this world, Scanning the skies in a moonlit night Marvelling at the cosmic chaos, the blinding light Glancing at the eddies-The vast universe before me full of questions, And the answers are yet to surface The sojourner lost in oblivion Hiding behind the shadows Waiting for years of revelation About to take step in the next chapter of the millennium, With eyes wide open, soul in deep reflection The embers start to ignite And yet the restless heart suddenly crashed and burned.

Greeted by the mystic twilight, Asking the heavens for a Divine Guide-The Sage said: "the answers will come to you." That's the mystery of my own fragility, A stranger with no home, a vagabond on the street of life But deep in my heart I know My Personal Legend will reveal itself in time-Like a thief in the night, it will come to me in a dream And then I'll be lost no more The wanderer metamorphosed into a Divine Soul.

# And They Healed

Restless souls pleading to the heavens, Surrounded by angels, harps playing The skies of blue greeted them anew Leaves of green like palms outstretched, As if succumbing to a fervent prayer.

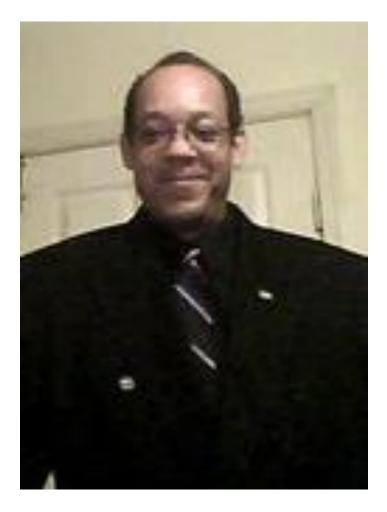
Prisoners of their own doing, Leading solitary confinement When will they see the breaking of a new dawn? Masked faces enveloped in fear and scorn.

Frightened of the darkness, Weary shadows, creased faces The Promise etched in the sands of time, God will hear their cries.

Waking up to a brand new morn, They can never go back to what they were once The Plague being a catalyst to change, Repent they did, and they healed.

Light from the heavens emerged, The glaring rays of the sun Creating a vibrational shift Man realized his faults and mistakes, And they healed.





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 times strike cord oft а with the dormant strings of the reader. His pen the rosined bow drawn across the mind. He comes full-frontal or in the subtlest way, always expressing in a way that stimulate the senses.

www.facebook.com/joe.minddancer

# Africa's First

Peace doesn't come easy when one fights for human rights Albert John Lutuli found that out in life as with most of his countrymen Ah the country men, like Bishop Desmond Tutu that a fight for peace is a righteous fight Albert John Lutuli, born 30 November 1897 Can you imagine what was happening during his lifetime when the country where he was born in needed a lifeline Apartheid comes to mind, demonstrations and strikes against a minority government He went on to be elected President of the African National Congress, liberation movement Following a massacre of 69 black demonstrators in Sharpeville the ANC was banned This man was persecuted by his own authorities A South African chief, a teacher and trade unionist A spokesmen for a campaign of civil disobedience There's so much more to this storied poem as we struggle to keep his struggle from becoming a norm His Nobel Peace Prize for 1960, lifts me spiritually Bulawayo, Southern Rhodesia (now Zimbabwe) His country His land his demand for justice Minority rule? Is the definition of injustice.

# Lost In Thought

I've found myself wandering and losing tract of time it's not the first time but as of late, man wow I woke up Monday only to be aware Wednesday Tuesday I guess I must have been thinking

I know I'd been drinking while watching the blues that's my personal definition of watching the news No time to worry about time I have no time I have no place I need to be, just be

What to me, as having fun isn't how it used to be I'm free of worrying about being late and being late used to be a pet peeve I believe my hobbies are avoiding me

I have a stereo that's incredibly old it's no longer hooked up umm, give away or sold I told you I'm lost in thought

I thought if I taught a class but alas I have no patience for patients seems a bit too salacious how can I say this, yeah! Lost in thought

# Reopening The Same

Refried, re-tried, we tried to get back to normalcy We seem to have forgotten who moves the economy Opening stores without the patrons how can we economically restore a nation The brothers are on lockdown The others are on lockdown The people are being knocked down Empty streets empty venues Empty policies with nothing but innuendo the death toll is rising the government is lying PEOPLE ARE DYING but money matters more The CEO's are sore; they can't capitalize like before Liquor stores are essential to help dull your mental Now remind us again what's essential Restaurant dates your favorite teams Let's go back to patrons you know, "WE THE PEOPLE" We're the ones who actually keep you high and mighty neat and tidy, fed and well read, so answer politely Why are we opening up so soon, when the death toll still looms without an answer to this doom Are we not men or are we chess pieces moved about based on their thesis, their prophecies? There hunches, people are literally dying in bunches economists elaborately crunch their numbers Have we all becomes victims of war when there's more on the front line like with wars before Buyer beware, we're off of protection We're merely numbers to crunch for a bottom line at "HELL'S END"

hülya n. yılmaz



Liberal Arts Emerita, hülya n. yılmaz is a published author, literary translator, and Co-Chair and Director of Editing Services at Inner Child Press International. Her poetic work appeared in an excess of eighty-five anthologies of global endeavors and has been presented at numerous national and international poetry events. In 2018. the Writer's International Network of British Colombia, Canada honored yılmaz with a literary award. As of 2017, two of her poems remain permanently installed in Telepoem Booth - a U.S.wide poetic art exhibition. hülya finds it vital for everyone to understand a deeper sense of self, and writes creatively to attain a comprehensive awareness for and development of our humanity.

> Writing Web Site https://hulyanyilmaz.com/

Editing Web Site https://hulyasfreelancing.com

## Honorable Albert John Luthuli

the moment your smile met my eyes from a photo from the Nobel Foundation archives, your graceful dignity spoke to my heart distinctly

Honorable Albert John Luthuli, you already know, but i am finding out just now so, i hope you will bear with me while i tell myself and willing others a few details about this segment of your life

your initiatives and actions for peace on Earth were acknowledged with a Nobel Peace Prize the year was 1960

Honorable Albert John Luthuli, you received the distinctive award one year later during that time, the designated committee also decorated Dag Hammarskjöld with the same honor posthumously

Honorable Albert John Luthuli, Africa's first Peace Prize Laureate a distinguished leader of global peace what a privilege it has been for me to learn about your exceptional existence beyond the death of your empirical presence!

you have exemplified respect for human rights while you were filled with inner strength to fight against apartheid draped inside the philosophy of nonviolence

Honorable Albert John Luthuli in how much of a dire need are we of you in our indisputably troubled times!



## a HAIKU on peace

i despair, i do! the world is suffocating under evil's chains

# Africa's First Peace Prize Laureate

he is said to have traversed the Earth about 69 years Inkosi Albert John Luthuli, as far as his on-paper-identity but also known under his Shona name, Myumbi

as a teacher and an activist of South Africa he opened his door to the political arena the year was 1952, and peace is where he took the people to

be proud, Africa, be very proud! you have birthed an exceptional soul i wish and wish again against all odds that the rest of the world would follow suit i have had it with the games of the cruel!





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

## Albert Luthuli Impact

Luthuli was a charitable man, intolerant of hatred and persistent in his work for equality and peace. Tribal Chief and president-general of the African National Congress, a leader in nonviolent campaigns for civil rights in South Africa.

The government placed bans on Luthuli's movement because of his work. After one ban expired in 1956, he attended an ANC conference was arrested and charged with treason. He was eventually released and charges dropped.

Another five-year ban confined him to a 15-mile radius of his home. The ban was temporarily lifted for 10 days to permit Luthuli to attend the Nobel ceremony.

He was awarded the Nobel Peace Prize for his role in the non-violent struggle against apartheid bringing more widespread attention to segregation in South Africa.

## What Do We Fear

What do we fear most when we step into the day?

A chance encounter with the hounds that hold our guilt and shame. They may sit at our table and feast on our pain.

Or perhaps we may have to own the deadly words that beat the bed of tears our friend shed.

Or perhaps it is the face of grief in the stranger's eyes that mirror the sorrows we stuff in our closet.

Shall we analyze our pain on the sharp blade of our tongues one slice at a time?

Or shall we move on to face the fear that we must pass to step into our next life.

