The Year of the Poet VII

March 2020

Featured Poets

Aziz Mountassir * Krishna Paraisa Hannie Rouweler * Rozalia Aleksandrova

Aristide Briand ~ 1926 ~ Gustav Stresemann







The Year of Peace
Celebrating past Nobel Peace Prize Recipients

The Poetry Posse 2020

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

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of the

Poet VII

March 2020

The Poetry Posse

inner child press, ltd.

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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 VII March 2020 Edition

The Poetry Posse

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WHAT WOULD FE 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

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Foreword

We are in our seventh year as the Inner Child Press Poetry Posse. Reflecting on the last six years gives us a chance to see and enjoy the learning and growth.

- Three poems a month is a lot of work or easy depending on the month, my state of mind, and state of life.
- Poetry like life is unpredictable and full of beauty.
- Some poems flow out already formed perfect just how they manifest while others need to be revised and revised again so that each word says exactly what it means.
- Time management is a good skill for poets to develop—meeting deadlines, honoring the collective's time—the benefits spilling over into all of life when time and creativity travel hand in hand.
- Some poems flow from passion in torrents while other waltz out thoughtfully composed, gently showing the way life can be sometimes.

• Relationships built on poetry are strong and fragile, gentle and consciousness-raising, soothing and difficult—just as we are.

This month we focus on peace, specifically the 1926 Nobel Peace Prize, a prize awarded after the end of World War I which was called the Great War and before World Wars came with numbers higher than one.

Would that peace and life, would climb steadily always rising upwards but look around and it is not to be—yet. Perhaps in some near or distant future peace will steadily climb to the peaks of every nation and deep into the heart of every person.

In the 1920's two men, two countries and a world of people hoped for peace when the 1926 winners of the Nobel Peace Prize, Friedensnobelpreis or Prix Nobel de la Paix signed a treaty between France and Germany. French Foreign Minister Aristide Briand and German Foreign Minister Gustav Stresemann yearned for a future with peace, signed their names, committed their hearts and today are remembered in the poetry of the Inner Child Poetry Posse.

Cach month, we write and publish, a new volume of The Year of the Poet. This year highlights Nobel Peace prize winners and with each volume we recommit our hearts, minds and pens to peace and abundance for all.

Cnjoy this book in Peace or Fräd, Fréda, Fridn, Frieden, Pace, Paix, Paz, Rauha, Smirom, Vrede, and Vride in several European languages.

Kimberly Burnham

Dreface

Dear Family and Friends,

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

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

To reiterate, our initial vision was to just perform at this level for the year of 2014. Since that time we have had the blessed opportunity to include many other wonderful poets, word artists and storytellers in the Poetry Posse from lands, cultures and persuasions all over the world. We have featured hundreds of additional poets, thereby introducing their poetic offerings to our vast global audience.

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

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

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

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

Building Cultural Bridges of Understanding . . .

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

Bill

The Poetry Posse Inner Child Press Ineternational

DS

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

World Healing, World Peace Foundation human beings for humanity



worldhealingworldpeacefoundation.org

Aristide Briand & Gustav Stresemann

1926

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

In 1926, The Nobel Peace Prize was jointly awarded to Aristide Briand & Gustav Stresemann.

For more information about visit:

www.nobelprize.org/prizes/peace/1926/summary









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 . . .

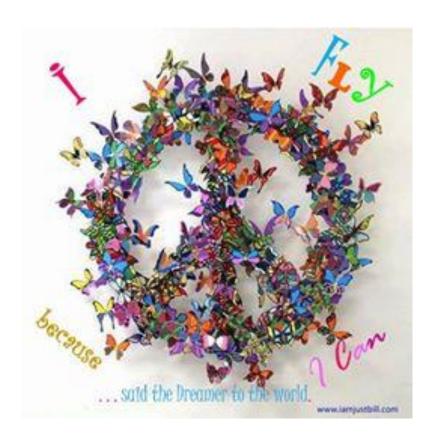






Poetry succeeds where instruction fails.

~ wsp



Gail Weston Shazor



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

A Lovely City

At last in the lovely city I remember nothing of rain The sun never dims Nor the moon rises And it is always happy At last in the lovely city The bloom no longer surprises For it is expected To pull it's weight of hues Without need of rosy glasses At last in the lovely city The wind is incapable of blowing Up Marilyn's skirted whites But only musters up The unruffling light breezes At last in the lovely city My choices have been anticipated And thinking is unnecessary I only need to sit In the gladness of metallicism At last in this lovely city Sometimes I become conscious Of the scratching At the base of my skull And the rusting of truth At last in this lovely city There are no doors on rooms And I have been told That they are unnecessary For there is no where left to go (how much bleeding are we willing to do to maintain our individuality)

At Rest

(Mr. Fahie)

Daddy is resting often We speak to each other In life words these days Often he chooses what that is Or what that is not He is living in absentia Sometimes knowing us more often, just remembering Who he might think we are His body has warped around His failing limbs Lending an indignity To a once strong mind Made tenuous by years lived In a changeling world Daddy will fall into memories As the hours move around him To many he appears To be sleeping But we know he is knitting together The vision he needs To pass even further beyond Our collective understanding As we watch for the signs that We have been told would come Daddy rallies invisibly Looking for that point Where he may cross the divide And the thought of this does not Lend stress to his fading frame

He speaks into what he has chosen
A vitality
Fit for his forward journey
And while we wait to see
Just when it will be
Daddy rests often and
While he might appear to be sleeping
When his eyes are closed
His hands have slowed their work
And they rest now
Even when his eyes are open
And he speaks leaving words

What don happ'n now?

Lawrd, a body can't chiev no rest What with all de racket Dese days Jus when ya think You don laid down your weary soul And ol sandy don claimed What is left o dis day Dem fools get started up Wid no nary mind To us dats got tings a do On de morry And so we lay heah A worried and a waitin Fo dat knock on de door And dem law boys come to say Dat it's been in a might bit o trouble Some fo the las time dis lifetime Dey say I might wanna get dressed proper And come on down and say Which one I know to be mine Or which one I know to be ain't And ain't no trouble in dey face Dis don happen too many times To too many our'n Wid a quick temper and idle hands Dey ain't got no prospects and De guvnor don said he.gon fix it But all him buy is mo guns And mo messengers

Alicja Maria Kubgrska



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.

A few words in German

poem dedicated to Gustav Stresemann

Could anyone suppose?

Look

- here's the man, peace prize winner.

Admirable

- he extinguished the war conflagration in the western Europe

He made a mistake and threw three words like sparks: Nur fur Deutsche Then it was enough to shout: Deutschland uber alles!

From words to deeds
- A thin piece of land
curling like an umbilical cord,
between Poland and the Baltic sea,
was brutally cut off.
Blood and fire flooded Europe.
The iron army started to march
The letters on the belt buckles called:
-Got mit uns

Was he able to predict the fate of family, the Jewish wife's relatives?
Here they are
- Numbers stripped of their identity, Bodies boiled down into soap Hair in mattresses
Gold teeth in the Reich treasury

They disappeared into the sky Like streaks of black smoke They went through the gate with inscription Arbeit macht frei

Death ray

Poem dedicated to Nikola Tesla

In the Croatian village of Smiljan, in the family of a God-fearing priest in July, a genius was born.

In a child's mind
God lit a spark of wisdom
and He watched how quickly
the fire burned the old world

The lad rose high above mediocrity. The strength of knowledge opened the door to a great mystery. In the depths of scientist's mind the creative process took place and humanity received technical wonders as a gift

It's him tamed energy and invisible waves. He moved the voice to thousands of miles that an audible whisper could sound out loudly and wooden boxes spoke like magic ones in the fairy tale

On Orthodox Christmas in 1943 the precious black thick notebook with a dangerous endorsement "government affairs"

disappeared

- like a ray of sunshine at night

God picked up Tesla's wings at the New Yorker Hotel. America has robbed his estate. Nobel Prize was destroyed by quarrels and defects. He returned to his homeland in the modest urn.

My angel

forgive the wounded feet you walk with me through the wilderness the thorns of sins tear at your robes

you protect against the mud of evil words and mean deeds you fight against perverse thoughts

thank you for faithful persistence for showing me the way in darkness and sometimes lending me your wings

Jackiz Pavis Allen



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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Elusive Prize

Incipient.
A signature document,
acknowledging desire's intent, weeps.
Inclines, with bowed head, against a wall.

Seed, Of dream's recognition akin to twining insight, breathes with purposeful determination.

Ink trickles across the turbulent divide, nudges lions of reconciliation to claim peace as the prize.

An ancient child of adventure, her spirit roamed into arid places, into each mirage, seeking meaning. Wondering if, in hiding, gentle spirits might reveal themselves.

Cascading up and down the dunes, footprints appeared as fading paths and adapted trails; she furtively seeking a map by which to locate wisdom's landscape. And make of it, her home.

Free flowing, wind songs elevated her wings above and beyond her lowly stature.

And when she stumbled, gentle elves emerged to lend their humble assistance.

Then, the rain. With flowers in her hair, a smile behind her inquisitive dark eyes, she danced here and yon, welcoming any to come, to join, to witness the reawakening of earth's surprise.

O, for a thousand days and more, legend says, peace and tranquility were the gentle symbols that graced her face. With gifts most generous, like grains of sand, her kisses were as water to the thirst.

Keep it Simple

To one who pursues and finds purpose, joy comes as surely as the sun rises in the east. Yet, life is like a pimple; it mars the face of the day. So, keep it simple. Do the best that you can.

There comes a time when pride and ego allow life's triumphs and healing balm to smooth over the angst of yesterday's blemishes. Stay in love with God.

Be a friend. And keep it simple.

Eruptions, disruptions, interruptions.
They are the bane of existence.
Yet love and peace come as gifts,
Along with pardon, to all who forgive.
Keep it simple. Do no harm.

Do not scars bombastic make themselves known when navigating the old mind-games of recrimination and indiscretion?

Love is the Great Commandment.

Let us love our fellow man.

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.

War, That Tool That Should Be Cast Aside

The wind screamed Calling that violent snow

Under the call of Cirrus
The moon was ironically blocked by the romance brought
by the moon

Who rode on an upright horse Peeped through the wall

That general is thinking independently in the south of the barracks
Sergeants were busy for defending the enemy

Steep buildings Economic lands Constructing a Greedy War

Horse running wildly
The enemy's drums shook the dust.
Fear in the air
The sun rose to occupy the center of the sky
The rain had nowhere to lament

Territorial boundaries were so clear Why hatred was ignited everywhere Ignited the flames of war Conspiracy to erode the other side Greed has repeatedly not met

Repeatedly invading each other
The battle of spears can never end
By justice
Avoid rampant arrogance
Treat each other for peace and forgiveness

That Solitude Aegiceree Along The Lake Shore

The small trail covered with white flowers scattered on the ground

Both hands full

Is it a bending and hidden maze here?

