Featured Global Poets

Paramita Mukherjee Mullick * Rose Zerguine Jaydeep Sarangi * Bismay Mohanty

Diego Rivera



Poetry ... Ekphrasticly Speaking The Poetry Posse 2021

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



May 2021

The Poetry Posse

inner child press, ltd.

The Poetry Posse 2021

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

~ * ~

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

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

General Information

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The Poetry Posse

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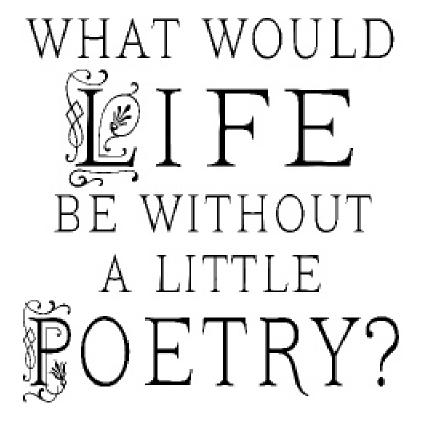
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This Book is dedicated to

Humanity, Peace & Poetry

the Power of the Pen can effectuate change!

R

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

he month of May this year marks for the book in your hands a commemoration of an art piece by Diego Rivera. "I paint what I see" is a statement attributed to this phenomenal visual artist. The context from which this assertion originates concerns artistic integrity as Rivera had viewed it. In our interpretations of the focal mural, we had no other option but to compose poems that depend on how we (want to) see his creative work. Had he lived today, would he have approved our varying observations of the one and the same fresco? Most probably, yes. For this monthly publication's contributors have, as in all past times, embraced the principle of "integrity" with high respect. While none of us could answer the rhetorical question above, each of us have committed ourselves into doing extensive research on the life and work of this prominent Mexican painter.

The field of art historiography recognizes Diego Rivera as a revolutionary painter. His frescoes have been and continue to be celebrated as the birth of a mural movement in Mexican and international art. Having started his art studies at the age of ten, a multitude of opportunities accompanied Rivera. His 15-year long stay in Europe – primarily in Paris, a prevalent destination point for young European and American artists and writers, exposed him to various art movements, including Cubism which

Dablo Picasso was leading. After he welcomed the realistic and post-impressionistic art styles, his paintings began to attract a growing attention outside Paris. His preference during that time to use simple forms and large areas of vibrant colors had made a significant impact in- as well as outside widely noted art circles. Following his life in Europe, Rivera painted murals throughout Mexico and in a considerable part of the US. Thanks to his extensive and innovative work between 1922 and 1953, the concept of public art was rediscovered.

The reinvented public art which materialized in the hands of Diego Rivera in the 20^{th} century is here to guide us in our era along the poems composed in his art's honor. As we approach one mural by this ground breaking painter, we would like to invite you to hold dear the story behind it. Not unlike his other paintings, Rivera has engraved a story also on this fresco, a story reflective of his life and work at large. His own words in *My Art, My Life* attest to this fact:

As an artist, I have always tried to be faithful to my vision of life, and I have frequently been in conflict with those who wanted me to paint not what I saw but what they wished me to see. We hope that you will enjoy today's poetic journey on the international platform of *The Year of the Poet* through this artist's mural of our designation. In our creative treatment of the selected painting, we have "tried to be faithful" to the painter's "vision of life" as reflected in the quote above. May we not belong among those people with whom Diego Rivera was in conflict when his view of his own art was concerned.

hülya n. yılmaz [sic]

Professor Emerita (Liberal Arts, Penn State, USA) Director of Editing Services at Inner Child Press (USA) Published tri-lingual author Literary translator



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



Preface

Dear Family and Friends,

So, here we are, beginning our eighth year of monthly publication of *The Year of the Poet*. Amazing how much effort has been given by all the poets, to include the various members of *The Poetry Posse* and all the wonderful featured poets from all over our world. For myself, it has been and continues to be a great honor to be a part of this wonderful cooperative effort.

Last year, 2020 has been challenging for many of us throughout the year. We at Inner Child Press International were busy. We envisioned our role where the arts meet humanity to continue doing what we were good at . . . publishing. We managed to not only produce and publish this series, The Year of the Poet each month, but we were also very proactive in the arena of human and social consciousness. We were able to produce several other anthologies to include: World Healing, World Peace 2020; CORONA . . . social distancing; The Heart of a Poet: W.A.R. . . we are revolution: Poetry, the Best of 2020. Going forward, we are seeking to invest in the same or greater effort towards contributing to a 'conscious humanity'. We, poets and writers do have something to say about it all, and we intend to do so in any and every way we can. So stay tuned . . .

Bill

William S. Peters, Sr.

Publisher Inner Child Press International

www.innerchildpress.com

PS

Do Not forget about the World Healing, World Peace Poetry initiative for 2022. Mark your calendars. Submissions will be opening . . . September 1st 2021

Past volumes are vailable here

www.worldhealingworldpeacepoetry.com

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

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

Diggo Rivera

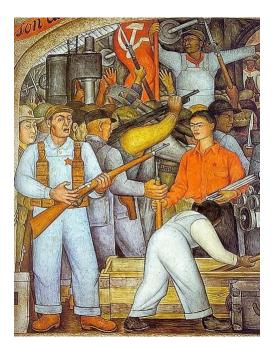
May 2021

In 1922, Diego Rivera started a series of 124 frescoes for the Secretariat of Public Education in Mexico City. It took him six years to complete the project. A founding member of the Revolutionary Union of Technical Workers, Painters and Sculptors, Diego Rivera's art dealt with Mexican society and Mexico's 1910 Revolution. Rivera developed his own style based on large, simplified figures and bold colors with an Aztec influence.

"As an artist I have always tried to be faithful to my vision of life, and I have frequently been in conflict with those who wanted me to paint not what I saw



but what they wished me to see." ~Diego Rivera, My Art, My Life



https://www.wikigallery.org/paintings/295001-295500/295345/painting1.jpg



https://upload.wikimedia.org/wikipedia/commons/thumb/5/ 58/Diego_Rivera's_Mural_in_Acapulco%2C_Mexico.jpg/1 280px-Diego_Rivera's_Mural_in_Acapulco%2C_Mexico.jpg





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.

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Diego, my dear Diego

You visioned the revolution In artful brushstrokes Pulling the pigment of pain From peasants Grains groaning against A free sky Greens and oranges and wheat Grown not for the masses But the masters Acoustically driven by lyrics In burnt yellows Diego, Frida's Diego With a lust for everything And everyone We know the story Immortalized on film Committed to memories And even in death You are one with the call to equality

A Senryu A Haiku A Nonet A Couplet And a dream Greying dreams transmute Old memories into dust Across still water Drums always will beat **Requiring attention** Of a calling sound The Movement Make cadence Of the notes Gathered on the wind The breath of whispering And the black soil of the earth The offering of new rainfalls Until it is now in completion I threw the jagged edges of the broken pieces Into the rising sun

At the Crossroads Palindrome

Heart wynd crossroads Tall grows the wall Voice and mind says Yet and Knows no edges Misunderstanding not Kisses stolen Skin to skin want Light of dawn **SLEEPING** Dawn of light Want skin to skin Stolen kisses Not misunderstanding Edges no knows And yet Says mind and voice And the wall grows tall Crossroads wynd heart

Alicja Maria Kuberska



Alicja Maria Kuberska – awarded Polish poetess, novelist, journalist, editor.

She is a member of the Polish Writers Associations in Warsaw, Poland and IWA Bogdani, Albania. She is also a member of directors' board of Soflay Literature Foundation, Our Poetry Archive (India) and Cultural Ambassador for Poland (Inner Child Press, USA)

Her poems have been published in numerous anthologies and magazines in : Poland, Czech Republic, Slovakia, Hungary,Ukraina, Belgium, Bulgaria, Albania, Spain, the UK, Italy, the USA, Canada, the UK, Argentina, Chile, Peru, Israel, Turkey, India, Uzbekistan, South Korea, Taiwan, China, Australia, South Africa, Zambia, Nigeria

She received two medals - the Nosside UNESCO Competition in Italy (2015) and European Academy of Science Arts and Letters in France (2017). Ahe also received a reward of international literary competition in Italy ,, Tra le parole e 'elfinito" (2018). She was announced a poet of the 2017 year by Soflay Literature Foundation (2018). She also received : Bolesław Prus Prize Poland (2019), Culture Animator Poland (2019) and first prize Premio Internazionale di Poesia Poseidonia- Paestrum Italy (2019).

My art is my life For Diego Rivera

Everyone has a different vision of life.

He saw things which people could not see - other colors and shapes emerged from his imagination, Aztec patterns returned and dream figures appeared. Color took on boldness to spread out like a bright glow on a blue background.

Being an artist means that you should be true to yourself and paint what you see, not what the public wants to see.

The world is a great illusion.

The matches

I am a child that has not been blessed. I stand at a street corner with matches in my hands and light my dreams with little sparks.

I know why it is so and understand what happened. My clock did not strike happy hours... Or maybe didn't strike them often enough

A stranger

It seems to me, I know her from somewhere. The familiar eyes look at me. A smile lights up her face.

She holds a diploma in hand And believes that she can easily Change a man and the world. Naive girl.

Young mother Matured with love. Secrets of the night were to be The happiness of days.

Power suited business woman Sells her soul for pennies And is screwed by corporations. One day she will wake up.

Time is merciful It steals moments from memory Leaving only small fragments And whispers of her behind 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

caution

behind mind's eye a caution exists

on screen of introspection blinks boldly, a light

there, wherein, exists a cautionary white light of reality's vision

breathe

breathe, acknowledge life; live life passionately, exuberantly

see the flowers in all of their beauty, the flowers are perfuming the air

> branches of grace are reaching out; be one, welcome one and all

like songbirds, let us embrace life, love; despite different songs, no matter the tune

be happy, sing songs of joy breathe in the moment live in the moment

Blue

Blue against blue, The lofty ridge tops kiss the sky. Fluffy white clouds descend,

Into the equalizing fog.

