Featured Poets

Rozalia Aleksandrova * Orbindu Ganga Smruti Ranjan Mohanty * Sofia Skleida



Northern Asia

The Poetry Posse 2019

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



The Poetry Posse

inner child press, ltd.

The Poetry Posse 2019

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.

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The Year of the Poet VI November 2019 Edition

The Poetry Posse

1st Edition : 2019

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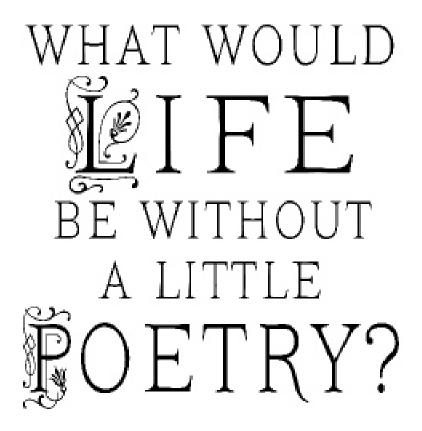
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 $\Psi_{\text{edication}}$

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

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Foreword

The definition of Northeast Asia is not static but often changes according to the context in which it is discussed.

In common usage, the term Northeast Asia typically refers to a region including China. In this sense, the core countries constituting Northeast Asia are China, Japan, Taiwan, Mongolia, North Korea and South Korea.

Broader definitions, such as that used by the World Bank refer to the "three major Northeast Asian economies, i.e. China, Japan, South Korea, and Taiwan", as well as Mongolia, North Korea, the Russian Far East and Siberia. The Council on Foreign Relations includes Mongolia and the Russian Far East. The World Bank also acknowledges the roles of sub-national or de facto states, such as Hong Kong and Macau. The Economic Research Institute for Northeast Asia defines the region as "China, Japan, the Koreas, Mongolia, and eastern regions of the Russian Federation".

Despite not being culturally or ethnically East Asian, Russia is sometimes included in discussion as its political interests and policies clashes with those, in particular, of China, Japan, and the Koreas due to its control over the Russian Far East.

The Yellow Sea, the Sea of Okhotsk, and the East China Sea are also included in discussions of the region.

North Cast Asia is experiencing a large and growing ageing population. The pace of ageing is rapid due to declined fertility and increased longevity, and in some cases shrinking populations. The ageing population with the increasing old-age dependency ratio becomes one of the major challenges to the society, from socio-economic to policy systems. In recent years, North East Asia region is trying to identify technological solutions to assist older adults in independent living and social participation. The assistive technologies also contribute by reducing the burden on their families and caregivers.

The past is haunting Northeast Asia. The China-Japan-Korea triad has been on a repeated collision course over how each perceives the shared past. Bound by dense memory webs, cultural affinity and geographical proximity, each of the three nations has made conflicting historical claims against the other, giving rise to conflict throughout the region and beyond. China, Japan, and Korea constitute the core of the Northeast Asian "community." "Community" which encompasses "religion, work, family, and culture; it refers to social bonds characterized by emotional cohesion, depth, continuity, and fullness." No community, however, can be totally unified; indeed, national communities can contain antagonistic elements, and the members of a community are not necessarily content with one another. The community of China, Japan, and Korea, like many a marriage, is charged with intense but coexisting feelings of interdependence and conflict, of love and hate.

From a historical perspective, Greater Chinese culture remains the most important influence in this region. Although this statement will lead to opposition from nationalists in other countries. But the history of the origin and development can't be denied. As far as the author's cognition is concerned, since the Tang Dynasty, even earlier, Chinese culture has been deeply implanted in the hearts of all people in this region, whether in political, religious beliefs or lifestyle.

Dr. Tzemin Ition Tsai

World Healing, World Peace Foundation human beings for humanity



worldhealingworldpeacefoundation.org

World Healing, World Peace 2020 International Poetry Symposium

Dear Friends & Family . . . Poets, Poetry Lovers & Humanitarians

We are so excited at ICPI, Inner Child Press International, as we have begun to mobilize for the upcoming epic event of the 'World Healing, World Peace 2020 Poetry Symposium'. Our plans are set for April of 2020. This event will be held in Atlantic City, New Jersey.

We are now collecting names, emails and telephone numbers for all potential resources that can make this event a highly successful, and one of significance that will have a resounding effect on our world and humanity at large. We are also looking for volunteers who can assist us in many areas of facilitation in the planning, staging and execution phases. Going forward, we will be speaking with the business, government, foundation and the private sectors for funding, sponsorship and suitable venues. So, if you know anything, or know someone, we welcome your input and insights.

We will begin shortly to put together our international guest list.

Communicate with us via our email at :

worldhealingworldpeace@gmail.com

or

whwpfoundation@gmail.com

Visit the Web Site(s) :

worldhealingworldpeacepoetry.com

worldhealingworldpeacefoundation.org

World Healing, World Peace 2020 Anthology is now open for submissions.

Submit to :

worldhealingworldpeace@gmail.com

Please share this information

Thank You

Inner Child Press International 'building bridges of cultural understanding'

www.innerchildpress.com

Preface

Dear Family and Friends,

 \mathcal{YQS} I am excited? This year we have aligned our vision with that of UNESCO as it honors and acknowledges a variety of Global Indigenous cultures. We are now completing our sixth year of publication. As are on our way to hitting another milestone . . . year 7. Needless to say, we are 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 International will continue to make every volume a FREE Download. The books are also available for purchase at the affordable cost of \$7.00 per volume.

In the previous years, our monthly themes were Flowers, Birds, Gemstones, Trees and Past Cultures. This year we have elected to continue the Cultural theme. 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.

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

Building Cultural Bridges of Understanding . . .

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

Bill

The Poetry Posse Inner Child Press Ineternational

PS

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

Available here

www.worldhealingworldpeacepoetry.com

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

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



Northern Asia



When I searched for some basic information pertaining Northern Asia, I found that most of the information I sought led me to Russia and Eurasia. Through further investigation I was able to obtain information about other countries that should have been included such as Mongolia, China, Japan, North and South Korea, etc. I guess like everything information and truth are not else, always transparent and is rendered to the mercy of he or she who weilds the pen. Below are a couple of web links to help you along the way should you wish to read further about this dynamic and multicultural region of our world

For more information . . .

https://en.m.wikipedia.org/wiki/Northeast_Asia

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









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 . . .

 $\sim wsp$





Poetry succeeds where instruction fails.

 $\sim wsp$



Gail Weston Shazor



This is a creative promise \sim 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

North beyond the wall

We have built walls To fend off the hordes That would assail us

We have roamed the deserts Seeking villages To assimilate And thus grow our culture

We have considered the nature Of all things And how man holds his place In the evolution of God

We have contemplated The tones of the Cherry Blossom And danced within our hearts With a joyful expectation Of the coming spring

We have cultivated our crops In the Paddys filled with water And upon the sides of the hills . . . That of our food, And of our people

We are diverse, yes! We are many, yes! We are still . . . And yet expanding North beyond the wall

Overstanding

Today I dreamed of the sun With eyes wide open and looking Through a window newly clean Rag in one hand and windex in the other And just for a moment I could Smell the ocean wafting A warm breeze across my feet So I had to remove my socks To see if I could wiggle my toes In a sandy delight of pleasure I can taste the greenness of Of your heart holding onto mine The windowpane seems a doorway Only I have been asked to enter When I listen, I can hear your voice Folding the wings of brown pelicans And whispering past the lushness Of the bougainvillea vine Sweet and sensuous lyrics Sounding off tamarind clusters And shooting carambola stars Calling me to you throughout the day Upon my prayers gazing beyond glass I know that you are my overstanding

Love letters...shaped

Of

All the

Things you gave

To me, these I will

Always remember

That you loved me when

When I was unbearable

That you listened always

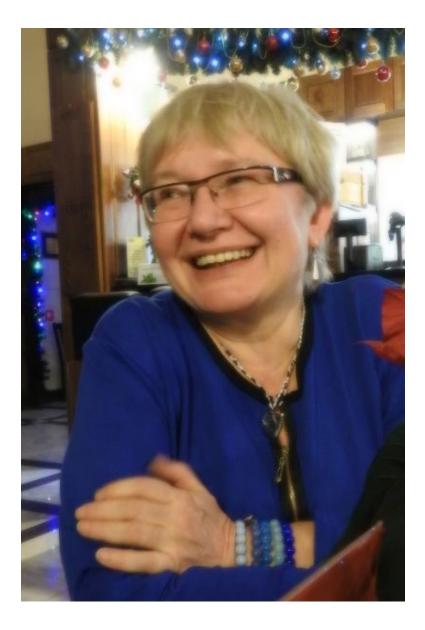
Without a comment

And that we saw

The moon

Rise

Alicja Maria Kuberska



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

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

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

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

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

My Trip to China

I take a long journey to China in my dreams It's enough for me to find a white cloud in the shape of a dragon and I can travel with it through heavenly spaces. Together, we will bring life-giving raindrops as a gift.

Looking from above, I can see the winding Great Wall, roofs of temples and water glittering on rice fields. Our soaring paths are lit by paper lanterns, hung like colorful dots in the wind.

I admire the meanders of the rivers - Yangtze River and Huang Ho, beautiful terraces similar to patchwork bedspreads which are covering the majestic Dongchuan Hills, and Shin Lin formations as gray as the petrified forest

I believe that one day I will go to the Middle Kingdom I will tie my poems with a red ribbon and go on a journey. Today I am wearing a jade bracelet,

a symbol of harmony and happiness, the beloved Chinese stone.

