Featured Poets

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

Ralph Bunche ~ 1950





The Year of Peace Celebrating past Nobel Peace Prize Recipients

The Poetry Posse 2020

Gail Weston Shazor * Albert Carassco * 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.



May 2020

The Poetry Posse

inner child press, ltd.

The Poetry Posse 2020

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

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The Poetry Posse

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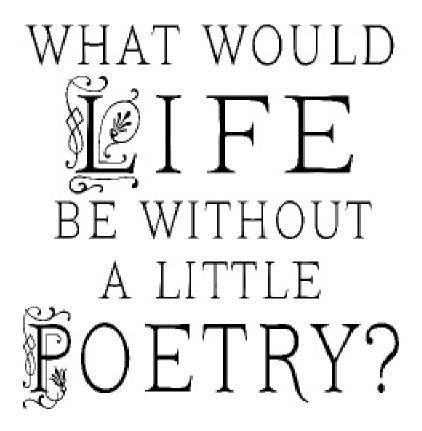
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This Book is dedicated to

Humanity, Peace & Poetry

the Power of the Pen can effectuate change!

X

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



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

Janet P. Caldwell

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Foreword

Ralph Bunche (b. Aug. 07 1904, d. Dec. 09 1971

Ralph Bunche was a renown American political scientist and diplomat. He was Nobel Peace Prize recipient for his work in the Middle East in the late 1940's negotiating to bring peace between Egypt and Israel. In 1950 he became the first African American to be awarded the honor. Born in Detroit in 1904 and after the family relocated over the years several times they settled in Los Angeles, CA. was a excellent student and was Bunche valedictorian of his high school graduating class and his UCLA class as well. He earned a graduate scholarship to attend Harvard University and his South-Central LA community raised money to help him in that pursuit where he went on to earning a Masters and Doctorate (PHD) in Political Science. On the way to earning that he was teaching political science at Howard University a major Black school. He also published his first book World view of Race in 1936. Ralph Bunche served as chairman of Howard's Political Science Department. for more than two decades (1928 to 1950). During WW2 he was with the Office of Strategic Services (OSS) the wartime intelligence service as a senior social analyst on Colonial Affairs. in 1943 he was transferred to the State Dept. He was appointed

Associate Chief of the Division of Dependent Area Affairs.

UNITED NATIONS

Ralph Bunche was with the United Nations (U.N.) 25 years. He participated in the preliminary planning for the U.N. At the San Francisco Conference of 1945. He was instrumental in the creation and adoption of the Universal Declaration of Human Rights.

NOBEL PEACE PRIZE

In 1947 he was involved in the negotiations to resolve the Arab-Israeli conflict. Eventually he became the principal negotiator and through his skillful diplomatic efforts was credited playing a major role in reaching a agreement through the 1949 Armistice Agreement. Prior to the agreement Bunche had a potter create memorial plates to be presented to each negotiator. One of them was the representative for Israel Moshe Dayan who was known to discuss issues relating to the conflict with Bunche over a game of pool. Later he approached Bunche after the agreement was reached and the plates were given to the negotiators and asked him what if the talks fell through after you had the plates made. Bunche replied " I'd have broken them over your dam heads". This accomplishment lead to Bunche being awarded the Nobel Peace Prize in 1950. Ralph Bunche in addition to the Arab-Israeli conflict mediated in many others in his years as a diplomat and negotiator with the United Nations including The Congo, Yeman, Kashmir and Cyprus to name a few.

CIVIL RIGHTS

Ralph Bunche not only played major roles in resolving international crisis but locally he played a significant role in the Civil Rights Movement of the 50's and 60's in the United States. He participated in the March on Washington in 1963 when Rev, Martin Luther King gave his famous 'I have a Dream ' speech and the march from Selma to Montgomery, Alabama in 1965. Ralph Bunche received the coveted Presidential Medal of freedom from President John Kennedy in 1963. His amazing work during the 25 years with the U.N. was encapsulated in the United Nations document, Ralph Bunche: Visionary for Peace.

"He championed the principle of equal rights for everyone, regardless of race or creed. He believed in 'the essential goodness of all people, and that no problem in human relations is insoluble.' Through the UN Trusteeship Council, Bunche readied the international stage for period a of rapid transformation, dismantling the old colonial systems in Africa and Asia, and guiding scores of emerging nations through the transition to independence in the post-war era".

Shareef Abdur-Rasheed AKA Zakir Flo, Poetry Posse, ICPI

World Healing World Peace 2020



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Preface

Dear Family and Friends,

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

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

To reiterate, our initial vision was to just perform at this level for the year of 2014. Since that time we have had the blessed opportunity to include many other wonderful poets, word artists and storytellers in the Poetry Posse from lands, cultures and persuasions all over the world. We have featured hundreds of additional poets, thereby introducing their poetic offerings to our vast global audience. In keeping with our effort and vision to expand the awareness of poets from all walks by making this offerings accessible, we at Inner Child Press International will continue to make every volume a FREE Download. The books are also available for purchase at the affordable cost of \$7.00 per volume.

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

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

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

Building Cultural Bridges of Understanding . . .

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

Bill

The Poetry Posse Inner Child Press Ineternational

PS

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

Available here

www.worldhealingworldpeacepoetry.com

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

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



worldhealingworldpeacefoundation.org

Ralph Bunche 1950

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

In 1950, The Nobel Peace Prize was awarded to Ralph Bunche.

For more information about visit :

https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Ralph_Bunche or www.nobelprize.org/prizes/peace/1950/bunche/fac ts/







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

~ wsp





Poetry succeeds where instruction fails.

~ wsp



Gail Weston Shazor



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

Author of ...

"An Overstanding of an Imperfect Love" & Notes from the Blue Roof

Lies My Grandfathers Told Me

available at Inner Child Press.

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

Collateral Damage

We studied Ralph Bunche in school But only in February Because we thought Only the good blacks were born in February And so we studied up on Ralph Bunche And Martin Luther King and Sojourner Truth and Mathew Henson and No one told us that They had to fight to get noticed so This light skinned man was given The sand filled shoes Bernadotte had worn And he marched himself east As the next collateral damage But little did the world know That February born people of color Are the most special people Under the sun... And like all Februarians They changed the world.

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

Funeral

"Standing close enough to kiss, we almost touch and pretend"

that we really didn't want to despite the yearning in our hands;

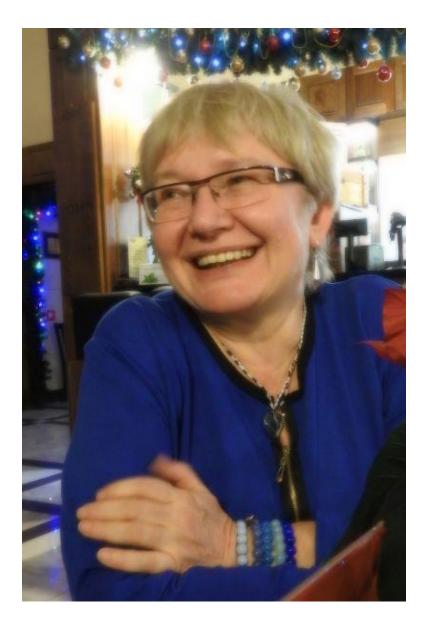
for the closeness of the familial feel of fingers on face my own wrapped around cheeks holding you still

while wiping a smudge off your chubby cheeks. Just a mirror of my mothers, smiling in crooked disgust at being tended to with a gentle assurance that just as quickly, I might let you go before you are ready to leave.

I straighten the collar of your white shirt and smooth the shoulders of the black suit, brushing off the invisible dust That keeps my hands connected to you. My heart tied to the strings that I braided with the third cord I suddenly found

dangling from the umbilical apron ties that my mother left on the hospital bed before she departed for home.

Alicja Maria Kuberska



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

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

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

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

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

Boy with wings

Poem dedicated to Ralph Bunche

A black boy in the city of angels hid under Grandma Lucy's wings He quickly learned the taste of bitter childhood And the painful touch of the angel of death

Ambition and talent gave him wings And he rose to unattainable heights He first crossed the invisible barrier And he entered proudly into the world of whites

He replaced bravely the Swedish aristocrat When he arrived in Rhodes like an angel of peace. He brought an olive branch to the island, To announce the Israeli-Palestinian armistice.

Epidemic

The virus stopped the world. Time passed forward, It looped reality.

All the doors slammed shut. The gates of hell opened. Death painted Horror in the human's eyes. It covered all faces with masks.

A new era has begun. Nothing will be as it used to be. Will man to man be enemy or brother?

2020

The sky cracked. The rider of Apocalypse set out to the Earth. Horse hooves crumbled human pride and insolence.

Terrified people locked themselves in their homes. There are no fingerprints on shopping carts Smiles on their faces are hidden under the masks.

Old values are gone. For power, beauty and money one can't get oxygen. The idea of humanitarianism broke down, when lacked the respirators.

Invisible enemy is lurking in the breath, in the touch of hand. It hides in tears. Kisses and touches are deadly weapons. During the epidemic act of supreme love is not visiting old parents. Jackie Davis Allen



Jackie Davis Allen, otherwise known as Jacqueline D. Allen

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

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

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

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

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

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

Ralph Bunche, 1904-1971: Who Was This Man?

