# The Year of the Poet VI

October 2019

## Featured Poets

Ngozi Olivia Osuoha \* Denisa Kondić Pankhuri Sinha \* Christena AV Williams



# The Nile Valley

## The Poetry Posse 2019

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

The

Year

of the

Dogt VI

October 2019

**The Poetry Posse** 

inner child press, ltd.

## The Poetry Posse 2019

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

#### **General Information**

# The Year of the Poet VI October 2019 Edition

#### The Poetry Posse

1st Edition: 2019

This Publishing is protected under Copyright Law as a "Collection". All rights for all submissions are retained by the Individual Author and or Artist. No part of this Publishing may be Reproduced, Transferred in any manner without the prior *WRITTEN CONSENT* of the "Material Owners" or its Representative Inner Child Press. Any such violation infringes upon the Creative and Intellectual Property of the Owner pursuant to International and Federal Copyright Laws. Any queries pertaining to this "Collection" should be addressed to Publisher of Record.

#### **Publisher Information**

1<sup>st</sup> Edition: Inner Child Press intouch@innerchildpress.com www.innerchildpress.com

This Collection is protected under U.S. and International Copyright Laws

Copyright © 2019 : The Poetry Posse

ISBN-13: 978-1-970020-88-5 (inner child press, ltd.)

\$ 12.99

# 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

# Table of Contents

Foreword

World Healing World Peace 2020	xiii
Preface	xv
The Nile Valley	xix
The Poetry Posse	
Gail Weston Shazor	1
Alicja Maria Kuberska	9
Jackie Davis Allen	15
Tezmin Ition Tsai	21
Shareef Abdur – Rasheed	29
Kimberly Burnham	35

Elizabeth Esguerra Castillo

Joe Paire

hülya n. yılmaz

Teresa E. Gallion

ix

41

47

53

61

# Table of Contents . . . continued

Ashok K. Bhargava	67	
Caroline Nazareno		
Swapna Behera	79	
Albert Carassco		
Eliza Segiet		
William S. Peters, Sr.		
October's Featured Poets	107	
Coloder's a catalog of the		
Ngozi Olivia Osuoha	109	
Denisa Kondić	117	
Pankhuri Sinha	125	
Christena AV Williams	133	
Inner Child News		
Other Anthological Works		

# Foreword

#### North Africa and the Nile Valley

One of the most important pieces of real estate on earth and extremely large at that is North Africa and the Nile Valley. Historically it is hard to find to many other areas of the world that is as historically significant. That being said the degree of historical and even contemporary significance is off the charts. This is a forward of a poetry anthology published monthly with the theme for October 2019 North Africa and the Nile Valley not volume one of a double digit set of very thick books concerning this area of the globe. After establishing that fact let me at least attempt to indulge you in a condensed overview to touch on a few facts regarding this extremely unique, diverse area of the world.

Firstly the group of talented poets using their ample artful skills to encapsulate this theme in their work is the 'Poetry Posse', who are as diverse as the make-up of this theme and who even include poets from this region. The Posse is featured monthly in the publication 'The Year of The Poet/Poetry Posse published monthly by Inner Child Press. http://www.innerchildpress.com, now through more then two thirds through the sixth year of publication.

The most popular opinions is what constitutes North Africa is from the west Atlantic shores of Mauritania to Egypt's Suez Canal and Red Sea in the east. Another is that what is North Africa is from the northwest of Africa going east, Morocco, Algeria, Tunisia, Libya, Egypt and Sudan the 6 countries that occupy the North of the African continent. In addition, there are several Spanish and Portuguese possessions. Arabic is the major language across the whole of North Africa. In addition, there is Berber language spoken by Berber people along with Arabic. They are mostly in Morocco and Algeria. French is also spoken especially in Morocco and Algeria from the French occupation as well as Spanish to a lesser degree mostly in Morocco. The region was ruled by the Romans approximately from 146BC to 476AD. The Muslim conquest and spread of Islam included the region by 640AD, by 700AD the whole of North under Muslim domination. Africa was Ottomans ruled the region in the middle ages except Morocco. In the 19<sup>th</sup> century the Europeans came into the picture and Briton, Spain, France and Italy occupied the whole of North Africa.1940 to 43 WW2 came to the region known as the famous North African campaign, the allies led by Field Marshal Bernard Montgomery the British commander fought Nazi Germany lead by the " Desert Fox General Erwin Rommel. The Allies won the campaign.

Islam remains the prominent religion to the present all though there are also Jews especially in Morocco as well as Christian Copts in Egypt. There are two natural phenomena that are both unique and the largest on earth that run through North Africa and beyond. One is the Sahara Desert the largest on earth over 4,000 miles long and the Nile River the longest river in the world, over 3,000 miles long. The Nile Valley referred to as the cradle of civilization because of the vital part it plays to enhance agriculture to the lands along its banks that have fertile soil as a result that produce life sustaining crops of a variety of fruits and vegetables that are consumed throughout the world therefore is not just a food source but a enormous contributor to the region's economy. This is only a tease in as far the vast history and therefore library of information about North Africa and the Nile Valley. Please take time to research some of it. Better yet perhaps you can visit the region and get a close up and personal perspective in real time. Enjoy the poetry and peace and blessings.

Shareef Abdur-Rasheed, Poetry Posse, Inner Child Press International

# World Healing, World Peace Foundation human beings for humanity



worldhealingworldpeacefoundation.org

#### World Healing, World Deace 2020 International Poetry Symposium

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

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

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

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

Communicate with us via our email at:

worldhealingworldpeace@gmail.com or whwpfoundation@gmail.com

Visit the Web Site(s):

worldhealingworldpeacefoundation.org

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

Submit to:

worldhealingworldpeace@gmail.com

Please share this information

Thank You

Inner Child Press International 'building bridges of cultural understanding'

www.innerchildpress.com

# Dreface

Dear Family and Friends,

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

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

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

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

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

Building Cultural Bridges of Understanding . . .

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

Bill

The Poetry Posse Inner Child Press Ineternational

#### PS

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

#### Available here

www.worldhealingworldpeacepoetry.com

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

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



#### The Nile Valley



The Nile Valley . . . . thought by most to be the birthplace of civilization. The lore of this area of our world is steeped in rich ancient history. This includes the conquest of the indigenous Nubian cultures and those which migrated north to implant and thus leave behind a vibrantly rich heritage in the sciences, agriculture, education, literature, architecture but to name a few. For more information on the vast and extensive information available go to:

https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Nile\_Valley\_Civilizations









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 . . .







# The World Healing, World Peace International Poetry Symposium

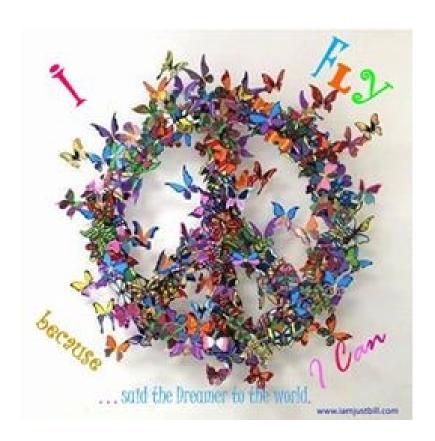
# Stay Tuned

for more information intouch@innerchildpress.com

'building bridges of cultural understanding'
www.innerchildpress.com

Poetry succeeds where instruction fails.

 $\sim$  wsp



# Gail Weston Shazor

#### 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

#### Gail Weston Shazor

#### She Is

Spicy tomato apple reds And cool greens Bronzes and golds With blues in between Black and white and Earth strong browns This is the color of a queen Her lips purse into a small knowing As the music sings her blues This is her vibration Mother sun and daughter moon Rock that baby bye In the turning of life We are birthing colors In the consciousness of drums A silvery metallicism of winds She holds her belly round And the water moves Clasping hands of power The women exchange graces Laying open palms on this planet They trace the lines at the joinings Blessing the ungrown spaces Waiting to be filled With the prayers of ancestors And the wishes of the unborn Carambola greens Trust in the rising of each day Reaching into backward facing footsteps Sankofa She is both the future and the past In eucharistic sanctuary and With the fire of a flamboyant She is life

#### The Year of the Poet VI ~ October 2019

#### Poet

I switched somewhere this season From a sharer sharing To a writer writing Daily I find both my hands Full of ink And in the midst of Trying to empty them I no longer have The allowness required To grasp hold of new things The thought of this tires me And I pray to be tucked Away Hidden away Clefted away So that I may rest away For just a spell Or even longer

The binoculariness of life
Bring things closer
That perhaps should be left
To dreams
And I awaken slowly
To a reality
Far harsher than even I will admit
Has taken me away from center
The place that I need to be
To share my life with you
The thought of this tires me

So I pray
Because even He knew
This would happen
And like every good father

#### Gail Weston Shazor

He prepared a place for me to go So that I might again Become whole Become filled Become purposed For he gives me my voice In this season of dormancy When cleansing clarity Blankets both the hearer And the speaker

We collect the pieces of Our mental selves close Sorting and weighing the particulates Of our past lives Choosing the best wheat To create a foundation From which to grow Discarding thorns of lies Thistles of unkindness Tares that mimic Holiness In its truest form That which we call righteous That which should be us And although our lives may be soiled We bring them to be washed Bring them to be made Repaired

And the thought of this
Tires me
For even in this season
There is work to be done
So I call out to He
Than can equip me
And while I await my turn
I will close my eyes

#### The Year of the Poet VI ~ October 2019

Fold my hands Relax my mind Move everything away from me That may hinder this respite

Swing low, sweet Chariot
I will gladly alight
When you draw near
For I know there is peace
Within the bower
Because I have been in your arms
Before
And just like today
I am waiting on my season
To change

#### Gail Weston Shazor

# In the Valley of Kings (Nonet)

A
Dappled
Light shone forth
Along rivers
Among golden sands
Here we sit among you
Majesties you selected
To be the unified voices
As you speak, we speak, with ancestors

# Alicja Maria Kubgrska

#### Alicja Maria Kuberska



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

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

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

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

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

#### Alicja Maria Kuberska

#### Ancient Egypt

Can you not marvel at the pyramids And not look into the stone eyes of Sphinx?

Rosetta stone, like a magic key,
Opened the door to the lost world
Silent for centuries hieroglyphs spoke again
- Inscriptions carved on the temple walls
Began to praise the old gods and rulers.
The memory of the pharaohs returned
And saint hymns soared to the heaven
The gods regained their former glory and power
Humble papyri described days of common people

There is not much left of the old empire Found objects and words are resting Behind the glass of museum showcases

Colorful sarcophagi hide mummies- their Ka The souls -Ba roam the vast desert

# Sonnets to Laura in the museum of antiquities

They wanted to live forever-among gods, equal to gods. They ordered their names incised in the stone of stelas, So they would endure enchanted in the hieroglyphs-Immune to rain and wind.