Flower garden

Mother spread a carpet on the fertile ground, by the damp ribbon of a stream. Woven of many shapes and colors, on the canvas of sun's golden rays, in seeds and rhizomes it stores the memory of the beauty of past years.

In the morning, the eyes of flowers moistened by dew, intensely flash with all colors like small pieces of stained glass in church windows. The evening subtly paints the landscape over with interplay of light and shadow, and adds a shade of gray.

The garden abides by the laws of nature, its heart beating to the pace of the seasons. Both subject to the will of man and independent, variable in its unbridled beauty, constantly evades the reign of the creator – the gardener.

Homeless cat

I observe a homeless cat. Distrust is hidden in his green eyes, fear can be seen in the spiked hair and his paws are always ready to run.

Fate is unkind to him, it has given the common coat. People do not admire him and nobody looks into the cat's soul.

Always hungry and scared, wandering through the surrounding backyards, he peeks in the urban garbage. Sometimes he catches a mouse.

There is no chance of soft pillows, the abundance of meat and warm milk. He does not know the caressing touch of the hand and the voice of one calling gently- kitty, kitty...

Sometimes he visits the homeless, They understand each other without words. The food for a small companion of misery is waiting in the rusty tin. Jackie Davis Allen



Jackie Davis Allen, otherwise known as Jacqueline D. Allen

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

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

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

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

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

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

A Moment for all Time

Scenes of design, origin, A Japanese screen transplanted in kind. Cherry, gingko, or maple trees; Some five koi splashed blue. How beautiful their value's worth.

Painted odd spots of orange. A winged one, yellow, black, some gold, Flits and flutters amongst old, spotted blue. A sun-kissed garden, pink-blushed, Passionately lush, through and through.

Come lovers of nature. Peonies for your hats; mossy Green, for you caps. Consider the blue waters. Hope for enlightenment, for sweet dreams. Linger to drink. Linger to think.

Scent of garden's sweet face, Nature's ancient-brush paints anew A portrait orientally sublime. Pen and ink yields a love-linked-scroll; Poetry finds its way, in moment of time.

Like truth endowed in awe, Inspired and draped in harmony, hearts race, Passions pace. And with strange delight.... Catching breath... resting now... Birds, the swallows, twitter their songs.

A pale image, cast by lust, by deceit, Shame's face is his. He wallows in regret. The journey, traveled one step at a time.

He questions love, trust. Can they grow anew?

Sipping from tainted glass of decades' past, He remembers twists and turns. Some sublime. Stained, he weeps, filled with sorrow and remorse. Memory. Dreams. He's paralyzed with fear.

Like lessons of history, the world knows Time immortal awaits closer review. Pride satisfies neither hunger nor thirst.

O, how his life doth illustrate the years.

Woe, the days of revenge, of betrayal! They crown his head with weight of shadow's woe. O, the wounds that strain love's fragile bindings!

Who among you hears his desperate cry?

Mirror of Reflection

From harsh bed of discontent, I rose up. And, with purpose, took down From time's creative shelf The dusty tools, thirsting to be spent.

As I began to sketch a likeness, a portrait Of myself, I looked deep into the well.

I saw a shadowy reflection staring Back at me. It was dark with excuses, With features not unlike those of my own. Motivated by fear, my past washed clean,

By God's grace I gave thanks And made note of some plans to better myself.

To improve my lot, I searched For inspiration. Endowed with pockets Generously filled with promise, I invested lavishly.

Never again shall I attempt To pretend that I am what I am not.

With help in self improvement, I became A work in progress. I ignored all The what if's, and with relief, I buried them in the sand.

Now, the value of my days is measured By how poetry guides my willing pen. Tzemin Ition Tsai



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

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

He 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 Night Roar Above The Ancient Dragon Wall

Night secretly hung the moon high again Light up so many eyes of mine without any extra troubles Thin twilight looked so sad, like a cat eye blinking in the dark I don't know why There were always some people go home late at night Looking for the core of the spirit hidden in the darkness Been allowed in this city after the nightfall fell The blackness of darkness reigned And the perfect stillness was interrupted only by occasional mutterings of distant thunder Did not wait until the light of the city out Insisted that hot wheels must be accurately parked in the planned position In the chaotic order Each seeks to hide Have not forgotten How do people love unfettered surprises? Full of doubts I really want to know The rush after mercury spilled all over the floor How many people will Directly back to the dream embracing families fall to sleep

The Future And The Past

That completely unfamiliar now Pull me Entering the future of the wilderness The only thing Could be based on is the impression of walking on the fuzzy world The past is gradually No longer clear Can't meet a wise man Can't stop it Time does not advance at the same speed The one that turned back Suddenly lost a lot of future The fear of growth is unprecedented as Entering the past has passed Maybe another bunch of right and wrong again Maybe it's a bunch of futures that are going to past Maybe Lying too deep in heart Or any faint traces will not stay

Why Is The Telephone Getting Dumb?

The pair of big ears lay straight there Not moving at all Not making a sound How long does it?

In the blink of an eye, seven winters quietly slipped past How to compare with that surges of suffering in my dream Inadvertently found It has been covered with gray dust Catching up with my running dry of emotion pool By slightly tipsy, I pretended not to remember the ringing tone in my memory How is it now ringing in my mind again and again? Ring, Ring, Ring, Ring ...

"Let me be drunk and never wake up!" Begging myself in my heart I beg for myself Even hard to cover my ears is useless If I can't hold my fingers which always like to tease And still want to secretly tease the dial buttons again Yes, no matter inadvertently or intentionally

Shargef Abdur Rashged



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

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

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

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

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

Can't Ignore

massive Asia unparalleled Asia 30% earths land mass 60% earths population bounded by Arctic Ocean to the north. Pacific to the east, indian to the south, Red sea, inland waters of the Atlantic Mediterranean and Black sea to the southwest and on and on stretches more than 17 million sq. miles diversity is a understatement in it's people's, languages, climates the highest point, the lowest Asia is off the charts the myriad of contributions to all mankind in a variety of sciences medicine, architecture, engineering, art, etc. Asia fast forward China 2 million Urgar Muslims in concentration camps, genocide: Rohingya Muslims Muslims in Myanmar formally Burma Muslims in Philippines, Mindanao targeted Population of Hong Kong

rises up against violation of human rights by mainland China Asia your a monster all the elements that constitute mankind you name it , it's in Asia you can't ignore her just try to ignore over 4 Billion people, 60% of the earths population

food4thought = education

Handcuffed!

by their own foolish, bull#@!+stupid laws, rules, policies so the nation is sinking into a has been, used to be wannabe, never mind used to be, wanna be never was in the first place actually the fact is their laws, rules, policies often corrupt so as to maintain status quo just as long as \$\$\$\$'s flow even though the god dem trust is dough it's right on the \$#!+ yo! dem letting you know this whole joint belongs to their god shaitan, lucifer evil personified from the land that was robbed then soaked in blood from people it loved who these folk made a memory kidnapped folk to work it for free Africans forced into slavery fast forward today dem still the predator and people of color, poor folk, remain yoked still until today the prey this whole evil mfing joint

is built from forbidden fruit evil from the root designed to be 100 proof poison is the name from foundation to roof racing to it's destiny hell's fire that rage, black flame!! tailor made for the land of murderer's, thieves home of the slave

food4thought = education

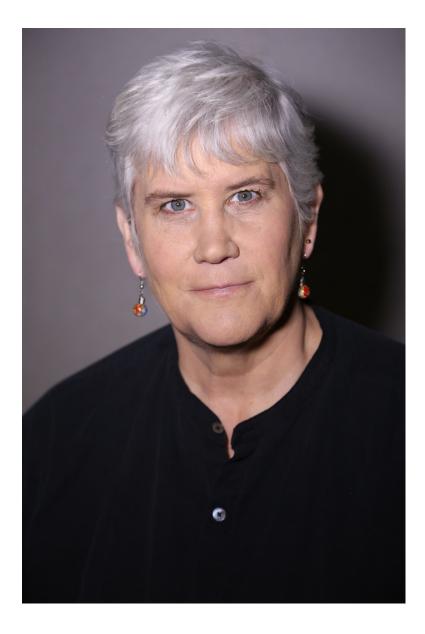
and dem..,

walked away heard footsteps get faint me now i the earth beneath ground there's no one else around family, friends were there in another time, place, space this is a different world now no hugs, kisses, wind, rain, sunshine, noise of hustle, running all day to get paid now you lay in a grave now you will be questioned who is your lord? who is your prophet? what was your way of life? they call it religion in this life these are the most crucial questions ever asked of you and you need to answer them all correctly but you can't if you didn't live to submit, surrender to the will of he who made you put your will away and make his alone yours this world, life is a blink THINK, THINK, THINK you'll be dead a lot longer then you lived what preparations have you made for your abode

where you will reside forever as opposed to extensive preparations made for a stay of very short duration?

food4thought = education

Kimberly Burnham



Find yourself in the pattern. As a 28-year-old photographer, Kimberly Burnham appreciated beauty. Then an 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, 33 years later, 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 brain, nervous system, and chronic pain issues. As managing editor of Inner Child Magazine, Kimberly's 2019 project is peace, language, and visionary poetry with her recently published book, Awakenings: Peace Dictionary, Language and the Mind, a Daily Brain Health Program.

