⁼eatured 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 * Teresa E. Gallion * Joe Paire Kimberly Burnham * Shareef Abdur – Rasheed Ashok K. Bhargava * Elizabeth Castillo * Swapna Behera Tezmin Ition Tsai * William S. Peters, Sr.



March 2019

The Poetry Posse

inner child press, ltd.

The Poetry Posse 2019

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.

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The Year of the Poet VI March 2019 Edition

The Poetry Posse

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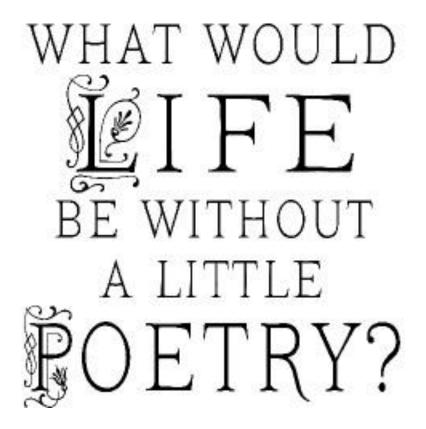
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Dedication

This Book is dedicated to Poetry . . . The Poetry Posse past, present & future our Patrons and Readers the Spirit of our Everlasting Muse &

> the Power of the Pen to effectuate change!



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

Janet P. Caldwell

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Foreword Carribbean

When i stepped into this project as a member of the Poetry Posse/Inner Child Press International and cultural ambassador i asked myself what's the most prevalent vibe you feel when you hear " The Caribbean " and immediately the first word that came to mind is diversity, immediately followed by " flavor " plenty of both. The area that constitutes the Caribbean is vast, over one million sq. miles comprised of over 700 Islands including Island nations.

In the east bordering the Caribbean Sea, North Atlantic Ocean, South East of the Gulf of Mexico and North American mainland. East of Central America, North of South America. Personification of diversity manifest in ethnicity, language, religions, politics etc. Impacted by colonization by the likes of England, France, Spain, Portugal, Netherlands etc.

The slave trade played a major part on the region with many west Africans captured by slave traders being sent to Caribbean Islands bringing their culture, art, music, religions, etc. that had and to this day have a profound effect on the entire region. Actually the Colonial invaders that seized large swaths of territory also left their mark on the inhabitants till this day as well even though most of the Caribbean Nations have achieved independence.

Diversity also goes beyond human beings, their respective cultures, religions, etc. It spills over into Bio-diversity:

The Caribbean islands have one of the most diverse eco systems in the world. The animals, fungi and plants, and have been classified as one of Conservation International's biodiversity hotspots because of their exceptionally diverse terrestrial and marine ecosystems, ranging from montane cloud forests, to tropical rainforest, to cactus scrublands. The region also contains about 8% (by surface area) of the world's coral reefs along with extensive seagrass meadows, both of which are frequently found in the shallow marine waters bordering the island and continental coasts of the region.

Economies vary, GDP per capita (PPP) (US\$) ranges as high as \$32,000 (Bahamas) to \$1,300 (Haiti)

Economic activity include resources for trade such as fruits, beans, wood, etc. Caribbean Islands are blessed with very fertile land for farming. Of course Tourism is the main industry that floats the economy in many of the Caribbean Island countries given beautiful tropical weather, beach's, resort facilities/hotels ideal for vacationing all year around. The region also features beautiful coral reefs and rain forests essential to the environment.

Languages include, English, Spanish, French (Creole), Dutch, etc. Culture is influenced by European, African and indigenous traditions. Two major indigenous groups are Taino in the Greater Antilles and the Caribs in the Lesser Antilles.

The Caribbean has given birth to such Notable internationally renown figures such as Haitian hero Troussant Louverture who lead the defeat of the French in Haiti lead by Napoleon in 1803. Fidel Castro (Cuba) who headed up a revolution that culminated in his being head of state. In 1959 to recently when he passed away. Along with his close comrade Che Guevara they became the standard bearers of revolution in not only Cuba but throughout the Latin American diaspora, Che Guevara especially after his execution in Bolivia became the poster boy for revolution globally. Cuba proved their resilience when the USA levied sanctions against Cuba due to their Communist leanings and relation with Russia then the USSR. Not only did they

survive they thrived using a well thought out plan to maximize the resources that the Island of Cuba had and even eventually produced Physicians that they sent where needed for humanitarian aide the world over. There army spilled blood fighting against apartheid in South Africa. Students from all over who otherwise wouldn't be able to attend Medical School became MD's in Cuba. The Cuban people united and grew stronger and more resilient in adversity.

In the field of Music the Caribbean became a leading force in several genres of music. Cuba had the great Machito who with the likes of Jazz musicians like Dizzy Gillespie created the amazing Afro-Cubano Latin Jazz fusion. Joining them was the great Celia Cruz, La'lupe, Mongo Santamaria, Candido, etc. Puerto Rico had more then their share of great Salsa Ambassadors like Tito ' El Ray ' Puente, Fania All Stars, Eddie and Charlie Palmieri, Hector Lavoe, and many more. together all of them sent Latin Music around the world. In Jamaica Bob Marley and the Wailers sent Reggae around the world as a major musical genre.

In closing i haven't even began to scratch the surface of the contributions this enormous unique region of the world has made essentially through it's wonderful melting pot of many different peoples who all make the Caribbean their home.

The Poetry Posse who were formed in 2014 under the banner of Inner Child Press headed up by William S. Peter's Sr. have contributed their work collectively to address this theme: The Caribbean Enjoy the talented art form on your journey to the Caribbean. Bon Voyage.

Shareef Abdur-Rasheed AKA Zakir Flo



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

~ wsp



D_{reface}

Dear Family and Friends,

Yes I am excited? This year we have aligned our vision with that of UNESCO as it honors and acknowledges a variety of Global Indigenous cultures. We are now in our sixth year of publication. As are on our way to hitting another milestone. Needless to say, I am elated. Our initial vision was to just perform at this level for the year of 2014. Since that time we have had the blessed opportunity to include many other wonderful word artists and storytellers in the Poetry Posse from lands, cultures and persuasions all over the world. We have featured hundreds of additional poets, thereby introducing their poetic offerings to our vast global readership.

In keeping with our effort and vision to expand the awareness of poets from all walks by making this offerings accessible, we at Inner Child Press International will continue to make every volume a FREE Download. The books are also available for purchase at the affordable cost of \$7.00 per volume.

In the previous years, our monthly themes were Flowers, Birds, Gemstones, Trees and Past Cultures. This year we have elected to continue the Cultural theme. In each month's volume you will have the opportunity to not only read at least one poem themed by our Poetry Posse members about such culture, but we have included a few words about the culture in our prologue. The reasoning behind this is that now our poetry has the opportunity to be educational for not only the reader, but we poets as well. We hope you find the poetic offerings insightful as we use our poetic form to relay to you what we too have learned through our research in making our offering available to you, our readership.

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

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

Building Cultural Bridges of Understanding . . .

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

Bill

The Poetry Posse Inner Child Press Ineternational PS

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

Available here

www.worldhealingworldpeacepoetry.com

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

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



The Carribean



The Caribbean cultures is a very diverse one. Over the colonization years, there have been many invasive peoples who have had a significant impact on the people and the geography. This would include the English, Dustch, Spanish to name a few. These cultures not only infused their ways, beliefs and politics upon the land, but they also disturbed the inherent ways of the indigenous peoples who inhabited these very same lands centuries before their arrival. This resulted in many atrocities visited upon these peoples as well as an exploitation and or pollution of the natural resources. Also introduced were they various African cultures as slaves, which also had a profound effect.









The

Ugar of the Dogt VI March 2019

The Poetry Posse

Poetry succeeds where instruction fails.

~ wsp

Gail Weston Shazor



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.

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Wishing

On my wishing days I used to wonder about wandering I could feel the silver Quickening in my limbs Although I was told to lie still On the floor The snake oil felt cold And I supposed it was because Snakes are cold blooded too I could never remember which Indian I was in that moment Some say it was Cherokee or Choctaw, all I know is I needed to be still My great grandfather walked around me In his Indian clothes And Indian feathers and Indian dance steps At every pass, he smiled down at me And I smiled back, safely stilled Big momma whispered in my ear From her lying place beside me "remember this day chile, for this is where we meet hand to hand, heart to heart binding you to us forever" And I remembered the coldness Of the snake oil on my skin And the quickening of the silver In my veins Lost in the wondering of my wandering Her hands roughened from the cotton Never really soothed by board chalk Snow white hands joined the negro ones

The Year of the Poet VI ~ March 2019

Clasped across my forehead I could see the others swirling Like a borned wind behind my closed eyes I wanted to clap in delight At the many colors, the different clothing That they wore in celebration Of my natural called bonekeeping And I ever remain the wishing In the embrace of my family

Hireath

I would that this speaks in tongues to you Speaks in tongues that only you understand Where the sound of my colors shine brightly Into your everyday life Recall my flavor And you will miss me when you wake up

I would that my ink says to you My ink says to you the things that I cannot Bear to have rolling off my tongue In flavors I may not like the taste of So I sip at it When I should just take a bite

And I long for my place next to you The next to you place after a long walk in the cold Where you can warm me From the core Of heat and warmth and love That I can no longer find in this space

I try not to be sad when I think of you When I think of you and me in our yesterdays How can something so sweet Hurt so much But I know I can never turn time on itself And my heart remains a memory

Famous Five

But there are acts and qualities necessary for intimacy to be sustained. Strength, for instance.

