

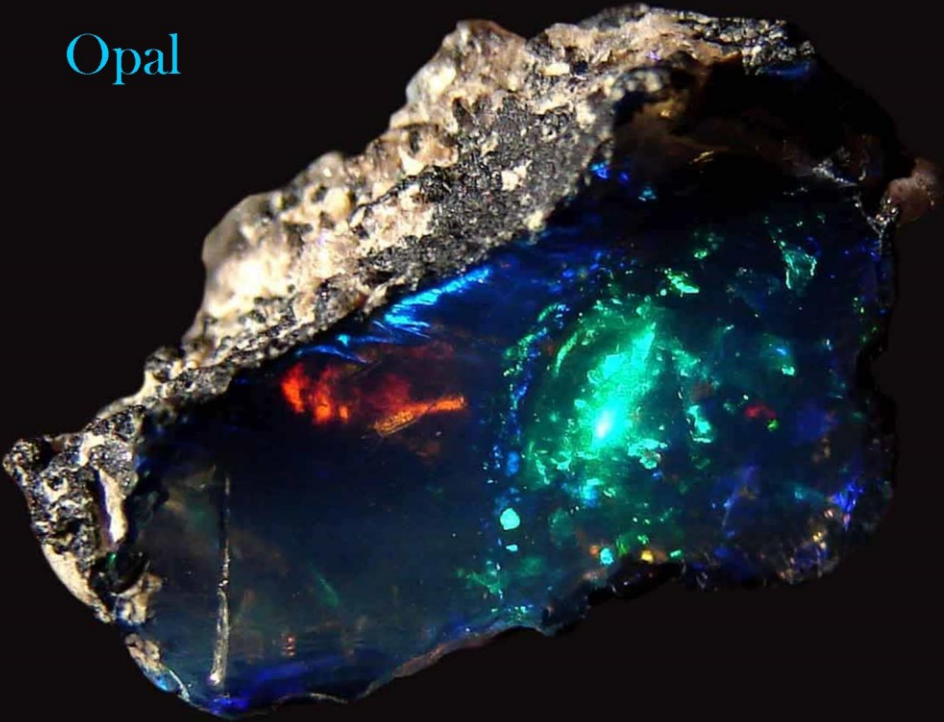
# The Year of the Poet II

October 2015

## Featured Poets

Monte Smith \* Laura J. Wolfe \* William Washington

Opal



## The Poetry Posse 2015

Jamie Bond \* Gail Weston Shazor \* Albert 'Infinite' Carrasco  
Siddartha Beth Pierce \* Janet P. Caldwell \* Tony Henninger  
Joe DaVerbal Minddancer \* Neetu Wali \* Shareef Abdur – Rasheed  
Kimberly Burnham \* Ann White \* Keith Alan Hamilton  
Katherine Wyatt \* Fahredin Shehu \* Hülya N. Yılmaz  
Teresa E. Gallion \* Jackie Allen \* William S. Peters, Sr.



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Poet II

October 2015

**The Poetry Posse**

*inner child press, ltd.*

# *The Poetry Pose 2015*

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Gail Weston Shazor  
Albert 'Infinite the Poet' Carrasco  
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## **The Year of the Poet II October Edition**

### **The Poetry Posse**

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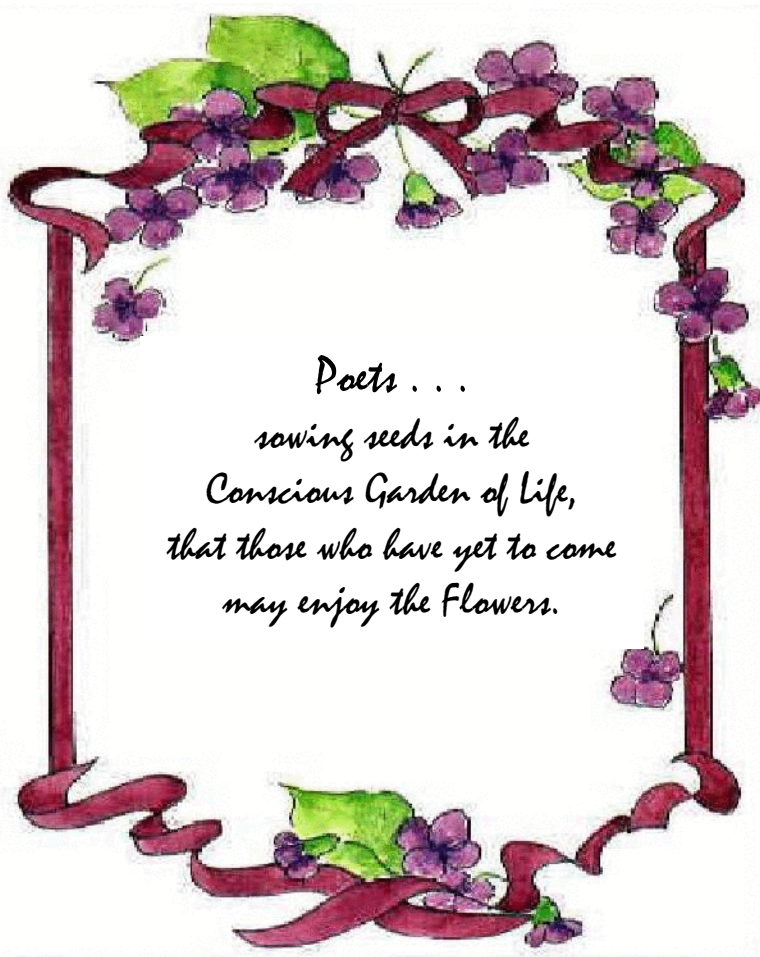
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WHAT WOULD  
LIFE  
BE WITHOUT  
A LITTLE  
POETRY?

# Dedication

This Book is dedicated to  
Poetry . . .  
its Patrons,  
the Spirit of our Everlasting Muse  
&  
the Power of the Pen.



Poets . . .  
sowing seeds in the  
Conscious Garden of Life,  
that those who have yet to come  
may enjoy the Flowers.



# Foreword

As I sit and drink my morning coffee, I think how blessed I am to be able to share this quiet time with the words of poets who can make me laugh, cry, sing, dance, reflect, forgive and engage differences. All of these behaviors are part of living, learning, healing and growing. The power of the word makes a large contribution. Wordsmiths are change builders who plant seeds for future generations. That is their legacy.

The collective of wordsmiths affectionately known as the Posse commits to a monthly release to the universe a blending of light, sound, textures and colors that impart wisdom in the lyrics that flow across the pages. If you take the time to sit in your favorite space and engage this anthology, you will not leave untouched. The Posse massages the heart, mind and spirit with diverse themes and perspectives.

Poetry is like wisdom notes shared with the world when released to the universe. The wisdom sandwiched in these words touch the soul at every level. Take your sandwich, chew slowly and savor the taste of every word.

There is a sandwich of wisdom here just for you.  
This is a love offering that flows between the  
pages of the anthology.

Blessings

Teresa E. Gallion

# Preface

Greeting Poetry Family and Friends,

Janet and i having just returned from The Kosovo International Poetry Festival are invigorated. We have witnessed firsthand the impact our words of verse may have on a Global basis.

We had the opportunity to meet, fellowship, commune and break bread with many souls from different cultures, speaking different languages with different customs. The common factor that penetrated these borders of men was . . .Poetry. Poetry has a means of bringing forth our Humanity, our Sensitivities and many other aspects of who we are as a species that is not readily available, or in plain sight. Too often the politics and media of our world seeks to separate us and create and unnecessary angst betwixt us.

Poetry, you have to love it, for it makes for a very endearing translation of our humanity which transcends and overcome all the illusions and delusions of difference and the classisms that accompany these false values and judgments.

In the following pages, i hope that you the reader can consider the words of we poets without restraint. Relax and take a poetic journey with us and you too will see, that we are not as different as we thought. As i said, Poetry, you have to love it.

Bless Up

*Bill*

*Thank God for Poetry  
otherwise  
we would have a problem !*

~ wsp

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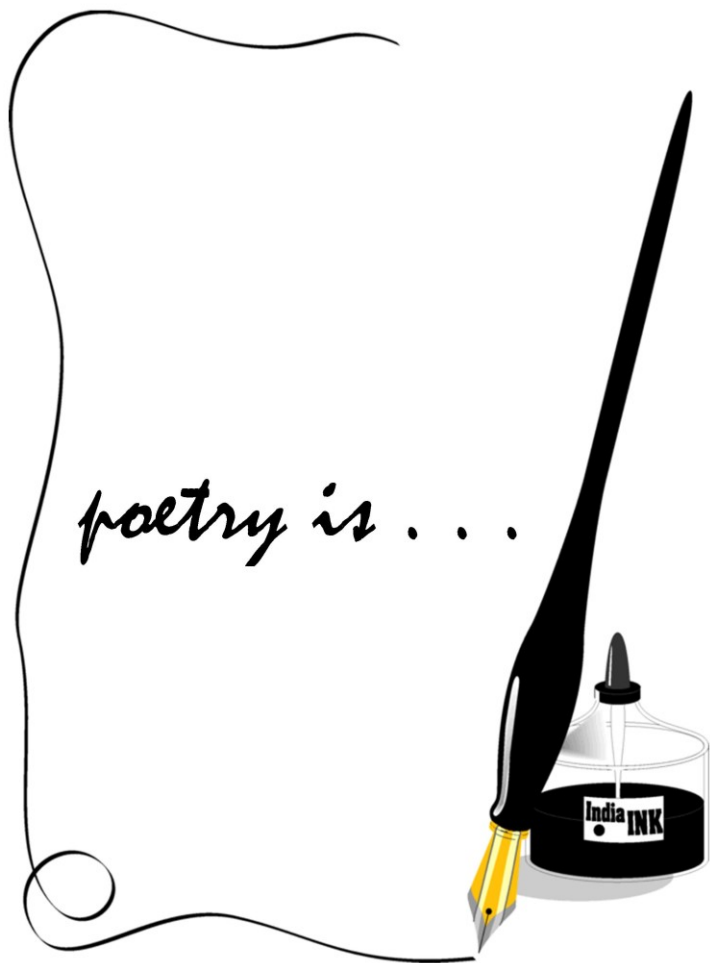
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## **O**ther **A**nthological **W**orks 147

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







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*Poetry succeeds where instruction fails.*

~ wsp

Gail  
Weston  
Shazor

*Gail Weston Shazor*



*The Year of the Poet ~ October 2015*

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  
available at Inner Child Press.

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[www.innerchildpress.com/gail-weston-shazor](http://www.innerchildpress.com/gail-weston-shazor)  
[navypoet1@gmail.com](mailto:navypoet1@gmail.com)

## Sistah Ara

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



## Autumnal

The flamboyant trees  
Mark autumn for me now  
It's bright red blooms  
Are reminders that in my past life  
I welcomed red and gold and browns  
Of chestnuts and wide oak trees

The mums and rakes have been replaced by  
Weather watchers these months  
As we islanders watch the ocean  
For the small changes  
That can mean big things  
In this cycle of the sun

I awake some mornings  
To grand overcast skies  
And in my half sleep I feel chilled  
By the memory of coolness  
Against my skin  
So i snuggle deeper in my bed

Even in this season of fall  
I know that when i break my fast  
And cross my threshold  
It will be warm and balmy  
On my island  
And I will sit quietly welcoming the day  
Under flamboyant trees

## Reclamation

My song is lonesome and sweet  
Tunes falling across meadows  
Delayed dreams lying fallow  
On a gleaner's harvest field  
Wind rushes through the reeds  
Bending and breaking weak canes  
Disturbing napping crickets

My song is tired and weary  
A tune sung over again  
Melodies never to change  
As long as true lover's hearts  
Remain in separate spaces  
The miles stretch far and forever  
Seemingly without a break

My song is hauntingly clear  
Tuned to empty embraces  
As the sun sets on days end  
And the only warmth is found  
Under the layered blankets  
Wrapped close in pretend comfort  
With just a pillow hugged close

My song resonates daily  
The toothbrushes timbered tune  
A crackled brush's static  
The z's of nylon zippers  
Easing my work face in place  
Smoothing the lace of lonely  
Over the plastic façade

My song is sung with blindness  
All tuned in eternity

*The Year of the Poet ~ October 2015*

As the heart does not have eyes  
Only a believing soul  
For the universe will call  
The spirits of reckoning  
To uphold a love's patience

My song ebbs with the tides  
Tuning blue waves into sound  
Waves crest soundlessly around  
I wade far enough to see  
The lighthouse's clear beacons  
Left to guide you back to me  
Calling the wind to your back

My song peals as a clear bell  
Tunes matched to my beating heart  
I am beyond any point  
Of giving up my night watch  
Standing ever resolute  
Against life's buffeting waves  
Awaiting reclamation

*Gail Weston Shazor*

Albert  
'Infinite the Poet'  
Carrasco

*Albert 'Infinite the Poet' Carrasco*



## *The Year of the Poet ~ October 2015*

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-infinite-carrasco/infinite-poetry/paperback/product-21040240.html>

## Scorned consequence

My son is a good boy. He would've never hurt no one that didn't want to hurt him. No he wasn't a saint but neither was the others. They all lived the same lives. As mothers of hustlers we pray for the best but expect the worst. The actions that occurred took a child away from all of us, we all feel the repercussion to their decisions. It could've easily been me here speaking to a defendant before sentencing hoping to get my sons killer to become a lifer and you on the other side pleading for mercy for junior. No matter which way you look at it its a lose lose situation. So the ugly picture you're painting of my son here in court for murder is two faced. The only reason my child is alive is because he shot first when his life was threatened, as we all know because of the evidence and witnesses on the stand, your son was found with a gun in his hand.... Get her out of her before I charge her with contempt... No your honor... she's right, I want her son to pay for his crime... but I do want him to see daylight...Thank you! it's true, I hate to say it but we both knew, there's no need to infinitely lose two. They hug in tears as the judge sentenced him to the lesser charge of twenty five years.



