Featured Global Poets Ndaba Sibanda * Smrutiranjan Mohanty Ajanta Paul * Monalisa Dash Dwibedy

Climate Change and Birds



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.



The Poetry Posse

inner child press, ltd.

The Poetry Posse 2022

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.

 \sim * \sim

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

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The Poetry Posse

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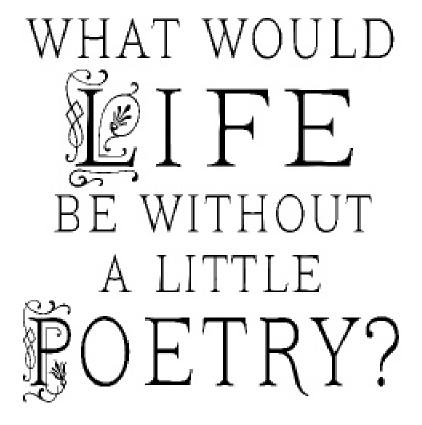
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This Book is dedicated to

Humanity, Peace & Poetry

the Power of the Pen can effectuate change!

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The Poetry Posse

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



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

Janet P. Caldwell

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Foreword

Climate Change and Birds

Birds have an amazing ability to evoke moods, landscapes and seasons. A loon's call conjures up a wilderness lake. A V-shaped flock of honking geese signals the end of summer. On a freezing January day, when the leafless woods seem mineralized with the cold, the distant tapping of a woodpecker reminds that life continues even in the dead of winter. Birds enrich our experience of nature through their colors, songs and flight patterns. The beauty of bird song and flight provides incomparable aesthetic value. Birds play prominent roles in art, culture, religion and poetry. They are also an important source of inspiration and spirituality.

Birds are an essential part of the natural system. They are essential as pollinators and for seed dispersal of many plants. Birds also feed on a variety of insects, rodents, and other small animals, naturally keeping those populations in check and ensuring a proper balance in their ecosystem.

Climate breakdown is playing havoc with bird population in the forests, rural and urban areas

according to scientists specializing in the studies of environmental challenges because climate change does a lot more than just heat up our planet. It causes more hurricanes, floods, heat waves, droughts, fires and even cold spells.

Every bird species has its own unique set of environmental tolerances—requirements in terms of seasonal temperatures, patterns of precipitation, nesting and feeding areas, timing of breeding and so on. They have a very precise combination of habitat requirements that may not be met in a changing climate.

There is an urgent need to have a plan to encounter current climate changes to help birds survive. Scientists warn us to curb greenhouse gas emissions (Carbon dioxide, Nitrogen oxides, Ozone, Methane etc.) to hold the global temperature rise to 1.5 degrees. If we don't act now, "we will be locking into a change, a trajectory, that will have profound consequences for the species and ecosystems we so deeply care about and strive to protect."

Ashok K. Bhargava

President, Writers International Network, Canada

Dreface

Dear Family and Friends,

So, here we are once again, making our way onward through the 'New Year' of 2022 and *The Year of the Poet*. This volume, (#101) represents the 5th month of our ninth year of monthly publication. 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.

Loast year, 2021 and and the previous year of 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. In 2020, 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 for 2022, we are seeking to invest in the same or greater effort towards contributing to a 'conscious humanity'.

We are now in the stages of completing another epic volume of *World Healing, World Peace 2022* which was published April 1st of this year. Additionally, to be released this month of May 2022 is yet another anthology focusing on 'global consciousness'..."*Climate Change... do or die*". Needless to say we are excited about lending our poetric voices to the cause(s) of a better world / planet, a better humanity for us all.

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 \ldots

Bill

William S. Peters, Sr.

Publisher Inner Child Press International

www.innerchildpress.com

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

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

Climate Change and Birds

May 2022

"Believe in the power of your own voice. The more noise you make, the more accountability you demand from your leaders, the more our world will change for the better."

 \sim Al Gore, Former US Vice President



Photo Credit: US Forest Service

https://forest-atlas.fs.fed.us/lives-forest-birds.html



Photo Credit: Pixnio

https://pixnio.com/fauna-animals/birds/grebebirds-pictures/western-grebe-birds-breeds-lakesponds





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

 $\sim wsp$

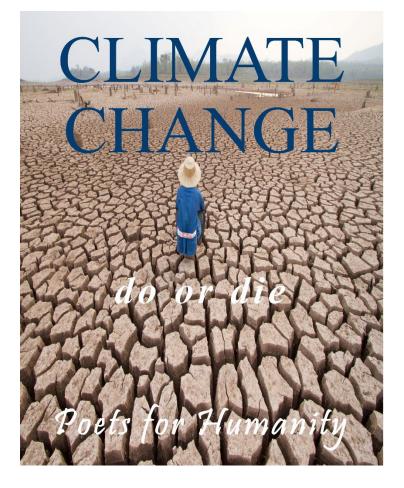




Poetry succeeds where instruction fails.

 $\sim wsp$

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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

Free (nonet)

Birds

Fly high

Blocking sun

By spreading wings

I throw up my hands

Just in case they can see

Or even can feel my joy

At the journeys they take us on

In my soaring imagination

Rock Star

I took a rock outside today Holding it in my hand, my palm It wasn't very big and so did not prevent My sitting and rising from my customary Outpost on the rooftop The rock is comforting in my hand Smooth and cold and most of all steady I took it from its customary Place on a bowl in my bedroom window

It is always wet here in the mornings A tropical versioning dew In other places, some may think It has rained throughout the night But it is always cleansing like this I never catch this moisturing in motion Before it blankets my rooftop

Water and rock surrounds me now In a visible, touchable, viable, real way This life is far from secluded For how could I have been found If not for being in this extravagant place Where fullness breathes silently Today I will write your name Upon this rock I hold in my hand You have been given a word As much action as identity As much rock as water I will place it back in the bowl in my window To await your return

Jungled

Today my ink is green Spilling over my fingertips In waves of salty citrine I want to capture it in Wide body jelly jars To keep in my window box For how could I ever remember The taste of right now Unless I can open one Next month and savor The smell of newness The tangy lime flavor not yet ripe I would paint a picture If I could, so you see it too Wide swaths of rays across my sky Glass against white stone Shells cradling heat Keeping the morning warm For my hands to find Before my eyes are even open I thought to send you one These newly minted memories Instead, I think I will Swallow them whole And breathe it through paper In emerald dragon fire For a slow island burn

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).

Birds

God - a perfect painter and musician, revived the colorful spots made of feathers and notes. He delighted the world with the craftsmanship of creation.

A winged orchestra greets each dawn loudly, It unexpectedly sings arias during the day and in the darkness of the night it hums trills of love

How sad would the Earth be without birds? Would the sky fall silent in gloomy silence and only the wind would move the branches of the trees?

Coat

I wear a body like a cloak, Patience, humility, years. It's that time - it tore and I darned the holes.

My coat shrinks and disappears With passing days, Until one day it scatters and So it is with all the coats.

And me? And what about me? Perhaps they will hatch from the coat cocoon And I will turn into a cricket. It's a difficult metamorphosis, The most difficult in life.

This is the price of immortality Without the gift of eternal youth

Duty

I am trapped in the labyrinth of many duties.

My life like sign- posts

Predict the words

- You must
- You should
- You are not allowed
- It is your duty

I would have liked to rise higher and run away. I know now, that the only thing I must do is to die. Nothing more 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

Springtime Sorrow

My little friend, To where have you flown? Your nest is empty; It looks ever so blue, so forlorn. No longer is its future A dream beneath your breast.

There is no life, Nothing left but an deafening silence; No sight of fluttering wings. No sunny dawn erupting That offers an alternative, Optimistic narrative.

Alas, all is mystery. Neither the rain, cold, wind or snow Are able to give understanding To the precarious plight, That transpired in the nest. The one that once promised life.

Only the abandoned nest remains, The little blue mother Has not returned To her victimized home. Whatever happened, She was grievously wronged.

On Guard

An intruder of the human kind, I attempt to slyly spy upon the one who sits protectively upon the little nest; she cranes her instinctive and inquisitive head, looks my way, and, just as quickly, lowers her head. Does she think to distract me from what she's about. she who has sat on the nest all the morning long? I have no spymaster's tools; my squinting eyes seek, but little can follow as she makes a sudden and quick escape. A grayed streak of blue, tinged with breast of red, I now see; she's sitting on a branch high up in the cherry tree. A more brightly hued bird of blue zooms by, and as he sits he chatters and sings an insistent song Is that her mate? As persistent as the mother-to-be, is for me to avoid her nest, so, too am I anxious not to be found out as I strive to take a different path each day as I make my way. Quiet as I am, her motherly eyes anticipate each and every move I make. Does she think that I, like a slithering snake might seize her eggs and then, leave her alone to mourn the loss within her nest?

Red

Putting on airs! That's what she's doing.

> Ain't no need to be acting that a'way. Highfaluting, Wearing that Red Dress, To a funeral! No less!

Humid, hot summer air Deep enough to drown in.

> The wake, in its 2nd night, You never saw such hugging, Dabbing eyes, and shaking hands.

Friends, neighbors, curiosity seekers Family of course, the stage set,

> Ranging from coveralls, and aprons Some Sunday best. And, that blasted, disrespectful Red Dress!

Lordy, mercy! Preacher Issac, His fleshy face, flushed, red,

> Dripping in sweat, leans over and whispers to an elder. Soon the mourning wails are merging With the noisy sputtering window fan. And the awful sound of blowing noses.

Just look at that proud Red Dress! O, mercy me! Can you believe she's laughing!

> Well maybe not exactly, But did you see that smile on her face? Not fitting behavior, but then I guess She'll get what she's coming to, in the end. Wait a gosh-darn minute...she's coming my way...

Don't see why she wants to sit by me!

Out of politeness, I scoot over, Making room.for her. And that Red Dress!

> Now, she's wrapping her arms around me, Giving me a bear-hug, Acting like we're best friends! Making a show, she is! Well, family is family,

Can't figure out what she's up to!

Besides, everyone's looking at me And my flushed face,

> Wondering how Or if I'll respond. She says how delighted she is, Just to see me! Says, the very sight

Of me lights up her spirits!

O, Dear God! Maybe that's why she smiled? So uncharitable of me, judging. Without knowing.

She's whispering, now The reason behind that rude smile... Explaining, despite, All the weeping, wailing, remembering The last time, we three had been together.

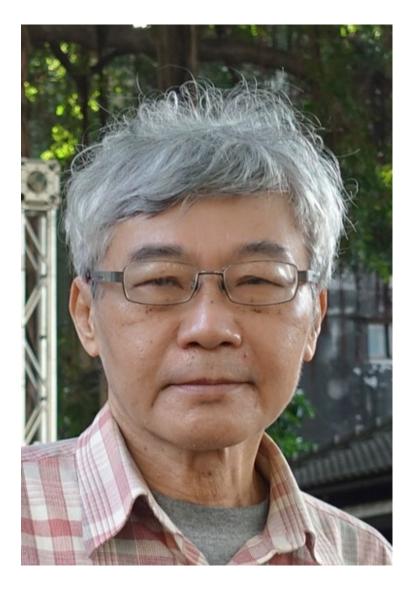
Reliving the fun we'd had.