They took necessary and valuable things on their last journey.

Carefully prepared, they crossed the threshold of eternity. Dark, gazes, full of surprise, follow me from the sarcophagi.

This is not how they imagined Eden and the meeting with fate.

The Book of the Dead did not mention crowds of sightseers.

Their jewels disappeared in display cases, and thieves' pockets. Desiccated bodies and ancient linen wrappings, Remain the only souvenirs of life.

No one knows exactly what she looked like or who she was.

Was her hair flaxen?

She did not know she would become the warm breath of a poem.

He fell in eternal love with her. Life parted them, but not death.

The song of sonnets erected an ephemeral monument, And bestowed immortality.

The words of the songs remained more legible Than stone pyramids.

She did not do anything, but exist

#### Alicja Maria Kuberska

#### Conversion

It is a pity that I cannot buy a new soul. In supermarkets, there are no special offers
- New Soul! On sale!

The old one is dysfunctional.

It is much easier to have a simple vision of the world. Keep your feet on the ground and don't have dreams.

Being greedy protects the heart. Life has a physical dimension. Ideals hurt.

Gain a prominent place in the rat race, Dispose of sentiments, tears.

My soul is able to forgive. It cannot learn to trust again.

It says it does not enter the same river twice. Unreasonable? Perhaps. It does not listen to reason. It pulls away from people

# Jackiz Pavis Allen

## Jackie 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

#### Jackie Davis Allen

#### Between Here and There

He was but nineteen, a soldier. Frightened, yet brave. A wife, and a baby Of necessity, left behind.

> Worry, fear, strained the years. The world-wide, at war.

Who knew what the future might hold? Always needed, more resources, more men. Hope rolled the dice against despair.

> Marching, fighting against the evil, Seeking war's end. Midst bullets flying.

Across the desert he, struggled, persevered.

With all his might, praying day and night.

For victory's triumph. Led by General Patton,

The goal, defeat the stench of evil.

Victory more than a dream in the sky.

Thanks be to God, the soldier-man survived. Triumphly weathered, and worn. Imagine him, then as young man,

With heart and mind torn to pieces. Weeping inside. Where no one could see.

The North African campaign. War War II. To all who served, lived and died For freedom's cause, we thank you.

We salute you as The Greatest Generation. May history never forget the sacrifices you made.

#### Stand-by

How excited I am! Nervous, too. The take off late, delayed, And I am stuck in a strange airport. For hours, it seems. What am I to do?

I finger my wedding band, anxious, Wondering why you do not answer the phone. You were to meet me at Heathrow. But, here I am, still in New York. Are you as distraught as I?

The airport limousine deposited me At the door. It leads to where? I have no idea. Before me, a hallway. Then stairs. I am in line, cash in hand. Breathless. Heart pounding.

A ticket to purchase, Something called "stand-by". Only one ticket left. It is in my hand. I breathe, finally! I am going to be fine. I dial your number. Again.

#### Jackie Davis Allen

#### Life's Breath

As a writer, I wonder If ever I am to be quoted. As having written anything memorable.

Famous quotations are just words

Withstanding the test of time. So maybe I will never know. No matter, I will just keep on writing.

As a writer I dream
Of days gone by and wonder
Whatever happened to my dreams.

Will any of them materialize?

Or will they dissapate into the night? Maybe I will never know, so I shall just keep on writing!

This one thing I do know.
I must write, it is as important
To me as breath is to life.

It is my motivation to continue on.

For me to live is to write; And to write is to live. So, I shall keep on writing.

# Tzemin Ition Tsai

## Tzemin Ition Tsai



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

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

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

#### Tzemin Ition Tsai

#### The Sea Of Hometown

How many years
Raging waves hit the shore
How many squares and circles can't bear this fierce attack?
Just on the rainy day
Sky cried
Always tempted me to pick up
My arms and legs buried in sand
Did not have even just one time to block
Cobblestones rolled on my naked body
Rolling over and over

It was not me to stir up
These stormy waves
A handful blue
Engulf how many dazzling human worlds
A retrograde vortex
How many unsolvable disputes were involved?
A giant reef that has stood for millions of years
Not far from the shore
I jumped into the sea
Take away all the remaining young youth

Built a home along the coast
Resisted the invasion of evil waves
Let's danced
Shouted
My people
Asked the fishes
Before seawater
was filled with the glass bottle
How to write
An unparalleled poetry?

It was so clear in my heart
Cobblestone
Will not stop me
Threw this poetry into the sea
But will
Accompany me
Watch together
The seawater
Will or will not
Becomes more blue

#### Tzemin Ition Tsai

#### Words Giving To The Wind

Stripes black alternating with white Sprinkled in the wall of the half front room Bamboo curtains was full of tired Can't stop the wind Acted wildly

That color
Diluted strong contrast
Who would like to draw
the group of yellow tits in the mountain groves
on the wall?

When the birds
Drumming the tongues under the sunlight
Breeze would definitely be happy
to distribute
those sounds like come from silver bells

#### That Laid-Back Old Man

Park
Azaleas
And Fences covered with climbing vines
Laid back
come from wrinkles on the face
and also
Let time go slowly

Laid back Come from crutch on the hand More Not allowed time go fleeting

A neatly stacked newspaper on the knees
A heavy cotton overcoat
No room for compromise
Let go of your busy schedule
But need a skill over sixty years
But need a nod of the sunlight which so warm and fine

Hurrying vehicles
Under the acquiescence of aural comprehension
No longer an interference
What can wake him up now
Only left
His grandson's voice
or
His Wife's holding hand
That doesn't require a fine aural comprehension
Just need to feel

## Tzemin Ition Tsai

# Sharggf Abdur Rashggd

# Shareef Abdur Rasheed



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

#### Shargef Abdur Rashged

#### Abees Ul thani

calls to me to return fadalu, fadalu welcome, join me alan wa salan welcome come to me we miss you we remember you who came from another world yet was right at home in this ancient Egyptian village just outside of iskhanderia they call Alex short for Alexandria perhaps the oldest city on earth on the Mediterranean coast still Abees in many ways remains ancient yet contemporary and you my friend love us and we love you and Bill and Hulya too

food for thought = education

#### dazzling

-----

display manifest everyday look around miracles abound give thanks, bow down head on the ground you were created for worship one (1) true creator in the end when soul taken then but for the test the rest is rendered worthless now and especially latter he who made you sustains you look how he made you body parts, function, earth planet of birth in conjunction flourish that which will nourish but then entered mankind ungrateful, unsatisfied set out to destroy, undermine that which was made to facilitate enough needs for mankind to give thanks, take heed rehearse the verse revealed so that you may attain life forever sustained for real

food4thought = education

#### Shargef Abdur Rashged

#### flake

like snow snow-job you know such is how politricks go real snow is to behold not snow-job why? dem designed to rob and lie they take an oath to serve good of the people then dem lie 'n 'steal this is the real deal ya'll better wake up this s#! + got to stop ya'll put these pigs on top be it by ballot or not your dam system a crock checks and balances...NOT! but again, they reflect a mental trend the people are no different lying, stealing, gambling, drugging, drinking, hate others of a darker hue just cause dem don't look like this is the true red, WHITE, blue the leaders are you AmeriKKKa all one together ya'll deserve each other if the people lived by truth thieves 'n 'liars couldn't rule not to include the exception whose vision reflects a different perception

# Kimberly Burnham

# Kimberly Burnham



Find yourself in the pattern. As a 28-year-old photographer, Kimberly 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, 33 years later, a poet and neurosciences expert with a PhD in Integrative Medicine, Kimberly's life mission is to change the global face of brain health. Using health coaching, Reiki, Matrix Energetics, craniosacral therapy, acupressure, and energy medicine, she supports people in their healing from brain, nervous system, and chronic pain issues. As managing editor of Inner Child Magazine, Kimberly's 2019 project is peace, language, and visionary poetry with her recently published book, Awakenings: Peace Dictionary, Language and the Mind, a Daily Brain Health Program.

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

#### Kimberly Burnham

YOTP October 2019 Kimberly Burnham Nile River Valley Africa

#### Seeking Peace in the Midst

Darfûris seek "tokinnaue" peace from civil war as if there can be anything civil about war or good about natural disasters in Old Nubian an ancient language displaced by floods in the Nile Valley a High Dam erected south of Aswân

Lake Nubia began to flood anything and everything remaining gone are Nubian lands in Egypt and Northern Sudan still people find "tokinnaue" and higher ground in the Kordofan mountains

#### Searching for Home

For all who remain displaced and in search of a home of plenty and peace

Salam, Shalom, Tokinnaue, Amani, Paix, Nabáda, Shanti, Údo, Mër, Mir

Ways to say peace in Africa where "Asindriza" means peace or literally beautiful heart in Lugbara of the West Nile region of Uganda

And "Mal" is peace in Nuer where people pray "Ταπε kε mal kä ε ciaŋ malä wäwä rεy Thoth Thudan" let peace and stability continue in South Sudan and "duany" playfully means "to beckon all by winking"

#### Kimberly Burnham

#### A Woman's Worth

In this land where people called for peace
by the Arabic word "Aman"
a Dongolawi Sudanese fairytale begins
as the king's daughter tells her father
over and over "ten ēndotonum" (that is from your wife)
she implies a man achieves with his wife's support
the king takes all her property
marries her to a lazy pauper
give up she does not
makes her lazy husband work
successfully they build a castle like the king
who has to admit his daughter is right

# Clizabeth C. Castillo

# Clizabeth Esguerra 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 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

#### Clizabeth Esguerra Castillo

#### Berbers

Proud raiders they are called, The Amazigh, courageous fighters Trampled invaders of their land The Roman's, Arab, and French.

Descendants of the great Pre-Arab, Chosen ones, Berber, the "Free People" The Imazighen in antiquity, Fought for their religion Stood up for cultural recognition.

#### Façade

The overcast sky dawned one day sprinkling dew drops, misty eyes Casting the smell of old rose and oak trees Long after the sudden demise of a down pour.

Chirping birds perched high up the trees Warm brush of a gust of breeze The sweet giggles of a baby on your lap The aroma of love finally within your grasp.

If all these are merely facade or a lucid dream Why do you hold on to the mem'ries long gone This Deja Vu leaves one to a state of grace Longing for one fine day to feel your warm embrace.

Distant revelrie, inviting to the senses Quenches your thirsty soul Calms a quivering heart Past, present, and future happening in the Now.

