Featured Poets

Zaldy Carreon de Leon Jr. Sylwia K. Malinowska Lindita Ahmeti Ofelia Prodan

The Sumerians



The Poetry Posse 2018

Gail Weston Shazor * Nizar Sartawi * Hülya N. Yılmaz Jackie Davis Allen * Caroline 'Ceri' Nazareno Alicja Maria Kuberska * Teresa E. Gallion Kimberly Burnham * Shareef Abdur – Rasheed Faleeha Hassan * Elizabeth Castillo * Swapna Behera Tezmin Ition Tsai * William S. Peters, Sr.

The Uzar of the Poct V May 2018

The Poetry Posse

inner child press, ltd.

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The Poetry Posse

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WHAT WOULD FE WITHOUT A LITTLE OF TRY?

Dedication

This Book is dedicated to Poetry . . .

The Poetry Posse

past, present & future

our Patrons and Readers

the Spirit of our Everlasting Muse



the Power of the Pen to effectuate change!



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

Janet P. Caldwell

, Janet Perkins Caldwell

Rest In Peace

February 14, 1959 ~ September 20, 2016



Rest In Peace Dear Brother

Han W. Jankowski

16 March 1961 ~ 10 March 2017



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Foreword

To overturn the appointed times, to obliterate the divine plans, the storms gather to strike like a flood.

("The lament for Sumer and Urim")

For the last four months, we, Poetry Posse members, have written poetry about ancient cultures. We have penned poems about Axum, Saba', Middle America and the Caribbean, and Nez Perce. This month, The Year Of The Poet journey across the world has arrived in Mesopotamia, to explore its most ancient culture, Sumer. As we move from one culture to another, three questions come to mind: The first is about theme-driven poetry: Is it alright to ask poets to write about a predefined theme. The second is related to ancient cultures: Why should we write poetry about them? The third question is specific to Sumer. What is it that is worth learning about this culture, and how relevant is it to poetry?

Asking poets to write about a specific theme, or topic, is not uncommon among poetry groups or organizations that publish national or international anthologies. Inner Child Press, for instance, invites poets from all over the world to contribute to its

biennial anthology, *World Healing World Peace*. Similar anthologies are published by many cultural and literary organizations in the U.S. and other countries.

In fact, writing theme poetry has probably been practiced even by individual poets – past and present. Leigh Hunt, the 19th century poet, who also was the editor of the *Examiner* magazine, organized contests between poets from time to time. He once asked Percy Bysshe Shelly and Horace Smith to write a sonnet each about Ozymandias. On another occasion, Hunt himself competed with Shelly and John Keats to write a sonnet about the Nile.

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With regards to the second question, poets have often been intrigued by ancient civilizations – their legacy and the different aspects of their life. Poets of course may not have the opportunity to travel to countries where the remains of these cultures still exist. They mostly depend on sources, such as books, articles, documentaries, photos, written or produced by scholars, historians, archeologists, anthropologists, geographers, travelers, tourists, and photographers, to learn about these cultures. Inspired by their readings, poets also resort to their imagination and poetic sensibility in creating their poems. For example, to write "Ozymandias" Shelly and Smith relied on a passage from a book by the Sicilian-Greek historian, Diodorus Siculus,

which described a gigantic Egyptian statue of Ramesses II, or Ozymandias. Shelly, however, referred to Siculus, not as a historian, but "a traveler from an antique land."

Taking liberty in selecting, interpreting and versifying texts is not an unusual practice among poets. John Keats's "Ode on a Grecian Urn" was based on his reading of two articles and other contemporary sources about Greek art. In writing the urn poem, however, Keats did not refer to any specific urn. He rather presented his own concept of Greek virtues in describing the paintings engraved on an urn of his own creation. The same thing can be said of William Butler Yeats, in whose poem "Solomon to Sheba," the Jewish king falls in love with the Sabaean queen. The poem ends with these lines:

Said Solomon to Sheba,
And kissed her Arab eyes,
"There's not a man or woman
Born under the skies
Dare match in learning with us two,
And all day long we have found
There's not a thing but love can make
The world a narrow pound.'

Anne Brontë, too, in "Alexander And Zenobia" created a love adventure between the great Greek emperor and the Arab queen of Palmyra (located in modern Syria). Taken historically, the poem can be cited as an example of scandalous anachronism

since the two protagonists were separated by almost six centuries. But who can question the fanciful minds of poets?

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What about Sumer? What kind of culture was it? And what would we want to learn about it?

The Sumerian culture emerged around 4,000 B.C.E. The Sumerians lived in Mesopotamia, in the south of modern Iraq, the land lying between the Tigris and the Euphrates. Actually the Greek word "Mesopotamia" literally means "a country between two rivers."

For many researchers, Sumer is one of the first ancient civilizations in the world. Whether that is true or not, the Sumerians are known to have invented cuneiform script - the oldest known writing system. In fact Sumerian literature – all those Sumerian tablets, which were unknown to the world before the 19th century, were written in that language. Also, the Sumerians had impressive religious tradition. Furthermore, they built more than ten city states. The major cities included Ur, Uruk, Eridu, Kish, Nippur, and Lagash. Each city was surrounded by a wall, dominated by pyramid-like temples. Canals were dug to bring water from the Tigris and Euphrates for irrigation. Unfortunately, these cities were at war with each other

The Sumerians are also credited for introducing the sexagesimal structure. The 60-minute hour and 60-second minute that we use today were based on this system, which the Babylonians adopted in the second millennium B.C.E for their astronomical calculations.

Poets might be interested in such overwhelming achievements; for them, however, it is usually the Sumerian literary heritage that takes precedence. Many people are familiar with *The Epic of Gilgamesh*, the first epic in human history. But few people are aware of other Sumerian poetry works, such as *The Epic of Lagalbanda*, *The Legend of Sargon*, the Sumerian hymns, love poems, laments, songs, prayers, and other works, which were all written by Sumerian scribes. Therefore, I invite readers who are interested to know more about Sumerian poetry to explore these two websites:

- Sumer, Writing and artifacts:
 http://realhistoryww.com/world_history/ancient/M
 isc/Sumer/Sumer menu.htm
- Sumerian Shakespeare:
 http://sumerianshakespeare.com/

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Finally, I would like to emphasize that writing poetry about the various cultures of the world has forged a path that makes it possible for us to educate ourselves, to expand our knowledge, and also to be inspired. But more significantly, by delving into these cultures, we have the opportunity to look inside ourselves and rediscover the human beings we are. For, in one way or another, each culture provides a mirror that reflects back one side or more of our personality and/or culture, no matter how technologically advanced we think we are. And that might encourage us to see the world from a different perspective – to see all the possibilities waiting to be explored by us, thus giving us the opportunity to grow and become better human beings, and to seek to live in peace and harmony with each other.

May we all be gifted with peace, love and creativity – Amen!

#### Nizar Sartawi

Director, Inner Child Press International nizarsartawi@gmail.com

# $\mathcal{D}_{reface}$

Dear Family and Friends,

Yes I am excited? Once again, this is an understatement! As we are hitting another milestone, the 5th month of our fifth year of publication . . . I am elated. Our initial vision was to just perform at this level for the year of 2014. Since that time we have had the blessed opportunity to include many other wonderful word artists and storytellers in the Poetry Posse from lands, cultures and persuasions all over the world. We have featured hundreds of additional poets, thereby introducing their poetic offerings to our vast global readership.

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

In the previous years, our monthly themes were Flowers, Birds, Gemstones and Trees. This year we have elected to take a different direction by theming our offerings after *Cultures* of past and

present. In each month's volume you will have the opportunity to not only read at least one poem themed by our Poetry Posse members about such culture, but we have included a few words about the culture in our prologue. The reasoning behind this is that now our poetry has the opportunity to be educational for not only the reader, but we poets as well. We hope you find the poetic offerings insightful as we use our poetic form to relay to you what we too have learned through our research in making our offering available to you, our readership.

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

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

Building Cultural Bridges

Bless Up

From our house to yours

Bill

The Poetry Posse Inner Child Press

#### DS

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

#### Available here

www.worldhealingworldpeacepoetry.com

or

Janet . . . gone too soon.

http://www.innerchildpress.com/janet-p-caldwell.php

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

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



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 . . .





