# The Year of the Poet VIII

November 2021

# Featured Global Poets

Errol D. Bean \* Ibrahim Honjo Tanja Ajtic \* Rajashree Mohapatra

Andy Goldsworthy



Poetry . . . Ekphrasticly Speaking

# The Poetry Posse 2021

Gail Weston Shazor \* Albert Carassco \* Hülya N. Yılmaz Jackie Davis Allen \* Caroline Nazareno \* Eliza Segiet 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.

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Dogt VIII

November 2021

**The Poetry Posse** 

inner child press, ltd.

# The Poetry Posse 2021

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

~ \* ~

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

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

### General Information

# The Year of the Poet VIII November 2021 Edition

### The Poetry Posse

**1**<sup>st</sup> Edition: 2021

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# WHAT WOULD IF IF BE WITHOUT A LITTLE POETRY?

# Dedication

# This Book is dedicated to Humanity, Peace & Poetry

the Power of the Pen can effectuate change!

R

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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# **F**oreword

"We often forget that WE ARE NATURE. Nature is not something separate from us. So when we say that we have lost our connection to nature, we've lost our connection to ourselves."

Oh, how I personally like this kind of heartfelt relief. Yes, just like this kind of remarks that respect and love nature from heart. Andy Goldsworthy expounded in short lines of reasoning and through his outstanding creative ability to explain nature, construct the silent of autumn under the yellow withered leaves, like a magician's super dream. In many moments, I will firmly believe that it is a private mischief especially when I try to explore some of the secrets hidden under the flowers in his art works. But most of the time, he never stopped the bees from climbing on my frightened face, especially when I wandered in the colorful world he created.

Indy Toldsworthy is an English sculptor, photographer, and environmentalist who produces site-specific sculptures and land art situated in natural and urban settings. However, after looking at his works of art. We can say that all works that can show the beauty and connotation of nature are his main sources of creations. The materials used in Goldsworthy's art often include brightly coloured

flowers, icicles, leaves, mud, pinecones, snow, stone, twigs, and thorns. In his process, he first must become attuned to his environment mentally, physically, and emotionally. He has been quoted as saying, "I think it's incredibly brave to be working with flowers and leaves and petals. But I have to: I can't edit the materials I work with. My remit is to work with nature as a whole." For his ephemeral works, Goldsworthy often uses only his bare hands, teeth, and found tools to prepare and arrange the materials; however, for his permanent sculptures like "Roof", "Stone River" and "Three Cairns", "Moonlit Path" and "Chalk Stones", he has also employed the use of machine tools to make sure the structure could withstand time and nature. In these manners, he is exploring change, transformation, mutability, permeability, the unknown impermanence.

Of course, we have to mention his achievements in photography at the same time. Photography plays a crucial role in his art due to its often ephemeral and transient state. According to Goldsworthy, "Each work grows, stays, decays – integral parts of a cycle which the photograph shows at its heights, marking the moment when the work is most alive. There is an intensity about a work at its peak that I hope is expressed in the image. Process and decay are implicit." He has shined in several international art awards

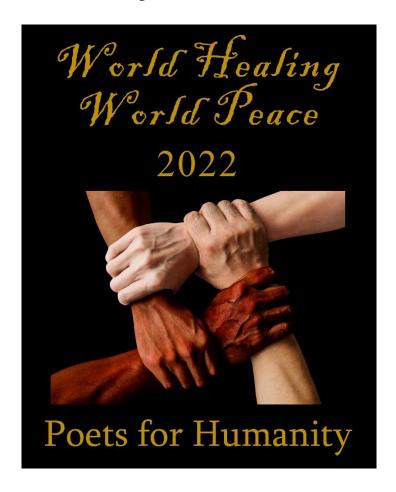
We are pleased to see that his achievements are recorded in the torrent of history, Goldsworthy is the subject of a 2001 documentary feature film called Rivers and Tides, directed by Thomas Riedelsheimer. In 2018 and even released a second documentary on Goldsworthy, Leaning into the Wind. He now lives in the Scottish village of Penpont. On film, it is particularly interesting to see videos and photographs of his actual constructing of his pieces. We as the audience gets to see his humanness in his successes as well as his failures.

Prof. Tzemin I. Tsai(蔡澤民教授)

Cultural Ambassador of Greater China for Inner Child Press International

# Now Open for Submissions

Closing 31 December 2021



1 Poem
Picture of Poet
MBio of 50 words or less

worldhealingworldpeace@gmail.com

# Dreface

### Dear Family and Friends,

So, here we are, in the closing of yet another year of publishing *The Year of the Poet*. This volume, (#94) represents our 11<sup>th</sup> month of our eighth year of monthly publication. Amazing how much effort has been given by all the poets, to include the various members of *The Poetry Posse* and all the wonderful featured poets from all over our world. For myself, it has been and continues to be a great honor to be a part of this wonderful cooperative effort.

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

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

Bill

William S. Peters, Sr.

Publisher Inner Child Press International

www.innerchildpress.com

PS

Do Not forget about the World Healing, World Peace Poetry initiative for 2022 is now taking submissions until: **December 31st 2021** 

Past volumes are vailable here

www.worldhealingworldpeacepoetry.com

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

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

## Andy Goldsworthy

### November 2021

For November and the fall season we feature Andy Goldsworthy, a British artist known for his site-specific installations involving natural materials and the passage of time. Working as both sculptor and photographer, Goldsworthy crafts his installations out of rocks, ice, leaves, or branches, cognizant that the landscape will change, then carefully photographing his ephemeral collaborations with nature.

"It's not about art. It's just about life and the need to understand that a lot of things in life do not last." ~Andy Goldsworthy

https://i2.wp.com/www.studinano.com/wp-content/uploads/2017/09/Andy-Goldsworthy-Land-Art-Nature-Feuilles-Automne-Saison-Autumn-Season-09.jpg?fit=810%2C540

http://www.artnet.com/artists/andy-goldsworthy/





https://commons.wikimedia.org/wiki/File:Cone\_by\_Andy\_Goldsworthy,\_Royal\_Botanic\_Garden,\_Edinburgh.JPG





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

### The Year of the Poet VIII ~ November 2021



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

### The Year of the Poet VIII ~ November 2021

### Sistah Ara

We are sisters Roommates Sharing an apartment I hardly ever notice you As quiet as you are Busy we stay, working on Our vocations without ceasing Today I saw you had company And dressed in your best outfit Of fall colors I love the yellow and black on you As the wind often does It swirled the leaves in the yard Beckoning the wind chimes To play a harvest song I kept the window closed To prevent a draft from Messing up your table Sistah Ara. I hope you enjoyed Entertaining your handsome stranger One day we must plan a Thankfilled feast I will leave the meat on the counter As an invitation to your guests And open my window for you To come on inside

### **YWHW**

i say YWHW from You i breathe Your very name into my mouth And the whisper covers the air i taste You name yourself everlasting Alpha and Omega Am that you Am and It is sufficient for my limitedness And i breathe after You-Abah In the midst of my day In the middle of my life i find that You are here In the same place i find myself It is not that You have ever left i moved And now that i have returned i say yes And draw close to You For in this i am refined after my rescue Storms rarely run in a straight line And i have been buffeted around And i have run headfirst into the wind Even though You told me no i could not hear for the listening To my flesh senses So my doxology has become this i am greatfilled to the inked And to the said And to the whispered breath of You i say yes to the wind across my face The salty sea on my lips that flavors My independence of dependence For You are my choice

### The Year of the Poet VIII ~ November 2021

This one of abundant living in the midst
Of practicing to yield to You
i am your child of water
i am your adult of giving
i accept who You made me to be
So i live You in my waking
And in every love of my life
i expand, reach and fill much farther
Than i can ever hope to do alone
And though i am not perfect
You
Are

### **BLUES**

This is a wicked storm Thunder you can feel And the candles are lit It is a challenge to keep Them so up on the roof But how could I not feel the Blessings Of infinite power over my island I have been told that This rarely ever happens here So I chose to believe It's a welcome from nature And I am glad for the greeting In such a small measure For after all, it is the rainy season I may not be able to withstand A true paradise tending From a master gardener And I watch, closely, quietly Protecting my light under This big umbrella Holding my arms too close To the flames While keeping the fire safe The boards leave marks In the back of my thighs But I am committed to hear The message contained In each raindrop I swear sometimes that They fall up from the roof Or maybe that's just me

The Year of the Poet VIII ~ November 2021

# Alicja Maria Kubzrska

The Year of the Poet VIII ~ November 2021



### The Year of the Poet VIII ~ November 2021

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

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

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

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

### The Year of the Poet VIII ~ November 2021

### autumn mandala

the wind prays and meditates it stripped the park trees of colorful leaves and composed a mandala of human fate

the leaves lie side by side flabby birch mighty oak colored maple

trees no longer compete for space water and sun they learn each other and succumb to the passing

### St. Andrew's Day

Summer days burned down in the color of the leaves blurred in the gray flew away with the key of the cranes

It's already autumn
- the wind hums louder and louder
and spreads the seeds of melancholy
to the ground gray with cold

the time of phantoms hidden in the twilight of flickering candles and soothsayers and poets has come

now through the keyhole the future can be seen and fate can be read in the game of shadows

### A room with a view

in hotel life there are apartments with a panoramic view of the mountains or the sea and modest rooms for a wanderer

I got a sideline room at the junction of time between today and yesterday

my door opened up to the morning bustle in the kitchen and window for the leftovers of the day

in the morning petals of wilted flowers spilled and the champagne was foaming loudly in the broken bottles

what am I doing here? - I asked the suitcases and I didn't open the interior

it's time to go on a journey far is the way to the stars

## Jackiz Pavis Allen



or Jackie Allen, grew up in the Cumberland Mountains of Appalachia.

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

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

A member of the Poetry Posse since 2015, she resides in northern Virginia with her husband.

With three collections to her credit, 2015, Looking for Rainbows, Poetry, Prose and Art; in 2017, Dark Side of the Moon; and in 2019, No Illusions. Through the Looking Glass. Mostly narrative poetry, published by William S. Peters, Sr, Inner Child Press, and edited by hulya n. yilmaz.

Several poems in *No Illusions*, were nominated for a Pushcart Prize. The book itself, was submitted to the Pulitzer committee for consideration.

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

Food for the Soul

Nature's bounty
Artistically arranged
By the master
Architect.
Or by the hand and eye,
That of a man's photographic eye.

Be the colors,
Autumn's glorious leaves,
Summer's fragrant attire,
Winter's white coat,
Spring's blue bird lullaby,
Perchance some rocks,
Stacked up...just so...
A memorial for a season.

Something...
That speaks to both heart and mind,
Satisfying the thirst,
Feeding hunger's groaning.

Nevertheless, it is Art.
It is beauty, a jewel box
Personified.
Like unto memory's treasure chest,
It nourishes the soul.

The Midwife

Lord, a'mercy, Time's I be a'goin! Sister Mae, she'll be needing me.

> Yall's goin to have to fend For yorselves, while I'm gon. No tellin, how long, It's gonna take.

Mighty long time Or not, 'pend's upon the baby. Recken' it'll come pretty quick, Seeing's how's I be a'thinking, This one's her tenth.

Unless...
And iff'en ther's a problem.
No one knows for sure.
God will'en,
And iffen the crek don't rise,
I'll be back
Before the week's over.

Don't yall be looking at me like that!

It ain't fitten!

It ain't as if you'ns hav'n the baby!

Go on now, fetch the mule.

I gotta go 'bout gettin me burthen tools.

#### Continuing On

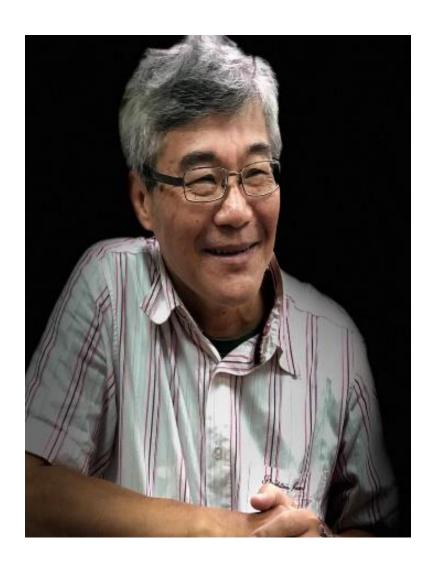
To continue on the journey, one step at a time, determination leads, fills the heart; inspires the mind.

With encouragement, your's, mine, a kind word breathes life into one who's discouraged.

A sweet smile, an attentive hug, fill's too, the heart with hope; inspires the mind, time after time.

With encouragement. may we continue on the journey, sharing love, taking steps, one at a time.

# Tzgmin Ition Tsai



Dr. Tzemin Ition Tsai come from Taiwan (Republic of China). In addition to being a literature professor at Asia University (Taiwan), he is more committed to writing poems, novels and proses. He is also an editor of "Reading, Writing and Teaching" academic text, International editor of "Contemporary dialogues" literary periodical in Macedonia, and a columnist for *'Chinese Language Monthly'* in Taiwan.

In a wide range of literary creations, he is particularly fond of interesting stories or novels, and writing articles or poems about the feelings of nature and human beings. He has won many national literary awards. His literary works have been anthologized and published in books, journals, and newspapers in more than 50 countries and have been translated into more than 22 languages.

