

The Year of the Poet IV

October 2017

Featured Poets

Ahmed Abu Saleem

Nedal Al-Qasem

Sadeddin Shahin



The Black Walnut Tree

The Poetry Posse 2017

Gail Weston Shazor * Caroline Nazareno * Bismay Mohanty
Teresa E. Gallion * Anna Jakubczak Vel Ratty Adalan
Joe DaVerbal Minddancer * Shareef Abdur – Rasheed
Albert Carrasco * Kimberly Burnham * Elizabeth Castillo
Hülya N. Yılmaz * Faleeha Hassan * Jackie Davis Allen
Jen Walls * Nizar Sartawi * * William S. Peters, Sr.

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inner child press, ltd.

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Caroline ‘Ceri Naz’ Nazareno-Gabis

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General Information
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October 2017 Edition

The Poetry Posse

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WHAT WOULD
LIFE
BE WITHOUT
A LITTLE
POETRY?

Dedication

This Book is dedicated to

Janet P. Caldwell



Alan W. Jankowski

Poetry . . .

The Poetry Posse

past, present & future

our Patrons and Readers

the Spirit of our Everlasting Muse



the Power of the Pen

to effectuate change!



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

Janet P. Caldwell

Janet Perkins Caldwell

Rest In Peace

February 14, 1959 ~ September 20, 2016



Rest In Peace Dear Brother

Alan W. Jankowski

16 March 1961 ~ 10 March 2017



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

Foreword

Autumn is a powerful movie that captures the parade of color that bends eyelids, teases smiles and causes high stepping across the landscape. This seasonal change is a sacred ritual that never fails to showcase the majesty of planet earth. Many writers embrace this time to stop and reflect on the state of affairs of humanity at all levels and from many viewpoints. The Poetry Posse has the opportunity to do this every month as a collective consciousness. Nature's color palette enlists the best in our collective consciousness to come out of hiding. We do this best with sketches on the blank page.

We paint our diverse perceptions, invite the world to come to our family living space and indulge in our words. There is always something to enjoy and feel at a deeper level. That is the way of the Posse. Just as we savor the transition of the season, we may dance with the words and enjoy the ink tapestry.

Let your senses be stimulated and amused by the word paintings of this family we call *The Poetry Posse*. As the leaves fall from trees and journey back to the soil, may you find a line of verse to keep you safe and warm in the texture of the words.

Blessings

Teresa E. Gallion

Preface

Dear Family and Friends,

I have been traveling globally since 2 September 2017. All of my travels have been in the name of poetry. I have attended festivals, communed with friends and visited other countries and cultures all in Poetry's name. Poetry is a powerful instrument that can be utilized in so many ways to have a profound effect upon our humanity. I am a living testament to this fact as are so many of our conscious poetic colleagues. For myself and many us, we clearly understand our undertaking when we sit to examine our hearts, spirits, emotions and our consciousness when we offer the world our verse.

Going forward, i would be amiss if i did not ask each of you to consider the effect you may have on our world and our humanity. Not all of us are poets, but we all have the ability to live a poetic life. I think it all begins with our attitude, and the way we express ourselves, not only to each other but to our own "Self", that entity that we drag along through our lives not giving much consideration to at a soul level.

Anyway, in conclusion, in this month's issue of *The Year of the Poet*, i am absolutely sure that you will find an abundance of material to ponder and contemplate upon and perhaps consider in you own walk of life.

Building Cultural Bridges

Bless Up

Bill

PS

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

Available here

www.worldhealingworldpeacepoetry.com

or

Janet . . . gone too soon.

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

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The Year of the Poet**

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

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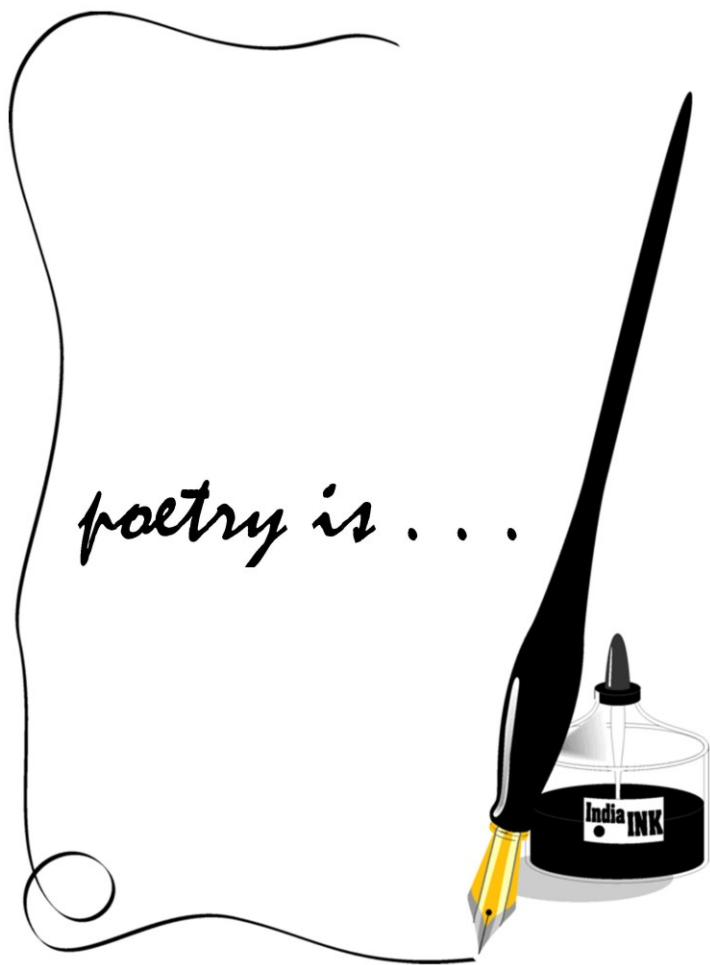
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Poets, Writers . . . know that we are the enchanting magicians that nourishes the seeds of dreams and thoughts . . . it is our words that entice the hearts and minds of others to believe there is something grand about the possibilities that life has 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





The Black Walnut Tree



Juglans nigra, the **eastern black walnut**, is a species of deciduous tree in the walnut family, Juglandaceae, native to eastern North America. It grows mostly in riparian zones, from southern Ontario, west to southeast South Dakota, south to Georgia, northern Florida and southwest to central Texas. Wild trees in the upper Ottawa Valley may be an isolated native population or may have derived from planted trees.

Black walnut is an important tree commercially, as the wood is a deep brown color and easily worked. The fruits, walnuts, are cultivated for their distinctive and desirable taste. Often, trees are grown for both lumber and walnuts simultaneously and many cultivars have been developed for improved quality nuts or wood. Black walnut is currently under pressure from the thousand cankers disease that is causing decline of walnuts in some areas. Black walnut is also allelopathic, which means that it releases chemicals from roots and other tissues that harm other organisms and

give the tree a competitive advantage; this is often undesirable as it can harm garden plants and grasses.

The fruit production tends to occur irregularly with some years producing larger crops than others (see mast year). Fruiting may begin when the tree is 4–6 years old, but large crops take 20 years. Total lifespan of *J. nigra* is about 130 years. Black walnut does not leaf out until late spring when the soil has warmed and all frost danger is past. Like other trees of the order Fagales, such as oaks, hickories, chestnuts, and birches, it is monoecious, with wind-pollinated catkins. Male and female flowers are in separate spikes, and the female flowers typically appear before the male on a single tree (dichogamy). As a consequence, self-pollination is unlikely. However, individual trees usually are not self-sterile; if they are not pollinated by neighboring trees, they may set self-fertilized seeds. For maximum seed germination, the seeds should be cold-moist stratified for 3–4 months, although the exact time depends on the seed source. The seedlings emerge in April or May and typically grow 90 cm (35 in) their first year and even more in the 2nd year. Black walnut often loses its leaves earlier than other deciduous trees growing in the same area after having a growing period of 115–135 days.

Black walnut has a strong taproot, which makes the seedlings resilient, but difficult to transplant.

Black walnut is more resistant to frost than the English or Persian walnut, but thrives best in the warmer regions of fertile, lowland soils with high water tables, although it will also grow in drier soils, but much more slowly. Some soils preferred by black walnut include Alfisol and Entisol soil types. Walnut grows best on sandy loam, loam, or silt loam type soils but will also grow well on silty clay loam soils. It prefers these soils due to the fact that these soils hold large quantities of water, which the tree draws from during dry periods.

Visually, black walnut is similar to the butternut (*Juglans cinerea*) in leaf shape, and the range also overlaps significantly. The fruits are quite different, and their presence makes an identification easy, as black walnut fruits are round and butternuts are more oval-oblong shaped. When a fruit is not available, two species can be differentiated based on the leaf scars, or the place where the leaf meets the stem: butternut has a leaf scar with a flat upper edge and with a velvety ridge above that flat part, but black walnut has an indented leaf scar with no hairy ridge.



The Black Walnut Tree

by Mary Olliver

My mother and I debate:
we could sell
the black walnut tree
to the lumberman,
and pay off the mortgage.
Likely some storm anyway
will churn down its dark boughs,
smashing the house. We talk
slowly, two women trying
in a difficult time to be wise.
Roots in the cellar drains,

I say, and she replies
that the leaves are getting heavier
every year, and the fruit
harder to gather away.
But something brighter than money
moves in our blood—an edge
sharp and quick as a trowel
that wants us to dig and sow.
So we talk, but we don't do
anything. That night I dream
of my fathers out of Bohemia
filling the blue fields
of fresh and generous Ohio
with leaves and vines and orchards.
What my mother and I both know
is that we'd crawl with shame
in the emptiness we'd made
in our own and our fathers' backyard.
So the black walnut tree
swings through another year
of sun and leaping winds,
of leaves and bounding fruit,
and, month after month, the whip-
crack of the mortgage.

The
Year
of the
Poet III

October 2017

The Poetry Posse

inner child press, ltd.

Poetry succeeds where instruction fails.

~ wsp

*Gail
Weston
Shazor*

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The Year of the Poet IV ~ October 2017

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

Author of . . .

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

Lies My Grandfathers Told Me

available at Inner Child Press.

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The Year of the Poet IV ~ October 2017

A haiku

A senryu

A nonet

A couplet

And a prayer

The leaves are scattered
Outside the clear windowpane
A green winter's dance

Eyes closed, I lean
My forehead pressed against glass
Listening for power

She
Moves slow
Across heat
The warmth tickles
Her into new swirls
Unintentional play
It's not that she is angry
Her time only comes once per year
While we may watch for her arrival
She will live this moment to the fullest

When once the elements subside, that which is laid bare
Will again be replenished, in the covenant of He who
renews

I wait on your touch, O Lord, to refresh my spirit
So that I will not remain complacent in this world
But will ever accept the reminder
That I have not yet reached home

I Want What's Mine

The lines are long
The air is still
The earth is hot
And the winds blow round
We spend much time listening

They say

And just who are they?

The government

Say we are giving you something

To help you through the storm

Each time it's the same things

Cold food, water, tarps

You would think they would come up with something new

By now

But I stand in the line to get these things and

Hope they don't run out before I get to the front

I take whatever it is when it is my turn

The food is something they call MREs and

I don't know how I am supposed to eat them

This stuff is gone run up my

Blood pressure

Sugar

Gout

Indigestion from the packaging

I like fresh food and bush tea but the hurricane blew it
away

In my day, when my back was strong

A hurricane would just clean the land

And we started all over again

Without so many foreigners to muck things up

Some was washed away and others got back in their boats

And left saying life

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Too hard
Too hot
Too many mosquitos
And too little trust from those on the island
The island has a life of its own and
A people of its own
But ever since we got a government
The young people believe that
It owes us life and money
They ain't gonna ever learn that
They only owe us the freedom to be
And I want what's mine.

Watchmen in the Windows

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To witness the majesty of destruction
I press my side
Into the next person's side
Just so I can see
What there will be to see
When it happens

I press my side
Into the next person's side
I bend and stretch
And hoping that one of them
Will point out to me
What I don't want to miss

Into the next person's side
Just so I can see
This is my first time here
And I want to see if the stories
Are actually true
About what will happen

What there will be to see
When it happens
I ask out loud
In true tall people ways
I am told to wait
And to see..

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*Bismay
Mohanty*

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The Year of the Poet IV ~ October 2017

It took as long as decade for him to come to the forefront in the poetic world. An engineering student, a poet, a blogger, that's all Bismay Mohanty is about. Even though currently graduating in Computer Science and Engineering he aims to be the most beloved poet of the world. His works magically connect natural sceneries with romance, society, human tendencies and give rise to a sea of literary beauty. He loves to narrate his expressions and learning, therefore actively participates in literature sessions. All his dreams came true when he was nominated as a feature in YOTP by Inner Child Press.

He dreams to establish media to encourage writers and poets worldwide. Also, he aims his poems reach people all over the globe.

He can be mailed at bismaymohanty.97@gmail.com

Lady on the roof

Some part of the mind on the milk on stove
Most of it in memories and arrival of love.

A lady spent prolonged hours on her roof at night
Maybe solitude she needed with all her might.

At times she could be seen while the sun bids adieu
Fabrics of imagination the hopeful would then sew.

She keeps on gazing the roads and the nearby park
Sometime smile, sometime tears get hidden in the dark.

Iota of her beauty depreciated day by day as her youth
Age is all she blamed but that's not the truth.

Shallowness crept her life from the day she turned a widow
Then the daughter who eloped for a better life she did
know.

There is nothing I can do but learn how bad it can be
To leave my parents alone in the years when they need me.

The wheel of life

Life, life, life
Is like a kite
Sometimes soaring high up in the sky,
Sometimes on the dusty road by.

Life is a real challenge,
We need to face it with courage.
At times we try to vie,
Even being ready to die.

Life is like a big field,
At times gives growth to seed,
Oh! This weed, we need to get rid,
In order to get abundant yield.

Life is like a journey
With sorrows and gaiety
When time comes for difficulty,
With great gusto, to face it, be ready.

Life is to give and share
With those whom, no one seems to care
Thus, how does it profit a man?
If he doesn't do hat he can.

Life is God's precious gift,
No matter we are small or big.
Let us make best use of it,
And then be ready for His credit.

Life is to be lived to its fullest,
Counting everyone as the greatest,
No matter one is fat or thin,
It's time to accept each other as our own kin.