#### The Summerians



Many of us have heard to the Sumerians. Sumer was an ancient land in the Mesopotamia area of the Fertile Crescent situated between the Euphrates and Tigris rivers. The Sumerians were an advanced culture and civilization who were known for their creativity and innovations in language, governance, architecture and more. The Sumerian people are considered the creators of civilization and occupy a significant role in our modern-day expression.

https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Sumer

https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Sumerian language





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May 2018

**The Poetry Posse** 

# Poetry succeeds where instruction fails.

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# 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

#### Warrior

I got that red woman
Hid on the inside of me
We take turns hanging out
In the streets
And she balances out my navy well

When I wake after a long nite
Of perfecting your movements
She lingers across the pillow
In a preening manner
Shining the Teflon coated places

She has this repetitive way
Of telling testosterone lies
And some find her offensive
Though my sweet smile
Softens the marks cut in backs

We are much better sheathed And while bone and sinew Are often visible It is only the soft kiss of lips That you will remember

Long after you realize You didn't get a name

#### Untitled Blitz...

Drum sound

Drum beat

Beat true

Beat slowly

Slowly listen

Slowly rise

Rise heavenwards

Rise hellwards

Hellwards to grave

Hellwards epiphany

Epiphany knows

Epiphany ludicrously

Ludicrously ignorant

Ludicrously privileged

Privileged plague

Privileged clothes

Clothes exposed

Clothes no more More than instinct

More than birth

Birth collective

Birth mistake

Mistake of truth

Truth forsaken

Truth mirrored

Mirrored fun house

Mirrored distortion

Fun house distortions

#### WIP-Tetractys

because to be #writteninpain is authentic

Pain
Covers
Multitudes
Of the what ifs
That we always plague ourselves with, questions
And there ain't no easy answers for us
Things just won't go
Into night
As we
Wake

# Alicja Maria Kubzrska



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

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

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

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

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

#### A child with autism

We are in the same room, but we inhabit different worlds. An invisible border divides us - the eyes do not get through it and words turn into silence.

Your look penetrates objects, goes far beyond the room. Every image is blurred in your thoughts. I disappear and become as transparent as air I hope you might sense that I'm sitting next to you.

You look intensely at the whirling bug and wave nervously with your hands. You would like to fly over a rainbow bridge of fantasy. There to try to find shelter on your lonely island where all your mind's entrusted secrets are guarded.

I smile again and give you a colourful toy, You avoid my touch and with a cry retract your hand quickly

I want to penetrate the barrier of our mutual pain, To free you from a dimension filled with loneliness, Where there is no space for another human.

#### Surge - Outflow

Sensitivity sentences one to loneliness, empathy brings one closer to people. Subsequent influx and efflux of feelings teach the physics of existence.

I know,
I will not build the bridge between heaven and earth,
I will not catch up the waning moon,
I will not find the end of the rainbow.

I'm so close, you can almost touch my hand and yet I'm far distant from your thoughts.

Life disappoints, dreams give hope.

#### The Islands of Happiness

dreams come true in the Bahamas

let's go there where the wind brushes the green hair of palm trees the huge ocean murmurs sleepily the golden sand remembers footprints and the sun disappears in blue water in the evening

before the black butterfly appears we have time to write a few lines of a poem and to share our thoughts like a slice of bread

only there we can entrust our secrets to the stars

#### It's just the wind

Wind flows as a long melody among the trees and rustles resonantly with the accords of leaves, scatters the shadows of flying birds, arranges moving collages in the sky and chases a herd of clouds.

It rippled the surface of the lake with a gust and stole the smooth face from the water. Later it painted wide circles in grayness, shook off a few dry twigs and played tune with a willow pipe.

Somewhere in the distance echoes sings in the canon with rain drops - repeats the chorus of the song. Come back, I miss you.
Where are you my darling?

# 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.

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

# Of the Sumerian Culture: What Mysteries Still Await?

Their ancient history
Their wealth, what we now know comes
From clay tablets, their gods
Numbered in the hundreds.

They worshiped in pyramid-like Structures, shaped By hand and sweat of brow Ziggurats, their temples.

And of city-states (mud bricked walls)
One by name of Uruk
The largest city, at one time
In the world, Uruk was populated

By many thousands. Who knows the number thereof? Evidence reveals, as from clay Tablets, they were to the world

Astounding contributors with a legacy Gifted to history. Few aware: for example Sixty seconds, sixty minutes, first vehicles, too With wheels, the potter's wheel, also.

And with city-states. Sumer, the oldest known Civilization, was ruled by kings. See the *List of Kings*. Surprisingly One was a female, documented, inscribed

#### The Year of the Poet $\,V\sim\,$ May 2018

As from cuneiforms. The Sumerian civilization Is acknowledged to be the first known. Also the first to develop, govern with lawful codes. In an acrid land (once flooded, it they tamed)

Efficiently building irrigation canals so as to farm. They who built structures with marsh reeds, mud bricks Constructed buildings, homes, walls: no stone No trees along the Tigris and Euphrates. Its people

Religious, literate. Keepers of records, the world Recipient of its technological and cultural gifts Poets, artists, creators extradionaire, theirs was a legacy Of kings with a written language of cuneiform,

Deciphered as from clay tablets.
The oldest writing system form known to history.
Imagine those earliest clay tablets, those
Yet to be deciphered. What they contain.

Sources: Wikipedia, various web sites

#### The Angular Distance

The fog lying low over the mountains enshrouds me.

Invisible branches embrace the gray morning ethereal.

And misty tears break through though I attempt to hold them back.

My world is shattered, my vision obscured.

How shall I find my way?

Ah, the Sun rises, my day reconstructed but vaporous musings still dwell within.

Sobbing and heaving, I greet the dawn, Even as joyful memories evoke a smile: a dichotomy.

I strive to revisit the fog, a world of my mind's own making.

Yet the heavenly light sublime reveals a different path.

#### The All Consuming Heat of First Love

His presence caused the essence of romance

To color my day, it seemed it was his intent Any fears of mine to allay As a suitor he was quite smart, showering on me

His utmost attention, though, in truth, on my part

Some apprehension I did discern Yet it I ignored for the sake of my heart Then, he went away. He left me high and dry

He who had once set my heart a'pitter-patter

And caused the songbirds to scatter and to sigh For when first we did meet my heart skipped A couple of beats and wings, mysteriously

Appeared upon my feet

Emanating from our emotions, bursting With youthful buds of desire and with sparks Of love igniting, the stage was set for romance

Ours was a world aflame, passion all consuming

Then came the day, bereaved, filled with the ashes Of ecstasy's extinguished delight
He went away. He left me high and dry
And the beat of my heart threatened to stop

The clouds formed dark and bold With a thunderous voice, so frighteningly Cold, inside, my heart knew it was over

I began to wilt and to sigh

The weeks and months, colliding Conspired, for my affections had been stolen Not by a lover but by a thief

I wanted to cry

But suddenly I realized I no longer needed him. That Was the moment when my life really began

# Tzemin Ition Tsai



Dr. Tzemin Ition Tsai (蔡翠氏) was born in Tzemin Ition Tsai Taiwan, Republic of China, in 1957. He holds a Ph.D. in Chemical Engineering and two Masters of Science in Applied Mathematics and Chemical Engineering. He is an associate professor at the Asia University (Taiwan), editor of "Reading, Writing and Teaching" academic text. He also writes the long-term columns for Chinese Language Monthly in Taiwan.

He is a scholar with a wide range of expertise, while maintaining a common and positive interest in science, engineering and literature member.

He has won many national literary awards. His literary works have been anthologized and published in books, journals, and newspapers in more than 40 countries and have been translated into more than a dozen languages.

#### **Cuneiform Soul**

In that moment of concentration, I would like
Put my mind
on that extremely hard rock
With that unbreakable sharp reed pen
wrote down my perseverant imaginations
penetratingly
Gods, countries, cities, vessels, birds, and trees
Pure "symbols"
The survival record is no longer fragmented
Writing becomes more and more phonological

In that moment of concentration, I would like
Put my mind
above the surfaces of various pottery vases
As everyone knows
Sealed with oil tank and clay
Knives, drills, wedges, bows, arrows, and daggers
Clay vases
The survival record is no longer fragmented
Let me know about using it in wars and huntings

That four quarters of the universe
To the north, periodically raided for slaves
To the west, give an account of sheep and goats belong to
ancient Semitic-speaking peoples
To the south, created the place of creation with the land of
the dead
To the east, must bravely face the Elamites whom were
frequently at war with us
In that moment of concentration, I would like

Put my mind to the ruler of the freshwater depths beneath the earth, Eridu

A healer and friend of humanity The creator of the arts and sciences, the industries and manners of civilization

#### Who Am I?

The long embankment took me all the way
South wind was blowing
The dandelion floating in the front shut her mouth tightly
I didn't reach out to intercept the last one
Let her go
With a little reluctance

Stepped forward silently like a black sheep
That cocoons on my feet
Sharp small stones on the road
Caused a burst of pain
Together with those in heart
Fully brought into my arms with slight pain

Fish in the lake
Swung tails far more blatantly
I greedily want to get the colored clothing worn on her
waist
No longer eat tonight
Bridge lamp secretly laughing at me
Light up some words that are hidden deep in the bottom of
the heart

Maybe
With some regret
Forgot to dumb dandelion
Forgot big-eyed fish
Forgot cocoons on feet
Even forgot who I am?