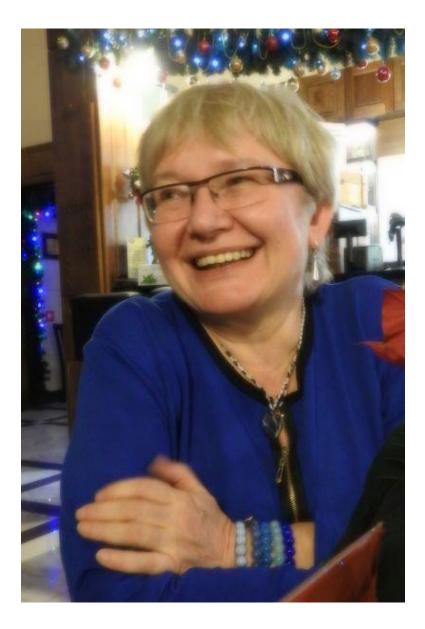
(my 5: Strength Courage Wisdom Faith Loyalty)

You loved me from the beginning When I was just a future Unheard and unseen Unspoken into your existence And yet, I knew I would come to you You, of courage to see me The strength it must have taken To believe in faith In possibilities and yet We faltered In that wisdom of truth I am here and you are there Or I am not there and you are not here The number of words is irreverent. When the soul has been cleaved Much as counting grains of rice On an empty belly There used to be tears So many that they created an ocean

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Between us Now they only come on days That have a full moon My love is loyal for your heart The distance can be breached By prayers

Alicja Maria Kuberska



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

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

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

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

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

Columbia

I travel to the country of a thousand colors To see stone tears of despair of the goddess Fura. I behold how they shine and sparkle in dark green With a bit of blue sky and water trapped inside them. Green specks flicker in the amazing crystals.

In a cup of coffee I find an unknown aromatherapy. I love the taste and aroma of this black drink Which is precious like ancient Indian gold. It awakens the senses and tempts the newcomers. A piece of chocolate completes my feast.

The sellers peddle many exotic fruits on their stalls. They offer the richness and generosity of nature. The plentitude of colors and flavors are amazing. The motley agave baskets hang next to them. As the legend says, they choose the owners.

The Meeting Place

Our favorite bar exists in time and space. Nothing changes there. The floor like a mirror reflects lights In shades of sky- blue and navy.

Bartender, Trustee of love's mysteries, With the face of a Sphinx, Concocts love potions Or collects tears in chalices.

I heard only your voice. I held you by the hand. The fingers trembled eagerly. I saw only your eyes. We were alone in the crowd. We found the silence among sounds.

We can return to here, where all began. Let's write another episode of life. Our barstools like giraffes will reach the sky. The bartender will smile And give us another magic elixir

After the frost

I wander alone in the autumn park And the paths lead me increasingly towards winter. The trees have turned their rich palette of colors Into a mossy nudity of the twisted branches. The air is empty without birds' chirping And the joyful chatter of children at play. The traces of the swan's feathers Disappeared from the pond And kisses of lovers hide deeply in my memory Winds whistles on lifeless grasses And break the dry branches with a wailing groan Moisture spreads a glassy shroud onto the ground And hibernation - a mirror image of death enters I notice the melancholic charm of passing away In the eternal cycle of the seasons I learn from the fallen leaves, Twisted like ancient scrolls, And crumbling in the gray Footsteps sound loudly in the silence Of frozen gravel, cracking on the path The loud croaking of the flying crow's flock Points my thoughts in the direction of next spring. Jackie Davis Allen



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

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

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

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

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

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

Dreaming of the Caribbean

Sun, sea and sand. . .
A land of islands, numbering in the hundreds.

A source of wonder, inspiration for vacations.
A place inhabited mostly by wildlife;
A place I visit in my dreams.

And yet there's far more. . .
The food, its culinary influenced by the world;

Seasoned with the taste of Africa, China, Spain.
East India. Perhaps even France?
Just the thought of it makes me drool.

Ah...breathe in the fresh, clean pure air. . .Taste the pineapples, pigeon peas, jerk chicken.See the iridescent birds, shells, orchids, palms;And, the hibiscus, like one in my stateside lawn.Drink in a sweet pineapple-rum infused drink.

Savor the musical genres. . .

Listen to, and dance to, reggae, calypso, salsa. More. Sway to the rhythm of the drums, the steel pans! Tourists often choose to return. Year after year. See the nearby cruise ships?

Oh, the atmosphere. . . The Caribbean culture beckons!

> So too, her stunning beaches; perhaps One day, I'll step outside of my dream Onto the sands of one of its exotic islands.

Wings of Prayer

Dazzling bright sunlight Greets me as morning's dawn Fades into clouds of accumulating memory.

And awesome are the ancestral gifts Of love and liberty; And for the gift I am now claiming: Trying out my wings, not simply content To stay in the nest of restlessness.

'Tis a reign of accomplishment, Sitting or by chance dreaming, Collecting visions and weaving creative scenes.

Of the past, of my tomorrows Some disappointing weavings shallsurely linger Into the velvet night of thought. I am sequestered into a dark nest of foreboding; But not for long, for it is to God that I belong.

One strand plucked from here. And one From there! The sharp and yellowed beak Of earlier day's unwelcome tidings, strain, stress!

But the mature and fledgling offspring Of mind's thought passionately and hungrily cries out Attempting to loosen the tight weavings! Wavering, I am in the overshadowing trees Longing, venturing out to capture the slightest breeze.

Strong yet bending, comes the engulfing night Which welcomes me long past midnight. I sense, and recall more; am anxious, desiring to flee!

To a solitary place I drift as if by midnight's lace~ And, as moon, and stars' silvery silence sift down, I relinquish memory mind weavings, and venture out In prayer, capturing moonbeam's ray of hope. Arrayed only in barest branch-twig's overcoat.

Truth's dazzling bright sunlight Greets me as morning's dawn arrives, night Passes into fading clouds of memory.

And, awesome are the ancestral giftsWoven from love and liberty.And great is the gift I am now claiming.I give thanks to the Almighty,Who softly reassures, "I am with you always."

The Dream

Twisted, gnarled branches Silhouetted against the darkening sky Blackbirds flocking, squawking Fleeing the sorrowful Wind swept landscape of a child's sigh

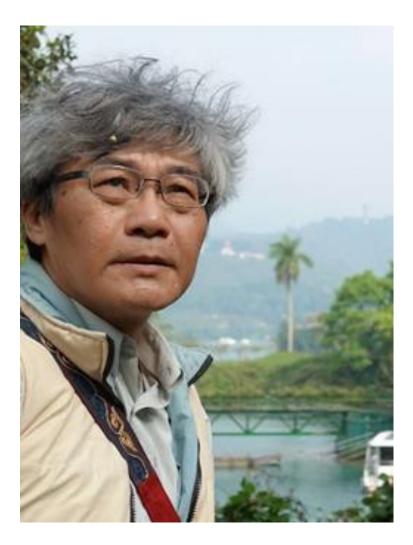
Torrential rains Striking, frightening, wounding Ravens hiding Cawing, cawing, crying Over anticipated desire for life's symphony

Dayspring, summer flowers Sprouting, emerging Bluebirds chirping, singing Returning, renewing nature And desiring something more

Hot, bright scalding light Stinging, burning notes Composing, orchestrating A song, a chorus Of a future awakening to possibilities

Twisted, gnarled branches Torrential rains; dayspring, summer flowers Hot bright scalding light Tireless efforts revealing Childhood's dream now in sight

Tzemin Ition Tsai



Dr. Tzemin Ition Tsai (蔡澤民博士) was born in Tzemin Ition Tsai Taiwan, 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 an associate professor at the 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 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.

Capriccios of The Caribbean Sea

Seawater Indiscriminately invading my beach Dark blue dark Light green light My hometown far from ten thousand miles away Why as I looked at the distant places along the Gulf of Mexico My mind should be blocking by the sound of waves that were far away

My hometown Also living a group of aborigines Like them In the name of the Antilles When the sound of the drums and the wolf smoke sway in the soul Childhood memories Melting my heart for my ancestral soul

How to understand This whine Unable to saw through the vast waters of the Pacific Ocean I was standing at West of the Great Antilles One step forward Until the ice-cold feeling drowned my chest

The Path That Full of Plum Blossoms

Did not want to stay The late autumn still hurried away The autumn wind must never let the maple leaves remain When red was completely faded Drunk guest in blue shirts were not waiting for the sky to be full of white There are countless plum blossoms Little green fruit Hiding in the leaves

Swallows flying Green water quietly around the countryside Can't tolerate a little bit of untidy noise That came swarming crowd The wind blew again No one couldn't tell the difference between drunk and notdrunk Poincettia can only be disguised as Snowy

Under the high trees Beauties played on the swings White clothes, white clouds, white snowflakes Laughter continually interrupted Didn't allow the spring not to back Unlimited reverie Always like to say there are other fish In the sea

Leading My Way

The colored pointed building looks down at the ferry port Sadness be drifted By the curtain with hanging beads Heartbroken rhymes Let the horse run wild with it thousands of miles away

A banquet in the hall Beauties move in high society Slightly frowned eyebrows accompanied by piano sound Colorful candle smog everywhere Sipping a glass of wine Waiting for that slight tipsy will come here To poke fun at me

Colorful embroidery screen A pair of Mandarin ducks snuggled each other Spring fills the air with warmth Surrounds the shadow of the cloister The bells were sparse in the moonlight In the midst of joy How many fascinating sceneries Leaving song on the pillow softly killing me

Letterhead that sealed the traces of tears Huge palace boat Carrying away from the sorrow of leaving hometown With the afterglow of the setting sun Far away and gradually disappear Should I fold a branch of plum blossom? Send it to the grass to lead the way Where can I retrieve my lover?

