The Year of the Poet VIII

September 2021 Featured Global Poets

Monsif Beroual * Sandesh Ghimire

Sharmila Poudel * Pavol Janik

Heather Jansch



Poetry... Ekphrasticly Speaking

The Poetry Posse 2021

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



September 2021

The Poetry Posse

inner child press, ltd.

The Poetry Posse 2021

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

~ * ~

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

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

General Information

The Year of the Poet VIII September 2021 Edition

The Poetry Posse

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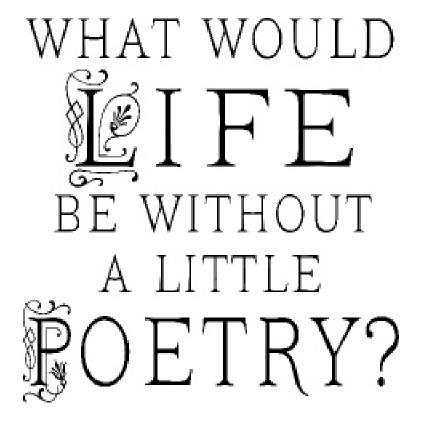
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This Book is dedicated to

Humanity, Peace & Poetry

the Power of the Pen can effectuate change!

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The Poetry Posse

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



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

Janet P. Caldwell

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Foreword

With this, the September 2021 issue of the Year of the Poet, we, the members of the Poetry Posse, celebrate and honor the British born painter, writer, and Internationally renown Sculptor, Heather Jansch.

The Art world also honors Ms Jansch, a British Citizen, who was born in the United Kingdom in 1948. We join in mourning her recent passing, in July 2021.

Inspired by Heather Jansch's life, and, or, her lifesize driftwood sculptures of horses, we, the Poetry Posse, each, present to you, from our creativity, a themed poem. We offer them to you, not as literal interpretations of her or her work, but rather, drawn as from the poetic well of creativity's thirst, there, where memories, imagination, adventures, desires, and experiences satisfy.

In her early years, Heather Jansch, struggled with academics. However, she did not let that prevent her from pursuing further education or her many creative endeavors: painting, writing, sculpting.

Born Heather Rosemary Sewell, her two passions were drawing and horses. She authored two children's books in addition to, "Heather Jansch's Diary" and "Bert Jansch: Living with the Legend". She had also been working on a memoir.

Best known, for her life-size driftwood horse sculptures, Heather Jansch is best known, however, as an Internationally acclaimed sculptor of life-size driftwood horses, she amazingly, advanced a technique in bronze that transformed her horse sculptures so that they appeared to have been made from driftwood. Her life-size driftwood horse sculptures are held in collections all over the world.

With this brief overview of the sculptor, Heather Jansch, may you, our dear readers, be inspired to research the internet and learn more about her many accomplishments.

In parting, may you, our dear readers, be inspired to overcome the obstacles in your path, as did the extraordinary Ms Jansch. So go forth. Determine to be more, to do more, to love more.

Go forth, pursuing that which is nearest to your heart's creativity, passion, and desire.

Jackie Davis Allen

D_{reface}

Dear Family and Friends,

So, here we are, in the closing of yet another year of publishing *The Year of the Poet*. This volume, (#93) represents our 9th month of our eighth year of monthly publication. Amazing how much effort has been given by all the poets, to include the various members of *The Poetry Posse* and all the wonderful featured poets from all over our world. For myself, it has been and continues to be a great honor to be a part of this wonderful cooperative effort.

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

Bill

William S. Peters, Sr.

Publisher Inner Child Press International

www.innerchildpress.com

PS

Do Not forget about the World Healing, World Peace Poetry initiative for 2022. Mark your calendars. Submissions will be opening . . . September 1st 2021

Past volumes are vailable here

www.worldhealingworldpeacepoetry.com

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

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

Heather Jansch September 2021

Heather Jansch, a British sculptor notable for making life-sized sculptures of horses from driftwood, also used cork as a material in her earlier creations. Jansch reported that she struggled in her youth in schools but had a passion for drawing and horses.

https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Heather Jansch

"When the creative flow is running, my energy is boundless, everything around me seems to vibrate with potential."

~Heather Jansch





https://www.geograph.org.uk/photo/4992570





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

~ wsp





Poetry succeeds where instruction fails.

~ wsp

Gail Weston Shazor



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

Author of ...

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

Lies My Grandfathers Told Me

available at Inner Child Press.

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Solid State

There is something up there Way beyond the clouds Floating past the wings These aluminum reminders Of my mortality Stiff and unyielding to my will I count the lights on the flaps Then I count the lights in the sky We can't touch down Until all are there I breathe hope breath On the curved windows I like the way they bend My dreams of going And my dreams of arriving

When I was a child My uncle bought us a television set It was housed in a wooden cabinet The screen was curved Where the windows had corners State of the Art As I grew It went from a television To a TV To a monitor

There is someone up there Way beyond the clouds Floating higher than wings And even when I stretch

As tall as I can I can only count the megapixels That sometimes blink like lights And I want to touch down But the monitor won't let me I can no longer dream Beyond a curved Or beyond a cornered glass And someone else's dreams Keep arriving In my living room

Time

There comes a time when your world gets quiet enough that all you can hear is the beating and the breaking of your one heart.

~ Ann Voskamp

Time stood still while the sand ceased to move and it became hard to swallow with dry lips The silence quickened every heartbeat cleaved in twos one half firing after the other and not in synch Along the edge of the ocean I can no longer hear your voice with each crashing wave the energy is spent and courses along my spine Until it is hard to stand still I would twist the hours to fit what I want ignoring what it is that I need and the morning comes Just to shine a light in the middle of my twos It is only at night when my one part sleeps that I no longer feel divided

Cipher

1+2 equals 2 2-1 equals 2 No matter which way I cipher The three it always ends up two I cut it in half and like Abraham I can't bear the thought of Only getting a portion of What I am deserving of Three minus two equals two I have counted days and hours And now even months Until two plus one can equal two And time is divided Into waiting for the next time Until one becomes one point five On the sidelines looking For the plus sign that would join Reticence into conviction Of more than a missed call Or a mussed kiss on two lips Two plus one equals one It would seem that wisdom Would dictate the inequality Of becoming one Paired as soloed For longer than expected The blackboard eraser secrets The one in a longer division and Yellow chalk cancels wings Over indivisible brackets One plus two equals one

A rolling stone dropped Chips against mathematical truth And no matter how damaged It is still just one One plus one plus one equals two But maybe two minus one Equals a matched pair

Alicja Maria Kuberska



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

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

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

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

The Horses of Poseidon

Nobody has ever seen them During a storm you can hear their tramp A wild neigh similar to the sound of the wind And you can see their white manes Weaved into the waves

Poseidon's steeds gallop Over the endless blue of the oceans They crumble Steel tankers and fishing boats Under their hooves

When they leave, they turn to sea foam, And their whitened bones Are like pieces of wood Water throws them ashore

Agony

When I stopped waiting for a miracle I prayed for your death - that it would come and put the seals on your eyelids and mouth and take away the rest of my hope.

Similar to a giant spider, tangled up in a web made of cables and pipes, you suffer in silence and wait.

We all know it's time to leave and death stands on the threshold of the hospital room

Nobody can help you. You yourself have to cross a thin line between earthly existence and eternity - even if there's nothing on the other side

Dementia

There are gray moths overhead They spin faster and faster A cloud made of their wings Covers the last rays Darkness falls

The insects keep growing They hatch in the ganglia of the brain The larvae eat up memory Yesterday does not exist Today you only want to survive

It's time to forget the unforgivable.

Jackie Davis Allen



Jackie Davis Allen, otherwise known as Jacqueline D. Allen

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Grandpa, the Horse, and...

Both, strong, old, Sinewy. One beast of burden; The other, a man, burdened down.

Both, hard working, Loyal, Helpful, necessary. Dependent upon each other.

The man, the beast And, I the child Standing. Fearfully trusting, An apple in my hand.

Before the ancient barn door, Closed at the bottom, Open at the top, I hesitate.

In my grandfather's arms, Encouraging, insisting. Despite age of innocence, That I not be afraid.

Fearful, trusting, complying, I Retrieve my hand. Thankful I did nor die. Thankful Too, the horse and Grandpa.

Thanksgiving

As I sit in my car, waiting to pick up My children fro Day Care, my cell phone rings. It is Adam. He will be late coming home. He has a major project he is working one. So, the children and I will be on our own.

I have come home from work exhausted. I kick off my shoes, sit my children down At the table to do their homework. Soon I will have to take them to practice, Piano for Ben, gymnastics for Susie.

I lie down on the sofa near them, Remind them to wake me should I fall asleep. Snowshoes, our kitty sits atop me, Meowing, her way of saying, "Feed me." And so it is the pattern of most weeks.

Now I am in the kitchen, the refrigerator Begging attention. The cat satisfied, I check out the leftovers. Think to make a salad, And once again, I lie down, hoping Twenty five minutes will me refresh.

Little does anyone know how ill I am, How even the slightest of effort drains me. Yet I am not one to complain. The fact that I am still alive is blessing enough to give thanks, Today and always. Not just on Thanksgiving Day.

Help

All is quiet except the breathing of the night.

The shades are drawn, and soon, very soon, it will be dawn.

The events of the day the week, they have kept me awake.

My thoughts, my prayers: May God Almighty hear my pleas.

Tzemin Ition Tsai



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

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

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

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

Riding My Horse by the Rice Field

The scenery of the front mountain was getting dusk and the evening breeze was blowing higher and higher Exploring the wild bank slopes in spring, hanging from the horizon of the setting sun By the green fragrance and soft wind, an ancient house with green vines hanging Streams and rocks, horse feet after wading raise dust The flowing water hugs the shadow but has no words, promising the freedom of the east wind The axe that decorates the moon still broken the cloud and paints the scene

Today's itinerary, I hid the flute and hung the drum just to assess the price of the wine

Buy a muddy mash and get drunk

Listening to the wind and rain hitting the small window chanting the old poems, laughing on the spot

Not aware of being in the mud, didn't know when all my sorrows were gone

Wild bees played with butterflies, who believes I am not in crazy

The green provokes the fat rain, and the morning cooking smoke of the farmer households rose earlier

The sound of firecrackers alarmed my tired horse, couldn't bring myself to reject the bow from shopkeeper who holds up his long sleeves

The mountain elves knew that I wanted to hide my whereabouts, and let those curling white clouds go back Let my hands in the sleeves invite the cranes to be company

No better than to chat with old friends

Remnant leaves and autumn frost forced the shadows of the trees all over the ground to suppress the frozen moon

All the south of the river was intoxicated, and the remaining sleepiness was still not awake At this point, as the sunset return, and the horse wild as usual, I'd rather let this sword spirit dominated this autumn

Wind Moon

In the days of autumn, the village stretches over the weeping cliffs of the sunset A small river in a wilderness revolves and ripples among the mountains Butterflies are flying on the steps to prevent the bamboo fence from blocking the dust Last night, the aroma of the heavily brewed spring wine had not yet drifted away But a faint sorrow came from the small courtyard The drunk host flicked his sleeves on the high-rise platform, could it be that the guests were stranded They knew each other according to the spirit of the wine, but who Remembered the wind and moon linger, many plum blossoms have fallen in the spring water of the front wave The light of the lake and the shadow of the moon are cold with each other The mountains are remote and small, so difficult to distinguish their emerald green Dream of disillusionment, a empty talk is hard to get a soul mate The pair of verdant cypress trees, laughing together the distant mountains looked so dark and verdant

Since you have promised to open the window for me

Don't alarm the apes and don't cause the grievances of the cranes

Sit down and listen to my fairy-styled friend and talk about world affairs in front of the green mountain

The wind moon in the south of this river have always been so gigantic and vigorous

The huge crowd of people, can there be a day without turmoil?