Confessing, now, I am, Repenting. Praying to Almighty God.

> Begging forgiveness, Even as I'm confidentially Thinking, I wish I had a dress Just like the one she's wearing!

I'd wear that Red Dress every chance I got.

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.

The Crows No Longer Spread Their Wings

That Crows in the Wulai Mountain No longer spread wings Not because they are not black enough Nor the wings under the sunshine are not strong enough No longer can easily show off again that naturally wild In the past Flip the seeds, attached to the planting season Standing on a cow's back Chasing the insects driven out by the plows But now Man-made pollution keeps drifting into the atmosphere Eventually, the walnut trees no longer bear the walnuts This unsustainable bleak autumn How to reserve for the cold winter The atmosphere is also not strong enough to absorb the heat of the sun Too many variables are affecting the sky Given the forgotten walnut buried in the back mountain last year Lost chance of germination The distant view that grows into a big tree is like nothing When we were forced to give up flying in the countryside The discarded fruit in the park The residue in the rubbish All into the mouth to become delicious food Rich feathers still cover the body No longer far away from the lair We are so contented No longer fully spread the wings No longer fly high

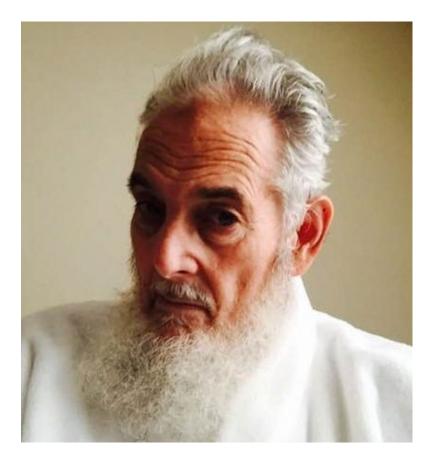
Dragon World

The night is fading With the sound of firecrackers The dragon is still Dancing in front of the streets They say the year from now on Late autumn deep night Village boy playing the flute Sound into the cloud The shop has turned off the lights Where am I going tonight? Scripture is opened My heart floated and panic Sound into the ears Muyu knock on my floating heart Look against the Buddha's eyes His spine stands upright On a small old wooden bench Under the sunlight Hands are all jagged with veins Wrinkles are twisted and deep

When The Lonely Moon Shines Through The Window

But not bow her head tonight The gap between the clouds The bride's first of the helpless night There is more fear than sadness The winds are coming The flapping sound of mixed wings The caged bird screamed out That's not from my double wings That's not from my companions The sun lost his prestige half a day ago Hide in a shady corner Cat on the tin house Your tongue is not dry enough To lick your fragile soul wet Sunken eye socket Around the gaming table Greedy eyes bloodshot Secretly calculating each passerby's compassion

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

echo

hello hello hello listen can you hear them playing their masterpiece north, south, west, east beautiful creation birds so many varieties plenty all over our earth souring high in the sky flying, gliding over, floating on rivers, lakes, ponds not just delight for eyesight they're essential to life helping to balance, regulate ecosystems doing many things like spreading seeds control waste help to maintain vital natural environments essential to our existence so why ruin their work destroy the only home all inhabitants of our planet share must care to remain here

why dem?

balled up in fetus, in doorway go to the movies to sleep under bridges, in subway tunnels, sewer subterranean dwellers go to Rikers to eat who weeps for them folk disconnected, ignored, disrespected couldn't play the game no face no name in the land of democracy while the band 'Aristocracy' plays their hit 'Hypocrisy' now #1 on the charts thanks to lovers of the art of deception who make an art form of greed it became the norm, agreed upon to spawn Capitalism's Capital for wealthy lords of the deal while the masses forlorn for real for too long kneel at the alter of the well heeled just to get along to scrape something together for the next meal dem got another hit song climbing the charts, this week to #1 hit sensation of the nation. 'I got mine now you can go and get yours' ho hum

under the gun

doors closed sun never rose broken legs can't run can't speak with no tongue when all you ever had is pile of dung anything better seems like fun everything's relative so they say based on what you relate to day after day did or not impact the right spot did or did not hit proverbial jackpot or was it cards marked fix on call it con mental, spiritual attack can impact souls snatched in the process called death being processed called test questions asked slave in grave who is your lord? what is your deen or belief your prophet?

lose or profit fail or pass how you answered questions asked then raised judgement day taken back check the facts concerning all deeds you stacked to be blessed or cursed sins committed when living doomed or forgiven only by mercy undeserved regardless stature in life

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

Attrition Nature Plans

Mallard ducks hatch a dozen ducklings two may survive nature plans for this attrition

But what of planning in climate change

Ducks, a mother and a father replaced young ducklings feeding themselves as they reach water first must be taught what is edible

But what of teaching in climate change

Baby ducklings depend on mother for warmth at night where they are easily chilled

But what of warming or cooling in climate change

Warmth

I complain about the price of gas electricity for warmth it's cold here in winter

I think of those in war torn countries who have no homes or cars or gas or power or food

I ponder birds displaced by climate change forced to expend more energy

Keeping warm finding food staying alive and I see how lucky I am

Helping Birds

I have a voice to speak on behalf of birds to ask questions and demand accountability

What am I doing? find solutions

I have hands to plant native seedlings surrounding a water filled birdbath

What am I doing? grow organic

I have resources to choose renewable energy reduce my carbon footprint enjoy the beauty

What am I doing? recycling and bicycling

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

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Tree of Life

In the beginning, Eden was created Beaming with greeneries, green meadows Abundant with life-giving trees Giving sustenance to all beings.

But man was tempted and went astray, His ambitious mind forgot he was the Protector of Earth Of these Trees of Life poisoned by toxic gases, Of years of neglect, leaving barren lands to dry.

Climate changes, weather disturbances come and go, The Tree of Life cannot take it anymore Preserve trees, preserve life.

Beneath Our Beautiful Silences

In the calmness and serenity of this dark night I reminisce my past life when my soul met yours you are my mirror, as I can see myself in YOU in many ways

but for this moment in time, only a deafening silence connects us...

only our eyes speak to each other in a way nobody can ever decipher...

beneath our beautiful silences, there is "Oneness" achieved, one Universe created...among a billion stars that shine above...

we belong to the same vast galaxy, I am a Warrior Princess of my own kingdom

while you are a Knight wandering this ocean of elusive dreams...

we are both searching for each other with lives isolated by different barriers

my Soul Mate whom God destined me to be with... find me beneath the quietness of our worlds...

Destiny must not be far behind us as it now calls our names echoing the four corners of the Earth

Fate will lead you to the path where our souls will meet again my eternal Twin Flame...

Enigmatic madness will envelope our worlds when our eyes meet once more

In this lifetime and of times passed when we have searched and meet each other for thousands of years time and again...

There is such utter beauty brought about by this golden silence between us

For it helps us realize if we are meant to be together and not to ever be separated again...

Immortal Love

a love that transcends time and place, a soul meeting her twin flame in her recurrent abstract dreams a love that defies laws immortal love, one that is extra-ordinary a love that takes her far into the heavens.

changing faces, in every century, every decade that passes but it's still YOU my heart beats for mystic love, through fragments in space illuminated by a strange force I keep on seeing you in every place that I go to.

centuries passed, memories elapsed still this heart aches

dying to be with you once more, serendipity playing a game on us for this love always leads me to just YOU.

immortal love, my soul intertwined to just ONE I have been reincarnated a thousand times, but through all the changing seasons and lives my spirit keeps on searching for only YOU.





Joseph L Paire' aka Joe DaVerbal Minddancer . . . is a quiet man, born in a time where civil liberties were a walk on thin ice. He's been a victim of his own shyness often sidelined in his own quest for love. He became the observer, charting life's path. Taking note of the why, people do what they do. His writings oft times strike cord with the а 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

Mallard Swing

Peacock wings shown bright in the spring-water He drops in by may winds to blow a kiss to your daughter All that squawking by shadows they're gawking Never-mind that bird's and bee's line this year's climate is warmer

I warned you, I've worn you Man-made blinds for the decoy of your kind Metal shards behind mimicking cries A good old hound with wooden porch ties Your wall mounting made a lovely display

Liver from a quiver ink from a quill Duck tails and duck bills and we duck bills Death and taxes for April, we don't hate you We wait for you to cross the road We wait for you to flee from cold.

It hasn't been that cold lately The temperature of the world has changed greatly As your water boils from toxic spoils I'll remember you were so regal and stately

Geese don't play "Duck duck goose" The east will stay the rise Pre-harm days lived footloose The west will always catch the sunset Peacock feathers for your "Lady fair" in her eyes

Wake on the lake, shake a tailfeather There's no telling how long you'll sail in As a Mallard lands once more Knowing things are no better

Blue And Yellow

I've seen the dreams of red, black, and green go unfulfilled I've seen the flags of many go ignored until it's beneficial Until it's been official it's nothing but a protest Some profess they care about what's going on over there But is it a saving face project?

Saying grace but never making space in your soul yet You've been told yet you hold on to see who goes first War is worth absolutely nothing We abhor it yet explore the possibilities The news exploit the atrocities

Lapel pins aplenty the welfare of many Slogans of more hope and nothing if any thing How can I help? What more can be done? Go fund me, defund the very source of some peace We run to the ones with a flowery speech

We're vlogging, we're blogging Whose space do you login? Make the case for your jargon The rhetoric of far-men be it left or right The death toll rises in the dead of night

The time is now to come to the aid of your country The aid of the people, Eh! Maybe one day For now, we wait looking for carnage Never caring what we state, or what the harm is It's alarming how some are swarming to the fray May the Blue and Yellow find peace one day

Seeds Or Seedlings

My garden is a quest at best I planted a seed once then moved out west It grew but got stepped on By the time I got home it was dead

I wanted red in my salad I had my shaker of salt I didn't remove weeds from my garden It's not my fault

I need a shovel and a pick I need a fence and some sticks, or stakes? I need to rake and face the right direction I need to face these rows to catch the sun's reflection

Then the rains came via climate change The soil won't drain because it's saturated I wonder how long before maturation.

Is it cheaper to grow your own? No inflation if it's homegrown No vegetation because the lands gone Tis the season but it won't be long

Almanacs and you-tubers I need some facts to grow tubers If I set back and review this Man! Where's cat at, screw this.

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>

flush the toilet, please!

having left our backyard birds behind, my longing for their knocks on our door grows each day that passes me by: "The feeders are empty. Fill them, please!"

the tunes of their chirping and the gentle breeze from their wings' flutter were quite the experience for all seasons

we still get to see wild birds, and often enough, hear their chitter chatter our car is at their service here, after all a stopover, a dumping platform for their bathroom needs . . .

i, for one, would not change a thing

although bird poop does look pretty bad on . . . Molten Lava

Picturesque? Yes! But for How Long?

Beautifying a lake shore, a duck of stunning colors sways back and forth in elegance.

The water is not completely polluted yet.

Will this pure delight of a bird face the fate of its sea counterparts, to be covered in oil spills; or to be tangled in refuse, frivolously dumped into its habitat?

The water is not completely polluted . . .

yet

no survival!

eradicating

Earth's ovaries steadily

cancerous cells live





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

The Departure

I kissed the beak of the last emerald duck leaving the shore of the lake. It was unable to survive in mankind's polluted waters.