### Why That Flower Is Nagging At My Mind

Gray house
With courtyard large and quiet
No one really knows how deep it is?
Willows along the pond
Impersonate a large bank of cloud
Like curtains with no end
One layer over the first layer
High officials and noble lords who came by
In horse-drawn carriages
One after the other
Looking far
Couldn't see the end of the road

When the street light comes on
Night falls
Fine rain drifts in the wind
A heavy red gate
Is blocking dusk's entry
But it also blocked the leakage of spring fulls in the air
Falling flowers ask with tearful eyes
Who knows my heart?
The rain keeps silent in the wind
Slowly
Flying thousands of miles away

#### Fairy Narcissus

**Narcissus** 

The fairy who descended to the human world from heaven Stepped onto the melancholy that fell into the mortal world There are only a false steps ahead

Turned into the flower of Narcissus, pale still

Isolated, the shadow on the shore

Looking at the water, fluttering in the air

Hallucinations, thinking that she is still in the sky

Must the frogs under his feet keep calling "Narcissus,

Narcissus and Narcissus"?

Must the butterflies above his head kiss her flower?

What is it that tempts the wind to caress his trumpet-shaped Narcissus?

Narcissus cover your ears

Narcissus desperately shaking his head

The narcissus still keeps his head down

Narcissus, just looking at the reflection in the water

Cries out helplessly:

"I am not a flower Narcissus

I am the fairy Narcissus"

#### Knock On My Mind

The weeds all over the window accompany me to listen to the rain

The bank of the river confuses the glow of late autumn After playing with the tide a few times

Can't tell if it's the smoke from the sails or from cooking people by the river

It's this vast water surface that isolates here all the way How can a small pot of hot wine replace the raging fire? Knock on poems until midnight

Return me back to the present within a remarkably short space of time

Hometown's messages

Is hard to find like a wave of the surface of this river

The sky outside the window is so bright after the rain The fire warms this small attic room

Severe cold that just passed

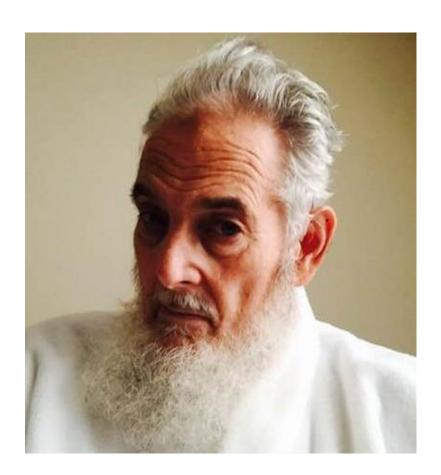
And The remaining power still could be feel lingering I have been thinking about the branches that broke the core for the first time

How to bring the breath of new year?

Lie still in this lake forest

With the beards on my face have not fallen off at all Exploring the clumps of flower shadows from time to time And fell drunk in the green of spring at the same time as the kingfisher birds

## Sharggf Abdur Rashggd



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

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

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

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

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

#### Andy

Rivers and tides Andy Goldsworthy earth man artist, sculptor, photographer, environmentalist in touch with natural elements that impact on us all making nature centerpiece star of the show headliner of his art he said it's about rivers, tides constant movement recognizing change a constant that this artist celebrates growing up in Britain working the farms

molded his appreciation of mother earth studied became a skilled artist material, earth driftwood, ice, mud, leaves, stones often his natural composition disappeared as it's makeup inevitably designed to though others remained roof, stone river, three cairns, moonlit path, chalk stones this unique collaborator with divine gifts bestowed

#### Vexin'

blues play loud lament decrees heaven sent suckers buckin', duckin', devils well established plot 'n 'plan ambush bunch of us always stirrin', dem be buggin' got to create, division, hate.

want any chance of peace abate agents of Shaitan here to seize upon opportunity

rip souls from humanity
take human out the mix
fakes in for the fix
like in evil politrix s
heeple eat what dem
feed em
sold dem soul and freedom
signs long ago prophesied
wake up, open your eyez man
plots 'n 'plans but you got to
understand Allah is the best of
planners

#### kisses, candy, flowers

fine and dandy

best wish's on da hour wishing me wealth and power like duffy Donald living on top da Trump Tower wine me, dine me to your hearts content till every last dime is spent you can handle still when all is done won't hold a candle to what's heaven sent everything you get is lent here today gone tomorrow better you repent then get mo' money today and tomorrow be broke because the life of this world

is no more than a yoke compared to the hereafter a joke without laughter if you only knew.., now or never be patient, steadfast

do without now my friend and get all there is that lasts forever in the end

### Kimberly Burnham

The Year of the Poet VIII ~ November 2021



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 12 & 15). Her recent book, Awakenings: Peace Dictionary, Language and the Mind, a Daily Brain Health Program includes the word for peace in hundreds of languages. Her poetry weaves through 94+ volumes of The Year of the Poet, Inspired by Gandhi, Women Building the World, and A Woman's Place in the Dictionary. She is currently working on several ekphrastic writing projects. One is a novel, Art Thief Cracks Healing Code for Parkinson's Disease and the other is non-fiction, Using Ekphrastic Fiction Writing and Poetry to Create Interest and Promote Artists, Writers, and Poets.

http://www.NerveWhisperer.Solutions

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

#### Love Lasts

Blossoms, leaves, trees
seeds, sunshine, relationships
don't last forever
every bit of joy, love and learning
must be seen
and savored
before
we are gone

#### Xenophobic Trees

What if trees refused to grow in certain neighborhoods where wealth and abundance are scarce

What if trees refused to grow in concrete jungles beneath barred window and locked doors

What if trees refused to grow in places bereft of lush colors and fertile earth

What if we refused to plant trees?

#### Falling Leaves

Leaves are falling magnifying spiral patterns as they release the trees joining the earth below moving to a new vantage point in a unique pattern

I glimpse sometimes in leaves what I can create if I let go fully join the cycle of life above and below all around me vibrant with energy

## 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

#### **Ephemeral Nature**

Sketches in time,
Nature in my canvas
Our origin, the Source
How ephemeral you are!
Neglected over the years,
Is there a way to save you?
Cast in my art
Immortalized on rocks,
You are the Master Sculptor
Etched in my heart forever.

#### Labyrinth

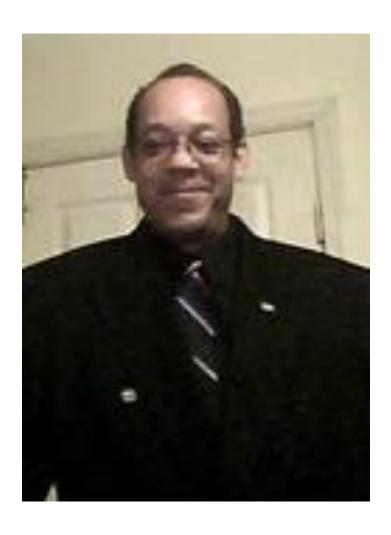
Caught in a maze
Waiting for your grace
Holding on to the Promise
Fighting demons in my head.
Midnight blue
Lost without you
Sleepless nights
Nightmares of lurking creeps.
The labyrinth we are in
Suffocating so it seems
Yet, I am still here
Succumbing to this fear
Consuming my being
A soul in a lonesome flight.

#### **Abstract**

You launched your ship
And this madness started
Hallows appear from nowhere
No directions, fearless.
Hues of blue mixed in envy of green
Fiery red signals the rage
Of a storm yet to explode
The sky is painted with images of you
Blurry face, lines all over
Caught up in circles
Seeing the eyes of Miro.

## Jog Pairg

The Year of the Poet VIII ~ November 2021



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

www.facebook.com/joe.minddancer

#### Leave The People

So many colors and sizes So many shapes and why is that We only call them leaves

Kentucky blue or even crab We give names to everything In actuality is just blades of grass

Falling in the fall Bags full of them lined along the wall They clog up the drains from a downpour

We only call them leaves
They decorate our homes
They end up in scrapbooks
We even post when to catch the best tone

Shades of green in the summer We the people are no different But sometimes I wonder

To be accepted as leaf on a tree No matter what shape I be Aesthetically pleasing but still a leaf

I'm still in disbelief Maple or Oak, the ever-present evergreen Do we have to label everything?

The difference being Faith from a different being As we fall into another season The people gather in circles too.

#### **Folkart**

It's that time again for family and friends Let the shade flow and arguments begin Let's be real about it society isn't immune

Society is so in tuned to whatever sooths your cool Whomever makes your rules, you're following somebody Teacher, Preacher, somebody is hearing you.

Someone is near to you Dear to you, often shed a tear with you That shit went kaput but you're not feeling blue

You have that glow spark to keep your motor running The mind and throat are cunning You've talk yourself into and out of whatever's coming

So why you bringing this shit up now? You been in that shine, haven't you? That bold of mind is grabbing you

How many times have you done this? and we laugh at you all those lame, happy you came, let's do this again, they mad at me for inviting you.

Fuel for fodder until the next gathering seagulls
If I could categorize this night, it'll be as thick as Spiegel's
Christmas catalog, yule tide log around the fireplace
Now you wanna bring up something
that couldn't possibly wait

I can't wait to mingle with family and friends You know the ones that are welcoming Well, come in you know everybody, everybody this is him.

#### **Full Moon Antics**

Call me a romantic but I love a starry night That luminous glow that peers through eerie branches Tattered shapes appear out of nowhere it seems

Creaking doors and shutters slam behind a screech There's a howling wolf on a blues man's life Blue moon without a poem in my heart

I'm alone in the dark prowling the streets I've never been There's love out tonight and I'm vamp hiring Before this night expires, I plan to lay to rest a soul

Before the sun rises and cast to flames my goal She's a cool ghoul now, burnt flesh in the daylight I'm hear John Mayall's California and the mood is set

She pops to the backdrop of our scene golden candle holders hold the thick light flickers of flame I rub her head and comb her mane through wanting fingers

Rumor has it that, the pointer finger is longer than the rest Which makes for a chilling organ sound This toast is with no ordinary wine, I ordinarily dine alone

These are for you, I thought it best, to leave the thorn on the vine.

I thought it obtuse not to mention I don't dig garlic

I have a strict dietary plan, I'm on a different kind of logic I'm romantic dammit, with romantics habits
As for my heart folks are continuously trying to stab it
The stakes are high with this life
I have a brother that can't stand sliver.
There's a moon out tonight.

hülya n. yılmaz



Professor Emerita (Humanities, Penn State, USA), hülya n. yılmaz [sic] is a published tri-lingual author, literary translator, and Director of Editing Services at Inner Child Press International, USA. Her work has appeared in numerous anthologies of global endeavors and was presented at poetry events in the U.S. and abroad. In 2018, the WIN of British Colombia, Canada honored yılmaz with a literary excellence award. Her two poems remain permanently installed in *Telepoem Booth* (USA).

hülya finds it vital for everyone to understand a deeper sense of self, and writes creatively to attain a comprehensive awareness for and development of our humanity.

Writing Web Site https://hulyanyilmaz.com

Editing Web Site https://hulyasfreelancing.com

## Impermanence

A magical paper? Nonexistent!

Disappearing ink? Nonexistent!

Self-deleting words of a wannabe poet? Aplenty!

Proof? Right at your fingertips!

The writing on the wall? Impermanence!

#### A Slow Student of Life

A certain Andy Goldsworthy, a British artist and his site-specific creations of materials from nature on the passage of time

have reached my ignorance only recently.

Rocks, ice, leaves, branches, and other natural gems were at his disposal to help him document through his photographic lens all that he called "life" –

a fleeting teamwork each of them was.

Temporariness was his compositions' lasting mark . . . just like life; exemplary, their non-lasting breath.

Being a slow student of life,

I still kept looking for permanence;
not only in his arrangements,
but in the living as well . . .

## the waters of the river flow by

we talk about leaves

leaving their trees in the fall

each has died and gone

# Tgrgsa C. Gallion



Teresa E. Gallion was born in Shreveport, Louisiana and moved to Illinois at the age of 15. She completed her undergraduate training at the University of Illinois Chicago and received her master's degree in Psychology from Bowling Green State University in Ohio. She retired from New Mexico state government in 2012.

She moved to New Mexico in 1987. While writing sporadically for many years, in 1998 she started reading her work in the local Albuquerque poetry community. She has been a featured reader at local coffee houses, bookstores, art galleries, museums, libraries, Outpost Performance Space, the Route 66 Festival in 2001 and the State of Oklahoma's Poetry Festival in Cheyenne, Oklahoma in 2004. She occasionally hosts an open mic.

Teresa's work is published in numerous Journals and anthologies. She has two CDs: On the Wings of the Wind and Poems from Chasing Light. She has published three books: Walking Sacred Ground, Contemplation in the High Desert and Chasing Light.

Chasing Light was a finalist in the 2013 New Mexico/Arizona Book Awards.

The surreal high desert landscape and her personal spiritual journey influence the writing of this Albuquerque poet. When she is not writing, she is committed to hiking the enchanted landscapes of New Mexico. You may preview her work at

http://bit.ly/1aIVPNq or http://bit.ly/13IMLGh

### Color Wheel

The color wheel teases the sensors. Awareness sings deep within a golden leaf. Memories massage brain stems.

We smile in rainbow colors, a tribute to natural harmony. In the change of seasons, fall is a dynamite of color when leaves strut back to earth.

The color wheel reminds us to slow down, take a break. The blessing of another year closes during the long nights of deep winter work. We float in contemplation, care for Spirit that is reborn in Spring.

