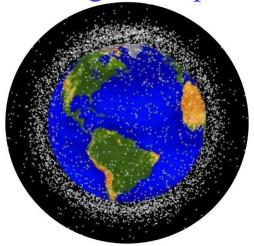
Featured Global Poets

Dimitris P. Kraniotis * Marlene Pasini
Kennedy Ochieng * Swayam Prashant

Climate Change and Space Debris



Poetry . . . Ekphrasticly Speaking

The Poetry Posse 2021

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

Year

of the

Poet IX

March 2022

The Poetry Posse

inner child press, ltd.

The Poetry Posse 2022

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



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

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

General Information

The Year of the Poet VIII March 2022 Edition

The Poetry Posse

1st Edition: 2022

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

Publisher Information

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

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

Copyright © 2022 : The Poetry Posse

ISBN-13: 978-1-952081-63-7 (inner child press, ltd.)

\$ 12.99

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

Table of Contents

Foreword	ıx
Preface	xi
Climate Change and Space Debris	xiii
The Poetry Posse	
Gail Weston Shazor	1
Alicja Maria Kuberska	7
Jackie Davis Allen	13
Tezmin Ition Tsai	21
Shareef Abdur – Rasheed	29
Kimberly Burnham	37
Elizabeth Esguerra Castillo	43
Joe Paire	49
hülya n. yılmaz	55
Teresa E. Gallion	59
Ashok K. Bhargava	65
Caroline Nazareno-Gabis	71

Table of Contents continued	
Swapna Behera	77
Albert Carassco	85
Eliza Segiet	91
William S. Peters, Sr.	97
March's Featured Poets	107
Dimitris P. Kraniotis	109
Marlene Pasini	115
Kennedy Ochieng	125
Swayam Prashant	133
Inner Child News	141
Other Anthological Works	173

Foreword

There has never been a more urgent time to school yourself in the effect that we humans have on our planet. We often want to blame fumes and industries and oil spills but isn't that just us? As our technologies have evolved, all the damage done has been at our collective hands. I say, we need to rethink the common buzz words "climate change" to "climate damage" because that is what it truly is. We overbuild. We set fires. We cut down trees. We poison the water and then we deny the right of the same to other humans.

So how do we fix it? We can't.

What we can do is stop what we are doing and find better ways to support our needs without destroying the very source of our lives. Circular economies are one solution. We can address renewable energies, waste and food by being conscious of how we consume, what we consume and what we do with the residual components of that consumption. Until we spend time thinking about

how we spend our time, we will continue to deplete the natural resources of the earth. It begins with us.

Cach one can make a difference in their own lives. The change will trickle up and that will be a change from the normal. We can hold accountable the companies from whom we purchase. They in turn will have to respond by having better corporate policies. Money is power and we all get to choose how we spend the dollars we have. That is one place to start.

Where will you begin?

Gail Weston Shazor Author, Poet, Writer, Humanitarian

Dreface

Dear Family and Friends,

So, here we are once again, making our way onward through the 'New Year' of 2022 and *The Year of the Poet*. This volume, (#99) represents our 3rd month of our ninth year of monthly publication. Amazing how much effort has been given by all the poets, to include the various members of *The Poetry Posse* and all the wonderful featured poets from all over our world. For myself, it has been and continues to be a great honor to be a part of this wonderful cooperative effort.

Loast year, 2021 and and the previous year of 2020 has been challenging for many of us throughout the year. We at *Inner Child Press International* were busy. We envisioned our role where the arts meet humanity to continue doing what we were good at... publishing. In 2020, we managed to not only produce and publish this series, *The Year of the Poet* each month, but we were also very proactive in the arena of human and social consciousness. We were able to produce several other anthologies to include: World Healing, World Peace 2020; CORONA . . . social distancing; The Heart of a Poet; W.A.R. . . we are revolution; Poetry, the Best of 2020. Going forward for 2022, we are seeking to

invest in the same or greater effort towards contributing to a 'conscious humanity'.

We are now in the stages of completing another epic volume of *World Healing, World Peace 2022* which will be published April 1st of this year. Additionally, there is yet another call for submission for "*Climate Change . . . do or die*". Needless to say we are excited about lending our poetric voices to the cause(s) of a better world, a better humanity.

We, poets and writers do have something to say about it all, and we intend to do so in any and every way we can. So stay tuned . . .

Bill

William S. Peters, Sr.

Publisher Inner Child Press International

www.innerchildpress.com

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

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

Climate Change and Space Debris

March 2022

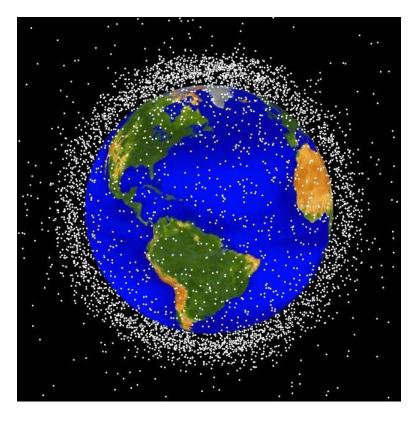


Photo Credit: Nasa

 $\frac{https://www.nasa.gov/mission_pages/station/news/orbital_}{\underline{debris.html}}$

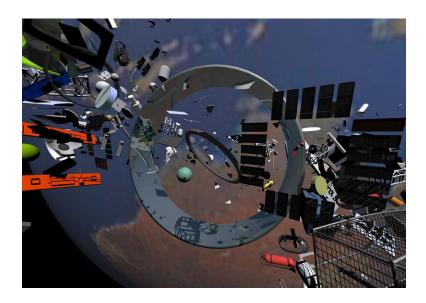


Photo Credit Wikimedia

https://commons.wikimedia.org/wiki/File:SpaceJunk,-Miguel-Soares,-2001-(s4-space-junk-042).jpg

"Space debris increasingly threatens rockets, the international space station, and satellites. At the beginning of October, the CHEOPS space telescope had to make an evasive maneuver due to a piece of Chinese space debris."

— Guido Schwarz

https://nccr-planets.ch/blog/2020/11/05/cheops-had-to-avoid-space-debris/





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 . . .





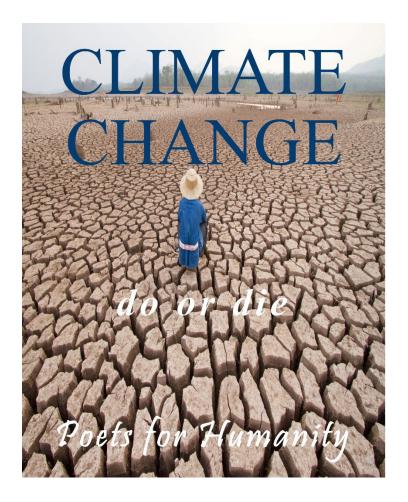


Poetry succeeds where instruction fails.

 \sim wsp

Now Open for Submissions

Closing 15 March 2022



1 Poem
Picture of Poet
Bio of 50 words or less

innerchildpressanthologies@gmail.com

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

To date, I have survived

2 category 5+ hurricanes 2 category 2 hurricanes Torrential rains Flooding Crabs crawling up hill Frog deaths Wings torn from birds Home torn from the foundation Joblessness And numerous invests So when will we begin to invest? We speak of mitigation But not prevention Post reaction But not preparedness Mother will bring us back To the breast Because are not ready for meat Then send us back To the ground To care for her heart

Morning

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

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

Water and rock surrounds me now In a visible, touchable, viable, real way This life is far from secluded For how could I have been found If not for being in this extravagant place Where fullness breathes silently

Today I will write your name
Upon this rock I hold in my hand
You have been given a word
As much action as identity
As much rock as water
I will place it back in the bowl in my window
To await your return

jungled

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

Alicja Maria Kubgrska



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

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

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

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

Blue planet

I have this image of our beautiful planet in my mind. This blue gem shines in the darkness of the universe. It is a wonderful cradle of plants, animals, people and was described as a paradise in the ancient stories.

I woke up terrified when this happy dream ended. The green lungs of the Amazon have shrunk and the world suffers from shortness of breath. The vast ocean waters are covered with a thick layer of plastic and the genetically modified plants do not pour seeds onto the soil.

I ask a man:

"Do you know what it will be tomorrow?

Did you forget who you are and where you come from?

Why did you recant your mother-Earth?"

You keep talking about money, profits, prosperity and you draw the bars and worry about future incomes.

Instead of a dot at the end of your long lecture,
I saw one horrible word - death.

Chopin

(A Triptych)

First love

The girl was beautiful and had a vibrant name She sang romantic songs in a lyric soprano and she opened heaven's gates by her voice.

Frédéric caressed the ivory keys to sound out the name of "Konstancja". The piano revealed the secrets of their meetings and sighs. The black notes danced the polkas joyfully, changed to mazurkas and left for the encore in a stately polonaise.

Their eyes met furtively in the stave.

The fate offered not much – a diamond ring,
Rossini's "Lady of the Lake" at the farewell concert.

The forgotten angel departed,
died in Skierniewice.

Summer 1847

George broke a wooden pencil in two.

She had the strength of her great-grandfather. Anger and disappointment gave big power to her seemingly delicate hands. At that moment she was a mother, a woman, unprotected by a manly attire.

Auguste carved Solange in marble and turned her daughter to stone -unfeeling, indifferent, deaf to the voice of doubt. Frederic failed her, too.

He left his lover and took the girl's side.

Summer in Nohant was unbearably hot. Every word raised the temperature. The novel about Lucrezia Floriani perished in the fireplace, but fire did not burn the gossip and sadness. Nine years of joy turned to ashes by a quarrel about/over the right to love.

The extinguished feelings could not be rekindled - it always pains when they die.

Loneliness in sickness turned coffee into cocoa, and grand creations shrunk to the size of miniatures.

Jackiz Pavis Allen



Jackie Davis Allen, otherwise known as Jacqueline D. Allen

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

No Crystal Ball

Something there is, That exists,

Far older, wiser than mankind's fears. With eyes looking upon a future Bleak with alarm.

And, yet, tarrying on, Toward the future,

Mankind traces back, The world, historically, To its long-ago distant past.

O, if only the calendar Yielded the encouragement,

That if, and By responsibility' own crystal ball, A man, could, in defense,

Instead Of recompense,

Count himself Proud. And, As having stood tall.

Something to Consider

When darkness finds light like a lost toy And when, with its joy, a man rises To unveil the smile of hope, He is favored, blessed.

Mistakes invoke pain,
Yet hope sustains.
If love is permitted to guide life into action

When man discovers friendship as a lost toy, With investment, some of darkness fades.

Old mistakes rekindle pain.

Yet hope sustains.

Prayers guide fear into remission, When love's truth Guides life into mission.

Friendship. Ah, it spreads love's light! Its ensuing joy paints the canvas With love. Despite mistakes' shame. Even still, hope sustains.

Effort guides man through Various and sundry stages, When forgiveness guides love Into life's mission.

Where Have All the Flowers Gone?

He is searching for answers
Life's questions are far too many
Like the autumn of his age
The salt of his tears are singeing

Singing memory's sad old song He tells himself, "I will never do that again". Yet he does. Over and over, feeding himself lies

With each retelling he is bereft, unhappy

Unable to discern seed's portent Truth blooming not, only its thorns rise up To accuse; his guilt bleeds shame's color

Ignorance has made a mess of his face

The poetical unkemptness that defines him Defines his care. It braids itself back and forth Twining as it pleases around the neglect

That attempts to replace passion's desire

The time is now to acknowledge self indulgent Acts of procrastination. Rehabilitation chides And nudges one to exercise undiscovered gifts

And to allow them to surface, to come into fruition

The thought of his gifts lying silent Buried inside, never to see the light of day Causes him to fall on his face and to pray

Then, rising up to greet the day with pen

And pad, he says to himself: Who cares What the critics say, I'll do it my way And in spite of the futility of previous attempts

The naysayers begin laughing at him

The stalwart dissenters rain down Derision while he humbles himself And grovels at the feet of his muse.

If need be, he says I'll write a song

About where all the flowers have gone In the midst of his search for satisfaction His friends minus a few, smile at him

Others shake their heads in disbelief

Their accusing comments awaken his intentions, So hungry is he for a way to relinquish the pain He grabs his pen and begins, once again

No longer wondering where the flowers have gone

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.

When I Look Up To The Sky

Empty and mysterious realm, the wonder of nature Is it artificial? Is it a natural change? or man-made natural changes

The great nature, in the name of its creator, whose masterpiece is it?

Chaos vital energy, the origin of all things in the universe Can the thoughts of returning home only be placed on the geese returning to their nests?