# **Turning Point**

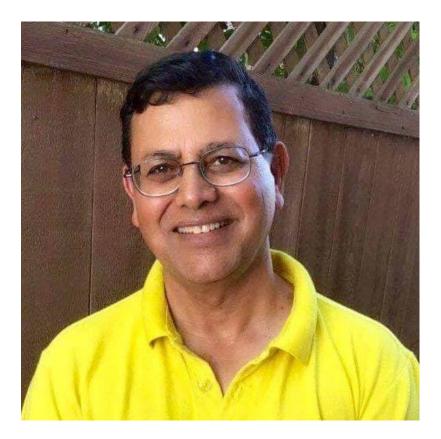
Enormous cold clutches my heals, climbs up my legs, freezes me in place. I send heat waves of love. My legs move away from the cold.

The voice of a tragic relationship runs up my spine, paralyzes my body. I relax and let go. The voice melts in the wind.

A broken shadow stands in my lane blocking my passage. I throw a pure kiss of love into its face. The shadow falls off my path.

The face of lust staggers behind me reaching for my tail. I drop rose petals on my footprints. Lust dissolves into a stream of love.

I walk alone on my trail, come face to face with fear. It reaches for me with bloody hands. I touch the hand of fear with the light of love. Fear turns into my spiritual guide. Ashok K. Bhargava



Ashok Bhargava is a poet, writer, community activist, public speaker, management consultant and a keen photographer. Based in Vancouver, he has published several collections of his poems: Riding the Tide, Mirror of Dreams, A Kernel of Truth, Skipping Stones, Half Open Door and Lost in the Morning Calm. His poetry has been published in various literary magazines and anthologies.

Ashok is a Poet Laureate and poet ambassador to Japan, Korea and India. He is founder of WIN: Writers International Network Canada. Its main objective is to inspire, encourage, promote and recognize writers of diverse genres, artists and community leaders. He has received many accolades including Nehru Humanitarian Award for his leadership of Writers International Network Canada, Poets without Borders Peace Award for his journeys across the globe to celebrate peace and to create alliances with poets, and Kalidasa Award for creative writings.

## Glide Upstream

life gives unto life you, the giver and you, receiver rise together on the gift as on wings – Khalil Gibran

live in harmony be a bold greenhorn

peace begins with you it ends with you

float upstream be a giver to receiver it forever

rise as on wings land on delicate petals

only in the service of others to find a meaningful peace

the best way to have peace is to be peaceful

Om Shanti, the ancient hymn has long been used as one of the mantras longing peace for the humans, the universe, and the whole cosmic manifestation. It serves as a prayer for peaceful coexistence.

## Change is Hope

Salt water becomes sweet when transformed into a cloud.

A crater becomes a pristine lake after hot magma escape.

Flower becomes fragrance when touched by the breeze.

Silence becomes sunshine in the unbearable blues of quarantine.

Soul reemerges when body turns into ash.

Why can't we see beauty of the change?

Life must flame out to give new light

to guide a cocoon from a moth to a butterfly.

## Letter to a Friend

I am sad I cannot sleep I am blue and I want to weep.

I am abandoned by the relatives and family I have no lover to help me in a calamity.

They envy my job reputation and pay they blame me for their troubles now what can I say.

I think I should leave everything without hesitation to attain happiness and liberation.

Can you confirm aptness of my decision that detachment is the answer in precision? Caroling 'Ceri Naz' Nazareno Gabis



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

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

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

Links to her works:

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

#### His Name Is Liberation

For Albert John Lutuli

you are a crossbreed of thoughts, ideas, knowledge and freedom, in a multi-stage of higher creative and reasonable thinking if "ego" is not the absolute value it will create harmless bitterness, you remain calm, just, humble and sincere, the emergence of selfless acceptance, you see more rooms of trying, to liberate oneself from discrimination and rejection even your character has been killed many times, you'd see things beyond structure and beyond new sprouts you are called laureate for peacea full grown hybrid of wisdom.

# Seed of Change

the colossal growth of each vision is coming together as one seed of CHANGE, remain steadfast amidst contagion, as Nature bloom, we rise for tomorrow while making heartprints to those we know and we don't know.

## whispered silence

i am nowhere nameless born free dragonfly dressing my found wings with my optimistic sun holding new and old hours of embryonic flames

i am where i would like to host of outnumbered stars in the timeless sky where rainbows bleed within my flight to reach you

i am just around here your most gentle wind of unspoken vermilion rings here-there of now, for us i am everywhere, in every you my love, like there's no tomorrow

# Swapna Behera



Swapna Behera is a bilingual contemporary poet, author, translator and editor from Odisha. India. She was a teacher from 1984 to 2015. Her stories, poems and articles are widely published in National and International journals, and ezines, and are translated into different national and International languages. She has penned six books. She is the recipient of the Prestigious International Mother Language UGADI AWARD WINNER 2019. She was conferred upon the Prestigious International Poesis Award of Honor at the 2nd Bharat Award for Literature as Jury in 2015, The Enchanting Muse Award in India World Poetree Festival 2017, World Icon of Peace Award in 2017, and the Pentasi B World Fellow Poet in 2017. She is the recipient of Gold Cross of Wisdom Award, the Prolific Poetess Award, The Life time Achievement Award, The Best Planner Award, The Sahitya Shiromani Award, ATAL BIHARI BAJPAYEE AWARD 2018, Ambassador De Literature Award 2018, Global Literature Guardian Award, International Life Time Achievement Award and the Master of Creative Impulse Award. She has received the Honoured Poet of India from the Seychelles Government accredited Literary Society LLSF. Her one poem A NIGHT IN THE REFUGEE CAMP is translated into 50 languages. She is the Ambassador of Humanity by Hafrikan Prince Art World Africa 2018 and an official member of World Nation's Writers Union, Kazakhstan 2018. Italy, the National President for India by Hispanomundial Union of Writers (UHE), Peru, the administrator of several poetic groups, and the Cultural Ambassador for India and south Asia of Inner Child Press U.S.

#### almost everyday .....

almost everyday I enter into the fire to melt ; to bleed and sweat alphabets hop on my fossil

I reinvent my inner space sprouting the blisters wonderfully invading presumptions and assumptions I become an orphan bagpiper I chase the silence

> almost everyday my story and history barricaded I try to speak unspoken dialects I walk on the national highways as a migrant labourer hungry and thirsty

yet dreaming my courtyard with hazy eyes the murmuring sound of my village stream echoes in my ears I swim in hallucination ; build my imaginary house with a strong roof that can withstand disasters

> almost everyday I dig a well to drink water but then who cares....? I die to live and let you live .....

## autograph.....

be assured my autograph you are present here or there ;somewhere

to allure the melody of my grinning soul my skeleton squeezed in the captive land why should I cry ?

every land has its own fragrance each pollen grain can cross your boundaries each dust particle has enormous dialogues perfect rhythm loves dignity and democracy invisible metaphors explode

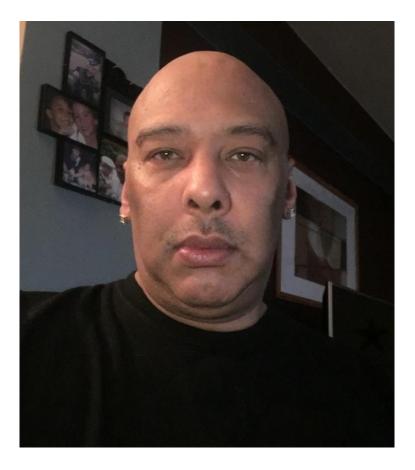
be assured my darling autograph you are the ray of hope you are still living under the national flag you are the ceremony of a journey you survive in every buffer zone on grass blades

> yes, dear autograph your silence is the anthem in every language be assured ..... love is in the air ...

# all about a peacemaker

a zulu leader he was in a distant village of southern Rhodesia who knew how to protest a teacher, a preacher, and passionate educator his dreams were for his own people his heart cried for they were treated differently had no access for education or health the humiliation ,the policy of no rights to vote a visible battle against apartheid he fought with non violence for he knew love is more powerful a weapon and stronger than hatred. collectively they raised the voice a winner he was a noble peace laureate Albert Luthuli we remember you today, tomorrow and forever

Albert 'Infinite' Carrasco



Albert "Infinite The Poet" Carrasco is an urban poet, mentor and public speaker.

Albert believes his experience of growing up in poverty, dealing with drugs and witnessing murder over and over were lessons learnt, in order to gain knowledge to teach. Albert's harsh reality and honesty is a powerfully packed punch delivered through rhyme. Infinite grew up in the east part of the Bronx and still resides there, so he knows many young men will follow the same dark path he followed looking for change. The life of crime should never be an option to being poor but it is, very often.