Obscured, the mountains Yet still beautiful, Once sun bestows its revealing rays.

Time immortal, always there, These mountains, I've come to know. Beloved, discovered

By natives and nature.

Each echoes the refrain Of God's wonderful creation. Renewed by seasons' change,

Ancient and mountainous, They rise up ever so high. Still they are same. Yet different.

Intimate memories linger;

Enhancing views remain, Whether from Trillium fields Or awesome overlooks. 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.

Mural Story

Sunday afternoon It's as sunny as an atheist's dream God no longer wants to exist in simple forms and simple forms and large patches of vivid colors However, that Post-Impressionism can't get rid of Cannibal activities in the so-called The taste of the brain brought all the listener were deeply moved No one minds This suspicious claim under a well-planned lie When man evolves a civilization higher than the mechanized But still primitive one he has now For then Man will have thrown off all of his superstitions and irrational taboos

Murals

Only painted on the high wall at the end of the street Tells the story of inner silence Tierra Fecundada Fertile Land depicts The revolutionary struggles of Mexico's peasant and working classes Hammer and sickle That woman with an ear of corn In the corn field, bodies lie down and fertilize A sunflower Glorifies those who died for an ideal And are reborn, transfigured, into the fertile cornfield of the

nation

Jade Butterfly

Pieces of water be cut in the air, cleverly dressed up the winter scenery, illuminating the lake

Gradually the flower balls turn into catkins, and the elm pods fly around

Scattered silver wine glasses, chasing horses from time to time

White ribbons are tight, fluttering with the carriages one by one

All over the curtain corner

Icy bamboo chopsticks grow out in the cold, like pearls under light dissection

Should we drink a sip of wine and sing softly?

The felt hanging around the red tent which adorns the golden furnace allows for ancestor worship like a wild beast

Turning to face the tall building, drunkenly chanting that thank-you speech for mother's birthday

Time has stopped, the sound of bamboo is like a rocky thick valley

Overwhelming everything, including the moving shadows of birds following the river

Endless hesitation lies in my heart

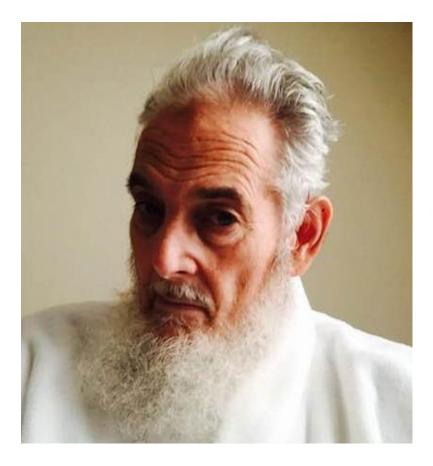
The singing in the distance is like an exhausted gem, so similar to that ode I made

Snow Remains As Tidbits

The smoke that fills the entire mountain forest In Spring, it still doesn't want to return home Snow flies up to the sun In consort two or three together Wickers, don't go against The will of Heaven The reflections of the embankment are blowing on the water It seems ever more difficult to leave

Although the snow covered the mountains and plains The tidbits are still unwilling to let go of their beauty The giant sun has no more taboos to break Have to enjoy together with its bustling Born as an emperor But in the soldiers' camp

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

Diego

Renowned artist (B:1889 D:1957) born: Mexico artistic talent appeared early groomed, trained, traveled Madrid, Paris development metamorphosis traveled through phases constitute layers humans indulgments certainly, socio-political realities captured Diego's expression after going through phases of artistic travel settled on humanity good, bad, ugly, beauty in diversity Diego expressed these in his themes depiction, people toiling in the fields gathering harvest people backbone of industrial growth their struggles, celebrations of life familia! heart of humanity expressed through strokes dispel yokes of dismissal indifference, ignorance, elitist leanings classes, clashing, well-endowed abundance vs depravation, curse of lands tribes, nations Marxist adherence even Leon Trotsky and wife in exile lived with Rivera, Mexico City himself, comrades like Che Guevara stood out as symbols of rage against corrupted, nations engaged in persecution, exploitation it's peoples denied self-expression, free thought

Rivera's work included shining light on western industrialization on backs of the people thee essential backbone inspiration FDR's WPA program world renown muralist, example consisting of 27 panels Detroit Industry murals depict ascent Ford Motor Company featuring working class men and women social/political makeup Mexico the people, from elite wealthy to working class Dream of a Sunday Afternoon in Alameda Park all walks but not without conflict, abuse, neglect depiction: decorated skeleton in the middle of very diverse cross-section so much to cover, Diego's works his amazing influence as an artist with profound conscious speaking through his art addressing the human story, good, bad, ugly

Blessed be..,

the peace makers dem vibe on all humanities tribes "*Bani Adam(aws)** " all have to answer the same call to serve, give, help, assist, relieve, release, rescue, feed, clothe, shelter who need love, yearn to be human blessed be the humble slaves of the one true merciful master, who fashioned us all said " be " and we were and are through undeserved mercy all that are, all who ever was received and continues to receive mercy yet do we reflect, better yet do we respect the sanctity of life, your own and all others who possess the same loan?

do we know the blessings bestowed on the kind hearted? who reach out to the displaced, fragmented, vilified, shunned, cast away reduced to invisible, non-existent by those blinded by the bling in the world of fake things who they compete to be kings and queens? love 'n' mercy is the real thing, priceless! though many fail to overstand, perceptions flawed dem remain in awe of superficial, empty, void of substance this being the glitter that blinds many amongst us blinded by the fake light of darkness that which is a, mirage that takes souls away and the peace loving pray for the earth to be at peace one day and strive while they're alive to make it that way day by day give of that which they received as a loan one never owed, one never owned dem gave back and received immeasurably bounties one would find it hard to believe that by giving you receive so that your cup overflows as does your worth as a human being grows 'n' grows, this the humble, compassionate, caring peace lovers know

food4thought = education

Miraculous

miracles abound are you looking around, what have you found? just take a look around to sky, to ground stop listen to the sound it's life all around what is it you're looking for? shiny things that go ching a ching or spiritual things that sooth your very being? remove nightmares with sweet dreams stop the screams listen to birds sing yes, life's a short fling why you indulge in wrong things dem drain life from your being nothing but strife shows up on the screen cut that part out of the play replace with lines that say "do righteousness everyday " be patient, pray listen to the cries of the hungry say that could be me feed dem plenty true your plate will stay full

give and you receive joy instead of grief yes, listen to the sound so that your feet stay firmly planted on the ground

food4thought = education

Kimberly Burnham



A brain health expert with a PhD in Integrative Medicine, Kimberly Burnham has lived in tropical Colombia; in Belgium during the Vietnam War; in Japan teaching businessmen English; in diverse international Toronto, Canada; and several places in the US. Now, she's in Spokane, WA with her wife, Elizabeth, two sets of twins (age 11 & 14) and three dogs. Her recent book, Awakenings: Peace Dictionary, Language and the Mind, a Daily Brain Health Program includes the word for peace in hundreds of languages. Her poetry weaves through 80+ volumes of The Year of the Poet, Inspired by Gandhi, Women Building the World, and A Woman's Place in the Dictionary. She is currently working on several ekphrastic writing projects. One is a novel, Art Thief Cracks Healing Code for Parkinson's Disease and the other is non-fiction, Using Ekphrastic Fiction Writing and Poetry to Create Interest and Promote Artists, Writers, and Poets.

http://www.NerveWhisperer.Solutions

https://healthy-brain.medium.com/bears-at-the-window-ofclimate-change-d1fb403eeaf3

Seeing Art

Each piece a vision of the artist created in a certain medium paint, oil, water, ink, ceramic, wood on a particular surface canvas, paper, earth each choice influences what I see in sweat, blood and energy how I feel about the art reflected in manifested from the life of the artist

What I See

I worry about what I see in the faces of those around me how I feel when I see suffering, poverty, hunger a need to start a revolution

Try to describe what I see with solutions ways I perceive make the world better

I can't change what I see but I can change what I do with my vision I can change what my children will see in the distant future beyond me

The Art of Each Revolution

The wheel turns turning birth to childhood hoody-clad teens grow grown adults still learning learn so much before death

Death stalking the art of each revolution revolving around the sun the earth on earth to learn and give birth create! creates a better place and love love life until joy bursts a burst of energy turning the wheel wheels at the heart of each evolution

38

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

No Façade

I am more than conventional Not to be dictated by anyone My ideas are precious, not imitations, If there are phantoms lurking In a society that keeps on changing, My art will depict what my eyes really see I'll let the ghosts and skeletons out No façade can block the naked truth.

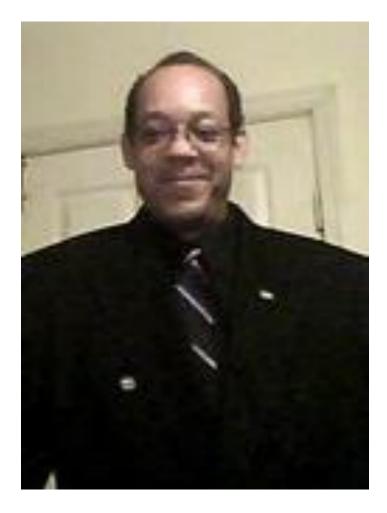
Ambedo

There's something lyrical about The way you entered my life, Simply poetic, you are like The mystic verses weaved by my muse Vividly, I remember you in my dreams, As a lonely boy by the waterfalls Reflecting on the essence of the Ebb and flow of life. Innuendos-There is Oneness in our beautiful coincidences For long after you've crossed The Great Beyond, Your golden heart still lingers-Like a beautiful disaster, a dramatic tragedy, Daydreaming amid the bareness of trees Leaves have fallen when dawn came. Our souls crossed paths in the innocence of youth One summer day our Lights collided Years passed we have gotten older Then destiny made a way for us to meet once more, The fondness for solitude we share The worlds we explored only we can understand. December dawned while you were away, The emptiness brought me into the abyss Searching for my Twin Flame And one September morn, you chased the Light, My walls collapsed, uncertainty lingered Grief have stolen the smile on my face Your loss catapulted me into the Ambedo.