## He could've tempted me... then

I'm glad the devil didn't offer me a deal when I was hypnotized by hells serenade "death for reincarnation" because I would've been doing the reapers job, murder. I would've had to kill about twenty people to get back family members, friends and lost brothers. It would've been to good of an offer for someone already with a short fuse to refuse.

I would've killed all the killers of those that got murdered. I would have to become a mass murderer...homicide after homicide, and mad scientist/doctor searching for the ability to slaughter cells of cancer, because that's was the demise of 13 year old Kimberly john ( one of my best friends daughters ) my aunt Arlene and my father.

The cancer part, I wish could be achieved, I wouldn't need a deal for that, my point is I'll be on a killing spree, taking revenge on anyone and anything that took someone from me... feel me. I mourn deeply, so many have died that I can enter the local cemetery from any entrance and have a loved one near me, I see marble rock with faces over death dates and I still think it's a huge dream... It can't really be true, it's a nightmarish reality every time I come through.

Yesterday they was here, today I stand at those headstones and stay for hours wishing an interactive hologram would appear so I tell them all of the things that happened through the years, The first thing I'll say is I love them, the first question would be I'll.. Are you guys all together? Then I'll study them, how they aged, all their features and voices as if my mind has a recorder, so Just in case if I never get to see that hologram again, I'll be able to close my two physicals open my mental to see and hear them crystal clear.

*Albert 'Infinite the Poet' Carrasco*

I mean I still have images of them in my head but with out enhancements, it's been decades since the first to go been around, so it's sad to say that I'm forgetting their vibration of sound. As a grown man knowing the depth of pain that comes with death. I'm glad the devil didn't offer me a deal when I was hypnotized by hells serenade "death for reincarnation" because I would've been doing the reapers job, murder. I would've had to kill about twenty people to get back family members, friends and lost brothers...

## Scabs

I peel scabs and words leak out, I rub burn marks from slugs on my body like a Jeannie and urban poetry pours out, when I stare at funeral cards of all my dead men I grab a pen and bleed out. When it comes to the game I'm a designated heavy hitter, I walk around the die-mond slowly because when I swing it's always a homer. This is the house that inf built, only 5 6 but my g stands on stilts, hold on..... Ok, I just wanted to give a moment of silence for the last mic I kilt. I see and hear dead people, that's a gained perk from chasing the root of all evil. I've witnessed some horrific shit, I spit... s sss ssss ha ha ha, 1 2 inf's coming for you...horror flicks. The life of violence had me taking vows of quietness, I was running round da hood with something silenced for when my slugs and the killer of my kinfolks torso made an acquaintance... I'll whisper while they yell just like my homies before they fell. I'm an H.K. veteran, tour after tour I was dog tag collect'n, John Doe toe tag name changing...yeah that's so and so...a goon from my platoon who's body was used for bullets to mushroom. I've seen gruesome crime scenes, brains on floors and bloody hand prints on walls from trying to hold on and not fall, I've been in hospitals hearing mothers scream at doctors...save him please, but their child went from the OR to OR...tiz. These are my raw stories, cocaine chronicles and murder novels, aeiou I cry with vowels, I would use y but I already know so I threw in the towel

*Albert 'Infinite the Poet' Carrasco*

Janet  
Perkins  
Caldwell

*Janet Perkins Caldwell*



## *The Year of the Poet ~ October 2015*

Janet P. Caldwell has been writing for 40 years and has been published in print newspapers and held a byline in a small newspaper in TX. She also has contributed to magazines and books globally. She has published 3 books, *5 degrees to separation* 2003, *Passages* 2012, and her latest book *Dancing Toward the Light . . . the journey continues 2013*, and contributed to countless anthologies yearly. She is currently editing her 4<sup>th</sup> book, written and to be published 2015. All of her Books are available through Inner Child Press, along with Fine Book Stores Globally.

Janet P. Caldwell is also the Chief Operating Officer of Inner Child, which includes the many Inner Child Facebook groups, Inner Child Newspaper, Inner Child Magazine, Inner Child Radio and The Inner Child Press Publishing Company.

To find out more about Janet, you may visit her web-site, Face-book Fan Page and her Author page at Inner Child Press.

[www.janetcaldwell.com](http://www.janetcaldwell.com)

<https://www.facebook.com/JanetPCaldwell>

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

## As I Walk To Work

The beggar

Squats near the doorway of  
A store that sells new and used  
Books, his greeting card a square  
Foot of cardboard I never read, salt  
Stains his shirt near his armpits, broken  
Burlap-colored nails extend from  
Fingerless gloves, rheumy eyes, lank  
Hair, head cocked, he stares skyward  
Sings hymns off-key, his smile that of  
A simple-minded angel

I always give him a dollar like  
Grandfather gave to me.



## Closed Circuit

It's on rails, the whole ride  
And I'm not strapped in.  
You know that scary place?  
The awful place, right  
Between mania and depression.  
Strobe shadows and blonde, the  
Pull up the slope, the build-up.  
I do.  
Confusion,  
Intrusion,  
Illusions.  
Knowing you can't trust your own perceptions,  
Your own sense of up and down,  
The unamusement park, six-flags-over  
Psychosis.  
The thoughts, my God you can't know.  
Trying to convey this is more than difficult.  
It is such an unpleasant task.  
A maddening chore, like running in quick sand,  
Hip deep in thick shit,  
Want to ride along? Do you?  
The only thing you want is the  
G's, not the elevation up or down,  
A plateau, some kind of level,  
I just need to know I will stay  
In the seat, that's all I want, not the  
Wind, not the movement, just give me  
Those stomach-clenching G's, let my ass  
Stay on the seat.  
Feeling like a fucking crazy  
Because it rolled on you,  
Inverted and hurtling, and  
Puckering like a suction cup  
To hang on by the cheeks

*Janet Perkins Caldwell*

And afraid it's not enough  
This time. Ain't no brakes, not on  
This bitch and it  
will go around again  
The scenery changes, but not the ride  
And I'm praying somehow  
It'll pass if I don't crash  
Or fall first,  
Die insane.

## No Choice

I don't believe that any love ever leaves.  
It moves around, reallocates  
To a place in our heart.  
That we might bear, the memory...  
Though at times, it seems  
Difficult to see.

A book,  
Out of print, in an old library.  
Buried (God, was it the eighties?)  
Somewhere in the stalls and stacks.  
Babies died too, by our hands (yours, mine, hers)  
Three of them? You might  
Find the facts if you can reference it, by some  
Obscure number, if it has been shelved  
Properly. It smells of old ink and  
Aged paper, as I rediscover the text.  
May I tell you that I have missed you?  
I don't want to stay, maybe browse awhile,  
Reminisce a bit, *turn a page*. It ended  
Neatly. We're both happy now...

That scent returns, I see your striking  
Smile. The embarrassment of you and me,  
Our crimes descend like a court sentence.  
I reached for something else, less wispy,  
Here. The meat, the bones the interstitial  
Meanings are vacant. It *was* here,  
A governor's pardon.

I remember a different feeling than  
The one that I have.

\*Author's Note – All poems from the late 70's, early 80's.

*Janet Perkins Caldwell*

Jackie  
Allen

*Jackie Davis Allen*



## *The Year of the Poet ~ October 2015*

My name is Jacqueline D. Allen, otherwise known as Jackie. I grew up in the Cumberland Mountains of Appalachia, one of ten children. As a child, of a coal miner and a stay at home mother, I told stories at night to my younger siblings in an attempt to lull them to sleep. That was the tool I used so that I might return to my homework, uninterrupted. Much to my delight they begged me to bring the "books" home so that they could see the pictures for themselves. As delighted as I was that they loved my stories, it was difficult to endure the disappointment on their faces when I told them the truth: I had made up all of the stories that they had so loved.

Many years after those early seeds of story telling began, after college, after work, after raising my children, I began to write poetry. I find writing poetry the creative fabric from which I am able to weave whole cloth from both truth and fiction. Inspired by real life events, memory, imagination and enhanced by the sheer joy of playing with words, my poetry satisfies my need to be creative.

And, if ever there are days when I wonder why it took so long for the writer in me to reveal itself, I simply pick up my pen, or in most cases, go to the computer, and begin writing yet another poem.

## Bleeding Hearts: Estrangement vs The Letter

Having waited impatiently for months,  
Far longer than could he have imagined,  
Today, as always, with all of his love,  
He is longing for sanity's return.  
In despair he is writing, once again.

Repenting these many long days, he weeps  
With tears unending, fears sorely profound.  
Yet, at this moment he's remembering,  
Wanting to hear the familiar footsteps,  
Thinking she may have finally changed her mind.

Losing faith, weary, resolve flailing, he resorts  
To sleeping, the stars holding her and the hours  
In their arms, while he whispers sweet her name  
He saying, with voice of sorrow's regret,  
That in blame's shame she was the innocent.

Lifting up his eyes to the heavens, he hopes  
She remembers his name and that the fragrance  
Scenting the air is that of their love song,  
That the lines he has earnestly penned  
May find a warm place in her heart's home.



## Seeking a Place of Peace

A brisk wind is blowing  
Through layers of leaves  
Drifting through the pages  
Of its breeze are winged feet  
And three strangers who dance  
Amongst, between and beneath  
The trees, they gently clasping hands,  
Daring to dream dreams of solidarity.

Singing songs of hope, of faith,  
Of prosperity, they bare naked  
Their souls, their heavy hearts  
Pierced by the acrid soil  
Of a grieving people  
Whose need of nourishment  
And care requires love's balm,  
Its passion, its empathy.

Within seeds of hope  
And expectation's greed,  
They pray the sun's bright light  
To empower them;  
And, from a nation's many tears  
That hearts might soften  
And from desire, its people will choose  
To do their part in seeking out a seat  
In the promised land.

May the winds of peace  
Find an unwavering path  
Through the layers of time,  
May the emerging seeds  
Of honor, respect and love, lift high  
The brave flag and may its emblems,

*Jackie Davis Allen*

Representing freedom of speech,  
Love and mercy forever replace  
Evil's disgraceful face.

Pray for gardens scraped bare  
Of crime, of poverty; pray we all  
That life's needs be met; that living,  
Loving, accepting and embracing  
The garden of peace,  
Each breath may be as health's wealth;  
Pray we become friends like the three  
Dancing between, beneath and amongst  
Trees of peace.

## And So It Is

She is woman  
And she has a mind to go  
To work just so that she can hire a helper,  
A widow or a young girl for a couple of days  
Maybe a part time baby sitter  
So that she might  
Discover who she is apart from them.

He is man,  
And he has a mind that goes to work  
So he can support his family, so that they can eat,  
So that they can have a roof over their heads.  
He is blessed he has a wife,  
A partner who Loves him,  
Supports him, cares for his children.

She is a woman  
And, yes, she has a mind.  
If she had a job, she thinks she might be fulfilled;  
And, like man, if she was then paid, she might feel  
Like she had value, had worth, t  
That she was more than the role  
That has usurped her education.

He is a man,  
And yes, he climbs the ladder,  
Returning home at night, tired, sometimes  
Visibly annoyed at the sight of the clutter,  
Yet always pleased to see the happy faces  
Of his precious family  
Sitting around the table.

*Jackie Davis Allen*

She is passionate  
And has undiscovered gifts  
That propel her to discover, to see how far she can  
Fly and if it is at all possible that she could reach  
The top like her man, but unlike him,  
She bears children whose needs  
Must always come first.

He is hardworking,  
Has little time for leisure,  
Yet enjoys sleeping late on Sundays, a game  
Of poker, or some silence to separate himself  
From the stress and pressures of his work  
So that he might support  
His growing family.

Tony  
Henninger

*Tony Henninger*



## *The Year of the Poet ~ October 2015*

Tony Henninger is the current president of The Permian Basin Poetry Society of Texas in West-Texas. His first book, "A Journey of Love", is a collection of love poems dedicated to his wife Deanne and is available at InnerchildPress.Com and Amazon.com.

He has been published in several anthologies including: Permian basin and Beyond 2014, We are the 500 (West Texas poets), Hot Summer Nights 2013 and 2014 editions, and World Healing/World Peace. He is, also, one of the co-authors of the 12 volume Anthology "Year of the Poet 2014" at InnerChild.

He is currently working on his second book of poetry to be published in early 2015.

Born in Frankfurt, Germany and growing up in Colorado, He now resides in Texas.

Tony Henninger on Facebook

Tony Henninger at Linkedin.com

Tony Henninger at Permian Basin Poetry Society @gmail.com.

*Tony Henninger*

## THIS POETS HEART

This poet's heart  
never truly mends  
no matter how much  
I try to pretend.

Though scars have healed,  
there will always be a breach,  
where words flow unceasing  
and no salve can reach.

Sometimes I feel like I'm dying.  
Sometimes I'm crazy, I think.  
Sometimes words flow like blood.  
Sometimes like the blackest ink.

I can't tell the difference anymore.

It's hard to handle  
this pain inside.  
From the pouring rain  
I cannot hide.

Smiles and tears are  
a façade on my face.  
Feeling like I don't belong,  
like I have no place.



*The Year of the Poet ~ October 2015*

But, I've resigned myself to  
live my life as is my lot,  
spitting out my words to  
those that have been forgot.

For, like me, they are lost  
in an eternal dream of hope  
trying to find the right path  
in a world kaleidoscope.

To exist in silence, nevermore.

*Tony Henninger*

## FOR LOVE...

For Love has taken my heart,  
ate it up and spat it out,  
burned it with the heat of the sun,  
then trampled it into the ground.

For Love has thrown my heart  
into the darkest void of nothingness,  
leaving me in the depth of despair,  
where not even death can hurt.

For Love has so loved me,  
lifting my heart in life and truth,  
rising above all illusion, embracing  
the singularity in everyone.

For Love has so loved me,  
from creation to eternity,  
setting me on a path of dreams  
until I reach it and we become

One.

## ONLY WITH LOVE

Where do we go from here?  
We are taking all the gifts  
our Earth has given us  
without a thought.  
Life, the most glorious gift,  
we have made a triviality.

All this despair and negativity  
has made us numb to  
compassion, to empathy, and  
simple kindness.  
When will we stop this process  
and resolve to live in peace?

We discriminate in many ways.  
Religion, ethnicity, language,  
customs, gender, and so on.  
Is there a future where all belong  
and everyone is beautiful?