Until the lake quietly appear

That full lotus let me can't help but smile on the shore

But this Aegiceree is alone

Aegicerees full of the mountain were all gather together

Only this one is an exception

Perhaps it spotted the elegant lakeside

No longer mind the mockeries of the lotus

Maybe it's like the ghostly spirit of the little fish in the lake

Left alone for more than a million years here

Its reflection is lonely like a swaying tower

However, a tower is not blooming

But it did not miss a year to let the white flowers open full tree

Always after May

I separate my hands to send flowers into the pool

Then I sat down peacefully under the tree

In the quiet of this place

Let me accompany that pair of damsel-flies looking at each other

After a long time still can't bear to leave

The Flower Field Lead The Country Path

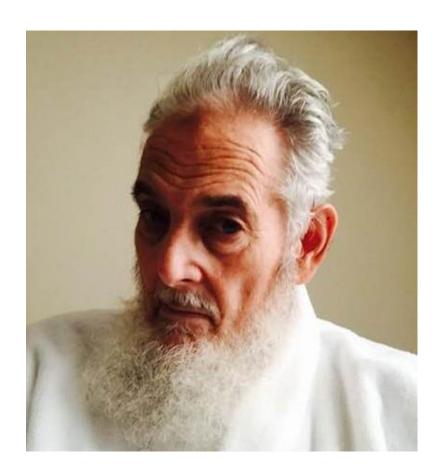
Hand can't completely obscure the sun glare
A row of trees but not tall
Provide a small shady to stop
No further reason can be found
Stroll leisurely in which
Although the flower fields wantonly swagger
Make it clear, midsummer has come
The path was hidden in the near front flatly

Rotate half of the body
The voyeuristic grievances end in constant meandering
Holding the not-firm- enough pace
Give enough uncertain pace looks weak
The south wind blows from behind
The departure of spring meaning full
Hurriedly
Dandelion has not been greeted
Shadows whirling
Teasing that layer of light clouds

Could it let be, each day
One hundred merciless figures
All did not look back

Waiting for
South wind is no longer into the flower field
One day, if I am willing to go back
Be the first lover return home
Little path
You can't laugh at me

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

Efforts...

going where others wouldn't dare venture not afraid of what's stacked be it fiction or fact for peace, reconciliation between nations saving thousands of lives human beings excel when they venture forth be it heaven, hell brought "bring it" is the voice of resolve from the few who care enough no matter how tough the road carry the load that constitutes the peace makers mission pounding mediocrity into submission such is the stuff such as Aristide Briand, Gustav Stresemann one Frenchman, one German were made of for the love of peace, harmony, unified co-existence for earth's peoples saw no less in the each other's quest for the good of their people right to live in peace made extrabodily effort to bring it into fruition Germany, France reeling from effects of carnage thrust upon tried to go forward for the sake of peace in the face of adversity

stakes stacked against peace be upon the peace makers indeed, a rare breed apart from the masses

food4thought = education

skew...

the truth at your peril screw you who obey the devil you won't smile when it emerges from exile announce its presence renounce distortion condemn abortion of fact. curse the act rehearsed to dismiss truth emerged hide the evidence deny its presence, existence obscured lord do i abhor them who intentionally ignore dem truth at its very core may liars be no more may truth take the floor center stage replace all doubt ameen, ameen what i'm talking bout lies dripping from mouths that fly in the face of facts indisputable evidence produced without doubt skew the truth at your peril liar, liar your ass in fire

food4thought = education

tell them..,

.....

about the homeless on the street tell them about the hungry who don't have enough food to eat tell them about the dirt poor who don't have shoes on their feet tell them about those who try to survive through a bitter cold winter without heat tell them who make promises dem never keep the gap between what they say and do never meet tell them all the campaign slogans they repeat never did result in anything concrete that actually managed to defeat poverty, hunger,

take the homeless off the street tell them anybody with a little sense knows no matter how sweet they promise change to think their words they speak really mean anything i'll tell you is deranged or at least the usual delusional

food4thought = education

Kimberly Burnham



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

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

The Power and Hope of Two

Two men
each born in the late 1800's
before World War I
one in France
Foreign Minister Aristide Briand
shared the Prix Nobel de la Paix for 1926
with one in Germany
Foreign Minister Gustav Stresemann
both signed an agreement
a hope for reconciliation
in the neutral Swiss town of Locarno
together wished for more compassion
sending the world into an upward spiral
peace, paix, friede

Post-Modern Arrogance

In pre-modern times less enlightened we think peace "friede" in German meant treat others like one's own kin respect the otherness of others

Avoid war bred by desire to adapt the other to one's own way with toleration of warrior losers assimilation till there is no other otherness associated with imperfection tolerance and assimilation march toward conflict add the primacy of economics over politics and culture a long bourgeois century full of enlightenment and modernity's dark side did not bring a system of perpetual peace one peace designed and controlled precise linear universalist reductionist assumptions aimed at a paradise on earth the one truth the one and perpetual peace the one world society the one civilizing process carries in it the seed of self-reproduction and a structure of violence

How is one to treat others like members of one's own kin if the difference among kin has long been eliminated How is one to find peace a state where each culture blooms in its own unique way and we all respect

European Gendered Feelings of Peace

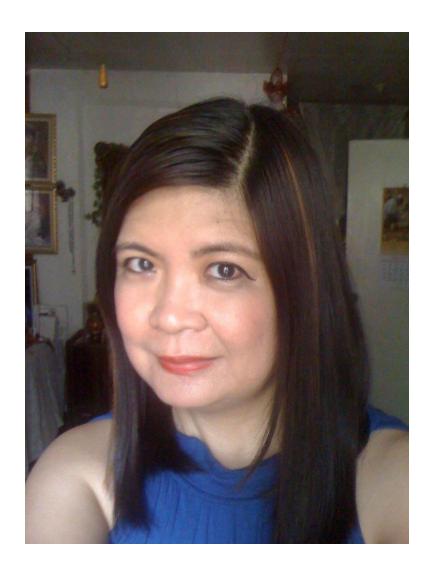
"Se sentir calme" or to feel at peace in French may not affect the genders equally what causes the feminine "paix" peace and "tranquillité" or calm may not be the same for him and her and they what causes the masculine "calme" to calm? as each one "keep one's peace"

"Garder le silence" literally guarding silence or "être parfaitement sereine" literally perfectly calm or to be at peace with the world as they say "paix sur la terre!" may peace prevail in the world or the feminine mother earth

In Romance languages
"pas" "paix" "pace"
the Greek "eirfinī" or "ειρήνη"
peace is feminine

In German "friede" or "frieden" and "fridden" or "fridd" in Luxembourgish peace is masculine

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

Two Minds, One Mission

Two legendary names, two great men, one goal
Dominated the international stage of the Locarno Era,
Here are two gentlemen vowed to bring peace
And a culture of hope for the liberals,
Briand and Stresemann, two great mindsOne noble mission impacting many,
After World War I, reconciled France and Germany
Great examples of choosing unity above chaosIn a world of hate, we can instead let love flow.

Awakenings

A cast-away soul in his solitary moment,
Floating into a never-ending circle of uncertainty
In denial of all things hitting him in the eye
Or could it be that he just can't dare to face dire reality?
A deep-seated fear sets in rooted from the world's cruelty.

Shielding himself from dark forces, But wake-up calls are beyond his control He wants to awaken from this abstract dream, Mysterious vibrations preventing him to even scream Delusions overwhelming him in every heartbeat.

A spectrum of enveloped ideas only his mind can conceive, Out of this swirling darkness he awakened from being naïve Bid adieu to his grueling nightmare Awaiting for the dawning of a new day To see the light welcoming him again.

My Right Kind of Wrong

Once upon a time, you became my right kind of wrong,

A beautiful disaster, you stole my heart from me and never gave it back

The Knight in Darkness who showed me the Light of Love with his own frailties;

The phantom who captivated the heart of a damsel

I wished to dream of my twin flame each night

But you are still the One who showed up every time.

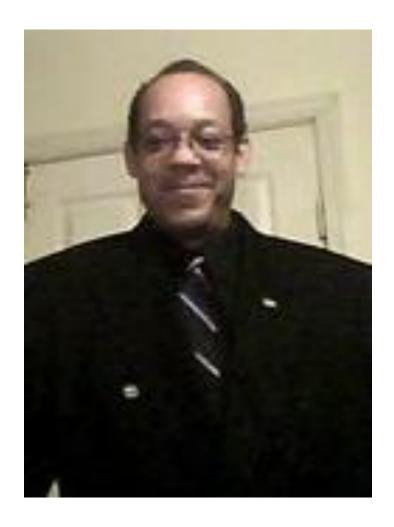
It seems no matter how I silence the cries of my heart

Your promise of love still lingers and still haunts me,

The Moon from the distant view is a witness to our love which was halted by Fate

But only Destiny will tell how this love story will really end.

Jog Pairg



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

Revanchist War

Times like this can we look past the pass revenge politics Thank goodness for Aristide Briand a French socialist most of this is a way to display how peace through words can be achieved through words. Franco-German reconciliation, Who the hell are we man? Imperialist like Gustav Stresemann, understood the stress of war but wouldn't sabotage peace, Man who are we?

An imperialist and a socialist understood the greater good I just wish we would understand You can't give power to just one man Nobel Peace Prize often shared, awarded to individuals, rarely given to personal views Two men in times of war with no taste for revenge yet we in these modern times, have a lust for it Mis-trust worded, served to the people Aristide Briand, and Gustav Stresemann found a way to be peaceful Nobel? Eh! Not from one who deceives you.

Detained

Who among you have ever been held back Gender biased, gender based, of course race in your face malcontent, some of you are just now feeling the experience Let me fill you in on school yard bullies from the wrong side of privilege to the most popular, you'll see

you're the most qualified and set aside for a friend you're in the front of the line, while only allies get in bumped on a flight because of skin, that's thin think again, it's a kiss ass world it's go with the flow man It's go to who you know man

you ever buy a no name brand man knock-off's are made possible because who wants second hand man laughed at, thought as less than have you ever been detained?
You're the guest speaker and you're treated like a ghost

East coast West coast beefs
The North thinking the South are dumb beliefs
All because of accents and bad men
Who still hold on to back when, but back then
Black men
but back then factor in 6 million plus Jewish men
Have you ever been detained?

