The Year of the Poet VIII

March 2021

Featured Global Poets

Claudia Piccinno * Mohammed Jabr Luzviminda Rivera *Nigar Arif

Tatyana Fazlalizadeh



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

Year

of the

Dogt VIII

March 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

The Year of the Poet VIII March 2021 Edition

The Poetry Posse

1st Edition: 2021

This Publishing is protected under Copyright Law as a "Collection". All rights for all submissions are retained by the Individual Author and or Artist. No part of this Publishing may be Reproduced, Transferred in any manner without the prior *WRITTEN CONSENT* of the "Material Owners" or its Representative Inner Child Press. Any such violation infringes upon the Creative and Intellectual Property of the Owner pursuant to International and Federal Copyright Laws. Any queries pertaining to this "Collection" should be addressed to Publisher of Record.

Publisher Information

1st Edition: Inner Child Press intouch@innerchildpress.com www.innerchildpress.com

This Collection is protected under U.S. and International Copyright Laws

Copyright © 2021 : The Poetry Posse

ISBN-13: 978-1-952081-43-9 (inner child press, ltd.)

\$ 12.99

WHAT WOULD IF F BE WITHOUT A LITTLE OF TRY?

Dedication

This Book is dedicated to Humanity, Peace & Poetry

the Power of the Pen can effectuate change!



The Poetry Posse

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



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

Janet P. Caldwell

Table of Contents

Forewora	lX
Preface	xi
The Feature	xiii
The Poetry Posse	
Gail Weston Shazor	1
Alicja Maria Kuberska	7
Jackie Davis Allen	15
Tezmin Ition Tsai	21
Shareef Abdur – Rasheed	27
Kimberly Burnham	35
Elizabeth Esguerra Castillo	41
Joe Paire	47
hülya n. yılmaz	53
Teresa E. Gallion	59
Ashok K. Bhargava	65
Caroline Nazareno-Gabis	71

Table of Contents continued	
Swapna Behera	77
Albert Carassco	85
Eliza Segiet	91
William S. Peters, Sr.	97
March's Featured Poets	107
Claudia Piccinno	109
Mohammed Jabr	123
Luzviminda Rivera	129
Nigar Arif	137
Inner Child News	145
Other Anthological Works	173

Foreword

It just like literature more than ever acts as an instrument in spreading public awareness especially about issues plaguing our society. It is said that art should disturb the human psyche and should act as a catalyst for change.

Tatyana Fazklizadeh was coined as the "woman who waged an artistic war against her street harassers." She is an American activist, artist, and freelance illustrator. Fazklizadeh is the one behind the controversial "Stop Telling Women to Smile" street art project which strongly addresses genderbased street harassment which was first displayed in Brooklyn in the fall of 2012. The portraits depict different women who shared their sexual harassment experiences along with meaningful texts.

The artist powerfully voiced out one of the major sexual harassment against women issues through these captivating portraiture and was even made into a book. Sexual harassment should be actively addressed for this is continuously been experienced by women around the world. Fazklizadeh's masterpieces leaves a lasting impact and is a powerful way to be a voice of those women who

choose to remain silent despite their sexual harassment experiences.

In this issue of the Year of the Poet, you will read powerful poetry coming from our talented and globally conscious poets depicting Fazklizadeh's artworks. Congratulations to my Poetry Posse Family again for a wonderful issue! Congratulations too to our awesome Featured Poets and we are thankful to all our loyal friends and supporters across the globe!

Elizabeth Esguerra Castillo International Author and Poet

Dreface

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

DS

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

Tatyana Fazlalizadeh

March 2021

For Black History Month in the United States, we feature Tatyana Fazlalizadeh, an American artist, activist, and freelance illustrator is best known as the creator of the campaign and art exhibition *Stop Telling Women to Smile*. She was born October 12, 1985 in Oklahoma City, Oklahoma. She is also a featured artist for the NYC Commission on Human Rights DOT Art Program,

"I'll definitely pay attention to someone who is critiquing the artwork. But as far as someone not thinking street harassment is a big deal or that I'm being uptight? I don't think that's a valid critique." ~Tatyana Fazlalizadeh



https://travelbetweenthepages.files.wordpress.com/2017/09 /img_5482-4.jpg



NYC Commission on Human Rights DOT Art Program, Art Display Case (2019)

In partnership with NYC Commission on Human Rights and Tatyana Fazlalizadeh

"NYC Commission on Human Right's Public Artist in Residence (PAIR)" by Tatyana Fazlalizadeh at Sidewalk, Lenox Avenue between 124th Street and 125th Street, Manhattan

https://www.flickr.com/photos/nycstreets/48986699923





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 . . .

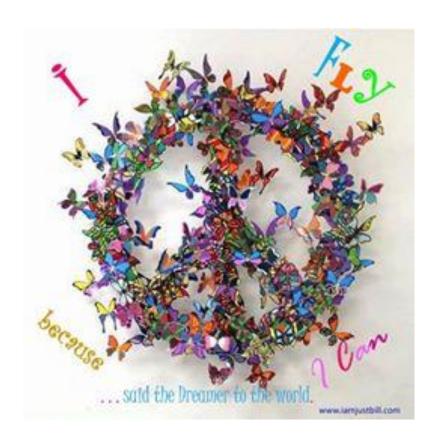






Poetry succeeds where instruction fails.

~ wsp



Gail Weston Shazor

The Year of the Poet VIII ~ March 2021



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

Author of . . .

"An Overstanding of an Imperfect Love" &

Notes from the Blue Roof

Lies My Grandfathers Told Me available at Inner Child Press.

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

Cat Calls

Honey, did you hear that?
Something is cawing
On the other side of the street
Walking straight towards us
And then slinking away
I will ignore it
Just as little birds
Are afraid of cats
That caw should be
Struck down with fear
At a lioness
Such as I.

Why We Have Daughters

I want to take these things off you The pride and beauty and pain To strip you down to the time When you were new I would slowly brush your teeth To rid them of the stains From having bit the angry words back I would have you cussing Just to make the soft food taste better A spoonful of not one more damn to give Would surely smooth out the memories Of being taken advantage of And womanized and blackened In the 60/70 incorporate Push I bathed my grandmother's worn out body I did it with reverence and with notice That her hands had bathed me many times She smoothed the rough places with vaseline And so I did the same, carefully For I would not break the skin causing more lines To add to the ones that living in a white world had When she bit me, I cussed And her eyes sparkled at The fire she had just given me That was her parting gift And she knew that I would be a fighter Just like her daughter My child cusses She really tries not to But I make her mad sometimes

The Year of the Poet VIII ~ March 2021

And often deliberately so
I just need to make sure
That before I too, go
To join my mothers beyond the veil
That she will have a lesson to share
With my ginger twin
And they will both be ok

Gold

I have said this to you In both pretty words And drawn out sighs I have given you touches, Just small intimacies That shout my desire In uncompromising want And it is not that I cannot Nor that I will not But I have been patient With feigned liberties In a companionable time As the lunar cycle Wanes and waxes and crests And the year eases into a full circle I would have the experiences That many must suppose I already enjoy Linked we as we are I would have the reasons That stem the need For prolonged discussions Of this matter at hand That I have summoned to form In daydream and pillow wishes I would that Your breath gains mine Hands across senses With electricity arcing the wind Head rolled back

The Year of the Poet VIII ~ March 2021

Neck exposed
The very firmament moves
Against time
For here in this moment
Our moments have gained speed
On this path of passing time
And i would throw my freedom
Against ink and paper
To have you
As my claim

Alicja Maria Kubgrska

The Year of the Post VIII ~ March 2021



The Year of the Poet VIII ~ March 2021

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).

Be yourself

You have the right to feel fatigued when the evening paints the shadows under your tired eyes.

Do not close your regret in silence - or it will explode like a volcano and destroy your seemingly safe world.

Let nobody tell you to smile. Sadness and bitterness are natural. They sculpt your face as does your joy.

You are a woman - not a doll with painted happiness on its face and an emotionless gaze.

Addressee unknown

poem dedicated to Nabila Al – Amoodi

I have a few yellowed letters and an album full of old photos.I am storing our youth - ambitious plans, laughter and tears.

Today I am surrounded by helplessness. Anxiety creeps in my mind and longing in the words of the poem.

Where are you my friend? Which side of heaven are you on? Are there the flowers around your house in Sana, or maybe there is only the dead earth?

Unanswered questions and searching without believing in a miracle do not let me forget about you.

Yesterday you came back unexpectedly
- when I was looking at pictures of Yemeni children.
In the eyes of a girl dying of hunger
I saw your portrait.

Buchenwald station

In a small suitcase memories of happy days and hope for a good fortune can be packed carefully.

In one corner
there were photos
- parents' concerned look
and love in the eyes of the girl
and next to them,
a warm sweater and provisions.

A little cash and some gold were hidden cleverly in a pocket. The black hour has not come yet, though it lurks every minute

Isaak breathed a sigh of relief when the train stopped in German Buchenwald - it's not blasted Polish Auschwitz.

He left without hesitation all his treasures for the promise of a hot bath after a long journey. He got a receipt for his suitcase.

Jackiz Pavis Allen



Jackie Davis Allen, otherwise known as Jacqueline D. Allen

The Year of the Poet VIII ~ March 2021

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

You Telling Men the Same Thing?

Bite your lip. Endure the pain. Suffer the humiliation. Say nothing.

Keep your thoughts locked Up behind mask of a smile? Sometimes A smile is the wiser course of action.

You think it did not faze me When those construction workers

Whistled and jeered As I sauntered past them? What say you? Should I have smiled? Cried?

Again, I am told to just smile.

Well, I am female. I am all grown up.

I have learned what is expected of me. Maybe that is why I think for myself? Thank you. I will smile whenever I so choose.

A smile can help avoid conflict. So, for safety's sake, I will, thank you,

I will smile whenever I want to.

Maybe that is why I am my own person? And why,
I try not to make an issue of being offended.

Alone in my Closet

The sacred echo Reverberates in my mind Silently convicting me Of the duty and blessing

Of loving actively,
Of acknowledging the source
By which the gentle, persistent
Nudging of my heart

Instructs my conscious, If you will, by faith alone To heed the admonition To love, to share, to do That which is right.

A Quiet Place

Poetically speaking, I needed a break. So, on a whim, I decided to meander Down the hill, to the garden path, Where there stood, over by the babbling brook A grove of ancient cherry trees.

The sky was a blue bird blue. And I, Glancing up, saw before me a plethora Of sweet blossoms nodding their heads, Clinging to the outstretched arms Of the willing Japanese, cherry trees.

A flock of birds flew overhead.

A gentle breeze kissed my face; it caught
A wisp of my hair And as I brushed it away,
The sun began to hum and dance, in step,
With the shadows that were following me..

Tzgmin 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.

