# The Year of the Poet V

September 2018

# The Aztecs & Incas



### Featured Poets

Kolade Olanrewaju Freedom Eliza Segiet Mazher Hussain Abdul Ghani Lilly Swarm

# The Poetry Posse 2018

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

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The Poetry Posse

inner child press, ltd.

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### **General Information**

# The Year of the Poet IV **September 2018 Edition**

### The Poetry Posse

1st Edition: 2018

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### **Publisher Information**

1st Edition: Inner Child Press intouch@innerchildpress.com www.innerchildpress.com

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ISBN-13: 978-1970020618 (inner child press, ltd.)

ISBN-10: 197002061X

\$ 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

# . Janet Perkins Caldwell

### Rest In Peace

February 14, 1959 ~ September 20, 2016



Rest In Peace Dear Brother

Han W. Jankowski

16 March 1961 ~ 10 March 2017



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hülya n. yılmaz

Teresa E. Gallion

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# Foreword

"Time present and time past, Are both perhaps present in time future, And time future contained in time past,. If all time is eternally present. All time is unredeemable"

### T.S. Eliot

Literature is a social document and language itself is a value. September months theme is The Aztecs and Incas. They were the most powerful civilisations in pre -colonial Mesoamerica. They were war like people who conquered and controlled Mesoamerican population. They were strongly linked with the politics, Social structure religion, welfare methods of both societies and cultures.

The Aztecs Empire was located in the Central Mexico and Incas ruled in South Mexico 2500 miles territory along the Andes mountain. Aztecs ruled from 1200 to 1522. The Inca Empire was around 1438 to 1532 Aztecs extended towards southwards and Incas were pushing northwards. They spoke Mesoamerican languages

History will remember the Contribution of Aztecs as they developed an accurate calendar, established schools, created bridges to control the island capital together, floating gardens and pyramids. Their doctors learned to set bones and dentists

learned t treat cavities. They had free and mandatory education for girls and boys. Aztecs had the knowledge of stars, planets, Number system based on number 20 i.e. Aqueduct system.

The Incas contributed a royal road net work, Postal system for messages, terraced agriculture, beautiful art including metals and ceramics, domesticated the llamas and alpacas. The Incas built Machu Picchu which was voted to be one of the seven wonders of the worlds to keep records Inca used QUIPUs which had coloured strings tied to main string.

Inner Child Press International with its mission of building bridges of cultural understanding takes the responsibility for global peace and harmony through poetry, with International festivals and Anthologies. We respect each culture and the lovely creativity of our globally acclaimed contributing poets. Honestly speaking together, it makes a colourful rainbow.

I feel happy for the honour and greater trust that Mr William S Peters, Sr. sir has bestowed upon me by assigning me the responsibility of Cultural Ambassador of India and South East Asia.

A beautiful creative family we all are .....a beautiful planet we have and we have to preserve it for next generation ......

To end I will refer the quote of the Aztecs

"They tried to bury us
But they didn't know we were seeds."

~ Aztec Proverb

Yes dear global creative souls ,we are the seeds.....

### Swapna Behera

Author, Educationist Cultural Ambassador of India and South East Asia for Inner Child Press International



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



# $\mathcal{D}_{\text{reface}}$

Dear Family and Friends,

Yes I am excited? Once again, this is an understatement! As we are hitting another milestone, the 9th month of our fifth year of publication . . . I am elated. Our initial vision was to just perform at this level for the year of 2014. Since that time we have had the blessed opportunity to include many other wonderful word artists and storytellers in the Poetry Posse from lands, cultures and persuasions all over the world. We have featured hundreds of additional poets, thereby introducing their poetic offerings to our vast global readership.

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

purchase at the affordable cost of \$7.00 per volume.