High School, Senior Class valedictorian. A brilliant student and debater. Graduate of the University of California, Summa cum laude. And valedictorian.

> A Master's and a Doctorate he earned, In political science, from Harvard University. While teaching at Howard University. So, who was this man?

Perhaps, a member of the elite estate? Blue blood of an aristocratic family? A Roosevelt? A Rockefeller? A Kennedy? An author? Nobel Peace Prize recipient?

> He was an African American, who By the age of thirteen had been uprooted From his Detroit, Michigan home, to Ohio. Then Michigan. Then New Mexico.

Absentee father. At 13, his mother's death. Three months later, an uncle's suicide. Whisked off, by an aunt, he and his sister. To California. Away from their grandmother.

> In 1948, Ralph Bunche, at 44, negotiated An armistice between Egypt and Israel, Received, in 1950, the Nobel Peace Prize. The first ever African American to do so.

By education's ladder, in part from intelligence, Persistence, perseverance, he climbed over obstacles Others may have succumbed to. So, who was this man?

> African American, son of a barber, And amateur musician mother. Ralph Bunche. Genius of a man. Remembered For far more than his 1950 Nobel Peace Prize.

Wings of a Butterfly

To hold you next to me Is to love you And to love you Is to know you better But, to hold a wild And passionate body And never Loosen one's grip Would be like Tearing Off the wings Of a butterfly

That Which Remains

There was an old man, lived he by the sea, Ruff, tough and gruff, so difficult to please. With eyes ever so wary, like those of a cat...

He hesitated, yet came round where I sat.

We watched as big ships sailed in and back out. He talked of fishing and of what little clout He had now that he was withered and old.

Bragged a little, he once mined for gold.

Gulls gathered on the shore, needing to feed. We fed them... fed until we filled their greed. With courage I placed my little hand on his hand.

Avoiding my eyes, he looked down at the sand.

Ah! The fading book of time.. how it streams. I have forgotten so much, perhaps it was a dream? Was he my father or someone else's Dad?

Why can't I remember the last things we said?

Tzemin 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.

An Orchid Standing on the Peak

This will make me feel ashamed If skin color becomes an issue again At any time in the future

I am no longer surprised If someone mentions it again Inter-ethnic conflict and disagreement Only reminds me of this sentence This bridge will not no weaker and no stronger than we the people make it

With a humble smile He was forgotten in the world that should not be forgotten and We could do anything that anybody else could do

I tried to pursue his thinking which belongs to a completely unfamiliar person In a rational process Decolonization for the United Nations Charter The Universal Declaration of Human Rights Maybe a statement closer to the truth Although the difference between Eastern and Western cultures, once make me surprised and overwhelmed He has established a firm foothold in the anti-oppression movement around the world

There are no words available to me to express the sorrow I experience

A turbulent experience has brought peace

He was always mediating

Under the muzzles of some mutinous and very excited soldiers

Except shouting

We must contribute to the solution of a problem on our own doorstep

Is it possible to write a conclusion calmly?

Ralph Bunch: the soul of peace

Wind, You Have To Fly Smoothly

Oh! When the sun hovering over hillside Wind shaking the tree shadow How to up to you Just do not say want to go together

Oh! Red flower opened in full on the hillside White Butterfly Dream youth everywhere When the wind blows smeared red lipstick Do not only care about keen on pleasing Forgot patrol the fields

Oh! The former hill can't compare with the back hill So beautiful Always secretly waiting Must not be Recall with nostalgia halfway water Wind, you have to fly smoothly

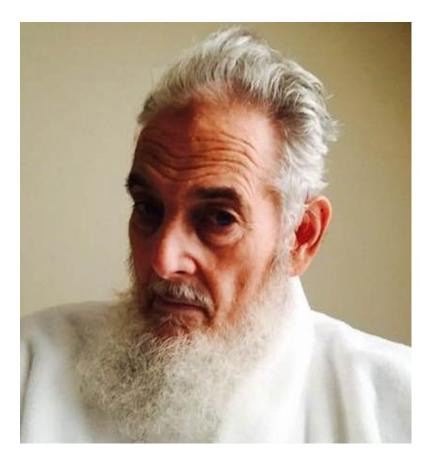
The Swallows' Homeward Journey

Sunset leaves some weak light Sky is getting dark Elongation in the windowsill of my neck An empty corridor In classrooms Was not supposed to empty Unexpectedly dozens of vacancies Words on the blackboard deep and shallow This letter did not address Where to Send Come on sunset, remind the swallows, Do not forget homing

Azalea trails having a partner Duck in Surface of the lake Mullard swimming Wave ripples continually Reflected outside the classroom Full of spring in the air So comfortable, Travel in the nature landscapes The old man nest in the classroom Do have not ever Young? Don't regret not having taking advantage of Young Try a taste of skipped class Who is going to invite the old man leaving the nest

Swallow return or no return always focus on the emotions Youth may allow you to run wild My heart is not old but also can understand Eventually the semester must end The only worry is Belated swallow accustomed to the wild At the final exam, do not say to me, The topic in the paper Reads just like hieroglyphics

Shargef Abdur Rashged



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

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

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

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

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

Mr. Bunche

blossomed stretched towards sun proclaimed humanity one as creator one as earth one as truth one as justice one as right one, wrong be done Mr. Bunche believed in peace Mr. Bunche then received divine commission alleviate suspicion demonstrate vision mankind created by divine intervention to be interwoven in connection to thee one must be one family he truly believed peace, harmony must be the reality if we would remain on planet like birds, fish, plants, rain, wind, trees, flowers we then must stop devouring each other out of existence is not an option Mr. Bunche rose up,

Mr. Bunche spoke up, Mr. Bunche lived on top of the mountain and descended to convince humanity to give peace a chance Mr. Bunche danced that dance you were blessed Mr. Bunche

food4thought = education

THINK!

concerning your rulers, your government The extent of incompetence goes through the roof extent of lies goes through the roof extent of crimes goes through the roof extent of evil goes through the roof extent of racism goes through the roof extent of abuse of power goes through the roof extent of theft goes through the roof extent of arrogance goes through the roof extent of collusion in crimes committed goes through the roof for instance, cold blooded murder and neglect of the people goes through the roof extent of more than mentioned goes through the roof this is the reality today in AmeriKKKa the people have been meek in the face of tyranny the leaders selling the country to the highest bidder but this is not without context to a deeeep troubled dark history a history steeped in all the above and much more you call this great based on the material success of the few real capitalist that possess the capital to benefit from capitalism? because the vast majority in AmeriKKKa don't benefit from that system a system that sets the table inherently for greed, corruption, lies, murder, theft and the like that is not in reality great that is in reality evil, wicked, exploitative, ungodly, hypocrisy personified the creator has warned in effect he gives lots of rope before he tightens the noose

but when he tightens that noose no one can break loose not all the kingdoms of the earth collectively absolutely all power and strength belong to Allah*(swt) thee lord of the worlds. wait and see if you don't believe you already saw how quick in a how your life as you knew it flipped in a blink remember it is written " The people get the rulers they deserve " look at your hands and....THINK!

food4thought = education

yes

these are times forefold in real-time unfold it's time to behold it's now to be whole yo do ya'll know? you who was fashioned created made into a congealed clot in the womb a soul getting made in a boat a float in the dark without breathing without lungs filled until the moment is here to fill up on air at any time, the maker can stop degree it's over by saying 'be ' but at his command you complete the process coming out to the other side a success but yet you stand out as an open adversary as though you made yourself the vast majority have turned your backs on the giver of life, death who said he and you was? yet you refuse to adhere to the rules put here it's in you or not manifest by the god fear knowing to do what he says is the only way no, no, you refused to submit following the whispers fake tip from him who whispered into the heart? lead you astray on a dead-end trip because you didn't obey the warning

stay away obey me now you can't obey him who's a enemy avowed but some how you were yawning thus, here we are at this hour getting a dose of his power that there is no power or strength but Allah*(swt) you once again are given pause to ponder pray tell as death lurks in position to pounce and take every ounce of your soul a bacterium or whatever is not what delivers death's blow it's Allah only who knows the hour he has written for us all to go return back from hence we come now or later it's promised to be our turn know this and learn from Allah we come and back to him is our return

food4thought = education

*(swt) = All glory to Allah.