But the slight wind and grass move, to leak out the secrets of the gods

Heaven and earth are distinguished by color so that human beings can distinguish between good and evil Plants on the ground can only grow if the water and air

circulation is normal

Dragon's palace, sunk at the bottom of the sea

The mood of contentment of fairy house on the sea

The mood of contentment of fairy house on the sea dissolved in the infinite space and infinite time

Open-minded and generous without revealing clues, Transcendence does not need to be covered up The southern sea follows the waves but not the moon, and the god of fire panics and sank in the sound of falling clouds and rain

When has the border between the north and the south of the mountains turned into a deserted ferry

All animal husbandry matters always follow the solar terms All the affairs of the world have been rationally settled The frontier area has always been like a wasteland, and the bedroom door of the palace is painted with tigers The continuous forest, the giant sea turtle carrying the mountain lurks in it

Big waves, birds trampling on the water that is connected to the sky

The beast's songs howled like drums, and the whales erupted and roared from time to time
Corals stand in the sea like jade in the dark night

Heaven

Sometimes angry like a thunder god, sometimes like a violent shower

Sometimes is like a horse stepping out of the door, and sometimes screams like dragons fighting each other Sometimes is silent like a sleeping sheep, obediently accommodating

Or like a wicked fire burning upward, driving away the clouds and shaking the stars

When it is like a big wave in the rivers, lakes, and seas, it is out of control within ten thousand miles

Can make the ships on the islands urgently gather Let the copper bells hanging under the eaves strike when the wind strikes

n summer, the southeasterly winds coincide with the meridian that the celestial bodies pass-through The promontory is full of the comfortable light of Hibiscus, tall and straight, surpassing the red glow of the sky

The West Wind Blows To The Branches Of The Sweet-Scented Osmanthus In The Alley

Sitting in this long train of iron-hulled carriages Across the window, the iron bridge and copper pillars outside the west bank are dust-free Plantains and maple leaves, drifting away from my ears Holding one eye, looking at her beside me

She pointed out the window, and then I realized that the west wind was following us It's like the old things are repeated In the Central Bookstore, found together with a modern poem we once read It's still lonely in the interleaf

Fortunately, she took my hand and felt my heart Looking for our own walk-in town With white hair on our temples, smiled and let the leisure in the alley wash away the noisy dust Then walk into the sunset and set foot on the journey home

Passing by the corner market, want to write a poem Surprised to see a cat drinking the glass beaded soda The fragrance of books, the sweet-scented Osmanthus, and the small alleys
Now just want to ask, now the time is so light
The passers-by, why are you in such a hurry?

The Small Village Story

This is how the small village manages the seclusion Strolling along the lost path, the citronella hut is hidden in the tree pods to steal leisure

Low-slung row fields, surrounded by clear water ditches for irrigation

The fallen leaves are like flying tentacles that frighten the crows in the cold winter

The wind outside the pavilion carries sand and dust The stone wall exposed the fibrous roots of the tree, which were slightly cracked

The sun that just came out of the east, with a twisted slope, stands aside

Who deceived you passers-by who came from afar? Not to chase the surges of the deep blue sea But learn the wind of the residual rain of apricot flowers Blow so lightly

Now the empty alleys after the people are gone seem sparse and lonely, what's the use of more remorse?

The back of the small village is secluded and there are no idlers, but the front eaves of the exaggerated hotel house are full of flying fish

Outside the house, next to the small forest tree at the foot of the lonely peak

The green duck curled up on one foot and pretended to be dozing off the edge of the pond

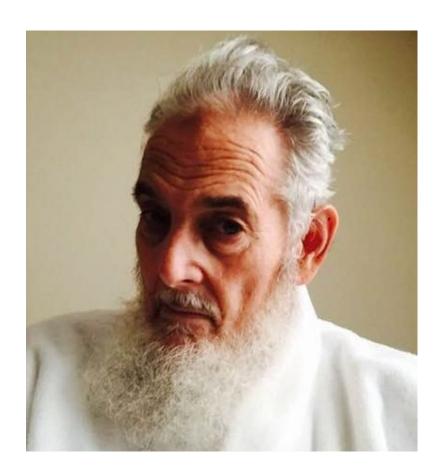
Apparently, its heart is clearer than mine, only in deep water that spring can be found

The boss brought a wine jug, and I tasted circumspectly his intentions and a table full of delicacies

Under the call of meat, even fine wine can't solve the sorrow

I'm just a passerby Can't handle the tangle in this leisurely life Even if thousands of articles are left, I am not the only one who is wide awake today

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

Debris please

what's this humans continue to piss on sacred creation now even space disgraced dumping garbage worldwide passion in perpetual fashion all sorts of out in space garbage traveling over 17,000 miles an hour now that's some smoking garbage to what extent will mankind violate the very things essential to our very survival immersed in perpetual denial what excuse can possibly be viable to excuse abuse of the immoral suicidal what y'all complaining bout shut that mouth

enlightenment

truth must be a valid staple in your pursuit of love that endures time the time that never expires

open minds invite enlightenment fire of truth illuminates nights once replete of ignorance then the sun rose up to expose relevance that once seemed oblivious but now quite obvious so, seek thou beloved cherished fulfillment in truth lies the light day don't exist in the midst of night until night runs its course

then the sun lends its voice all runs its designed course never divorce of rhyme, reason life and death have its season as life has a purpose that no one was or is here without you must seek to find it all else lines up behind it as is right you're only here to fulfill the purpose of your life then the journey continues beloved until destination reached a fact written, given to mankind complete never to be breached because plain and simple it's the creator's plan not man, not creation only the creator overstand

There i go

there i go Moody said riffing in key, melody riffing off beats in me riffing, lah, lah, lah dee, dee, dee bah, bah, bah dah, dah, dah soul letting off steam know what i mean? therapy in the right key opens up possibilities eyez can see forest and trees notes floating off me birds singing harmony leaves ruffling winds blowing Cee's it's the beat life's pulse given substance bring joy to us smiles 'n ' piles happiness for miles. speaking of miles. kind of blue, so what, seven steps to heaven talkin riffs, fours with legends dem gone but the be bop flows on riffs run deeeep even in sleep

truly? you playing me? strings attached? what's luv all about? rhythm 'n 'blues fade singing in the rain. feeling no pain just wanna be happy

Kimberly Burnham

The Year of the Poet IX ~ March 2022



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

http://www.NerveWhisperer.Solutions

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

Above and Below

Below where I look at the evening sky skyward a casual glance glancing at what is far beyond me

Me, I see red and purple streaks streaking sunset sprays across the sky sky junk in the air beyond that

That I don't perceive perceiving not with the naked eye only only my heart is aware of all that's above

Whose Is This?

This I wonder now
now that passengers fly
flying into space
space metal points everyone look!
looks out the window then frowns
frowning at the spectacle
spectacles filtering light beheld
held outside gravity wondering whose junk
junk turning space into a scrapyard
yards and yards for whom or is it whose

Blossoms of Phytoremediation Sunflowers

Flowers scientifically known as Helianthus Annuus annuus the species of the common sunflower flowers with an uncommon rhizosphere spherical roots grow environmental surprises surprising biodegradation of heavy metals metals like lead (Pb) and Zn zinc but more astonishing what young plants remove moves or takes on 95% of the uranium in dirt dirt polluted by radioactive metals metals like Caesium (Cs) and Sr strontium withdrawn from underground water water near waste mining sites sites now full of sunflower blossoms

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

Space Debris

Cosmic beauty from afar,
Collisions from space
Not seen by the naked eye
But when satellites collide,
Smashed pieces turn into debris
Harming the Earth's surface.

Embrace

The only thing that is constant

Change happens each day

Go with the flow

Whispers your soul

Immerse in the moment

Embrace your uniqueness

Change occurs

Every now and then

Learn to live each day

Open to new possibilities.

Today, I Affirm

Today, I affirm
Positivity to surround me,
Dark forces may roam
But I will choose
To be the Light
Illuminating wandering souls
Enlighten paths.

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 a cord with the dormant strings of the reader. His pen the rosined bow drawn across the mind. He comes full-frontal or in the subtlest way, always expressing in a way that stimulate the senses.

www.facebook.com/joe.minddancer

Universal Habits

We bag it, we compact it, we recycle when applicable We resale what's reusable, we sell the unusual One man's trash is another man's treasure The outside of this planet looks like whatever

Scientific pollution makes it alright
You can dump your trash by the moonlight
Just make sure you're on the dark side of the moon
You may get ticketed for droppings left around noon

Space is full of mistakes and abandoned rocketry Satellites that have fallen from their trajectory Respect you see depends on the participants Shards of metal orbit a planet bent on ending it

No more wishing upon a star Something may fall as big as a car What goes up must come down Gravity has a habit of keeping things on the ground

Chicken little fears though the lens of a telescope Could space-trash develop into a new kind of isotope Acid rain falls from rusted clouds Just a theory for now so don't say it out loud

Leaves get picked up on Mondays Trash gets picked up Friday Years have gone by since the days of Sally Ride And this cosmic debris will get picked up one day

Breaking Ground

Is it too soon to garden?
Pardon the interruption of frozen soil
The daffodils are already showing plump greens

Tomatoes may find there way around virgin hands I'll probably over water in a rush to see growth Fresh buds are showing up on bare trees

Nature on its own never needed a man's hand Yet we till the soil to accept choice seed How far down does one dig?

I saw a bee today, I'm sure others will follow The birds never left this year They've become familiar with the landscape

Decomposing logs and bamboo An old tractor wheel and a few stones Maybe a little pond with frogs, big dreams for a small yard

I'm ready to disturb the soil
A four by six plot to start a food chain
A stack of do-it-yourself magazines

A big straw hat to shield the sun beams A pair of gloves and gardening tools

I'm about to be a tomato growing fool Maybe I'll just continue to shop some food chain But in the beginning, I must break ground

The Lost Words

To the uninitiated some books tell a story of events Fact or fiction makes a difference for the content History should not be a fairy tale, yet lies are taught A teacher can't teach speculation, students gonna ask why

In a pile of charred facts, carbon may hold the truth archeology classes are a thing of the past records can no longer be kept or relied on well, they can be lied on but where's the proof

corruption is the agenda when the law is what is said no one can defend you when there are no words to be read is the truth so offensive it must be banned? Lies are easier to convey on the other hand

Bless your individuality
When you refuse to buy into fallacy
That bandwagon mentality is a means to an end
Everyone else is doing it, so the downfall begins

Hear no, speak no, see no evil I
He knows, we know, it's all a bunch of lies
Some see no harm in it
Some see a charm in it
Some are up in arms in it, then somebody dies

Can I yell fire in a movie theater? Free speech seems to be a topic that's not quite clear here The constitution lost its constitution and can't be used here Light the fuse dear, I can't read anymore hülya n. yılmaz



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

Writing Web Site https://hulyanyilmaz.com/

Editing Web Site https://hulyasfreelancing.com

we even turn space into a landfill

overfilling space to our greedy selves' content will we ever learn?

open wide

an abyss-like mouth but only to spit out junk no thorough chewing

world's leading countries

where's the advancement? where's progressiveness in it? putting Earth to death

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

The Knot

My soul floats in night dreams across the universe. Pearl teardrops float in pain seeing human trash in space.

No one below the stars open their eyes wide enough to realize, we are on the destructive path.

Someday the planet may be taken by its own debris. Turning humankind to dust as earth rolls into a tight knot.

Just Seventy

Three score and ten does not seem old anymore. It is a blessing wrapped in memories,

hard and soft, scratchy and soothing coloring the belt of my wisdom.
Smiles and tears nourish my gratitude garden.

The little voice makes me listen and open my eyes. All the doors are wide open. You may enter without the need to impress.

Just embrace your life and walk in love's light on your journey home.

Night Walking

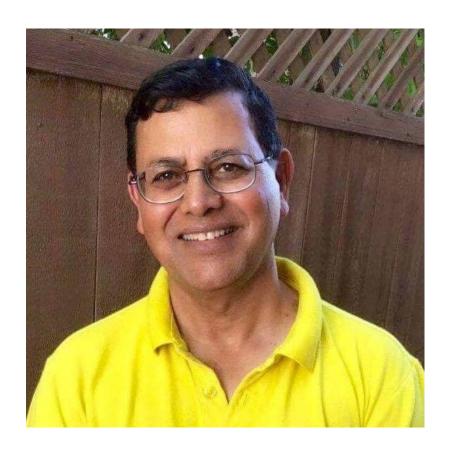
Sometimes the words run across my field like warriors ready to battle.

On those nights, my body trembles at the thought of being overtaken. My emotions go into turbo drive

like birds flying in all directions bouncing against walls of resistance. Surrender is not an option.

The chaos of the moment may be all that is needed to force you to focus and find your way in the dark.

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.

Cleaner Skies

The twist of times think vastly to transcend change space debris that circles the magnitude seemingly empty space.

There is lots of junk orbiting at speed faster than a bullet and the earth has to be guarded.

Space isn't a road for spaceships to ride on.

In gravity-free space we will build cities for future generations to the poetic realm of a spotless galaxy.

Don't fail to commit to cleaner heavens from one person to all persons one idea to many solutions.

Music to Ears

they hum with a sound bees and birds flowers and leaves as they wander around

they thunder lightening clouds torrential rains in amazing wonder

they kiss lips yours and mine silent notes and sweet rhymes

music is in the air everywhere I look around

A Minute Cell

Every leaf is the forest Every flower is the garden Every breath is the life

Every drop is the ocean every ray is the sun every cell is the universe

Eyes are the windows to behold and appreciate the world we live in

Love it with heart it's the key to nurture and enhance happiness

Caroling 'Cgri Naz' Nazargno Gabis

The Year of the Poet IX ~ March 2022



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

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

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

Links to her works:

panitikan.ph/2018/03/30/caroline-nazareno-gabis

apwriters.org/author/ceri_naz/

www.aveviajera.org/nacionesunidasdelasletras/id1181 .html

dust and debris

i wiped the dust on my white vest, just like you, fading... from the shadows, between weeds of our dusky faces, and dismantled days; beyond forgetting.

imagining how debris get lost, as it maneuvers in space floating lightly but unfortunately, might need zillion dollars, in centuries to freeze them i wonder, are there space janitors, beyond the galaxies?

home is happiness

every time, i get off and ready to go home the setting sun speaks to me so much hope to hold on to i put my mind in my heart, let it beat a passion to wait, a passion to listen a passion to appreciate, that great flights, great chances are coming; towards the distance, see yourself, a mirror of a-z miracle.

dulce escapar

a sweet escape from the ebony of dreams in tor and distances holding you is a sublime page of my golden summer you and i the eyes of the twilight.

unruffled from the scourging heat because your arms are my resting place my extant vest from frets a threshold of never-ending by your side is my everything.