The Supernova in the Night Sky

People come into our lives to hold up a mirror, A reflection of who we truly are Illuminating the beauty that already resides in us Some can be iconic sparks of enlightenment, To help us sing back the lost melody in our hearts When mere words have gone mad and the rhythm drums a different beat. There are simply those who amplify the light, And reflect where it originated from- the Source The angel in the night who rescues us from the darkness, Teaching us to love ourselves once more, And to bring out the Empathic Soul in us. The magical moment when you open yourself up to connect the Cosmic Dots, When the alchemical marriage of the Divine Feminine and the Sacred Masculine takes place And this paves the way for you to embrace your Higher Self- a destined conduit to the stars, The supernova in the night sky where you witness a crusade of fireflies with wings emitting Pure Light, This is when the Legend of a New World takes its daring, mystic flight!





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 times strike cord with writings oft a 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

It's A Diego Rivera

What a day for a stroll. I'd love to show you off to the world. Look at us with neighbors and family. Jealousy seen through lips that curl.

It's a day for festivities and you're a shy one. There are lovely balloons I think I'll buy one. let bygones be bygones, let's not take notice of the frowns.

Here come the clowns and hoopla Carnival people who'll dupe y'all The colors of life are in bloom. The intricacies of a mural drawn to mirror you.

Can't you see you're beautiful, Why don't you smile, while fruitful! I'm just thrilled to be with such company. I think it may rain today!

I think I may paint today, green and yellow leaves. Purple stoic trees, they way you stand by me. the way an artist sees the world. Rose colored lens can never match the soul's eye.

Sell It Off

How often have I sold a precious memento? Years of collections given up for the taxman. One airplane could cost billions, but we front the debt.

One plane could explain the disparity gained. They take from Peter to pay Paul. The effects from either and they'll fall.

Sell the years of tears shed, all that metal and all. You're meddling with all who sacrificed for the call. Public school funding, housing for the homeless.

Why do we need new tanks? We have enough for war times three. How about a little medicine for free?

How many remember no lock on your door. If you starve the people, you rob the people. None of whom truly voted for war.

Sell it off, those war machines. Sell it off so this debt will be clean. Your credit score is running mean.

Sell the war back, those antique rifles. Invest in the populous, you know the lives that matter. Shattered dreams over war machines.

Take stock in the people you've used as stock! Look back at the aftermath of wars inherent evil. Sell back the pain, know what I mean.

A Day In Spring

I talked with love today. I didn't talk by speaking, I thought by thinking. It's a beautiful day, no matter what I'd say. It's a beautiful day and rain is in the forecast.

Rains become at long last, nothing to fear. Speak when spoken too, leaves feelings of solitude. I'll greet the bee when all I see is honey. I'll flee the sting and laughter during my scurry.

Pavement cracks hold life so dear. They hold an image, but I don't have my camera. I don't have the grammar sometimes to express my view. Every passing minute, there's a growth spurt.

And this squirrel has no idea what I'm saying. What I'm saying is that spring is a living thing. Much like winter who's trembled lips just because. You'll wear a sweater well, just because.

But spring in its own raison d'être Gives me reason to speak to its leaves. I've tasted its breeze though some may sneeze. I told her; I'll be back tomorrow with a snapshot in voice.

hülya n. yılmaz



Professor Emerita (Humanities, Penn State, USA), hülya n. yılmaz [sic] is a published tri-lingual author, literary translator, and Director of Editing Services (Inner Child Press International, USA). Her work has appeared in numerous anthologies of global endeavors and was presented at poetry events in the U.S. and abroad. In 2018, the WIN of British Colombia, Canada honored yılmaz with a literary excellence award. Her two poems remain permanently installed in *Telepoem Booth* (USA). hülya finds it vital for everyone to understand a deeper sense of self, and writes creatively to attain a comprehensive awareness for and development of our humanity.

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

Editing Web Site <u>https://hulyasfreelancing.com</u>

"God is dead"

when Nietzsche revealed the motives rooted in traditional Western religion, morality, and philosophy in the 19th century, he secured himself a timeless prominence as one of Europe's most influential intellectuals

the secularism of the Enlightenment era is said to have enabled this half-blind, seriously ill and pained thinker his famed enquiry during his late years his scrutiny of the concept of God, that is

in his latest masterpieces, among which *The Antichrist* stands out, the philosopher attacks the "slave morality" of Western Christianity and its "apathy"

Nietzsche's objection to institutionalized religions marks his journey into an interrogation of the forbidden

with his invitation to his readers to contemplate on the death of God, to imagine the experience of despair over that death, thus, to give a chance to a new meaning of life . . . this 19th century philosopher seems to have reached beyond the boundaries of the country of his birth

could Diego Rivera have possibly been influenced by his contemporaneous counterpart in the making of his mural *Dreams of a Sunday in the Alameda*?

"God does not exist"

picture an eminent mural by Diego Rivera, please *Dreams of a Sunday in the Alameda*, for instance, with a sign in the hands of Don Ignacio Ramírez: "God does not exist"

a public furor ensues the artist is asked to remove the inscription he refuses to abide by such demands

the painting goes into a 9-year-long prison Rivera finally agrees to eliminate the controversial phrase but first, he avows his atheist stance and attests his views on religions: "a form of collective neurosis"

art and its viewers

artistic integrity in painting . . . as in, "I paint what I see", per Rivera's own words

gets violated as a creative presentation

as long as we, the observers, see not what an artist sees but rather what we want them to see

in sum: what we see





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

Dark Chaos

The dark shadows of his soul follow him into the circus of his ego.

Finely dressed, he stands in front of the crowd as if he is important.

His darkness dressed in white is a skeleton that overshadows his joy.

His unhappiness is hard to hide when you look deeply into his shocked eyes.

Leak in Feelings

The eruption of time bleeds on the sidewalk. You beat a rigid heart back into its cave. Fear of being hurt is a slow walk to the dust you will become.

The geese do an air ritual across an exotic blue blanket. The pigeon that adores you paces on the mesa holding tight to hope, squeezing the juice of denial, licking it off your bones.

You feel nothing in the moment, but healing is coming. The black theater of night sweats with the moisture of pain released, opens the possibility for love to enter your scarred domain.

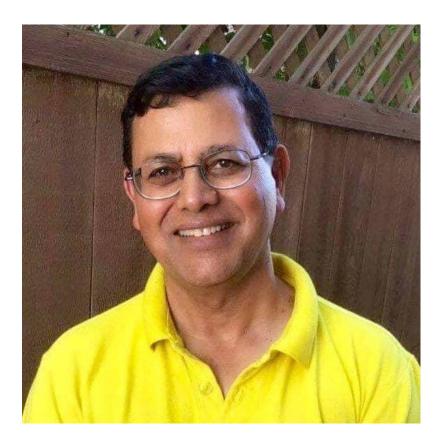
Catch Up

My blood has traveled four thousand years across many lifetimes to get to this tree that knows my true heart.

I walk boldly into its branches, hug the trunk as if we were old lovers meeting after a thousand years break.

I can hear the whispers in my head, hello friend, so nice to feel your presence. It has been a rough four thousand. I missed your loving hugs. Sit next to me. Let's talk. We have a lot of catch up to do.





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.

To Diego Rivera

I wander around With earth beneath my feet and Sky in my hands.

I want to touch your paintings Blooming with folks and machines Showering petals from the ceiling.

My novice heart afraid not to Offend archangels By praising your works.

I immerse myself In your paints To become you, your painting.

Don't Regret and Don't Forget

Today is a colorful day, blossoms bend like an arch in the perfumed fresh wind.

Silky sun-rays are warm, the birds fly around with melodies of delight.

I step into crystal clear water that has absorbed ashes and bones of my ancestors.

It makes me realize that I will reap eternity here when it will absorb my ashes too.

I see distant things as if they were close and take a distanced view of close things.

Truth must be seen as what it is, not what I want it to be.

Fluid Poetry

Poetry can be shaped, curved, bent and formed to flow freely. A poet can differ, disrupt and break from paradigms written before him to show his / her individuality, originality and creativity better than a cookie cutter. Caroling 'Ceri Naz' Nazareno Gabis



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

Among her poetic belts include PANORAMA YOUTH LITERARY AWARDS 2020, 7 th Prize Winner in the 19th, 20th and 21st Italian Award of Literary Festival; Writers International Network-Canada "Amazing Poet 2015", The Frang Bardhi Literary Prize 2014 (Albania), the sair-gazeteci or Poet Journalist Award 2014 (Tuzla, Istanbul, Turkey) and World Poetry Empowered Poet 2013 (Vancouver, Canada). She's a featured member of Association of Women's Rights and Development (AWID), The Poetry Posse, Galaktika Poetike, Asia Pacific Writers and Translators (APWT), Axlepino and 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

Ikigai

What is life these days? Isolated and quarantined. Where is life as to the moment Having no time to repent. Which way you'll going to take? When all roads seem so bleak and weary, What does your heart beat? When everything seem to fleet Why will you stay late Overtime, in hurry of things You own a life to bear, How will you create a self-care pledge When you have stolen all the time To love and be loved To care and be cared of. That you never know, Selfless vs. selfishness, There is one thing my heart desires Seeing everything in place As we smile heartily together Living un-imprisoned From worldly splendour.