It was headed for the rainbow cloud to seek safe haven on another plane. Earth no longer served with compassion. Good stewardship drowned at sea.

Sonoran Desert

The Sonoran Desert speaks to my heart. The cholla invite me for a stroll. I feel like chasing rabbits. They all strut in cuteness like you on this warm winter day. Tempts the soul with peacefulness.

I cannot run anymore. The seventies have slowed my stride. But I can walk with reverence folded in a strong sense of grace. It gives me strength to carry my storm.

I cannot complain. For here I am in the desert singing praise songs to the sand. I am so blessed. I shout at the blue sky a mantra of thanksgiving for the blessing of you.

Spiritual Masseuse

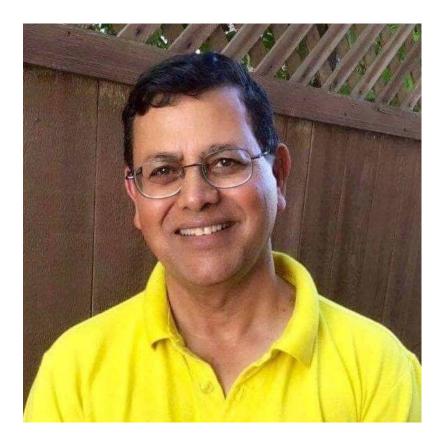
The vocabulary of Spirit massages the Soul. Complete surrender rides on the wind. I reach out and Spirit takes my hand. I am helpless in this moment.

Not afraid to be held by this torrent of love rubbing ecstasy on my face coming from a gentle breeze only a thought of you may bring.

I curl into your light body. Your fire sets me ablaze. I burn in the light as I hug a Joshua Tree.

That essence becomes you. The moon light dances for us. You hold tight to me through that tree. My smile floats toward heaven.





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.

An Amazing Frolic

Behold the fowls: for they sow not, neither do they reap, yet heavenly father feeds them.

~ *Mathew* 6:26

Rhythmic bobbing heads Loud whistles A spectacular show of natural selection

Happy-go-lucky Mallards swim around Like watercolors on a canvas

Behold We instigate ship wrecks Toxic spills

Oil-soaked wings Powerless to fly Cries of helplessness

How did we become oblivious Pretending it's not our doing and We have nothing to lose except profits

Admissions

Some species of fungi glow In perpetual darkness of deep seas

Firefly squids, jellyfish light up in a bluish swirl and gradually dissipate as if they dissolved

Lightness of Being Underwater glow Fleeting across a field

Enigmatic organisms generate light Fending off predators, luring prey Attracting mates fight, flight with light

Lucifer, Satan "bringer of light" Before his fall from heaven

Watching glowing sea-life is hypnotic The water intermingles with the sky Paddling through the stars

Poisoning the sea and sky Will the birds and marine life endure We have become Satan

Splitting Isn't Easy

I have taken what is mine I have given you what is yours

I have taken back my kisses writing verses on your lips I have taken back my embraces firing your imagination I have taken with me your desire to have me in your arms To arise from nothingness to furtive sacredness To mesmerize the splitting of a seed into a sprout

I can't offer you what I don't possess Even if you ask for more You said you desire to get drenched and dance Underneath the monsoon rains and Sing with the thundering clouds

No I don't want to ... Because music flows the winds and I am capable of any tune 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

Just When I Thought Birds are Next To Love

Dove, bird of love they say White, pure and sacred mirror Of true love, Just like when I thought, You made me whole when You filled up the missing puzzles In my life on earth.

Peacock, my spirit animal, You fanned my sight to believe That people should re-grow and rejuvenate A masterpiece of royalty, respect, honor, and integrity Just when I thought, you are adored with the deities Because your love never fails, Just like the sun meets his queen earth Whether on the north pole or south pole Thriving in beauty, passion and love Sans the irritating smog and pollution.

Phoenix, I know your mythical power You are reborn, risen from the ashes You are immortal, known to all ages Just when I thought, your infinite wings Can save the humankind and the environment From the global warming and climate change With high hopes, like birds, we can live so freely Bring more lives to fly Just when the earth breathe love.

CAROLINE

Coeur de Ceri, heart of mine Allegiant, passion through compassion Romanticizing poetry, arts and literature Offers optimistic freedom in opalescent colors Lively charm who learns multicultural; lover of wisdom Initiates women and human empowerment Nineteen-eighty- daughter of Aurora, goddess of dawn Essentially yours, April born diamond.

For Better Or For Best

Mother Earth, you amplify the whispers of graceful spirit, suddenly creates harmonious lyrical touches to my heart, when the seeds on the ground want to grow with your care, yields like in a maternal womb that shares happiness from roots to the fruits, you caress the sand, the soil, the waterfalls the streams, the oceans where our ships of life sail for better of for best.

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

trapped

in the hot zone trapped I am a migratory bird I lost my nest the icebergs are melting sea level is rising there is a change in fire regimes I am pregnant where is my nest to lay eggs

Hey ;dear all my breeding time is earlier there is either flood or desert global warming changes vegetation or land use give me a new territory insects are decreasing I need more energy for thermos regulation my habitat is lost motherhood is divine I too have my own rights to be a mother to sustain I too have the rights for food I need a little space to lay my eggs to hatch them peacefully to feed my babies when I never disturb you why at all you disturb my lifestyle this is an appeal

I am trapped make me free my babies need strong wings the sky is the universal zone don't ever spoil the free zone you will be trapped I need little space I am a bird trapped your invisible ego will never allow me to sustain I am a mama bird trapped in your so called cage without food struggling to exist....

travelling

a caravan travelling towards the setting sun carries your almirah, wardrobe, your wallet all in the whirlpool of the time zone who is your master?

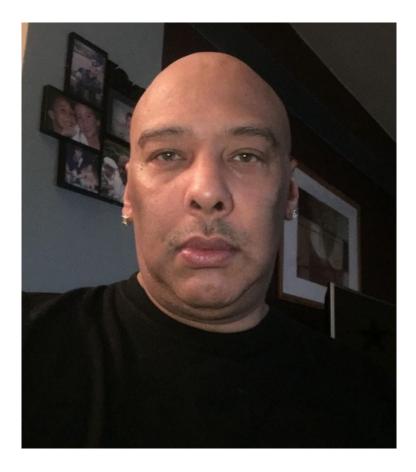
who will wipe tears in the graveyard? rose petals are scattered you can never ask google to give you mother's palms are so soothing as the soft as the feather as strong as a mountain

your lunatic glossy dreams so mysterious the shadow of a clock runs faster open the valves of your heart each blood cell is the permutation and combination of millions of neurons stop your own agendas follow mother Nature reduce your carbon foot prints lot of carcasses entering your nerves don't ever weave broken springs each butterfly carries the metamorphosis feel the journey feel love

the last goodbye of a Bohemian

in the corner bench of a remote platform spreads he the canvas till the last train arrives the sick dog barks under the cement bench he paints on the canvas rectangular or circular ebullient to reflect the rainbow in the morning here the kids were running the girl with long plaits humming while skipping local vendors were talking aloud the muscles are in sync with his vision colours drizzling the last picture that he wishes to finish his lungs are whistling as if a local engine rumbling on the track his breathing up and down the dog looks at his wrinkled face both silent yet understand the language a hiccup of blood on the canvas the climax is yet to be complete the radiant red blood is prominent as prominent as the Sun itself a million-dollar painting lying in the platform a man, a dog, a canvas.... in the morning came the station master a white bed sheet was covered on his body the bench is named as Bohemian bench the train whistles in the remote station

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

Birds

When I spread my wings I can fly away, Where I travel changes day by day. I used to be free to roam as I choose. Today a branch of a tree or a mountain peek could be my destination, But tomorrow I might not have those options due to climate change and using more energy for thermoregulation. Some of us are used to heat as others are used to cold, The changing of temperature is causing migration in different directions to find the feel of normalcy in other locations. The air is our layer, If we could, we'll fly to the moon and nest in a crater, Instead of being forced to travel here and there when we was free to roam in a place where we called home...

It's just not fair.

Waterfalls

Have you guys ever saw a waterfall in the hood? No? I Have. Many times. And no it's not an illusion. I've seen it fall like niagara. You might ask me where? I'll say at many gatherings. Different places, Same cause. Then I get that confused look like if I'm delusional.

the females that were close got running mascara, the gentlemen got soaked collars, sleeves were used as handkerchiefs to wipe away dripping water from the nostrils to lips, a thick mist. Children were horrified, every time they got wet they would ask why continuously, waterfalls in the hood the kids are really not interested in seeing. But everyone here is soaked Take me! I wanna see the waterfalls if your not delusional. I say are you sure? They say yes, I say ok. sad to say someone in some hood is killed everyday, it's fate, so I take them to a wake/funeral so they can see the ghetto has waterfalls! Just look at their eyes

No sunshine

Aint no sunshine when their gone Hasn't been any sunshine since they've went away Its not warm when their away Ain't no sunshine when their gone They been gone too long its been years since they went away I don't wonder, I know where they've gone With the lord they had to stay Ain't no sunshine since they've gone, my house hasn't been a home since they've went away I know I know I know I know We should of left them streets alone, since we didn't aint no sun shine since there gone I pray to the lord I see them one day To tell them I found a better way!





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* \dot{E} *la Vita ad Invitare* for poem *Be Yourself* (Italy).

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

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 gen of desire

On the weekend map they mark yet another undesired point - because it's trashed. They seek tranquility there, where they shouldn't. They will break the harmony of the winged, the swimming and the crawling, who don't expect thorns, set by someone, to whom attributed is the ability to differentiate beauty from ugliness, who is poisoned by the gene of desire. - Everything for me. *My* earth, my water, my air, my me, I!

After all it's worth to leave space to live for the fellow terrestrials, who for centuries have the same need:

- clear water,
- air,
- food.

Let's not cripple the future!

Translated by Ula de B.

Existence To Editor Kinga Młynarska

Glimmer of a falling star aroused his imagination. Suddenly he grasped, that he needs something different. He wants a gift. A will to survive. Not to live as caked with reaches, but as a common human. Such, who in the kingdom of existence could delight in a stone, to see, that close by the world is happening, and in it world bustles.

Translated by Ula de B.

Appetite for life

Every sunless afternoon thumped in him with a flashback, still reminding that joy, which he had to hide from the world.

Can one silence the truth with an eclipse?

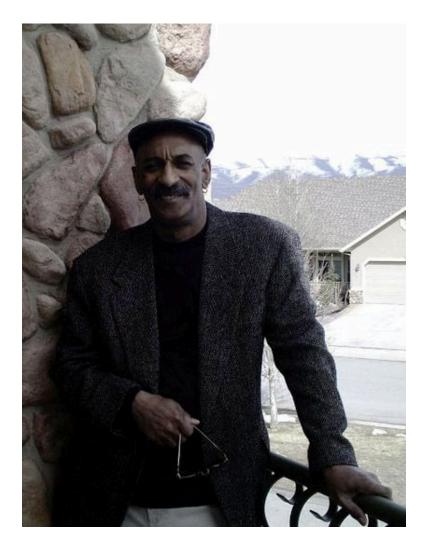
Infatuation, which wasn't a fairy tale. Real, almost within a hand's reach, only missing a courage, decision, and something else.