Kimberly Burnham



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

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

Cease-Fire Follows Tumultuous Birth

At the tumultuous birth among murder and mayhem in 1948 the state of Israel came to be helped on the journey by the hand of the first African American awarded the Nobel Peace Prize he soothed the way a cease-fire between Israelis and Arabs Shalom Salaam Peace "There are no warlike people just warlike leaders" said Ralph Bunche after tough negotiations

SLM

The differences are nuanced and pronounced between the Muslim world and the Jewish world between Arabic and Hebrew finding peace Salaam שלום and Shalom שלום in common three consonants S-L-M yes the writing is different but the Semitic roots are the same the cultures may not find peace but look how vastly different worlds say this word of comfort, of prosperity wholeness and health what brings peace is not the same for any two people not the identical for any two cultures but look how much is similar "Shalom" in Hebrew of Israel "Salaam" in Arabic of the Middle East "Salaamata" in Afar of Ethiopia "Salum" in Bukharic of Central Asia "Sala" in Balochi of Iran "Saljám" made it into Russian a loan word from Muslims and Jews written саля́м in Cyrillic letters "Selum" in Jibbali Geblet of South Arabia "Šlm" in Ugaritic of Syria and "Sholem" in Yiddish of Israel

Ch'ewata Talking in Peace

As in most cultures in Ethiopia the Kafa sit together talking in peace "Salamoona" this is the essence of life relationships are strengthened constantly updated by greetings visits, drinking coffee and eating together the preparation of food and beverages is important but talking together $\operatorname{Gs}P \neq$ "ch'ewata" from the verb to play is the heart of life

elizabeth e. Castillo



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

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Bunche, American Odyssey

Here was a titan of 20th century diplomacy,

Coined as an American Odyssey

1940s, led Israel's mediation,

Did peacekeeping efforts to places in division

On to the Middle East, Africa, and Mediterranean,

And also contributed to the freedom struggle of African

American.

Ring of Light

I met you from the past, In one of my reincarnations-An unfinished business we must face A broken soul must be set free Or to be chained 'til eternity.

At the crossroads, we met once more My soul recognizing you in an instant, From the eddies, sparks ignited Setting up constellations from above, Cosmic dots intertwining our hearts.

At a certain point some place else, The two of us seated in a carriage To the point of no return-A ring of light flashing before our eyes, Blinding us for a moment.

Here, the Aleph ceases time and space Bringing us back to where our eyes first gazed Centuries past but the scars remain, When will the wounds ever heal? Redemption, liberation can we still feel?

The ring of light gives you the answers, Even of the unspoken questions The deafening silence between two hearts The raging emotions burning from inside, Casting a mystic spell, setting you free.

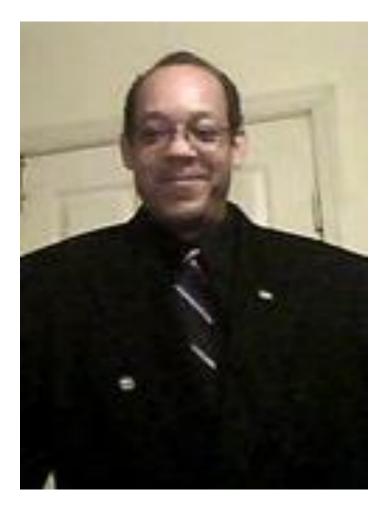
Transition

We are on an energy shift, As the sun is on a transition, The "corona" symbolizing A new order, a new world.

Cast out fear and worry, Meditate and cleanse the soul We are in for a new beginning, A new Earth is dawning.

Mother Nature is healing, Years of destruction cleansed She's preparing an Eternal Home, To get back to Paradiso.





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 strike writings oft times 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

The Struggle of Color

Was there ever a time when men were accepted were they highly respected, while we reflect on this man Ralph Johnson Bunche Nobel Peace Prize, summa cum laude, Phi Beta Kappa. Now I ask you, was there ever a time We can do all the right things When we all do the right things The difference is not our distances It is the resistance to our differences The difference is our hue Surprisingly, our view is as diverse as the universe We are cursed with some perverse ideas that beyond this sphere There is a place that will erase that perception a little deflection from the man at hand **Ralph Johnson Bunche** the list of his accomplishments in a time when that time was less disguised, The flags of the United Nations fly The march on Washington Selma to Montgomery Voting Rights Act of 1965 Was there ever a time when the color of a mother's son was there ever a time when another mothers son Was run out on a rail, or nailed, or jailed or roped into a symbol of inequity A six dollar figure could never be a you look taller than I thought The shade of suspicion taught I thought I'd ought to look a little deeper Ralph Johnson Bunche Nobel Peace Keeper.

Stay at Home Person

Has education taken a turn for the worse? I think not my friends Have you noticed what you haven't noticed in years? Of course, you have, unless you're essential Have you had to leave your rental? Your mental is on borrowed time How you sense the world has been amplified you wonder why you wander "I want to go outside in the rain" Doesn't seem funny now, that little song refrain or sayings like "stop and smell the roses" in our covered noses Outside poses, "The Who" knows this "See me, Feel me", as we struggle with being alone this way This way of my way This why me, this why we as a people This how we so simple to follow the pie man Why Man? cover your nose and wash your hands.

Stimulus Package

If I could run a racket, with all the frills I would probably be employed near capitol hill Suit and tie, cufflinked shirts looking high and mighty and dealing in dirt No taxes to pay, well not from my pocket I bought a Judge, so I am never on the docket my cronies are in lock step my enemies are on the watch list now watch this space, I have the media laced Why groupies woo me with idiotic polices Now the sheep that follow me, deep down, are a part of me family seed know no bounds Release the hounds so, lets distribute this money funny this funny money, these ill-gotten gains from caused pain make it rain for the reign I spelled Reich wrong this may seem a might strong but its easy money when we ease this money back into the economy Back to the CEO-NOMY mmm. Co-money? Either way this stimulates my package if you get my drift The gist is this, its all about the exchange of funds To be estranged from funds is beneath this job If I could run a racket, with all the frills I would probably be employed near capitol hill Suit and tie, cufflinked shirts looking high and mighty and dealing in dirt

hülya n. yılmaz



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

Writing Web Site https://hulyanyilmaz.com/

Editing Web Site https://hulyasfreelancing.com

What's on My Mind?

It is no easy feat to hope for a future. A deadly virus is spreading fast, Reigning over the world these days.

Eagerness of the recent past to talk about peace Seems to have seized to be. At least for me. Not much to expect for the mortals.

So, I am letting my demons out to play today. While they are having the time of their lives, I delve into my imaginary space.

I seek an answer for my concerns from Ralph Bunche, The first African American to be singled out With the honor of a Nobel's Peace Prize.

One source says that his father, a barber, Had a clientele of whites only. Easy to picture what he must have gone through.

The son's peaceful initiatives, though, prevailed. He most certainly had his objectives intact. Even in our dark times, we hail his success.

Also 2020 insists on discriminating against our co-souls, Even when the fatal danger is the one and the same. Too many people are still ignorant, seeing it all as a game.

White men's risky cures for this century's chief-virus Are being tested on our black sisters and brothers. Once again, segregationist agendas smother them lethally.

I know, my poem does not do this great man any justice, As there is much with which to fill in the blanks. You as well as I know, we now have a noble task at hand.

The 1950 Nobel Peace Prize

setting up world peace

1949 Armistice Agreements

in the Middle East

Martin Luther King's Influence

integrationist

the first person of color

a legend's imprint





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

American Nobel Peace Laureate

Ralph Johnson Bunche, man of color political scientist, academic, diplomat honored for brokering peace between Israel and Egypt.

Involved in the formation of the United Nations, a major role player in its peacekeeping initiatives 1945 to 1971. A respected negotiator for peace in the Middle East and Africa.

Bunche was an active supporter of the Civil Rights Movement in the United States. He participated in the 1963 March on Washington, the Selma to Montgomery, Alabama march in 1965 and vocally confronted racial discrimination in his home in Queens, New York and across the United States,

Together We Can

There is a place inside you and me where peace resides. I know. I have been there.

That's why my smile sings even on my down days. Because I know, we can make it there again.

Let's just sing and dance today to honor the blue sky and the green grass bending in the meadow.

Tomorrow waits with patience for those with courage to move beyond violence to the trail of compassion.

Go Get Fat

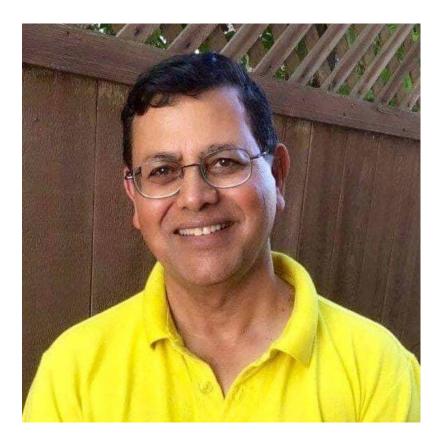
There is bread on the mountain for hungry souls. Fed through the third eye,

you risk getting fat on beauty infusions wandering on a trail.

Soaring peaks, evergreen forest succulent waterfalls, wild rivers and peaceful lakes feed the soul.

What are you waiting for? Go for a buffet of grandeur. The mountain waits to greet you.





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.

What an Irony

I sit to write a poem about peace my thoughts return to why we take it for granted

that a man named Trump in charge of bombs with no backbone

on golf course he talks about fire and fury, he tweets at 3:00 at night that he has a bigger nuclear button than North Korea

he does not know Ralph Bunche neither does he care, oddly he is President of America

Nothing Forgotten

Lawns wet from rain in the night Birds settled over powerlines People inside in homes Streets deserted

No good news for weeks Announcements and warnings Lockdowns Social distancing Stay indoors Wash hands

I remember you Hands clasped Forehead bowed How you accepted and looked beyond

You prayed for another chance A new beginning

Be together with others Eat, sing, dance, endure Sleep, wakeup for morning walk

But it was the end No more breath Only silence

Nothing forgotten Nothing overlooked

You left Quietly Without Any uncertainty

In This Next Moment I Will...

start a new day a new dream and walk into what I am an image of a giant bird made of clouds in the skies. I will wander explore mountains, forests, rivers, seas and barren cities locked down so what. Here I am not alone I am with the hopes, feelings and anxieties held in layers tightly woven together. Each moment new each time eternally whatever happens happens yet we'll make it Coronavirus through journey through it together.