Pardon Me

Excuse me, by your leave, expressions of lessons learned Progression has now been turned backwards
There's a lack of empathy and diplomacy
It's cool to make fun of people now
The new rule is to put your friends down
A rumor mill qualifies as factual
When actual facts don't matter anymore
Don't you love free speech?

Pardon me but it's hard on me to forget my manners Grandma's hands and such, a Father's voice when he didn't say much, but you knew that tone Where have all those people gone? When being ill mannered and ill-tempered should lead to embarrassment Somehow it's now funny and money buys integrity

Forgive me now but something is missing
How can we raise our future with a ship that's listing
We've tried to decommission it, recondition it
An uneven keel and we still gotta deal with it
We've appealed to the sense of it
and we got some brat of a child who won't listen
to, well let's just say pardon me.

hülya n. yılmaz



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

Writing Web Site https://hulyanyilmaz.com/

Editing Web Site https://hulyasfreelancing.com

I Too Am an Enemy of War

Love left a note on my nightstand again.

Dance steps donned the paper this time.

The god of war had met the end of its life.

"Suicide" caused his much-awaited demise.

The autopsy report did not mince words.

Laughter and joy set the tables at the wake.

A Certain Stresemann

"a place in the sun"

German imperialism

Reichstag on his mind

Honoring Aristide Briand

not a friend of war
persuasiveness, his landmark
why ever not more?

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

Fragile Foundations

Astride Briand's focus on international issues and reconciliation politics are laudable. In 1926, he received the Nobel Peace Prize along with Stresemann for the Locarno Treaties aimed at reconciliation between France and Germany after World War I.

He was instrumental in the agreement known as the Kellogg-Briand Pact of 1929 and to establish a European Union to try to avoid another worldwide conflict. His efforts were invalidated with the rise of Nazism and Fascism.

The fragile foundation of peace was destroyed as Hitler rose to power and started World War II.

Accelerated Time

Time is accelerated in the brain of 70. It is an honor to be here traveling in the dawn of the 21st century. The good, the bad and the ugly rain on the planet. Choices are made daily that shape our destiny.

My time is limited now.

I wish the future well and must move on in my journey home.

I see it filled with love energy, rainbows of positive, a super highway that calls me to come join the happy on planet earth.

An inner voice says, the door is open. Enter like you own happiness. Wrap your arms around nature and strut. You are blessed. Stand in the light with your arms raised in appreciation.

Spiritual Being

You feel the heat of your blood. It carries you on the ride of your life. Your future breaks bread with a creole on a white stallion and a Nubian princess.

They flirt on the wind and a hybrid seed falls in the meadow rising as a wildflower that opens its womb.

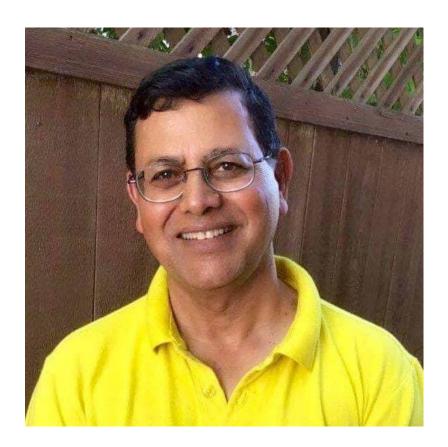
Out you come kicking and screaming.

You run across the meadow. Wild grass anoints your feet. You are a spiritual being with no time to waste.

You must tell your story in blood and pain and shed many lifetimes of karma.

Your final destination is a return home fulfilling your dream to walk in the ocean of love and mercy where only purified souls may go.

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.

Chords and Discords

A country grows in history not only because of the heroism of its troops on the field of battle, it grows also when it turns to justice and to right for the conservation of its interests - (Aristide Briand and Gustav Stresemann - they were awarded the 1926 Peace Prize for reconciliation between Germany and France after World War I)

When optimism hangs by the threads of despair.

When the rays of light are torn into pieces.

When the fountains of blood are gushing forth.

Only then the realization emerges that peace offers hope,

magical opportunities deep inside and out.

Don't stay caught in a conflict let go of the tangled situations.

Feel compassion and reconciliation,

rising up inside for others.

Make a Wish

I arrested a tiny drop of water from ocean.

It escaped from my fist and became a vapor against my wishes.

It flew to heavens and winked, asking me to make a wish.

If every drop of water becomes a vapor, I'll wish to be water.

Images of Peace

No conflict between head and heart no clash between poetry and art.

No cries No Patton tanks No Scud missiles No fire and fury

No bloodshed No stone-throwing No teargas No cluster bombs

No genocide No annihilation No holocaust No inferno

No illegal aliens No refugees No slaves No political pawns

Yes love Yes hope Yes empathy Yes harmony

Caroling 'Cgri Naz' Nazargno Gabis



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

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

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

Links to her works:

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

The Twin Flames

(Tribute to Briand and Stresemann)
You moved the pendulum of change
To the twenty-six nations
Your vital resiliency and equable temperament
Made a difference;
You become matchsticks,
Lighted the small world
You were history's erasers
of immaturities and injustice

You ignited intelligence and understanding to the workingmen;
You've brighten the minds
Of those silenced negotiators
Twin brothers who remained true
and secured the humanization of politics.
Salute to your legacies
You were gone once,
But never forgotten.

veracity under question

where's justice in our poisoned bodies creating ACHES with all roofed evidences but no one could unriddle the truth for our eyes, ears, mind, and systems were set to judge, judge, judge like ultimate, absolute, supreme lightnings and thunders of the land there's so much crises reverberating in all corners of the globe but have we ever imagined where does the truth lies? who should be heard? how it should be acted? there is one enemy to impeach and question every court of our conscience... it is us---ourselves.

let me be your paper...

so you can scribble your thoughts of love your simple wishes your ideas about life's miracles your giggling secrets your forest of imagination in kaleidoscope of freedom

let me be your paper so you can free your angst your guilt, and tragedies that imprisoned your mind, that suffocate your reasons to live as desired,

for tonight, whatever you're thinking of,

•

let it be you, the author's home.

Swapna Behera



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

wet eyes.....

why should they cry? and giggle under the sky? palms still pray transfixing dollars to pillars a virus fixes the economy of a country separates the mother from the baby tears demand medicines where are they running? to be burnt? their ashes in the ether visible from satellite cameras wet eyes beg life for they die to give a clean chit to the civilisation no more coronavirus Wet eyes ... Are they not martyrs? for they too serve who die for the country wet eyes budging here and there they speak the language of a domain and reference of a research paper behind the show always a pair of wet eyes that inscribe the songs of life and death for death is also a living melody!

Corona virus ;- Corona virus are Zoonotic, meaning they are transmitted between animals and people It has killed lot of people world-wide, the vast majority in mainland China

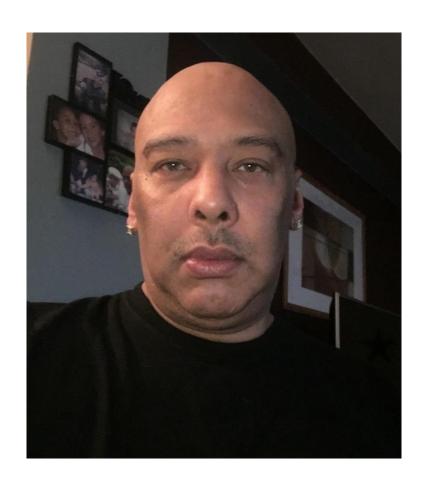
between you and me

between you and me a burning look a mad do or die passion a filled morning a white horse your ethical constitution entry to a tropical zone an arch of dreams orchids hanging in the air love is the smile of dew drops nests built by the sparrows secrets on the roof top for love is a great healer nothing you can do but wait with patience for its sojourn journey a song still echoes that you have in your nerves from the womb

no more dancing on the volcanoes

after the first world war when there was a devastating worn out reconciliation between Germany and France took the shape an agreement was signed in 1925 with Germany in the Swiss town of Locarno national solidarity vrs International Cooperation was on the screen economic position was flourishing on the surface Germany was dancing on volcanoes Stresemann as an eager Imperialist demanded a place in the Sun for Germany Peace treaty must not lay the foundation for a revanchist war as each war kills the body, soul and mind for years together each war brings tears to the courtyard each war is a void in the heart innocent children keep wreaths on their fathers' graveyards harmony grows like a Phoenix the two heroes Aristide Briand and Gustav Stresemann foreign ministers of France and German joined hands for peace and dignity two technocrats of peace so history remembers them as noble peace co laureates for ever and ever

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

Aristide Briand and Gustav Stresemann

Aristide Briand and Gustav Stresemann shared the peace prize for 1926.

Aristide was the Foreign minister of France,

Gustav was the foreign minister of Germany.

When World War One was over they signed an agreement of reconciliation between both countries.

They both were smart individuals when it came to law, literature, politics and economics.

Stresemann passionately supported germanic policy,

Brian's was a leader of the French socialist party,

Together they upheld the Franco - German peace treaty.

With Nazism, fascism and great depression on the rise,

All of Aristides efforts were compromised.

Gustav retained his position as foreign minister,

He died, he never got the chance to see the fruits of his last plan... the evacuation of Ruhr.

Not a hobby

To me poetry isn't a hobby, it isn't a fad, I've made letters on keys fade, emptied hundreds of pens and filled up a lot of pads. I'm a writer that'll never feel like I write enough, the time I put into scribing would've probably been spent bustn at nikkas and riding back seats in cuffs. Booking to me is no longer the start of confinement, now when I'm booked it's to hear my designment. I'm passionate about gods gift of being read and being heard so i relentlessly write about the actions and reactions of dreams of living financially free by flipping grams into birds. The outcome isn't the same for everybody, a very few get to live lavishly, some will bid for an eternity and most will be spoken highly of in eulogies. I focus on the last two outcomes because they're usually the end results to runs. I really don't like to speak about those that made it out the slums by owning blocks of dope and caine because that'll give false hope to those ready to sacrifice their life and freedom to end the woes of poverty, especially hunger pains. I've seen so much bloodshed and too many caskets surrounded by pics and flowers for the dead to see my young a like drowning in deadly abyss and not them how to tread.

