The Year of the Poet VIII October 2021 Featured Global Poets C. E. Shy * Saswata Ganguly

Dale Lamphere

Suranjit Gain * Hasiba Hilal



Poetry... Ekphrasticly Speaking

The Poetry Posse 2021

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



October 2021

The Poetry Posse

inner child press, ltd.

The Poetry Posse 2021

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

~ * ~

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

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

General Information

The Year of the Poet VIII October 2021 Edition

The Poetry Posse

1st Edition : 2021

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Publisher Information

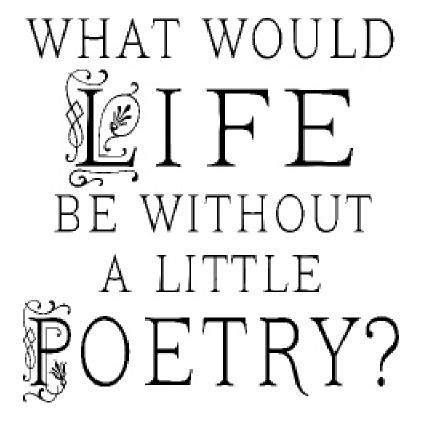
1st Edition : Inner Child Press intouch@innerchildpress.com www.innerchildpress.com

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ISBN-13 : 978-1-952081-58-3 (inner child press, ltd.)

\$ 12.99





This Book is dedicated to

Humanity, Peace & Poetry

the Power of the Pen can effectuate change!

æ

The Poetry Posse

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



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

Janet P. Caldwell

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Foreword

The Year of the Poet/Poetry Posse is a monthly publication by Inner Child Press headed up by its founder poet laureate William Peters Sr. (innerchildpress.com) creator willing soon entering its ninth year. It features an international group of poets each offering 3 poems each. One poem is based on a theme that is established for the entire year and featured in each monthly publication. That being said in 2021 the theme is Ekphrastic poetry. Ekphrastic poetry is poetic expression of a work of art. They're basically two categories (1) Actual Ekphrasis: Is a literary expression of an existing artwork (2) Notional Ekphrasis: Literary expression of an imagined nonexistent art work. In all Ekphrastic poetry is literary expression of nonliterary work.

This month October ,2021 we feature the work of an extraordinary American artist laureate sculptor Dale Lamphere, He was born in 1947 in Laramie, Wyoming. He was a product of that Western way of life born and raised on a ranch with live stock, cattle, horses etc. he did all the things that are essential to ranch life. He truly felt and really became part of the land and as he began to grow older and it was obvious that he was blessed with artistic talent he developed and perfected a unique discipline that emphasized the land and what was attached to it. His calling card is to use a number of materials in his sculpture. he called it Assemblage. combining metals, weathered wood, cloth, leather etc. All these materials are from the region including the Dakota's and Wyoming. He incorporated these materials into three dimensional replicas of the west of by gone days otherwise known as the "Old West" The artist describes his work as " a cross between sculpture and painting. As to depict an earlier period noted by the artist as a period of innocence that he feels obligated to preserve to pass down to future generations because of qualities of that era that has all but disappeared and represented honesty, natural beauty, stability, structure, etc.to name a few.

s his work became known his stature as an artist. Sculptor grew as did his work grow in demand. He began to have work commissioned by established institutions such as city and state government. That being said and keeping in mind he created to many works to go into it here so i will touch on two that stand out.

DIGNITY: Paying homage to the essence of life motherhood. Here that is presented in the embodiment of the indigenous women who possess the seed of life from where humanity grew. An image of strength exudes love, stability, principle, firmness, unwavering, nurturing. A symbol of dignity, respect as is the progeny that came from her womb. Standing 50 ft. 32 ft. wide, 1200 lbs. stainless steel, over one million dollars found in Chamberlin South Dakota in a rest area off of I-90. RC OF DREAMS: Along the Big Sioux River stands 80 ft., weighs 60 tons, from various materials and engineering technology. Acknowledging the sacred status of the river representing life sustained through the bounties the Acknowledging River shares that benefit both humans and animals receive.

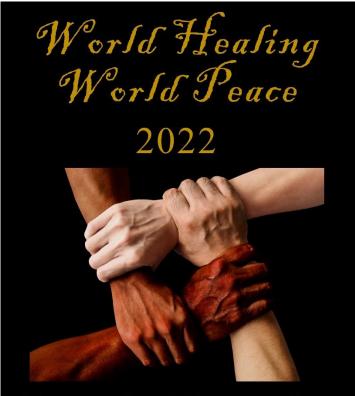
Please research this prominent American artist for more detailed information. Enjoy the ICPI family of talented artist, the poetry posse that present to you a special artistic offering of love and consciousness " The Year of The Poet " Enjoy. Peace and love.

> Visit FaceBook: Inner Child Press, www.innerchildpress.com.

Shareef Abdur-Rasheed

Now Open for Submissions

Closing 31 December 2021



Poets for Humanity

1 Poem Picture of Poet MBio of 50 words or less

worldhealingworldpeace@gmail.com

D_{reface}

Dear Family and Friends,

So, here we are, in the closing of yet another year of publishing *The Year of the Poet*. This volume, (#94) represents our 10th month of our eighth year of monthly publication. Amazing how much effort has been given by all the poets, to include the various members of *The Poetry Posse* and all the wonderful featured poets from all over our world. For myself, it has been and continues to be a great honor to be a part of this wonderful cooperative effort.

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

about it all, and we intend to do so in any and every way we can. So stay tuned . . .

Bill

William S. Peters, Sr.

Publisher Inner Child Press International

www.innerchildpress.com

PS

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

Past volumes are vailable here

www.worldhealingworldpeacepoetry.com

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

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

Dale Lamphere

October 2021

This fifty-foot sculpture, unveiled in South Dakota is titled 'Dignity. The artist Dale Lamphere honors the women of the Sioux Nation._Dignity (a.k.a. Dignity of Earth & Sky) is a sculpture on a bluff overlooking the Missouri River near Chamberlain, South Dakota. The 50-foot high stainless-steel statue, by South Dakota artist laureate Dale Lamphere, depicts an indigenous woman in Plainsstyle dress receiving a star quilt. According to the sculpture this artwork honors the culture of the Lakota and Dakota peoples. Assisting Lamphere were sculptors Tom Trople, Jim Maher, Andy Roltgen, and Grant Standard.

https://www.lampherestudio.com/

"When I was a boy, the Sioux owned the world. The sun rose and set on their land; they sent ten thousand men to battle. Where are the warriors today? Who slew them? Where are our lands? Who owns them?"

~ Sitting Bull



https://commons.wikimedia.org/wiki/File:Dignity_Star.jpg





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

~ wsp





Poetry succeeds where instruction fails.

~ wsp

Gail Weston Shazor



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.

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Dignity

I stood on the bluff Face to the western wind The rivers rushed towards each other To meet the morning sun The last stars in the east faded And my father called to me "Dowanhowee, come down and help" You can't sing all day But what he didn't know Was that I could Even when I left the hill

Cologne

And I wanted to keep smelling you Smelling like you To be reminded of you So I didn't shower Or wash my hands After making love to you I wanted to keep that Sweaty sex funky smell As long as I could And so I waited until My own funk overwhelmed The sweet memory And I had to bathe Without using my Hands But that proved impossible So I let them wander Across my shoulders And around my breast Just in the places where Yours had been Following that same trail To Completion So afterwards Long afterwards I got dressed Grabbed my purse And headed down To the mall In search of the cologne you wore That night and every other night

That we made love So there I was at the counter

Trying to explain to the man How you smell How when I kiss the nape Of your neck I swoon in pleasure How I can smell you before my Eyes are even open Before daylight breaks And the words call my name I know he got it But he didn't have it That sweet smell of you So I bought something anyway Because he understood That I wouldn't Smell that memory Until I was under you again And in that knowing He smiled at me For in my eyes he could see That it will always be you Although he did not know Your name

Triple Crowns

The preacher had worked Himself into a fair lather For those unfortunate Enough to have gathered On this unexpected day As if only he mattered

The witness hummed A low mournful tune To comfort the loved ones Of the present triune Who transcended to glory On the crick this June

A first for this man This small country route He coveted the circuit He wondered if they knew This triple funeral Was his moment of truth

He needed a miracle Or one that looks as such He nodded for the tambourines At the front of the church They rang out clear in the pews As he went in for the clutch

He called on the Lawrd For a sign of presence He stamped his feet

And called out to heaven Little did he know the floor Was no where near leavened

The board creaked once And broke with a creak The congregants were listening For the Lawrd to speak The pastor was oblivious And kept trying to preach

The coffin tilted forward And fell to floor When the people started screaming He thought he has on a roll Then the coffin hit him from behind And he fell through the hole

The wasps were frantic And weaving through the fan The women went through windows Waving their hands The deacons were astonished Down to the last man

We sat there watching From underneath the pew Everything happened so fast We didn't know what to do Then my pawpaw came in To rescue us two

The deacons came back in And set the coffin to right

They put the boy back in And closed the lid real tight The graves were already dug The sun going into night

The funeral was ended then The pastor pulled from the floor The boys laid to rest The families had to go The preacher got in his truck And was heard from no more

Alicja Maria Kuberska



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

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

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

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

Indian Woman Statue

the metal figure reaches to the sky she catches in the skirts of her dress the wind and clouds

she looks far away with her dead eyes - beyond the horizon and beyond time

real people have fragile bodies fleeting thoughts, desires they leave eternal words

It's fall already

Summer fades out in pale rays It falls in colorful leaves and softly rustles under our feet

We wander in the autumn park and we weave into Indian summer torn threads of our conversation

We are surprised by the passing of time so we repeat like a mantra ...do you remember? ... once ... not so long ago

We frame faded stories with ingenious words, later we add imaginary ornaments

... it is not known when ...nobody knows when sepia time has come

lost poems

I often light candles in November faint rays illuminate the path of memories

rain and darkness outside the window the drizzle blurs the outlines of the houses gives trees a silvery glow

cold sparkles on the branches melancholy and longing grow new poems are born in silence Jackie Davis Allen



Jackie Davis Allen, otherwise known as Jacqueline D. Allen

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

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

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

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

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

in 2019, No Illusions. Through the Looking Glass, which was nominated to be considered for a Pulitzer Prize by the publisher and editor of InnerChild Press, ltd.

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

The Vision, Pertinent

Dreaming the dream proclaims Unquestionably, the beauty Of having faith and belief in self:

Reflection of determination's ability.

Inspiration, desire, and persistence Whisk away talent's self doubt; Celebrates creativity's audacious authenticity.

Paves, too, the pathway to dignity.

With waiting wings, no longer hesitant, The vision artistic, unfurled, Lifts up soaring gifts of diversity.

Enhances greatly, life's vitality.

The reality of dignity's vibrance Promises to illustrate The adventure.

Ponderous Steps

Steep the stairs, stumbling steps. The lone ladder, missing some rungs. Too dark the night, somberly seeking,

Needing to find a way out, to escape.

The midnight landscape. A velvety canvas, it cares not that I am searching, seeking in the buried crevices

Of my mind, something akin to insight.

The moon, stars and counting sheep, care not That their light is too sparse for me. Or, that I am in need of a miracle. I am desperate

To unload, discard my backbreaking burden.

Pleading prayers, pondering Possibilities, I find, from steps Not taken, I am awakened.

Anything... Unless

In the darkness, anything goes, hard feelings Resurface; shame's pain revisits. Mistakes L,essons not learned, so too, blame's sorrow.