### We Must Walk

We drank daily from the cup of life. The bitter and sweets caress our lips. Sometimes it is hard to swallow the contents because the burn is so great.

We are passionately drawn to the flavors in that cup that teach hard lessons. An escape plan is not possible. Every challenge must be conquered to earn a wisdom note.

We carry scars like notches on a gun belt to show the years of achievements. Hard tests continue to visit and do not soften until we learn to walk gently in the light.

## Gently or Roughly

I was drunk with love, drowning in my ecstasy and you did not even physically touch me.

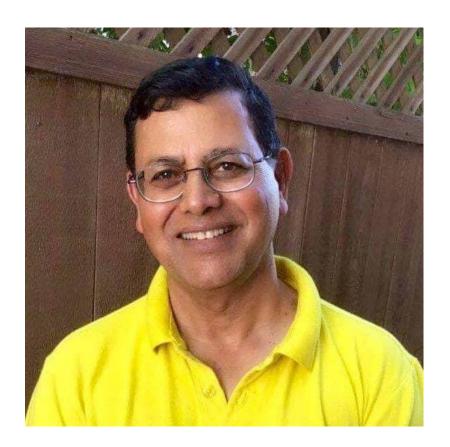
What power you have on my soul. My thoughts freeze in your presence.

My protective veil struggles to keep you out. It is a losing battle slowly breaking me down.

I do not know how much more my heart can take before I cease to exist on the earth plane.

Please let me go. If not gently, then roughly please.

# Ashok K. Bhargava



Ashok Bhargava is a poet, writer, community activist, public speaker, management consultant and a keen photographer. Based in Vancouver, he has published several collections of his poems: Riding the Tide, Mirror of Dreams, A Kernel of Truth, Skipping Stones, Half Open Door and Lost in the Morning Calm. His poetry has been published in various literary magazines and anthologies.

Ashok is a Poet Laureate and poet ambassador to Japan, Korea and India. He is founder of WIN: Writers International Network Canada. Its main objective is to inspire, encourage, promote and recognize writers of diverse genres, artists and community leaders. He has received many accolades including Nehru Humanitarian Award for his leadership of Writers International Network Canada, Poets without Borders Peace Award for his journeys across the globe to celebrate peace and to create alliances with poets, and Kalidasa Award for creative writings.

## Mystic Mandala

Spirits rise with Colorful leaves Carefully arranged in circles.

I move through the loops To the center Of the luxuriant Mandala.

I hear the melodies, distant across mountains calling. I'd rather be a river than

A frozen glacier. I would rather cascade, run With the circles of light.

A sparkle Emerges in my eyes In the flash of the morning sun.

It asks to consider the brilliance Of the leafy Mandala Before it is swept aside by the wind.

#### Half A Face

Sky is alive with blurred hues of orange yellow and gray.

Beneath the dark green cedar tree it is quiet on the bench where we sit thinking darkness is just another shade of light.

Inhaling deep she stands up wipes her tears clears throat and begins to sing in broken voice tales of unfulfilled dreams.

Sometimes
she ripples
with pain but regains
her composure
and shines
like a half moon
thin as a sheet of paper
sliced
directly down
the center
with a razor-sharp
precision.

## **Sky Rivers**

You do not have to control physical desires of the body.

You do not have to walk on your knees.

```
Do not
stop the rivers
flowing
through
the soft tissue of
your eyes
coloring the sky blue.
```

No matter how lonely you will meet your ocean someday.

Meanwhile the world goes on.

# Caroling 'Cgri Naz' Nazargno Gabis



Caroline 'Ceri Naz' Nazareno-Gabis, author of Velvet Passions of Calibrated Quarks, World Poetry Canada International Director to Philippines is known as a 'poet of peace and friendship', a multi-awarded poet, editor, journalist, speaker, linguist, educator, peace and women's advocate. She believes that learning other's language and culture is a doorway to wisdom. Among her poetic belts include PANORAMA YOUTH LITERARY AWARDS 2020, 7 th Prize Winner in the 19th, 20th and 21st Italian Award of Literary Festival; Writers International Network-Canada "Amazing Poet 2015", The Frang Bardhi Literary Prize 2014 (Albania), 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:

http://panitikan.ph/2018/03/30/caroline-nazarenogabis/

https://apwriters.org/author/ceri\_naz/

http://www.aveviajera.org/nacionesunidasdelasletras/id1181.html

### Gaia's Strokes

The requiem is sang When the whirlwind carries The autumn leaves on the ground Spilled words in mnemonics Clusters of nature and sceneries Sculpt our lips to kiss the empire of stars, Now become a banquet of poetry, In the galaxy of pen and paper, Flowing like the mysteries of change, Amidst reflections over confusions, The Phoenix sow the blazing Truth, That all wonders rise and shine After the darkest hours, Illumination built the castles of mighty legacy, Then, each one, play the character New breed, new breath of paints Allowing Gaia's love to spin In the streams of creation.

## The Virgin Arsenal

Shut, as doors of pregnant clouds
Ready to downpour
Of baby rains at the end of October
Totems seal the tree of love
Where all tattoos of maiden ferns
Carpet inches thick rustling leaves
Though cunundrums tailing
Rafflesia, flower of wonderment
Rare, rootless, leafless and parasitic
Tick tack, time's undressing
The moisten mountain's lips
And townfolk's Binirayan fest
Mnemosyne's flora, charm of endangered.

### Pilgrim of Tears

Hades's artificial svelte grounds Addorning cinnamon and wild piquant teas Awaiting extract pomelos And ambrosia for the gods In an ancestor's Venusian vineyard, Spring water flowing As it leads to an appearing Dream. A banquet of greens and aubergines Hundred islets surrender in my sleep, Caravans of gravels, castle sands and truckloads of corals Alienate my feet, Knowing how this happened, My dearest ocean is dying, When those obsidian oils color the hyacinths black Breath is nothing, A solstice in coffin, If only tears could Restore seas and streams, I would cry a zillion times, In our courtyard Where all eyes become rainbows To filter indifference.

# Swapna Behera



Swapna Behera is a trilingual contemporary poet, author, translator, educationist and editor from Odisha, India. Her stories, poems and articles are widely published. She has penned six books of different genres including one children's literature on Environment. She is the recipient of the International Mother Language UGADI AWARD WINNER 2019, honoured from Gujarat Sahitya Akademie, Telangana Sahitya Akademi. She has received the Honoured Poet of India from the Seychelles Government and from Algeria, Morocco, Kajhakhstan, Argentina etc. Her one poem "A NIGHT IN THE REFUGEE CAMP" is translated into 65 languages. She is the Cultural Ambassador for India and south Asia of Inner Child Press U.S.

swapna.behera@gmail.com

### ephemeral collaboration

life with nature
entwine in climax
a glance, a spark
nothing is permanent
nature omnipresent
may it be in a city or in a gallery
rocks, ice, leaves, branches
ephemeral collaboration
everything is so temporary
dry stone constructions,
stones stacked flat diminishing size
cantilevered inward towards the top
no mortar to bind them
weight, balance and symmetry create
the shape that never collapses

lying down on the ground
just before rainfall
remaining in that spot until rain stops
shadow in the shape of a body
directly participating in the landscape
a work of art that occurs once
it can never be embodied
in any lasting object to be shown in a museum or gallery
Icicles straight line that tapers to appoint at the end
so delicate and fragile
as if dandelion seed puff floating in air
Andy Goldsworthy creates
beyond the surface appearance
to edifice
"we are the Nature"

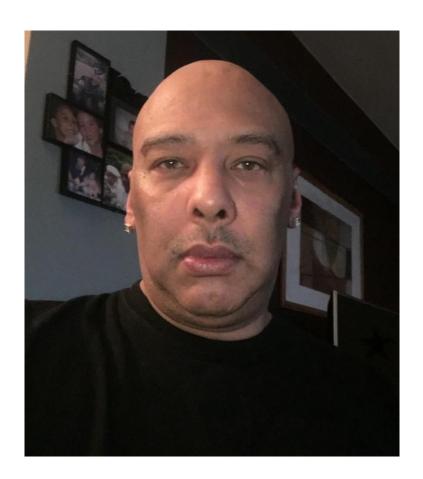
#### the seventh note

the seventh note is missing a midnight stoic silence in the sea shore no vendors; no noise waves sing the cosmic anthem the camel foot marks on the sand dreams are now tourists last night's prologue is transformed into epilogue there is always a single zone a single door, a single entry for every creation every word is a prelude the seventh note is the trump card a single moment changes the tune creates harmony to be the eternal music and the sporadic glacier melts.....

## a cup of tea

my arena and aroma inscribes the pristine elixir agendas recorded I solve; I rejuvenate at a point of time dilemmas become dialects under a magnifying glass dew drops delete the cacophony conversation starts memory crosses the border valiant effort flies a cup of tea brings miracles ....

# Albert 'Infinite' Carrasco



Albert "Infinite The Poet" Carrasco is an urban poet, mentor and public speaker.

Albert believes his experience of growing up in poverty, dealing with drugs and witnessing murder over and over were lessons learnt, in order to gain knowledge to teach. Albert's harsh reality and honesty is a powerfully packed punch delivered through rhyme. Infinite grew up in the east part of the Bronx and still resides there, so he knows many young men will follow the same dark path he followed looking for change. The life of crime should never be an option to being poor but it is, very often.

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

### Infinite Poetry

http://www.lulu.com/us/en/shop/al-infinite-carrasco/infinite-poetry/paperback/product-21040240.html

### Andy Goldworthy

I am a sculptor and photographer that uses nature to paint pictures.

formation of stone, wood, leaves, branches of trees, anything he puts together is a sight to see.

He is... Andy Goldworthy.

in this piece i see autumn's color spectrum.

The way he put the leaves together makes them look like a huge rootless flower.

to me, its poetry through botany.

You can easily tell the season in this picture,

courtesy of the mind of Andy and the work of mother nature.

its amazing how beautiful and still the leaves lay,

knowing that the slightest wind can easily blow a masterpiece away.

### Zone

When I'm the zone I don't allow interruption, I be in deep meditation for higher elevation. I wish I could connect my pen with my mind, so I can ink lines, then go back after a few minutes to organize the illest rhymes. Right now I hone in on scars. Blood, sweat and tears become bars.

Witnessing poverty, prison and murder helped me excel in this urban genre.

I was twelve already trap trapped spinning a Pyrex and lett'n things fly to get my stomach off my back, I'm shoutn out to fiends... "I got it good"... makn sales, knockn off packs. I'm boisterous. I wasn't scared, embarrassed or shy, closed mouths don't eat so I was loud in these Bronx streets.

I can't lie, there was a lot of joy but along with it came pain, there was sunshine but more rain, there was no way out, my only hope was Caine, I'm a hustlers son, the game was embedded in my brain. I touched big money, touched dime honeys, the worse feeling was touchn my homies cold bodies, That was the pain and the rain when fast money turns bloody.

I could've stood makn a kill'n by puttn whoever was up next to hold down that corner building in the jects. All I had to do was add lives to the roster, I'm used to living on the surface of hell all I would've been doing was throw'n them in the fire. it's been wisdom cipher since I passed off butta in my color, found another way, imma hustler, instead of puttn that soda, Caine and water together, I'm organizing letters.

#### Veterans

Some came back vets, some didn't come back at all, the last thing anyone heard about them, was that letter or a final phone call, after years at war, and after this one life threatening battle the next day they didn't make role call, bombs bursting in the air, bang ga lores, banging galore, stepping over dead bodies to aim at Charlie, retrieve their ammo cause they can no longer shoot at nobody, missing limbs, or no torso just legs in camo, for tripping over trip wire, and being riddled with shrapnel. Some come out 730 for seeing blood fall out of so many allies, dog chains they recovered about 730, some look for a way out from the unexplainable, they went in as healthy as can be, they come out addicted to poppy seeds, some make it out with an honorable discharge, they walk around with combat boots and fatigues, when they hear a gun discharge they jump to the ground, call in for a med e vac but there's no walkie talkie or anyone around, after a few seconds they realize there not at war anymore, march up to the corner store to drink away the war of yesterday, I know this well, my grandfather was an alcoholic veteran, my dad after his tour, came out addicted to heroin, my uncle came out fine god blessed him, after 19 years of enlistment.

I know many people just like them, some are able to tell me their story, some got military taps, and are buried in calverton's military cemetery

# Cliza Szgizt



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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Nominated for the Pushcart Prize 2019.

Nominated for the iWoman Global Awards (2019).

Laureate Naji Naaman Literary Prize 2020.

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

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

Ambassador of Literature granted by Motivational Strips.

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

#### Material

to Andy Goldsworthy

A keen-eyed artist finds in nature material for his art. Pieces of rock, branches, leaves they will become an ephemeral work.

Extends its duration, in the picture he stops what — like everything — is doomed on passing.

Even though it will potentially revive a moment captured earlier, never again the leaf, flower will not be the same. Grass green lasts, how long is it supposed to last, immobilized in a photo — will stay longer.

Translated Ula de B.

#### Agave

Life is always a debut.

Like an agave—
only once
does it tempt with its blossoming beauty.

We learn words,
to be able to talk
and to try to understand the world.

We learn about life,
so with dignity
and our heads raised
we can say:

I don't regret.