Lost words

It's been days that I haven't written
Words of valor and phrases of metaphor
The ink in my writing pen has dried
And I am lazy to refill for I know I won't write
Even if the ink flows what shall I write?
A blank mind and empty soul is dumb
Perhaps deaf even; I can't hear myself.
Crusades of life and fallen fate
Brings back to my state
Whenever I think what good is to live thus?
And break free and get a change of air
God gave me eyes
To see the beauty made by him and to make my own
Such features I possess with my sense organs
But what if it is all nuisance?
This hope is dying
Never know if it will live up again
This hope if I live with
What's sure if I reach the pursuit?
Circumstances are making me pessimist
Speakers are failing to sooth my mind
Even with a hope like this I survive
May I soon revive.

Lackie

Davis

Allen

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Jackie Davis Allen, otherwise known as Jacqueline Allen or Jackie Allen, grew up in the Cumberland Mountains of Appalachia. As the next eldest daughter of a coal miner father and a stay at home mother she was the first in her family to attend college.

Graduating from what is now Radford University, with a Bachelor of Science degree in Education, she taught in both public and private schools.

Residing in northern Virginia, she revels in spending time with her husband in their get away home in the Blue Ridge Mountains, a place that evokes memories of days spent in Appalachia.

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

In 2015 she authored her first book, a collection of writings penned over the past decade. Well received by family and friends, both near and far, her book, "Looking for Rainbows, Poetry, Prose and Art is available from her website jackiedavisallen.com or from innerchildpress.com

Heart's Desire

Be joyful
Make laughter
Make time for friendship

Surround others with love
Forsaking material things
Take the time

Love always
Love laughter
Love more than with words

Love actively with tenderness
Making joy yours
Take the time

Heaven's Blessing

It was as if
Yes, it was if as from
Out of a long held desire
She reappeared as a gift

Like an angel in disguise
She arrived, descending
From out of the blue
On the wings of their mutual history

Coming as an answer
To an unspoken prayer, she came
With love and compassion
Sacrificing herself and giving

Freely of her talents and gifts
She was overcome
With heaven's blessings
When she realized

That the spirit
She was to cultivate
With love and peace
Was just not that of her own

Her Royal Highness

Some harboring hints
Of blossoming buds seeped
Into her splendiferous poetry garden

A plethora of tints, stems
Stalwart and bountiful, some lavish
With clusters of lavender

See now, the blossoms bleeding
Vociferously against the violet pansies
Bruises of yesteryear's coping read

Like a novel, one so royally blue that
Shrinking violets shadowed her pen
And rendered it speechless, except

For the indigo ink that seeped
From the spinning color wheel
Of her expressive metaphors

Albert
Carrasco

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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>

Time to write

All I have to do is say it's time write and words and lines run through me, I wish I could pen all my thoughts, you'll read the best thing ever written, I can't though, I'll have to edit non fiction urban poetry because of the ABC's. When it comes to the trap I want to be loud in a wrap (blunt)

But that'll get me another charge on my lengthy rap. I'm just reciting pros and cons not bragging that I was a pro con, the hood already knows Inf is a don, I'm on another level, I go above and beyond tryn to retrieve those that are so gone. To me, there's no such thing as being at the point of no return, I'll walk in the fire with my hand out before I say fuck it let them burn. I have love for trappers, bangers and everyday people that never lived blasphemous chasing the root of all evil but had their own demons, temptations and oppression was different for certain individuals. Since most of my life was shared with trappers and bangers, my forte is Coke, dope, guns, jail and murder. My young kin goes hard, if you're an outsider you won't understand them and they will not understand the outside advice you give... You're going to die or go to jail... They already know that, it's the life we live.

I am the key

My feet ache but I ain't tired, I've dealt with agony but never felt defeated, I don't care how many times my back gets pressed on the wall I'm gonna pull forward. Like flowing water, I will never be stagnated. I'm fossil fuel driven, my motivation is the skeletons of day one men, Writing darkness sheds light, I carpe diem when I PM the AM as I write. I don't preach, I'm no prophet, I'm trying to reach those pursuing bloody profit. I'm a surfaced diamond from the rough, there's a lot of cubic zirconia's those imposters won't scratch the surface, it's not in their DNA, I was there when the hard Caine game started, ya know opening day, I wasn't in the bleeders, I was on the field with lookouts and feeders with red caps of crossed over ye, just like I was there when prayers were emotionally narrated for all the players when the doves representing their souls flew away... Infinite isn't just an artist with cray cray wordplay, unfortunately for me and mine but fortunate to the young world, I was dealt all the wrong cards and had to live what I say. I could throw an entire generation in the fire, not forcefully, all I'll have to do is announce that shop is reopened and dudes would line up to pop with me, copp for me, try to watch me chef that C, pitch that letter, get locked, die or murder, why, because if Bellaco gives ya shelter, you're good for however long is your forever.

I can't abuse that type of power, those are selfish thoughts, I'm not going to have blood on my hands if the reaper reaps, I want them to live until it's written, the reaper isn't an author, so until those pages are turned I'll be my brothers keeper. I know my words penetrate, but temptation makes us make the best decision for bad times even if it's not good, the streets are hard to resist when stomachs are growling and rent is late. That's why I write daily, I'm next day rehab for those that relapsed to keep their apartment

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and to feed their family. Im an ace, deuce, trey, I'm a nick,
dime, dub, I'm and 8ball, ohzee ...I am the key.

Top shotta

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Every slug got wiped before it got compressed and every mag got wiped before inserted, at war time when I held the line that kept me less worrisome, they'll both be printless when deserted. Shoulder strapped Mac, two gats, a nine and four five, my everyday concrete jungle ensemble, I wasn't trying to kill I was trying to live, the streets were live. We all bleed the same, no one is superior, what makes men inferior is lack of heart and bad aim, from bottles to ripp'n holes in silhouettes, I was trained by vets to fear no man in the game, got the heart of a lion anyone coming at me is game in this food chain. I lived this way because death came back to back and it kills me that I wasn't there on dying days to counter attack. The actions of others made me a monster, as soon as I sense drama it's water. It's been a long time since I've slept, it's hard to rest, when lid touches lid too long all I see is a bloody mess, so I relax my body by controlled breaths. Don't start none won't be none, I get temporary tatted tears to look as if I'm emotional like fam and friends of victims at funerals just to see who's with them, then wipe em off after the burial along with their next of kin... I go serial.

Joe
Da Verbal
MindDancer

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The Year of the Poet IV ~ October 2017

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>

IT'S A BEAUTIFUL DAY

“It’s a beautiful day” Come what may, I wonder and oft times ponder How many of you prayed in some way? Now praying may not be your thing but do you channel your energy, or focus your chi? Your mental concepts your many philosophies Do you have days of “no one can stop me” Can you transform your norm and negate negative energy

Imagine if the coming together from tragedy minus a catastrophe happened all the time
That's what truly would make America great
If we only had a leader that sees that but WAIT
All that goodness came naturally
What affects one of us affects all of us
That's factual actually
Talk about common enemies
Talk about there's only
"ONE RACE" with my Home alone face
It's called humanity
The four-legged ones that some treat as deities
Are classified as to what some men are deemed to be
"DOGS"

A little digression from the lesson I'm observing
I only see one world and this day and age makes me bitter
Should I sit here in tears, or spit that vent on stages
Maybe Social media pages or just conversational engagements

To show I'm outraged at all of this bitterness Hell, I just may not give a fuck Most don't about the less fortunate
You know, when the world is calm with no immediate harm
Most of us go back to being me, me,
me another day on the farm

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It's still the same blood that we're bleeding
Same food we're eating, aside from spices
Cooking devices, even sexual vices
There are rich and poor whores
Why did I go there first?
Life is not rehearsed like verse
It blows like "HARVEY"
Spicy like wasabi
Martyred like "Bob Marley"
"Langston Hughes"
My Blues
The tropics are the topic
Political atrocities, unfocused all about ME's
Dumped on by nature
Trumped on behavior, you can't vote for a savior
Do you see neighbors helping neighbors?
Different cultural behaviors, they still may not like you but
will rescue you despite you
Greatness involves choices revolved around resources
that's the government's voice
We know what we need Don't We?
Then why won't we recede from a me, me society
Where is human sobriety
I toast to your next vote, your next look for hope
There's always left or right
Where you at tonight?

"It's a beautiful day" Come what may, I wonder and oft
times ponder How many of you prayed in some way? Now
praying may not be your thing but do you channel your
energy, or focus your chi? Your mental concepts your
many philosophies Do you have days of "no one can stop
me" Can you transform your norm and negate negative
energy Where you at tonight?

KIMBERLY

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I look and think of desert sands
Egyptian hands carved images of man
European hands marred what history demands The truth of
our existence
Truth built from our hands
Scholarly debates from non-African states of mind
What history are we buying?
I saw history today
A descendant from royalty on display
Classic lines defined with such purity
Beauty in tune with our personal history
The mystery of Cleopatra captured on film
Don't scoff or cough "ahem"
I can't compare images from a limited history Criminally
erased from a proud race to see
I see the lines defined from ancient times
Take a look at the look that had Mark Anthony dying

There's a richness to her image
All those classic lines well defined
No whitewashed Hollywood movie
Can't prove to me
The Queen of the Nile wasn't a Sister.
I don't mean no harm to those "DNA.COM'S" Sometimes
you just gotta look
To tell where you're from
Some history is fact
But when it comes to being Black

His Story gets bleached no one tans in his heat but this
glory that stood before
Put to rest that deceit
Drawn to her form

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Drawn to her charms
Drawn to express these words with poetic arms Rich oils
and exotic inks make me think
Our history will never be extinct
At the brink of evolution and European pollution A Queen
stands ready to guide the revolution

THREE CANDLES

I lit one wick with a wish to be blown
Should my wish be known?

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No one would be without a home
I lit another wick though not to quick
The light from the match did catch
Hot wax flowed down its back
One final wick in flames
It danced with the muse of open window panes
A second wish for a third prayer in rain

Only three to a person
Such unlimited curses
Unbalanced purses
Someone's going buy more than their share
Someone's not going to care
That's why we're here
Aladdin's lamp fantasies
Religious rubs of rosaries
Sage burning and strange teas

Stay burning weed leaves
Stay learning we reap our deeds
Everyday someone grieves
How do you handle your three candles?
Some emergency without urgency
Are you splurging on diversions and end up cursing
How does your candle flow what triggers your flicker?
Can you just blow it out, or see your way free

*Shareef
Abdur
Rasheed*

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Shareef Abdur-Rasheed, AKA Zakir Flo was born and raised in Brooklyn, New York. His education includes

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Brooklyn College, Suffolk County Community College and Makkah, Saudi Arabia. He is a Veteran of the Viet Nam era, where in 1969 he reverted to his now reverently embraced Islamic Faith. He is very active in the Islamic community and beyond with his teachings, activism and his humanity.

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

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

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

<http://www.facebook.com/shareef.abdurrasheed>
<https://zakirflo.wordpress.com>

Cycle,

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time, place, time, place replaces, replaced
can't escape or keep up with the pace
in the marathon called human race
signs abound all over the place, usually right
in front of your face
sunrise/sunsets, traversing of moon, new, full, old
signs constantly unfold, similitudes that shape views
like the moon we to are part of the cycle
life so very fast, fragile, moments come. Go don't last
that's the metaphor of the hour glass
sands of time sifting fast once full on top, blink
all on bottom sifting stopped
seconds, minutes now you got them but blink
just like that gone not so much a nod, a wink
life snuffed, what happened to all that stuff you coveted
meant so much but you placed value on that which rung
hollow
here today, gone tomorrow ,what remains? sorrow!
for that you begged, stole, bought, borrowed and the hour
glass turned yesterdays, todays into tomorrows
and the signs are manifest for believing eyes that see
rehearse the verse and complete the cycle not alive
but better yet you pass the test it's your soul that survives
the cycle at best
to forever and ever thrive/feast
cycle complete, crossed over, rest peace!

food4thought = education

fluid falls

be it teardrops or blood flow that appears not to stop

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the peace lovers always tested by evil fested
earth infested, much ignorance, blind stupid hate
invested
everyone must be tested, everyone is tested
for heaven sake, we are not in heaven
stop trying to make this such you'll only get much
teardrops, the uncertainty never stops
just because of the tic, tic, toc...and squares don't
fit in circles so please stop realize reality of this abode
your just a traveler on a journey, many stops along the way
don't think any of them is anywhere you'll stay
your setting yourself up to be let down
but there's a way to turn that frown around
truth must be a valid staple in your pursuit of..,
love that endures time, all the time that never expires
open minds invite enlightenment's fire of truth to illuminate
nights once replete of ignorance now the sun rose up
to expose relevance that once seemed oblivious but now
quite obvious
so seek thou beloved thy respite, in truth lies the light
day don't exist in the midst of night until night
runs its course and then the sun lends its voice
all runs it's designed course never divorce of rhyme, reason
life and death has its season as life has a purpose
that no one was or is here without
you must seek to find it, all else lines up behind it as is
right
your only here to fulfill the purpose of your life
then the journey continues beloved until destination
reached
a fact written and given to mankind complete never to be
breached because plain and simple, it's the creator's plan.