A long list of incriminating indictments.

Intentions are formed. Possibilities, plans are made Only to be obliterated, erased, by doubt, by Overthinking. Then, as in a nightmare, replaced.

Over and over, again by something else.

Unless, with heart and mind's intellect, Unless, with spleen's angst, and anxiety's arrow's, One comes with persistent prayer's request,

And, yielding the guilt, begs forgiveness.

Unless one accepts one's humanity, neither Rest, sleep nor peace are likely to come. Giving it up, pray, that in the blanket of trust's hope,

Sleep will eventually come.

Tzemin Ition Tsai



Dr. Tzemin Ition Tsai (蔡澤民博士) was born in Republic of China, in 1957. He holds a Ph.D. in Chemical Engineering

and two Masters of Science in Applied Mathematics and Chemical Engineering. He is a professor at Asia University (Taiwan), editor of "Reading, Writing and Teaching" academic text. He also writes the long-term columns for Chinese Language Monthly in Taiwan.

He is a scholar with a wide range of expertise, while maintaining a common and positive interest in science, engineering and literature member. He is also an editor of "Reading, Writing and Teaching" academic text and a columnist for *'Chinese Language Monthly'* in Taiwan

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

The Smoke Of Our Old Home Rises Curly

I squatted down in front of my grandfather My grandfather was using that burning red hot iron To brand marks on the herds Every wrinkle on his face, and the white hair atop his head Clearly visible I asked him Why is that place where smoke spirals at the foot of the mountain? No longer our home? It was converted into an enemy barrack

He shook his head

A gleam of wry smile flickered across his lips He pointed to the grass way down the hill surrounded by the lakeshore below the valley Like a carpet dotted with colored flowers They did not miss any terrain They did not stop in front of the lion's heels The view had been extended to the door of our home--The home we will never go back to again

Although the mountain lives without us Those hidden rough stones on the road And the cold spring water Forge my strong physical strength and I will drink the cold spring Even if my throat has long forgotten the sweetness of jujube I'm afraid have to accept the fact that we'll never be able to return our old home forever

And ignite a thriving kitchen fire, I ride on horseback, Lead the bow toward the sky Attempt to shoot down The brightest star in the sky

Got Legless

The high winds are fighting The flute sounded leisurely and harmoniously Passionately drunk among the flowers Outside the window is full of mountain shadows and spring sorrows But better than the silent river without ripples Be deeply afraid when will it flow through the deep spring and stay in the shallow autumn? Pass by this walking place There are sparse fences around the hut The wine shop next to the pavilion with flags slanted to the east The cooking smoke curling upwards from the mountain dwelling in the deep alley No sent back a line of letters all the year round Who made the wine every drops are sadder than that thousand miles of parting? Rain on branches Come visit the tearful green plum Be still willing to lie down in this forest when clear-headed All penances are entangled together on the title of the poem The flowers bloom in the valley lake and the flowers wet my cuffs The laughter came from far away from the old wooden door Seeking to the green poplar bridge, the screaming warbler could still sing slowly and lowly

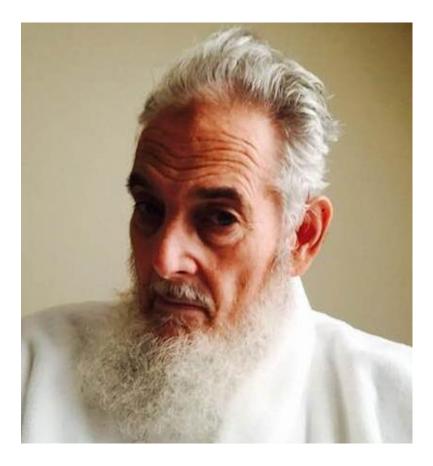
The breeze has blown out of the house Wine boasted, it asked for nothing but got legless

Never Ask Here Is Whose Hometown?

Last night, fell asleep in the noise of spring At dawn, cold rain drops on the plantain leaves Under the pressure of the perennial grass, the clothes became wet and felt confused The smell of earth apricot medicine is messy, filling the room Under the blowing of the frost, the geese are scattered and unable to form a line West wind occupied itself in weeping away those yellow leaves frantically The clouds are dark and melancholy, the song stops, and the dance is no more Only a short section of the candle remains, but the shadow of the cup is stretched long This emotional sadness run through the sky Don't the wind disturb the trees in the courtyard, don't ask whose hometown is this place? Tired passengers in the midnight dream, watching the eastern sun rise from the sky in the fetters of the pillow In the wilderness, the foggy feet are like a puff of smoke The little lotus outside the fence leaves only a fragrance but does not bloom red The plum blossoms fall in the backyard, the flowers are more than charming But wrinkled a pool of spring A message from the wind, no one knows that the heart to return makes me haggard Regret that why every autumn don't care about My face of full of sadness The noble horse holds armature, that man with a hat and a lotus jacket sits on the horse Whose prodigal son is that?

29

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

Dale Lamphere

loves the land this gifted, conscious artistic man took things from the land made art with assorted parts to connect to the land people of the land who for hundreds probably? more like thousands of years respected mother earth Dale Lamphere respected them Dale Lamphere paid homage to them to their women who carried seed of fife carried nations in her womb he made art about her called it dignity because dignity is she he made art to establish the sacred status of the indigenous for centuries caretakers of god's planet never violated it but came the intruders and spit on it no regard, no god but power, might, wealth but Dale Lamphere gave respect, paid homage through his god given gift big-ups Dale Lamphere

Contracts

out on dem they scorn from day dem born from where dem come to where dem gone hit dem now Pow, Pow, Pow lift dem now how, how, how? when the deck is stacked when dem youth attacked dem youth hijacked be more signs then zodiac committing crimes in front and behind your back permitting the rise of corrupt fat catz submitting to ratz, those who do choke holds like dat who go ratta tat tat putting tags on toes after dem lead make holes how many taken out? nobody knows what's it all about killing human beings what i'm talkin' bout bring on da noise flush da killers out F()c# boyz i'll be boyz justice gotz ta be da real mc'coy

come bum rush da beast rise up like yeast my posse be da justice of the peace rising up like the sun in the east stop the killing of children on da street listen to the drumbeat partake of the peace feast dem who are willing get up, stand up no time to be chillin' considering that they never let 'lil' black 'n' brown children be children, and that's a fact

Travelers

We're travelers here on the road, not here to stay

Don't need a heavy load enroute to a new abode

Fact remains if Truth be told, you can't take it with you anyway

Possession becomes obsession, then turns to vapor dissipates with no trace. Throughout the history of the human race today you're giving honor, tomorrow brings disgrace

The things of this life disappear in the night as if never existed

Reject the fair seeming that appear, be of those who have resisted

Those who are fully aware of what this life consisted who reject the illusion of the confusion and enhance their life

The traveler is aware to reach the destination one must travel light

Travelers here on the road not here to stay

Don't carry a load to your new abode 'cause you can't take with you anyway

Plant a seed to cultivate your deeds and enhance your stake To insure survival upon arrival is what you need to create

God fear, humility, righteousness, charity for Allah's pleasure

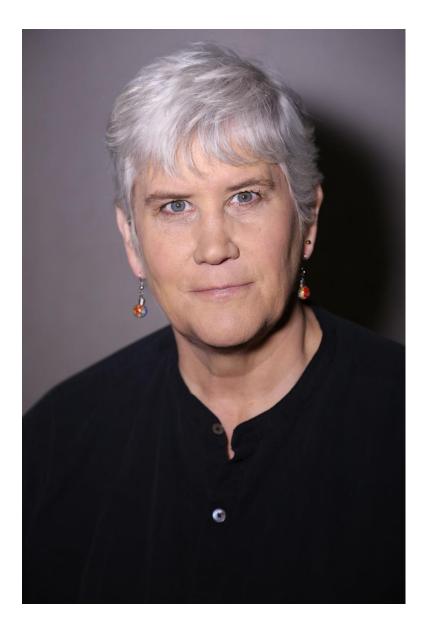
Remembrance of Allah, patience, engaged in sincere devotion elevate your faith

To those down with that all aboard to thee sublime, blissful

Abode of peace where the indescribable joy of meeting

Allah never cease

Kimberly Burnham



A brain health expert with a PhD in Integrative Medicine, Kimberly Burnham has lived in tropical Colombia; in Belgium during the Vietnam War; in Japan teaching businessmen English; in diverse international Toronto, Canada; and several places in the US. Now, she's in Spokane, WA with her wife, Elizabeth, two sets of twins (age 11 & 14) and three dogs. Her recent book, Awakenings: Peace Dictionary, Language and the Mind, a Daily Brain Health Program includes the word for peace in hundreds of languages. Her poetry weaves through 80+ volumes of The Year of the Poet, Inspired by Gandhi, Women Building the World, and A Woman's Place in the Dictionary. She is currently working on several ekphrastic writing projects. One is a novel, Art Thief Cracks Healing Code for Parkinson's Disease and the other is non-fiction, Using Ekphrastic Fiction Writing and Poetry to Create Interest and Promote Artists, Writers, and Poets.

http://www.NerveWhisperer.Solutions

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

Across the Plains

She stands strong flowing a symbol of what was good can come from watching looking out across the changes we live with today she is poised a message of strength past nearby seeing into the future

Sides

In a world divide into sides

we look in vain for someone

with whom we have everything

in common

The Courtship of Peace

In Cherokee "nvwati" an indigenous concept of peace and wellbeing roughly translated balance and harmony engaging seemingly opposites energies flow in wholeness in "nvwati" a dance a back and forth balancing the needs of the one and the many strength and compassion in a courtship of peace

elizabeth e. Castillo



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

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Facebook Fan Page

https://free.facebook.com/ElizabethEsguerraCastillo

Google Plus

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

Sioux's Daughter

The Earth and sky meet Where I live, Floating amongst A sea of clouds The Sun is my King, And the Ocean Is my vast playground. I am Sioux' daughter, Born with dignity And never will I let anybody Turn it into A no man's land.

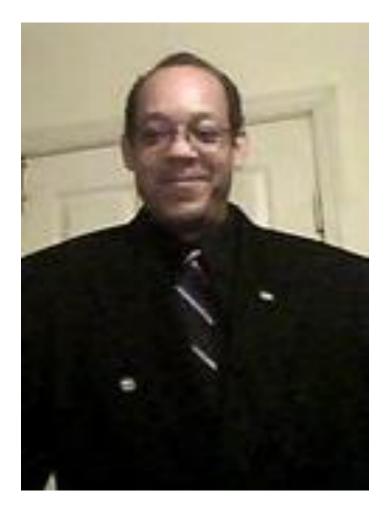
A World in Unity

Amid the pandemic, wars loom Threatening peace over the land, There is no winner in chaos For innocent victims sacrifice lives. I dream of a world in unity, Bound by love, enveloped in peace For harmony to reign in our hearts To realize we are One.

The Calm

Is it the witching hour? When the haunted awakens And in the still of the night, Souls wander failing to see the Light Amid a beloved moon Shadows cast an eerie image When midnight strikes Wolves howl endlessly.





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

www.facebook.com/joe.minddancer

Hummingbird

Chirps and caws squawks and quacks Building nests and sunsets the sounds of the land Would there be cars where horses ran free? If we were free would there still be plenty?