Translated by Artur Komoter

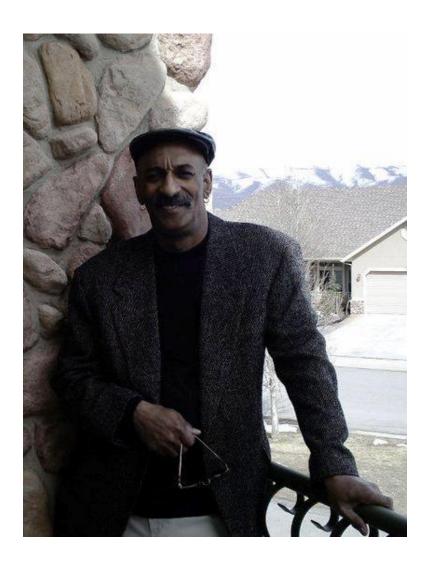
#### Cloudiness

I hide
in the silence
of uncertainty of tomorrow,
I am glad,
that today the sky is
above me.
I tell a tale from the clouds,
although I do not know
how it ends.
The wind gives an ending,
until the sky does not open
— I look,
because I see shapes in the sky from down below.

Beautiful are cloudy travels and cloudiness of the sky is beautiful.

Translated by Artur Komoter

# William S. Peters Sr.



Bill's writing career spans a period of over 50 years. Being first Published in 1972, Bill has since went on to Author in excess of 50 additional Volumes of Poetry, Short Stories, etc., expressing his thoughts on matters of the Heart, Spirit, Consciousness and Humanity. His primary focus is that of Love, Peace and Understanding!

Bill says . . .

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

to connect with Bill, he is all things Inner Child

www.iaminnerchild.com

Personal Web Site

www.iamjustbill.com

## Andy Goldsworthy

I am a weaver

Nature calls me to soul

I fully comply

#### in the end

in the end, what really matters?

. . . . . . .

Is it who you know, Where you have been, What you have done, Or not, What you regret, What you forget, Or forgot?

What really matters, And to whom does it concern?

Will i/you/burn
In that hypothesized hell?
Will we drown in that river
Of 'Judgement'?
Will we spend eternity
In some sort of purgatorious space
Where such things as race
And wealth,
And health,
And the roles we played
Matters naught?

What about the things we sought?
The Bull-Shit we bought . . . into? . . .
The things we say we know
And the things we thought
We knew?

I keep asking myself, What really matters, In the end?

Was Queen correct In Freddie's lyrical gifts, that "nothing really matters"?

Yep, yes, I keep asking ... myself
And some theosophical expression of God,
Was this a test?,
Was this journey meant for me to learn,
And I ask again,
In the end,
Will I burn,
And who is to judge,
If judging at all is but
Another form of 'self condemnation'? . .
Of which I might add
That many of us
Are quite apt at!

In the end,
Does it matter
How much I laughed,
Smiled or cried?
Does it matter
How many wrinkles I have
Or . . .
How deep the pool of my tears?

. . . .

Does it matter,
How many
Thoughts I thunk,
Or what thoughts
I let go,
Or have forgotten,
The ones that have rottened
Along with many dreams
I entertained
In my unfocused mind-set? . .

. . . . . .

I am willing to bet
That though
The Universe knows,
The count, the amount
Is of little consequence . . .
Hence . . . I ask again,
What really matters?

I will contemplate . . . But I ask this, To what end do I bother?

I will tell you what I think,
And what I hold on to . . .
'In the end' . . .
How I see my self,
And perhaps
How other may see me,
All of it matters . . . or
It could be . . .
'Nothing really matters'
"in the end"

<sup>&</sup>quot;with every ending, there is a new beginning"

#### Lost Again

An adventurous child in the wood;

A daydreamer taking a walk On a warm autumn day;

A young girl and boy, Experiencing their first love, Their first kiss;

A jobless man Concerned about paying the rent;

A Mother pensively waiting For her only child to come home;

A college graduate At his first job interview;

A neophyte politician On election day;

The first day at school;

A new widow;

A homeless family;

Driving in a foreign land Where the language is not your own;

Missing your flight;

What to cook for dinner When the cupboard is bare;

Losing your wallet or purse;

Misplacing you car keys;

Trying to remember the name Of someone you used to know;

Watching a loved one Slowly prepare to leave this world;

Making sense of that Which makes no sense;

To be sick or injured With no-one to assist you;

To be old and alone;

Needing someone to talk to, But no-one has the time;

Waiting for that 'I love you' Or phone call, From those whom you love;

Understanding and reconciling A grim medical diagnosis;

These are 'human moments' That exemplify the meaning Of 'being human' . . .

Some are circumstances, Some are perspectives, But all are a part of the journey We all signed on for When we decide to live.

So, we are not lost, This simply is the path And its alternatives We all may experience And some are destined to take.

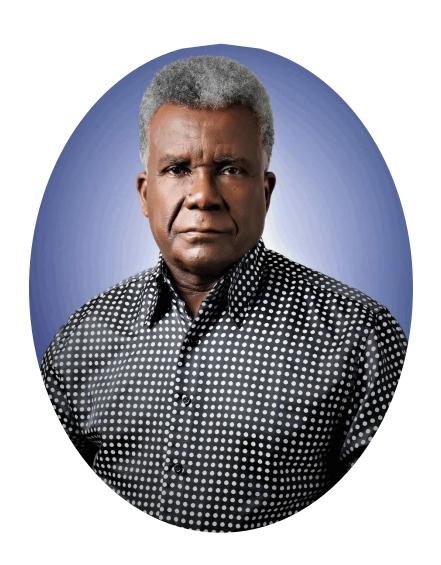
'Lost Again' . . . I say not!

# November 2021 Featured Poets



Errol D. Bean
Tanja Ajtic
Ibrahim Honjo
Rajashree Mohapatra

Errol
D.
Bean



#### ERROL D. BEAN aka "The Thinking Bean"

Mantra: "To inspire, motivate and give hope to humanity through inspirational words and conscious music"

Errol Bean served in several professions, including teaching and marketing, but simultaneously functioned as a creative. With over forty years of literary and musical credits, Bean has released a wide repertoire of musical recordings, including poems. Author of two books, 'A Flower Blooms' (1998), an anthology of poems; 'Cynthia Schloss An Inspiration of Love and Friendship' (2001), tribute to Cynthia Schloss, Bean's poetic trilogy, 'An Exploration into Friendship', was published in the 'North Atlantic Review '(USA) - 2004/2005. Many of his poems have been published in The Gleaner, Jamaica's leading newspaper. Born in Hanover, Bean grew up in Clarendon, Jamaica.

#### Bravo! Mr. Romantic . . .

His soul ablaze and her heart on fire – lit as it were, by the moonlight that

glows in her innocent eyes. He holds her fingers firmly but tenderly;

Her mind scouting the frontiers of the future as they create footprints on

the white sand of a Negril beach, west end Jamaica.

All is quiet except for the conversing of the waves. Abruptly he stops.

He pulls her closer as if to rescue her from an approaching danger.

Her right earlobe's within reach of even a faint whisper from his romantically

articulate lips, and their bodies tingle.

Their hearts beat as one – synchronized to the lilt of their innate desires.

Another rolling wave interrupts the silence, washes the sand from their stationary feet, and temper the rhythm of their tuned emotions.

"Tonight," he says with imagination and in rhapsodical intonations, "My blood boils in every vein, Yet I feel no pain. Glide with me on my magic carpet and collect memories you'll never forget.

On the Rio Grande we can relax on the raft and make it our romantic craft. We can sip aged and mellow wine as I tell the world that you are mine. I'll sway to the wind of your wishes; I'll scratch for you anywhere that itches.

We can share dinner by candlelight and make magic throughout the night.

We'll rescind dated rules of convention and explore each other without restriction.

I'll pour warm oil and massage your body and make thrilling you my favourite hobby.

We'll have breakfast in bed . . ."

Then . . .

"Bravo, Mr. Romantic," she breaks his line,

"Now speak to me of love and friendship!"

She waits . . .

#### We Turned Off Your White Light\*

Ever since

We turned off

Your white light,

Lies of generational miseducation,

We can see

Clearly through the dark night

Vision,

Our re-education

Sparked a fire, a collective conscious

Mind revolution

Soul revolution

Heart revolution

Decolonized our religion you hijacked -

Our God is not white; our black skin is not sin;

Now we know,

We no longer sing your hymn

No more desire to be washed whiter than snow;

"YES we can"

Burn, out

Your foreign, mind-bending implants,

Delete, undo

Your negative mind-molding imprints,

Dig out, kill

Your bitter, blood-sucking roots;

We can see,

One by one

Scales falling off

Our liberated, refashioned minds

speak empowerment, to self

speak confidence, to self

speak reliance, to self

speak liberation, to self

speak elevation, to self

speak, sing "One Love", to self;

We can see Relight, Garvey's Torch Run with it, hand to hand, Bequeath wealth For the next generation To build with, build on Rebuild, duplicate, replicate Our own, global "Black Wall Street"; We walk, march proud, We talk loud about the presence of our past; We call it out every day in every way, We say Reparations NOW! **BEFORE YOU PRAY** YOU MUST PAY...

\*In commemoration of the 100th anniversary (May 31, 1921)

Greenwood, Tulsa Massacre - "Black Wall Street"

#### 'Til, I Write

Am yet to write That incredible poem, A singular piece, That will not be blown too thin for Time to read; I am yet to carve the rhyme or Straighten the narrative lines that When history sips or gulps Wisdom between and Beyond the rhymes and lines, My creative time will not Be wasted or Be in vain. So until. I will, to knock the door I will, to seek the sign I will, to ask for the clue... I will not, be still... I will, to raise my creative cup, My head To the Almighty Mind For knowledge until Brim full; I will, to lift my mind's eyes to the Holy hills of wisdom; Till I write The last time, For all time...

## Tanja Ajtic



Tanja Ajtic is from Belgrade but lives in Vancouver, Canada. Her poems and stories have been published in more than ninety collections (books), anthologies, electronic books and magazines. Her poem have been published in seven language. She published a book of poetry so far "Outlines of Love" in 2018. She won first place in the Federation of BiH and the second prize in Great Britain from the Serbian Library in London. She is currently writing poetry, short stories, haiku, gogyoshi poetry. She artistic graphics as a freelance artist. She art graphic were illustrations for published books and a magazine.

#### Just be mine

Jealousy in me is the base wall.

With it I am a horseman in a heavy armor in France.

Jealousy in me children's playgrounds.

I, as a jellied, fruit juice boiled with sugar, I feel bored. In my youth and squeezing space, I am the professional

In my youth and squeezing space, I am the professional sworn-dancer.

I'm becoming a lively French dance, I'm dancing.

Music.

The shaving knife is under my throat.

Jealousy, like a fountain from me, popping up high.

I was never born under Jupiter, a happy planet.

My planet is Venus.

To be a clown is my job.

In my life of toys, I feel pleasure in everything.

I'm going through the time that does not exist

Measuring my purpose of existence with a stake for point and direction measurement.

I'm late for all the afternoon seats and parties.

I have no aesthetic feeling

for fixed days of receiving on Sundays,

when it was possible to come in without a call.

I get in, they get me out of the whole world.

I fly, I can only fly with my jealousy,

to fly with my stake

and measure my heartbeat

because I love you.

#### Amon-Ra

You like Amon-Ra, the main deity of the ancient Egyptians and the symbol of creative power and birth, like Amor, a god of love and jokes of the ancient Romans and as Eros, you think love wins everything and that love is stronger than anything and all your entertainment and play. As very fun, interesting and enjoyable with nice manners and with a relationship to the whole world in a friendly manner you speak, but I believe you, as a mistress in love, without superfluous words.

As a resident of a bright zone, which one shadow into one season throws to the north and the other to the south, in the middle of everything, I trust you. You've penetrated into all the secrets of carousel, comedy, cheerful music and rhythm in everything that signifies the joy in the world. Now, you think just of the party. So it's easy for me to follow you and I trust you above everything. We are playing, time just waiting for us, minutes are in question.

#### A river

You who live near the river You believe in images of little gods of love in ancient Roman art and Renaissance as well as a new era. In a lovely little winged children entertained with various jobs you see them and speak like Socrates: "I know I do not know anything!". You say that the world is a property without a master and that it is not known who its creator is? You as a free thinker, neither good nor bad, indifferent, but not powerless. You see those beautiful children in the glare of the river which flows for you into infinity and you enjoy. You have a safe haven and enough air to survive everything in the air that can cause it. chemical changes and you can calculate them only if you want. You live in your own reflection of an image and I believe you that the world can be a nice place if we look at ourselves. Then everything is clear.

# Ibrahim Honjo



Ibrahim Honjo is a Canadian poet-writer, who writes in Bosnian, and English language. He has worked as an economist, journalist, editor, marketing director, and property manager. He is currently retired and resides in Vancouver, BC.

Honjo's poetry has been introduced in many magazines. He is the author of 21 published books in the Bosnian Language, six in English, three bilingually (in English and Bosnian). His poems have been represented in more than 40 world anthologies.

Some of Honjo's poems have been translated in Korean, Slovenian, Italian, Spanish, Bahasa (Malesia), and Polish, Mongolian, Turkmen, Arabic, Russian, Portuguese, and German language.