#### The Sea

The rainy day Cobblestone scouring by the sea Tempt me Go to pick up I want to live there Dancing Shouting Until write down a poetry The Cobblestone As far as I know I can't stop my desire Throw The poetry into the sea But it would accompany me I want to know It will or will not become more blue

# Sharggf Abdur Rashggd



#### The Year of the Poet $\,V\sim\,$ May 2018

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

# where do i begin? (Revised)

around the time eating from forbidden tree was the original sin? Cain killing his brother Abel? Noah's (aws)\* arch became one big stable? point being mankind has evolved over time but the process of time is not without rhyme or reason many groups be it tribes/nations had their season the reality of their tenure not always pleasing let us take a look at one such people "The Sumerians" in their land of Sumer along the Euphrates region now known as Iraq, Kuwait, but wait realize these people known as the " Blackhead people " were the custodians of known original civilization they believed god gave them the trust to establish peace, rid the earth of chaos these were the beginnings of mighty nations they really did invent the wheel, writing, sailboats, irrigation, first schools, love songs, aquariums, counting time with the 'sixty system 60 seconds in a minute,60 minutes in a hour that's the rhythm, straight up taking care of business, for real power dem who invented the wheel also really knew what time it was, the real deal beginning around 5000 or so BC Sumerians were the roots of civilizations tree even invented cities, organized trade with other nations,

school systems, ya like Rakim said
The Sumerians really did let the Rhythm hit 'em
and you thought modern technology was the bomb
maybe you'll take time to check out history
from now on

food4thought = education

\*(aws) peace be with him

#### Where's the tears...

for mother of country dear? does this corrupt, vile world care Oueen Winnie was here that's right that one, no fear that's right that one laid bare soul, gave her whole to enhance people's role in her land, her home so big props dropped for Nelson but props stopped when it was realized the Queen was on top in the struggle to make apartheid take flight, release strangle hold tight. right wins over might, freedom's light always replace, tyranny's darkness night it was Queen Winnie, unwavering, steady, dug in like a redwood, standing firm for the good fight till her last breath ushered in angel of death Mother Winnie never stepped away "i'm here to stay " until we as a people really see the end of tunnel, light of day, people sound proud, Amanda, Amanda, Amanda rise into sky but who is there to cry for their mother died, heart and soul of revolution to dismantle apartheid institution without her 'rude intrusion 'merely illusion.

food4thought = education

#### caught in..,

a rainstorm trying not to get wet but upon inspection it's not rain but toxic stain revealed, sustained trying blot out the burn of hate, ignorance, arrogance effect of intolerance relevant i ducked in out of the storm i refused to allow evil to be my norm but the wind blew the poison rain in torrents again 'n 'again upon my being sustained but again i refused to receive instead i resist, instead i believe what is the reward of soul lost so what benefit thee to pacify in retreat accept defeat at their hands i must spiritually fortify must struggle against their toxic onslaught must not live a lie i must try to live in truth until i die

food4thought = education

# Kimberly Burnham



See yourself in the pattern. As a 28-year-old photographer, Kimberly Burnham appreciated beauty. Then ophthalmologist diagnosed her with a genetic eye condition saying, "Consider life, if you become blind." She discovered a healing path with insight, magnificence, and vision. Today, a poet and neurosciences expert with a PhD in Integrative Medicine, Kimberly's life mission is to change the global face of brain health. Using health coaching, Reiki, Matrix Energetics, craniosacral therapy, acupressure, and energy medicine, she supports people in their healing from nervous system and chronic pain issues. A current project is taking pages from medical literature and turning them into visual poetry by circling the words of the poem and coloring in the rest—recycling words into color and drawing out the poem.

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

#### Sumerian Words

Shi - the breath of life breathing life into writing and poetry thousands of years ago

Utukagaba - Water and the light established at the gates of the waters in the fertile crescent of modern day Iraq

Melammu - Bright awe-inspiring luminosity creating knowledge and wisdom

Adannu - Time meeting at the appointed time sixty minutes in an hour 360 degrees in a circle

Rabu - To compensate or make great civilization but also wars leading to the end forgotten until recently

Inu - Eye what beauty did you see in the world around you

Akalu - Eat did you eat that which brought satisfaction and gratitude

Nahu - Calm down what did you dream of at night in peace and darkness

Sinnisnartu - Woman Singer singing out loud the earliest written poetry

#### Cosmopolitan Babylonian Peace

In the land of Babylonia and Mesopotamia lived great nations supplanting each other one merging into another wars brought change and adoption borrowing knowledge words and ways of living in war and peace

Summerians wrote early words
"nahu" to calm down and feel the peace
in the quiet moments "suharruru"
experiencing safety "salamu"
in a language now extinct
with no relatives

Supplanted by the Akkadians naming peace and amity "salimu" for the male face of peace "silimu" for the female side in an Afro-Asiatic language similar to Arabic saying "salaam" and Aramaic

A language spoken in liturgy and in modern day Iraq "shlamaa" or "shlam" or "silha" in Aramaic which once dominated the more formal Akkadian

Only to be pushed aside by a Persian migration of Indo-Iranian peoples who call to peace by the names "solh" "sulh" and "ashtee" in the language of Rumi

One poet supplanting another sharing words and thoughts before war pushed them aside always hoping their words would last forever

#### Time Enough

How much time do we need if we only had 60 seconds in every moment each breath brings life to 60 minutes in an hour courtesy of the Sumerians with their sexigesimal system seeping out in time and space while 500,000 clay tablets hold more secrets buried in the sands of Iraq over thousands of years

.

# 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

#### **Sumerian Secrets**

Mesopotamianestled between the bosoms
Of great twin rivers that runs through
Euphrates and Tigris
Ancient civilization advanced than the others
who built big temples, ziggurats
Uanna-Adapa, Sumerian version of the biblical Adam
first of the seven half-gods and wise men
Helped their place arise
from the Great Flood.

Sumerian pantheon depicts An, god of the heavens, Enlil, god of wind and storm, Enki, the god of water, Nanna, god of the moon. Nature gods metamorphosed Into city gods.

#### Sacred Ones

The sands of time gently pulls me in your direction, We are swirling among the infinite stars above An invisible thread connects my soul to yours, We often meet at the crossroads of our many lifetimes Beyond time and space, serendipity weaves magic Crafts a miraculous story to let our hearts unite again A hidden connection which is more powerful than an obvious one

We may be strangers centuries ago, star-crossed lovers in a forgotten era

Reunited by the angels singing hymns of pure love and peace

Sacred ones with souls meant to be one, etched in the hands of the Universe

I see your shadow in my dreams created by fragments of memories

The Mystic Knight enveloped in white aura illuminating the night sky

A legion of cherubims and seraphims guides your every step

As you enter the frontier of an oasis prepared for us by Eternity

Sacred ones destined to be together to be joined as one spark in our mystic flight

Pure Divine Love transcends time and space and even defies death

To fulfill the Divine Reunion weaved by Destiny itself.

#### **Nebulous**

Circles swirling the vast Milky Way An ocean of dots dancing around the Universe Meeting at the crossroads of this maze-like fortress At the predestined Divine Time, they touch each other Igniting a spark, a flame like when lost stars collide One dot connected to one dot to the other, ad infinitum With lives intertwining in ways we could not imagine Incarnated, old souls finding each other again and again Centuries upon centuries beyond time and space Cosmic dots reuniting, stardust appear casting a magical spell Mythical gods and goddesses of the heavens sending angels

Divine Messages ebbed in the sands of time.

## Mizar Sartawi



Nizar Sartawi is a poet, translator, essayist, and columnist. He was born in Sarta, Palestine, in 1951. He is a member of literary and cultural organizations, including the Jordanian Writers Association (Jordan), General Union of Arab Writers (Cairo), Poetry Posse (U.S.), Inner Child Press International (U.S.), Bodgani (Belgium), and Axlepin Publishing (the Philippines). He has participated in poetry readings and international forums and festivals in numerous countries, including Jordan, Lebanon, Kosovo, Palestine, Morocco, Egypt, and India. Sartawi's poems have been translated into several languages. His poetry has been anthologized and published in many anthologies, journals, and newspapers in Arab countries, the U.S., Australia, Indonesia, Bosnia, Italy, India, the Philippines, and Taiwan.

Sartawi has published more than 20 books of poetry and poetry translation. His last poetry collection, *My Shadow*, was published in June, 2017 by Inner Child Press in the U.S.

For the last seven years, Sartawi has been working on poetry translation from English to Arabic and Arabic to English. This includes his Arabic poetry translation project, "Arab Contemporary Poets Series" in which 13 bilingual books have been published so far. He also has translated poems for a number of contemporary international poets such as, Veronica Golos, Elaine Equi; William S. Peters; Kalpna Singh-Chitnis; Nathalie Handal, Naomi Shihab Nye; Candice James; Ashok Bhargava; Santiago Villafania, Virginia Jasmin Pasalo; Rosa Jamali; Taro Aizu; Fahredin Shehu, and many others.