How was he to say, he found a journey of dreams? How was he to decide for departure, when there's a void in the wallet?

He understood though that in the sun, the rain, the cloudy or the sunny day, one has to work, for the appetite for life to cease being just that.

Translated by Ula de B.





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

Clip My Wings

You may as well . . .

You are destroying my home, Poisoning my waters Killing my friends, You may as well Clip my wings So that I can not fly Anymore . . . Just like you

The Way

He was filled with simple thoughts. All complexities were discarded With an urgent necessity For they made life far Too cumbersome and confusing To negotiate ... at times.

He was an admirer Of straight paths, Direct paths With simple instructions, Less turns And minimal roadblocks But that is not the way Life works, is it?

When he first fell in love, There was a pure-ness and innocence That enraptured his heart And filled his expectations With mirth and joy.

Unfortunately, in time He would once again be faced With conflicting convolutions That were not necessarily necessary But prevailed just the same.

The same could be said, spoken About every relationship He has ever experienced

Throughout his life, Be it family, friends Or strangers ...

.....

.

There were layers of Pretentiousness, posturing, Willfullness, opinion, ego, Stubbornness, And deceits Which often snuck by The unassuming eye why?

What did this ever add Unto the measure of life? ... A cubit of what I may ask.

'The Way' can be daunting, Indeed, But how does one begin To minimize The internal struggles For reconciliation? How does one vanquish The obstacles of obscurity To come, The ones in the 'Now', And the weight of those That lie dormant In the past, Patiently awaiting a feeble excuse To raise up. Be activated To give cause of troublesome ways

In 'The Now' And the ones Of times to not yet manifest? Are there solutions To be found, If so, Can perspective alone Abate the beast Standing at the gate Waiting, waiting And salivating Anticipating Its next meal?

Polar bears love seal for meals, As does life Eat away the once Untainted innocence, For life and it's ways Too are carnivorous, And that my friend is ... 'The Way'

Beyond it all

He employed his silly senseless sophistries In an attempt to validate his point To himself And others Who would dare listen

Some would claim him delusional, Some profound, While others would say He was just plain mad

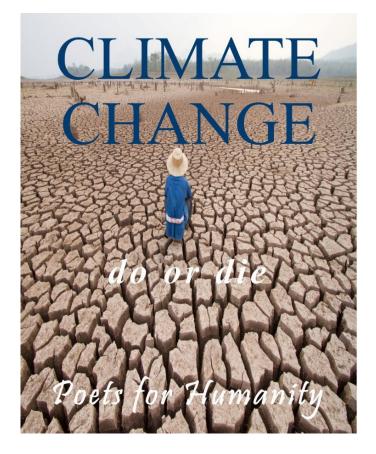
Was his reason borne Of foundationless imaginings Laced with malleable convictions And whimsical knowing That had no substance, Or was he but a ghost Of a shadow Seeking a light To confirm his worthiness To exist in this world That wrestles with each of his Kaleidoscopic moments In his search of truth?

Either way He felt a 'way' Must be found, Or he would be Forever lost In a swamp

Of silly subterfuge Where reasonless rhetoric Rules the day

There was something, Yes something, And he could sense its presence Yes, there was something Beyond it all.

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May 2022 Featured Poets



Ndaba Sibanda Smrutiranjan Mohanty Ajanta Paul Monalisa Dash Dwibedy



Ndaba Sibanda



Sibanda is a Bulawayo-born poet, novelist and nonfiction writer who has authored twenty-six published books of various genres and persuasions and coauthored more than 100 published books. Some of Ndaba's works are found or forthcoming in Page & Spine, Piker Press, SCARLET LEAF REVIEW, Universidad Complutense de Madrid, the Pangolin Review, Kalahari Review, Botsotso, The Ofi Press Magazine, Hawaii Pacific Review, Deltona Howl, The song is, JONAH magazine, Saraba Magazine, Poetry Potion, Saraba Magazine, The Borfski Press, East Coast Literary Review and Whispering Prairie Press. Sibanda has received the following nominations: the national arts merit awards (NAMA), the Mary Ballard Poetry Chapbook Prize, the Best of the Net Prose and the Pushcart Prize.

Links:

https://www.amazon.com/Books-Ndaba Sibanda/s?rh=n%3A283155%2Cp_27%3ANdaba+Sibanda

https://www.pagespineficshowcase.com/ndabasibanda.html.

https://ndabasibanda.wordpress.com/2017/03/26/first-blogpost/

When Dread Deserted

In a wee kingdom,

a sense of freedom

danced, distended and developed,

forsaking a furious fear that had enveloped.

A Day In The Life Of A Birdologist

Ever wondered what it's really like to be a bird? What do birds get up to in their day- to- day lives? How do they spend their free time, if ever they have such time? Flying, chirping, loving, laying... I hear you murmur. Questions. Do all birds have feathers? Yes. Do all birds fly? I am told a man once said that all birds fly, and including "a specific type of birds that makes a sound similar to that of an old car failing to start". That particular group, though, not a murder of crows, looked murderous because it simply didn't take kindly to such an affront. Maybe humans should learn how to talk and co-exist with birds and be polite and careful. I repeat, that was not a murder of crows. I heard that a weight of penguins growled, honked and peeped in a murderous fashion. Poor innocent birds! That cluster cried: We swim. Not fly. Don't lie! Get your facts right. Oh, as if that weren't enough unease for him, a rather rude rookery of ostriches, emus, and kiwis was also up in arms. Talk of having a bad day. Birds are beautiful. That riotous raft gave him a rhetorical question. Did you see us fly high? Don't lie!

How I wish I could invite all kinds of birds on this attractive earth to share their many & various experiences & give us the incredible inside scoop! Because birds are beautiful. I can hear the ostriches making an impassioned plea to all persons on this earth: Birds shouldn't be provoked. For instance, we ostriches, have powerful, long legs that can cover 10 to 16 feet in a single step. Our legs can also be useful

and intimidating weapons. Our kicks can kill a human or a potential predator like a lion. Forewarned is forearmed. Let's live in harmony.

During one of my nature walks, guess what happened? Your guess is as good as mine. I saw lots of lovely trees, insects, birds and animals. In a fruitful forest in Plumtree, I bumped into a soul who had an expensive-looking camera.

That soul claimed to be a birdwatcher and a birdologist. What? A birdologist? Possibly a university researcher? Two little adjectives. Two little S's. I visualized them. Sophisticated and studious. That's great for the future. I imagined. I soliloquized. I exclaimed. That soul said: No, far from it. I'm just a simple observer who appreciates & respects birds; my happy heart is rapt, reinforced and reinvigorated by merely seeing ,sensing, serving, hearing and hanging out with them. It's transcendent. I experience heaven on earth, the musicality and vitality of the wild, the sanctity of life, the filmic majesty of nature, the power and proximity of love, the perfection of creation exposed in glory when birds are snoozing, chirping, chatting,

loving, laughing, napping, nuzzling, hopping, helping feasting, flying, fooling, meeting andyes, mating. The birdologist advised me: If you seek full and expert knowledge on why birds have great wings but hollow bones, warm blood, an astonishing respiratory system, a huge, strong heart; or to gain insight into their behavior, physiology, and conservation and habitats, then perhaps you should consider making a date with an ornithologist. Courtesy saw me applaud, thank & bide the birdologist.

Poets And Their Planet

The avid reader wanted to read, Perhaps to read between the lines She had various unrequited questions Are they aliens? Where do they come from? Where do they get their graceful language from?

As she read and read between the lines she concluded That the profoundest emotions they excavate from within On a given subject or area or their experiences and visions Are their magic and engine that propel them to another planet

Whose words can move mountains, whose waters flow with flair

Smrutiranjan Mohanty



Smruti Ranjan Mohanty, son of Raj Kishore and Shantilata Mohanty, born at Padmapur, Jagatsinghpur, Odisha on 1.1.1963 is a multilingual poet, essayist and writer. He is a published poet and writer and a featured poet of PENTASI B World Friendship Poetry. His writings include essays, short stories, poems and novels which are published in newspapers and in various national and international magazines, journals and anthologies. Working as Finance Officer in Govt of Odisha, he writes extensively on life, its beauty and intricacies which are widely acclaimed.

Website-smrutiweb.wordpress.com

A Look At Life-157

Love in motion

Love in motion is life. If you want to live, love yourself and others. Without the latter, the former is so incomplete

Love at rest is death You die the day you fail to love yourself. You succumb the day you fail to reciprocate and love your surrounding

The vast universe, the ever-expanding universe stands on bonding. It rests on love and mutual attraction without which it will collapse in minutes like a house of cards

Love is life For love, you are here Love gives birth Love nourishes Lov e sustains For love life is so beautiful in this beautiful earth

Smruti Ranjan Mohanty© India

A Look At Life-162

Life wasted

Wasted past Uneventful present Future in the dark With trembling mind and body, my legs once again in the abyss. Once more I am on my ashes witnessing life in the ashtray

The moment never came I deceived myself all along Time flew away With it flew away the urge For which I come again and again

I accomplished nothing except for relationships, pelf, power and recognition, that faded like the fading colours of life. Time consumed everything I thought my own except for my regrets, one more opportunity went in begging

Time consumed the best part of life My childhood and youth In return, it gave me nothing but an ounce of external glitter Which is so heavy on my shoulder, something I can not live with, something I can not carry to the other side

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A Look At Life-161

Life

Life is both smile and tears, happiness and sorrow, hope and despair, virtue and vices but not a solitary asylum in a no man's land to be silently crused and endured

Life is both meeting and parting, love and separation, involvement and alienation, agony and ecstasy, accomplishment and failure. Be with it, its ebb and tide before it fades into nothing

Life is poetry if you know how to compose it. Life is a lyric if you know how to sing it Life is a paradise if you have the eyes to see it Life is the voice of the nightingale if you have the ears to listen it. If you run away from it it becomes prosaic. The more you unfold its pages, the more you feel frustrated. Be a passionate lover, life may leave you and you may land yourself in a dry desert devoid of beauty and fragrance.

The biggest tragedy is not dying but dying while still alive. Live with love and passion feelings and emotion, zeal and aspiration. Have your moments, good and bad. Enjoy and endure. Despite of all its uncertainties life is so beautiful, so fascinating a god's dream to be lived and relished till the last beat Ajanta Paul

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Dr. Ajanta Paul is an academician, administrator, critic, poet and author, currently Principal & Professor of English at Women's Christian College, Kolkata, India. She has published several books of criticism and imaginative literature including *The Elixir Maker and Other Stories* (Authorspress, 2019).

Dr. Paul has been featured in print magazines and online journals including Youth Times, The Telegraph Colour Magazine, The Statesman, The Bengal Post, Setu Bilingual Journal, Café Dissensus, Teesta Review: A Journal of Poetry, Millennium Post, Indulge Express, Indiablooms, Transworld Features and Magic Diary Initiative.

Trade

I trade

in stray, obscure thoughts broken sentences and nascent images that strive to keep afloat

in the crowded concourse of vessels plying the waterways of the mind busy in the barter of banalities.