#### Before The Cataclysm State

The sculpture of this day is passing

it will remain only a stain in the poem

the poem was born from these sculptures and flew through space like a bird

Sault Sainte Marie now is a new era a lot of the writing and the story of the new world order

planet Earth is a way of doubting Thomas's

this is before the cataclysm state

cataclysm is so close but a man does not believe mankind is deafened and sightless

proponents of the new world order slowly move toward the finish line ordinary man is accustomed to being a slave to the rich man

nothing new in the history of mankind and the world

fire slavery more and more flames

the careless rejoice progress slavery rulers in the shadow of barns full of more and more gold

lights are dimming slowly the future is in the dark and without the promised self

my dear promised only be mine forever

I know, I have to wait a long, long time

#### Harmony or Illusion

I never doubted God's power because I never met God between us there was always a gap deep and wide like an ocean

I doubt truth
I don't trust people
and their tendency to believe in God
it is all a pure masquerade
it is all about money
all it came to be is fashion
and fad

I never knelt before anyone even when I was afraid of myself I believed in the word and its power I lied to myself that I mastered the game of words

my childhood misconceptions about people were deleted by my experience

I stopped trusting a man's word a promise is comfort for a fool I am not in that story madness comes at the end

my trip to magic offers a new disharmony of nature

all beauty is woven in the eyes of a woman from a woman's eyes I draw my inner harmony and illusions

I'm staying...

In vino veritas???

#### About Man and Philanthropy

The light of dust fell from humankind poor man, where are you going now so exposed so impeccably naked

the Universe laments shooting stars, wailing, kill themselves man repent before you and inside of you because there is no other God but the one you carry inside yourself and your ignorance

the bells of heaven ring alert brightened stars are mourning birds are nesting into me on the branches of words and wailing in me the realization that the end is coming I'm sorry for you, man

I'm sorry you so naively suffer alone in yourself, alone in me nowhere to find soil to kneel in nowhere to find the sky to pray for mercy nowhere to find hard ground underfoot not a soft thought not a sharp word there's no place for the love I'm singing about we really live in vain

This is the Armageddon a classical disease of civilization self-destruction without a cause in ignorance drowned in knowledge

people, hold your hands tightly and love the ones close to you and the ones far from you it's a formula for survival in one's own madness

now you are in your own hands empty like your hearts and abandoned by your own souls not a drop of blood remains in you you look like a broken spear after a cannonade from which the rain-washed blood long ago

man, nobody and nothing can wash you everlasting blood will be on you man, you've all lost even tears of repentance under the invasion of billions

my love protected me from evil

# Rajashrgg Mohapatra



Rajashree Mohapatra is a teacher of Geography by profession. A Post Graduate in History,in journalism, Mass Communication and PG Diploma in Environmental Education and Industrial waste management. Poetry, painting and journalism are her Passions. She writes in Odia, Hindi and Englishans her poems are translated into many foreign languages. Her poems and Paintings are published in National and International Magazines. For her Painting is the best mode of creative expression to communicate souls where language is not a barrier. She aims at promoting universal peace, environmental awareness and protection of human rights. She is associated with many Non Governmental Organisations

#### An Accomplished Wish ...

The crowd is silent... like stillness by ebb of ocean He sings no more yet looks on without a word.

She dances... Her limbs speak unspoken love They are deep down at the bottom of vale yet unplumbed.

The night melts ...
like frozen shadow
In silence they gaze
Two star-bound spirits spiraling up
into ancient sky
An accomplished wish,
Yet with no fear to die ...

#### Storm On Milieu of Love

Your desire ...
A constant flying of thoughts
A steady flow,
an insatiable thirst of disillusion.

thoughts of possession deflect a reflux by the words of negation, You are still disillusioned wandering into the abyss of darkness.

A storm of revolt rises into the tranquil mind of sea. Your anger soars up to toss.
Lives are trapped in the wreck,
The boat of life sinks into the labyrinthine chasm trailing behind the fall of life.

#### Unto Mellow Touch of Rosy Lips

In this endless solitude, a faint light of grace in your eyes yet undiminished wrapped in blind fold. like spring's early half blossom of colours.

How pleasant is it to be in your love with pleasing pain. under the glory of the brightest sky,

Life is full of mirthful bliss with mellow touch of rosy lips. Oh love!
Waves of kiss create desires.
Sultry breath inflames wild fire.

Each little step proves stratagem in love. We are the monarchs of ourselves Oh Listen! to the whisper of the soul.

## Remembering

our fallen soldiers of verse



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

*Glan W. Jankowski* 16 March 1961 ~ 10 March 2017

## Still available

World Healing World Peace 2020



## Poets for Humanity

## Inner Child Press

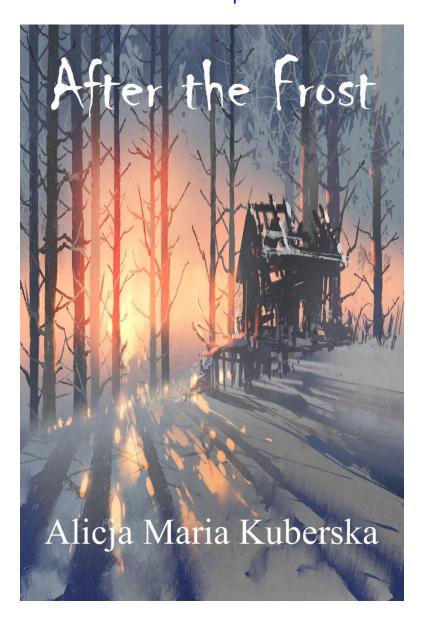
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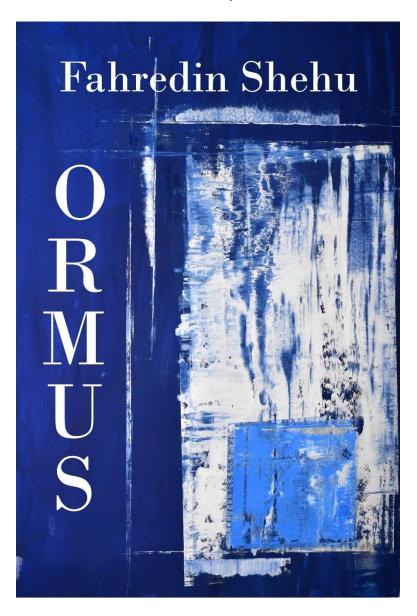
Poetry Posse Members

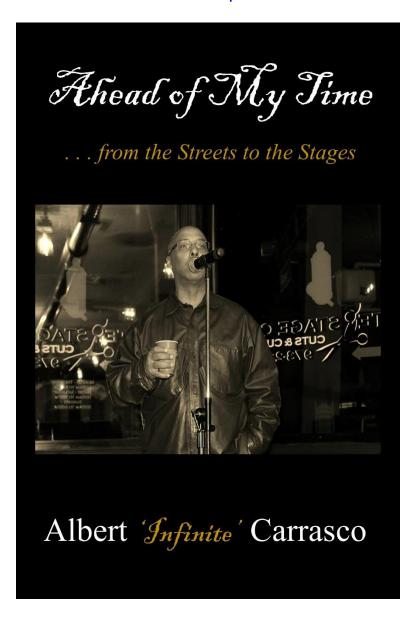
We are so excited to share and announce a few of the current books, as well as the new and upcoming books of some of our Poetry Posse authors.

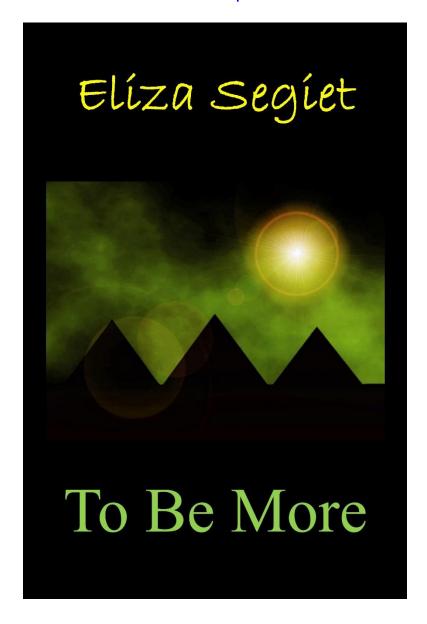
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Alicja Maria Kuberska Jackie Davis Allen Gail Weston Shazor hülya n. yılmaz Nizar Sartawi Elizabeth E. Castillo Faleeha Hassan Fahredin Shehu Caroline 'Ceri' Nazareno Eliza Segiet Teresa E. Gallion William S. Peters, Sr.



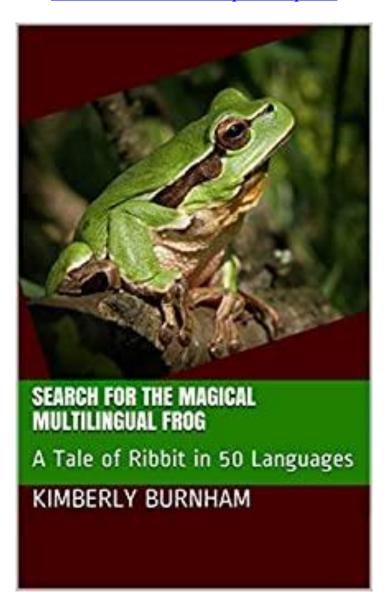


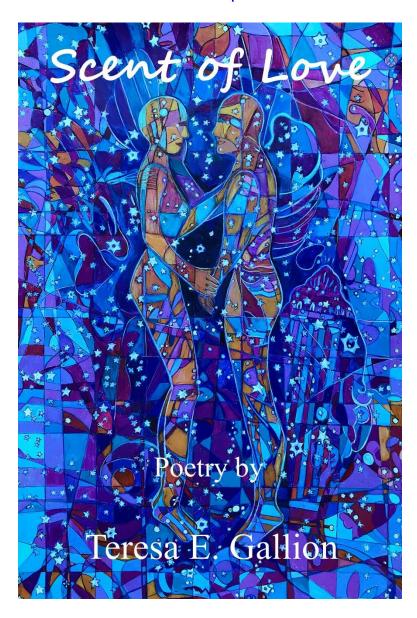


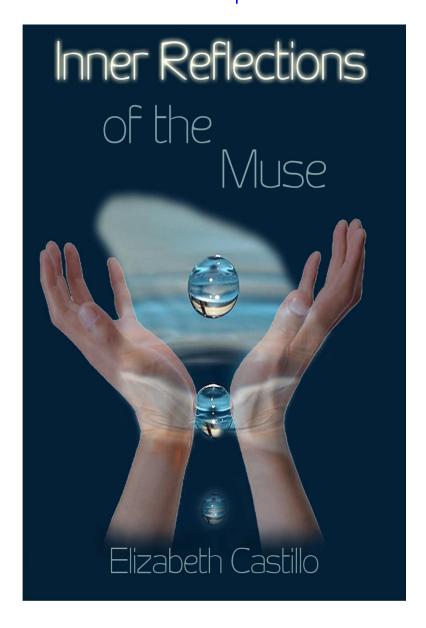


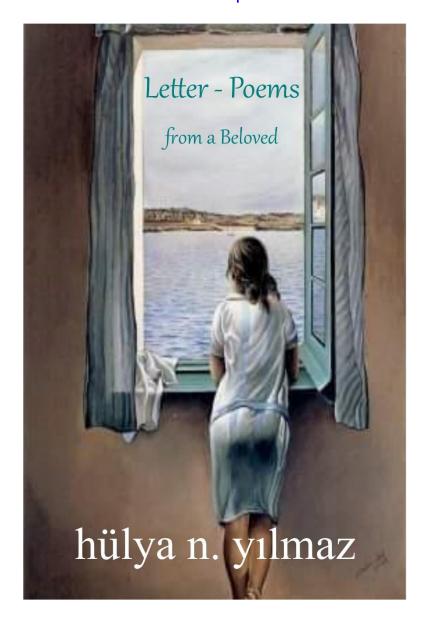
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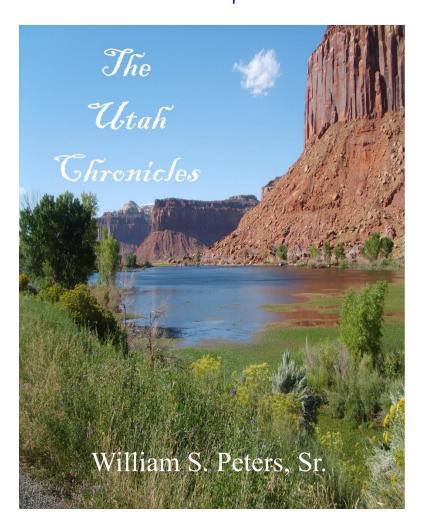
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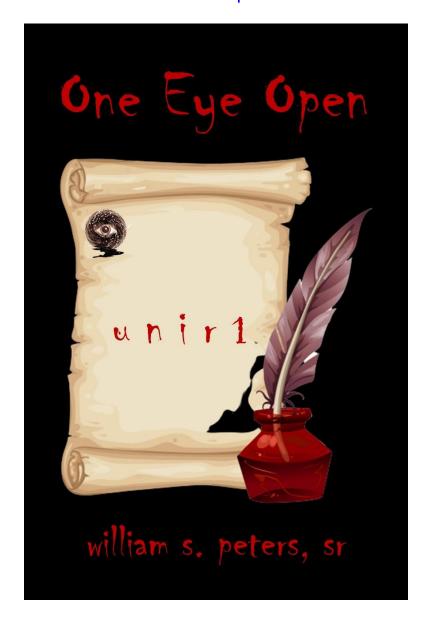