Caroling 'Ceri Naz' Nazareno Gabis



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

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

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

Links to her works:

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

Bunche World View of Race

Thinking big to march against slavery He delivered the rights of the Negros in America With Martin Luther, he built no fear His influence through speeches That racial discrimination is not a reason To separate the blacks from whites, Thus, democracy is color blind! Bunche, your phenomenal milestone Brought pride to the Black History Your ideas become the spirit of hopefulness Your belief that everyone should progress Without racism isn't an illusion It was a big dream conquered In the name of peace.

fly like a butterfly...

your propelled wings show how to blossom courage to face new beginnings, even some days don't agree with the weather you're expecting... what matters is you become a beautiful butterfly flying free bringing sunny days though your eyes are keeping rainy days

ode to a portrait

the pen and ink marrying the canvas is the passion you convey the best sketch you're framing is yourself the best colours running through your hands are the symphonies of your humble heart, the best image being treasured is your beautiful soul the best photo of the day reflects your goodwill your great self as a whole the force beyond four corners beyond the portrait without borders.

Swapna Behera



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

sincerely yours

the catastrophic cloud represents a city that stands in the distant land or in my heart strangers have no voice they just rearrange the dreams make the sand dunes and oasis

the digital footmarks on the time zones only frame a number ,a code neither I nor you have any promises for the ether death is a bureaucrat it can arrive from nowhere to every where

there is hunger preserved in every cold stomach no churning ,no smell of spices no fluttering dead butterfly wings can never explain colours everything can start fresh concealed lips will open windows will throw glances listening will do a magic shapes of solitude will profuse already jasmines bloom in the abandoned courtyards to recreate a bridge, a play ground, a school grand mothers are still on the road march planting basils to sanitise each house the ground zero workers are building the city in a do or die mode because they are sincerely yours indeed sincerely yours

the lost key of a palace

the mirror house reflects grass ,clouds and an image that is as orphan as the intestines on the post mortem table.

while crossing the main road the garish dialogues frame Mona Lisa smile everything seems so organised yet the virgin eyes seek pure love the hymn of life is flashed on the beaks of the parrots

the strange oxymoron searching the lost key of palace without any price tag.....of lost democracy !!

a mediator's clarion call

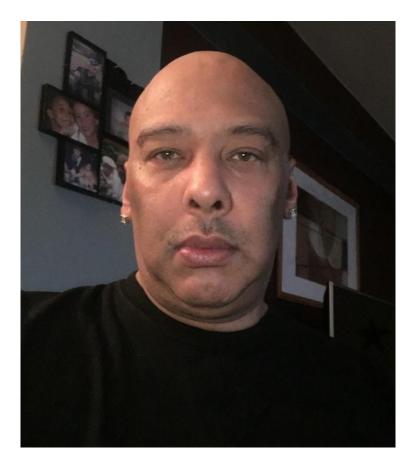
the first African American a political scientist Ralph Johnson Bunche son of a barber and musician gets the scholarship from Harvard University studies the colonial policy in West Africa active in civil rights movements a service that he rendered for United Nations a mediator and peace negotiator in Middle East arranged the cease fire between Israelis and Arabs

certainly an arduous task to divide Palestine between Arabs and Jews

the Arabs rejected the resolutions of United Nations concerning Jewish state "people never like wars leaders like wars" said he

eleven months of negotiations concluded with the armistice agreements "If you want to get across an idea, wrap it up in a person" clarion call for tenacity and persistence no room for bigotry in democracy that's why he received Noble Peace Prize he a peace maker and mentor we remember you dear professor

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

Ralph Johnson Bunche

In 1904 Ralph Johnson Bunche was born in Detroit Michigan,

His father was a barber and his mother was an amateur musician.

his grandmother was born into slavery.

When Ralph Johnson Bunche was ten years old he moved to Albuquerque,

Two years later his parents died,

Him and his two sisters were lucky,

they had a strong grandmother that took good care of the branches of the family tree.

They moved to Los Angeles.

Ralph started working to help with finances.

He was very intelligent.

He was valedictorian in elementary,

Got a scholarship to Harvard and earned his master's degree,

Then started teaching in Howard university,

While he continued to go to Harvard for his doctorate degree.

Bunche was a teacher and student that was active in the civil rights movement.

His fame will arise from his service to the us government.

He did and achieved so many things, too many to mention,

Ralph Johnson Bunche became the first African American to receive the Nobel peace prize

For mediating Arab and Jew tension.

Corona

Waking up to deal with death, Going to sleep remembering those that took their last breath. Horrific times, Horror fills the mind. You can't unsee what you're witnessing, You can't undo what's done, You're praying for the best but watching the worst outcome. It's amazing to see those loved filled hearts, Man the frontline to play their part. You guys are heroes, Life savers, Saviors to survivors, Rays of hope finding ways to cope. No monetary figure can show your worth. You're the first responders to deal with this covid drama, The ones to deal with covid trauma. Most have their own children. but their call to duty is to try to save other mothers immaculate conceptions.

Bottom to the top

I went from the bottom to the top and always stood being a boss even when I had to come back down and get my own color off, whether it was good times or wartime my job was to keep shop open and money coming in at all cost. Inf is a protege of old reys of her-ron and yey. I never let em down, I was destined to be the heir of the throne, always aired shit out to make sure the throne was never overthrown. We was either good money or i saw you as enemy, there was no in between, no one was around me unless you was a plug, shooter or a worker on the block feeding fiends. My life was all about drugs, guns and lucrative traps in and out the slums, went to bed at night counting funds and a few minutes after waking up my pointer and thumbs went numb, kept fresh gems but no matter how sharp they were, when you chop cookies there was always crumbs. I got tired of baggn shake so I left the powder on the plate then re melted it after a while, sometimes it would be and extra twenty eight. Stood on hot blocks discreetly moving rock since taj mahaj tops, strapped with one in the top and thirty two underneath for when there's beef. infinite is a veteran, one of the last living legends, I could open up any block and shut down every opp, if I wanted to I can monopolize all over again but I retired from birds and if I start again that'll be hustln backwards, so I leveled up, now I'm hustl'n words.





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

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

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

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

In November 2019 she is a nominee for Pushcart Prize.

Origin

To the memory of Ralph Bunche ~ Nobel Peace Prize laureate of 1950.

He was convinced that a human is not deprived of goodness, but should draw it from the self.

A mistake is to divide people by the cause of their origin.

A harmony in the world – not just for victims of daltonism. Those unconcerned about skin color differences they know, what tolerance and acceptance is.

He aimed, for the words *peace* and *freedom* to be exactly, what they mean.

Wars are not merely fights and suffering, but also are a loss of dignity. Everyone ought to have the views for a new day.

- And life needs to be given a chance!

translated by Ula de B

Paradise

I filled my eyes with beauty and ugliness. In the damp basement I recall the murmur of the river, which, without paying heed to the obstacles, douched the still boulders. For years, in the same place the anchored stones did not allow the elements to move them elsewhere.

The relentless, mindless figments of the earth are to be harder than the human?

I will drift with the current of life –I will find my paradise.

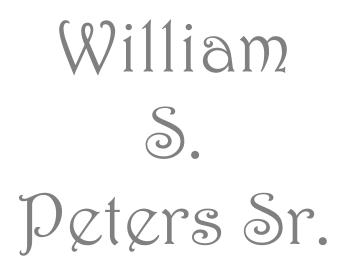
translated by Artur Komoter

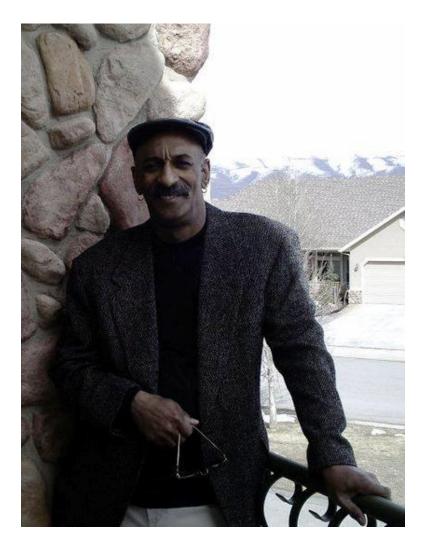
Roads

The roads are not always lit, we do not know who will come out of the corner – a brother or an enemy. *And when both are evil?* You have to trust that the good time, – will remain and will be what has to be.

Everyday life changes one, and words – do not have to hurt.

translated by Artur Komoter





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

Conviction

He witnessed far too much turmoil Where the peace of the people Waned into An almost non-existence

He knew with an absolute certainty That this was not just a [plight-blight Of his own innate community, But that of the global neighborhood

So . . . He educated himself, Taught what he learned And what he believed And shouted, marched And discussed his ideas And adopted ideologies With other leaders Who though perhaps Similarly . . .