How many times can the drunk spring breeze extradited the plum blossoms?

The lonely dream in mist is easy to break, and the wind and the moon deliberately indifferent to each other

It's not really easy to ask them to be in the same soul

The Ship Fore

The mist that fills the entire estuary conveys a thick mood Carrying the flat boat on the back of autumn

The setting sun and drizzle stick out with my fishing rod There is fog all around me and I sit quietly on the fore together with a large group of sleeping gulls and birds Only the cold rain that has come to knock on the canopy has been missed

Just need to change a sound so that the lake is no longer so dark and the wind is no longer so rebellious

Why have to play with the perches evoked by the west wind?

Replace the new lights and net, have a good time of fishing Not only enjoy drunk alone, but invite those rushes flowers and the water dragon to accompany

Stars fall into my dream, want to give me a trace of clearheaded after that cold wine

The boat moved out

Insist on carrying the bright moon

The green shadow of the lamp revolves with the waves Be short of a playing-water red dress, it's a soft day tonight The bridge on the opposite bank and the autumn in the village, where was not the old places to visit

The shadows of the sail, the fishermen knocked on the deck to draw the fish

The fierce winds and muddy waves hit the bow Since ancient times, most of the people who have been made official or knighted are in vain in the end

The bright moon is shining high on the people, and the little solitary lamp still speaks mocking words comfortably

On the ship fore, a green mountain like an eyebrow is in front of me

On the ship fore, a fisherman's song is particularly gentle I faced the fore and asked the white gull How much affairs are it willing to hand over to the river to flow eastward?

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Shargef Abdur Rashged



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

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

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

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

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

Heather Jansch

B.1948 D, 2021 recently crossed over this renowned artist, sculptor, writer UK born, bred captured majestic presence that horses exude in her creative method choosing driftwood and later bronze not to be distinguished from the original driftwood perfecting and pioneering a unique process her work exhibited, celebrated worldwide exhibited her life-size work in natural garden setting thousands came to view resident artist at the Eden Project Cornwell, UK where one of her pieces was known as the Eden Horse Heather Jansch a worldwide acclaimed artist.

race no race

oh mankind made you into tribes and nations said the lord cee? heed word of the lord cee? that you may know one another not despise one another that you may know one another not despise one another it may come as a surprise race no race only nations, tribes this how mankind is comprised the best of you is the most devoted to me said the lord listen people to the wahi cee? revelation it means describing true history human beings who better could describe origin of humanity then he who created you and me no mention of race not so much as a trace the big lie falls on its face as it's designer disgraced yes this lie the devil creates

Race No Race, Race No Race, Race No Race Big lie to divide this word to be despised has come in disguise as a fact but this a lie to be attacked, sent back

to the one who comes from the back to lead mankind astray take truth away oh, mankind i made you into tribes and nations to know one another not despise one another beauty in diversity, identity all tribes, nations all mankind but remember the best of you are most devoted have you heard this, Race No Race, Race No Race.

dem no see

slide in angle give 'em glimpse let dem show vulnerability i see you vo! you see me? No! not really all about strategy i see you you don't see me advantage to me cee? you can be twice, three of me "advantage to me" so you thought all for naught underestimated me dem foolish cee folk under yoke pledge oaths to survive stay alive know in their heart they can never be apart of a system of slavery perform cerebral bravery give 'em angles slide in from the side blind dem eyez cee see dem who don't see remember Ali? float like butterfly, sting like bee. Cee? Strategy!

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Kimberly Burnham



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

http://www.NerveWhisperer.Solutions

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

Three Ekphrastic Haikus Wooden Horses

caught drifting dead wood crashes splashes in water art creates new life

Creative Flow

life bumps and shifts creative flow rolls and curves the world around it

Pattern Recognition

from distance its looks size and shape a real horse recognized in art

elizabeth e. Castillo



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

Web links:

Facebook Fan Page

https://free.facebook.com/ElizabethEsguerraCastillo

Google Plus

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

Transformation

I am at One with the Earth For I came from Mother Nature, Everything in me is Energy Every piece of me gives life.

As I evolve into another form, The oxygen I give out To the Universe is another story, Of a beautiful creation A masterpiece waiting to happen Breathing life to anything it touches.

Changing Tides

The world is in a changing of tides When everything we see seems altered, The time when some souls collide Going in different directions, To the point of no return.

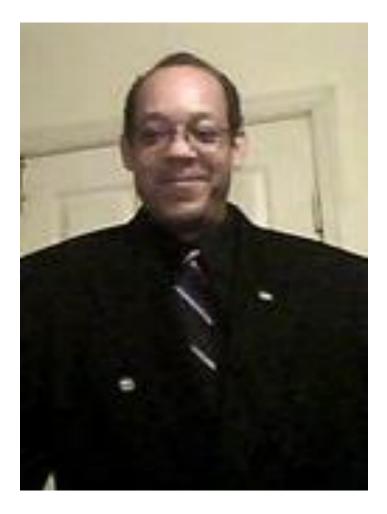
The Universe is in a shift, Alignment has gone somewhere But each day is a new beginning, We'll meet at the crossroads of this mirage And witness the cloud's silver lining.

The waves wash ashore, The fragments of memories We cannot bring them back once more, But tomorrow is another day Full of promises, full of hope.

Residue

Awakened from a deep slumber Reminiscing the distant past, The residue of what existed Now only fragments of memories Etched in the sands of time Times of your life Wasted away by guilt Regretting every minute Of not revealing my feelings Residue All I have is a residue of our encounters The lingering fragrance of old Savoring the last rendezvous.





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 cord a 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

Horse of a Different Color

I remember riding on a broom Cowboys and Indians was the game we played I was a lawman, a high plains drifter I hadn't a clue to what I now know as reality

We were young, and imagination ruled our being Cap guns were fun but only lasted for a season Policemen rode horses, gladiators too Mr. Ed could talk as well as Frances the mule

Driftwood! I wonder I wonder if I placed this under here I wonder if I sanded it and stained it clear My horse would be the best horse on my frontier

Giddy up and whoa I found a horseshoe once My imagination was vast and quite nuanced As I stare at a sculpted wooden horse I wonder if Heather Jansch's imagination changed course

Nature sculpted to depict nature Inanimate objects to depict life A broom in the hands of a child's mind Consumed in the fantasy of a child's time

Unicorns and Pegasus possess a certain magicalness As I ride off into the sunset, my mother calls. Boy! Git in this house and bring my broom back I hurried before the brooms whack Now that's a horse of a different color

The Effect of War

Blood in the sand, blood in the mud Blood against blood in every war We fight over opinions We fight over dominion We pray everyday yet we fight over religion

The enemy is us, not some three headed mythical beast Not some galactic space creature (on us they feast) War against a non-human enemy is unique We fight over possessions We fight over life lessons We fight for no less than someone else's blessing

I'm stressing about expressing my interest Someone may just take offense to it You can't solve the problem running a fence through it Avoiding the issue without mending it Men do this, fight for the right to take a life Nothing in the way to save a life War isn't right nor the right angle War's only purpose is to maim and mangle

What is this need to rumble and tangle? Have the words been erased from Gideons Bible? Survival of the fittest, or survival of the witless what is it? Because the effect of war leaves no witnesses

My North Star

Right above my head on a map is where she shines Right above my head on a map is where she dines Right above my head I make wishes and advances Right beside her bed she wishes to take chances

She's my super nova ready to explode You just don't know how good that feels She's my go to when I'm alone, and I'm telling you heaven is real

I move to slow to catch a glimpse, so, I charted a path to her orbit 2 am and I'm wondering her aura and corona will she show it?

Her total eclipse of the heart I may be wishing upon stars When I see those twinkling eyes It does something to my parts

I didn't find her by searching the universe I found her by searching for a unique voice When the heavens speak, I listen I heard my north star glistening She's shown me words I was missing She was well read, with a strong gravity If I ever were to be abducted she's the planet for me. hülya n. yılmaz



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

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

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

Twin Passions

Romantic notions of our lives . . . Did we not have them all? Did we not yearn to leave a permanent evidence on Earth . . . of our existence? At the time of our birth, life's canvas is blank. Painting, sculpture, architecture, poetry, music, literature, and dance are all likely prospects for the shaping of our passions.

Soon, reality appears before us with its corresponding realities. Its shape-shifting trait then materializes in the form of grandparents, parents, guardians, siblings, distant relatives, friends, neighbors, and teachers.

Everyone but we ourselves have a concise imaginary account of our passion-less future.

. . .

Against all resistance from the practitioners of standardized education, Heather Rosemary Sewell, Heather Jansch as commonly known, nurtured her dreams . . . of becoming an artist, that is. Her two passions were drawing and horses. A sculpture of a horse, made of driftwood, was, in her own description, "like line drawing."

Her twin passions . . . etched in our eyes and minds in utmost harmony. Here to stay.

the seven fine arts and i

a painter – unsuccessful a sculpturist – clueless an architect – only a wannabe an artist of music – no chance a dancer – failed after the beginnings

poetry and literature . . . daring to try them out at least

I Want . . .

Erato and Euterpe to mesmerize me.

I want them to lay me down to my sleep and wake up by their side, having dreamt of enchanting poetic lines of my own creation.

I want every breath of mine on the scent of Calliope, inhaling and exhaling these Muses.

I want to be fed poetry.

I want all my pitchers, cups and glasses to daily and nightly absorb poetry.

Calliope, Erato, Euterpe, come to me please and stay eternally with me. Throughout it all, mesmerize me!





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

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

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

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

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

http://bit.ly/laIVPNq or http://bit.ly/13IMLGh

Riding Horses

I have ridden many wild horses this life time and learned a lot along the way.

Some I rode more than once before I figured out how to get in the saddle gracefully.

I seek peace in my wisdom years. Find joy and revelations in the horses I ride today.

