

November 2018

# Featured Poets

Michelle Joan Barulich \* Monsif Beroual Krystyna Konecka \* Nassira Nezzar

# The Poetry Posse 2018

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

Year

of the

Poet V

November 2018

**The Poetry Posse** 

inner child press, ltd.

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

#### **General Information**

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## The Poetry Posse

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# WHAT WOULD FE WITHOUT A LITTLE OF TRY?

# Dedication

This Book is dedicated to Poetry . . .

The Poetry Posse

past, present & future

our Patrons and Readers

the Spirit of our Everlasting Muse



the Power of the Pen to effectuate change!



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

Janet P. Caldwell

# . Janet Perkins Caldwell

# Rest In Peace

February 14, 1959 ~ September 20, 2016



Rest In Peace Dear Brother

Han W. Jankowski

16 March 1961 ~ 10 March 2017



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# oreword

## Highland peaks

Since ancient times mountains have been arising human interest. Curiosity pushes daredevils to the tops covered with thick clouds. The enormity and majesty of the mighty rocky ridges intimidate and arouse fear but the harsh beauty of the mountain peaks acts like a magnet. Climbing up the summit and overcoming their own weaknesses have always led people to dangerous and steep mountain trails.

It is well known that the inspiration of poets originates from strong feelings and loveliness of nature. Mountains loom large in the cultural imagination. They exist in people's minds as much as they do on landscapes. The beauty and power of the mountains are described by words "to paint" landscapes. It happens that metaphors transfer their power and enormity to the other aspects of life.

There are many great verses dedicated to mountains. Their sublime majesty has inspired the best poets for ages . I will quote William Blake's dictum:

"Great things are done when men and mountains meet."

It is true. Readers can find a lot of beautiful poems about them. Let's read the poem written by Emily Dickinson.

### "Ah, Teneriffe!"

```
Ah, Teneriffe!
Retreating Mountain!
Purples of Ages — pause for you —
Sunset — reviews her Sapphire Regiment —
Day — drops you her Red Adieu!
```

```
Still — Clad in your Mail of ices —
Thigh of Granite — and thew — of Steel —
Heedless — alike — of pomp — or parting
```

Ah, Teneriffe!
I'm kneeling — still —

"Ah Teneriffe", takes its inspiration from a mountain in the Canary Islands. In these poems, she is metaphorical mountaineer, grappling with the unimaginable power of mountains. Poetess attempts to achieve the summit of understanding. The mountain is transfigured into a fearsome warrior clad in icy armor to whom the royalty of this world — the "Purples of Ages" — defers. All she can do is bow in the mountain's presence and admire its beauty.

The nest poem is witten by by the Scottish poet William Renton. It appeared in his book of poetry

"Oils and Water Colours" and was published in 1893. He certainly paints a vivid picture in words of all the colours of a mountain twilight.

#### "Mountain Twilight"

The hills slipped over each on each Till all their changing shadows died. Now in the open skyward reach The lights grow solemn side by side. While of these hills the westermost Rears high his majesty of coast *In shifting waste of dim-blue brine* And fading olive hyaline; Till all the distance overflows, The green in watchet and the blue *In purple. Now they fuse and close -*A darkling violet, fringed anew With light that on the mountains soar, A dusky flame on tranquil shores; Kindling the summits as they grow *In audience to the skies that call.* Ineffable in rest and all The pathos of the afterglow.

What about contemporary poetry? The answer you will find in this book...

#### Alicja Maria Kuberska



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 . . .





# Preface

Dear Family and Friends,

Yes I am excited? Once again, this is an understatement! As we are hitting another milestone, the 11th month of our fifth year of publication . . . I am elated. Our initial vision was to just perform at this level for the year of 2014. Since that time we have had the blessed opportunity to include many other wonderful word artists and storytellers in the Poetry Posse from lands, cultures and persuasions all over the world. We have featured hundreds of additional poets, thereby introducing their poetic offerings to our vast global readership.

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

In the previous years, our monthly themes were Flowers, Birds, Gemstones and Trees. This year we have elected to take a different direction by

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

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

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

Building Cultural Bridges of understanding . . .

Bless Up

From our house to yours

# Bill

The Poetry Posse Inner Child Press

#### DS

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

#### Available here

www.worldhealingworldpeacepoetry.com

or

Janet . . . gone too soon.

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

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

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



# **Highland Scotts**



The **Highlands** (Scots: the Hielands; Scottish Gaelic: A' Ghàidhealtachd which translates to . . . "the place of the Gaels") is a historic region of Scotland. The area is very sparsely populated, with many mountain ranges dominating the region, and includes Ben Nevis, the highest mountain in the British Isles. Culturally, the Highlands and the Lowlands diverged from the later Middle Ages into the modern period, when Lowland Scots replaced Scottish Gaelic throughout most of the Lowlands.

The term "Highlands" is also used for the area north and west of the Highland Boundary Fault, although the exact boundaries are not clearly defined, particularly to the east.

For more information mgo to: https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Scottish Highlands





The

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inner child press, ltd.

# Poetry succeeds where instruction fails.

 $\sim$  wsp



# Gail Weston Shazor



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

## Author of ...

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

Lies My Grandfathers Told Me available at Inner Child Press.

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

## blessed rise

**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
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

# A Lovely City

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

#### Will

There be
Children here
When the rains come
Back to the rice fields
And will they dance outside
Face toward the sumptuousness
That is always the beginning
That marks the season of hurricanes
Until too much rain chases us back inside

# Alicja Maria Kubzrska



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

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

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

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

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

#### Fall

I can see people at the foot of the mountain and those at its top they have other desires and thoughts a whole mountain of incomprehension separates them

#### I notice almost everyone wants to go higher - over the borders of forest and fields

and climbs the rocks

#### and if it works

- lean the ladder against the clouds lose sight of Earth and be the only winner of this race

people forget that falls from the summit take place in loneliness and are very painful

#### The Sun

When night ends, the show begins on the scene of sky. The wind opens curtains made of clouds

- heavy and crimped like Baroque draperies. Birds begin to treble and proclaim the arrival of light.

Darkness disappears and night flies away on its black wings.

The gray of morning slowly gains the pearly shades and pink cloudlets lead the way on blue sky for an oncoming solar chariot.

#### Digital Pharaoh

to the image of Mohamed Zakaria Soltan

Bits and bytes swirled, fuelled with colours, and settled like droplets of rain on a piece of white paper. Ancient gods of Egypt returned from the past. The silhouettes of the powerful pharaohs emerged from the shadow and the ancient world was born again of nothingness.

Anubis did not guard the fugitives from the Canyon Fields. The beautiful Hathor showed them the way to the present day and she opened the sealed gates of time.

The sons of Osiris came to Earth on Ra's papyrus boat.

Geb smiled happily at the sight of the reborn children.

Wise Thot, as always, helped humanity. He collected moments lost in the desert sands and he called vivid images from his memory Faded colors became clear, blossoming brightly. Expressive lines sketched the shapes of the former rulers.

#### Ascension of the blessed

to the image of Jerome Bosch

Man, leave everything and go up towards the light. Five stone circles separate you from the goal. Here you can meet those who left earlier

Longing like a thin thread, interwoven with memories, connects this world and the time of the dead They are waiting for you.

You have no meetings marked in your calendar Important affairs scattered on the atoms Take just a few steps and overcome the steep path Eternity will open its gate for you

# Jackie Pavis Allen



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

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

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

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

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

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

#### My Connection to the Highland Scots

The year that my ancestors came to North Carolina, USA, is not yet known. But, I am a tartan leaf on two of the Scottish ancestral trees: Campbell and Buchanan.