Orchestra

I hear an orchestra in my head when I write. Wood, wind and brass. Sometimes there's a chorus, the fat lady blurts out murder, it's a blood bath. My head holds a symphony of memories. I call it poetic music. Since I can't sing, I let my pen blow narratives from the ghetto. Poverty, bodies, jail, Manteca and yeyo, Ya know, slow and up tempo. Urban bars, I got em, I carpe diem, I can go for heads like a guillotine, but I rather marinade in them right next to thoughts of fast cream, so I relive nightmares to depict the dream before the streets picks off another team, yellow tape, blood puddles, white sheets, I witnessed so many horrific crime scenes. There's not too many playas around from my day, most are either dead or locked up from that gunplay, only a few are lucky to be walking this cold sphere after the birth circa of hard ye. Life was lived at a faster pace, it was kill or be killed in the throne race, Its crazy but I get happy to see old enemies, not because I might have to catch a case, but because they're a familiar face. An entire era of hustlers are facing extinction, the new era is in the same situation for following unguided direction. My urban diction can change that for the up next generation.

Eliza Segiet



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

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

In September 2019 she was 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).

In November 2019 she is a nominee for Pushcart Prize.

Reconciliation

It's not simply two citizens from different nations, but Europeans who knew that reconciliation can be a diffusion of non dismal tomorrow.

Since it's not enough to be good to your country you have to think about others.

They aimed for life the most valuable thing to last without wars.

Close to the agreement between nations they felt fulfilled

In memory of Aristide Briand and Gustav Stresemann-The Nobel Peace Prize laureates (1926) for the reconciliation of Germany and France after World War I

Translated by Ula de B

Bleached

I am paler than the clouds that flow like a wave across, or maybe along the starlit infinity.

Whiter than them,
I sleep during the day.
At night —
I listen intently to the ominous murmurs.

Like a lace tablecloth on an empty table, increasingly bleached, I wait for my own death.

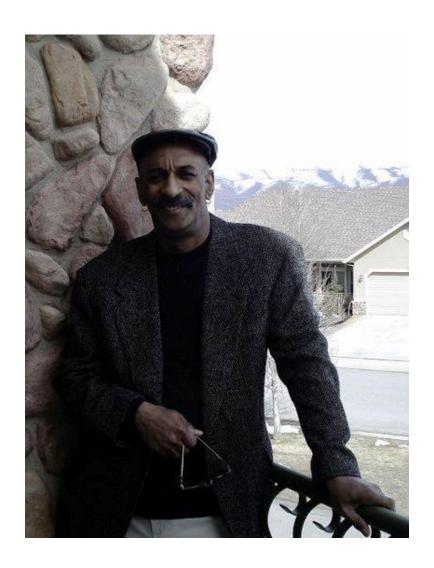
Translated by Artur Komoter

Light

When close by the earth shook and fell silent the falling stones.

Under the rubble, in the darkness erring thoughts expect only — the light, that will point towards the endeavors of rebuilding the lost expanse of life.

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

The Peace I deserve

France and Germany Working together Foreign Ministers Aristide Briand, Gustav Stresemann Being the iconic figures For peace

In the Swiss town of Locarno in 1925
Is where the agreement
Was signed
That gave each country
A bit of respite
And each individual . . .
Honor

It seems to me That 'Peace' should be The natural way of man, Or am I delusional In my thinking?

At any rate, We celebrate those Who are the figureheads That grant man the peace He deserves.

Where are the Peace Merchants now?

The Secret

And the student sat at the feet of his teacher, the Sage and asked.
"Oh Great Master,
What is the secret of enlightenment?"

The Master smiled softly,
As he grabbed and stroked his beard
In his right hand,
Pondering
About which words
Would be most meaningful
To the spirit
Of this young neophyte

You see, the Master
Had a problem
With the word 'secret'
For he at some base level knew
That everyone knew,
So therefore
It could not be a secret . . .
Could it?

Nothing new here!

Perhaps obscured and ambiguous, Hidden in the shadows of one's soul, Lurked the answers To all that all sought

Perhaps the obstacle Was the heart of the 'Seeker', Or how they formulated the questions

Perhaps it was one's stubbornness
And obstinate-ness,
And unwillingness
To let go
Of the mercurial and variable definitions
Of self,
And that of the world

Perhaps the poison
We all have ingested
to validate our positions
Is that of perception,
And her sisters of Trickery
And Delusion

Did the illusion inhibit truth, Or just put it in a safe place, So that fools Would never wield its power

Where do I fit in Queried the Master Unto himself

And for the uncountable time Or more,
The light once again illumined In the consciousness
Of this wizened Sage,
And this 'light' spoke
Simply . . .
"I AM"

With this re-realization, The words were found And made forth their journey

To the tongue of the Master . . .

And he spoke . . .

"Repeat after me . . .
I AM . . .
I AM the way,
I AM the path,
I AM the gatekeeper
To my holy garden
I AM the Toll-taker
And he who pays as well

I AM the rewarded, And he who gives such To those who chances To travel the way

I AM the blessed And the Blessor

I am the knower of all things, And clarity is mine To claim

I am the Truth
And I am the Lie
And it is I, not my "I AM"
That vies
For my authentic self
As I travel through
The adopted subterfuge and rhetoric,
And that which I create

I have hidden 'my self' From 'my self'

And that is a truth

That is evolving
Into my growing now-ness . . .
This is no Secret,
And neither is the power
Of my 'I AM'!"

Now after this speaking, the Sage again Stroked his beard, now with his left hand, For the right hand was willful, And now this speaking Has become The fate of his disciple . . . As it had become his own Many moons ago

The 'Secret' once again
Has shed her
Cloak and clothing
And undergarments
Displaying her nakedness
To all who would but
Take a longing peek
And see themselves

The Secret

Where is our imagination spawned?

From what dimension does it come to be?

What are the properties of the equation That ripens the fruits Of our thoughts, visions Or dreams

What is the 'Mad Science' That reveals the formula Of manifestation?

I am just wondering,
Yes wondering
As I meander, wander
Through the fields,
The plains,
And across the valleys and mountains
And the vast oceans of
The possibilities
And potentialities
Of what we could be
Versus what we are

Do you wonder like this too?

March 2020 Featured Poets

~ * ~

Rozalia Aleksandrova

Krishna Prasai

Hannie Rouweler

Mountassir Aziz



Rozalia Algksandrova



Rozalia Aleksandrova lives in Plovdiv, Bulgaria. Books: "The House of My Soul" (2000), "Shining Body" (2003), "The Mystery of the Road" (2005), "The Eyes of the Wind" (2007), "Parable of the key" (2008), "The Conversation between Pigeons" (2010), "Sacral" (2013), "The Real Life of Feelings" (2015), "Pomegranate from Narrow" (2016), "Brushy" (2017), "Everything I did not say" (2019). Editor and compiler of over ten literary almanacs, collections and anthologies. In March 2006 she created a poetic-intellectual association "Quantum and Friends" - Plovdiv and Bulgarian phenomenon. Initiator and organizer of the International Festival of Poetry SPIRITUALITY WITHOUT BORDERS from 2015.

Primary

The doubt.
The naked questions.
We melted in bliss.
Man
and Woman.
And some One
Who dissolves
The Universal
Gates.

in my dream
You are not
for which
I was praying
but the alchemy
of the starry roads
that we went down
and got on
where the meaning
was fulfilled

I went down to the shore

to look for the hut
with the fire and the man,
who appeared
in my dream from nowhere.
I went down to the shore.

The dunes lonely searched for me.
I sank with them in dreams.
And the path of the moon hugged me.
Wise rain seduces me.

I went down to the shore.
Alone. And eternal.
With a disobedient
and searching heart.
In the mussel burned
looking at me
my own face.

I went down to the shore.

Krishna Prasai



Poet, Travel Writer, Storywriter

A postgraduate in Nepali Literature and Sociology, Krishna Prasai made his debut in writing in 1975 with the publication of his poems in Jhapa-based periodical Suryodaya. Originally from Dhaijan, Jhapa and presently a resident of Kathmandu, Mr. Anamnagar, Prasai edited Samasamavik Kavitahroo, an anthology of contemporary Nepali poetry when he was just 24 years old and exhibited a rare literary talent he possessed. Till date, the works Mr. Prasai has published include Gham Nabhayeko Bela (poems), Ghamko Barsha (Zen poems in Nepali, English, and Korean, later translated into Sinhalese, Hindi, Burmese Bengali), Prakshepan (stories), Anubhootika Chhalharoo (travel essays) and many other works published separately in periodicals. Mr. Prasai has also edited Chhariyeka Kehi Prishtha (essays) and three other works, besides translating one book. Mr. Prasai is basically known for his Zen poetry and poetry rooted in local Nepali epistemology. Till this date, he has been awarded with Yogi Naraharinath Award, Dharanidhar Koirala Award, UNFPA Essay Prize etc. He is the Chairman of Jara Foundation, and Treasurer of Devkota Lu-Xun Academy, a literary organization. He is also associated with Rotary International. [...]

Spring Showers

[Translated in air, at a height of 37,000 feet over the Pacific Ocean on July 23, 2010 during a flight from Hong Kong to Seoul, South Korea]

It could be a coincidence—
On the very first meeting with you
You had admonished me to become spring.
Though I cherish bay-berries and the cuckoo,
The synonyms of spring —
And though the crimson hills with the hues of
rhododendrons
Touch my heart and enrapture me
I love the season of rain,
And this could be a frailty on my part.

That alone was the difference twixt you and me – As the ripening of the bay-berries

Differs from the blooming of youth

And the cuckoos' chant, from the spring blossoms.

In a procession of memoirs like this, Setting aside the monsoons I cherish And leaving the nights of the clouds I love One day, I reconciled with you – a synonym of spring – To assimilate in, and to become one with you.

That moment,
I was drawn
More by the victory of your seductive appeals
Than by the defeats of my love.

How valorous spring is In loving people, And what strength it possesses In carrying people's love-laden heart away!

One day, it silently whispered to me:
"Turn yourself into a garden once;
The spring of life shall blossom every season in your own eyes
And flowers shall blossom all the time
On the boughs of your lips."

Newspapers! I Leave Your Town

You have no right to allege
I was deterred by your words;
Why should I hang on to your town
Withstanding accursed trepidations?
As satiated I am with you
I hereby withdraw myself
Away from your fort.
Papers, I leave your town.

Just out of paid lavatories
I stand in Ratnapark, peeling groundnuts
And am having a look of your news;
They have defiled virgin sheets of papers
With twisted realities of the town
Impatient to publish falsity rather than fact
They carry an amorous nymphet on the cover
And are explaining to the entire world
As though this very picture
Is the worthiest achievement of your age
Which is being led single-handedly
By those nude pictures of the town-girls.

O editor!

I have been reading your paper.
Your newsmen
The experts of pen
Seem not to be in their own control
They appear driven by unseen forces
Or are directed by someone, from somewhere.