Respect the Earth as you  
use her riches and beauty  
for your needs.  
Be humbled and joyful in the  
uniqueness of each life.  
And know, you are not alone  
but, with family.

*Tony Henninger*

A family of diversity in which  
all life is a cherished blessing.  
For we are all connected  
as brothers and sisters  
in the eyes of the One,  
the Creator, God.

Realize the divinity of  
your place in the universe  
as a living being and soul  
on a journey to reach the One.  
To return home.

Only with Love rise each day.  
Only with Love lay each night.  
Only with Love treat all life.  
Only with Love will we survive.

Joe  
Da Verbal  
MindDancer

*Joe Da Verbal Minddancer*



*The Year of the Poet ~ October 2015*

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.

<https://www.facebook.com/joe.minddancer>

## BEYOND THE CHAIR

Her body was encased by metal and cloth  
She couldn't run into the arms of love  
Looked upon as an oddity  
She wasn't a commodity for the shallow  
Nor is she a vanilla rose  
She (like most women)  
Is not a runway model  
Her desires are on full throttle

Who can look past the chair?  
Who can just see the woman?  
Who can love her without judgement?

She's not a dried flower  
She won't crumble at the touch of a firm hand  
Where's the man who knows true beauty?

She's as free as you or I by the sea  
She loves getting wet  
Who can look past her safety net?  
Her chassis is classy  
Some women wear glasses and they come off  
She doesn't sleep in her chair  
And when she's laying there  
The possibilities are limitless  
So why limit your perception  
There's a rich source of affection  
If one looks beyond the chair  
She's the epitome of unconditional love  
So why place conditions  
On her position in a chair  
Love has never been fair  
You just have to look beyond the chair



## WHERE'S MY QUEEN?

My Queen will do things without me asking  
My Queen will help me in areas I'm lacking  
My Queen will be strong enough to tell me I'm slacking  
She will be submissive but not demure by any means  
Her understanding of me when I won't say a thing  
Eventually She'll know what silenced her King  
Finding a Woman with these qualities has me praying  
I don't want a cowering damsel in distress  
Nor do I want a Woman who shares our business  
Even a loner needs some company  
Buying a Woman doesn't make her your Queen  
Using a Woman doesn't make you a King  
Through the years I have found maybe two that qualify  
Countless hours wasted  
Agonizing conversations erased  
Negative thinkers rested my case  
So I continue my search for a Queen suiting my taste  
Her heart may not be the purist  
Every King will know this  
Finding a Queen is tedious  
Understand that a plan may come down to dumb luck  
Can I get a witness from those who have gone through this  
Keep in mind I want a lifetime commitment

Where is My Queen?

## I LOVE YOU TOO

I was content in my discontent  
I dealt with issues that were not too unnerving  
was I deserving of someone else?  
I never strayed or played until that day I met you  
Call it a chance meeting, but our greeting was special  
Dare I sip from another vessel  
Dare I fall out of character, but love should not be an act  
I'm torn between emotion and righteousness  
This battle I must fight alone I guess  
What I have is worthy of this fight  
What I felt being in your arms that first night  
I'm torn between emotion and righteousness  
When I hold her I feel you  
When I feel you I see her  
I'm restless now, there is none for the wicked  
Yet there is no evil intent  
Just a third heart where two were meant  
And I still don't know what to do  
I know I can't have both of you  
You know and she doesn't  
I'm torn between emotion and righteousness  
Shall I just tear down our fragile nest?  
I question my actions, I savor my satisfaction  
My head I keep scratching  
There is no way out, just a chain reaction  
I can't believe this has happened  
Heaven cries and the Devils laughing

Neetu  
Wali

*Neetu Wali*



## *The Year of the Poet ~ October 2015*

Hi! I am Neetu. Who am I? This question is very difficult to answer.

Well! If you insist, let me reveal. I am a human and like every other human I eat, sleep, drink, dance, sing, laugh, smile, cry and so on. Hang on! There is a difference. Unlike most of the human beings, I breathe and when I breathe, I relax. When I am relaxed, I draw. I draw sketches of me in words.

I have been orbiting around sun for forty years now. I started this journey on the Valentine day of 1974. I have seen people craving for heaven and I was born in the only heaven on earth (Kashmir). My Grandfather was a spiritual personality and a renowned poet of his time. Though he left me around 35 years ago, I couldn't let him go. I carry him in my eyes and mind and will do that till the end of my life. I hate words, yet I am full of words. I know words cannot express, yet I express me through words, because they are the only medium I am familiar with. That is why I try to express me as much as possible with as minimum words as possible.

When I did Masters in business administration, I never knew, writing will be the only business in my life. More than hobby writing is a necessity for me, because it helps me get the load of thoughts off my head. I don't remember when it that I wrote my first poem was. But I surely know the time of my last poem. Surely, not before my last breath.

## What is What?

Every moment I meet, teaches me  
What?

Every moment I meet, teaches me  
What?

Every person I greet, guides me  
What?

Every word I write means  
What?

Every breath of mine lives  
What?

Every morning my sun shines  
What?

Every night my moon smiles  
What?

Every day of my life  
This what stands for what?

I am not tired yet

## The Stupid in Me

Every Morning a fresh virgin life  
Slips into my arms  
And I have no clue  
I am all blue  
Nothing of red sorts  
Is love a noun?  
Or a verb?  
I have no idea  
I get up  
Leaving behind the day on my bed  
I am out of the day whole day  
No second, no minute, no hour has a say  
A stupid like me, lives  
From dusk to dawn  
A stupid like me  
Writes on clouds and sky  
From after dusk till before dawn  
No deer only musk  
No rice only husk

## Wipe it Off

He handed her a tissue  
And said  
Wipe off that lipstick  
Kohl  
Wipe off this  
Wipe off that  
That leaves me with nothing  
She replied with a smile on her face  
See! That leaves you with scope  
For much more, he said  
His answer made her blush  
As she wiped off blusher



Shareef  
Abdur  
Rasheed

*Shareef Abdur ~ Rasheed*



*The Year of the Poet ~ October 2015*

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 42 Grandchildren (24 Boys and 18 Girls).

For more information about Shareef,  
contact or follow him at :

<http://www.facebook.com/shareef.abdurrasheed1>

<http://zakirflo.wordpress.com/>

<http://www.innerchildpress.com/shareef-abdur-rasheed.php>

<https://www.facebook.com/pages/Muslim-Writers-Forum/370511683056503>

**missionaires came...**

carried lives away  
never to see home another  
day  
as mother Africa faded away  
dem was stacked  
belly to belly,back ta back  
no more name,language,  
religion,culture,family,freedom  
missionaires said..  
" ya'll heathens will get the  
kingdom of heaven if you  
let us save your wretched souls  
do what we want if your smart  
don't think,just obey our speech  
turn cheeks when the lash rips  
flesh gashed!  
if you want to live forget the past  
you belong to us we own that ass "  
ain't that odd?  
genocide in the name  
of god of old  
called precious stones,silver,gold  
who worship at the alter of  
skull and bones  
their god is he who rebelled against  
him who sits on the throne  
who's destination,hell  
missionaires came with religion  
twisted  
and in his name killed and maimed  
all who resisted

*The Year of the Poet ~ October 2015*

and slavery then and now remain  
even though you can't see chains  
all morals, ethics defamed  
sacrificial offerings on the alter of  
the evil one who owns their souls  
so who's the slave after all?  
and how can slaves and their  
decendents believe in what was  
forced upon by dem guilty offenders?

food4thought = education!

remains...

on the earth  
as your remains go down  
into the ground  
what you coveted, strove  
loved  
and yo..,  
as you go below  
it all stays above  
when your last breathe is  
upon you  
you place no value on what  
once possessed you  
the things of this life  
you may like  
but they oppress you  
the very things you used to  
use to impress your friends  
turn out they abused you in  
the end  
things are not and never will  
be your friend  
nor those folks who suppose  
who posed  
they go, blow away in the wind  
when you go below  
and the next day say  
" yo what was that guys name?  
can't remember the lame,  
anyway he's dead i got life,  
his wife, kids..,  
and the crib where he used to live "

food4thought = education!

went to sleep..

to a drum beat called democracy  
woke up to the heat of hypocrisy  
what you lead to believe is falicy  
what you bleed looks red to me  
no matter how you try to make it be  
making truth a mockery  
freedom ain't never free  
neither free speech or the land of  
the free  
when your free to be in poverty  
they say " don't pay me snatch your  
property "  
death and taxes more then probability  
never shortage in availability  
went to sleep to a drumbeat called  
capitalism  
those with capital win  
dem that don't chances dim  
including their voices in the system  
shout out loud by mouth  
never heard!  
no real freedom the word  
capitalism canceled democracy out!  
ain't dat a bi+(# all the good \$#!+ got  
bought up by the rich  
now ain't that nice?  
freedom bought and sold for a price!

food4thought = education

*Shareef Abdur ~ Rasheed*



Kimberly  
Burnham

*Kimberly Burnham*



## *The Year of the Poet ~ October 2015*

As a 28 year-old photojournalist, Kimberly Burnham appreciated beauty. Then an ophthalmologist diagnosed her with a genetic condition, "Consider life if you become blind." From those devastating words, she forged a healing path with insight and vision. Today, a brain health expert, Kimberly helps people experience richer, more nourishing environments.

*"People, who feel better, make better choices for themselves, their community and our world."*

Her PhD in Integrative Medicine and extensive training in Craniosacral Therapy, Reiki, Acupressure, Integrative Manual Therapy, Health Coaching, and Matrix Energetics enable her to serve as a catalyst, gently shifting your ability to feel better physically, think more clearly, and be more creative.

A 2014 Poetry Posse member, Kimberly and Creating Calm Network's Ann White, assist small enterprises in crafting business booming words and robust social media platforms. Kimberly won SageUSA's 2013 story contest with a poem from *The Journey Home*, chronicling her 3,000 mile Hazon Cross-USA bicycle trip. Her poetry books include, *Live Like Someone Left The Gate Open* and the upcoming *Healing Words—Poetry for Thriving Brains*. With Elizabeth Goldstein she edited the anthology, *Music—Carrier of Intention in 49 Jewish Prayers*.

Experience greater health & success @ (860)221-8510  
<http://ParkinsonsAlternatives.CreatingCalmNetwork.com>  
<https://www.LinkedIn.com/today/author/39038923>  
Vision Story: <http://youtu.be/JhG3-qwkvVk>

*Kimberly Burnham*

## Life's Forward and Backward Chiasm, Which Way Do You Flow

your life's upward direction  
your dreams  
your nervous system  
the master of  
you  
curable  
now  
no

incurable people  
with nerve diseases  
finding  
they are

invisible in the world  
are resigned to be  
Alzheimer's, Parkinson's, and Huntington's disease

no longer can it be said,  
there is hope  
for people with M.S. and ALS  
to find movement with grace, strength, and flexibility  
or  
to find comfort and rest  
for people with restless leg syndrome  
it is impossible  
it's not true that

along with hope  
these things  
can save the quality of your life

*The Year of the Poet ~ October 2015*

good nutrition, physical exercise, and massage,  
acupuncture, matrix energetics

coaches and practitioners  
understand value

the medical paradigm's power  
is more important than  
what complementary medicine has to offer individuals

this is it  
hope for miracles is crazy  
and it's just not true that  
your nervous system can change, can heal, can recover  
spiraling downward

I don't care  
you should never think  
you have got to be conscious  
how you live and  
what's important is  
to stay out of the way and not be a burden

And I don't really care all that much  
what is possible  
it's incredible

to energy medicine practitioners, shamans, and healers  
for people to actually listen  
wrong  
don't think that it's  
possible  
it is....  
fluid in time

[Now, Read it Backwards]

*Kimberly Burnham*

Ann  
J.  
White

*Keith Alan Hamilton*





## *The Year of the Poet ~ October 2015*

Amazed and inspired by her own life, Ann White has lived the life of a grasshopper buffeted about by wild winds, yet always landing safely and creating a home wherever she finds herself.

Highlights include working with astronaut Frank Borman, sharing a hot dog with Ross Perot, enjoying a coffee with Florida Governor Chiles, and attending a ballet with Imelda Marcos. Ann has also survived childhood sexual abuse, one terrorist coup, two burglaries, one rape and countless misadventures – making her grateful for each of life’s moments.

An international management consultant, board certified family attorney, rabbi, grief counselor, and trauma chaplain – Ann has worn many professional hats.

These days she spends her time in her enchanted cottage and chicken farm by Lake Michigan in Sheboygan, Wisconsin with two very weird dogs and six quirky hens.

Ann is the author of *The Sacred Art of Dog Walking, Living with Spirit Energy, Code Red – a Stress Rx for Trauma Workers*, and *So You Want to Be a Radio Host*. She has also been featured in numerous anthologies. She is the co-owner of The Creating Calm Network Broadcasting and Publishing Group along with Kimberly Burnham.

Ann produces and hosts several programs on CCN as well as officiating weddings and distributing Young Living Essential Oils and It Works! Body Wraps.

You can find her at:

[www.HealthandWellnessbyAnnJWhite.com](http://www.HealthandWellnessbyAnnJWhite.com)

[www.CreatingCalmNetwork.com](http://www.CreatingCalmNetwork.com)

## The View Has Blinders

The View – a television show for women  
Or against women  
Strong women lift each other up  
Weak women tear each other down  
Selfish women build glass ceilings  
Evil women trip each other on the way to the goal  
Voices on The View called Miss Carolina’s medical scrubs  
a costume  
Wondered why she was wearing a doctor’s stethoscope  
Belittled her talent  
The voices on The View should be ashamed  
Miss Carolina and 3 million of her nurse colleagues have  
more than talent  
They have superpowers  
Training, dedication, empathy, patience, skill, stamina, and  
the ability to save lives.  
Dancing is beautiful – singing uplifting  
But saving lives, holding the hand of the dying, comforting  
parents of a critically ill child –  
That is a superpower reserved for heroes  
How stupid to call a stethoscope a “doctor’s” stethoscope  
Like saying a boy’s stethoscope or a girl’s stethoscope  
What’s the difference?  
Does a pink one save more lives than a black one or zebra  
print one?  
Just as a stethoscope detects shallow breathing  
The View broadcasts shallow minds, demeaning messages,  
and blatant ignorance.  
Instead of wearing blinders, perhaps the voices of The  
View should wear duct tape  
On their hurtful mouths.