The rules of the land said use what you need It is you that I feed woven blankets and beads Turquoise feeds the spirit, she hears it and wonders what feathers should adorn her hair

her spirit is that of the hummingbird's free to fly from petal to petal leaving some for the rest what is savage about living the ways of her ancestors? What is savage, is thinking your way can free her.

Taking what's hers to make way for your opinion Living life in constant struggle, like Cowboys and Indians When other cultures become your sin Do you remember where you came from?

Common Sense

Life on the peninsula is becoming quite interesting I never knew survival was based on an opinion. The parks are filled with pooper scoopers So, who actually wanted to pick-up, Rover's mess? Is there a law that says you must? I don't want to pay for anything, but I do. It's my right not to, but I do. If I don't the consequences maybe a year or two.

Why do doctors have to wear masks? Why do we have stop lights? Why does an electrician cut the power off? It's not a pretty sight when you exercise your rights. Why do you get ticketed for having your seatbelt off? Std's and pregnancies are somewhat preventable Did the advent of the pill lesson your scruples?

Who duped you into thinking fire isn't hot? You have been burned, have you not? You don't look around in a dark parking lot, do you? You don't walk around without clothing on Just chilling by the fence but it's your right to.

At night do you lock your doors you have the right to kick down yours You have the right to remain silent But you can do what you want It's just common sense but what instincts are you on? Self-survival is not a rival sport, You can move the goal post and let the entire world get ghost.

Never Asked For It

The spirit seems to know when I needed it I was provided a similar plot but didn't receive it I always end before we begin, I know me. I'm becoming less alive, but through poetry.

I can breathe when I'm not seen And I'm never seen on the regular I feel free when I'm not seen I'm the lover of stormy, whether or not I go.

Why can't you just enjoy my energy? I'm becoming less human in my being And more of a mystical entity

Love cries for me in admitting silence It finds me at my worse. Love dies with me yet vies with me It feels more like a curse.

I never asked for this gift although it is not I found it more to be a crutch keeping me of the lot Can one truly exist without human touch?

hülya n. yılmaz



Professor Emerita (Humanities, Penn State, USA), hülya n. yılmaz [sic] is a published tri-lingual author, literary translator, and Director of Editing Services (Inner Child Press International, USA). Her work has appeared in numerous anthologies of global endeavors and was presented at poetry events in the U.S. and abroad. In 2018, the WIN of British Colombia, Canada honored yılmaz with a literary excellence award. Her two poems remain permanently installed in *Telepoem Booth* (USA). hülya finds it vital for everyone to understand a deeper sense of self, and writes creatively to attain a comprehensive awareness for and development of our humanity.

Writing Web Site <u>https://hulyanyilmaz.com/</u>

Editing Web Site <u>https://hulyasfreelancing.com</u>

I, a Sioux Woman

I, a Sioux woman

was born close to South Dakota's Chamberlain. United were the Missouri River and a bluff high above, where I took my first worldly breath. Their affinity for each other was legendary. They cradled me in the intimacy of their bond.

I, a Sioux woman embodied throughout my life the honorable launch of my nation; its glorious past, tragic present, and uncertain future.

I, a Sioux woman always stood confidently tall, and remained devotedly strong. My birthland was, after all, destined to encompass an entire range of cultural advancements, while preserving its integrity and dignity.

I, a Sioux woman inspired, along with many a generation of my people, an artist from Wyoming to sculpt me.

I, a Sioux woman now rise fifty-foot high. The stainless-steel Dale Lamphere used in order to birth his masterwork through my statue promises to weather many a storm on Earth.

Thus, I, a Sioux woman am fated to live to eternity.

The Reunion of the Arts

A picture of "Dignity", a sculpting masterpiece lies before me.

Banksy's virtuoso painting, "The Girl with the Pierced Eardrum" enters my mind hurriedly.

"Stop Telling Women to Smile" – a mural art piece by Fazlalizadeh decides to drop by suddenly.

The countless literary collections I grew intimately familiar with over time begin to play musical chairs.

My memory offers each of them livelihood and visibility but also unity. Sculptures, traditional and mural paintings, and pieces of literature reunite there regardless of time and space. They wrap me up ever so affectionately. Within their interlaced embracing and enlightening spheres, I achieve inner peace and remember how to freely breathe.

Sitting Bull

narrates:

When I was a boy, the Sioux owned the world. The sun rose and set on their land; they sent ten thousand men to battle.

Sitting Bull queries:

Where are the warriors today? Who slew them? Where are our lands? Who owns them?

And I... wonder how many others across the globe find an echo of his account in their soul today; how many others across the globe chant his pain-laden questions today.





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/laIVPNq or http://bit.ly/l3IMLGh

Mother Goddess

Woman of the soil rising from the nucleus of the earth core, wings spread in fire light. She is the sacred feminine.

The touch of her boot melts the heart into submission. No one is exempt from her hold. She reforms your vision to concur with her spirit exposed in her grand presence.

You cannot look away from the Goddess. She is connected to earth and ruler of the planet. No one escapes the brush of the soil.

Secret Garden

Her secret garden in the dense forest whispers to her when she enters. Her Soul exits the body. It knows home and runs wild through the trees, stops and hugs a ponderosa.

The body lies beside a tree while the Soul roams to catch the healing energy. The wind tells the secret of the day. It is love. It is love.

The Soul sniffs its favorite ponderosa. The ecstatic elixir of the forest breeze surrounds the body and light streams give it a sacred massage.

Centered in the holiness of this space and time, Soul strolls back to the body, folds it in sacred peace, casually leaves the woods.

Scream Into the Silence

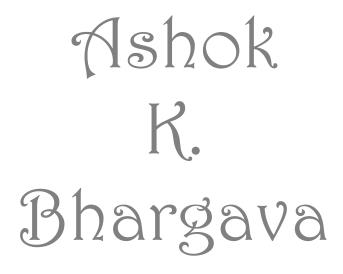
Entwined in the sound of your voice, I am trapped. I hug a tree for life to try not to drown in your hold. My body tries to take leave of you. My mind and Soul do not want to let go.

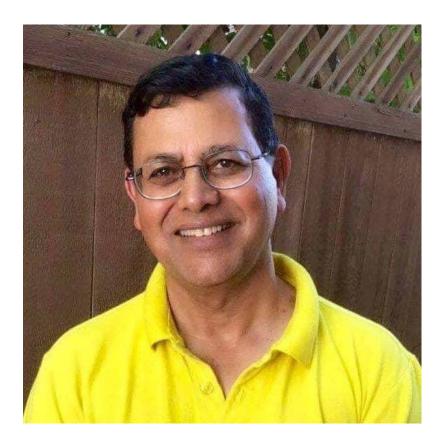
I breathe out and flowers bloom around me. You ambushed me with the sound floating from your tongue. A soothing speakeasy manipulates my senses. Your cold tracks linger in my brain. Word Slayer! Songs of remembering play in my head.

I run through the catacombs of time. You flirt ahead just far enough to keep me chasing your light lifetime after lifetime.

Thoughts of you become a benediction and winter feels long in the desert as you dance in the sand against a blue nautical sky.

My heart skips a beat with each breath. I scream into the silence.





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.

Dignity

a native beauty perched on the bluffs in solitude so tall only her grandeur can hold her feet firm on the ground.

many fought to keepwhat was theirsand those who fellthey fellwith straight spinesandunbent kneesunbent kneesto the last drop of bloodholding heads high.

deep below where she stands a river flows through the canyon with a whisper of prayers a seemingly-empty space.

up above her hands clench the past present and future with a filigree of stars binding earth and sky together.

I inhale air and look around her magnificence is astounding. I stand quiet and am calmed as if I belong here with her.

Wanderer

My mind is a space shuttle. Come, come on fly with me deep into the unknown sky. I will dazzle you with its vastness.

My mind is a sun. Don't close the windows of your heart, my rays will peep in through the cracks anyway.

My mind is a flute. You can play a tune on it, to serenade your beloved in a moonlit night.

My mind is a gentle breeze. Let it wander around you. When it becomes wind, I will leave you and go far away.

Kintsugi

(Kintsugi is Japanese art of repairing broken ceramics with gold)

You may break my heart into pieces Toss me in the fire

Turn me into liquid That will purge my impurities

Purest gold comes From the burning flame

You cannot make me hide my broken heart I can put it back together

I can mend myself Fill my crevices

I can't unbreak my heart I can make it more beautiful

When all fails I turn to kintsugi Caroling 'Ceri Naz' Nazareno Gabis



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

Among her poetic belts include PANORAMA YOUTH LITERARY AWARDS 2020, 7 th Prize Winner in the 19th, 20th and 21st Italian Award of Literary Festival; Writers International Network-Canada "Amazing Poet 2015", The Frang Bardhi Literary Prize 2014 (Albania), the sair-gazeteci or Poet Journalist Award 2014 (Tuzla, Istanbul, Turkey) and World Poetry Empowered Poet 2013 (Vancouver, Canada). She's a featured member of Association of Women's Rights and Development (AWID), The Poetry Posse, Galaktika Poetike, Asia Pacific Writers and Translators (APWT), Axlepino and Anacbanua.

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

Links to her works:

panitikan.ph/2018/03/30/caroline-nazareno-gabis

apwriters.org/author/ceri_naz/

www.aveviajera.org/nacionesunidasdelasletras/id1181 .html

Arc of Dreams

Monumental works of hands, heart and mind Spectrum of colors reverberate the humankind Built with gentleness and power To reach and stretch the arcs of dreams.

The clear synergy envisioned in Lamphere's art Interdisciplinary structures, patterns and figures Light up the horizons And connect men of generations.

The land, the seas, the sky of realms Arching the touch of perfection Where all dreams flash in the heavens And beautiful rainbows of life.

The Echoes of Water

It has been raining hard When the storm stole our hearts Even the lives of people Simply put their dreams in troubled waters. It has been dripping Like silent tears during midnight Soaked the caruncle, the sclera, the retina, the eyelids and the pupil, Your eyes become the flooded floor To someone you valued for years, You get by, packed with thoughts But drained in the stream of moroseness.

The murmurs of the river in my soul Seem to sail you close to me, Whenever I drift, You were the ship You become the echoes in my mind, Your mind become the water I drink The waves that drowns me when I cry But the force when I rise.

Peace of Time

I fervently pray Hail thee, Father Our refuge and eternal love May we find peace In Your Time and Hour of Mercy.

I raise up my hands I kneel and ask for blessings May we find peace In Your Eyes of Time and Compassion.

I offer my life To You Lord of the Heavens May your people find peace In Your Holy Name and Glory

Your are our Poetry of Peace Our Peace within Peace.