Puzzle..,

don't even try to figure out the human mind
you'll have better success seeing after being

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blind

just be drops of water on a duck's back
cee just too wack to let it get you feeling attacked
human minds are mine fields of potential explosives
one word can trigger emotions ^%BAM*# ,dam
watda #@&* did i say to make so & so come off
da chiazain that way?
let's try this another way like hitting the sack and
waking up the next day
just maybe things i'll be a better way or maybe i'm
expecting too much anyway
ya never thought the tongue is a primer to set off
get off, blast off mind bombs in the heads of folk you'll
know all too well? so you thought ,oh well, what the hell
say the wrong thing, ring the bell, push the wrong button
flip the wrong switch, watch your main squeeze flip da
script, hit the tripwire \$#!+ up in fire like Cali forest fires
it's a dam Puzzle Cuzo, i'll tell ya
psycho's even live in your house, sleep in your bed
don't even try to figure out what's going on in their head
it's a dam Puzzle i tell ya.
wat da F%^\$ you looking at?....ha, ha, ha 😊👊

food4thought = education

*Kimberly
Burnham*

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

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

A Pen's Purpose

A black pen
ink set against snow
writing the anguish and insights
a poet ponders
feeling an opening in the world
sensing the power in the pen
communicating just the right word

A black pen
can declare war
create peace
serve as a distraction swiveling in the hand
for the powerful and the grief stricken

A black pen
creating a masterpiece
smooth lines quickly sketched
juxtaposed
creating contrast
drawing one's eye in

A black pen
brushes away a fly
slicing through the air
like a baton leading music
or acts as a pick on an air guitar
a wand
to stir creative juices

A black pen

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a blunt instrument pokes a hole
patterns forming in clay or sand or dirt
art to some

A black pen
knives open an acceptance letter
tears through the tape
on a package from a loved one

A black pen
fuels dreams and realities
important ideas spread
to the ends of the earth
words sent on their way
an open heart pouring out

Air of Fire, Air of Rain

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Fires burn
blackening hillsides
smoke stalks across the countryside
smothering bushy green life
as tiny mice feast on wheat harvests
sunlight streaming

A fiery crimson ball sets
red and purple light dying
over tawny fields

Morning rain clouds
a constant stream for hours
soothes scorched landscapes
nourishes emerald vegetation

Before once again the sunlight sneaks
around the clouds
to set low on the land
brewing with renewed beauty

Give Vrede A Chance

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Vrede one of the oldest
Dutch and English words
before the English borrowed Latin's pax
peace was frið or frioðu

Old Dutch fritho lives on in harmony
rests, joys, loves peace
vrede holds close those meanings
today in Europe, Africa, and Asia

UN Secretary-General Ban Ki-moon
quotes the icon of all protesters
John Lennon in
The Hague's Vredespaleis (Peace Palace)
a hundred year-old icon
the city proud
give vrede a chance

Peace a palatial idea
extends far beyond
a celebration of the rule of law
bedrock of world order
gives birth to predictability, transparency, and mutual
obligations
indispensable for peaceful co-existence
(vreedzaam naast elkaar bestaan)

Pledging, pleading for peaceful existence
for all
people caught in conflict
the body entrusted
with international peace
cannot be
missing in action
Unearth the unity to act
use authority for peace
thwart the loss

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of a generation

Families deserve solutions
not silence
start talking for a world
without war and conflict
vechten voor de vrede

Elizabeth

E.

Castillo

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

Web links:

Facebook Fan Page

<https://free.facebook.com/ElizabethEsguerraCastillo>

Google Plus

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

A Man Named Madiba

It is in unity that we can change the world

No separation of beliefs and no color differences,

Here was a man who trampled the gruesome impact of
discrimination

Inspired by his powerful words,

He bridged the gap of misunderstandings among nations
No black, yellow, white or brown

We are all one with an ultimate vision against disparity.

Madiba, you are one true hero not just in the eyes of your
African descent,

But as well as in the hearts of men all over the world

Who were living witnesses of your humane integrity and
love for peace,

Your name and outstanding legacy will live on for
generations upon generations to come

They will honor the great endeavors you bestowed upon
your fellowmen

Madiba, Africa must be proud to have you as his Son,

May the world not forget one great man like you.

My Kind of Phenomenal Woman

Your words imprint a lasting effect on our minds
The immortal messages still linger in our thoughts
Your intricate and evocative verses
still echo even in the wilderness.

Your name itself is legendary, angelic
You are my kind of phenomenal woman
A woman of substance, a woman empowering other
women
You moved the world with your mighty pen.

You are my kind of phenomenal woman
A great inspiration you have bestowed upon mankind
Even if years would go by, your words will remain forever
in our hearts
For these have become part of our existence.

One World, One Voice

Not just a speck of dust in a swirling, gathering mass
The earth is where life abounds
God has created to be enjoyed by mankind.
You and me although not bound by the same blood,
Black or white, yellow or brown
One world, one voice
To stand up and be at peace together is our only choice.
Who likes terrorism and all those selfish schemes?
No one deserves to die innocently
Out of brutal killings and vicious plots done mercilessly
One world, one voice,
Stop these envious mockeries
And help one another than be divided incessantly.
All those lives lost in horrifying terrorist attacks,
Their souls will forever be remembered
The reasons behind the evil acts forever be pondered.
Lay to eternal rest our brethren
Who have suffered sudden, tragic deaths,
We pray none of those similar occurrence
Be fall again anywhere.

Anna
Jakubczak
Vel Ratty
Adalan

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Anna Jakubczak vel RattyAdalan – was born 18 April 1994 in Szczecin. Polish poet, journalist and the main editor of e-Magazine *Horizon*. Student on journalism and social communication at the University in Szczecin. In free time author on the website

www.annajakubczak.wordpress.com

Anna Jakubczak vel RattyAdalan collaborate with Association of Polish Writers and few Polish and international magazines. Her poems were included in a few American anthologies: „FM 7: Fall 2013”, „FM 8: Winter”, „FM 9: Spring 2014”, „FM 12: Summer 2015” and “FM 13: Fall 2016” published by Lewis Crystal and Roseanne Terranova Cirigliano in cooperation with Publishing House „Avenue U Publications” and She started to publish her poetry in the cycle "The Year of The Poet" since 2016. Poem “Interlova” was printed in the magazine “The Indus Streams” published by Apeejay Styra University (School of Journalism & Mass Communication).

She’s interested in philosophy, literature, psychology, music, mass media. Her hobbies are: cooking, reading books, learning foreign languages, translating and traveling.

In 2013 she published her debut volume: „Ars Poetica”. At now she’s working on next books: volume “Conversation at night”, novel “Wind of hope”, collection of stories “Gates of subconscious” and fairytales “The squirrel’s stories from the old larch”.

Direction – courage

I am sailing on stormy waters
Sometimes it's hard to keep control of the rudder
Waves are too high
or maybe it's me to much I want

I swim with metaphor, horizon
is extended and the port keeps changing
evening wind blow hat off
horizon compass fails

I swim with life ship's side to side
Marine fragrance soothes neurons
maybe one day I will experience freedom
as seagulls surrounding beaches

This is not time yet
to drop the anchor

Murmur

I see through the window how
Elongate miles separating us
wind carries heartbeat
I start to walk on the old tracks

Looking at the sky I can guess
how do you feel
it changes like the color of your eyes
I know that you smile today

I ask a passing by seagull
to gave you my kiss
and the message that I am waiting
sitting on our dune

The sea is so calm today

Relief

*when the day closes the eye lids**
we rafting anointed
self-consolation

with fear
about advent a better tomorrow
and unnecessary change of bed linen

when the night closes the eyelids
we rub body
with the last touch

memento amare

ad we will see tomorrow
whe fulfillment closes its eyelids

Joanna Otorowska-Duda -*when the day closes the eye lids**

Nizar

Sartawi

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Nizar Sartawi is a poet, translator and educator. He was born in Sarta, Palestine, in 1951. He holds a Bachelor's

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degree in English Literature from the University of Jordan, Amman, and a Master's degree in Human Resources Development from the University of Minnesota, the U.S. Sartawi is a member of the Jordanian Writers Association, General Union of Arab Writers, and Asian-African Writers Union. He has participated in poetry readings and international forums and festivals in Jordan, Lebanon, Kosovo, and Palestine, and Morocco.

Sartawi's first poetry collection, *Between Two Eras*, was published in Beirut, Lebanon in 2011. His poetry translations into Arabic include: *The Prayers of the Nightingale* (2013), poems by Indian poet Sarojini Naidu; *Fragments of the Moon* (2013), poems by Italian poet Mario Rigli; *The Souls Dances in its Cradle* (2015), poems by Danish poet Niels Hav; *Searching for Bridges* (2013), poems by American poet Margaret Saine (2016) *The Talhamiya* (2016), poems by Palestinian poet Nathalie Handal. His Arabic poetry translations into English include *Contemporary Jordanian Poets*, Volume I (2013); *The Eyes of the Wind* (2014), poems by Tunisian poet Fadhila Masaai; *The Birth of a Poet* (2015, 2016), poems by Lebanese poet Mohammad Ikbal Harb; *Haifa and other Poems* (2016), poems by Palestinian poet Samih Masaud; *The Pearls of a Grief* (2016), poems by Lebanese poet Abdulkarim Baalbaki. He has also been working for the last four years on a translation project, Arab Contemporary Poets Series.

Sartawi's poems and translations have been anthologized and published in books, journals, and newspapers in Arab countries, the U.S., Australia, Indonesia, Italy, the Philippines, and India.

Crossing the Allenby Bridge to Go home

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The bridge gate opens
The bus us shipping us
from bank to bank
slowly moves
on the border-crossing bridge
I turn my face to the left
and gaze through the dirty pane
The same reed thicket –
by which I was intrigued –
motionless, dark, deep
and spooky
like a haunted forest

The bus comes to a halt
the engine continues roaring.
the front door opens
the muzzle of a light uzi peeks in

“Leave all your stuff and get off,” says the driver,
“one by one.”

We rise
The stern suspicious eyes observing
“Yalla Yalla,” beckoning with his uzi
In the crowded bus the faces shine with sweat
casting their eyes through the glass panes
like a frightened gazelle
“Yalla Yalla,” again
We get off the bus
and stand on the sidewalk
as he climbs up
The vigilant head moving
forward right left
forward right left
forward right left...
I turn around
the murky river
thin and sluggish

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hesitantly creeping towards its end
a fish jumps up in the air and dives
Splash
then another fish
and another
stirring the peaceful waters
It must be cool down there, I thought,
the sun cooking my head

“Yalla Yalla”
Startled, I turned around again
The uzi was waving right and left: “Yalla Yalla”
We climbed back and were all inside
and the bus moved up the slope

I looked once more
The Jordan was still rolling south
“Going to the salty sea!” I heard me whisper,
“a few kilometers and you’ll be home.”
You’re going home too, the small waves murmured
I’m going home...
yes yes, I’m going home...
and on the road
my soul will have to take a few tough tests...
But
there is always a chance –
a chance to
pass.

* * * *

Autumn Violas

O how your heart

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throbs loud
when you glimpse those
autumn violas
on your windowsill!

How only to them
you unbosom
your hidden qualms!

