The Year of the Poet V

October 2018

Featured Poets

Alicia Minjarez * Lonneice Weeks-Badley Lopamudra Mishra * Abdelwahed Souayah



The Poetry Posse 2018

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

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The Poetry Posse

inner child press, ltd.

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General Information

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The Poetry Posse

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WHAT WOULD FE WITHOUT A LITTLE OF TRY?

Dedication

This Book is dedicated to Poetry . . .

The Poetry Posse

past, present & future

our Patrons and Readers

the Spirit of our Everlasting Muse



the Power of the Pen to effectuate change!



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

Janet P. Caldwell

. Fanet Perkins Caldwell

Rest In Peace

February 14, 1959 ~ September 20, 2016



Rest In Peace Dear Brother

Han W. Jankowski

16 March 1961 ~ 10 March 2017



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Foreword

Let's talk bengali people, yotp oct. 2018

Our monthly publication Year of the Poet nearing completion of 5 years in print has this year 2018 a theme featuring the peoples that comprise the inhabitants of planet earth. The maker of both has created this planet our home and created mankind/human beings to inhabit it. He made mankind into tribes and nations that they may know one another (Identity, variety) not despise each other because the best of you are the most devoted, god fearing amongst you (Qur'an:49,13). This month we take a look at the Bengali People, the third largest ethnic group in the world after the Han Chinese and Arabs.

Bengalis are an Indo-Aryan people native to the region of Bengal in south Asia which is presently divided between Bangladesh and the Indian states of West Bengal, Tripura, Assam. They speak the Bengali language, one of the most easterly representatives of the Indo-European language family. They have a very detailed history that spans many centuries. Here for we will try to briefly explore some of the notable milestones.

The Bengali people are of a diverse origin through the merging of various communities that migrated into the region over many centuries. the earliest inhabitants are said to had been the Vedda from Sri Lanka formally Ceylon. Later came Mediterranean peoples who spoke Indo-European languages. In the 8th century Arabs, Turks, and Persians came to the region. In time these various groups merged to become the Bengali People. The name Bengali/Bangali is said to derive from the word "Bang " from the tribe Bang or Banga that settled in the region around 1000BCE.

Most of the Bengali people today in Bangladesh are Sunni Muslims, more than 90 per cent while in West Bengal the majority are Hindu. Islam came to the region in the 13th century. At the time the population was comprised of Hindus and Buddhists. Following the arrival of Muslims most of the residents eventually embraced Islam. In the western region Hinduism was predominant.

Besides Bengali Muslims, Bengali Hindus and Bengali Buddhists Bengali Christians are also included in the major religious groups. Counted in the minority are Bengali Jews, Bengali Sikhs and Bengali Baha'is

In the 21st century most of the Bengali population live in rural areas in both Bangladesh and West Bengal. Many are farmers, the main crops being rice and jute but including legumes and oil seeds. Mostly men tend to the farming and the women manage domestic affairs. It's a different matter in the cities where men and women pursue careers in professions such as medicine and education.

The Mughal Empire conquered Bengal in the 16th century including Dhaka during the time of Emperor Akbar. A few Rajput tribes from his army permanently settled around Dhaka and surrounding lands. Later, in the early 17th century Islam Khan conquered all of Bengal. However, administration by governors appointed by the court of the Mughal Empire gave way to semi-independence of the area under the Nawabs of Murshidabad, who nominally respected the sovereignty of the Mughals in Delhi.

The Bengal Subah province in the Mughal Empire was the wealthiest state in the subcontinent. Bengal's trade and wealth impressed the Mughals so much that it was described as the Paradise of the Nations by the Mughal Emperors.

Under Mughal rule, Bengal was a center of the worldwide muslin, silk and pearl trades. During the Mughal era, the most important center of cotton production was Bengal, particularly around its capital city of Dhaka, leading to muslin being called "daka" in distant markets such as Central Asia. Domestically, much of India depended on Bengali products such as rice, silks and cotton textiles. Overseas, Europeans depended on Bengali products such as cotton textiles, silks and opium; Bengal accounted for 40% of Dutch imports from Asia, for example, including more than 50% of textiles and around 80% of silks. From Bengal, saltpeter was also shipped to Europe, opium was sold in Indonesia, raw silk was exported to Japan and the Netherlands, cotton and silk textiles were

exported to Europe, Indonesia, and Japan, cotton cloth was exported to the Americas and the Indian Ocean. Bengal also had a large shipbuilding industry. In terms of shipbuilding tonnage during the 16th–18th centuries, the annual output of Bengal alone totaled around 2,232,500 tons, larger than the combined output of the Dutch (450,000–550,000 tons), the British (340,000 tons), and North America (23,061 tons).

British colonization followed in the mid hundred. After a series of Rebellions including the Indian independence movement in which Bengalis played a major role in India's independence from British ruled India through independent states created after the Lahore Resolution in 1943. There was a breakdown in Hindu-Muslim unity and the Muslim league adopted the Lahore Resolution and that lead to Partition from British India based on the Radcliffe Line in 1947.Later when Pakistan was formed there was a movement among Bengali Nationalist to succeed from Pakistan in the east which lead to the Bangladesh Liberation War against the Pakistani military junta in which 3 million died. Dec.16 1971 Dhaka was liberated after the intervention of the Indian Armed Forces leading to Pakistan's surrender and the birth of Bangladesh.

Regardless Hindu, Muslim etc. it is a part of Bengali culture to embrace various genres of Art that includes Music (baul and marfati). Film internationally acclaimed out of West Bengal many with a musical component.

Islamic art/architecture especially in Bangladesh prominent in many mosques, mausoleums, forts and gateways that survived the Mughal period. Bengali literature going back to before the 12th century. The Caitanya movement a deeply intense form of Hinduism inspired by a Hindu saint Caitanya (1485-1533) gave birth the development of Bengal poetry until the early 19th century when Western influence sparked a broad creative force. Stand out artists such as Nobel-Prize winning poet Rabindranath Tagore came out of that period.

This was just a small taste of historical information about the Bengali peoples, a human mosaic rich in diversity that today number over 300 million in a globally spread out diaspora including Pakistan, The United States, United Kingdom, Canada, the Middle east, Japan, South Korea, Malaysia, Singapore and Italy. Hopefully you found it informative. Peace/love/Blessings.

Shareef Abdur-Rasheed

AKA Zakir Flo
Poet, Author
Inner Child Press family member
Member of the Poetry Posse since Jan.2014



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 . . .





\mathcal{D}_{reface}

Dear Family and Friends,

Yes I am excited? Once again, this is an understatement! As we are hitting another milestone, the 10th month of our fifth year of publication . . . I am elated. Our initial vision was to just perform at this level for the year of 2014. Since that time we have had the blessed opportunity to include many other wonderful word artists and storytellers in the Poetry Posse from lands, cultures and persuasions all over the world. We have featured hundreds of additional poets, thereby introducing their poetic offerings to our vast global readership.

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

In the previous years, our monthly themes were Flowers, Birds, Gemstones and Trees. This year we have elected to take a different direction by theming our offerings after *Cultures* of past and

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

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

 E_{njoy} our amazing featured poets . . . they are amazing!

Building Cultural Bridges of understanding . . .

Bless Up

From our house to yours

Bill

The Poetry Posse Inner Child Press

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

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

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

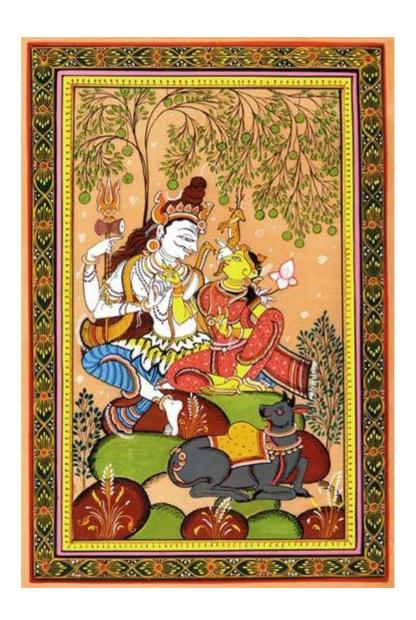


Bengali



The Bengali culture encompasses the region in South Asia, which includes Bangladesh and the Indian states of West Bengal, Tripura and Assam (Barak Valley), where the Bengali language is the official and primary language. Bengal has a recorded history of over 1,400 years. The Bengali people are its dominant ethnolinguistic Tribe. The region has been a historical melting point, blending indigenous traditions with cosmopolitan influences from pan-Indian subcontinental empires. Bengal was the richest part of Medieval India and hosted the subcontinent's most advanced political and cultural centers during the British Raj.