The news itself
Houses the pain of its own being
Wanted, or unwanted.
Unable to decipher its own letters
It has turned mute, like its dark-hearted masters

The printers have, all the time
Been undertaking a cheap barter of words with people
Cloaking the truth with paints
The countrymen have found no place in their pages
No verse of an organic poet has ever featured in it
All that appears in them, free of cost
Is the nude pelvis of the town
Molested by demonic time.

Twice, and even thrice
I flip the pages of your paper
There is no good news anywhere
Nor is there a good nation with you
You do not have a picture too
That can be shown to everyone with pride.

On your first page did I just see
The face of the one who sells off the nation
The same man
Who rushes about, all day long in his car
Hoisting the country's flag
And as the day wanes into dusk
Joins the gang that shifts the border-pillars
And burns the national flag

O newspaper!
I am afraid of an upcoming time—
Lest the country's soil
Spread by ourselves underneath our beds
At bed times in the evening
Wake up as a stranger's head
When the morrow's run rises.

Newspapers! Here I take leave of your town.

The Day I Wept

Ripples of joy had gripped the world! While many enjoyed in freedom The festive hours with fire-crackers I was reclining, down with grief; It was 29 May, 1953, Wednesday.

A man from New Zealand stepped upon my head. Another man, who stood atop the hood Was a porter from my own country Who, in the long run, became a foreigner too.

The truth I know is single:
The Himalayas stand above us
And the nation above the Himalayas;
We exist because the Himalayas and the nation do.

The day Hilary placed his foot atop Sagarmatha⁰, And Tenzing atop his own cap, Someone else rose above the nation.

That day
When Sagarmatha, the world's hood we revere as God
Shied away,
That day, when the crown of the world was vanquished
That day, when grandeur withered
Was the day I cried
Seeing my height diminish,

Getting a stranger's footstep upon myself, Seeing you crown a man who downplayed my hood

How can I call a person great, Who crushed down my head And is doing so, even now Erecting a Pyramid of impurity?

I have a question for you, Motherland! Which of your gods is appeased With cash offerings placed in a temple By someone who places his feet Atop the idols enshrined therein?

I care not what you say;
I defy your old statute!
Say, where on earth the head can be crushed
After paying a fee for it?
Under whose rules can the crown be trampled
After some cash has been paid?
Which law allows anyone to mount atop the chest
Merely for some pelf paid thereof?

Presently, I am soaked with indignation and hatred On seeing the rules your country sets.

Hannig Rouwgler



Hannie Rouweler (Netherlands, Goor, 13 June 1951), poet and translator, has been living in Leusden, The Netherlands,

since the end of 2012. Her sources of inspiration are nature, love, loss, childhood memories and travel. In 1988 she debuted with Raindrops on the water. Since then about 40 poetry volumes have been published, including translations in foreign languages (Polish, Romanian, Spanish, French, Norwegian, English).

Poems have been translated in about 20 languages.

She attended five years evening classes in painting and art history, art academy (Belgium). Hannie writes about a variety of diverse topics. 'Poetry is on the street, for the taking', is an adage for her. She mixes observations from reality with imagination and gives a pointe to her feelings and findings. Unrestrained imagination plays a major part in her works.

She published a few stories (short thrillers); is a compiler of various poetry collections. She is a member of the Flemish Association of Poets and Writers (VVL, Antwerp).

Gele bladeren

Ik draag die kleur zelden aan mijn hoofd of hart maar ik zie hem nu in vele vormen bewegen in de wind. De bladeren zitten nu nog vast aan de boom. De enige voor mijn raam.

Zal de herfst mij meesleuren in zijn onvoorspelbare dagen, zoet en wreed, rustig en gejaagd, beminnelijk en koud en onverschillig.

Zullen de kleuren langzaam vervormen naar onvaste dagen waarin de avond vroeg valt tussen hoopvolle verwachtingen en verlies, afscheid van de tijd dat ik me vasthield aan steeds dezelfde woorden. Dezelfde gedachten.

Ik draai me om en laat de lampen op tafels dat verlichten wat verlicht moet worden en beschenen vanuit het binnenste, vanuit het meest geloofwaardige.

Geel staat voor optimisme en energie, Je wordt actief van de kleur geel. Termen als logica, leren, studie, intellect, wijsheid, groeien horen bij deze kleur. Geel stimuleert mentale activiteit. De warme kleur geel staat voor vrolijkheid, levenslust, vrijheid van handelen en zijn en reizen.

Yellow leaves

I rarely wear that colour close to head or heart, but I now see it in many forms moving in the wind. The leaves are still stuck on the tree. The only one in front of my window. Will autumn drag me along in its unpredictable days, sweet and cruel, calm and hunted, amiable and cold and indifferent. Will the colours slowly transform into unsteady days when evening falls early between hopeful expectations and loss, saying goodbye of time when I held tight to the same words. Same thoughts. I turn around and let lamps on tables illuminate what needs to be illuminated and shining from the inside, from the most believable.

Yellow stands for optimism and energy. You become active in the colour yellow. Terms such as logic, learning, study, intellect, wisdom, grow belong to this colour. Yellow stimulates mental activity. The warm yellow colour stands for cheerfulness, zest for life, freedom of action and being and traveling.

Professoren op een wolk

Nu ik zovele gedichten heb gelezen van hoogleraren moet ik wel iets kwijt. Het zijn er zovelen.

De eerste keer dat ik in aanraking kwam met heel veel hoogleraren tegelijk

was in een landhuis.

In Ierland, dichtbij Tralee. Het was een vooropening van een groot festival,

je weet wel

waar veel dichters komen en in dit geval ook academische lezingen op avonden

echt crème de la crème

vakmensen. Top. Ieder op zijn eigen terrein.

Ik sta daartussen een onschuldig glaasje sinaasappelsap te drinken,

vooral mannen dan, netjes gekleed voor de gelegenheid met veel slimme en intelligente uitdrukkingen op hun gezicht. Ik moet dan net doen alsof ik daarbij hoor natuurlijk en praat mezelf moed in,

uiteindelijk zijn het allemaal dichters net als ik. Niet anders. Eindelijk, eindelijk zie ik een man staan met spijkerbroek, niet zo netjes in de kleding en besluit een poging te wagen. Het stikt hier van de hoogleraren, begin ik mijn gesprek, ik krijg het er gewoon warm

van. Hij kijkt mij aan, vragend en met een glimlach en zegt: het spijt mij

heel erg, maar ik ben er ook een van, wil je soms dat ik wegga?

Gelukkig liep het niet uit de hand, bleek hij iemand te zijn die misschien nog wel veel

slimmer was dan de rest. Ik ben eerst tuinman geweest, voordat ik ging studeren.

Ik raak al aardig bevriend met hem en het stelt mij gerust. Ik heb echt niets tegen hoogleraren, helemaal niets, en het verwondert mij eigenlijk

niet dat ze in de poëzie terecht gekomen zijn. Hoewel ik de dichtkunst eerder

beschouw als iets van de straat, uit het leven gegrepen, straatmeiden en straatjongens

die hun lessen geleerd hebben ver weg van een schoolgebouw. Maar dat zou wel

erg kortzichtig zijn. Nee, ik heb niets tegen hoogleraren, echt niet. Ze moeten

vooral blijven. Overal. Ik geloof in goed onderwijs, liefst van jongs af aan. Ze

moeten vooral blijven bestaan, die hoogleraren die je al van veraf herkent.

Ze zijn niet zomaar prof geworden, daar gingen hele commissies aan vooraf

en een zwik goedkeuringen. Van mij mogen ze allemaal hun baan houden.

Het is echt niet zo dat ik zeg dat als je dichter bent je per se van de straat moet komen.

Laat ze vooral hun baan houden en die niet opzeggen. De poëzie is van iedereen.

Ook van hoogleraren.

Professors on a cloud

Now that I have read so many poems from professors, I have to say something.

There are so many of them.

The first time I came in contact with many professors was in a country house.

In Ireland, near Tralee. It was the opening of a major festival, you know

where many poets come and, in this case, also academic lectures in evenings,

really crème de la crème

professionals. Everyone in his own field of expertise.

I am standing among people drinking an innocent glass of orange juice

especially men fancy dressed up for the occasion with many smart and intelligent expressions on their faces.

Of course, I have to pretend that I am part of that and give to myself some courage

actually, they are all poets just like me. No other way.

Finally, finally, I see a man standing with jeans,

not that neat in his clothes and I decide to try some contact.

It is immed with professors here. I start my conversation. I

It is jammed with professors here, I start my conversation, I get warm of it.

He looks at me questioningly and with a smile saying: I'm sorry

very much, but I am one of them, do you want me to leave? Fortunately, it did not get out of hand, he turned out to be someone who might still be

a lot smarter than the rest. I was a gardener, he says, before I went to college.

I am becoming already friends with him and it reassures me. I really have nothing against professors, nothing at all, and I am really not surprised

that many ended up in poetry. Although I consider poetry more like

something from the street, taken from ordinary life, street girls and street boys

who have learned their lessons far away from school buildings. But that would be

very short-sighted. No, I have nothing against professors, really not. They have to

stay, sure. Everywhere. I believe in good education, preferably from an early age.

They must above all stay, those professors who you recognize from a great distance.

They didn't just become professors, whole committees have been preceded,

a load of approvals. For me they all may keep their jobs.

It really is not that I say that if you are a poet you must come from the street.

Let them all keep their jobs and not quit. Poetry belongs to everyone.

Also to professors.

Twee standpunten, twee gedachten een ziel voor Atunis 2020

Ze kunnen uitgroeien tot grote hoogtes

verschillende gedachten, verschillende standpunten – er is een soort uitdrukking: zet je vijf dichters bij elkaar dan heb je twintig meningen

het klopt helemaal!!

Daarom is het zo vermoeiend want we trekken met hart en ziel steeds dieper de bergen in, dieper het oerwoud. Zonder gids komt geen mens er normaal weer uit.

Wij hebben het samen gepresteerd Agron Shele en Hannie Rouweler om er iets van te maken, alleen was de taakverdeling niet zo duidelijk en best is daarmee te beginnen: wat doe jij, wat doe ik

maar alles is in orde gekomen.

Ieder is uitgeput van zijn eigen inzet en prestaties.

Alle woorden zijn nu verzameld in een groot en dik boek met foto erbij, een cv, gedichten en alles staat er netjes in. En het voorwoord klopt ook nog.

Two views, two thoughts a soul for ATUNIS 2020

They can grow to great heights

different thoughts, different views there is a kind of expression: if you put five poets together, you hear twenty opinions

it is absolutely right!!