How your eyes sparkle
with joy
when their petite petals
wave at you?

~~~~

What will you do when  
winter comes  
and violas go to sleep?

When ghosts of frost  
perch on your eyelids  
sprawl on your chest  
creep into your heart?

When death comes close  
with none nearby  
to comfort you –  
not even a viola?

\*\*\*\*

## Gun Smoke

Where are they now –  
those carefree larks

*The Year of the Poet IV ~ October 2017*

that gathered straw  
and built their nests  
in yonder meadow?

Where are  
their morning songs  
their noon siestas  
their evening whispers?

All gone  
since these lands were  
colonized  
by gun smoke

\* \* \* \*

*Len  
Walls*



*The Year of the Poet IV ~ October 2017*



Jen Walls is an award-winning author/international poet/literary reviewer/critic; bringing soulful love inside

## *The Year of the Poet IV ~ October 2017*

joyful heart's radiance; pulsating us deeply inside a personality of rare positivity. Her first poetry collection, *The Tender Petals* released – November 2014, through inner child press, Ltd. USA. Her second book of co-authored poems, *OM Santih Santih Santih*, combined to offer divine nature-inspired spiritual poetry released – November 2015, through The Poetry Society of India. Her peace-filled poems come alive inside renowned print and electronic world peace anthologies from the USA, UK, Africa, and India. She recently received a 2016 Distinguished Poet Award, from Writers International Network (WIN - Canada) in Burnaby, British Columbia on May 27, 2016. Jen currently resides in Saint Paul, Minnesota, U.S.A. with her loving family.

Contact Jen Walls:

[mywritegift@gmail.com](mailto:mywritegift@gmail.com);

<http://www.innerchildpress.com/jen-walls.php>

<https://www.facebook.com/jen.walls.7>

## SPARKLING

Blaze on farthest sky

*The Year of the Poet IV ~ October 2017*

wake light - quiet inwardly;  
heed worshipful tune

Abide with all love  
receive sun through soul's window;  
share indigo-kiss

Caress hopefulness  
paddle confetti-streams;  
swim mosaic-dream

Right the upside-down  
transcend and bend beyond fear;  
live love - refresh bliss

Watch through soul's center  
breathe compassionate being;  
open sunlight-streams

Call surrender's sigh  
free with heart - fly starry sky;  
wash earth-stones sparkling

## HEART DIVINE

Lift fresh dew flowers  
bring love to speak soul's silence;

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gift the golden-tears

Be willing to share  
live a good life of caring;  
journey to know Self

Transform in the storm  
burst through mind - thrive flowing streams;  
fill the ocean's sigh

Dedicate knowledge  
give faith - heart, mind and soul;  
invigorate peace

Nurture living joy  
call love inside loving-glow;  
melt free into bliss

Flow kisses holy  
open sweet breaths - come alive;  
bloom the heart divine

## LOVE-SERVE

Sing blessing's refresh  
gift within the beauty-breaths;  
give it all to God

*The Year of the Poet IV ~ October 2017*

Love nature's living  
be one with the Earth-Mother;  
resonate giving

Light upon darkness  
thrive pure conservation;  
prosper-wake love's bliss

Let loving eyes see  
kiss wonderment everywhere;  
smile blossoming

Extend peaceful soul  
share purity of caring;  
bloom heart-flowers – be

Liberate through grace  
fly-free - uplift beauty's song;  
love-serve joyful peace

*Hülya*

*n.*

*Yılmaz*

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## *The Year of the Poet IV ~ October 2017*

A Penn State faculty in Humanities, published author, literary translator and freelance editor, hülya n. yılmaz started her formal writing career in the U.S. after joining the Nittany Valley Writers Network in Centre County, PA. Her poetry made its first public appearance in the OLLI Magazine, *Pastiche*. Dr. yılmaz' academic publications include an extensive research book on the literary relations between the West and the Islamic East, a chapter for a book of critical essays on Orhan Pamuk – the recipient of the 2006 Nobel Prize in Literature, and several treatises presented at national and international conferences.

Outside the academia, hülya has authored *Trance*, a book of poetry in Turkish, German and English, and co-authored another collection of poems, *An Aegean Breeze of Peace* with Demetrius Trifiatis, professor of Philosophy from Greece. She finds it vital for everyone to understand a deeper self and writes creatively to attain and nourish it.

### Links

Personal Web Site

<http://authoroftrance.com>

Personal Blog Site

<https://dolunaylaben.wordpress.com>



## in the still of the night

1

sitting in my sanctuary  
the sky cradling me in its cotton balls  
i am listening to the crickets  
they are determined in their efforts  
to give me a peaceful earful  
cars go by  
and my mind stirs  
not so the spirit within  
sounds of nature's harmony win

2

the first night we met  
fear ruled our eyes  
hunger was in the air  
non-existent was any desire  
to circle around each other

ways were parted

a few nights later  
came a mutually intriguing  
phase of exploring  
then a scant but still sating meal

the mutual exploration  
happened early on some nights  
yet at my bedtime-late on others

one late afternoon

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i finally was able to capture  
a special moment  
a long enough pause  
i knew we were in good shape  
feeling safe in each other's company

these days the nighttime visits persist  
and no matter how hard i try  
i cannot seem to resist  
offering my favorite meat  
(its time to count as fresh  
was running out quite fast anyway)

the fox and i have made significant progress  
we are comfortable with one another  
just to my taste  
s/he stays far away  
mind you  
there are no moves of distaste

by the way  
did i say  
i always preferred  
a safe distance  
between the four-legged  
and its inferior?  
when close encounters  
are concerned that is . . .

lions tigers and bears  
oh my!

but

*The Year of the Poet IV ~ October 2017*

you see  
my fox promised!  
s/he would yell to me  
run hülya run  
just leave now  
and never turn around

3  
a convert am i  
loved nature from indoors out  
living with it now

*Teresa*

*L.*

*Gassion*

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## *The Year of the Poet IV ~ October 2017*

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>***

## The Seeker

She remembers the transformation in her life.  
A balmy day in Illinois, must have been fall,  
the chill in the air begged for a jacket,  
could not see a breath taken.

She picks up the local alternative paper.  
The ad says, *are you a seeker?*  
*You may find your way home*  
*to God in this lifetime.*

Her smile broadens, weight on her  
shoulders lighten. She does not know  
why she is excited about this event.  
She marks her calendar for

Saturday at 10 am for the talk.  
So many questions squeeze her brain stem.  
The burden of not knowing holds her feet  
in the mud. She wants out and does not know

the answer or direction to take to reach  
what she wants and needs. She has no  
definition at this point in life. She simply  
feels the need swelling in her chest to find

answers to questions about her life.  
The ad feels right, makes her smile.  
She is about to discover she is a seeker  
and what that label entails.

## In This Moment

In this moment  
the trees sway in the wind,  
a tickling love embrace rubs  
a radiant smile on my face.  
Can you see it?

My thoughts are boundless,  
heart pumps out of control.  
I am floating in the arms  
of the Beloved.  
Can you see me?

My eyes are locked on  
the rainbow in the universe  
unable to detach from bliss.  
A flute spits love in my honor.  
Can you hear it?

I am singing the words,  
riding on the breeze,  
teasing the clouds on  
an ecstatic day in New Mexico.  
Can you hear me?

What can I say  
to help you understand  
my ecstatic energy?  
Can you feel it?

Come dear friend, hold my hand.  
Love of Spirit flows through me  
in this moment.  
Can you feel me?



## Arkansas River

You can see clear through her  
as she drifts pass at about 20 mph  
creating ripples and waves.  
Here and there white fluff rolls

against the current creating a rapid  
when it dives back into the surge.  
The community of water droplets  
talk loud as they flow downstream.

A long journey starts at the headwaters.  
Every drop polishes stones and carves  
the sidelines in a never ending stream.  
It is driven by destiny to run.

Acres of its flow are diverted  
to grasslands, farmlands, ranchlands,  
power plants and lakes to serve man's greed.

We are blessed with this bountiful beauty  
and day by day our rough human hands  
work hard to destroy what nature freely gives.

Only a few sit quietly in gratitude  
and chat with the water this morning.  
I sit and savor the soft scent of the river.

*Faleeha*

*Hassan*

*The Year of the Poet IV ~ October 2017*



## *The Year of the Poet IV ~ October 2017*

Falecha Hassan is a poet, teacher, editor, writer born in Najaf, Iraq, in 1967, who now lives in the United States.

Falecha's poetry has been translated into English, Turkmen, Bosevih, Indian, French, Italian, German, Kurdish, Spain and Albanian. She has received many Arabic awards throughout her writing career.

Her poems and her stories published in different American magazines Such as : Philadelphia poets 22, Harbinger Asylum , Brooklyn Rail April 2016, Screaminmamas, The Galway Review, Words without Borders, TXTOBJX, intranslation, SJ .magazine, nondoc ,Wordgathering , SCARLET LEAF REVIEW , Courier-Post , I am not a silent poet, taosjournal, Inner Child Press , Press of Atlantic City.

d.fh88@yahoo.com

## Credible lies

Oh, Faleeha  
How brilliant is your future  
I whisper in my ear  
And pat my shoulder  
Every morning  
I open my day with a big lie  
I tell myself  
Faleeha  
leave the news to the promoters of rumors  
And the houses being bombed by skilled pilots  
They will be rebuilt immediately afterward  
Leave Iraqi women to be sold in the Sbaya Bazaar in Mosul  
Mothers will give birth to other daughters nine months later  