In the previous years, our monthly themes were Flowers, Birds, Gemstones and Trees. This year we have elected to take a different direction by theming our offerings after Cultures of past and present. In each month's volume you will have the opportunity to not only read at least one poem themed by our Poetry Posse members about such culture, but we have included a few words about the culture in our prologue. The reasoning behind this is that now our poetry has the opportunity to be educational for not only the reader, but we poets as well. We hope you find the poetic offerings insightful as we use our poetic form to relay to you what we too have learned through our research in making our offering available to you, 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 our house to yours

### Bill

The Poetry Posse Inner Child Press

### DS

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

### Available here

www.worldhealingworldpeacepoetry.com

or

Janet . . . gone too soon.

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

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

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

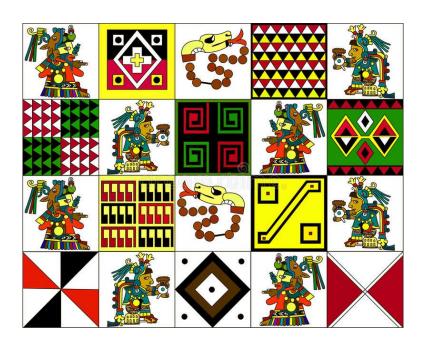


Aztecs & Incas



From what little is certain and what we have this learned is that the Axtec and Incan societies were a mystical one. Though much research has been invested in understanding the societal structure which includes their religion, politics, relationships with nature, each other and otyher cultures, they both remain an enigma to our modern day understanding. They most certainly were a colorful and advanced civilization who seem ed to be symbiotically in synch with the cosmos.

For more information visit <a href="https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Aztecs">https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Aztecs</a> https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/History\_of\_the\_Incas





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**The Poetry Posse** 

Poetry succeeds where instruction fails.

~ wsp

# Gail Weston Shazor



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

### Author of ...

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

Lies My Grandfathers Told Me available at Inner Child Press.

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

### Discard

I threw you away In an unclear moment Of false largess You never have shown Me the slightest bit Of favor And thus I had no need Of the dust you accumulated In the far corners Away from the light Of my mainstream life The goings and comings Became predictable And though I could have Examined this phenomenon Much closer I dared not Contrary to the saying That there is safety in numbers I feared the numerous happy memories Tucked in by the Mothballs It is in this moment Of acute vulnerability That you choose to Drift across the floor Leaving a sticky trace on my pants Even as I reach To brush you away I am again struck By your loveliness Filtering through my

Open fingers
I remain resolute
In that I will not be fooled
Again by tinned foiled
Pieces of you
Clinging to the hope
That I might call you
Just this once
By your real name
But even I know
That love don't live here
Anymore

### Birds of a Feather

I waited on you Through dark hours And sleepless days When the sun shine bright Into my foolishness In thinking that I had met the one That I had been promised I wanted him to be my gift Until I figured out that He was only preparation I rubbed alongside Smoothing edges and angles And I did not disappear As I feared I had in the dim times When it was hard to see That every beginning has an end But then you came And. I was transfixed as I had never known Nervously practicing the dance Of long ago courtship And I know that you understand The subtlety of expanded plumage Above gentle steps Portraying yet betraying The heat of bright colors But I wait Until you have the time To truly see my display For it is meant for you.

### The Land of Four Corners

In so much as we wander We remain without borders Our edges help us to move The music and math of our essence Out onto your planes Spread our wisdom and knowledge Throughout the world we know And the world we new The pieces fit together Where our tribes meet And even when you have Turned the seen edges away From our historical unity We still battle with our backs Legs stretched outward Held together on spines Be it Colorado Or Machu Picchu You mistakenly see your cross And not our battle formation

# Alicja Maria Kubçrska



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

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

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

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

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

#### The winged goddess

I rise above the limits of imagination, Soar over the horizon On the border of the sky, the earth, the sea. Fear has no meaning for me.

I am no-one and everyone, Transparent and elusive.

Wind carries me. It can turn from the light blast into tornado. I am not a bird, do not break my wings. There will be forces to cross the skies.

I cut the Gordian knots with a sword And release myself from the mundane affairs. I am as an antique Nike

#### Strawberry cafe

Let's meet on the sheltered path In our favorite Monet.

I will wear a scarf, close my eyes And cross over the frame of the imagination.

I'll be by the dark blue trees On the pink way. You will find me there.