Mother Earth

you amplify the whispers of graceful spirit, suddenly creates harmonious lyrical touches to my heart...

you penetrate beingness as you caress all creatures to live the fullest because you breathe life, gifting us the wonders of nature.

you are the summit waving flags of biodiversity, the greeneries filled canopy of hope fresh wealth of centuries grow the seeds you want to harvest graces for a lifetime.

My Summer Rain

Summers are born many days and nights Scourging heat, that brought pain and sweat Drenching, draining mind's well As it cries numbness.

Where's the cold breeze from the veranda Where's the roving droplets to the rocking chair Have you ever touched the mist As you blow your nose, And wipe the heavenly dews From your eyes, When you miss the rain, And shared cold shower When we're still together.

Will you be the same Story of our last petrichor, In a summer rain?

Swapna Behera



Swapna Behera is a bilingual contemporary poet, author, translator and editor from Odisha. India. She was a teacher from 1984 to 2015. Her stories, poems and articles are widely published in National and International journals, and ezines, and are translated into different national and International languages. She has penned six books. She is the recipient of the Prestigious International Mother Language UGADI AWARD WINNER 2019. She was conferred upon the Prestigious International Poesis Award of Honor at the 2nd Bharat Award for Literature as Jury in 2015, The Enchanting Muse Award in India World Poetree Festival 2017, World Icon of Peace Award in 2017, and the Pentasi B World Fellow Poet in 2017. She is the recipient of the Prolific Poetess Award , The Life time Achievement Award ,The Best Planner Award ,The Sahitya Shiromani Award, ATAL BIHARI BAJPAYEE Award, ATAL Award 2018 ,Global Literature Guardian Award ,International Life Time Achievement Award and the Master of Creative Impulse Award .She has received the Honoured Poet of India from the Seychelles Government accredited Literary Society Lasher one poem A NIGHT IN THE REFUGEE CAMP is translated into 60 languages .She is the Ambassador of Humanity by Hafrikan Prince Art World Africa 2018 and an official member of World Nation's Writers Union ,Kazakhstan2018. Italy, the National President for India by Hispanomundial Union of Writers (UHE), Peru, the administrator of several poetic groups, and the Cultural Ambassador for India and South Asia of Inner Child Press African is the life member of Odisha Environmental Society.

swapna.behera@gmail.com

all art a propaganda

large figure simple lines rich colours with Aztec influence stories of workers miners ,labourers ,farmers profound effect frescoes, cubism and later post impressionism unique style of light and shadow art is such profound universal language art is weapon "what I saw is not important what they used me to see is talent" mural movements of Diego Rivera revolutionary union of technical workers, painters who sing the visions of life the celebration of Cinco de Mayo art speaks, assimilates, liberates and raises voice lines and curves march forward

the limited version

limited rice tears of the mother unlimited love in the family

limited oxygen tears of the patient unlimited bodies on the pyres

limited money tears of the migrants unlimited blisters on the highways

limited water in the rivers tears of the nation unlimited agendas of the seminars

limited alphabets to express love tears of passion unlimited commitments to do or die

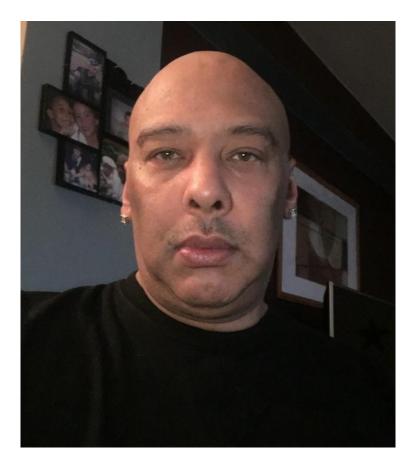
limited versions converge to desolate or isolate in every time zone mingle or jingle for life is a limited version but if can live for others ; we shine the unlimited you and me

the arid layers

within the ceramic bowl a heart, a red hibiscus couple of radiant moments do you remember ; that green coconut with two straws please ,pause a while as I wait for the dew drops

the leaves are still green busy in thematic struggle each morning I crack the layers i manage my way for the lyrical harvests the lost key is hanging i can see the palace each room ,the courtyard molecules of musing in the layers of time and space the ink drops are divine blood it can convert any arid layer to a flower garden so dear ,just wait no worries

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

Diego Rivera

Diego Rivera was an artist, a Mexican born painter. He saw life in color.

Diego was influenced by post impressionist like Paul Cezanne, Gaugin and Van Gogh.

He came from a middle class family,

so he wanted his art to be bought by everyone equally, not just the wealthy.

Mr. rivera traveled abroad and studied the works of those before him,

in Spain, he drew with a cubist stlye for a while,

but that came to an end when he got inspiration to return to his native land to paintings of realism.

Murals became is passion.

He showed the life and times along with the struggle of his people.

Diego Rivera grew up idolizing artist all around the world, in due time, people all over the world admired and idolized him.

From Mexico to Spain and all the way to New York he painted his visions,

the M.O.M.A gave him an opportunity for a one man exhibition.

The antidote

All channels are interrupted by the breaking news world wide... Anchors are ecstatic, some are bawling, happy tears are falling. They did it! they did it! People are celebrating all over, life as we know has changed. Everyone is praising these men and women for their hard work that led to this discovery. We love you!! Thank you!! You're amazing!!. They know, they'll have to answer a lot of questions from television and radio interviews. They're prepared. When will we see the test subjects?... There's a few with us today. How does it work?... If they're still in the hospital, it's a simple injection, if they're at their final destination we'll have to excavate skeletons drill tiny holes in bones, fill them with the medication to regrow flesh until they look exactly as they did before death. When does it go on the market?... Immediately. How much will it cost?... The first time it's free but in order to keep production, anytime after they'll be a fee. Prices will differ depending on families budgets, financing will be available. Do you guys think you can supply the definite demand?... Yes. They'll be factories throughout the continents that will be open twenty four hours a day to produce and store the death reversal antidote.

Ghetto kids

Nights were blue the days were dark, from dusk till dawn I was the ghetto teen in the park, I was at rock bottom, so I sold rock to get out of rock bottoms problems,

Our rent was 250, we could never pay on time, So we copped 250's, quarter keys Gathered up all the young brave hearts, And did hand to hand of cooked grams like a mime, we climbed the charts,

Blam blam blam blam, eddie ralphy edgar orlando bunca, those five shots five names represent a small portion of the dead brave hearts of mine,

Us ghetto kids were bought up in hells kitchen, A picture, a few candles, we mourned in front of make shift murals, while we continued pitching 5 or 10 dollar fixings, The same reason, why their in six foot ditches, staring up at the eternal ceiling, Us ghetto kids were deemed expendable, organ donors, future vegetables for what went on in our housing vestibule.





Eliza Segiet: Master's Degree in Philosophy, completed postgraduate studies in Cultural Knowledge, Philosophy, Arts and Literature at Jagiellonian University. She is a member of The Association of Polish Writers and The NWNU - Union of Writers of the World.

Her poems *Questions* and *Sea of Mists* won the title of the International Publication of the Year 2017 and 2018 in Spillwords Press.

For her volume of *Magnetic People* she won a literary award of a *Golden Rose* named after Jaroslaw Zielinski (Poland 2019 r.). Her poem The *Sea of Mists* was chosen as one of the best one hundred poems of 2018 by International Poetry Press Publication Canada.

In Poet's Yearbook, as the author of *Sea of Mists*, she was awarded with the prestigious Elite Writer's Status Award as one of the best poets of 2019 (July 2019).

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

In September 2019 she was 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).

Nominated for the Pushcart Prize 2019.

Nominated for the iWoman Global Awards (2019).

Laureate Naji Naaman Literary Prize 2020.

Laureate International Award PARAGON OF HOPE (Canada, 2020).

Obtained certificate of appreciation from *Gujarat Sahitya Academy* and *Motivational Strips* for literary excellence par with global standards (2020).

Ambassador of Literature granted by Motivational Strips.

Author's works can be found in anthologies, separate books and literary magazines worldwide.

The essence In the memory of Diego Rivera

Mexican La Cantina it's not soaked with just the will, for memory to smolder. To survive after getting to the other side – that's the aim. The essence of existence is time to live after living – the fire of survival.

Translated Ula de B.

Piercing

Among people, pierce unrecognizable shadows, but sometime in the light they will cease to be just them. It may turn out that we are part of the resurrected world.

Mourned long ago are among us.

Translated by Artur Komoter

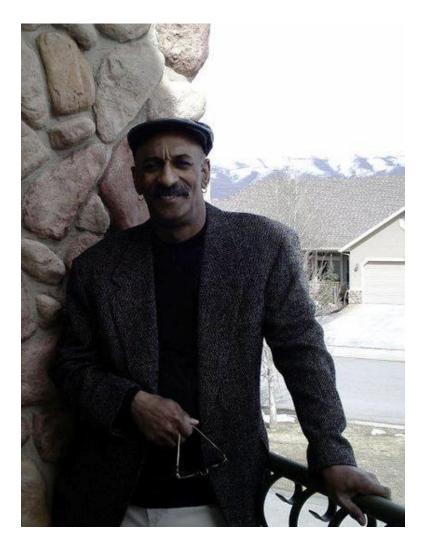
Involuntarily

When we are anointed with life, marked by destiny, we wonder why the same Demiurge gives us life and death? Why do we have to agree on destiny?

Often – involuntarily.

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

Diego

Diego María de la Concepción Juan Nepomuceno Estanislao de la Rivera y Barrientos Acosta y Rodríguez

They had more names for me, But I would rather not repeat them.