Shargef Abdur Rashged



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

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

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

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

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

Dem..,

flaming hot carob in pot be it shrimp, beef, goat, ox tails, jerk chicken or not ingredients: soul, heart, island smart, blessed parts grow in tropical sun abundance from mother earth dem fertile, crops, mama's and pops jump up family collective bigups respect-of the island's bounties including its inhabitants diverse as the herbs, plants, all enhance jubilee, celebration, song, dance Caribbean people, human bouquet, mosaic melody played in harmony one love! Robert Nesta Marley, Bunny, Whalers, players, Caribbean rich flavor, power fuels spiritual, mental, physical, desire lights perpetual fires because carob is. ~Hot ~ Hot ~ Hot ~ my posse jump up respect ceee. i want to be free, sleep on a white sand beach under a palm tree

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singing: get up, stand up for your rights, so women don't cry please., let me see Caribbean Sea on a moon lite, star filled night holding my main squeeze tight you know that's right meanwhile, blue mountains smile looking over Caribbean Sea

food4thought = education

preoccupied..,

life bounces one around left, right, up, down finally, in the ground is the sound called reality and your peeps get a preview, sneak peak while caught up in the grief of what awaits there will come a time when your name is mentioned it will begin with ' The Late '

nothing owed, nothing owned except your deeds determine eternal home for your soul if creator's mercy intercedes soul planted like a seed in Firdous, Jannah, paradise

meanwhile mankind preoccupied with temporary endeavors like ya'll living forever but you won't can you take anything you so love from the things that mean sooo much on the journey that awaits? absolutely not! so, what do you actually got? considering keeping it is not an option

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nor your wife, children, Big job the fine crib in which you live that ride that puffed you up with pride now is somebody else's, why? cause you died can't no one take nothing, none of that to the other side so much for being preoccupied

food4thought = education

FLIP

caught up in the blandness of routine brought up in the madness of the scene Increasingly growing insensitive a numbing effect like novacaine you inject signs of the times that seem strange Ignored by minds that reject change explored not the dynamics of this trip to calculate the mathematics of life's flip today what is deemed fantastic tomorrow flips like gymnastics such is the reality of this much is disguised so, you didn't realize the demise of what you thought was bliss but upon inspection turns out to be pure deception but since conception the reality is our mortality that death will visit every soul is truth in totality that the one who has power over all things is what stands between us and calamity is real not insanity

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man's attraction to fleshly satisfaction causes a reaction to be trippin and forget life be flippin

you're not here then you born, your here and then you're gone joy and sorrow, lend then borrow, here today, gone tomorrow dem be trippin, life be flippin no matter what you think life be flippin before you can blink man plans, Allah Plans and Allah is the best of planers it's a reality only Allah stands between us and calamity

food4thought = education

Kimberly Burnham



Find yourself in the pattern. As a 28-year-old photographer, Kimberly Burnham appreciated beauty. Then an ophthalmologist diagnosed her with a genetic eye condition saying, "Consider life, if you become blind." She discovered a healing path with insight, magnificence, and vision. Today, 33 years later, a poet and neurosciences expert with a PhD in Integrative Medicine, Kimberly's life mission is to change the global face of brain health. Using health coaching, Reiki, Matrix Energetics, craniosacral therapy, acupressure, and energy medicine, she supports people in their healing from brain, nervous system, and chronic pain issues. As managing editor of Inner Child Magazine, Kimberly's 2019 project is peace, language, and visionary poetry with her recently published book, Awakenings: Peace Dictionary, Language and the Mind, a Daily Brain Health Program.

http://www.NerveWhisperer.Solutions https://www.linkedin.com/in/kimberlyburnham

Start Calm in the Caribbean

There is a saying in Guadeloupian Creole French where "pé" from the French "paix" is peace or calm "ou pé komansé dékòlè" —you can start calm or you can calm down now and I imagine the situations where I start calm at the beach with a gentle ocean breeze or diving amongst colorful fish and times when I have to calm down when small things go wrong and I forget for a moment how truly lucky I am to be able to vacation in the sun of Guadeloupe

Many Languages Travel in Shanti

"Shánti" or "Sjaantie" peace in Caribbean Hindustani which of course sounds misplaced as if Hindustani with 29 million native speakers and "shanti" should all live in peace a world away in India

Caribbean Hindustani "lingua franca" fueled by the Indo-Caribbean diaspora words based on Bhojpuri with influences from Awadhi

"Shānti" "sakoon" or "aman" peace in Bhojpuri spoken in Uttar Pradesh of North India Mauritius and the Madhesh of Nepal

"Aman" peace in today's Awadhi spoken in India and Nepal

Languages of indentured laborers immigrants to the Caribbean from the Indian subcontinent related to Fiji Hindi, the Bhojpuri spoken in Mauritius and the Hindustani spoken in South Africa

All the words traveling in peace from one place to another

Vrede: All the Peace Between Asking and The Unusual

"Vrede" is peace in Dutch lurking in the dictionary near the foreign and the unusual "vragen" to ask, to charge, to require "vrede" peace required hoping there is no need for "vredesmacht" peacekeeping forces "in vredesnaam" for goodness sake just find a "vredestichter" peacemaker deal "vredig" peacefully and be "vreedzaam" peaceable in encounters that are "vreemd" strange, foreign, alien in lands "vreemde" abroad and among people "vreemdeling" strangers, foreigners found today in the "vreemdelingenverkeer" tourist traffic and "vreemd'soortig" all things and people unusual to be discovered in the Netherlands Belgium, Suriname, the Caribbean Indonesia, South Africa and beyond

Castillo



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

Web links:

Facebook Fan Page

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The Arawaks

God gave these people such wonderful gifts-Endowed with natural resources,

They created elaborate pottery, such a talented tribe A complex culture they have thrived.

Arawaks are known to believe in nature spirits and ancestors,

Likened to the hierarchies of chiefs, this depicts their religion

By the foothills of the mystic Andes they roam, Though remained isolated from Andean civilization.

Like any other indigenous people,

The Arawaks gave the world such amazing contributions From the time Christopher Columbus discovered them in Hispaniola,

The first native people he has ever encountered in his expeditions.

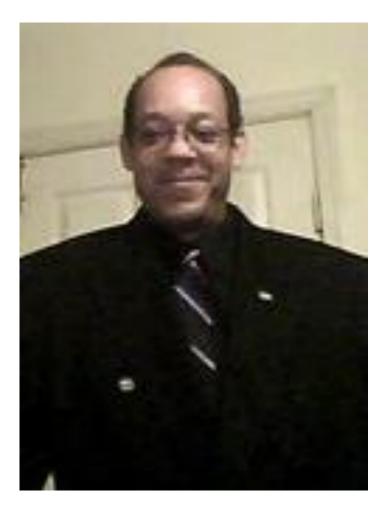
One Fine Day

Those eyes will look at me-Bewildered, not You will realize-It has always been me-One fine day-Our gaze will meet-To capture this moment in time.

Lighthouse

I thought death was at my door-Been knockin' in my head, I thought it was the end-But then you approached me You light up my darkest nights-When I used to succumb to an abyss of incertainty-You became the Lighthouse and rescued me.





Joseph L Paire' aka Joe DaVerbal Minddancer . . . is a quiet man, born in a time where civil liberties were a walk on thin ice. He's been a victim of his own shyness often sidelined in his own quest for love. He became the observer, charting life's path. Taking note of the why, people do what they do. His writings oft times strike a cord with the dormant strings of the reader. His pen the rosined bow drawn across the mind. He comes full-frontal or in the subtlest way, always expressing in a way that stimulate the senses.

www.facebook.com/joe.minddancer

Island Dreams

In the sun with coconuts Mixed fruit drink fills my cup I'm in the Caribbean My dreams I'm living them I've seen the living Sun It beams and tans It bleaches the sand A comfort of man That pales in northern light Spicy delights delectable bites The people there, dwell in harmony The flavor there has this hold on me Island dreams and I awake to ice and snow My back hurts from shoveling you know? Call it culture shock or just a want; to go A week or two is not enough Just ask anyone not there driving the evening rush So many places to visit and sample So much richness in its music example Steel drums Steel Pulse still leaving the coast Still fishing in waters that rule its host We the visitors who doing the most Let us not forget the native life It's more than flora or fauna or breezes in the night The Caribbean breathes through lungs unseen I live my island dreams

Ashes To Ashes

I gazed upon a beautiful urn today Dotted pews with weepers Hugs from long time no see are kin to me Failing memories keep the names at bey But to a few, I can still hey how you been There's a thin border between family and friend I must ask who's who before I commit a sin A church hug in a church and I'm back to remember when Black suits and ties, hoodies and jeans Children running around unaware of the scene That's the beauty of life as untainted minds scheme Who'll remember you after your transition Who'll prepare the meals and bless the food What family matriarch will oversee the crew Death is a beautiful thing as tragic as it is We we're born to die Who teaches you to live? Ashes to ashes as we struggle to survive Stretching the inevitable unable to give No longer cared for just cared for in past tense Left to wonder in thought what's beyond the fence A meet and greet on the other side No pain no worries and a thousand brides Right now, there's fear of the unknown No one wants to go and go we must Ashes to ashes and dust to dust

Climate Change

There's a cold front approaching Where can I go? Some folk runaway from ice and snow

Some folk loath the heat of summer They travel to places to cold to wander in So I'm wondering why the change?

Have you ever been climatized? It's been zero degrees for two weeks Now it's 30 degrees and you feel the heat

I've seen it 40 degrees people start wearing shorts believe you me

The temperature is 72 degrees People are wearing jackets and coats But they're from Hawaii you see?

A scalding hot tub feels good in a few minutes That inrush of breath when you stick your toe in it Then soak and hope and dream, savoring the steam

Climate change is truly a global thing It's getting warmer and warmer The scientist has warned you, informed you

But I digress back to the degrees 32, is freezing water, Arizona got dry heat Hazy, hot and humid does it for me

hülya n. yılmaz



A retired Liberal Arts professor, hülya n. yılmaz [sic] is Co-Chair and Director of Editing Services at Inner Child Press International, and a literary translator. Her poetry has been published in an excess of sixty anthologies of global endeavors. Two of her poems are permanently installed in TelePoem Booth, a nation-wide public art exhibition in the U.S. She has shared her work in Kosovo, Canada, Jordan and Tunisia. hülva has been honored with a 2018 WIN Award of British Colombia, Canada. She is presently working on three poetry books and a short-story collection. hülya finds it vital for everyone to understand a deeper sense of self and writes creatively to attain а comprehensive awareness for and development of our humanity.

hülya n. yılmaz, Ph.D.

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The Europeans Came

Again And did their own thing Again

What is their own thing, you wonder? It is quite simple, you see: to discover What had already been duly discovered And nurtured long before their time, To plunder and plagiarize history, To force assimilation and kill, If such acts of kindness Upon the inhabitants Of the "new" land Were not met With a "Welcome!" mat.

Who lived in the Caribbean Before the savages arrived there?

Don't rely on my words. Check the books of his-tory.

Oh, wait!

I forgot all about that refined, timeless craft Of the Europeans, made for their own clueless kind And their fairy-tale-loving, unaware *off springs*, Their nefariously steady, eras-surpassing move To historically "re-construct" all facts anew, Which is also known by the conscious few As that world-renowned command: "Under all circumstances, distract!"

Never mind then!

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Just remember one fact: There are two sides to the same coin Which we are all tied to and frivolously spend. One of those directions will lead you to the way Of learning so that you are able to digest the breaking news On the indigenous. You must be willing to listen, of course! If or when you do, you will no longer look at that coin In the same way ever again, for the key to awareness Lies in between the lines . . . Go ahead, take your pick: history by and for the Europeans, Or the soul-narratives from the original occupants

Of the plundered land?