Let's go to another picture.

The tables and chairs are waiting for us, Dozing in the shade of magic, strawberry trees.

Look! See how easily the ripe fruit hangs In the strawberry cafe.

I like the taste of champagne And pale flowers have a shy charm.

A bouquet of violets blooms in your hand. I'm glad when I can drink in the scent.

An evening full of magic

#### Story of the coca leaf

The feathered snake abandoned his people.
The words tied in colorful kipu are silent forever.
The jungle took possession of forsaken temples
And the solar glow on the stone walls of Cusco went out.

The dark waters of Lake Titicaca keep whispering the legend

about Manco Capac, his wife and the hungry of power godsun.

Nothing is left, the former world crumbled and has passed away

The hearts torn from the chests did not beg the predatory deities

Full of cruelty, greed and rapacity,

The invaders from Spain melted the tears and blood into gold bars,

And the words about Christian mercy started to sound derisive.

The merciful bush gave to Incas some relief and oblivion.

# Jackiç Pavis Allen



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

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

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

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

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

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

#### The Aztecs and Incas ca 1500s

The Aztec of Mexico and Central America And the Inca of South America, both Inheritors of earlier cultural and civilizations Possessed not the wheel, metal tools Or animals with which to work the fields

Both of their peoples were dependent Upon agriculture, maintaining armies Intent upon killing or taking captives So as to secure tributes - taxes Or to serve as human sacrifice

The Aztecs and the Incas were builders Of bridges, roads; their armies served To hold their respective empires together Each worshipped many idols, elevating In highest esteem, The Sun God

Without a system of money, or banks
The tribute trade, (free market trade)
For the Aztecs was regulated
But for the Incas it was the government
Who distributed most of the tribute goods

Having been conquerers of other empires In the 1500s the Aztecs and the Incas found Their long reigns ending when captured By the catholic Spaniards Cortes, the Aztec;s Pizarro, the Incas

#### My Story

Today I'm pausing to reflect Upon sunny days, cloudy-gray ones, too Life scenes, the good and the bad, mine The memory of which, I fear Is passing by far too quickly

The pages of my book, numerous
Are daringly picturesque, some
Fading a little, they illustrate many
Adventures, my ups and downs
A tale that winds throughout many years

Life's imprint, lest it become too late I must condense like unto a myth Selecting words, metaphors, similes From which I shall choose what And what not to include

Far more alive, far more
Vibrantly defined are those events that
I'm choosing to hide, secreting them
Beneath the sheets; it is far more safe for me
As well as for the others, to remain anonymous

#### Rainbow's Desire

Sun greeted the day, her cheeks rosy, blushing Lifting up her face before an auspicious gathering She welcomed all, including those Whom she considered the best of best friends Long nurtured by love and desire And inclined to care, patience forgave

Her many indiscretions, only desiring
To bestow love and attention upon her
With anticipation, with expectation
The hands of the clock traced the dial
Like attendants participating in a wedding
The air was thick with fragrance

Strains of music kept step, dancing along With the muse of serendipity; suddenly One in virginal, purest white arrived She joined the party of those adorned In morning's pink warning, yet lovely Like pouting posies, their perfume

Made heavy the air, exotically dancing Alas, patience became a dark groom's tuxedo And like a jilted suitor objecting, released its fury Rejected, as in a script, he, nevertheless Caught the eye of another. With passion rising He planted on her, the kiss of a rainbow's desire

# Tzgmin Ition Tsai



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

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

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

#### Difference

The seeds on rafts made of reeds sprouted
Floating gardens floated around like Chinampas
A bright moon hanging on the treetop
In the dark night
A particularly gory ritual of daily human sacrifice
An integral part of their culture
If the captives' heads were no longer sacrificed
Those lost souls of the losers in Tlatchli
The Aztecs believed in sacrifice of humans

hillside
Water drawn from canals and streams
Terraces carved out of hill sides
Towering like a sculpture
Peace-loving nature

Corn, beans and squash being ingeniously cultivated on

Maintain order in the largest empire in the Americas Juggling Francisco Pizzaro's killing emotions A technologically advanced frame of The Incas Approved on the southeast coast of South America