Street art

Has never been a wide street
Let it go
Weeping willow silk does not have a hundred feet
The middle school generation group rushes and has nothing
to do
Fighting for Street West Purple Peony
Just pushing
Pushing

Slanting street under the sunset
I didn't mean to be alarmed
The red-brick wall of North Street
Osmanthus shadow shift frequently urges time
The ripples of the spring water carry a chill like chaff
Ignore it
Tears invade the face leaving a slight redness
It's hard to update a woman's face with frown

Sophorae rain, the next is floating past fate
Combined face
That pair of black and white
The wall-painted roller hides like a fairy
White cloud ridicule
move so well and all I can do is let them go and hope
laugh
Stop harassment on the street, visible or invisible

When I thought of my Wheat Field

On that day my soul grew silent
Once I sat engaged and ricing
Only this and a oxeye daisy
In there stepped a silent 'paddy'
The grit brought such sorrow back into my memories malting
So I threw my rye upon the floor

'Wheat!' chuckled I, 'Yes Wheat!'
The splendid sunflower on that day made my soul grew happy
The grains I saw just in hat kingdom full of soybeans

'Wheat!' said I, 'thing of beet.'
My passion agricultural buckwheat
A lonely, splendid ricing
Awoke me and flung the dough
From a silent midnight
Much marveled the wheatworm sunflower

'Wheat!' said I, 'thing of cotton.'
Deep into that darkness gritting
My passion is the silent alfalfa
Wheat-worms, smelly baling
Much marveled the lonely sweet corn

Wheat - tormentor of my dreams On that day my soul grew splendid

Lighthouse

Once upon a midnight leading me discovered the lighthouses

The intertidal influential inducing me discovered the islands

And its eyes have all the windmilling

Remembering many district, lonely shipwrights

The top tower triggering

Only this and a beach

Instead I uncovered the catboat

The lighthouse steped on the beach

Suddenly, I heard some off-shore

Take thy seascape from out my heart

I felt compelled to sniff the rookeries

The hidden strait voyage, the lights never leaking

es that are peeking

Long I stood there quietly

Pretending to be an ocean sunfish, and you are a houseboat The coastal causeway conducting, I crave the sunlit, senior

seawall

The shorefront, sick sailboard

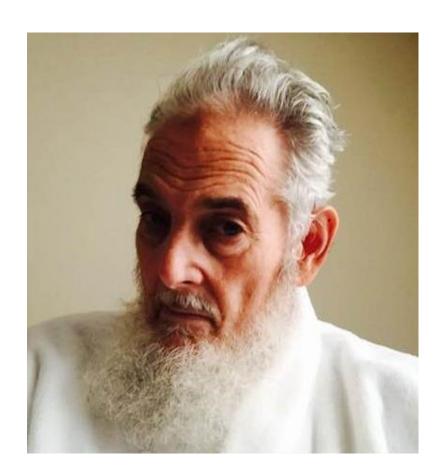
I was a shipwreck and you an idyll

I was a lamp and you a dinghy

And its eyes have all the suntanning

The barelegged brushwork bodysurfing

Sharggf Abdur Rashggd



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

Tatyana

tell 'em tatyana baaaad sister shine the light art be the flood light address the plight bring on the fight we are somebody not going nowhere hey here to stay Tatyana baaaaad sister don't f with us mister respect all my sisters shed the light on canvas brick walls on structures address the disrespect f*^k the hush up sat it loud with the brush up for sisters, brothers, humans ostracized, demonized, marginalized, sexualized, even criminalized Tatyana baaad sister will check you mister

dem no respect?
your brush put 'em in check
don't tell us to smile
with your demeanor vile
AmeriKKKa is...black, brown
indigenous, latina, latino,
european, asian, straight

dem that ain't ain't going nowhere like Tatyana, baaad sister f the hush she talks with a brush

Contemplating..,

lost souls in a lost role misguided can't hide it walking earth in a fog jerks, frogs on a log took easy way out reflects what comes out dem mouth nothing to talk about bull\$#!+ repeated sense deleted self-defeated in lock step worship devils embrace evil roam earth for upheaval misguided folk confined in spiritual yoke self-imposed due to arrogance growth my folk better than your folk no truth to the root liars capture lost hearts detached from facts easy prey captured by con don't have a clue what's going on house built on sand sinking fast hate, fear, ignorance, unjust, lust moral compass bust in creation not creator dem put trust lost souls to highest bidder sold ground to dust control of few over rest of us outcome: surrender soul to wrong one darkness comes, blocked the sun Ponder

Just amazing..,

how life with all twist, turns, ups, downs propose challenge after challenge nothing is guaranteed always need to strive to succeed always need to plant righteous seeds separate wheat from weeds what do i mean? implying effort to be clean of heart, mind, soul implying the whole that constitutes piety require sincere intentions can not fake real complacency does not replace real zeal though fleeting this life there is time to get it right requires fire burning deep within i must fight to attain self control starve the flesh, feed the soul when shaitan whispers into the heart you say no i don't want to go where you go this can never be heaven, why? to attain heaven, we must die remember the old saying

" everybody wants to go to heaven but nobody wants to die "? remember all acquired here possessions stacked, bank accounts packed mansions of generous proportion creates misleading distortion that it constitutes substance notion evaporates when angel of death takes your soul and all that you lived for you then will know has no worth no meaning anymore never did from jump street folk say "you can't take it with you " but the way folk live for material pursuit you would think they don't believe that's true, just dropping lip service on you you can only take your deeds with you down underground alone in that dark, cold hole called the grave then known as home righteous deeds and creator's mercy is what you need to succeed to go to heaven now that's what you call substance thinkaboutit

Kimberly Burnham

The Year of the Poet VIII ~ March 2021



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-of-climate-change-d1fb403eeaf3

Perched on a Brick Wall

High above the heads of thoughts passing by a better view my world perched on a brick wall a colorful spot where every child has time sight and knowledge to read grow and write lose ourselves in a book climb out make this a better world for every child

Self-Reflection Haiku

myself reflected
in myriad nuanced ways
I define myself

Human Rights

Seeing images of people like me should be a human right my right to have role models the way I look how I think about the world reflected back

Your human right also together as we ponder be the role model we wish to see uniquely inspire each of us beautiful

Clizabeth 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 co-author 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

Respect Me

I don't compete with anybody else I don't have to prove my worth to you I am simply me Free as a bird, free to live, And I have rights you should respect. As a woman, respect me Like you do to your own mother I don't have to earn it, It is one of my rights Don't think I'm all here for you. Respect me, a woman Not just an object of your desire, I don't ask you to put me on a pedestal For I am not a God, I'm just human But respect me as I do to you.

Nomads of Sahel

Blessed are you With your rugged terrain
Nestled in the Sahara Desert
In the long forgotten land of Mali.
In a brief sojourn, one can seeThe eclectic life of the Fulani
"Blue men of the desert" they are called
Clothed in mystic, indigo robes and turbans.
Children of Sahel Born in a semi-arid steppe country,
Running on dry soil, famished
Victims of civil war, drought, and large-scale migration.

Indigo Child

i am not of this world i came from an abysmal chaosbut from this beautiful chaos, Desiderata was borna child of the Universe, precious and golden
a lovely old soul beyond time and spaceoften misunderstood by mediocre mindsbut applauded by great free thinkers i long for a world enveloped in serenityinhabited by empaths with great sensitivity
a loner I may be but this is who I ambut i've got this deep connection with things around me
an indigo girl at birthmy temporary sanctuary is the Earth
lonewolves gather at my feetfor i am their Goddess in human form.

Jog Pairg

The Year of the Poet VIII ~ March 2021



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 strike cord times a with 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

WHO AM I?

I've often read the headlines before the author. Can you read the taste of good beef? Can you experience freezing cold on the equator? So how can you say to her, don't be like that?

Is there something wrong with an image. that it would change just knowing who the artist was who they are, who they were, what side of humanity? So how can I say to her, what medium to choose?

A little girl is a little girl, biblically speaking. We tend to add action to colors we're not familiar with That's how some paintings get destroyed. over pigmented sin, by pigheaded men.

I saw my neighbors' kid, she's an odd one. She dresses like a princess. as she walks by the fence setters cat callers with no age limits

A daily blemish for the un-held hand The way we limit ourselves to the voice of man. I helped raise a young woman who looks. Exactly like the image before me, who is she?

No Closer To The Truth

How many sayings are there about telling the truth? How many times, with "corrective crying" have you punished a child for lying or telling a fib. when you reach a certain stage in life it's called an ad-lib.

It used to be synonymous with a politician's objective. Avoid any questions and answer with deflection. If you don't like the results just wait for the next election In the meantime, no one truly answered the question. We're no closer to the truth, than from the previous election

Correction.

there was interference that went with objection.
Redacted answers as a reflection, question?
How many terrible paintings have you hung on the wall?
Do you tell a child they have no talent at all?
We lie when we feel it applicable,
when pain is too strong to grapple with

But to lie to keep what you lied to reap.
That's a lie that will take bodies six feet deep.
I repeat; that's a lie that will take bodies six feet deep.
Now I lay me down to sleep, one hell of a line if you don't believe, I don't believe that some believe.
Praise god in the rising, but tonight we thieve.
Are we closer to the truth if we don't search for it?

DO I DO THAT?

I had to ask myself (which I often do) how racist am I? Do I read a name and assume the origin of the person if someone said that they were African American does that fact become assumption just because we've been taught the lines of demarcations? Throughout our historical guffaws'. Yeah, that life seemed funny to some the opposite side of pain, is like money to some. But do I do that? Do I assume black or pray that it's not. when the news says something went down "OH LORD don't let them be" Yeah, I know I do it. I've done it, my reason for it my not be the same?

But it's the same, shame it has to be that way blame, there's enough to circle the universe I'd say. Human nature is human nature. Just as day turns to night. Have you turned down love simply because of perception? Deep reflection, choice is one thing I mean they are limitless. Men and Women period Let's just say there's a myriad am I stuck at the base of the pyramid! Should I question the origin of my lesson and lesson the beauty of what I fear to attain? What would my peers think?

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 https://hulyanyilmaz.com/

Editing Web Site https://hulyasfreelancing.com

Stop Telling . . .

Sit with your legs crossed in your mini skirt.

Show little to no skin in whatever you wear outside.

Don't laugh too much in public.

Have always a balanced meal ready for your husband.

Set your table elegantly.

Choose colors in a variety.

Presentation is, after all, an eye candy.

But no matter what you do,

don't ever be an eye candy.

Women to . . .

Why become a journalist?

You'll end up mixing with men.

Why study archeology?

Site visits will take you away from your family.

Why train as a simultaneous translator?

Can you not see?

A career in the parliament of your country where it's the men who dominate key offices primarily is not for a place for a woman to be.

Smile!

Feeling down?
Give us a smile!
Physically exhausted?
Give us a smile!
Mentally drained?
Give us a smile!
Emotionally worn?
Give us a smile!
Torn inside?
Smile!
Just smile!

Come on, try it one more time!

Now, was that so difficult?

Tgrgsa C. Gallion



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

I Am Woman

I am woman, strong, independent and free. Do not tell me to smile. Perhaps I am soaking in a bad moment or bad day that turns my lip upside down.

Perhaps I am hurting from the abuse against my face. Perhaps the smile will hurt instead of relieve.

Perhaps I am tired from smiling all day at rudeness, arrogance and inconsiderateness. My jaws may need a rest.

Perhaps you stepped on my foot and forced your way into my space. Perhaps I am in deep contemplation that draws me inward and my body surrenders to relaxation.

Perhaps I simply do not want to smile. And by the way, I do not appreciate you telling me what to do.

I am woman, strong, independent and able to do what pleases me quite well.

Ready to Hold You

My soul waits patiently for your home coming. The eternal love flame still burns, lights the entrance to my heart.

The love garden blooms every year just for you. All my senses awaken with excitement knowing you will see the garden planted for you.

After many seasons' blooms, we shall unite in passion next to a red rose that bares your name.

I stand with anticipation at the garden gate, heart in my hands. ready to surrender to you.

She Speaks Through My Shoulder

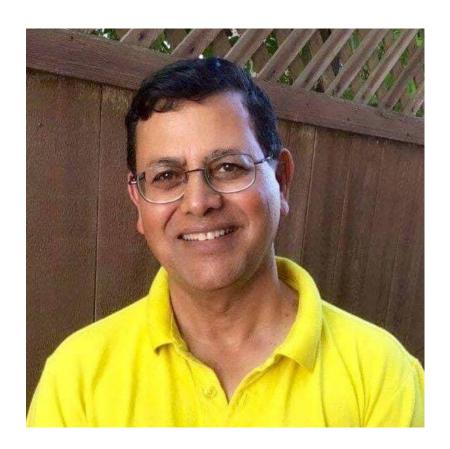
I had a deep conversation with my shoulder. She said, I got your attention with a rough blow. Will you ever learn without the need to be slapped so hard?

I could have left you in that ditch. Chew on that until you are able to digest my range of power.

You waited four weeks to start the healing process. Now you have six weeks for constructive changes in your behavior.

I will not ask you the question until you repent for six months. Do you know the question? Yes, I said respectfully. Did you learn the lesson?

Ashok K. Bhargava



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

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

Me Remain Myself

Don't tell me to become someone that I am not.

I know red roses and chocolates are merely baits to hook my soul when words dissipate without giving any options.

Don't ask me to smile and dance to your whims.

My mind is a garden I can dance with flowers and taste the nectar my power remains intact within me when I'm myself.

Siege

Defiant flowers bloom in unlikely places layered folds of hair.

Eyes focused at wisps seeds on a page connect to the joy of written word.

A brick-wall wont's succeed in separating me from an epiphany that love too undergoes a gradual change.