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

Easy Does It

Easy there calm down you will be okay or not the world needs you to do your best calmly in the moment like "otsutori" a Japanese word for easygoing so calm it seems like time passes slower than usual, think of what we can all accomplish the ways we can help ourselves and the world surrounded with a sense of peace "heiwa" in Japanese filling time so full of meaning

Abandon in Kurdish

An unfeeling computer translates "abandon" and I wonder does it feel less painful in Kurdish these three words that mean abandon "berdan" sounds like burden as if it might be okay to abandon a person when they are a burden while two other Kurmancî Kurdish words "dest jê ber dan" and "dev jê berdan" speak the pain of being abandoned

If I look up "berdan" it means abandon but also a synonym for allow, divorce, forsake leave, quit, relinquish, desert ... and the rhyme pops in my head a delicious dark chocolate cake dessert has two "S" because we always want more the hot dry desert has only one "S" we wouldn't want to spend too much time there so it makes sense that another word for forsake has only one "S"

There are 11 Kurmancî Kurdish words to translate desert "aran", "berdan", "berrî", "beyaban" "destjêberdan" "deşit", "sehra", "çol", "çolistan" "şepal" and "şorezar" just foreign sounds until we realize these are the words of someone's life and the impact the human toll words take or the joy "şahî" and "aştî" peace they give

"Aran" is interesting because while it means desert I am not sure which one in Turkish there are two words "elem" translated afflict, excruciate, pain, passion and suffering as if we cause pain and inflame passions when we desert people and "sancılanmak" translated act, grip, work it is a confusing rabbit hole trying to understand how we abandon people perhaps we must work harder, grip stronger and act more honorably

In addition to desert "beyaban" can be translated quiet place or wasteland as if we don't know what we will leave in our wake as we depart, desert or abandon our friends, our human family, our values

"Destjêberdan" is translated desert abdication and resignation as if one should abdicate or resign before deserting one's allies

"Şepal" can also be translated lioness and oddly, attractive and lovely as if when like a lioness fiercely we protect we see more clearly what is attractive and lovely about the world around us and we hear the power of our words and work

Cry Aloud

Linguists like biologist measure the endangered languages considered safe if 100 years from now three or four generations from today children will yell and laugh in these special sounds

Words endangered if not dying when even today no children's voices ring out in this native tongue extinct when the last native speaker dies

Like the language of the Mihaq or Kusunda once "kings of the forest" translated the "myahq" or "myahak" of central Nepal where "gepan" and "kegepa" means language literally "you cry aloud"

But now there is no one left to cry aloud who is fluent in this repository of culture and world view we know not what is lost because these unique images, emotions dreams, knowledge and beliefs are no longer transmitted from one generation to the next

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:

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Ainu

Vanishing people-Lurking behind the shadows Loyal worshippers of Kamuy, their god, Adapted the exotic Satsuman Culture Influenced by the Okhotsk, equally enthralling.

Warrior people of many battles they fought, The Kosyamain, Syaksyain, Kunasi-Menasi Oppressed and exploited, These people remained steadfast Finding their niche in this world.

Wanderers no more, As the modern age finally recognized them, Lost world, a forgotten past The Ainus, Brave, resilient, children of god.

In His Eyes

there is pure serenity looking at his mesmerizing eyes a look of wonder, awe and yearning surprise my wishful future baby yet unborn, the world unfolds, in your every captivating, sunshiny smiles reaches the deepest core of my heart in his eyes, you can see the crystal clear shadow of peace.

as if by drowning in his stares you will lose your sanity a look of innocence beyond those falling dewey tears he is the hope of tomorrow's upcoming years. I can see ageless beauty mirrored in his soul Erases all those traces of sadness and burdens you thought you can't bear spear him from vile creatures who simply aren't pro-lfe for they don't care!

The Veil of Enigma

It is said that twin flames meet endless times, In fragments of memories of different lifetimes Their souls reincarnate and their paths cross magically through Destiny. You're an enigma waiting to happen to me A lurking shadow in my dream within a dream, Vividly reminiscing your face as those deep set, sullen eyes Only have this longing stare for me. Beyond time and space, this thin veil that envelopes The mystery behind my long search for you, Will reveal that no matter how many times my earthly body dies My spirit will never cease to find you Even when I'll be put to the ultimate tests, The veil of enigma surrounding your existence Brings an undying thrill to my senses. No, I will not tire of finding my Beloved Even if it takes me from one world to another, There is a distinct sweet echo from the mere sound of your voice Leaving this heart helpless in such ways one cannot fathom, And the first time my eyes met yours Feels like lounging in a never-ending story of fantasy For it is just you who possess this magic that enthralls me; The only one who ignites this burning flame To heed the call of the Spirit of a Hundred Names.





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

www.facebook.com/joe.minddancer

World Traveler

It's harder to get around now All these borders with social disorder Oceans of empty ships, trade? Forget about it Will I ever get to see Japan? Will I ever get to the top of the highest point of land? Man!

Peace through words is a beautiful ideology Shaking hands carries a stronger apology Now I'm not very adept in foreign policy However inept I may be, maybe falls on me

I want to attend China's science fare Does knowledge of a country's atrocities, keep me from going there? knowing their people are emotionally equal what is fair?

Passports and visas to see the wonders of the world World leaders I want to see your beautiful flags unfurled Asia is huge and rich in culture People aren't carrion to be fed on like vultures Let's share our oceans and seas Some places have to be visited to see Are we the people or our party I want to see where it's made World travelers let's get started.

West Pack

Some of you may know what that means So I won't explain it, the thing is I've never been there or so it seems Now I've heard stories and read text Yet, I've never been there I've ordered food from a restaurant I've eaten cuisine prepared by a native's aunt But to put your feet on the soil, that's being there.

Trying to explain in your native tongue watching them laugh when you say something dumb Rosetta stoned with laughter but you can't misinterpret a smile handmade geisha dolls and jade buddhas The coolest leather jackets embroidered to suit you Come go with me, Hell! Take home a bride Words from a briefing, for the rest of your life

A free cruise on you, experience for service members they tell the stories that get passed on by listeners I've never been there but I've been there I have friends to the end that live there When I share my pen to opening a view I ask you, can you see it, I ask you, have you seen it Have you ever been on a west pack cruise?

Way Up Top

I'm out on a limb with my back against the bark Tiny talons clutch a small branch chomping on seeds No one can find me up here, I hear them calling my name Will my new friend take flight and cause them to stare? Will I follow and forget I can't fly?

Not I, it's safe here, it's humbling it's an escape It's an escapade in imagination I am the hunter; I am the prey who hides beyond reach "Up here in the atmosphere don't bit mo care" That's an old saying as I'm swaying Who says you have to grow from growing old A nine year old can teach

No branch is out of reach so cling to it swing through the leaves you'll rake later taste the sap of natures fly trap, it's primal it's survival of the fittest, it's survival for the witness Some want to burn the green horizon I want to share these trees I climb in Way up top.

hülya n. yılmaz



A retired Liberal Arts professor, hülya n. yılmaz [sic] is Co-Chair and Director of Editing Services at Inner Child Press International, and a literary translator. Her poetry has been published in an excess of sixty anthologies of global endeavors. Two of her poems are permanently installed in *TelePoem Booth*, a nation-wide public art exhibition in the U.S. She has shared her work in Kosovo, Canada, Jordan and Tunisia. hülya has been honored with a 2018 WIN Award of British Colombia, Canada. She is presently working on three poetry books and a short-story collection. 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.

hülya n. yılmaz, Ph.D.

Writing Web Site hulyanyilmaz.com

Editing Web Site hulyasfreelancing.com

A Duet with Xue Tao

Xue Tao:

My soul, conforming to this crescent, dwindles and flying, now chases a gathering of skies. Its fine light form, against the darkness, fills again and, from all this world of men, its circle can be seen. [Xue Tao, "Moon" in *The Brocade River Collection*] hülya n. yılmaz: a gentle wind lowers itself onto the arid leaf thirsty for the attar of a new breath awaiting in patience the first drop underneath layers of the frozen white

it whispers promises anew unlocks the box after Pandora leaves

she has been tricked . . .

no ill seeps through this time the bolt's ice will not be melting yet in joyous dance unite hope and smiles dreams and love recover again

Goethe calls out as if for me:

"Muses, help me with art, To suffer joy's pain!"

Ludwig Uhland's painless joy cuddles me with a kissing breeze:

"Oh fresh scent, oh new sound! Now, poor heart, fear not! Now everything, everything must change."

[hülya n. yılmaz, "a gentle wind" in *Aflame, Memoirs in Verse*]

A Duet with Daini no Sanmi

Daini no Sanmi:

At the foot of Mt. Arima the wind rustles through bamboo grasses wavering yet constant— There will never be a moment that I forget about you.

[No. 58 in Ogura Hyakunin Isshu by Fujiwara no Teika]

hülya n. yılmaz: ... overlooked the rating my fatal mistake

too old indeed for this cliché

alas! mental age a mere PG-13 as of yet

apologies galore self-acceptance an unknown tongue

a pre-natal giver compensation for the self a baneful embryo beyond the reach of life and death

on the edge of tears for evermore

• • •

no more!

no longer willing to carry emotional baggage for two that of the old and the new rendezvoused thus the first with its end

•••

sleeping naked tonight stripped off of the fabric of my favorite clinging

or the so-called events of the past

the big wall clock across my bed lightened now as it is disassembled my cleansed head resting on the big hand the small hand covering me ever so tenderly

come to me tonight oh sweet embrace you desperately awaited rate of G

. . .

ah!