Aztecs vs Incas
Great indigenous civilizations of the new world
With spectacular achievements to their credit
Such a pity
Both were ceased to exist
These civilizations of Native American peoples
Even today
We should marvel at their accomplishments
And give us a fair idea of
Their time in the sun

#### Singing in the autumn evening

The leaves atop the big Phoenix trees
Half on the ground
Half carried by the wind
It's that slight rain that births homesickness
This drenched soil, so sticky
The reminder of mother's call when I was a child
Far away and clear
The hues that leave the branches
Never truly journey so far away

Autumn rains pass immediately after the autumn winds
The mountains bleed full red
That striking chirping of the cicadas rings from all
directions
Causing the mature millet to nod approvingly
The leaves spike and raise high
But there is no pot of wine for her
The slanting sun heeds no advice
Pleading only with the coolness of that night
Permit me to stay with the flowers
Just a little longer

#### A Long Way Home

There is one kind of daisy
Her name is Paris
Growing on the rugged hillside paths
A blossoming spray white touched with yellow
That white penetrated the cry of Spring
Forgot all other daisies
All open in autumn
Forgot all other daisies
Not belonging to this rippling before into the summer

There is a cherry
Her name is winter cherry
Growing on the grassland up high in the sky
A blossoming spray white touched with yellow
That white outweighed the winter's freezing
Forgot all other cherries
All show faces in the Spring
Forget all other cherries
Has already let withered flowers falling all over the ground

Spring
With my heart full of poetic flavor
I went down the ravine
Who cares
That pink mimosa flowers snooping in the breeze
Shy or not shy
After driving the cold gradually away
I only care
Who will
Fill the last mile homeward road with flowers?

# Sharggf Abdur Rashggd



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

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

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

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

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

#### indigenous power

history will tell you of it's participants notable once ruled long ago now all just a footnote barely a memory long ago thrown from their respective self-proclaimed lofty thrones

all destined to land on history's deep garbage heap of empire/nations, and their rulers, people used, abused by them seems to be the common thread that runs through, thus still true in this time that's yours and mine

in one such era that included an unhealthy dose of fairly constant terror were the indigenous empires of Aztec, also, Inca
Aztec occupied valley of Mexico including Chalco, Xochimilco,
Atzcapotzalco long ago try 1250 AD or so ago they called themselves "Mexica" pronounced Me'ika speaking of which had myriad of gods they dominated lives as did their kings

as did human sacrifice
offerings to please these false
deities
they employed armies
to find and seize those
deemed enemies
took them to be slaughtered
on their bloody alters
this practice was crucial
especially the more bloody, brutal
if their gods were real
they would lick their chops
until the blood flow stopped

of course Aztec life had more then the use of knives they were administrators, artists, painters, builders, musicians, poets, dancers, farmers harvested corn, grains, various fruits, diet included fish etc. took care of their old, weak, sickly but that did not impact on brutality to be a means to supply the many sacrificed to their false evil deities a couple hundred years and the Spaniards appeared and revealed brutality was not just Aztec property as they brandished their own brand to end the Aztec trend finally in Andes Inca did their thing in the 15th and 16th centuries a very sophisticated social/political administrative system of governing

centered in Andean mountains called Cusco now Peru but grew Ecuador, Bolivia, parts of Argentina, Chile, Columbia were added eventually under the rule of a monarchy placed on a pedestal of divinity Inka means ruler or lord elite class had sway their way over millions until those same Spaniards shut it down in the 16th century as the Aztec they also were builders, architects, farmers, artists, poets, dancers, warriors etc. though mortality visits everybody thus, empires expire regardless of their desires to go on for eternity