Infinite poetry @lulu.com

Alcarrasco2 on YouTube

Infinite the poet on reverbnation

## Infinite Poetry

http://www.lulu.com/us/en/shop/al-infinitecarrasco/infinite-poetry/paperback/product-21040240.html

# Albert Lutuli

Born in 1893, Died in 1967 The Nobel peace prize of 1960 went to Albert John Luthuli, Otherwise known as Mvumbi. Albert Luthuli was born in Rhodesia, Which is now Zimbabwe in South Africa. Mr Luthuli wasn't just a Nobel winner,

He was an activist, a politician as well as a teacher.

In 1933 Albert was asked to be chief of a Zulu tribe that were Christian,

Two years later he became a chieftain.

In 1952 Albert was elected to be president of the African National Congress,

He continued serving until 1967, the year of his accidental death.

Albert Luthuli was devoted to turning tides of apartheid. The government arrested him for no reason and claimed he

The government arrested him for no reason and claimed he committed treason,

Almost a year later he continued his movement after being released from prison.

Before Albert Luthuli returned to the essence,

South Africa felt his humble presence.

## Before I take a sip

I don't drink often but when I do I pour out a bit for those that R.I.P before I take a sip. Salud my kin. Infinite went from the bricks to cages, from the bricks to stages, from the bricks to pages, been going thru it leveling up makn power moves, ya know boss life phases.

I'm always going to rep my genre hard like a body when it's soul returns to the father... I've always been around gangsters, drugs and guns growing up in a hood where parks were full of chalk marks outlining a murder. The only people out we're hustlers, killers, fiends and undercovers, I walked on shells of all calibers, needles with blood all over, old stems clogged with cut/baking soda and caps of all colors, got caught up young and left my mark like crayola, the block knows what is, bust everything from hands to shoulder stocks and went thru the entire spectrum... Roy G Biv. There's a million ways to die, if ya crossed me in these housing developments you'll be the million and one experiment. Had to stay alive by any means necessary whether it's a jagged edge or a pointy tip you're gonna get done dirty, don't start none won't be none, all I was doing was trying to get out of poverty by stacking my money to get out the slums.

## Covid-19

Our bodies are under attack, some are home self quarantined, others are in icu praying for that miracle vaccine. There's a Red Cross naval ship, tents, buildings and warehouses filled with beds for the sick, because hospitals are packed and there's not enough space for newest covid-19 patient's to fit. Without bullets flying by and bombs bursting in the air healthcare workers are seeing flatline after flatline like our soldiers see during wartime. I've spoken to a lot of doctors and nurses, their tears run down their faces as they try to paint pictures of what they're seeing. Al so many are coming in and not leaving, respiratory organs are failing causing patients to stop breathing. Family and friends can't visit to try to prevent the spread of covid, so before they flatline healthcare workers are letting them use their phones to say final bye's through FaceTime. Rest In Peace to all that couldn't pull through, blessings to all the survivors... Infinite is now one too





Eliza Segiet - A graduate of Jagiellonian University, The author of poetry volumes. Romans z sobg [Romance with Oneself] (2013), Myślne miraże [Mental Mirages](2014), Chmurność [Cloudiness] (2016), Magnetyczni (2018) Magnetic People- translation published in The USA in 2018, Nieparzyści [Unpaired ] (2019), A monodrama *Prześwity* [*Clearance*] (2015), a farce *Tandem* [*Tandem*] (2017), Mini novel Bezgłośni [Voiceless](2019). Her poems can be found in numerous anthologies both in Poland and abroad. She is a member of The Association of Polish Writers and The World Nations Writers Union. The laureate of The International Annual Publication of 2017 for the poem Questions, and for the Sea of Mist in Spillwords Press in 2018. For her volume of Magnetic People she won a literary award of a Golden Rose named after Jaroslaw Zielinski (Poland 2019 r.). Her poem The Sea of Mists was chosen as one of the best amidst the hundred best poems of 2018 by International Poetry Press Publication Canada. In The 2019 Poet's Yearbook, as the author of Sea of Mists, she was awarded with the prestigious Elite Writer's Status Award as one of the best poets of 2019 (July 2019).

She was awarded *World Poetic Star Award* by World Nations Writers Union – the world's largest Writers' Union from Kazakhstan (August 2019).

In September 2019 she was  $1^{st}$  Place Laureate (Foreign Poetry category) – in Contest *Quando*  $\hat{E}$  *la Vita ad Invitare* for poem *Be Yourself* (Italy).

Her poem *Order* from volume *Unpaired* was selected as one of the 100 best poems of 2019 in International Poetry Press Publications (Canada).

In November 2019 she is a nominee for Pushcart Prize.

#### Brethren

In memory of Albert John Luthuli Nobel Peace Prize laureate for 1960

He objected to racial segregation, violence, persecutions.

He knew, that if anywhere in the world were people oppressed, there wouldn't be peace.

Reaching a hand out towards a Human means more than aggression or hatred. Not skin color, but respect should unite people.

It's love towards brethren that permits survival.

Translated by Ula de B

### Human Tragedy

A cry for nothing, everyone nearby became deaf. No one can hear calls for help! Nobody wants to hear anymore! Who else can react?

Only a watchful rat who emerges from his burrow to taste human hatred!

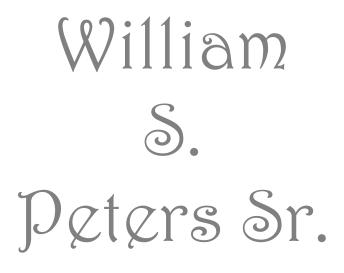
Translated by Artur Komoter

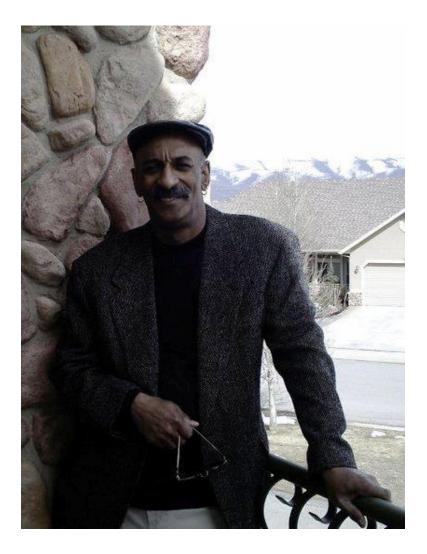
### Hallucinations

I do not remember myself from yesterday. Maybe some demon swirled in the mind? Maybe the past of those such as I does not exist at all?

We were created to hide our origin from serial killers. And at night – hidden in the moonlight we feed ourselves with hallucinations.

Translated by Artur Komoter





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

Bill says . . .

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

to connect with Bill, he is all things Inner Child

www.iaminnerchild.com

Personal Web Site

www.iamjustbill.com

#### For you Albert John Lutuli

From the land where Kings and Queens, Chieftains and Griots Are borne naturally, Passing through the halls Where generations of soul Are taught, Cultivated, That they may become learned In the ways Of the 'au-naturale' man There came he, A man of reason, A man of peace . . . Albert John Lutul

It was not an easy road to travel, When there was so much occupation By those who transplanted themselves To gather the riches Of the indigenous man's lands

Still he searched for a way, A resolution To establish A peaceful co-existence, But parity of the equity Was, as it still is An elusive impish conundrum . . . Still he strived

Yes, he had to strive . . . That's right, STRIVE For Civil Rights In his own land. Swallow his innate pride Of being a noble independent African To seek a peace That would protect his people From the racist bias That infected the homeland

Because he chose a peaceful way Instead of the outright Purging, Bloodletting Of the lesser populace, The greater populace Of the European Recognized him With a prize . . a Nobel Peace Prize.

They call that 'Civility'

#### Silence no longer cries

The 'Sound of Silence' Has changed the color Of its clothing . . .