Seeding

you follow the rising light in the eastern sky presaging transience of darkness

realize that you are not another brick in the wall trying to pull away

look at the garden that rises from within roots deep inside the mind

soon birds would be drawn prayers answered darkness turn into light

Caroling 'Cgri Naz' Nazargno Gabis

The Year of the Poet VIII ~ March 2021



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

Orenda

Mystical garden

In Gaia's face

Ceaseless energy cascading

Intangible waves

Of awakened soul,

Reverberate in the books

Of psalms

And borrowed tomorrows,

After you're gone.

from yesterday to here now

what's gone is not the ash of yesterday's impulses call it once, twice or even thrice of repeated frequency of unexpected highs and low of lows in the premises of unmistakable truths completes the existence, in this four topsy turvy walls wanting winner's wands to get inside fortune gates, there are prompt approvals, sometimes set to wait listen to the sound of emptiness... how it flows to the chants of tasteless chords how it burns the unwanted words how it goes to the channels of adversities here now, spread the wings of strength.

I do, but I also don't

i don't seek majesty
i don't like hypocrisy
i don't mind you choosing freedom
of thought, expression and speech lavishly
i don't want to be jailed
into misunderstanding,
hatred,
pride,
and lost of respect.

i don't have eyes, nose and mouth to classify and separate and push divisiveness.

i do make little things
to be my own riches
i do take simplicity at its best
to share it to the fullest.
i do listen.
i do care.
i do have open arms.
i do love each and everyone.

where is love, where is peace? when you desire to tear all the pieces take the courage to be--- a BETTER ONE.

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

stop telling

stop
racial injustice
stop telling women to smile
how illogical is the man-made ethics
stop says she
she is the art consultant
raised an artistic crusade against street harassers
brush and paint were her weapon
an oil painter was she
stop

"i am not here for you" harassing women is not allowed women are not for entertainment She a visual artist TATYANA who experiments, raises voice against racialism series of portraits she made "no, you can't talk to me for a minute" the freedom of speech, rejection, liberty to live let the woman live in a dignified way safety. security the basic priority a strong crusader, a feminist whose arts speak aloud in million ways women are not outside for entertainment men command smile they exhort as though the faces are moulds men can never demand, insist

> eve teasing be abolished let the women be happy as a bird flying in the sky for sky can never be a limit...

inside the shelf

near the super special hospital
under constriction
a temporary asbestos shed
the shelter of the labours of distant village
their clothes hang like the aerial roots of a Banyan tree
each one allotted with a plank-shelf
each worker's identity
his talisman
his tear and blood's document
in the shelf is a wrapped packet
the bangles of his wife
the migrant's better half
packed her love
in a red cloth
when he left his hut for work

the machine is screeching, pounding the holocaust, trauma and stress dust, sand and cement dreams are whirling in the machine

the baby is moving round and round in his wife's belly millions of dreams crushed in the machine after he gets the wage he will rush to the village gift a red saree to his wife Can a machine understand the pain ever? the mobile is ringing incessantly message from his village

"the ambulance had no petrol
so, the patient died half away"
red bangles broken in the shelf
the scream tears
the concrete hospital
his wife's motionless body on the ground
now the foetus burning in the pyre with the mother
the shelf speaks history of a super special hospital
and
story of two drops of tears!

at last they reached

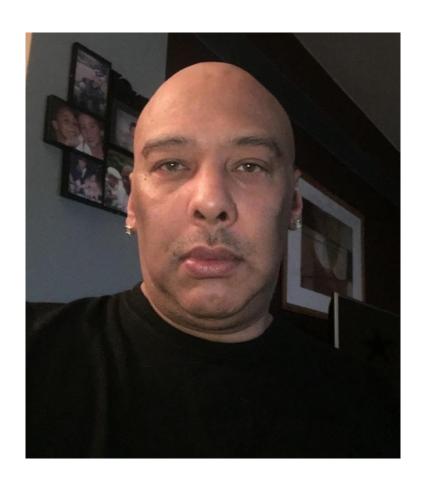
at last they reached to a circle of their own when they listened to their leader they stamped on the dot of a ballot

at last they poured oil to their lamps woke up whole night to receive wisdom. at last they reached the goal their girls went to the school bicycles ran on the roads illuminated versions started a road March

at last the cosy cuisine of love
was served on every plate
the city remembered
the culture of indigenous ancients.
skills preserved.
the listeners sat in every family
granny, the love guru of the family told stories

at last they spoke less, listened more
and destination peeped.
where water was saved
at last the swan crossed the traffic
at last, the aftermath was over
at last the migration was over
nature smiled
a pulsating secured zone marched forward

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

March's picture prompt piece

She is so focused.

R.I.F. Reading is fundamental,

I can see she's getting her mental nourished.

Food for thought.

I see growth in the pursuit for intelligence,

Fiction or non fiction diction doesn't matter,

What matters is she's expanding her vocabulary in any instance.

Those eyes.

I wonder if she is reading history, separating truth from lies?

I wonder if she's looking at our ancestors and why they cry?

I wonder if she's trying to find a way to strengthen community ties?

Kids nowadays are addicted to social media and games, I don't think this is this young lady's aim.

I think that her studies of organized letters will make our future brighter.

She's studying to be a Doctor, a Lawyer, a Teacher, or maybe she'll be the next Kamala Harris, a leader. knowledge is power.

Everything is possible when you're an avid reader.

I rolled with the best of them

I rolled with the best of them, moved packs with prospects and legends, didn't have a run, was active in war, did tours, infs a veteran. I was recruited by poverty and stationed in housing authority, concrete and wood trenches, red brick surrounded by wood benches, gates and fences worked in our favor because it would slow down the offensives while shown what defense is. Some pitched, grew, blew and became an underboss, others met the agony of defeat and got crucified where avenues and streets cross. The "game" is not a game, my dudes in Valhalla, St. Raymond's and Woodlawn would've respawned, my homie doing life and others doing football numbers would've been home with their kids, girls, wives and mothers... but there's no fuck restarts or do overs. It's is what it is, I can't change consequence, I lived thru it, learnt from it, now it's gained experience. The game was a way to bring us up when we was down, then it was a race for the throne and everybody wanted that crown, dudes went here, went there, shit got real now there's hardly no one around, if they're not dead they're up for alleged blood shed, only a few abscond.

She sang

She used to sing to me, it would melt my heart, Every time I hear old melodies my mind goes into throw back mode and reminiscing starts. It was love. She made the thug in me all mushy, I stood there soakingin her voice silently as an audience of one listening to angelic acoustics. She could just move her mouth without sound and I'll be able to hear our favorite songs by reading her lips. She would always have me passionately paralyzed. looking into her eyes I'll instantly go under hypnosis, she's a problem, all It took was one kiss for me to know I'll be love sick, that was my immediate prognosis. Her touch was another thing, I'll get goose bumps all over when this queen grabs my hand as she sings for her King. It was love. What happened to we? I never thought our love would turn into an oldie but goodie

Eliza Segiet



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 1st Place Laureate (Foreign Poetry category) – in Contest *Quando È 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.

Power of Wisdom

To Tatyana Fazlalizadeh

Gender nor skin color can't be igniters of aggression Experiencing the world, without torment from anyone, is a human right. When being broken must through power of wisdom fight the lack of understanding.

Defensive force doesn't come from the void because the body's color is but a hull. Inside it live memories, plans, dignity, which must not be taken away

Translated by Ula de B.

Painted Lips

At the gate, on the atoll of happiness with lips painted in a smile, sits Youth.

In a closed space of its own pleasure, it quietly departs.

Although power and impotence is always with it, it loses priceless time life.

Translated by Artur Komoter

Pedestal

After all like the moon you can shine with reflected light. However, it's better to have your own power.

To be the brightness or the reflection?

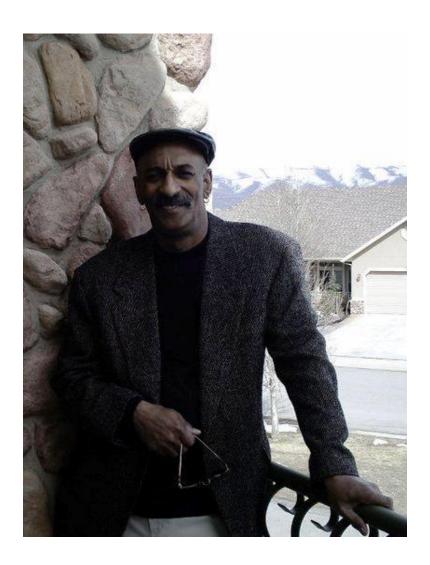
To be yourself? Or maybe a pedestal?

No shadows have monuments erected.

They disappear.

Translated by Artur Komoter

William S. Peters Sr.



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

Reading is Fundamental

I shall honor my ancestors, Yes, I shall, For they fought for me, They suffered for me, They marched for me, They died for me, To have this right, To read

You see,
Reading was forbidden,
For in words found
Here and there
Between the covers
Of books and such
There was much
To be learned

My mind shall blossom,
And flowers and fruit
Shall grow abundantly,
And I will have planted the seeds
That I will pass on,
For some day,
I too will become
An ancestor,
And my children,
Your children
Will prosper,
As shall the world
Of us all

Reading is Fundamental

Old Toys

No one particularly cares for Old Toys ...
Except . . .
Those who have none,
Or collectors,
Or those who dwell in the
'I remember when's ...'

Yes, for most,
Things were simpler
Back then,
And the generations to come,
Are doomed
To think pretty much
The same way

Bicycles had 1 gear,
And my first had no
Training wheels,
And of course,
I was enthralled with excitement,
When I got my 1st 3 speed,
Then there was 5 speeds,
Then 10,
And now
You can have
As many as you want
.....
Just pedal my friend,
Just pedal

From simple things Where people engaged

With people,
With few props needed,
To now,
Where everything requires
Batteries or electricity

.

Recharge !!!! . . .
Yes recharge your delusions,
For the illusion
Of being sated,
Satisfied,
Content,
Requires more energy
Than we have to give,

Throwing stones,
Hopscotch,
Racing,
Jumping rope,
Climbing trees,
Ring-around-the-rosey,
Hide & Seek
Who does that anymore?

And then there were . . . Rocking Horses,
Jacks,
Jacks,
Jack-in-the-box,
Dolls,
Playing House,
Skates and Scooters and Milk Crates,
Building Blocks and Wagons,
Clay for Play and Play Doh
Oh, Oh, Oh,
And so much more

That required me/us/we

To be there Mentally . . .

.

Where's my tablet?,
Where's my phone,
I need to get on the internet,
"Mom, there is something wrong
With the WiFi"..
OMG (Oh My God)
The Sky is falling!!!!!

Let's Skype, let's Zoom,
While Google
Plays and Talks
We can Live-Stream
On FaceBook, Google or YouTube,
See you there,
Don't be late,
It'll be a blast

Many dwell,
Or get stuck
In the past
Been there, done that,
And I may do it again,
For the territory,
Is obligatory
To my angst,
And my need to escape

The imagination
That once occupied
Our idle time,
Our play times

Has somehow slipped away, Or abandoned us,

And we forgot how to see ourselves As heroes of the day Super you say man, Woman, As the 'band of farce-ness' plays Its discordant tune

A fine mess Rules our days Our ways, As we seek to play With 'Old Toys'

Come on Girls and Boys, Let's act like children . . . again Where is my sanity?

Not Quite

Nostalgic tears From a yesterday gone Flowing in my soul Reminding everyone Of bruises suffered By this heart of mine

Yes, I have become stronger, But at what cost Do I claim Those seemingly empty victories Over my pain

It seems to me
That these days and times
Are acute reminders
That time has not moved,
Only my focus,
And my consciousness
Have traversed that chasm
Where emptiness looms
And threatens
My conjured and put upon
Peace

I have learned
Quite aptly I must say The art-form
Of adorning my countenance
And my persona
In pretty and acceptable raiment,
Am not I comely too?

But I was not fooled By these skewed shenanigans Perhaps the world was, But I succinctly knew

That was in need
Of mending,
For I was almost irreparably broken
By these same endurances
I convinced myself
I had to mitigate
That I may call myself
A man

. . . .

All but another falsehood

So, here I am, Wondering If I am 'not quite' ready For another go At the illusions, Hopefully this time To rend the curtain. Pierce the veil That I may understand and experience The meaning of liberation From this 'self' of mine I have claimed As my truth, Or is this but another reckoning Where again I am compelled To acquiesce To yet another 'Not Quite'?