And it worked, They listened And the followed The pathway he laid To peace for all men

Ralph Bunche

Her

It was a day of Angels, And her holy presence Gave cause for them to sing Sweet melodies of love Within the recesses of my guarded heart

I wanted so desperately to dance, But my limbs were frozen With an awe That comes upon me Every time she comes unto me

Her grace was a light one That permeated All of my darkness

Her fragrance made the flowers Undulate With a mesmerizing sensuality That I have always longed for, And here she is, As they are Imparting unto my soul A divine 'Trance' That sweeps my being-ness To lie prone Before the Throne Of creation

Most certifiably, I am blessed, And I live this

With a gratitude of certainty That none may refute, Reject, Nor rebuke

Mere love alone Is small In her presence, For she brings unto me A greater light-filled understanding Of who i can be, And who 'I AM' . . .

.... Yes, it is 'Her' My divine feminine, My 'She-ness' That actualizes A beauty beyond wonder

Her !!!

My Fault

I did not have anything To do with it! . . . hhhhmmmmm

I did not ask for you To drop bombs On the villages, towns and cities Of my fellow human beings

Why are you making more bullets, And bombs And disease To kill others, My sisters, my brothers, Whom I have never met

Politicians, Doing the bidding Of the 'Greed Merchants' For oil, land And any other resources That belong to the Mother And the people Of the earth

They live in castles With more than enough, But they want more . . . for ?

They look out their guarded windows And they see possibilities Of greed . . . They see the sunshine of growth

I look out the blood-stained glass Of my window, And I see fear, Death, And more fear That we will not make it As a humanity As long as we continue Our silence And allow the demons To rule

The common 'school of thought' These days, Is based upon us Attempting to make a way . . . To live, Feed our families, Pay the bills That are slowly choking us To death

We wish to educate our children, With truth, Compassion, Sincerity, Gratitude, Understanding, And Love for all things . . . But where do we find these sacred seeds To plant in the gardens Of their future When there is so much blight Upon us

Is it 'My Fault' ?

I say it is . . . But I also say it is not, Yet what we now have Is what we got, Because I did not speak, Raise my voice in protest, Shout loud enough To effectuate any change, And with that The ugliness perpetuated itself Upon us all . . .

Yes it is time for change !

And should we fail To assail ourselves Upon this prevailing evil . . . Then yes . . . It is MY FAULT!!!!

May 2020 Featured Poets



Alok Kumar Ray

Eden S. Trinidad

Franco Barbato

Izabela Zubko



Alok Kumar Ray



Dr. Ray by profession is a lecturer who teaches Political Science to both undergraduate and postgraduate students. Being a bilingual poet (Odia and English) many poems written by him have been published in many national and international anthologies, magazines, tabloids etc. He dwells at Kendrapara district headquarters in Odisha state of India.

Smile is an Asset

A smiling face we all appreciate as asset It feels good for us to associate without any pretext

Smile with blink of an eye makes us happy So penetrating it is that each one wants it to copy

It cools an aggrieved soul like rain does to a parched field With smile in your face you can achieve miracles indeed

Smile of a child is so soothing and captivating Like the morning Sun it touches all , very enchanting

A smile has the power to subdue the tempo of anger It binds us in rapture , keeps us afresh very longer

Smile of the lover mitigates all hues and cry Beloved is mesmerized, forgets past area so grey

A crooked smile has the capacity to turn your enemy as a fool

You can encash enough dividends when smile acts as a tool

In silver screens we see smiling face of heroes and heroines It takes us to a state where we feel sizzling sensation in arteries and veins

A politician has expertise in manipulation of different aspects of smile

We people are so engrossed that we forget everything for a while

Repentance

I only wanted your selfless love, total dedication Leave the past as a nightmare behind The dullness of my life, was so painful, disgusting, stressful , the life should rise above now Night let filled with joy and contentment, a gentle breeze let blow As I proceed for a brand new life I only wanted your bygone love, your unconditional surrender

A defeaning uproar I hear all around Piercing into my very heart and soul It echoes the voice of my soul Cinematographically all are displayed To eyes these are gruesome

I only wanted your pure love, your blind acceptance The curtains fell upon that scattered my dreams In a strange manner I only witnessed to see I preserved all those sweet memories A piece like diamond that dazzles my eyes Eyes succumb to rays of that light The light so gorgeous, also moonlit like cold Oblivion, nothing concrete is going to happen!!!

Volatile Mood

Summer is speeding up obviously in a greater pace Quickly preparing own self to go to native place We all are in hurry mood and are as if in a race Mood is fluctuating, need cool breeze to energize base

Oh lo ! I have changed the plan in the meanwhile The tour was cancelled that made me volatile Went out for evening walk as usual in own style Searched something important from bookrack's file

Now writing for literary groups with enthusiasm This relieves me from monotony and shields sarcasm





Eden Soriano Trinidad hails from the Philippines. She is a Lifetime Achievement Awardee on the 12th Guntur International Poetry Festival and Poetry on Wheels held in Guntur, Andra, Pradesh and Hyderabad, India September 18-23, 2019.

Her Eden Blooms, a bilingual book has been released on this occasion, translated and published by Dr. Lanka Siva Rama Prasad.

She translated in the Filipino Language an epic poetry book of Dr. L Sr Prasad, titled "The Casket of Vermillion", and Zen Poem collections of Krishna Prasai.

Every Saturday her poems are being translated, recited and aired over Internet Radio in Mexico Vision Universal Radio program in English and Spanish Languages.

Last Years, This Year

I thank the past years for all those who walked into my life They all professed and added savor to my already flavored full life Gallant, romantic, poetic friendly souls

You are all dear and enthralling.

Thank God for this green planet which carries our feet, Mingling with us the trashes, and clutters that we shredded. Thank God last year was the future This year is our new future.

Always be excited as our eyes flap open While our ears and lips tingling on the "radio smiles" on the streets Within lies an immensurable treasure in each one of us.

Shall we smile more often, respect more often, love more often Share more and make more new friends Let's all be excited, and be expectant On tremendous blessings and life's surprises!

Our hearts would burst with joy Let's laugh often and clap our hands often Express freely our admiration *Mind not the negative vibration*

Our hearts and spirit unruffled Expectantly waiting for great things to unfold.

Oh, Palm!

She offered him a flower... Her palm excites him surprisingly. It looks too good for poetry.

He wanted to shower it with kisses And grab it tenderly.

Her palm drives him crazy And feel her palm is sultry.

Finds it so lovely, And wish...their palm to marry.

The palm pine for heaven, Touch- me not, cheeks burnt shyly.

Oh, Palm! I want you dearly.

Gorgeous as flowers that she touches, That she finds along life's byway.

My Only One

He fell in love with me, For the first time ... I was sporting a navy collar top And my hair tied up in a ponytail. (I was 12 years old then)

He fell in love with me On the second time, I was chasing rainbows. I was scaling heights of many mountains I was persevering to attain my dreams. (I was 40 years old.)

He falls in love with me In every turning of the new leaf While I'm engrossed with my e-pen Scribbling, writing, composing.

He is always proud of me He prided himself in every achievement and prestige that I achieved every day.

My first love, my closest friend, My faithful husband, My number-one fan until the end.

Holding hands while we calmly traversed life's valleys and dales Tossed in many roaring rivers and life's upsurges Under the scorching heat of the sun

Turbulent, stormy and strong rains Like the rising of the sun every morning And the phases of the moon every evening Our love will forever go on Like our wedding ring which did not end on our honeymooning.

Franco Barbato

\



Franco Barbato was born in Santiago-Chile in 1983. As a poet he wrote The Pillars of Creation and he often publish

magazines from Italy, Switzerland, Mexico, Chile, Ecuador and more. He participates in the Slam Poetry with poets from Italy and Switzerland. Barbato is the founder of Poetic Unrealism, is a movement of creators from different countries traying to make a difference and make a way to arrive to transcendence. Recently he was translated for a special magazine called Greece anthology of young poets from Italian part of Switzerland. Also, he was been translated to the hindi for the Kritya Poetry Journal.

Through The Wall

A man and his shadow A shadow without eyes Eyes to pocket Lonely road Heading to the soul A mountain Abandoned Waiting for me The man Looks at me I break The mirrors He is still in his corner The shadow is me A stain About the Walls Of the Mind On fire Someone's That dreams to me Or invent me about A blank sheet My nature It is of letters Bones And veins They are rivers Words That come down That open Like roads About the life that barks at me About the death that awaits me. Turn Your Eyes

My dreams

Go away by my eyes

When I'm sleeping

They back home

And show me

How I've to

Write

About my

Burning

Soul

My Secret, The Sun

I have a secret A small one Is inside My eyes But if You Wanna take a look here You must to know How to fight Against my Burning Mind Because Some people Already trayed But all of them Found just the fire So My secret The smallest one that I have, is crying It ask me for the light But I have just ashes Ashes and a dirty Darkness behind My tired back My secret Is my soul And I'm gonna Share it with you Just after I died

Izabela Zubko



Izabela Zubko – born in 1974 in Warsaw, Poland - poetess, journalist and translator. She is an author of 10 volumes of poetry. Her poems were published in many newspapers in Poland and abroad. They can be found in many anthologies, too. For example her works there are in the collection entitled "The poets of our time" and "Anthology of Slavic Poetry". She is a member of: the Union of Polish Writers (ZLP), the Polish Writer's Association of 2nd Warsaw Branch (SAP) and the Association of Culture Originators (RSTK).