Swapna Behera



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

swapna.behera@gmail.com

save us from space debris

why do you throw the debris defunct artificial objects in space in the Earth's orbit? don't we need a sustainable space environment? space junk that comes from collisions; anti-satellite tests in the orbit smash apart into thousand of new pieces the man-made articles around the Earth which no longer serve are the space debris it has detrimental effects on the environment a proportion of the space junk in low Earth orbit gradually loses altitude burns up in earth's atmosphere creating global warming carbon dioxide emissions cause the atmosphere to shrink space junk collides with satellites weather reports are affected space launches can have a hefty carbon foot print due to the burning of solid rocket fuels challenges are unique to space environment micrometeoroids, debris, radiation and charged particle dead satellites cause infra-red radiation trapped by the thick atmosphere as heat let the satellites be removed from orbit once they are not active space surveillance is required we need laser brooms to sweep space debris save us.....

a nude model

she sits for hours together sans clothes as a yogini connecting to the ether lots of palettes work together drawing strokes for curves, spots, moles, wrinkles, muscles, thick arteries, nipples or drooping breasts for malnutrition a body on the canvas the lady thinks of rice, porridge to feed kids and husband buying a pressure cooker next month thinks of saving money for daughter's marriage husband snatches the remuneration after each assignment the students of art college are angels connected with divine creator the lady sits for hours without moving an inch she hasn't taken water or breakfast as it may lead her to toilet not an easy task to be a statue for hours and days in the same position her drunkard husband doesn't know her work each night he rapes; her so called husband rapes her money, dignity, snatches her flesh, slaps she is a model a nude model in the art gallery of Kolkata i salute her as she knows her work not a joke to sit nude in front of thirty or forty students for days together in the same position they respect her a gregarious bond between them

every art is divine every canvas is the eternal sky where the existence melts becomes volatile to create a new sky she is a model i repeat she is a nude model she is a diva

now i can die peacefully

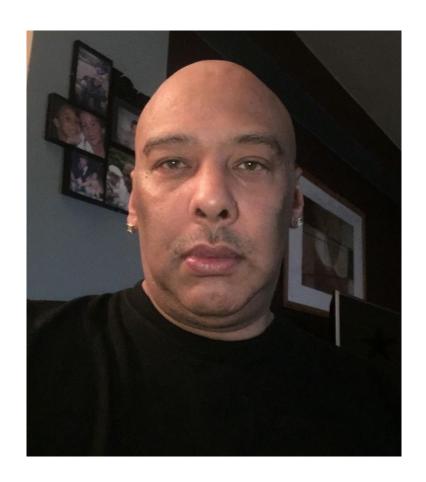
an eternal river
flows in my veins
I am a dew drop
on the grass fields
where children play
sing songs; fly kites
fearless they walk
each flowery step on me
towards a new civilisation
they are the kids of our own
and not the refugees
who are we to draw boundaries?
i will delete all lines of restrictions

i am a dew drop
the compact version
of an eternal stream
on the tree of a mountain
where birds can sit and sing
drink me to add strength to the wings

i am a dew drop in the war field here slept the last soldier licking me just before his death ...

let it be the last war before I dry i am a dew drop to wipe the blood and scars on the heart a new Sun is in the horizon now I can die peacefully

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

Space debris

In space there's no junk yards are scrap yards, there's thousands of pieces of debris orbiting our planet at high speed freely. We need some sort of a space mission that includes crews and spaceships for sanitation. You can look up to the sky and see the milky way of stars that can't be distinguished with the naked eye, it's an illuminated light that brightens the night that could soon go unseen due to all the space junk taking flight. Old satellites, rocket fragments, dust, paint and launch canisters can cause space travel disasters. I can only imagine what it would look like to astronauts when debris appears while at mach speed leaving our atmosphere.. It's not like a rocket can maneuver around metal or mesh during weightlessness like a car tuned for the road, a direct hit can cause vessels like the shuttle to explode or implode leaving more objects in space floating from its load. We have to do better to maintain the rock we love as well as the infinite space above.

Bring the pain

Made sure those around me were eating right, kept pockets tight, when nikkas had drama they called the don dadda to squash shit or to light shit, if i got knocked i'll send coded kites with green lights, see their mans and them... it's on sight, the streets are hot so i kept two burners, it's a cold cold world like opps driven off by coroners. Bellaco. i'm not the one to play with, I stand at attention, it's instant smoke when provoked because I mourn many men that learned fatal lessons due to hesitation. BX made, CHP to be exact, kin from the view and the neck heard echoes from blazn gats when dudes tried to roll thru the parkside or sneak thru the back, i always held the fort.. no cap, its a checked fact. He turned powder into something like tree sap, when it hardened, he chopped chopped the wood into thin slices with presidential faces like a lumberjack, that's how he paper stacked, where he get his power from? he had a hard-knock life growing up in the slums, made it big from crumbs with his day ones, they won, he went to all their funerals, he made a promise then kissed their forehead, i won't stop until your souls are surrounding my casket at my burial.. is what he said. I never stopped, i'm still in game, bellaco to infinite the poet, i changed my name, still involved with the streets but i'm not cutting dope or melting caine, i pray.. please God don't let them test me because a lot of anger still remains, i don't want to dig in hurt and bring the pain.

What they saw

I wish they didn't see what we did when we was young men and they were kids, but they did. I feel as if we failed many. I'm seeing a lot of those sight seers dying and doing bids. They are our reflections. We ran wild in these New York streets, we was sacrificing ourselves so history didn't have to repeat. That wasn't our intention. The revolution was televised, that damaged inquiring minds and staring eyes. They saw the lines and they heard the shots, they saw and heard about all the money and materialism, so of course they went to sleep dreaming of their shot, I'm going to be just like the OG's, go from poor to rich in nycha property by owning or running a lucrative spot. Our revolution corrupted sons, the facade we saw should've been just an optic illusion to the children, critical living conditions and critical decisions formed a tradition of critical visions.

When I see these children that grew into men they show me nothing but love, I showed them the same, but it always crosses my mind... who would they be today if they weren't shown the game? Maybe they wouldn't of lost years, lost peers and live like I do... Suppressing rage and pain gained from "by any means" gains.

Eliza Segiet



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

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

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

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

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

In September 2019 she was 1st Place Laureate (Foreign Poetry category) – in Contest *Quando È la Vita ad Invitare* for poem *Be Yourself* (Italy).

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

Nominated for the Pushcart Prize 2019.

Nominated for the iWoman Global Awards (2019).

Laureate Naji Naaman Literary Prize 2020.

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

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

Ambassador of Literature granted by Motivational Strips.

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

Chaos

but to threaten.

We wound places, which we should tend to.
It's not enough for us to destroy air, water, we managed to anchor to the heaven's vault, from space debris to create a horseless chariot.
Circling the orbit

not for delighting

Don't we all experience effects of human's thoughtlessness?

It's time to take reign over chaos on Earth and in Heaven.
Some persons are privy to the ozone hole also being a human's creation, there are few who know, that it's time to say

— STOP!

Translated by Ula de B.

Marionettes

The silence rumbles, as the world is throbbing around, and in the mind a failure is consumed.

To live solely with the props? Everything that's around is a self made delusion.

The beautiful house turned out to be a prison wall the garden – exercise yard, a friendly human might happen to be sep at the other side of the stage – in the other theater of life.

Along those, who appear to be marionettes, perhaps it's necessary to find not the puppet, but the real one?

Translated by Ula de B.

Likeness

He resolved to change something inside of him, to have more representations acquaintances, friends, representations acquaintances.

Unlike ever before he wanted to get noticed.

But between the attempt at renewal and that, who he's been so far, who he's been so far, when there are whole years drawn in which is hard to suddenly become someone else, when the seemingly vanishing manner still displays its past power.

In the end, [SEP]
common sense won the experiment
– a try at carbon copying. [SEP]
He abandoned the faith in illusion, [SEP]
that he would change [SEP]
into likeness of others.

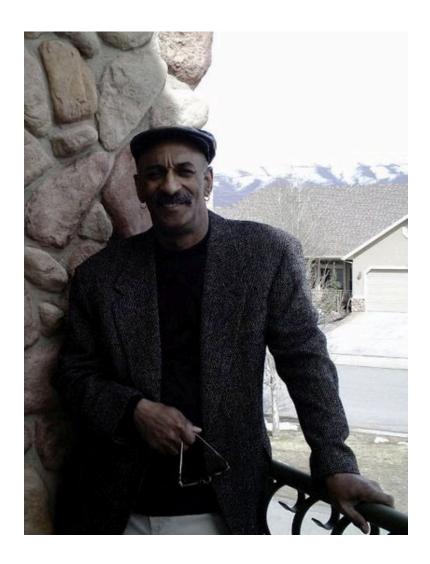
To be one's self

— it's more important than to pretend and to be conforming to the public,

The cheers for the duplicate – unfortunately – [SEP] is a mediocre joy.

Translated by Ula de B.

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

Can't Breathe

The junk is choking me Oh, poor is me Thanks to you . . . Mankind

Where is the kind?
How do we find our way
Through all the debris
That surrounds
You and me...
How...how I ask
For I can not see
For all the junk you send
To enshroud and cloak
The best of me

I Can Not Breathe

What I need

What need have i,
Have you,
Have we
For rulers who
Think nothing
Of killing the innocents?

What need have i
For the greed merchants
Who want it all,
Who ignore the calls
Of the poor,
Homeless and downtrodden?

What need have i For a government That refuses To govern themselves?

What need have i
For guns and bombs
And death-craft
That bring only
Death and destruction?

What need have i
For bigots and racists
And fascist and class-isms
Whose isms'
Include not the all,
But only the select few?

What need have i To go to Mars Or any other planet,

When we can not Do not Even take care of home?

What need have i
For empty and deceitful words
And promises made
by demons and devils
Whose morality and integrity
Fails in all applications

What need have i
To believe in those 'pipe-dreams'
You are selling
About a better day,
A brighter future,
Where my children,
And my children's children ad infinitum
are at peace, happy
And too can dream
Of yet even better times
Of prosperity, peace and love
At the very least

If it all went away,
Would I miss it,
Would I kiss it goodbye
Or allow this to linger
As we die needlessly
At the hands of those
Who heedlessly
Deny the essence of
Their souls

What need have i?

Piety

I quieted my thoughts, Humbled my spirit, Wrangled and subdued My anxiousness And that of my expectations

.

I had but one, one Place to be, And that was to Lie prone And prostrate myself Before the altar

I was listening
To the faintest of things
Which slowly became
Deafeningly loud
My breathing,
My heartbeats
My unrestrained thoughts

.

I direly needed this Conjured solace Found in the seeking Of a foreign plateau Of unspeakable silence

What may come tomorrow, I accept ...

.....

What has been, I accept,

For it is a gross futility To rave against What has already been

.

Where I am, Is where I am, With the only question Of any resolve is 'Am I awake' ... Or awakened.

I observe the footprints,
I take in and bathe
In the radiance
Of the garden where
Flowers bud, blossom
And dance
When children such
As you and I
Play, smile
And do mischievous things
Borne of our innate
Innocence
As we all express
A fragrance of
A natural belonging

In this place
That I am,
I sense a joy
In my heart
That begins to overwhelme me ...

.

Is this a piety of sorts,
Or some convenient delusion

That serves a need For my peace?

Oh tell me my 'Maker',, My Creator, What is this place I dwell in In my acknowledged Time of need?

.

Have you come to visit
This place within me,
And about me,
Where you have
Always been
Waiting for my awakening
My piety
That I may see you?

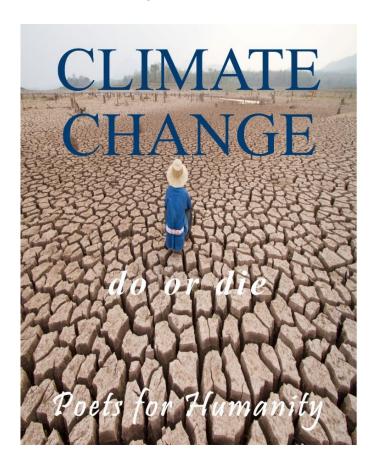
.

Embrace me,
Fold me into thy bosom
And never let me go,
For I not only thus
Have need of Thee,
But I have the need to know,,
That I have need of Thee...yet....

Piety

Now Open for Submissions

Closing 15 March 2022



1 Poem
Picture of Poet
Bio of 50 words or less

innerchildpressanthologies@gmail.com

March 2022 Featured Poets



Dimitris P. Kraniotis

Marlene Pasini

Kennedy Ochieng

Swayam Prashant



Dimitris D. Kraniotis



Dimitris P. Kraniotis is an award-winning Greek poet and medical doctor. He was born in 1966 in Larissa Prefecture and grew up in Stomio (Larissa) in central Greece. He studied Medicine at the Aristotle University of Thessaloniki. He lives in Larissa (Greece) and works as an internal medicine physician.

He is the author of 9 poetry books in Greece and abroad. Also he is the Editor-in-chief of the international anthology in English "World Poetry 2011" (205 poets from 65 countries). He has won many international awards for his poetry which has been translated in 25 languages and published in many countries around the World.

He has participated in several International Poetry Festivals. He is Doctor of Literature (World Academy of Arts and Culture), Academician in Italy, President Emeritus of the World Congress of Poets (WCP/UPLI), President of 22nd World Congress of Poets (Greece 2011) and "Laureate Man of Letters" (United Poets Laureate International), President of World Poets Society (WPS), Director of Mediterranean Poetry Festival (Larissa, Greece), Ambassador of "Poetas del Mundo" to Greece and member of several organizations (World Poetry Movement, Hellenic Literary Society, National Society of Greek Literary Writers, PEN Greece, etc).

His official website: http://www.dimitriskraniotis.com/

Our heart's visitors

A stranger's talk with a stony garment, threateningly hovers in our every step, cold drops of courtesy burn our breath.