Swapna Behera



Swapna Behera is a bilingual contemporary poet, author, translator and editor from Odisha. India. She was a teacher from 1984 to 2015. Her stories, poems and articles are widely published in National and International journals, and ezines, and are translated into different national and International languages. She has penned six books. She is the recipient of the Prestigious International Mother Language UGADI AWARD WINNER 2019. She was conferred upon the Prestigious International Poesis Award of Honor at the 2nd Bharat Award for Literature as Jury in 2015, The Enchanting Muse Award in India World Poetree Festival 2017, World Icon of Peace Award in 2017, and the Pentasi B World Fellow Poet in 2017. She is the recipient of the Prolific Poetess Award , The Life time Achievement Award ,The Best Planner Award ,The Sahitya Shiromani Award, ATAL BIHARI BAJPAYEE Award, ATAL Award 2018, Global Literature Guardian Award, International Life Time Achievement Award and the Master of Creative Impulse Award .She has received the Honoured Poet of India from the Seychelles Government accredited Literary Society Lasher one poem A NIGHT IN THE REFUGEE CAMP is translated into 60 languages .She is the Ambassador of Humanity by Hafrikan Prince Art World Africa 2018 and an official member of World Nation's Writers Union ,Kazakhstan2018. Italy, the National President for India by Hispanomundial Union of Writers (UHE). Peru, the administrator of several poetic groups, and the Cultural Ambassador for India and South Asia of Inner Child Press African is the life member of Odisha Environmental Society.

swapna.behera@gmail.com

where are the warriors today ?

the smoke curls from the chimney berry and cherry are hanging the water is reflecting mother nature where are our lands? we are the children of the nature have you come from the others side of the valley? dignity of the Earth and sky is at stake Dignity is crying for the sky to wrap the star quilt a day will come when your blood will return back to the sea the Earth in your bones will be churned to dust you belong to this land but not the other way the land does not belong to you you are enjoying the flower ,the fragrances will you eat money if you kill the last fish ,the last tree there is just a step either you love or die no other formulae for dignity only respect ,promises ,wisdom and culture the sky gives strength the earth fills energy the tree fills fresh oxygen just you have to save dignity and the stars will protect.

roti

the customer ordered for a customised roti in a land that he has come long before as a migrant labour that his mother was making in his village courtyard where all women cook in one sanjha chulha talk about their cowherd ,finance ,sick mother in law the coking of cuisines the customised bread with butter and good stuffing of cheese roti is not only a bread it is the mother's palm , lover's touch, baby's soft skin a country's dignity

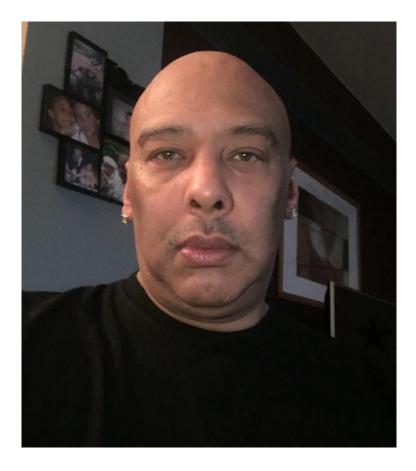
the ravishing face of Devi roti is the medicine for hunger, the agenda of huge treaties. a farmer's dream project customised or melancholic hunger roti dances lo behold !a roti is now in my hand my mother is singing the melody i need the customised bread i need my motherland ..

roti ;- roti is a bread of Indian Subcontinent Snjha Chulah ;- it is the community fire stove where all the village women bake roti together

it seems

it seems I have encountered time it seems the time is a river i am on the boat whether i swim or sail there is no record except a few dots the foot steps of seconds whispering death

Albert 'Infinite' Carrasco



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

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

Infinite poetry @lulu.com

Alcarrasco2 on YouTube

Infinite the poet on reverbnation

Infinite Poetry

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

Dale Lamphere

I'm over looking the Missouri River,

My star quilt diamonds represent the colors of water,

I am an indigenous woman that stands fifty feet tall,

Looking over South Dakota.

I stand for dignity, which is also my name,

I honor the native nations of the Great Plains.

Where I stand is sacred land of my sister and brother man.

I'm looking at the world with my indigenous eyes,

When I'm looked at you see that native culture is still alive see.

I am strength, I am hope, I am fearlessness, I am yesterday and the present,

My metal quilt will forever protect me from the seasons elements.

Idolize

Yes! He left. He goes into his room and closes the door. He's not supposed to be there but that's where his imagination runs wild, so he doesn't care. Drawers and closets get raided, sleeves and jeans are too long, but to him they're just fine. He's impressed with what he sees in the mirror. Outside the room he's a kid but inside the room he's mentally a grown man. He has this box with him, like the one under the bed. He stopped touching the one under the bed because the last time he touched it he almost forgot to put it back. That would've been trouble, he doesn't want trouble, he just wants to be like his idol. He role played longer than usual that day. He fell asleep in the room from fatigued of fun. His big brother comes home and catches him in his room dressed in his clothes, Monopoly money all over, foil paper for a razor, a bag of flour, cut up pieces of soap and a fake gun. He was angry, when he saw the box it hit him harder... My lil brother wants to be just like me.

She sang

She used to sing to me, it would melt my heart, Every time I hear old melodies my mind goes into throw back mode and reminiscing starts. It was love. She made the thug in me all mushy, I stood there soaking in her voice silently as an audience of one listening to angelic acoustics. She could just move her mouth without sound and I'll be able to hear our favorite songs by reading her lips. She would always have me passionately paralyzed. looking into her eyes I'll instantly go under hypnosis, she's a problem, all It took was one kiss for me to know I'll be love sick, that was my immediate prognosis. Her touch was another thing, I'll get goose bumps all over when this queen grabs my hand as she sings for her King. It was love. What happened to we? I never thought our love would turn into an oldie but goodie.





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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Nominated for the Pushcart Prize 2019.

Nominated for the iWoman Global Awards (2019).

Laureate Naji Naaman Literary Prize 2020.

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

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

Ambassador of Literature granted by Motivational Strips.

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

The Statue of Dignity

To Dale Lamphere

On top of a postument between cloudiness, water, and wind - womanhood and strength clothed in wisdom of culture.

It glistens in the sun, not merely, to fascinate, but to enlighten the world, that history with art form a unity.

Of a peaceful gaze, the statue seems tacit,

and yet, it hollers out its message

- Tradition
- Tolerance
- Dignity

The wind, moving the diamonds from the covering comforter of the pedestal, utters –

do not turn your back to the past! It is a part of all of us and the view of the.

Translated Ula de B.

Strength

We are like pawns that can fall over. Sometimes one can get up by themselves, other time with help.

Human endurance cannot be determined by any means.

Knowing that the enemy does not like the powerless, we find strength in ourselves.

Translated Artur Komoter

Voice

She did not want to be invisible, considered a weaker one. She decided to be creative. She began to fight for her freedom and independence.

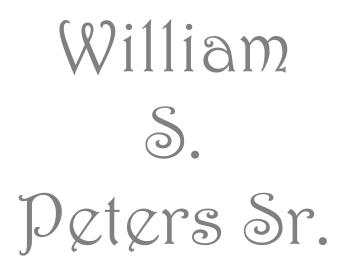
When she came out of her supposedly safe world, she saw the wrongs that are happening around.

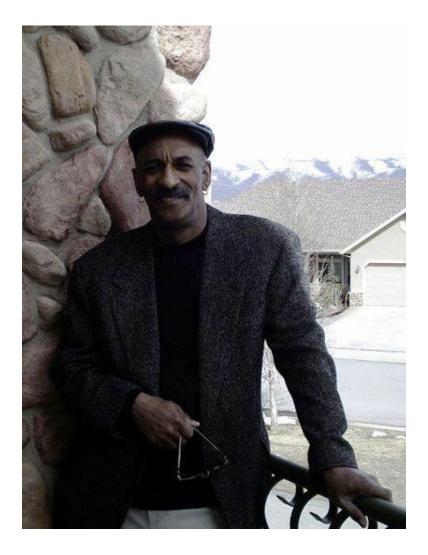
She could think, she distinguished good from evil.

Now she is fighting for peace, equality and love.

She ceased to be just a wife and a mother. She is a woman who regained her surname, and with it shows to the world that a wardrobe full of shoes, and a skirt are not obstacles – to have a voice.

Translated by Artur Komoter





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

Bill says . . .

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

to connect with Bill, he is all things Inner Child

www.iaminnerchild.com

Personal Web Site

www.iamjustbill.com

Let us not forget

Let us not forget From whom this land You call your own Was stolen

Let us not forget The Women, The Children, The Warriors, The Buffalo, The Villages, The Plains, The Rivers, The Rivers, The Mountains, The Skies, The Mother Who was raped and pillaged, And the atrocities you exacted Upon all who stood in your way For your selfish 'progress'

I stand here to witness to you For all time to come, And we shall not forget Nor shall we Allow you to

Let us not forget

Waiting for change

Social media pundits . . Do we really truly Give a shit

We sign petitions, Share opinions, (of the ones generated by others for us to believe in); Criticize others, Post about our awards, appointments and certificates, Inform the world About our latest zit, Or pimple on our ass, While waiting, Waiting For our government To address all of our Self-induced ills

Some march, Some write letters, Some . . . (Oh I said that, but I will say it again), Sign petitions,

Tick Tock, The clock moves forward, And the bus is late, But what does it matter, Whether they come by Planes, Trains or Automobiles Their proclamations of parity,

Equity, Justice, Change Are still like ghosts Hosted, At a Mar-a-Lago Membership drive For the liberal left . . . Empty.

And here we are . . . Much like all the other duped Who came before us . . We are sitting here Sitting here Waiting for change

"The sun will come out tomorrow. . ."

Time Slows

Why the rush my child? We do know what awaits us all At the end of this road we travel,... Do we not?

What treasures, Have we missed Along the way, In our hurries?

•••••

What wonders Did we never see, For we were blinded By our ignorance And agendas?

..... What gifts did we Never unwrap?

•••••

Could I have Taken the time To hug someone today A loved one, A friend, A stranger?

..... Could i have smiled a bit more, Or ALL day? After all, Smiling is my choice, Is it not? It does make me and others around me Feel that much better.... Oh, what a treasure of pleasure And tower of power

I possess!

Can we dance now? Can i 'Skip to the Lou', How about you?

Let us walk in the park, The garden Let us smell the flowers If there is not one ... none, Can not we stop for a moment Or few And dream of such things, Unleash our imagination And experience the sensation Of our own magic?

Time is quick, Time is slow, Time stands still For those who know.

Do something ... Right now... Worthy of patting your Humane self On the back ... I promise you, You won't be disappointed!

Worry not for the morrow, for tomorrow soon come. ~ wsp

'Time Slows'

October 2021 Featured Poets



C. E. Shy Shaswata Gangopadhyay Suranjit Gain Hasiba Hilal







C. E. Shy has been writing since the seventh grade. He continued writing through high school, until he became more involved in sports. After his graduation, he worked at the White Motors Company where he wrote for the company's newspaper. He started a column called: "The Poet's Corner." That was his first published work.

With a one-way ticket, he moved to Sweden. He met a Swedish photographer and started writing narratives for some of the photographs which were sold to newspapers and magazines.

After returning to the US, he joined a poetry workshop that was run by Russell Atkins and Norman Jordan from 1966 to 1968. He stopped writing for years, then started to write again in the late 90s, crafting novellas, flash fiction and poetry. He joined a writing workshop in Cleveland, Ohio in 2011 to hone his writing skills.

Going, going, Gone

Nothing left but a few nice guys, a good brother or two. All the soldiers are either old or gone. Old souls lingering back to back remembering when. The trees I see were just bushes back then.

There were a lot of people that lived next door. The state owned the liquor store. Black faces were all I saw. Everybody spoke and said Salaam. We could joke and smoke all at the same time.

Bongos and Congo drums hummed, taking us back to where we came from. Courage flamed from our eyes. Eyes that said, everybody dies. Jeering at the devil worshiping scum as they drove by.

Nobody knew how many would die, near the end of July. No such thoughts ever entered our minds. All we heard was the Trane, playing Ole.' Our focus crew knew who we were, about that, there was no question.

Life and death had mixed emotions as the blood congealed in the streets and on the sidewalks. No more white stores like before. Even the delivery men were black, mailmen felt secure.