[hülya n. yılmaz, "annulment" in *Aflame, Memoirs in Verse*]

A Duet with Zhuo Wenjun

Zhuo Wenjun: Love should be pure, as white as snow on the mountain, And as bright as the moon amid the clouds. I heard of your duplicitous intentions, So I came to break off our relationship. Today we drink a cup of wine and bid farewell, Tomorrow we part ways at the moat. I walk alone above the imperial moat, And watch the water flowing eastward. Cold and sorrowful, A bride at her wedding should not weep. I want a man who loves me with single-hearted devotion, And we will stay together as our hair turns white. A loving couple should be like the shimmering fish Wriggling at the end of a bamboo rod. A man who values loyalty Is worth more than money can buy. [Zhuo Wenjun, "Song of White Hair"] hülya n. yılmaz: once the aged soul has undressed to the core layers of her body-fabric become vain

waiting for an annihilating frost to set in, the inconsolable void might attain its resolve fanaticizing that the fangs of lost love have begun at last to will to eat away the one punica granatum in decay

one red droplet at a time . . .

[hülya n. yılmaz, "a crying Pomegranate" in *Aflame, Memoirs in Verse*]





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

Land of the Rising Sun

The 4th largest island country in the world with the most educated population in the 21st century, grew out of feudalism ruled by the famous shoguns. The level of discipline is still high in modern times.

Japan's highly skilled labor force has made it renowned for its art, video gaming, cuisine and a major contributor to science and technology to name just a few.

The issue of an aging population with a high life expectancy and low birthrate raises a critical question about the future of life in the land of the rising sun.

Sightings

We are hovering here to breathe. Two souls ride a flood of words as almost one.

Wildfire flirts around our heads. Tales make us close our eyes as our lips bend and bleed on every word.

Happy highs are folded in a blanket. We run as horses galloping between a sheet of ecstasy.

A cheating night shuts out the Zen sounds on authmn's chill. A book is held close to the bone in a warm bed.

I find myself a bit shy like a bird sometimes alone in dreamland.

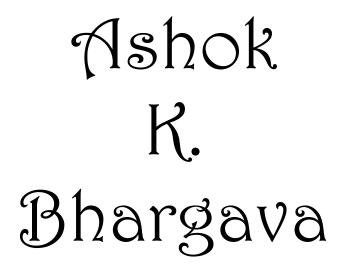
Forever Time

She is a wanderer gathering moments with a camera. At the byways and crossroads, She catches moments in time.

She seizes blue skies, radiant light, gurgling rivers, evergreens, wildflowers playing in meadows, mountain peaks and creatures great and small.

She captures landscapes around the planet that showcase Mother Nature's gallery in all its beauty and diversity.

A digital touch screen locks an image in forever time to embrace with the heart over and over again.





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.

Narita

On waking up after a restless night I find my body has been rearranged.

My imagination floats on the waves of time seeking ships ready to sail and Basho inhaling southern breeze laced with wasabi aroma under a maple tree.

Carelessly we click photos of the wood-beamed monastery and nobody seems to care who was the celebrated Haiku-poet the sea route to China.

A Bridge Between Two

Sky is a sea of gold filled with giggles of Kanjari over a small canal.

Curious to meet her lover a king of kings she lost her slipper the in the muddy waters.

She gazed at obsessed lover and refused to entertain him until he built a bridge for her.

He kissed her lips ordered a bridge for his beloved quenched his thirsty flesh and left, never to return

* Kanjari is a dancing girl.

Why I want Peace

Every chiseled name here is a bullet dripping blood a skinned face a bruised heart

a quagmire of raw emotions a breath of trauma

a life martyred: real but mythicized

What could I do but lament and bow my head to a life lost

* this poem was composed after I visited the National War Memorial on October 2, 2019 - 150th birth anniversary of Mahatma Gandhi an apostle of non-violence. Caroling 'Ceri Naz' Nazareno



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

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

She was privileged to be chosen as one of the Directors of Writers Capital International Foundation (WCIF), Member of the Poetry Posse, one of the Board of Directors of Galaktika ATUNIS Magazine based in Albania; the World Poetry Canada and International Director to Philippines; Global Citizen's Initiatives Member, Association for Women's rights in Development (AWID) and Anacbanua. She has been a 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).

grain of privilege

we all want to put something on our plates, to satisfy our hunger; to nourish our beings; but, some have already put their power over their plates...blinded with supremacy. what more do you have on your lockers? snatched last grains, stolen identities, grave misconducts against the farmers' rights or worst, the land where we grow the grains for the people, were already hidden down under that grave called parsimony.

Father Time and Mother Space

The hourglass has been set. The golden revelation is the reality. The moment you lift your head from the pillow of dreams, is a celebration of miracle. Victories over pains. Feel the seconds of breathing. It depicts change and challenge. The flush of ticks of a wary clock, is not the end. It calls for the Time of Rising. The exquisite blood veins retell the symphony of rebirth; treasure each other like there's no tomorrow. This day teaches us to be significant in the lives of others. Mother Space, keeps the distance. Measurement is sacred. Try to distance mind from the heart, but the interconnectedness is there. In some way, disconnection is needed to be independently whole. Mindfulness is a space braided with compassion. Just like motherhood, a gentle space closest to her heart is her newborn. This day reminds, we are natural spaces to create greatness. We become academy of spaces: live to love, love to learn, learn to give.

Let this be...

let this moment blossom in peace with your eternal sunshine in my soul...

let this moment wander in peace with your wings in every shoulder...

let this moment live in peace with your sweetest smile in every face.

•

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, The Sahitya Shiromani Award, ATAL BiHARI BAJPAYEE AWARD 2018, Ambassador De Literature Award 2018 .She is the Ambassador of Humanity by Hafrikan Prince Art World Africa 2018 and an official member of World Nation's Writers Union, Kazakhstan2018. At present she is the manager at Large, Planner and Columnist of The Literati, the administrator of several poetic groups ,the member of the Special Council of Five of World Union of Poets and the Cultural Ambassador of Inner Child Press U.S.

An open letter to Bapuji

Dear Bapuji, Are you a vowel or a consonant a burning flame or a murmuring stream your spark that extends from the hearth to the heart from Dandi to the global map you are the momentum the eternal existence

How can you run so fast for a fistful of salt your thoughts omnipresent beyond all zones today, tomorrow and forever Your feeble voice for Satyagraha strengthens Champaran indigo farmers you sat on the round table conference with all your conviction your twisted spine so empowered for the common people your paramount energy of self esteem dedicated to all you are the epitome of the liberal voice how blissfully you loved nature

you are an open invitation the reflection of truth let life write and all livelihood cite your twisted stick, the support even today the country needs today also the spines are bent today also there is violence on the street the soul is not yet liberated steps are slow and timid today also the martyr is sleeping under the national flag somewhere another Malala is shot

Even today conspiracy in the name of religion the palms are burning to get justice you are the energy please come once here is an open invitation to you you are our own Bapu our family member just hold my soul with your voice ... all respect from India

Bapuji –Mohandas Karamchand Gandhiji, the father of the Nation of India is popularly known as Bapu who brought Independence of India by non violence

Dandi –the salt satyagraha march started from Dandi a place in Gujrat, India) as an act of Nonviolent civil disobedience movement in colonial India by Gandhi. This began on 12th March 1930 and ended on April 6th 1930

Champaran-a place in Bihar from where the satyagraha movement started by Indigo farmers during the British colonial period in 1917

Malala – Malala Yousafzai is a Pakistani activist for female education and the youngest Nobel Peace Prize laureate.

Satyagraha; - the Insistence or holding firmly to Satya or TRUTH

who are you ..?

who are you; that descends in the milky way baptize my existence from evocation to immersion illuminates my whole Being celebrates with noise of the words

who are you...? you call me from invisible and vanishes at the wink of the eyes are you a word, a sentence or a mega period?

who are you ...? you dazzle in the dew drops on the grass leaves write the last breathing of a martyr

who are you? are you the wick of a dark forbidden lane? or the thin line between virtue and vice a lover's Pandora box or the life-saving drops?

who are you...? the desire for salvation or the amulets of illusion fearless banyan tree or a stable snail your footsteps are so familiar here; there and everywhere

just come once or else allow me to forget you forever I am good under my thatched roof where stars twinkle; and the moon smiles.....

Eyes to alphabets

eyes to alphabets things seem to be hypnotic but they are often pathetic how different they are underneath either a Gulf Stream or a cold Labrador a flower seller with colours in the traffic square but a victim with scratches on her cheeks

Eyes to alphabets the journey is so dynamic a baby can solace fire burns within never underestimate the appeal the alphabets' deal they are high voltage power cells whether you feel or not

Albert 'Infinite' Carrasco



I'm a project life philanthropist, I speak about the non ethical treatment of poor ghetto people. Why? My family was their equal, my great grandmother and great grandfather was poor, my grandmother and grandfather, my mother and father, poverty to my family was a sequel, a traditional Inheritance of the subliminal. I paid attention to the decades of regression, i tried to make change, but when I came to the fork in the road and looked at the signs that read wrong <> right, I chose the left, the wrong direction, because of street life interactions a lot around me met death or incarceration. I failed myself and others. I regret my decisions, I can't reincarnate dead men, but I can give written visions in laymens. I'm back at that fork in the road, instead of it saying wrong or right, I changed it, now it says dead men <> life.