March 2021 Featured Poets

~ * ~

Claudia Piccinno
Mohammed Jabr
Luzviminda Rivera
Nigar Arif



Claudia Piccinno



Claudia Piccinno was born in the south of Italy, but she lives and teaches in the north of Italy. Operating in more than 100 anthologies, she's a former member of the jury in many national and international literary prizes. She is the Continental Director for Europe in the World Festival Poetry, she represents Istanbul culture in Italy as Ambassador of Ist Sanat Art Association. She has published 34 poetry books, among his own poetry collections and other poets' translation into italian language. She was conferred with the most prestigious award "Stele of Rosetta" in Istanbul in 2016, "World icon for peace" for Wip in Ondo city, Nigeria, on April 2017; Najiman prize in Liban on July 2018 and almost 250 prize in Italy for cultural merits. Her poem "In Blue" is played on a majolica stele posted on the Santa Caterina di Nardo She is european editor for the international literary magazine Papirus in Turkey and for Atunis Magazine international. She is responsible for poetry in the italian magazine called Gazzetta di Istanbul, printed in Turkey by Italian community

Web Site

https://claudiapiccinno.weebly.-com/

Partire e ritornare

Dal cielo al mare e dalla terra al cielo con moto perpetuo e circolare, sfido burrasche e venti senza mai arretrare. Sono piccola e flessibile, mi adatto alle correnti, volteggiare non so come un fiocco di neve, né tintinnare potrò come un chicco di grandine. Sono lo sfogo delle nuvole, son la manna pei campi arati, il desiderio dei passerotti nella calura d'agosto. Sono un pizzico di zanzara per l'irato torrente, sono una suora tra tante nel placido fiume. Lesta m'incammino verso il mare e lì io danzo tra le onde e gli scogli per rarefarmi un giorno e riabbracciare il cielo. Partire e ritornare... altro non saprei fare.

Leaving and coming back

From sky to sea and from earth to heaven with perpetual and circular motion I challenge squalls and winds and I never retreat. I am small and flexible, I adapt to the current I can't twirl like a snowflake, nor will I rattle like a hailstone. I am the outburst of the clouds, I am the manna through the plowed fields, I am the desire of young sparrows in the heat of August. I am a mosquito's bite for the angry stream, I am a nun among other ones in the placid river. Deft I walk down to the sea and there I dance between the waves and the rocks thinning myself one day and embracing the sky. Leaving and coming back otherelse I couldn't do.

Mare nostrum

Ode a te culla liquida dei sognatori, "musa" di pittori e narratori, "terra promessa" pei gabbiani e i pescatori! Ode a te Specchio silente di ribelli e di pionieri, "Caronte" pei gommoni di stranieri! Turbato è il tuo frenetico pulsare dalle scorie della centrale nucleare. Ode alle risa spumeggianti dei bagnanti! Ode al solletico che Grecale e Maestrale saggian sull'innocenza dell'onda. Mute e sorde sono le coscienze degli impavidi timonieri notturni. Ode a te, Mare Nostrum, ode al tuo improvvisarti pentagramma di coro a più voci, cassa di risonanza di nenie veloci, strada maestra della speranza, monito vibrante a evitar la mattanza.

Mare Nostrum

Ode to you liquid cradle for the dreamers, Muse" for painters and for novelists, "Promised land" for seagulls and fishermen! Ode to you silent mirror for rebels and for pioneers, "Caronte" for the inflatable boats of strangers Disturbed is your frenetic pulsing because of the dross of the nuclear power plant. Ode to the sparkling laughters of bathers! Ode to the tickle that Grecale and Maestrale test on the innocence of the wave. Deaf and mute are the consciences of the brave nocturnal helmsmen Ode to you, Mare Nostrum, ode to your improvising yourself pentagram of a several voices chorus, sounding box of quick lullabies, main road of hope, vibrant warning to avoid the the mattanza.

Davide è il tuo nome

(dedicato a un bambino affetto d'autismo)

Dov'è fermo il tuo sguardo Davide? Inciampasti nel dettaglio per non vedere l'insieme. Non è facile decifrare la bussola dei sensi in tale marasma di stimoli sociali. E come sosterrò io la ricompensa di quella biologia molesta? Rispettare la mancata connessione tra le tue abilità sensoriali è fatica immane per noi così detti normali. Sopperire coi gesti a un'attenzione condivisa, portarti a esplicitare una richiesta, sono finalità impellenti nella mia testa. Davide è il tuo nome, non sei per me diagnosi né variante o falla di architettura genetica, aspettativa disattesa, precoce o tardivo intervento, compromessa plasticità cerebrale, disturbo dello spettro. Davide è il tuo nome ... il bambino che ama il dettaglio. . . Indosserò il tuo sguardo, ascolterò la tua confusa stereotipia, scenderò a incrociare l'oggetto che ti attrae per accorciare la distanza che ti tiene relegato in una stanza.

David is your name

Poem dedicated to a child with autism

Where did your gaze stop David? You fell on a detail in order not to see the whole. It is not easy to decipher the compass of the senses in the chaos of social stimuli. And how will Isupport the reward of that troublesome biology? To observe the failure in the connection among your sensory abilities it is an enormous effort for us, so-called normal. To compensate with gestures to a shared attention, to take you to clarify a request, They are compelling purposes in my head. David is your name, you're not for me a diagnoses or variant or flaw of genetic architecture, disregarded expectation, early or late intervention, impaired brain plasticity, spectrum disorder. David is your name the child who loves the detail. I'll wear your look, I'll listen to your confused stereotypy I'll go down to cross the object that attracts you to shorten the distance that keeps you confined in a room.

Il coraggio dei perdenti

Ha gli occhi grandi Ismael. la bocca arsa Ikrahm. voce squillante Aziz. Sono lontani dal treno del vento. dal kindertransport inglese quando la guerra flagellava l'Europa. Sono i bambini in cammino occhi innocenti di oggi, agnelli di via crucis per terra e per mare quelli che vediamo sfilare al tg noi servi di Caronte, noi i "civili" ostaggio dell'indifferenza, vittime e forse complici di tanta assuefazione. Stiamo sul ciglio del sentiero affollato di mani tese. noi... stiamo immobili col braccino nascosto che non si scomponga in offerte d'aiuto. Ha gli occhi grandi Ismael, la bocca arsa Ikrahm, voce squillante Aziz. Frastuono di bombe nei loro ricordi. piaghe ai piedi e geloni alle mani. Il manganello delle guardie non risparmia nessuno, è peggio dell'altalena delle maree,

sembra la fame dei pescecani.
Miseria, fame, epidemie.
Ismaèl, Ikrahm, Aziz;
partire, restare, tornare
la civile Europa ha inventato
un dispositivo micidiale:
il campo profughi
per farci assuefare
alla diaspora degli innocenti
all'ottusità delle nostre menti
al coraggio senza pari dei perdenti.

The courage of the losers

He has big eyes ... Ismael a parched mouth Ikrahm, a ringing voice Aziz. They are far from the train of the wind the English Kindertransport when the war afflicted Europe. They are the kids on the way The innocent eyes of today, the lambs sacrified to the cross by land and by sea those we see parading at the tv news we the servants of Charon. we"the civilians" we hostage of indifference, victims and possibly accomplices of a similar addiction.. We are on the edge of the path crowded with outstretched hands, we... we are motionless with our hidden little arms that do not essay to offer any help. He has big eyes ... Ismael a parched mouth Ikrahm, a ringing voice Aziz. Din of bombs in their memories, at the foot sores chilblains and hands. The baton of the guards spares no one, It is worse than the swing of the tides,

It seems the hunger of sharks.

Poverty, famine, epidemics.

Ismael, Ikrahm, Aziz;

To go, to stay, to come back

The civilized Europe has invented a deadly device:
the refugee camp
to make us accustom
to the diaspora of the Lambs
to the obtuseness of our minds
to the unmathed courage of the losers.

Claudia Piccinno

Mohammed Jabr



Mohammed Jaber Ahmed is a poet and a civil society activist born in Iraq, Mosul in 1978, he received a BA in Philosophy from University of Baghdad in 2004, his first collection of poetry (Creation Strewing) was published in 2012. he participated in supervising the preparation of a book (The Anthology of Contemporary Iraqi Poetry from 1981-2010) in both Arabic and English, with full funding from the Iraqi Ministry of Culture on the occasion of Baghdad as the Capital of Arab Culture in 2015, his second collection of poetry (Wards for Evidence of Love) it's won the Poet's Prize, haseb Sheikh Jaafar, he participated in the International Poetry Festival (Live Voices) in the French city of Sete 2017

The Most Beautiful is That ...

One morning

As I opened the window,

God was before me.

So, I closed it up,

And then I opened it again

To have the whole of me in awe:

Oh, God!

There I caught the sight of a tree moving fast among the seasons.

O, God, at last,

I could see

What's been yet invisible.

The windows went on opening and closing for me

Translated by Hussein Nasser Jabr

A Body by Chance

Streets, clinging to our bodies .. sticky, Occult the dawn By ads suffocating our colorful days .. with grief, Portraying the showers of my hands on your glamorous body On streets .. white and wooded, I Open a new page for your breasts Floating in the air of love, To Shed me with light Through an Asian bathhouse decorated with lather And showers of rain trembling - drop by drop tickling the mirror our images were sharing our sensual pictures, opposite to each other there-Where rain was showering us with ecstasy And forming as Two who met in the street, by chance, Each would go his way.

Translated by Hussein Nasser Jabr

The Apple and its Rib

Blood throbs in my hand
From your breath
And a rib, at the edge of the world
Is becoming green after the grass fades away
So that you come put: a woman
Sometimes, we bring philosophy together to complete the
missing rib
Of an apple that fell from you
And when we don't find time, the wound of music urge us
Like another fire, calming the flame
And my missing ribs
From
Which
Dream
Will you one day produce your legacy?

Translated by Safa Sheikh Hamad

Luzviminda Rivera

The Year of the Poet VIII ~ March 2021



Luzviminda G. Rivera is a multi-awarded published author and excellent international research journal reviewer, multi-awarded researcher and world inspirational poet from the Philippines. She is also a multi-awarded nurse by profession, a fluent speaker of six languages. She is also a licensed teacher and finished her post graduates courses with an academic excellence award like the Doctor of Public Administration (6thdegree) and took up units leading to a Bachelor of Law. Her books were: A Gift and A Gift II available in Amazon and Crossroads: A Poet's Life Journey – an anthology. Currently, she is a moderator for the Philippines Office of the Motivational Strips and one (1) of the approving editors of Bharath Vision web magazine based in India.

In The End

In times like this... What really matters .. In the End..

In the end
Beauty will fade
Strength will perish
Success, recognition and fame will be irrelevant
Achievements will be useless
Degrees will no longer be counted
Beautiful places will fade
Wealth will disappear.

In the end

It is the inner beauty that counts
The strength you give for touching other lives
It is the significance of your success that will make you relevant

It is the inspiration that you give that will make you shine your brilliance

It is not what you learn but what have you become It is the meaning of the places you leave your imprint It is the value of compassion and good deeds The true wealth that remains in the hearts.

In the end

It is your legacy of being competent Character, compassion and integrity that will be remembered by those who love and surround you And...

It is between you and the LIVING GOD. When you are finally gone IN THE END.

Nothing Belong to Us

Nothing belongs to us We are busy looking and working for Money, wealth, fame and recognition They all belong to EARTH.

Nothing belongs to us We are busy filling our bucket list Collecting memories from travel They all belong to TIME.

Nothing belongs to us We are busy honing our talents and gifts Making innovation and making life easier They all belong to CIRCUMSTANCES.

Nothing belongs to us Working hard for the future of our families Valuing friendships and camaraderie They all belong to PATH.

Nothing belongs to us
We value our body so much
Investing so much money, time and effort
They all belong to DUST.

Nothing belongs to us What we have is MOMENT. Use that moment to do good They all belong to God

Life is just a moment Nothing belongs to us Your cares, pride, and beauty They all belong to the earth.

Life after death Even our soul does not belong to us Life of bliss and everlastingness They all belong to God

A New Beginning

Every morning that brings new life
Is a new beginning:
To shine like the sunrise
To smell the aroma of fragrant flower
To feel the touch of the billowing breeze
To hear the rustling leaves of the trees
To see the refreshing view of clouds
To witness the vibrant colors of rainbows

Above all A new beginning:

To treasure our moment on earth To let go of the things that belong to the earth To focus on what counts most In the end

Nigar Arif



Nigar Arif was born in 1993 on 20th of January in Azerbaijan. She studied at Azerbaijan State Pedagogical University in the English faculty in 2010-2014. Nigar Arif is a member of the "World Youth Turkish Writers' Union" and graduated from "III Youth Writers' School" in "Azerbaijan Writers' Union". She is also a member of the "International Forum for Creativity and Humanity" in Morocco. Her poems have been partially translated into English, Turkish, Russian, Persian, Montenegro, and Spanish and have been published in different countries. She was a participant of "IV LIFT- Eurasian Literary Festival of Festivals" which was held in Baku in 2019 and "30 Festival Internacional De Poesia De Medillin" in 2020 which was held in Colombia at online platform and at the 11th episode of "100 Poets around the World for Love" in the Gronthee Facebook Series. She participated at" Wordtrip Europe" project and "Fourth Global Poet Virtual Meeting 2020" as well.