It is said that truth is stranger than fiction. In my case it might be so, for had serendipity not played a part, I'd not become who I am, nor penned this poem I've begun

My Campbell ancestor disappeared during the Civil War. Thought to have been assassinated as a Confederate sympathizer, along with others, he preparing to go north.

His widow Frye Campbell, left with a daughter, lonely, sad, grieving, married a Davis widower. The widower's younger brother had also died, serving in the Confederacy.

Paying his respects to his uncle, and his bride, I imagine, he, the son of Davis' late brother, chanced upon the Frye Campbell Davis' daughter. Uncle Davis' stepdaughter.

Nephew Davis and the daughter of the widow-bride Frye Campbell Davis, had eleven children, one of whom was my Davis grandfather. So, thank you, Highland Scots.

I haven't forgotten my Buchanan connection to the Scots. My Davis grandfather married a Buchanan lass. He lived to his mid 90s, and she, sadly, passed away in her mid 30s.

This poem did not start out nor end as I had supposed it might have, but then, serendipity visits us in some of the most interesting ways. Forgive me if I got a bit lost.

#### Crossing the River

Crossing the river Towards a reawakening The moon, in its fullness Calls out to the stars In their infancy

Beware of evil Lurking in darkness Hidden faces In the shadows They, the wicked

Sword of truth
Dwells within
Its path informs
Gift of love, of truth
Hint of peace

Why then
Do a people
Crossing over the river
Choose to hide
Civility, peace
From their faces

#### Defacement

Screams erupt
Like fire in eyes
Like pools
Of rubies crushed
Like voices mumbling
Hushed

Why is hate
So easily embraced
Come peace
Come with haste
Lest it be too late
To trust

Some old wounds Reside visibly Breaks my heart Seeing innocent faces Life too easily fading Crushed

# Tzgmin Ition Tsai



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

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

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

# The Song Always Weeping as The Sun Is Going Down

Time always seems rushed and precise.

I couldn't help but watch the sun go down the mountain.

Like this highland,

Towering into the sky along the edge of the sea.

What kind of sound of nature will forget the warning.

Mother was gradually drifting away

Yes, she will does eventually leave.

The song that should sound when the sun sets.

Keep silent.

Wind blowing over the farm.
Did not stop playing.
Why did I only hear the sound of the treetops?
Scratching my heart
Scratching my innermost being
Never asked me about the scars left behind
When to fix?
Naturally, you won't ask.
Facing a delicate and frail girl like me.

A loving marriage,
Why was it so unbearable and fragile?
Tribulation of war, lingering shadow of death,
Forced to take everything away.
Why was everything so pale in my dreams?
But everything in everything,
the very thought of
That kiss has never been realized.
Until the last time we met.

#### The Napping Old Cat

That old lane after a long time for renovation A stunning new look appears One million years of indifference Those cracked floor tiles in yellowed clothes The moss trying to climb up the wall All were eradicated Obviously Got a fair compromise with time After wearing new color coats Finally, it could radiantly talk with the walls on both sides Only that old cat squatting on the wall under the afternoon sun Continued to nap That kind of silent look Just waiting To see How long can you stay bright?

#### I'm The Peacock King

The sky
Misty black
Soul buried deep in the forest trying to find a way out
Half Flapping and half climbing
To reach the top of my wooden house
Sound attacking on the top of the hill
Standing alone with one foot Just like a proud peacock
should do
This seat
No man alive can take away
Hel! Hel! Hel!

Choose an angle as a feudal lord
Let
The first dawn
Shoot at my crown
Until my crown red through and through
My wings that have fully opened now
I looked at that group of mortals under my feet with
contempt
Swallowing a full mouth of worshipped wine
My head lifts up until it's too high
Hel! Hel! Hel!

Why you all stare at me in this way
Do I
need to be just like you
To pick up
That few rice left in the grain tank
Pooh
Do not pretend that you can't hear anything
My cry forever and always
loud
Hel! Hel! Hel!

# 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

#### Up in NorthWest..,

Scotland called Highlands roamed the clans whose home was in those vast, isolated, sparsely populated highlands salt of earth, poor struggle from birth to return into dirt remained the crofters farming patches of land in vast Scottish northwest highlands struggle in name of survival these Scottish Gaelic speaking clans cut from the often unforgiven land so, they did what they can in their nation though many choose migration to places far away in name of survival lives sought revival, cross seas in places like British and American cities or joined British armies in name of survival for them often life in the Highlands was not kind though they tried, endured remain through the pain maintain the ways they knew

stay strong, true yes, nothing new peoples of earth do what they must do in name of survival

food4thought = education

#### Reflecting..,

on dem who reflect bigups, respect word sculptors creative souls cut from carefully woven rolls, of fabric rare manifested in sublime rhyme, rhythm, prose like Rakim i say "let the rhythm hit em" profound skill dem who paint with words at will who has profound love beyond the pale outside the box what resides inside prevails dem special folk provoke introspective jubilees such is the souls that delve far below where others dare not go in places deep seeded concepts grow out of questions demand answers to mysteries that life holds poets possess demanding souls thirst and hunger to know

(Just Bill on my mind)
Dedicated: William S. Peters Sr.

food4thought = education

#### night's darkness..,

descended they thought it was light thinking wrong is right day is night darkness descends upon us like a plague turning from enlightenment to ignorance instead where daylight enhances life nights darkness invites death in the form of., blind, dumb, deaf is all the rage for now until the day it erupts in flames and goes away somehow as the light of truth takes the stage and bows as mother earth screams more and light of truth takes encore after encore but for today we defer to the master playwright and you know only he knows how to write the play right the creator, life's originator knows what we know not until then this is how it flows my friend as the devil stirs the pot folk who think they know say what it is and it's not leaving truth behind

because without guidance divine lose their dam mind dem think ignorance is bliss perception distorted what's this..., knowledge, wisdom aborted? prophecy fulfilled as originally reported ignorance will be flaunted while knowledge and wisdom disappear without a trace ignorance walks in and takes its place then honor replaced with disgrace now is that time, here is that place

food4thought = education

# Kimberly Burnham



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

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

#### Scottish Men of Peace

The fairies of the Scottish Highlands politely spoken of as the "Daoine Síth" "Men of Peace" wander through mythology healing the world with magic

The "aos sí" or the older form "aes sídhe" Irish for a supernatural race fairies and elves weave our way into Scottish mythology spelled "sìth" wishing peace for mankind

W. B. Yeats refers to "aos sí" simply as "the sídhe" we live underground in fairy mounds across the western sea an invisible world coexists with the world of humans

This world described in the Lebor Gabála Érenn a parallel universe finds the "aos sí" walking among the living the ancestors the spirits of nature of goddesses and gods

Always in peace "sìth" in Scottish Gaelic "sìoth" in the dialect of Ulster and Northern Ireland where people and fairies alike wish for "sìoth on irth"

#### Peace in Seven Celtic Nations

In the Ancient Celtic of Cornwall
"hedh" is peace and tranquility
feasible easy and free from difficulty
as if in Kernow spoken in Cornwall
life is doable only if there is peace
said also "cres" or "kres"
"yn clôr" or "yn cosel" or "drê gosoleth"
peaceably in this descendant
of an Ancient British language
before English came to dominate

"Síth" or "síthe" or "sod" peace
"síocháin" the way of peace
in Gaeilge or Irish Gaelic
words in Ireland or Eire
"sítheach" peaceful and harmonious
"sítheach sóch" peaceful and comfortable
while "go sítheach grách" is harmony and love
peace begetting harmony comfort and ultimately love