I trade

in spices from the east and wool from the west flavours and warmth from around the world,

in arctic ice aromatic rice besides many other shades of artifice.

I flag off

my flotilla of crafts ferrying dreams which, like paper boats in monsoon puddles return with muddied prow

promising fresh voyages in their whiff of tar in far off lands in imagination's expanding horizons.

I engage in

the commerce in affections on the high seas of traffic the trade winds buoying my sails

as my boats rove the waves weathering all storms, mutinies and piracies, to return with their merchandise of myths.

I trade in

history's broken wheels and the ghosts of lost revolutions that spill over the sides of Charon's boat

polluting the natural ecology of the soul's deep waters as they flow into the sea.

I smoulder

on the shores of enterprise wafting the smoke of propitiation in rites of endless ceremonies

and quietly burn like fragrant incense in the censer of the heart.

Postal Address

I have no city to call my own No familiar streets with their signs and scents No arms flung open in a warm embrace.

No autumn trees dropping their sweet peace Nor winter skies a hesitant heat On youth's quarrel and arch armistice.

No strong brew in the teacup of succour That can dispel the tiredness Of aching joints and rancour.

There is no spot which I may claim As the sanctum of my subterfuges And sanctuary of childhood grudges

Where I traded secrets and trivial treasure Sailed paper boats and fragile hopes Or sucked on the sweet lozenge of leisure.

I have no house, no home No garden where I may roam With its picket fence marking my plot.

No postal address, no pincode Of peace in that ever so small a dot That is mine in the civic slot.

I have no place to stop by, or rest, No shady bench or friendly signpost On the unending highways of hope,

Only mothballed memories escaping From yesterday's dusty attic As I linger in the limbo of not belonging.

Expiry Date

Peace comes with an expiry date which is not always visible on the packaging, the latter oft-times being deceptive,

though it's there, of course, somewhere in the treaty heralding it, perhaps a clause camouflaged in artful prose

or in the illegible handwriting on the card, amongst the flowers comprising the olive branch,

in the red sky of his flushed face auguring a storm while she pretends nothing is wrong, and the truce will hold

as no one truly knows how long it will last unable, as they are to locate the label

which guarantees that life is fit for consumption, or best lived before such and such a date.

Monalisa Dash Dwibedy



Monalisa Dash Dwibedy is an IT Consultant by day and a writer by night. A bilingual poet, her English poems are published in many international anthologies and magazines. She is the author of Odia poetry book "Anjulae Smruti" (A handful of memory). She loves travelling and feels mountains call her when she is nearby. She aspires to befriend the Himalayan mountain ranges and wishes she could talk to the Sun and the Moon someday. Monalisa lives Toronto, Canada. She can be reached in at Monalisa.dash@gmail.com

The Canadian Winter

Winter chills me with its smoky breath, With its icy fingers and numb toes, Night begins to creep in early. In all the world There is nothing like the sound of falling snow, And beauty of a city adorned in a glistening white carpet. You want to live your ice-kissed dreams, but With an empty blue suitcase of smiles, How far can you go, when the blizzard wind blows? Yearning to bury myself away in warmth, I take refuge near the fire place, with soup, fried shrimps, and stories of life near the North Pole. Years past and those to come. Bring me sunshine in a cup of tea, With roses tinted red in summer's scent. Borrow the smell of earth from the first rain Smile away the melancholy of the coldest winter day.

Lost Friends

I only remember their first names, I want to meet them, hug them once, Before the faces fade away from memory.

We lived, laughed, In a world of narrow benches, Black boards, school bags , tiffin boxes Played as if each day was the last day of life Drenched in sweat, rain, mud pools. All the people of my school days, Who could have known me, Where in the world are their addresses?

A little girl

The frightened me, Often dreams of a little girl, I used to know. Brown haired, Blue eyed, Innocence dripping from her face, Never returned from school, Her school bus turned into a fireball, By someone who thought, Killing school kids, is the way to reach GOD!

The optimistic me, Likes to dream Going back in time Taking the little girl away, just before she got into the bus Telling her a story of her favorite princess, Chasing the wind with her hand in hand, Seeing her grow into a soulful being, Her whole life un-lived, Did you ever see her wander fearless in your dreams?

Remembering

our fallen soldiers of verse



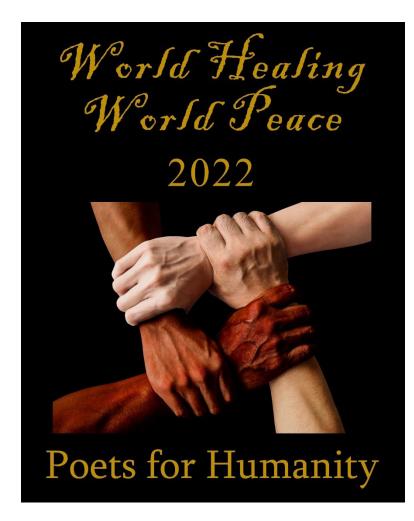
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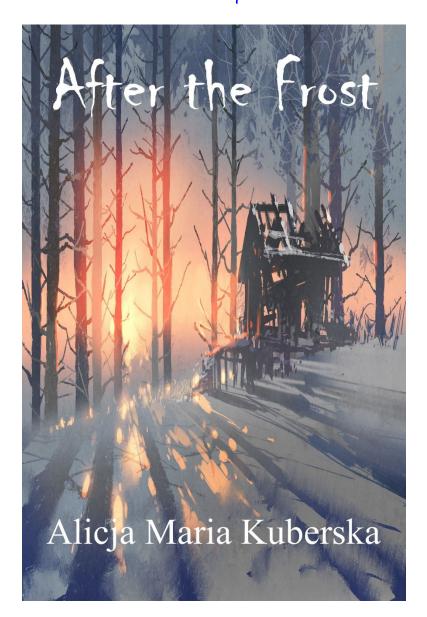
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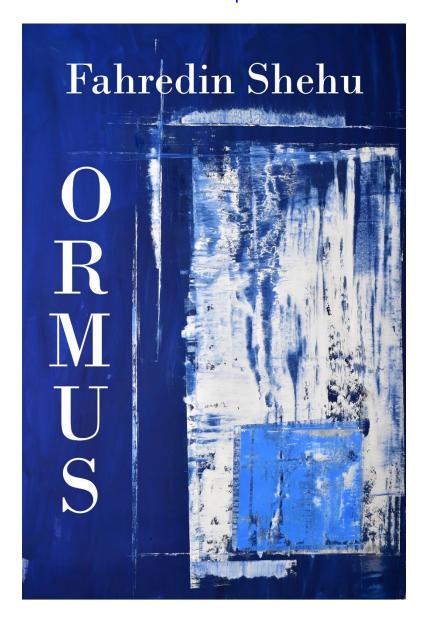
Poetry Posse Members

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

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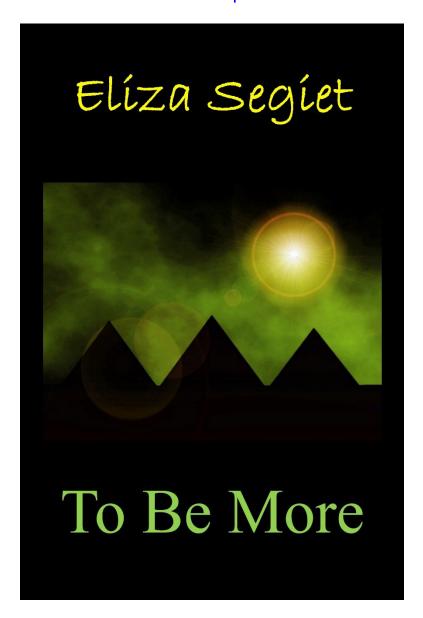
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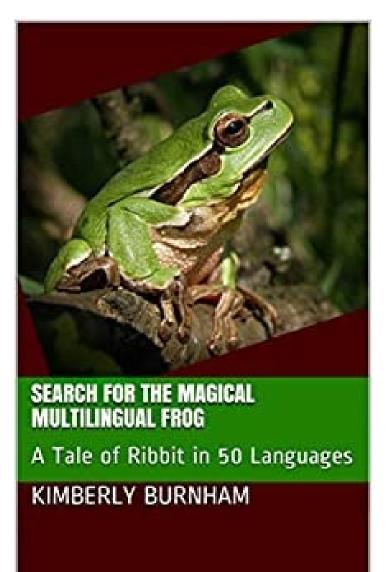


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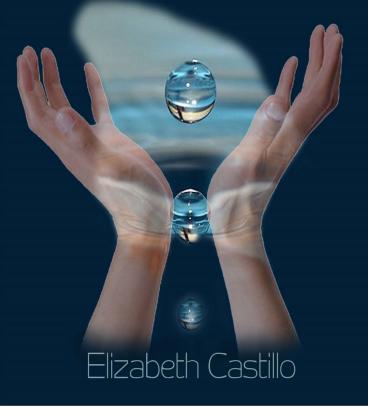
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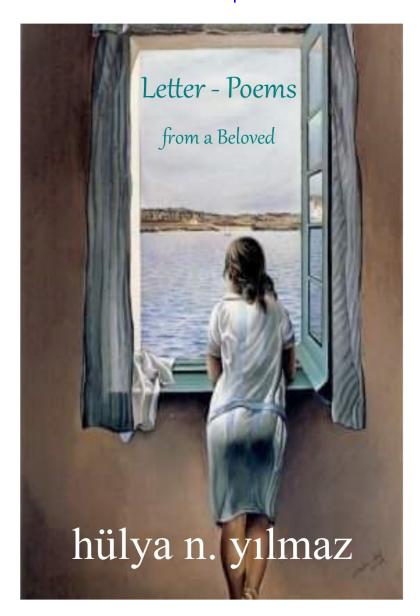


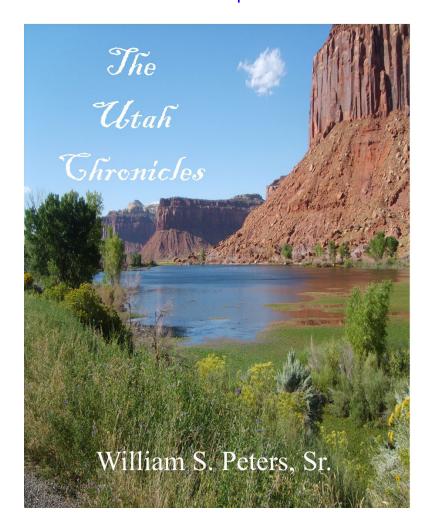


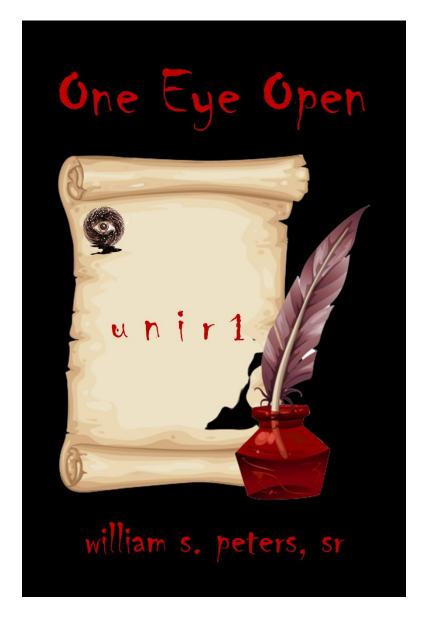
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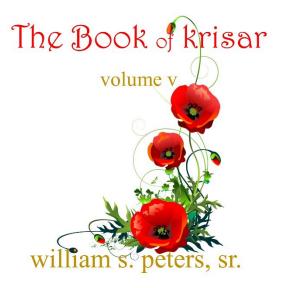