The day is coming when I will ride that victory horse all the way home to God.

Overwhelmed

One night I found myself walking in your garden. I sank deep into dreamland. Saw my soul playing on the lute strings of your heart.

I was engaged in blissful ecstasy. You opened your arms with laughter to enfold me. I could not speak.

I played the universal notes of love against your heart. A strong urge for the night to never end overwhelmed me.

Massaged in Grace

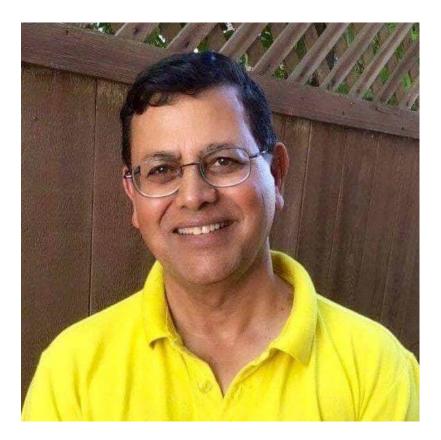
Each day I fall from grace. I walk in my inner garden to find the river of memory to wash my soul clean again.

Each time I return to the river nature made, I sing praise songs in gratitude to the flow of a ceaseless cleansing current.

I sit in reverence to honor the sacred water rippling pass telling me the story of renewal.

The sound current engulfs my soul, pulls the negative energy away from me, smothers it in the lyrics of the flow.

I want to sit here forever and be massaged in grace. 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.

My Destiny

You step into actuality like a legend.

You look better than I thought. You run faster than I realized.

You are not as out of reach as I'd been made to feel.

Like the lines in my palm you become me.

My reason for living.

Mustard Fields

stretched to the horizon thin golden yellow petals in the light of the dawn I can see rising of the pink glow of light over the distant sea of haze in the blue sky

This is the heaven on earth cultivated by sweat of brow of the toil of a farmer.

Flowers splash smiles on the beauty of sunshine busy butterflies, bees and hummingbirds feed on nectar of colours oh it's a day in paradise and I feel blessed.

Imagine a Garden

every flower is a soul a blossom in colours

find a flower of dreams and search no more

Wait not to live and love

Right-time is now.

The colours, the aura will fade away like early morning stars Caroling 'Ceri Naz' Nazareno Gabis



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

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

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

Links to her works:

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

apwriters.org/author/ceri_naz/

www.aveviajera.org/nacionesunidasdelasletras/id1181 .html

The Poet and The Stableman

Hear ye, the knight comes Juggling letters Swallowing words Lifting spirits Repeating rhythms Of glorious souls.

Let the stableman and the hippophiles groom horses in the ranch caring like there is no tomorrow just like how my heart stands, runs and beats for you.

Blaze of Delight

One, two or more Waves in the ocean of our lives In this current time As it goes back and forth To remind our worth.

When the luminous hours Transcend beams of hope I think of how the stars Glow more than you'll ever know Become thrones and tiaras of passion.

Every now and then To behold a golden cloud Comes with the rain Of pulse and heartbeat While thunder and lightning Cast million of teardrops of joy.

The flower fields in our battlefields Covered with rhythmic dewdrops As it sips dazzles of sunlight Like you and I whispering The tenderness of our fervent prayers.

The Messenger and The Muse

I am reunited with my bicycle The happiness is between heaven and earth, My mind is on a pedestal For many hours, I cherish the moment I found myself—

I am the version of meanings The trees affirm my presence Where I throw season's home Igniting words of wisdom And carry miracles of growth in every soul I found my existence.

Swapna Behera



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

swapna.behera@gmail.com

3 poems for September

driftwood horse in the time zone

when creativity cascades with energy boundless everything vibrates when idea flows: all so magical when muse is on the shoulder have to follow her fast if you deny; you deny life bringing something from the air is pure oxygen those incredible driftwood horses from recycled materials so dynamic so vibrant so lively with muscles for a motion that leads to a movement captures the figurative art traditional equestrians with authentic quality life size horses the hallmark of her sculpture a passion burns within is the precious gift of her; a British Sculptor with a message to recycle she is Heather Jansch a legend.

sing the song of a legacy.....

sing a song of freedom, celebrate the light, the rhyme and rhythm the aura of Kundalini that joins cosmic energy the passionate flame within that travels from umbilical cord to citadel la la la

sing the song of alphabets they are the lights and path design your green lush pastures alphabets that are encrypted from palm scripts to digital la la la

sing the song of your soul since long you are occupied with computers, numbers, making balance sheet of loss and profit sing as you have never sung before wash all the self-made oxymoron la la la la

sing the song of a lily you are the living prodigy you can heal, rejuvenate and fill the blanks you are a marathon runner on the eternal track la la la la.....

sing the song of democracy for you have to respect each live and let others live be a bird and fly beyond la la la la

sing the song of your culture they are the pollen grains of the Nature ask not for the cascade or mysterious formulae for you are the nucleus la la la la

sing the song of the skills that your ancestors have taught you weaving, cooking, values, dances, manners, crisis management for you will preserve, develop and sustain la la la......

sing the song of the space and five elements each pause is a milestone each gap between the words is the true poetry each gap between the sentences is your aura la la la la.....

sing the song for you since long you are busy writing the prescript and the post script sing for this moment you are the paramount sovereign of this moment la la la

sing, sing, sing and song classical or folk sing from your soul tune is yours; the lyrics yours you are the composer you are the eternal singer la la la la

Kundalini is a form of energy believed to be located at the base of the spine

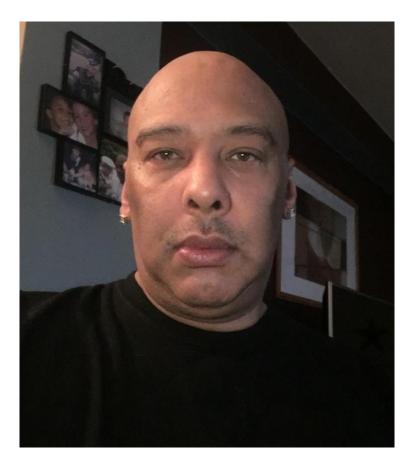
autobiography of a worker

I sell my blood, sweat and voice I dig, carry upload and download work in the mines carry the bricks to make designs I construct, demolish or polish I cultivate, engrave you carry me from place to place wherever you need my hands I sow and bow harvest to fill your store the largest the fire of hunger made me a machine I can see but have to be blind I can talk but have to be silent I can cry but have to smile I need to protest but have to say "Yes sir!", with all modesty neither can I resist or else can never exist I burn my body you can see scars my palms are tough and black I am a worker on daily wage

no work no pay no work no food I am a self-made machine......

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Albert 'Infinite' Carrasco



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

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

Infinite poetry @lulu.com

Alcarrasco2 on YouTube

Infinite the poet on reverbnation

Infinite Poetry

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

Heather Jansch

Heather Jansch was a British woman talented with he hands and a pen,

she is a writer but better known as a sculpture equestrian.

Heather struggled academically in school but didn't have any struggles with carving tools.

Her creativity with driftwood will have you feeling as if you're looking at a stalion.

I can see muscles without tissue,

I can hear the hoofs stomping the ground without motion,

I see a beautiful mammal roaming free with no rope stirrups or straddle.

I'm looking at a result of Heathers passion.

Her wooden horses are so life like that if you put a real horse next to them,

they'll think that they found a new companion.

Heather Jansch was an thriving artistic British girl who's pieces were seen all over the world.

Her exhibits were eye catchers to other artist and the everyday public.

The American/ urban dream shatterer

When it comes to this urban spoken who's hotter? I hear dudes claiming, but when reading its a lot of Yada Yada, the scriptures I write are read daily like the lessons of "my" father or the prayer "our father", if I was alive back in the days it would of took me only a few hours of spitting to float Noah, in the hood they call me mo, short for a modern day Moses, because of the way I separate leviathans abyss from righteous water. I never stand stand still or keep quiet, I hydroplane over the stagnated while inciting positive riots, call me infinite the street life griot. The street life I lived it, so many souls got lifted, the streets got me livid. I got the urban blues like a crip, I bled red like bloods, so I'm turning it up, the world is on the menu, these poets is food at any given venue. I got real credentials, real potential, to be really influential on a scale so monumental to those that live on dead end streets and murderous avenues. I know street law, I know the 220 law, I know the 24 hour no vitals pull the plug law, I know the art of war, I'll paint pictures so vivid, they'll be images you've never saw before, until your actually a casualty looking at yourself in an out of body in a casket scratching your head like " how did I get in it"

Albert, Daddy died

Albert daddy died! Instantly I felt like I was falling into a black hole. while falling.. Life as it was, was passing by me. That day Albert Carrasco also died, infinite emerged. Urban spoken word had started in that instance when my king became the dearly departed and returned to the essence. With my third eye I maintained his presence. My memorization skill came in effect. Every second i had him in my life, i dubbed in retrospect. I still remember the thump thump of the stairs, the squeaking of the door opening on the second floor, then mamma giving me a hug as my jaw scrapped the rug, after telling me the man I love soul just flew away with a dove. I took an oath of silence, but inside I was narrating painful poetry to my conscience. I was taught to be a ferocious lion as a cub, and since my leader won't be here tomorrow I spawned from his shadow and hunted for the almighty lioness and my cubs from my fathers liter, I had to roar loudly like mustafa so my family can be at peace, hakuna matata. I roamed the concrete jungle with a pack to thwart off other kings territorial attacks





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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Nominated for the Pushcart Prize 2019.

Nominated for the iWoman Global Awards (2019).

Laureate Naji Naaman Literary Prize 2020.

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

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

Ambassador of Literature granted by *Motivational Strips*. Author's works can be found in anthologies, separate books and literary magazines worldwide.

Unity from Greatness To Heather Jansch

The sea hides treasures Underwater gardens – lure the divers, wooden raft – inspires artists

Parts disposed on the beach reawaken in another form. Before, shapeless, now, formed into a sculpture, stopping, revealing that unity from greatness is

- the creator
- the inspiration
- the masterpiece

The endless azure brings new life to art

Translated Ula de B.

Shape of Love

She painted him with thoughts, she even felt a touch. Silky hands drawing on her lips the shape of love. She was with him, probably at the end of the earth pulsating like... like life. The earth showered with salty pearls.

At her Dream Beach, she heard the waves talking to the waves, heard him saying: *I'm fine with you*. Did he lie? Did they lie?

It's nothing that he was just imaginary, but still possible. For her, everything and nothing.