"Sith" peace in Scottish Gaelic also called Alba the dialect of Scotland "peace" in English and "fois" means relaxation tranquility ease repose respite a loan word from Scottish in Nova Scotia Canada's New Scotland where this smallest of provinces includes Cape Breton and 3,800 coastal islands

Far across the sea on the Isle of Mann "shee" is the way peace said

in Gaelg or Manx Gaelic the native language of this island called Ellan Vannin in the Irish Sea between Britain and Ireland where we speak a Gaelic language related to Irish or Gaeilge and Scots Gaelic or Gàidhlig spelled closer to English style

"Eaz" or "aez" is feasible
easy and free from difficulty in Amoric
or the Breton of French Brittany
where we spell peace many ways
"peoc'h" "pèc'h" "peoh" "peuc'h"
or "diskuizh" in France's northwestern most region
where the pink granite coast is famed
for unusual blush-hued sand and rocks
known for an abundance of prehistoric "menhirs"

Harkening back to the Ancient Celtic of Cornwall peace in this land is said "heddwch" or "hawdh" or "hedh" in Welsh "héz" means that which glides onward peace calm tranquility as if peace is a lubricant that makes people move towards each other and closer to "thawelwch" another way of peace and quiet in this language called Cymraeg spoken in Wales or Cymru

"Koňiben" is a Traveler's word for peace and quiet in Welsh Romani also called Kååle influenced by languages far flung as Hindustani and the Celtic Welsh a language of the Traveler people in Wales "dootchiparen" is peace or "piratchi"

in Angloromani or British Isles Romani as words of peace caravan across the lands and seas

Long ago to Galicia in northwest Spain today considered the seventh of the original Celtic Nations influenced by Spanish and Portuguese in Galician we say "paz" wishing for peace in the Celtic world and beyond

#### **Brio Celtic Power**

"Brio" a word in Galician means might or power showing Latin and Celtic influences in Spain

"Brio" power and might in Italian comes from the Catalan or Old Occitan "briu" wild from Celtic "brigos" a cognate of Occitan "briu"

Old French "brif" means finesse or style akin to Old Irish "bríg" or power and the Welsh "bri" prestige and authority or the Breton "bri" respect

So it seems power and respect go together with a wild style unique and prestigious yet rooted in history and forward looking

To what this Galician community we build with our power and might the kind of peace or "paz" we support

Can we write in Celtic stone "kalyāwo" and move "callao" Galician boulders or pebbles are there obstacles to peace written in "kalyāwo" are they as big as a boulder is it just perspective they are small like a pebble descended from stones and strength

Where will we find the path to "paz" the Galician "camiño" the way or path from Vulgar Latin "cammīnus" and Proto-Celtic "kanxsman" same as or a cognate of Italian "cammino" French "chemin" Spanish "camino" Catalan "camí" Occitan "camín" akin to the Old Irish "céimm" Cornish and Breton "kamm" or step

We look for peace helping neighbors along the way no matter what we say the words we use just remnants of the history we share the power of a helping hand needs no translation

# Clizabeth C. Castillo



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

#### Web links:

Facebook Fan Page

https://free.facebook.com/ElizabethEsguerraCastillo

Google Plus

https://plus.google.com/u/0/+ElizabethCastillo

#### Travel to Highland Scots

A young Scots lass is out to find a beloved who will embrace her

One fine day, The Knights Templar escaped to Scotland, She met the young man from the ward of the Master of the Temple The men brought with them some treasure, And in exchange may marry women from the clans.

I'd like to wander around the castle,
Of the Dowager Countess in the highlands
Built in the 14th century by William, 3rd Thane of Cawdor,
Immerse myself with its antiquity and mysterious history
A melting pot of excellent aesthetic for contemporary art.

To be in a different fortress, the Dunnottar Castle, Or perhaps tour the Carbisdale Castle, "the castle of spite" Within these highlands, history and grandeur alight, The epics: Outlander, James Bond, and Highlander Were all filmed in this land where earth and sky meet.

#### Bridge

Crossing to the other side
Would thy soul ease its thirst?
As the moon wax and wanes
Would I enter a threshold
Of utter peace and no ounce of pain?
A voice whispered to me,
Go on and walk over, follow the shadow
You'd then discover the beauty of yonder
The magical bridge, gateway to a new world,
Where your spirit can roam free.

She entered another dimension,
Angelic symphony, soft, velvet and liquid gold
Her departed ones came into vision
As the voice prompted her to let go,
Experience love like never before.

The nectar that feeds one's soul, With the infinite wisdom of the Great Spirit Led her to a special bridge, That moment changed her life around Let Divine Energy within her flow.

#### Sunset

The dreamy sunset at the distant horizon
When dusk settles as the sun bids adieu,
Extinguishing the light to make way
For the darkness and let the moon reign- Casting shadows
of red and orange hues.

The blazing heat which once was burning,
Turned into pale madness when cold breeze sets in
A life-size canvass above can be seen,
Lovers sitting by the shoreline Witnessing the grandeur of a
Divine Masterpiece.

Deafening silence- Beating hearts can only be heard Seagulls flying- Stories foretold of a thousand years of waiting Souls keep meeting beyond time and space.

You and I- Thy names shall be called eternally, And in every sunset, I'll wait by the sea Even in secrecy-For each day starts and ends with a love, That's only meant for you.

# Mizar Sartawi

# The Year of the Poet $\,\mathrm{V}\,$ ~ November 2018



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

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

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

### **Highland Clearances**

Wave after wave they were expelled by their own chiefs

out of the small dry-stone blackhouses that sheltered them in the rough terrains of Scottish Highlands

out of the farmlands that they tilled with their own tough cracked hands

out of the steep hills that they shared with fellow crofters as grazing lands.

Oh how their forlorn faces dissolved among the masses in the brave new world leaving behind the resonances of their lore – the Gaelic songs and tunes the beats of their tenor drums the shrill sounds of their Great bagpipes the rustling of their kilts and tartans as they danced their proud sword dances reverberating amidst the straths and glens that witnessed their highland feasts and loud revelries!

## A Perpetual Nightmare

She woke up in the middle of again the same nightmare a long queue of disfigured ghosts the children men and women of her city – Gaza – moving sluggishly before her eyes and turning into purplish ash...

Her wrinkled face sweating she sinks beneath the quilt and like a brittle jar she breaks into tears...

#### Diabolic Truce

This time the Synagogue and the Mosque were resolutely reconciled:

They both agreed...
YES *They Agreed*it was a great offense
for this young Jewess
to be in love
with that young Arab from Palestine
or that same Arab
to be in love
with this same Jewess.

Mosque and Synagogue concurred without hesitancy that it was a deadly sin... A Deadly Sin for this Arab and that Jewess to be wedded, a deadly sin for them to live under a single roof, a deadly sin to share one bed, a deadly sin to kiss to touch to talk or even wave,

that at all costs this Will Not BE...

Self-willed, the young couple eloped to seek asylum in the Church they knocked and knocked on the locked church gate One click... and the gate was now securely double-locked.

The Denouement:
Two corpses lying on the ground facing the open space trying to make some sense out of a senseless world!

to be continued... in the afterworld.

hülya n. yılmaz



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

hülya n. yılmaz, Ph.D.