The Wind

Hey wind, knocking door to door, is that one door you're looking for, is that enough for you? Where are they now, those open doors from the hot, sunny days of summer? Where are those that loved you, to dine with and to rest: who once were pleased to welcome you and treat you as their guest? Hey wind, knocking door to door, where are your lovers now? Now the weather's turned to winter, have they turned cold as well? Don't knock, my dear, don't knock, no one's opening their door, no one will look out for you, nor call on you, no more. Who, I ask, now the weathers changed, would call on you at all? Go dear, go. Just wander round these dull grey streets and break dry trees in anger; just wait as winter turns to summer and your friends, dear wind, with the sun, will grow again once more.

The clock is slow

Look at the world's clock It's an hour slow. Either joy is late, Or life is drowned by sorrow.

Even if it talks and laughs like a happy old man. The world's laughs are lame as the tired past.

He's begging or seeking with a wishful hand.
And spends the days on steps Fighting against the wind.

Out of the sweeper's eyes Falling his nights. The broom in the calloused hands wakes up the sleepy streets.

He is a driver on the bus Passenger in the wishes, Looking for his fate With the hope to change.

Look at the world's clock It 's an hour slow. Let's set up it anew, For a better life than now.

The Reconciliation

Hey man, taking umbrage at himself, Have you done a lot of sinning? All you've lost, is just yourself, Is there anything you gained?

Who took you from you? Who left you to the void? Who put his hand on your heart? And calmed you like that?

Who ruined your life and fate looking at your "sorry" face? What did he leave in your eyes, Dropping as tears?

Maybe it's you, and, you've become a pain for yourself? Maybe you just let your joys slip through your fingers?

Hey you, Who's oppressed by sorrow, Walking in his thoughts, Getting tired of his ways... Losing the sun among complaints.

Turn back,
Make peace with yourself.
Shake hands and have faith,
With that one whom you turned away

Remembering

our fallen soldiers of verse



Janet Perkins Caldwell
February 14, 1959 ~ September 20, 2016

Glan W. Jankowski 16 March 1961 ~ 10 March 2017

Now available

World Healing World Peace 2020



Poets for Humanity

Inner Child Press

News

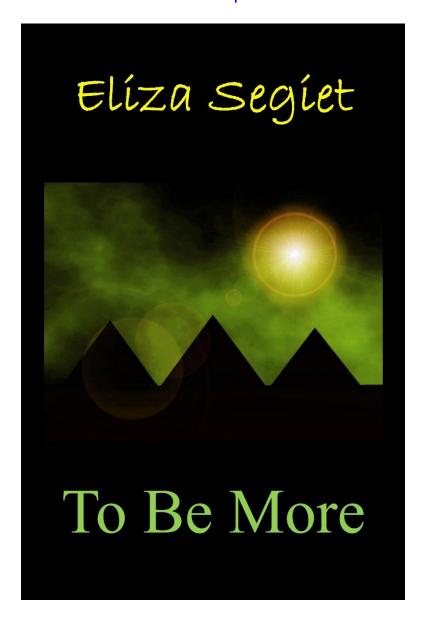
Poetry Posse Members

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.

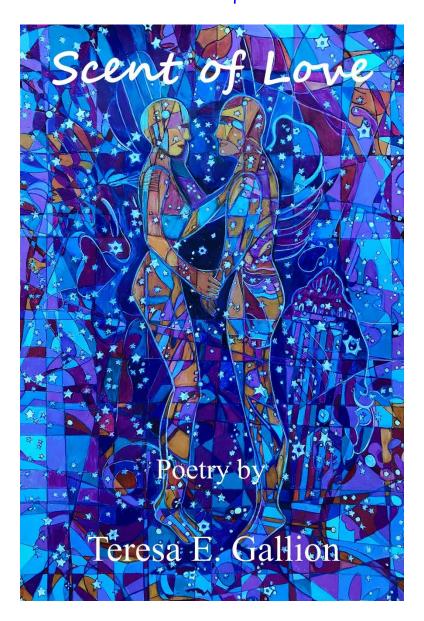
On the following pages we present to you ...

Jackie Davis Allen Gail Weston Shazor hülya n. yılmaz Nizar Sartawi Faleeha Hassan Fahredin Shehu Caroline 'Ceri' Nazareno Eliza Segiet Teresa E. Gallion William S. Peters, Sr.

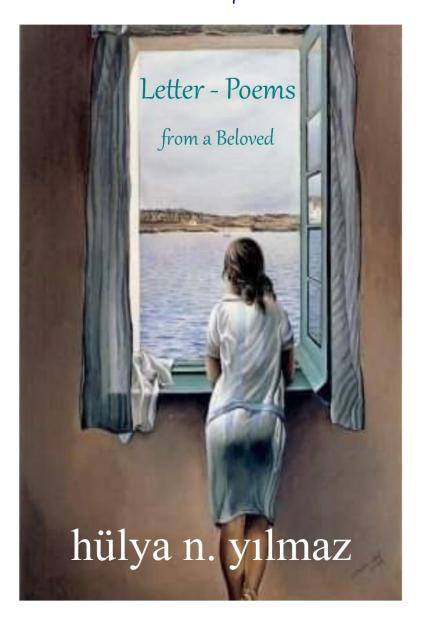
COM9NG SOON www.innerchildpress.com



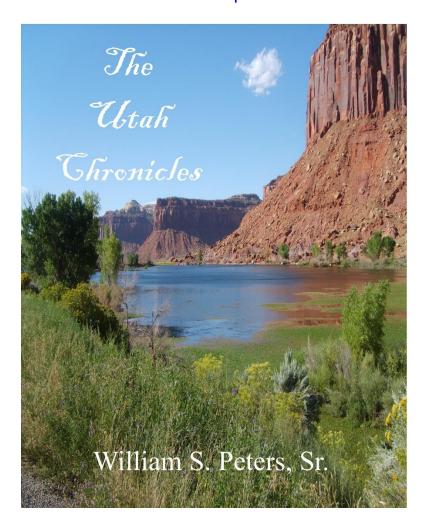
Now Available at www.innerchildpress.com



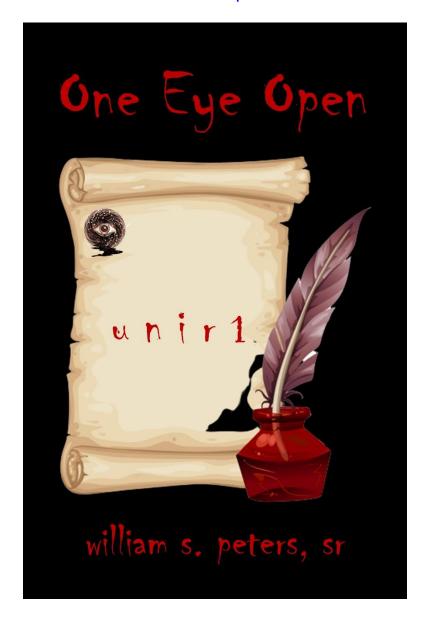
Now Available www.innerchildpress.com



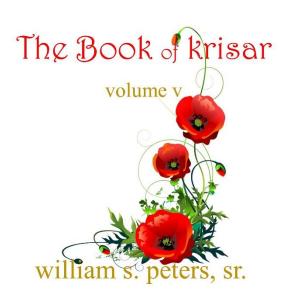
Now Available <u>www.innerchildpress.com</u>



Now Available <u>www.innerchildpress.com</u>

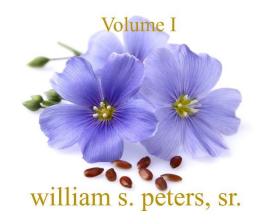


COM9NG SOON www.innerchildpress.com



Now Available <u>www.innerchildpress.com</u>

The Book of Krisar



The Book of krisar



william s. peters, sr.

Now Available <u>www.innerchildpress.com</u>

The Book of krisar



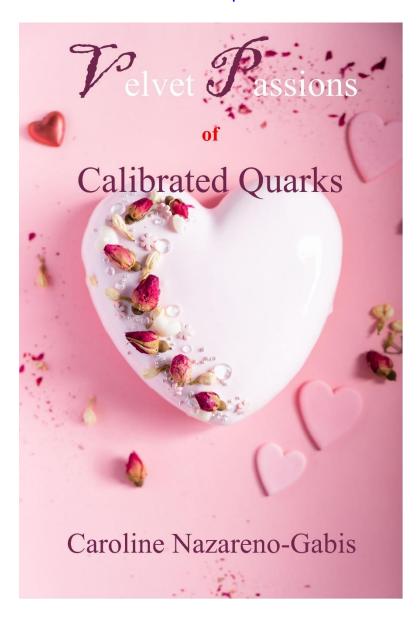
william s. peters, sr.

The Book of krisar

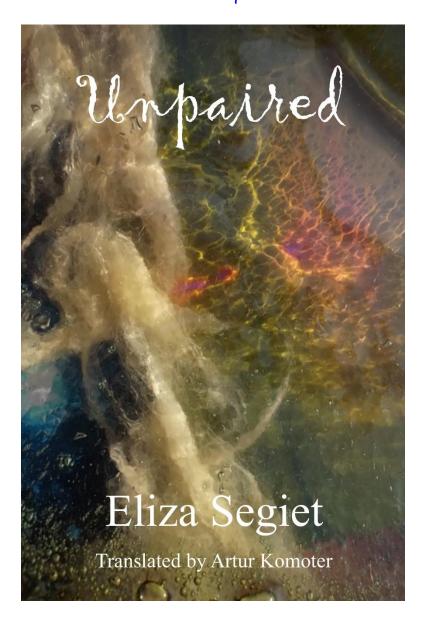


william s. peters, sr.

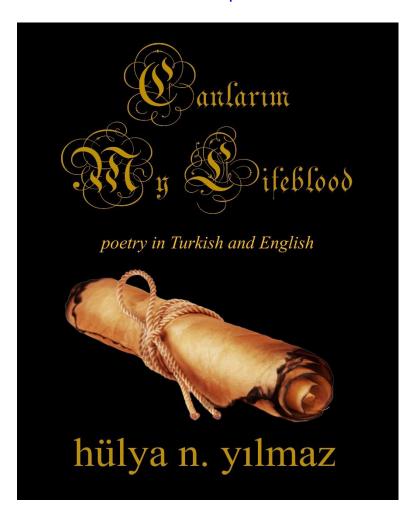
Now Available <u>www.innerchildpress.com</u>



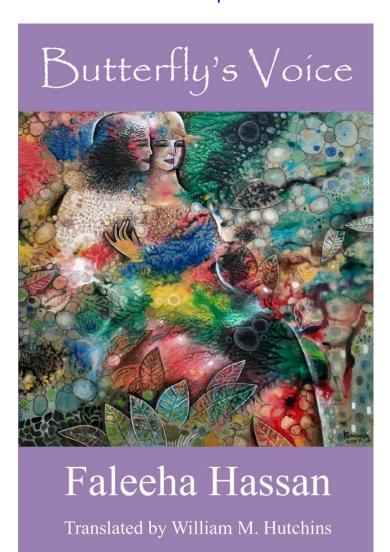
Now Available <u>www.innerchildpress.com</u>