#### Clizabeth Esguerra Castillo

#### Pitch Black

Tranquility lingers in the air,

Heartbeat is the only sound

Chiming with the rhythm,

Of restless souls in the dark

Whispers of the mystical veil,

Reverberating over the pitch black abyss.

# Jog Pairg

## Joe Paire



Joseph L Paire' aka Joe DaVerbal Minddancer . . . is a quiet man, born in a time where civil liberties were a walk on thin ice. He's been a victim of his own shyness often sidelined in his own quest for love. He became the observer, charting life's path. Taking note of the why, people do what they do. His writings oft times strike a cord with the dormant strings of the reader. His pen the rosined bow drawn across the mind. He comes full-frontal or in the subtlest way, always expressing in a way that stimulate the senses.

www.facebook.com/joe.minddancer

### Joe Paire

### River Of Men

I won't deny my journey will be fraught with peril Friends and enemies alike seek out a better plot it's been days since I last saw Egypt It hasn't rained in years, so I travel on tears There seems to be an echo in the land

Life, ebbs and flow like tides in flood season Women tend their grain so close to the womb There's a myriad of cultures as I float through Hippopotami are truly Godlike While Water buffalo swat at tsetse fly

Sediment and nutrients from blue and white mixers Where would men be without the fruit of his tears Four thousand miles of deliverance this land is harsh on the heels Date palms and lions, both needed, both need it

The Nile with its twisted miles twisted mouths No man owns the river, it will leave for months As mans feed dries up, the riverbed is a dirt road The river men know this place of broken pieces The river men are never in denial

#### No More Sunrise

I breathe in this new sky every morning
It's late December in the east
It's snowing in southern California
I'm heading toward the beach
Climate change or planet shift
I now realize the seriousness
Spring birds don't sing anymore

I breath in the new sky every morning It's the beginning of June in the east It's burning up in southern California I'm shoveling snow three feet deep Climate change or planet shift Is it too late to believe those scientists? There's no pumpkin patch this fall

I breath in this new sky every morning it's early April in the east It's a beautiful day in southern California I'm searching for those rare seeds Climate change or planet shift Has all those emissions led to this I can't find a fruit stand anywhere

I breath in this new sky every morning It's late September in the east It's raining in southern California It's raining as well in the east Climate change or planet shift The weather however ceased to exist The sun doesn't rise anymore

### Joe Paire

### Who Knows Rosemarie?

Shared words led to a feeling so strong Like the words of a song sung in foreign tongue Music binds us, words define us Poems remind us, language is art Who knows Rosemarie? Who knows the rosary? Who so poses those three words? I love you I do; when I hear a sonnet When I read prose When I read those, whose work thought provoke who knows what medium can move you maybe a religious passage that captured your life A total strangers' words can give light Suffice (it) to say, The pens equation to might Who knows Rosemarie? Or any other entity That, which can inspire desire inspire peace

hülya n. yılmaz

## hülya n. yılmaz



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

hülya n. yılmaz, Ph.D.

Writing Web Site hulyanyilmaz.com

Editing Web Site hulyasfreelancing.com

### hülya n. yılmaz

### not a mere valley

what have your river's waters
not managed to bring along?
195,000 years later emerges the echo
of many a song of praise
while with your arms' tireless sway
The Cradle of Civilization still washes ashore

the longest, most bountiful of the world with its stunning hues of Blue and White feeding the center and all around your heart with no sign of exhaustion dragged on the side shining onto us a light ever so bright

### a breathtaking assembly

i am about to eat the new day's first meal in Nefertiti's legendary presence the Pharaohs may object but my soul uncorrupted is ready to commune with all for all

thinking back to last night
Giza's show of "Sound and Light"
while the Pyramids stood upright
having defied many an earthquake
not having once caved in
to the silky sands underneath
standing majestically erect
suggesting a fatal flaw
in the claim of Modernity
that a work by our frail humanity
stood behind these World Wonders

while a sleep-time ago i half-heartedly listened to the theatrical staging of perhaps one of a kind my soul entered the Sphinx and the Pyramids there, i met my past life again the final musical piece was most-intoxicating each move left me in contemplative tears my entire breath-span passed by my loved ones, once on Earth assembled before me one by one

i lost count

### hülya n. yılmaz

the eerie procession became an all-inclusive projection invisible untouchable mute nothing to conceptualize but to conceive only as Rumi asserted in his timeless voluminous books of poetry

then, there remained one

i am one one is what i am i am all all is what i am

i am not becoming

i am

here

now

#### at a train station . . . in Ramses

not only do we lack the language but the locals' skills in moving about we are bound to a train station in our eager attempt to make it to Alexandria an unplanned trip of wonder, no doubt

our instructions were to catch the 7:15 train we made it out of our bed in plenty of time as the ride to Ramses was to take an hour here already at 6:22 no service at 7:15 – none whatsoever 8:00AM trains . . . full . . . through 10:00

WC visits, all paid up
(yes, the use of ladies' and gents' restrooms
is attached to a fee)
we now sit in a cafeteria upstairs
having ordered something
we had no intent to eat or drink
as we are not quite awake as of yet
our palates showing no desire for anything
at this early time of the day

no available benches anywhere in sight 4+ hours of wait, quite a plight sleepy bodies, forcing themselves to stay upright

so . . .
we are living
amid the regional flair for now
many other passengers seem in a daze
some are asleep in a needy hug
united with the cafe's spreads

### hülya n. yılmaz

Alexandria is promised to be marvelous

tired, extremely tired and the trip has not even begun still, in utmost gratitude for the pending embrace

# Tgrgsa C. Gallion

## Teresa 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

### Teresa C. Gallion

### Nile River

From ancient times until today, the Nile flows in harmony with the cycles of nature: flooding, growing, harvesting.

The River moves through Burundi, Egypt, Ethiopia, Kenya, Rwanda, Sudan, Tanzania, Uganda, and the Democratic Republic of the Congo.

All make claims to this great river, partake of the rich reward of water, fertile soil and life-giving crops. None own the river but are blessed to have this gift from nature.

### Cool Lyrics

Feet soak in cool lyrics, river salutes in ripples headed for its destiny.

Summer's intensity still holds tight to September. We engage our last heated

conversation, hold our dried wounds over the water, let go and the light embraces us.

Light bodies soar in the forest. The silence of nature becomes a heavenly experience.

### Teresa C. Gallion

### A New Day

Have you ever gazed at a symbol of hope? Cast your glance on a tree. Its majesty carries the joys and sorrows of many generations, never gives up, always believes a new day cometh. That is eternal optimism.

The tree knows it is blessed in the sunlight's arms and the wind's caress, looks forward to each morning, embraces evening to rest and renew itself.

Nourishment flows from the heavenly planes to the roots. The Creator fills the tree with abundance. There is always love stored in its outstretched arms and trunk. Hug a tree and know what hope is like no matter the trials and tribulations.

# Ashok K. Bhargava

## 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.

### Ashok K. Bhargava

### A River of Milk and Honey

Waves upon waves Nile tangoes with sunrays In rhythmic moves Of all possible ways

Mother of civilization Cradle of mankind Words of a poem Intellect of a mind

Story of heartthrobs Love of an outbreak Pulse of humanity Never ever fake

Spur of the soil Germ of all life Under flames of the sun Water of rife

### What couldn't Last, Lasts

On waking up I find my body has been rearranged.

My imagination floats on the waves of time seeking ships moored at Kochi and Vasco Da Gama inhaling southern breeze laced with black pepper aroma under a coconut tree.

Carelessly we click photos of the pale stone the Lisbon monastery nobody seems to care who discovered the sea route to India.

His remains exhumed, moved and reburied here to ensure what couldn't last, lasts.

<sup>\*</sup> Vasco da Gama was a Portuguese explorer and the first European to reach Kochi, India in 1497 by sea from the southern tip of Africa i.e. Cape of Good Hope, which linked Europe and Asia, connecting the Atlantic and the Indian oceans and therefore, the West and the Orient.

### Ashok K. Bhargava

### I Know But What Do I Know?

Soul is eternal
Imperishable
It comes together
And it comes apart
Can move on from one life to another
Like the rivers run into the sea
But why
I don't know

Read me a sermon
Write it on my lips
With your kisses
Love me
Hold me
Capsize me
Make me sink
dissolve
Vanish

To satiate my knowing What I do not know

## Caroling 'Cgri Naz' Nazargno

## Carolin 'Ceri' Nazareno



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

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

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

### Carolin 'Ceri' Nazareno

### Shamata

i can hear you,
from the celestial sphere of souls,
so i listen to my body, my mind and my heart,
drowning in placid horizons,
i can see you,
from the light particles,
spectrum and radiance
of neutron stars,
connecting all the sacred spaces
between our destiny;
i become the sound
in the echoing, unheard lullabies,
i become the silence
from the soothing miracles
of the unruffled time.

### Ubuntu

"I am because we are,"
"humanity towards others

We are travellers, in the interconnectedness of our DNA, tied to be whole together.
We are creators, of justice; so we uplift equality, no one is left behind, the open-heartedness of a blessed shares the humanity's spell, We are held to sacrifice For one another Because I am you, You are me, Yes, we are one.

### Carolin 'Ceri' Nazareno

### Growing with you

Let us grow together Under the sun Under the rain, Whenever there is growth, That yields from our hearts, We become sweet, better fruits. Let us grow joy, As we feel pain and sorrow For tomorrow's another day To live and be loved. Let us grow and bloom As the rainbow speaks hope And the rays of the sun Brings forth life, And when I grow with you, We can do well, Embracing the sun and the rain.

## Swapna Behera

## Swapna Behera



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

### Swapna Behera

### Innocence On The Palette

the calendar delivers the paramount truth few steps to the silent valley speaks, twits, cries, shouts may be; it celebrates ....

golden paddy stems
or the pigeons on the temple
extended hands of the school kids during the short break
the Sun rays on the grave yard or in the courtyard of a sex
worker
innocence thou art the virgin eyes
a vision or a mission
million of tear drops together or a crescent smile
mirror of the galaxy
some moments
river in the ocean
a diagram or a diaphragm
each innocent soul fixes multiple
do or die agendas
yes, innocence is the rainbow on the

palette

#### In Conversation With The Nile ......

she is the life line that flows from south to north

the mother of men and father of life the milky way is the celestial mirror of her lusty loops mystical harper in the dawn sitting on the Aswan dam plays duets with the nimbus the cotton farmer rushing to the field the Nile carries dark silt as a pregnant woman

it speaks and writes the history of civilisation and geography of pollutions "how long shall I carry the cyanotoxins? allow me to reach the Mediterranean my destination"

valley that grows wheat, barley and papyrus the White Nile the Blue Nile and the Atbara from Ethiopia all three tributaries join. to sing a common melody the eternal song....

can you listen the splash and murmuring? river is certainly a constitution; a responsibility of yours and mine ....