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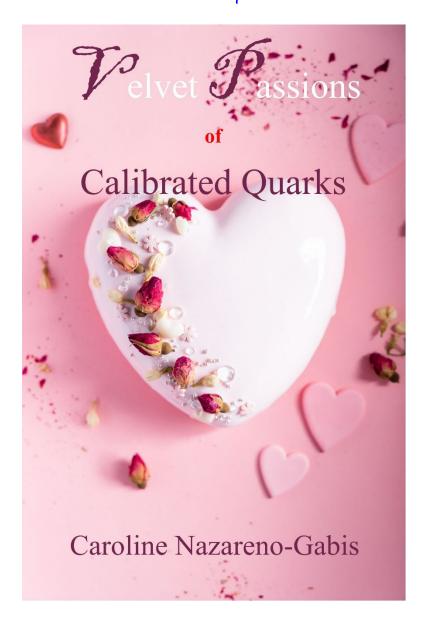


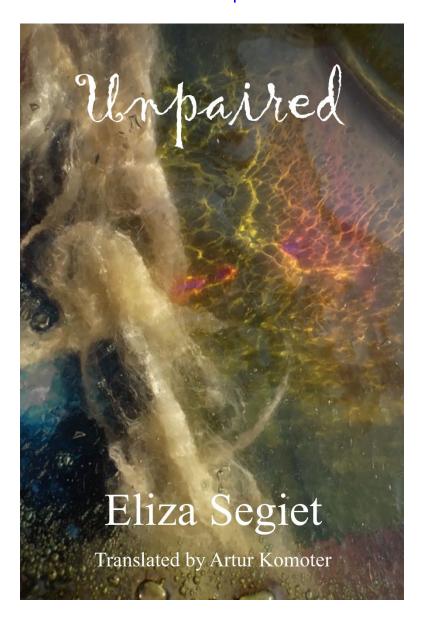
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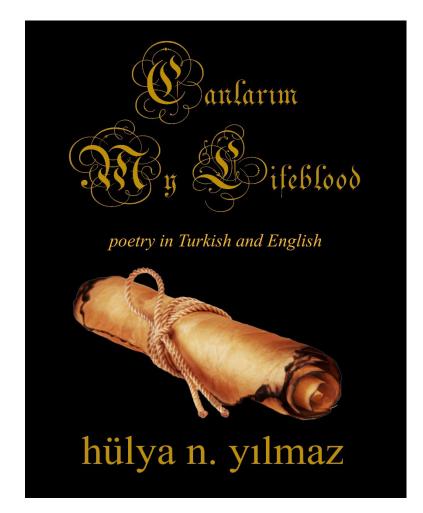


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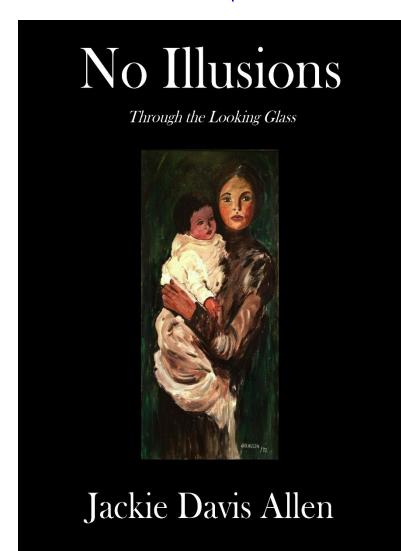
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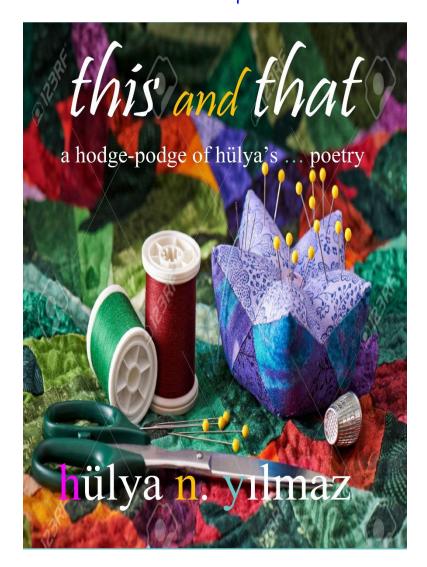


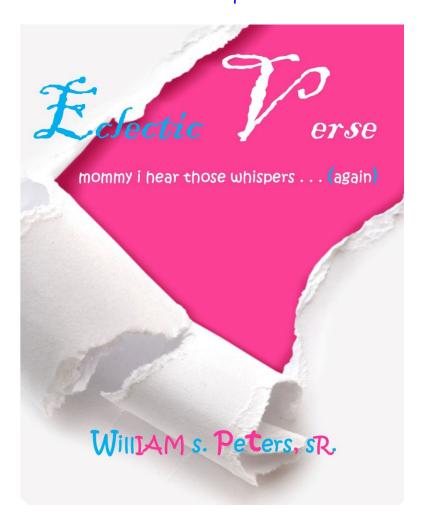


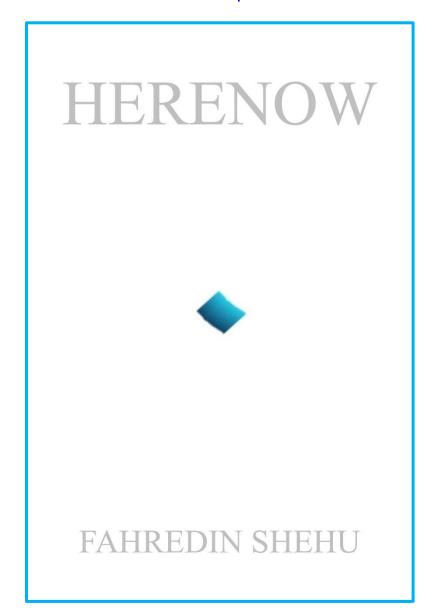
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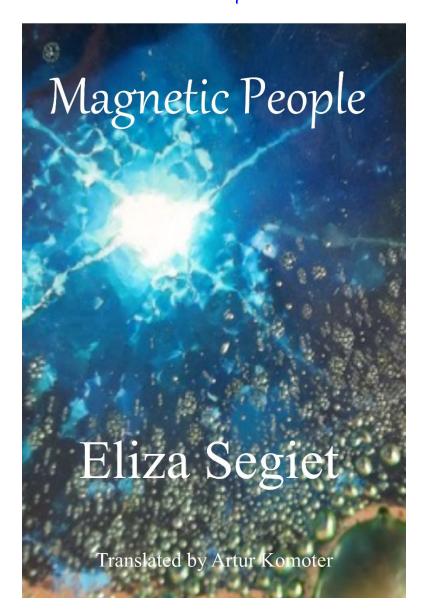
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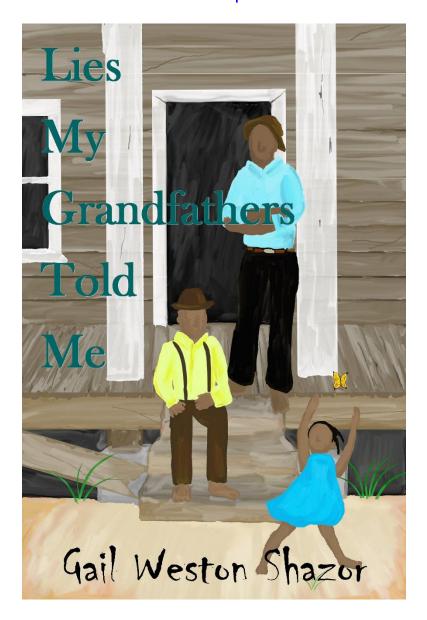