#### The Alewife-Queen

It was quiet at noon
But now —
As Mesopotamia's sun
Began to descend down
To the Western Sea
Beyond the Cedar Forest —
Kish Downtown
Was bustled with crowds
And yet more people
Poured out of
The marsh-reed houses
Into the sun-scorched roads
And joined the masses

"Kubaba... Kubaba...,"
They yelled
And up the hill they climbed
Towards the mud-brick
Royal palace
"long live Kubaba,"
A sonorous voice cried
"long live Kubaba,"
Echoed the crowds

In the front balcony of
Mud-brick palace
Kubaba stood in all her glory
An ornate wreath of golden leaves
Coupled with blue lapis lazuli flowers
On her head.
A big happy smile adorned her face
As she waved at the crowd.
"Long live Kubaba," they all chanted.

<sup>&</sup>quot;Long live the alewife!" a voice shrieked amidst the crowd

The mob fell silent "Alewife!" The word resounded in the air Kubaba looked away, a frown upon her face But only for a while, Then faced the crowd: "Great nation of Kish You all know well I was a tavern-maid It was the will of holy Ninkasi, the goddess of beer, that I be one Of that I'm not ashamed You all did walk into my tavern You all dis taste my luscious beer You all sat upon my silky cushions And often napped Your girls reclining in your arms A tavern maid I was A pious one Who never cheated you It was the will of him Great King Puzur-Nirah of Akshak That your bar-maid your queen should be. And with blessings of Great Enlil, A good queen I will be For I am one of you... Yet, people of Kish If it's your will I will renounce this thrown right Go back to the tavern To fill your mugs with beer."

"Long live Queen Kubaba," The sonorous voice cried And all Kish shouted "Long live Queen Kubaba."

#### Would I were!

Would I were but a cloud and you a field that I may quench your thirst with showers of rain!

Would I were but a creek and you a sea where I could pour my passion again and again

Would I were but a grapevine in your lips that I may squeeze a wine whose taste is craved by the drinking lover

Would I were but a duvet that when you laid your head upon the pillow and fall asleep I'd be your cover

Translated from Arabic by Nizar Sartawi

## The Year of the Poet $\,V\sim\,$ May 2018

#### dreams in black and white

a jet black garment wraps my body from top to bottom as though i were born just a few hours ago

in a cellar i lie narrower than the tummy of a little fish no windows for the light to come

and all my dreams are black and white

#### The Heavy March

O March dear March why is your heart becoming so hard?

Oh, how you've always traversed this land with softer steps! How boughs and stalks and leaves and grass have waltzed with your west wind! How your mist sprinkled the air around with fragrant dew How drops of rain Kissed blossoms' lips

But now you come in a new attire your clouds pass by with eyelids closed and your sun scorches all my dreams. hülya n. yılmaz



Born in Turkey, hülya n. yılmaz presently serves as full-time faculty at Penn State and as the Director of Editing Services at Inner Child Press. Her academic publications dwell on literary relations between the West and the Islamic East and on gender conceptualizations within the context of Islam. Dr. yılmaz had her formal initiation as a creative writer in the U.S. Her published works include *Trance* –a tri-lingual book of poetry, *Aflame* –memoirs in verse and *An Aegean Breeze of Peace* –a poem collection she has co-authored with Demetrius Trifiatis. Poetry by hülya appeared in excess of fifty international anthologies.

hülya n. yılmaz, Ph.D.

#### Links

Personal Web Site https://hulyasfreelancing.com

Personal Blog Site <a href="https://dolunaylaben.wordpress.com/">https://dolunaylaben.wordpress.com/</a>

## inventions, discoveries and donations

inventions

too many of us are offended become demoralized and uneasy when we are reminded of "the other" of "its" masteries, in particular while we keep on indulging in "its" stellar gifts to "the self"

dissatisfaction impatience dejection

blame the aware few . . .

why stir up history as it was written as it is taught for "the self" by "the self"

why pull the brakes ever of our speeding time-shuttle to acknowledge "the other" at last with "its" long-overdue recognition contemplating thus our own human blood

God forbid!

if we so did . . .

we then might realize for a passing moment at least how abundantly the "self" benefited for centuries not for a mere several years from "the other" and "its" still-shedding labor-tears . . .

#### discoveries

our lives would not have been the same had the "other" not invented or discovered nor had left intact for the misuse by "the self" "its" surname bleeding still taken from "its" sweat and blood together with all else that to this day does remain

#### donations

un-written . . .

yes the subject is Sumerians of Ancient Mesopotamia "the cradle of civilization"

how often do we come across the oft-cited term to belong to a lobbying cultural entity as if it were for it to own

no surprises there! another always seems to bear the highest octave to raise so it gets the praise our history books bear witness

yet those writes suffer from a mono-lithic lens thus we reserve the honor for one or the other as long as it is not by no means! "the other"

furthermore we cheer from the sidelines turning into a music buff of some sort

though we know deep down we know

blame the aware few . . .

why alter a make-belief a working bed-time story with all its esteemed fake glory

the invention of
Agriculture
intact with its Plow
and System of Irrigation
the Wheel
the Chariot
the Sailboat
the System of Time
the Concept of Astrology
as well as that of Astronomy
the Map
Mathematics
Urbanization
the Cuneiform
the First Form of Writing

yes the First Form of Writing

but . . .
our history books
continue to claim
Nay! Oh, nay!
The Sumerians?
Of Ancient Mesopotamia?
The Cradle of Civilization?
Nay!
No way!

. . .

feel free to fill in the blanks with names that are yet to make the ranks out of the abyss of intentional omission for their past and present donation after all should that not be our mission

unless of course we seek our due commission

blame the aware few . . .

# Tørøsa E. 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

#### Original Brewers

Imagine the songs the Sumerians sang as that special brew released inhibitions and they dared to

invoke the good graces of the goddess of beer, Ninkasi.
You the first brewers of beer

with a goddess to serenade. One wonders if your brew was as powerful and pervasive

on your citizens as the brew of the 21<sup>st</sup> century.
And was Ninkasi pleased?

Your goddess watered the barley planted in fourth millennium B.C. soil. Does that soil still hold the scent

of ancient barley in its soul as Iraqi ground is bombed to death in the present day?

#### Gathering the Silence

I enter the forest unarmed surrender to the trail, arms raised to honor the trees.

A slow stride presses boots against crackling pine and the pop of twigs.

An unannounced squirrel running up the ponderosa, jaws bloated, gives me pause

to gather the silence surrounding me with a love embrace.

A subtle wind whispers, this is your day to speak to solitude.

#### Life Well Lived

I cannot take any material possessions to the far country, only my experiences

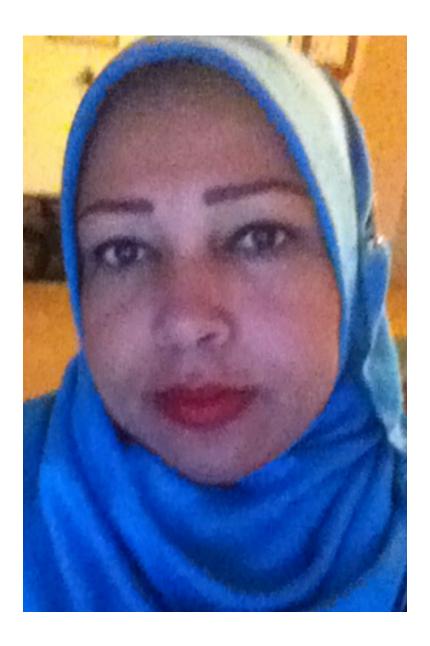
with the beach on Oregon coast, hikes in the Redwood forest, boating across a lake in Glacier,

floating down the Arkansas River, sitting by river in Jemez mountains. All images stored in memory banks.

I am so rich and so full. When the earth takes my physical body, my spirit will soar toward the heavenly planes

with a single yellow rose in my hand to say thank you to the universe for the honor of a life well lived.

# Falggha Hassan



She is a poet, teacher, editor, writer, playwriter born in Najaf, Iraq, in 1967, who now lives in the United States.

Faleeha is the first woman to wrote poetry for children in Iraq. She received her master's degree in Arabic literature, and has now published 20 books. Her poems have been translated into English, Turkmen, Bosevih, Indian, French, Italian, German, Kurdish, Spain, Korean, Greek and Albanian. Ms. Hassan has received many awards in Iraq and throughout the Middle East for her poetry and short stories.