#### Links

Personal Web Site <a href="https://hulyasfreelancing.com">https://hulyasfreelancing.com</a>

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

### The Highland Fling

i feel like dancing again as i often do for this one however i must have you

i do not play the accordion would you mind us switching the roles i will go ahead and do The Highland Fling this way we'll still fill the gender holes

i confess in broad daylight yes i openly do this mountainous rocky terrain and harsh winters make me wince for a lifetime even two the makeshift floor gives me too many splinters

let's forget our Campbells, McNeills and Stewarts our world-famous Presbyterian churches too we'd be better off in a North Carolina colony this Highland Fling gets to be too much of an ado

#### Gaelic

we all moved to the Cape Fear River today our largest settlement in North America along with us came our native tongue its mark is left in many churches they say but most of all in Hoke County "Dundarrach" – "hill of the oak tree" remained in the new language as the same North Carolina's Provincial Congress had even made a noteworthy address to accurately and justifiably stress the due distinction importance and the extent to which Gaelic resisted to have a premature end the year was 1776 you see what a time it was for a High Scotlander to be!

#### The "Kintail bard"

i already said i wanted to dance today
my desire was met by the dear John MacRae
in case you want to know about him a bit
he was in North Carolina before the war fires were lit
the Revolutionary War that is
he was known as a true Loyalist
though his fate is still a mystery
several of his songs made history
his "Dean Cadalan Samhach" was a true hit
"Sleep Softly, My Darling Beloved"
is said to have become its adopted name
the myth is that he owes his persistent fame
to Highland Scots' culture's oral tradition frame

# 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

#### Modern Highlands

The Highland Scots make claims to the impressive Scottish landscape. Ben Nevis peak sits high in the sky offering a grand view of the land.

You boast unspoiled rugged mountains, deep blue lakes and glens where majestic Eagles rule the skies and red deer roam the valley.

Legends of a Loch Ness monster that lives in the deep waters of the Loch Ness lake are told over Scotch whiskey in the pubs.

Travelers come to experience Gaelic culture, drink your famous whiskey, drive your scenic byways, boat on your waters and hike your trails.

#### **Swiss Girls**

The hills are alive with bells and sexy girls with flirtatious walks doing a fashion run on the mountainside.

Milk chocolate, blackberry and vanilla/chocolate mixes eat with focus and intent while the bells

play love songs to happy healthy cows. The sweet Alp grass nourishes bellies. A gift of milk comes from nipple massages.

The life of a swiss cow is charmed. Some of the girls chill out re-chewing food in the luxury of Swiss mountain majesty.

## Swiss Alps

Words elude me as my eyes feast on the grandeur of these mountains. Did I die and go to heaven?

My soul aches with joy with each step I take. Ecstatic bliss makes me tremble as my boots engage the trail.

My legs freeze as I look out on the Master's priceless canvas. Nothing and no one may come close to the splendor caressing my eyes.

I just want to drop to my knees, say thank you for the experience stroking my heartstrings.

# 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.

#### The Wall

the sky's uniform less than cosmic with the confusion of morning mist over new willow catkins

drink some more wine other side of Hadrian wall you may not know anyone in the land of Gaels

above the Highlands a blooming midnight moon brushes a glowing across the rivers and valleys

Romans built the wall to keep invading Scots the barbarians from migrating smuggling or stealing sheep

but they loved highland maidens red lips accented tongues blushing cheeks

they gave them wine in golden goblets to drink all they wanted behind the wall in dark

with no way to articulate their bones felt good after making love and not being loved

### Invisible Hope

My prayers are folded hands holding silence.
In the darkness of night
I search for the spirit of invocations.

It sparks deep desire in me to oscillate from eternity to infinity.

Light shines on silently bringing peace to distressed heart.

My body is fragile glass shatters easily.
My resolve is stronger than steel unbreakable.

Without waiting for an avatar - I sow a seed of hope when it sprouts blossoms would be me.

#### Soft Touch

If you wish to love me then accept me as I am and nothing else.

If you like to trust me then believe in me for no reason at all.

If you want to caress me then touch me with your eyes without asking why.

Because one day my love will spring my passion will emerge my heart will blossom and my zeal will grow for you.

But if you cannot wait for me then without any hesitation leave me and go away.

Because I can create you when I am ready.

# Caroling 'Cgri Naz' Nazargno



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

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

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

#### Caledonia

Scottish Love, that must be the song
While the curtain laces afterimages
Bathing the tongues, diffusions of change
Writing in braille from innermost quench
Yet, it has to see you withstand
Eavesdropping crossroads
Filling in the whys
of timeless ballads
Will meet in the homecoming
at Glasgow's winding mountain thymes,
The Rhymes of inamorata.

#### Aberdeen and Promises

Crystal clear that was
While bathing on the
Sunset's kisses
Where ponds, rivers
And lakes of love
Took away the flaws,
Your heart is the sunshine
To eternity's quest;
That single day
Was a world
Of ours, my love, forever.

#### Scottish Wine

Be mine tonight.
In my vineyard
Of flowers, berries and leaves,
Sweet and bittersweet spells
From your lips,
As we burn the night
And free the moonlit concoction
Together we'll drink
Over the cobblestone table
Enjoying the bizarre taste
While it last, 'til the picturesque battle.

# Swapna Behera



Swapna Behera is a bilingual contemporary poet, author, translator and editor from Odisha, India. She was a teacher from 1984 to 2015. Her stories, poems and articles are widely published in National and International journals, and ezines, and are translated into different national and International languages. She has penned four books. She was conferred upon the Prestigious International Poesis Award of Honor at the 2nd Bharat Award for Literature as Jury in 2015, The Enchanting Muse Award in India World Poetree Festival 2017, World Icon of Peace Award in 2017, and the Pentasi B World Fellow Poet in 2017.. She is the recipient of Gold Cross Of Wisdom Award ,the medal for The Best Teachers of the World from World Union of Poets in 2018, and The LIfe time Achievement Award, The Best Planner Award and The Sahitya Shiromani Award from the Literati Cosmos Society 2018 .She is the Ambassador of Humanity by Hafrikan Prince World, Africa 2018 and an official member of World Nation's Writers Union, Kazakhstan 2018. At present she is the manager at Large, Planner and Columnist of The Literati and the administrator of several poetic groups

#### In Search Of The Best God.....

Someone whispers
May be asking water to drink
Air to breathe
Sky to see the stars
A roof on the head
Or little soil to keep his feet

Someone whispers
Who is the best God?
Listening to tears
Sweeping all fears
Someone somewhere
Sings lullaby for a baby

Perhaps the best God is awake
Dreams light for all
Breaks the shackle
Fixes the fractured democracy
Opens all doors
Weaves life
Descends down to the hearts
Holding the gift of a Sun
For you and for me

Yes the best God is screaming For He wishes In condensed intensity to be a human-being And my search is over!!!!

#### Epilogue Of A Bagpiper

Give me a heart I will sing Give me a boat I will sail across the placid lakes Echoes the Urlar In the distant island of Scottish high land The haggis is ready for the Grand festival of Hogmanay the smokes raising high up the Unicorn grazing in the valley No more old trees but the gregarious roots still holding underneath the radiant history The cascade Still crazy with ardent rhymes I am ready with my unfurled tunes Give me a heart to blow..... All fragrances .....