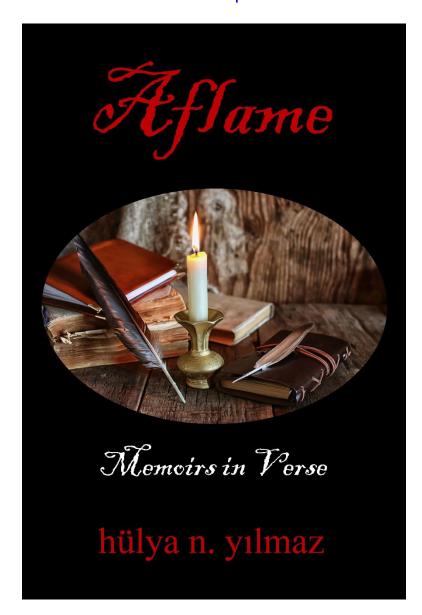


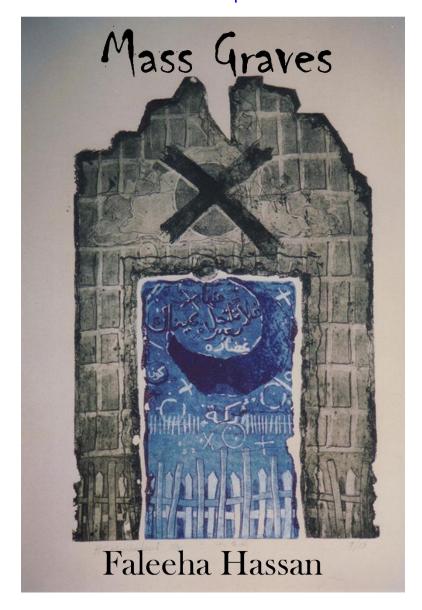


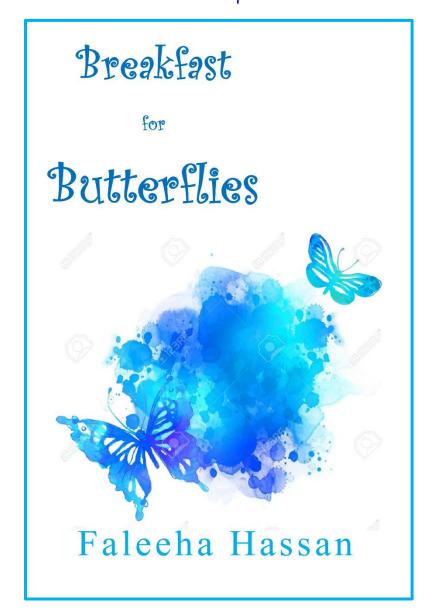


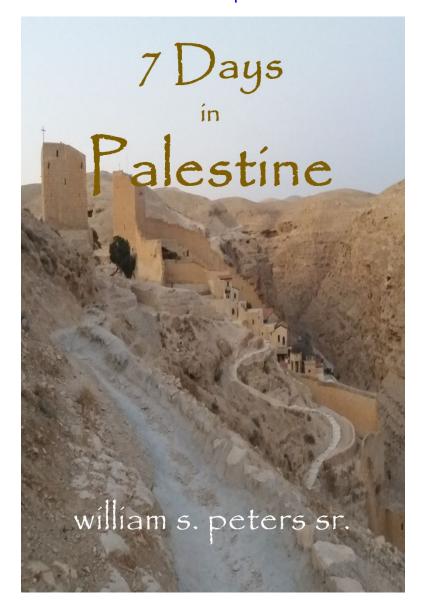




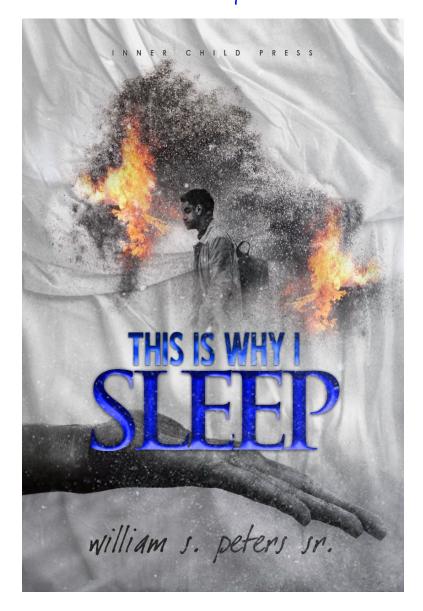














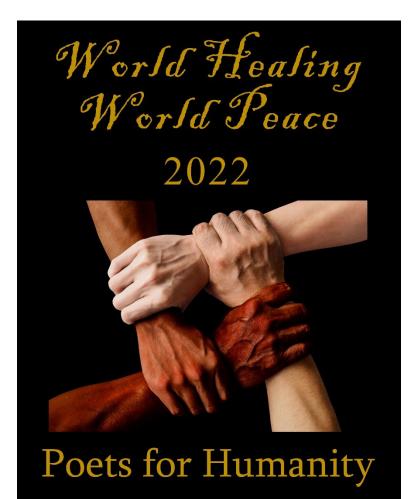
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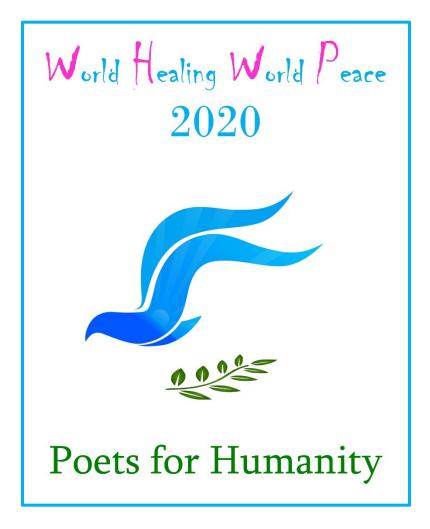
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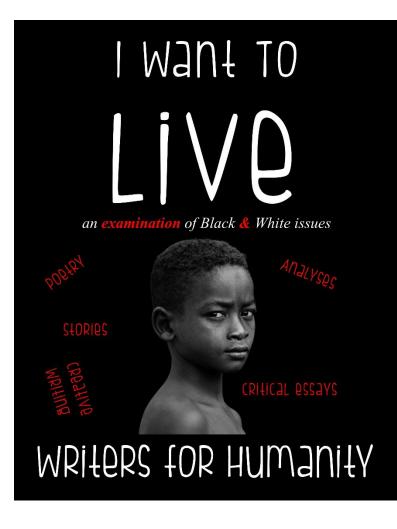
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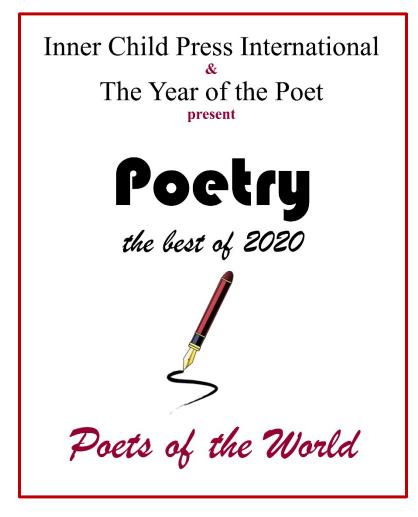
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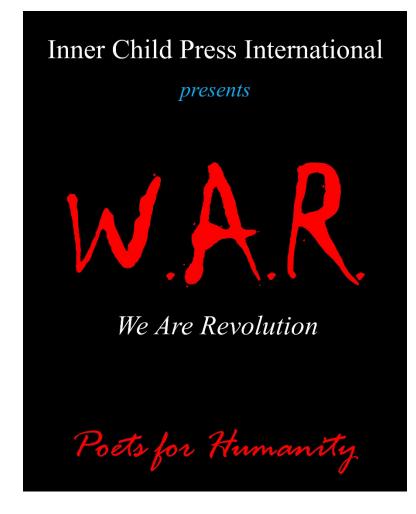
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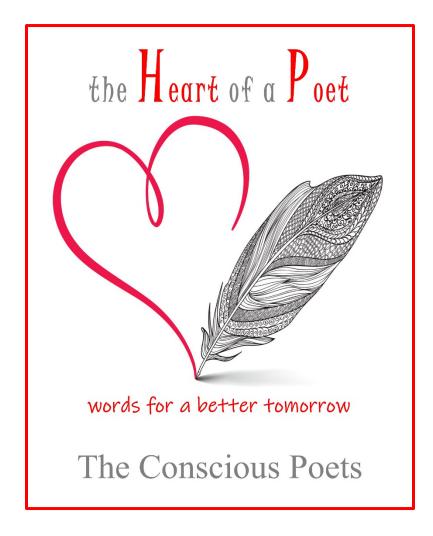


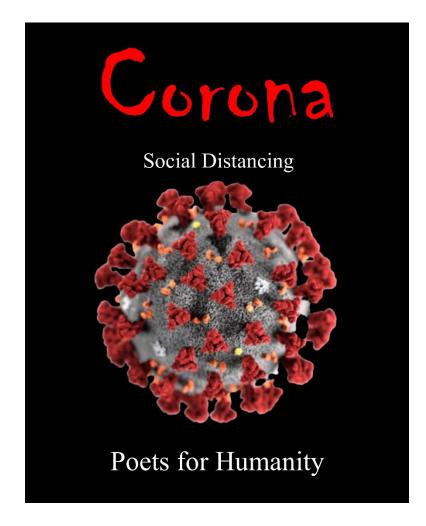
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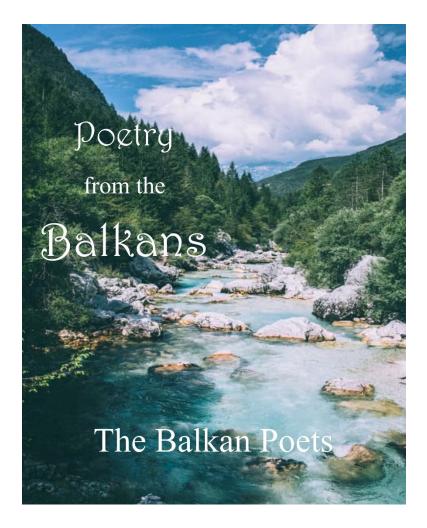






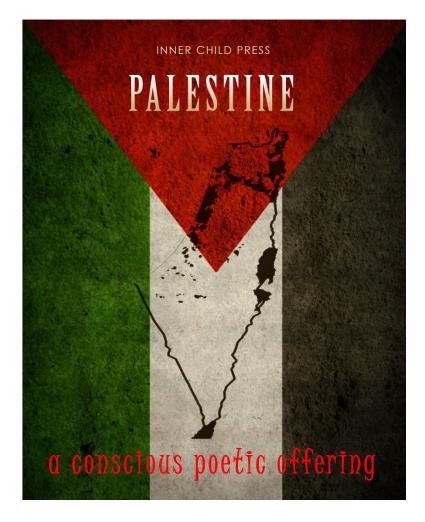






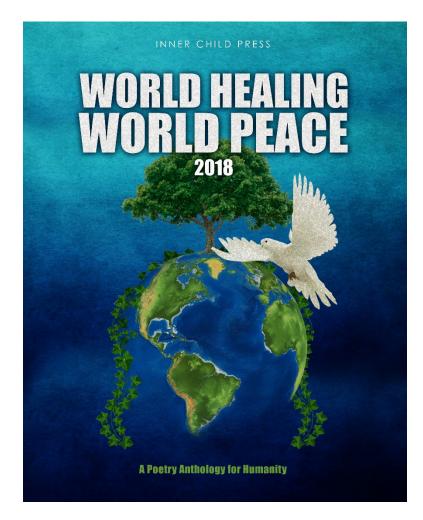
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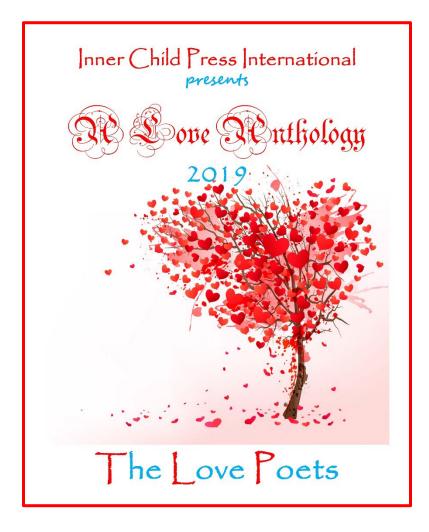