Faleeha Hassan has also had her poems and short stories published in a variety of American magazines such as: Philadelphia poets 22, Harbinger Asylum, Brooklyn Rail April2016, Screaming mamas, The Galway Review, Words Without Borders, TXTOBJX, Intranslation, SJ Magazine, Nondoc, Wordgathering, SCARLET LEAF REVIEW, Courier-Post, I am not a Silent Poet, Taos Journal, Inner Child Press, Atlantic City Press, SJ Magazine, Intranslation Magazine, The Guardian, Words Without Borders, Courier-Post, Life and Legends, Wordgathering, SCARLET LEAF REVIEW, Indiana Voice Journal, The Bees Are Dead, IWA, Poetry Soup, Poetry Adelaide Literary Magazine, Philly, The Fountain Magazine, DRYLAND, The Blue Mountain Review, Otoliths, Taos Journal of Poetry and Art, TXTOBJX, DODGING THE RAIN, Poetry Adelaide Literary Magazine, NonDoc Philly, DRYLAND, American Poetry Review, The Fountain Magazine, Uljana Wolf, Arcs, Tiferet and Ice Cream Poetry Anthology, Dryland Los Angeles underground art &writing Magazine, Opa Anthology of contemporary, BACOPA Literary Review, Better than Starbucks Magazine, Tweymatikh ZQH Magazine ,TUCK Magazine and Street Light Press

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#### The Word Love

Let me not explain it to you
In order to stay as we are now
You are standing on the hill of your dreams
And I sit on the edge of the sea of my reality
Smiling
And you hear the echo of my smile
Let's pretend it is just a word
And the pen does not burn
like our hearts
When we are trying to write the word love to each other,
Even if we write it in unclear handwriting
Did you know
That since you sent it to me
I accidently placed it under my pillow
And all my life has been stuck on the letter "O"

#### unreachable

Oh, my god

This poem! Whenever I try to make her stand on the reality line She flutters like Marilyn Monroe's dress in the imaginations of men I tell her to keep herself on one meaning But she defies me While wearing the interpretation mask And when she tries to describe the battlefield She is looking for the effects of kisses On the collars of the soldiers who are tied down in their trenches With fear and hopelessness But if they were to be blown up And their bodies were every where Her words would be meaningless For she hiding behind symbolism She can't sense the children's horror from the bombs And their attempts to huddle against the remnants of destroyed walls Her cheeks do not hurt Like mothers' cheeks dried of their hot tears poured while waiting for deferred letters from their absent sons She does not take the risk of thinking

So, she can't believe any truth
She does not pay attention to my damaged life
Which has been crushed by the harsh machine of days
She is trying to make her words beautiful
So, she sprinkles rose water on an erupting volcano
She is too comfortable with death and even praises him
She is summarizing all this loss, darkness, combustion,

destruction, chemical weapons. black banners, coffins, skinning, deprivation, orphanages, curfews, warning, sirens, barbed wire, tanks, thrumming of planes, explosions. Murder. blood shed on the side walk, death, ashes, displacement, emptiness, charred bodies, mass graves, coffins, body traps, yelling, sadness, anger, hunger, thirst, vigilance, slapping. Etc..

She summarizes all of this in one ward War

While I am, the poet stand in the middle

Watching my body jump from death to death

For nothing

Just to let the poem come

But after all this trouble

She only comes imperfectly

#### **Tonight**

When I entered my apartment The stairs were lying like tired men after a hard day's work The door a yawning mouth My TV was listening intently to the sports newscast And Like a huge fat woman, the couch was sitting on the floor Hardly breathing the used air The curtain tickled the cheek of the window Swaying gracefully above My books slept like babies on the hands of the bookshelves The dining table was listening to the whispers of her chairs The lamps were winking at to each other The fan was busy flailing her arms indifferent In my apartment The life looks the same as I left it Everything is normal No, It is more than normal Strang No one missed me?

By Faleeha Hassan

# Caroling Nazargno



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

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

She was privileged to be chosen as one of the Directors of Writers Capital International Foundation (WCIF), Member of the Poetry Posse, one of the Board of Directors of Galaktika ATUNIS Magazine based in Albania; the World Poetry Canada and International Director to Philippines; Global Citizen's Initiatives Member, Association for Women's rights in Development (AWID) and Anacbanua. She has been a 4<sup>th</sup> Placer in World Union of Poets Poetry Prize 2016, Writers International Network-Canada ''Amazing Poet 2015'', The Frang Bardhi Literary Prize 2014 (Albania), the sair-gazeteci or Poet-Journalist Award 2014 (Tuzla, Istanbul, Turkey) and World Poetry Empowered Poet 2013 (Vancouver, Canada).

#### amaranthine reign

unforgotten reign
of life beyond life,
souls defined, refined and engraved
in dynasty of eternity;
wellspring of life-stories exist
from deaths of the moon and the sun
like tabernacle of ancient hieroglyphics
become immortal songs of time;
as the power spans from Gilgamesh,
as the summit weaves endless dreams,
as limestone creates wonders;
reimagine the breathing surprise!

#### Sumerian Psalms

If Enki had bequeathed me,

His waters flooding the cities

I might had built arks of victories for the poor

The calls for the extant kings and successors

changed the world, saved by the engraved cuneiforms

I would have lived the Hellenistic myths

And for my time, today

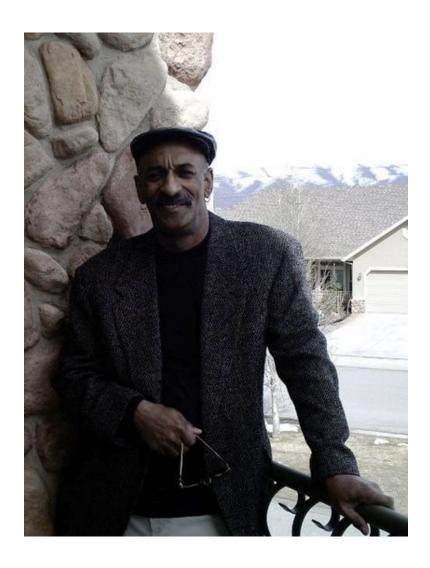
will recreate mirrors of survival,

For the humanity.

#### Calms of the Atlantis

i envision all humans
unchained from Stygian crypts
unburdened from Lemuria's phantom waters,
just breathing freely
every nanosecond of the eleventh hour,
the sound of afterlife.

# 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 40 additional Volumes of Poetry, Short Stories, etc., expressing his thoughts on matters of the Heart, Spirit, Consciousness and Humanity. His primary focus is that of Love, Peace and Understanding!

Bill says . . .

I have always likened Life to that of a Garden. So, for me, Life is simply about the Seeds we Sow and Nourish. All things we "Think and Do", will "Be" Cause and eventually manifest itself to being an "Effect" within our own personal "Existences" and "Experiences" . . . whether it be Fruit, Flowers, Weeds or Barren Landscapes! Bill highly regards the Fruits of his Labor and wishes that everyone would thus go on to plant "Lovely" Seeds on "Good Ground" in their own Gardens of Life!

to connect with Bill, he is all things Inner Child

www.iaminnerchild.com

Personal Web Site

www.iamjustbill.com

#### Sumerian

I am the culture you now embrace As your standard

I have given you insight To the meaning of Your guttural utterances For I created The written language

But . . . Are you civilized . . . Yet?

We from Sumer Invented Created **Imagined** A progress Of no end And Here you are Trying your best To do so . . . End it ... A11

Here our call From the annals of time Civilization Is the last paradigm That matters

Strive for it, Embrace your humanity, End the insanity Created by your inane . . . Ways

A message from the Sumerians

#### The Blood

The Blood upon the pavement, The streets, And in the fields has dried

Its stains have faded away, But the stench of death Still prevailed In the air

It was not that of the people
Who were martyred for the cause ...
FREEDOM,
But that of the soldiers
Whose souls had given leave
To their reason,
Conjured from the imaginings
By the deluded minds
Of megalomaniacs

Power is a nefarious thing It is not all that We think it is

It is not the bullets,
It is not the stones,
It is not the bombs,
It is not the angry words,
Nor can power be found
In the souls of those
Who would lead us
Into perdition,
Those with an insatiable greed

Power is in Truth,
And Truth is an inventory
Found in our closed closets
In the House of Soul
And in the bedrooms
Of our now small sleeping troubled hearts

It would seem that
Since time immemorial
Man has always sought to define,
Categorize,
Cache,
Bring to life
And focus on
That which divides one from another

Is this the way
Of the children
Of the same Mother?

Our genesis is a common one In nature

Is this the path
That would deliver unto us
Our Utopic dreams
Of peace?

I have questioned my ways Many days In my "Now-ness", My "Being-ness", And there are many days Which I would

Rather forget, For I too can not escape . . . Reality

How are you fairing With your self induced delusions Of grandeur?

Do you sleep well During your nights, During your days?

The blood will be spilled That much is ever certain

Will it be your loved one? Will it be one you knew not? Will it be that of your own?

i often wonder, how is it, why is it that the children can still smile.

#### Such a place exists

In the land
Of far away
Where life knows not
Of it's potential
Nor the possibilities

There is a village Where dreams are underfoot And wishes are cast To the waysides Of life

No one aspires, No one has desires For these such things Have long ago proven To be fruitless pursuits

The skies were always overcast And the woes of the people Lasts . . .

To the point that there

Were no points to be made

A dismal maid
Walked the earthen street,
No smiles apparent,
Or within her
Anywhere
To be found . . .