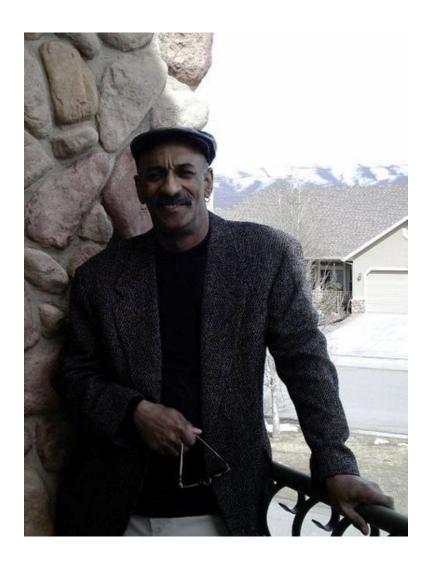
#### Shadow In The Vortex

The vivisection started
May be the interactive Viva-voce
The shadow was jumping
Playing merry-go-round
Smiling and shaking hands
Everything was normal

The shadow with its length and breadth
Searching for the volume
Where is it?
Beneath the slumbering eyelid?
Or browsing in the cosmos to get a dialect
A music to overcome the labyrinth

My shadow! Alas, my dear shadow Caged in my bones And the body jumping from the time table to anatomy table Ready for dissection!!!

# William S. Peters Sr.



Bill's writing career spans a period of over 50 years. Being first Published in 1972, Bill has since went on to Author in excess of 40 additional Volumes of Poetry, Short Stories, etc., expressing his thoughts on matters of the Heart, Spirit, Consciousness and Humanity. His primary focus is that of Love, Peace and Understanding!

Bill says . . .

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

to connect with Bill, he is all things Inner Child

www.iaminnerchild.com

Personal Web Site

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#### Breathe

These hills are mine and thine My laddy

Our fathers,
And our father before them
Have nurtured these lands
With their Blood
Sweat
And tears

There are more years to come Than what we have spent Hold to the promise

We have tilled this land With purpose,
With a certain freedom
Throughout
Many a season,
Many a year . . .
Raised our stock,
Our children,
And our families . . .
This is your inheritance

Can not you hear the music Of our forefathers Dancing, Playing in between The whispers Of the winds

O laddy
Just close thine eyes
And open thy heart
To the way of the Scotts
And feel your Gay-like
Bonny
Bright
Gaelic
Blood coursing
As one
With we the people
Of these highlands

Breathe

#### Muse

She seemingly surreptitiously slithered Silently into my solace soaked Consciousness Tickling, stimulating My wonder and curiosity

She wanted to play
And I wanted to sleep
But that would not be,
For she had a poem
She wanted to give to me . . .

I am waiting

#### Observing

It was a time That was not quite Understood

There were psychic Movings Dancing in my thoughts Prodding my spirit To awaken . . . keenly

Was I contemplating Without subject? . . . What was my objective?

I sat, I listened, I reached For that elusive Glistening epiphany

The realm of
Circumspection,
Introspection,
Reflection,
Gave unto no
Detection
In this state
Of abyss
Where naught but void
Exists

Was I seeking . . . Bliss Of peace

Just observing

# November 2018

Features



Michelle Joan Barulich

Monsif Beroual

Krystyna Konecka

Nassira Nezzar



## Michelle Joan Barulich



Joan has been writing since I was 16 yrs of age. She enjoys writing poetry and songs. Joan is currently studying the Alternative Medicine to comfort and heal people. She says that she has 2 rescued pigeons that have brought me a lot of love and fun for me. She also like learning about house plants and is a big fan on Nikola Tesla. Her hobbies include art, sewing and wood burning and inventing.

Thank you to Inner child press for letting people express there poetry in a peaceful way.

Web link: https://www.facebook.com/michelle.barulich

#### That's what I like about Tomorrow

Winter clouds fill the sky High with hopes And twinkling stars A promise for tomorrow That snow will fall And make a child see the first of a snow fall That's what I like about tomorrow They always come along the way Where dreams can be made And broken hearts mend That's what I like about tomorrow When its time for spring to arrive New and fresh Everyday gets closer With the promise of new flowers That will fill the warm summer air And all the colors that come out Like our imagination A new hope For love to grow A new way of understanding To find the true essence What our Creator has in mind for you and me Just think what tomorrow may bring A new awakening that will set us all free....

#### Cold

I walk down this lonely road And the grounds pavement hits me too hard Because without your love I can't seem to go on Cause its cold Without you While the world keeps turning around It keeps spinning too fast for me Cold without you While the rain keeps coming around And turns of the seasons bring me down Well, lately I've been pulling down the shades for my privacy I couldn't feel the warmth Projecting onto me And I remember when life was filled with intimacy Now its cold Cause without your love Is there reason to go on When its cold Without your love....

#### Love is the Word

See no diamonds in the sky We all wanted to understand why Pick up the pieces and begin again Realizing the mistakes we have made Why must we try and then lose the nerve Searching for the way into my heart But ignoring the word that makes the start Love is the word that should be heard From coast to coast and around the world All around the world The people's faces are so sad All around the world The countries are so mad That's why this poem is going to make you scream and shout Love is the word that should be heard From coast to coast and around the world I hope they hear are message They soon will take No more nothing if they push the button No more time to reconsider Love is the world that should be heard From coast to coast and around the world Everybody, Love is the world that should be heard From coast to coast and around the world....

## Monsif Beroual



Monsif Beroual was born in Rabat, Morocco, on October 19th, 1994. He is studying his fourth year of Law Degree at the Sidi Mohammed Ben Adlallah University in Taza, Morocco. Multi awarded poet fom Morocco, winner of the prize - Neruda medal award 2017. Recipient of the Pentasi B. World International Poetry Award in Africa, Ghana 2016 and Pentasi B. World Hyderabad Poetry Award, India 2017.

Director of Morocco at the International Writers Capital Literature Foundation established in India. He has been appointed Director of Youth in Morocco. His poems have been translated into Spanish, French and Arabic; read on radio programs in: Canada, Chiacago, Argentina and Mexico. They have been published in different international journals and anthologies.

#### My Holly Muse

Our life is like a song Writing by gold In every word Filled of joy We are in love Like spring's season Fully of beauty. She is my muse The ink of love fills my heart Word after word Made by gold Carried by wind Whispers in my ears Rock my heart Shaking my soul Burns, burns, with the fire of love Burning us Dancing under the moon's light Reaching the skies The seven skies There's no limit For our love Is infinity love As the space and time Endless Cause she is My holly muse My living poem And my heaven gift.

#### Refugee

Bring me back to my town where I belong
I missed all
my friends
my childhood
and all the walls.
It was so wonderful
and now all is destroyed
like it never was
my town
my town
my town
I try to scream so loud
but no one hears
my tears.

I still have just the memories from the past lives on my mind my stories with my neighbors are gone and every innocent kid their dreams were raped children dies and history like never exits. I'm just a number now without identity like a dead man counting the stars in the sky waiting the consciences to hear their cries and their pains to hold them again and lead them to their town.

#### Mirror Of Hope

Woke up this morning With the voice's whispers in my ears Led me to that mirror I saw humans Brothers and sisters I saw the wars everywhere I saw the strong eating the weak I saw friend betrays his friends And I saw racism still stand tall between us Terrorists menacing everywhere Where is the bright future for us? I'm not the messenger I'm not an angel I'm not perfect I'm just a human who feels the taste of defeat Tries to change the situation through that faint voice I look like a blind who walks in daylight Policy made us enemies And we forgot We are from one race Humans, brothers and sisters I wonder where did the white dove gone!

## Krystyna Kongeka



Krystyna Konecka is a poet and journalist (a member of The Polish Writers' Union - Warsaw branch). In poetry she favours sonnets. She is an author of nearly twenty books of poetry and reportages. Her poems have been published in Polish and foreign periodicals and anthologies. For her achievements poetry and journalism Krystyna Konecka has received literary awards and was highly regarded by critics. She attends the international literary meetings.