You came

now I can get warm my cold hands and feet in the garden of your touch swim freely in the bay of words sweet like black cherries dance in the teardrop treading upon discontent's heels you came like the good fire that melts the darkness like the flame that consummates

translated by: Anna Mazur

The Viewing

I'm standing on the veil of light and I'm looking from under its shadow at the changing colors of those several words about us

untangled from the comet's tail a request to life is wrapping around the loom of film of the stopped future

it speaks with silence of dancing with the wind force flashes of our glances staring at the sun

translated by: Anna Mazur

A Lighthouse keeper

you are the motion of my hands the voice of shut mouth and the mystery warming up a frigid night

stealthily in drowse we stumble on bare shadows

I braided a footbridge from them over an unflowing river

translated by: Anna Mazur

Remembering

our fallen soldiers of verse



. Janet Perkins Caldwell

February 14, 1959 ~ September 20, 2016

Alan W. Jankowski

16 March 1961 ~ 10 March 2017

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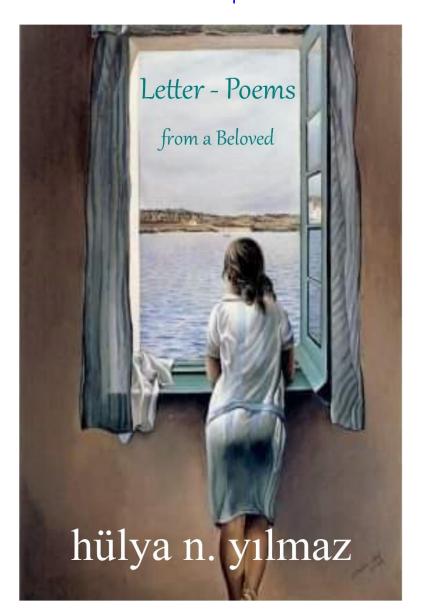
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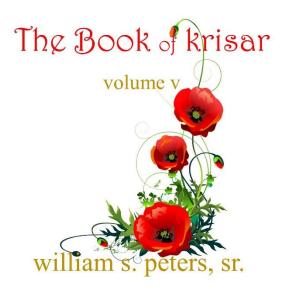
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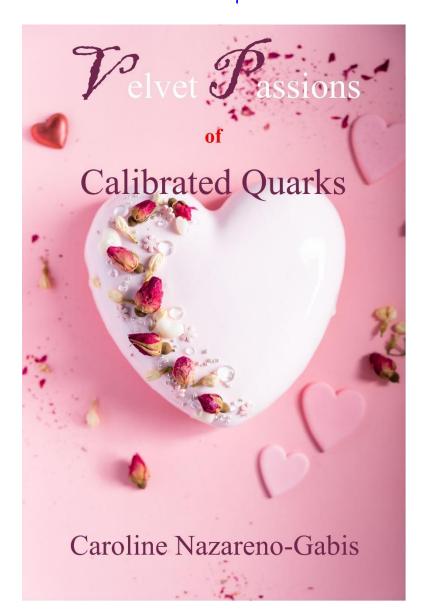


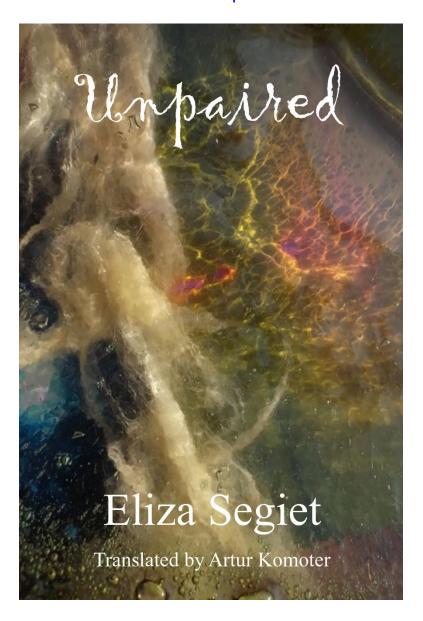
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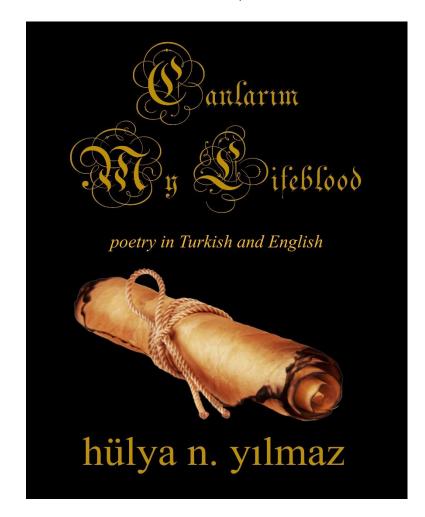


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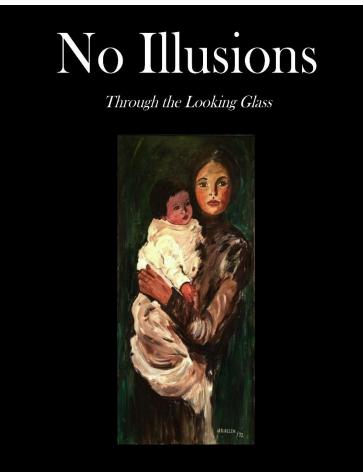




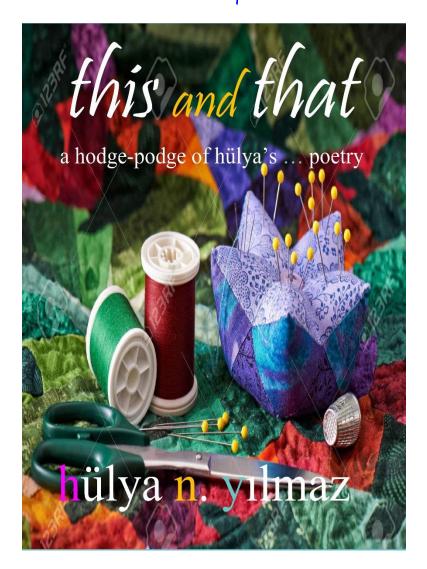
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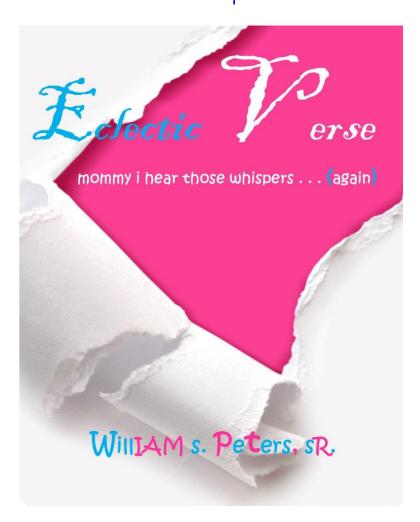
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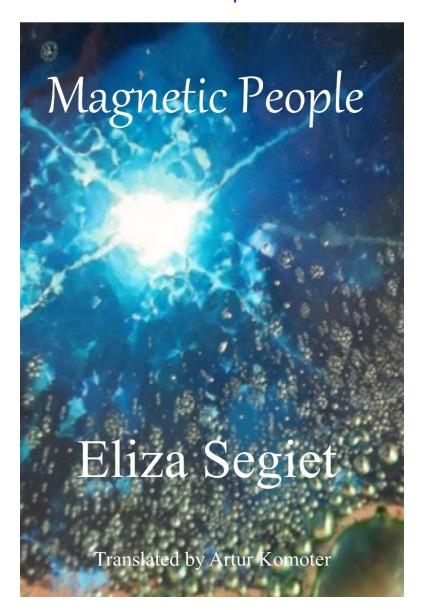


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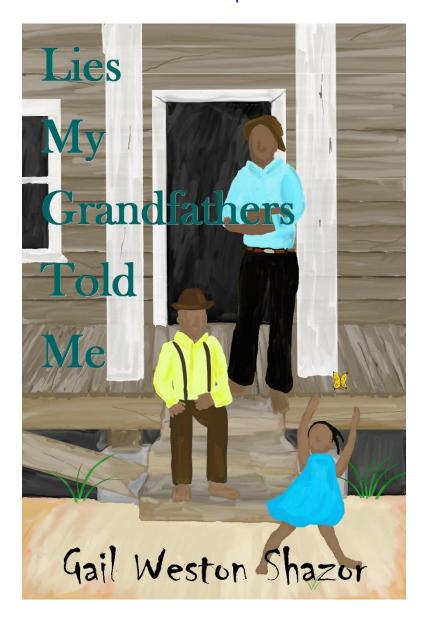
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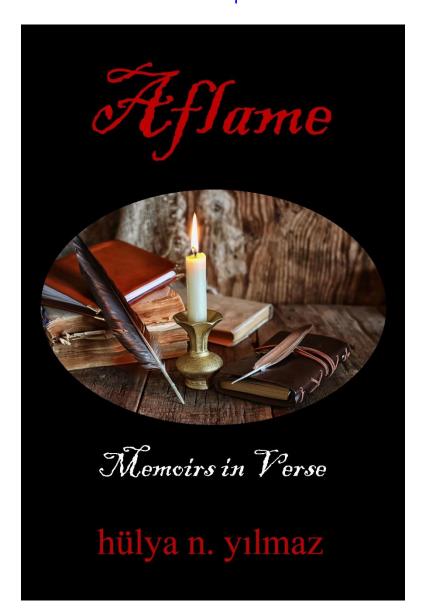