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

Infinite Poetry

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

China

Ancient palaces and temples, Religious statues, Vintage dynasty paintings, T'ai chi Martial arts Music. Cultural dance and festivals. Markets for Wheat. rice, Noodles and vegetables. Gardens and lakes Accent beautiful landscapes. Shanghai Pass to Jiayu Pass The Great Wall was made for protection, By rulers of the past. Clothing isn't just fashion, Rank and wealth are included, it's traditional symbolism. Languages spoken are mostly Cantonese and mandarin, There's many religions from Buddhism to Judaism. This is a place definitely on my bucket, One day I'll travel to China's republic.

Anger issues

Poverty was the start of my anger issues, it's when my father died that i started to act out in irrational ways, my mind was in a daze, i became a youngen caught up in the evil that men do. That's how i was saying dad i miss you. Where his legacy ended I continued, My temper got worse when slugs broke bones and burned through my muscle tissue, that put me on another level, if there's drama I'll shoot first to evade death or laying up in critical, I was on some fuck the world shit, except family and my crew. My team and i lived in the same hood, under similar circumstances, we was on the same page, not having enough filled us with rage, we was bonded but the bond got tighter pushn that white and beige. We was trying to eat, anger would be an understatement explaining the emotions flowing when I saw my kin laid out in the street, on gurneys, in morgues and while standing over their bodies where they'll eternally sleep. One by one the reaper reaped. I went harder and harder after each one returned to the father, I'm a man on fire, I spit flame on the game so mother's don't hear their son expired and to hear "because of your words, I retired", I'm going to save a few, I'm inspired.

Pride and ego

,

Pride and Egos clash, when they cross paths guns blast, somebody's going to return to ash. Cemeteries are spreading to house the dead and prisons are full of those that fled, the few that went under the radar are a clear and present danger, because after their first, they say it gets easier and easier to eliminate a threat or predators. Out there somewhere there's slugs being loaded into guns for protection and assassination, ya know, defense or habitual 187 offense, out there somewhere someone is living their best life not knowing they're about to die, someone that knows if they get caught it's life and another in shock when they find out they're going to bid forever. Where I'm from it seems as if death is life, I'm used to it, I heard the yells, the cries, the why's, the rum pum pum pum hum of fully and semi automatic murder music. One after the other, over and over another murder, I've lost a lot of brothers, most had no hope,... they didn't get to emergency in an ambulance, they slowly drove off with coroners.





After earning a Master's Degree in Philosophy at the Jagiellonian University in Krakaw, Poland, Eliza Segiet

proceeded with her post-graduate studies in the fields of Cultural Knowledge, Penal Revenue and Economic Criminal Law, Arts and Literature and Film and Television Production in the Polish city, Lodz.

With specific regard to her creative writings, the author describes herself as being torn in her passion for engaging in two literary genres: Poetry and Drama. A similar dichotomy from within is reflected on Segiet's own words about her true nature: She likes to look at the clouds, but she keeps both of her feet set firmly on the ground.

The author describes her worldview as being in harmony with that of Arthur Schopenhauer: "Ordinary people merely think how they shall 'spend' their time; a man of talent tries to 'use' it".

Brink

Poor millionaires are like water in a dry river, broken glass, leafless trees.

Poor, childless millionaires on the verge of life adopt heirs.

They cross the brink of darkness in the hope that Made in Japan will survive.

Before the end they understand that they are both rich and beggars,

- they lived to work.

They fulfilled their desires with the love to work.

Everything else

they postponed *– for later*.

translated by Artur Komoter

Constellations

He missed out on life. He forgot that it passes so fast.

He said: when I was still big I did not reach for them.

Today I know, that it will be easier for me to pick mushrooms than point at the clouds with my finger.

But he also knows that he can no longer stand up straight. The time has passed when he could watch the constellations of stars.

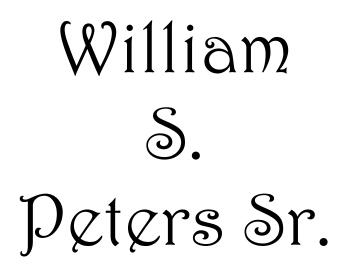
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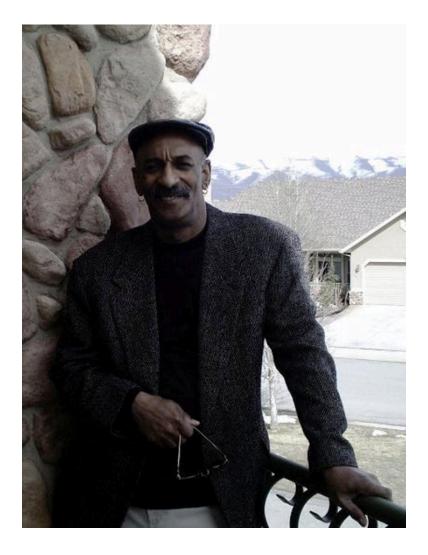
Without a Plan

Life is one, it is no imitation, only a harbinger of death.

It will take them all: ones today, others tomorrow, or another time. It will touch and take away. Without a plan – we always go towards it.

translated by Artur Komoter





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

Bill says . . .

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

to connect with Bill, he is all things Inner Child

www.iaminnerchild.com

Personal Web Site

www.iamjustbill.com

Asia North

There have been many, But none rival the lore Of the North Asian Dynasties . .

We have the Khans, The Hahns The Ming The Song Xia . . . 21st - 17th century BC Shang . . . 17th century BC - 1046 BC Zhou . . . 1046 - 256 BC To name a few

There is much to be learned Much to be given As we embrace but a taste Of what there is Still yet to be discovered, Uncovered Instead of obscured And covered up By the writers of books Who assert incomplete looks At truth

Asia North Has much to tell . . . As does the rest of the world We have so looked down upon . . . listen

1 eye blind

A deep rose colored monocle Adorns the left, The right?

Night endures Sight obscures There are no sure- ities That appease our wonder Our quest For truth

The test we face Has a space ... somewhere Out there in the nefarious ether, The never ever neither either Where you nor I Can seem to get to

The anguish Of no light, Only blight seen Demeans our essence, But our very presence Confirms the present, Yet to come, And validates our delusion Pertaining the illusion s Of the past And the future We must face ... Can you taste Your sense of it all

Worry not About the fall, For it has already happened And perhaps ... We are flapping Broken wings Attempting to fly In the liquid soup Of subterfugeous dischord

1 eye blind, The other adorns A deeply colored Rose flavored monocle

Smell the flowers my child Smell the flowers, For therein lies The hope you have yet To grasp.

Poke me in my 3rd eye, And perchance I will know you are here With me

The Saviour is late

Somewhere in the vast darkness Where light should have been, The silence was blossoming As 'Reason' began To spread its crippled wings

The ignorance was infectious And a once sacred balance We species possessed Had lost it's way

The innate hunger Of those thirsty for expansion, For growth, For clarity, Now lay upon the roadside As the blind ones, The univested wayfarers of life Numbly, Rotefully, Whispered incantations Unto their own hearts, Their children, Seeking to deliberately Maintain the inauthentic veil That allowed their Sleep To go undisturbed

This is what we have come to, A quintessential quest-less existence Where truth had become A discordant raspy sound, An annoyance That aided and abetted

Our dis-ease

Fortunately, Somewhere in the realm Of the obscure dreams Of a few, There was a light That was beginning to Consume their souls Seeking to purge the despair And melancholy That loomed about, Promising to vanquish the illusion Of an impending doom ...

But it shall not be, Nay, it shall not For the darkness Can not prophesize It's own demise With any certainty, Without the light

The Saviour is late, And our fate unfortunately Is in our own hands.

November 2019 Featured Poets



Rozalia Aleksandrova Orbindu Ganga Smruti Ranjan Mohanty Sofia Skleida



Rozalia Aleksandrova



Rozalia Aleksandrova lives in Plovdiv, Bulgaria. Author of 11 poetry books: "The House of My Soul" (2000), "Shining Body" (2003), "The Mystery of the Road" (2005), "The Eyes of the Wind" (2007), "Parable of the key" (2008), "The Conversation between Pigeons" (2010), "Sacral" (2013), "The Real Life of Feelings" (2015), "Pomegranate from Narrow" (2016)... "Everything I did not say"(2019). Editor and compiler of over ten literary almanacs, collections and anthologies. He is a member of the Union of Bulgarian Writers. In 2006 he created a poetic-intellectual association "Quantum and Friends" for the promotion of quantum poetry in civil society, Plovdiv and Bulgarian phenomenon. Initiator and organizer of the International Festival of Poetry "SPIRITUALITY WITHOUT BORDERS".

When Thoughts Draw A Road

When thoughts draw a road and shadows pierce the darkness. A star burns without flesh. From the glowing ashes of our fire. Followed by a meteor shower. A sunny foal-like sparkle in the eye. In amazing pure rye a spark has flickered. But thoughts draw a road. And shadows sway. Love is on its way. And autumn goes insane.

Promegranate From An Alien

No matter if you love. Or if you don't. You are a cry in the womb of the Pomegranate. Splattering The Time and Meaning of the magical grains for the nectar.

My heart is a verse, which is writing an ode to you.

Orbindu Ganga



Orbindu Ganga is a post graduate in science and the first recipient of Dr. Mitra Augustine gold medal for academic excellence. He worked in financial, banking and publishing domains. Proved his finesse as a Soft Skills Trainer and Content Account Manager (Client Relationship Manger).

Orbindu Ganga is a multilingual poet, author, critic, content writer, sketch artist, researcher and spiritual healer. His poems have been published in many international publications and anthologies. He has published two research papers in poetry. His painting and article have been published in a spiritual journal - Awakening. He has authored the book "SAUDADE."