## Small Town Easy

Wooden screen doors  
And old front porches  
Small town easy  
Norman Rockwell streets  
Leaves amber, rust, ruby red  
Blowing down the sidewalk  
Sittin' in my rocker on the porch  
Wavin' at the passersby  
Sippin' sweet iced tea  
Young boys with baseball bats run by  
Girls zip by on bikes with streamers on the fly  
The air portents a change  
Don't like the hustle and bustle of the city  
A traffic jam here is three cars at a stop sign  
Folks know me by name or my flower garden  
Don't need no ID at the bank or post office  
The county fair stops ordinary town business  
As does a parade  
Baskets of produce sit by driveways – “Help Yourself”  
Time to start supper – screen door slams behind me  
Cast iron skillet  
Meat and potatoes  
Biscuits and gravy  
Apple pie and milk  
Peace in my heart and in my home

*Keith Alan Hamilton*

## The enchanted cottage is

Everyone has an enchanted cottage  
It lives in our hearts and imaginations and dreams  
It is  
A place where there are no judgments  
A place where whimsy rules  
A place of impromptu happy dances and conga lines  
A safe harbor  
A garden in which to bloom  
A magic carpet traveling across the stars  
A state of mind  
A place where the only rule is love  
A place of tutus and hardhats - Tiaras and mud boots  
A place covered in stardust  
A happy place  
A place of creative messy madness and magic  
A place where we birth our dreams, nurture our  
imagination, and dance with our reality

*The Year of the Poet ~ October 2015*

Keith  
Alan  
Hamilton

*Keith Alan Hamilton*



## *The Year of the Poet ~ October 2015*

~Keith Alan Hamilton~ is an Author who writes a spiritually philosophical blend of poetry and prose that's often further pictorialized with his Smartphone photography. Keith is the online publisher/editor of three blogs which includes The Hamilton Gallery ~ Online.com Blog, the Keith Alan Hamilton.com Blog and the NatureIQ.com Blog. Keith is also an exhibited artist, a fervent promoter of other artists and a professional Information Specialist/Investigator (Private/Corporate Sector – LPI).

Keith firmly believes, “The true act of creating art, is for it to be used for the everlasting benefit of all humanity” by using art to create change.

Driven by that belief, Keith's mission is within the spirit brought forth in his book series Nature ~ IQ: Let's Survive, Not Die! to see the value of proactively working together to improve the overall well-being of humanity. So people become more willing and able to help themselves and then do the same for others. To exemplify this mission a portion of the proceeds from the Keith's book series and his Art Store are donated to help support promising research into the cause, treatment, and management of MS, Fibromyalgia, Diabetes, Cancer, Hydrocephalus and mental conditions (Bipolar, Depression, Autism, etc.).

THE HUMAN RACE .....  
what's in common

the wonder and beauty  
of creativity  
that interdependent  
co-evolutionary spirit  
of THE HUMAN RACE  
this oneness  
the power of  
what's in common  
between all  
the human species  
that survival of the fittest  
advantage  
of co-operation  
PROACTIVE ADAPTATION  
the human-kind  
undergoing  
an intelligently progressive  
process  
of resilience  
transition  
and transformation  
like the transmutation  
of the butterfly  
from cocoon  
all the way to flight  
while fighting to live  
within the struggle of Nature .....  
..... becomes obscured  
and lost  
in the muddled pool of  
inherent ~  
socially embedded  
bias and inhibition



*The Year of the Poet ~ October 2015*

that exacerbates  
a distracted  
out of balance  
over-sensitized focus  
on an offshoot of difference  
rather than mutuality  
this manifestation  
of nationality  
ethnicity  
culture  
and belief  
a high-bred masquerade  
for the liberty  
of creative diversity  
and choice  
and its ability  
to offer a positive  
productive  
contribution  
to the benefit  
of the whole  
yes.... to all THE HUMAN RACE  
as ONE KIND  
as ONE SPECIES

only perceptual empathy  
and acceptance  
of human difference  
will rescue us from  
the indifference  
and lack of concern  
for the overall well-being  
of all humanity  
resultant from  
the enabling effect of  
and over dependency  
had for

*Keith Alan Hamilton*

this elevated perception  
and total immersion  
into a devote  
societal mentality  
bequeathed by heritage  
within certain  
segregated groupings  
as to nationality  
ethnicity  
culture  
and belief  
that crusades  
a sanctified  
high-minded  
savior complex  
with its narrow-minded  
focus  
that all  
would be better off  
if all THE HUMAN RACE  
were changed  
persuaded  
to become and act  
in a particular way

*We the people*  
of ONE KIND  
ONE SPECIES  
the one and only  
THE HUMAN RACE  
must continue to be  
intelligently progressive  
by way of a lived experience  
that develops  
and utilizes  
more of perceptual empathy  
that learns

*The Year of the Poet ~ October 2015*

to accept and respect  
human differences  
while co-existing together  
so We the people  
envision the need  
to see beyond  
such differences  
and focus more  
on the similarities  
that are the strengths  
of We the people  
the human species  
that survival of the fittest  
advantage  
of co-operation  
PROACTIVE ADAPTATION  
the human-kind  
undergoing  
an intelligently progressive  
process  
of resilience  
transition  
and transformation  
like the transmutation  
of the butterfly  
from cocoon  
all the way to flight  
while fighting to live  
within the struggle of Nature .....

the wonder and beauty  
of creativity  
that interdependent  
co-evolutionary spirit  
of THE HUMAN RACE  
this oneness  
the power of

*Keith Alan Hamilton*

what's in common  
between all

*Support the creation of ways to improve the overall well-being of all THE HUMAN RACE through more freely accessible and affordable services in the areas of energy, information/education, transportation, housing and health care.*

peace out

## I mean no disrespect

if your US census designation is .....

..... white  
black or african american  
american indian or alaska native  
asian  
native hawaiian  
or other pacific islander

excuse the lack of capitalization

I mean no disrespect

just trying to express my opinion

I say whatever

'cause it don't matter

to me

I see only one race

THE HUMAN RACE

We the people

of planet earth

one kind

one species

HUMAN BEINGS

that's it

~ coming in

all types of color

and flavor

nationality

ethnicity

culture

belief

I say whatever

again

peace out

*Keith Alan Hamilton*

some days I wonder .....

some days I wonder .....  
as a social activist  
what words that stir  
within me  
are the primer  
that will initiate change  
for the betterment  
of all THE HUMAN RACE

peace out

Katherine  
Wyatt

*Katherine Wyatt*





## *The Year of the Poet ~ October 2015*

Katherine Wyatt, born in Pittsburgh, PA., comes from a family of artists and writers that date back into the fifteen hundreds. Her mother was a cartoonist whose work was published globally. Her father was a writer in the corporate world, and he started his career as a journalist as a young man. Katherine was formally a ballet dancer who was trained at the prestigious School of American Ballet and danced the New York City Ballet repertoire for many years. She then went to college and got a BA and an MA in World Religions, and MA in Humanities and another MS in Instructional Design for Online Applications. She Attended Florida State University, among other. She then taught college students for three years. Katherine has written all of her life, but mostly academically until eight years ago. When she was seventeen she began a spiritual journey that led her around the world, and to Rishekesh, India. There she studied yoga in the tradition of the Himalayan Masters. She also has spent the last four years studying the history and traditions of Native Americans, and is still learning much in this area. With a strong background in the arts and her deep interest in spirituality her poetry often reflects the human connection to the divine. Her work is inspired by both eastern and western tradition. Katherine is currently and academic writer who loves to write poetry and has two books published.

*Katherine's work can be found at Facebook as well*  
<https://www.facebook.com/katherinewyatt.trinitypoetry>

*She can also be found at Reverbnation and SoundCloud\*  
<https://soundcloud.com/katherine-wyatt-trinity>  
[http://www.reverbnation.com/katherinewyatt?profile\\_view\\_source=header\\_icon\\_nav](http://www.reverbnation.com/katherinewyatt?profile_view_source=header_icon_nav)

~precious moment sacred day

*She slipped into the water*

*her jeans had leather laces up the side  
revealing lace and satin panties..*

*so-she decided not to wear any*

*she left on her black lace tank top and flowed with the  
waters*

*She had a fascination with clouds*

*and how they filtered the sun  
bursting into fiery ecstatic ... in the evening*

*she reveled in the sound of music vibrating through  
through her body*

*The silence of night  
wrapping her legs around her lover  
and waking up .... to another day  
of possibility*

*There are some days the sun is dimmed behind clouds  
the cat sits in the windowsill unaware other  
choosing to sleep in moonglow rather than in her lap  
the ebb and flow of liftetides  
requiring trust that there is a Source of all things  
holding her bones together..*

*The Year of the Poet ~ October 2015*

*In those moments she breathes and slows momentum*

*Sleep comes and the inner train of energy is silent...*

*Precious moment sacred day*

*there is sun, and rain.....*

*she bathes herself in the sunshine..*

*dances in puddles*

*(re) membering*

*... to flow*

*Katherine Wyatt*

~kiss the sun from my shoulders

*Let the warmth of my bronzed skin seep into you,  
allowing us to hold summer forever  
through bone cold winters,*

*There are still flowers on the vine  
fruits yielding, while other crops have been harvested  
herbs in plastic bags  
waiting to be savored*

*The sun shines from inside me  
change is inevitable  
yet only through expansion*

*comes the sweet visitation of Bayou Sauvage  
Life blooms into the ecstasy  
of the next breath  
connecting us to these skin bags and skeletons*

*Sit with me by the bayous.. in our sacred space  
and offer up prayers*

*We are destined to shift....*

*there is no terror with the spirit of our ancestors  
holding us up  
guarding our spines....*

*Easing into you we become us-ness  
unfolding*

*one step...one breath.. one thought at a time  
emerging with desire ..*

*I reach up to capture a moment of bliss,  
basking there*

*The Year of the Poet ~ October 2015*

*born to Wholeness*

*...We knew the journey would hold contrast  
forging forward using our internal guidance systems  
to ease and flow....*

*I awoke and saw you there staring at me with golden eyes*

*I want to do everything,  
feel the sun drip into the skin on my shoulders  
perform ancient dances under a glowing moon  
hear there verb of steel pulsating through me*

*I want to make love until we collapse  
like a dying star into one another  
to taste all the sweetness of doberge  
brandied cherries flambeau ..  
,,,,,,and your lips on the tip of my tongue*

*We eat in the graveyard... beside old bones sealed in  
granite*

*I want to pray and hear the drum...  
heartbeat of the Earth  
be awed by brilliant sunsets  
sit quietly and know ... I Am*

*As all things ebb and flow there is a balance*

*So kiss the summer sun from my shoulders  
taste it through the winter chill  
make love to life with me  
send the past up in smoke with no expectations*

*Katherine Wyatt*

*I see the morning sun again and I smile*

*The horses are coming..*

*Soon... it will be festival time*

*I step sacred....*

*I feel spirit all around me*

*thought fails where the heart triumphs*

*I Am ... that....*

*Re (membering)*

*Creating*

*explosions of stars*

*shedding boundaries*

*Eating mangoes ...under a blue sky*

~within you.. within me

How many times I have awoken to your gentleness  
now .....entwined within you,  
within me...  
fully present, rediscovering our bodies  
how we rise and fall together  
that wanting connected instead of fading to just  
.....sex

The fear comes and goes,  
honesty and trust arise in the mind field  
that is when I am fully open

It was easier to remain closed down  
but this vulnerability pales in comparison  
to making love to you and remaining  
here... NOW,,

We are a gilded painting  
an architecture of primordial structure  
arching backs and soft caresses  
my eyes roam our Oneness with wonder

Ecstasy .... Separation  
the glow of holding one another

You take out the dog  
I brush my teeth..... and we go on

*Katherine Wyatt*

But oh... in those encounters  
ancient and exquisite

I am with only you  
fully present

I am a feral child of summer  
rediscovering a spiritual alchemy  
ever evolving....



Fahredin  
Shehu

*Fahredin Shehu*



## *The Year of the Poet ~ October 2015*

Born in Rahovec, South East of Kosova, in 1972. graduated at Prishtina University, Oriental Studies.

Actively works on Calligraphy discovering new mediums and techniques for this specific for of plastic art.

Certified expert in Andragogy/ Capacity Building, Training delivery, Coaching and Mentoring, Facilitating etc.

In last ten years he operated as Independent Scientific Researcher in the field of World Spiritual Heritage and Sacral Esthetics.

Fahredin Shehu is a highly *Noted* and *Acclaimed* World Renowned Poet, Author, Teacher and so much more. He graduated from Prishtina University with a Degree in Oriental Studies. In his continuing Education he received an M.A. in Literature. and a PhD in Sacral Esthetics.

Fahredin hails from Rahovec, South East of Kosova and has been embraced affectionately for his acutely gifted insightful poetic expressions by the Global Poetry Community. The depth and knowledge of many spiritual aspects that affect Humanity subtly shines through in his work. *Pleroma's Dew & Maelstrom* are very graceful works that serves to add to the accolades of this much celebrated Poet / Author / Philosopher.