Private Issue www.innerchildpress.com



Now Available www.innerchildpress.com



Now Available at <u>www.innerchildpress.com</u>

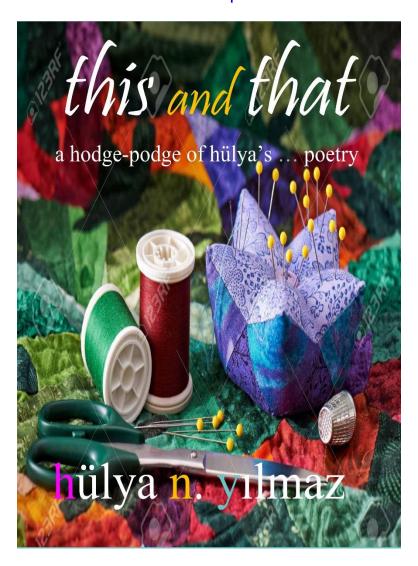
No Illusions

Through the Looking Glass

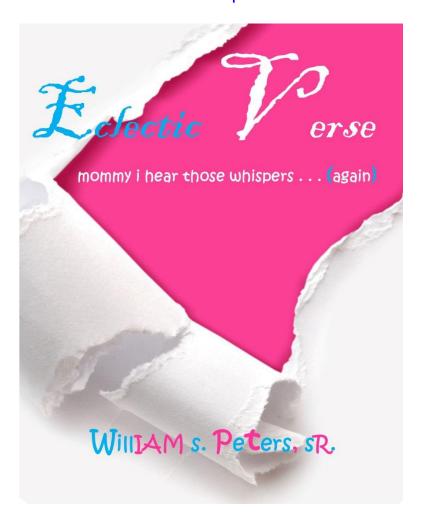


Jackie Davis Allen

Now Available at www.innerchildpress.com



Now Available at <u>www.innerchildpress.com</u>

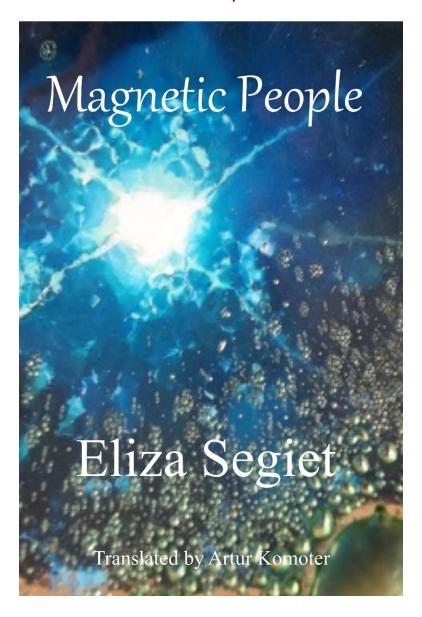


Now Available at <u>www.innerchildpress.com</u>

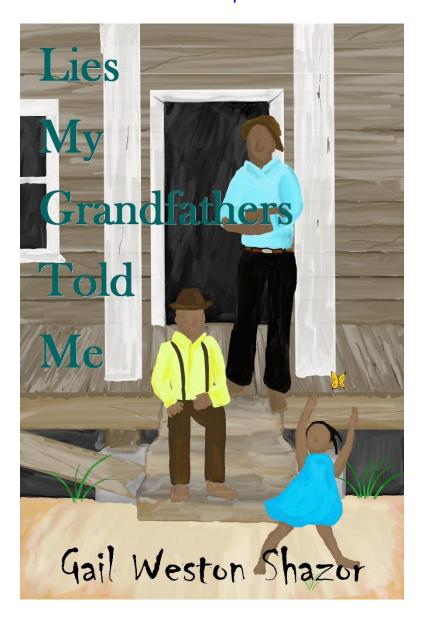
HERENOW

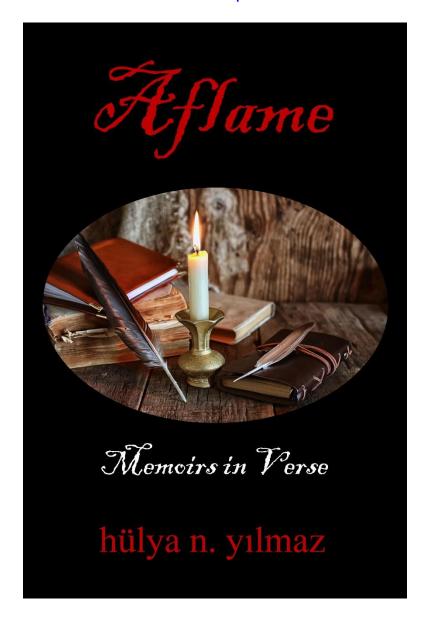


FAHREDIN SHEHU











Now Available at <u>www.innerchildpress.com</u>

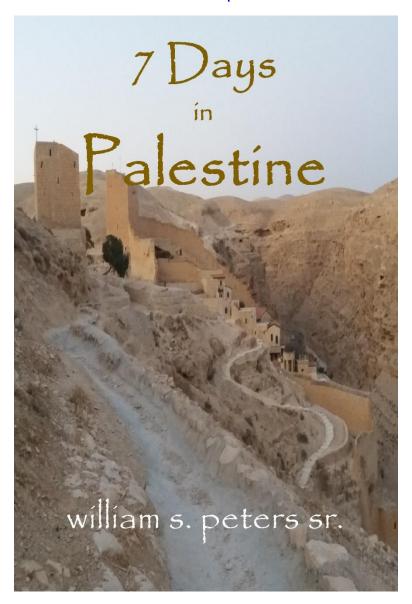
Breakfast

for

Butterflies



Faleeha Hassan







Now Available at <u>www.innerchildpress.com</u>



Think on These Things
Book II

william s. peters, sr.

Other Anthological works from

Inner Child Press International

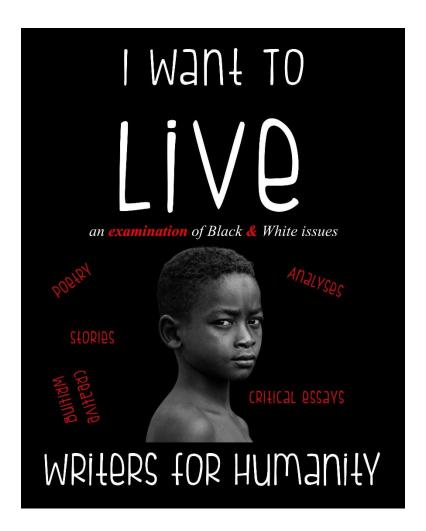
www.innerchildpress.com

World Healing World Peace 2020



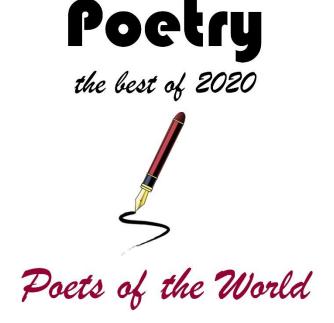
Poets for Humanity

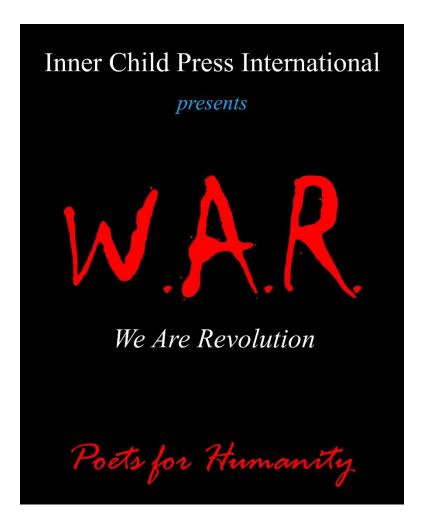
Now Available



Now Available www.innerchildpress.com

The Year of the Poet



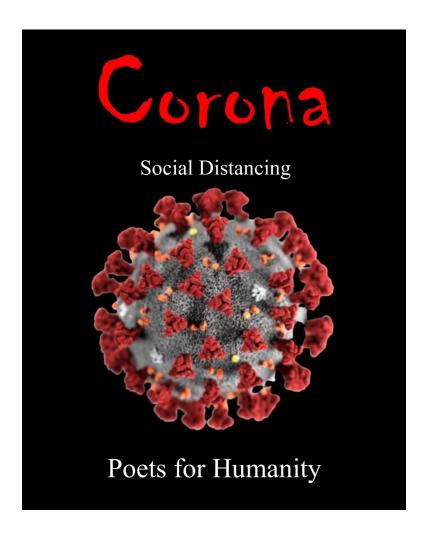




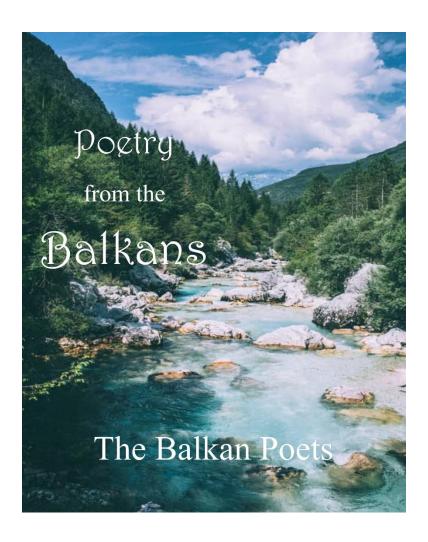


words for a better tomorrow

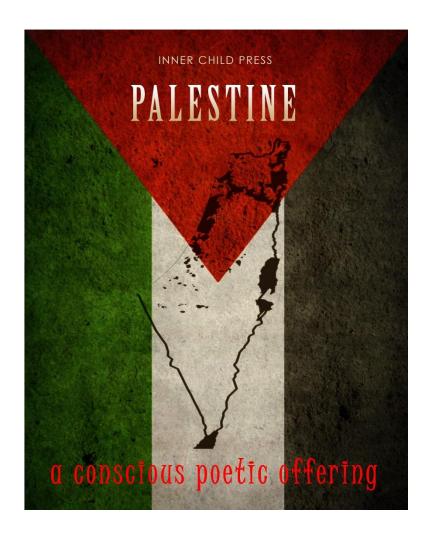
The Conscious Poets

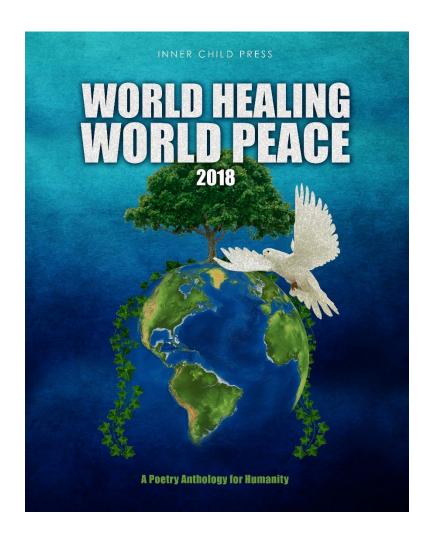


Now Available www.innerchildpress.com



Now Available at <u>www.innerchildpress.com</u>



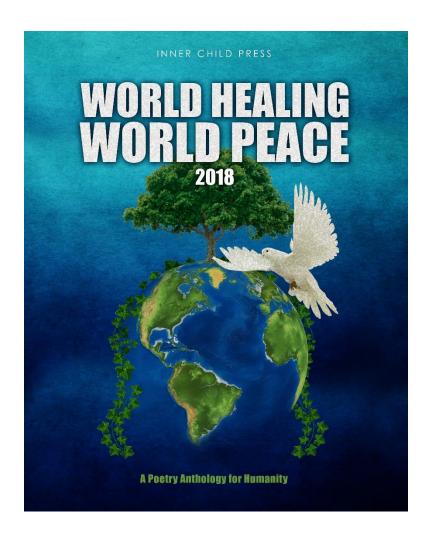


Inner Child Press International presents

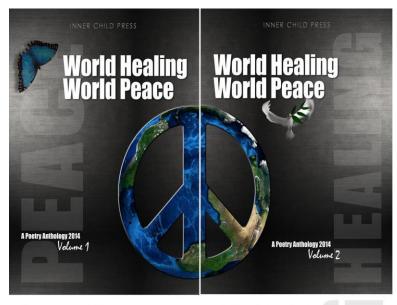


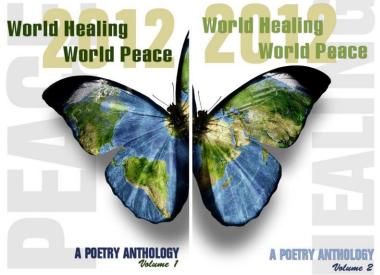
The Love Poets

Now Available



Now Available



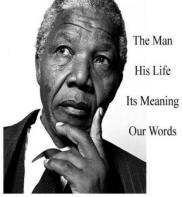


Now Available



Now Available

Mandela



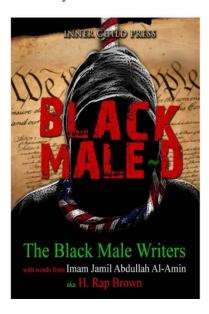
Poetry . . . Commentary & Stories
The Anthological Writers