Did hope cease to visit our heart?

The snow today isn't white.
It is colourless like the iris of our eyes, like good morning which doesn't come out of our lips.

Did love cease to visit our heart?

A torn poster in the whirl of the wind our every word, blue pebbles sunk in the blue of the sea our dreams.

Did poetry cease to visit our heart?

In a flash

You violated the borders which buried their know thyself, you destroyed prisons behind curtains turned ablaze by the spark of your anger, without cries, without whispers, in a flash, that simple it was, you gave birth to light, when you embraced what isn't told (although written) in darkness.

Moving

We 're naked now, we donned the colors, undressed words and voices, we 're blind now, we drank the light, swam in death, with alcohol and tobacco in our luggage we testified falsely, forgetting who we are, we built our life on a bird and we flew again, simply we moved.

Marlene Pasini

The Year of the Poet $IX \sim March 2022$



MARLENE PASINI is from Mexico. She is a communicologist, writer, poet and editor. Visual artist. Psychotherapist. President of the Mexican Academy of Modern Literature. Ambassador and Cultural Director of IFCH, Morocco. Council of the T. Fayad Cultural Forum, Egypt / Lebanon. Manager of the Flladi Poetik group, Albania. Director of the International Arab Network for Mexico. Life coach and transpersonal education, mindfulness and meditation, diploma in Egyptology and hieroglyphics, specialist in ancient and mystical wisdom. She has published 15 books of poetry, essays, novels, personal and spiritual development. Some of his poems have been translated into several languages.

International acknowledgments and Certificates. Doctor Honoris Causa by IFCH.

Beginning

The dawn extends its warm and silky transparency, the moisture is filtered through the pores of the earth.

Flowers, leaves and crusts lacerate the ethereal course of the days, in the high breeze dusts fly compressed memories and pollen, mosses and lichens disrupt their velvety silence.

Swarm offish routines in an everlasting void.

From the weariness of those furry ivies my eyes are infinite exiles and thoughts burst like mauve.

Beyond the sharp smell of musk permeates the air and melts the resinous aroma of trees and orange of the evening, where the birds' songs are scattered and experiences diluted, where ethereal dreams mature and the absences sigh, there we will return to the beginning.

In its intense indigo, the night covers desires

of transient chimeras, in the slow and transfigured step of what's always the same we dissolve into intangible sequences. there where absences gleam we'll go back to the beginning.

Spell

Lost ripple in the glance, inscriptions of the invisible fall to the bottom of the dream, badges from another time.

Fleeting wings dance away among the branches, every move evaporates at the instant bonfire.

From afar the rumor of our steps besieges the pond and its jade stillness.

Untouched blackness of shadows.

A last silent walks burning the darkness

Quartz of light crossing a splendor of clouds, reverberates in silent waters.

The Deep Sky it's an impassive crow's song.

To dream dissolved light: spell.

Marlene Pasini

Night Trip

In the middle of the night
I cross the bridge without knowing
which shore will my soul reach
there are visions
there are echoes
there are memories
bursts of light open in a time without time
nameless paradises where faith is not enough
for an eternally written destiny
with ink torn from the shadow of mystery

There is a lost music that I hardly recognize in the middle of a road in the middle of a field with stars in the loneliness of the desert when the wind blows between the walls of a temple desecrated by the greed of men there are an impatient flock of birds in a sea that leaves its purple foams on beaches I may never return to There is a sound of words that no one recognizes sunk in the ancient roots of the night the spell pronounced alone tearing agony from trembling lips the resurrection offering of a crucified heart by the executioners of insanity

All these years
I walked lost streets questioning
the mysteries of life
leaving footprints in the mist

All this time I waited by the brightness of your eyes by the fire of souls that are recognized silent under the thunder under the shadow under the skies of mercy among the ruins between the white blanket of a berry forest

All this time
I perfumed my body with the fragrance of roses
and the jasmine of bliss
to dance between the prediction of a late afternoon rain

All this time
I filled my hands with the sweetness of honey
and pomegranates
to tattoo on your face and your memory a different story

All this time
I have kept the taste of your name
under my closed eyelids
asking at the rhythm of dawn
by the joyful song of the nightingale
and be able to set fire with the kiss and the hug
that they crave the dark spell of alchemy

Where did you last see me? You were there... in that lonely house of my dreams?

There is a whisper of voices on a road where you are with the pulsating silhouette of an ancient tree and angels who guard with their sword of truth cathedrals in the flowery mountains of the soul

What moved me to follow the sibylline

call of the winds in the eternal circle of the abyss? All this time
I have sailed along the routes that the compass of the soul marks and when the day spreads its citrus scent a whirlwind of ghostly cities leaves its livid dust on my lips unresolved questions for my traveling eyes between so much footprint and swell

Where will this journey continue to take me?
When the limits of time break your chains abolishing pain and boredom of a world that no one recognizes
Where will I be?

What else can I tell you about myself or my travels?

Do you like nights with its moon dome over the river?

Do you like the sunrise with its violet-red-orange color?

Do you like the squares crowded with drums and dances?

Or the pounding of the hooves of a galloping horse its hour of legend?

Do you like the smell of orange trees wandering through the transience of life?

Do you like clouds that get tangled in women's skirts and eyes?

Do you like the pious prayer said in the solitude of the ancient temples?

Do you like the smell of coffee with your shot of fortune?

Do you like the tales of the Arabian Nights?

And do you like my travel book?

Give me your hand and listen to my voice that smokes like incense

What else do you want to hear so you can fill your days and nights?

What else do you want to hear so that the memories come

back to me?

What else do you want to hear so that when you die you remember me?

Where will dreams go when this journey is over?

Kennedy Ochieng



Kennedy Ochieng is a Kenyan born citizen, Graduate with Bachelor of science in Agricultural Education and Extension. A teacher of Biology and Agriculture, writer and poet, motivational speaker, Counselor, Therapist, mentor, Husband and a Father. Passionate about writing, reading and playing volleyball.

I am a Man

I'd wished to change my name But permanently it remains I have to accept being a man for the sake Of my personality and face these realities

I fight many battles to prove my manhood I have to pass the test of a strong man Toiling and sweating to provide food Yes, that's their man's perfect definition

My tears being seen is a crime Emotions boil deep in my core And I can't even let out a sigh For I have to be strong and raise my shoulder high

I get burns from the fires I light And still have to be bold for it's my plight I get stabbed when I open my arm for a hug Drowning slowly for full is my jug

I still can afford to smile Amidst pain that cut like a double end sword I still protect my family and clan's mate For I am a man, leader, mentor and the head

The Painful Sight

Gutters of my eyes are full, Pupil dilate but still so dull, I peep through this wall, Listening to the noise from the hall, A bizarre happenings walk and crawl.

I look around and wonder, I stay confused, much to ponder, What's happening in the world yonder, Trees are whistling even louder, Strange things roaring like a tiger.

Selfishness and infidelity allowed, Shameless behavior, so absurd, Children go with parents, it's so sad, What's this price we're paying with our blood? This serenity is unbearable to shade on the shed.

I Am Fine

I don't have to fake my, smile again to show, my sparkling teeth, just to appeal, for my peace.

I will allow my rivers to, break its barriers and, spill out, it doesn't even, want to give it, a thought.

I am okay with hollow, heart that always, bleeds profusely, spitting out, bitter bile.

I am fine with loneliness, I embraced in my chest, though painful but, I will have to live, And never die.

I've been fixed, on the wall ready, to be nailed by six inch, permanently deep in my skull, but with all that I've proved to be fine.

I have, been rehearsing, many times how to, fake my smile to look okay, yeah that's the life I've been living.

Don't be shocked, when you hear I am, no longer there to shout, quarrel and give you hard time, just dress in black and carry a flower.

I have been fine, I was just dead fine, being pushed by wind, I've tried to hold on to this, but surely I was fine before I fell asleep.

Swayam Prashant



Swayam Prashant (pen-name of Dr. Prashanta Kumar Sahoo) was born in the undivided Cuttack district, Odisha. He was formerly an Associate Professor of English at Sarupathar College, Assam, India. He has written six books and two booklets. They are: Evaluation of Textbooks in the Teaching of English (based on his Ph.D. thesis); Values in Life (based on a research project on Vedic and Upanishadic writings); Knowledge Tree (miscellaneous prose writings); Haiku from the Garden of My Own (poetry); Live Like a Man (poetry); Premras Amrit (poetry in Assamese); Virgin Land Impregnated (Canadian folk songs); and Joy of Love (poetry).

Email ID: swayam.prashant2001@gmail.com

A Beautiful Lie

"Life has no meaning the moment you lose the illusion of being eternal".

-Jean-Paul Sartre

Life is a lie, it's true but I want to live it beautifully. A beautiful lie when alive defeats all the truths that are dead.

Illusions are sometimes necessary to bear life with ease and also to enjoy it.

I don't want to meet God with his promise of heaven by bartering away this life and my heart.

The Masterpiece

You sat for me as a model for my painting "The Fragrance of Life"; I used brushes one after another changing colours often to achieve perfection; you posed this way you posed that way and you changed your place many times. I asked you to smile with your lips with your eyes and even with your silence but could not finish the art. At last you bared your heart and I fell in love; the art was a masterpiece!

An Open-eyed Dream

You are a dream I see with my eyes open. Your beauty inspires me to give wings to my words and flames to my ideas, O my Muse! (hail Imagination!) But do you inspire me or my idea of you does? Do I love you or my own reflection in you*? Still you are required as a medium for creation. Words are crafted and moulded into timeless shapes, O my Muse, with your inspiration.

Footnote:

* Echo of Rumi's idea of 'reflection of beauty'

Remembering

our fallen soldiers of verse



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

Alan W. Jankowski 16 March 1961 ~ 10 March 2017

Now available

World Healing World Peace 2020



Poets for Humanity

Inner Child Press

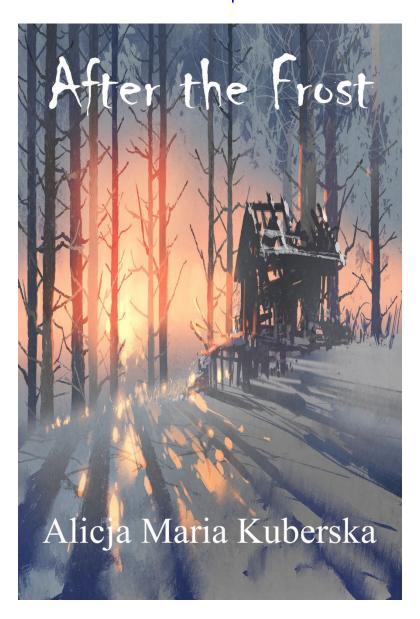
News

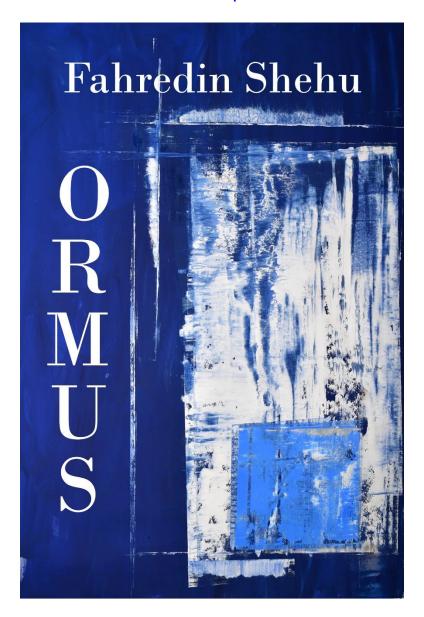
Poetry Posse Members

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

On the following pages we present to you ...