Translated by Artur Komoter

Wine Gates

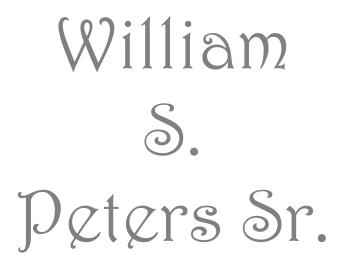
I closed the house that whispered silence, through the wine gates I went to listen to the sea. It sang:

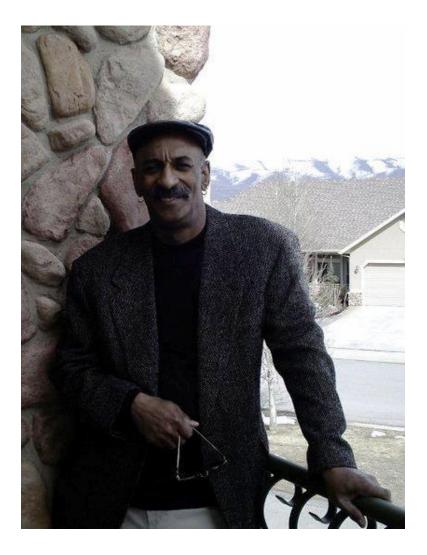
Sway with me, listen to me and understand the world.

Nestled in the music of life I enjoy the moment.

My thoughtful phantasmagories are always behind the wine gates of paradise. Of my paradise.

Translated by Artur Komoter





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

Bill says . . .

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

to connect with Bill, he is all things Inner Child

www.iaminnerchild.com

Personal Web Site

www.iamjustbill.com

I Live Again

Once thriving in the wood, The forest, In the land of green things

I met my supposed demise And found my way To the beaches, The water, The sands, The waves That life often offers, But not ever to the dead Amongst us

Someone named Jansch Gathered me With her visions, Her dreams And breathed life into me By rearranging That which I though Was lost

I no longer was rooted in the soils, But I was implanted Yet again In the minds and spirits Of those who imagined . . . Yes I lived Once again, And I am perhaps Becoming immortal . . .

Remember me In your galleries Especially that of your heart Where possibilities thrive.

Nurture me So that the generations to come Loose not Their ability To create And together We can all chant to the music "I live again"

Language Café

In the colloquial garden of life Where ideas are free And words flow from Knowing and innocent lips Alike

I saw a bird Who had no wings But flew about Just the same

Pick up a menu And learn the jargon That you too may Place your order And slide down here and take a seat With we common folk Who spoke and speak Of dreams

It seems to me That there is not much difference Betwixt me and thou, Only a variation of skin pigmentation, And perhaps the texture and color Of one's hair And the hues of one's eyes But we never did discuss that premise

With a long overdue need for clarity Where parity Meets the common path we all walk Towards transition, Towards death. I would someday soon Like to have a meaningful conversation About the idea of things And come to understand the Idyllic ideologies of perception That gives cause for us To attempt effortlessly To express non-truths As truth As we pretend to get along the way

Words, and more words Become overtly obtuse And obtrusive As the contusive wounds Found in communication Continue to do The Devil's work

What is the metaphor for suffering That lightens the load, The burden Of the downtrodden, The disenfranchised, The oppressed . . . Is it on the menu Where we electively select Our inner vitriol That we may appear To belong to the gang Who sings and sang Of a false sense Of privilege and superiority ?

DELUSION is it?

I sit

As quiet as I possibly can And reflect upon All the noise I still yet endure And I wonder How can I be authentic, And make right the language I speak, As well as that of others . . . And I realize That I can not For I have just about forgot My own native tongue Of love, acceptance and compassion . . .

. . . .

And now I am working on Losing the last vestiges Of my wonder As I wander Through the jungles Where theosophies grow unceremoniously To become rooted In the soul of man

We un-mindfully espouse That which is within As a language That dissipates into the ether For it is not rooted In eternal things, Nor is it effectively displaying The infinite-ness Of time immortal Or the 'Great Soul' Where we come from, From whence we were borne

Yes, unfortunately,

We are a dying breed, That attempts suicide Autonomously, Exacts homicides Upon all that is about us, From the planet to animals, Air to water, And now we are working on space Without And that within

Please, Please tell me O Child Why, why is it that In the colloquial garden of life Where ideas are free And words flow from Knowing and innocent lips Alike That we speak not of the magnanimous Beings that we are?

Speak light, and open thy proverbial hands And let loose the tendrils Of thy own Created darkness

... After all, It is all on the menu At the 'Language Café' . . . Do not you think It is time for some dessert?

SPEAK

When we were poor

When I was but a very young child I had no worries. My parents worked, We ate well ... (Roast Chicken with all the fixins On Sundays).... We were dressed decently and clean And we had nice Christmases And new Easter shoes, dresses and suits 2 pairs of shoes, (school shoes and dress shoes) And a pair of Keds, PF Flyers **BoBos or Chuck Taylors** But we were poor My parents were the working class Who lived from paycheck To paycheck Making a way To raise their young family They had no savings account, No checking account, Just a bank account To hold their meager earnings Until the mortgage Or the next bill Came due

•••••

We children each had a bicycle, And I had a little red wagon and skates, We were wealthy In our own way, For We had each other, We had love, We had enough

When we were poor, We did not know it, For We had each other, We had love, We had enough When we were poor.

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September 2021 Featured Poets



Monsif Beroual

Sandesh Ghimire

Sharmila Poudel

Pavol Janik



Monsif Beroual



Monsif Beroual was born in Midelt, Morocco, on October 19th, 1994.

He graduated from Sidi Mohammed Ben Adlalah University, section Public Law in Arabic at Taza City, Morocco. Monsif also holds a Master's Degree in "Strategic Studies and Decision Making" from the same university.

Mr. Beroual is a multi-awarded and International renowned poet.

His poems have been translated into a dozen languages: Spanish, French, Chinese, Polish, Arabic, Romanian, Bulgarian, Serbian, Croatian, Italian, and Taiwanese.

His poems have been published in several International magazines, in more than 300 international anthologies and magazines .

Writing a Song for the World

I'm writing a song for the world A melody of love dives in my soul, For the world, I sing a song, Cross the seas, Cross the walls and oceans Carried by the wind, Wave it into the white sheet, to be a heart line, "Brings the love not the war," So; Be a poet, be an artist Be a message, be a messenger Be a pen, be the ink painting everything; As the drop of rain changes everything Be the star in sky, gives the light to guide the hopeless sights, Be the prayer; be the faith itself as the sun burns itself for the worldwide, Be the love, be the hope as a melody that i sang through my poetry lines, To bring the love not war.

Butterfly Soul

Shall I fall like a leaf Broken to pieces for long nights Or to ignore this colorful song That made my life meaningful with your existence, That illuminates my dawn. I wrote a wish while the leaves fall Made of eternal magical letters To spell it for a lifetime Asking for eternity place into your heart. Wished if I can hold it for a while But with the distance it was a hard to reach. It might be our souls are stronger enough to sneak Trying to reach that a noble desire as a butterfly soul, Because within every breathe, I miss you before we've meet And I feel you without watching your tears fall. I built this new world To keep you inside As the valve holds the balance of my heart To not fall for suicide end. But In both ends I'll be alive within your heart for eternity sake.

Butterfly Soul 2

Shall I speak or to leave my feelings float as a butterfly soul scattered around the globe,

Again my tongue heavy can't spell a word

Or my body shape that desire your spirit inside,

In front of time that I fear will make you forget about our blooming soul,

Or the footprint of the bright moon That carries your soul song,

Into my verses, I hold you so badly to be the meaning that collects my soul

That rewrites my starts, nor my ends,

Am that soul, neither that heart

That just spells your name

For eternity sake,

The heart that just bleeds because you are too far

And wish if you were near

To heal that scars of long nights,

Am That skin that wish to feel your soft touch around, to rebirth again

A lip that wish to feel your kisses

To design my dry lips with your tongue

... am that soul, that's been lost and scattered within the moon's light

To seek for eternity life within your heart.

Sandesh Ghimire



Sandesh Ghimire is an Author, Writer, Editor and Translator. He has written articles for several international publications including Srujan Panicle (India), Homo Universalis magazine (Greece), Literary Portal (Balkan), Silk Road International Poetry Festival (China), ATUNIS magazine (Albania), POETRYZINE magazine, Enheduana's literary garden and The Poet magazine (England). His literary works have been translated into several languages. He is the author of books "Peace and Harmony", "Tirtha Raj Neupane: A Scouter's Memoir". He is currently the National Chief Secretary for Mother Teresa International Foundation, Brand Ambassador and National chairman of Iqra Foundation and an official convenor for the KSIAB.

Meditation

Meditation is a way of life A therapy of body and mind The practice of thinking deeply in silence to make the mind calm and quiet Relaxation of body and mind to create the positive vibes leading to a drop in load and stress boosts our feelings of happiness in life It increases our ability to stay cool free from any distraction of thoughts a rise in a positive emotional state the gain in the ability to deal with stress Meditation not only involves rest But also, the growth of positive mental states a tool to cope up with levels of pinches one can turn to internal silence to push the stressful events of life with the help of meditation in exercise

Galaxy

I see a cluster of matters Far in my imagination Filled with some pretty colours Scattered in the universe hundreds of billions of stars, enough gas and dust to make billions more stars, and at least ten times as much dark matter As all the stars and gas put together all held together by a force Known and unknown to us

Reunion

Looking at the classmates, I knew once All took the paths no one had a clue The Topper of the class is a happy homemaker The last bencher turned out to be an entrepreneur The beauty queen of the class is a social worker The angry Ram turned out to be the policeman The silent Gyan is a well-known film-maker The duffer Shyam turned into a famous politician The reunion taught me a thing You cannot judge the future with a fragment of some childhood deeds You cannot decide the potential of his/her With a piece of failure, they encounter When the time comes the wheel of life rotates The root of inner gift sprouts from the mist

Sharmila Poudel

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Sharmila Poudel Born:5 may 1989 is an entrepreneur, poet, social activist, educationist, and global peace messenger. Sharmila Poudel was born in Pokhara Nepal. also, she loves to help society, needy people who are in pain and doing struggle to achieve the goal. She started her schooling in Pokhara Nepal then higher study in India. She is a psychology researcher too. Sharmila is a member of the International Relation Council. She loves to write a poem and she says that poetry is the mirror of society from where many readers and people can know the depth of life.

As a writer, she has written articles for several international publications including kamesta magazine(peru) and Homo universalis magazine (Greece).she is the executive member of the federation of international student association Bangalore.