#### Reading Petrarch's 211 Sonnet To Laura

Year one thousand three hundred twenty-seven.
Sixth day of April, in the morning hour.
I entered the maze which I still have not left.
Francesco Petrarca

Year one thousand three hundred twenty-seven. Six day of April, in the morning hour. You entered the maze which you have not yet left though seven ages pass with Tiber waters.

Six hundred and sixty-six of Aprils passed. Law of coincidence. Me at Capitol where Rome bowed to you at the centenaries and placed the wreath of laurels on your temple.

Through chaos of the world in madmen's power I attempt to save my order by sonnet by climbing up your path full of the rigours.

You understand, Master – it's not about wreaths. The wise criticize me. But unluckily - I entered the maze. I still cannot get out.

Translated by Ewa Sherman, England

#### Silence, VI

Each step is important as it is dangerous.
Each word becomes essential for the appropriate code.
I fail to hit nail on the head and it will sound false.
I use wrongly and it will be a double edged sword.

We stand facing each other without a word. No shouts. And every so often we are on the same wavelength. We smile respectfully to someone from a distance before they begin to speak in a different language.

We declare that we are the alpha and omega. Indispensable support and ultimate brink consolation as well as a mouthful of fresh air.

Yet fear is within us. And we bury our heads in our arms knowing truly that we were given no stabilization. Nothing is everlasting.

Translated by Ewa Sherman, England

## Ultima Thule. Voices Of Iceland There

From the continent's comforts forgotten for a while. From the landscapes full of blooms and the soaring forests of

trusting the magical power – behind the curve fortune I fall into Icelandic time reversal.
This stunning madness of rock formations appearing from all sides. Glittering glacier from the horizon.
By the lava edge a sign banning herding of rams and sheep warns against perils on the gravel highway.
Yet, on the other hands, us – the creatures with two legs – in a tenacious four-wheel drive car we take the risk.
To touch with our own eyes the menacing expanse.
Just for the sake of climbing up towards the crater.
Let it burn with seething saga of those still eras.

Let it kindle with thirst for fire. Before we fade...

Translated by Ewa Sherman, England

## Massira Mgzzar



Nassira Nezzar, A writer from Guelma –Algeria- She was an English language teacher at the university of May 8<sup>th</sup>1945 Guelma for 8 years and a teacher in a National institute for vocational training...She adores writing since young age...Nassira Nezzar has a published book, "FAMILIAR STRANGERS, a collaboration work with the American author Rob McBride, She has collaborative poems with the American author John E WordSlinger, they are available on youtube .

Nassira Nezzar has also many participations in international anthologies which were published in USA, Poland, India, Belgium...

Her website is: http://www.wordsocean.wordpress.com

#### Sometimes a word

Have you ever contemplated the poet's eyes? And how they hold the huge mass of words Have you ever seen the rebellion of stars in the skies And how they hold each other for brightening our world? Have you ever stared at the trip of words And how they delve deeply into hearts despite the long miles? Sometimes a word Hugs our dreams to irrigate them with joy Sometimes a word Hugs our reality to throw us as if we're a used toy.. Sometimes a word Takes me to the depth of your world Where there's no hate, no discrimination, no wars No jealousy, no oppression, and no difference of religions Yes...your world... Where I see only the eyes of a loving poet

A poet...

Who lives the storms but spreads tranquillity Who collects words of love and joy to forget his misery Who collects his tears and his smiles For being an ocean of words that could carry the feeling with its various weights and sizes Three drops were following each other without stop

#### The Farthest I've Gone

Three drops were following each other

The first said: THE FARTHEST The second said: 1 'VE GONE The third said: WITH YOU

THE FARTHEST I'VE GONE WITH YOU

My ears were fixed on the sound made by your heartbeats.

My eyes were fixed on the pride built on your eyelids

My feeling climbed with blissful heights of love

Looking above..

Searching the pinnacle of your heart..

The farthest I've gone with you

Your love delved into my soul deeply

You were whispering:

I'm the joy that covers your sadness

I'm the peace that covers your frightfulness

I'm the small embrace in which you find vastness

I'm you and the farthest you've gone to my heart

You'll discover many things and « ME »

The farthest I've gone with you had shown me things I can't construe

The farthest I've gone with you the sweetest bridge I've walked through

The farthest I've gone with you I would like to redo it and start new

The farthest I've gone with you time flies in it by fast

We lived the moment without care

of the future or the past

Yes sometimes a word to appear with confidence Sometimes a word to disguise as the weak flies So behind the silence they hide

Sometimes a word is said

To feed heart and head

Many smiles may be drawn
And many tears may be shed
Sometimes a word said
Many emotions with great passion they are led
Sometime a word carries many questions
Awaitening one sufficient answer
We are created in this world
For loving each other not for killing or
Using our words as swords

#### Technology

You're there Wearing so beautiful dress Making a seducing gestures And dancing on nice melodies They call you the great technology you look to others As an eternal prosperity They all want staying in you But as one soul not two No one can judge you because For all you are too sacred and wonderful.. You are the science of profession But you are not the perfection I'm here to make a pause with you But not to blame or ask you To lose your principles You're so awesome angel Who penetrated our being and brightened our lives We love you when you are wise But not when you use the mask of science to disguise When you become crazy and attract others to you Did you think one day That you are the slow death of humanity By your attempts to transfer human to digital Yes, you look so incredible Everything in your world is possible With your velocity you win time But you paralyse our minds at same time Yes technology, you make the world a small village

But because of you
We melt in your digital cage
Forgetting the human embrace
Since you make between us a big space
Despite we are living in the same place
Our hearts adore the screens,
Neglect the real union
And living the real scenes

# Inner Child Press

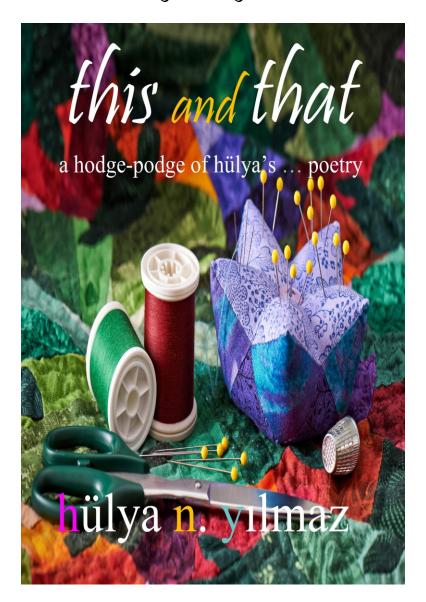
# Hews

We are so excited to announce the New and upcoming books of some of our Poetry Posse authors.

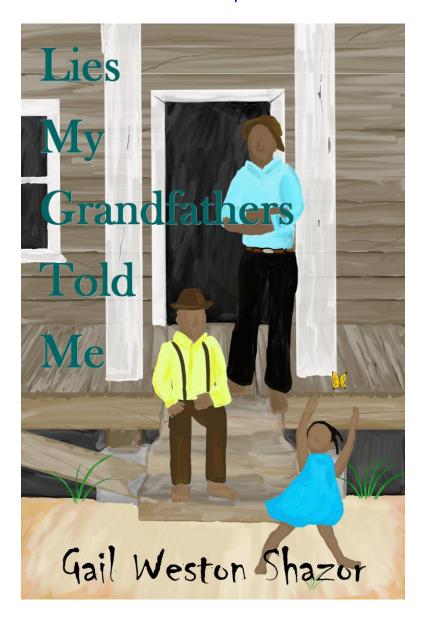
On the following pages we present to you ...