A little later came the negro with the shame game. What he gained , he never took part in. The same coward that hid when men did what men did. The women of the then, were there with their men and did what women soldiers did, while protecting their kids.

Looking in my rear view I see everything, looking in front of me,

I see nothing I recognize. Rest in peace soldier, let's see what happens after the Western Sunrises.

Hot Diggidy Dog

The times never changed, it was just the seasons. The reason being, minds and intentions didn't, couldn't, would not bend. Making amends was never considered. It kept running into the question of, why should I and what for?

As time went by, little by little, clearer and clearer, only a few got it, get it? In the heads of minions, flaunting flawed suggestion, given them by the rubber stampers in the advertising sections of the daily screwed papers.

Sporting mind pampers, attempting to catch the diatribe. Thinking, happy hour will dilute the truth that come a long with reality. Standing next to Lurch in church. Never asking oneself, "What the hell is he doing here?"

His rubber doesn't touch your road, so why should you ever care? Anyway, he is your neighbor. Recalcitrant! Moving forward with the plan. Never thinking what was asked for is at hand.

Remember, you said, "Deliver me from evil", "Do unto others as you would have them do unto you." Maybe you thought it wouldn't come true. Those are the words you spoke, they aren't mine, but they are coming true with time.

Good luck with your master plans. In the mean time I must concentrate on straightening my own stand. Karma is waiting to give you guys its hand, one you never thought of or even planned.

Now, then and Again

We sit here in the light of candles, I decorate your mind with all that what was intended for you to hear.

You inspire my ability to loosen the things that tied my tongue, that helped my mind find where it had been for some time.

We fell in love eventually, gradually; we saw nothing coming. Time made available when we could ration the passion that could have postponed it.

When we were able to deal with its depth, we lunged. Being capable of reading needs, without asking, was then achievable. All unreasonable things remained outside.

Our minds connected at the hip and lips. Sharing aggressive embraces, that left the marks our emotions could reconcile.

Thinking of minuets that played in those moments, moving towards the precipice. Experiencing, what that meant to us, discarding the lows, taking chances with the highs, that we could only reach one time.

Knowing, then and again, when to exhale and take deep breathes. Avoiding out dated phrases, makes temporary okay. Displaying what I'm saying in a nonverbal way. It's never too close for comfort.

We had this all the time, we just had to dig ourselves. Fine tuning our egos, made it easy. Mining minutes From the hours, we wasted no time.

I found drugs inside of love, it underpins my mental state. We never trained for this, no one ever does. What participates from your eyes dwindles as the candles light gutters. Now, we lay down and try and sleep.

Saswata Ganguly



Shaswata Gangopadhyay (India) : Born and brought up at Kolkata

One of the Prominent face of Contemporary Bengali Poetry, who started writing in Mid 90s.

He has participated in different International poetry festivals of Europe and Both North and Latin America.

His poems are continuously Publised in all six continents through translations in 7-8 languages.

His book of Poems : Inhabitant of Pluto Planet (2001) Offspring of Monster (2009) Holes of Red Crabs(2015) Selected Love Poems (2021)

He has also been invited to read his poems in both UK and USA Book Fair, organised virtually this year.

In our city

Yes, we haunt carrion-depot, we eat dog's meat Not sparing the intestines even, we call in the feast our friends also

Pollution in every food-item, I learn to put my lip in arsenic Is there also in the lips of my girl- friend, when I kiss her?

At the end of dinner, glass is in my hand together with soft drinks

Is it a toilet cleaner? When finished give me one more

Vultures have become extinct, watching with a piercing eye I search for food everywhere, shall I open the street manhole?

We are the tribes of monster, after food being exhausted in the city

New tiffin-box opens its cover very silently

The lobe of the friend's ear, the bones plucked from his fingers

Oh, how tasteful the liver is, how a spicy show of flavour

Yes, we kill our friends daily by sharp pointed knives Taking them as food by biting, now we've become maneaters

Translated from Bengali to English by Rajdeep Mukherjee

Poetry of the Third World

I am nobody, nobody at all Just a cultivator of cotton belonging to third world, His youngest son I have grown up by swallowing the froth of sea, On my burnt skin There is printed the world-map all over the body

Hunger rises in spiral motion Around my stomach

If you give me love, I'll multiply it three times By sheer magic And put it under your feet If you give me hatred, if you offend me From my top to bottom I'll come back not to take revenge But to my writing papers And I will throw each of my poems,one after another Just like daggers

Yes, all the boys of third world are just like this

Translated from Bengali to English by Rajdeep Mukherjee

Snake Woman

I was a beloved one of a venomous snake-woman

I couldn't make out her real nature before At the end of shady autumn in the forest -grass She expanded her hood so violently beside a beaming fountain In the clear moonlight, also in the tune with rhythmic intercourse-That unrestrained reeling dance It seemed to my mind the very delusion of a celestial nymph There was a flash of lightning on the meadow, in the bed made of leaves We are as if two images of loving pair, on the point of Kissing on her lips, I tried to withdraw myself Her lolling tongue divided, during that night of our mating I was simply astonished to find some striped fibers on her abdomen Seeing me totally senseless, she had gone to hibernation Only its slough remains left now And on both sides of my knee-joint There is still the mark of its biting The hidden mark of her poison fangs

Translated from Bengali to English by Rajdeep Mukherjee

Suranjit Gain

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Suranjit Gain

Born on 8 October in 1984. Khulna district in Bangladesh. Mother Lila Gain. Father Tapan Gain.

Primary education from Dacope saheberabad primary school. Secondary from Herovanga Vidyasagar Vidyamandir (West bengal, India.) Higher secondary from Gobordanga Collegiate Highschool (India.)

Creation of literature begin from childhood. Priest (gurudev) world famous poet Purushottam Kazi Nazrul Islam. Number of published book about ninety. Bengali, Hindi, English literature published from several country of the world. Admired and recognized by international literary festivals. National and international awarded poet. Congratulated by the universe in literature

Bangladesh

Bangladesh, o my ever mother land ----I touch your feet with my hand. Your sun, star, thy moon, morning evening and noon, in my life have impressed out; it has no doubt. You are glorious age and age; thou have no comparison I guess. Thou are fulfil with divine wealth just; angelic elements spread on your dust. I am proud of you! your face ever new. O my mother ---you are greater than the heaven; I want to come back to thy lap again and again.

The Universal Poet

The victor of the universe, the universal poet Nazrul; ever true, not the error.

Rabindranath our pride for ever; first time he wins the universe.

Nazrul is the best surprise of the world! announced every where.

Rabindranath admits the truth; the title universal poet, Nazrul's authority.

He is admired by the globe in his young age. Devotion, love, humanity, secularism remain in his creations.

Poem, prose, story, novel all the literary sides are praiseworthy with his peerless pen.

Nazrul obtains the most reputation all over the

world for his incomparable devotional lyric verse.

Nazrul is a scientific author as well. His science based writings are so admirable.

Once he recites his most famous poem Bidrohi (the rebel) in front of Rabindranath. He is embarrassed and says to Nazrul the universal poet.

Youthful Spring

Across the coldness of idleness I come to youthful spring. And obtain expected image.

I feel eternal attachment with romance!

I do mind I am about to die-sudden a loving name administer nectar. And I rise up with entire life.

I stare a divine power to her.

A strange pleasure intimates I am the great space! boundless stars found to me with delight.

The deity of love congratulates me. I concept I am the emperor of the state of affection.

I govern the universe wearing the crown of the sun. I scorch the without love atlas with the powerful youth of mine.

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Hasiba Hilal



Hey people this is Rutba. I'm currently a student residing from baramulla, Kashmir. I started penning down, When i was in grade 9. I happen to be a writer because i love weaving the words together.

The thing about me is; I barely talk to someone rather then my copy because there is no one who can help me out of entangled things, But my pen never makes me, to rely on someone else and thats the moto reason why i adore it to the fullest. And my main reason behind writing is to make people understand that there is no other person but you; Who can understand you the very exactly.

Dear brave me I'm proud of you!

You went from; Zillion of throes, Still you carry that smile; Like a loaded gun, ready to explode. And showed everyone; that you are not going to feel glum, And yes! You became your own sun.

They made you feel like trash; You developed proclivity for yourself, They bullied you; You turned the blinds eye, They dragged you down; You rose yourself

Yea! I do roger that, You're going through the galaxies of torment and hoe but Sweetheart, It is in your fate; Whatelse can you do? You can't escape or make yourself go.

Precious, You are born girl and you have to feel low; Cause this is the freakin' world and they think this way tho.

Another day passes by

Still and silent in the cold pale night, I was feeling so damn low

Tried to count upon the hours

But they we're also being slow

"You can't see me like this, You weren't so cruel" My heart whispered in a low husky tone!

You want to go but i won't let you go, Please come to me now; I got to be with you somehow

I can't sleep, Either don't want to

I'm up all night and in the amidst of crying i try to pretend a smile

Then sometimes i think i should let you go, As you don't belong to me now,

But the fear of letting you go wrecks all my dreams i

dreamt with you, And makes me sigh

My whole entity gave me a lot to weep;

But instead i let my soul to sleep

Was i so improbable, Perhaps that is why it happened to be For sure i kept myself alone to screech,

In order to find you who could help me

But Alas! I found no such for me

It has been so long,

Since we we're standing eye to eye

Now my hopes are getting diminished for the sake of lies "Nothing, I'm just fine" I said, but deep down feeling like one more day without your smile

And here another day passes by

Lie

He thought she is happy and would be at ease Not knowing the truth, That she has ruined her peace Was it so easy to mess it up like this? As now she got no dreams to chase and no one to face His friends said, "She is twisted, Just avoid" And he did, Leaving a void! She left him a last message saying "Will miss you", Her heart pound She maybe could hear her heartbeats with cracking sounds You left her. Yes you did Leaving nothing but an unbearable wound, Which can never heal. No matter with whom she'll surround Now she could barely talk low, As she wanted to get loud She just desired for him to hear her; That 'her' who was completely his But "I just Don't love you anymore", He said Leaving not a single reason. She could find Without him she couldn't see herself in her foresee What she can do was, Glide a blade onto her skin; To let that pain in her body pour out, And could make her soul free " No you can't do this to yourself " Her heart started to shout Instead she buried those shouts in the silence of her room And made herself think about: The agonies; which she was facing, The voids; Which were getting emptier, The memories; Which were flashing, Now all she can do was cry and ask herself, Was everything a lie?