For more information visit: https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Culture_of_Bengal



The

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Poet V

October 2018

The Poetry Posse

Poetry succeeds where instruction fails.

~ wsp

Gail Weston Shazor



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

Author of ...

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

Lies My Grandfathers Told Me available at Inner Child Press.

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

I Close My Eyes

I close my eyes And on the tip of my tongue Taste the length of your neck From the edge of beard To your strong collarbone The gold chain is simply The ribbon on my package Pecs ease into a flat belly And gives way to my waist Or at least the place Where I love to kiss The mmmm's escape My parted lips with a sigh When I touch the corner Of your mouth Down turned Even when you smile With full lips Whispering a tune Be it gospel or soul Hearing the colors of life In a deep timbre You make me content I am with you and I am safe and I close my eyes

Overstanding

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

Alicja Maria Kubçrska



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

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

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

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

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

The River Ganges

Colors ripen in the hot sun of India and merge into the landscape.

Sky is azure and petals of red flowers are similar to the pulsing blood.

Emeralds, hidden among the leaves, shine and water glistens like silver.

Even the roadside dust, swirling in the air, changes into particles of gold.

The sacred river Ganga was born in an ice cave at the base of the Himalayas.

She defeated the Silwalik Mountains to connect with the Brahmaputra river.

The holy river spreads widely her seven thick tresses in the basin.

Imprisoned by Śiva in her hair, she breaks away from this jail.

Where millions of water droplets drip onto the soil from her blue sari,

The goddess leaves traces of her bare feet in the barren fields.

For centuries, she gives a promise of eternal salvation And as a good mother generously offers people the gift of fecund land.

Poem for peace

I will build a bridge made of sentences And I will fasten it with positive thoughts.

I will use words "warmth and understanding", Later I will add my mother's prayers.

I will replace the lies of war's propaganda With stanzas about *friendship and love*.

Next I will paint precise words "Kindness and tolerance".

Strangers will be connected firmly With rivets of powerful emotions.

Poem for peace, stronger than steel, is free and immortal.

Prescription for a poem

It is not easy to write a poem.
You have to gather your thoughts
swirling quickly like snowflakes during a blizzard.
Catch them before they melt and disappear into oblivion.
Later add fever of feelings and strength of emotion.
Decorate your sentences with your dreams collected
from the silver dust of falling stars.

You can also pick out a melancholy longing from the bottom of the lake and hang it on eyelashes to shine with tears Then collect the wet haze of sadness shimmering like drops of dew on calamus, add grayness of the November's landscape Season it with a bit of bitterness and regret

Or you can Capture the laughter suspended by an echo between high mountain peaks. Catch the merry words in the net of butterflies carried by the warm breath of the wind. Turn the rainbow over to add a smile to the sky. Sprinkle it with a touch of humor and joy.

Finally, crazy metaphors must be released. Let them draw colors from the imagination, that the poem would acquire a transparent lightness and like a soup bubble rise above everyday life. Allow it to fly off in an unknown direction.

Jackiç Pavis Allen



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

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

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

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

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

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

Snapshot of Bengali

Native to Bengal, in South Asia Indo-Aryan ethnicity Represented in these states: Bangladesh

West Bengal Tripura Assam

Subgroups of the Bengali Religions Islam the largest, then Hinduism:

Baha'is Buddhists Christians Hindus Jews Muslim Sikhs

Global Bengali Communities are found in the following:

Pakistan
United States
United Kingdom
South Korea
Malaysia
Italy
Singapore
Japan
Middle East
Canada

The Artist

He sits there In the stillness Of passion's silence Surrounded by the tools Of gift and clay

He begins his work In the early morning hours Each and every day

His heart is filled With love and emotion As he begins the transformation Of his creativity Into a piece of art

He makes the most of the tools With humble hands He shapes the clay

Like a vessel, a man's gifts And talents are meant to be used Whether in moment of desperation Or in moment of hesitation, never Let anything lead you astray

So, begin now. Now is the optimal time To pick up your tools. It is not too late If you will only start and do your part

The Struggle II

The artist that I am resides inside of me She's a part of who I was intended to be She struggles to become visible To others, not secreted inside Where heart's passion wishes to emerge

Fear takes up residence next to me She's the intimidator who stalks and annoys During the day and during the night She's the invisible agent who frustrates Why does she choose to terrorize

The artist in me, destined to be She's the one that inspiration seeks She struggles to become visible to to others Not secreted, hiding inside So, with paint and brushes by my side An idea begins to take shape

The artist's tools, removed from their case On canvas with which to illustrate are now No longer impotent; with rising motivation I am able to fulfill possibilities Oh, why have I ignored the gift of me

A scene out my window as at my easel I sit With fear and intimidation vanquished I the artist, boldly mix, then paint A combination of passion and gift Which with talent and tools A vision of me, the artist, begins to appea

Tzemin Ition Tsai



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

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

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

Like The Flame Be Separated

Dense hilly rainforests blocking high in front of my eyes. Home of the Bengal tiger, Covering my unreachable attempts, Screening out my inevitable myth, In the profoundly sensitive, fresh and beautiful verse of Gitanjali.

From now on, I doubt if I can

Then light step in that spiritual and mercurial poetry of the Bard of Bengal.

The Home and the World.

Unnatural contemplation indulge in naturalism.

Peripatetic litterateur owes me an answer.

When the north wind blows to the surface of the sea,

I unfold my tempted wings in time,

Puest for knowledge so intense even under a street light.

Maybe wait until the north wind of the Bay of Bengal blows again,

Jarul boat will be far to near,

Seagulls screaming and flying around,

The one-stringed string and sad voice of ektara is calling,

Birds all around me shine;

I drink thy sweet, thy precious word,

I kneel before thy shrine!

The Swaying Shadows Of Hibiscus Flowers

You obviously knew
My tantalizing face will never survive over tonight
Who will tell me
Why I can only have such a short youth
As true as your true love
Even if my beauty
Gradually withered tomorrow
Anyway
I was never at all willing to
Let my dark red flowers drift along with the water

You obviously knew
My heartily laugh will never survive over tonight
Who will tell me
Why my silhouette is no longer pretty and charming
Could it be that
You can't wait for my beauty
Grow old slowly
Anyway
I was never at all willing to
Let my dark red flowers hang on the branches alone

Why was the drizzle always with a mist?
I really want to hide in the wall of someone's home
To find a place for
The thought that has long been buried in my heart
Never worry about the night passing so fast
Never want to worry again
My attractive beauty
My deep laugh
My heart
Withered so quickly

In That Winter Without Red Flowers Embellishment

That two Poinsettias
which I took home from the market last year
Use flushed faces to give me a warm return
In those whistling cold days
At the moment of the cold flow left one by one
That reluctant friendship
Make me can't bear to abandon them
But this saved and at the same time harmed them

How can I know?
It would be a warm winter this year
The sun is not
as beautiful as the autumn sunset
But the heat did not reduce much
Look forward to the cold
The footsteps of the chill
Came so lazy
Let It is so warm always
The strength is so weak
That winter we looking forward to an entire year

Both of them couldn't wait
One past away in the fall and winter alternation
One survive but only a handful of green leaves left
Not a red flower bloom out
I can only touch the remaining branches
Can't find the reason to judge
It is a disaster in winter
Or because of my ignorance
Ugh...