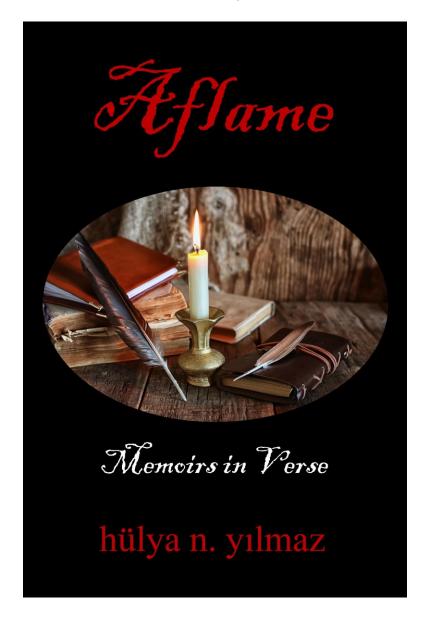
Jackie Davis Allen
Gail Weston Shazor
hülya n. yılmaz
Nizar Sartawi
Faleeha Hassan
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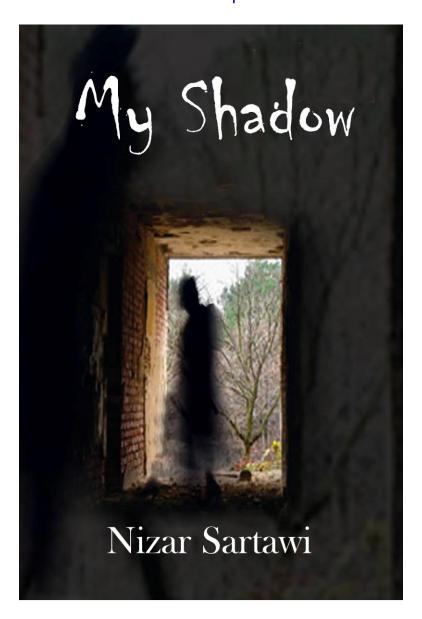
# Coming January of 2019













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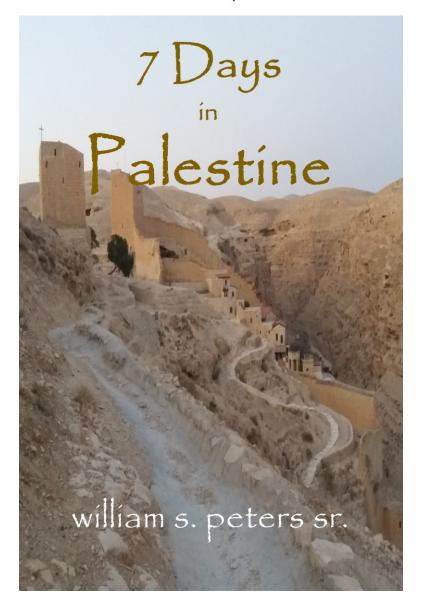
# Breakfast

for

# Butterflies

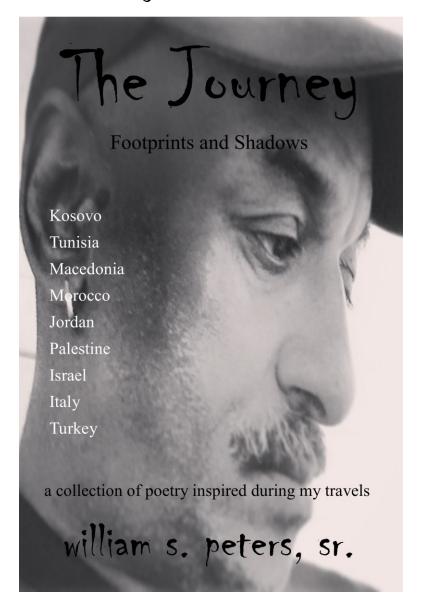


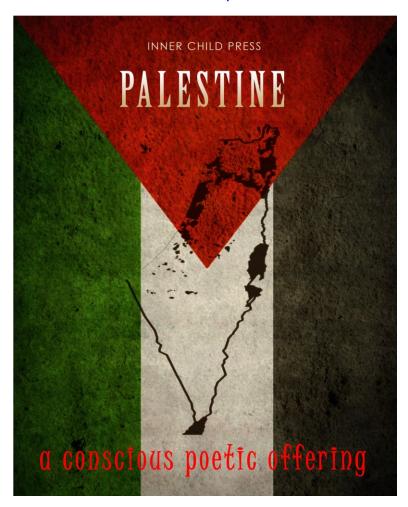
Faleeha Hassan

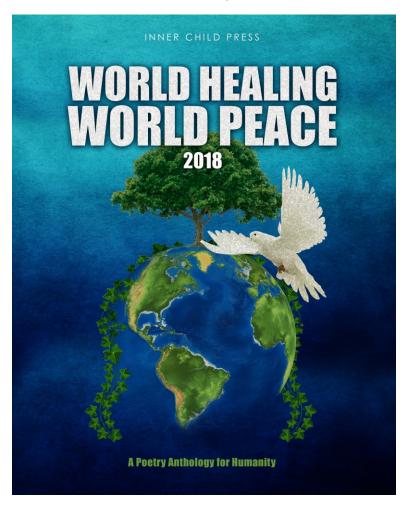




# Coming in December of 2018







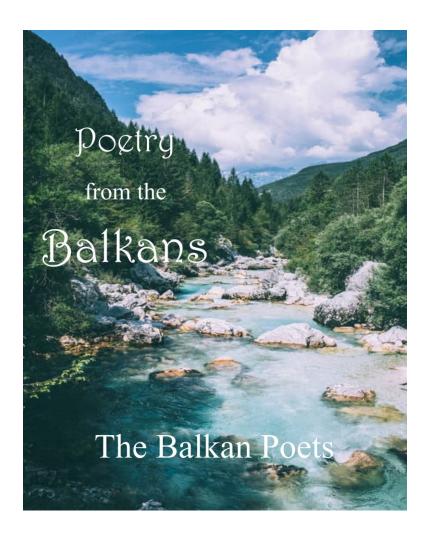


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Think on These Things Book II

william s. peters, sr.