<http://www.innerchildpress.com/fahredin-shehu>

## My Nest Eggs

Every particle we have thrown  
In the ether has been assembled  
In lumps of Love  
Somewhere in the realm of Jupiter

They told us: You shall possess  
Wisdom to understand the Poetry  
Of the one who is called?  
The Martyr of Love  
For Love is nothing but  
A God who is giver and forgiving

Love makes the Creation  
Orbit in its axis and  
Oscillates in Center and periphery  
Occupies Nadir and Horizon and  
Contains “Nothing”, for itself

When the summer was in its peak  
And the Seagulls flying over  
We’ve been heavy white clouds  
Bringing shade  
On the shore the senile were  
Drinking poison for they failed  
To love nor did they laid  
The Nest eggs to toast “Today”, even  
The drop of elixir sipped  
In the deepest layers of their  
Heart- membrane

*The Year of the Poet ~ October 2015*

Otherwise I've been in Love  
From and for Eternity and a day more  
Despite the ignorant refused my Art  
And said: this is not Poetry- and I did  
And do say: No it is not Poetry- right!!!  
It is more than that  
It is an elixir  
A life giving drop  
To the about to die  
And to the "Alive"

## Our Man

Plenty has been said  
Recently  
In Men history  
Memory remains calm  
As calm less as we are  
Ants and bees  
Germans and Japanese

Lazy we think we are  
But sincere

We write for another  
Age for the Men to come  
We paint like a child  
How happy we are

For man has nothing to do with us  
Behold Man  
Interfering in our destiny

The Time rolls  
In its pace  
Just as we do

## Under the Neon Moon

Foams of Adriatic Sea and  
The air full of iodine  
Spawn of tough sharks  
Light Zephyr

We  
Under the Palm  
With the golden leaves

The boy is screaming  
The Moon is full  
The dog barks at it  
The Moon does not care  
Nor do we...

*Fahredin Shehu*



Hülya  
N.  
Yılmaz

*Hülya N. Yılmaz*



## *The Year of the Poet ~ October 2015*

hülya n. yılmaz was born and raised in Turkey but has been living in the U.S. as a university instructor since she earned her liberal arts doctoral degree from The University of Michigan. During her studies, she gave birth to her life source – a daughter who is now a mother herself. yılmaz authored a then groundbreaking research book in German on the literary reflections of cross-cultural interactions between the West and the Islamic East. She has a chapter published in a research book and presented her smaller scholarly projects at various national and international conferences. A few were published in academic journals.

A member of the Academy of American Poets, Dr. yılmaz authored with Inner Child Press, Ltd. her debut book, *Trance*. In this book of poetry in English, German and Turkish, hülya offers a venue for deliberations on identity formation and assertion within a multi-cultural context. Her narrations then alert readers to the urgent need for a re-visit to the often-unquestioned patriarchal mindset across the world. Several of her other creative work continue to appear in other Inner Child Press, Ltd. publications.

A licensed freelance writer and editor and a member of the Editorial Freelancers Association, hülya n. yılmaz served as editorial consultant for a large number of literary manuscripts, having published several book evaluations and critiques. She has also extensive experience in literary translations between English, German and Turkish in any direction – an example of which is present in *Trance*.

Links:

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<http://www.innerchildpress.com/hulyas-professional-writers-services.php>

<http://dolunaylaben.wordpress.com>

*Hülya N. Yılmaz*

love after love: no more

1

my eyes in their fading shine  
mistake specks of soil for something they're not  
for fear to step on an ant  
lest my shoe's sole falls on one

but not hard enough for a merciful death...

how then am i going to let die  
the soul's love of divine essence  
one torrent of a gasp for air at a time

*The Year of the Poet ~ October 2015*

2

the fragile soul had never been undressed this way  
nor can it ever again  
for it has decided to be a one-last-time lover

it should have known not to attempt a fatal risk  
still it hasn't regretted being so bare  
before the one for whom it had stripped itself  
of hopes expectations  
guilt blame fault  
judgments

the innermost turbulence yet trashed it apart  
with as violent a tearing from its core as can be  
into a blindness of the temporary kind  
for unprepared it was left behind

the ego blamed guilted the other  
dared to hope and to expect beyond

not even massive masses of tears sufficed  
to revive it from its raging death

from the beloved then it borrowed a new breath  
silencing the soul thus was demanded to prevail...

on its torturous path of an onus yet  
it now tries in vain to opt to regain courage  
toward a slightly ajar if not at all an open gate

for peace and salvation...  
implied the latest request:  
not expecting  
nor blaming

*Hülya N. Yılmaz*

not faulting  
nor guilting  
not hoping  
nor judging

just to be dead...

as needed by all else  
but the expended soul itself

*The Year of the Poet ~ October 2015*

3

i had never learned how to sail a paper boat  
in nature's moving water when i was little

throughout my adult life then  
i suffered despondent beyond despair  
clinging to my passions fervent dreams visions  
begging the river around me to flow at my tending will

i the desperate fool for love am yet to set sail  
to dissolve peacefully into the current of the sea  
for i've been told each ripple offers blissful harmony  
with eternal promises to relieve what pains me to feel...

*Hülya N. Yılmaz*



Teresa  
E.  
Gallion

*Teresa E. Gallion*



## *The Year of the Poet ~ October 2015*

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>

*Teresa E. Gallion*

## Overcast Day

Through the forest primeval  
my eyes feast on tall greens  
that frame the winding road.

Around each curve ecstatic energy  
pulls my heart strings,  
draws me near.

Anticipation climbs the next hill  
and behold there is the sea  
in multiple shades of gray.

An enchanting beauty  
causes my foot to brake hard  
on the motorcar's pedal.

A quick slide into a turnout,  
my smile wide,  
as I look toward the horizon,

the ocean kisses the sky.  
I look behind and a green forest  
decorates the mountain.

The waves dance for me  
on their roll into the shore,  
showcase their frothy coats.

I hear the sound  
that soothes my soul.  
I sit on the ridge in gratitude.

## Together

Let's play together  
as if there is nobody  
in the world except  
you and me.

Sit with me in the sand.  
Hold me close to your side  
and watch the sunrise  
light our day.

Let's play all day and all night,  
store our history by the sea,  
pay homage to the earth  
with sandcastles on the shore.

Open your eyes wide,  
embrace the sunset with me,  
watch it lay across the water  
and go to sleep on the horizon.

A skinny dip at sea  
may stimulate our wings.  
We can fly for miles  
on the coastline of love.

Look at the angels riding the waves  
with a love offering in our names.  
We can hang out here tonight  
to see what the next sunrise brings.

*Teresa E. Gallion*

## Arms of Grace

Evening's dust dissolves her loneliness.  
A fertile night sky dances,  
flirts with open eyes and melting hearts.

Night rhythms heal everything touched.  
She raises her hand,  
hopes this is her night to be received.

A star races across the sky  
carries a banner  
with her name in flames.

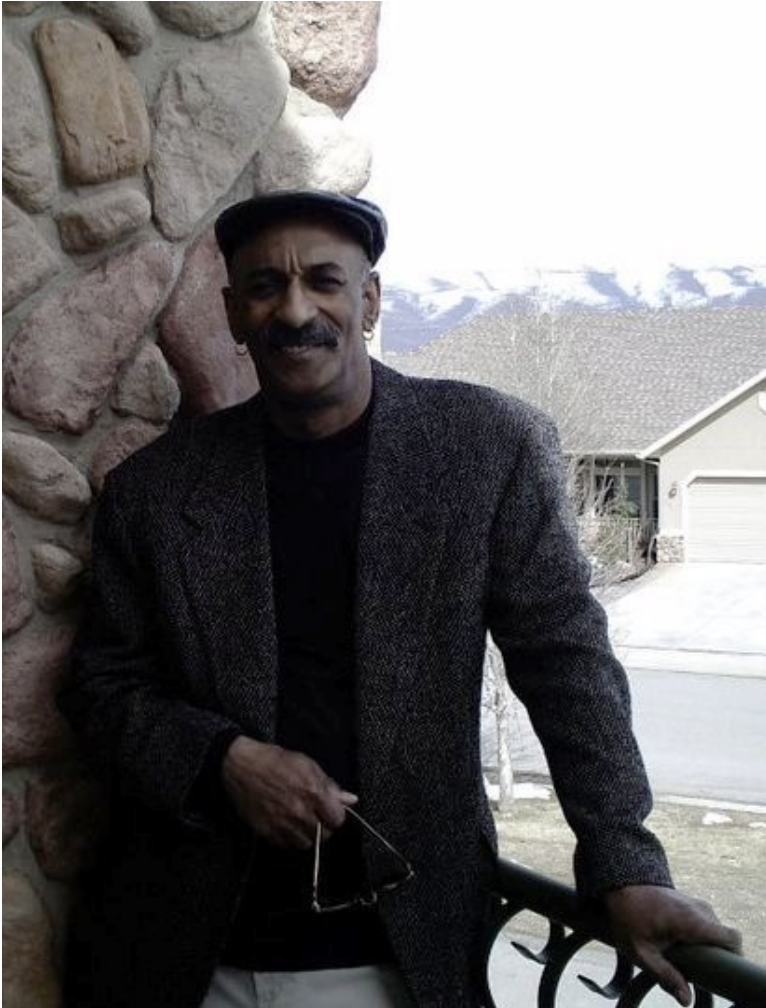
The universe smells her tears  
and feels the compassion  
swelling in her heart.

The moment of surrender  
makes her feel light,  
ready to be held in the Arms of Grace.

There are no angry shooting stars tonight.  
Chances are ripe to be embraced  
by the universe of love.

William  
S.  
Peters Sr.

*William S. Peters, Sr.*





*The Year of the Poet ~ October 2015*

Bill's writing career spans a period quickly approaching 50 years. Being first Published in 1972, Bill has since went on to Author 28 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 is the Founding Director of Inner Child Enterprises as well as the Past Director of Publicity for Society Hill Music.

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](http://www.iaminnerchild.com)

Personal Web Site  
[www.iamjustbill.com](http://www.iamjustbill.com)

*William S. Peters, Sr.*

traces

the Salt of my tears  
bled from my eyes  
leaving traces upon my cheeks

i am the salt of the earth  
as are you  
and the Oceans of life  
know of our presence

traces

## forgotten wings

we sit and we think,  
we ponder,  
we reflect,  
we consider  
where we have been,  
where we are going  
and where we are

we all have hopes  
for the future,  
reconciliations  
that we wish we had the courage  
to face  
and peace  
in this moment

we all wish to taste the sunshine,  
dance with unequivocal abandon  
sing in celestial melodies  
that inspires our creator  
to smile upon us

favor, is it for those alone  
who reach out and snatch it,  
or do the humble  
experience their supposed due ?

we want more,  
yes, more joy,  
more love,  
more smiles,  
more embraces,  
more blessings,  
more sunshine,

*William S. Peters, Sr.*

more peace,  
more of all the goodness  
life has to offer

what is the path  
that is proven,  
where does it begin ?

tell me not  
how i should walk,  
if you have not been there

suppositions  
are just that . . .  
suppose this  
suppose that  
decorated with so many . . .  
“what ifs”

well if i knew how  
to control the possibilities  
would there be any need for poetry  
and the thoughts it instigates  
in the idle wanting spirit  
of man ?

what is that art form  
i seek  
that allows me to let  
and express that thing  
that is always standing  
on the edge of my potential

what is this fear i have learned  
of jumping . . .

do i not trust these forgotten wings ?

## shine

i took a soft pliant cloth  
and put some of my  
special divine love potion on it  
so that i could polish my shine

i always knew that  
the more you loved  
the more you glowed  
and i am brilliant . . .

*William S. Peters, Sr.*

October  
2015  
Features



Monte Smith  
Laura J. Wolfe  
William Washington





Monte  
Smith

*Monte Smith*



## *The Year of the Poet ~ October 2015*

Monte Smith is a writer, educator, and activist for social justice based in Winston-Salem, North Carolina. Monte began his writing and activism in the late 1980's, working and writing literature for the revolutionary groups Skinheads Against Racial Prejudice (SHARP) and the Anti Racist Action (ARA).

Monte's poem and songs have appeared on mix tapes by DJ Lt Dan, DJ Soundmachine, and DJ Chela. Together with French producer Junkos Mood, Monte is one-half of the revolutionary group Riot Radio, whose album *The Art of Killing Children* was released in 2009. He has recorded with DJ Vadim, Breeze Evaflowin', and MF Grimm.

In addition to his poetry and activism, Monte Smith is an acclaimed lecturer. He has spoken at Wake Forest University, Duke University, Guilford College, Loyola Marymount University, and the Racial Equality Week symposium at Lawrence Joel Coliseum in Winston Salem, NC. Dedicated to helping his community's youth, Monte created a poetry workshop for high-risk youth in Winston-Salem, and was a frequent lecturer at West Guilford High School in Greensboro, NC.

for more extensive information about Monte visit :  
<http://www.innerchildpress.com/monte-smith.php>

*Monte Smith*

## Voices

I've heard the voices of my inner demons

When they spoke

It sounded like injured children screaming

## The Enemy At Home

I don't know about you, but it's funny  
to hear Hannity and O'Reilly on TV  
telling me to keep my eyes open  
for the enemy at home

Hell, the police are everywhere I go

It's been time to show the propaganda  
machine it'll remain impossible to reach  
us as long as his-story's in pieces

To me, it doesn't make sense like Mary  
and Jesus

How many victims of police brutally do  
we have in the place to be?

Who remembers, Tompkins Square Park,  
Kent State or Howard Beach?

I debate, we can't wait on man's laws to  
manifest justice for humanity's sake

These past acts of 'protectin' and servin'  
prove the scales will remain unbalanced  
until the pigs find their rights burnin' in  
the same fire that's cooking ours in broad  
daylight

I'm tellin' ya, they'll bomb you like MOVE  
in Philadelphia

*Monte Smith*

Who remembers Shaka Sankofa, the Massacre  
at Waco, *Talkin' Blues?*

Sorry Bob, Slave Driver caught the fire  
and threw it back with plenty of matches,  
pipes and crack all wrapped up in a CIA  
party pack with a little tag attached reading

*Die Niggers!*

So to all the rich fraternities and sororities  
cloning soon to be judges and DAs, stop  
booking reggae bands at your keg parties

It's a slap in the face of the starving

For real, you need to think about that the  
next time you're *jamming 'til the jamming  
is through*

Off the record smoking herb with the  
band but in five years you'll be responsible  
for the building of more death camps  
to imprison their youth

Who remembers JFK or MLK gettin'  
bucked by the United States government?

Yeah. the special interest groups are loving it

Killing you for fun is stress relief  
for the murderers we pay to carry guns

Who remembers Tupac in Atlanta or  
Rodney King in Los Angeles?