Sharggf Abdur Rashggd



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

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

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

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

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

Bang, bang

la desh Bangladesh where is the love, concern, willingness to learn raw poverty explored? thus i implore, thus i implore show your love forever more so you ask " to whom, to whom?" to your Bengali family from another womb Embroiled in famine. flooding, constant calamity made the great, late Beatle George Harrison sing Bangladesh, Bangladesh Bengali people's present and past woven into human fabric as us all a thread in the magnificent quilt thus, us laden with guilt, this onus is it who pray tell will require if you removed the shoe that fit? will you then go barefoot as your brother lives unlikely at best thus pass creator's test and your heart, soul, bankroll....GIVE!

food4thought = education

poets know..,

see what others ignore some see surface, others see more down to the core where hearts, souls endure so much beneath surface like icebergs protrude yet perhaps 5/6 remain mystery this is human history wrapped up in a false sense of security oblivious to obvious misery dem eyez don't want to see so, hearts remain cold, void of empathy seriously, pitifully, emphatically so, poets know and expose in rhyme and prose love, hate, fears, smiles, tears that flow, poets know

food4thought = education

You will not..,

attain Al-Birr (righteousness) until your willing to give up that which you love. (Qur'an:3,92) you will not attain Al-Birr (righteousness) until you want for your brother what you want for yourself! you will not inherit the kingdom of heaven if your clinging to the earth that which is fleeting elusive has no substance, feelings, abusive yet you strive to get what you don't have yet as soon as you do you say, "next" because the attraction a fleeting distraction from acquiring what's best! your wires crossed? true date? just do that! a priority reset to get that which truly past the test

of time because it's worth is timeless, priceless, life changing, eternal eternally rewarding that which is truly blessed comes connected to Al-Birr (righteousness)

food4thought = education

Kimberly Burnham



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

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

Synonyms for Peace

"Sānti sainta shanti" words of peace in Bengali or Bangla in toned with bright colors in India and Bangladesh

Synonyms for peace
"abirōdha" or "abirodha"
is harmony
peace accord
agreement amity and friendliness

More synonyms working through the alphabet to create a word with a state of being in a family and community

Abirōdha abirodh aikya aman chup chupí firám khámosh kushalábasthā mel miláp musálaha nirasta rafāhiyat sānti saanth saanthi sainta salāhiyat sandhi shanti shānta shdinti sthir sulh susthiratá

Always carrying the feeling of peace a nuance of appeasing or pacifying in a word to calm reconcile or nudge into a state of peace

Feel Saanthi

Comfort is it the same as peace in Bengali "saanthi" is peace and comfort "saanthipoorn" calm quiet and still

Is one comfortable and still in peace or actively appreciating grateful for what life offers in "saanthi"

Is one quiet when calm or learning reading actively figuring out how to contribute to calm and peace

Is peace meant to make one comfortable and quiet or intended to be shared with the whole global community

Imagine 80,000,000 saying feeling breathing "saanth" means many things in Bengali from A to Y again but calm cold cool despite fresh however peace quiet recent slow still though yet

May we again enjoy the cool breeze of peace recently slow and still though yet calm giving a fresh look despite challenges

Om Shanti Peace

Multilingual "Om Shanti" peace "om shanti cánti śanti shánti shaanti shanti" peace in many languages

Sanskrit the Rohingya people of Burma and Bengali Caribbean Hindustani Maithili and Nepali peace all over Southeast Asia

"Shanti" from Ancient Sanskrit "úântiḥ" peace rest calmness tranquility or bliss

"Om santi" in Koch spoken in Bangladesh "santipap" in Thai Khmer and Laotian in the Punjabi "śāntī"

"Sulha" "shanti" or "śanti" or شانت in Sindhi voiced in Pakistan and India

"Shánti" with nature the green trees huffing out oxygen ecological "shaanti"

Om "shanti" or "aman" in Marwari "shānti" in Bhojpuri spoken in India "shānta" in Bengali

"Aman" or "sukoon"in Urdu
"Samadhanam" in Malayalam
called out in Kerala, India and Singapore

Peace with society cánti between human beings selectively seeing friends and neighbors everywhere

"Om salamti" in Hindi "shāntatā" in Gujarati in words of India and Pakistan "shaamti" in Kannada or Kurumba

The Assamese say "sānti" or "shanti" sometimes droping the first letters for "hānti" or "nti" or "xanti"

"Shanti" within a spiritual peace a sense of pride in actions riding the flowing of emotions

"Om śāntātā" or "śāntī" in Marathi "shanti" in Telegu and in the Oriya of India "sānti"

"Amaithi" or "amaïdi" or "samaadaanam" in Tamil while mothers and fathers in Kashmiri say "amn" "shaanti" or "sala" or "sokh"

Environmental "aman" encompassing them all food shelter connection and hoped for peace

Clizabeth C. Castillo



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

Web links:

Facebook Fan Page

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Bengali

Kolkata comes alive in lovely hues, Vibrant colors, sparkling lights Thematic, colorful pandals, Cheerful faces anywhere Your eyes can feast on.

Goddess Durga on a pedestal, First practiced by Zamindar of Dinajpur Handed down to Rajah Kangshanarayan of Taherpur While Bhahananda Mazumdar of Nadiya, Began the Sharadiya or Autum Durga Puja.

The Battle of Plassey in 1757

Dupleix suffered from shamefull, ill-treatment
And the victor of Arcot sought Parliamentary honours
In the Black Hole of Calcutta,
A ghastly tragedy broke, Ahmed Shah ruled the north-west.
Kazi Nazrul Islam, the Rebel Poet he was known,
A muezzin at a local mosque
Composed songs on Lord Krishna and Kali Maa
Icon of Bangla music in Ghazals
Espoused Indo-Islamic renaissance.

Shambala of the Valleys

Shambala of the valleys-Magical rings of snow peaks Like the dainty petals of lotus, The mystical crystal mountain Stands over a sacred lake.

Intricate, quaint palace-Adorned with lapis, corals, gems, and shiny pearls Shambhala, the Kingdom, Where humanity's wisdom-Is spared of destruction and corruption.

Shambhala, birthplace of Kalki Avatar, Like Shangri-la, Siddhashman and Gyanungenge Are only visible in a different dimension Shambhala, where do your mysteries lie? Guarded by the angels in hidden places.

Your hills come on too strong to the senses, Above is your golden sky caressed by your beloved dawn Only the pure of heart can see your majesty, Witnessed by the ancient and earth's old races Aryavathra, the Land of the Worthy Ones.

Echo

In my dreams of forever, I hear an echo left by yesterday In the still of the night, Rattling leaves make me quiver.

While the Moon Goddess spreads her beauty, Thy sound of a distant call Mimicking my unspoken words, Going against the rhythm of a flowing stream.

The singing Nightingale Wanders through the darkness, As the echo hypnotizes weak hearts Bringing hymns left unsung.

Sweet echoes of yesteryears, Taking one to the throes of the past The sound takes to a halt at last, When the heart decides it must let just let go.

Mizar Sartawi



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

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

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

Anjali

A lonely figure, dark and slim, on a kosha boat, glides down the river between the lush green reeds and masses of algae.

Bodhi's heart leaps up in awe as he glimpses an ancient temple beyond the fog

He calmly kneels down and presses his palms together against his bosom, as though he were inside a shrine.

The sun dives down behind an ancient mound

The kosha pushed by a gentle breeze adjusts its course and drifts towards the city of Bogra

.

Karatoa River

He was once a great river revered by gods hallowed by kings

But now he's dwindled down into a sluggish stream flowing through uncaring lands beside the road to Rangpur mattering to himself like a senile old god who's grown tired of eternity

Yes, little child: Like men and gods, rivers age and die.

Autumn and the Olive Tree

The vengeful wind of autumn roared threateningly at the olive tree:
"I've come again for you old witch I'll unravel your dark green dress, stitch by stich I'll break your limbs I'll crush your bones until the skies hear your moans I'll spill you blood until the dry dirt in these fields turns into mud."

"I know," replied the thick rough trunk, "you told me so twelve months ago."

hülya n. yılmaz



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

hülya n. yılmaz, Ph.D.