### Swapna Behera

#### come with me!

come with me I will show you the tattoo on the face of the globe the melting iceberg fear of Greta Thunberg

Come with me we will stop a while the nature cries tears have become fears

come with me leave your lap top for awhile we will plant trees create a forest with seed balls

come with me
we will again build
and generate
someone has to start somewhere
then why not you or me?

come with me let us clean before the dawn ....

# Albert 'Infinite' Carrasco

## Albert 'Infinite' Carassco



#### The Year of the Poet VI ~ October 2019

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

## Albert 'Infinite' Carassco

#### North Africa

Arabs, Berbers, Arab berbers, Tuareg people and Bedouin make up this region.

Tunisia, Egypt, Morocco, Sudan, Algeria, West sahara, Mauritania and Libya are countries in this area. There's so much to see from Cairo to Tripoli, Like the great Sphinx, museums holding king Tut artifacts and royal mummies.

Here the Nile river flows,

Mauresque architecture shows Moorish and European art Deco.

It's home of of a centuries old Medina and the Bardo.

Islam and Christianity are the main religions,

Arabic is the dialect mostly spoken.

#### A dark place

I'm from a dark place where, I'm struggling, I'm depressed, my back is against the wall and I need a shoulder to lean on is written on everyday peoples face. Where I'm from It can be summer, bright outside and hot like a oven, but the sun doesn't shine often. Poverty had parents shopping on credit at the corner store, they weren't lazy people they just needed the opportunity to work, save money and build up credit scores. Hustlers are made where I'm from, settling for less wasn't everyone's decision. I've seen people work on engines and transmissions on main streets. I know people that'll fix your washing machine and dryer for a few dollars. I know an old man that walked the hood looking for old or broken shopping carts, he'll use four to make one then sell it, walking the hood yelling "last call, I wouldn't wait one minute". When there's will there's a way, us children of circumstance running the streets in search of fun will become the ones who run the streets in search of funds with guns and hard ya. We was in a dark place living at a fast pace, we'd rather ride in the back of hearses instead of living under traditional curses. That's exactly what happened, a lot of men lost vitals trying to break the cycle. Hustling was opportunity to my generation, we went hard for dead prez accumulation, when you do accumulate money, it instantly becomes an addiction. I was addicted and so was my homies, we didn't want rehab, we were cash junkies, we o.d'd daily trying to get high enough to never go back to poverty.

## Albert 'Infinite' Carassco

#### Knowledge is to know

We walked through the flames on the surface of hell to put food on our plates, coke and dope was on the menu, the streets was how we ate, RIP to the fallen, when it's my turn meet me at the pearly gates. I went to funerals and saw eyes and lips glued up, kissed foreheads, mourned the dead, then went right back to the trap to get rid of my last re-up. Unfortunately death wasn't a deterrent, it came along with the risk and wish of moving out of housing developments. If I say losing day ones didn't hurt I'll be lying, it hurts bad, I'll be in my bag poppn at anyone for anything, tears didn't drop, slugs flying and shells falling was me crying.

I'll do anything to walk side by side home base victims of homicide again, it'll be incredible to look to the left and right and see a lot of old friends. Since that's not possible I'll keep walking this blood thirsty sphere with those still here. It's a smaller circle with the same goals, but with different opportunities, we're hustln hard and grindn daily without lean and nose candy. Harsh lessons were taught, painful knowledge was gained, we wanted to reign, it rained, it was a blood flood.

# Cliza Søgiøt

## Cliza Segioet



#### The Year of the Poet VI ~ October 2019

After earning a Master's Degree in Philosophy at the Jagiellonian University in Krakaw, Poland, Eliza Segiet proceeded with her post-graduate studies in the fields of Cultural Knowledge, Penal Revenue and Economic Criminal Law, Arts and Literature and Film and Television Production in the Polish city, Lodz.

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

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

#### Cliza Segioet

#### Abyss of Oblivion

They still look for the treasures of the past to touch — understand the enormity of the human thought and work.

In the dark kingdom, for a return towards the light await the silently slain acts.

To extract from the abyss of oblivion, to give a new life – to restore the memory.

Among the Saharan sands, a long-lost civilization does not allow itself to be forgotten.

The world needs testimonies to draw near the hidden secrets.

translated by Artur Komoter

## The Year of the Poet VI ~ October 2019

## Accoucheurs

Accoucheurs of the past reveal the past moments, so in the murmur of the walls to be able to see yesterday.

translated by Artur Komoter

#### Cliza Segioet

#### Mirage

I was a grain of sand in the desert, a droplet of the ocean, a flame coming out of a glowing hot fire, the wind delicately lashing worn out hands.

In the sun-warmed desert
I transformed into
a dune, the ocean, heat, a gale.
I am the fickleness, a chameleon, the element.
I am the volcano.

I feel the ardour under my feet, and in the distance I see you running towards my thirsty lips. I've waited so long!

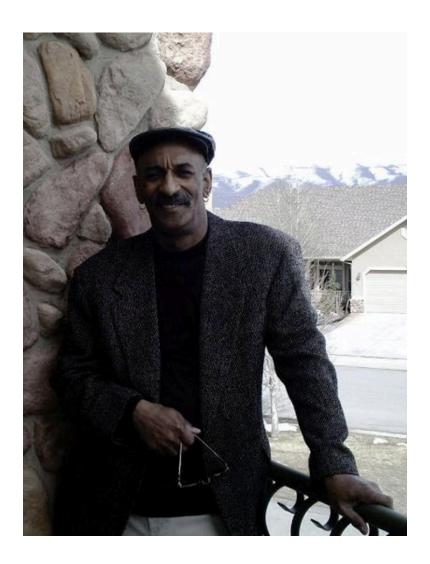
You are now just for me, I have you at my fingertips.

Why are you running for so long? Why are you disappearing? I cannot believe! You were a mirage!

translated by Artur Komoter

# William S. Peters Sr.

## 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

www.iamjustbill.com

#### William S. Peters, Sr.

#### Nile

From the bowels of creation Ushered forth was a land That is known Which wields Mankind's Fertile Crescent

In the lands
Is the womb
that gave birth
To civilization
And civility
To untold nations
Who to this day
Claim it
As their own convention
Along with the invention
Of history . . .
His-Story

But Mother has a story of Her own!

Listen!!!!

#### So I did

She sharpened the pencil . . . deliberately Then raised it on high Above her spiritual aura And then stabbed me . . . Again deliberately In my heart

She began to etch
Words and verse,
Lyrics dispersed
Upon the walls
Of my cluttered chambers of love . . .
In a 'Free-Style" sort of way,
For that is how her spirit was . . . FREE

We had no use for the eraser
During this life defying,
Edifying moment,
So, we took it, together
Between our fingers
And began to eliminate, erase
All the dimly lit vibrations about us
That expectorated anything less
Than brilliance

And then the music played, Once again As it had done O so long ago In the days of my youth

I thanked her
For the gift,
This perceivable world,
Where I let and bled

### William S. Peters, Sr.

All the poisons
I have ingested
And collected
Along my selected, defected . . . way

I smiled as I reflected And inspected The 'who am I', And I remembered succinctly That I loved to dance . . . So I did

#### Out there huh?

Push button memories
And
Instant daisies
Growing out of that pot I sketched
In my note book
While sitting on
My Blue Roof
In my Blue Moment

Kent Newburn says to me That these times Are keepers, Jeepers mom, Can you play that back Again?

Kent Newburn says to me That these times Are keepers

We too often forget
What is important ...
Is it the memories
We create and construct
In our dimly lit halls
Of cognizance?
Or the flowers we produce
Along the way ...
Chances are,
It's a hodge podge

Say, What was Alice's boyfriend's name, Did he go to Wonderland as well, If so, I betcha by golly wow,

#### William S. Peters, Sr.

She will never tell ...

In the meantime All the Kings and Princes And a few Princesses too, The Governors and Rulers, And Oligarchs few Sang in concert The Lechers Anthem While on the hunt For innocence To be defiled ... Keep a very close eye On your child and children, For they are not safe In this world That has been heralded ... In and out The revolving door goes While we are far too busy Sticking our noses Where it does not belong, Like up the wrong asses

The other day
While sitting in class
At Film School
I wrote a script,
Kind of silly of sort
About how we can abort
All of the nonsense
Before we all
Are poisoned ....

I really did not want to share Such an ominous thing, So I wrote this poem instead

### The Year of the Poet VI ~ October 2019

About all the crazy stuff Floating around In my head ...

The only thing is, I can not remember Whether or not This is a push button memory Or something I sketched Called 'Instant Daisies' ... Out there huh? William S. Peters, Sr.

# October 2019 Featured Poets



Ngozi Olivia Osuoha

Denisa Kondić

Pankhuri Sinha

Christena AV Williams



# Ngozi Olivia Osuoha

## Ngozi Olivia Osuoha



#### The Year of the Poet VI ~ October 2019

NGOZI OLIVIA OSUOHA is a Nigerian poet / writer / thinker. A graduate of Estate Management with experience in Banking and Broadcasting. She has published over one hundred poems / articles in over ten countries. Her first two longest poems of 355 and 560 verses titled THE TRANSFORMATION TRAIN and LETTER TO MY UNBORN published in Kenya and Canada respectively are available on Amazon. She has also featured in over ten international anthologies/books/blogs. She is a passionate African ink.

### Ngozi Olivia Osuoha

#### **Storms**

Of the waves that sink And the waters we drink, None is the food we eat Rather, the flood that did defeat.

Of the earthquakes that destroy And the landslides that toy, None can our joy deploy Because there is no peace to employ.

Of the winds that blow And the storms that grow, None can our love flow For they bring us so low.

Storms so strange Local and foreign, at range Storms that change Stories, histories, eternal.

#### Lingering Effect

If we write the storm
It comes like worm,
If we paint the picture
It dribbles our nature,
If we make a collage
We study it at college,
A perfect lingering effect.

We do not want to die Hence, the knot we tie We love to live So we cherish what we give, We defeat the battle Even without our cattle, For we must move on.

The path of tide
And the length of time
The part so wide
And the strength against crime
There, we pitch our tent
For life is so bent
Even as we pay rent.

## Ngozi Olivia Osuoha

#### **Flames**

Raged and angered ocean Thundering and thunderous sea, Noisy wind and restless breeze Troubled land and besieged souls, Only God understands.

Weeping voices and wailing victims Floating houses and sinking homes, Hopeless people and dying nation Only God knows.