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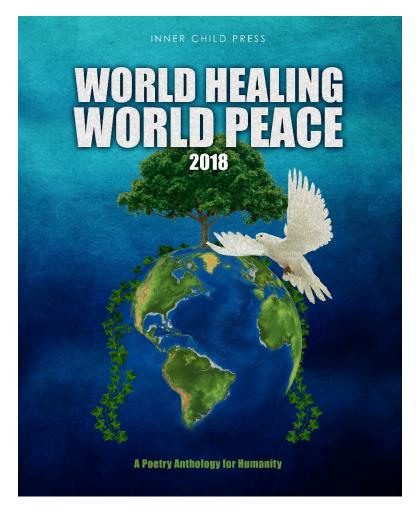
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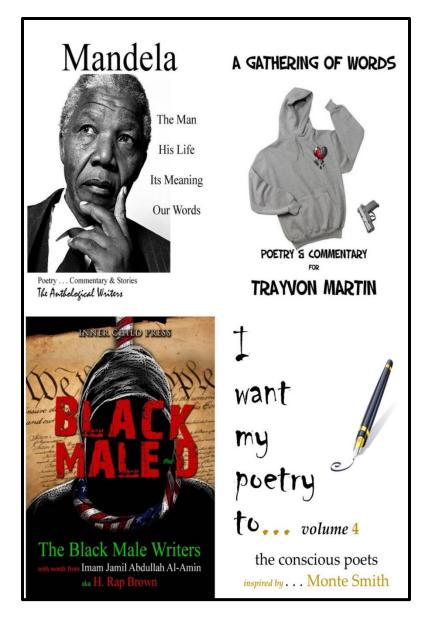
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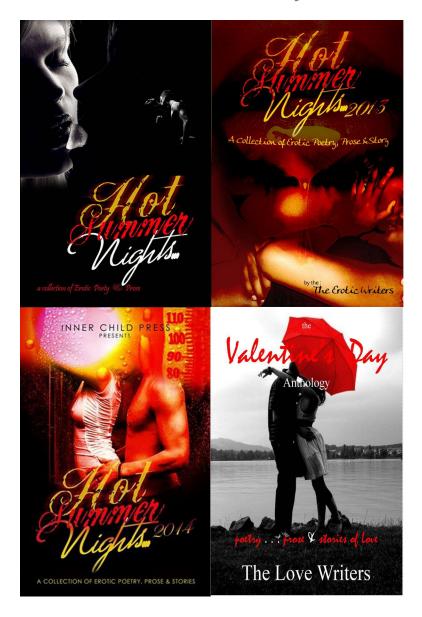
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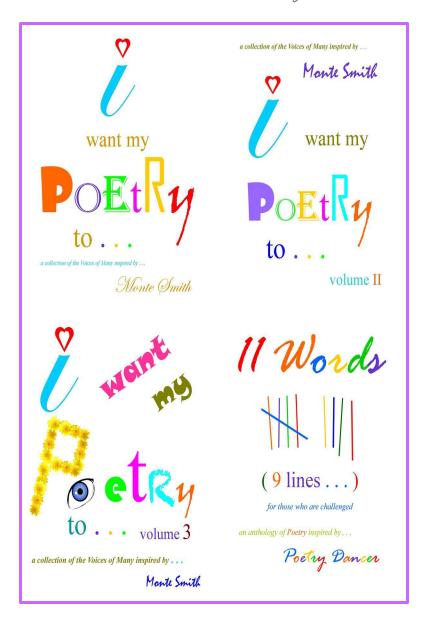
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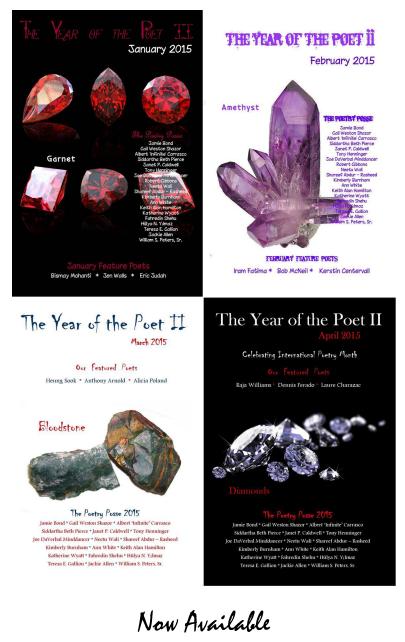
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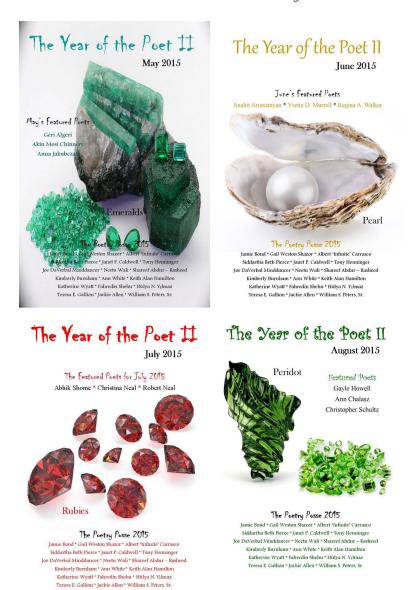
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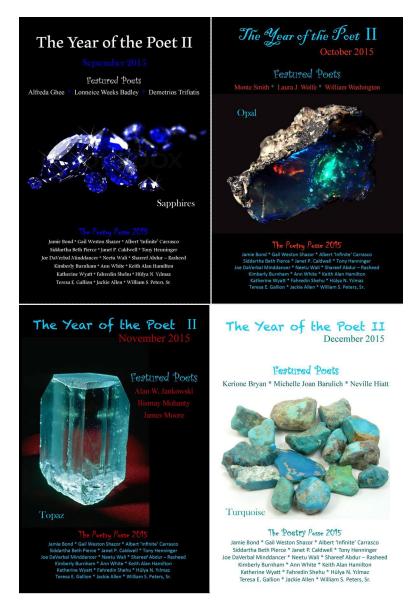


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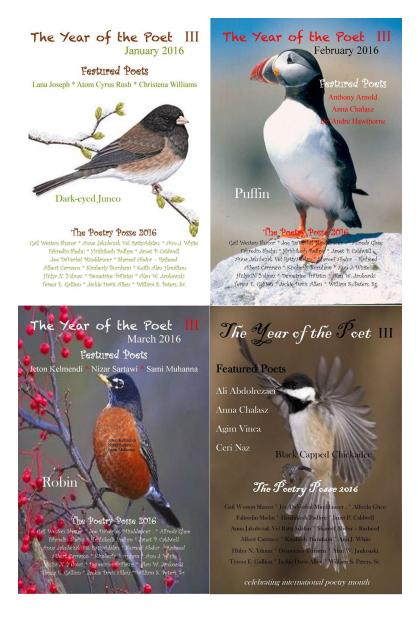
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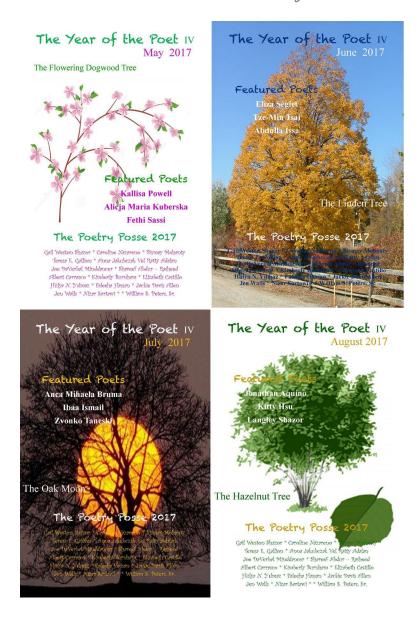
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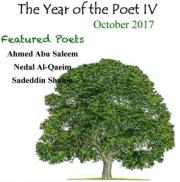
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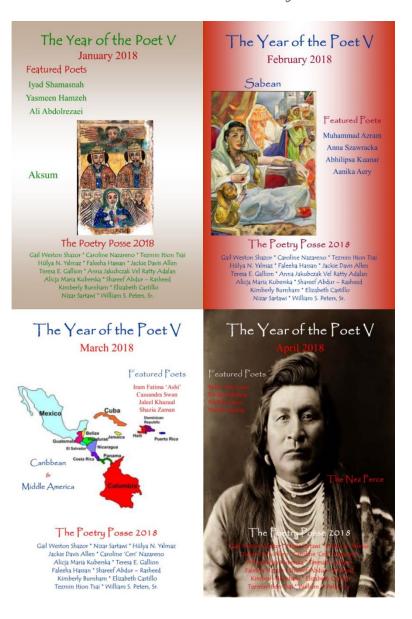
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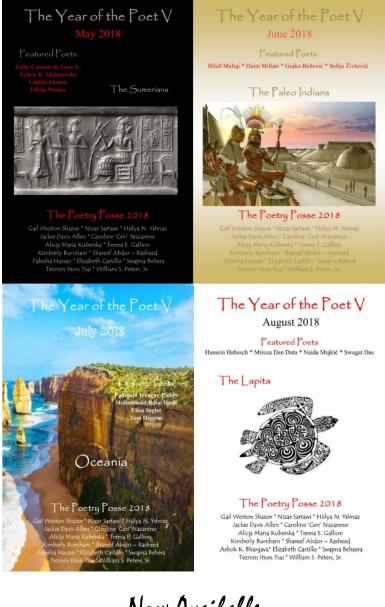


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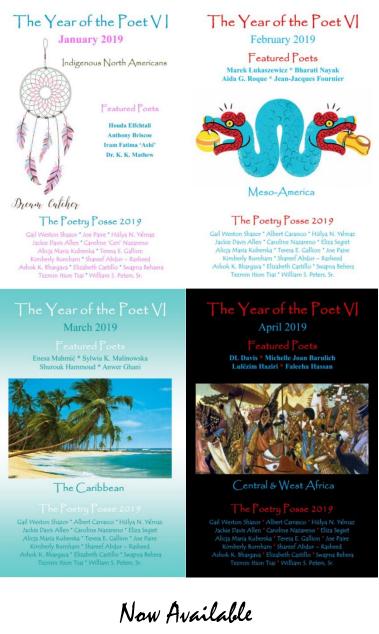
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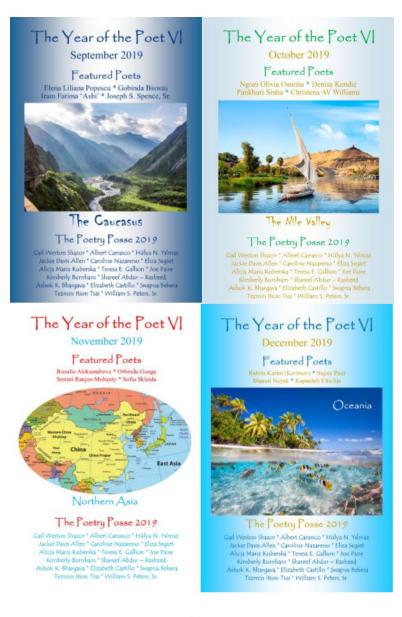


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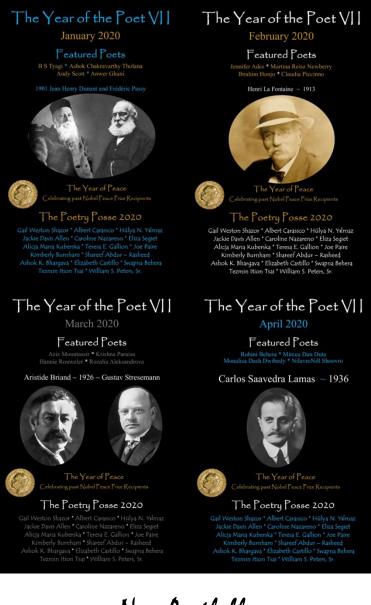
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The Year of the Poet VIII

November 2021

Featured Global Poets Errol D. Bean * Ibrahim Honjo Tanja Ajtic * Rajashree Mohapatra

Andy Goldsworthy



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October 2021

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The Year of the Poet VIII

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Fredric Edwin Church



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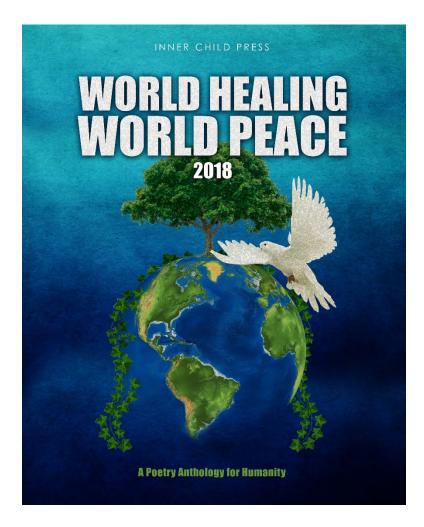


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May 2022 ~ Featured Poets



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