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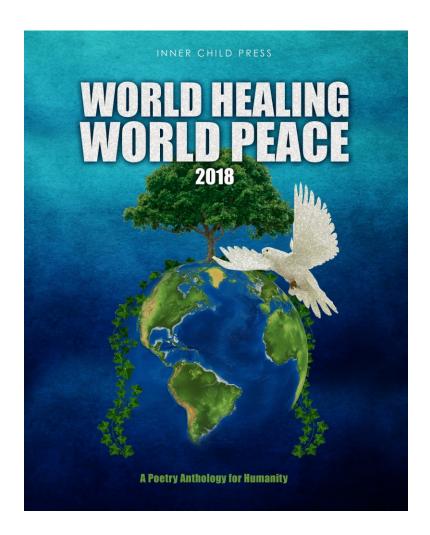
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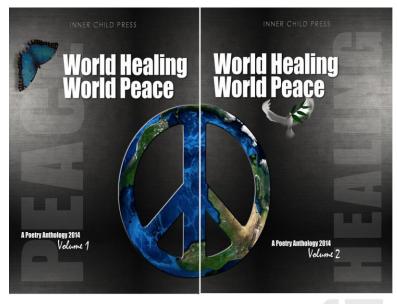
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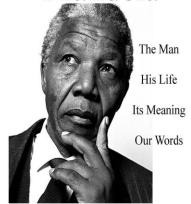
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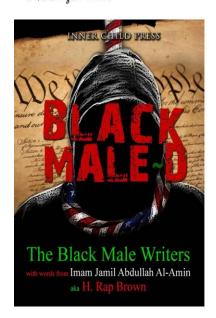
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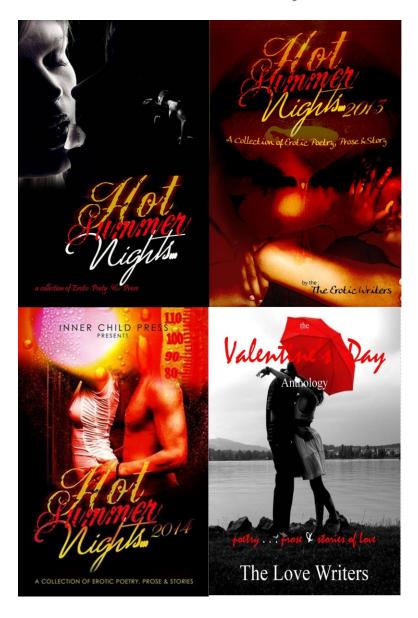


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#### THE YEAR OF THE POET

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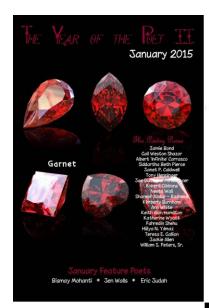
Red Poppy

Auc Yooksy Yoone
Jamie Bond \* Gall Weston Shozor \* Albert Infinite Carrosco \* Siddartha Beth Pierce
Jamet P. Caldwell \* June Bugg Barvifield \* Plebbe M. Allen \* Tory Herringer
Joe Dalverbal Mindatner \* Robert Cipbors \* Neetu Wal \* Shoreef Abdur-Rasheed
Kinberty Burnham \* William J. Peters, Sr.
- Peters, Sr.

#### October Feature Poets Ceri Naz \* Rasendra Padhi \* Elizabeth Castillo

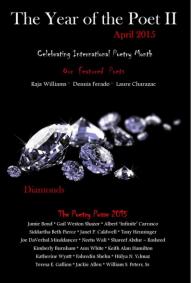


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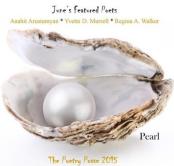




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## The Year of the Poet II



#### The Poetry Posse 2015

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#### The Year of the Poet II

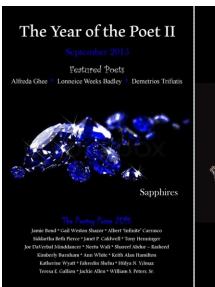
August 2015



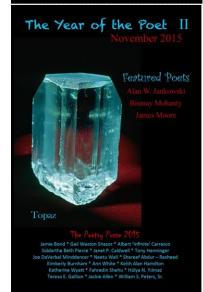
#### The Poetry Posse 2015

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## The Year of the Poet II December 2015

## Festured Poets Kerione Bryan \* Michelle Joan Barulich \* Neville Hiatt



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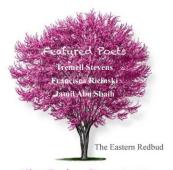


#### The Year of the Poet IV February 2017



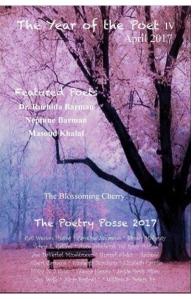
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#### The Year of the Poet IV March 2017



#### The Poetry Posse 2017

Gell Weston Sluzer \* Ceroline Nizzreno \* Bisney Mohanty Teres E. Gellico \* Hone Jekniczek Vell Betty Holen Joe Da'Nerhol Mindelpoer \* Berned Holen \* Begheed Albert Cercesco \* Kimberly Burchen \* Elizabeth Cestillo Hulya N. Yalouz \* Falecha Hosson \* Jackle Dreis Allen Jeo Wells \* Nuzz Sertoni \* William & Reiser, Sr.



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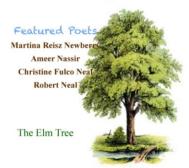




The Year of the Poet IV

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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

Kay Peters

Alfreda D. Ghee

Gabriella Garofalo



#### The Poetry Posse 2017

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## The Year of the Poet IV



The Black Walnut Tree

#### The Poetry Posse 2017

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## The Year of the Poet IV



#### The Poetry Posse 2017

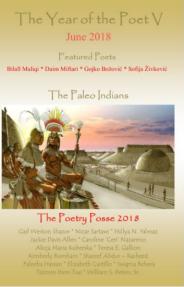
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#### The Year of the Poet V August 2018

#### Featured Poets

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

#### The Lapita



#### The Poetry Posse 2018

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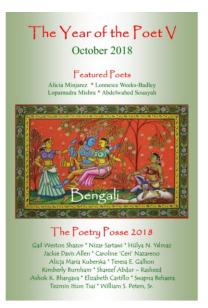
#### Featured Poets

Eliza Segiet

Mazher Hussain Abdul Ghani
Lily Swarn

#### The Poetry Posse 2018

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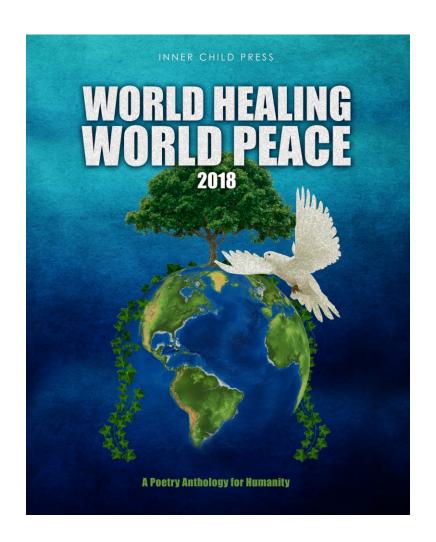
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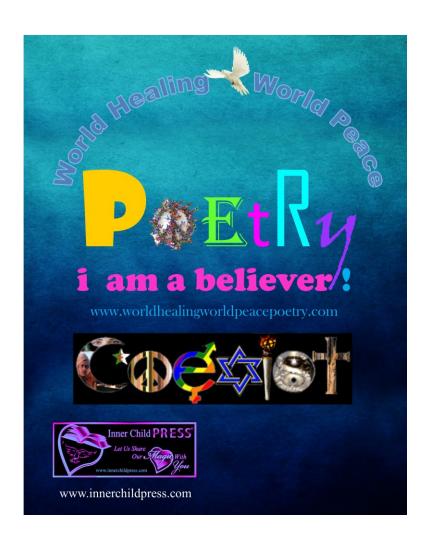
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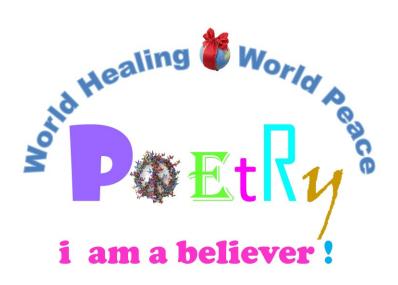


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# The Poetry Posse ~ 2018



## November 2018 ~ Featured Poets



Michelle Joan Barulich



**Monsif Beroual** 



Krystyna Konecka



Nassira Nezzar