Links

Personal Web Site https://hulyasfreelancing.com

Personal Blog Site https://dolunaylaben.wordpress.com/

Chandraketugarh

it was either journalism language, culture and literature studies or archeology waiting for me to learn passionately all there was to learn . . .

how naïve of me!
learning
no matter how comprehensively done
leaves a new door to open routinely
there was not much of a knowledge supply in me
(among countless other worldly facts)
as far as the civilization of Bengal

this eastern South Asian region's tongue spoken in today's Bangladesh and West Bengal captured my keen attention as the 5th (or 6th) linguistic construct that bridges about 230 million people worldwide

the 11 vowel graphemes, each of which is termed a "vowel letter" representing six out of the seven core Bengali vowel sounds and two vowel diphthongs appealed to me in the extreme so much so that i went on an experimental spree on the road of my ancestors to create the same vowel assembly for Turkish

so . . .

i opened Pandora's Box

and . . .

closed it as fast as i could

too complicated . . .

it's best to leave it alone after all, Bengali stands its own

besides . . .

the legend of Chandraketugarh with its story about Khana, a famed astrologer and a medieval poet, fascinated me much more

peeking through one door of history into this archaeological site by Bidyadhari, a river in West Bengal, brought a direly-needed ray of light upon this rapidly aging brain of mine

her poetry, after all, achieved the honor of recognition as far as Bengali Literature's earliest documentation

thakte balad na kare chas tar dukhta baro mas "He who owns oxen, but does not plough, His sorry state lasts twelve months of the year."

khanar bachan –"khana's words" are said to have been silenced to diminish this legendary poet's talent yet, modern Bengali feminism shouts out loud:

"Listen, o, listen!
Hark this tale of Khanaa!
In Bengal in the Middle Ages,
Lived a woman Khanaa, I sing her life.
The first Bengali woman poet.
Her tongue they severed with a knife."

khanar bachan —"khana's words" silenced?
not at all!

her accurate astrological predictions resonating in her poetry may have indeed been seen as a threat to her husband's career in the sciences and he, his father or a hired hand may have indeed cut off her tongue her prodigious talent, however, do live on

khanar bachan - "khana's words"

Chandravati

born foremost for the village of Patuyari in the Bengali land of medieval times she is known to have dedicated her poetic work to women of not only of Bengal

Ramayana was the name of her first epic art it is said to continue to take countless minds on the path of a decent enough discovery of the continuous compositional unfolding and historical expansion of this majestic write

is it her era of circa 1550 CE or that of *khawnaa* –Khana vaguely cited as "between the ninth and 12th centuries AD" to be of greater significance?

what's the difference?

is it not a fact that both women's universal verse have come all the way to traverse our equally messed-up sphere alongside us in our so-called modern lands . . .

A Third World Country?

European history in its culture-colonialist ignorance classifies Bangladesh, "The Country of Bengal" as a third world country

more power to TPTB?
no!
the powers that be
have cast enough damage into humanity

hey Europe, is it not about time

to wean yourself from your self-designated importance? open at least one eye to the multitude of nightmares you register in your chronicles with pride:
Chapter One, 1492
Chapter Two, 1550
Chapter Three, 1660
Chapter Four, 1754
Chapter Five, 1822
Chapter Six, 1855
Chapter Seven, 1914
Chapter Eight, 1920
Chapter Nine, 1936
Chapter Ten, 1945

who is on this list, you ask? what on earth happened to your self-proclaimed superior intelligence? fine then! let us check together in alphabetical order

by the way, you must take notes along the way to you, after all, belongs the honor of re-writing human history it would indeed be a pity if your upcoming generations got lost among our archives of accuracy

let us now proceed to see, shall we?
who are the top-winners that be:
Belgium makes it to the list as does United Kingdom then enters France,
Germany,
Italy,
Japan,
The Netherlands,
Denmark-Norway,
Portugal,
Russia,
Spain
and United States

any questions?

Tgrgsa C. Gallion



Teresa E. Gallion was born in Shreveport, Louisiana and moved to Illinois at the age of 15. She completed her undergraduate training at the University of Illinois Chicago and received her master's degree in Psychology from Bowling Green State University in Ohio. She retired from New Mexico state government in 2012.

She moved to New Mexico in 1987. While writing sporadically for many years, in 1998 she started reading her work in the local Albuquerque poetry community. She has been a featured reader at local coffee houses, bookstores, art galleries, museums, libraries, Outpost Performance Space, the Route 66 Festival in 2001 and the State of Oklahoma's Poetry Festival in Cheyenne, Oklahoma in 2004. She occasionally hosts an open mic.

Teresa's work is published in numerous Journals and anthologies. She has two CDs: On the Wings of the Wind and Poems from Chasing Light. She has published three books: Walking Sacred Ground, Contemplation in the High Desert and Chasing Light.

Chasing Light was a finalist in the 2013 New Mexico/Arizona Book Awards.

The surreal high desert landscape and her personal spiritual journey influence the writing of this Albuquerque poet. When she is not writing, she is committed to hiking the enchanted landscapes of New Mexico. You may preview her work at

http://bit.ly/1aIVPNq or http://bit.ly/13IMLGh

Mosque City of Bagerhat

Antiquity credits you dear Bengali culture as a major influencer in the fields of literature, music, shipbuilding, art, architecture, sports, currency, commerce, politics and cuisine.

The Mosque City of Bagerhat showcases your prowess in architecture. The lost city built in the 15th century was unveiled when vegetation that protected its existence

was removed exposing over 50 monuments. The faithful came to kneel upon your dry earth then and today, they still come to pay respects and heal the spirit.

You are now a World Heritage Site and the world comes to marvel at your creations and acknowledge your significant place among others in human history.

Water and Love

Approaching the waterfall the lyrics of the water invite me to sit.

I am grateful for the break. Let the wet music massage my aching lungs.

I hear echoes in the wind telling my muse, share these words with the world.

I soak in celestial moisture, assimilate the sound and light of liquid in my bones.

I must rest at this altitude. Then I will give to the seeker the words of water and love.

A Ghost Ranch Trail

The high desert sand is soft red and sinks deep beneath my boots. I raise each foot slowly toward

the reverie of sentinel rock glazed in red, yellow and beige. My cheeks bloat with joy.

I open my arms to embrace the energy of this artistic walk. Only the delightful distraction

of birds and bunnies shift my attention for a moment from rocks dripping color.

The freedom I feel is beyond words. I give myself permission to giggle out of control up this trail.

Ashok K. Bhargava



Ashok Bhargava is a poet, writer, community activist, public speaker, management consultant and a keen photographer. Based in Vancouver, he has published several collections of his poems: Riding the Tide, Mirror of Dreams, A Kernel of Truth, Skipping Stones, Half Open Door and Lost in the Morning Calm. His poetry has been published in various literary magazines and anthologies.

Ashok is a Poet Laureate and poet ambassador to Japan, Korea and India. He is founder of WIN: Writers International Network Canada. Its main objective is to inspire, encourage, promote and recognize writers of diverse genres, artists and community leaders. He has received many accolades including Nehru Humanitarian Award for his leadership of Writers International Network Canada, Poets without Borders Peace Award for his journeys across the globe to celebrate peace and to create alliances with poets, and Kalidasa Award for creative writings.

Lucent Fire

Prayer candles fold and unfold the invincible Goddess riding a striped Bengal tiger. jubilant and uncontrolled crowd slices other's flesh with elbows dance death dance life in the narrow streets. Taking out in procession colorful images made of clay surging they cling like coiled cobras hope to come out of it enlightened in body and mind. Chanting in a state of trance they immerse the clay images in water fragrant marigold petals float while unassailable shakti drowns.

Boundless Love

Seeking passion never stops.

Lovers always find love
rivers always find the oceans
drop by drop
after journeys through mountains
plains and deserts of thousands of miles
to merge and to vanish.

Love is to the lover what the lover is to love like a seed to a flower a flower to a seed.

Time is a messenger of love it is an angel that resides inside the hearts.

You can't own it just feel it through the senses: touch, smell, taste, sight and sound.

Desires are the oceans waiting for rivers to come in a colorful procession of waves to rise like the lips to kiss to infuse celestial taste.

Love is life its genesis, radiance and creation: a river seeking its lover.

Infinite Time

I will show you the origin of the endless time where the darkness can't be separated from light and it can be seen only through the change of seasons, spring buds summer blossoms autumn leaves and wrinkled winter skins.

The nature of time is not loneliness but companionship. Exhale the isolation stretch hands, catch the light, inhale love unfold the doors of your heart and let feet dance to the tunes of life, to the fragrance of passion.

Caroling 'Cgri Naz' Nazargno



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

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

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

minaret

remembering the bengali fest upholding the sky's promise as tall as the minaret's lofty trademarks where the posts are deposits of strength, beyond fasting and sacrifice, are fervent prayers in a dome of faith.

The Home and The World

I would like to meet Tagore
In my home, in a temporary haven,
In a Wanderlust or destiny places;
If this is the perfect time
To be enlightened by his social reforms,
I will sing my poetry and his poems
In luminous height;
And if he listens to me,
I can make a legend,
For I found a world I have to live.