It is no longer cloaked In the solemn hues Of greys and blues That whispers compassion And understanding

For many years It waited With an anxious patience Waiting, Waiting For the pendulum to swing Back. Back And balance this mechanism We call Humanity, Civility, And Righteousness With a blind integrity That was All inclusive . . . It did not

So, the silence Went to the closet And dressed itself In blaring, flaring

Reds and oranges Denoting the fury That was allowed to manifest Amongst us

Unrest, Is never civil When it Involves What we have devolved to In the seeking of justification, And answers As to what is wrong When we unjustifiably wrong Those who are doing no wrong Except in the delusional perspectives Of the few Who seem to like To operate On the wrong side Of that delusional history book That is filled with Mis-truths, Incomplete truths, And lies

Herein belies the problem And trust me if you will, As we continue With the blood-letting, More blood will be spilled, For . . . . Silence no longer cries

#### En-Masse

Like a thick blanket Covering the moon, Obscuring the light Of the stars, It is becoming increasingly difficult To see any light During these dark times

We struggle, Rage and rale Against the Thoughts of others, And the corporatocracy, For we know That delusion, Preclusion, Seclusion, Exclusion and inclusion Is the sign of the times

An ever-growing conundrum . . . of truth

Information, Dis-information campaigns Pains our spirits For the need to know, As words are freely sown Amongst we, The ignorant, The unknowing.

News, fake Is like An old yeast, It does not help the bread rise Momma, It only is still yet Unleavened . . . yet We consume it Just the same In the name of 'Need'

The GMO seeds Of malcontent Have been planted On good soil, Bad soil, And any other soil, Mental, spiritual and otherwise . . .

And I ask, "So what shall the harvest be?"

Will we ever see again, Or will we forever have to peer Through those kaleidoscopic lenses Made just to upkeep And maintain The illusion . . .

Confusion, Yes, Is this all but a test To see who has the right To cross-over From this long night

Unto a true Sun-Light That is bright and clear That has done away with fear Of the out come ?

My penchant To want to know Is driving me looney, Just like the toons I used to watch On the idiot box . . .

It worked I think, For the ability To distinguish The various levels and dimensions Of reality Are slipping away . . . En-masse

# Jung 2020 Featured Poets



Eftichia Kapardeli Hussein Habasch Kosh K Mathew Metin Cengiz



# Eftichia Kapardeli



Kapardeli Eftichia has a Doctorate from ARTS and CULTURE WORLD ACADEMY She currently lives in Patras. She writes poetry, stories, short stories, hai-ku, essays. She studied journalism AKEM Has many awards in national competitions. Her work there is to many national and international anthologies. She has a section at the University of Cyprus in Greek culture is a member of the world poets society. website is http://world-poets.blogspot. Com. She is a member of the IWA (international writers and artists Association); chaired by Teresinka Pereira; had from IWA Certify 2017 as the best translation and member of the POETAS DEL MUNDO .

kapardeli@gmail.com https://www.facebook.com/PPdM.Mundial https://twitter.com/Poetedumonde http://eftichiakapa.blogspot.gr/2013\_10\_01\_archive.html http://eftichiakapa.blogspot.gr/2013\_10\_01\_archive.html http://isbn.nlg.gr/index.php?lvl=author\_see&id=30410 https://www.facebook.com/kapardeli.eftichia http://eftichiakapa.blogspot.gr/2013/08/blogpost\_4143.html http://worldpeaceacademy.blogspot.gr/2010/10/poets-forworld-peace.html

#### ΤΟ ΘΑΥΜΑ

Οι άνθρωποι της γενιάς μου Ήχοι μοιάζουν πνιχτοί Έτσι που διέσχισαν Στην μέση της Ερήμου Γις ζώνες του χρόνου μόνοι και ζεχασμένοι

Λαβωμένοι, αθώοι αμνοί Στην βοή της θυσίας Με τα σημάδια στις πέτρες από σώματα βασανισμένα, ζεστά και ολοζώντανα σώματα τρυπημένα

Ο νέος άνεμος , μοίρασε τα ανυπεράσπιστα χέρια τα άγρυπνα μάτια μας με ιαχές οδύνης Στο θαύμα Σμήνος μέλισσες ολότητες της δοκιμασίας μας της δύναμης της πίστης και της ελευθέριας μας

#### THE MIRACLE

The people of my generation Sounds look like choked So they crossed In the middle of the desert The time zones alone and forgotten

Bloody, innocent lambs In the roar of sacrifice With the marks on the stones from bodies tormented, hot and alive bodies pierced

The new wind divorced the defenseless hands our watchful eyes with screaming suffering In the miracle A bunch of bees, totals of our test the power of our faith and liberty

#### ΜΥΣΤΙΚΟ ΖΩΗΣ

Το παγωμένο λουλούδι τρύπησε την πέτρα μοναχό και εκεί αποκοιμήθη Πέρασαν αιώνες δακτύλιοι χρωμάτων ξεδιπλώθηκαν και θριάμβευσαν σαν φωτός μεθη \*\*\*

Με την ρίζα σφηνωμένη στης ένωσης το μέτρημα βαραίνει τρυφερά γεννιέται και ανθεί πάλι σε κρυφή αρμονία το μυστικό της ζωής Ξοδεύει

#### SECRET LIFE

Ice flower pierced the stone alone and there dozing They spent centuries rings of color unfolded and they triumphed as drunkenness light \*\*\*

With the root wedged of the union measuring weighs the secret of life spends in hidden harmony tenderly born and flourishes again

#### Η ΛΕΥΚΑ

Όταν ο Ήλιος από τις μεγάλες αδιέξοδες νύχτες και τα μυστικά των αστεριών ξεφεύγει και γλυκά ανατέλλει μια γέρικη μοναχική Λεύκα γεμίζει άστρα λευκά και με στερνά φιλιά Βουλιάζει στο φως και μεθά

Τι κύκλος !!! μιας άγραφης συνθήκης Το περίσσιο φως ανάσα μοιάζει της γης Θεάς

#### An solitary poplar tree

When the Sun from the big ones deadlocks nights and the secrets of the stars escapes and sweetly rising an old solitary poplar tree it fills white stars and kisses Dropping down to light and drunk

What circle !!! an unwritten treaty breath looks like her Earth goddess the overwhelming light

# Hussein Habasch



**Hussein Habasch:** He is a poet from *AFRIN/ KURDISTAN*, lives in Bonn-Germany.

Born in 1970. He writes in Kurdish and Arabic. Some of his poems were translated to manylanguages such as; English, German, Spanish, French, Chinese, Turkish, Persian, Albanian, Uzbek, Russian, Italian, Bulgarian, Lithuanian, Hungarian, Macedonian, Serbian and Romanian. A selection of his poems have been published in more than an international poetic anthology. He wrote these books: Drowning in Roses/ Azmina Publishing House, Amman, and Alwah Publishing House, Madrid 2002. Fugitives across Ivros River/ Sanabel Publishing House, Cairo 2004. Higher than Desire and more Delicious than the Gazelle's Flank/ Alwah Publishing House, Madrid 2007. Delusions to Salim Barakat/ Alzaman Publishing House, Damascus 2009. A flying Angel (Texts about Syrian children) Moment Publishing House, London 2013. A flying Angel (Texts about Syrian children) in English, Bogdani Publishing House 2015. No pasarán, in Spanish, the book published by the International Poetry Festival in Puerto Rico 2016. Copaci Cu Chef, in Romanian/ Ars Longa Publishing House, Bucharest 2017. Dos Árboles, in Spanish, the book published by the International Poetry Festival in El Salvador 2017. Tiempos de Guerra, in Spanish, the book published by the International Poetry Festival in Costa Rica 2017. Fever of Quince, in Kurdish/ Sersera Publishing House, Berlin 2019. Peace for Afrin, peace for Kurdistan, An international poetry anthology in English and Spanish/ Sersera Publishing House, Berlin 2019. The red Snow, in Chinese, published in Taiwan 2019.

### Snow Man

I give you a sweater, Gloves, A hat. A coat, And a vast field of snow. Make a man from snow. Put a carrot for nose, Two cherries for eyes, Your lipstick for mouth Make the mouth smiles Put the hat on Wrap your shawl tenderly around his neck. If you can't find him a name Name him as mine. Then gather the neighbourhood's kids And tell them That is my sweetheart Come play with him!

Translated by Muna Zinati

#### Five women in black scarves

Five women in black scarves Lined up in front of missing people's desk!

The first said I am looking for my husband's name Missing two years ago.

The second said I am looking for my son's name Missing five years ago.

The third said I am looking for my father's name Missing four years ago.

The fourth said I am looking for my sweetheart's name Missing three years ago.

The fifth said I am looking for my country's name Missing hundreds of years ago!

The five women came out of the line Crumbled on each other As a tent, a horrible massacre happened upon it

And started the slapping and crying!

Translated by Muna Zinati

#### The Lazy Pupil

They told him Draw the school He drew an amusement park.

Draw the teacher He drew a rose.

Draw the lake He drew a swan.