Before the Europeans Came

"Christopher Columbus landed in the Bahamas", Says a source.

Hmm... So, he did not name an unknown land himself.

I am confused.

Would you please tell me again What exactly happened in the year of 1492? While you are at it, do me a favor and explain to me What is being celebrated widely For endless times ever since? Where have those islands' inhabitants From mainland America, from the South, The North, the West and the East gone then? Yes, I mean the Ciboney, the Arawak and the Carib.

•••

Colonization, you say? Oh no, not that treacherous word again! Why did you have to ruin everything for me?

And just when I was having a snack With a cup of Columbian coffee . . .

Bartolomé de Las Casas

A Spanish cleric named as above Gifted the conscious with a book in 1560, *History of the Indies*. With it, he settles the score Evidence-fully with the savages from Europe. In it, He shows how the island peoples were abused and killed, And how Europeans plagued them With many a deadliest affliction They had dragged along from Their old disease-ridden, Supposedly civil lands.

Blood-curdling is his account of The gruesome fate of hundreds Of villagers escaping slavery In Trinidad: burned alive by The Spanish leader Bono.

Why?

Because, unlike the Arawak, The Caribs stood against their invaders. They just would not abide . . .

Yet, the European barbarism Had the nerve to re-write World history: Life came to the Caribbeans With Christopher Columbus' Discovery of the islands of Cuba, Hispaniola, Puerto Rico, etc.

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Not so! But . . . What's the difference?

The re-construction of historical facts lives on today. Europeans would not have it any other way. Our school books are living the evidence.





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

Caribbean Demise

Deforestation rears its ugly head in the Caribbean Islands.

Many of the ecosystems are devastated by deforestation, pollution and human invasion. Animals, fungi and plants are threatened.

Increased carbon dioxide emissions and soil erosion contributes to global warming.

Coral reefs decline at a rapid pace as humans continue to use the seas and oceans as garbage dumps.

Man's greed is the ultimate genocidal gun. Freeze, do not move, death is upon you.

Leap of Faith

I leap from the cliffside prayers tied to my feet. Insurance for a safe landing in the canyon bottom.

Rocks spiked by sand form a circle around the target I pursue. Only faith will lead me home.

A blast through the wind at break neck speed. The rise and fall of pain sheds on the down drift.

Logic says death on touchdown. Faith makes a serene jump into life. A soft landing gently moves the sand.

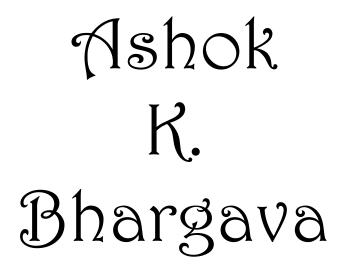
Ready to rock the earth with my presence. A storm trooper has landed.

No Limits

The sky is not the limit. It is the destination, the tease of what lies beyond,

focal point for the curious eye, invitation to the next breath. You may wander for days, laid back, unconcerned.

One day a single star may draw you to the story yet to be told.





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.

Caribbean Moon

follow me to the path of the moon to victory we know the American history didn't begin with Guamikena*

follow me to the path of the moon to silence where stars shine between the branches of the trees

follow me to the path of the moon to harmony hear it hum listen to it

follow me to the path of the moon to the edge of time stand tall native Indians of America

* Guamikena is Taino Indian name for Columbus who discovered America in 1492.

Taino Indians is a subgroup of the Arawakan Indians who inhabited Cuba, Jamaica, Haiti, the Dominican Republic, West Indies and Puerto Rico in the Caribbean Sea at the time when Christopher arrived to the New World.

What We Ask

prayer flags tied together hang downwards whisper in colorful tongues without you ever knowing what we ask.

they have won. * don't feel sorry for us. always remember. we are not buried. we haven't bent under the strength of time. like gold inside the mine

we will remain pure and unmelt. we will get what is ours someday.

* Christopher Columbus was an Italian explorer who found something he wasn't looking for. In 1492 he sailed across the Atlantic Ocean, hoping to find a route to India (in order to trade for spices). He made a total of four trips to the Caribbean and South America during the years 1492-1504. Consequently, Caribbean people were colonized and their islands were looted.

Tortuga

receding tide leaves behind urchins and shells.

strong winds chisel hillside bluffs hollowed by water.

piles of bones tell stories when pirates ruled the seas.

boisterous voyages and golden booty all that has vanished.

seashells warm breeze and green paradise remains.

Tortuga Island is a Caribbean island that forms part of Haiti, off the northwest coast of Hispaniola. In the 17th century, Tortuga was a major center and haven of Caribbean piracy. Caroling 'Ceri Naz' Nazareno



Caroline Nazareno-Gabis a.k.a. Ceri Naz, born in Anda, Pangasinan known as a 'poet of peace and friendship', is a multi-awarded poet, journalist, editor, publicist, linguist, educator, and women's advocate.

Graduated cum laude with the degree of Bachelor of Elementary Education, specialized in General Science at Pangasinan State University. Ceri have been a voracious researcher in various arts, science and literature. She volunteered in Richmond Multicultural Concerns Society, TELUS World Science, Vancouver Art Gallery, and Vancouver Aquarium.

She was privileged to be chosen as one of the Directors of Writers Capital International Foundation (WCIF), Member of the Poetry Posse, one of the Board of Directors of Galaktika ATUNIS Magazine based in Albania; the World Poetry Canada and International Director to Philippines; Global Citizen's Initiatives Member. Association for Women's rights in Development (AWID) and Anacbanua. She has been a 4th Placer in World Union of Poets Poetry Prize 2016, 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).

Caribbean Dream

Augustine's best moment the month of engagement found no excuses an extravagant excitement the proposal was a winning game four days before the day of hearts Saturn rings, emblem of lust runaway bride and groom feet on cobblestones, ready for the Caribbean cruise, just checking out, alarm clock's said, stop dreaming!

Take Me Far

Where my feet fits the sand Where my body feels the sun's embrace Where my spirit lives in horizon Where you and I spend more sunsets Wherever, making life in our years.

Dalhin Mo Ako Sa Malayo (Filipino)

Kung saan, nakayapak sa kabuhanginan Kung saan, ang araw'y ako ang yakap Kung saan, kaluluwa'y nasa alapaap Kung saan, saksi tayo ng mga dapithapon Saanman, may buhay sa lahat ng oras.

silhouette

i waited for the songs of symphonic silhouette, rhymed in accordion of wave-like-mnemonics, while traversing the sand the sea and the sun, our feet couldn't measure the happiness set in miles and miles deep, like zillion ways to fly.

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 four books. She was conferred upon the Prestigious International Poesis Award of Honor at the 2nd Bharat Award for Literature as Jury in 2015, The Enchanting Muse Award in India World Poetree Festival 2017, World Icon of Peace Award in 2017, and the Pentasi B World Fellow Poet in 2017. She is the recipient of Gold Cross Of Wisdom Award, the medal for The Best Teachers of the World from World Union of Poets in 2018, and The LIfe time Achievement Award, The Best Planner Award, The Sahitya Shiromani Award, ATAL BiHARI BAJPAYEE AWARD 2018, Ambassador De .She is the Ambassador of Literature Award 2018 Humanity by Hafrikan Prince Art World Africa 2018 and an official member of World Nation's Writers Union ,Kazakhstan2018. At present she is the manager at Large, Planner and Columnist of The Literati, the administrator of several poetic groups, the member of the Special Council of Five of World Union of Poets and the Cultural Ambassador of Inner Child Press U.S.

Pour Some Sugar on Me

Pour some sugar on me Ahh! my sentient dreams I, the indentured labourer Migrated from my root A traveller having the blue sky But no soil of my own No flags to bear Carried away at the age of twelve

Pour some sugar on me Let me be sweet enough Here I work all day Damn tired ; I repeat, I like my soil Wish to melt in the dust of my village

Pour some sugar on me Let me be as white as your tea cup The burning sensation of my palm The pain of Caribbean Diaspora I lost my valley My Paradise land, the myths cassava porridge, songs silk cotton trees rivers and tall mountains The salt of my blood changed into sugar My teardrops converted to concrete flood I will be born again From your crematorium Fly high to weave my web Like a spider

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Pour some sugar on me Let me be the sweetest sugar candy of this planet Pray for my chunk of sky That looks like your so called sugar!!!

Meditation on the Local Train

Is meditation a prank of Inhale and exhale? In the crowd or sitting alone near the window seat of a local train? A man in silent mode tries his existence beyond his I Card, Debit Cards A woman with curly hair struggling to fix the pillow for obesity Her husband smiles mischievously Exchange of love via main road and bypass heart angiograms

The solitary man conciliates To be romantic reaching home at night The vendors foaming tea and coffee In the weekend train The rumbling tracks, sound of A.C puffed rice with onion smell

the man meditates dreams to love and kiss Yes, he is in illusion His wife's radiant smiles, seductive curves Son's cycle race He is fixing his concentration To be good, better and the best But time is dew drops on the grass So many assignments and so less time The local train rumbles, creeps The man dozes

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His head nods Saliva drips from the corner of lips Perhaps dreaming is The climax of all meditations!!

How Does It Matter

Hello, hello who is on the line? Oh!! You begged apology For what? It is too late now Your last puffs of cigarettes still on the floor But how does it matter I am pregnant Carrying you Another you So how does it matter !!!.....

Albert 'Infinite' Carrasco



I'm a project life philanthropist, I speak about the non ethical treatment of poor ghetto people. Why? My family their equal, my great grandmother and great was grandfather was poor, my grandmother and grandfather, my mother and father, poverty to my family was a sequel, a traditional Inheritance of the subliminal. I paid attention to the decades of regression, i tried to make change, but when I came to the fork in the road and looked at the signs that read wrong <> right, I chose the left, the wrong direction, because of street life interactions a lot around me met death or incarceration. I failed myself and others. I regret my decisions, I can't reincarnate dead men, but I can give written visions in laymens. I'm back at that fork in the road, instead of it saying wrong or right, I changed it, now it says dead men <> life.