AWARDS

National Vice Chairman, Nepal (MOTHER TERESA INTERNATIONAL FOUNDATION) Global peace ambassador(Iqra Foundation) Certification of appreciation (AAZAAD FOUNDATION (REGD0) Executive Member of FISA International relation council member

Children

Children are the best part of life It is full of innocence and joy Children are the flowers who blossom every step of their way

Children are the greatest gift For their parents Children are the love and attention Children are the upcoming future and the Creator of the nation

for mothers, children are the most precious jewels The bond between a mother and her child is the real, pure bond in the world

Children are born with a sense of wonder And an Affinity for nature to everything that lives We should teach children to be kind

I Love Music

Music is the best gift of life Music is the universal language of mankind Music is my life Music is language itself Music is a form of art Music is entertainment An expression of the heart Music is the art music is the Expressive combination of tones Life is like a beautiful melody Music is the language of the spirit Music has a healing power Music is a medicine When it hits you you feel no pain music gives wings to the heart music take you to the world of joy music is for every mood and every soul I love the music music is my life

I Love You

My beautiful heart is just for you Because I love you My beautiful mind is only for you My soft lips are just for you Because I love you My shining eyes are only for you My life is just for you Because I love you My soul is only for you All poems of mine are just for you Because I love you All hopes of mine are only for you Every single moment remembers just to you Because I love you Every single feeling is only with you Because I like you My love is only for you.....

Pavol Janik



Mgr. art. PAVOL JANIK, PhD., (magister artis et philosophiae doctor) was born in 1956 in Bratislava, where he also studied film and television dramaturgy and scriptwriting at the Drama Faculty of the Academy of Performing Arts (VSMU). He has worked at the Ministry of Culture (1983–1987), in the media and in advertising. President of the Slovak Writers' Society (2003–2007), Secretary-General of the Slovak Writers' Society (1998-2003, 2007–2013), Editor-in-Chief of the Slovak literary weekly Literarny tyzdennik (2010–2013). Honorary Member of the Union of Czech Writers (from 2000), Member of the Editorial Board of the weekly of the UCW Obrys-Kmen (2004–2014), Member of the Editorial Board of the weekly of the UCW Literatura - Umeni - Kultura (from 2014). Member of the Writers Club International (from 2004). Member of the Poetas del Mundo (from 2015). Member of the World Poets Society (from 2016). Director of the Writers Capital International Foundation for Slovakia and the Czech Republic (2016–2017). Chief Representative of the World Nation Writers' Union in Slovakia (from 2016). Ambassador of the Worldwide Peace Organization (Organizacion Para la Paz Mundial) in Slovakia (from 2018). Member of the Board of the International Writers Association (IWA BOGDANI) (from 2019). He has received a number of awards for his literary and advertising work both in his own country and abroad.

Someone Like A God

I, You, He And someone else ...

- the fourth like a dimension, the fifth a season in the year, the sixth like a sense, the seventh like a continent.

the eighth like a day of the week, the ninth like a point of an octagon, the tenth like Beethoven's Ninth Symphony, the eleventh like a commandment,

the twelfth like a football player, the thirteenth like an apostle, the fourteenth like Friday the Thirteenth, the fifteenth like Louis Quattorze, the sixteenth like the fifteen, the seventeenth like a sixteenth, the eighteenth like the seventeenth century,

the twenty-second like an eye, the thirty first like a thirty percent fall in bonds,

the thirty third like a tooth, the thirty fourth like Christ's year,

- the unending like a god and so just sexless,

the powerless like one who makes love,

painless and therefore senseless,

unrivalled like a god in the world who has no other gods, ungodly like a god who has neither a god beside him or over him,

bottomless like a sky, unrestrained like the wind, boundless like thought, immaterial like a ghost,

nameless bearer of an unknown name,

hopelessly faultless,

aimless like a perpetual runner,

childless like the father of a crucified son,

unreasonable like death and so just remorseless,

nationless like a god of all people and beings similar to them,

sightless and faceless, legless, handless and wingless, hairless and toothless,

safe as a harbour for immortal wanderers,

without charge like a promise,

unparalleled in perfection, derived in its own home, unmediated like touch, helpless like a deed, dreamless like a night, careless like a bird,

inconsolable like truth, ungoverned as the oldest citizen in the world,

implicit as love, without consequence like justice,

a creature without colour, taste and smell.

He wanders in space as if without soul, a creator without parents, a being without dwelling place, a vagabond without address,

from beyond memory without work, from time immemorial without bread, forever he proceeds without footprints,

always thinks without considering and always the same,

he breeds without hesitation, gives birth without reason, regardless of anything or anyone, kills without dispensation

- everything and everyone, since the beginning of the age of ages,

he abandons us without regard for race, religion or conviction,

he always triumphs without battle, judges without mercy, punishes continuously and then weeps without sorrow over the spilt mother's milk of the immaculate virgin, who bore him a son so he could give him deviously and thoroughly to be crucified at the hands of his chosen people,

so he rules the world without check, an uncriticised despot,

he acts unceasingly without rest and knows everything without consciousness,

he prays to himself without words, he accepts himself without reserve,

he grants himself adoration without consideration, he is blessedly silent about himself,

so continuously decides without witnesses, without rhyme or reason, with no way out,

wholly without himself, headless, heelless, heartless, with not a drop of blood,

without anything.

Redeem him while there's time.

Perhaps his fate awaits us, too – cruel towards all creatures who have been surpassed by their own works.

KOSOVO

(for Jan Tuzinsky)

A burning paper Goethe prays in Serb for four hundred dead children

In Schiller's stone eye gleams a tear of mercury

There's a Gypsy weeping for a little Romany fairy at the bottom of the Adriatic

Blood has an irresistible color of the bluish dusk of the sky from which falls light and glitterings like a gust of May rain to fertilize the wounded earth.

NEW YORK

In a horizontal mirror of the straightened bay the points of an angular city stabbing directly into the starry sky.

In the glittering sea of lamps flirtatious flitting boats tremble marvelously on your agitated legs swimming in the lower deck of a brocade evening dress.

Suddenly we are missing persons like needles in a labyrinth of tinfoil.

Some things we take personally – stretch limousines, moulting squirrels in Central Park and the metal body of dead freedom.

In New York most of all it's getting dark.

The glittering darkness lights up.

The thousand-armed luster of the mega city writes Einstein's message about the speed of light every evening on the gleaming surface of the water.

And again before the dusk the silver screen of the New York sky floods with hectoliters of Hollywood blood.

Where does the empire of glass and marble reach? Where do the slim rackets of the skyscrapers aim?

God buys a hot dog at the bottom of a sixty-storey street.

God is a black and loves the grey color of concrete.

His son was born from himself in a paper box from the newest sort of slave.

Remembering

our fallen soldiers of verse



. Janet Perkins Caldwell

February 14, 1959 ~ September 20, 2016

Alan W. Jankowski

16 March 1961 ~ 10 March 2017

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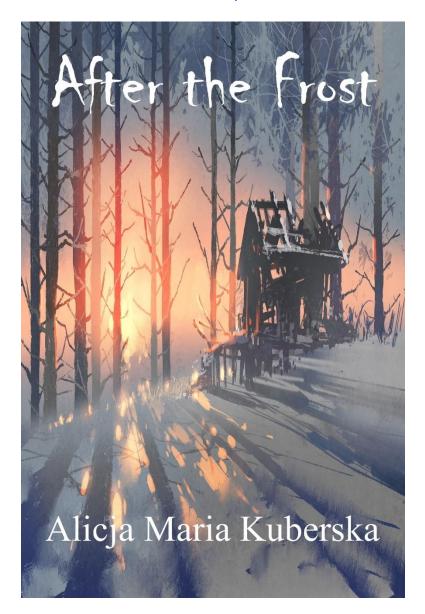
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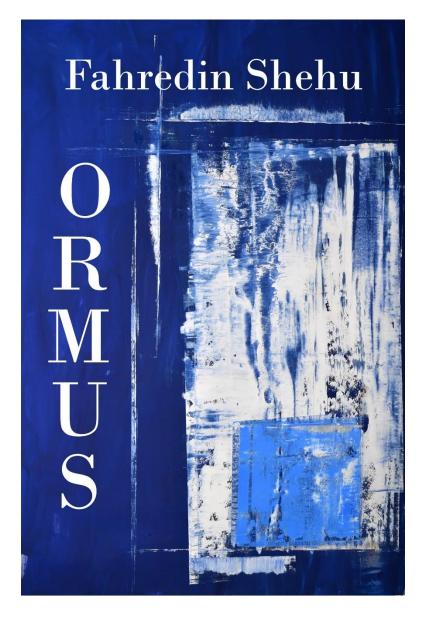
Poetry Posse Members

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

On the following pages we present to you ...

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





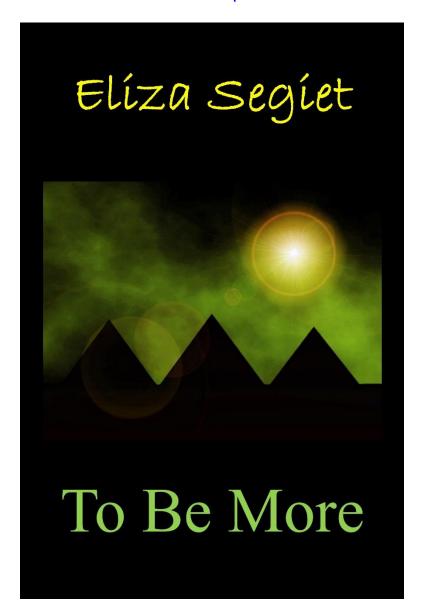
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... from the Streets to the Stages

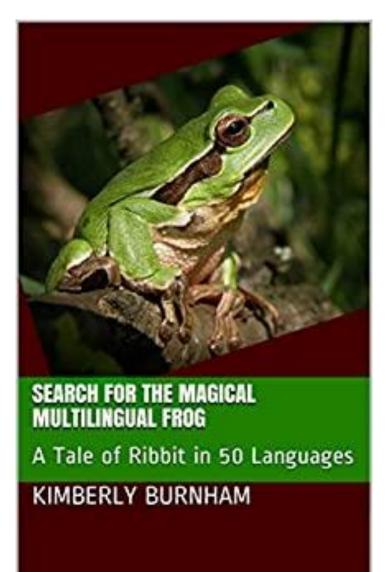


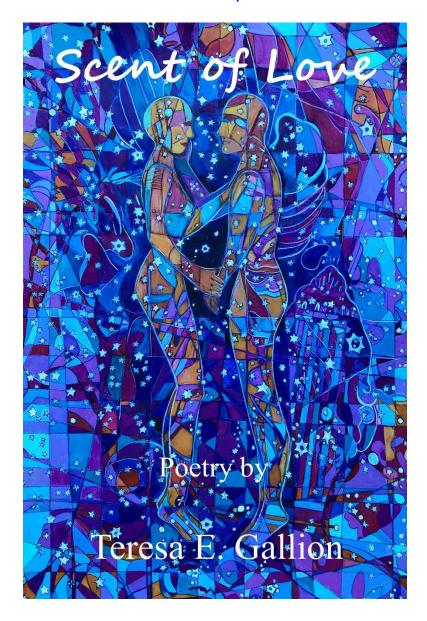
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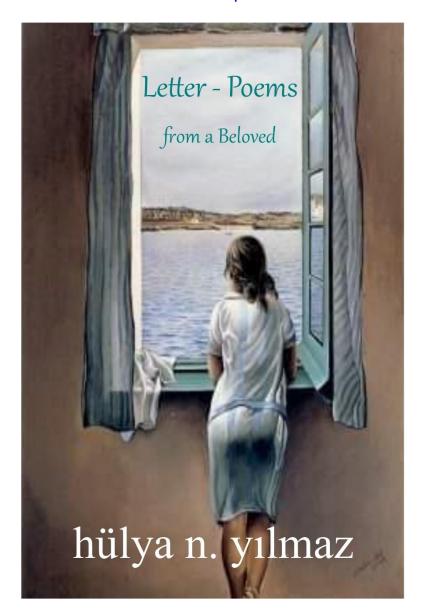