Draw Autumn He drew a green bud.

Draw the sky He drew his father.

Draw the earth He drew his mother.

All the time The lazy pupil Was drawing his heart.

# Kosh K Mathew



Dr.K.K.Mathew is a renowned physician and medical scientist of international repute. He is also a reputed poet and novelist. He has done many innovations in medical science, of which eight are first of its kind in medical science. He has published nine collection of English poems.

Website

www.mathewpakalomattam.org

#### BLOOD

Me in the depth of despair, wrote on my heart with the pencil so faint, that dim is my future so hurtful, me see my name scribbled on my heart the name fades with heavy rain that it is washed off the heart weakens that it flutters to be written on it with blood that oozed out, very beautiful the writing that the blood sweetens my heart, it becomes rhythmic the blood clotted on heart, inseparable that my name engraved on me that nothing wiped it as it is blood-written, not written by pencil which faded and the bond unbreakable.

#### THE RHYME

The solitude in me in rhythm, the rhythmic heart, the rhythmic circulation of blood, respiration in rhythm, intestines rhythmic, the man in rhythm, with each rhythm, the rhyme of divinity comes out rhymed by heart and soul, too faint to be picked by the ears but internal senses grasp it, too sweet, it condenses to honey that sweetens my heart and soul, me absorbed in the divine chorus, sung in the flow of love from Heaven to Earth, the solitude filled with the murmur of flow that echoes in my heart.

#### ABSORBED IN

The heart suffocates, the soul strangulated me in despair, no fresh air to breathe, moon peeps through the window, me alone in my room, looked at the moon, my interior shakes a moment, a new rhythm, new tune, rhyme arises from my interior, spontaneously comes out, sweet poem, me wrote long ago, it fills every cell in me, that too jumps in exuberance heart starts beating, arteries pulsates, brain sharpened, the poem fills in me, each word sweetens my soul, me absorbed in it for long it dawned when me opened eyes, me energized.

# Metin Cengiz



Metin Cengiz: Poet and writer (b. 3 May 1953, Göle). He attended to Göle primary School (1964), Kars Alparslan High School (1972), and graduated from Erzurum Atatürk University, Faculty of Basic Sciences and Foreign Languages, Department of French Language and Literature (1977). When studying at the university he worked as a civil officer at the Turkish Statistical Institute for a short time (1973). In his youth he has been arrested many times for publishing political journals and engaging in political acts. He worked as a French language teacher between 1977-1987 in the provinces of Erzurum, Kars, and İstanbul. Meanwhile, he completed his studies at Marmara University, Department of French Language. He was sentenced for two years by the military government of 12 September 1980. During his service as a teacher he was exiled many times. Finally, when he was exiled to Muş, a rural province in the eastern Turkey, he resigned from civil service. He turned back to İstanbul and began to work as a proofreader, editor and translator at several publishing houses. In 1993 he returned to public service as a French language teacher and retired in 2002. [...]

#### ROSE

This well-shaped garden of you in my image Like the past into which I couldn't go and come back There it is always going to blossom like that

It is going to blossom in eternity That garden in my image

Translated by Müesser Yeniay

#### Night

Vibrant image of life, night Spilling across the breadth of the earth To its calm caressing flow, I have abandoned myself In the wave where the stars fall to sleep It scatters like gold dust Tautens a chain of silver over the far shore

I reach my hand out to its face

The sun retreats yet again into the caves

Translated by Neil P. Doherty

#### The Lamp

Still as a lake the scent of your body So dense I am swimming through it

Its depth rising with the flickering of the flame Its tongue like the swollen sea At every stroke I come a little closer At every stroke the lamp's shadow welcomes me

Sleep will not come, back and forth over the sea of flickering flame thousands of stars trail Round it the moon a tiny shadow I must tread with caution, one could drown in the Deeps

Carefully I reach out and dim the light As though it were not me stretched out tired from head to toe But the lamp that drew Aladdin out of itself..

Translated by Neil P. Doherty

#### What Time Has Us Say

Like a snail, On dry leaves leaving trails, Time slips through me

I have had my share of this world-The sorrows that come with mud, pitch, and wave, Leave no place for love.

What then I am the son of-Around me like sand darkness abounds And the sun and a desert of ice

The roof of words cracks The mountains I entrusted collapse As if I were a cavern made of doubt The wind inside me howls.

Translated by Övünç Cengiz and Neil Patrick Doherty

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#### our fallen soldiers of verse



. Janet Perkins Caldwell

February 14, 1959 ~ September 20, 2016

Alan W. Jankowski

16 March 1961 ~ 10 March 2017

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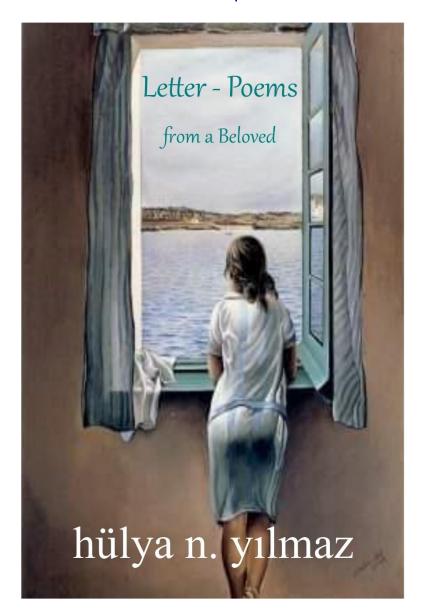
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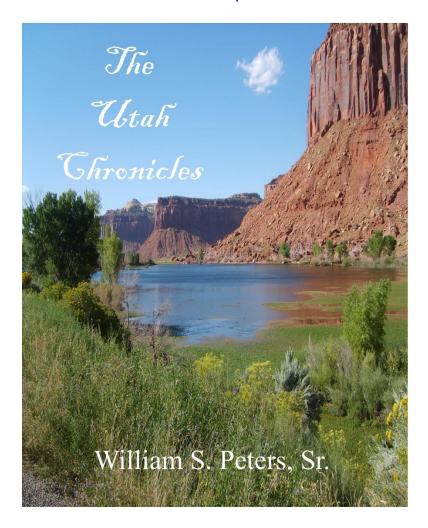
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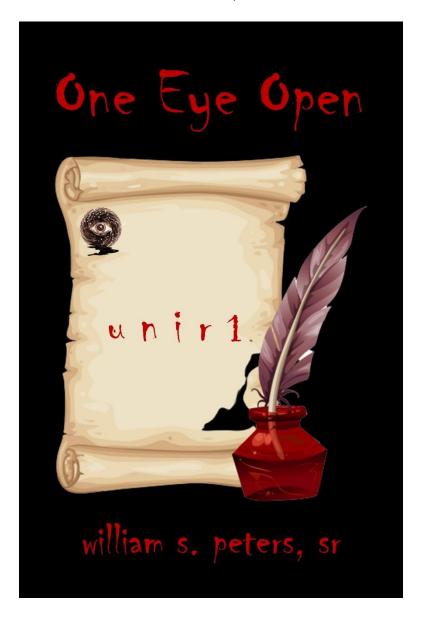
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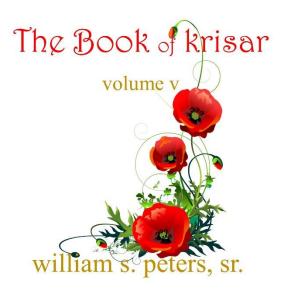
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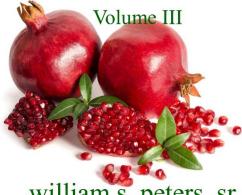
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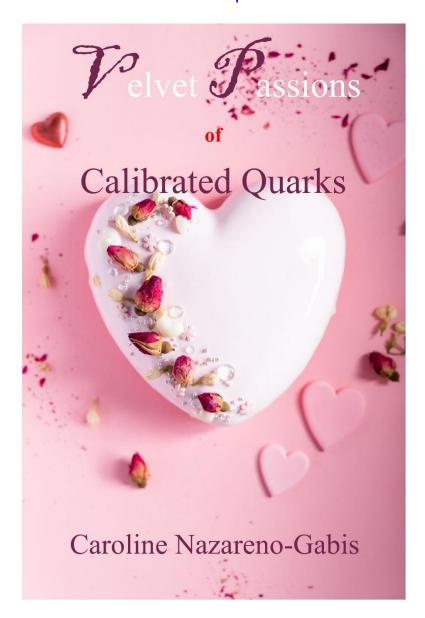
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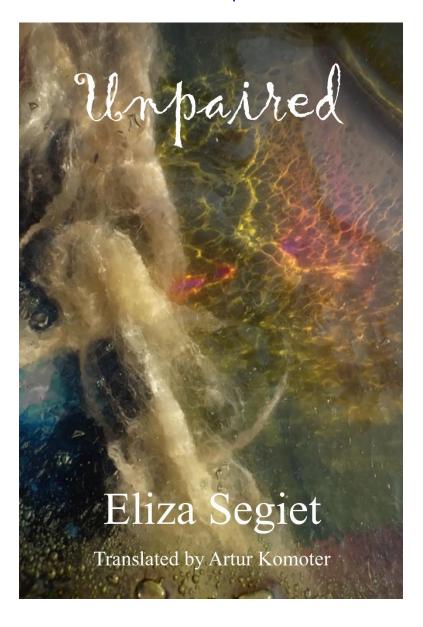
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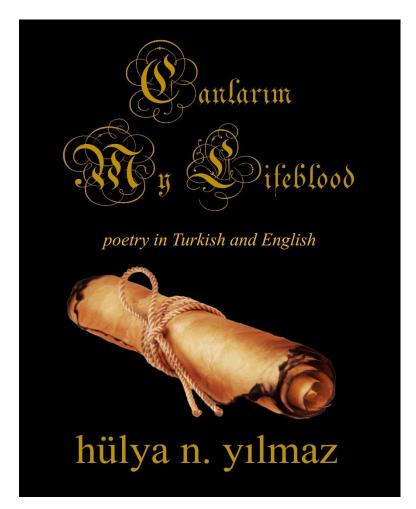
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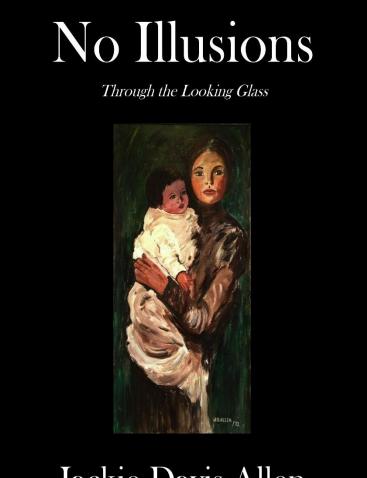