Nirja

Lotus Flower; Goddess Laxmi

instant dimiurgic flair,
despite the clouds
that signal heavenly pour
i come to you,
because you are alone,
you think of me,
un-isolated,
you invited me
as your special guest
in a loop full of memories
like a celestial bloom
where i am about to plant;
by seeing you,
i am recreated,
beyond happiness

Swapna Behera



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

Baul – The Mystic Melody of Bengal

When religion and music entwine From the distant Land of Vatula A melody celebrates As crazy as wind. A Baul singer sings

The mystic nomadic minstrels Dance and reflect joy immortal The instruments of Dotar, Ektar and the dugiya You ,the Bauls of Bengal The caravans of Bhakti movement and Sufi You shower your feelings Your songs induce Rabindra Sangit Expresses gauge and harmony Religious beliefs and imagery Human body the paramount Theme of Baul school Life is significant Nothing before or after Bauls the heterogeneous group of many sects Where all streams confluence Hindus, sufis and muslims For them No heaven ,no salvation No documents, history or origin When souls sing Rhythm of dhol and cymbals Anklets with bells of ghungur When music is the religion The Intangible cultural heritage Their saffron robes and belts

Lalon Akrah or Parvati Baul
The nomadic song lingers
In the ears as the eternal song of harmony
Forever and ever

The Last Decipher Of The Bullet

The Bullet on the martyr's chest
Cries ,suffocates with panacea of blood
The iron cylinder screeches
Take me out ,take me out
I too die with this man
The numismatic hatred
The cruelty and vengeance
The destructive deduction
The sadist plan of a few
The metabolic death of an anatomy

The bullet appeals
"Make me a ballot oh! Lord
I wish to win the hearts
And not be a prisoner in the ventricles of the heart
I can't be a slave of Lucifer
Washed away with the over flooded tears
The agony of death kills me every second
Melt my iron body
To make a tiller
To grow more and more
The planet needs food
And never streams of blood!!!!.......

Aroma

Aroma of life Moments in Paradise

Aroma of love
The bark of nimbus

Aroma of sorrow The domain of ego

Aroma of words
The voyage of the dictum

Aroma of emotions
The legitimate rainbows

Aroma of fear Royal escorts of the track

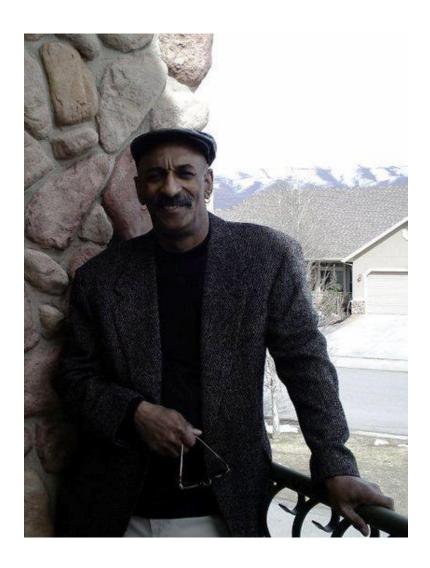
Aroma of lust Intent vicious passion

Aroma of light

May be melting self silently - - -

.

William S. Peters Sr.



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

Bill says . . .

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

to connect with Bill, he is all things Inner Child

www.iaminnerchild.com

Personal Web Site

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Bengali

We are a people We are a land

We speak in a language Of diversity And have done so For many a year

From Bangladesh
To West Bengal
We exude many colors,
Many tongues
Many means
Of worshipping
The Creator
Of all things

We were once called
The Vedda from Sri Lanka
And later we embrace the
Mediterranean peoples
Who spoke Indo-European languages . . .
We did not mind
For they too
Became one of us,
For we were strong

In the 8th century we welcomed Peoples of Arab, Turkish, and Persian descent As they migrated To our lands . . . We embraced

One and another And called ourselves The Bengali

Today, We stand As one, For one For us all

Divinely Flawed

I live in a world of poetry, Words, Inspiration, Love, And . . . Energy

My medium is words,
Which I so love
Study,
Create, Kwee-Ate, Qweate
And seek to hone
That I may convey
The beauty
And other
Of what I see,
Or at least think I see

Everywhere I look,
When i look,
I see poetry
Dancing,
Prancing
Lifting her skirts
That I may get a peek
At the undergarments
Of truth . . .
Sometimes they are absent
And "Truth" nakedly exposes
All of her grandeur

Some times I can bear it, But most times I can not, For "Truth" is stark in contrast To the life that I live . . . Mostly

My vanity, My ego, My delusion, And the illusions Oft times Shade her light To look other than what "IS"

There are many lights
With all degrees of brilliance,
And a myriad of colors,
Many which are not detectable
By our empirical eyes . . .
Their vibrations are foreign
To our "Status Quo"

All of this Comes not Without purpose!

Flawed I proclaim, For in what name Do I defame That which is Divine . . . Mine?

Father forgive me . . . For I too, Know not what I DO!

I must admit not That I am "Divinely Flawed" And thus I am awed By the perfection Of it all

My mind is imperial
And I subtly seek to colonize
My thought,
My experience,
My perspectives
To fit
Borrowed paradigms
That are not that of mine own.

If you can not be the Poet . . . Be the Poem $! \sim unknown$

Singularity

I climbed that mountain Named 'Glory' Where 'Blessing' Lived upon its peaks And speaks Of the wonder Of all creation

The struggle was arduous, But my soul was not familiar With defeat

I scraped,
I clawed,
I fought,
I weathered the storms,
I endured
By the grace
Of my Creator

Finally ...

As I stood upon the precipice Of my achievement I look upon the valleys From whence I come And I saw Greater things before me

Is not life beautiful?

Endless possibilities... Open thine eye!

Singularity to thine self be true.

October 2018 Features

~ * ~

Alicia Minjarez
Lonneice Weeks-Badley
Lopamudra Mishra
Abdelwahed Souayah



Alicia Minjargz



Poet, Translator, Singer, University Professor, Broadcast locution Radio and T.V.

Alicia Minjarez Ramírez was born in Tijuana, Mexico. She is an internationally renowned poetess and author who has won numerous awards including the EASAL medal by the European Academy of Sciences and Letters 2018 at Paris, France, Awarded "Pride of the Globe" WNWU. Kazakhstan 2018; Awarded "Universal Inspirational Poet", Pentasi B. World, India 2017; Winner of a special mention and a medal in the International Poetry Prize NOSSIDE Italy 2015, recognized by UNESCO. Awarded with the IWA BOGDANI Albania Award, 2016. Awarded with the Third Place in French Poetry in the International Poetry Prize 'Sous les traces de Léopold Sédar Senghor' at Milan, Italy, 2016 recognized by ONU and UNESCO. Winner of a mention in the NOSSIDE Poetry Prize, Italy 2016. Awarded "Universal Inspirational Poet" Pentasi B. World, Africa, Ghana 2016.

She was considered among the International Poets published on the XXI Century World Literature Book released at New Delhi, India, 2016. Her poems have been translated into: English, Albanian, French, Cameroonian, Arabic, Azerbaijan, Turkish, Chinese, Taiwanese, Portuguese, Polish and Italian. And published in more than 90 International Anthologies, journals and magazines around the world.

TRAVELER

Redemptive breeze imprisons my space, like raining stars as fragrant words at the crescent moon, salt conspires about your shooting and lasting existence.

Blue air flutter about your wet vertices notes, ascending through the tree's essence. Guttural sounds spotting the horizon.

I sense you among murmurs of leaves diluting liquid shadows, imaginary pigeon's pieces, luminance music of the dreams we forge.

I find you, wrong or right, in haste;

in the rain's incessant voice. Beautiful traveler of dreamed steps and arms of fire.

Drowned in desire-scented steam I dusk upon foreign oaks, as touch produced by your path; dark moor of an old sky reinvent your word of light, the illusory copulation of language.

IT RAINS...

A longing breeze tries to show itself, like nostalgia migrating up in the air.

Water permeates my body. Your breath fills in the context.

Longing secrets that the wind shakes up in the offing, then nothingness.

I walk behind upon the moisture left by the drops under the branches.

Birds get detached from their nests, looking for the promised shelter.

Church bells ring, outside the night interrupts. I long to dry off

the rain, like those birds besetting park trees in the evening.