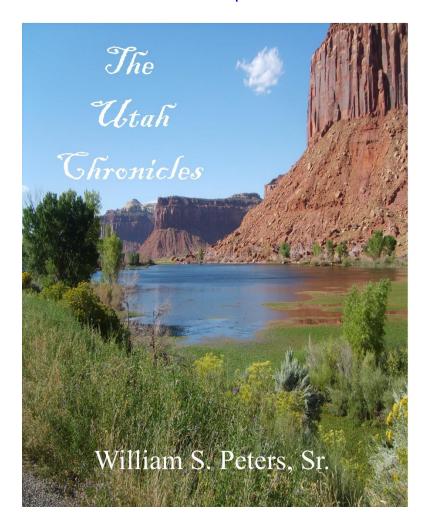
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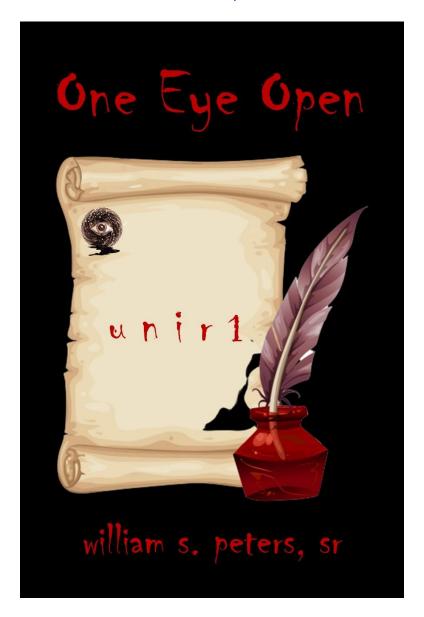
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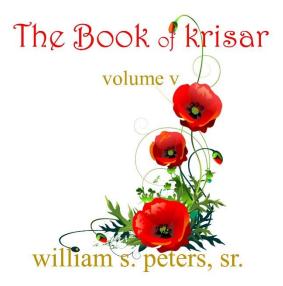








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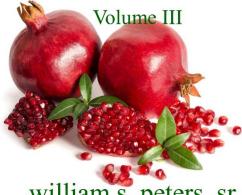
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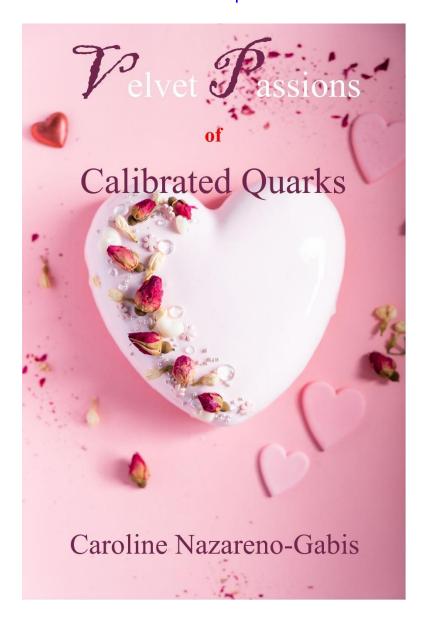
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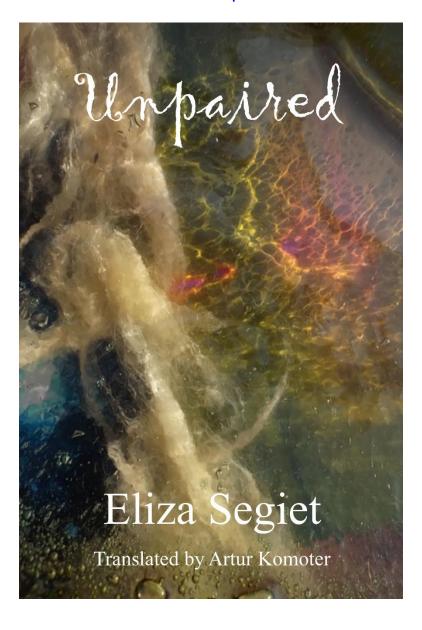
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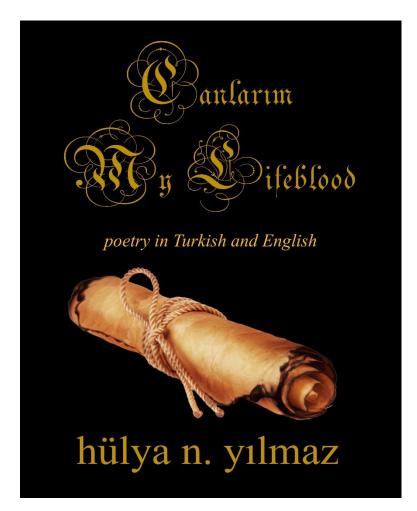
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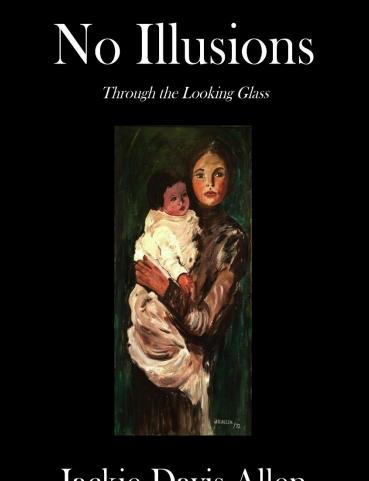




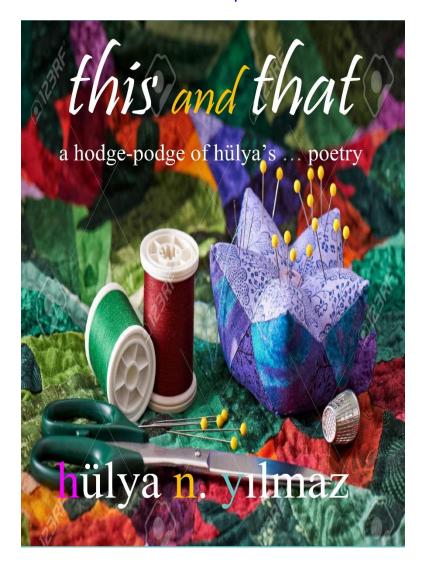
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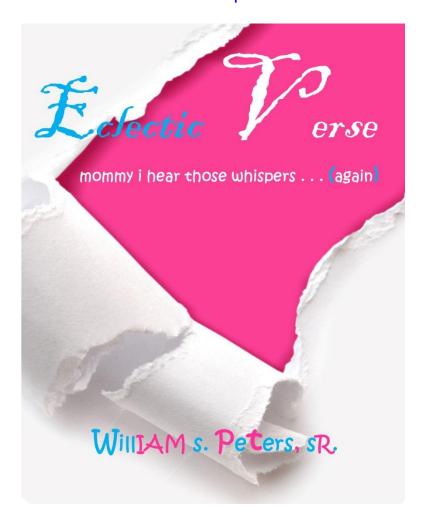
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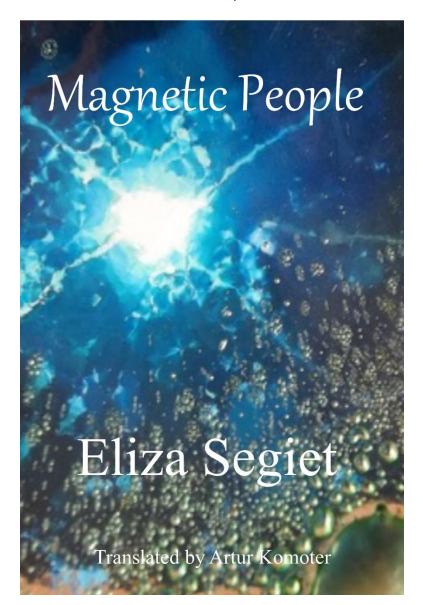


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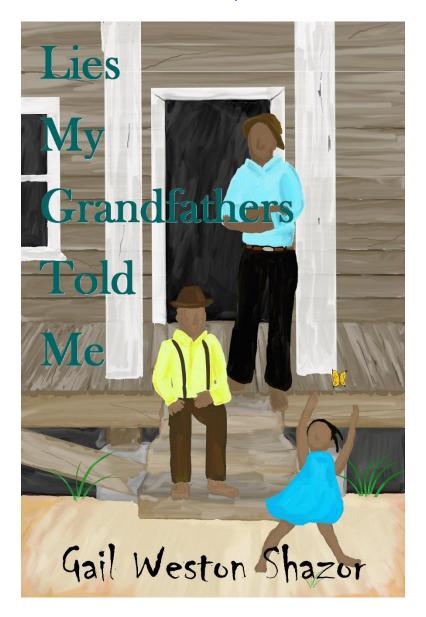
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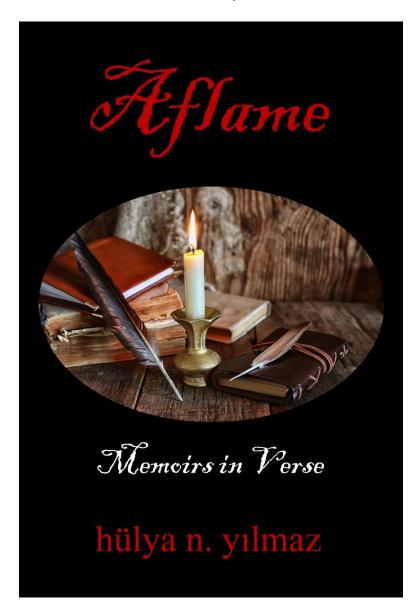