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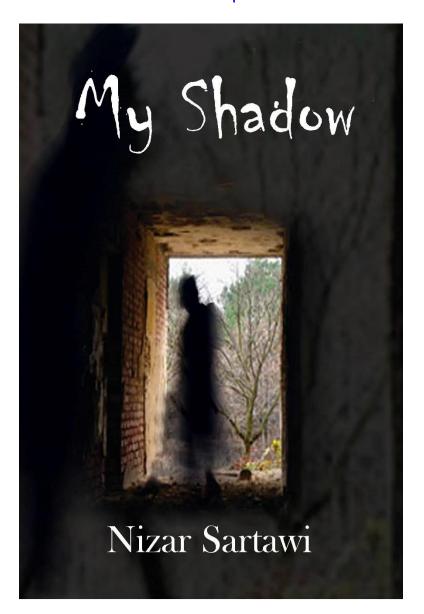








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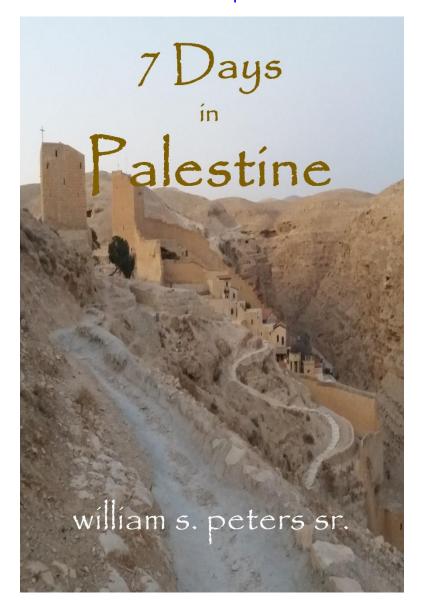
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Butterflies



Faleeha Hassan

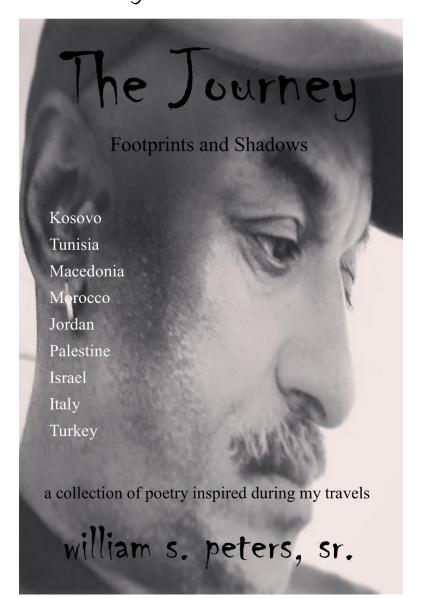
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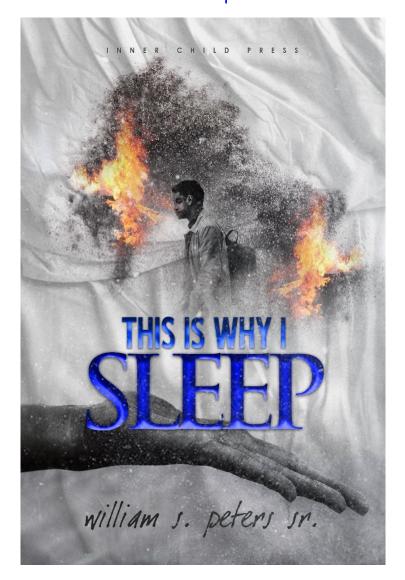
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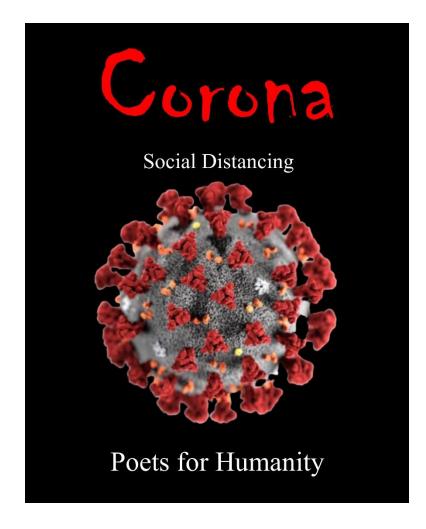
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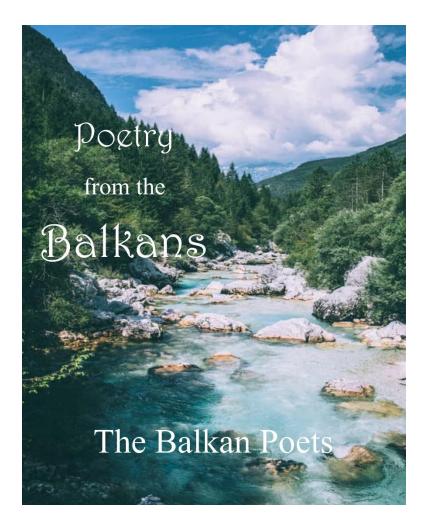


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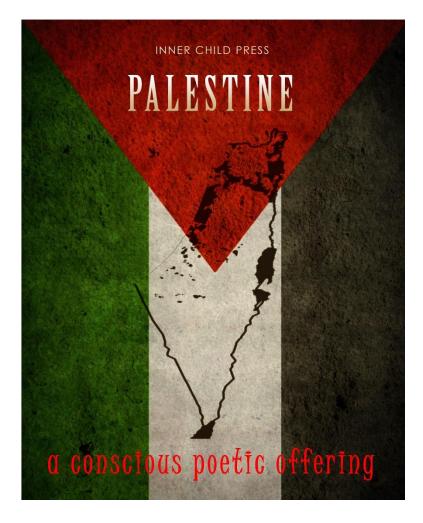


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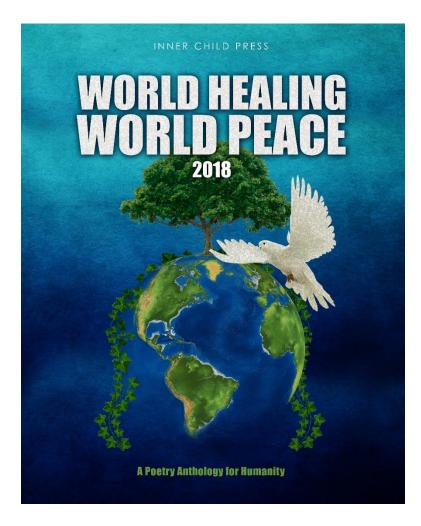


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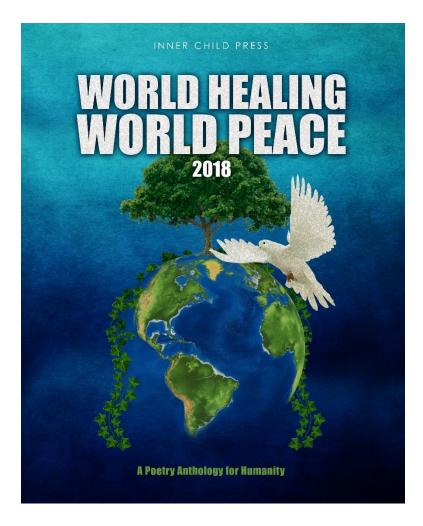