Animals and beasts that raze Humans and beings at gaze Souls and spirits ablaze, A world in flames Losing her games Evil gaining names.

#### Not Withstanding

The Caribbean tears
Mingling down the Nile,
The European gears
Going extra mile
The African fears
Haunting the file
The Asian wears
Flowing the tile,
The American years
Curing pile,
The Australian bears
Not looking fragile.

A lingering effect
Disasters, natural and devastating
Yet never frightening her
As she hopes life never ends
Loving life to wait for hope
Living it lively to the fullest,
The Caribbean hope
Across that tiny rope
Reaching heights and highs
Nervous with sighs,
The hurricanes not withstanding.

## Ngozi Olivia Osuoha

# Penisa Kondić

## Denisa Kondić



Denisa Kondić is a published poet, reviewer and a translator, as well as a humanist and an advocate for the rights of children.

She is also widely published in collections with other authors and has participated in many international poetry festivals.

#### Penisa Kondić

#### Crumpled Bridge

On a stream that follows me all my life, I choke tears in my bosom. I do not let them fall into a gray turmoil That is turbid from others' iron scraps. They are salty and keep memories from oblivion, Conserving me from pain and disintegration.

This is my river,
Where did it go?
This is my road,
Why did you crash it down?
Spite seethes in her tendons target.
On people faces I don't see plain ground
Its furrows are turned into wrinkles,
Scowls are engraved in their hearts
Spite is on their palms target.

But my road, my beloved bridge, Like a crumpled A3 format, Larger than other formats, Gapes.

Had it only been a behemoth Showing its jaws after a fair strife, Leaving its skeleton in the waters. If only it is not target.

I look, with a frost-bound spirit,
I become an apparition, not to stick out.
At least, I've got a place,
I will make it to the other bank
Before the dark, before the sirens,

And its deadly wail, Cries.

My mother is waiting,
I have to see her,
All the memories of a crumpled paper
I have to leave behind.
On that iron paper,
I write in thoughts:
"You were a giant to me
Every time I crossed you
On a bike, or barefoot,
Or when I flew over you in dreams.
Now you are a corpse stretched out"
target.

Had this April 1st
Only been a prank
Rage will arise in me
I would protect myself.
But now, unprepared for the reality
I bow down my head, choking tears.
But you did not defeat me,
I am from the Balkans.

A last glance on Petrovaradin From the other bank I don't let a tear fall I have to save a remembrance for my future self.

Target: During the NATO bombing of Serbia, after several bridges were destroyed by bombs, people decided to protect the rest of the bridges with their bodies. In great numbers, they would wear shirts that had the word "Target" and a bullseye graphic and would stand on the bridges during signs of air attack, hoping to prevent damage to the bridge.

#### Penisa Kondić

#### "I don't have a name"

I was born just before the bombs In a village in Kosovo. Invisible before society Unimportant for the world.

They didn't register me The bombs prevented them. Where a name should stand "No name" is written.

Hey, you big world, Hear me, I am existing I do not have a name But I have myself.

I grew up on mother's milk
It is the same for all the kids
But I am double cursed:
Being from Kosovo and dark skinned.

Years are counted the same for all Being Gypsies or others But we steal happiness differently And hide it just to be shown.

But I am twenty this year I mock the injustice and don't care But the the bombs remind me That a name I don't have.

(A true story of a Gypsy girl who didn't have an official name in her personal papers until this year)

#### Beneath The End

This shelter is atramentous a remembrance on the soul crawls I am banished, harshly stepped on On the skin your words sharply scrawl.

Throw a mask, dare to be a man It is better seen when it's dark You gave a word when it was light But now shots are the only marks.

Aimed with soft words of eloquence As a statue you're standing there Promises that you ran over Be courageous to count. Be here!

Come and rest now on my warm lap My soul is wide as a flat land My arms are long, soft, firm and bare Of explosions I am not scared.

I escaped death in a moment Carved a new image of myself. But because of dread you became A pillar of salt, shame - thyself.

In this cold aphonic shelter
I shattered tears of my lone soul
Got the shot into my bosom
And buried you, for good, in whole.

### Denisa Kondić

## Pankhuri Sinha

### Pankhuri Sinha



Pankhuri Sinha is an bilingual young poet and story writer, just starting my first novel. Have two books of Poems Published in English- Dear Suzannah, and Prison Talkies. Have two collections of stories published in Hindi, and four collections of poetries published in Hindi, and many more of both are lined up. Have won several prestigious, national awards for my writings in Hindi. Currently, teach History and Hindi Literature in a graduate college in India. Have an incomplete Phd, in History from the University of Calgary, Alberta, Canada, and an MA in History from SUNY Buffalo. Date of Birth 18<sup>th</sup> June, 1975. As a woman, I write for gender equality among many things.

#### Pankhuri Sinha

#### After the rabbits had changed their colors

Before the snow.
They planned
A hunting trip
Some place, nearby
They got some guns
Real guns
Knowing all were not friends
But they united
It seems, over guns
And sailed off.
But these lines are for those
Who knew of hunting
And stayed back
Watching the rabbits change their colors.

#### **Closing Before Time**

The cafes
Closing, just as I get there
Not even, as they see me come
But right before that
So sound is the surveillance network
Thus
Performing the final act of closing
Exactly as I reach
And to say
Very politely with a smile
Sorry
We are closed

In the days, when you are Living By the Taste of Your Drink Among a lot of bitterness Of unnecessary conflicts....

You Know
We all do know of it
The endless war over nothing
Just embittering all things sweet
Including the coco and vanilla
In my tall
Americano Coffee
The two things I like to sprinkle
Or load it with
By coolly walking by
Just as I pour complementary cream
And worse
Begin opening plain sugar saches's in one's drink
Doing it time after time......

#### Pankhuri Sinha

## The Place of One's Drink in Total Friendlessness

The Place of One's Drink in Total Friendlessness
Is a thing we all must understand
You cannot drink very sweet drinks
In very bitter days
Or can you?
Should I take the recommendation of the stranger.....

These are not days of slavery
On the sugar plantations
But as the Arab Spring
Beginning In Tunisia
Told us
Things are not pleasant
On Fruit plantations
Either in the Caribbean, or in dear old India
Or Africa
And no
This poem is not about Ebola
Outbreak or treatment
In the once German colonies
Of the Congos

And I am not boycotting sugar
Just that my grandmum could not
Get her hip operated upon
Because of alarming levels of blood sugar

Doesn't mean I am eager
For a hip, or a knee or an intestinal operation
I fear the latter the most
For they have ruined it completely

I am doing coke, ice cream Tea and coffee for food Well, mostly

More than my stomach My heart is a wreck And the trouble is There is no remedy in sight

I have never lived in such friendlessness Not even friendlessness Neither a Vacuum An emptiness But a constant assertion By all That they are not friends That they will not be friends Till I do As they say And Most certainly My walking into starbucks Getting the soy lattes And extra chocolate Mocha Is problematic.

### Pankhuri Sinha

# Christena AV Williams

## Christena AV Williams



Christena AV Williams is a Jamaican multiple award-winning Author and an ICPI Cultural ambassador. She Holds a BA (Hons.) In History (major) and Philosophy (minor) from The University of the West Indies. Her Book, "Pearls among Stones" was awarded Prime Ministers National Youth Awards for excellence in Arts and Culture.

Some of her featured works are: Gleaner newspaper, Poetry NZ 47 in New Zealand, Tuck magazine, shortlisted in Desmond O' Grady poetry in Ireland, featured Poet at Jamaica Poetry festival, and An assistant instructor to Poet laureate, Lorna Goodison in All flowers are roses programme and youth4peaceJA ambassador.

#### Christena AV Williams

#### Black Magic

Good morning jaw-dropping melanin Kings and Queens Have the sun kissed your cheeks?
Have the wind greet you with a surreal embrace?
Did the bees hum your name?
Did the birds chirp the peace you exudes?
Did the ants fall in rows kneeling at your feet
Awaiting your command?
Did the trees bow at such Black magical Beings?
Can you contain such an energy field?
Does nature show its reverence when you exhale?
Did you hear the angels singing your praises?
Did you thank your creator for making you and me?
So, Good Morning your majesty.

#### Heart Transplant

Crashing paper planes on the beating drums Still life,
Resuscitate a poor, poor heart that malfunctions
As I am too weak to whisper, "save me"
Too cold to forgive my prisoner as I am locked in Guantanamo bay.

Too broken to find a new heart
Too sick to care if I live or die
Strung up on tubes walking around
Loveless
Spaced out, head bound on a
Never ending carousal
While you stroll nirvana
Alluring souls
Painless.

This heart deteriorates by the seconds Hallucinating on fading memories Which fumes intoxication in my lungs, Liver and heart Now I am on life support.

I am up all nights towards the morning Coughing up shock waves Puking butterflies

In bed I lay awake from the nightmares
Of elm street of us
At times the sunrise escapes my windows
Which reminds me of a cherished portrait of you
I wished to deny its nocturnal majesty
But I long the eternal.

#### Christena AV Williams

#### In the tropics

It is a restless sea
There is no place I rather be
Than in your arms, harmoniously
Been thinking for a while
That we need to get away
From the bigotry into paradise.

The waves whisper our names
The sun intensifies our soul
We scream and exhale
Our banana leaf flesh symmetrically sprawled out
In the cabana
As the coconut trees dance to our beating hearts.

The aroma of roasted yams and breadfruit And cooked ackee and saltifsh Whet our appetites Could we ask for more? This place is mystic to the eyes Our spirit is one with the ancestors We are at home.

Baby can we relax into each other's
Eyes and beam at the stars
While we swing in the hammock
And you caress my hips to thighs
Bite my lips
Kiss my feet to butt cheeks
Slowly reaching up to my nose
To my forehead
And back again to lips
To the tree arches in my paradise
Can we be whisked away in the tropics?

## Remembering

our fallen soldiers of verse



Janet Perkins Caldwell
February 14, 1959 ~ September 20, 2016

*Glan W. Jankowski* 16 March 1961 ~ 10 March 2017



# The World Healing, World Peace International Poetry Symposium

## Stay Tuned

for more information

intouch@innerchildpress.com

'building bridges of cultural understanding' www.innerchildpress.com

## Inner Child Press

# Mews

Poetry Posse Members

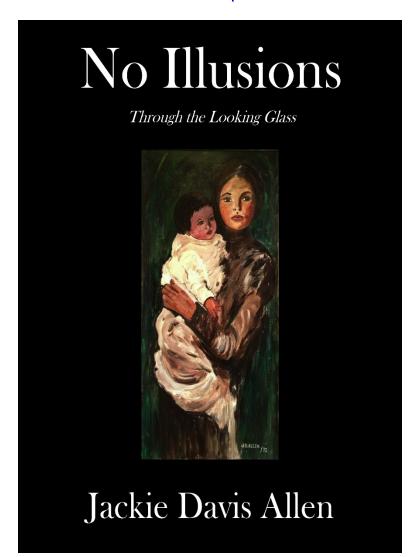
#### Inner Child Press News

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

On the following pages we present to you ...