> Infinite poetry @lulu.com Alcarrasco2 on YouTube Infinite the poet on reverbnation

Infinite Poetry

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South America

Our roots trace back to South America, Mapuche, Quechua And Inca. We're from, Ecuador. Central Andes, Peru, Bolivia, Chile an Argentina. Although Christianity is our main religion, Some are Jews and Muslims There's also Judaism. Buddhist. Bahá'í faith and Hinduism. Our traditional food varies in different areas like, Empanadas, steak and chimichurri in Argentina Cuy and aji Amarillo in Peru, Feijoda in Brazil and Arepas in Venezuela and Columbia. The Pacific Ocean and the Atlantic Ocean Are our bordering bodies of water.

Before they start

I have to get to them before they start because if they do it's highly likely that they're going to be lost forever, endings aren't pretty, it's usually football numbers or murder, only a very few got the opportunity to turn dirty money into clean paper. The numbers are so minute I try not to advertise that while talking bout fast loot. To some that's logic, to others it's like cosigning the thoughts of living entire lives off drug profit. The game never changes, only the players do, I understand why these youngens are on the block... poverty.... the same reason why me and thousands of hustlers was out there too. Back then none of us had direction, luckily they have me to explain what we went through with urban poetic narrations. It became my form of expression while dealing with harsh learnt lessons. I guess I had to live it in order to teach it so every time I tap keys, push a pen or grab a mic class is in session. My life was a movie...love, action and drama, my writings paint a perfect picture but those visions will be clearer when I reach tribeca. History of the streets can help the present choose not to let history repeat, so I tell all from counting mass amount of money, to gourmet meals chased by bubbly, to homies bodies on the streets covered with bloody white sheets

Roll up

I knew they was gonna roll up on sight... Inf where's the gun? I don't have one, watcha doing out here? I'm living life, well you're on a drug block that's well known, to you it's a trap, to me it's called home. We know who you are and what you do, yeah I'm a product from an environment you're not used to.

They tried to catch me with the burner or work daily, they'll stop the whip, illegally search, they're not even ask'n for id. The streets was my way out of poverty, they knew that, so they keep jumping out try'n to get lucky. The same went for the entire team too, we were all hungry and worked as a unit as we tried to make the American dream come true.

Lines gathered from daylight to midnight, pockets got tight, sneaker box banks look'n right, went from derringers and hoopties to nines with beams and lined up Europeans. We was hot but no matter what we was gonna reach the top whether it was table grind'n or Pyrex pot.

Everyone is shinning look'n like a millie, we blew, i wish their blood stayed blue but I saw red leak from my cru, our obsession with ending depression ended for most by assassination, gettn money was easy, stay'n alive was the hard part, I remember the start as well as when those around me at that time had to depart due to no brainwaves and pulsating hearts.





After earning a Master's Degree in Philosophy at the Jagiellonian University in Krakaw, Poland, Eliza Segiet proceeded with her post-graduate studies in the fields of Cultural Knowledge, Penal Revenue and Economic Criminal Law, Arts and Literature and Film and Television Production in the Polish city, Lodz.

With specific regard to her creative writings, the author describes herself as being torn in her passion for engaging in two literary genres: Poetry and Drama. A similar dichotomy from within is reflected on Segiet's own words about her true nature: She likes to look at the clouds, but she keeps both of her feet set firmly on the ground.

The author describes her worldview as being in harmony with that of Arthur Schopenhauer: "Ordinary people merely think how they shall 'spend' their time; a man of talent tries to 'use' it".

Be Yourself

Between the lands, life occurs, under the crystal panel – another world.

A multi-colored, delightful agitation that one can become part of.

For a few moments breathing differently, looking closer, experiencing anew.

In the vastness of the depths underwater magic takes place.

Even for a moment, forgetting that our place is above,

where breathing in and out do not require thinking. Where the needs are getting bigger.

Becoming a fish, compelling admiration, not exceeding one's own abilities.

Just:

Be.

Be - yourself.

Turquoise

Our eyes need sight.

Body - feelings.

Mind – a treat from everyday life.

Work - home, home - work.

Someday one must say:

enough.

Where has joy hidden? Between the sense and nonsense of life?

A long lost paradise needs to be revealed.

So far and at the same time so close, time can be measured with the high and low tides of turquoise.

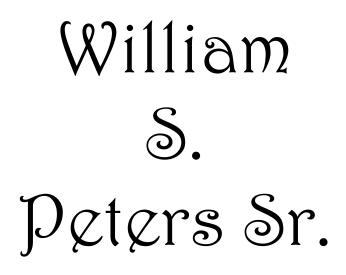
To live, live to at least

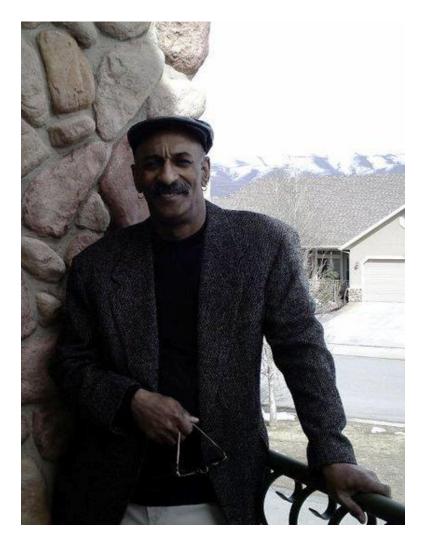
restore the meaning.

Yesterday Is in Me

Yesterday is in me, yesterday is still going on. Tomorrow is just about to be. Will tomorrow stay? A trace of what wasthe memory of the theater of life. Still frames. Comedy, drama, horror, movie about love.

What will stay in me? Joy, sadness, despair, pain, love... Perhaps my I – are only metaphysical possibilities? Permeation of good and evil.





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 40 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

Negril

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

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

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

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

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

inNegril....

Yes, I Dream

"Dedicated to all of the mis-diagnosed children of our world"

Dreams filled my head Tumbling and running around Looking for, seeking A crack in my consciousness So that they may escape Into the realm Of reality

I did not mind them at all, But sometimes they We quite the distraction That gave cause for me to Forget the tasks at hand

Some people may call this An 'Attention Deficit Disorder', But for me It is a realm of being That brings me more joy Than this world of things I was stationed in

You wanted to give me medicine That i may sleep, A dreamless sleep, But there is naught whatsoever wrong With where I choose to be

The mundane, The rote filled,

The rites of life And the demand for acquiescence And conformity Is quite the challenge, Whose purpose appears To keep me from The 'Beautiful'

In my dreams, I can conjure, Or create Astounding And magnificent Scenarios, And dimensions That perhaps you No longer understand Since you have grown up, But my only prayer is That I will forever be filled With a wonder That transcends this reality

Won't you dream with me Of a better tomorrow . . . A better TODAY ?

I protest

In a flash It was all gone . . . Sweet memories Of a time that used to be; Dreams of the morrow, Replaced with a consuming fear And a scrambling For survival

We had sat around Cloaked in our indifference As we witnessed the escalation Of hate, greed and power Being used as manipulative divisive devices To serve the few

The people, yes, the people, We the people, Had become comfortable With too many . . . 'Status Quos' . . . Lorde knows We had more power Within us Than we demonstrated, Enacted, Or exemplified

We could have changed things, Or altered the course of events, But most of the world's ills Did not affect us directly, Or profoundly,

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So we wrote our little poems Of dissent and protest, Sang our little songs, Went shopping, Ate our selves Into an oblivious consciousness To keep from taking The responsibility To face a truth, A truth about our very existence, And do something About it

Sure, we had words, We signed petitions That fell on the deaf ears Of our rulers Who did not give a flying "F" Because they were being fed WELL

I for one, Protest!... Who I am, who I have become All due to my own silence, Lethargy, Delusional peace And content?

Yes, I protest now, For the way things are going, I may not have this opportunity Again!

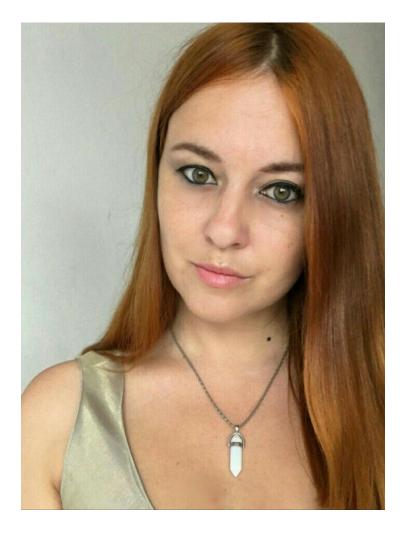
March 2019 Features



Enesa Mahmić Sylwia K. Malinowska Shurouk Hammoud Anwer Ghani



Engsa Mahmić



Enesa Mahmić (1989) is a travel writer, an member of PEN Center.

She published 4 poetry collections. Her poems have been translated into German, Spanish, Franch, Italian, Turkish, Slovenian, Albanian and Hungarian- included in several anthologies: *Social Justice and Intersectional Feminism, University of Victoria* (Canada), I am strenght (USA), We refugee (Australia) IFLAC antiwar and peace anthology (Israel), *Global voices of 21th century female Poets* (India), *Writing Politics and Knowledge Production* (Zimbabwe), *Spread poetry, not fear (Slovenia), Le Voci della poesia* (Italy), *World for peace, World Institute for Peace* (Nigeria), and more.

She won international awards for literature: Gold medal *Neigbour of your shore 2017* as best immigrant poetry, *Ratković's Evenings of Poetry 2016* and *Aladin Lukač Award 2016* for best debut book.

Home

When I was leaving the morning was foggy. Faces pale from insomnia wandering toward offices, schools, banks. Cats wailed on the roofs Hunched old man was collecting leaves. Nothing could have moved that eternal order Neither could awaken lulled mass And I went like that is possible. I walked for a long time: Masks and traps And sore feet. Soil accustomed to clatter invaders Does not tolerate soft step. Ghosts of the past choked me by the tough hands. Trust me There were all kinds of beings. who naively were grinding too much Ironically expressing themselves because they can not be accepted. There were a fleeting, perverse, idiots Most of them were lonely. It should be adapted to make a deal, bend the spine, lose form. The voice on the radio repeated: Folks. Common will. Person. Force. The words fell like dead birds.

I went so far Under this sky While my being did not cry: Home!

The Man Who Talks to Birds

Once in Forest Park I meet a foreigner who is feeding the birds. Last sunset of the dying autumn Mirrored in his eyes. He told me: Dear friend, My English is almost incomprehensible I can't talk to people I'm just sitting on banch and speaking with birds.