Don't worry about the man who sells his life for a handful  
of coins under the sweltering sun  
One day he will be able to get a Chinese umbrella  
Don't worry about your niece whose face now being eaten  
by skin cancer  
She will get through photoshop a wonderful picture for her  
profile on Facebook  
Why do you look so long at picture of your friend who is  
missing from Kuwait war?  
He is lucky  
He survived the darkness of grave  
Oh, Faleeha  
Leave the children of Baghdad to wake up to violent  
explosions  
Music is no longer fit for their mornings  
Write down the martyrs names on a piece of a paper and  
place it in your old coat and leave it in the closet  
Or send it to the dry cleaners  
I'm tired of counting the names of the martyrs and the war  
never ends .

## Like me

This baby  
Whenever he cries  
His mom gives him his bottle  
Without bothering to attend to his cries  
Like me"  
"This girl  
Braiding her hair with fingers of hope  
And hides in her old book  
The letter from her lover  
With a withered rose  
Like me" "  
These women  
Sitting on the thresholds of their homes  
sharing fragments unimaginable horror of the scattered  
along the timelines of age  
like me" "  
this soldier  
pulling his military bag  
from war to war  
without anyone knowing his name

## Short poems

### **Thief**

A sea stole my tears  
There for became large

### **me**

The sun is like me  
Alone  
And burns

### **Him**

It was necessary for him to die  
In order to find an empty place for his body

### **Prayer neck:**

Dear cord  
When wrapped around me  
Please be smooth  
And fluffy  
Like my dream

*Caroline*  
*Nazareno-*  
*Gabis*



*The Year of the Poet IV ~ October 2017*



## *The Year of the Poet IV ~ October 2017*

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

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

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

## His many faces

*a tribute to a brother of peace*

his lame leg did not hinder his passion  
driven by an eagle's spirit to pick up  
manuscripts, flown to aesthetic gifts,  
humble linotypist's assistant, then a journalist  
there were more than stories ever written  
a chance to a wordsmiths' circle.  
he is a brother, in truth, in faith  
in anguish, in reverie  
in human and divine,  
beyond a bohemian forehead,  
he is the book of all voices.  
his works are sublime  
the mirror of many faces  
the biography of peruvian reality.

## Waltz With The Rain Princess

See me in the crystal drops  
Falling from the celestial throne,  
Meet me inside the cooling cloudburst sound,  
And I will sing to you  
The sonatas of the mountains, the rivers and the lakes  
In our free willing autumn carpet  
As it bids the grand Sol,  
Capturing my pacified retina  
I will take you with me  
In our muddy floors  
Where we'll dance our first waltz,  
Together, like Zeus and Hera.  
All the wonders we'll breathe  
And teach our feet the tiptoes of happiness  
Then wrap me with your arms  
All days, all nights, always;  
Like countless raindrops  
Only this muted umbrella  
Can witness our castle built with kisses  
In our royal waltz under the rain.

## Windmills

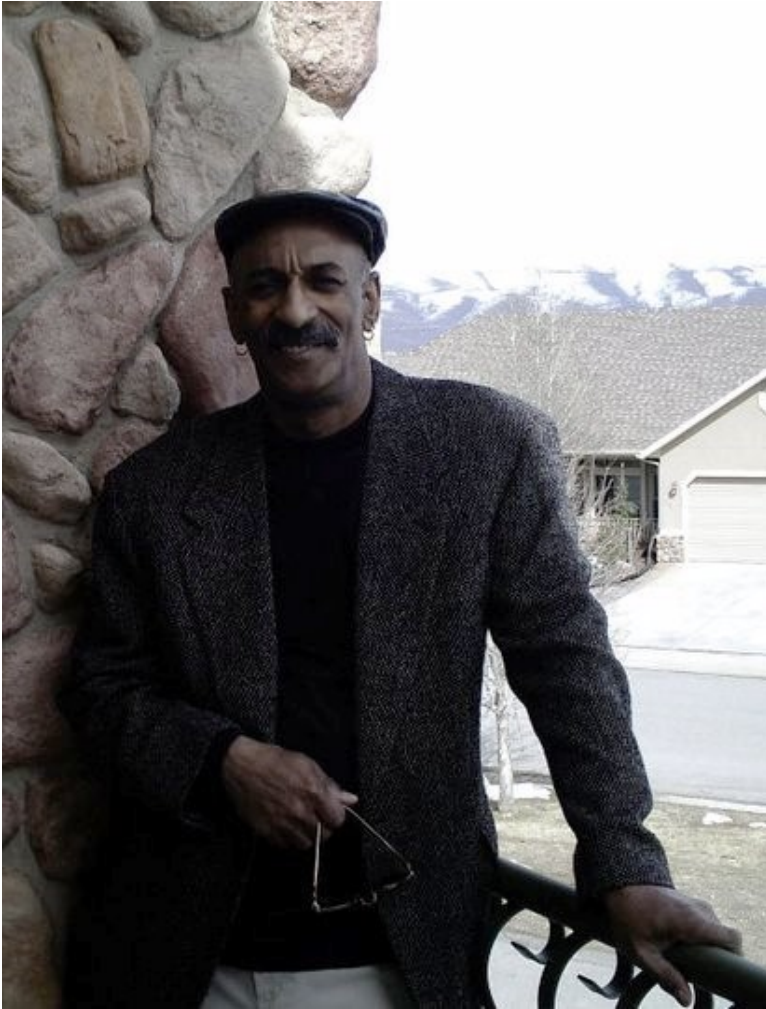
I am a naïve plebeian  
Refined from the shores  
Of innocence.  
Sometimes I am  
Empty, emptied and forgotten.  
Beyond the doors of my mind  
Are selfless windmills of memories  
Whenever days are filled or gone  
The found self in the lost space--  
Is the mystery of Myself.

*William*

*J.*

*Peters Sr.*

*The Year of the Poet IV ~ October 2017*



*The Year of the Poet IV ~ October 2017*

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

Bill says . . .

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

to connect with Bill, he is all things Inner Child

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

Personal Web Site

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



## In the soft warm

In the soft warm night  
We shared our poetry

The tongues may have been different  
But the spirit was the same

We built our trestles  
With words,  
With verse,  
And we communed together  
At the tables  
Where blessings were  
The meals of the night

We ate  
We gorged ourselves  
And our hearts  
Regurgitated a divine beauty  
Upon each other's countenance

There was no need  
For the light of the moon  
By night,  
And the Sun has long  
Climbed beyond the horizons  
Of a distant consciousness

We were all the light  
We shall need ...

This is what the truth of my soul  
Spoke

*The Year of the Poet IV ~ October 2017*

Let us praise  
The little things  
In this soft warm

Let us sing the psalms this night  
That the hearts  
Who once mired in silence and solace  
Will arise and dance

O Universe .... O Creator

*The Year of the Poet IV ~ October 2017*

I come unto you  
With a vexxed spirit  
Which is laden with confusion

I know I have no justifiable right  
To ask of you  
To do what I may do my self

My strength wanes daily  
And my heart laments  
Over the suffering our world  
Continually endures

Famine  
War  
Disease  
Indifference  
Politics  
Religions of man's makings  
Greed  
Bigotry & Bias  
Hate  
Arrogance  
Insensitivities  
And so much more

If you find it within your realm of grace,  
I ask for your mercy  
For all my people

We are lost by and large  
And we need a stronger inclination  
That we may find the path  
You would have for all of your children  
There are demons amongst us  
To be found at every corner ...  
In our temples of worship,

*The Year of the Poet IV ~ October 2017*

In our own hearts,  
And in and about our homes,  
Our neighborhoods,  
And the street of our cities

I know that You and Mother  
Sit in observance  
As we meander to and fro  
Confused,  
Lost,  
While seeking a light  
Of resolution

We apparently seek out  
And embrace the wrong things.

I ask,  
How do we overcome ourselves?  
Will death resolve the ways of the world?  
Are we getting any better,  
Or have we completely lost our way?

I cling with desperation  
To the tendrils of our humanity  
As I drift in a wind  
That seeks to sweep me away

I have time and time again  
Lashed my self  
To that rock  
Thou has provided me,  
Only to untether myself  
And abandon my safety  
That i may be proactive in the fight for us all  
Tell me my Creator, my Universe,  
The progenitor of all things,  
What yet we must endure

*The Year of the Poet IV ~ October 2017*

That we may find the solace we need  
Within thy arms.

Hold me upon Thy breast,  
Next to Thy heart,  
And let me listen  
To the certifiable, undeniable rhythms  
Of Thy love for me,  
And my brethren

I feel this is not much to ask,  
And I also ask for Thy forgiveness  
For this blasphemy of asking  
What Thou already knoweth of

Hear me anyways my Lorde,  
Hear the anguished cries  
That wail for peace and deliverance

This I ask of Thee ....  
O Universe, O Creator

**Because i can !**

I smile, I laugh because I can  
And I am the one who benefits

*The Year of the Poet IV ~ October 2017*

The most

I give because I can  
And it is I  
Who is replenished  
And rewarded beyond  
My humble offering

I care because I can,  
And I am cared for  
By something greater  
Than I think that "I AM"

I dance because I can  
And I then hear the music

I love because I can  
And it is I  
Who is exponentially enriched

I listen because I can  
And it is I who receives  
Insight,  
Instruction,  
And Wisdom  
From the most oddest of sources

I ask my self often  
What can I do  
And I am guided to do more  
Than I ever imagined ...  
Because I can!!!!

# World Healing, World Peace 2018



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

## Submission Guidelines

1 Poem

Microsoft Word Attachment (**NO PDF's**)

12 pt. Times Roman

Titles Underlined

Single Spaced

Maximum 30 lines

Picture of Poet (no avatars or icons accepted)

Biography 50 words or less with maximum 2 Web Links

**Submit to :**

[worldhealingworldpeace@gmail.com](mailto:worldhealingworldpeace@gmail.com)

Submissions open from September 1st ~ December 31st, 2017

Publishing for International Poetry Month April 2018

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

Project Manager : Gail Weston Shazor

Underwritten by Inner Child Press

NOW Open for submissions  
*closing* December 31<sup>st</sup>, 2017

# October 2017 Features



Ahmed Abu Saleem

Nedal Al-Qasem

Sadeddin Shahin



*The Year of the Poet IV ~ October 2017*

*Ahmed*

*Abu*

*Saleen*

*The Year of the Poet IV ~ October 2017*



**Ahmed Abu Saleem**

Ahmed Abu Saleem is a Palestinian poet and novelist. He started his college Education in Turkey. Later he travelled to Russia, where he studied Mechanical Engineering and received his Master's degree in 1992. Abu Saleem is a member of Jordanian Writers Association and Arab Internet Writers Union. He has participated in various readings and festivals in a number of Arab capitals and cities; he has also appeared in radio, TV, and Journal literary programs. Abu Saleem has published three novels, five poetry collections. In addition, many of his short stories and poems have appeared in poetry collections, magazines, and newspapers.

## Would That I had

Pass your hand over my wound O beloved  
The young man within me has not returned from his hunt  
The secret of the prey lies in its heart  
And I've left the years of my life  
in the folds of notebooks  
on the lines like dry flowers  
without roots

Would that I had a shadow for a friend  
who would collect me at the end of the long night  
from the terror of the great darkness  
Would that I had a home, even a tiny, weak home like a  
spider

Would that I had a dress to cover my loins  
whose threads are mulberry leaves

Would that I had a young heart that never dies  
Would that I had a young heart that never dies

## For whom is the Sun Rising this Morning?

For whom is the sun rising this morning  
upon the corpses of the dead?

Here...

a thousand children in the vacuum have become angles that  
do not fly

Here...

the two creeks meet:

the bleeding