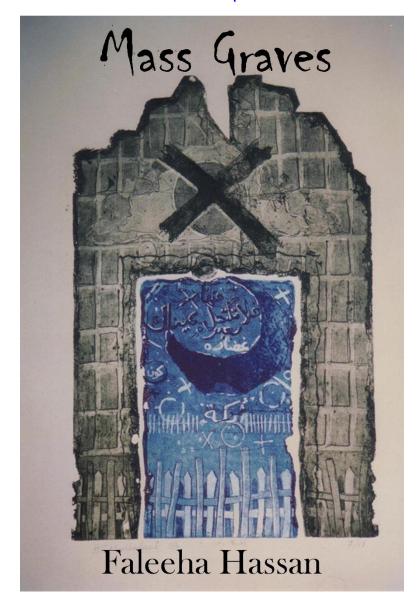
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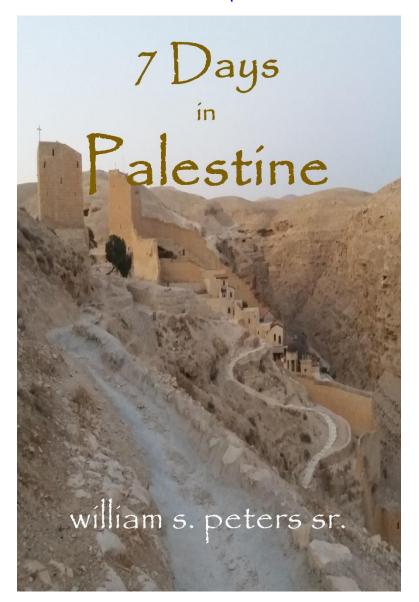
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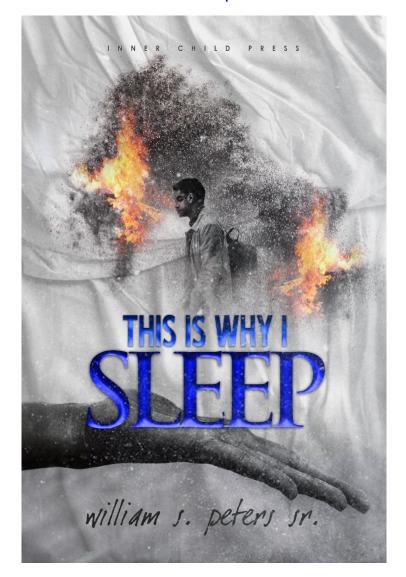
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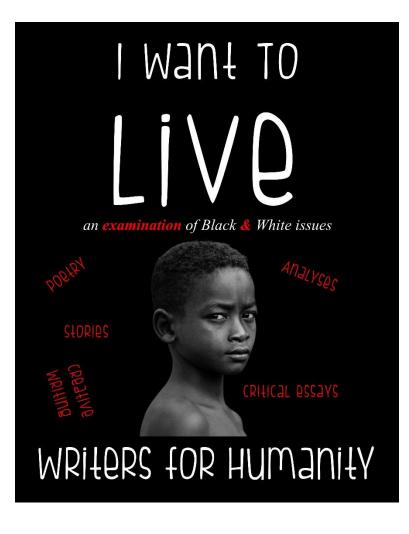
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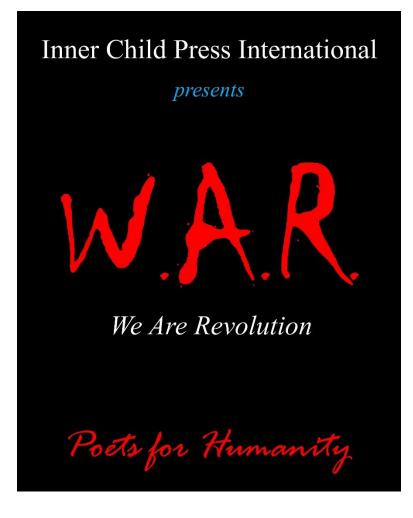
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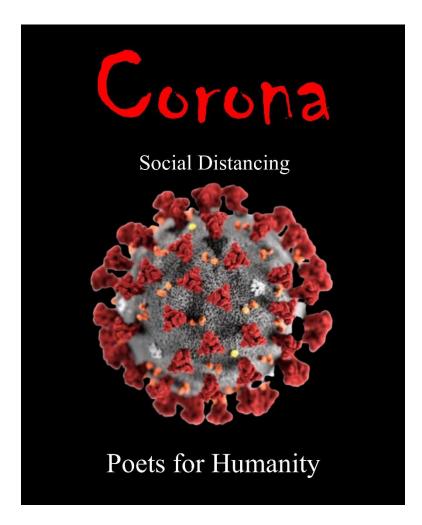


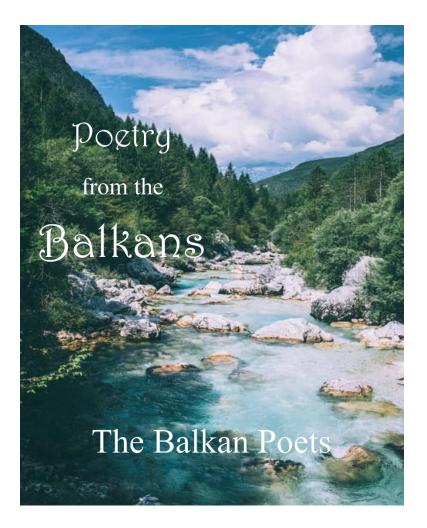


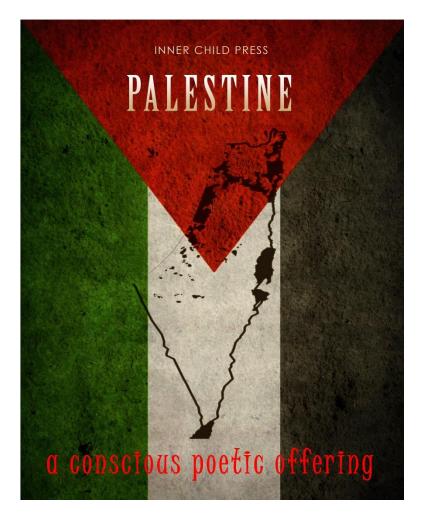


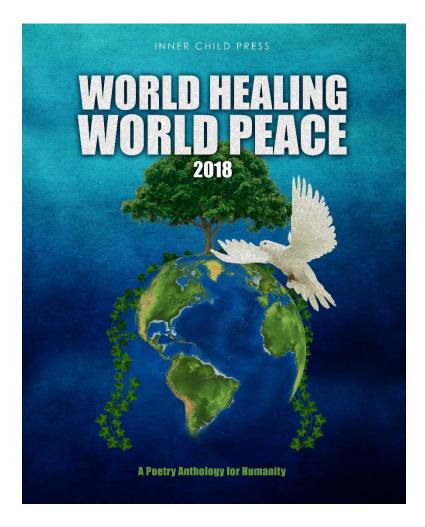
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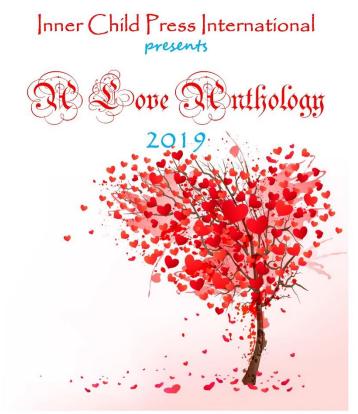
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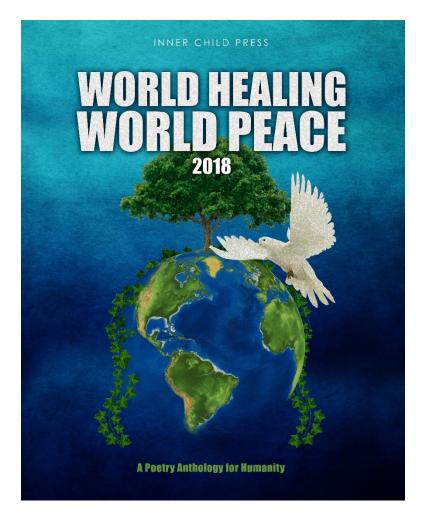




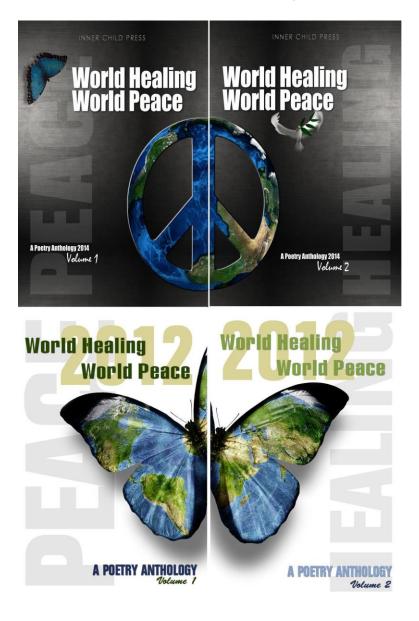


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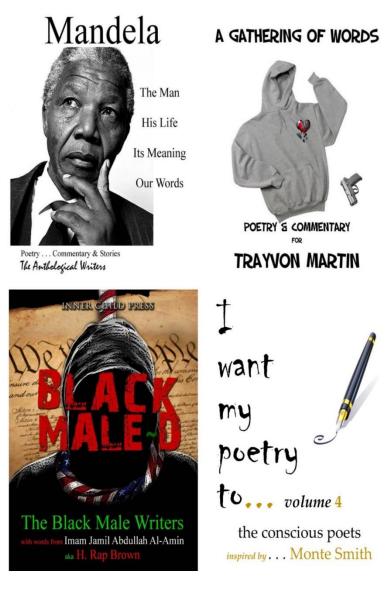
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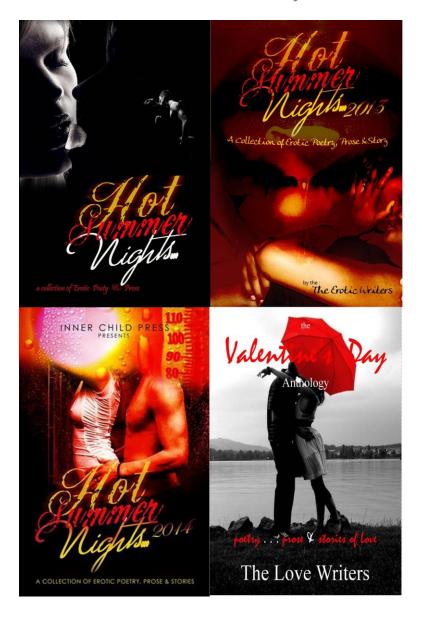
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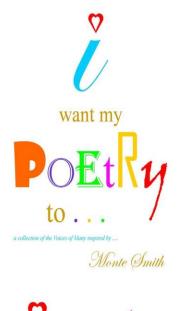
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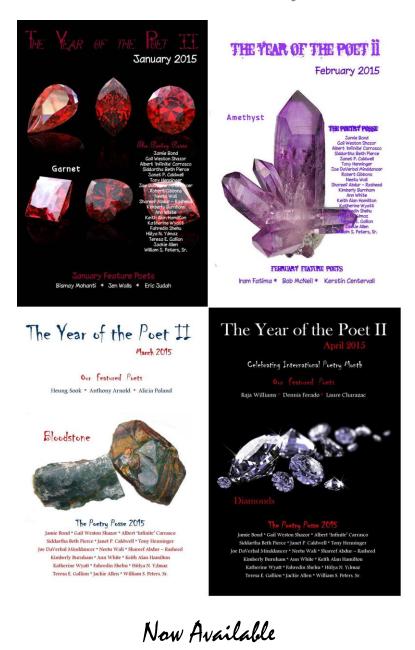
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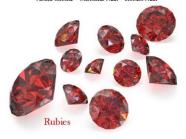
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The Year of the Poet II July 2015