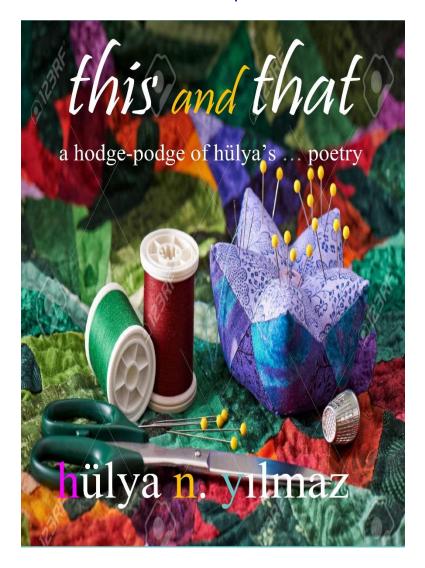
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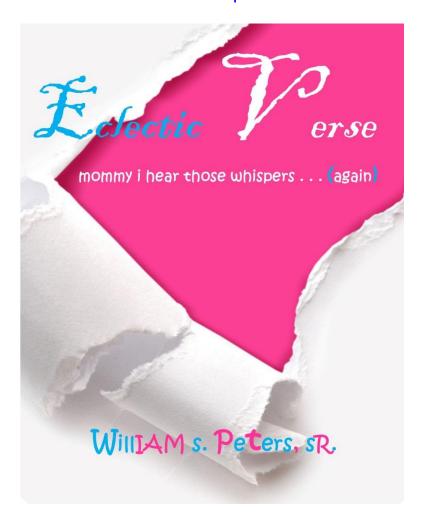
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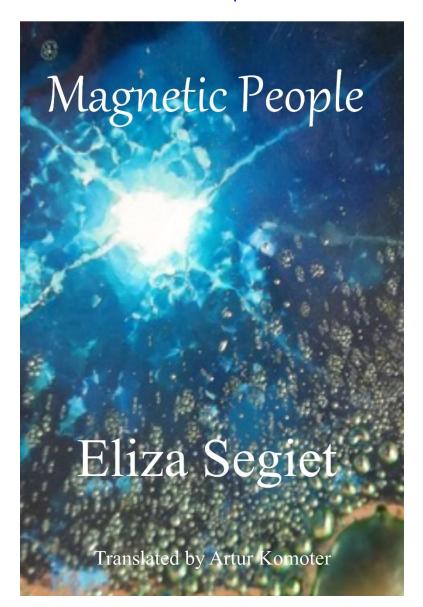


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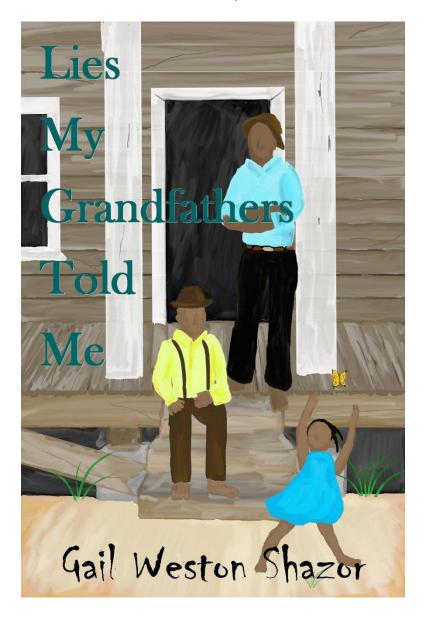
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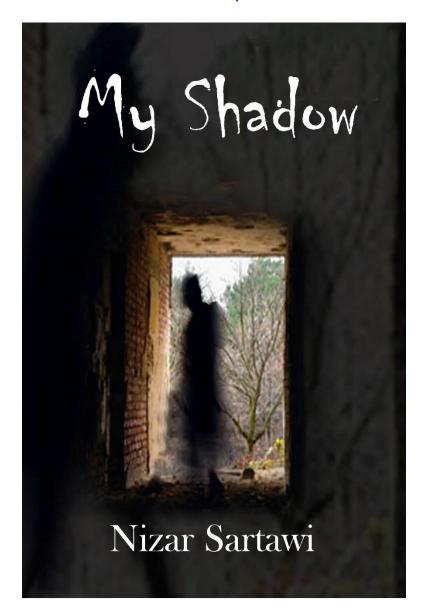
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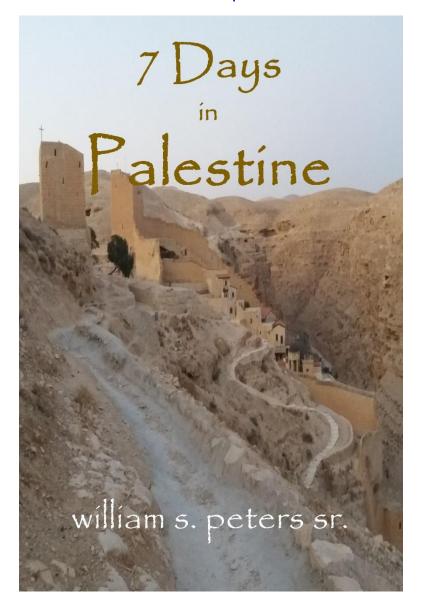
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for