My non Frisco Frescos Started a movement That disturbed many

I fathered many . . . Within the art And without . . . It was all life for me . . .

I was one Who just needed To try different embraces, Even in the women I loved

Frida was the most notable And we exploded Until the day she died . . . Our volcanic partnership in Love and art Spawned yet Another turning Of history's page

Read about me

My name is Diego . . . Diego María de la Concepción Juan Nepomuceno Estanislao de la Rivera y Barrientos Acosta y Rodríguez

The Plantation Blues

I dun caught me a case Of those Plantation Blues

You see, Every once in a while We Colored Folks, Or as I like to put it ... Hued-Mans Wake Up, I swear we still On the Plantation Yas suh...

We still being hunted, Killed, And sometimes hung, But if you ain't dead yet, Know that many Of dem dere other folks Wish you were!

75 years ago I be waking up As a Negro, Then we was Colored Folk, Some still called us Niggers

..... But now ... I am Black, I am an African American.... Some times, Even I has troubles

Understanding who I am, Especially in the eyes Of dem otha folks . . . And sum of dem Still call us Niggahs

I aintz pickin' Yo cotton no-mo . . Maybe that's why youz mad At me, At us, At yo-self.

Seems to me, We ain't neva gonna be free. Shit, FREE is just a word they sold To us. Told to us That we could begin to think We wuz

••••

Just ask all dem dere Brothas and Sistahs Behind the barbed wire Adorned in orange jumpsuits Iz dey free? . . . Have dey ever been?

Yeah, we free to die, Free to entertain, Doin' the 'Step and Fetchit' 2 step, Coonin' our way thru The BB . . . Bias Bullshit . . . Yeah, we be free. Free to shut-up, keep quiet And remain subservient

I even saw a couple of the ignorant ones Suggesting ... Slavery should be brought back ... Well, I may not be free In many ways, But I ain't neva gonna be put In nobody's chains, Especially doze mental ones

I am so damn tired of Being lied on, Demonized, Dehumanized, Deceived, Exploited, And used For target practice

Yeah I think I be comin' down With a case of Dem dere Plantation Blues,

If dis is this a dream, Should I wake up, If I do, It def'nly will become Someone else's nightmare

The Plantation Blues

Moving on . . .

He walked hungrily. Through the fields Seeking . . . Seeking what, He did not know . . . In particular, He just knew That it existed . . . Something That was calling loudly To his soul

He walked hungrily. Through the fields

And some times he ran

Moving On . . .

May 2021 Featured Poets



Paramita Mukherjee Mullick

Jaydeep Sarangi

Rose Zerguine

Bismay Mohanty



Paramita Mukherjee Mulliek



Dr. Paramita Mukherjee Mullick is a scientist transformed into a well-loved poet. She has six books and her poems have been widely published in India and abroad. A few of her poems have been translated into 39 languages. Paramita has been blessed with numerous awards like the Nobel Laureate Rabindranath Tagore award, Poetess of Elegance 2019 award and many more. She started and is the President of the Chapter of the Mumbai Intercultural Poetry and Performance Library where she promotes fusion of poetry with other performing arts. She also promotes indigenous poetry, peace poetry and multilingual poetry. She received the Gold Rose from MS Productions, Buenos Aires for promoting literature and culture. She is an editor as well, edited an international journal previously and is editing for a publishing house at present. She lives in Mumbai, India with her husband and daughter.

The Search for Completeness

The new mother looks at the smile of her child. Her heart fills with joy. The new human fills her heart. A happiness more than any jazzy toy.

A mother and wife, looks after her family. Feeds them and lovingly them nourish. Selfless, compassionate and kind. Her happiness to see her children and husband flourish.

A father and a husband, toils the whole day. To make the family prosperous and comfortable. Only others in his mind when working hard. Bringing his family members in the forefront and making them able.

The giving of oneself to another. An emotion which is all above. The search for completeness ends with this emotion. It is the definition less, fathomless love.

Impermanence

The yellow leaves on the branch became yellow and fell off.

Green new leaves sprouted on the branch again.

A brief shower of rain quenched the thirst of the earth.

The sweet-smelling earth heaved a sigh of relief.

The kingfisher fleeted by, here it was and then lost from sight.

Its dazzling colours lingering in my eyes.

Suddenly the melodious music from the flute player on the street.

Arouses my senses and I get immersed in that music.

Such is the magic of impermanence.

The short spell enchants us.

A brief encounter with a stranger,

May lead to a beautiful friendship.

These moments are to be cherished and preserved.

Time for such beautiful moments to be reserved.

From Darkness to Light

From darkness to light I walk on and on. The road clears in front of me. I open my eyes and YOU I see.

From ignorance to knowledge I walk on and on. The knots open, the path clears. YOU make me walk with my dears.

From hatred to forgiveness I walk on and on. Sadness gives way to happiness in the journey. I look inside and see YOU in me.

Jaydeep Sarangi



Jaydeep Sarangi is a widely anthologized and reviewed bilingual poet with eight collections in English latest being *Heart Raining the Light (2020)* released in Rome. Sarangi has read his poems in different shores of the globe. His later readings were at Flinders University, University of Western Australia, University of South Australia,University of Wollongong, Perth Poetry Club(Australia), University of Udine(Italy)and University of Rezeszow(Poland). Sarangi is on the editorial boards of different journals featuring poetry and articles on poetry like *Mascara Literary Review*, *Transnational Literature*, (Australia), *Teesta*, *WEC*(India). Among his recent awards, the Setu Award of Excellence for 2019(Petersburg, USA).He is a professor of English and principal at New Alipore College, Kolkata.. E mail: jaydeepsarangi@gmail.com

Social Distancing

a spam a troll swear words flare up. My bones are sleeping in a tent, selfie embracing ideas. Life is just flaming here, and beyond. beyond contacts, Fast fading and sharing The face is no face. Mobile screen is a romantic halo. The Moon makes no one lunatic.

All virtual. All for a passing stint.

•

Happy Days

A blue lid, frayed at its edges, used excessively, day and night. It only yearns for what it has lost in the company of distance and days.

Let us press hard, and all shall see Glory of our happy Deity. After this spell of rain.

113

My Sweet Home Town

There is peace after a homely noise my mother sleeps safe after the evening chants.

The earth watches I take the pigeons out every day.

Every pain has a remedy with men and women rising.

Fair green Mistress I bear a rooted grief.

I speak with your words. I peel out juice of happiness.



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WARDA ZERGUINE Is born in Guelma (east of ALGERIA)

She is a writer, researcher in the popular oral tradition and Journalist (member of union algerian journalists), also she was a former senior executive in "ALGERIENNE DES EAUX".WARDA ZERGUINE has published 03 works, a book entitled : "ALANKOUD" on folk proverbs and popular puzzles, "IllUMINATIONS" about the revolutionary folk songs in Guelma region and "JAWAHAR" a second part of the folk proverbs and popular puzzles.

She Participated in many festivals in algeria – tunisia – jordan .

And participated in different international anthologies : mesopotamia cultural center belgrade –serbia- on 2018, 2019 and 2020, collection of universal poetry "jasmine and love collars" in tunisia.

She wrote and recited different poems in different languages : arrabic , english and french. She is a member of algerian artists.

Love at the time of the siege

At the crossroads of climb Be my lover O wave that carried me Tide is no longer scary And no longer in the doll fountain Except your love Pull me chest swing to you From you picked up my wedding I flirt with staying O you who drowned me Do you wipe off my maps? Or pick me up from exile gazelle For my seasons I love you he said to equal text Its depreciable text I love you he said Do not migrate except to my blood You are my mirror to see me I comb your pillow and sleep Almighty says that I do not stay alone I fear my estrangement from me You be my compass to reach you My love, you are the Transfiguration If I have a love disk in my left My love, you are a Lust for the character If I have the texts of love with my right I love you to be the beginning And I love you to be the end

DECISION

I'm not from you You are not from me You are not of my bread and my provision You are not a specter of my nostalgia You are not an extension creek You're not the crazy melody You are not a glimmer of my heart You are not the whisper of my eyelids And you are not the flow of observer I'm looking at you .. Maybe And maybe ... My call is calling me My country is not your country And my sky is not your sky My refusal is a spiritual mystery And beyond your imagination And my ambition .. From my passion Explodes stubborn rock So build .. Ruin What is impossible to build You are not mine When you said Let's go .. We manage Our high star Let him draw our path Give him gifts Maybe he is satisfied I'm not from you When you call ..

In humility and supplication Keep an eye on delayed bereavement And honorable dignities Hey.. Hold on The will of the universe Is an action .. Determination Refusal.. And heaven's decision You who are not of me.. Do not say.. Luck wants.

Tales

They told me in my boyhood.. About a lot.. About evil spirits ghosts .. and Goblins .. I became the one who loved the stories... a long time ago.. I take every opportunity I race time to know... What I don't know .. But I know That my fear From the praises of the story.. And here we grow And These stories never grew On my growing fear.. a long time ago.. We are not from Him Yesterday we wanted fear.. We did not hide From the stories of robberv And then we became like those stories. And any stories..? We have turned to everything How to share bread And a cup of milk The important.. The ceiling of the tale brings us together And boy's hymns.. The important.. Everything is shared.. The joy of the little child

Painful heart pain Everything is shared We fear for our stories.. And our ogres.. Goblins a long time ago.. all beautiful turned down toughing we would build beautifully.. So we woke up on stories.. There are no trust goblins.. And no ghosts The bread is no longer a melody.. Even if it is not shared I don't know my way I may be from not.

Bismay Mohanty



Bismay is an IT professional from India who is currently also pursuing a degree in English. He has published two poetry books till now and is working on his short story collection. He loves cycling, have bibliophile friends and plays PC games in his spare time. Having a keen interest in literature, he also helps his juniors achieve their writing potentials by guiding with whatever available resources.