That is why it is so tiring because we go with heart and soul deeper into the mountains, deeper into the jungle.

Without a guide no person will come out again normally.

We have achieved it together
Agron Shele and Hannie Rouweler to make something of it,
only the division of tasks was not that clear
and the best thing to do is start with: what do you do, what
do I do

but everything has worked out.

Everyone is exhausted of his own commitment and achievements.

All words have now been collected in a large and thick book

with photo, a resume, poems and everything is neat and tidy. And the preface is also correct.

Mountassir Aziz



Dr . Mountassir Aziz is a poet international and ambassador of humanity and creativity from Morocco President of international forum of creativity and humanity. Ambassador of Inner Child Press International to North Africa.

Ambassador of WIP (Nigeria) in Morocco
Member and coordinator in Morocco North Africa Of
Humanity
Coordinator in North Africa of UWMC
(United World Movement for Children)
Ambassador of Humanity mission and Peace in Morocco.
Coordinator of the Arab Media Network in Morocco
He participated in 5 poetry international anthologies
follow

Mountassir has 6 poetry collections in Arabic: The Sad Melody, Play Waiting, Double Play and Pain and Scratches on the Waiting Face. As Much as Fancy Comes Reproaching is the title of his new poetry work, which is in print. His poems have been translated into various languages, including Amazigh, French, Spanish, Italian, Serbian, Slovaquie language Germany, English Philipino and Japanese. Mario Rigli, a renowned Italian poet and painter, has translated some of his poems and sang it as a musical composition together with the well-known Italian composer, Fabio Martoglio. His works have also been translated into Italian by Maria Palumbo, into English by William S. Peters and Nizar Sartawi and Nassira Nezzar

The poet has received more 10 honorary doctorates and high honors due to his literary work and service to humanity. [...]

Who are you my lady

You're dreaming
As if you're a dream on bed
In your whispering
A kiss song
And inside you
A cristal, pain and joy
Your morning
A bird awaiting
And your choice is restricted
in life's springs

The herbs of your banks are getting yellowish In the spring of seasons Your heart is a will's water As a night without hope Under silent stars In front of autumn's winds As a melody without guitar

My eyes had never seen
A soul carrying the serenity of night
In your silence a calm of scream
In your talk the death of sorrows
You joyfully plant the roses
and you keep the thistles for yourself
You brighten your presence
With your vivid side
While the dead one is hidden
I thought your life is a spring
But you're a happiness confronting pains
You're a patience obscures
the torrent of tears
Who are you my lady

Silence of the night

Silence of the night The silence hurt me The calmness left me in pain In the whispers of loss In secret as glamour of fear I do not know the great spring And the types of flowers I see them only in the pictures of poems I perfume them from magazines They burned my soul I flop in the madness of autumn Winds and storms Yellowing and hard drops I see jasmine In my calmness they are watered with wounds Sold to the world In the silence of life O night, excuse me I have been irritated you by noise of my wounds And bloody despair And I broke your silence with my hopes And my hope in the flowers of spring The spring of my dreams

I'm the peace

I'm the peace As I'm present the shrouds are torn and the soldier becomes a civilian My loss within evil crushes the rocks of homelands I'm a rose between the thorns My glory is missed My absence makes the widows and orphans crying I'm a planet Without me Nations see oppression and darkness I'm the peace O people of evil I will fight you with love Coexistence Safety and fraternal hugs of Arabs and non-Arabs Far away from wars and smoke On the shore of sea its waves are quiet addressing mountains and feet with goodness and charity Its sand is peace and safety

1) من أنت سيدتي who are you my lady

من أنت سيدتي مارأت عيني روحا حاملة من الليل السكون في صمتك سكينة صرخة في حديثك موت الأحزان تزرعين الورد ترحيبا وتكتفين أنت بالاشواك تنيرين حاضرك بجانب حي وتخفين جانبك الميت ظننت حياتك فصل ربيع وأنت فرحة تتحدى الآلام أنت صبر يحجب سيل الدموع من أنت سيدتي خطو اتك إلى الأماني ثقيلة لا حس لها ولا أصوات قربك يُكلم الصمائر والقلوب بعدك ذكرى لقصة كتبتها في ثوان عنوانها عفة وجراح

2) سكون الليل silence of night

المني الصمت
السكون أوجعني
بهمسات الضياع
بالسر كروعة الخوف
وانواع الزهور
أراها فقط في الصور والقصائد
أحرقوا روحي
أتخبط في جنون الخريف
عواصف ورياح
اصفرار وتساقطات وعراء
في سكينتي تسقى بالجراح
في سكينتي تسقى بالجراح
في صمت الحياة
في صمت الحياة
أيها الليل عفوا
ويأسي الدامي
ولسي الدامي
ولسي الدامي

إن حضرت ثُمز ق الأكفان ويُصبح الجندي مدنيا في هذا العالم فُقداني في الشر يُفتت جلمُود الأُوطان أنا وردة بين الأشواك عزي غاب وغيابي أبكى الأرامل والذكور والأيتام أنا كوكب دوني ترى الأمم الظلم والظلام أنا السلام يا أهل السوء سأحاربكم بخرطاس المحبة برشاشات التعايش والآمان و عناق الإخوة من عرب وعجم مبتعدون عن الحرب والدخان على شواطئ بحر أمواجه هادئة تخاطب الجبال والأقدام بالبر والإحسان ورماله سلم وسلام

Remembering

our fallen soldiers of verse



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

Han W. Jankowski 16 March 1961 ~ 10 March 2017

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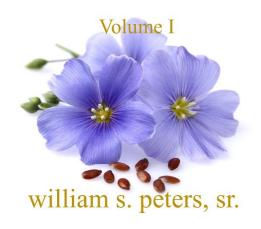
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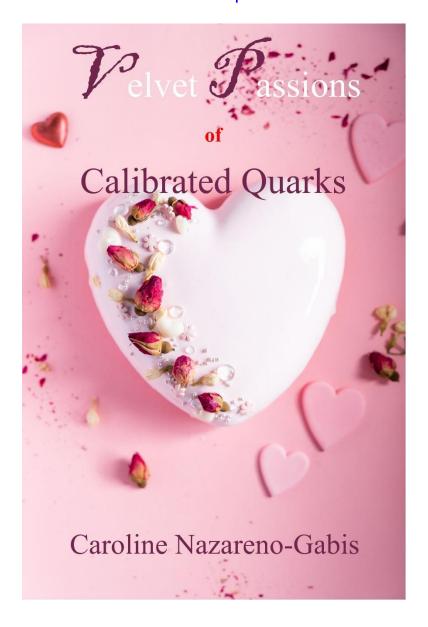
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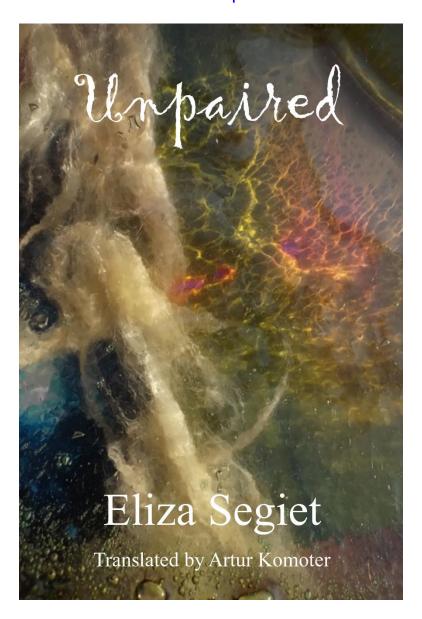


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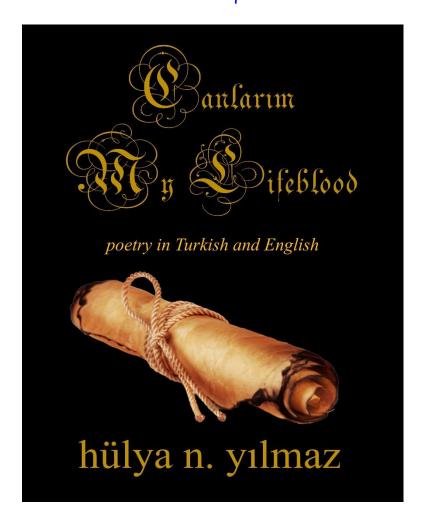
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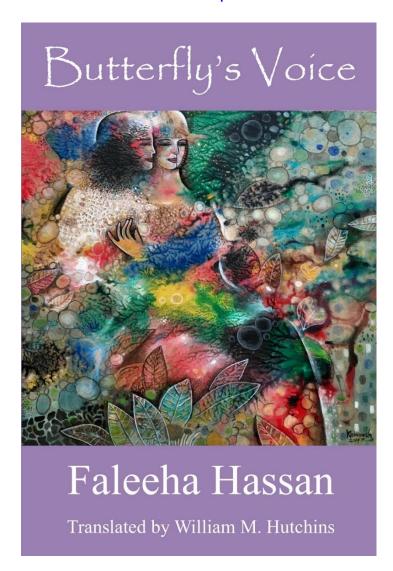
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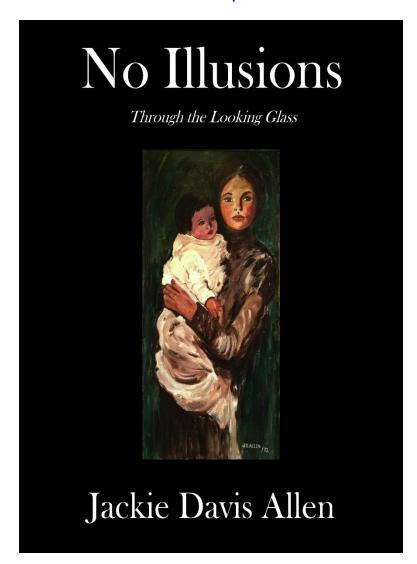
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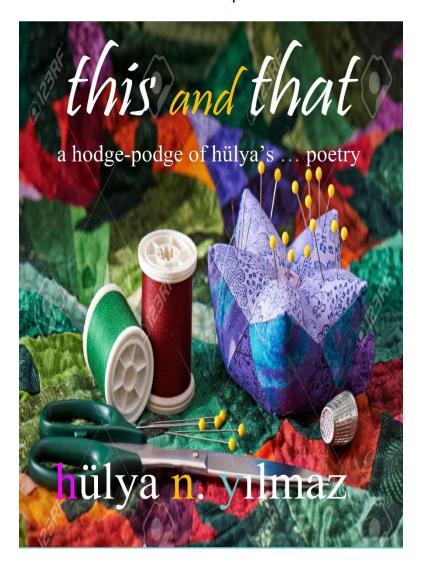