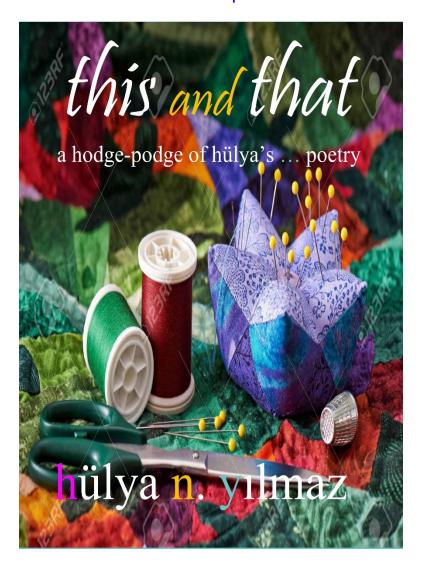
Jackie Davis Allen
Gail Weston Shazor
hülya n. yılmaz
Nizar Sartawi
Faleeha Hassan
Fahredin Shehu
Caroline 'Ceri' Nazareno
Eliza Segiet
William S. Peters, Sr.

## Now Available at <u>www.innerchildpress.com</u>

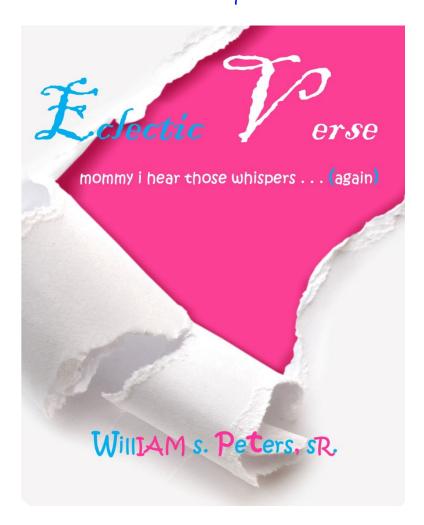


#### Inner Child Press News

## Now Available at <u>www.innerchildpress.com</u>



## Now Available at www.innerchildpress.com



#### Inner Child Press News

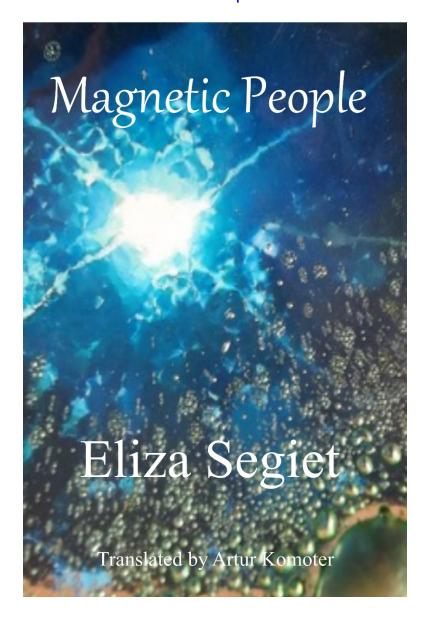
Now Available at <u>www.innerchildpress.com</u>

## **HERENOW**



#### **FAHREDIN SHEHU**

## Now Available at <u>www.innerchildpress.com</u>

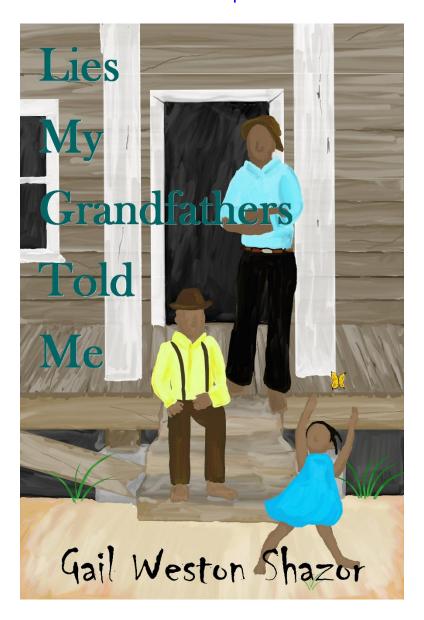


#### Inner Child Press News

## Now Available at www.innerchildpress.com

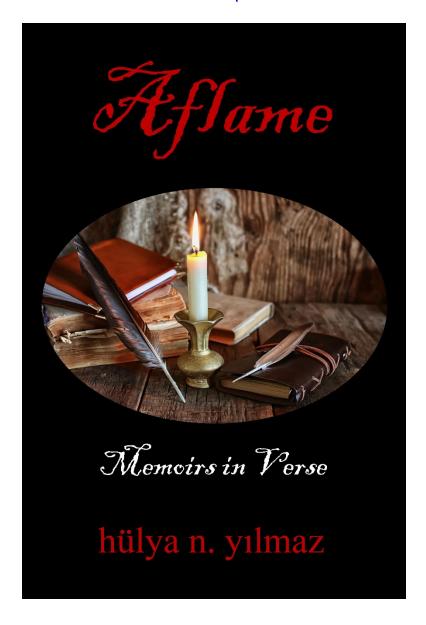


## Now Available at <u>www.innerchildpress.com</u>

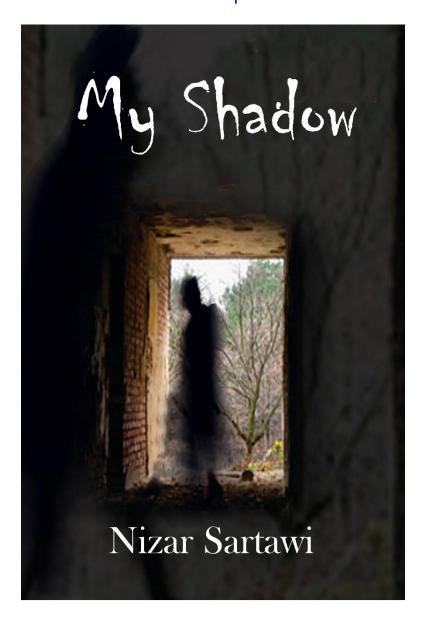


#### Inner Child Press News

## Now Available at <u>www.innerchildpress.com</u>



## Now Available at www.innerchildpress.com



#### Inner Child Press News

## Now Available at <u>www.innerchildpress.com</u>



## Now Available at <u>www.innerchildpress.com</u>

## Breakfast

for

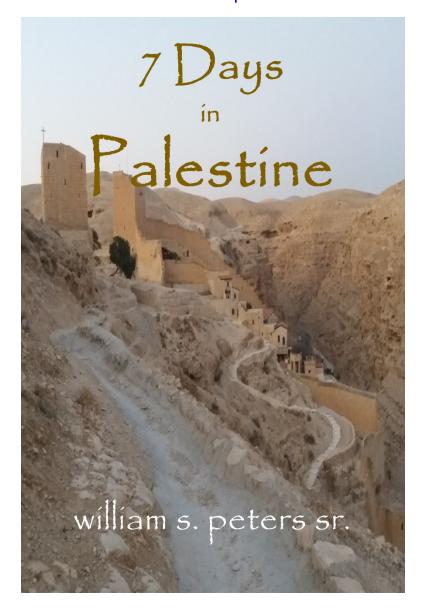
## Butterflies



Faleeha Hassan

#### Inner Child Press News

## Now Available at <u>www.innerchildpress.com</u>

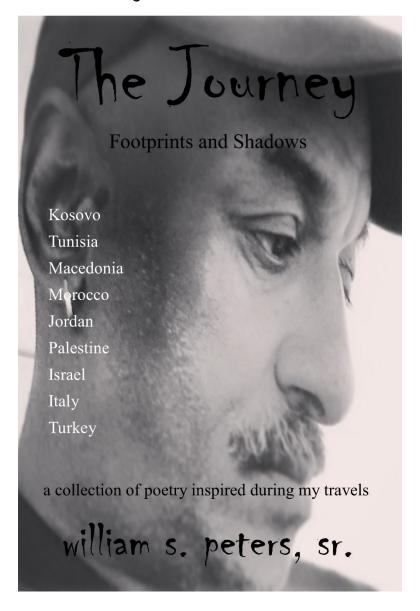


#### The Year of the Poet VI ~ October 2019

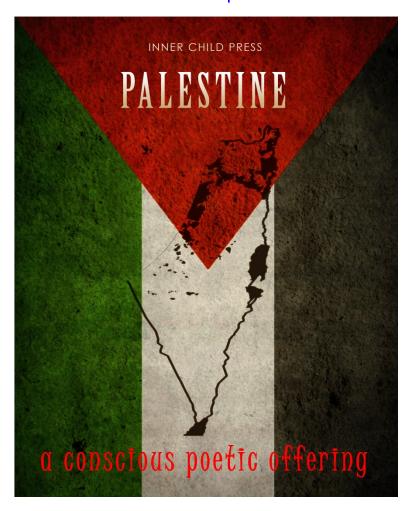


#### Inner Child Press News

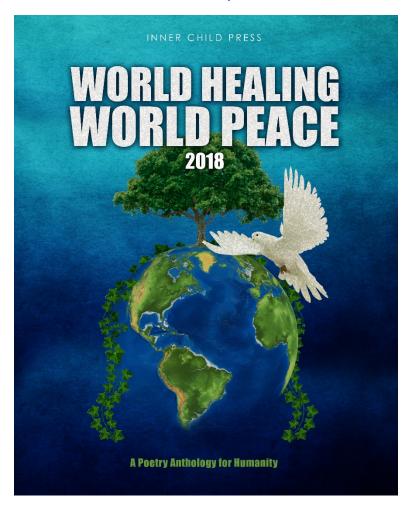
# Coming in the Summer of 2019



#### The Year of the Poet VI ~ October 2019



#### Inner Child Press News

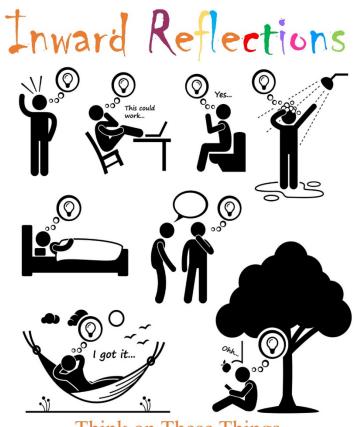


#### The Year of the Poet VI ~ October 2019



#### Inner Child Press News

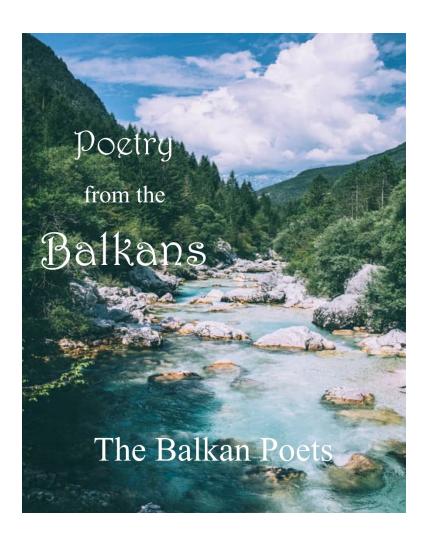
# Now Available at <u>www.innerchildpress.com</u>



Think on These Things
Book II

william s. peters, sr.