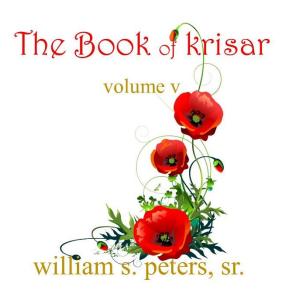






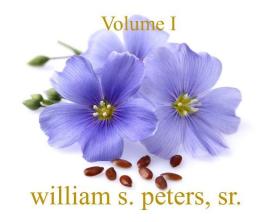


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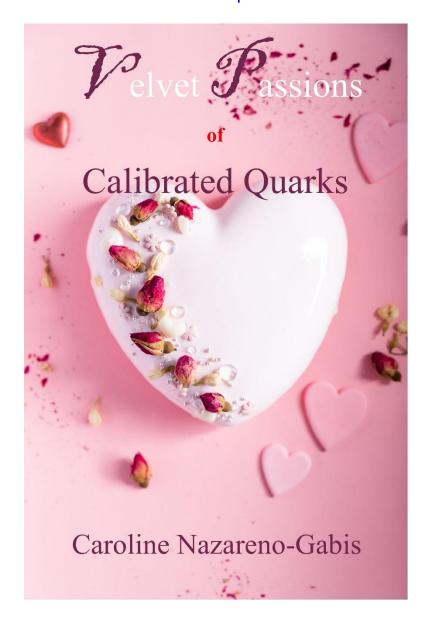


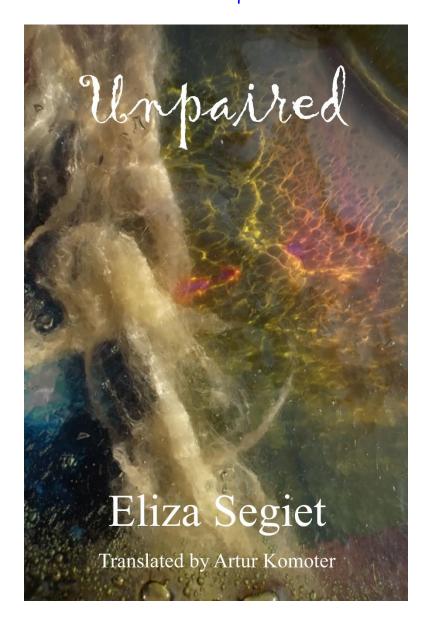
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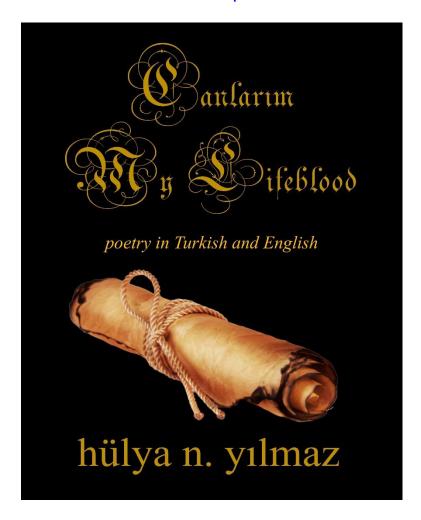


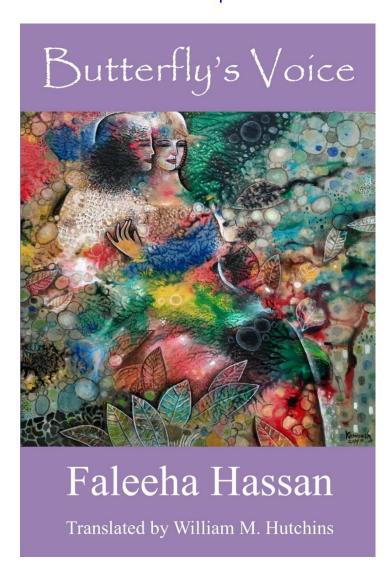
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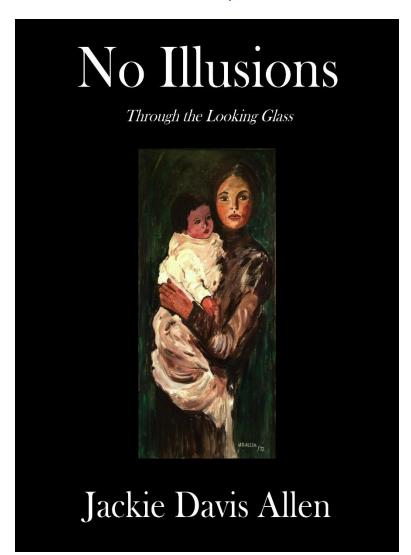




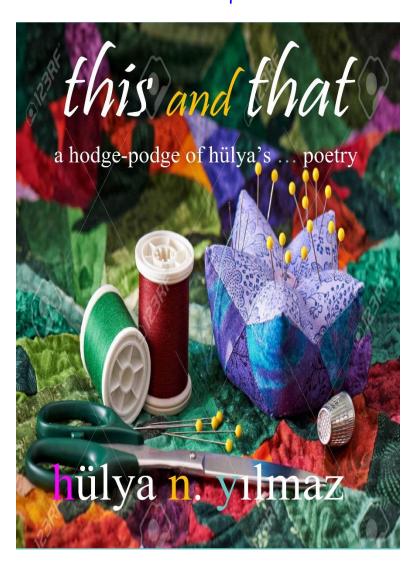
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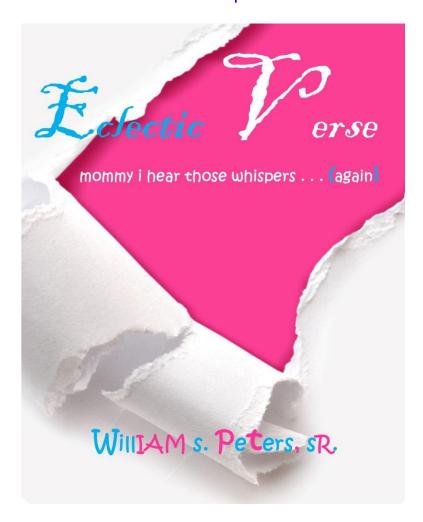




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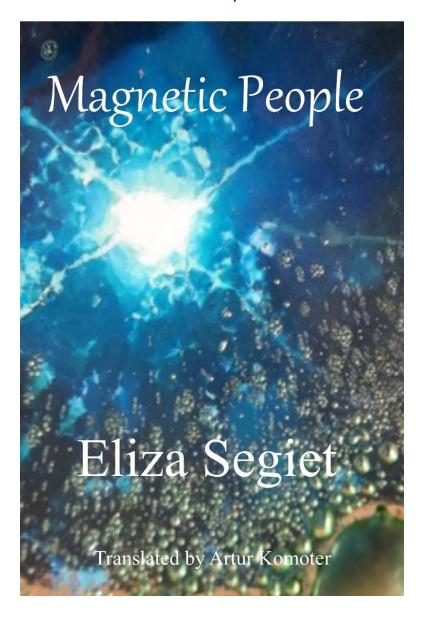


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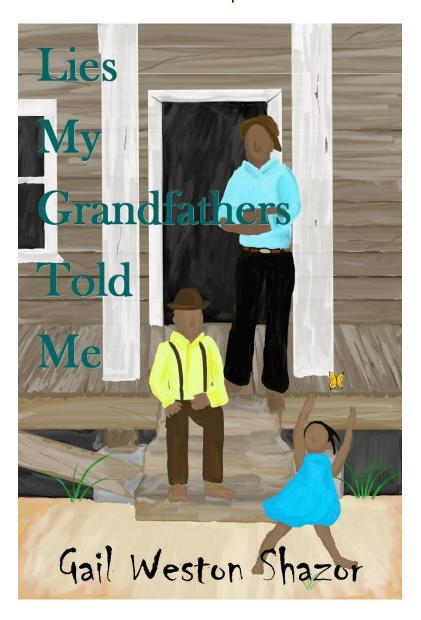


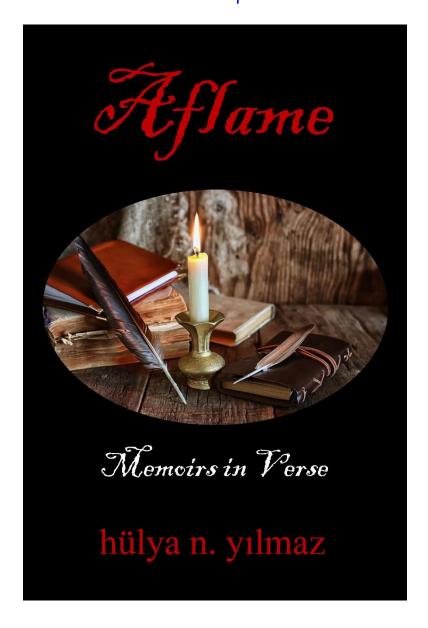
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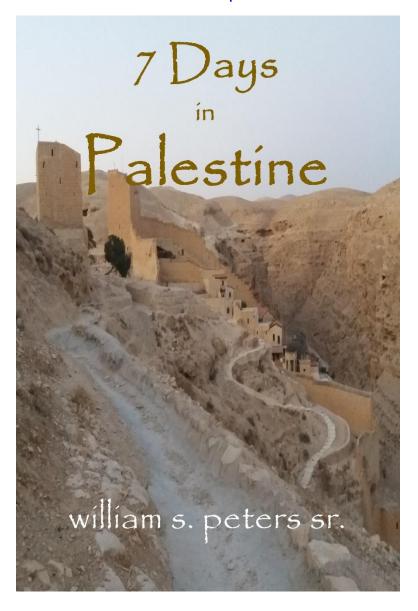
## Breakfast

for

## Butterflies



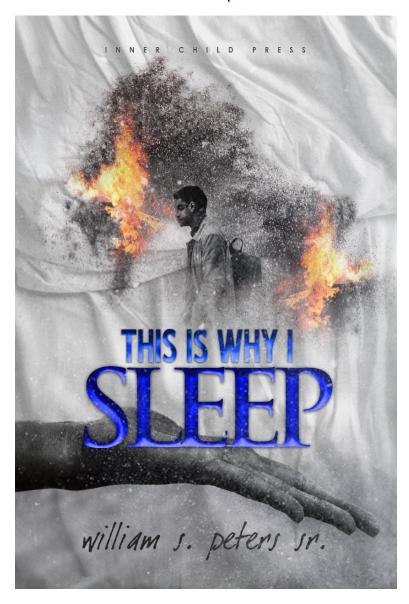
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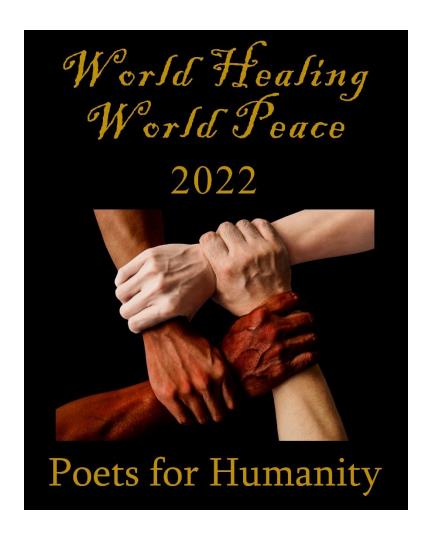