*The Year of the Poet ~ October 2015*

Now is the time to unify our learning

Next time the burning begins don't waste  
your time breaking windows and stealing  
TVs

If you get the urge to loot call me  
at 555-pick-up-a-gun-and-shoot

The American police state has the poor  
on their dinner plate--if you don't believe  
me just check the minority conviction rate  
in DC

And for anybody who thinks I'm just talking  
shit, non-believer get it correct

Before the show I copped a burner and when  
I'm done here I'm gonna jam "Fuck the Police" in  
the tape deck, bounce to the second street overpass,  
call 911 with a fake report, wait on the first pig I see then

**BAM!**

I'm gonna *smoke his ass*.

I've come to realize that's the best way to "Fuck  
the Police"

Besides, I'm fresh out of grease and principles

Now tell me, how many soldiers do we have in  
the place to be, and who the fuck feels expendable?

## Just Sayin'

Spirituality is beautiful but believing in organized religion is a sign of mental retardation. Seriously, your fairy tales and crutches are in the way of humanity. I'm tired of making excuses for you. Repeat after me, there's no need for religion; it's just simple tradition. Let's clear the confusion and start the people's revolution.



Laura  
J.  
Wolfe

*Laura J. Wolfe*



## *The Year of the Poet ~ October 2015*

Laura J. Wolfe is an Illinois Writer, Artist and Counselor. Her poetry is often times born out of daily and life changing experiences. Most recently, her writing has given voice to a place of physical pain and emotional angst as she journeyed through medical challenges.

Both her writing and art serve as places where she is able to process her life stories and foster hope. Her writing and art are sacred and spiritual spaces where she encounters God, faith and courage to journey on and through. She believes in the power of “showing up” in life. Through this practice, both personally and professionally, she has seen the beauty of creativity birthed in unexpected ways.

Laura’s art work and poetry may be found at  
<http://www.laurajwolfe.com>.

If you are a creative interested in working with Laura, you may find more information at  
<http://www.laurajwolfecounseling.com>.

*Laura J. Wolfe*

## Anticipation

Facing a blacktop driveway sloped down-  
pours on streets, water  
falls on cement  
curbs—I, barefoot feel the ground under  
an umbrella of thunderclaps--shaking me to life,  
I twirl around receiving  
accolades from those who have danced before  
breathing amidst the scent of storms, waiting—  
anticipating rainbows.

## Painting Still

At the corner of perfection and not good enough, I open my hand wrapping palm and fingers around a brush. Tentatively dipping bristles into the open can, I plunge softly into the possibilities of creating something different. The brush moves more easily than I hoped beginning to touch rough spaces with liquid silk fill cracks, crevices--hidden, revealing stains, grains of wood softening over time. I stop, standing over a Saturday afternoon project, embracing again the process of living life. Worn and vibrant emerging as paint dries on sanded wood brushed by my open hand again.

## Slowing the Highway

Are there ever times  
when you feel stirred  
up--revving like an engine  
stuck in neutral because life  
is going faster than you  
can keep up? My mind  
sometimes races with energy  
unaware of where to go,  
guzzling gas, blowing  
exhaust out of my tail  
pipe--lit  
up light on the dashboard  
reading "check engine." I  
open the glove box, lifting  
an owner's manual, flip  
through searching for clues  
on how to respond. Reading  
"service engine" under the section  
I peer at. Closing my eyes  
I still remember smelling  
rough and smooth leather  
seats mixed with sweet tobacco, your  
red plaid shirt --a flannel  
button downed jacket and smart  
hat. Polished shoes and  
teeth--puffing smoke in  
your mouth--breathing out  
circles in the air. I stop  
wondering how or why or even

*The Year of the Poet ~ October 2015*

when I sit here  
in the now. Quiet breathing, open  
hands lay lifted  
off the steering wheel  
resting--feet  
off gas pedal--shifting  
to park, I turn  
key towards me offering  
a prayer of gratitude for  
silent spaces.

*Laura J. Wolfe*



William  
Washington

*William Washington*



*The Year of the Poet ~ October 2015*

SpokenWord Artist/Poet/Author of the widely acclaimed autobiography "The Nigger Chronicles/The Mispronunciation Of Who I Am" William Washington, was born by the river, in a Spanish Harlem Tenement, in the year 1959. He has performed on various off-Broadway stages. Mentoring & Motivating students is his passion!



## Head Dry

I'm a Poor Poet, and its raining outside. I'm wearing a Hoodie to keep my head dry. I wonder. I wonder if that Thug packing heat, will acknowledge my seniority, and let me pass, or for his pleasure, bust a cap in my ass! I wonder..

I wonder would that Cop on da block, see the gray hair on my chin, before Kill-a-Nigger begins?!

"Your Honor, he was running towards me. His Hoodie over his face.. his hands were inside his Hoodie.. Even though is was night, and raining profusely.. I could clearly see the handle of a gun!

So that Cop Testi-Lied..

Cop on da block, will you see the hair on my chin, before the carnage begins?!!! I wonder..

I wonder will there be a New York City Zimmerman waiting to kill again?

Yo! I eat Skittles, and I drink Arizona Ice Tea!.. New York City Zimmerman! You gonna kill me? I wonder..

I wonder if I should take off my Hoodie, and just use my umbrella. You see, I'm a Poor Poet, and it's raining outside, BUT I DON'T WANT TO DIE!

I'm just trying, I'm just trying to keep my..

"Head Dry".

## Apartheid America

We live in Apartheid disguised as a Democracy! A place where we are still enslaved! We pick cotton for minimum wage! Where we are chained, handcuffed to a Plantation titled Penitentiary!

We live in Apartheid disguised as a Democracy! A place where you can earn over \$30,000 a year, and still be homeless! Where "They" define Desegregation as Gentrification! Desegregation as Gentrification! Desegregation as Gentrification!

We live in Apartheid disguised as a Democracy! A place where on Thursday nights, if Nelly does not prepare her world famous Pasteles.. that Thursday I won't have dinner! La Marqueta in Spanish Harlem, is our low cost pantry.

A place where one minority out of a million minorities can become a millionaire! And all you need, is a dollar and a dream.. So keep dreamin'.. MotherFuckerssss! Where if you call the police for help, they might kill you! They might kill you! They might kill you!

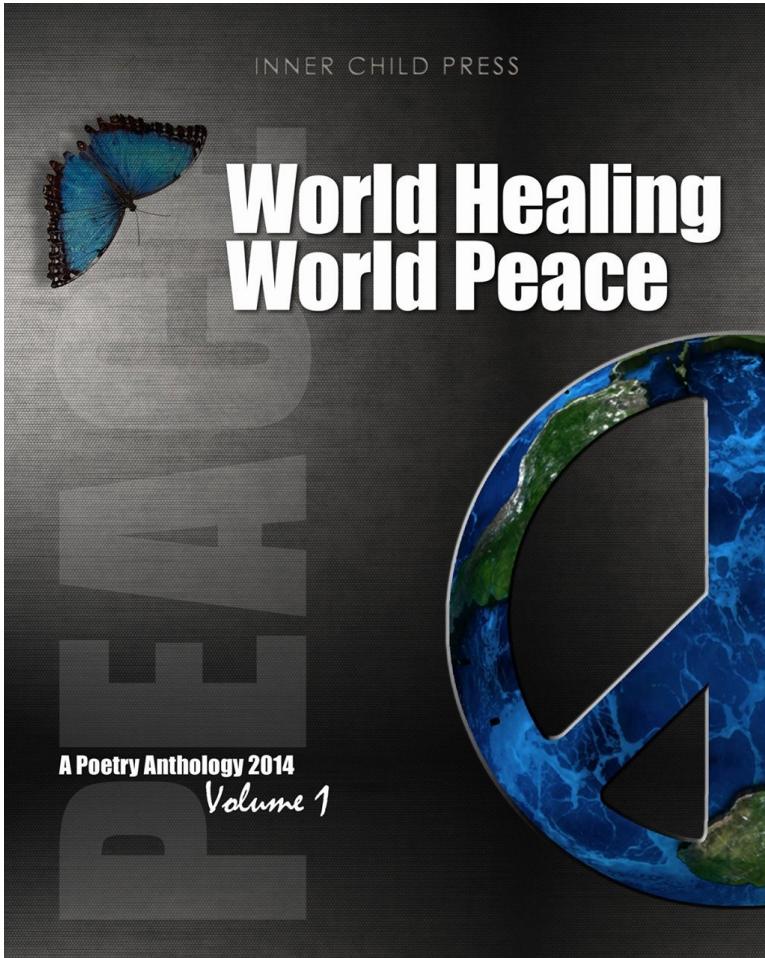
We live in Apartheid disguised as a Democracy! A place where we demand our forty acres, and our mule! We demand our forty acres, and our mule! We demand our forty acres, and our mule! But "They" tell us.. Nigger you'll get no forty acres, and Nigger!.. You are My Mule!

We live in Apartheid disguised, as a Democracy.

*Other  
Anthological  
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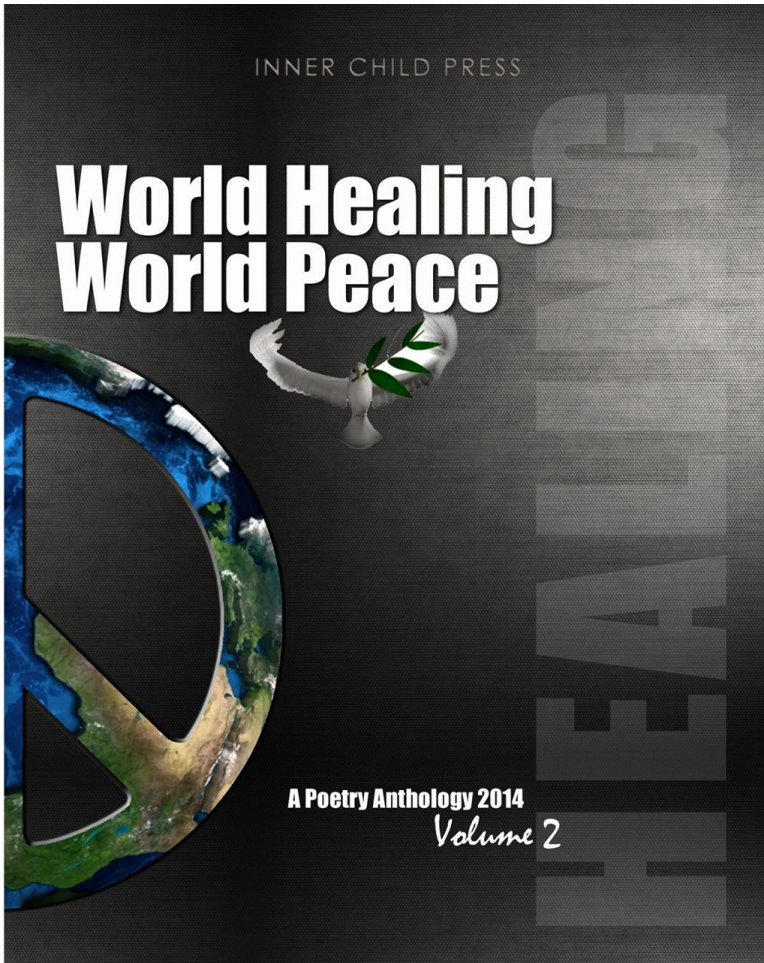
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*Inner Child Press Anthologies*

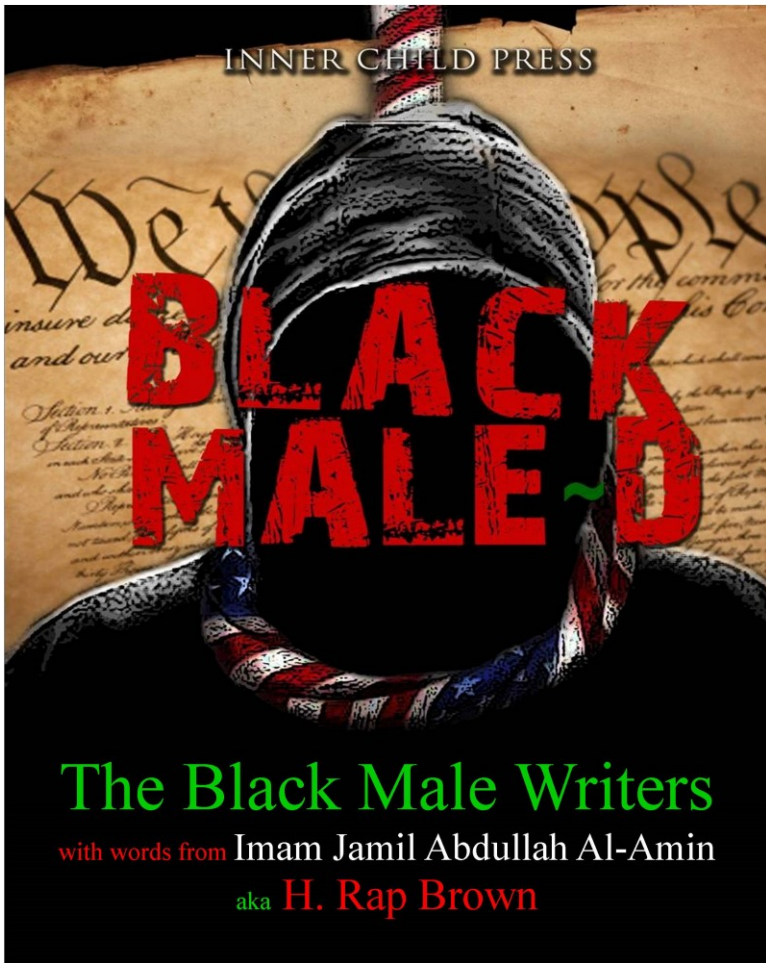




*Inner Child Press Anthologies*



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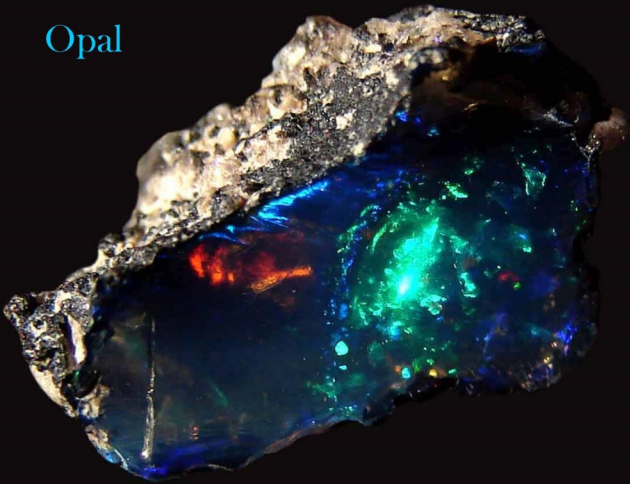
# *The Year of the Poet II*

October 2015

## Featured Poets

Monte Smith \* Laura J. Wolfe \* William Washington

Opal



## *The Poetry Posse 2015*

Jamie Bond \* Gail Weston Shazor \* Albert 'Infinite' Carrasco  
Siddartha Beth Pierce \* Janet P. Caldwell \* Tony Henninger  
Joe DaVerbal Minddancer \* Neetu Wali \* Shareef Abdur – Rasheed  
Kimberly Burnham \* Ann White \* Keith Alan Hamilton  
Katherine Wyatt \* Fahredin Shehu \* Hülya N. Yılmaz  
Teresa E. Gallion \* Jackie Allen \* William S. Peters, Sr.