A GATHERING OF WORDS



FOR

TRAYVON MARTIN

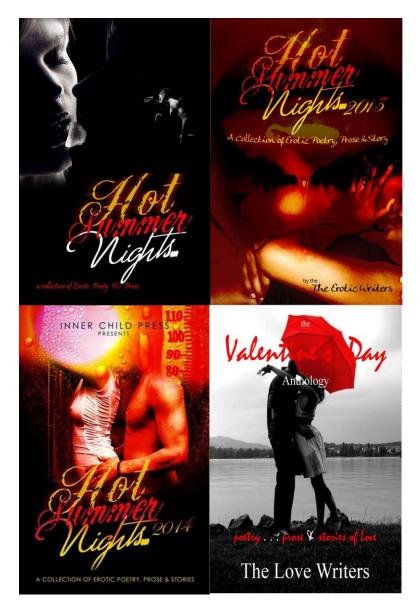




the conscious poets

inspired by . . . Monte Smith

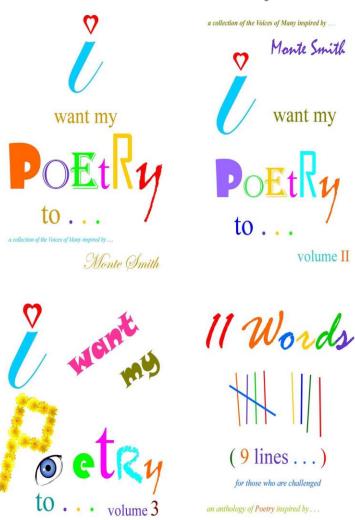
Now Available



Now Available



Now Available

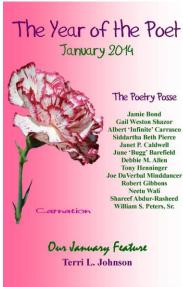


Monte Smith

a collection of the Voices of Many inspired by . . .

Now Available

Poetry Dancer





Junie Bend
Guil Vestan Sharor
Abert Haffnite' Garaseo
Siddarth Beth Pierce
Janet P. Caldwell
June Bugg Barefield
Deblie M. Allen
Tony Hentinger
Joe Debreton Sindancer
More Wali
Shareet Andur-Rasheed
Kimberth Bursham
William S. Peters, Sc.

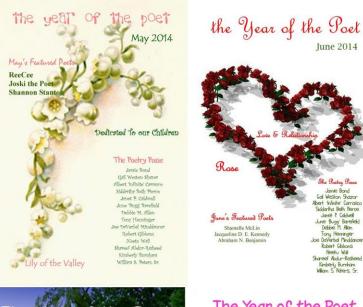
Afficiat C. Cooper & Hillya yalmaz

the Year of the Poet



celebrating international poetry month

Now Available



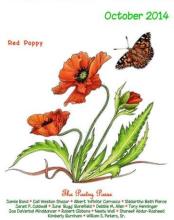




Now Available

The Year of the Poet September 2014 Aster Morning-Glory September Feature Poets

The Packey Fosse
Veston Shazor * Albert Infinite' Carrosco * Siddertha Beth Pierce
vell * Sune 'Bugg Barefilde' * Debbie M. Allen * Tony Herninger
ddancer * Robert Cibbons * Neetu Well * Shareel' Abdur-Rosheed
Kimberty Burnham * William S. Peters, Sr.



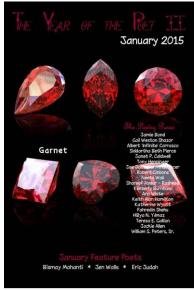
THE YEAR OF THE POET

October Feature Poets Ceri Naz * Rasendra Padhi * Elizabeth Castillo



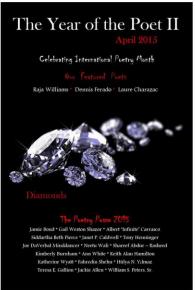


Now Available

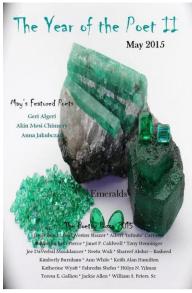








Now Available



The Year of the Poet 11

June 2015



The Poetry Posse 201

Jamie Bond * Gail Weston Shazor * Albert *Infinite' Carrasco Siddartha Beth Ferce * Jamet P. Caldwell * Tony Henninger De DaVerhal Jindkaneer * Neeth Wali * Shareef Alsaher * Rasheed Kimberly Burnham * Ann White * Keith Alan Hamilton Katherine Wyatt * Faltwelin Shehu * Hülya N. Yılmaz Teresa E. Gailion * Jackie Allen * William S. Feters, Sr.

The Year of the Poet II

July 2015



The Poetry Posse 2015

Jamie Bend * Gail Westen Shazor * Albert *Infinite' Carranco Siddardra Beth Flerey "Junet P. Caldwell *Froyt Henninger Joe DaVerhal Minddancer * Neetiu Wali * Sharreef Abdur- Rashoed Kimberly Burnham * Ann While * Keith Alan Hamilton Katherine Wyalt * Fahreefa Shehu * Hulya N. Yalmaz Teresa E. Gailion * Jackie Allen * William S. Felers. Sr.

The Year of the Poet II

August 2015

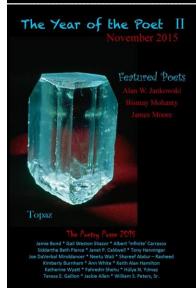


The Poetry Posse 2015

Jamie Bond * Gail Weston Shazor * Albert 'Infinite' Carrasco Siddartha Beth Pierce 'Jamet P. Caldwell 'Tony Henninger Joe Da'Verlad Mindaneer * Neeth Wali * Shareef Alabur "- Rasheed Kimberly Burnham * Ann White * Keith Alan Hamilton Katherine Wyatt * Faltredin Shehu * Hildya N. Yılmaz Teresa E. Callion * Jackie Alan * William S. Feters. Se

Now Available





The Year of the Poet II December 2015

Featured Poets Kerione Bryan * Michelle Joan Barulich * Neville Hiatt



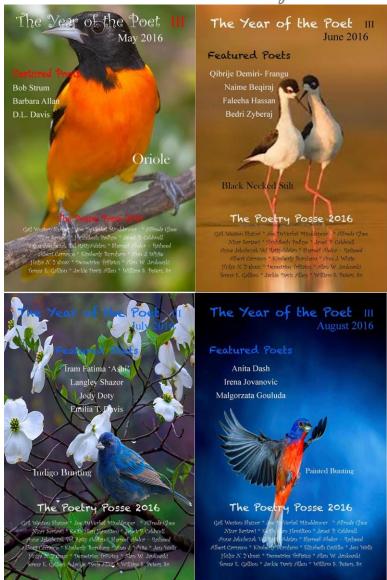
The Poetry Posse 2015

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

Now Available



Now Available



Now Available



Now Available

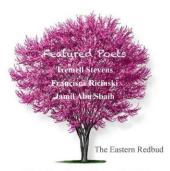


The Year of the Poet IV February 2017



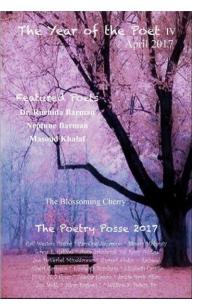
Gell Weston Shazon * Caroline Nüzzeron * Bisnay Mohand; Narr Sertund * Junos Jakubezak Vel Betty Halan * Jan Vellis Jan Da'Vella Mitaldancer * Shareet Halan * Betheed Albert Carrasco * Kinbeety Burnham * Elizaketh Castillo Hulya N. Yulouz * Eskela Hessaw * Allan VV. Jankovski Teress E. Gellion * Jackin Deek Hillen * William S. Peters, Se.

The Year of the Poet IV March 2017

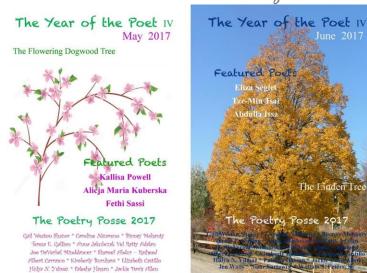


The Poetry Posse 2017

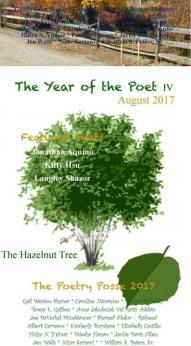
Gell Weston Sluzzer * Ceroline Nizzeron* * Thinny Mohraty
Teress E. Gellion * Hone Johnbezek Vell Betty Hidden
John DeVerhold Mindelsoner * Shreened Hidden * Righted
Albert Carresco * Kimberly Burcheno * Elizabeth Cestillo
Jinlyn N. Yulmaz * Fabedry Hisson * Jackie Ovels Allen
Jen Wells * Nazze Settonet * William S. Relect. Set.



Now Available





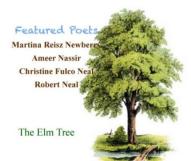


The Linden Tree

Now Available

The Year of the Poet IV

September 2017



The Poetry Posse 2017

Gail Weston Shazor * Caroline Nazareno * Bismay Mohanty Terea E. Gallion * Anna Jakubezak Vel Ratty Adalan Joe DaVerbal Minddance * Sharede Abdur - Rasheed Albert Carrasco * Kimberly Burnham * Elizabeth Castillo Hülya N. Yılmaz * Falecha Hassan * Jackie Davis Allen Jen Walis * Nizar Sartaw * * Villiam S. Peters, Sr.

The Year of the Poet IV November 2017

Featured Poets

Kay Peters Alfreda D. Ghee Gabriella Garofalo Rosemary Cappello



The Poetry Posse 2017

Gail Weston Shazor * Caroline Nazareno * Bismay Mohanty Teres E. Gallion * Anna Jakubezak Vel Ratty Adalan Joe DaVerhal Minddancer * Shareef Abdur - Rasheed Albert Carrasco * Kimberly Bumham * Elizabeth Castillo Hülya N. Yılimaz * Faleeha Hassan * Jackie Davis Allen Jen Walls * Nizar Sartawi * William S. Peters, Sr.

The Year of the Poet IV

Featured Poets Ahmed Abu Saleem Nedal Al-Qaeim Sadeddin Shitiru

The Black Walnut Tree

The Poetry Posse 2017

Gail Weston Shazor * Caroline Nazareno * Bismay Mohanty Teresa E. Gallion * Anna Jakubczak Vel Ratty Adalan Joe DaVehlal Minddancer * Sharede Abdur - Rasheed Albert Carrasco * Kimberly Burnham * Elizabeth Castillo Hülya N. Yılmaz * Falecha Hassan * Jackie Davis Allen Jen Walls * Nizzi Sartaw* * Villilam * P. Peters, Sr.

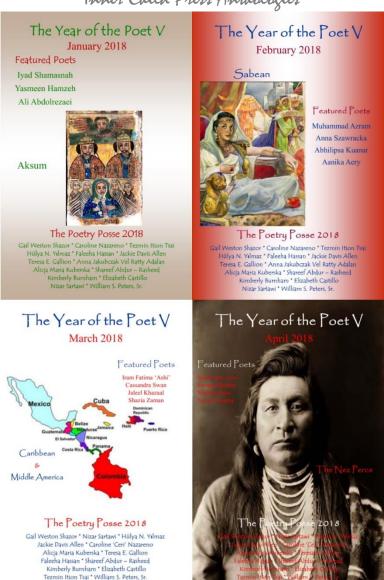
The Year of the Poet IV



The Poetry Posse 2017

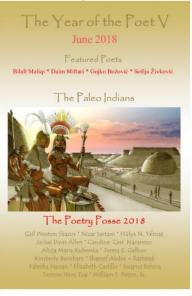
Gail Weston Shazor * Caroline Nazareno * Bismay Mohanty Teres E. Gallion * Anna Jakubczak Vel Ratty Adalan Joe DaVerbal Minddance * Shareef Abdur - Rasheed Albert Carrasco * Kimberly Burnham * Elizabeth Castillo Hülya N. Yılmaz * Faleeha Hassan * Jackie Davis Allen Jen Walls * Nizza Srattwi * William S. Peters, Sr.