Sunday Lunch in Exile

We didn't talk about our suffering We taught our children patience Mastering the silent endurance Our masters said: Unnecessary sorrows hijack the glory of God So, we ate the crumbs from their table Without any complain. We comforted ourself: I'm fine. It's ok. Tomorow will be same, The concept of discrimination repeats itself. Gentlman from social institution will remind me again That I'm just a number in the system. I will be thinking again How I should leave everything. Maybe move to another city, another country. I comforted myself with the illusion of love, Understanding and forgetfulness But deep in my heart I knew There is no country for immigrants.





Sylwia K. Malinowska is a graduate of the faculty of Journalism and Education at the University of Warsaw. A lover of Sylvia Plath and Emily Dickinson's poetry, passionate and tireless in familiarizing oneself with literature and striving at becoming an expert in it. Her poems were printed in journals such as "Poezja Dzisiaj", as well as in numerous anthologies in Polish, English and Bulgarian. She also writes poetry for the photo album by Beata Cierzniewska "Cognition" presented at The Cooper House Gallery in Dublin. The author of the literary broadcast "Black Drawer" in Dublin. She also collaborates with HelloIrlandia, which promotes Polish literature abroad. A graduate of the faculty of Journalism and Education at the University of Warsaw. A lover of Sylvia Plath and Emily Dickinson's poetry, passionate and tireless in familiarizing oneself with literature and striving at becoming an expert in it. Her poems were printed in journals such as "Poezja Dzisiaj", as well as in numerous anthologies in Polish, English and Bulgarian. She also writes poetry for the photo album by Beata Cierzniewska "Cognition" presented at The Cooper House Gallery in Dublin. The author of the literary broadcast "Black Drawer" in Dublin. She also collaborates with HelloIrlandia, which promotes Polish literature abroad.

1.

In the Centesimal tree In the drift of a bird In the breasts Devoid of milk A divine baby with a child's head Bare A genuine illusion Without a son Without a father Catching onto itself His head Her body Adultery Between each other In the swaying umbilical cord A miracle was in less than a few moments Leaning back Locked in herself like a shell A miracle Heard the same cry For the tenth time Her hands Her thighs It must have cried out The view was solidifying Nobody is crying If he was her A peak of prosperity And nothingness Embryo

The Year of the Poet VI ~ March 2019

Stuck in development In a totalitarian state They sleep under water With an open glass door Flowers growing out of asphalt

2.

Thousands of small worlds Hands reaching out They stand and watch Everything is in everything This something tempts with charm Recompensing for oblivion On current existences He will talk about her part Like harp strings They will not let them grow Bigger and more numerous Dancing on their verses of the Culture of the age of thought The flow of all things The tongue touches the ear The child itself It remembered the door Open to the departing Slowly one after another It sat on the opposite side A line from the table A line on the wall In the incubators under the eyelids Her body did not tolerate moisture In a cramped room The curio of here and now The silence deserves some word In white aprons Inside the white Mystery of Eucharistic heirloom She did not know her own height

The Year of the Poet VI ~ March 2019

The braver stride blindly Desires and teases with refusal It stayed irrevocably Behind her back

The Year of the Poet VI ~ March 2019

3.

Her earthly home A shroud with metal edges Glass and tongue I do not remember the body that reeks of reed He is not the one guilty It's a trap craving for a shout Open the roof They will not have anywhere to hide In the hymn of his clamped breasts He recalled the ones on his mind How to heal this Not me because I was there My root touched him His pieces I discard his openness My relative Priceless and quiet The ruler and the handmaid Without missing anything Shedding their nakedness like a scent Like disability Your words open up purely They were given a black gloss They glister Unleashing their idol Besides me He wanted to be good He floats in the ganglions of her head She seems to speak

Shurouk Hammoud



Shurouk Hammoud: a Syrian poetess, journalist and literary translator. She has five published poetry collections.

Winner of many poetry awards:

Charles Baudelaire first prize for poetry creativity, 2018 Sylvia Plath medal for poetry creativity, 2017 Jack Kerouac poetry merit award, 2016 Arthur Rimbaud merit diploma, 2015 Nazik al Malieka literary prize, 2012 Alexandria public library prize for poetry creativity, 2012 Naji Namman international literary prize for writing poetry, 2014 Shurouk Hammoud: a Syrian poetess, journalist and literary translator. She has five published poetry collections. Award winner of many poetry awards: Charles Baudelaire first prize for poetry creativity, 2018 Sylvia Plath medal for poetry creativity, 2017 Jack Kerouac poetry merit award, 2016 Arthur Rimbaud merit diploma, 2015 Nazik al Malieka literary prize, 2012 Alexandria public library prize for poetry creativity, 2012 Naji Namman international literary prize for writing poetry, 2014

She has been appointed as ambassador of the word by Cesar Egido Serrano foundation, 2016

Her poetry has been translated into French, Finnish, Mandarin, German, and Italian.

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My handbag

My handbag is full of caution Buttons of all sizes For sudden holes Needle and black threads To sew wounds of heart and clothing as well Empty sanitary bags for vomiting cases that occur to those who live here nowadays Wet wipes to wipe make up' shredders. My handbag is full of futility Polisher for my shoes those expired by long roads A mobile phone that is full of people 'names I cannot any longer remember My poor quality glasses My optometrist prescribed On the pretext that I do not see beyond my nose Dry cigarettes and a lighter that staggers genetically Dried flowers and poems whose papers did not accommodate Hankies those got tired of farewells And you ask me why does my back hurt?

I am not here

I am not here I am not listening to you Some clamor had forgotten to end the call in my head Opening my windows to the night's rusty tables, To knives those still stuck in the necks of lovers. Coffins the night composed on the tune of waiting, Soldiers' shoes which lost their owners, Bags the vacuum has burdened, Seas which belch the prayers of the ones who died on their way to life. Songs those mock the departed, A sky that tightens the dawn's ear, Houses which changed their names, Flags whose colors got throaty And barricades whose sands ran away from the noise of their voices... To awakening speeches But no one left to read, So please; do not scratch my silence I am not with you Some tomb had forgotten the phone hanged on inside my head Then turned the curtain down.

Interview with the remains of a Syrian man

What did the war do with the air
it furnished it with heartbreaks,
With canned salt and smoke.
What were you waiting for before you died?
I was waiting for a dawn's smile I painted as a lover in my imagination.
What the trees dream about when you told them about the wind that would take you?
they dreamed of dancing
They dreamed of many other things they did not say a word about.
Was there other space that rains in your daydreams?
yes and in my night dreams it got me; so I got pregnant with another alienation.

Are you the same person before and after the war? -no one comes back from war empty-handed.

Anwer Ghani



Anwer Ghani is an award winner poet from Iraq. He was born in 1973 in Babylon. His name has appeared in more than thirty literary magazines and ten anthologies in USA, UK and Asia and he has won many prizes; one of them is the "World Laureate-Best Poet in 2017 from WNWU". In 2018 he was nominated to Adelaide Award for poetry and in 2019 he is the nomanee of Rock Pebbles Literary Award. Anwer is a religious scholar and consultant nephrologist and the author of more than eighty books; thirteenth of them are in English like; "Narratolyric writing"; (2016), "Antipoetic Poems"; (2017) and "Mosaicked Poems"; (2018), "The Styles of Poetry"; 2019.

Blog: anwerghani2.wordpress.com

Amazon: amazon.com/author/anwerghani

Colored Hearts

The hearts of birds are so hidden so I can't see them very well. Sometimes I decide to open my sorcerous woody box to see the exact color of these runaway hearts. They are very antique and when you want to overturn their leaves you will smell the perfumes of the old southern adventures. No moon can sit in the corners of these colored hearts because their brilliant rays will blind the daring eyes of the sun.

No clear roads in the depth, just wide space its infinite moments amaze your heart. I feel it; this amazement penetrating us as an old tale. On its hand we find all the colored souls which put on our lips eternal kisses. Their hands rain astonishment over our heads and their smiles plant the colored roses in our corners. Please touch them softly; they are as delicate as a dream of a shy girl.

When we saw these colored shadows, their whispers penetrated us very fast, and when we smell the fragrance of their revelations, the sun slept in our dreams as a blue butterfly. In a matchless moment; an absent moment, all the warm letters and the deep ecstasies dissolve in us as sugar; that is when we touched these shadows and heard their colored wishes.

Pale Land

This is what I see, what I feel and what my moments talk with. I am from here; from this earth; the title of pallor. No moon here and no lovers; nothing here just pale tears. I will go deeply in the pain's tales. I will hide from the life eyes because I am just a pale remnant.

Please touch me but touch me smoothly because I am a pale remnant. My mouth is full with absence and my heart is filled with illusion. Please touch me; I want to feel my self and to know that I am a pale soul; I mean a cheap soul. Here in my land everything is pale and liking to hide even me. Here, in my land; the land of pale tears, everything is sad and pale even the sun.

The blood colors our brooks with its redness but it lets our faces very pale. I am from the pale land where you can't see colored flowers and can't hear melodic birds. Look at our boys; they are pale and look at our girls; they are pale. The trees here are pale, the rivers are pale and the hearts are pale. Our lips are pale, our hands are pale and our eyes are pale. In fact, we are just pale remnants.

The Old Castle

We have an old castle we inherited from our ancestors. Its mantle is grey, and its rivers are very short. They had made its legs from the clipped bamboo and its head from the seething tales but when you open its bone you will find just timeworn paper, and when we try to kiss its mouth there is nothing but illusions.

Yes, I know that you have high castles I need very potent eyes to see their middle ornaments but their trees know very well that the lovely wells are thirsty and their pale leaves fall on my head with the sad stories. Yes, I know that I have a very old castle vaporizing every night with smooth winds, but my grandfather said that those wind are coming from the high castle.