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



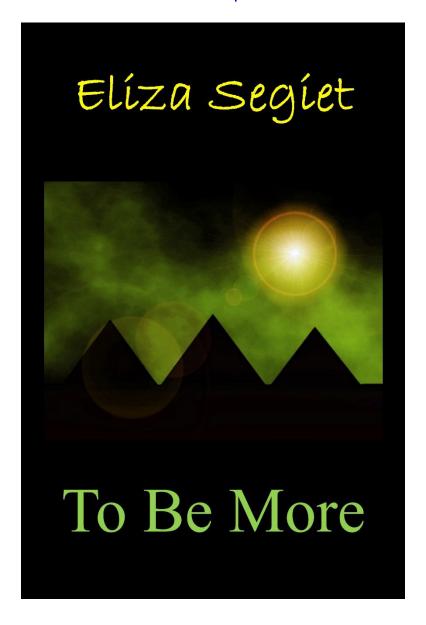


Thead of My Time

. . . from the Streets to the Stages

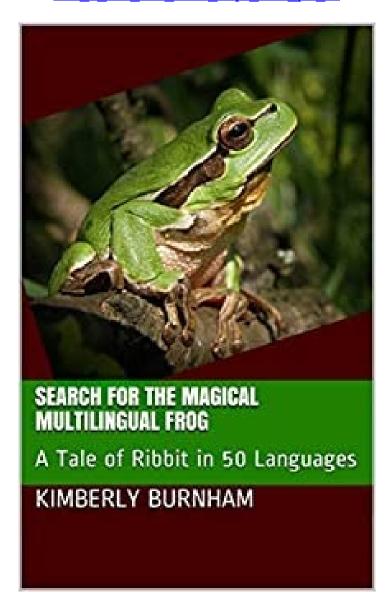


Albert 'Infinite' Carrasco

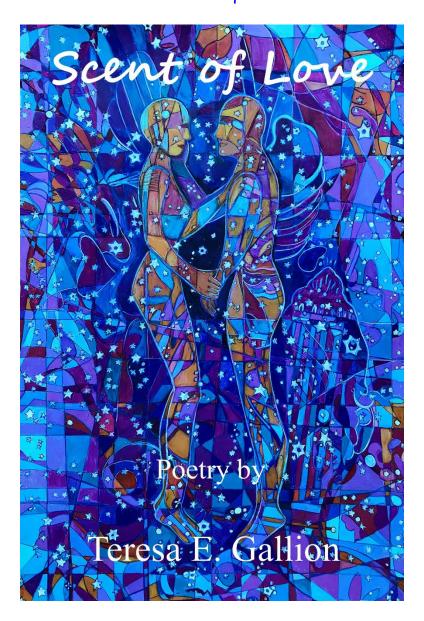


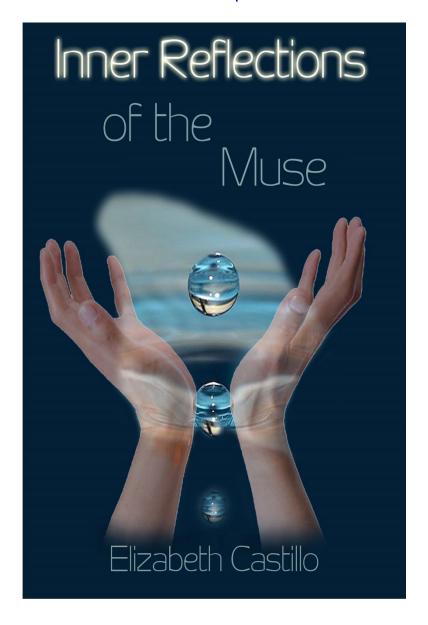
Now Available at

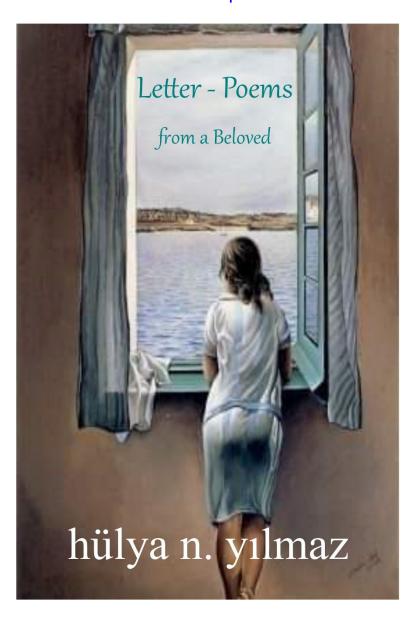
www.amazon.com/gp/product/B08MYL5B7S/ref=dbs a def rwt hsch vapi tkin p1 i2

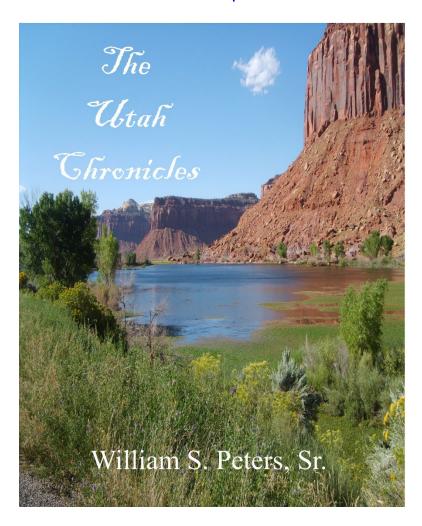


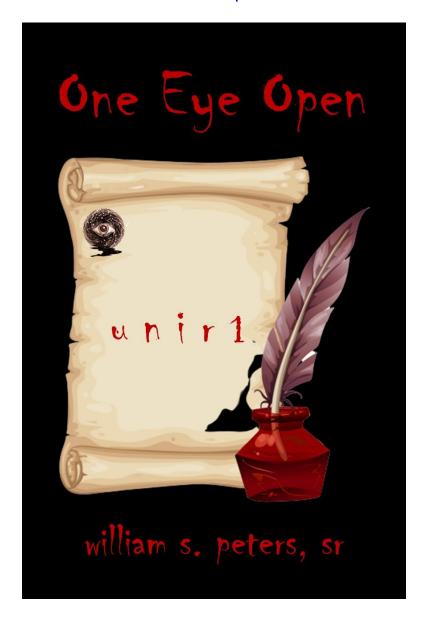
Now Available at www.innerchildpress.com



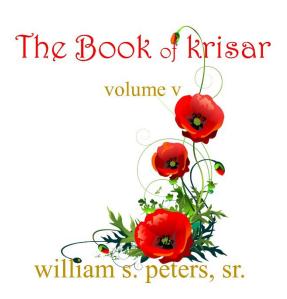






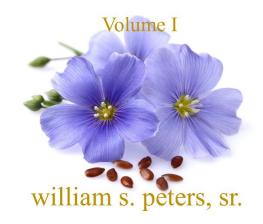


COM9NG SOON www.innerchildpress.com



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

The Book of Krisar



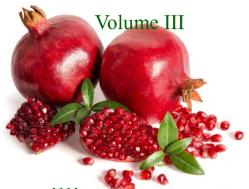
The Book of krisar



william s. peters, sr.

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

The Book of krisar

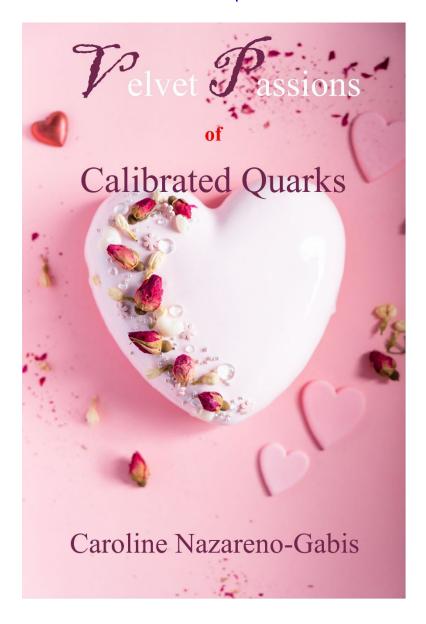


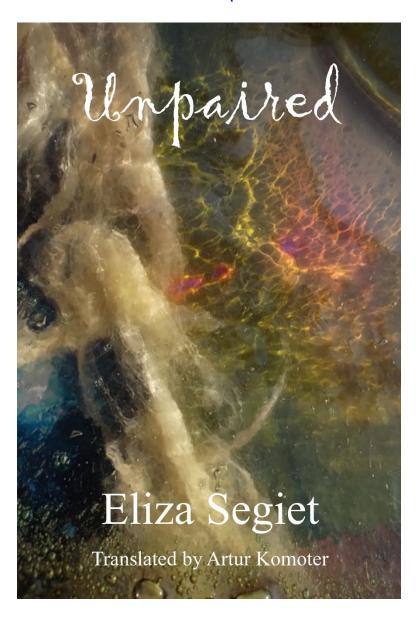
william s. peters, sr.

The Book of krisar

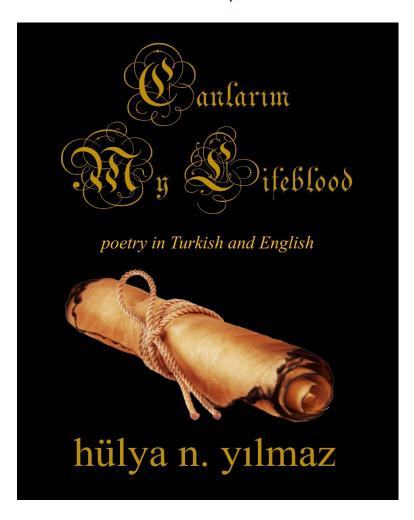


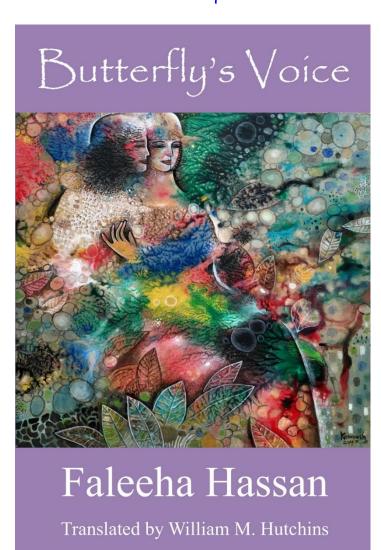
william s. peters, sr.