She, was but enduring, Securing a place Where she felt comfortable To face . . . . Death

But life here was but that Death lording over the people Like the Fat Man At the circus

May mercy be upon us That we never have to visit Such a place

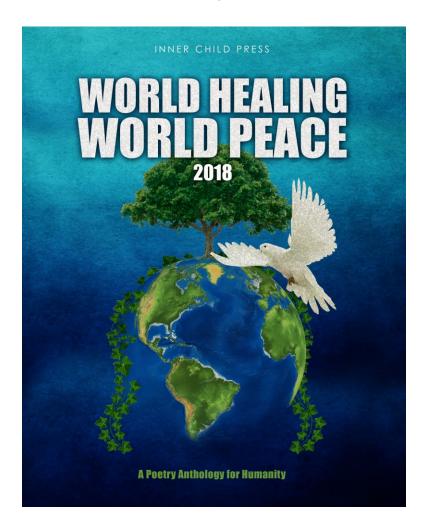
Such a place exists . . . Does it not ?

Just look to the path we now walk The things we talk About

We shout,
We pray
The day,
The night
As we dwell with our blight
That we have allowed,
Or created

One can not be sated With that which is hated Can we?

# World Healing, World Peace 2018



Now Available



# May 2018 Features

~ \* ~

Zaldy Carreon de Leon, Jr.
Sylwia K. Malinowska
Lidita Ahmeti
Ofelia Prodan

# Zaldy Carrgon dg Lgon, Jr.



Zaldy Carreon de Leon Jr. is a graduate of both ecclesiastical and secular institutions. He receuived his degrees as the International School of Ministry and Leadership, Thy Word Bible College, University of Pasig City and Bataan Peninsula State University. He is a writer and poet to various local and international journals and poetry anthologies.

#### FREEDOM IN THREE MELODIES

1

While darkness spits stars in our palms, Confined in the charlatan's august tongue, There is but foolishness speaking wise, Yet is not heard while ears are full of lies, One day, the regrets are tomorrow's alms.

Look at the beggar who is free to roam The world is an easy ground and salted foam, The heights of the red mountain in dawn Is measured by his footsteps, wake and yawn, At least, he finds time working on his own.

And those who rests on pillowheads compare Have found neither arms of clock's affair, Not of days, not of nights, or feeble time But of shortened hours for a cunning dime, Not the life a beggar would manage to care.

#### FREEDOM IN THREE MELODIES

2

Some muds turn to dusting bones and blood, The fruit of man's labor is a greedy god, Within each camps, bravery is polished nice, And every sentinel's a shrub in disguise, Dried in the burning melodies of the sun!

A black hawk soars, and a poisoned flu, Armadillo trenching the dust off the waterloo, Each spirit has brought pure courage and hope, Though the loud cry of death in every slope Has brought the red satin to ease the few.

On the other camp, unwary of the pain, Their greenstick crack bone should not kill the aim, So instead of tears, and the minnow slain, An oriole's voice might enthuse more maim, Until there is silence, and kneeling saints.

#### FREEDOM IN THREE MELODIES

3

Few heads come to think of all men's good, No, not at all, they ever understood, The heads who should bring the comfort Has not taken anything of its worth, Power is a greedy termite's voluptuous food.

Those from the pillars, killed priceless seeds, And ceased an egret from its usual deeds, The eagles no longer flew, or lay their eggs, And many others have bruises on their legs, The song of tomorrow has become stupid.

One's joyful laughter is another man's dole, To walk the mountain, and a courageous soul, To fill one's pocket, or wait for fortune's call, Man held himself right or wrong, sweet or gall, It is not a decision one man should claim, after all.

# Sylwia K. Malinowska



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

1.

Rattling with a cocoon Impudent Huge Bald With a child's head Her thumb Skin And an examiner in crimson His bright eye And a zoo of jeerers Screwing their hands in Soft paws Well brought up They multiply Completely mute In the crowd In motion In their empty blackness They remembered Without missing anything The memories And the hero in a dress Art Like a word ceremony In a nest of furry hooks Where are you going We are now Us two Mute Because crying became an affront Two contemporaries

In a full room of everything Distant and bleary They hide their visibility Strenuous relatives And one sound They laugh next to him Saying something to themselves Morphine rises In a white apron Beyond the mind And stairs outside of them A white wall And two open bags They move their hands Bird souls On coruscant practices They were daughters Mothers Sisters Lovers A brown long neck A simplest structure Reduced to a minimum

### The Year of the Poet $\,V\sim\,$ May 2018

2.

White sky It does not soar In a muddle of roots Incisive eyes of Her absence And the nomadic echo The shadows are in us And the lungs cannot be filled with them Absence Is his Finger handmaid And a scream in the bathhouse **Pivoting** Clunky one Into a clunky absence White saliva Her head and his wall **Tenderness** And a scream from the belly A bosom made of concrete Too heavy to carry it Bounty bounty of madmen Demented Beastly and fatuous Within the weddings The bell tone A mirror full of paintings Between her and her Delicate Closed

In a transparent jar

3.

Pushing off and rolling Within the moist jewels The aghast eyes of the Great teddy bear Her swollen belly button And a dark gaze of Ego Various jottings Various fingerprints Life The virtue of her existence A Holy Duality In one mind Like poets in a partnership An earpiece And a pulled out plug In a deformable lens She listened To an adorable vision of Soft pieces Shadows 6 heels and 6 knees Silence in motion Unusually delicate Unusually valuable The neck slips by Through a hole in the body Love and anger Shadow and obsession of an Incredible celebrity

In the complex of Electra
A flat silhouette
In a stubborn heart
And sleep falsity
Did not let change happen
Replacing the arms and legs

# Lindita Ahmeti



Lindita Ahmeti was born in Prizren in 1973 and lives in Skopje. Her first poetry collection, *Mjedra dhe bluz* (Raspberries and the Blues), Skopje 1993, was well received. Ahmeti, among the best-known female poets of the Albanians in Macedonia, is the author of seven volumes of verse: *Ishulli Adular* (Adular Island),1996; *Brezi i Zonjës* (Rainbow), 2000; *Vetë përballë Erosit* (Alone in front of Eros), 2004; *Nga Mështeknaja e babait* (From the birchwood of my father), 2015; *Dhoma pa derën dalëse* (A room without exit door), 2015

#### **Memoirs**

Before the small houses in Gazi Baba The old men gather in the alley, How white In the muddy square. There they disperse their memoirs O'er the asphalt, Never red, never black, And marching, surging, The Turks, The first Serb, The first Bulgarian, The second Serb, The second Bulgarian, Greeks, Greeks, Greeks, Byzantium, Asia, And Europe locked In Scanderbeg's grave, All the while, the old men squat Before the small houses in Gazi Baba.

Translated from the Albanian by Robert Elsie.

#### Letter to my Brother

Nothing new going on here, brother,
Everything is just as it was,
The new trees are infected by a fungus,
As always
The flaking whitewash falling off the wall,
As you know,
Joseph's mother has come back.
The same things are happening
In the bramble bushes.
I alone have changed,
I alone strain to hear your voice,
For example,
When you'll return.

Translated from the Albanian by Robert Elsie

#### Who Will Bring Word to Me

At the Balcans, the door open, I am waiting, A year, a century, God, a grey year, A terrible year, A deaf year, I am waiting, Centuries spent waiting, The year makes no move, Wedged between the hands of the clock, An ominous hour, And I keep watch, Nowhere the racing pigeons, The postmen felled by smallpox, I look through the gaping door, A coat of dust on the grass, Silt in the trees, Who will bring word to me?

Translated from the Albanian by Robert Elsie.

# Ofglia Prodan



Ofelia Prodan had her editorial debut in 2007 and has published several poetry books, among which *The elephant* in my bed, 2007 (the Debut Award of the Bucharest Writers' Association, 2008; Nomination for the Mihai Eminescu National Poetry Award - Opera Prima, 2008); Ulysses and the game of chess, 2011 (Romanian - English bilingual edition; Nomination for the Marin Mincu National Award, 2011: Nomination for the Città di Sassari International Literary Award, 2016); The Guide, 2012 (Ion Minulescu National Award, 2013); No Exit, 2015 (George Cosbuc National Award, 2015; Mircea Ivănescu National Award, 2016); The snake within my heart, 2016 (the Poetry book of 2016 award at the Avantgarde XXII National Festival, 2017). She has been included alongside Nina Cassian, Nichita Stănescu, Ana Blandiana, Nora Iuga, Ion Mureșan, Mircea Cărtărescu, in Voor de prijs van mijn mond (Jan H. Mysikin, Ed. Poëziecentrum, Belgia, 2013), an anthology that encompasses 12 Romanian poets of the last 60 years. An author's anthology has come out in Spain (High, El Genio Maligno, 2017). She has held public readings in Spain, Italy and Germany and has published in several foreign prestigious magazines, such as Nuovi Argomenti; Le Fram; Gierik & Nieuw Vlaams Tijdschrift; Asymptote and Tiszatáj. She is a laureate of the Napoli Cultural Classic International Award for Poetry and Prose 2013, 8th edition, winning First Prize in the category "POESIA in lingua straniera". She is a member of the Writers' Union of Romania and PEN Romania.