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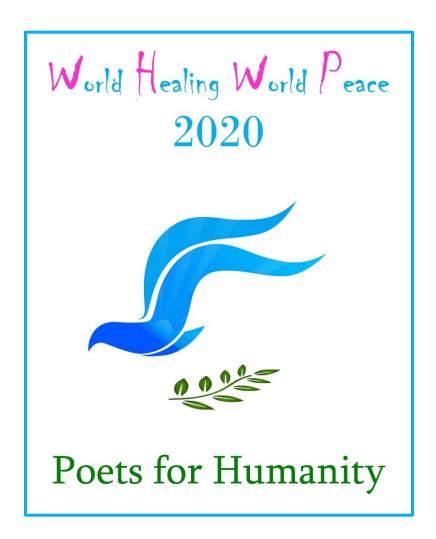
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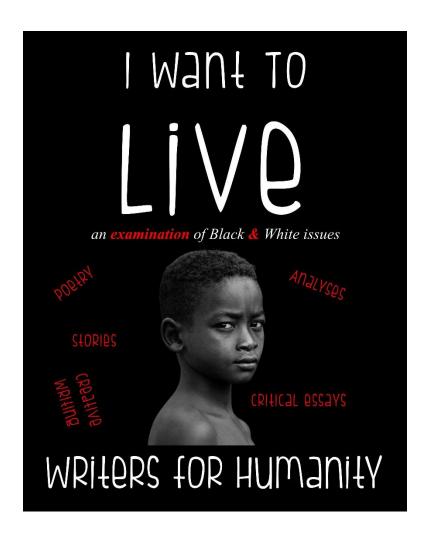
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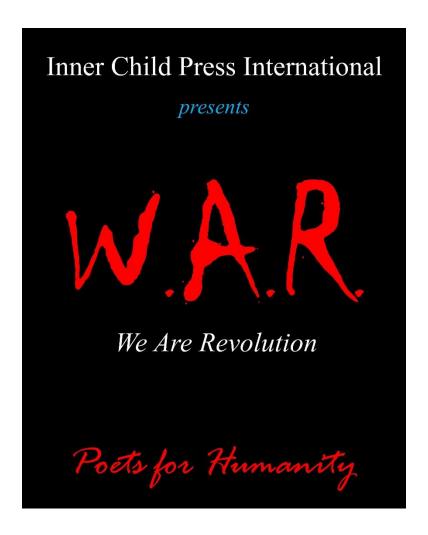
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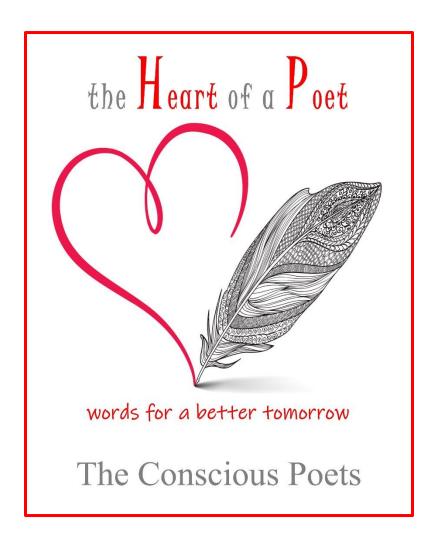
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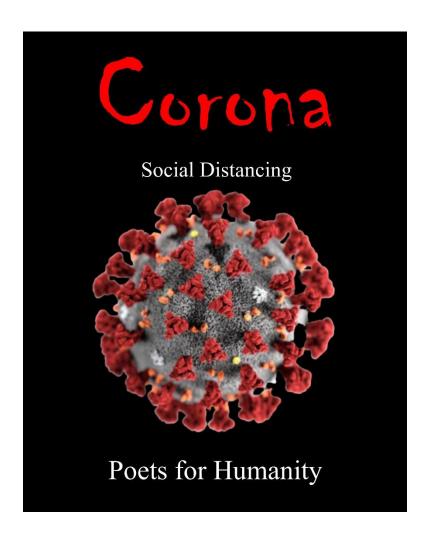
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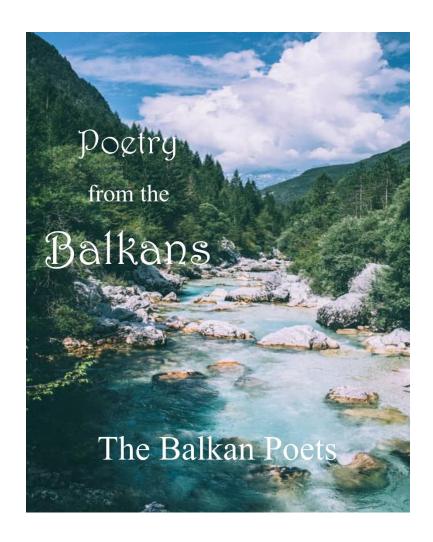




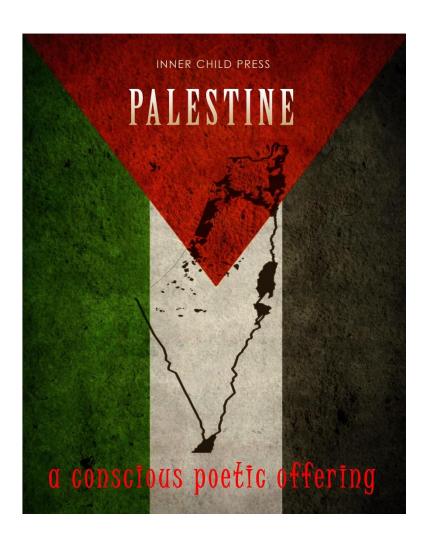
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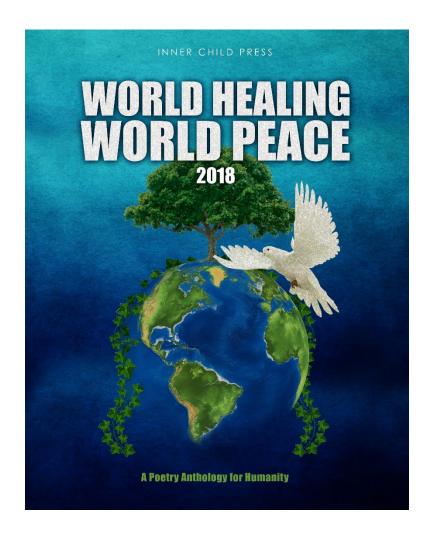


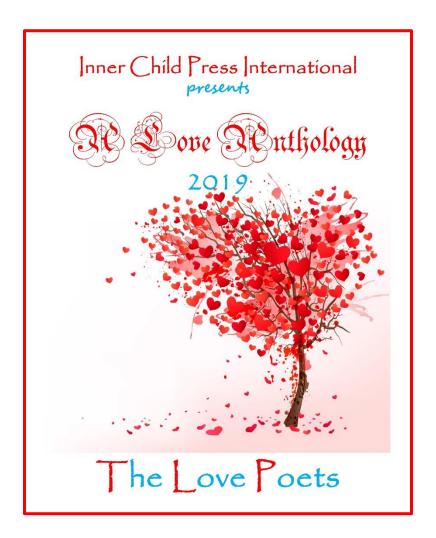
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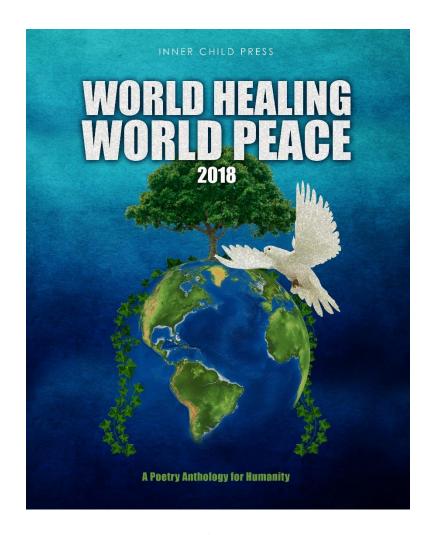




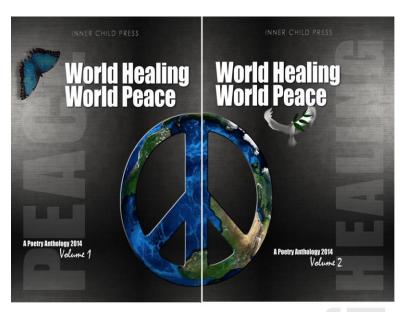


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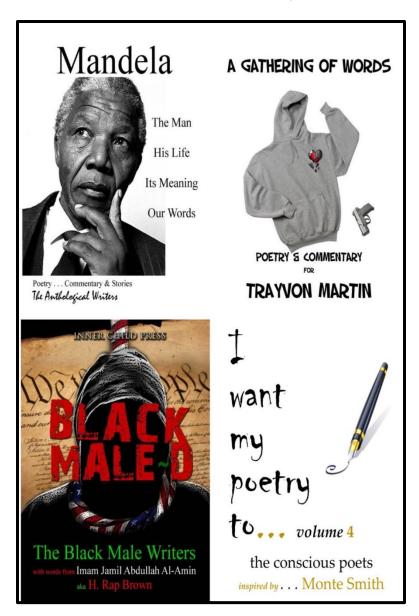


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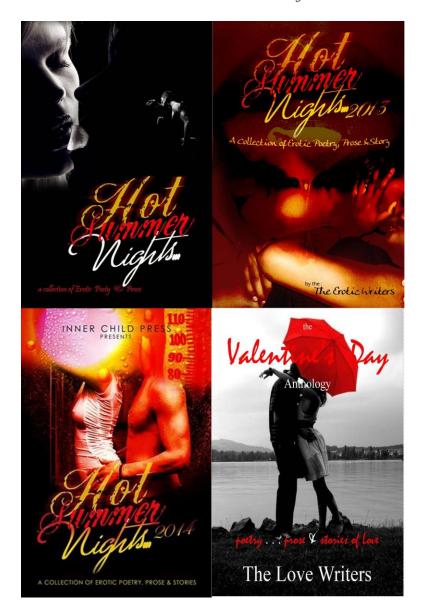
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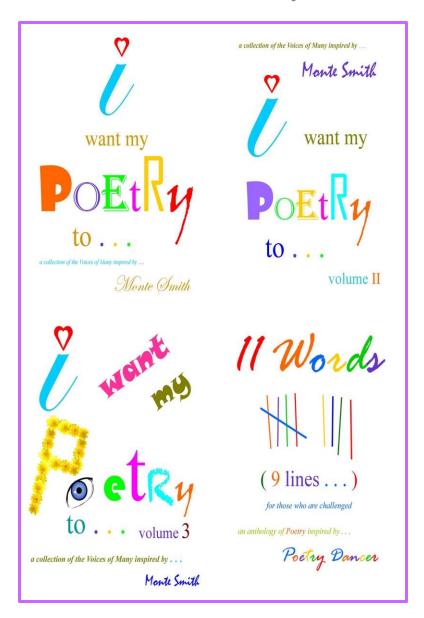
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Our February Features Teresa E. Gallion & Robert Gibson

# Jamie Bond Gail Westen Shazor Albert Infinite Carraces Siddarths Beth Pierce Janet P. Caldwell June Blage Borefeld Dir Spier Henninger Jee Davieral Mindanneer Robert Gibbans Netra Wali Shared Abdur-Rashred Kimberty Burnham William S. Peters, Sr. Dus March Featural Poets AlicianC, Cooper & Hillyayulmaz

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Neeto Wali xareef Abdur-Rasheed Kimberly Burnham William S. Peters, Sr.





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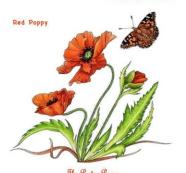
September Feature Poets Florence Malone \* Keith Alan Hamilton

The Packy Passe azor \* Albert Infinite Car Bugg Barefield \* Debbie



#### THE YEAR OF THE POET

October 2014

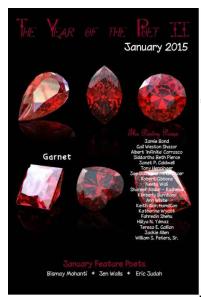


#### October Feature Poets

Ceri Naz \* Rasendra Padhi \* Elizabeth Castillo

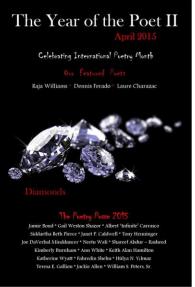


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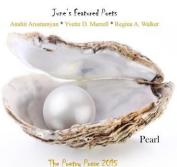


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June 2015

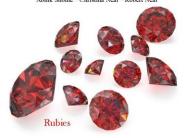


Jamie Bond\* Gall Weston Shazor\* Albert Infinite\* Carrasco Siddartha Beth Fierce\* Jamet P. Caldwell\* Tony Henninger De DaVerbal Jindidancer\* Netent Wall: Sharreef Abdur—Basheed Kimberly Burnham \* Ann White \* Keith Alan Hamillon Katherine Wyatt \* Fabredin Shehu\* Hildya N. Yılmaz Teresa Edallion \* Jackie Balen\* William S. Feters. Sr.

#### The Year of the Poet II

July 2015

The Festured Poets for July 2015 Abhik Shome \* Christina Neal \* Robert Neal



#### The Poetry Posse 2015

Jamie Bend \* Gail Westen Slazor \* Albert \*Infinite' Carranco Siddarfia Beth Berce \* Jamet F. Caldwell \* Teny Henninger De Daverhol Mindancer \* Nesth wali's Starcef Adout \* Rashoed Kimberly Burnham \* Ann White \* Keith Alan Hamilton Katherine Wyalt \* Faltweln Stehen \* Hillya N. Yjimaz Teresa E. Gallion \* Jackie Allen \* William S. Feters. Sr.

#### The Year of the Poet II

August 2015



#### The Poetry Posse 2015

Jamie Boud \* Gail Weston Shazer \* Albert \*Infinite Carrasco
Sida Ratha Beth Pierce \* Jamet P. Caldwell \* Tony Henninger
Joe Da'verlad Minddancer \* Neetu Wali \* Shareef Aldar - Rasheed
Kimberly Burnham \* Ann White \* Keith Alan Hamilton
Katherine Wyatt \* Faluredin Shehu \* Hülya N 'Yılmaz
Teresa E. Gallion \* Jackie Allen \* William S. Felers, Sr.

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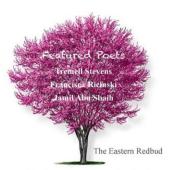


#### The Year of the Poet IV February 2017



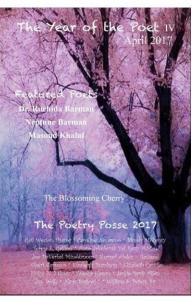
Gell Wiston Shazon \* Carolina Nazareno \* Bisnay Mohandy Nara Sertend \* Anno Jakubczek Vel Retty Holan \* Jen Vells Jon DeVenhol Minddancer \* Sharent Holan \* Berhend Albert Ceresco \* Kinberty Burnham \* Elizabeth Cestillo Hinlyn N. Yulouz \* Falenbe Hessen \* Allan VV. Jankowski Teresa E. Gelllon \* Jackie Devis Allen \* Vvillim S. Peters, Sr.