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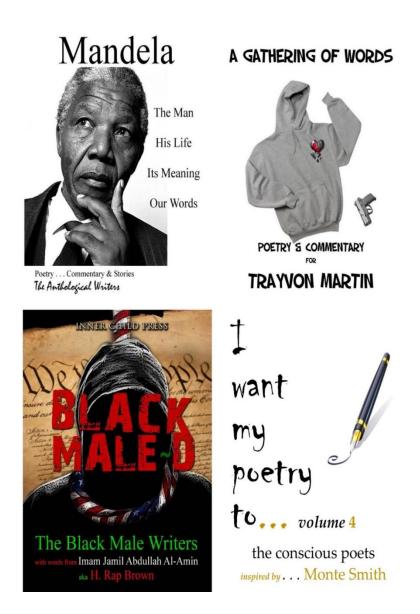
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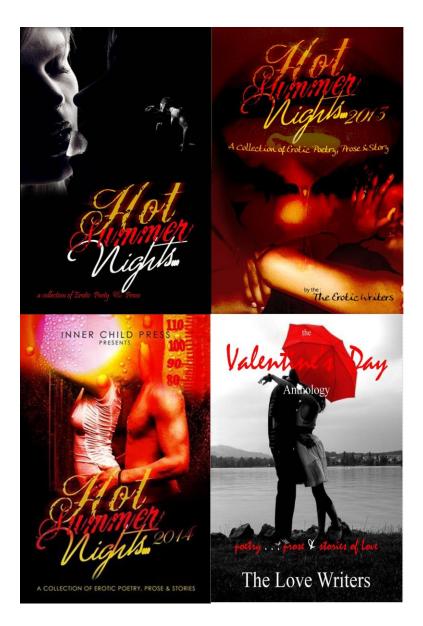
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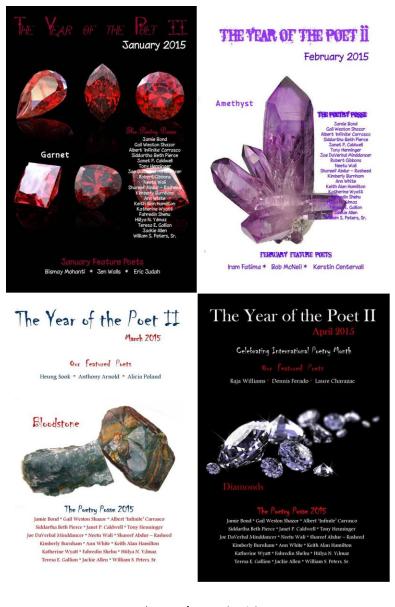
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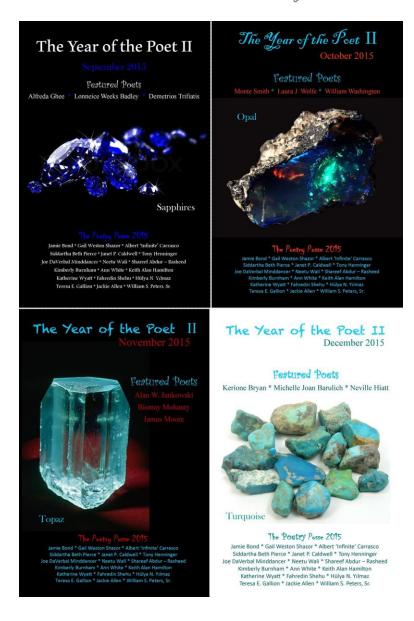
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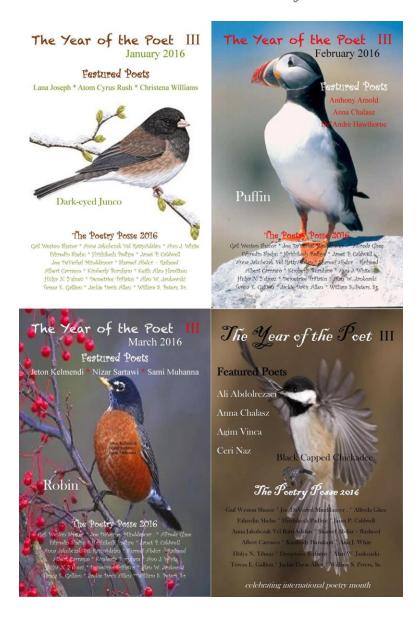
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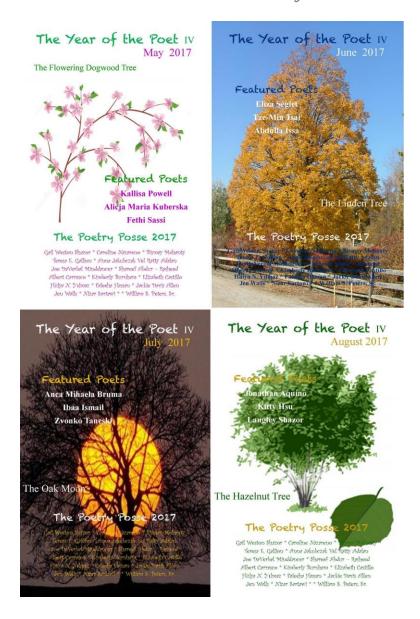
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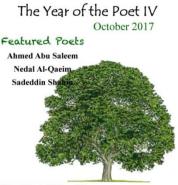
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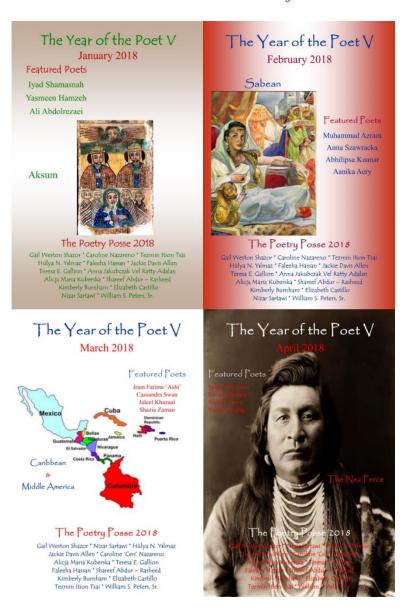
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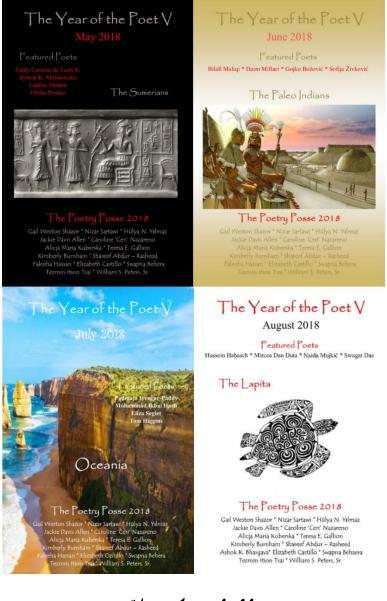


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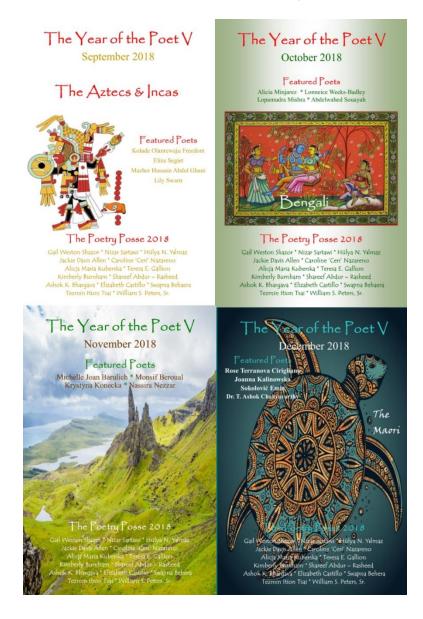
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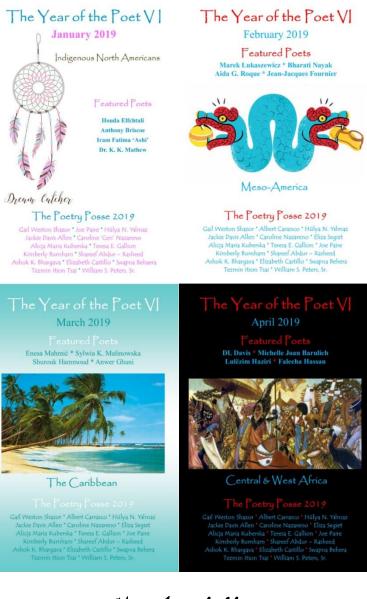
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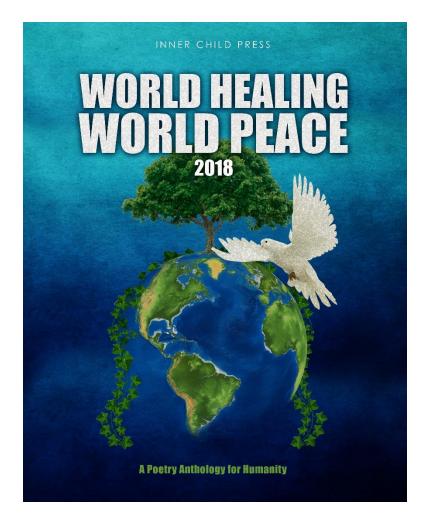
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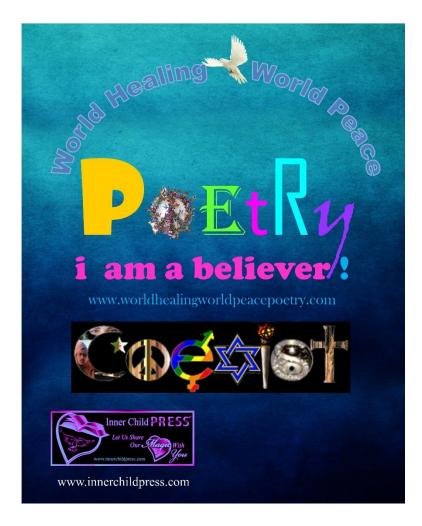
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