# The Year of the Poet II

September 2015

Featured Poets

Alfreda Ghee \* Lonneice Weeks Badley \* Demetrios Trifiatis



Sapphires

*The Poetry Posse 2015*

Jamie Bond \* Gail Weston Shazor \* Albert 'Infinite' Carrasco  
Siddartha Beth Pierce \* Janet P. Caldwell \* Tony Henninger  
Joe DaVerbal Minddancer \* Neetu Wali \* Shareef Abdur – Rasheed  
Kimberly Burnham \* Ann White \* Keith Alan Hamilton  
Katherine Wyatt \* Fahredin Shelu \* Hülya N. Yılmaz  
Teresa E. Gallion \* Jackie Allen \* William S. Peters, Sr.

# The Year of the Poet II

August 2015



Peridot

## *Featured Poets*

Gayle Howell

Ann Chalas

Christopher Schultz



## *The Poetry Posse 2015*

Jamie Bond \* Gail Weston Shazor \* Albert 'Infinite' Carrasco

Siddartha Beth Pierce \* Janet P. Caldwell \* Tony Henninger

Joe DaVerbal Minddancer \* Neetu Wali \* Shareef Abdur – Rasheed

Kimberly Burnham \* Ann White \* Keith Alan Hamilton

Katherine Wyatt \* Fahredin Shehu \* Hülya N. Yılmaz

Teresa E. Gallion \* Jackie Allen \* William S. Peters, Sr.

# The Year of the Poet II

July 2015

The Featured Poets for July 2015

Abhik Shome \* Christina Neal \* Robert Neal



Rubies

## The Poetry Posse 2015

Jamie Bond \* Gail Weston Shazor \* Albert 'Infinite' Carrasco  
Siddartha Beth Pierce \* Janet P. Caldwell \* Tony Henninger  
Joe DaVerbal Minddancer \* Neetu Wali \* Shareef Abdur – Rasheed  
Kimberly Burnham \* Ann White \* Keith Alan Hamilton  
Katherine Wyatt \* Fahredin Shehu \* Hülya N. Yılmaz  
Teresa E. Gallion \* Jackie Allen \* William S. Peters, Sr.

# The Year of the Poet II

June 2015

## June's Featured Poets

Anahit Arustamyan \* Yvette D. Murrell \* Regina A. Walker



Pearl

## The Poetry Posse 2015

Jamie Bond \* Gail Weston Shazor \* Albert 'Infinite' Carrasco  
Siddartha Beth Pierce \* Janet P. Caldwell \* Tony Henninger  
Joe DaVerbal Minddancer \* Neetu Wali \* Shareef Abdur – Rasheed  
Kimberly Burnham \* Ann White \* Keith Alan Hamilton  
Katherine Wyatt \* Fahredin Shehu \* Hülya N. Yılmaz  
Teresa E. Gallion \* Jackie Allen \* William S. Peters, Sr.

# The Year of the Poet II

May 2015

## May's Featured Poets

Gerri Algeri  
Akin Mosi Chinnery  
Anna Jakubczak

## Emeralds

### The Poetry Posse 2015

Jamie Bond \* Gail Weston Shazor \* Albert 'Infinite' Carrasco  
Siddhartha Behl Pierce \* Janet P. Caldwell \* Tony Henninger  
Joe DaVerbal Minddancer \* Neetu Wali \* Shareef Abdur – Rasheed  
Kimberly Burnham \* Ann White \* Keith Alan Hamilton  
Katherine Wyatt \* Fahredin Shehu \* Hülya N. Yılmaz  
Teresa E. Gallion \* Jackie Allen \* William S. Peters, Sr.



# The Year of the Poet II

April 2015

Celebrating International Poetry Month

*Our featured Poets*

Raja Williams \* Dennis Ferado \* Laure Charazac



*Diamonds*

*The Poetry Posse 2015*

Jamie Bond \* Gail Weston Shazor \* Albert 'Infinite' Carrasco  
Siddartha Beth Pierce \* Janet P. Caldwell \* Tony Henninger  
Joe DaVerbal Minddancer \* Neetu Wali \* Shareef Abdur – Rasheed  
Kimberly Burnham \* Ann White \* Keith Alan Hamilton  
Katherine Wyatt \* Fahredin Shehu \* Hülya N. Yılmaz  
Teresa E. Gallion \* Jackie Allen \* William S. Peters, Sr.

# The Year of the Poet II

March 2015

## Our Featured Poets

Heung Sook • Anthony Arnold • Alicia Poland

## Bloodstone



## The Poetry Posse 2015

Jamie Bond • Gail Weston Shazor • Albert 'Infinite' Carrasco  
Siddhartha Beth Pierce • Janet P. Caldwell • Tony Henninger  
Joe DaVerbal Minddancer • Neetu Wali • Shareef Abdur – Rasheed  
Kimberly Burnham • Ann White • Keith Alan Hamilton  
Katherine Wyatt • Fahredin Shehu • Hülya N. Yılmaz  
Teresa E. Gallion • Jackie Allen • William S. Peters, Sr.

THE YEAR OF THE POET III

January 2015



Garnet



*The Poetry Posse*

Jamie Bond  
Gail Weston Shazor  
Albert 'Infinite' Carrasco  
Siddartha Beth Pierce  
Janet P. Caldwell  
Tony Henninger  
Joe Davis et Miralancer  
Robert Gibbons  
Neetu Wali  
Shareef Abdur - Rasheed  
Kimberly Burnham  
Ann White  
Keith Alan Hamilton  
Katherine Wyatt  
Fahredin Shehu  
Hülya N. Yılmaz  
Teresa E. Gallion  
Jackie Allen  
William S. Peters, Sr.

*January Feature Poets*

Bismay Mohanti \* Jen Walls \* Eric Judah

THE YEAR OF THE POET

December 2014



Narcissus

*The Poetry Posse*

Jamie Bond  
Gail Weston Shazor  
Albert 'Infinite' Carrasco  
Siddhartha Beth Pierce  
Janet P. Caldwell  
June 'Bugg' Barefield  
Debbie M. Allen  
Tony Heninger  
Joe DaVerbal Minddancer  
Robert Gibbons  
Neetu Wali  
Shareef Abdur-Rasheed  
Kimberly Burnham  
William S. Peters, Sr.

December Feature Poets

Katherine Wyatt \* WrittenInPain \* Santos Taino \* Justice Clarke

# THE YEAR OF THE POET

November 2014

Chrysanthemum



## *The Poetry Posse*

Jamie Bond \* Gail Weston Shazor \* Albert 'Infinite' Carrasco \* Siddhartha Beth Pierce  
Janet P. Caldwell \* June 'Bugg' Barefield \* Debbie M. Allen \* Tony Henninger  
Joe DaVerbal Minddancer \* Robert Gibbons \* Neetu Wali \* Shareef Abdur-Rasheed  
Kimberly Burnham \* William S. Peters, Sr.

## November Feature Poets

Jocelyn Mosman \* Jackie Allen \* James Moore \* Neville Hiatt

# THE YEAR OF THE POET

October 2014

Red Poppy



## *The Poetry Posse*

Jamie Bond \* Gail Weston Shazor \* Albert 'Infinite' Carrasco \* Siddhartha Beth Pierce  
Janet P. Caldwell \* June 'Bugg' Barefield \* Debbie M. Allen \* Tony Henninger  
Joe DaVerbal Minddancer \* Robert Gibbons \* Neetu Wali \* Shareef Abdur-Rasheed  
Kimberly Burnham \* William S. Peters, Sr.

## October Feature Poets

Ceri Naz \* Raşendra Padhi \* Elizabeth Castillo

# The Year of the Poet

September 2014

Aster

Morning-Glory



Wild Charm of September-Birthday Flower

September Feature Poets

Florence Malone \* Keith Alan Hamilton

## The Poetry Posse

Jamie Bond \* Gail Weston Shazor \* Albert 'Infinite' Carrasco \* Siddhartha Beth Pierce  
Janet P. Caldwell \* June 'Bugg' Barefield \* Debbie M. Allen \* Tony Henninger  
Joe DaVerbal Minddancer \* Robert Gibbons \* Neetu Wali \* Shareef Abdur-Rasheed  
Kimberly Burnham \* William S. Peters, Sr.

# The Year of the Poet

August 2014



Gladiolus

## *The Poetry Passé*

Jamie Bond  
Gail Weston Shazor  
Albert 'Infinite' Carrasco  
Siddhartha Beth Pierce  
Janet P. Caldwell  
June 'Bugg' Barefield  
Debbie M. Allen  
Tony Henninger  
Joe DaVerbal Minddancer  
Robert Gibbons  
Neetu Wali  
Shareef Abdur-Rasheed  
Kimberly Burnham  
William S. Peters, Sr.

## August Feature Poets

Ann White \* Rosalind Cherry \* Sheila Jenkins



# The Year of the Poet

July 2014

## July Feature Poets

Christena A. V. Williams  
Dr. John R. Strum  
Kolade Olanrewaju Freedom

## The Poetry Posse

Jamie Bond  
Gail Weston Shazor  
Albert Infinite Carrasco  
Siddhartha Beth Pierce  
Janet P. Caldwell  
June Bugg Barefield  
Debbie M. Allen  
Tony Henninger  
Joe DaVerbal Minddancer  
Robert Gibbons  
Neetu Wali  
Shareef Abdur-Rasheed  
Kimberly Burnham  
William S. Peters, Sr.



Lotus  
Asian Flower of the Month

# the Year of the Poet

June 2014



## June's Featured Poets

Shantelle McLin  
Jacqueline D. E. Kennedy  
Abraham N. Benjamin

## The Poetry Passe

Jamie Bond  
Gail Weston Shazor  
Albert 'Infinite' Carrasco  
Siddhartha Beth Pierce  
Janet P. Caldwell  
June 'Bugg' Barefield  
Debbie M. Allen  
Tony Henninger  
Joe DaVerbal Minddancer  
Robert Gibbons  
Neetu Wali  
Shareef Abdur-Rasheed  
Kimberly Burnham  
William S. Peters, Sr.

the year of the poet

May 2014

May's Featured Poets

ReeCee  
Joski the Poet  
Shannon Stanton

Dedicated To our Children

The Poetry Posse

Jamie Bond  
Gail Weston Shazor  
Albert 'Infinite' Carrasco  
Siddartha Beth Pierce  
Janet P. Caldwell  
June 'Bugg' Barefield  
Debbie M. Allen  
Tony Henninger  
Joe DeVerbal Minddancer  
Robert Gibbons  
Neetu Wali  
Shereef Abdur-Rasheed  
Kimberly Burnham  
William S. Peters, Sr.

Lily of the Valley

# the Year of the Poet

April 2014

## The Poetry Posse

Jamie Bond  
Gail Weston Shazor  
Albert 'Infinite' Carrasco  
Siddartha Beth Pierce  
Janet P. Caldwell  
June 'Bugg' Barefield  
Debbie M. Allen  
Tony Henninger  
Joe DeVerbal Minddancer  
Robert Gibbons  
Neetu Wali  
Shareef Abdur-Rasheed  
Kimberly Burnham  
William S. Peters, Sr.



## Our April Featured Poets

Fahredin Shehu  
Martina Reisz Newberry  
Justin Blackburn  
Monte Smith



Sweet Pea

celebrating international poetry month

# the Year of the Poet

March 2014

## The Poetry Posse

Jamie Bond  
Gail Weston Shazor  
Albert 'Infinite' Carrasco  
Siddartha Beth Pierce  
Janet P. Caldwell  
June 'Bugg' Barefield  
Debbie M. Allen  
Tony Henninger  
Joe DaVerbal Minddancer  
Robert Gibbons  
Neetu Wali  
Shareef Abdur-Rasheed  
Kimberly Burnham  
William S. Peters, Sr.

daffodil

Our March Featured Poets

Alicia C. Cooper & hulya yilmaz

# the Year of the Poet

February 2014



violets

## The Poetry Posse

Jamie Bond  
Gail Weston Shazor  
Albert 'Infinite' Carrasco  
Siddartha Beth Pierce  
Janet P. Caldwell  
June 'Bugg' Barefield  
Debbie M. Allen  
Tony Henninger  
Joe DaVerbal Minddancer  
Robert Gibbons  
Neetu Wali  
Shareef Abdur-Rasheed  
William S. Peters, Sr.