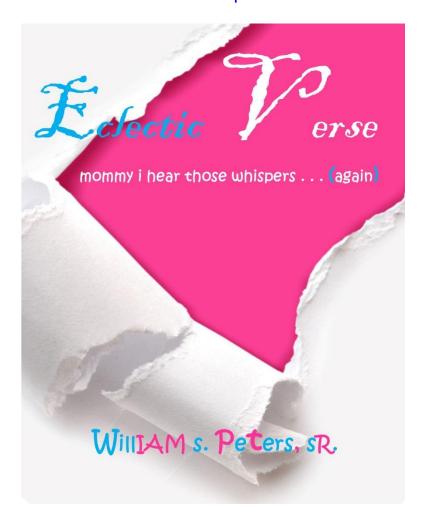
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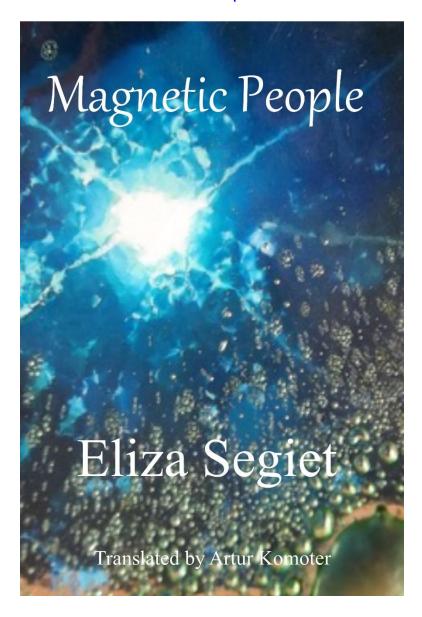


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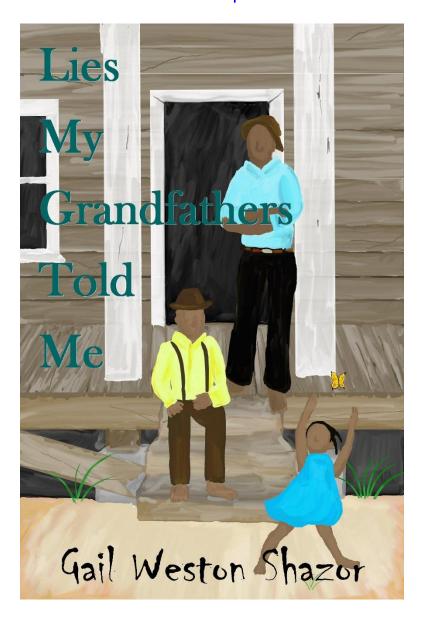
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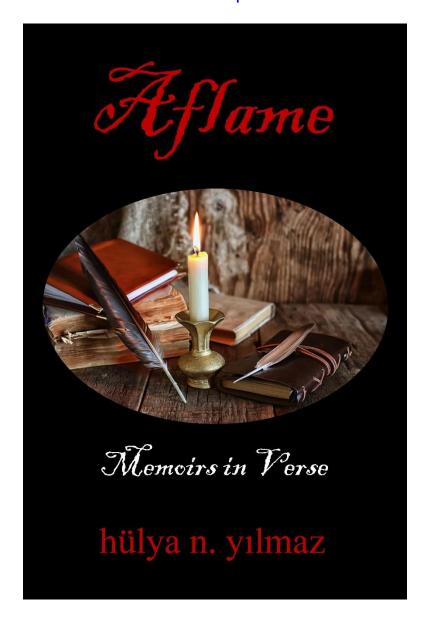


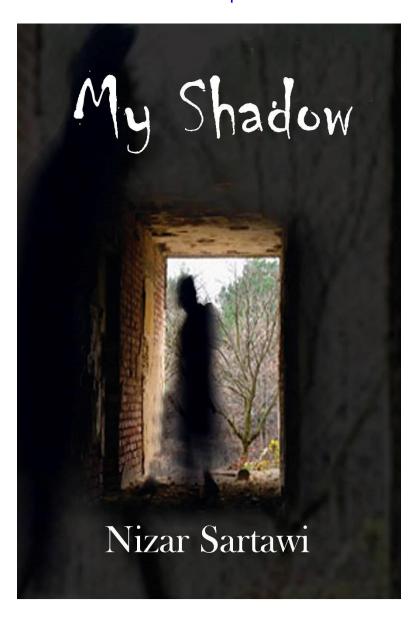
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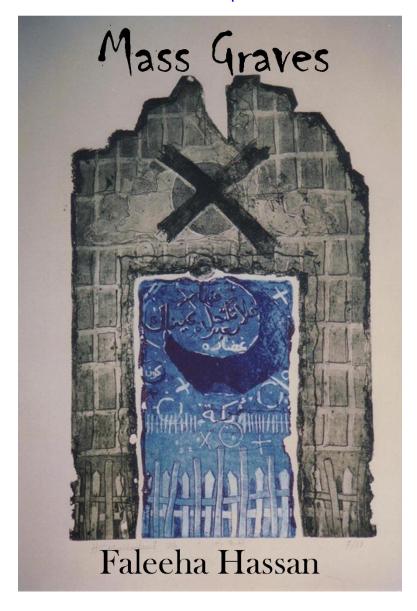












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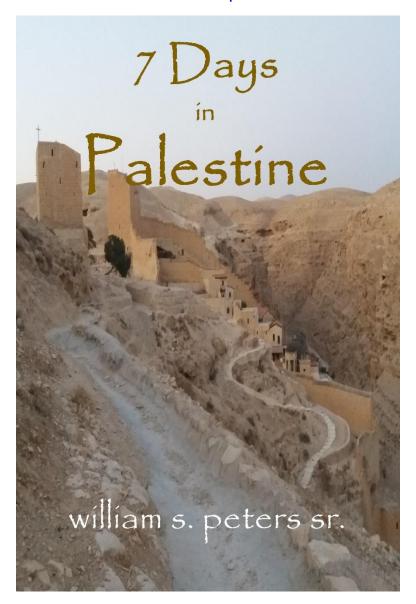
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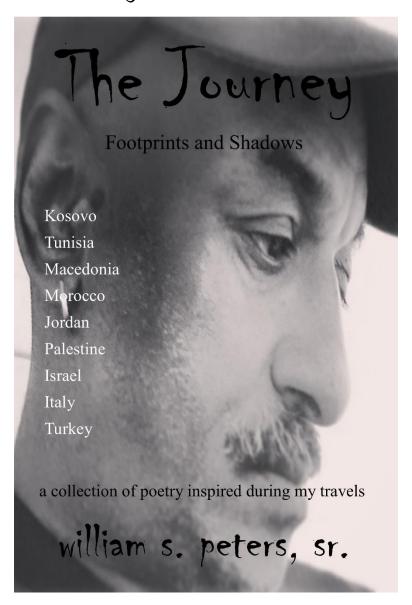


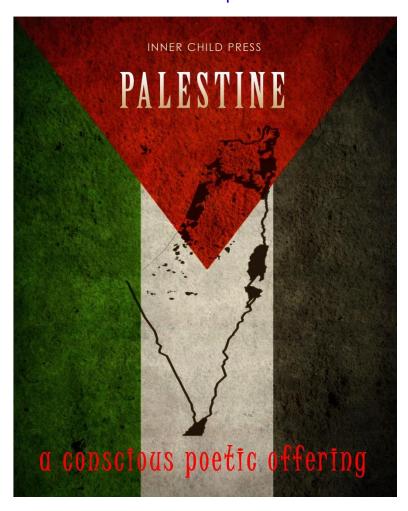
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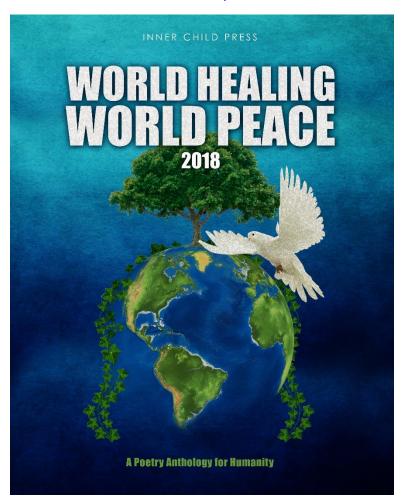




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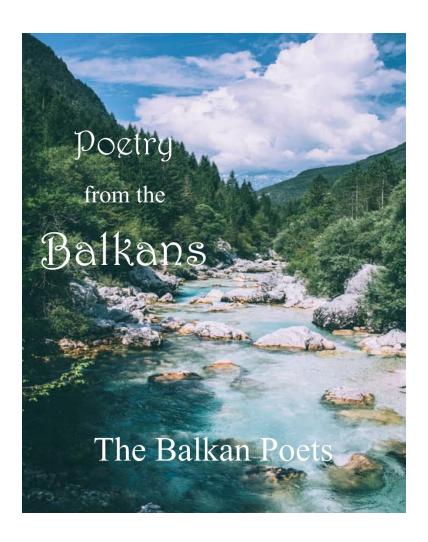


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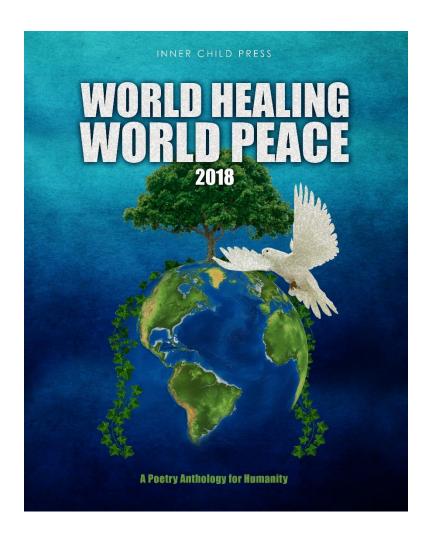
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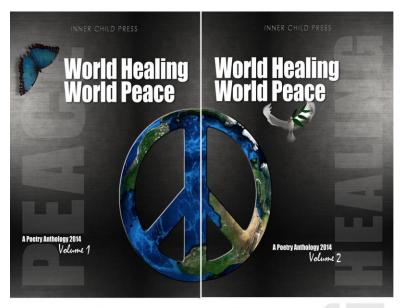


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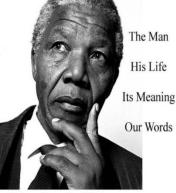


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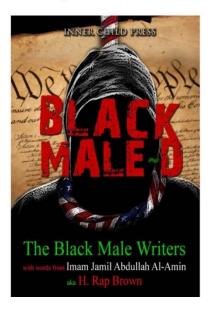