Private Issue www.innerchildpress.com





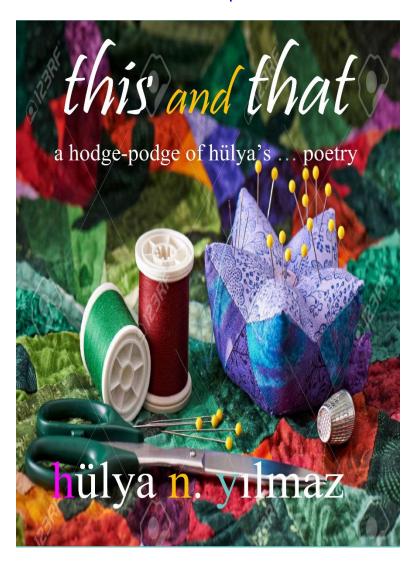
160

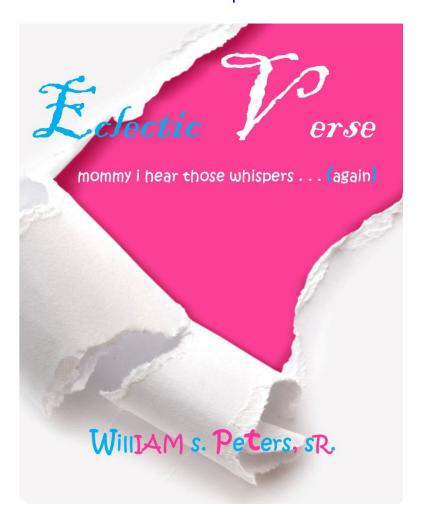
No Illusions

Through the Looking Glass



Jackie Davis Allen



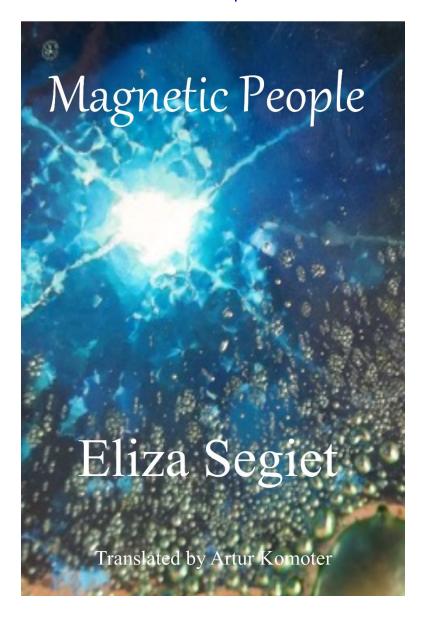


Now Available at <u>www.innerchildpress.com</u>

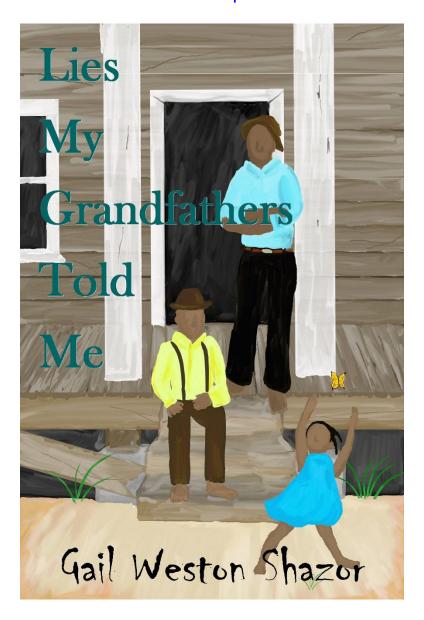
HERENOW

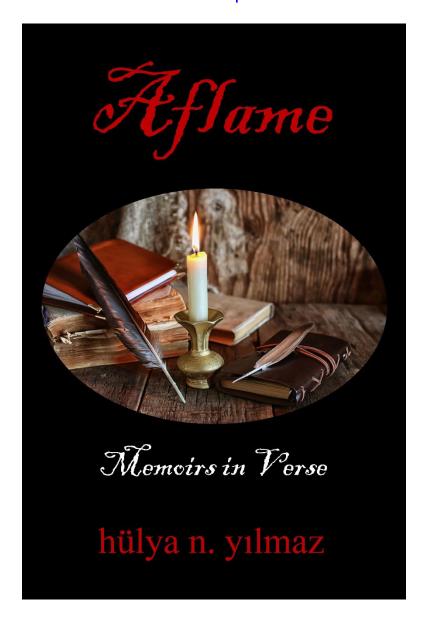


FAHREDIN SHEHU



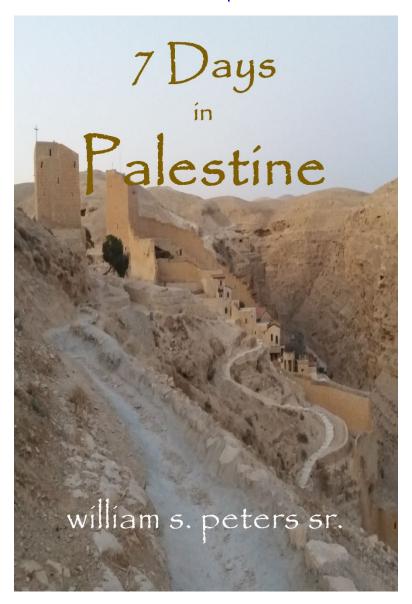




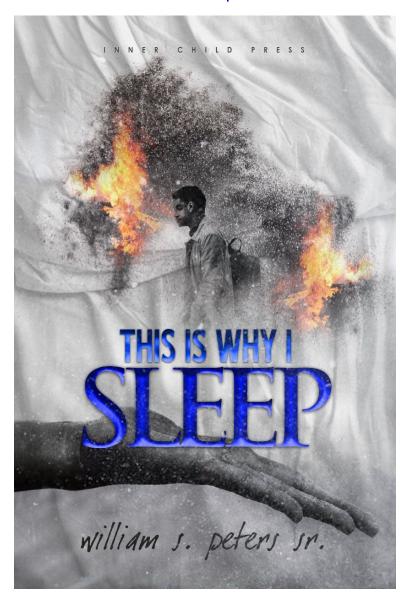


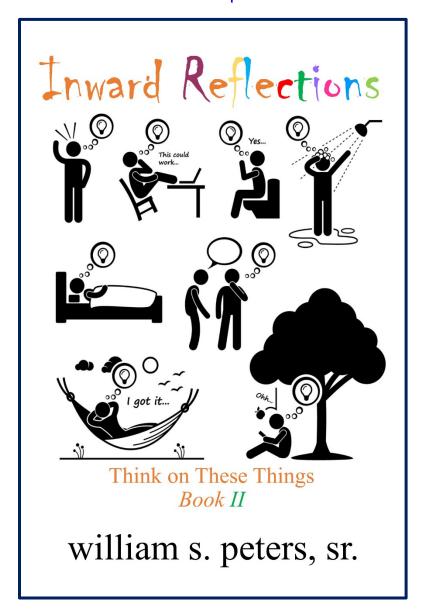




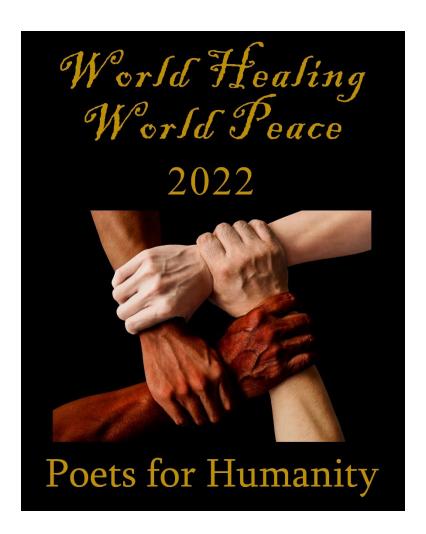








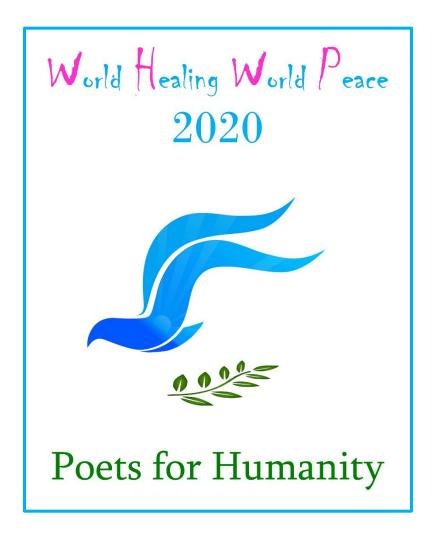
Coming April 2022



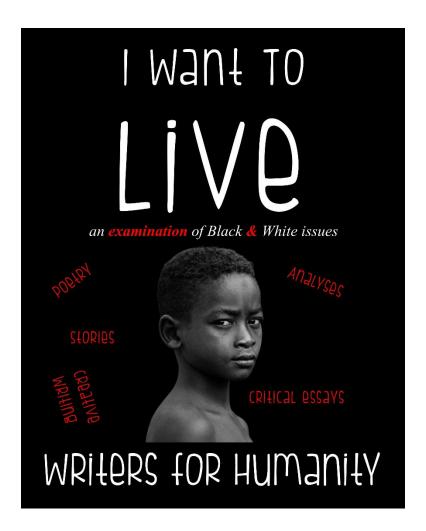
Other Anthological works from

Inner Child Press International

www.innerchildpress.com



Now Available
www.worldhealingworldpeacepoetry.com



Now Available www.innerchildpress.com Inner Child Press International

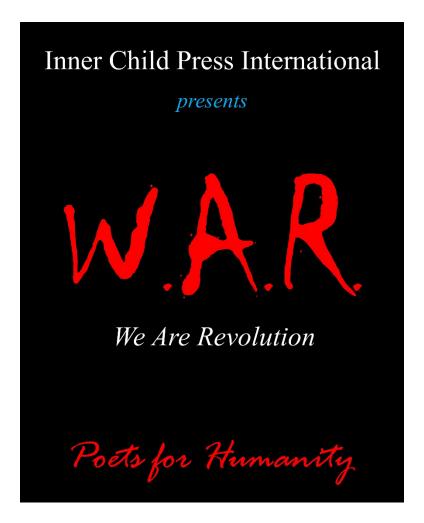
The Year of the Poet

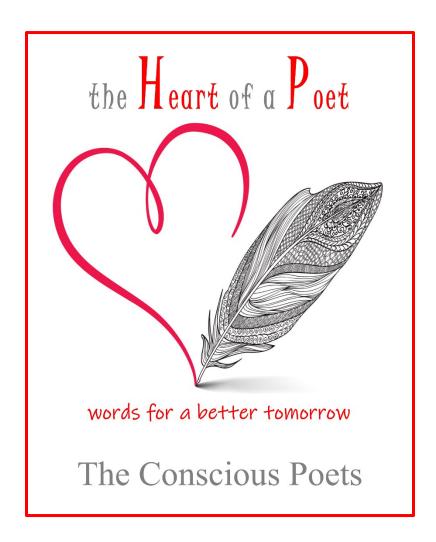
present

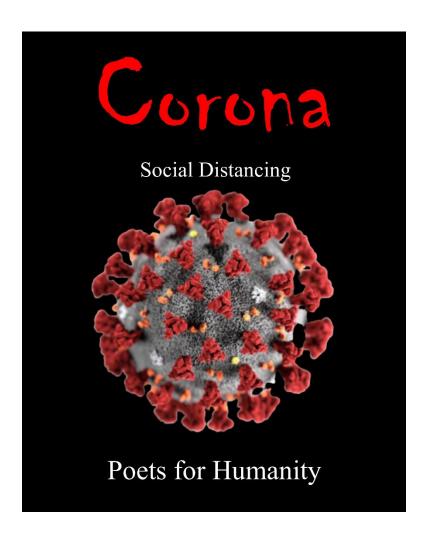
Poetry the best of 2020

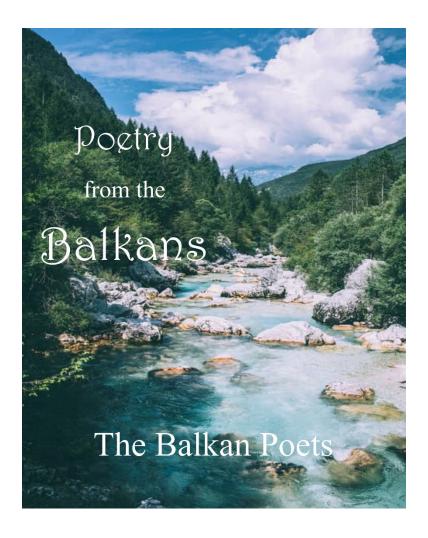
Poets of the World

Now Available www.innerchildpress.com

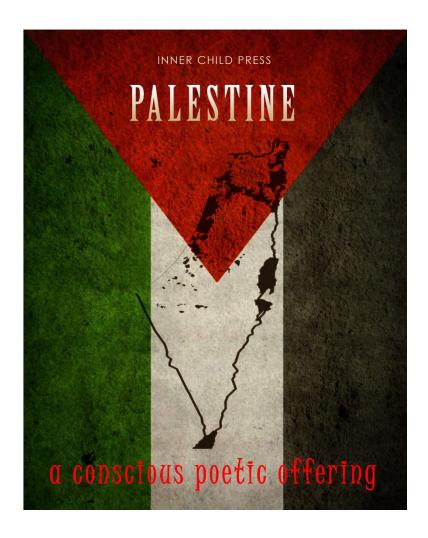


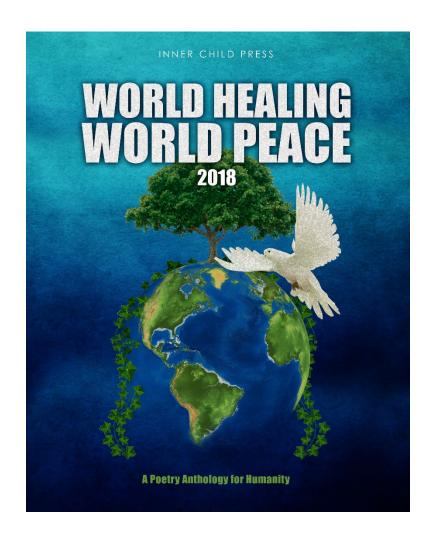


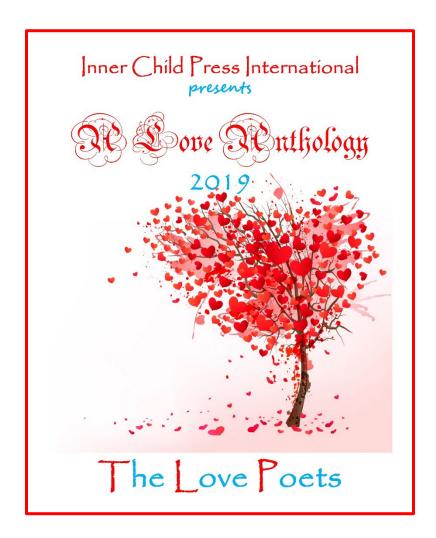




Now Available at www.innerchildpress.com

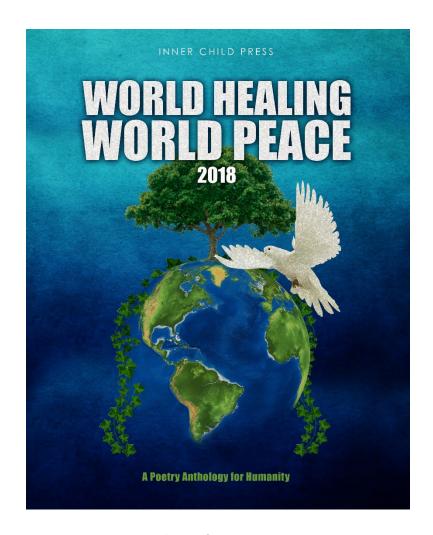




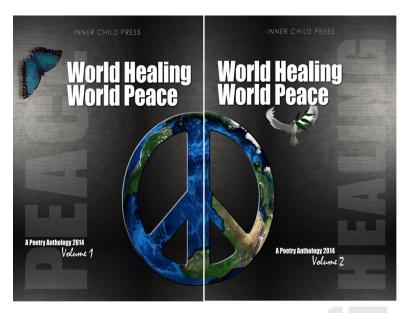


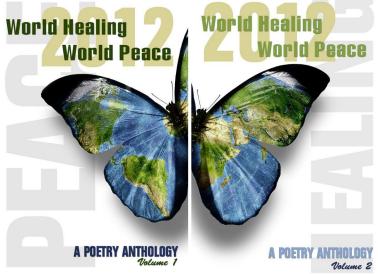
Now Available

www.worldhealingworldpeacepoetry.com



Now Available
www.worldhealingworldpeacepoetry.com



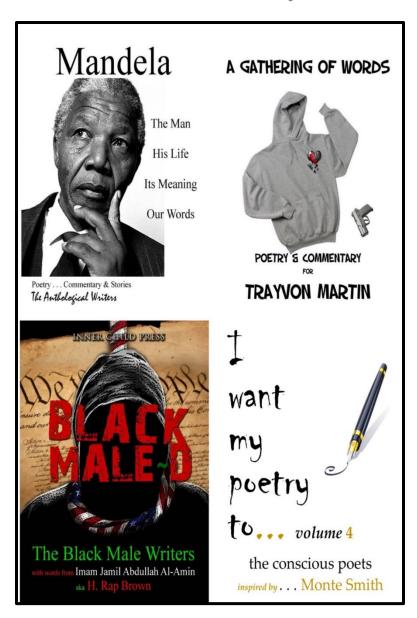


Now Available

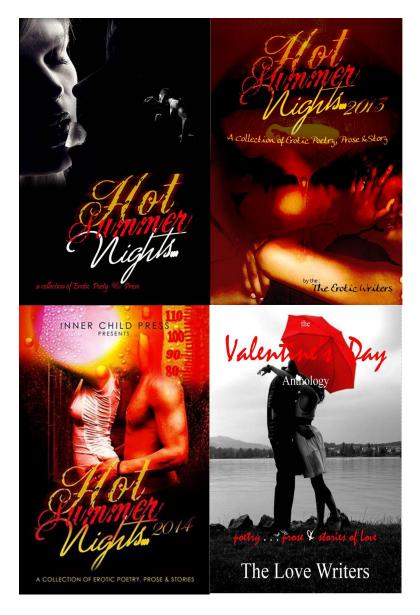
www.worldhealingworldpeacepoetry.com



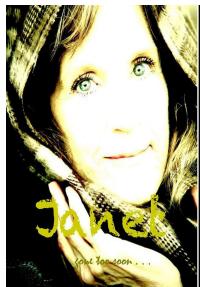
Now Available



Now Available



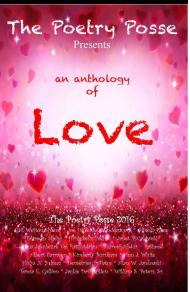
Now Available



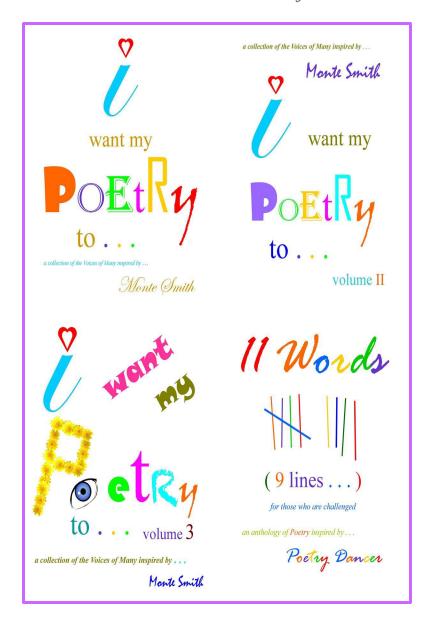




Poetically
Spoken
Anthology
volume I
Collector's Edition



Now Available



Now Available





Jamie Bond
Gail Westor Shazor
Albert Infinite Carravo
Siddartha Beth Perce
Jane P. Colfedel
Jack Berner
John D. Westor
John P. Colfedel
Jack Berner
John D. Westor
John S. Karer
Robert Gibbon
Neetu Wall
Sharer A. Adhor - Kasheed
Kimberly Burnham
William S. Feters, Sr.