# Butterflies



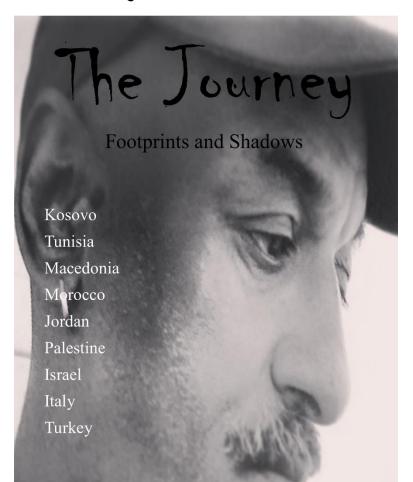
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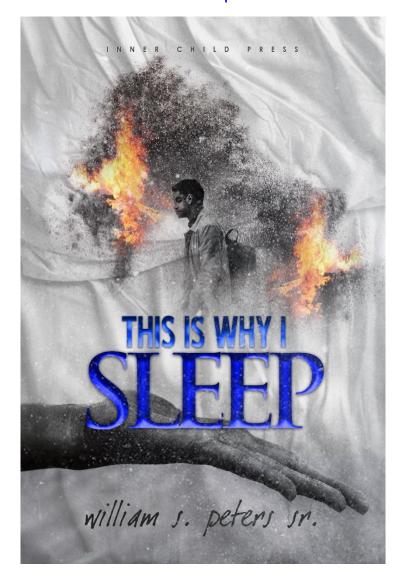
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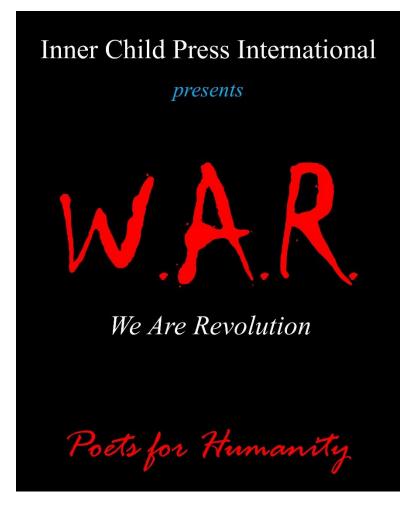
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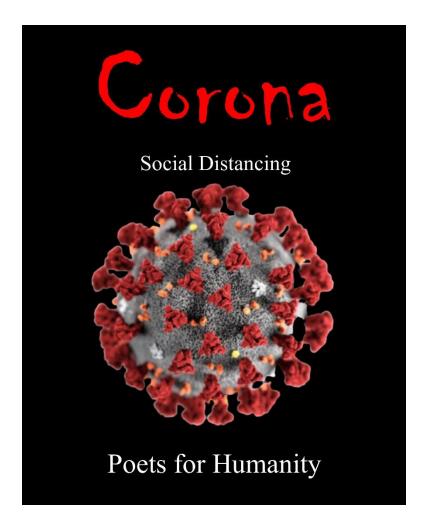
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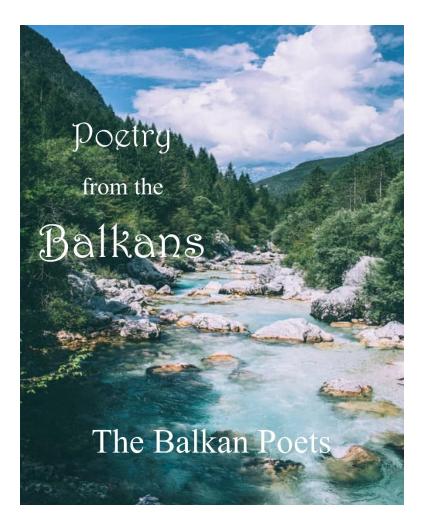


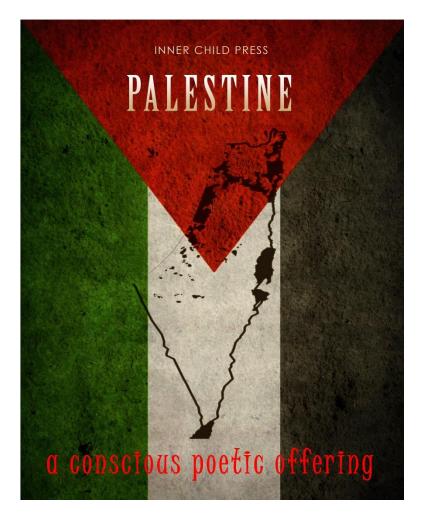
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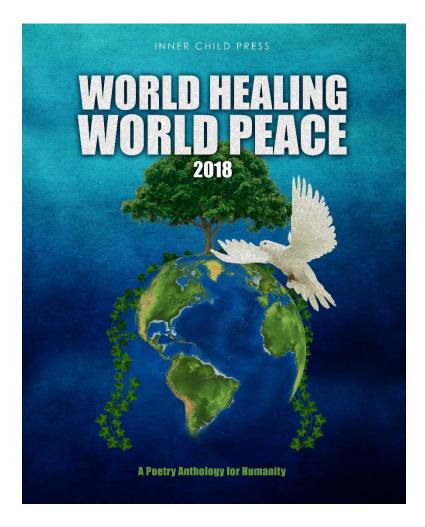
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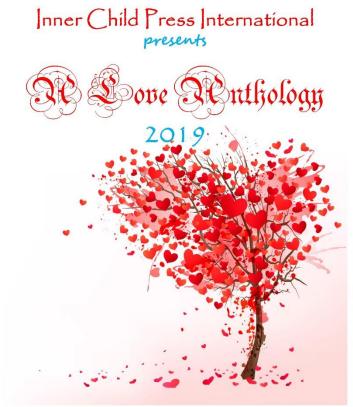
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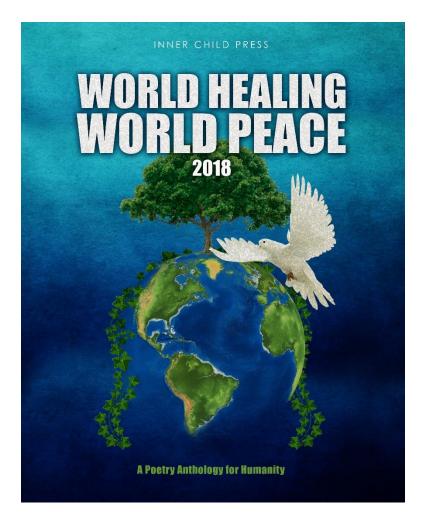




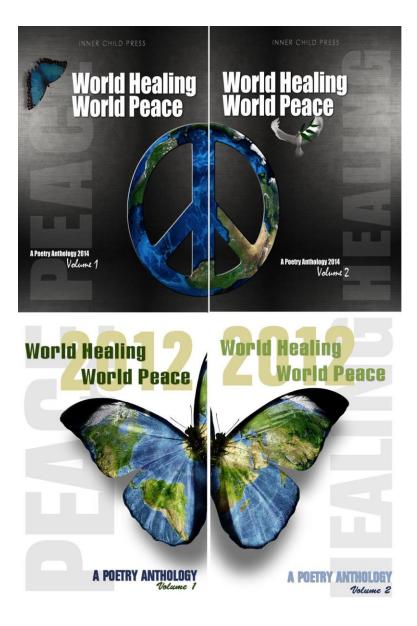


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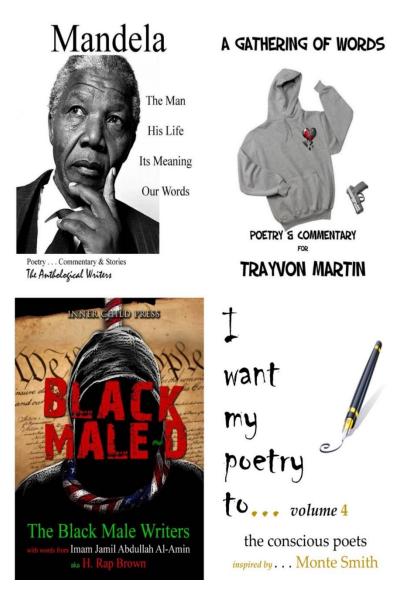


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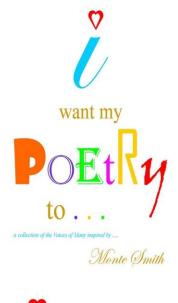
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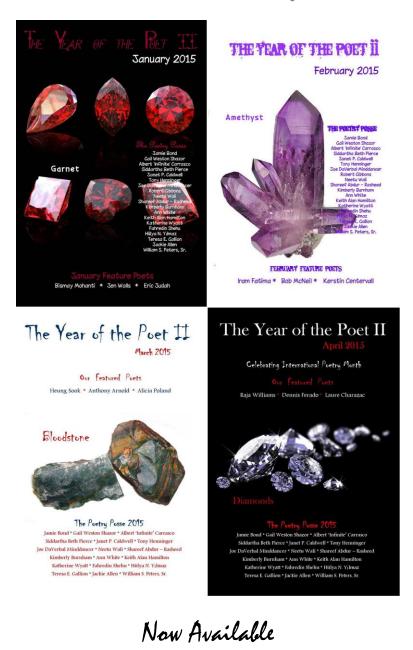
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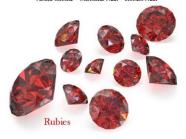
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#### The Year of the Poet II July 2015