Alone in the garden

Smogs were puffing the smoke Hovering to deny the radiance, Early misty showers Wetted the edges of grass, Tittle of greenery were spread Opening to the opulence of welkin, Trying to slice through the fog A prism of light showered, Kissing the tip of a grass A spark of diamond glittered, Whispering to the shadows around Garnered many to smile, A bouquet of fragrance Smeared in the ambiance, She was alone In the open garden, Smelling the aroma Heaving with a sigh, Many smog gathered To be adsorbed in her, Never letting any To be absorbed in her, Smogs withered Leaving the lucidity, Forming a commune To whisper his thoughts, Auburn sprinkled butterflies To see her eyes smiles, She ricocheted With a glance, Gliding in whee Falling in the stream, Getting soaked

With his eyes wide open, Nature rushed with the zephyr To dry him weather, He was drenched Deeply in her thoughts, Meandering with shadows Tilting far away, She had a rare smile Seeing him fall, Waited for long For her smile, Disappeared before twilight, Remembering her smile.

Scary Eyes

Dreams have a dream To fulfil their dreams, Looking into the firmament Moving is the clouds, Slowly in a pace Known to appraise, Forming many forms With a sign to gaze, Whispering at the forms Drawing on the sands, Flying among the clouds Inundated mind of bliss. Silence had a thought To giggle among the lots, Innocence maneuvered In the veins of many, Drafted from the years With the cultural synergy.

A silent night was blighted With smokes of terror, The moon was hidden In the cusp of strikes, Lighting of crackers Brightened the nights, Cry of innocence was heard Far away from the lights, Night was long With bombed edifices, Looking for help Many dusted in silence, Crevices of pain Waited for the light,

Old slumbered Without a voice, Children were crying With none to hear.

Auburn opened Resting was the forms, Children thawed To see the bodies around, Eyes were opened Never to close, Rivers were slowly flowing With eyes never to blink, Looking in the firmament With smokes moving, In a state of denial Terrified eyes wandered, None to hold their hands Fear whispered deep, Crawling to seek attention Bodies were dusted in silence, Scary eyes pleaded For a hope for life.

Dilapidated Edifice

Down in the downtown Along the slopes, Sliding with loops And meandering curves, Lived many souls Away from the crescendo, A world lesser Known to many, Morning dust lighted With many eyes brightened, Ambling along The hair pins, Listening to the hovering Singers of nature, Calling for the onlookers With a chirpy melody, Lived an edifice Living for others, Life had a line Encircling the line, Food and water Buffering the core, Grafted with items For the houses to store, Getting from far away Was a journey with a smile, Being for the people Travel never tired their minds, Standing tall against The mighty time, Having the blessings From all around. A selfless thought triggered

Within the self, Traveling on a rainy night Roads opened wider, Leaving the slopes To aghast in wander, Sliding on the curve Leaving them fall forever, Tears were flowing Never to stop, Years have gone Weeping in rust, Standing alone Dilapidated in tears, Lifeline showers Memories of yestreen, The edifice symbolises A hope to revive the past.

Smruti Ranjan Mohanty



Smruti Ranjan Mohanty, son of Raj Kishore and Shantilata Mohanty, born at Padmapur, Jagatsinghpur, Odisha on 1.1.1963 is a multilingual poet, essayist and writer. He is a published poet and writer and a featured poet of PENTASI B World Friendship Poetry. His writings include essays, short stories, poems and novels which are published in newspapers and in various national and international magazines, journals and anthologies. Working as Finance Officer in Govt of Odisha, he writes extensively on life, its beauty and intricacies which are widely acclaimed.

> Website smrutiweb.wordpress.com

The Queen Of Night

oh, the queen of the night! i will never succumb to your first kiss you have to come with all your charm to seduce me, make me fall in love with you are to knock at me, knock at my closed door, again and again, to win me, win my body, mind and heart

I know not how many times i am here how many times we met and part but as and when i come you chase me like a mad beloved to meet me, feel my touch and feel me deep inside

my love! we part to meet and meet to part that define our love and romance but our joy and ecstasy only for few moments then begins the journey of life, its chill and charm and that long waiting to give meaning to that eternal love and longing

my love! waiting for you since long i know you are behind my back since the day i am here, come in front, face to face come with your spellbinding grandeur i will unveil that veil and see the girl of my dreams once more

come with your filigree smile drooping eyes and quivering lips

i could see you, see your body, its curves speaking volumes of your love and longing look at me, take me in your hands let me see how spellbinding my fiancee is

Loyalty

loyalty to what and whom? to an individual who does not understand its meaning to a relationship that stands on permanent interests and hypocrisy to an idea that misguides and takes one to the brink of a calamity or to something else?

when loyalty makes one blind to the reality when based on negative reasons and unscientific reasoning, how hazardous it is, instead of fulfilling, it kills the man within

in roles and relationships man lives remaining true and doing justice to one's roles, individuals, relationships and values in thoughts, words and deeds is what define loyalty

it is never a blind commitment to naked self-interests, dogmas, superstitions and the forces and beliefs, attitudes and endeavours that is against truth and justice man and humanity

responding to the larger society its needs and values, collective conscience and betterment of humanity is what mean loyalty to remain loyal to others you are to be loyal to yourself to the man within, to your inner voice the values you inculcated

the more you are loyal to yourself the more you are loyal to the rest to truth, love, peace and brotherhood when you are true and loyal to your conscience, you make others loyal and become a better man

people and ideologies will come and go, relationships are cultivated, institutions grow and decline, but one's loyalty is beyond these, always to the betterment of humanity

loyalty to an individual, to an institution, towards an ideology, man and his whims and caprices irrespective of the goals they strive, means they adopt, which your inner you never accept is but disloyalty to man and the society let your loyalty be full and complete to your love and relationships, ideas and idols and anything you consider true and genuine

loyalty lies in listening to the voice of humanity, in a commitment to ideas, endeavours and relationships that is an integral part of man and his development, always in tune with decency and morality, law of the land and betterment of society

I Am In Love

for a change we just looked at each other and the rest is history life unfolded its beauty like never before

we are in love once more how soon everything changed and the world became so beautiful and fascinating once again

i looked at you you are the same, no signs of ageing, no wrinkles, no black spots, i could see nothing, only sense that ageless heart beating for the sake of love those beautiful eyes, dancing dimples, rosy cheeks, quivering lips, drooping eyes and inviting gestures telling me it is not all over still, there is enough in us to captivate each other for years together

love is always in its youth love never grows old, it is as it was much before when we first fell in love we don't feel it, feel its warmth and beauty because we never look at it the way we used to look at it life is all about finding that love rediscovering the moments and passion for each other

life is living gracefully falling in love with one's love falling in love with oneself and life again and again irrespective of the situation and its constraints

my love! truth is in front of me, in my eyes truth is in front of you, in your eyes let nothing come in between i and you, we and our love and let us live life in love and passion till we are here

Sofia Skløida



Sofia Skleida was born in Athens. She is graduate of the Faculty of Filology at the National and Kapodistrian

University of Athens. She has a MA in Pedagogy, a PhD in Comparative Pedagogy and she is also a postdoctoral candidate (Faculty of Theology, University of Athens). He has attended a number of training courses in special education and teaching, and especially in the teaching of literarure. He has also been trained and certified in Braille by the Center for Education and Rehabilitation of the Blind.

She published her first collection of poetry (Thessaloniki, 2014) entitled *Dream of Oasis*, which has been translated and published in Italy in 2017 (won the second prize in a international competition in Milan). A poem of the same collection became a song. Her first Fairy tale entitled *Geometrini* published in 2016 and her second fairy tale entitled *The Kingdom of Joy* was published in 2018.Recently were published her second and third collection of poetry entitled *Neologisms* and *Melismos* respectively. She is currently publishing two books titled *Cappadocian theological references in handwritten verses* and *The teaching of classical languages in the Italian secondary education*. She is a regular member at the Panhellenic Union of Writers.

Holy pilgrimage

Touching rare treasures like that of your beauty the look is enchanted by the ethos of your eyes I feel the courage, I get your pulse and I am losing with intensity on the beautiful seabed The aroma of love is fragrant, sacred as a rare relief, mosaic ...

Pantheon of wisdom

Full silence fits into the sense of the divine existence and the human presence Where silently artistic and imperial figures of the past like Raphael, inspiring the present The dwelling of the Gods seeks the paternity and the diffused light of the oculus trigger memories ...

Playful time

I feel you...

palpating the yellow pages

of a forgotten book

struggling with many conflicting thoughts

I feel you ...

In the astigmatic memories of our fellow humans

in the silent voices of my desires

I'm nostalgic ...