Yes, our hands are so coarse, and our trees are so brown but there are nothing in our hearts but breezy tales. Our eyes can see the sunset with its amazing colors when it sleeps near our castle. You should take a step to see our magic afternoons and to hear the very melodic chants of our birds. Despite our sad rivers, we don't attempt to plant tears in your fields and despite our love for your cream

Remembering

our fallen soldiers of verse

. Janet Perkins Caldwell

February 14, 1959 ~ September 20, 2016

Alan W. Jankowski

16 March 1961 ~ 10 March 2017

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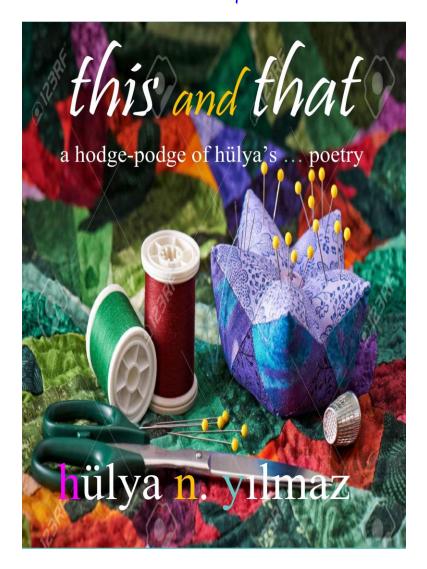
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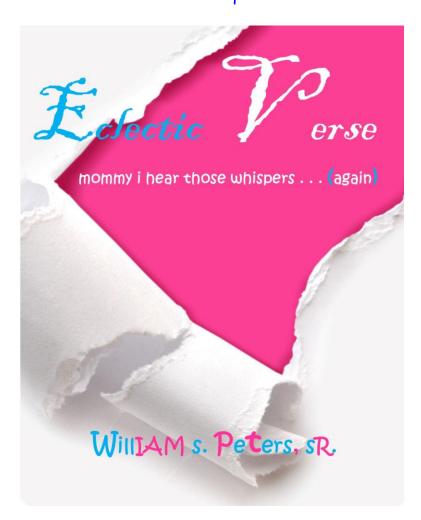
No Illusions

Through the Looking Glass



Jackie Davis Allen



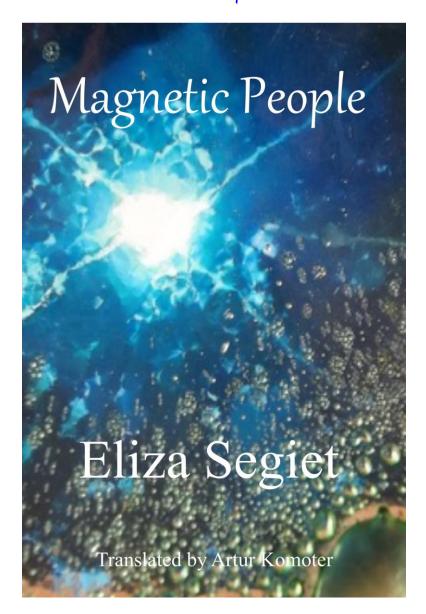


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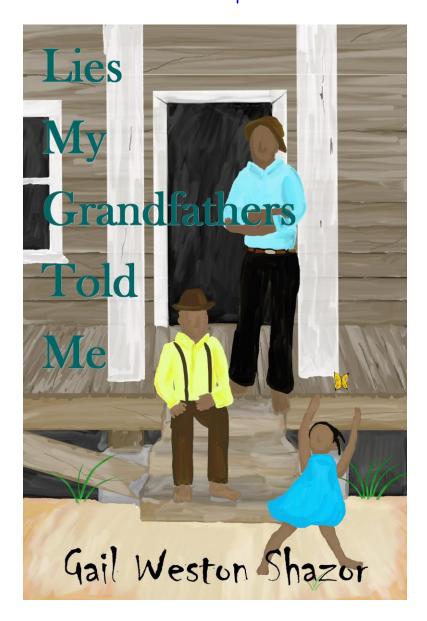
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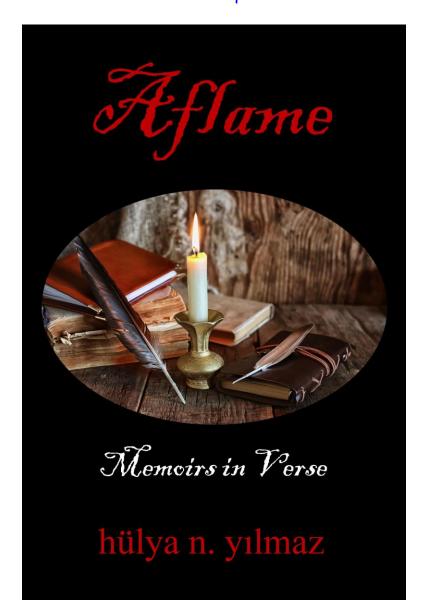


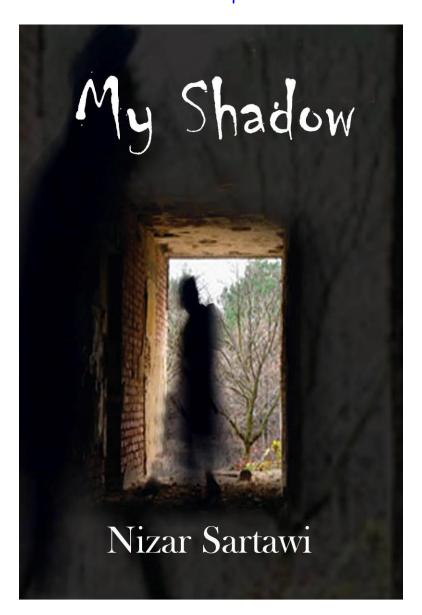
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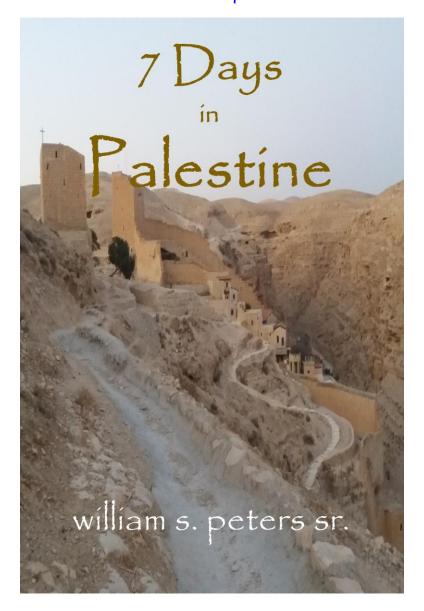
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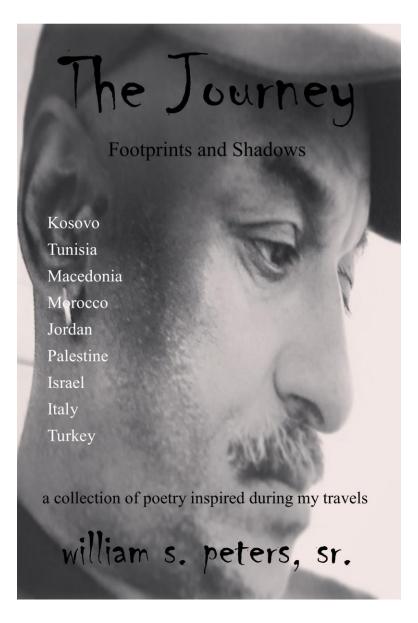
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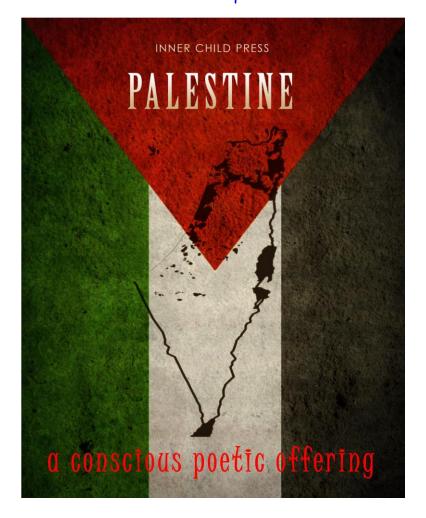




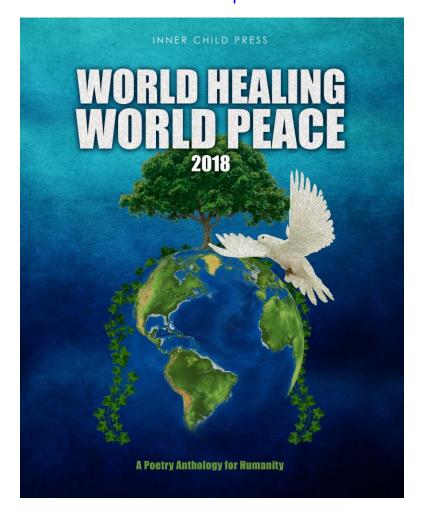


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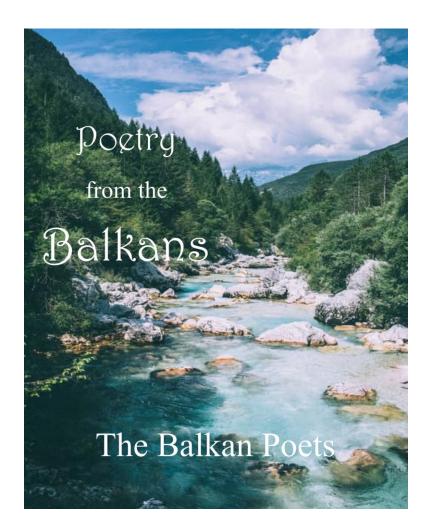