Remembering

our fallen soldiers of verse



Janet Perkins Caldwell

February 14, 1959 ~ September 20, 2016

Alan W. Jankowski

16 March 1961 ~ 10 March 2017

Now available

World Healing World Peace 2020



Poets for Humanity

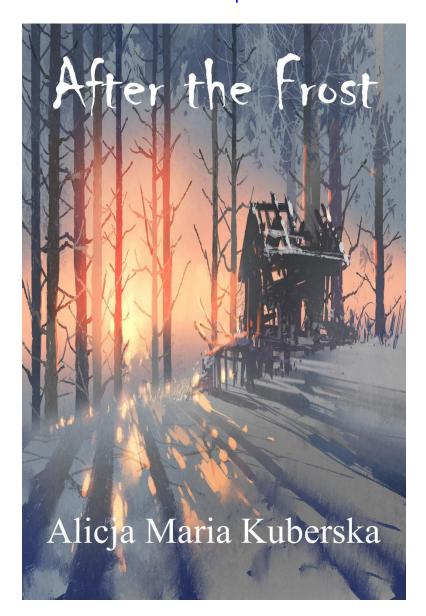
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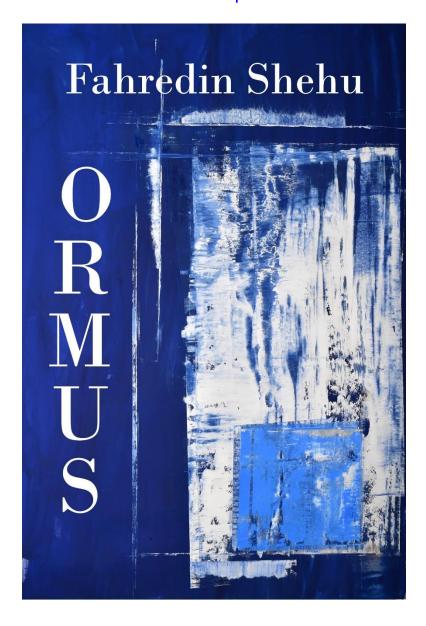
Poetry Posse Members

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

On the following pages we present to you ...

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





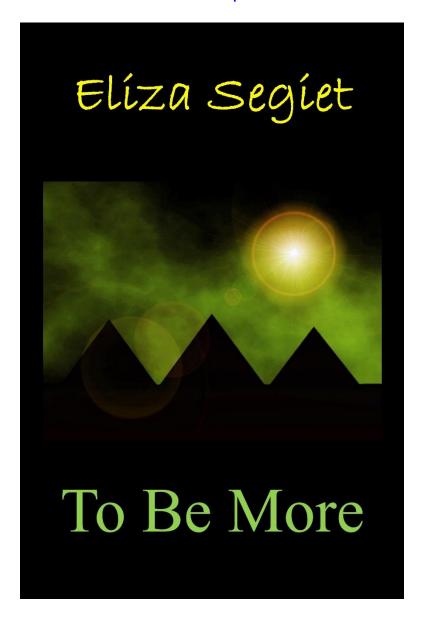
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Ahead of My Time

... from the Streets to the Stages

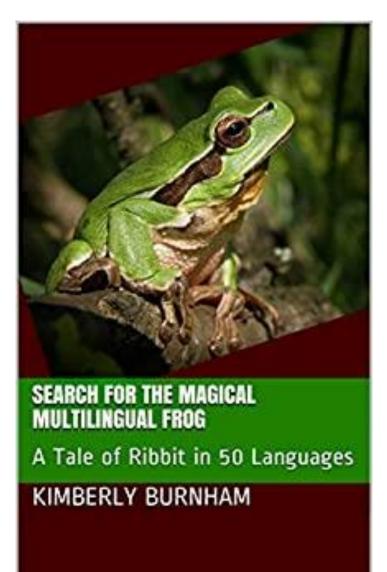


Albert 'Infinite' Carrasco



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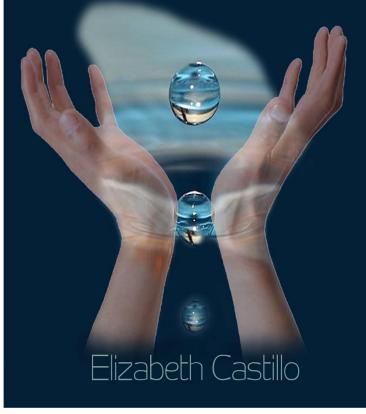
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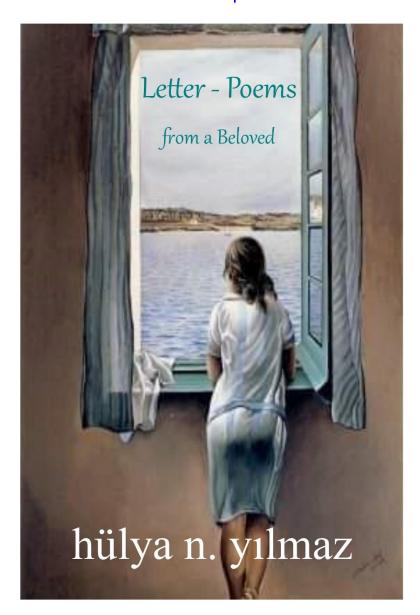


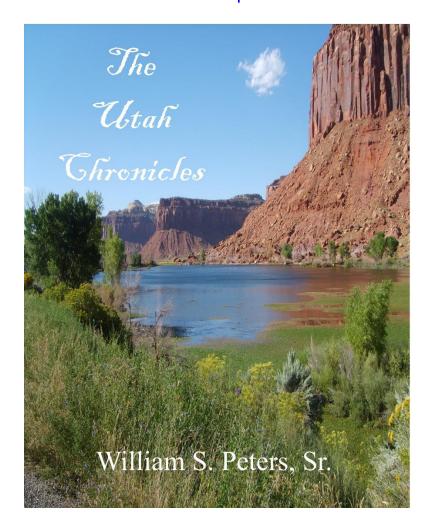


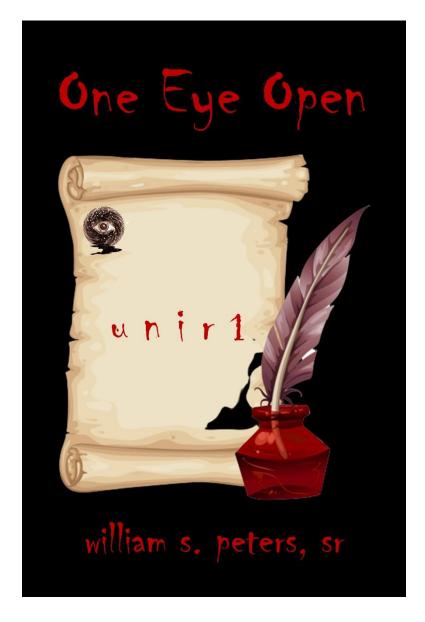
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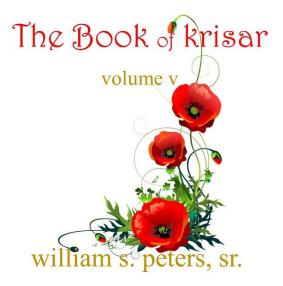








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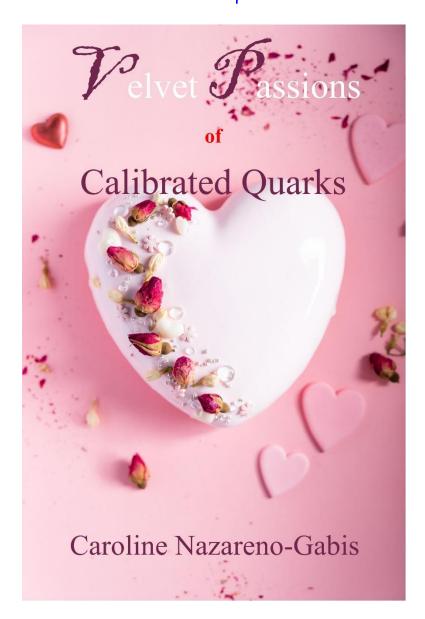
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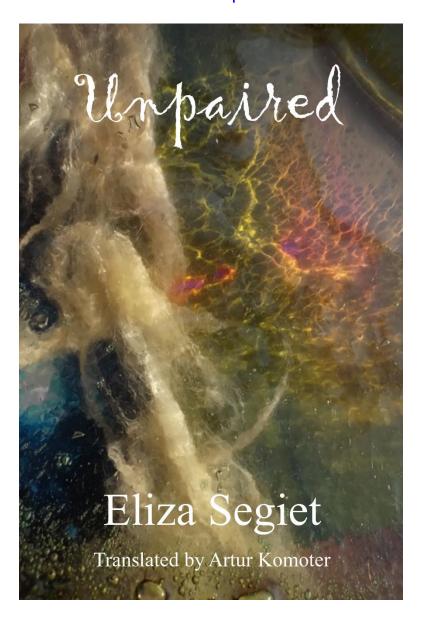
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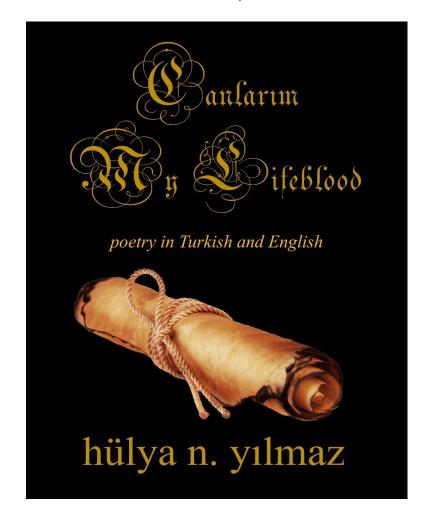
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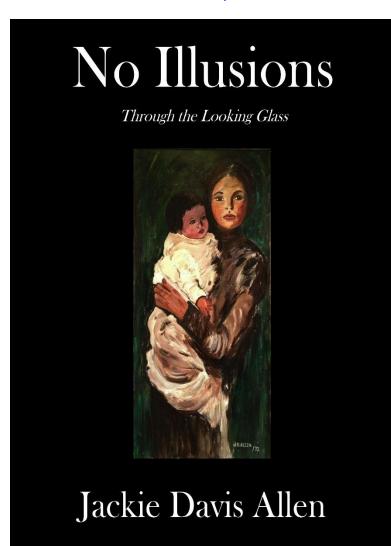
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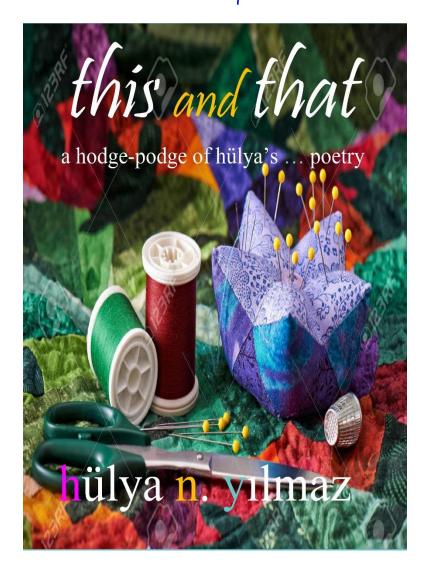