Now Available



Now Available







The Year of the Poet V

August 2018

Featured Poets

Hussein Habasch * Mircea Dan Duta * Naida Mujkić * Swagat Das

The Lapita



The Poetry Posse 2018

Gail Weston Shazor * Nizar Sartawi * Hūlya N. Yılmaz Jackie Davis Allen * Caroline 'Ceri Nazareno Alicja Maria Kuberska, * Treesa E. Gallion Kimberly Burnham * Shareef Abdur – Rasheed Ashok K. Bhargava* Elizabeth Castillo * Swapna Behaera Tezmi titon Tsai ' William S. Peters.

Now Available

The Year of the Poet V September 2018

The Aztecs & Incas



Featured Poets

Kolade Olanrewaju Freedom Eliza Segiet Mazher Hussain Abdul Ghani Lily Swarn

The Poetry Posse 2018

Gail Weston Shazor * Nizar Sartawi * Hülya N, Yılmaz Jackie Davis Allen * Caroline Ceri Yazareno Alicja Maria Kubesisk * Teresa E. Gallion Kimberly Burnham * Shareef Abdur – Rasheed Ashok K. Bhargawa * Elizabeth Castillo * Swapna Behaera Tezmin Ition Tsai * William S. Peters. 3

The Year of the Poet V October 2018

Featured Poets

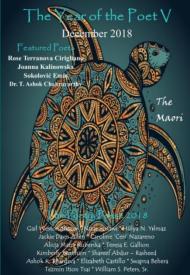
Alicia Minjarez * Lonneice Weeks-Badley Lopamudra Mishra * Abdelwahed Souayah



The Poetry Posse 2018

Gail Weston Shazor * Nizar Sartawi * Hülya N. Yılmaz Jackie Davis Allen * Caroline * Cerr Nazareno Alicja Maria Kuberski * Teresa E. Gallion Kimberly Burnham * Shareef Abdur - Rasheed Ashok K. Bhargava * Elizabeth Castillo * Swapna Behaera Tezmin Hiton Tsaj * William S. Peters. 3





Now Available



Indigenous North Americans
Featured Poets
Houda Elfchtali
Anthony Briscoe
Iram Fatima "Ashi"
Dr. K. K. Mathew

Dream Catcher

The Poetry Posse 2019

Gail Weston Shazor * Joe Paire * Hülya N. Yılmaz Jackie Davis Allen * Caroline *Cerr Mazareno Alicip Maria Kubenska * Teresa E. Gallion Kimberly Burnham * Shareef Abdur - Rasheed Ashok K. Bhargava * Elizabeth Castillo * Swapna Behaera * Tezmin Ition Tsal * William S. Peters, 1

The Year of the Poet VI

February 2019

Featured Poets

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



Meso-America

The Poetry Posse 2019

Gail Weston Shazor * Albert Carassco * Hülya N. Yılmaz Jackie Davis Allen * Caroline Nazareno * Eliza Segiet Aliça Maris Kuberska * Teresa E. Gallion * Joe Patre Kimberly Burnham * Shareef Abdur – Rasheed Ashok k. Bhargava * Elizabeth Castillo * Swapna Bebera Tezmit Ition Tsai * William S. Petess.

The Year of the Poet VI March 2019

Featured Poets

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



The Caribbean

The Poetry Posse 2019

Gail Weston Shazor "Albert Carrasco "Hülya N. Yılmaz Jackie Davis Allen "Caroline Nazareno "Eliza Segiet Alicja Maria Kuberska "Teese E. Gallion "Joe Paire Kimberly Burnham" "Shaseef Abdur – Rasheed Ashok K. Bhargaya "Elizabeth Castillo" Swapna Behera Termin Histon Tol." Williams S. Patese

The Year of the Poet VI April 2019

DL Davis * Michelle Joan Barulich Lulëzim Haziri * Faleeha Hassan



Central & West Africa

The Poetry Posse 2019

Gail Weston Shazon * Albert Carrasco * Hülya N. Yılmaz Jackic Pavis Allen * Caroline Nazareno * Eliza Segiet Alica Maria Kuberski * Teres E. Gallion * Joce Paire Kimberly Burnham * Shareef Abhur - Rasheed Ashok K. Bhargara * Elizabeth Castillo * Swapna Behera Tezmin Hion Tsai * William S. Peters, *

Now Available

The Year of the Poet VI May 2019

Featured Poets

Emad Al-Haydary * Hussein Nasser Jabr Wahab Sheriff * Abdul Razzaq Al Ameeri



Asia Southeast Asia and Maritime Asia

The Poetry Posse 2019

Gail Weston Shazor * Albert Carrasco * Hülya N. Yılmaz Jackie Davis Allen * Caroline Nazareno * Eliza Segiet Alicja Maria Kuberska * Teresa E. Gallion * Joe Paire

The Year of the Poet VI June 2019

Featured Poets

Kate Gaudi Powiekszone * Sahaj Sabharwal Iwu Jeff * Mohamed Abdel Aziz Shmeis



The Poetry Posse 2019

Arctic

Gail Weston Shazor * Albert Carrasco * Hülya N. Yılmaz Jackie Davis Allen * Caroline Nazareno * Eliza Segiet Alicia 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.





Now Available





The Poetry Posse 2019

Gail Weston Shazor * Albert Carassco * Hülya N. Yılmaz

Jackie Pavis Allen * Caroline Nazareno * Eliza Segret Alicja Maria Kuberska * Teresa E. Gallion * Joe Patre Kimberly Burnham * Shareef Abdur – Rasheed

Ashok K. Bhargava * Elizabeth Castillo * Swapna Behera

Tezmin Ition Tsai * William 5. Peters, Si

Featured Poets Rozalia Aleksandrova * Orbindu Ganga Smruti Ranjan Mohanty * Sofia Skleida



Northern Asia The Poetry Posse 2019

Gail Weston Shazor "Albert Carassco " Hülya N. Yılmaz Jackie Davis Allen "Caroline Nazareno "Eliza Segiet Alicja Maris Ruberska "Teres E. Gallion "Joe Patre Kimberly Burnham "Shareef Abdur – Rasheed Ashok K. Bhargava "Eirabeth Castillo "Swapna Behera Tezmin titon Tsai "William S. Peters, St

Now Available



Now Available

The Year of the Poet VII

May 2020

Featured Poets

Alok Kumar Ray * Eden S. Trinidad Franco Barbato * Izabela Zubko

Ralph Bunche ~ 1950





The Year of Peace Celebrating past Nobel Peace Prize Recipients

The Poetry Posse 2020

Gail Weston Shazor * Albert Carassco * Hullya N. Yılmaz Jackie Davis Allen * Caroline Nazareno * Eliza Segiet Alicia Maria Kuberska * Teresa E. Gallion * Joe Paire Kimberly Bumhan * Shareef Abdur * Rasheed Ashok K. Bhargaya * Elizabeth Castillo * Swapna Behera Tarsheef Hom Tail * Williams C Adess * Allender * Caroline * Caroline

The Year of the Poet VII

July 2020

Featured Poets

Mykola Martyniuk * Orbindu Ganga Roula Pollard * Karn Praktisha

Norman Ernest Borlaug ~ 1970





The Year of Peace Celebrating past Nobel Peace Prize Recipient

The Poetry Posse 2020

Gail Weston Shazor * Albert Carassco * Hülya N. Yılmaz Jackie Davis Allen * Caroline Nazareno * Eliza Segiet Aliçia Maris Kubenka * Teres E. Galllon * Joe Paire Kimberly Burnham * Shareef Abdur – Rasheed Ashok K. Bhargava * Elizabeth Castillo * Swapna Behera Termin titon Tsul * William S. Petes *

The Year of the Poet VII

June 2020

Featured Poets

Eftichia Kapardeli * Metin Cengiz Hussein Habasch * Kosh K Mathew

Albert John Lutuli ~ 1960





The Year of Peace rating past Nobel Peace Prize Recipients

The Poetry Posse 2020

Gail Weston Shazor * Albert Carassco * Hülya N. Yılmaz Jackie Davis Allen * Caroline Nazareno * Eliza Segiet Alicja Maria Kuberska * Teresa E. Gallion * Joe Paire Kimberly Burnham * Shareef Abdur - Rasheed Ashok K. Bhagaya * Elizabeth Castillo * Swapna Behera Termandatura Trial Williams * Davier Shareef

The Year of the Poet VII

August 2020

Featured Poets

Dr Pragya Suman * Chinh Nguyen Srinivas Vasudev * Ugwu Leonard Ifeanyi, Jr.

Adolfo Pérez Esquivel ~ 1980





The Year of Peace elebrating past Nobel Peace Prize Recipients

The Poetry Posse 2020

Gail Weston Shazor * Albert Carassco * Hülya N. Yılmaz Jackie Pavis Allen * Caroline Nazareno * Eliza Segiet Alıcja Maris Kubenska * Teresa E. Gallion * Joe Paire Kimberly Burnham * Shareef Abdur – Rasheed Ashok K. Shargava * Elizabeth Castillo * Swapna Behera Tezmin titon Tsail * William S. Peters.

Now Available



Now Available

and there is much, much more!

visit . . .

www.innerchildpress.com/antho logies-sales-special.php

Also check out our Authors and all the wonderful Books

Available at:

www.innerchildpress.com/authors-pages



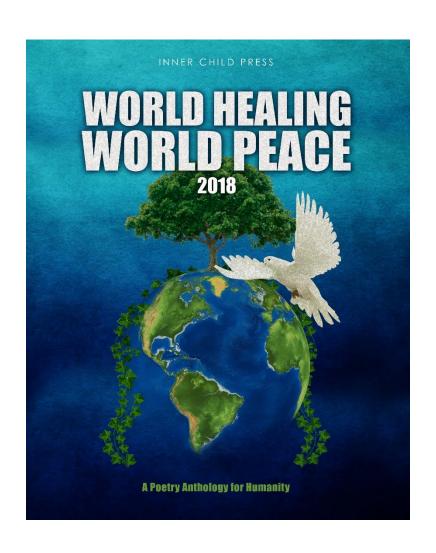




Poets for Humanity

Now Available

www.worldhealingworldpeacepoetry.com

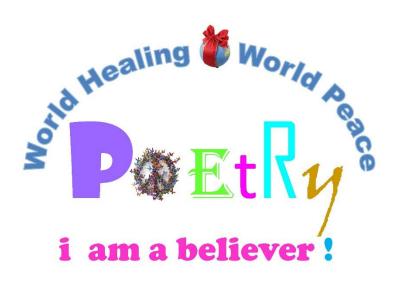


Now Available

www.worldhealingworldpeacepoetry.com



www.worldhealingworldpeacepoetry.com



World Healing World Peace

2012, 2014, 2016, 2018, 2020

Now Available

www.worldhealingworldpeacepoetry.com

nner Child Press International

'building bridges of cultural understanding'

Meet the Board of Directors



William S. Peters, Sr. Chair Person Founder Inner Child Enterprises Inner Child Press



Hülya N Yılmaz Director Editing Services Co-Chair Person



Fahredin B. Shehu Director Cultural Affairs



Elizabeth E. Castillo Director Recording Secretary



De'Andre Hawthorne Director Performance Poetry



Gail Weston Shazor Director Anthologies



Kimberly Burnham Ashok K. Bhargava Director Cultural Ambassador Pacific Northwest USA



Director WINAwards



Deborah Smart Publicity Marketing

www.innerchildpress.com

Inner Child Press International

'building bridges of cultural understanding'

Meet our Cultural Ambassadors



Fahredin Shehu



Faleha Hassan $Iraq \sim US\Lambda$



Elizabeth E. Castillo Philippines







Kimberly Burnham



Alicja Kuberska Poland Eastern Europe



Swapna Behera Southeast Asia



Kolade O. Freedom Nigeria West Africa



Monsif Beroual





Tzemin Ition Tsai Republic of China Greater China



Alicia M. Ramírez Central America



Christena AV Williams







Shareef Abdur-Rasheed Laure Charazac Mohammad Ikbal Harb





Lebanon Middle East







Josephus R. Johnson

www.innerchildpress.com

This Anthological Publication is underwritten solely by

Inner Child Press International

Inner Child Press is a Publishing Company Founded and Operated by Writers. Our personal publishing experiences provides us an intimate understanding of the sometimes daunting challenges Writers, New and Seasoned may face in the Business of Publishing and Marketing their Creative "Written Work".

For more Information

Inner Child Press International

www.innerchildpress.com



- fini -

The Poetry Posse ~ 2021



March 2021 ~ Featured Poets



Claudia Piccinno



Mohammed Jabr



Luzviminda Rivera



Nigar Arif