Our March Featured Potts
Alicia C. Gooper & Hilly Ayulmaz

the Year of the Poet



celebrating international poetry month

Now Available









Now Available

The Year of the Poet September 2014 Aster Morning-Glory Wild Control See Wer-Sign 22 Flower

The Pooling Plance
Samle Bond * Call Weston Stazer * Albert Infinite Carnasco * Siddertha Beth Pierce
Same P. Cathwell * Sune Blag Bereffeld * Debto M. Alben * Tony Herninger
Soe Delvietba Medicane* * Robert Call Samle * Netalt Wall * Servered Abdr-Ansheed
Collecty Sumham * William S. Proten, Sy.

September Feature Poets

Florence Malone * Keith Alan Hamilton

THE YEAR OF THE POET

October 2014



Ohe Jacky Joace

Jame Bond * Call Weston Shazor * Albert Infinite Carresco * Siddartha Beth Pierce
Jamet P. Caldwell * June Bugg Barefield * Debbie M. Allen * Tony Henringer
Joe Dalverbal Mindancer * Robert Cibbons * Neetu Wal * Shareef Abdur-Rasheed
Kimberty Burnham * William S. Peters, Sr.

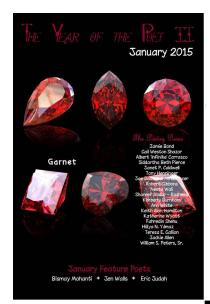
October Feature Poets

Ceri Naz * Rajendra Padhi * Elizabeth Castillo



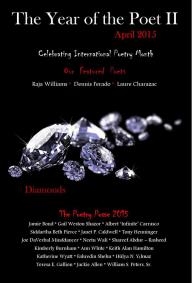


Now Available









Now Available



The Year of the Poet 11

June 20

June's Featured Poets

Anahit Arustamyan * Yvette D. Murrell * Regina A. Walker

Pearl

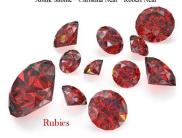
The Poetry Posse 2015

Jamie Bond * Gail Weston Shazor * Albert *Infinite' Carrasco Siddartha Beth Fierce * Jamet P. Caldwell * Tony Hemninger Joe Da'verbal Mindaneer * Neeth Wali * Shareef Adaur * Rasheed Kimberly Burnham * Ann White * Keith Alan Hamilton Katherine Wyatt * Fahredin Shehur * Hiblya N. Yulmuz Teresta * Callion * Jackie Blaer * William S. Feters. Sr

The Year of the Poet II

July 2015

The Featured Poets for July 2015 Abhik Shome * Christina Neal * Robert Neal



The Poetry Posse 2015

Jamie Bend * Gail Weston Shazer * Albert *Infinité 'Carrasco Siddartha Beth Fierce * Janet F. Caldwell * Tony Henninger Jose Da'Wrabla Mindancer * Nestu Mai: Shareef Albart—Rasheed Kimberly Burnham * Ann White * Keith Alan Hamilton Katherine Wyatt * Fahredin Shehu * Hulya N Yilmaz Teresa K. Gallion * Jackie Albar * William S Feters Sr.

The Year of the Poet II

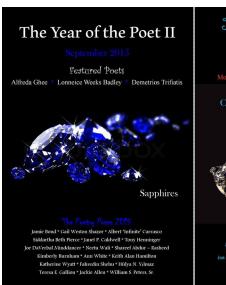
August 2015

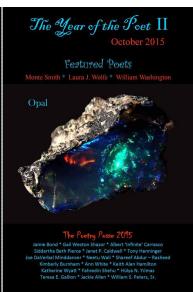


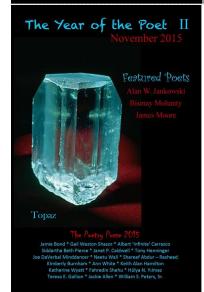
The Poetry Posse 2015

Jamie Bond * Gail Weston Sluzor * Albert *Infinite* Carrasco
Joe Da'verlad Minddauret * Neet- Janet P. Caldwell * Tony Henninger
Joe Da'verlad Minddauret * Neetu Wali * Shareef Alchar – Rasheed
Kimberly Burnlum * Ann White * Keith Alan Hamilton
Katherine Wyatt * Fahredin Shehu * Hülya N. Yılmaz
Teresa E. Gallion * Jackie Allen * William S. Felers, Sr.

Now Available







The Year of the Poet II December 2015

Festured Poets

Kerione Bryan * Michelle Joan Barulich * Neville Hiatt



The Poetry Posse 2015

Jamie Bond * Gail Weston Shazor * Albert 'Infinite' Carrasco Siddartha Beth Pierce * Janet P. Caldwell * Tony Henninger Joe DaVerbal Minddancer * Netu Wall * Shared 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.

Now Available



Now Available



Now Available



Now Available

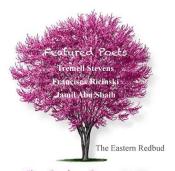


The Year of the Poet IV February 2017



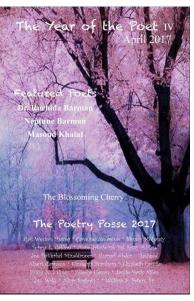
(gall Weston Shazon * Carolline Xizareno * Bisnay Mohauty Noar Sertunt * Inna Jakubczek Vel Retty Holan * Jan Vells Joe D'Verfall Müddener * Sharend Holan * Usehend Albert Carraco * Kinberly Burnham * Elzzbedh Castillo Holya N. Vitnaz * Feledha Hissan * Alba VV. Jankowski * Taress E. Gilllon * Jackie Drek Alba * Vvillan S. Peters, Sr.

The Year of the Poet IV March 2017

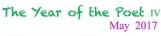


The Poetry Posse 2017

Gall Weston Shazor * Caroline Nazareno * Bismay Mohandy Teress E. (dillico * Homa alanhezak Vell Batty Hiddan John DaVarbid Minddapoer * Barned Hiddar - Baghed Albert Carrasco * Kimberly Burnham * Elizabeth Cestillo Hidya N. Yalouz * Estedha Hassan * Jackie Dreis Allen Jen Vellis * Nazar Sattoni * William S. Relets Sr.



Now Available



The Flowering Dogwood Tree

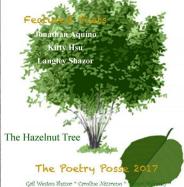


The Poetry Posse 2017

Gell Weston Shazer * Coroline Aszareno * Rismay Mohandy Teress E. Gellion * Annor Johanbezek Vel Betty Adelan John DeVerbold Middelpere * Rement Aldure - Righted Albert Ceresco * Kimberly Burnham * Elzabeth Costillo Hulyo N Valous * Falenky Harsham * Elzabeth Costillo Jen Wells * Nizer Sorton' * William & Peters, Sr.



The Year of the Poet IV August 2017



GBU Weston Stazer ** Cercime Autrenton** Teress E. Gellion ** stone Aleukozak Ved Norty Adalen Joe DeVerbel Minddencer ** Shøreef Albdur - Røsheed Albert Cerresco ** Kinboerly Burnhem ** Klizabeth Cestille Hillys N. Vilmez ** Esleche Josson ** Jackie Dreis Allen Jen Wells ** Nizer Sartwel ** William S. Peters, Sr.



Now Available

The Year of the Poet IV September 2017



The Poetry Posse 2017

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

The Year of the Poet IV November 2017

Featured Poets

Kay Peters

Alfreda D. Ghee

Gabriella Garofalo

Rosemary Cappello



The Poetry Posse 2017

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

The Year of the Poet IV

Featured Poets
Ahmed Abu Saleem
Nedal Al-Qaeim
Sadeddin Shatiyu

The Black Walnut Tree

The Poetry Posse 2017

Gail Weston Shazor * Caroline Nazareno * Bismay Mohanty Teresa E. Gaillion * Anna Jakubczak Vel Ratty Adalan Joe PaVerbal 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



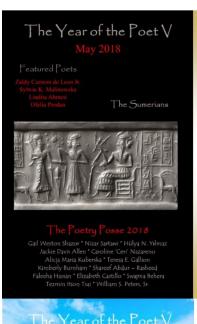
The Poetry Posse 2017

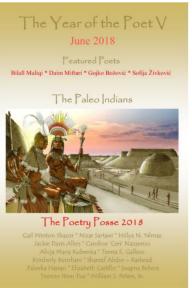
Gail Weston Shazor * Caroline Nazareno * Bismay Mohanty Teres E. Gallion * Anna Jakubczak Vel Ratty Adalan Joe DaVerbal Minddance * Shareef Abdur - Rasheed Albert Carrasco * Kimberly Burnham * Elizabeth Castillo Hülya N. Yılmaz * Faleeha Hassan * Jackie Davis Allen Jen Walls * Nizar Sartawi * William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

Now Available



Now Available







The Year of the Poet V August 2018

Featured Poets

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

The Lapita



The Poetry Posse 2018

Gail Weston Shazor * Nizar Sartawi * Hülya N. Yılmaz Jackie Davis Allen * Caroline 'Ceri Nazareno Alicja Adaria Kuberski, "Teresa E. Gallion Kimberly Burnham * Shareef Abdur – Rasheed Ashok K. Bhargava * Elizabeth Castillo * Swapna Behaera Tezmin titon Tsai 'William S. Peters.

Now Available

The Year of the Poet V September 2018

The Aztecs & Incas



Featured Poets

Eliza Segiet

Mazher Hussain Abdul Ghani
Lily Swarn

The Poetry Posse 2018

Gail Weston Shazor * Nizar Sartawa * Hūlya N. Yılmaz Jackie Davis Allen * Caroline 'Cerr' Nazareno Alicja Maria Kubesika * Teresa E. Gallion Kimberly Burnham * Shareef Abdur – Rasheed Ashok K. Bhargava * Elizabeth Castillo * Swapma Behaera Tezmir Ition Taji * William S. Peters, Sr.

The Year of the Poet V October 2018

Featured Poets

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



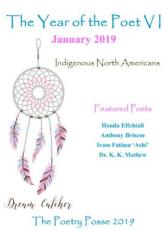
The Poetry Posse 2018

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





Now Available



Gail Weston Shazor * Joe Paire * Hüliya N. Yılmaz Jackie Davis Allen * Caroline * Ceri * Nazareno Altıça Marıa Kubenska * Teresa E. Gallion Kımberly Burnham * Shareef Abdur – Rasheed Ashok K. Bhargava * Elizabeth Castillo * Swapna Behaera * Tezmin İtton Tsal * William \$. Petens, 1

The Year of the Poet VI February 2019 Featured Poets Marck Lukaszewicz * Bharati Nayak Aida G. Roque * Jean-Jacques Fournier

The Poetry Posse 2019

Gail Weston Shazor * Albert Carassco * Hülya N. Yılmaz Jackie Pavis Allen * Caroline Nazareno * Eliza Segiet Aliça Maria Kuberska * Teresa E. Gallion * Joe Patre Kimberly Burnham * Shareef Abdur – Rasheed Ashok k Bhargava * Elizabeth Castillo * Swapna Behera Tezmin titon Tsai * William S. Peters.





Now Available



Featured Poets

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



Asia Southeast Asia and Maritime Asia

The Poetry Posse 2019

Gail Weston Shazor "Albert Carrasco" Hülya N. Yılmaz Jackie Davis Allen "Caroline Nazareno" Eliza Segiet Alicia Maria Kubesika "Terese E. Gallion" Jobe Patre Kimberly Burnham "Shareef Abdur – Rasheed Ashok K. Bhargava "Bizabeth Castillo" Swapna Behera Tezmin Hiton Tail "William S. Peters.

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 * Teresa E. Gallion * Joe Patre Kimberiy Burnham * Shareef Abdur - Rasheed Ashok K. Bhargava * Elizabeth Castillo * Swapna Behera Tezmin titon Tsai * William S. Peters.





Now Available



The Year of the Poet VI

November 2019

Featured Poets

Rozalia Aleksandrova * Orbindu Ganga Smruti Ranjan Mohanty * Sofia Skleida



Northern Asia

The Poetry Posse 2019

Gail Weston Shazor " Albert Carassco " Hülya N. Yılmaz Jackie Pavis Allen " Caroline Nazareno " Elira Segiet Alleja Maria Kubeska " Terese E. Gallion " Joe Pitre Kimberly Burnham " Shareef Abdur – Rasheed Ashok K. Bhayana " Elizabeth Castillo " Svapna Behera Tezmin tition Tsai " William S. Peters."