and the flow of tears

and amidst the clamor of death Shatt al-Arab is born

Here...

God's pledge to the innocent was made

a hand without a palm is giving a pledge

to a palm without a body under an extinguished grapevine

Here...

a homeland, lost

among the gunpowder above the ribs

and the salt of tears that has been left above the couches

after the pogrom

Here...

is the sound of the dying conscience

a little kid shaking his calm mother's hands

"Mom"

Why do the birds sleep without a stir

and never wake up in the trees?

Why do I see you with the phantom of my dad

like two swings hanging on the forehead of the moon?

"Mom"

*The Year of the Poet IV ~ October 2017*

I now see my soul  
and the sound of the angle is calling those who have  
prepared their suitcases for traveling  
I see a thousand children shrouded in their darkness...  
I see my assassin... with my blood on his hands  
saying a prayer for me...  
with false tears in his eyes

## The collar of flowers

I've never gone forward  
like my steps  
as though I still am looking for a lad  
I've lost in a dream  
Time is a sharp sword,  
but with the length of my time  
it has become so dull  
The collar of flowers  
is an anniversary present that  
fascinates me  
on my birthday  
But a collar  
from times of old  
is still hanging  
around my neck  
reminding me  
of one collar:  
the iron collar.



*All Poems are translated by Nizar Sartawi*



*The Year of the Poet IV ~ October 2017*

*Nedas*  
*Al-Qasem*

*The Year of the Poet IV ~ October 2017*



## *The Year of the Poet IV ~ October 2017*

Born in Amman in 1970, Nidal Al-Qasem is a Jordan poet and critic of Palestinian descent. He has degree in economy and political science and a higher diploma in education. He is a member of Jordanian Writers Association and General Union of Arab writers. In 2006 he received the state incentive award for his poetry collection *The City Of Ash* (2005). Two years later he received the Naji Naaman merit award for his manuscript *Lame Statues*, published in 2009. Al-Qasem has published six poetry collections, eight books in literary criticism, and numerous articles published in various newspapers and journals.

## The Trees of Seduction

I've hidden  
my secrets  
like a riddle  
like the glitter  
of lightening  
in the flames of seduction  
and suspicions

Hunting  
my poems  
from the pulse  
of the fields

Hunting  
the smell of violets  
and morning

Hunting  
whatever madness is there  
in the trees of seduction

## A Myth

I hunt  
whatever fragrance there is  
in the trees of tales  
then I boil it  
boil it  
and boil it  
with  
anise and basil water

From the flames  
of my heart  
I squeeze sorrows  
and go on

go on  
as the myth narrates  
at twilight  
and water the flowers  
of my beloved

## The Fire Thief

They fly away, the birds, wounded  
fluttering their azure wings, towards the open space  
I am the dance of the waves  
Follow me  
I am the fire thief  
Follow me  
I am the wild mint and wounded clay  
It pleases me this evening  
to shoot deer, hair braids, gardens  
and women  
It pleases me to dwell high above  
and unfold my flag against the wind like a palsied lance

(



*All Poems are translated by Nizar Sartawi*

*Sadeddin*

*Shahim*



*The Year of the Poet IV ~ October 2017*



*The Year of the Poet IV ~ October 2017*

Sadeddin Shahin is a Palestinian poet, critic, novelist, journalist, scenarist, and educator. He was born in Beit Jala, Palestine, in 1950. He is a member of Jordanian Writers Association and Arab Writers Union. He has published eight books of poetry, the last of which were: *All Alone Save for the Shirt of Songs* (2015), and *She Gave me the Sea and Hid the Coast* (2016). He has won a number of awards including: Second Gulf Award For Arab Poetry (1980), Second Best Local Work in the Eighth Arab Children Songs Festival (2002), and Shield for documentary film "The Rosy Dream."

## The Ultimate Reach Of The Poem

Does poetry have an ultimate reach  
other than death?

Or do words have an echo  
as they plummet  
upon my paper?

I shield poetry from an age  
in which speech is gone  
to waste

O you Words  
wearing my attire  
I do beseech you to spare my blood  
if you do not step on blazing  
alphabets  
and never lift a hand against a tyrant

## My Grandfather's Stick

My grandfather's walking stick  
was made from the wood of dawn  
when dawn breathes

It kept the number of grandchildren  
dates of birth  
the village key  
inheritance issues  
and some other matters we did not know about

It summed up all my things  
in a narcissus flower  
and it had some other functions too

With it he pointed to the boundaries of land  
With it he painted children's dreams  
when it turned into a horse  
which boys rode (one by one)  
And from the top of the fig tree  
he picked with the stick a few figs  
that were too high for our hands

With it he hit the head of the snake  
if it entered the house yard  
or a child in the village  
was of it scared

The stick remembered all the paths  
if Grandpa forgot  
or if the end of the village night drew closer

*The Year of the Poet IV ~ October 2017*

It spoke in the sand  
of great statures  
Its stature was the home of oak trees

With it he warded clouds  
that were about to rain  
on the shadows of the soul

But  
a thunderbolt  
fell on my grandfather's turban  
and he died  
Yet the walking stick is still in the forefront of the house  
And the grandchildren, despite their grey hairs,  
are still deciphering its talismans

## Democracy

Democracy is not a drink  
we open like a coke  
or a toast we drink  
to friends

It's bread by which we live  
It is a life beyond the amnesty politicians grant  
when upon a slip of tongue  
the sentence is pronounced  
In the eyes of the unipolar power  
it's an engineering of the anarchy gene  
to create anarchy  
so that the oil  
and land of oil  
may fall to the Americans

In the eyes of the poor downtrodden by the globalization of  
the century  
it's a country that has the freedom  
to live without great embassies  
that hold the breath of vendors  
in the bread market  
and water market  
and a market whose dead we cannot count  
as they fade into oblivion

It is the same democracy for all the people  
but in the heart of the text there are details  
in which the devil lies

Democracy in this world is two things:  
one thing we eat  
the other  
has no place on the earth

## A Homeland

The house is  
a homeland  
The death bed in the middle of the house is  
a homeland  
The woman in the house is  
a homeland  
The sidewalk when it leads to the house is...  
a homeland  
The national ID number is  
a homeland  
The crescent, when it comes into sight, is  
a homeland  
The loaf of bread on the dining table of the poor is  
a homeland  
The bleeding of oil is  
a homeland  
The cellular phone is a homeland  
And metaphorically the telephone number has become  
a homeland

But I'm always dreaming of a passport  
that can take me to all homelands



*All Poems are translated by Nizar Sartawi*

*Inner Child Press*

*News*



*The Year of the Poet IV ~ October 2017*

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

On the following pages we present to you ...

*Jackie Davis Allen*

*Gail Weston Shazor*

*hülya n. yılmaz*

*Nizar Sartawi*

*Faleeha Hassan*

*Albert Carrasco*

*Caroline 'Ceri Naz' Nazareno-Gabis*

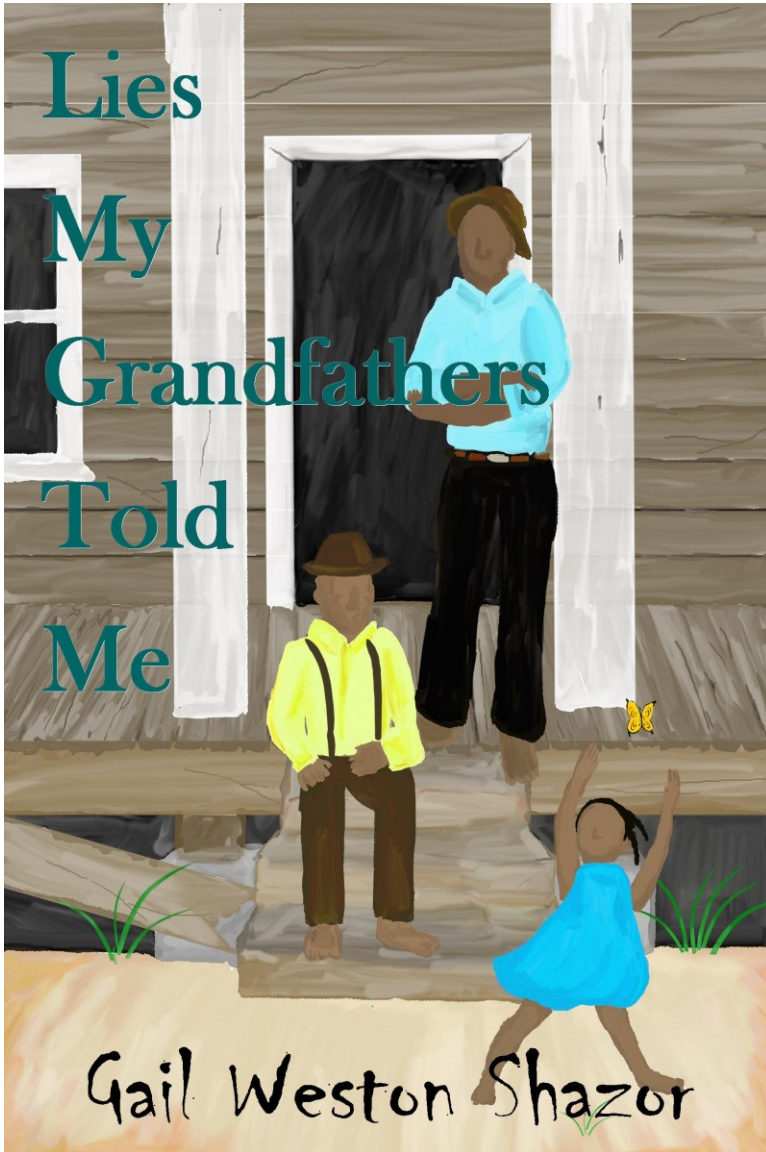
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# *Aflame*



*Memoirs in Verse*

*hülya n. yılmaz*

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*Albert Infinite the Poet Carassco*

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*Coming Soon*



*Caroline 'Ceri Naz' Nazareno-Gabis*

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*Coming Soon*

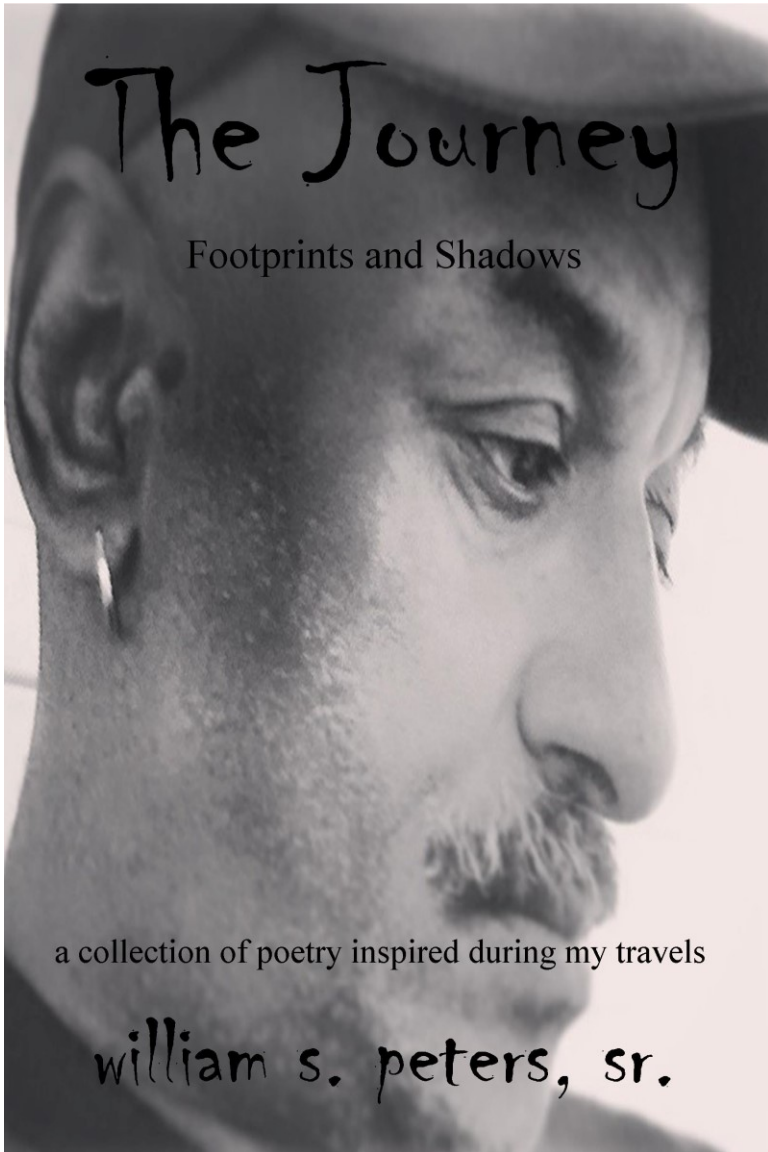


*william s. peters, sr. aka 'just bill'*



*The Year of the Poet IV ~ October 2017*

*Coming Soon*



# The Journey

Footprints and Shadows

a collection of poetry inspired during my travels

william s. peters, sr.

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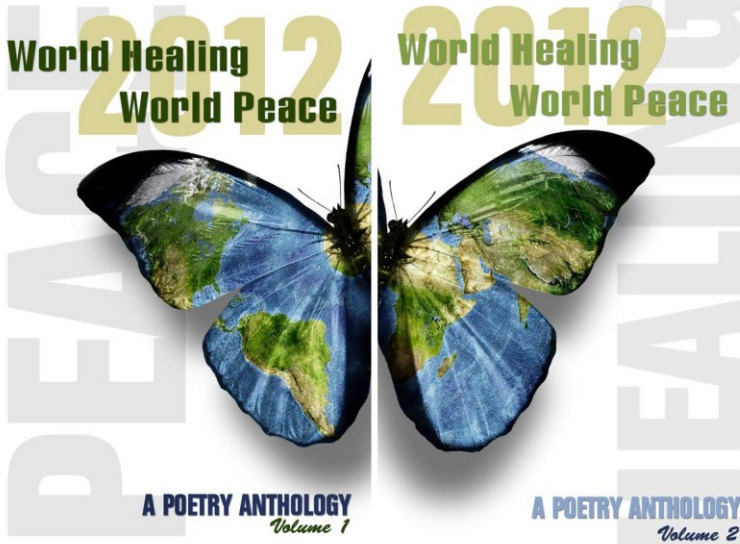
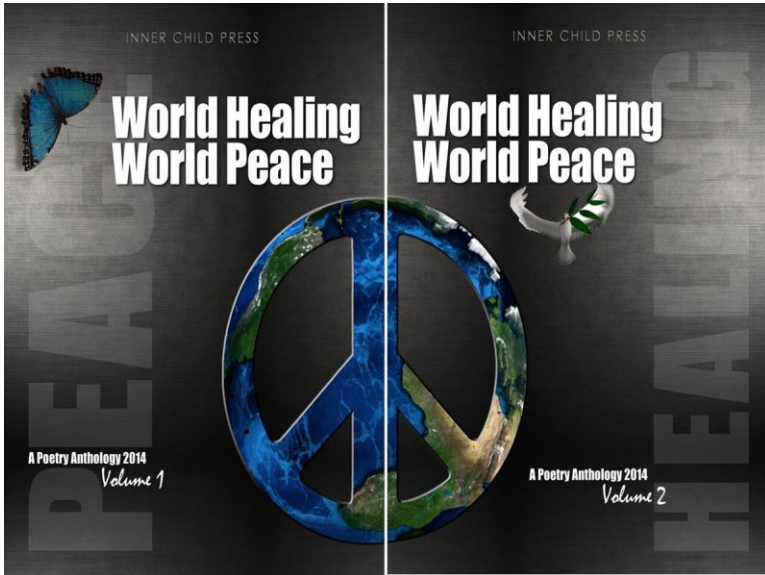
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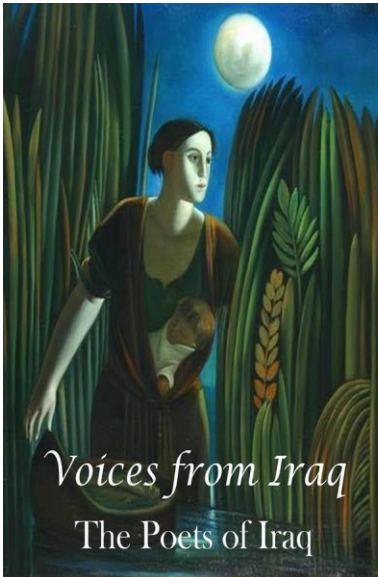
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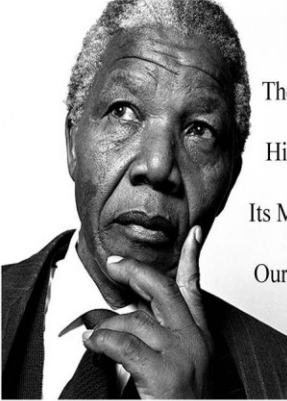


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# Mandela



The Man  
His Life  
Its Meaning  
Our Words

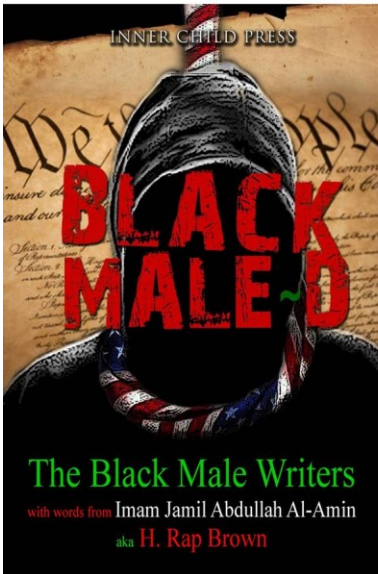
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*The Anthological Writers*

## A GATHERING OF WORDS

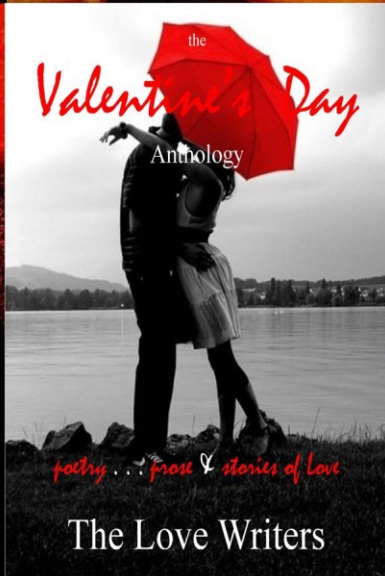
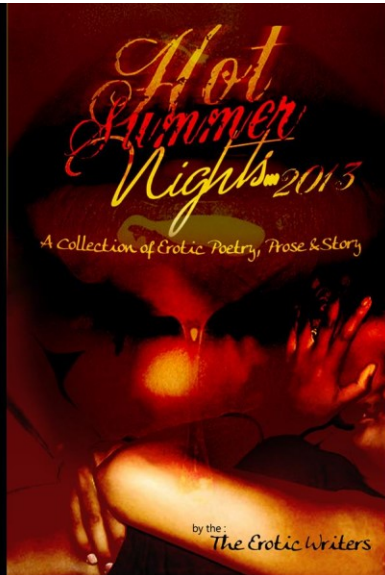
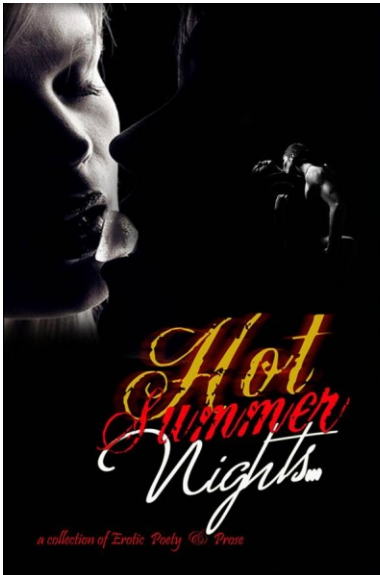


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FOR

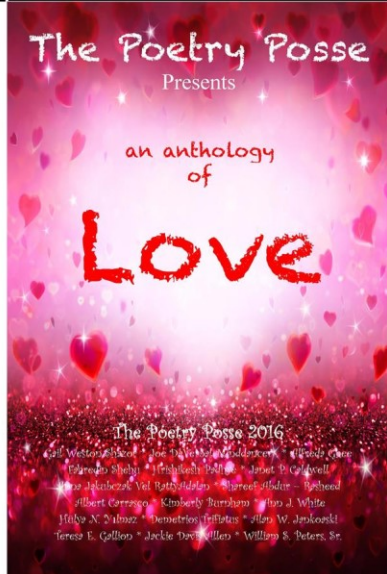
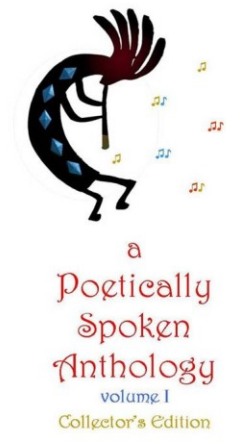
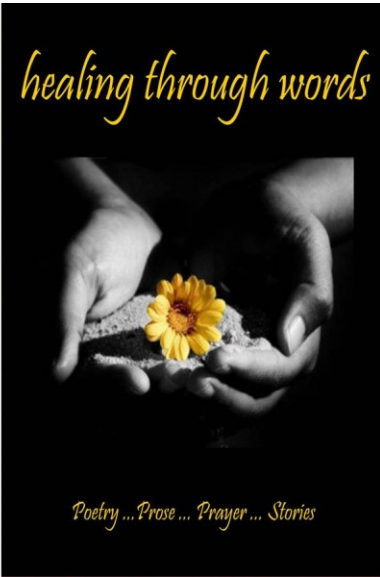
## TRAYVON MARTIN



Inner Child Press Anthologies



Inner Child Press Anthologies





Inner Child Press Anthologies



want my  
**P**OEtRy  
to . . .

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

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



Monte Smith  
want my  
**P**OEtRy  
to . . .

volume II

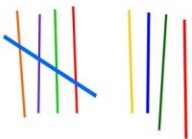


want my  
**A**etry  
to . . . volume 3



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

11 Words



(9 lines . . .)

*for those who are challenged*

*an anthology of Poetry inspired by ...*  
Poetry Dancers

# Inner Child Press Anthologies

## The Year of the Poet

January 2014



*Carnation*

**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  
Neeta Wali  
Shareef Abdur-Rasheed  
William S. Peters, Sr.

**Our January Feature**  
Terri L. Johnson

## the Year of the Poet

February 2014



*violets*

**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  
Neeta Wali  
Shareef Abdur-Rasheed  
William S. Peters, Sr.

**Our February Features**  
Teresa E. Gallion & Robert Gibson

## the Year of the Poet

March 2014

**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  
Neeta Wali  