Looking for the coveted redemption

Breathing the aroma of the hidden passion

Gripping the pulse

of my heartbeat

Remembering

our fallen soldiers of verse



. Janet Perkins Caldwell

February 14, 1959 ~ September 20, 2016

Alan W. Jankowski

16 March 1961 ~ 10 March 2017



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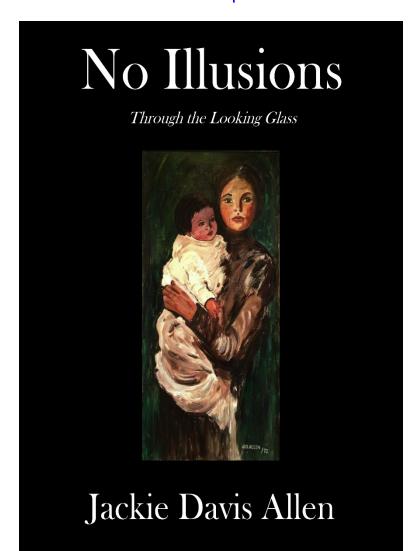
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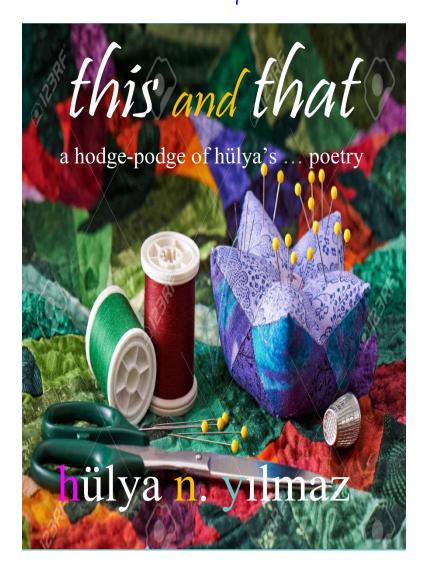
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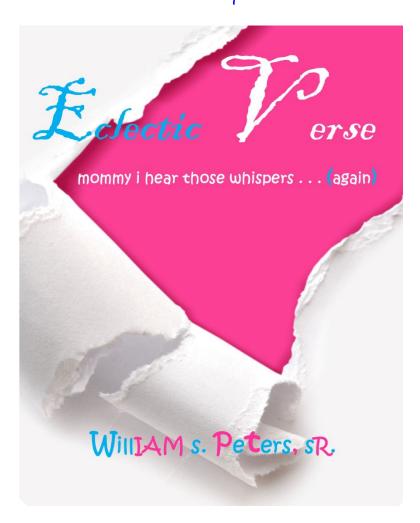


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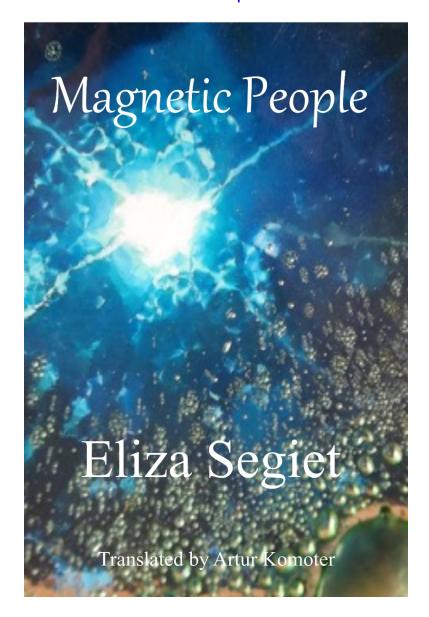
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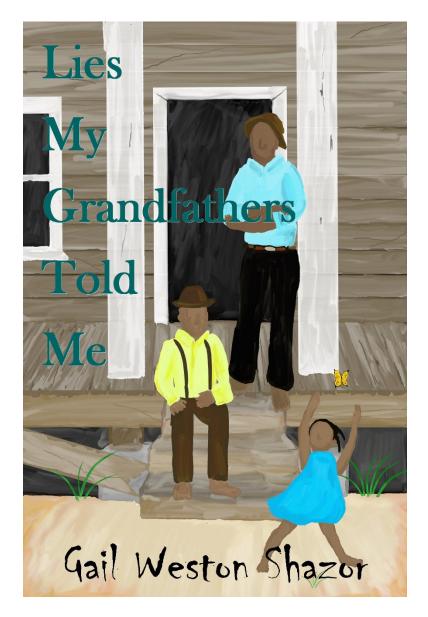


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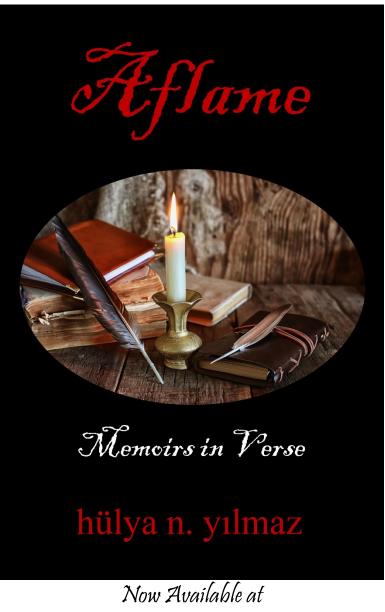
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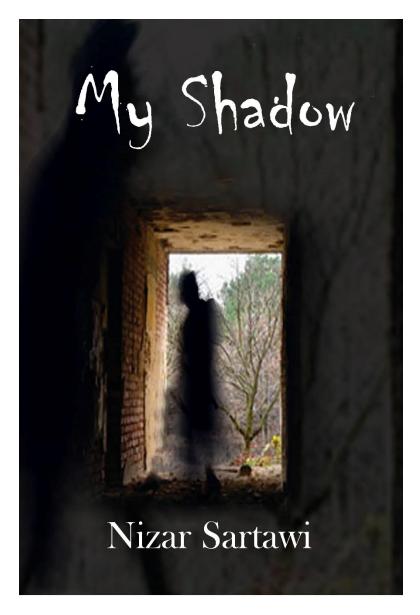
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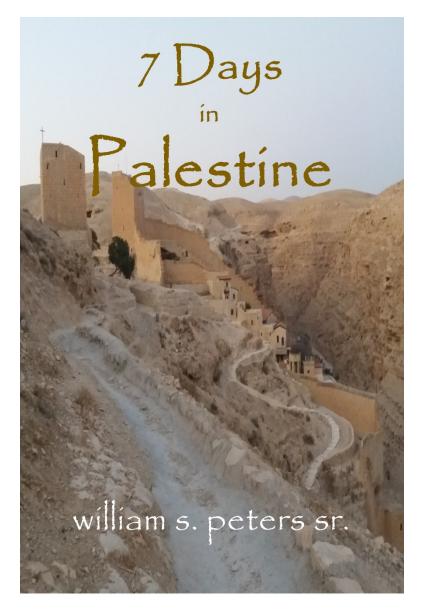


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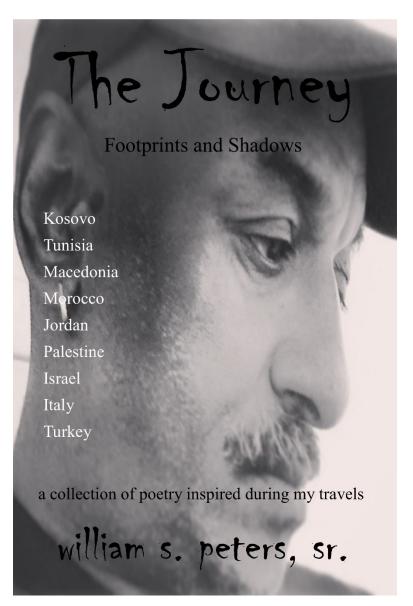
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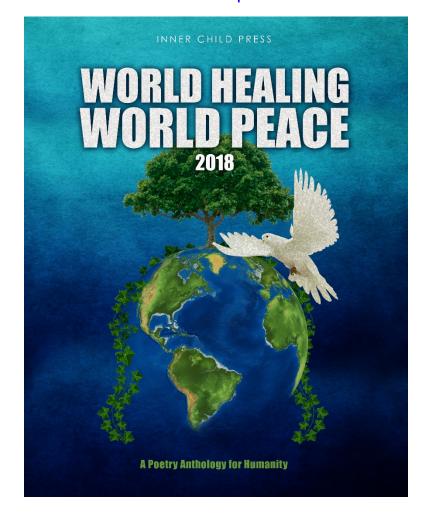
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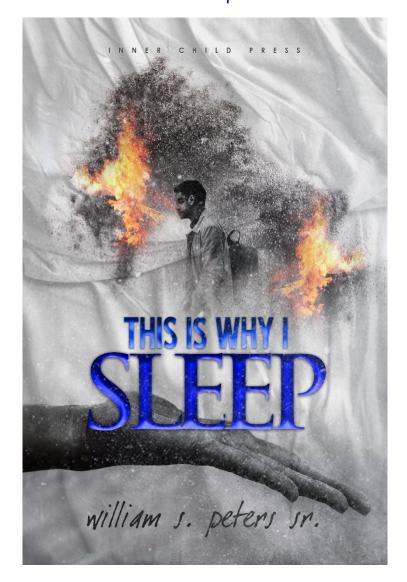
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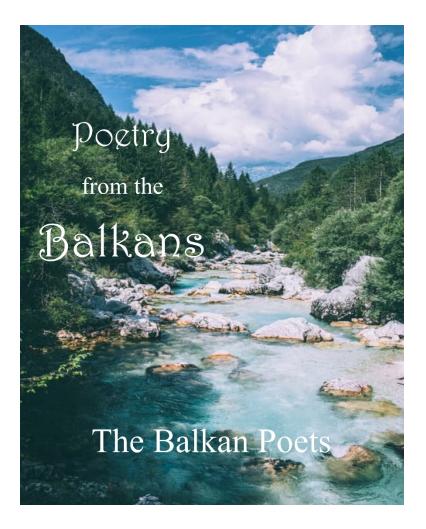