#### The Year of the Poet VI ~ October 2019



#### Inner Child Press News

# Other Anthological works from

Inner Child Press International

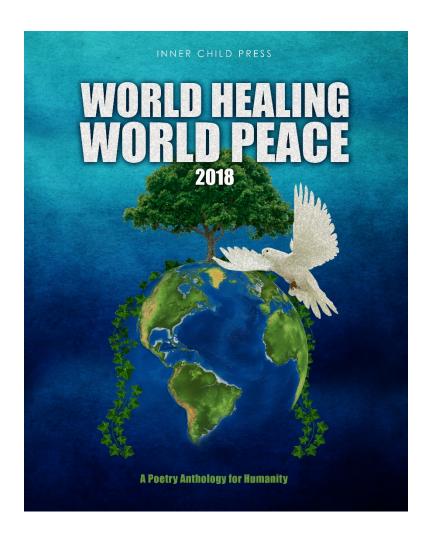
www.innerchildpress.com

# Inner Child Press International presents

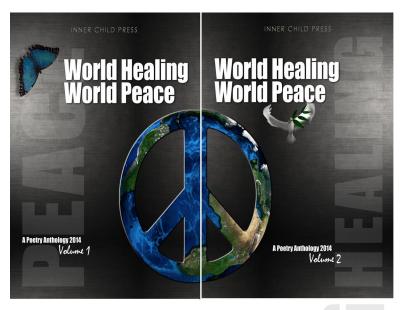


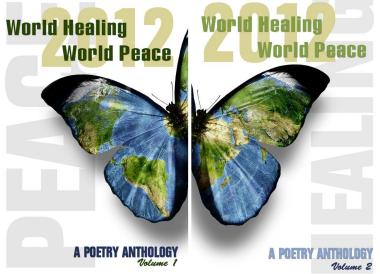
The Love Poets

Now Available



Now Available



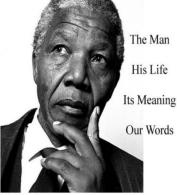


#### Now Available



Now Available

# Mandela



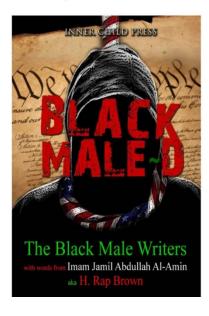
Poetry . . . Commentary & Stories
The Anthological Writers

#### A GATHERING OF WORDS



FOR FOR

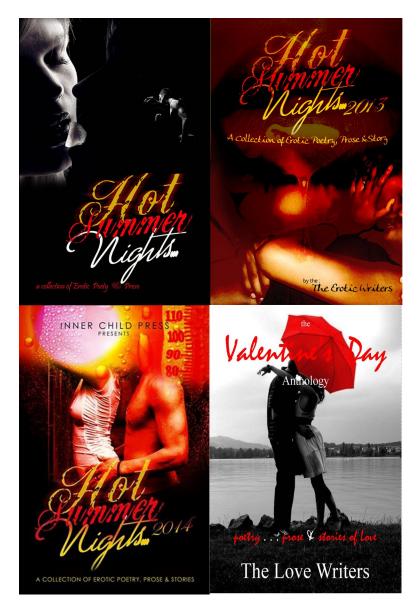
#### TRAYVON MARTIN





the conscious poets inspired by . . . Monte Smith

Now Available



Now Available



Now Available



#### Now Available





Junie Bord
Junie Bord
Grill Vestor Sharor
Albert Infinitic Carracto
Siddartha Beth Pierce
Jance P. Caldwell
June Borg Barefield
Debbie M. Allen
Tony Henninger
Joe Daverbal Stundancer
Blower Gibbons
Shareet Andur-Stacherd
Kinherb Furnham
William S. Peters, Sr.

Our March Featured Poeta
Alician C. Cooper & Intilya yılmaz

#### the Year of the Poet



celebrating international poetry month

#### Now Available









#### Now Available

# The Year of the Poet September 2014 Aster Morning-Glory Wild Charles September Flower September Feature Poets

Florence Malone \* Keith Alon Hamilton

Sha Doelay Possa

Samie Bond \* Call Weston Shaper - Nibert - Winline Comaco - Siddertha Beth Floren

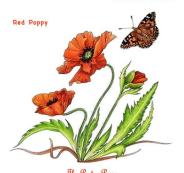
Samet P. Coldwell \* Sure Bag Servicide \* Debth M. Alian \* Tony Herminger

Joe Dolverbal Minddancer \* Robert Cibbons \* Neetu Wal \* Shoree6 Abdur-Rasheed

Kinberty Burnham \* Willom S. Peters, Sr.

#### THE YEAR OF THE POET

October 2014



Samie Bond \* Call Weston Shazer Albert in Filter Carasco \* Siddartha Beth Pierce Sanet P. Caldwell \* June 'Bugg' Bareffeld \* Debble M. Allen \* Tony Herninger Joe DaVerbal Mindancer \* Robert Calbons \* Neetu Wal \* Sharee

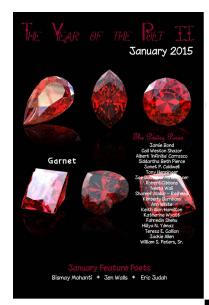
#### October Feature Poets

Ceri Naz \* Rasendra Padhi \* Elizabeth Castillo



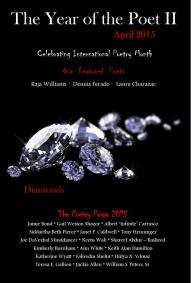


#### Now Available









#### Now Available



# The Year of the Poet 11



# The Year of the Poet II

July 2015



#### The Poetry Posse 2015

Jamie Bend "Gail Westen Shazer "Albert "Infinite" Carrasco Siddarfia Beth Pierce "Janet P. Caldwell "Temy Heminiger Geo Daverbal Minddancer "Neuth wali: Shareef Albart—Rasheed Kimberly Burnham" Ann White "Keith Alan Hamilton Kaffarine Wyaft "Fahredin Stehat" Hillya N Yilmaz Teresa E Gallien "Jackie Allen" William S Feters Sr.

#### The Year of the Poet II

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

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

August 2015



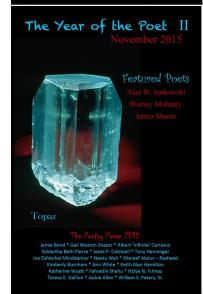
#### The Poetry Posse 2015

Jamie Bond \* Gail Weston Sluzze \* Allert 'Infinite' Carrasco Siddarlıa Beth Pierce \* Janet P. Caldwell \* Tony Henninger Joe Da'verlad Minddamcer \* Neetu Wali \* Shareef Alchar - Rasheed Kimberly Burulum \* Ann White \* Keith Alan Hamilton Katherine Wyatt \* Fahredin Shehu \* Hülya N. Yılmaz Teresa E. Gallion \* Jackie Allen \* William S. Feters. Sr.

#### Now Available







### The Year of the Poet II December 2015

#### Featured Poets

Kerione Bryan \* Michelle Joan Barulich \* Neville Hiatt



#### The Poetry Posse 2015

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

#### Now Available



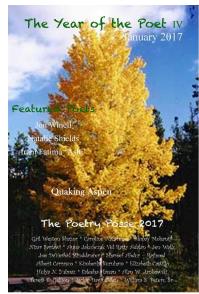
#### Now Available



#### Now Available



#### Now Available

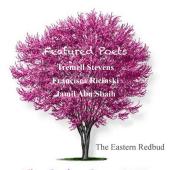


#### The Year of the Poet IV February 2017



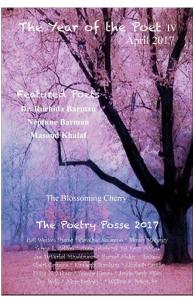
Gall Wiston Shazor \* Caroline Nazareno \* Bisnay Mohauty Nare Sethert \* Johan Jakoliczak viel Retty Halden \* An Walls Jon DeVerhol Minddeneur \* Sharene Halden \* Reshend Albert Cerresco \* Kinbenty Burnham \* Elizbeth Cestillo John N. Yalmaz \* Esleche Hessen \* Halo W. Jankowski "Geress E. Gallon \* Jackie Davis Allen \* William S. Peters, Sr.

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



#### The Poetry Posse 2017

Gall Weston Shazor \* Caroline Nazareno \* Bismay Mohandy Teress E. (dellino \* Homa alakhezaja Vell Batty Halam John Da'Narha Mindalayene \* Sharena Halam - Bajhead Albert Carrasco \* Kimberly Burnham \* Elizabeth Castillo Hulya N. Yulmaz \* Faledra Hassan \* Jackie Dreis Allen Jen Vella\* Nuzar saturku \* William & Reter, Sr.



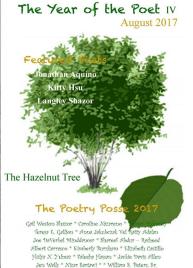
#### Now Available







Albert Cerresco \* Kimberty Burnhem \* Elizebeth Cestillo Hulye M. Yılmez \* Feleche Hessen \* Jeckie Devis Allen Jen Wells \* Nizer Sertewi \* \* Williem S. Peters, Sr.



#### Now Available

#### The Year of the Poet IV September 2017



#### The Poetry Posse 2017

Gail Weston Shazor \* Caroline Nazareno \* Bismay Mohanty Teres E. Gallion \* Anna Jakubczak Vel Ratty Adalan Joe DaVerbal Minddance \* Sharede Abdur - Rasheed Albert Carrasco \* Kimberly Burnham \* Elizabeth Castillo Hülya N. Yılmaz \* Falecha Hassan \* Jackie Davis Allen Jen Walls \* Nizar Sartawi \* \* Villiam S. Peters, Sr.