He first got published in YOTP back in January 2015 when he was in high school. After finishing his degree, he now aims to make the best use of his skills and is under constant learning for the same. Naturally, Bismay feels 'The Power of the Subconscious Mind' by Joseph Murphy as his guardian angel book, which he believes to have miraculously brought many improvisations to his way of writing.

You can reach out to him at bismaymohantypoetry@gmail.com

A decade ago

Not long back, one day She stood at the balcony. Her brother's friend had come to meet him The boy on cycle looked at her blank As if never seen a girl before Or never someone so beautiful Did she match his imagination? Of fictional characters In books and movies.

She smiled at him And kept smiling back each time When she knew that he came daily Just to see her in the evening From the same balcony-road distance Properly maintained; No, the era wasn't that of the pandemic When people stood at distance And wore masks, Love was always a virus though.

She recalls today on the same balcony When the friends are no more there Who claimed 'You deserve better!' Seeing his curly hair and skeletal body, And various aspects that were not proper. He no longer comes to see her After standing there for hours Through winters and all summer, Heavy rain not to forget at all; She never made any effort.

In the twenty first century, When parents disown children If they aren't born as intended,

He denies to learn it right away That stories in real don't resemble Those they show in books and movies, Who will want to relate to a tragedy? Even when the same exists and we all live it It would have been different, if decades ago Had society taken AK Ramanujan seriously.

A few decades later again Now he wanders lonely as a ghost, She stands still at the balcony for hours, Kin of either family are now long gone, Now they both think in their despondency If all their lives were a life, trying to figure Why do we glorify hatred with bullets and bomb? And find love all the more explicit Nevertheless, his funeral passed the same road Where her grey hair flew and landed on him.

Friends of formalities

Hello you Sir! That you are cutting off calls For you don't want to quaver Rather show not to anyone That times can be tougher Why care for it an image after all? Oh! Are you a motivational speaker? Doesn't matter any if you hide anyway Sure, let distress give you tremor Cry, sleep, lose appetite, love insomnia This schedule can go on forever Otherwise, you could talk you know? But with whom? That question is a fever Try and trust once, not again will you When the interest or ability to solve is mere Still let's be in touch, after all you can die Without my "Happy Birthday Dear"!

Turn Around

Left the music player back at home Today I wanted to listen to myself Showed myself the moon at its brightest white There is much beauty in the endless streetlights Extending their ways up to infinity Honking buses have tired passengers returning home Excited children on bikes and cars in opposite direction Such visual along with the pleasant air that flew A scooter passes by and I gaze A girl as she turns around To look me in the eye And recall hauntings of the past With all love and prayers to Almighty No sooner did the pleasant atmosphere go And became the nature a dark realm of ghosts Shrieking about the nights where there were cries Ruminating upon an idea of the value Of people who do not remain at hard times Let feelings pass like the bad old days Time would come and both will eventually forget The mere existence of each other And it was all fine till this evening Hallucinating one epitaphs on the sidewalk Adoring "dead in love" over it Withdrawing from the great idea I turned back to walk my way home.

Remembering

our fallen soldiers of verse



. Janet Perkins Caldwell

February 14, 1959 ~ September 20, 2016

Alan W. Jankowski

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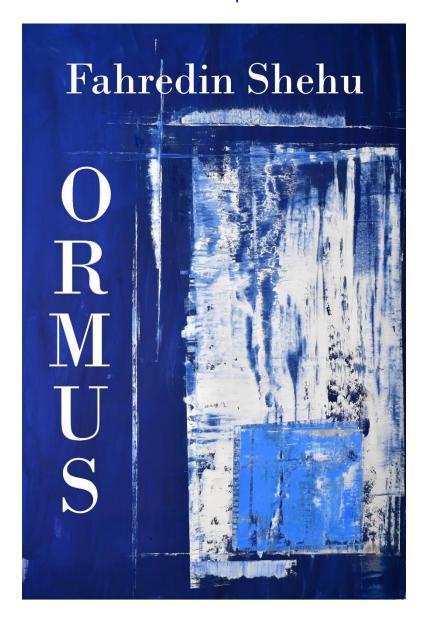
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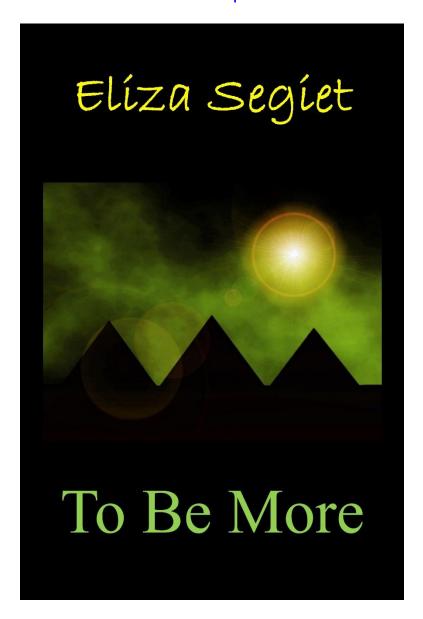
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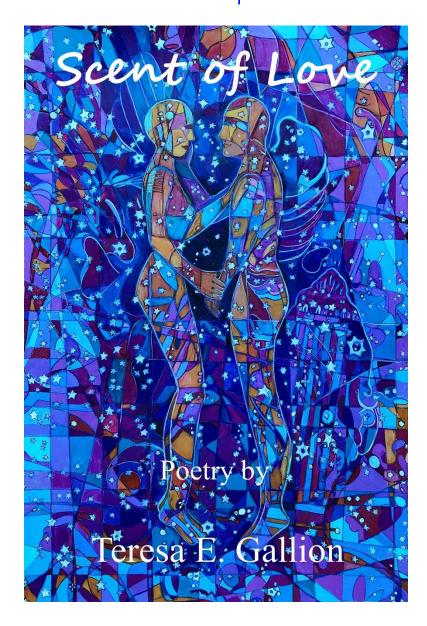
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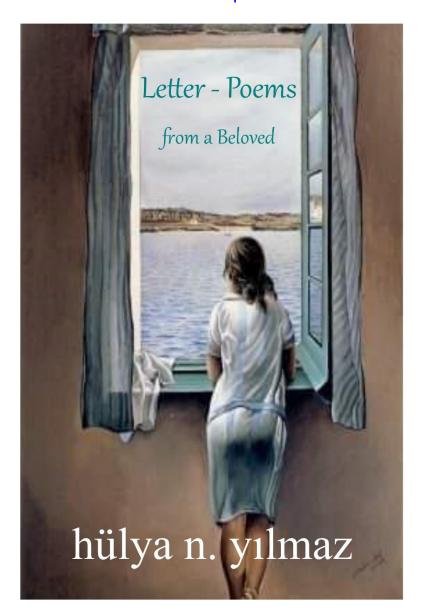


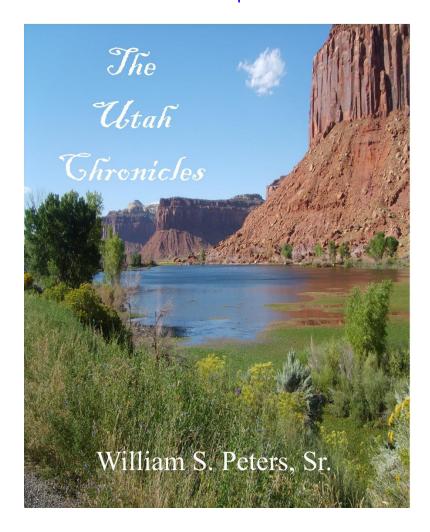
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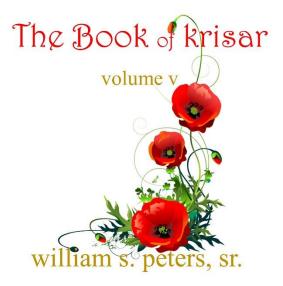








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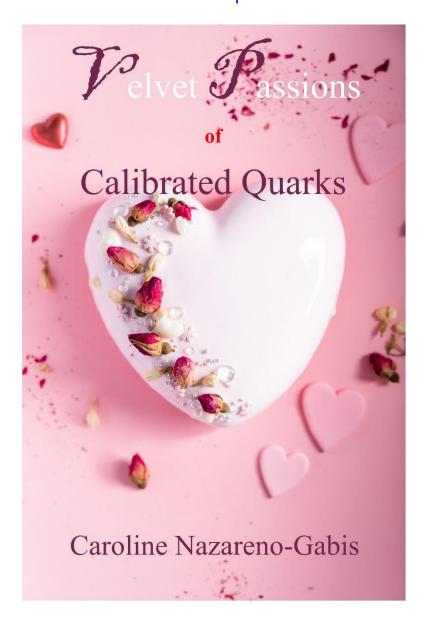
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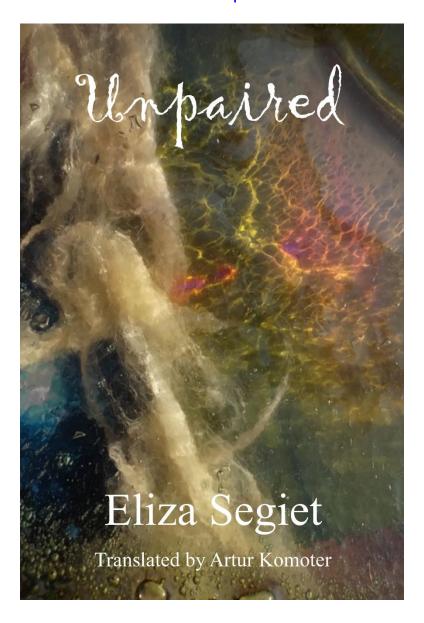