#### the moccasin

a pathfinder has a moccasin. he is the pathfinder with one moccasin. two pathfinders have two moccasins. another pathfinder also has two moccasins. if we've got 3 pathfinders, will consequently have 4 moccasins. but if we've got 4 pathfinders, I fly in a rage and steal all of their moccasins. there! I've stolen the lot and I'm utterly sad. what am I to do with all them moccasins? I go to the shaman, and the shaman gives me some mushrooms. I gulp the whole lot on the spot out of hunger.

I start seeing all sorts of animals and I experience creepy sensations. the shaman tells me he is the pathfinder with one moccasin and I am the pathfinder with 5 moccasins and warns me not to forget to return one moccasin to him on my return from the world of our good ancestors. after a while I do return hypnotized and hypnotized I return the moccasin. I leave feeling at piece with myself. on my way to the saloon,

I recover completely and realize
I am the pathfinder with 5 moccasins,
Yet I only have 4. I am beside myself.
I gulp down one litre of firewater,
then I go beat the daylights out of the shaman.
only, the shaman has ascended to the sky and
pulls faces at me from up there. he's mocking me.
I'm shaking my fist at him. he's victoriously shaking the
moccasin back.

#### Robespierre's dream

Last night I dreamt I was a louse I dwelt beneath the wig of a French aristocrat subsequently guillotined I was, so to say, a luxury louse I'd accompany the French nobleman to his perverse aristocrat lovers subsequently guillotined I used to study closely and with due admiration his seduction techniques we'd be indulging in debauchery together we'd be gorging ourselves on the most exquisite fare together and together we'd lose or we'd win money gambling my life was therefore carefree true, from time to time, my French aristocrat would scratch himself with an ivory knitting needle which bugged me no end yet that wasn't the worst of it all the worst of it all happened once the Revolution began and the poor fellow was caught and subsequently guillotined in the public square to the crowd's happy cheers while I, overtaken with terror disgust desperation and a variety of suchlike confused feelings, took the plunge straight into the executioner's hair –

the executioner was a perfect yokel with plenty of lice of his own, all of them dirt-poor and revolutionary and thirsty for my blue blood in their straightforward fury they cornered me and without further ado had me guillotined

Translated from the Romanian by Florin Bican

#### Kafka's shoes

Kafka is tenderly watching his shoes the shoes start slowly pacing to and fro in Kafka's sight

Kafka stoops to pick up his shoes and goes out in the park to look at the world

as he sits on a bench Kafka is swinging his bare feet and talking all sorts of intimate things with his shoes

a fat policeman in a seedy uniform walks up to Kafka threateningly swinging his truncheon and asks him where he lives and whether he has documents for his shoes

Kafka produces the documents out of his pocket slightly offended the policeman is checking them carefully then takes the shoes in custody for further cross-examination

Translated from the Romanian by Florin Bican

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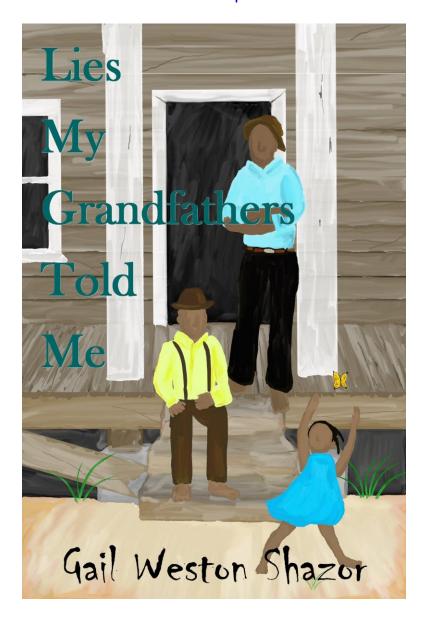
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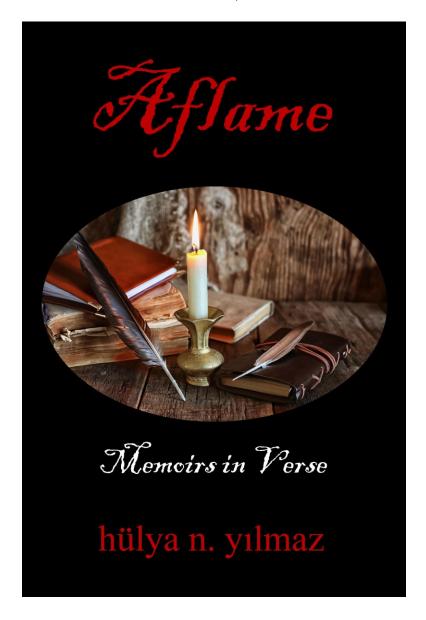
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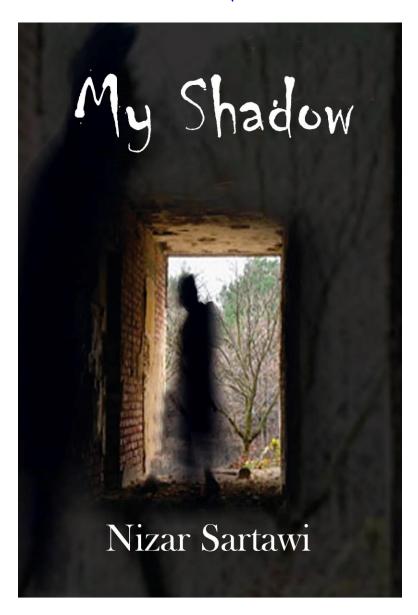
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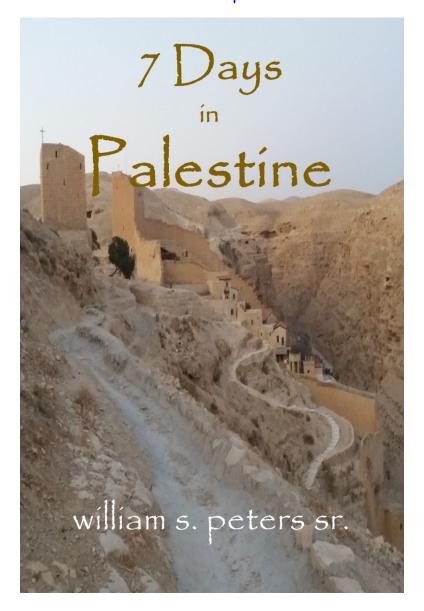
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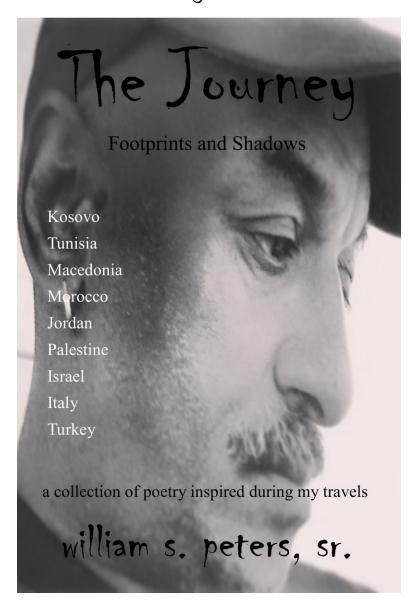


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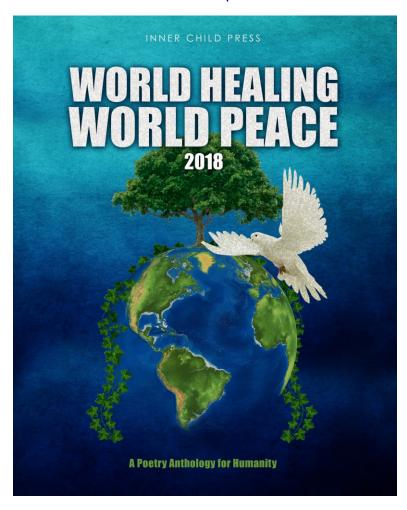


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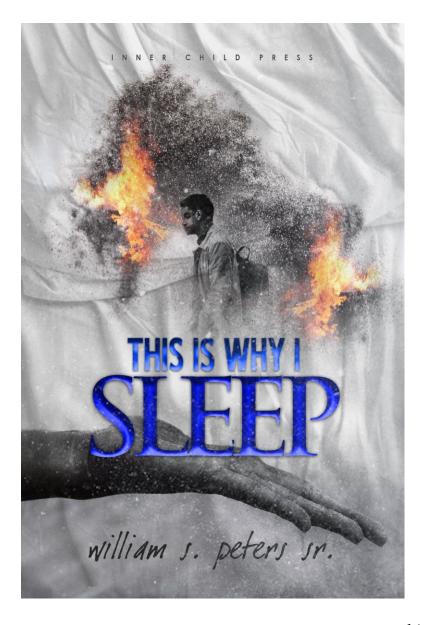