Shareef Abdur-Rasheed  
Kimberly Burnham  
William S. Peters, Sr.



*daffodil*

**Our March Featured Poets**  
Alicia C. Cooper & Hülya Yılmaz

## the Year of the Poet

April 2014

**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  
Neeta Wali  
Shareef Abdur-Rasheed  
Kimberly Burnham  
William S. Peters, Sr.



*Sweet Pea*

**Our April Featured Poets**  
Fahredin Shehu  
Martina Reisz Newberry  
Justin Blackburn  
Monte Smith

*celebrating international poetry month*

# Inner Child Press Anthologies

**The year of the poet**  
May 2014

*May's Featured Poets*  
ReeCee  
Joski the Poet  
Shannon Stanton



Dedicated To our Children

**The Poetry Posse**  
Janice Bond  
Gail Weston Shazor  
Albert Infante Carrasco  
Siddhartha Beth Pearce  
Janet P. Caldwell  
June Buggy Barefield  
Debbie M. Allen  
Tony Harringer  
Joe DeVetral Mindoncor  
Robert Gibbons  
Nestle Wald  
Shareef Abdul-Rasheed  
Kimberly Burnham  
William S. Peters, Sr.

Lily of the Valley

**the Year of the Poet**  
June 2014



*Love & Relationship*

**Rose**

**June's Featured Poets**  
Shantelle McLin  
Jacqueline D. E. Kennedy  
Abraham N. Benjamin

**The Poetry Posse**  
Janice Bond  
Gail Weston Shazor  
Albert Infante Carrasco  
Siddhartha Beth Pearce  
Janet P. Caldwell  
June Buggy Barefield  
Debbie M. Allen  
Tony Harringer  
Joe DeVetral Mindoncor  
Robert Gibbons  
Nestle Wald  
Shareef Abdul-Rasheed  
Kimberly Burnham  
William S. Peters, Sr.

**The Year of the Poet**  
July 2014



**July Feature Poets**  
Christina A. V. Williams  
Dr. John R. Strum  
Kolabe Olanrewaju Freedom

**The Poetry Posse**  
Janice Bond  
Gail Weston Shazor  
Albert Infante Carrasco  
Siddhartha Beth Pearce  
Janet P. Caldwell  
June Buggy Barefield  
Debbie M. Allen  
Tony Harringer  
Joe DeVetral Mindoncor  
Robert Gibbons  
Nestle Wald  
Shareef Abdul-Rasheed  
Kimberly Burnham  
William S. Peters, Sr.

Lotus  
Asian Flower of the Month

**The Year of the Poet**  
August 2014



**Gladiolus**

**August Feature Poets**  
Ann White • Rosalind Cherry • Sheila Jenkins

**The Poetry Posse**  
Janice Bond  
Gail Weston Shazor  
Albert Infante Carrasco  
Siddhartha Beth Pearce  
Janet P. Caldwell  
June Buggy Barefield  
Debbie M. Allen  
Tony Harringer  
Joe DeVetral Mindoncor  
Robert Gibbons  
Nestle Wald  
Shareef Abdul-Rasheed  
Kimberly Burnham  
William S. Peters, Sr.

# Inner Child Press Anthologies

## The Year of the Poet

September 2014

Aster

Morning-Glory



Wild Churn of September Birth-day Flower

September Feature Poets

Florence Malone • Keith Alan Hamilton

*The Poetly Poets*

Jamie Bond • Gail Weston Shazo • Albert In'White Carrasco • Sidertha Beth Pierce  
Janet P. Caldwell • June Bugg Barefield • Debbie M. Allen • Tony Heninger  
Joe DeVerbal Minddancer • Robert Gibbons • Nestu Wolf • Shoreel Abdur-Rasheed  
Kimberly Burnham • William S. Peters, Sr.

## THE YEAR OF THE POET

October 2014

Red Poppy



*The Poetly Poets*

Jamie Bond • Gail Weston Shazo • Albert In'White Carrasco • Sidertha Beth Pierce  
Janet P. Caldwell • June Bugg Barefield • Debbie M. Allen • Tony Heninger  
Joe DeVerbal Minddancer • Robert Gibbons • Nestu Wolf • Shoreel Abdur-Rasheed  
Kimberly Burnham • William S. Peters, Sr.

October Feature Poets

Ceri Naz • RaJendra Padni • Elizabeth Castillo

## THE YEAR OF THE POET

November 2014

Chrysanthemum



*The Poetly Poets*

Jamie Bond • Gail Weston Shazo • Albert In'White Carrasco • Sidertha Beth Pierce  
Janet P. Caldwell • June Bugg Barefield • Debbie M. Allen • Tony Heninger  
Joe DeVerbal Minddancer • Robert Gibbons • Nestu Wolf • Shoreel Abdur-Rasheed  
Kimberly Burnham • William S. Peters, Sr.

November Feature Poets

Jacquelyn Moorman • Jackie Allen • James Moore • Neville Hight

## THE YEAR OF THE POET

December 2014

Narcissus



*The Poetly Poets*

Jamie Bond  
Gail Weston Shazo  
Albert In'White Carrasco  
Sidertha Beth Pierce  
Janet P. Caldwell  
June Bugg Barefield  
Debbie M. Allen  
Tony Heninger  
Joe DeVerbal Minddancer  
Robert Gibbons  
Nestu Wolf  
Shoreel Abdur-Rasheed  
Kimberly Burnham  
William S. Peters, Sr.

December Feature Poets

Katherine Wyatt • WhittenPatt • Santosajna • Justice Blake



# Inner Child Press Anthologies

**THE YEAR OF THE POET III**  
January 2015



**Garnet**

*The Poetry Posse*  
Jamie Bond  
Gail Weston Shazor  
Albert 'Infinite' Carrasco  
Siddhartha Beth Pierce  
Janet P. Caldwell  
Tony Henninger  
Joe DaVerbal Minddancer  
Robert Gibbons  
Neeta Wali  
Shareef Abdur - Rasheed  
Kimberly Burnham  
Ann White  
Keith Alan Hamilton  
Katherine Wyatt  
Fahredin Shelu  
Hilya N. Yilmaz  
Teresa E. Gallion  
Jackie Allen  
William S. Peters, Sr.

**January Feature Poets**  
Bismay Mohanti \* Jen Walls \* Eric Judah

**THE YEAR OF THE POET II**  
February 2015



**Amethyst**

**THE POETRY POSSE**  
Jamie Bond  
Gail Weston Shazor  
Albert 'Infinite' Carrasco  
Siddhartha Beth Pierce  
Janet P. Caldwell  
Tony Henninger  
Joe DaVerbal Minddancer  
Robert Gibbons  
Neeta Wali  
Shareef Abdur - Rasheed  
Kimberly Burnham  
Ann White  
Keith Alan Hamilton  
Katherine Wyatt  
Fahredin Shelu  
Hilya N. Yilmaz  
Teresa E. Gallion  
Jackie Allen  
William S. Peters, Sr.

**FEBRUARY FEATURE POETS**  
Iram Fatima \* Bob McNeil \* Kerstin Centervall

**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 \* Neeta Wali \* Shareef Abdur - Rasheed  
Kimberly Burnham \* Ann White \* Keith Alan Hamilton  
Katherine Wyatt \* Fahredin Shelu \* Hilya N. Yilmaz  
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**

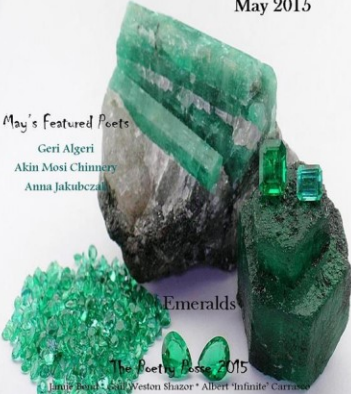
Jamie Bond \* Gail Weston Shazor \* Albert 'Infinite' Carrasco  
Siddhartha Beth Pierce \* Janet P. Caldwell \* Tony Henninger  
Joe DaVerbal Minddancer \* Neeta Wali \* Shareef Abdur - Rasheed  
Kimberly Burnham \* Ann White \* Keith Alan Hamilton  
Katherine Wyatt \* Fahredin Shelu \* Hilya N. Yilmaz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

# Inner Child Press Anthologies

## The Year of the Poet II

May 2015

May's Featured Poets  
Geri Algeri  
Akin Mosi Chimere  
Anna Jakubczak



Emeralds

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 Shelu \* Hilya N. Yilmaz  
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  
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 Shelu \* Hilya N. Yilmaz  
Teresa E. Gallion \* Jackie Allen \* William S. Peters, Sr.

## The Year of the Poet II

July 2015

The Featured Poets for July 2015  
Abbhik Shome \* Christina Neal \* Robert Neal



Rubies

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 Shelu \* Hilya N. Yilmaz  
Teresa E. Gallion \* Jackie Allen \* William S. Peters, Sr.

## The Year of the Poet II

August 2015

Peridot

Featured Poets  
Gayle Howell  
Ann Chalasaz  
Christopher Schultz




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 Shelu \* Hilya N. Yilmaz  
Teresa E. Gallion \* Jackie Allen \* William S. Peters, Sr.

# Inner Child Press Anthologies

**The Year of the Poet II**  
 September 2015

**Featured Poets**  
 Alfreda Ghee \* Lonnice Weeks Badley \* Demetrios Trifiatis



Sapphires

*The Poetry Passe 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. Yilmaz  
 Teresa E. Gallion \* Jackie Allen \* William S. Peters, Sr.

**The Year of the Poet II**  
 October 2015

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


Opal



*The Poetry Passe 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. Yilmaz  
 Teresa E. Gallion \* Jackie Allen \* William S. Peters, Sr.

**The Year of the Poet II**  
 November 2015

**Featured Poets**  
 Alan W. Jankowski  
 Bismay Mohanty  
 James Moore




Topaz

*The Poetry Passe 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. Yilmaz  
 Teresa E. Gallion \* Jackie Allen \* William S. Peters, Sr.

**The Year of the Poet II**  
 December 2015

**Featured Poets**  
 Kerione Bryan \* Michelle Joan Barulich \* Neville Hiatt

Turquoise



*The Poetry Passe 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. Yilmaz  
 Teresa E. Gallion \* Jackie Allen \* William S. Peters, Sr.

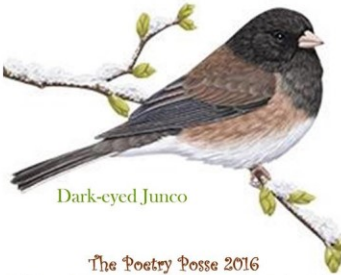
# Inner Child Press Anthologies

## The Year of the Poet III

January 2016

### Featured Poets

Lana Joseph \* Atom Cyrus Rush \* Christena Williams



Dark-eyed Junco

### The Poetry Posse 2016

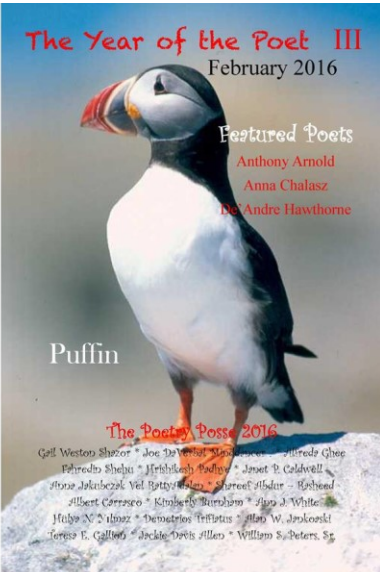
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 Fahredin Shehu \* Jirishkesh Padhye \* Janet P. Caldwell  
 Joe DaVerbal Mindbender \* Shareef Abdur - Rashheed  
 Albert Carrasco \* Kimberly Barzham \* Keith Allen Jamilton  
 Hilya N. Yilmaz \* Demetrios Trifitatos \* Alan W. Jankowski  
 Teresa E. Gallion \* Jackie Davis Allen \* William S. Peters, Sr.

## The Year of the Poet III

February 2016

### Featured Poets

Anthony Arnold  
 Anna Chalasaz  
 Rev. Andre Hawthorne



Puffin

### The Poetry Posse 2016

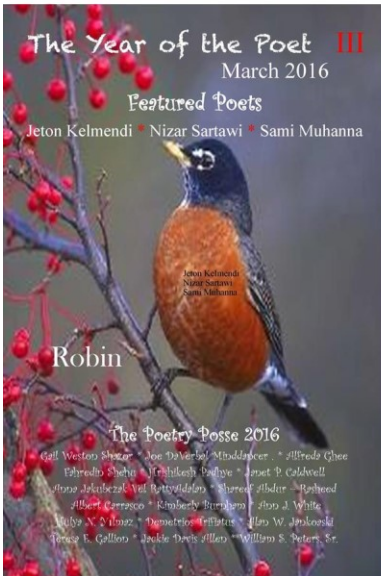
Gail Weston Shazor \* Joe DaVerbal Mindbender \* Alfrede Ghee  
 Fahredin Shehu \* Jirishkesh Padhye \* Janet P. Caldwell  
 Alana Jakubczak Vel Bettyvaldara \* Shareef Abdur - Rashheed  
 Albert Carrasco \* Kimberly Barzham \* Alana J. White  
 Hilya N. Yilmaz \* Demetrios Trifitatos \* Alan W. Jankowski  
 Teresa E. Gallion \* Jackie Davis Allen \* William S. Peters, Sr.

## The Year of the Poet III

March 2016

### Featured Poets

Jeton Kelmendi \* Nizar Sartawi \* Sami Muhanna



Robin

### The Poetry Posse 2016

Gail Weston Shazor \* Joe DaVerbal Mindbender \* Alfrede Ghee  
 Fahredin Shehu \* Jirishkesh Padhye \* Janet P. Caldwell  
 Alana Jakubczak Vel Bettyvaldara \* Shareef Abdur - Rashheed  
 Albert Carrasco \* Kimberly Barzham \* Alana J. White  
 Hilya N. Yilmaz \* Demetrios Trifitatos \* Alan W. Jankowski  
 Teresa E. Gallion \* Jackie Davis Allen \* William S. Peters, Sr.

## The Year of the Poet III

### Featured Poets

Ali Abdolrezaei  
 Anna Chalasaz  
 Agim Vinca  
 Ceri Naz



Black Capped Chickadee

### The Poetry Posse 2016

Gail Weston Shazor \* Joe DaVerbal Mindbender \* Alfrede Ghee  
 Fahredin Shehu \* Jirishkesh Padhye \* Janet P. Caldwell  
 Anna Jakubczak Vel Rami Adham \* Shareef Abdur - Rashheed  
 Albert Carrasco \* Kimberly Barzham \* Ana J. White  