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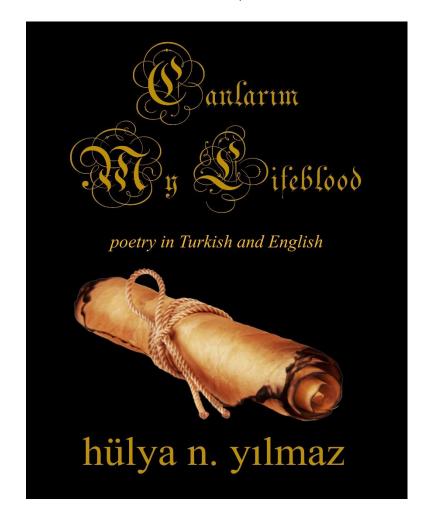


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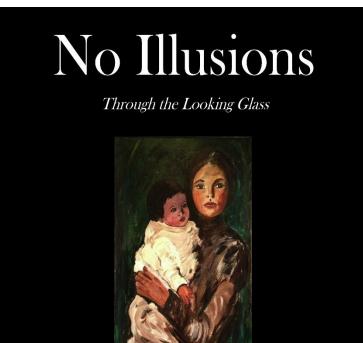




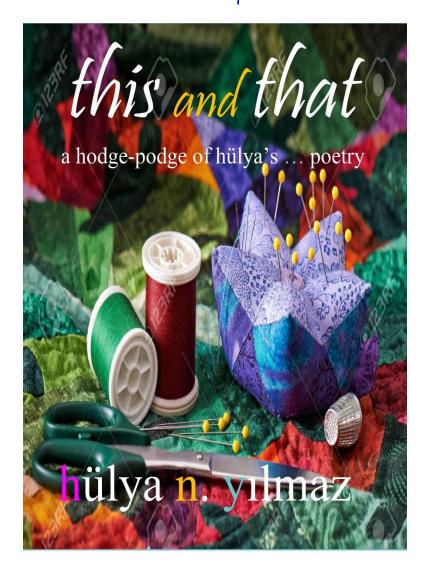
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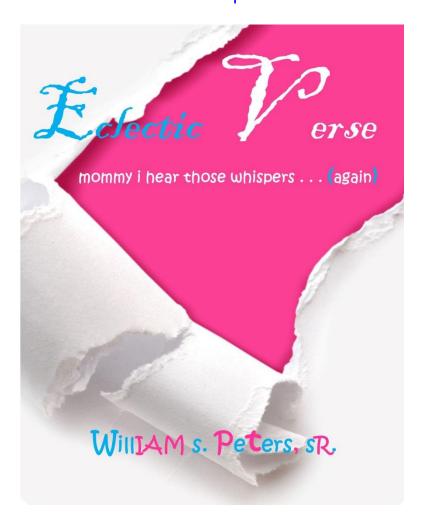
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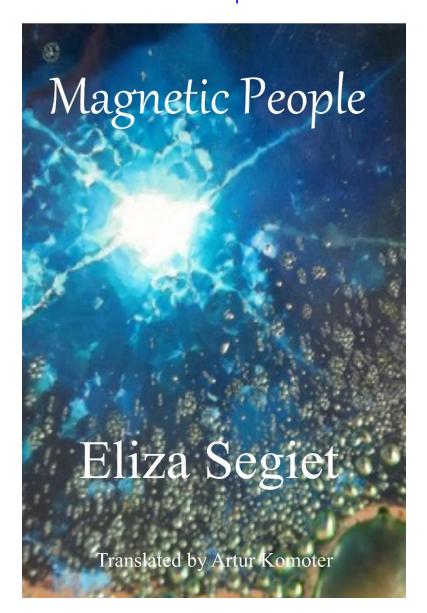


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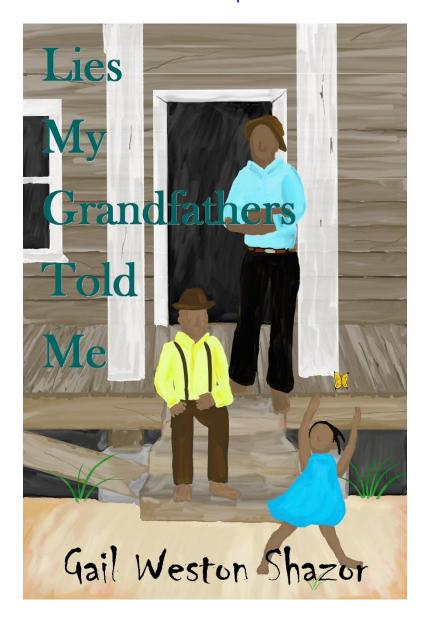
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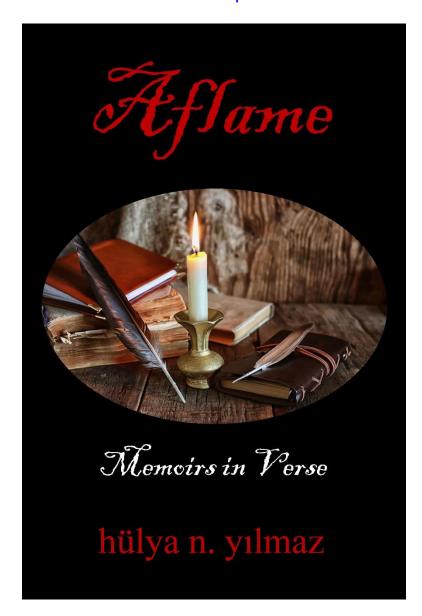


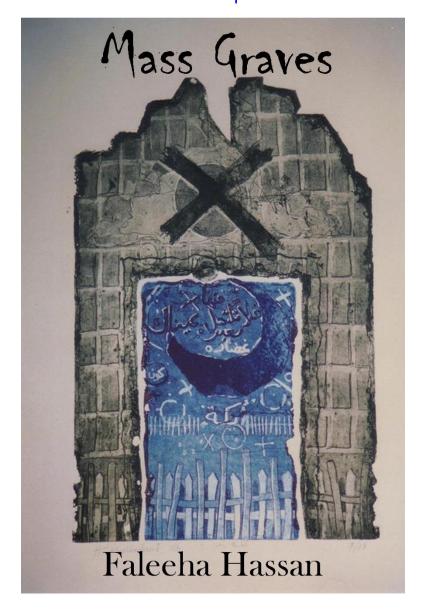
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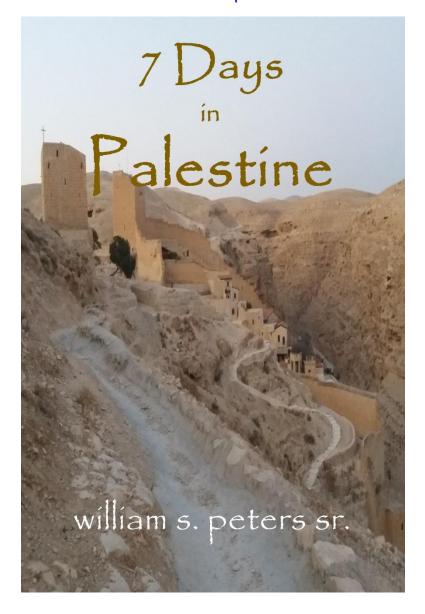
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for

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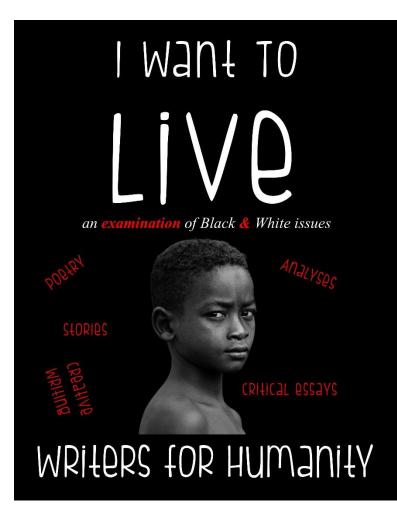
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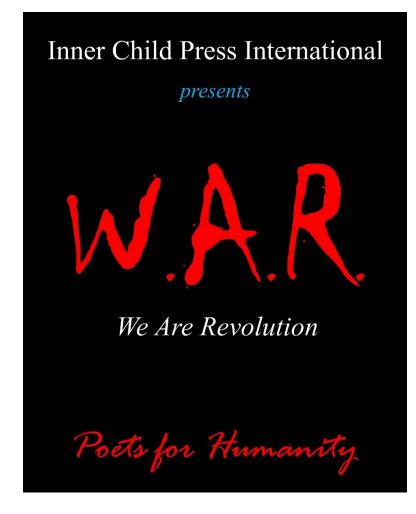
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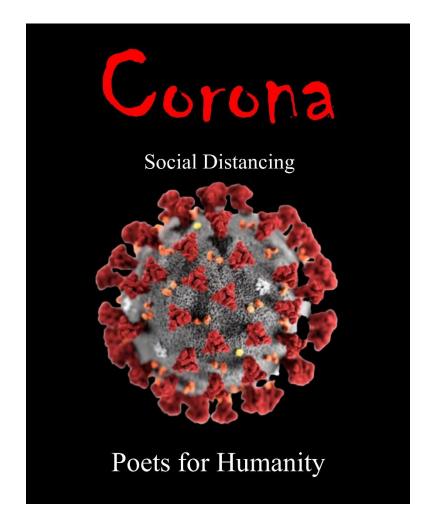