## Our February Features

Teresa E. Gallion & Robert Gibson

# The Year of the Poet

## January 2014



Carnation

### The Poetry Posse

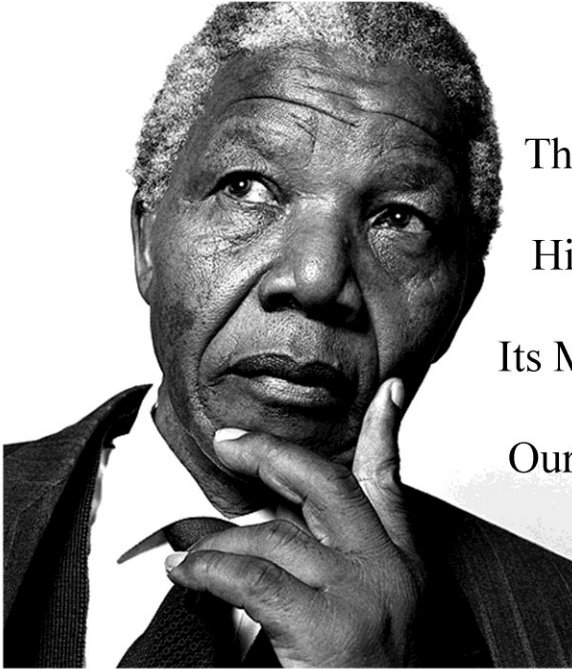
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Albert 'Infinite' Carrasco  
Siddartha Beth Pierce  
Janet P. Caldwell  
June 'Bugg' Barefield  
Debbie M. Allen  
Tony Henninger  
Joe DaVerbal Minddancer  
Robert Gibbons  
Neetu Wali  
Shareef Abdur-Rasheed  
William S. Peters, Sr.

### Our January Feature

Terri L. Johnson

*Inner Child Press Anthologies*

# Mandela



The Man

His Life

Its Meaning

Our Words

Poetry . . . Commentary & Stories

*The Anthological Writers*



*Inner Child Press Anthologies*

# **A GATHERING OF WORDS**



**POETRY & COMMENTARY**  
FOR

# **TRAYVON MARTIN**

*Inner Child Press Anthologies*

**World Healing  
World Peace**



**A POETRY ANTHOLOGY**  
*Volume 1*

*Inner Child Press Anthologies*

**2012**  
**World Healing**  
**World Peace**



**A POETRY ANTHOLOGY**

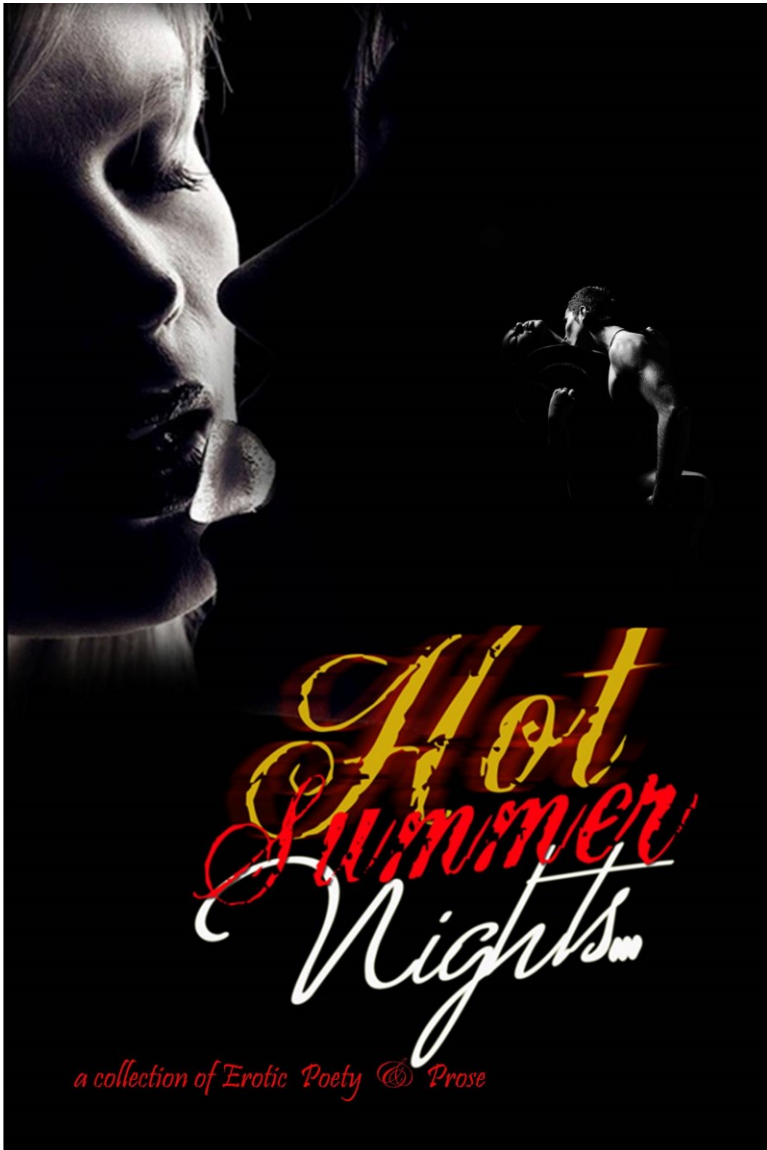
*Volume 2*

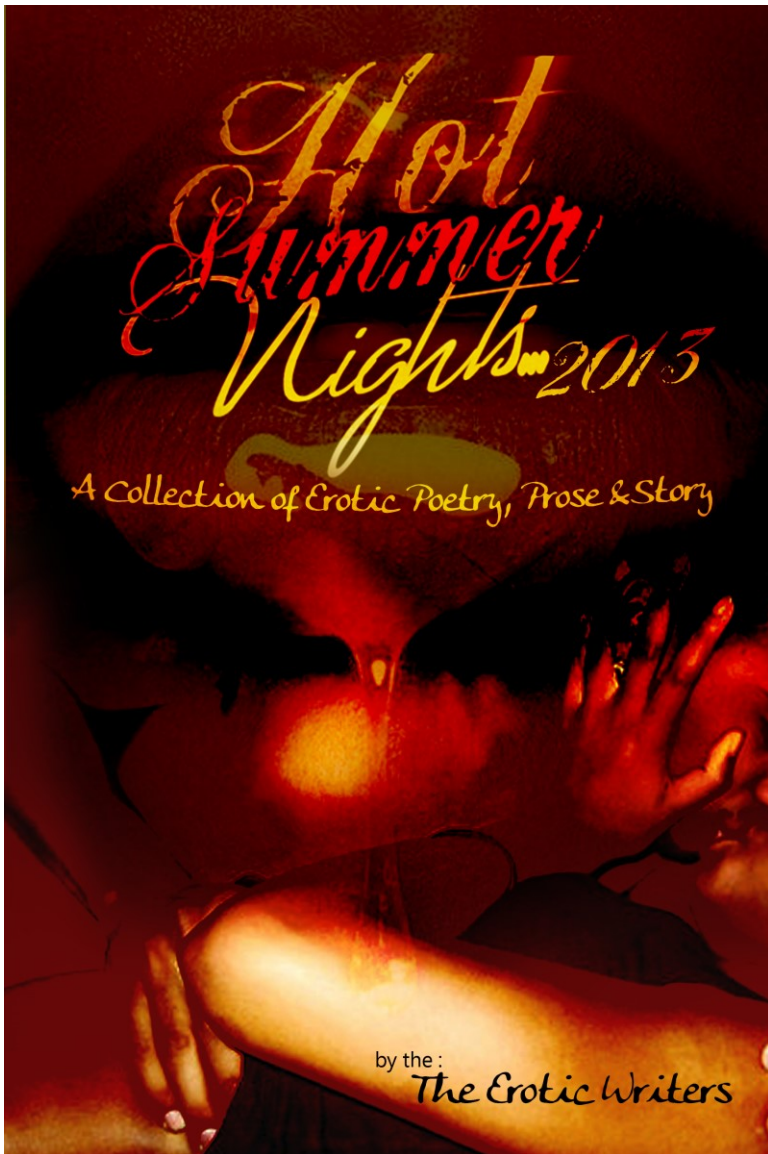
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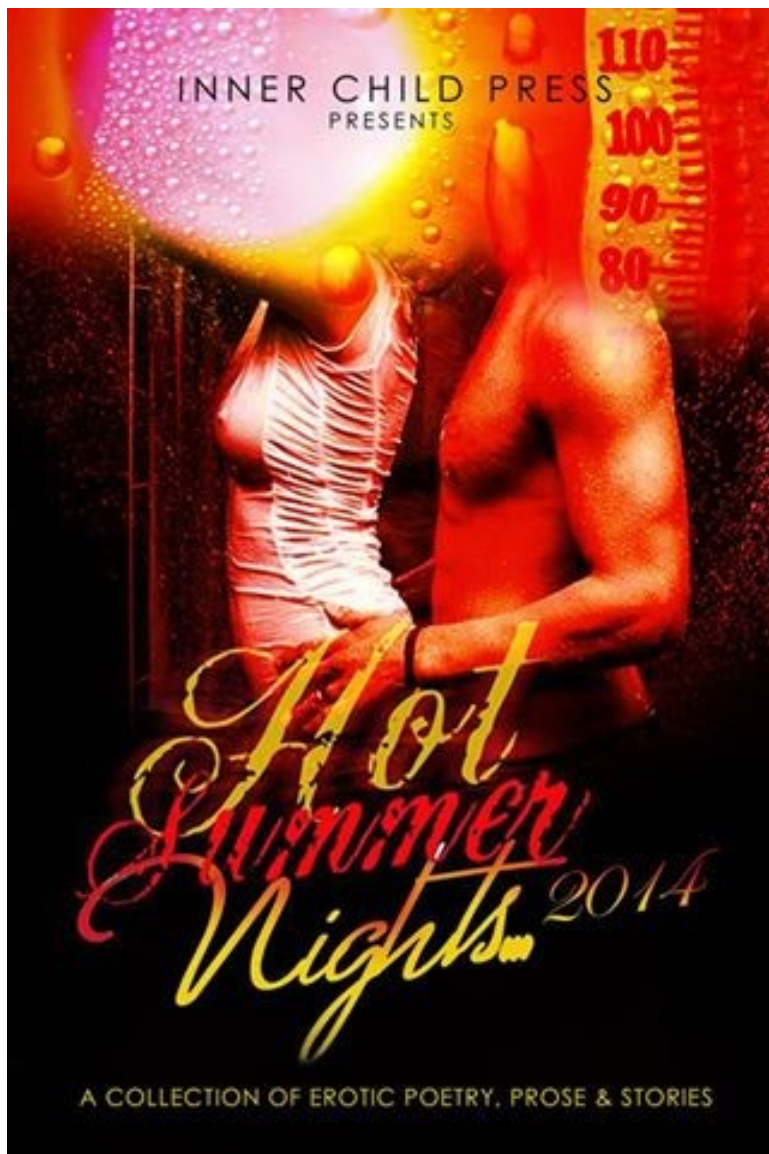
*healing through words*



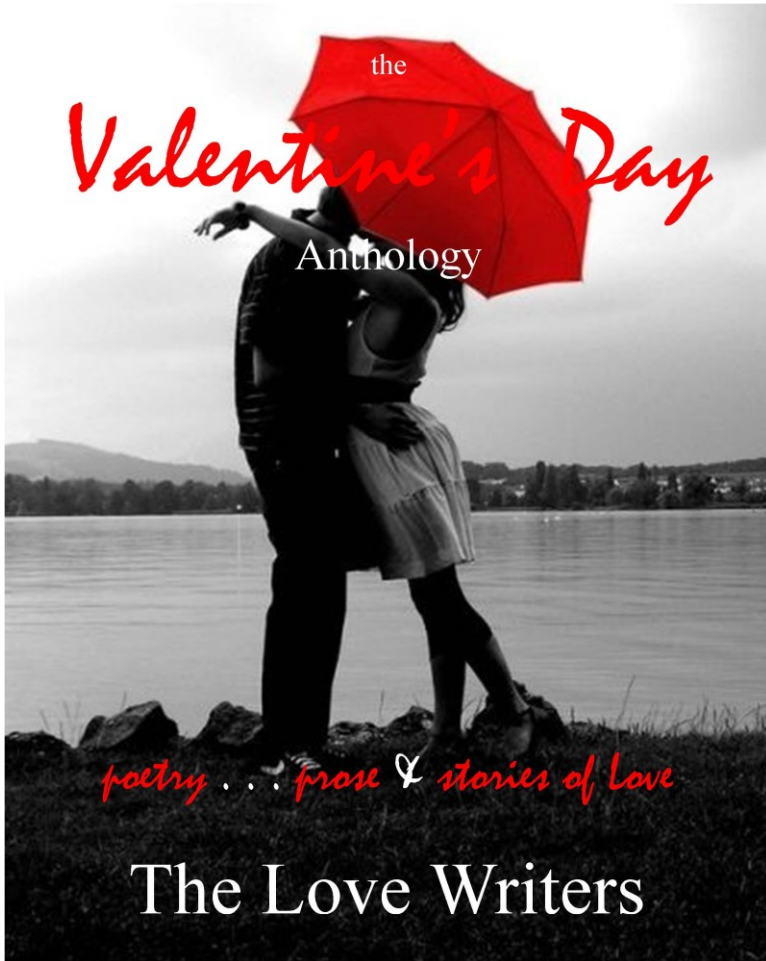
*Poetry ... Prose ... Prayer ... Stories*







*Inner Child Press Anthologies*





*Inner Child Press Anthologies*



want my

**P** **O** **E** **t** **R** **y**  
to . . .

*a collection of the Voices of Many inspired by ...*

*Monte Smith*

*Inner Child Press Anthologies*

*a collection of the Voices of Many inspired by ...*

*Monte Smith*



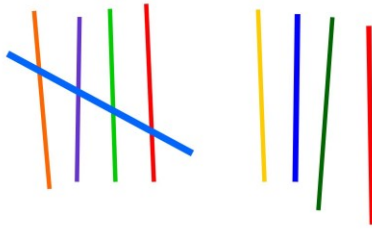
want my

**P** **O** **E** **t** **R** **y**

to . . .

volume II

# 11 Words



( 9 lines . . . )

*for those who are challenged*

*an anthology of Poetry inspired by . . .*

*Poetry Dancer*

*Inner Child Press Anthologies*



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~ fini ~

# The Year of the Poet II



## October's Featured Poets



Monte  
Smith



Laura J.  
Wolfe



William  
Washington



[www.innerchildpress.com](http://www.innerchildpress.com)