The stillness of your eyes invades me... Ecstatic wings, paralyzing their flight. At my silence's feet.

THE PATH OF YOUR STEPS

Naked and lurking tenderness at the riverbank, a kiss clinging on as a vine and climbing through the sap of my branches.

I spy on the night in your thistles, adjacent meridians in the nectar of your Nile.

Of all your summers emanate and disappear crepuscular fragments, frosts decorate the melodic chant of orioles and blackbirds.

I invent you and lose you in the zephyr choleric notes, the sublime lightness makes silence thunder up.

Dissolving my dawns in the hustle of memory, fire against the light of the stranger and nubile torso of your body.

You rain and crumble over my fragrant touch, blast that exalts the sound of the stones building up my roads, long gone and desolated landscapes blooming today behind your own steps.

Lonngieg Weeks-Badley



Lonneice Weeks-Badley was born to Oliver and Margaret in New York.

Resides in Manning South Carolina and is a mother of two daughters, the proud grandmother of three grandsons, one granddaughter and one great granddaughter.

I am an Author, Chaplain, Minister, Intercessor of the LORD; Owner of Rajahne's Gifted Hands at Work/Inspired Books. I love poetry; two of my books have been published by Bill Peters-Inner Child Press and Team. The Year of the Poet inspired me to press on. It's an honor to announce my first children's book is coming out this summer.

A FREE Being

A FREE Being is who you were Created in the image of God Then satan came on the scene And polluted Humanity My Only begotten Son Was sent on the scene For everyone to become A FREE Being He was called by various Dialects, tongues or idioms Jesus is His name And always will be One in the same to everyone A FREE Being FREE from our infirmities and sins What was and still is His desires For us to feel and see The great works of He A FREE Being Is a Believer who trusted in Me To help them to become FREE in the mind FREE in the spirit as the Holy Spirit hear it FREE in the heart to share My love And to be FREE living in the new talk, Walk and lifestyle Continuously being blessed With what was left within ... A FREE Being

Hearts of LOVE for Humanity

Hearts of LOVE for Humanity
Comes from GOD, who LOVES so deep
People wake up ---out of your sleep
You have been set free...
My LOVE is in the middle of thee
Connecting your mind and Me (Breath of God)
Together we're one ---just believe

Hearts of LOVE for Humanity

Can you share a penny, nickel, dime, quarter or dollar; if you please...
Don't turn and run from me
Please hear my plea
Some of us are NOT out here to lie
and steal from you; I'm homeless
And know NOT what to do
I need help to eat

Hearts of LOVE for Humanity

Oh what a great relief it'll be
To give back expecting nothing in return
For that person ---could have been me...
Thanks for sharing your compassionate heart
And Me (LOVE) who's imbedded
You helped one that was down and blue
As you give back---to humanity.

Hearts of LOVE for Humanity

Proudly they can acknowledge; Someone DOES care for me...

Hearts of LOVE for Humanity Each One ~ Reach One Each One ~ Teach One To give and LOVE as HE Love and Peace....

Piece above is from "The Essence of God's Law of Love"

THE ESSENCE of GOD'S LAW of LOVE

The Essence of God's Law of Love
Demonstrates Him deep inside of us
It's told in the beginning
The bible speaks His truth
This is NOT new news
This is what the LORD is sending

The Essence of God's Law of Love
So we can all grow
In His Great Law of Love
As He tells us so
There's no condescending
Of another—
My LOVE is never ending
Just do this for me

The Essence of God's Law of Love
Fear (respect) the LORD your God,
Walk in all His ways
Love Him; every day,
Serve Him; as you pray,
Guess what else you can do
Share what He gave to you
Unconditional Love; that's so true
with family, friends and strangers too

The Essence of God's Law of Love
Can you do this for me?
With all your heart and with all your soul
For this is my breathtaking and ultimate goal; ever told
My Law of Love will always live in Him and Him in Me
For this is The Essence of God's Law of Love
Inside He that BELIEVE...

Lopamudra Mishra



Lopamudra Mishra,native puri,now residing inBhubaneswa r Orissa, She completed her graduation {English Hons} from Sailabala Women's college Cuttack, And post – graduation {English} from Ravenshaw University Cuttack. Her fascination for writing came from her grandfather and father from an early age. Writing for her is the powerful medium of expression.Her poems have been published in many magazines and anthologies. Her first book "Rhyme Of Rain" was published in march 2017, second book "First Rain" in August 2017 and her third book "Tingling Parables" in May 2018.

Heap Of Stones

Standing beside the debris, Of sand stones, Started counting each stone, From top to bottom, One by one measured the thickness, Its intensity and depth of hardcore, Each brick sings The tone of treachery And betrayal, My wobbling steps cry, This is not fair. Why am I to be punished? Why this warfare? The seeds I planted, With lots of hope, Dried in the hot sun. My feet could feel the pinch of hard rocks, The dust in the air, Cloud my goal, My eyes lack tears, Blinks time to time, Reminding me, Time has come, To purify the atmosphere, But... I am helpless, I cannot do anything, Except from standing near the heap of stones

What are you for me?

For you I may be a dew, That sparkles in sunlight And vanishes in brighter hue, Aha! for me, You are my day, My blazing star, I fabricate tales of romance, Keeping you as my prime star cast, Your presence filled the barren groove,, Colouring me and my surrounding with your dazzling shadow., From my secret chamber I whisper your name, Engrave it through my fountain pen, You know my depressed state, Yet dispassionate regarding my health, Is not a joke? My dear, you reign my brain, Every where I visualise your traces, Mistaken ... Then move ahead. Carrying you in my heart, You run in neurons, Hence you activates my electrons, Now you are far away, Keeping me waiting.

Presentiments

I see the dancing blue cloud, In the immeasurable upper atmosphere, When I measured the depth, From its space to my breath, The extensive miles that I assess, Is thousand light year or above,

Yet ,I feel the hot inhale and exhale air, Being settled miles away, Yes, this is my presentiments, I am connected to your tenderness, That the hydrogen power of brain, Fails to receive favourably, In the dark sky, when I find you missing, My oblivion didn't cry, Rather my dry tears smiles seeing your portrait, I then associate your links to my casement, For some moments I feel your presence, You blink with your streak, I forget my shriek, I try to grasp the hours of bliss, Now when my soul is attached to thee, Can the fog hide you from me?

Abdelwahed Souayah



Abdelwahed Souayah (born in Bembla/Tunisia) studied Arabic Literature at the University of Sousse and later taught Arabic Language and Literature. He heads the Tunisian Writer's Association (Monastir chapter) and ranks among the principal characters who firmly established modern literature in his country, often referred to as »Mouvement du texte«. He has published widely in local and international literary magazines and has participated in multiple radio and television broadcasts. Souayah has authored five volumes of prose poetry and also writes short stories, literary criticism, as well as scholarly essays. Current publication: »I write for the tree « (2017, Badaoui-Verlag).

Child

Every day, I play. Sometimes I buy myself ice cream and a box of chocolates.

I ponder upon stories and have been flooded with messages.

My new wardrobe for the celebration makes me happy.

I piss at the city wall.

And I kiss the leftover bread goodbye before I throw it out.

Not you, but I have lost a tooth

and now I am asking the Gazelle

to give me one of hers.

I bend over my bed each night

and dream of Shakira

After so many years, I have discovered that I am a child.

This Cursed Thing

He follows me and follows my shadow

He eats and drinks with me.

He takes hold of my bed without even taking a bath or taking his shoes off

Sour stench of his breath

Groans during every cold

Within his body there is the smell of the sea

Traces of urine in his underwear.

The songs past midnight

His conspicuous demands while shaving down there

His masturbations

Surrounded by cigarette butts scattered about

When he beds me, he is always fierce.

Because of him I need to see the physician once a day

My body, yes, this dammed body.