# The Year of the Poet IV November 2017

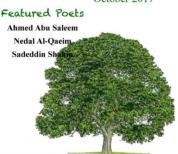
Featured Poets
Kay Peters
Alfreda D. Ghee
Gabriella Garofalo
Rosemary Cappello



#### The Poetry Posse 2017

Gail Weston Shazor \* Caroline Nazareno \* Bismay Mohanty Teres E. Gallion \* Anna Jakubczak Vel Ratty Adalan Joe DaVerhal Minddancer \* Sharefe Abdur - Rasheed Albert Carrasco \* Kimberly Burnham \* Elizabeth Castillo Hülya N. Yılmaz \* Falecha Hassan \* Jackie Davis Allen Jen Walls \* Nizar Sartawi \* William S. Peters, Sr.

#### The Year of the Poet IV



The Black Walnut Tree

#### The Poetry Posse 2017

Gall Weston Shazor \* Caroline Nazareno \* Bismay Mohanty Teresa E. Gallion \* Anna Jakubczak Vel Ratty Adalan Joe DaVerbal Minddancer \* Sharefe Abdur - Rasheed Albert Carrasco \* Kimberly Burnham \* Elizabeth Castillo Hilya N. Yılmaz \* Faleeha Hassan \* Jackie Davis Allen Jen Walls \* Nizar Sartawi \* \* Vitillam S. Peters, Sr.

## The Year of the Poet IV December 2017



#### The Poetry Posse 2017

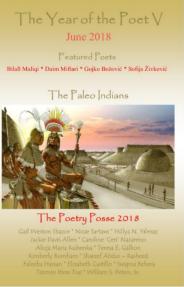
Gall Weston Shazor \* Caroline Nazareno \* Bismay Mohanty Teresa E. Gallion \* Anna Jakubczak Vel Ratty, Adalan Joe DaVerhal Minddance \* Shared Abdur - Rasheed Albert Carrasco \* Kimberly Burnham \* Elizabeth Castillo Hülya N. Yılmaz \* Faleeha Hassan \* Jackie Davis Allen Jen Walls \* Nizza Faratwi \* William S. Peters, Sr.

#### Now Available



#### Now Available





# The Year of the Poet V July 2018 Feature: Fools Padmial Newford Eddy Molammad Ildal Harb Eliza Seglet Tom Higgins Oceanía The Poetry Posse 2018 Gall Weston Shazon \* Nizar Sartawi, Hulya N. vlimaz Jakke Pavis Allein Čaroline Čeri Nazireno Aliça Maria Kubenka \* Teyea E Gallion Kimberly Rumbar \* Shazed Abdur - Rasheed Falecha Hassin \* Hizabeth Castillo \* Swapna Behera Tezmin Ition Tsa\*-Villiam S. Peters, Sr.

#### The Year of the Poet V August 2018

Featured Poets

Hussein Habasch \* Mircea Dan Duta \* Naida Mujkić \* Swagat Das

#### The Lapita



#### The Poetry Posse 2018

Gail Weston Shazor \* Nizar Sartawi \* Hülya N. Yılmaz Jackie Davis Allen \* Caroline 'Ceri Nazareno Alicja Adaria Kuberska, 'Teresa E. Gallion Kimberly Burnham \* Shareef Abdur – Rasheed Ashok K. Bhargava \* Elizabeth Castillo \* Swapna Behaera Tezmi titon Tsai 'William S. Peters.

#### Now Available

# The Year of the Poet V September 2018

#### The Aztecs & Incas



#### Featured Poets Kolade Olanrewaju Freedom

Eliza Segiet

Mazher Hussain Abdul Ghani
Lily Swarn

#### The Poetry Posse 2018

Gail Weston Shazor \* Nizar Sartawi \* Hülya N. Yılmaz Jackie Davis Allen \* Caroline 'Cerr' Nazareno Alicja Maria Kubensia \* Teresa E. Gallion Kimberly Burnham \* Shareef Abdur – Rasheed Ashok K. Bhargawa \* Elizabeth Castillo \* Swapna Behaera Tezmin Iston Tsal \* William S. Peters, Sr.





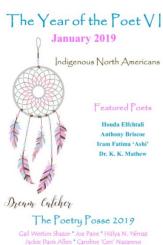
#### The Poetry Posse 2018

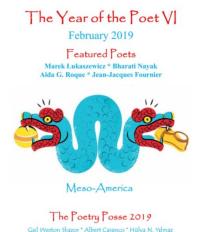
Gail Weston Shazor \* Nizar Sartawi \* Hülya N. Yılmaz Jackie Davis Allen \* Caroline \* Ceri \* Nazareno Alicip Amria Kubenski \* Teresa E. Gallion Kimberly Burnham \* Shareef Abdur – Rasheed Ashok K. Bhargawa \* Elizabeth Castillo \* Swapna Behaera Tezmin Ition Tsai \* William S. Peters, St





#### Now Available

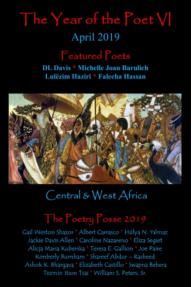




Gail Weston Shazor - Joe Paire - Hulya N. Yılmaz. Jackie Davis Allen - Caroline 'Ceri' Nazaeno Alicig Maria Kuberska - Teresa E. Gallion Kimberly Burnham - Shareef Abdur - Rasheed Ashok K. Bhargava - Elizabeth Castillo - Swapma Behaera Tezmin Itlon Tsai - William 5. Peters, Sr.

Jackie Davis Allen \* Caroline Nazareno \* Eliza Segiet Alica Maria Kuberska \* Teresa E. Gallion \* Joe Paire Kimberly Bursham \* Shareef Abdur - Rasheed Ashok K. Bhargava \* Elizabeth Castillo \* Swapna Behera Tezmin Ition Tsai \* William S. Peters, Sr.





#### Now Available





Asia Southeast Asia and Maritime Asia

#### The Poetry Posse 2019

Gail Weston Shazor "Albert Carrasco "Hülya N. Yılmaz Jackie Davis Allen "Caroline Nazareno "Eliza Segiet Alicja Maria Kubersia "Teresa E. Gallion "Joe Patre Kimberly Burnham" Shareef Abdur – Rasheed Ashok K. Bhargava "Bizabeth Castillo "Swapna Behera Tezmin Hiton Tail "William S. Peters, a

#### The Year of the Poet VI

#### June 2019

Featured Poets

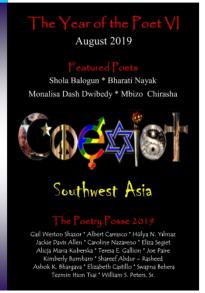
Kate Gaudi Powiekszone \* Sahaj Sabharwal Iwu Jeff \* Mohamed Abdel Aziz Shmeis



#### The Poetry Posse 2019

Gail Weston Shazor " Albert Carrasco " Hülya N. Yılmaz Jackie Davis Allen " Caroline Nazareno " Eliza Segiet Alicja Maria Kuberska " Terese E. Gallion " Joe Paire Kimberly Burnham " Shareef Abdur – Rasheed Ashok K. Bhargava " Elizabeth Castillo " Swapna Behera Tezmir Ition Tsai " William S. Petess."





#### Now Available

and there is much, much more!

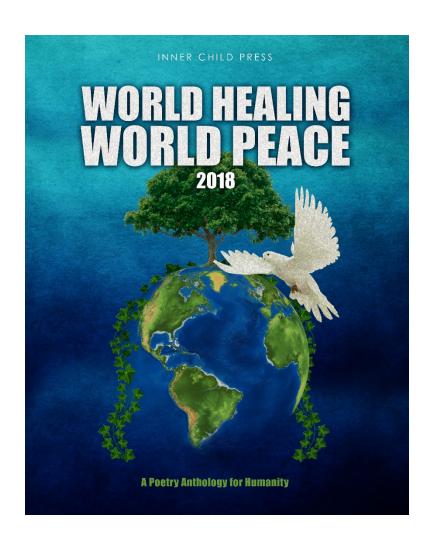
#### visit . . .

www.innerchildpress.com/antho logies-sales-special.php

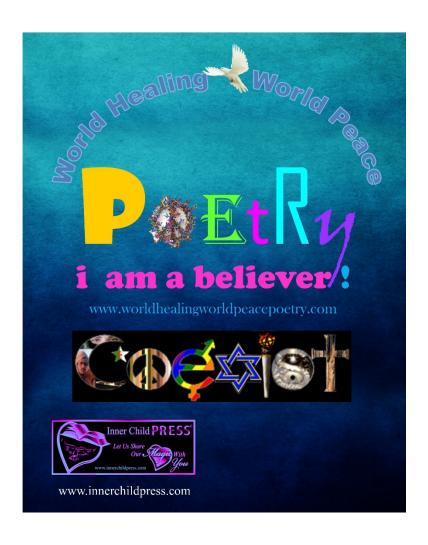
Also check out our Authors and all the wonderful Books

Available at:

www.innerchildpress.com/authors-pages



Now Available



#### Now Available



 $\underline{www.worldhealingworldpeacepoetry.com}$ 



# World Healing World Peace 2018

Now Available

# Inner Child Press International

'building bridges of cultural understanding'

#### Meet the Board of Directors



William S. Peters, Sr. Chair Person Founder Inner Child Enterprises Inner Child Press



Hülya N Yılmaz Director **Editing Services** Co-Chair Person



Fahredin B. Shehu Director Cultural Affairs



Elizabeth E. Castillo Director Recording Secretary



De'Andre Hawthorne Director Performance Poetry



Gail Weston Shazor Director Anthologies



Kimberly Burnham Ashok K. Bhargava Director Cultural Ambassador Pacific Northwest USA



Director WINAwards



**Deborah Smart** Director Publicity Marketing

www.innerchildpress.com



# This Anthological Publication is underwritten solely by

# Inner Child Press

Inner Child Press is a Publishing Company Founded and Operated by Writers. Our personal publishing experiences provides us an intimate understanding of the sometimes daunting challenges Writers, New and Seasoned may face in the Business of Publishing and Marketing their Creative "Written Work".

For more Information

Inner Child Press

www.innerchildpress.com



- fini -



# The World Healing, World Peace

**International Poetry Symposium** 

# Stay Tuned

for more information

intouch@innerchildpress.com

'building bridges of cultural understanding' www.innerchildpress.com

# The Poetry Posse ~ 2019



#### October 2019 ~ Featured Poets



Ngozi Olivia Osuoha



Denisa Kondić



Christena AV Williams



Pankhuri Sinha



www.innerchildpress.com