food4thought = education

#### left..,

sitting in befuddlement wondering if, when, where but, always praying away despair sooo, so much to ponder woo, woo must pause under shade of glorious tree cover discover composure, take time, smell rose, recover compose, write rhyme, prose it'll be fine to find time to be a lover dine on what's divine pray come day drink heavenly wine silver, gold goblets death, time went away, never need to stop it undeserved mercy bestowed just chill, roll around heaven sooo nice ain't you just loving paradise won't it be sweet to be in that number just to sit ponder, wonder and bam there it is like it always was memories of other days not even a fuzz cause companions of the garden don't worry 'bout what was like how long did i tarry in the grave you! yes you are a forgiven slave

so just chill forever and a day no mo worry, anxiety my lord test me his undeserved mercy blessed me, blessed me

food4thought = education

#### snakes..,

showing a\$\$ as they slither in the grass no matter how they try to fake with the phony postures they take a snake is a snake is a snake just like the pit bull's folk get for protection, intimidation not just a pet is their snakes with guns 'n' badges they hide behind that come down on people already in social/economic bind with evil intent they're sent to discourage, contain dissent in their minds not the same as the people they're sworn to serve, protect instead there's total disconnect in as far as the human aspect they look at the faces and don't see themselves as they do with the images they relate to which love, compassion equate instead it's easy for them to disrespect, feel hate fueled by arrogance and the mindless bias they create that view me and you as something other rather than sisters, brothers,

members of the human race. is there anything meaner that matches the demeanor of a cold blooded snake?

food4thought = education

# Kimberly Burnham



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

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

#### Dawn of Peace

Look to the mountains and the low lands far in the distance colors are changing emotions lifting shining like the first morning light rolling across the land chasing shadows away in a new era of enlightenment "alboreaba la paz" in Spanish peace is dawning today we possess a new opening

#### Peace Allinyanakapuy

All in feel the balance in "allinyanakapuy" and "allinyuyay" ending with a celebratory yay even without the meaning see power in these Quechua words

Used by Incan shamans
For healing work
through the centuries
dance with the flow
vowels sprinkled between
consonants starting at the beginning
with good in Quechua "allin"

Peace "allinyanakapuy" conscience "allinyuyay" diffusing out between to heal "allinyachiy" and to recover "allinyay" ancient words to reconcile in an early language celebrated peacefully by the Incan kings of Cuzco Peruvian builders of Machu Pichu and 10 million modern inhabitants of the South American highlands

#### Guatemalan Utzil Peace

"Utzil" peace in K'iche' a Mayan language spoken in Guatemala "Ya'ol utzil" "this is what is going to bring us peace"

What is it this "Ya'ol utzil" do we search every day for what will bring us peace it is this it is here we just have to see

And then we will have
"uxlanibal"
peace of mind and of the soul
whether at home in Momostenango
Totonicapan
or dwelling around the globe
with "utzil"

# Clizabeth C. Castillo



Elizabeth Esguerra Castillo is a multi-awarded and an Internationally-Published Contemporary Author/Poet and a Professional Writer / Creative Writer / Feature Writer / Journalist / Travel Writer from the Philippines. She has 2 published books, "Seasons of Emotions" (UK) and "Inner Reflections of the Muse", (USA). Elizabeth is also a 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.

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#### Atahualpa

A great leader of the Incan Empire Courageous and feisty, Atahualpa Born in Quito during the time of the Spanish conquest, Outlying regions he defiantly conquered.

Even Huascar, his brother and his family Tasted Atahualpa's rage And in the Battle of Quipanpan The mighty warrior ran across Franciso Pizarro.

Not an ounce of fear dwelt in the heart of the emperor Fought in the battle with the small force of Spaniards Promised to defend his empire, come what may Though the throne was not rightfully his.

There in the town of Cajamarca Atahualpa was defeated by the Spanish Pizarro And that was the sweet downfall Of the Inca Emperor and his invisible kingdom.

### **Puzzle**

I roamed around the treasure trove, Before heading to the great Colloseum Byzantine mosaic art greeted me, A puzzle-like gallery of eclectic artistry.

Ravenna, ancient city of Italy,
With fields of gold, white doves descending
As cumulus clouds rolled by,
You can't help but solve a puzzle on your mind.

Out in the wilderness, a voice can be heard, "Al Di La" echoed enthralling the young man Sought he did to discover the mystery, Despair he was not but waited for it to unravel.