Nudity

The wind crashes through distant valleys my ruins are traversed by insane ocean trees eyes, gazing, are falling upon me and my love has awakened again the madness has returned All of you, staring at me you touch my brow and inscribe your eyes upon it you are collecting from me crowns and paintings the traces of many footsteps this new drawing of the universe be there when my hand hovers over the body pausing and exploring listen to the language of the fish the entire shore needs witnesses and the rose is smiling along wants to be seen

I am still a dreamer who sees her and oneself you will find my miracles in my adventures and words believe me when I say that thunder means that the sky is laughing while birthing dew

translated Into english by Paul-Henri Campbell

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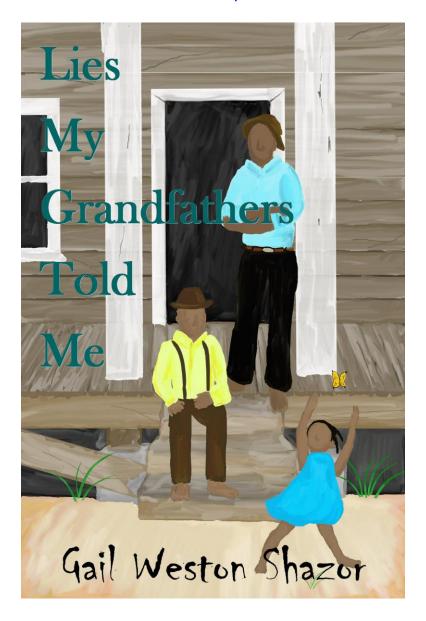
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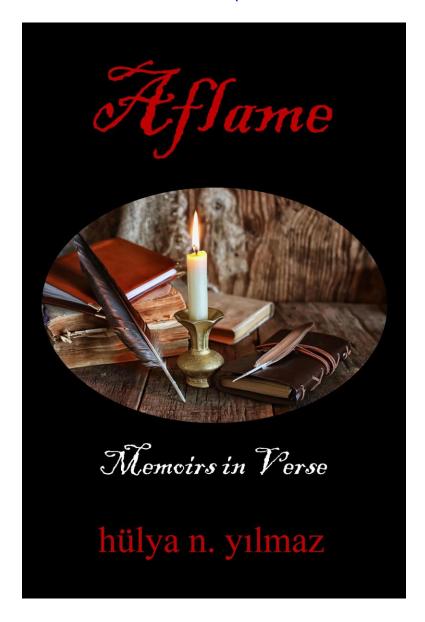
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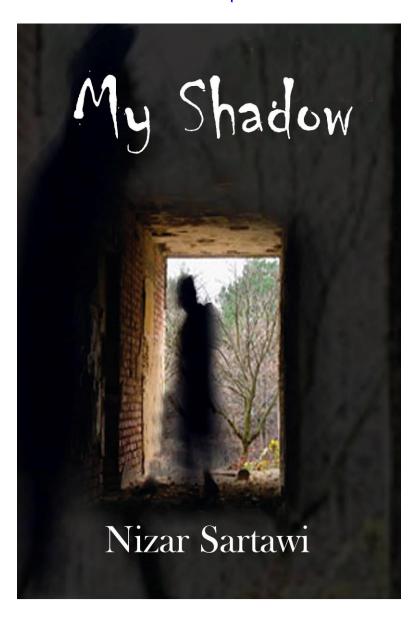
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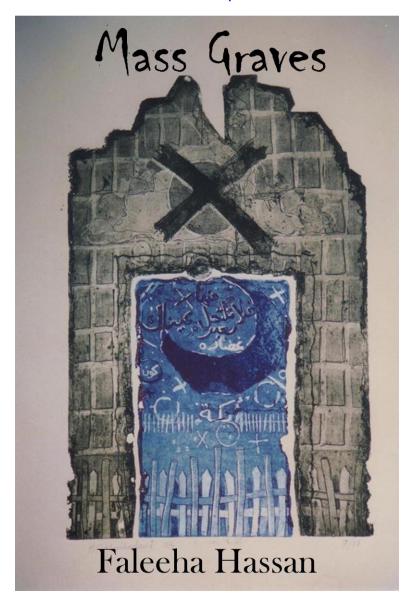
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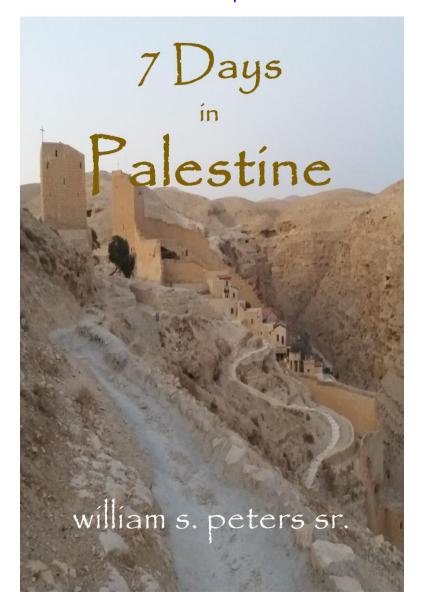
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for

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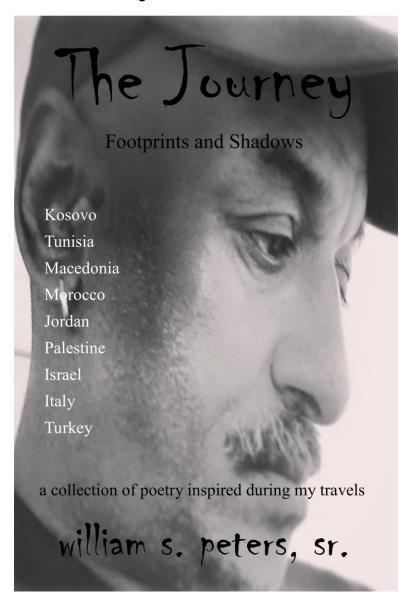


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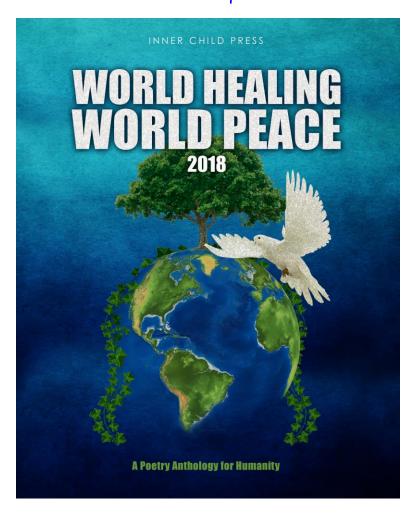


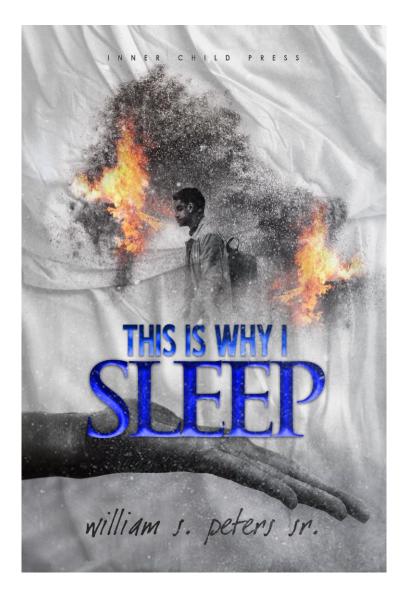


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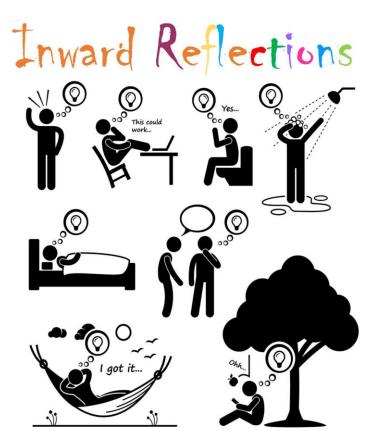