The Festured Poets for July 2015 Abhik Shome * Christina Neal * Robert Neal



The Poetry Posse 2015 Jamie Bond * Gail Weston Shazor * Albert 'Infinite' Carrasco

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

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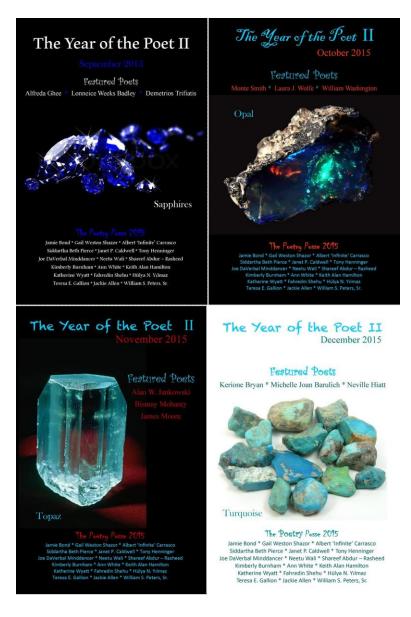
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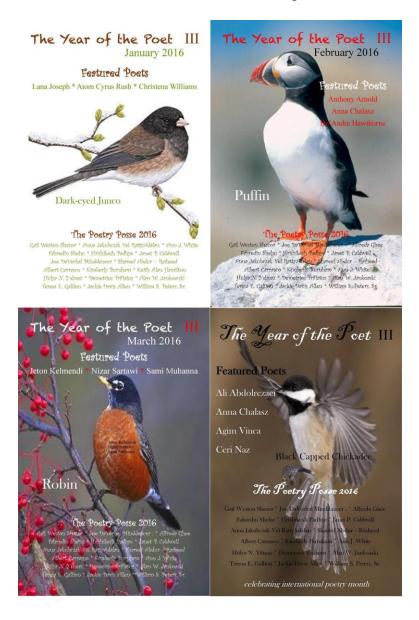
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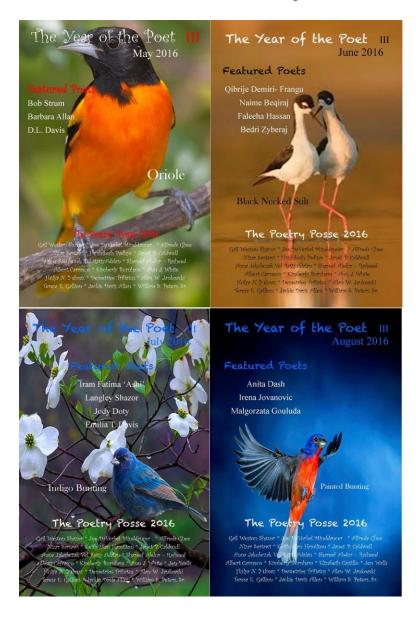
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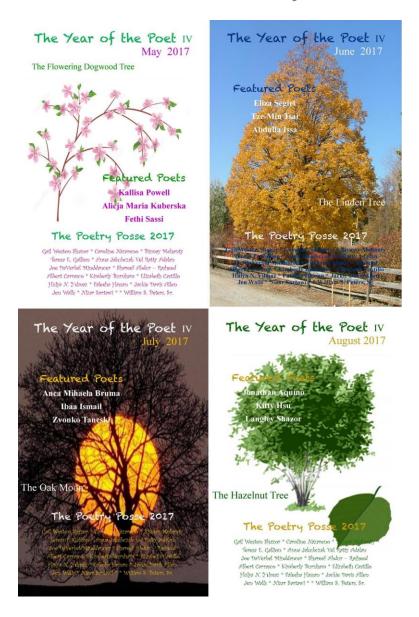
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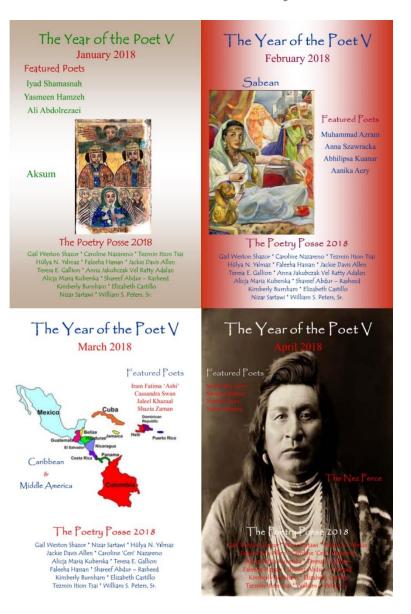
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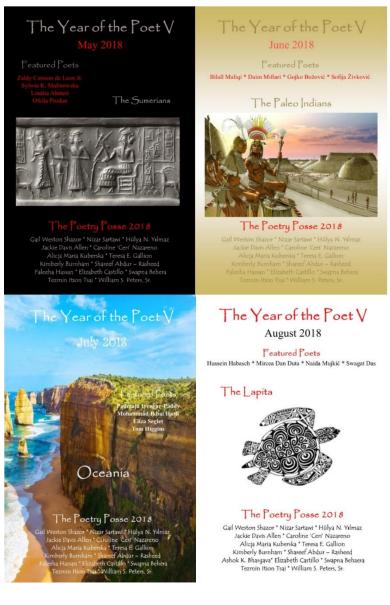
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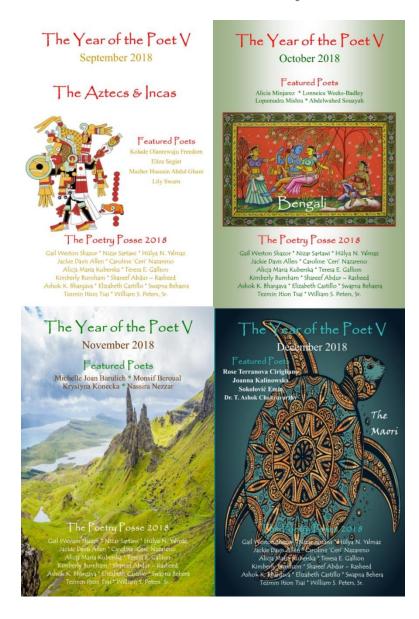
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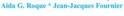


Featured Poets

Houda Elfchtali Anthony Briscoe Iram Fatima 'Ashi' Dr. K. K. Mathew

The Year of the Poet VI February 2019

Featured Poets Marek Lukaszewicz * Bharati Nayak





Meso-America

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March 2019

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Ashok K. Bhargava * Elizabeth Castillo * Swapna Behaera

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Dream Catcher

Enesa Mahmić * Sylwia K. Malinowska Shurouk Hammoud * Anwer Ghani



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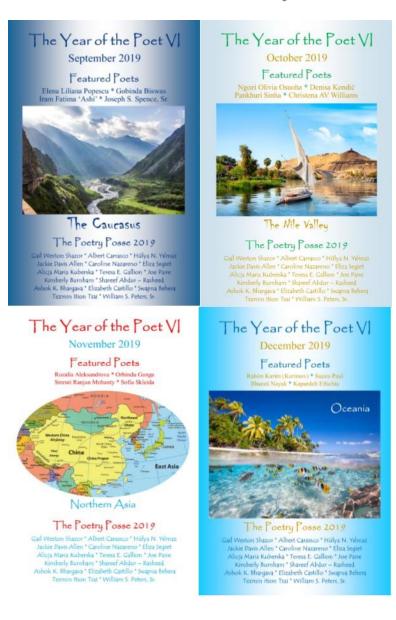
Central & West Africa

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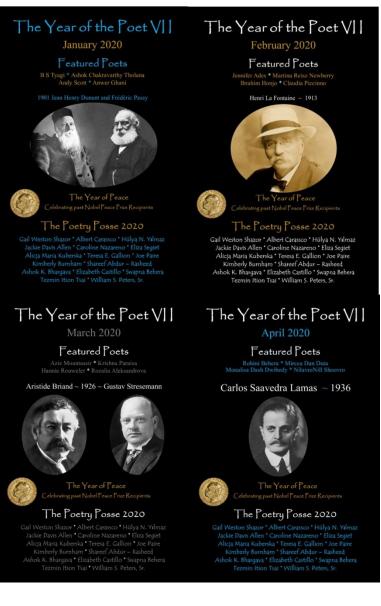
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January 2021

Featured Global Poets Andrew Scott * Debaprasanna Biswas Shakil Kalam * Changming Yuan





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The Year of the Poet VIII

March 2021

Featured Global Poets

Claudia Piccinno * Mohammed Jabi Luzviminda Rivera *Nigar Arif

Tatyana Fazlalizadeh



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The Year of the Poet VIII

February 2021

Featured Global Poets T. Ramesh Babu * Ruchida Barman Neptune Barman * Falceha Hassan Emory Douglas : 1968 Olympics mural



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The Year of the Poet VIII April 2021

Featured Global Poets

Katarzyna Brus- Sawczuk * Anwesha Paul Rozalia Aleksandrova * Shahid Abbas

Pablo O'Higgins



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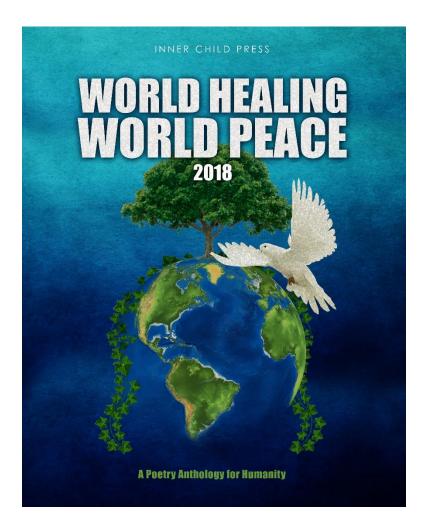


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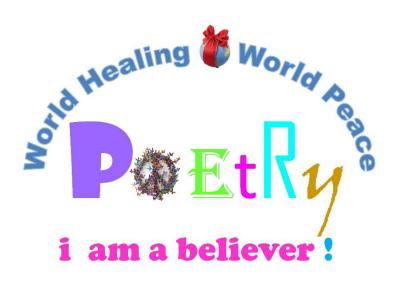
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