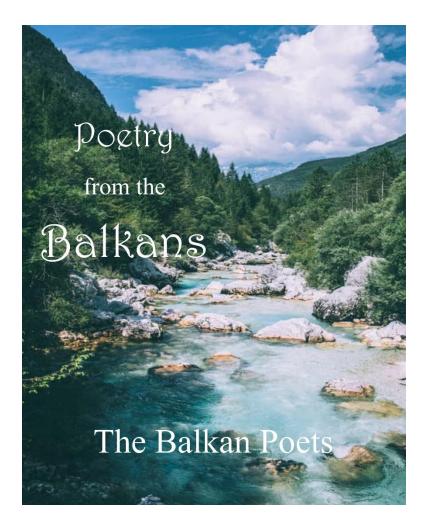


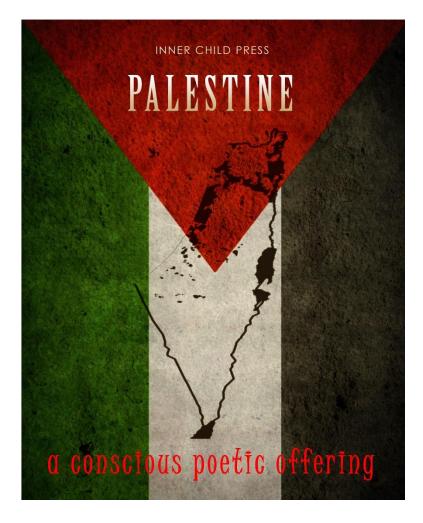


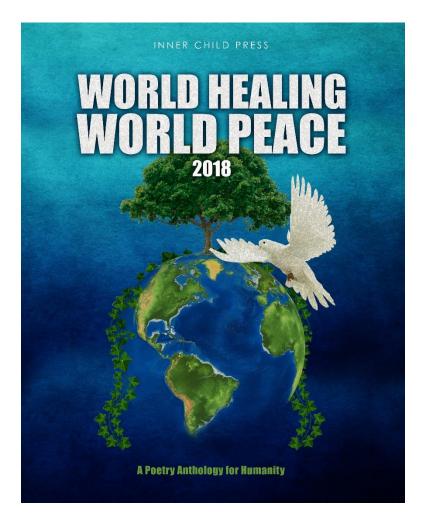
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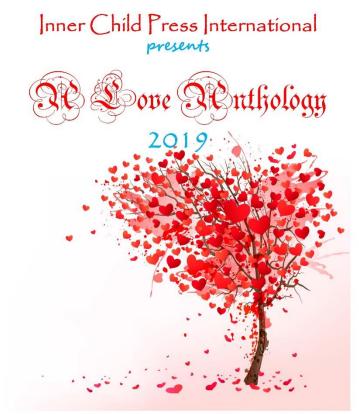






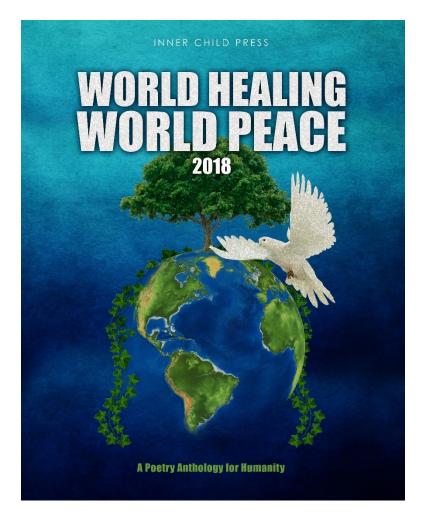
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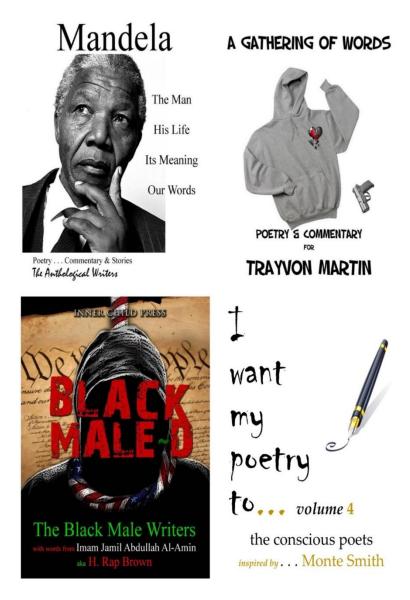
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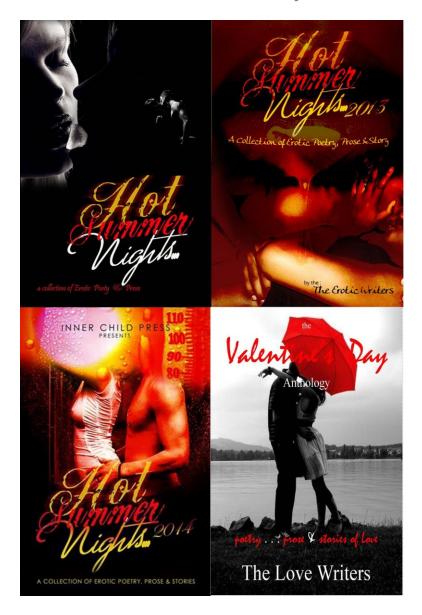
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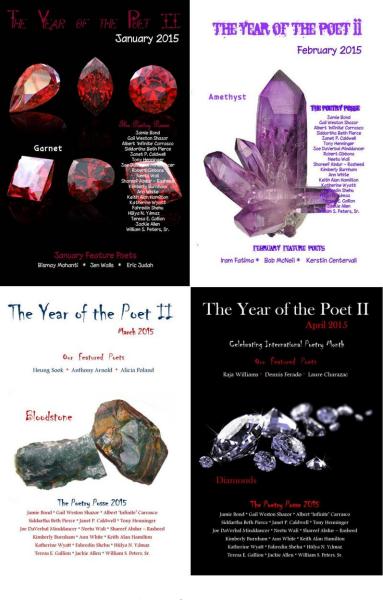
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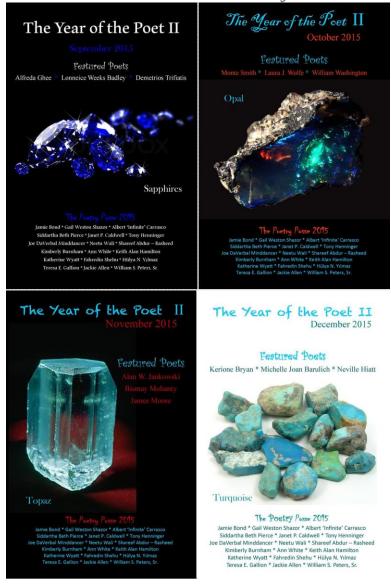
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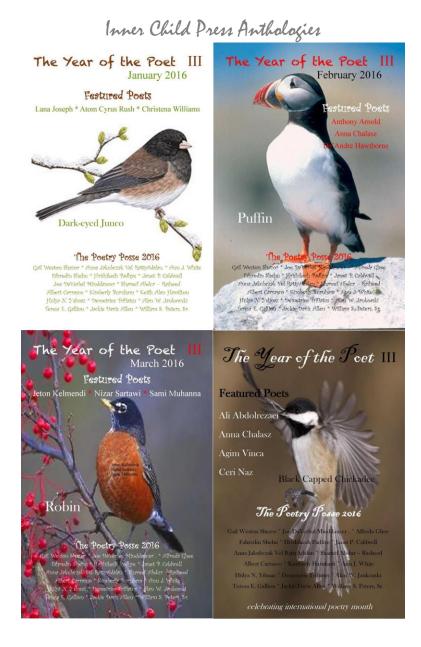


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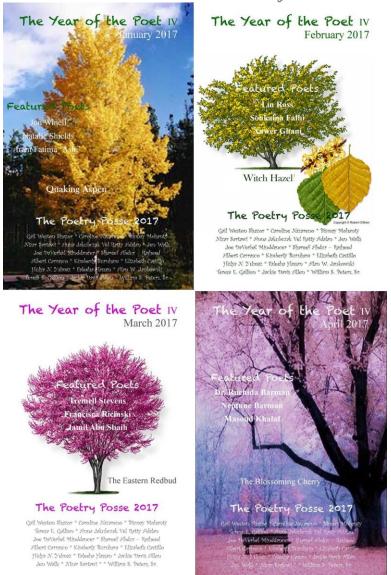
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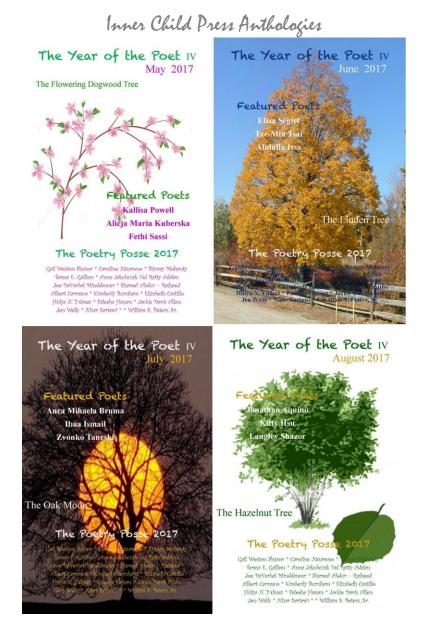
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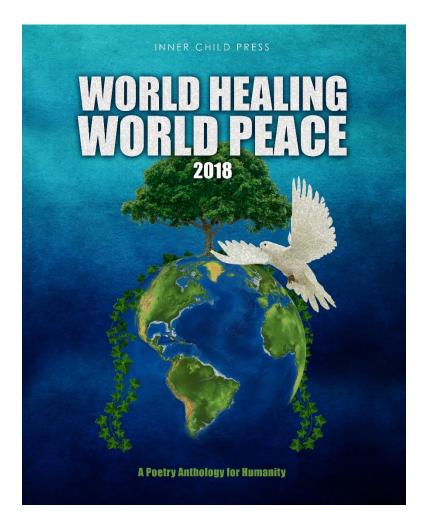


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