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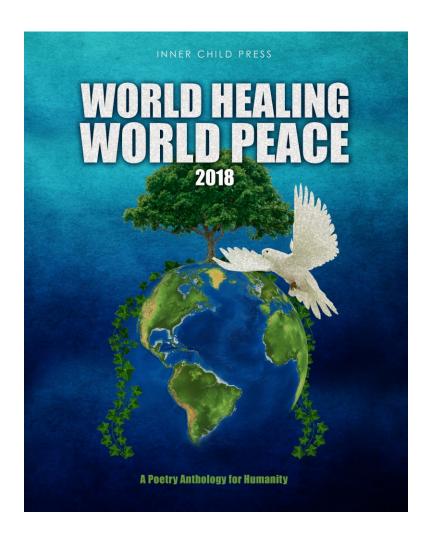
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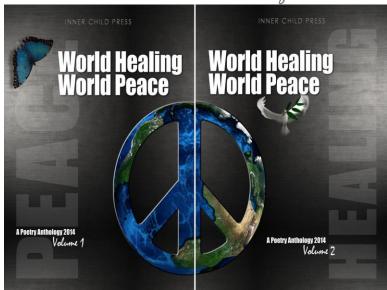
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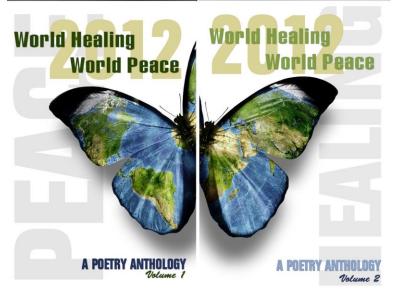
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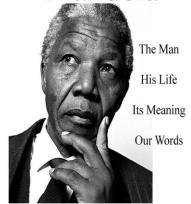
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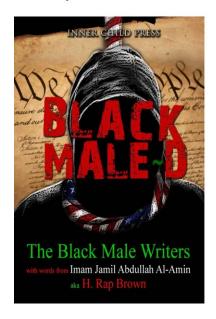
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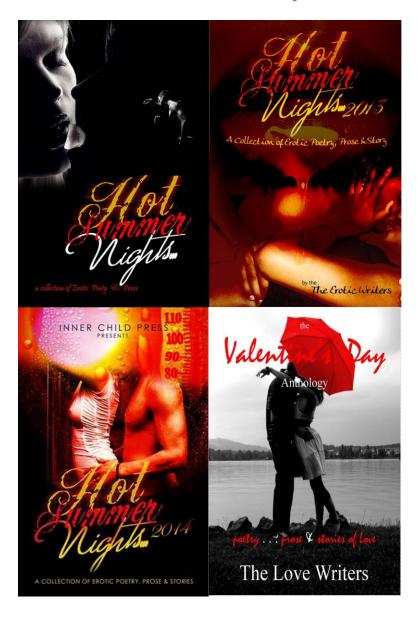


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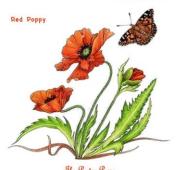


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# THE YEAR OF THE POET November 2014 Chrysanthemum SRe Sacky Scase Samid Bod & Cal Visiolon Boats \* Albert Stricts Common \* Edicate to Beth Forces and the Cal Vision Boats \* Albert Stricts Common \* Edicate to Beth Forces and to Cal Vision Boats \* Albert Stricts Common \* Edicate to Beth Forces and to Cal Vision Boats \* Albert Stricts Common \* Edicate to Beth Forces and to Cal Vision Boats \* Albert Stricts Common \* Edicate to Beth Forces and to B

#### THE YEAR OF THE POET

October 2014



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Jamet P, Coldwel \* June Bugg Barefield \* Debble M. Allen \* Tony Henninger

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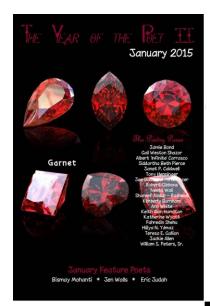
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#### October Feature Poets

Ceri Naz \* Rasendra Padhi \* Elizabeth Castillo

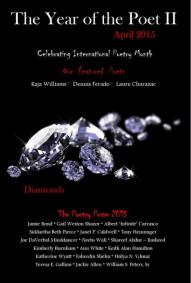


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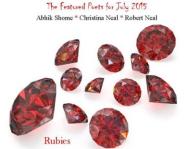


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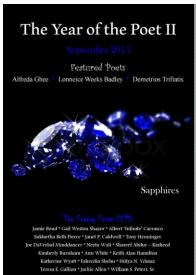
August 2015



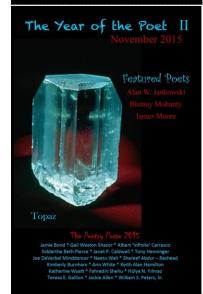
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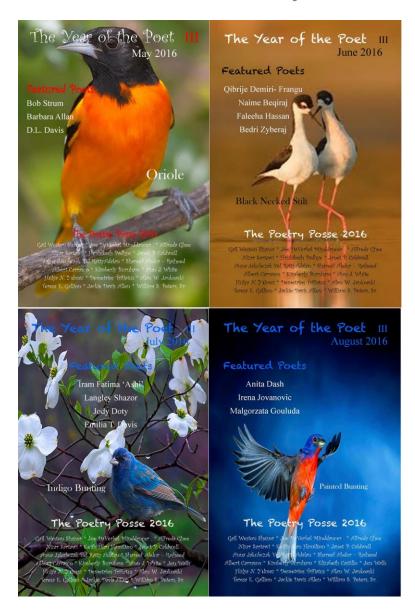
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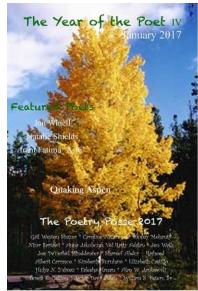
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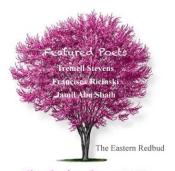


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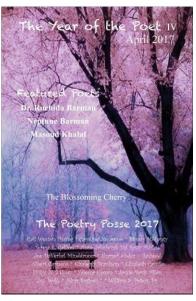
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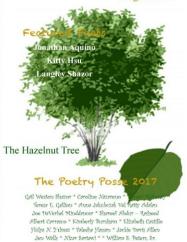
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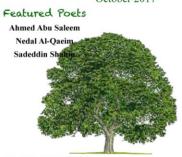
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Rosemary Cappello



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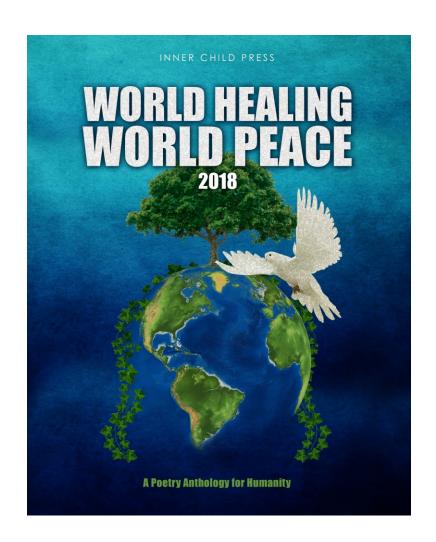
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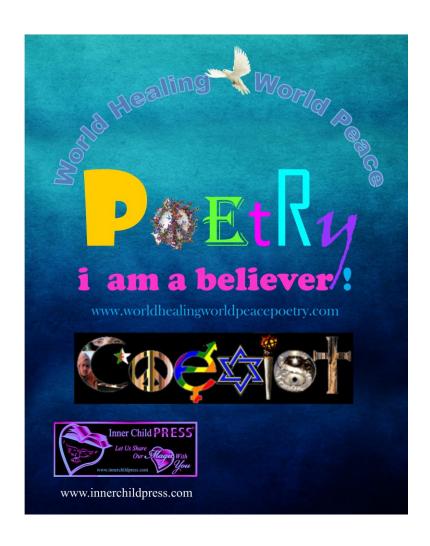
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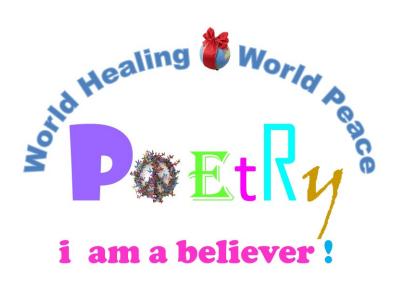


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# The Poetry Posse ~ 2018



## May 2018 ~ Featured Poets



Zaldy Carreon De Leon Jr.



K.
Malinowska



Lindita Ahmeti



Ofelia Prodan



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