The Year of the Poet VI

December 2019

Featured Poets

Rahim Karim (Karimov) * Sujata Paul Bharati Nayak * Kapardeli Eftichia



The Poetry Posse 2019

Gail Weston Shazor "Albert Carassco" Hülya N. Yılmaz Jackie Pavis Allen "Caroline Nazareno" Eliza Segiet Aliçia Maris Kuberska "Teres E. Gallion "Loe Paire Kimberly Burnham "Shareef Abdur – Rasheed Ashok K. Bhargava" Elizabeth Castillo "Swapna Behera Tezmi titon "Sai" William S. Peters, and

Now Available



Now Available

The Year of the Poet VII

May 2020

Featured Poets

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

Ralph Bunche ~ 1950





The Year of Peace
Celebrating past Nobel Peace Prize Recipients

The Poetry Posse 2020

Gall Weston Shazon * Albert Carassco * Hülya N. Yılmaz Jackic Pavis Allen * Caroline Nazareno * Eliza Segiet Allcig Maria Kubenska * Teresa E. Gallion * Joe Paire Kimberly Burnham * Shareef Abdur - Rasheed Ashok K. Bhargava * Elizabeth Castillo * Swapna Behera Tezmin Ition Tsa! * William S. Peters, Sr.

The Year of the Poet VII

July 2020

Featured Poets

Mykola Martyniuk * Orbindu Ganga Roula Pollard * Karn Praktisha

Norman Ernest Borlaug ~ 1970





The Poetry Posse 2020

Gall Weston Shazor * Albert Carassco * Hülya N. Yılma Jackle Davis Allen * Caroline Nazareno * Eliza Segiet Alicja Maria Kuberska * Teresa E. Gallion * Joe Patre Kimberly Burnham * Shareef Abdur - Rasheed Ashok K. Bhargava * Elizabeth Carllo * Swapna Beher Tezmin titon Tsai * William S. Peters. St.

The Year of the Poet VII

June 2020

Featured Poets

Eftichia Kapardeli * Metin Cengiz Hussein Habasch * Kosh K Mathew

Albert John Lutuli ~ 1960





The Year of Jeace
Celebrating past Nobel Peace Prize Recipients

The Poetry Posse 2020

Gail Weston Shazor * Albert Carassco * Hülya N. Yılmaz Jackie Pavis Allen * Caroline Nazareno * Eliza Segiet Alicja Maria Kuberska * Teres E. Gallion * Joe Paire Kimberly Burnham * Shareef Abdur * Rasheed Ashok K. Bhargaya * Elizabeth Castillo * Swapna Behera Termin Horn Sat. * William S. Peters *

The Year of the Poet VII

August 2020

Featured Poets

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

Adolfo Pérez Esquivel ~ 1980





The Year of Peace

The Poetry Posse 2020

Gall Weston Shazor * Albert Carassco * Hülya N. Yılmaz Jackie Pavis Allen * Caroline Nazareno * Eliza Segiet Aliça Maris Kuberska * Terese E. Gallion * Joe Paire Kimberly Burnham * Shareef Abdur – Rasheed Ashok K. Bhargava * Elizabeth Gasillo * Swapna Behera Tezmin titon Tsai * William S. Peters, B

Now Available



Now Available

The Year of the Poet VIII

January 2021

Featured Global Poets Andrew Scott * Debaprasanna Biswas Shakil Kalam * Changming Yuan

Souland The Cial with the Biomed Forders



Poetry ... Ekphrasticly Speaking

The Poetry Posse 2020

Gall Weston Shazor "Albert Carassco" Hülya N. Yılmaz Jackie Pavis Allen Caroline Nazareno Eliza Segiet Alicia Maria Kuberska Teresa E. Gallion "De Paire Kimberly Burnham" Shareef Abdur - Rasheed Ashok K. Bhargava Elizabeth Castillo "Swapna Behera Tezmin Hion Tail "William S. Peters."

The Year of the Poet VIII

March 2021

Featured Global Poets

Claudia Piccinno * Mohammed Jabr Luzviminda Rivera *Nigar Arif

Tatyana Fazlalizadeh



Poetry ... Ekphrasticly Speaking The Poetry Posse 2021

Gail Weston Shazor Albert Carassco Hulya N. Yilmaz Jackie Pavis Allen Caroline Nazareno Eliza Segiet Alicja Maria Kubenska Teresa E. Gallion Joe Paire Kimberly Burnham Shareef Abdur – Rasheed Ashok K. Bhargava Elizabeth Castillo Swapna Behera Tezmin Hion Tail William S. Peters.

The Year of the Poet VIII

February 2021

Featured Global Poets

T. Ramesh Babu * Ruchida Barman

Neptune Barman * Faleeha Hassan Emory Douglas : 1968 Olympics mural



Poetry... Ekphrasticly Speaking

The Poetry Posse 2021

Gail Weston Shazor * Albert Carassco * Hülya N. Yılmaz Jackie Pavis Allen * Caroline Nazareno * Eliza Segiet Alicja Maria Kubeska * Terese E. Gallion * Joe Patre Kimberly Burnham * Shareef Abdur – Rasheed Ashok K. Bhargaya * Elizabeth Castillo * Swapna Behera Tezmin Hiton Tsal * William S. Peters, 3

The Year of the Poet VIII

April 2021

Featured Global Poets

Katarzyna Brus- Sawczuk * Anwesha Paul Rozalia Aleksandrova * Shahid Abbas

Pablo O'Higgins



Poetry ... Ekphrasticly Speaking The Poetry Posse 2021

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

Now Available

The Year of the Poet VIII

May 2021

Featured Global Poets

Paramita Mukherjee Mullick * Rose Zerguine Jaydeep Sarangi * Bismay Mohanty

Diego Rivera



Poetry . . . Ekphrasticly Speaking

The Poetry Posse 2021

Gail Weston Shazon - Albert Capassco - Hülya N. Yılmaz Jackie Pavis Allen - Caroline Nazareno - Eliza Segiet - Aliça Maria Kuberska - Teresa E. Gallion - Joe Paire - Kimberly Burnham - Shareef Abdur - Rasheed - Ashok K. Bhargava - Elizabeth Castillo - Swapna Behera - Tezmin Hion Tsai - William S. Petess.

The Year of the Poet VIII

July 2021

Featured Global Poets

Iram Jaan * Vesna Mundishevska-Veljanovska Ngozi Olivia Osuoha * Lan Qyqalla

Goncalao Mabunda



Poetry... Ekphrasticly Speaking

The Poetry Posse 2021

Gall Weston Shazor * Albert Carassco * Hülya N. Yılmaz Jackie Davis Allen * Caroline Nazareno * Eliza Segiet Alicja Maria Kubenska * Teresa E. Gallion * Joe Paire Kimberly Burnham * Shareef Abdur - Rasheed Asbok K. Bhargaya * Elizabeth Castillo * Swapna Behera Tezmin Itton Tsa! * William S. Peters, Sr.

The Year of the Poet VIII

June 2021

Featured Global Poets

Alonzo "zO" Gross * Lali Tsipi Michaeli Tareq al Karmy * Tirthendu Ganguly

Rayen Kang



Poetry... Ekphrasticly Speaking

The Poetry Posse 2021

Gail Weston Shazor "Albert Carassco" Hülya N. Yılmaz Jackie Pavis Allen "Caroline Nazareno" Eliza Segiet Alicja Maria Kuberska "Teres E. Gallion "De Paine Kimberiy Burnham" Shareef Abdur - Rasheed Ashok K. Bhargava "Elizabeth Castillo" Swapna Behera Tezmin Biton Tail "William S. Peters, 3

The Year of the Poet VIII

August 2021

Featured Global Poets

Caroline Laurent Turunc Kamal Dhungana Pankhuri Sinha Paramita Mukherjee Mullick

Mundara Koorang



Poetry ... Ekphrasticly Speaking

The Poetry Posse 2021

Gail Weston Shazor Albert Carassco Hülya N. Yilmaz Jackie Pavis Allen Caroline Nazareno * Eliza Segiet Aliça Maria Kuberka * Teres E. Gallion * Joe Paire Kimberly Burnham * Shareef Abdur – Rasheed Ashok K. Bhargava * Elizabeth Castillo * Swapna Behera * Ezmin Itlon Tsai * Willian S. Peters.

Now Available

The Year of the Poet VIII The Year of the Poet VIII

September 2021

Featured Global Poets Monsif Beroual * Sandesh Ghimire Sharmila Poudel * Pavol Janik Heather Jansch



Poetry . . . Ekphrasticly Speaking

The Poetry Posse 2021

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

October 2021

Featured Global Poets C. E. Shy * Saswata Ganguly Suranjit Gain * Hasiba Hilal

Dale Lamphere



Poetry...Ekphrasticly Speaking

The Poetry Posse 2021

Gail Weston Shazor * Albert Carassco * Hülya N. Yılmaz Jackie Davis Allen * Caroline Nazareno * Eliza Segiet Kimberly Burnham - Shareef Abdur – Rasheed Ashok K. Bhargaya - Elizabeth Castillo - Swapna Behera

November 2021

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

Andy Goldsworthy



Poetry ... Ekphrasticly Speaking

The Poetry Posse 2021

Gail Weston Shazor * Albert Carassco * Hülya N. Yılmaz Jackie Davis Allen * Caroline Nazareno * Eliza Segiet Alıcja Maria Kubeska * Teresa E. Gallion * Joe Paire Kimberly Burnham * Sharecf Abdur - Rasheed Ashok K. Bhargava * Elizabeth Castillo * Swapna Behera

The Year of the Poet VIII The Year of the Poet VIII

December 2021

Featured Global Poets Orbinda Ganga * Fadairo Tesleem Anthony Arnold * Iyad Shamasnah

Fredric Edwin Church



Poetry . . . Ekphrasticly Speaking

The Poetry Posse 2021

Now Available

The Year of the Poet IX

January 2022

Featured Global Poets

Ratan Ghosh * Christine Neil-Wright Andrew Scott * Ashok Kumar

Climate Change: The Ice Cap



Poetry . . . Ekphrasticly Speaking

The Poetry Posse 2021

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

The Year of the Poet IX

February 2022

Featured Global Poets

Roza Boyanova * Ramón de Jesús Núñez Duval Mammad Ismayil * Tarana Turan Rahimli

Climate Change and Mountains





Poetry . . . Ekphrasticly Speaking

The Poetry Posse 2021

Gall Weston Shazor "Albert Carassco "Hülya N. Yılmaz Jackie Pavis Allen "Caroline Nazareno "Eliza Segiet Alicja Maris Kubeska "Teres E. Gallion "Doe Patre Kimberly Burnham" Shareef Abdur – Rasheed Ashok K. Bhargava "Elizabeth Castillo "Swapna Behera Tezmin Ition Tsal "Villiam S. Peters, St

Now Available

Inner Child Press Anthologies and there is much, much more!

visit . . .

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

Also check out our Authors and all the wonderful Books

Available at:

www.innerchildpress.com/authors-pages



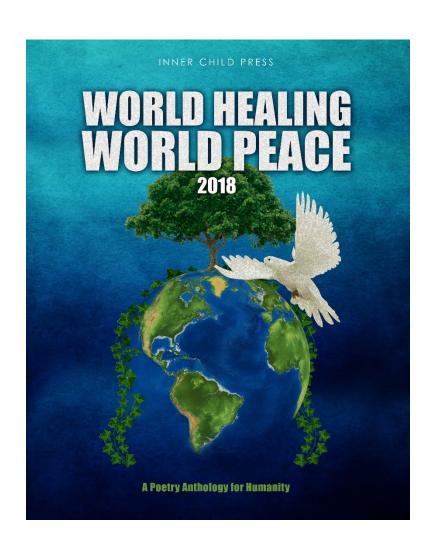
World Healing World Peace 2020



Poets for Humanity

Now Available

www.worldhealingworldpeacepoetry.com



Now Available

www.worldhealingworldpeacepoetry.com



 $\underline{www.worldhealingworldpeacepoetry.com}$



World Healing World Peace

2012, 2014, 2016, 2018, 2020

Now Available

www.worldhealingworldpeacepoetry.com

nner Child Press International

building bridges of cultural understanding'

Meet the Board of Directors



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



Hülya N Yılmaz Director Editing Services Co-Chair Person



Fahredin B. Shehu Director Cultural Affairs



Elizabeth E. Castillo Director Recording Secretary



De'Andre Hawthorne Director Performance Poetry



Gail Weston Shazor Director Anthologies



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



Director WINAwards



Deborah Smart Director Publicity Marketing

www.innerchildpress.com

Inner Child Press International

building bridges of cultural understanding'

Meet our Cultural Ambassadors



Fahredin Shehu Director of Cultural



Faleha Hassan Iraq - USA



Philippines



Elizabeth E. Castillo Antoinette Coleman Chicago Midwest USA







Alicja Kuberska Eastern Europe



Swapna Behera



Kolade O. Freedom



Monsif Beroual





Tzemin Ition Tsai Republic of China Greater China



Alicia M. Ramírez Mexico



Christena AV Williams Caribbean







ssir Shareef Abdur-Rasheed Laure Charazac Mohammad Ikbal Harb Southeastern USA



France Western Europe



Middle East



Aziz Shmeis





Josephus R. Johnson

www.innerchildpress.com

This Anthological Publication is underwritten solely by

Inner Child Press International

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

For more Information

Inner Child Press International

www.innerchildpress.com



- fini -

The Poetry Posse ~ 2022



March 2022 ~ Featured Poets



Dimitris P. Kraniotis



Marlene Pasini



Kennedy Ochieng



Swayam Prashant