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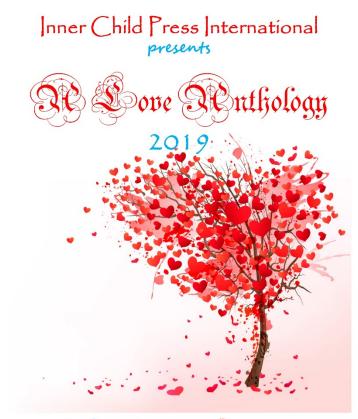
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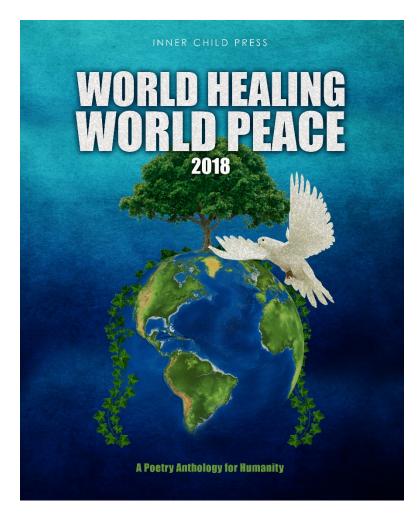
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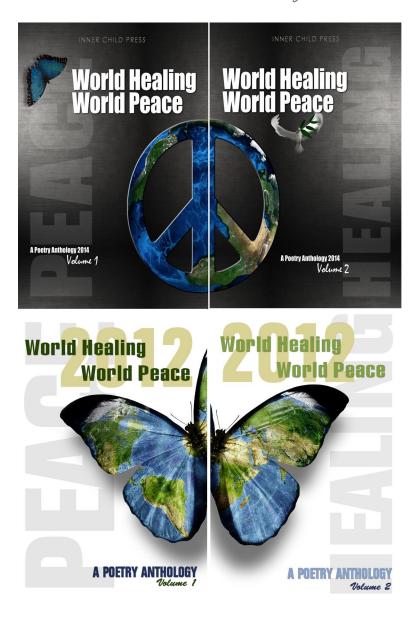
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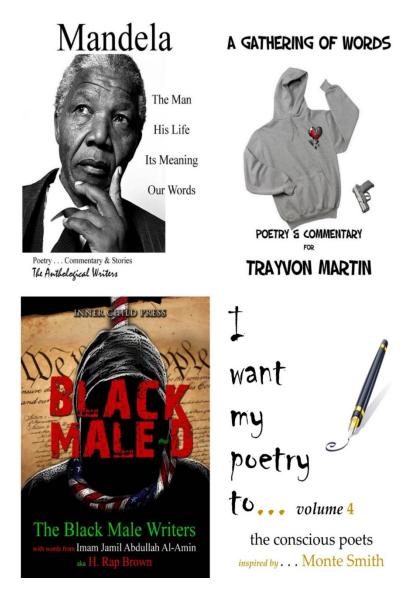


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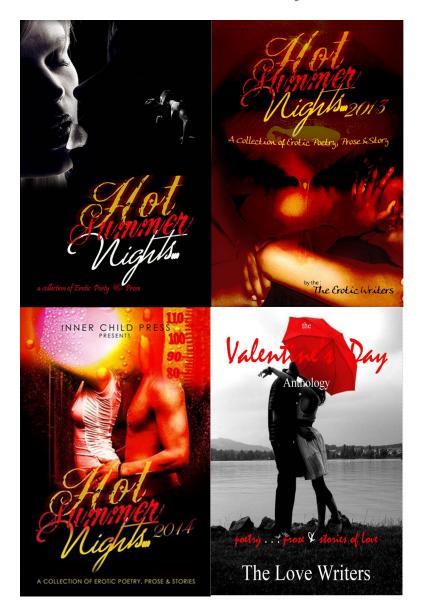
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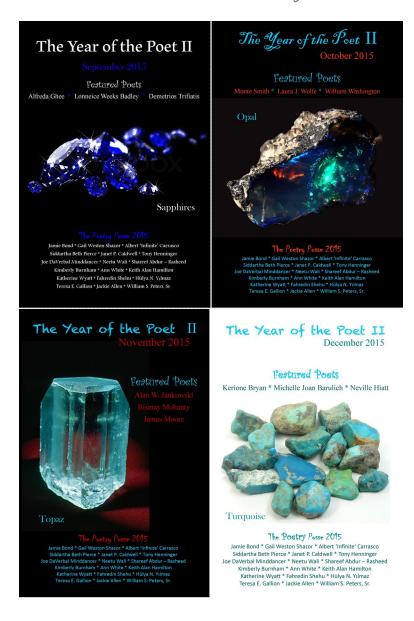


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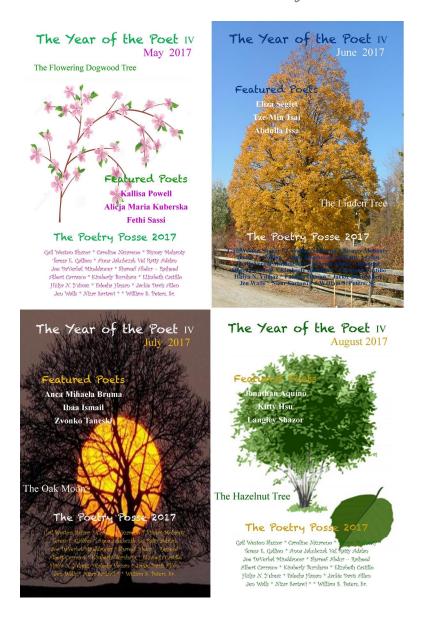




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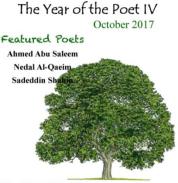
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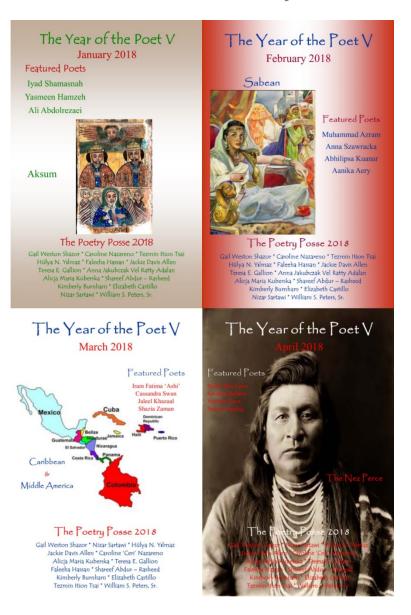
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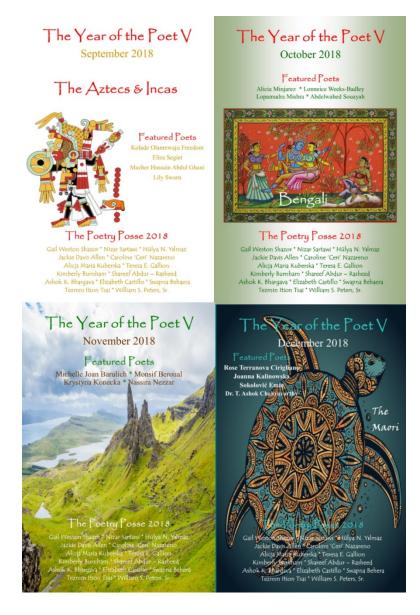
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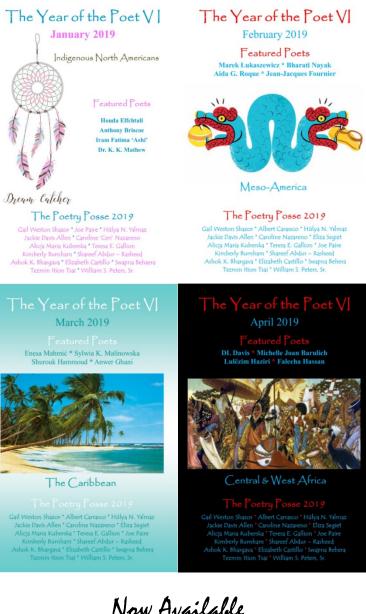


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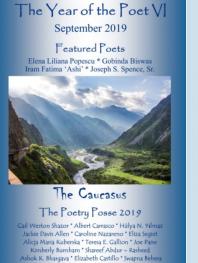
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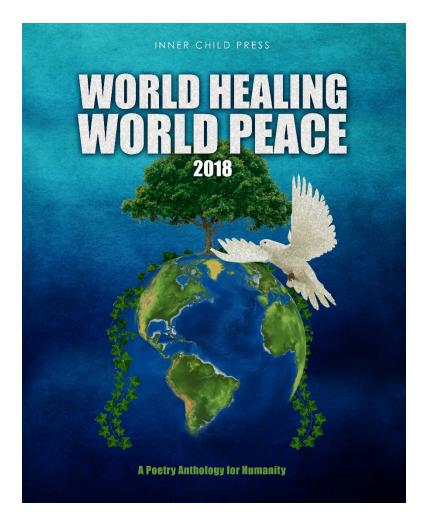
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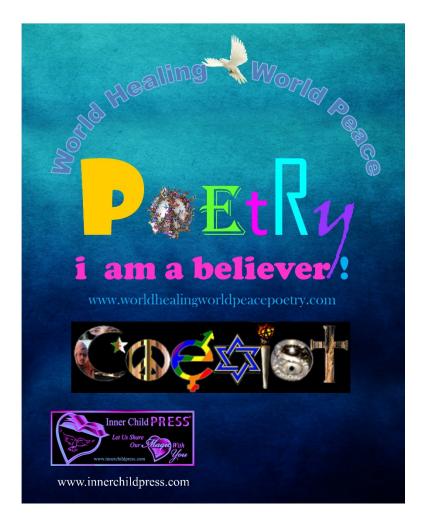
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