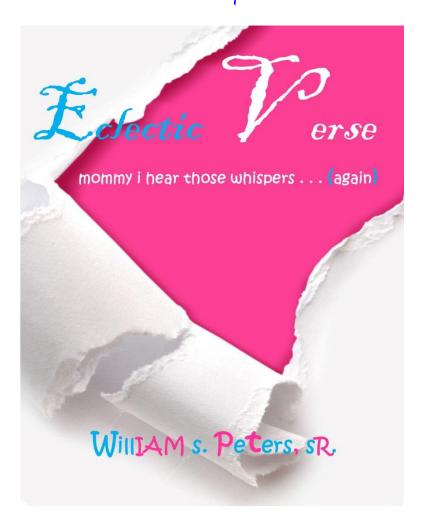


Faleeha Hassan

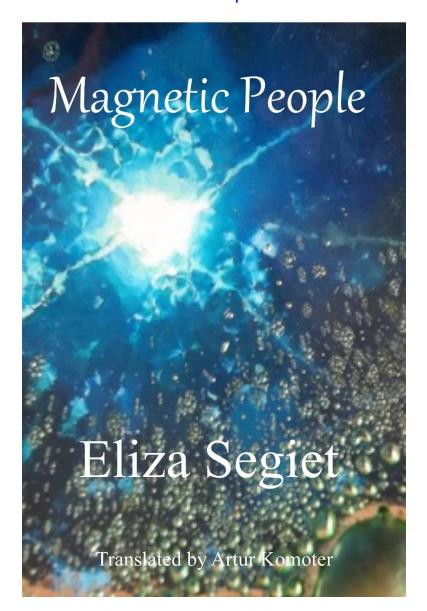
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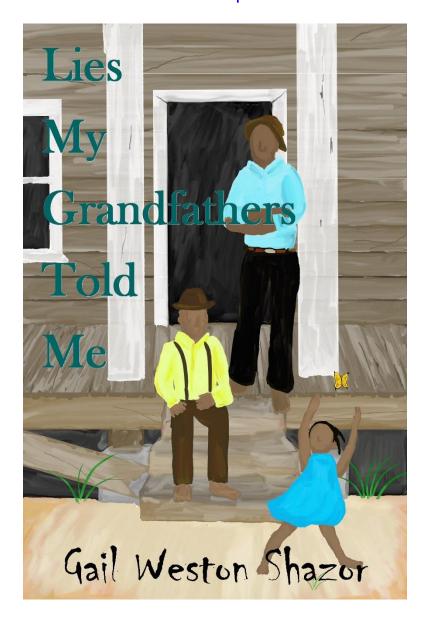


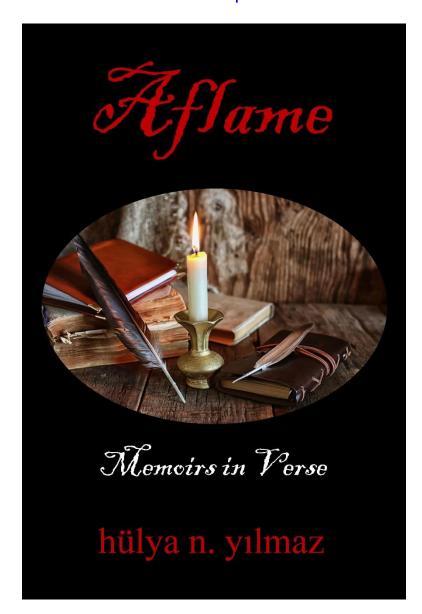


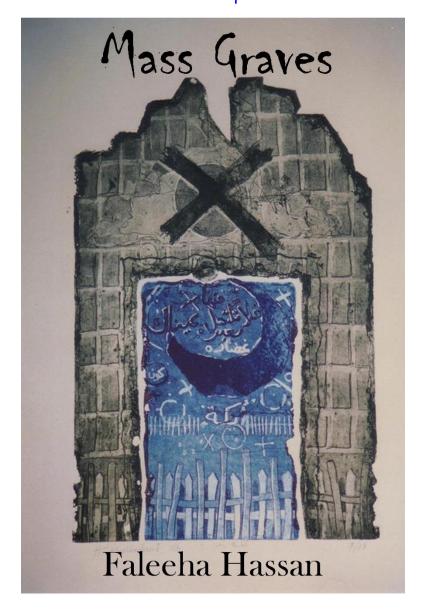


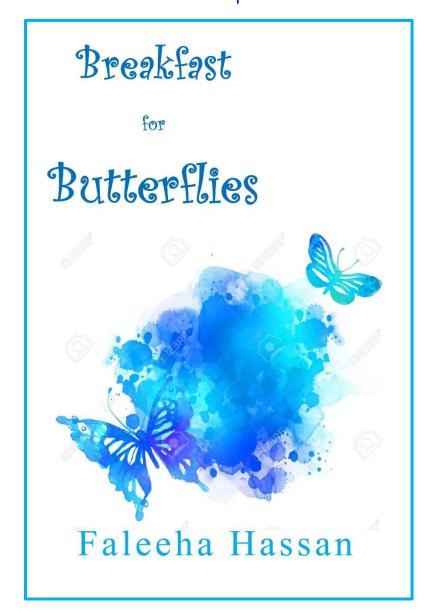


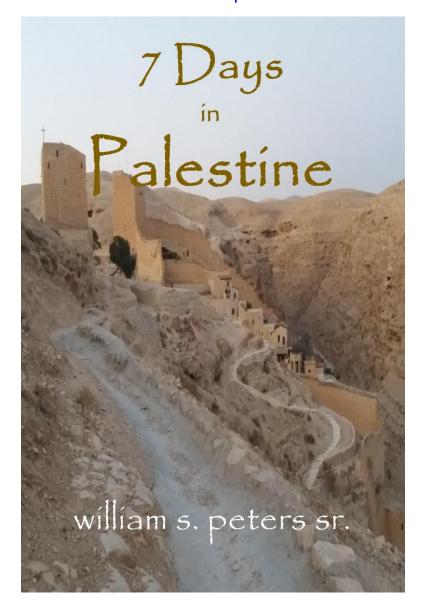










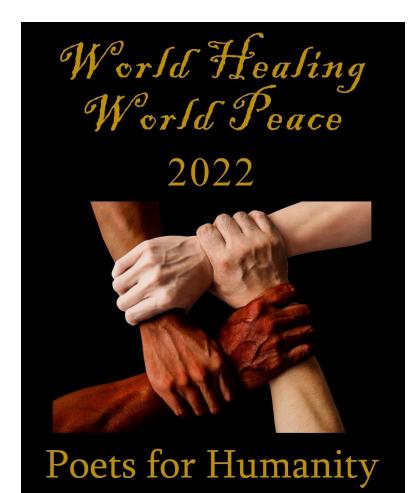








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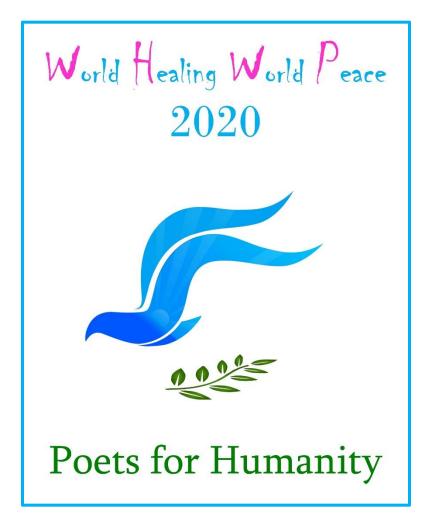
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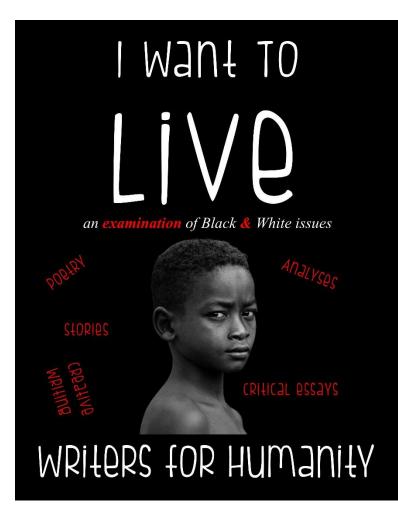
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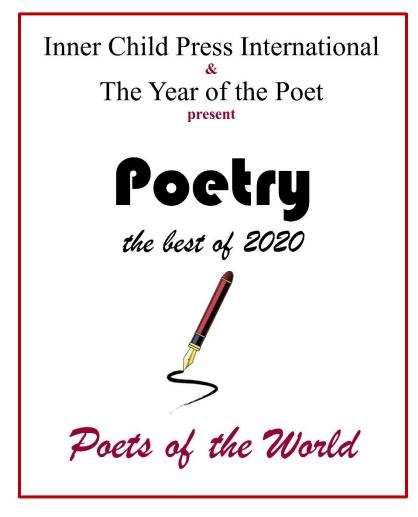
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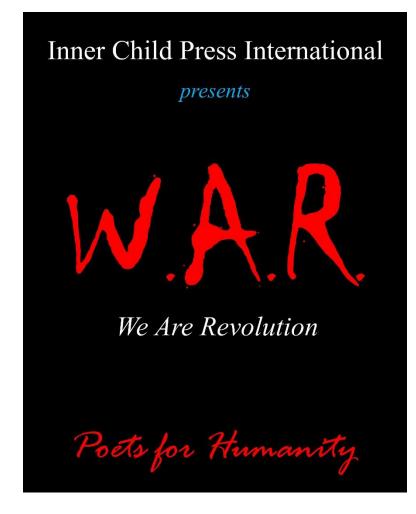
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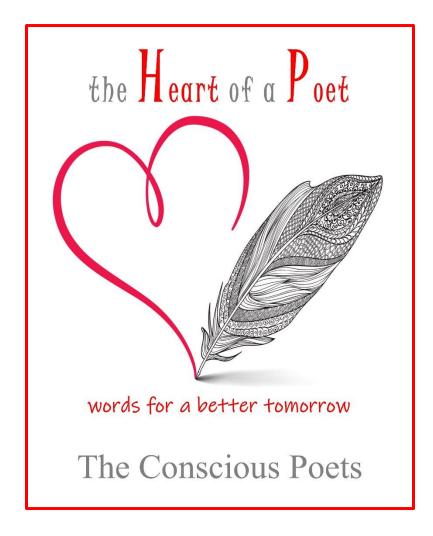


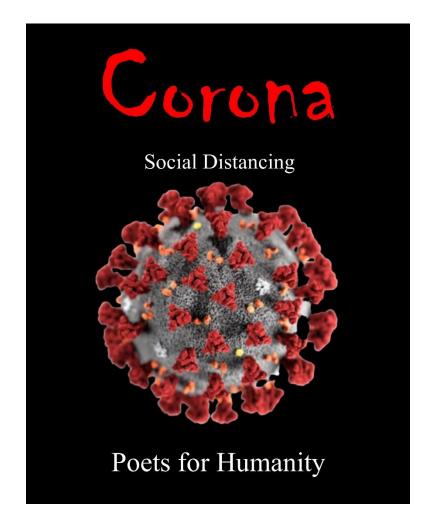
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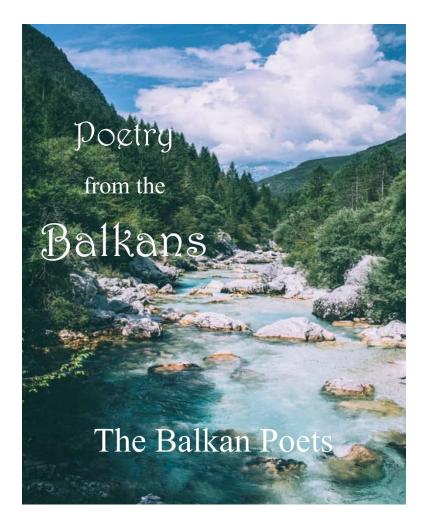