The Featured Poets for July 2015 Abhik Shome \* Christina Neal \* Robert Neal



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June 2015



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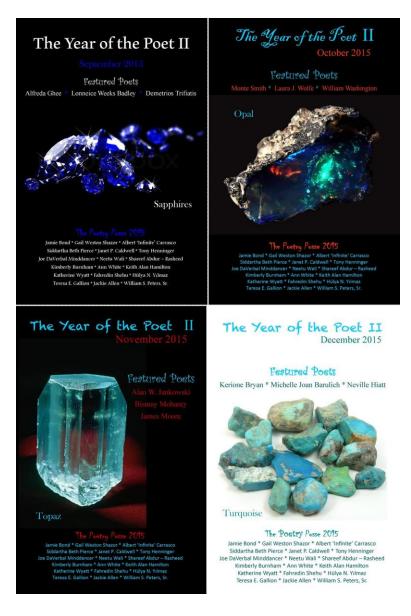
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Peridot Gayle Howell Ann Chalasz Christopher Schultz

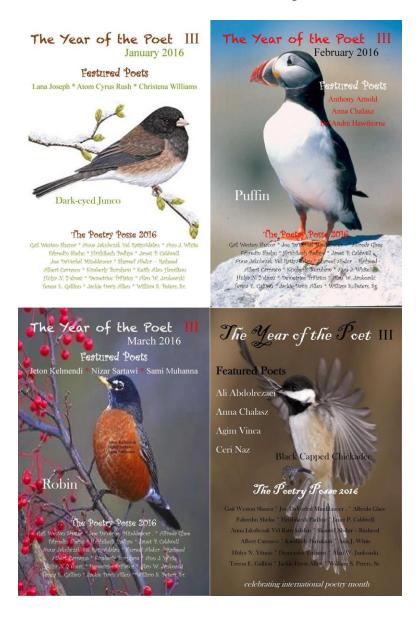
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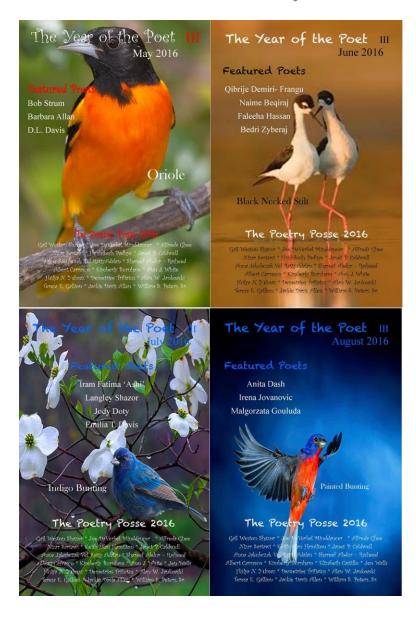
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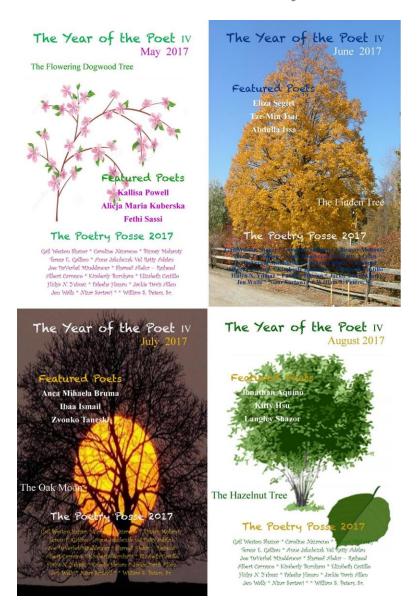


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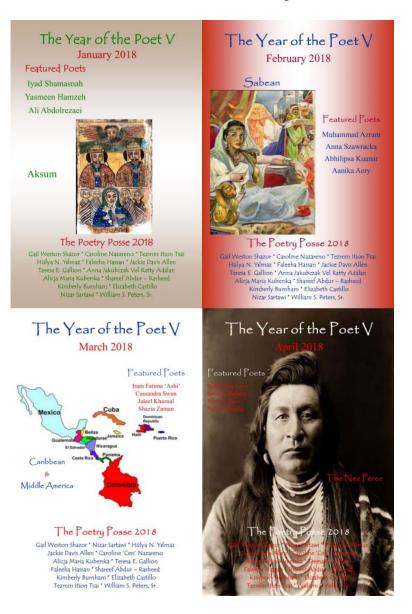
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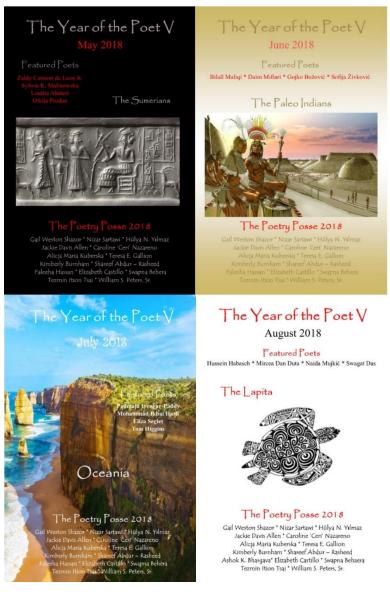
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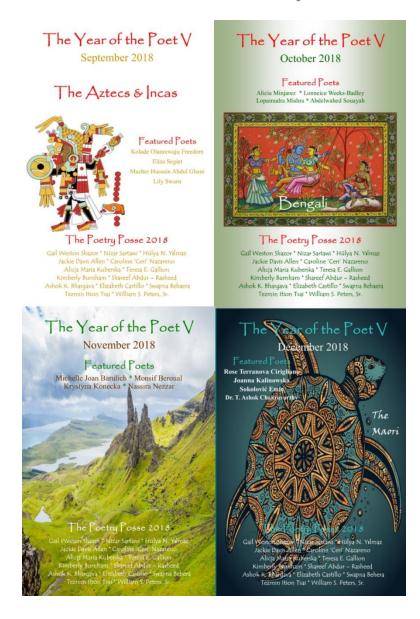
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Featured Poets Marek Lukaszewicz \* Bharati Nayak

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Meso-America

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Dream Catcher

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



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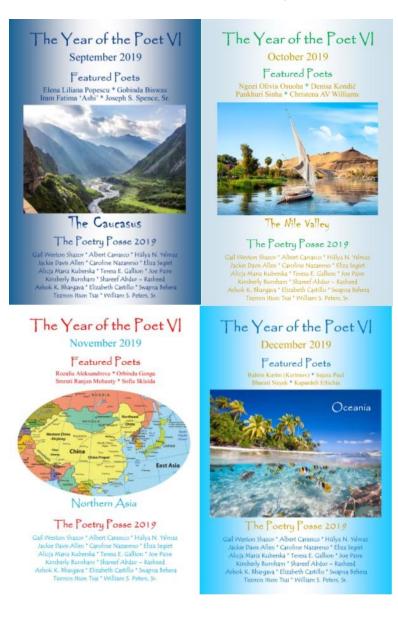
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## The Year of the Poet VII

#### May 2020

### Featured Poets

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### Ralph Bunche ~ 1950





The Year of Peace Celebrating past Nobel Peace Prize Recipients

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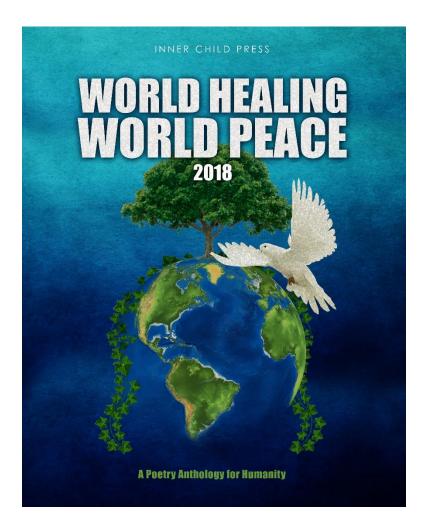


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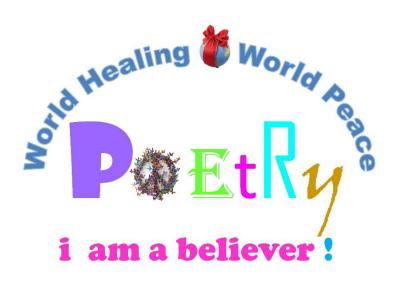
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