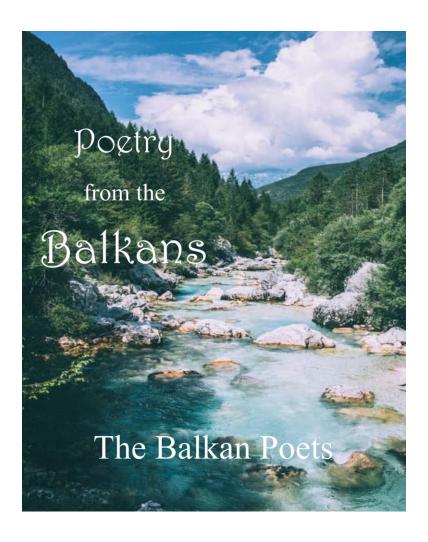


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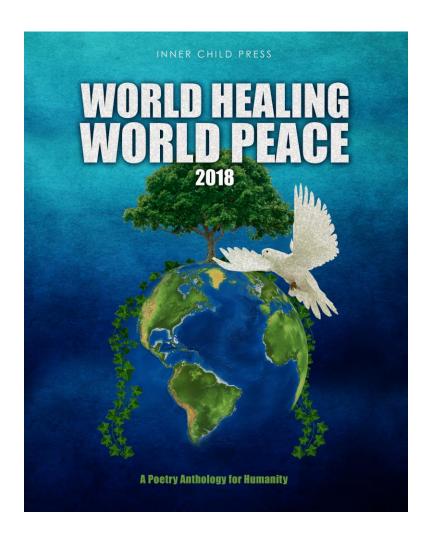
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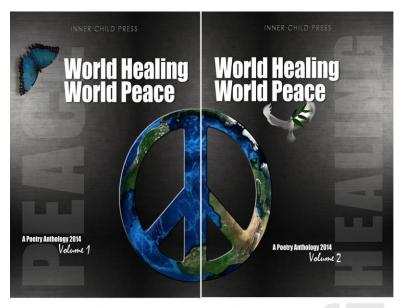
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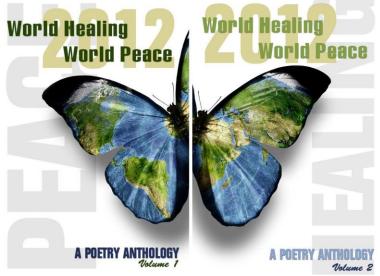
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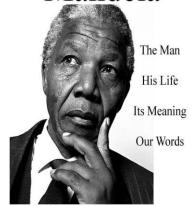
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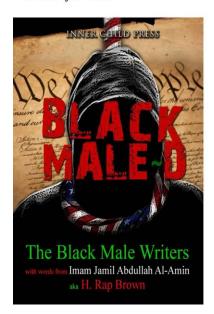
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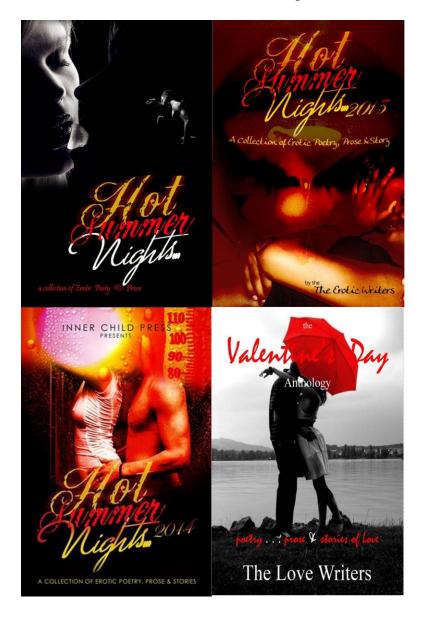
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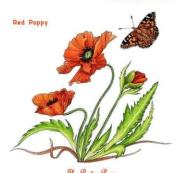
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October 2014



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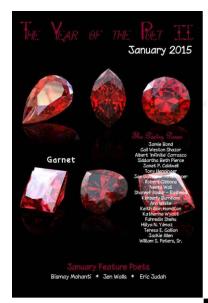
October Feature Poets

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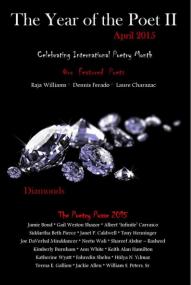


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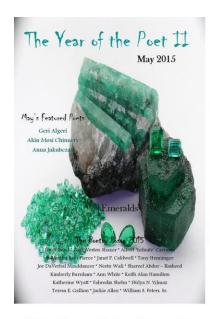




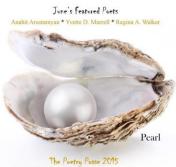




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August 2015



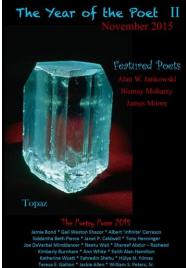
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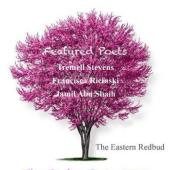


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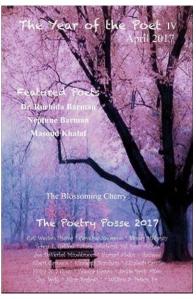
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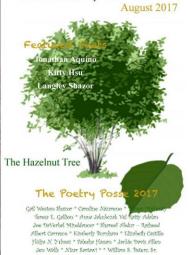
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The Year of the Poet IV November 2017

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Kay Peters

Alfreda D. Ghee

Gabriella Garofalo

Rosemary Cappello



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The Year of the Poet IV

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Nedal Al-Qaeim
Sadeddin Shairn

The Black Walnut Tree

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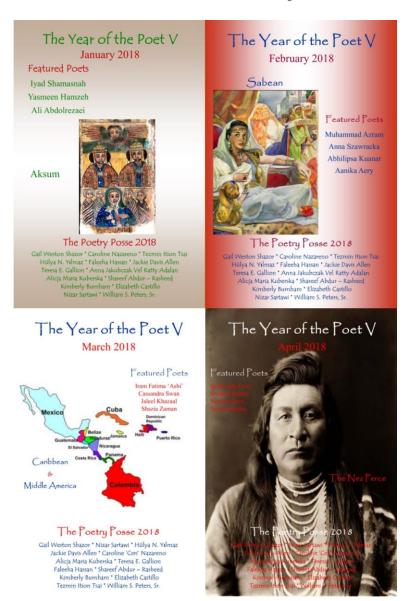
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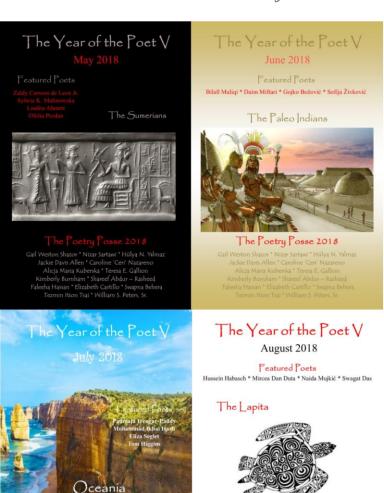
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The Aztecs & Incas



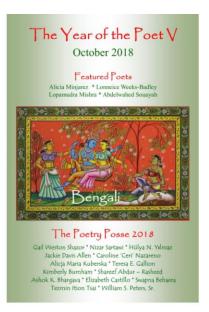
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Eliza Segiet

Mazher Hussain Abdul Ghani
Lily Swarn

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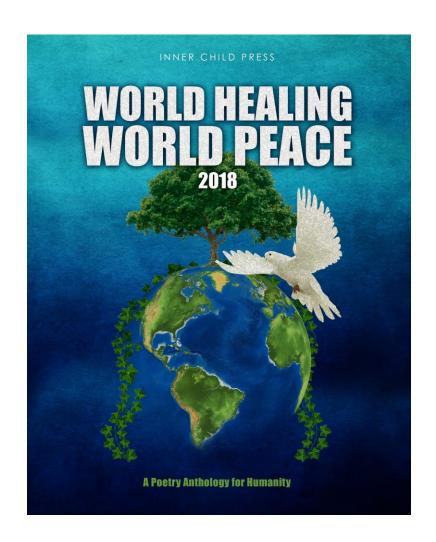
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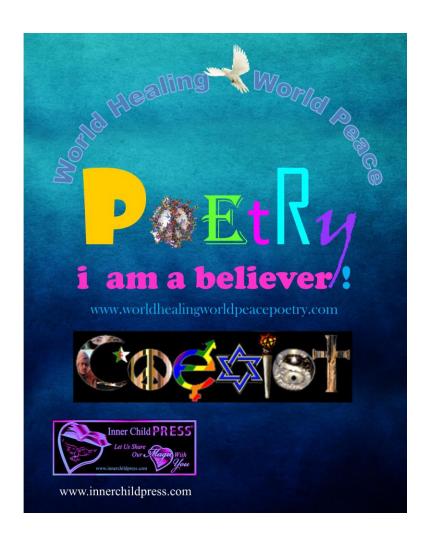
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September 2018 ~ Featured Poets



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Lopamudra Mishra



Abdelwahed Souayah