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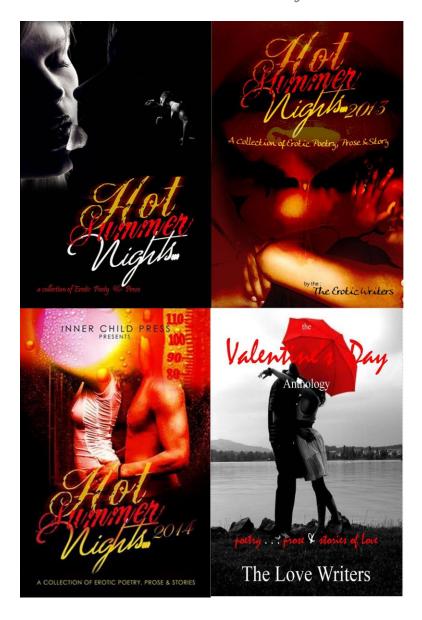


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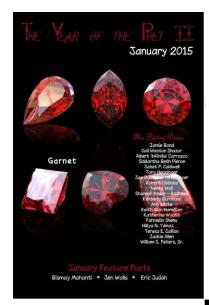
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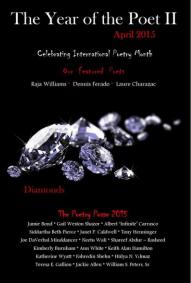


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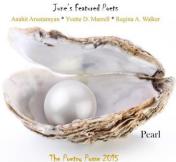




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The Year of the Poet 11 June 2015



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The Year of the Poet II



The Poetry Posse 2015

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

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August 2015



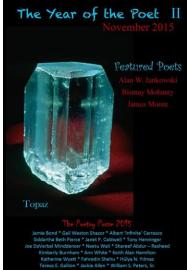
The Poetry Posse 2015

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

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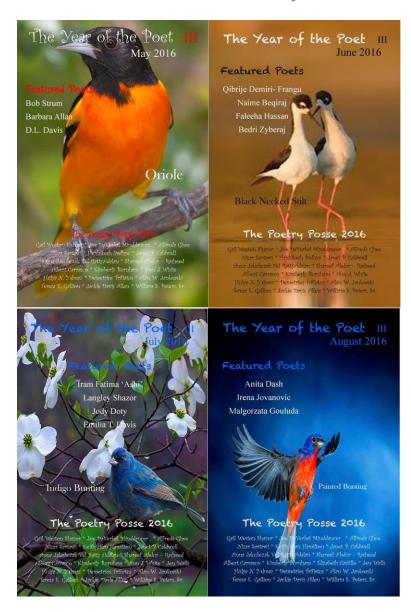




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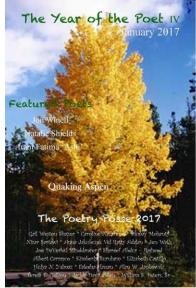
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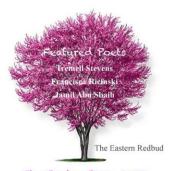


The Year of the Poet IV February 2017



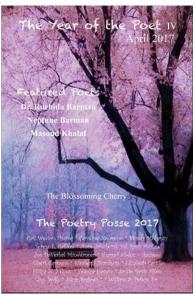
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The Year of the Poet IV March 2017



The Poetry Posse 2017

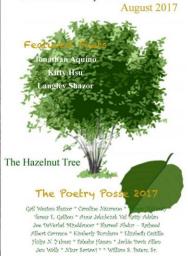
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The Year of the Poet IV November 2017

Featured Poets

Kay Peters

Alfreda D. Ghee

Gabriella Garofalo

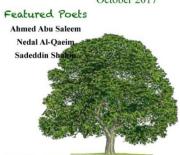
Rosemary Cappello



The Poetry Posse 2017

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

The Year of the Poet IV

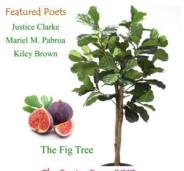


The Black Walnut Tree

The Poetry Posse 2017

Gail Weston Shazor * Caroline Nazareno * Bismay Mohanty Teresa E. Gaillion * Anna Jakubczak Vel Ratty Adalan Joe Da Verbal Minddance* Sharede Abdur - Rasheed Albert Carrasco * Kimberly Burnham * Elizabeth Castillo Hülya N. Yılmaz * Falecha Hassan * Jackie Davis Allen Jen Walls * Nizar Sartaw* * Villiam S. Peters, Sr.

The Year of the Poet IV December 2017



The Poetry Posse 2017

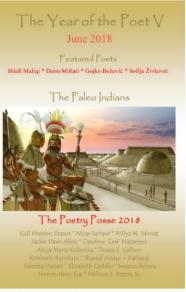
Gail Weston Shazor * Caroline Nazareno * Bismay Mohanty Teresa E. Galilon * Anna Jakubczak Vel Ratty Adalan Joe DaVerbal Minddance * Sharefa Abdur - Rasheed Albert Carrasco * Kimberly Burnham * Elizabeth Castillo Hülya N. Yılmaz * Faleeha Hassan * Jackie Davis Allen Jen Walls * Nizar Sartawi * William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

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The Year of the Poet V July 2018 Federal Fools Putnish I veniar-Endry Molummad Ibda I laph Eliza Seglet Tom I liegins Oceanía The Poetry Posse 2018 Gail Weston Shazor * Nizar Sartawii * Hulya N. Vilnaz Jackie Pavis Alien * Caroline * Cerl * Nazareno Alica Maria Kubenka * Teresa & Gaillon, Kimberly Burnham * Shazed * Abdur - Rahned Falecha Hassan * Elizabeth Castillo * Swapna Behera Tezmin Itoo * Ssa-E-Villam 5 · Peters, 5r.

The Year of the Poet V

Featured Poets

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

The Lapita



The Poetry Posse 2018

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The Aztecs & Incas



Featured Poets Kolade Olanrewaju Freedom

Kolade Olanrewaju Freedom Eliza Segiet Mazher Hussain Abdul Ghani Lily Swarn

The Poetry Posse 2018

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The Year of the Poet V October 2018

Featured Poets

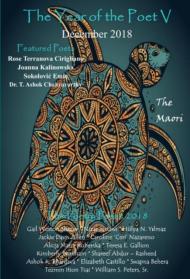
Alicia Minjarez * Lonneice Weeks-Badley Lopamudra Mishra * Abdelwahed Souayah



The Poetry Posse 2018

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



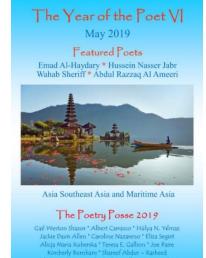


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The Year of the Poet VI June 2019

Featured Poets

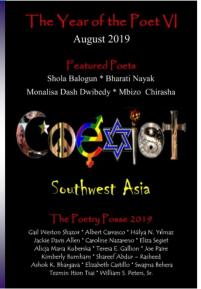
Kate Gaudi Powiekszone * Sahaj Sabharwal Iwu Jeff * Mohamed Abdel Aziz Shmeis



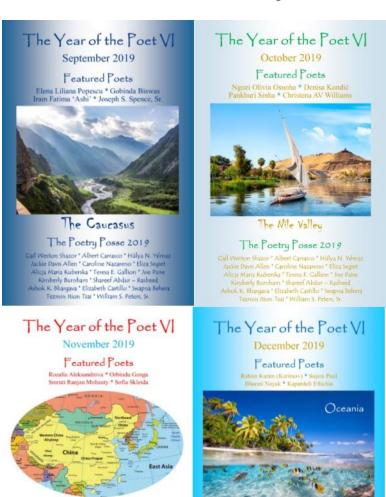
The Poetry Posse 2019

Gail Weston Shazor "Albert Carrasco " Hülya N. Yılmaz Jackie Davis Allen "Caroline Nazareno " Eliza Segiet Alicja Maria Kuberska "Teres E. Gallion " Joe Paire Kimberly Burnham " Shareef Abdur – Rasheed Ashok K. Bhargava " Elizabeth Castillo " Swapna Behera Tezmin titon Tsai " William S. Petess."





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Jackie Pavis Allen * Caroline Nazareno * Eliza Segiet

Allicja Maria Kuzherska * Teresa E. Gallion * Joe Patre Kimberly Burnham * Shareef Abdur – Rasheed Ashok K. Bhargava * Elizabeth Castillo * Swapna Behera

Tezmin Ition Tsai " William 5. Peters, Sr

Northern Asia
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Jackie Pavis Allen * Caroline Nazareno * Eliza Segiet

Alicja Maria Kuberska * Teresa E. Gallion * Joe Paire

Kimberly Burnham * Shareef Abdur – Rasheed Ashok K. Bhangava * Elizabeth Castillo * Swapna Behera Tezmin Ition Tsai * William S. Peters, Sr.



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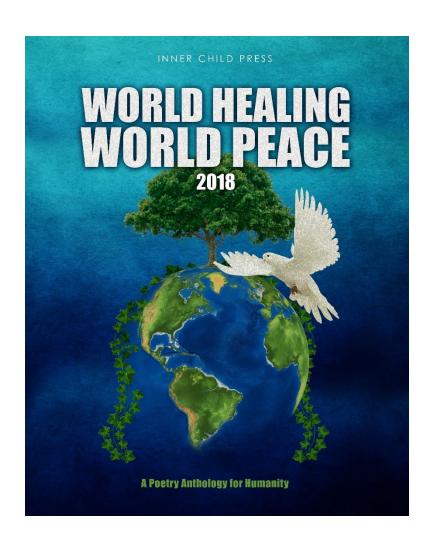
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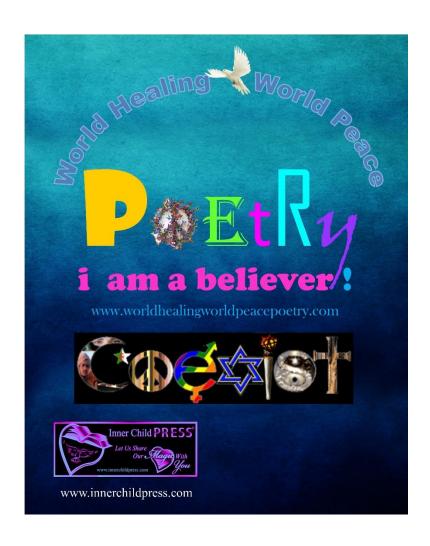
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The Poetry Posse ~ 2020



March 2020 ~ Featured Poets



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