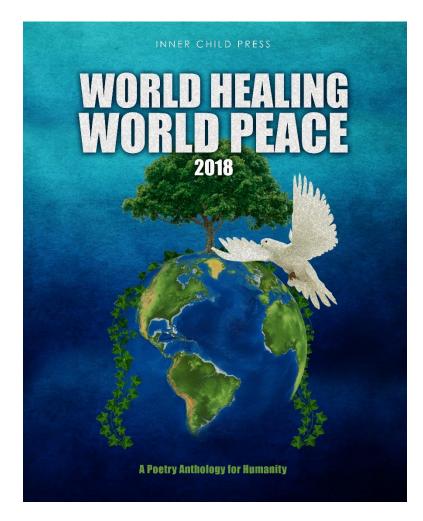
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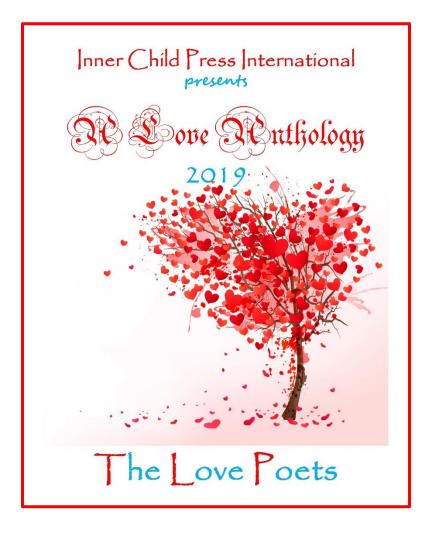
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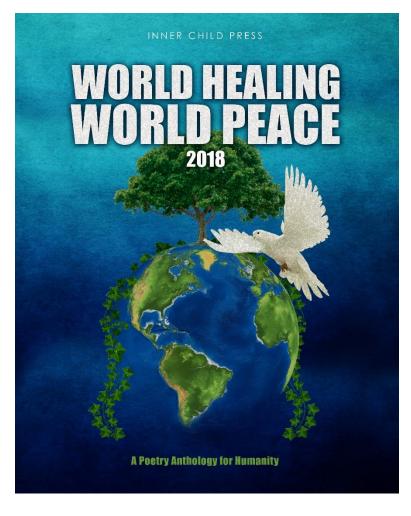
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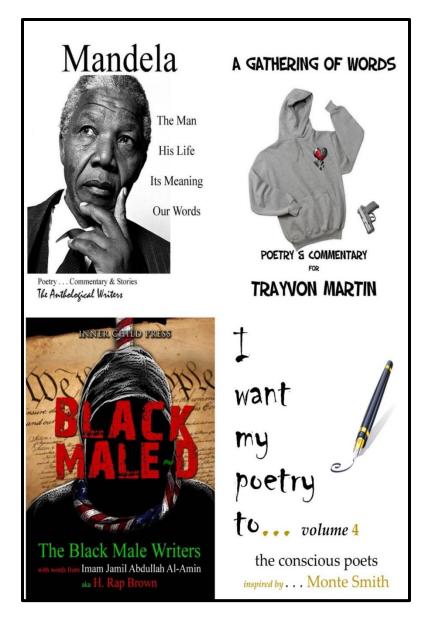
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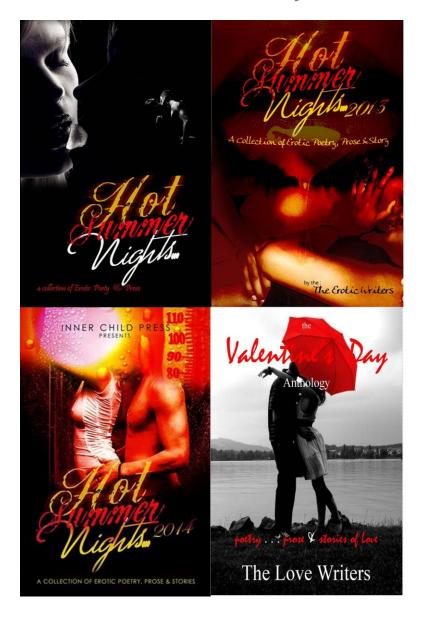
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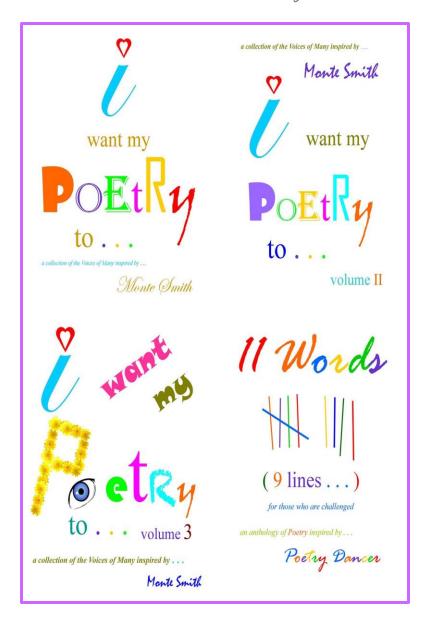
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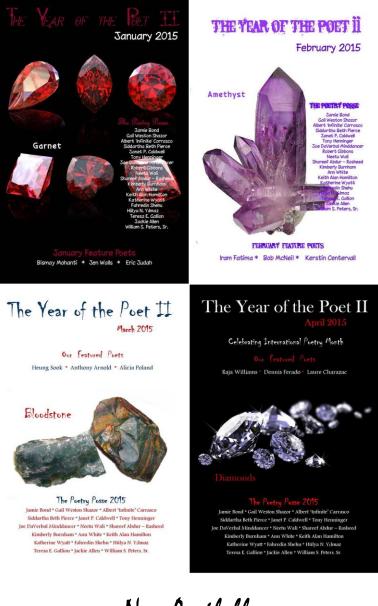
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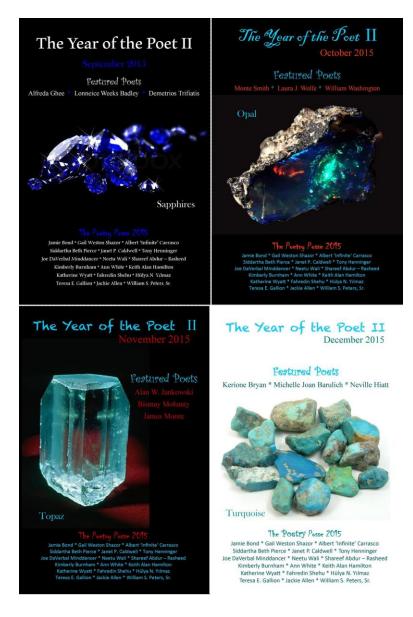
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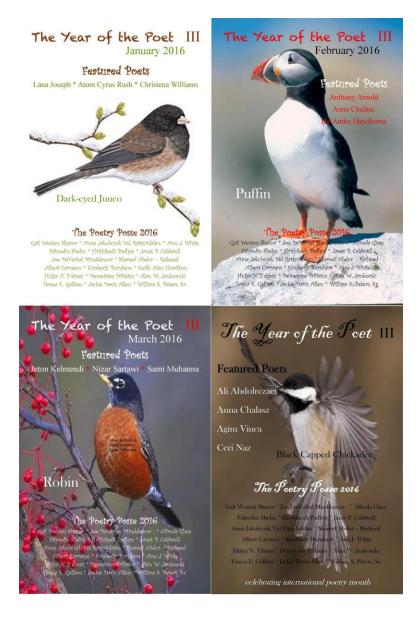
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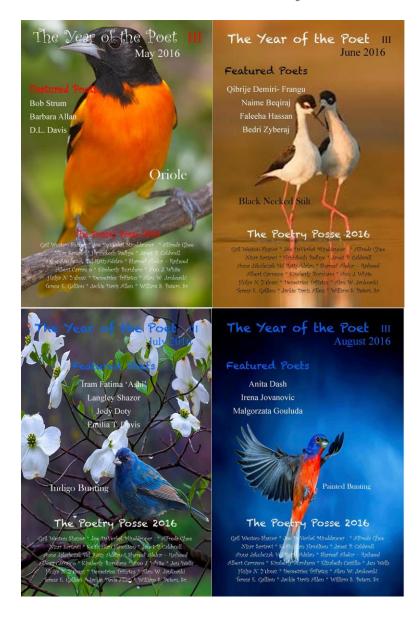
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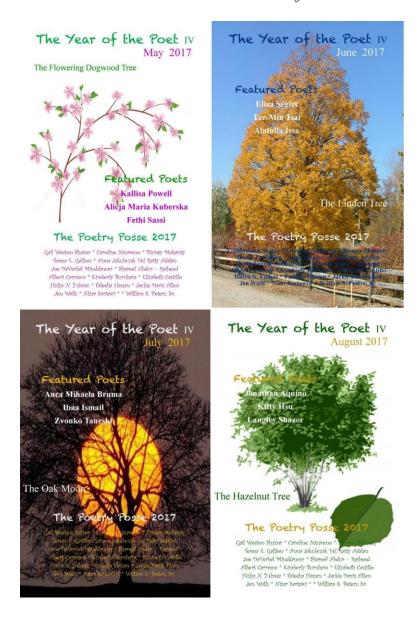
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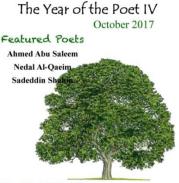
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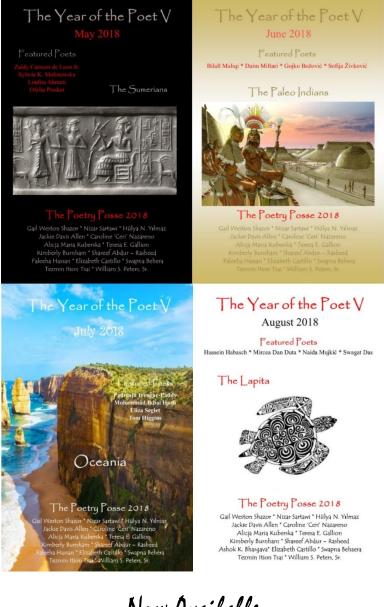


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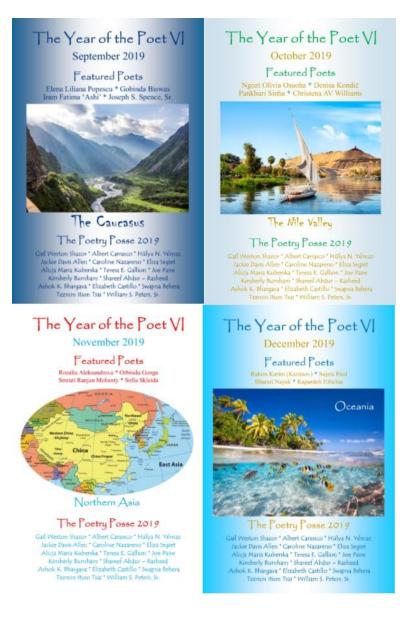


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Claudia Piccinno * Mohammed Jab Luzviminda Rivera *Nigar Arif

Tatyana Fazlalizadeh



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Pablo O'Higgins



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Diego Rivera



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Goncalao Mabunda



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Rayen Kang



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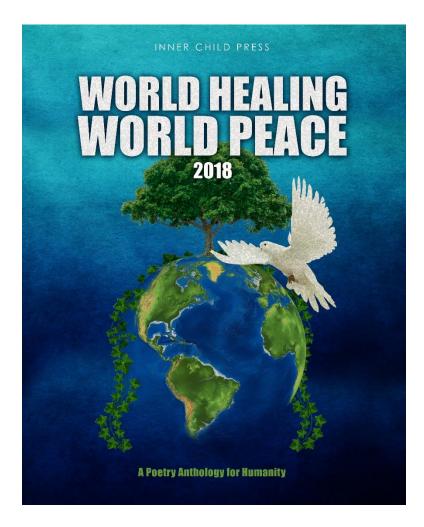


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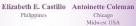


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