#### The Year of the Poet IV March 2017



#### The Poetry Posse 2017

Gell Weston Shazon \*\* Ceroline Nizareno \*\* Bisney Mohandy Teress E. Gellion \*\* Shous alsahezak Vell Betty Adalan Joo To'Verbid Mindalance \*\* Barbeed Albert Righted Albert Carresco \*\* Kimberly Burohan \*\* Elizabeth Cestillo Jindyn N. Yulouz \*\* Federly Hesson \*\* Jackie Dreis Allen Jen Velli\*\* Nizze Setzon \*\* William S. Peters, Sr.

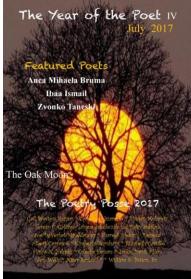


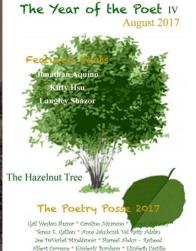
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### The Year of the Poet IV September 2017



#### The Poetry Posse 2017

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### The Year of the Poet IV November 2017

Featured Poets
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Alfreda D. Ghee
Gabriella Garofalo
Rosemary Cappello



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### The Year of the Poet IV

October 2017



The Black Walnut Tree

#### The Poetry Posse 2017

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

### The Year of the Poet IV December 2017



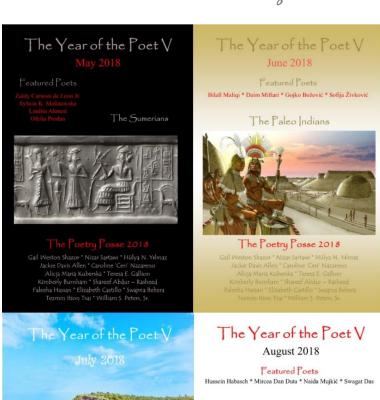
#### The Poetry Posse 2017

Gall Weston Shazor \* Caroline Nazareno \* Bismay Mohanty Teresa E. Gallion \* Anna Jakubczak Vel Ratty Adalan Joe DaVerbal Minddance \* Sharede Abdur - Rasheed Albert Carrasco \* Kimberly Burnham \* Elizabeth Castillo Hilya N. Yilmaz \* Faleeha Hassan \* Jackie Davis Allen Jen Wallé \* Nizza Sarthav \* William S. Peters, Sr.

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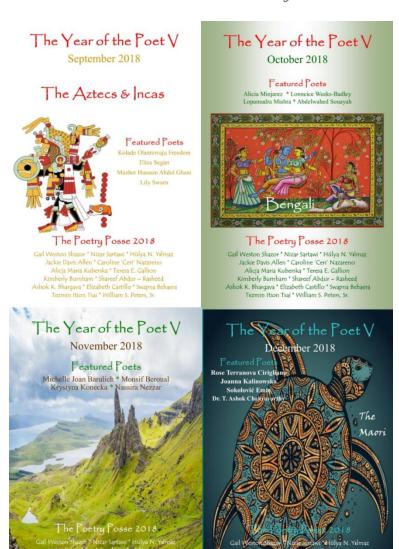
#### The Lapita



#### The Poetry Posse 2018

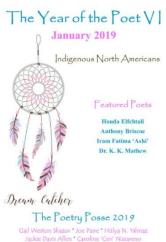
Gail Weston Shazor \* Nizar Sartawi \* Hülya N. Yılmaz Jackie Davis Allen \* Caroline 'Ceri Nazareno Alicja Maria Kuberski \* T'eresa E. Gallion Kimberly Burnham \* Shareef Abdur – Rasheed Ashok K. Bhargawa\* Elizabeth Castillo \* Swapma Behaera Tezmin tition Tsaj \* William S. Peters, 200

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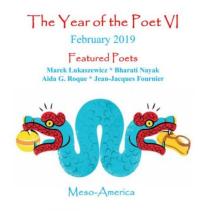


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Alicia Matis Ruberska "Teresa E. Gallion nberty tsaninam "Shareef Abdur – Rasheed K. Bhargava "Elizabeth Castillo "Swapna Behera

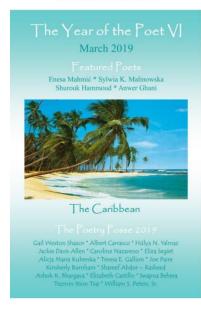


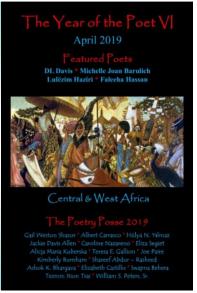
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#### The Poetry Posse 2019

Gail Weston Shazor "Albert Carassco "Hülya N. Yılmaz Jackie Davis Allen "Caroline Nazareno "Elira Segiet Alicja Maria Kubeska" Terese E. Gallion "Joe Parie Kimberly Burnham "Shareef Abdur - Rasheed Ashok K. Bhargava "Eirabeth Castillo "Swapna Behera Tezmi titon Tsai "William S. Peters."





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Djibouti

Ethiopia

Somalia

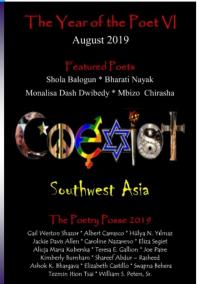
Gail Weston Shazor \* Albert Carrasco \* Hülya N. Yilmaa Jackie Davis Allen \* Caroline Nazareno \* Eliza Segiet Alicja Maria Kuberska \* Teresa E. Gallion \* Joe Paire Kimberly Burnham \* Shareef Abdur - Rasheed Ashok K. Bhargaya \* Elizabeth Castillo \* Swapra Behera Tezmin Itton Tsai \* William S. Peters, Sr.



#### The Poetry Posse 2019

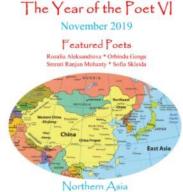
Arctic Circumpolar

Gail Weston Shazor " Albert Carrasco " Hülya N. Yılmaz Jackie Davis Allen " Caroline Nazareno " Eliza Segiet Alicja Maria Kubeska " Terese E. Gallion " Joe Patre Kimberly Burnham " Shareef Abdur – Rasheed Ashok K. Bhargawa " Elizabeth Castillo " Swapna Behera Tezmin Ition Tsal " William S. Peters."



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### The Year of the Poet VII

May 2020

#### Featured Poets

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

#### Ralph Bunche ~ 1950





Celebrating past Nobel Peace Prize Recipients

#### The Poetry Posse 2020

Gall Weston Shazor \* Albert Carassco \* Hülya N. Yılmaz Jackie Pavis Allen \* Caroline Nazareno \* Eliza Segiet Alicja Maria Kubenska \* Teresa E. Gallion \* Joe Paire Kimberly Burnham \* Shareef Abdur - Rasheed Ashok K. Bhayaya \* Elizabeth Castillo \* Swapra Behera Tezmin Ition Tsa! \* William S. Peters, Sr.

### The Year of the Poet VII

June 2020

#### Featured Poets

Effichia Kapardeli \* Metin Cengiz Hussein Habasch \* Kosh K Mathew

#### Albert John Lutuli ~ 1960





| he Year of Feace | Celebrating past Nobel Peace Prize Recipients

#### The Poetry Posse 2020

Gail Weston Shazor "Albert Carassco" Hülya N. Yılmaz Jackie Davis Allen "Caroline Nazareno" Elira Segiet Alicja Maria Kuberska "Teresa E. Gallion "De Paire Kimberiy Burnham" Shaneef Abdur - Rasheed Ashok K. Bhargava "Elizabeth Castillo" Swapna Behera Tezmin Hiton Taji "William S. Peters."

### The Year of the Poet VII

July 2020

#### Featured Poets

Mykola Martyniuk \* Orbindu Ganga Roula Pollard \* Karn Praktisha

#### Norman Ernest Borlaug ~ 1970





The Year of Peace

#### The Poetry Posse 2020

Gail Weston Shazor \* Albert Carassco \* Hülya N. Yılma Jackie Davis Allen \* Caroline Nazareno \* Eliza Segiet Alicja Maria Kuberska \* Teresa E. Gallion \* Joe Paire Kimberly Burnham \* Shareef Abdur - Rasheed Ashok K. Bhargava \* Elizabeth Carllo \* Swapna Behen Tezmin tion Tsa! \* William S. Peters. Sr.

### The Year of the Poet VII

August 2020

#### Featured Poets

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

#### Adolfo Pérez Esquivel ~ 1980





The Year of Peace Celebrating past Nobel Peace Prize Recipients

#### The Poetry Posse 2020

Gail Weston Shazor \* Albert Carassco \* Hülya N. Yilmaz Jackie Pavis Allen \* Caroline Nazareno \* Eliza Segiet Aliça Maris Kuberska \* Teres E. Gallion \* Joe Paire Kimberly Burnham \* Shareef Abdur – Rasheed Ashok K. Bhargava \* Eirabeth Carllot \* Swapna Behera Tezmin titon Tsai! \* William S. Peters, 1

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### The Year of the Poet VIII

January 2021

#### Featured Global Poets

Andrew Scott \* Debaprasanna Biswas Shakil Kalam \* Changming Yuan

Banksy's The Girl with the Pierced Eardrun



### Poetry . . . Ekphrasticly Speaking

#### The Poetry Posse 2020

Gall Weston Shazor \* Albert Carassco \* Hülya N. Yılmaz Jackie Pavis Allen \* Caroline Nazareno \* Eliza Segiet Alicja Maria Kubberska \* Teese E. Gallion \* Joe Paire Kimberly Burnham \* Shareef Abdur - Rasheed Ashok K. Bhargava \* Elizabeth Castillo \* Swapna Behera Tezmin Hiton Tsia \* William S. Peters, St.

### The Year of the Poet VIII

Poetry . . . Ekphrasticly Speaking

The Poetry Posse 2021

Gall Weston Shazor \* Albert Carassco \* Hülya N. Yılmaz Jackie Davis Allen \* Caroline Nazareno \* Eliza Seglet Alicja Maria Kuberisia \* Teresa E. Gallion \* Joe Paire Kimberly Burnham \* Shareet Aduur - Rasheed Ashok k. Bhargaya \* Elizabeth Castillo \* Swapna Behera Tezmin Ition Tsai \* William S. Peters, Sr.

The Year of the Poet VIII

February 2021

Featured Global Poets

T. Ramesh Babu \* Ruchida Barman Neptune Barman \* Faleeha Hassan Emory Douglas : 1968 Olympics mural

#### April 2021

#### Featured Global Poets

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

#### Pablo O'Higgins



### Poetry ... Ekphrasticly Speaking The Poetry Posse 2021

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

### The Year of the Poet VIII

March 2021

#### Featured Global Poets

Claudia Piccinno \* Mohammed Jabr Luzviminda Rivera \*Nigar Arif

#### Tatyana Fazlalizadeh



### Poetry ... Ekphrasticly Speaking

#### The Poetry Posse 2021

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### The Year of the Poet VIII

May 2021

#### Featured Global Poets

Paramita Mukherjee Mullick \* Rose Zerguine Jaydeep Sarangi \* Bismay Mohanty

#### Diego Rivera



#### Poetry . . . Ekphrasticly Speaking

#### The Poetry Posse 2021

Gail Weston Shazor Albert Carassco Hülya N. Yılmaz Jackie Pavis Allen Caroline Nazareno Eliza Seget Aliça Maris Kuberisi Teres E. Gallion 7. öce Paire Kimberly Burnham Shareef Abdur – Rasheed Ashok K. Bhargava Elizabeth Castillo Swapna Behera Tezmin Iton Tsal William S. Peters.

## The Year of the Poet VIII July 2021

#### Featured Global Poets

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

#### Goncalao Mabunda



Poetry... Ekphrasticly Speaking

#### The Poetry Posse 2021

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

#### The Year of the Poet VIII

June 2021

#### Featured Global Poets

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

#### Rayen Kang





Poetry . . . Ekphrasticly Speaking

#### The Poetry Posse 2021

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### The Year of the Poet VIII

August 2021

#### atured Global Poets

Caroline Laurent Turunc Kamal Dhungana Pankhuri Sinha Paramita Mukherjee Mullick

#### Mundara Koorang



Poetry . . . Ekphrasticly Speaking

#### The Poetry Posse 2021

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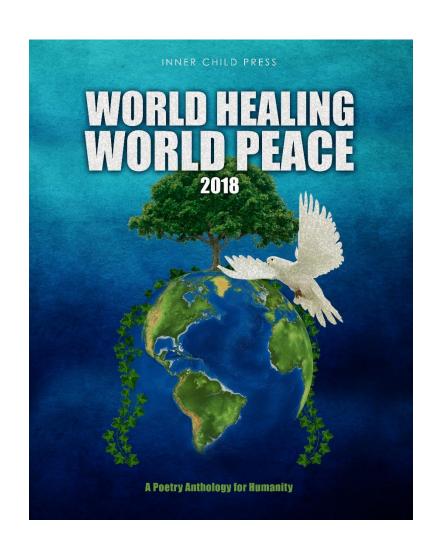
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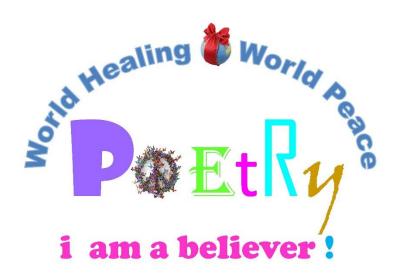


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# The Poetry Posse ~ 2021



### November 2021 ~ Featured Poets



Errol D. Bean



Tanja Ajtic



Ibrahim Honjo



Rajashree Mohapatra