 Hilya N. Yilmaz \* Demetrios Trifitatos \* Alan W. Jankowski  
 Teresa E. Gallion \* Jackie Davis Allen \* William S. Peters, Sr.

celebrating international poetry month



# Inner Child Press Anthologies

**The Year of the Poet III**  
May 2016

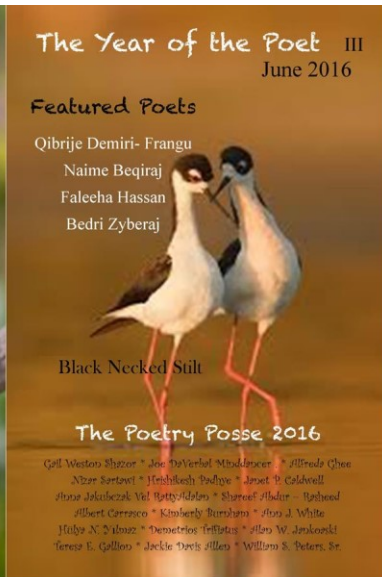


**Featured Poets**  
Bob Strum  
Barbara Allan  
D.L. Davis

**Oriole**

**The Poetry Posse 2016**  
Gail Weston Shazor \* Joe DeVierbel-Mbaldaner \* Alfredo Choe  
Nizar Sarteel \* Hershkesh Padhee \* Janet P. Caldwell  
Aimee Jakubczak Val-Battayaldan \* Shereef Abdur - Rashad  
Albert Carrasco \* Kimberly Burdham \* Alan J. White  
Hilary N. D'Alvaz \* Demetrios Trifitatis \* Alan W. Jankowski  
Teresa E. Gallon \* Jackie Davis Allen \* William S. Peters, Sr.

**The Year of the Poet III**  
June 2016



**Featured Poets**  
Qibrje Demiri- Frangu  
Naime Beqiraj  
Faleeha Hassan  
Bedri Zyberaj

**Black Necked Stilt**

**The Poetry Posse 2016**  
Gail Weston Shazor \* Joe DeVierbel-Mbaldaner \* Alfredo Choe  
Nizar Sarteel \* Hershkesh Padhee \* Janet P. Caldwell  
Aimee Jakubczak Val-Battayaldan \* Shereef Abdur - Rashad  
Albert Carrasco \* Kimberly Burdham \* Alan J. White  
Hilary N. D'Alvaz \* Demetrios Trifitatis \* Alan W. Jankowski  
Teresa E. Gallon \* Jackie Davis Allen \* William S. Peters, Sr.

**The Year of the Poet III**  
July 2016

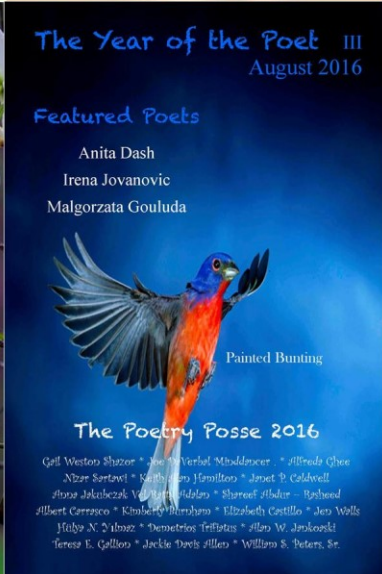


**Featured Poets**  
Iram Fatima 'Ashi'  
Langley Shazor  
Jody Doty  
Emilia T. Davis

**Indigo Bunting**

**The Poetry Posse 2016**  
Gail Weston Shazor \* Joe DeVierbel-Mbaldaner \* Alfredo Choe  
Nizar Sarteel \* Keith Alan Hamilton \* Janet P. Caldwell  
Aimee Jakubczak Val-Battayaldan \* Shereef Abdur - Rashad  
Albert Carrasco \* Kimberly Burdham \* Alan J. White \* Jen Walls  
Hilary N. D'Alvaz \* Demetrios Trifitatis \* Alan W. Jankowski  
Teresa E. Gallon \* Jackie Davis Allen \* William S. Peters, Sr.

**The Year of the Poet III**  
August 2016



**Featured Poets**  
Anita Dash  
Irena Jovanovic  
Malgorzata Gouluda

**Painted Bunting**

**The Poetry Posse 2016**  
Gail Weston Shazor \* Joe DeVierbel-Mbaldaner \* Alfredo Choe  
Nizar Sarteel \* Keith Alan Hamilton \* Janet P. Caldwell  
Aimee Jakubczak Val-Battayaldan \* Shereef Abdur - Rashad  
Albert Carrasco \* Kimberly Burdham \* Elizabeth Castillo \* Jen Walls  
Hilary N. D'Alvaz \* Demetrios Trifitatis \* Alan W. Jankowski  
Teresa E. Gallon \* Jackie Davis Allen \* William S. Peters, Sr.

# Inner Child Press Anthologies

**The Year of the Poet III**  
September 2016

**Featured Poet**

Simone Weber  
Abhijit Sen  
Eunice Barbara C. Poy



Long Billed Curlew

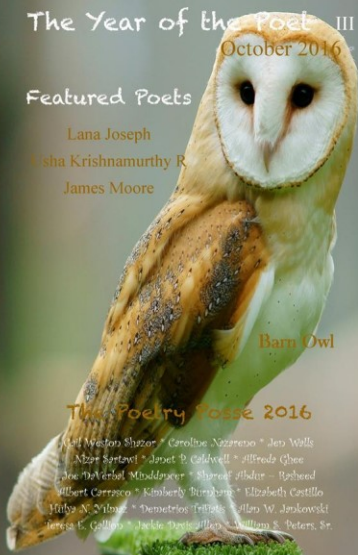
**The Poetry Posse 2016**

Gail Weston Shazor \* Joe DeVincenti Miodanscer \* Jen Walls  
Nizar Sattari \* Janet P. Caldwell \* Allrede Ghne  
Joe DeVincenti Miodanscer \* Shareef Abdur - Rashid  
Albert Carrasco \* Kimberly Burroughs \* Elizabeth Castillo  
Jilisa N. N'Amoo \* Demetrios Trifatis \* Allan W. Jaskowski  
Teresa E. Gallon \* Jackie Davis Allen \* William S. Peters, Sr.

**The Year of the Poet III**  
October 2016

**Featured Poets**

Lana Joseph  
Kisha Krishnamurthy R  
James Moore



Barn Owl


**The Poetry Posse 2016**

Gail Weston Shazor \* Caroline Nazzareno \* Jen Walls  
Nizar Sattari \* Janet P. Caldwell \* Allrede Ghne  
Joe DeVincenti Miodanscer \* Shareef Abdur - Rashid  
Albert Carrasco \* Kimberly Burroughs \* Elizabeth Castillo  
Jilisa N. N'Amoo \* Demetrios Trifatis \* Allan W. Jaskowski  
Teresa E. Gallon \* Jackie Davis Allen \* William S. Peters, Sr.

**The Year of the Poet III**  
November 2016

**Featured Poets**

Rosemary Burns  
Robin Ouzman Hislop  
Lonnie Weeks-Badler



Northern Cardinal

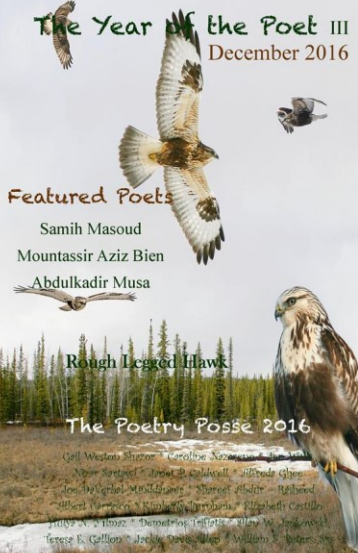
**The Poetry Posse 2016**

Gail Weston Shazor \* Caroline Nazzareno \* Jen Walls  
Nizar Sattari \* Janet P. Caldwell \* Allrede Ghne  
Joe DeVincenti Miodanscer \* Shareef Abdur - Rashid  
Albert Carrasco \* Kimberly Burroughs \* Elizabeth Castillo  
Jilisa N. N'Amoo \* Demetrios Trifatis \* Allan W. Jaskowski  
Teresa E. Gallon \* Jackie Davis Allen \* William S. Peters, Sr.

**The Year of the Poet III**  
December 2016

**Featured Poets**

Samih Masoud  
Mountassir Aziz Bien  
Abdulkadir Musa



Rough Legged Hawk

**The Poetry Posse 2016**

Gail Weston Shazor \* Caroline Nazzareno \* Jen Walls  
Nizar Sattari \* Janet P. Caldwell \* Allrede Ghne  
Joe DeVincenti Miodanscer \* Shareef Abdur - Rashid  
Albert Carrasco \* Kimberly Burroughs \* Elizabeth Castillo  
Jilisa N. N'Amoo \* Demetrios Trifatis \* Allan W. Jaskowski  
Teresa E. Gallon \* Jackie Davis Allen \* William S. Peters, Sr.

# Inner Child Press Anthologies

**The Year of the Poet IV**  
January 2017



**Featured Poets**  
Jon Winell  
Natalie Shields  
Iram Fatima Ashi

Quaking Aspen

**The Poetry Posse 2017**  
Gail Weston Shazor \* Caroline Nizorena \* Bismay Mohanty  
Nizar Sertawi \* Ahsan Jaleeluzzaki Val Betty Siddons \* Jeni Walls  
Joe DeVerbal Mizdancer \* Shereef Abdur - Rashad  
Albert Carrasco \* Kimberly Burdum \* Elizabeth Castillo  
Hilary N. D'Amaz \* Falesha Jasso \* Alan W. Jankowski  
Teresa E. Gallion \* Jackie Davis Allen \* William S. Peters, Sr.

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

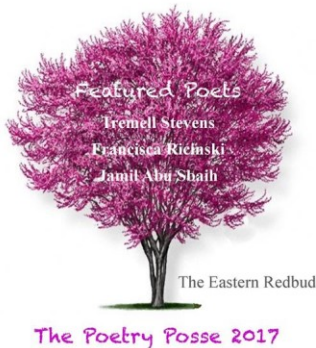


**Featured Poets**  
Lin Ross  
Sobkaina Falhi  
Arwer Ghani

Witch Hazel

**The Poetry Posse 2017**  
Gail Weston Shazor \* Caroline Nizorena \* Bismay Mohanty  
Nizar Sertawi \* Ahsan Jaleeluzzaki Val Betty Siddons \* Jeni Walls  
Joe DeVerbal Mizdancer \* Shereef Abdur - Rashad  
Albert Carrasco \* Kimberly Burdum \* Elizabeth Castillo  
Hilary N. D'Amaz \* Falesha Jasso \* Alan W. Jankowski  
Teresa E. Gallion \* Jackie Davis Allen \* William S. Peters, Sr.

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



**Featured Poets**  
Tremell Stevens  
Francisca Richinski  
Jamil Abu Shalih

The Eastern Redbud

**The Poetry Posse 2017**  
Gail Weston Shazor \* Caroline Nizorena \* Bismay Mohanty  
Teresa E. Gallion \* Ahsan Jaleeluzzaki Val Betty Siddons  
Joe DeVerbal Mizdancer \* Shereef Abdur - Rashad  
Albert Carrasco \* Kimberly Burdum \* Elizabeth Castillo  
Hilary N. D'Amaz \* Falesha Jasso \* Jackie Davis Allen  
Jeni Walls \* Nizar Sertawi \* William S. Peters, Sr.

**The Year of the Poet IV**  
April 2017

**Featured Poets**  
Dr. Richida Barman  
Neptune Barman  
Masoud Khalaf

The Blossoming Cherry

**The Poetry Posse 2017**  
Gail Weston Shazor \* Caroline Nizorena \* Bismay Mohanty  
Teresa E. Gallion \* Ahsan Jaleeluzzaki Val Betty Siddons  
Joe DeVerbal Mizdancer \* Shereef Abdur - Rashad  
Albert Carrasco \* Kimberly Burdum \* Elizabeth Castillo  
Hilary N. D'Amaz \* Falesha Jasso \* Jackie Davis Allen  
Jeni Walls \* Nizar Sertawi \* William S. Peters, Sr.



# Inner Child Press Anthologies

## The Year of the Poet IV May 2017

The Flowering Dogwood Tree



### Featured Poets

Kallisa Powell  
Alicja Maria Kuberska  
Fethi Sassi

### The Poetry Posse 2017

Gail Weston Shazor \* Caroline Nazzareno \* Bismay Mehrotra  
Teresa E. Gallion \* Anona Jakubczak Vel Ratty Aldana  
Joe DeVerbal Mhodanacer \* Shorneef Abdur - Basheed  
Albert Carrasco \* Kimberly Burroughs \* Elizabeth Castillo  
Hilly N. Yilmaz \* Faleha Hassan \* Jackie Davis Allen  
Jen Walls \* Nizar Sertawi \* \* William S. Peters, Sr.

## The Year of the Poet IV June 2017



### Featured Poets

Eliza Segiet  
Tze-Min Tsai  
Abdulla Issa

The Linden Tree

### The Poetry Posse 2017

Gail Weston Shazor \* Caroline Nazzareno \* Bismay Mehrotra  
Teresa E. Gallion \* Anona Jakubczak Vel Ratty Aldana  
Joe DeVerbal Mhodanacer \* Shorneef Abdur - Basheed  
Albert Carrasco \* Kimberly Burroughs \* Elizabeth Castillo  
Hilly N. Yilmaz \* Faleha Hassan \* Jackie Davis Allen  
Jen Walls \* Nizar Sertawi \* \* William S. Peters, Sr.

## The Year of the Poet IV July 2017



### Featured Poets

Anca Mihaela Bruma  
Ibaa Ismail  
Zvonko Taneski

The Oak Moon

### The Poetry Posse 2017

Gail Weston Shazor \* Caroline Nazzareno \* Bismay Mehrotra  
Teresa E. Gallion \* Anona Jakubczak Vel Ratty Aldana  
Joe DeVerbal Mhodanacer \* Shorneef Abdur - Basheed  
Albert Carrasco \* Kimberly Burroughs \* Elizabeth Castillo  
Hilly N. Yilmaz \* Faleha Hassan \* Jackie Davis Allen  
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## The Year of the Poet IV August 2017



### Featured Poets

Jonathan Aquino  
Kitty Hsu  
Langley Shazor

The Hazelnut Tree

### The Poetry Posse 2017

Gail Weston Shazor \* Caroline Nazzareno \* Bismay Mehrotra  
Teresa E. Gallion \* Anona Jakubczak Vel Ratty Aldana  
Joe DeVerbal Mhodanacer \* Shorneef Abdur - Basheed  
Albert Carrasco \* Kimberly Burroughs \* Elizabeth Castillo  
Hilly N. Yilmaz \* Faleha Hassan \* Jackie Davis Allen  
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# Inner Child Press Anthologies

## The Year of the Poet IV September 2017

### Featured Poets

Martina Reisz Newberry  
Ameer Nassir  
Christine Fulco Neal  
Robert Neal



The Elm Tree

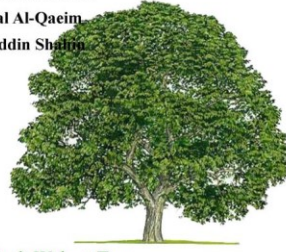
### The Poetry Posse 2017

Gail Weston Shazor \* Caroline Nazareno \* Bismay Mohanty  
Teresa E. Gallion \* Anna Jakubczak Vel Ratty Adalan  
Joe DaVerbal Minddancer \* Shareef Abdur – Rasheed  
Albert Carrasco \* Kimberly Burnham \* Elizabeth Castillo  
Hülya N. Yilmaz \* Faleeha Hassan \* Jackie Davis Allen  
Jen Walls \* Nizar Sartaawi \* \* William S. Peters, Sr.

## The Year of the Poet IV October 2017

### Featured Poets

Ahmed Abu Saleem  
Nedal Al-Qaeim  
Sadeddin Shafiq



The Black Walnut Tree

### The Poetry Posse 2017

Gail Weston Shazor \* Caroline Nazareno \* Bismay Mohanty  
Teresa E. Gallion \* Anna Jakubczak Vel Ratty Adalan  
Joe DaVerbal Minddancer \* Shareef Abdur – Rasheed  
Albert Carrasco \* Kimberly Burnham \* Elizabeth Castillo  
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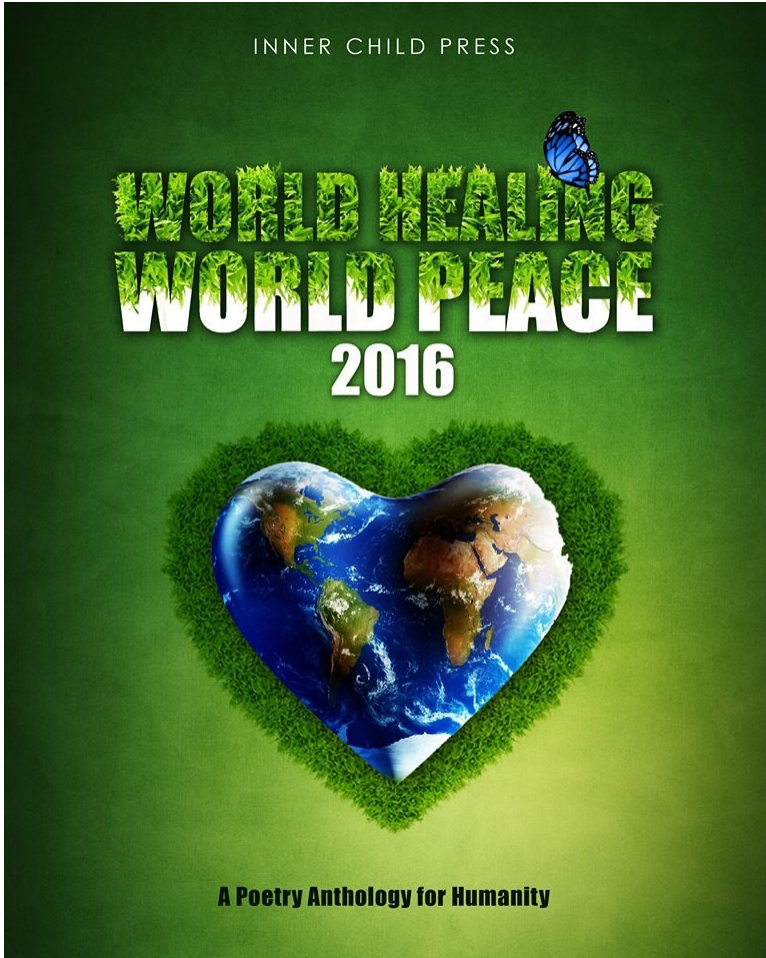
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# The Poetry Posse ~ 2017



## October 2017 ~ Featured Poets



**Ahmed  
Abu  
Saleem**



**Nedal  
Al-Qasem**



**Sadeddin  
Shahin**