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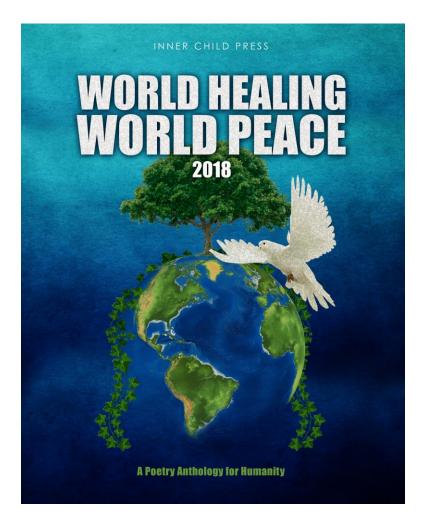
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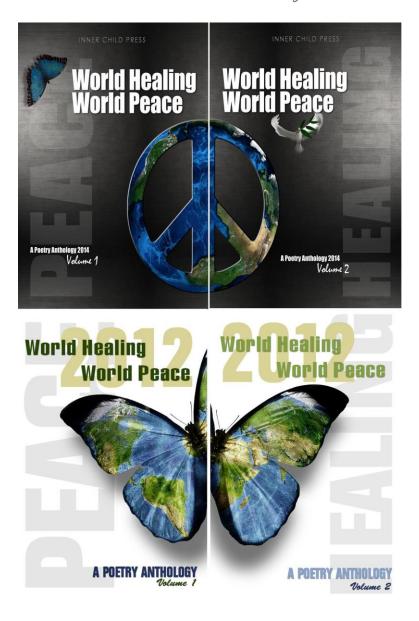
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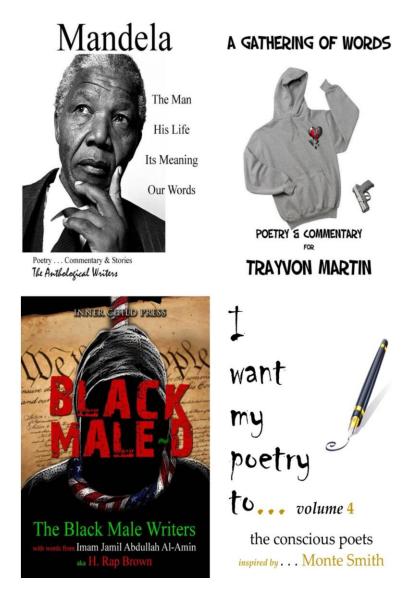
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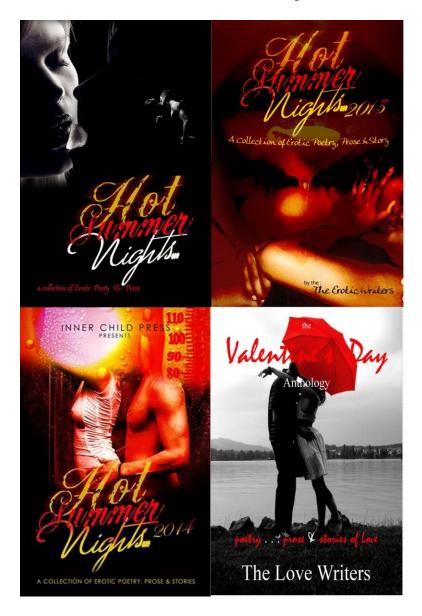
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Monte Smith want my

a collection of the Voices of Many inspired by

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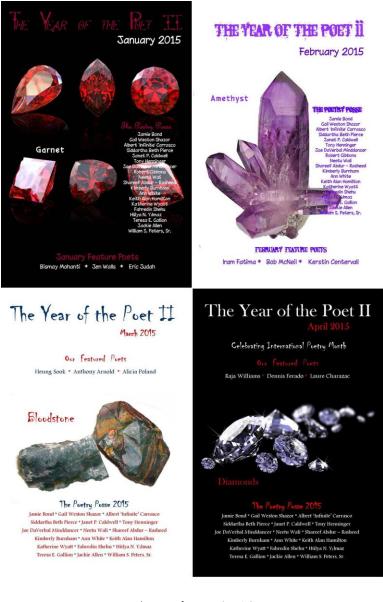
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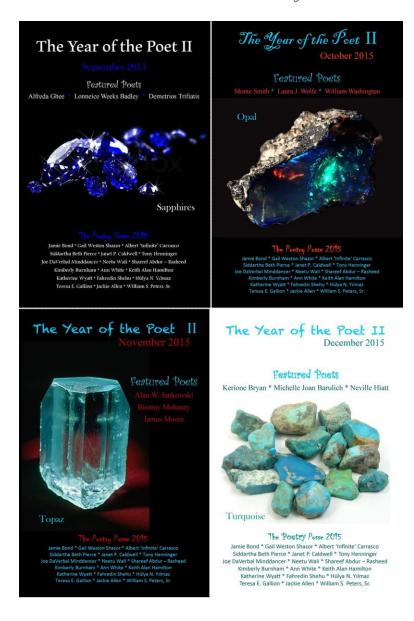


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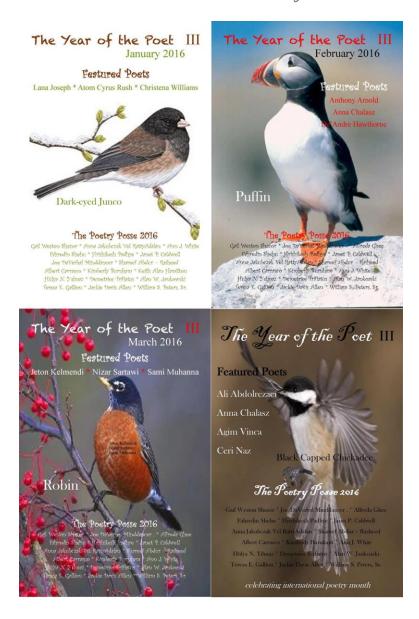


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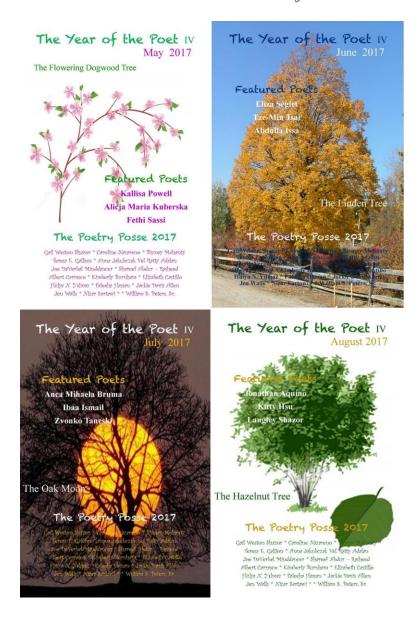




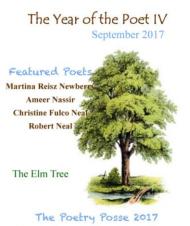
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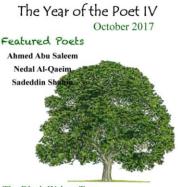
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The Tree of Life

The Poetry Posse 2017

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The Black Walnut Tree

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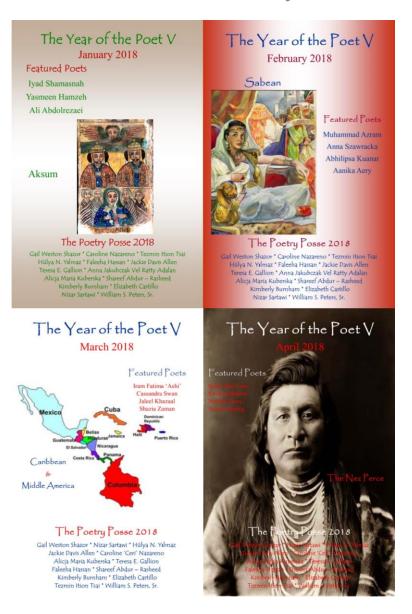
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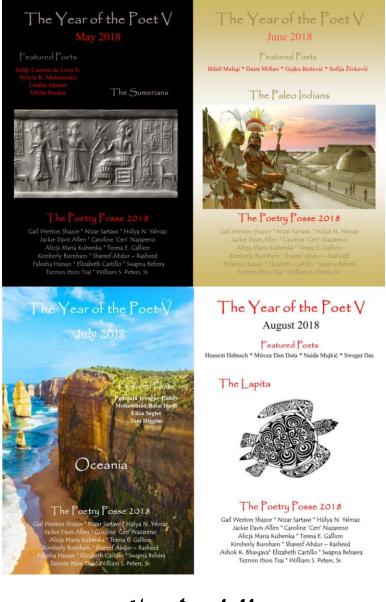


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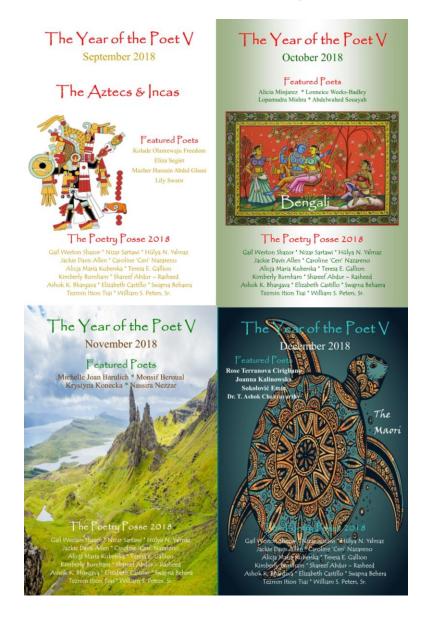
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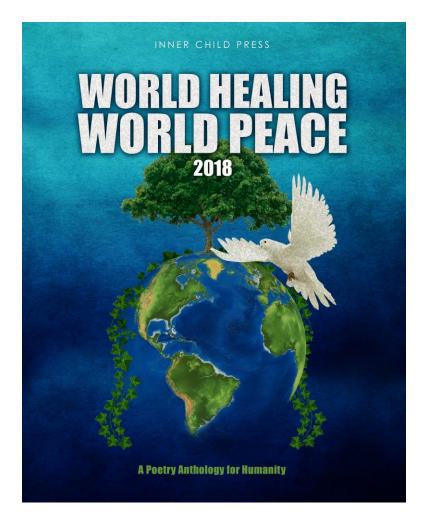
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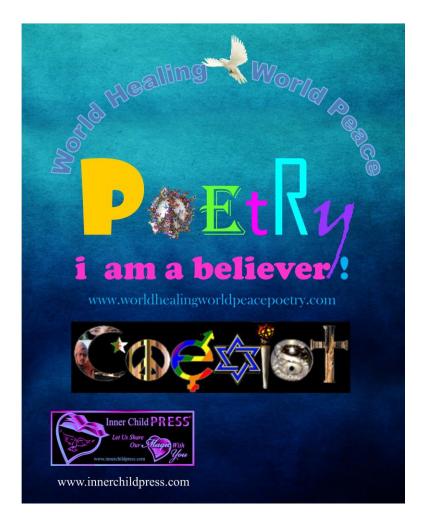
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The Poetry Posse ~ 2019



March 2019 ~ Featured Poets



Enesa Mahmić



Shurouk Hammoud



Sylwia K. Malinowska



Anwer Ghani



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