Even a genius can be left puzzled for a time When things seem not to make sense, And everything lost its meaning and its rhyme But for each labyrinth we are in, an exit is waiting.

#### Mountain

He admired the distant mountain With well-crafted peak and curvaceous slope, Clouds circle the summit while an eagle flies Hunting for its prey amidst the misty morning.

Omnifold spectacle of what he sees, Greeneries growing, big roots of trees sneaking Alabaster skin wrinkled like an old Oak's trunk, Mountain range heading to the far east.

The steepy hill-in the mid afterglow, Crickets-sounding through the moonlit night Fairies-roaming the river, Mountain-her mystic figure enchants.

Morning dew, tear drops by the mountain, Rain embraced, as summer dream bids adieu Distilled silence, nature whispers sweet nothings, Cold breeze coming, sending shivers to the wild.

# Mizar Sartawi



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

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

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

## Death of an Emperor

Chief Inca held the golden cup as his bartender filled it up with chicha, brewed by his young acllas, the pretty virgins of the sun.

With a solemn smile,
the Incan lord of all the lords
tilted the cup
and poured the maize beer on the ground;
and as he did,
the earth/time mother
Pachamama,
muttered with grief:
O death be gentle
with my son!

Then his bartender filled up the cup a second time and Atahualpa, Son of the Sun fixing his eyes on the Andean mountains, the dwellings of the divine spirits, sent up the chicha to the sky. The dampened spirits gazed at each other and murmured through their broken hearts: O death be not unkind to him; he is the Lover of The Poor!

The third cup he raised to his own lips and gulped it down then asked for more

and more
that he may commune with the stars,
from whence he came,
and find some favor in their eyes
before convening with the Spanish intruder,
Francisco Pizarro.
The stars,
concealed behind sunlight,
sighed in unison:
Death ease the rope
around his neck!

To his retinue Chief Inca beckoned, the lords raised up the litter that carried their Lord and marched towards their doom.

Amidst the plaza in Cajamarca shadows of treachery lay in ambush. At Pizarro's signal, the conquistadors rushed at the Incans like a thunderstorm. Before nightfall the unsuspecting Incan lords were floating on their own blood; the Incan Chief, was caught alive and led away in shackles.

Months later
he was sentenced to death
by the garrote.
Seconds before the Spaniards tied the rope

around his neck,
he raised his head towards the stars
and made as if to speak,
then he stopped short.
nodded his head, and fixed his gaze
at the very land below his feet
"My homeland," whispered he in prayer,
"From you I came
to you my soul returns,"
and closed his eyes in full surrender.

### **Tenochtitlan**

Hernán Cortés and his companions,
The conquistadors,
were outraged,
O Tenochtitlan,
to see your holy priests
laying their victims on stone slabs,
ribbing apart their abdomens
while they were alive,
extracting their palpitating hearts,
and offering them
to blood-thirsty gods

or flaying them, wearing their skins, and chewing their limbs

In retribution, Tenochtitlan, your people were annihilated, your homes demolished, your treasures plundered, your temples leveled.

O Tenochtitlan,
even from here,
I can hear
your subdued sighs.
Buried deep in lake Texcoco,
beneath the capital of smoke and smog
and grey horizons,
as you moan:
"I am a city more sinned against than sinning."

## Dog Days

Never never date a woman on dog days stay away from each other your hair may look like the devil's own your eyes a couple of hollow holes your face a slimy piece of meat your lips a hoary mass of salt your hand a slippery rotten fish

And, worst of all, your heart a box of cold, dull passion.

hülya n. yılmaz



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

hülya n. yılmaz, Ph.D.

#### Links

Personal Web Site <a href="https://hulyasfreelancing.com">https://hulyasfreelancing.com</a>

Personal Blog Site <a href="https://dolunaylaben.wordpress.com/">https://dolunaylaben.wordpress.com/</a>

#### Pachacuti

an Inca Emperor takes the throne Pachacuti is his name his rule becomes a legacy and attains a sizeable fame for its unrivaled magnitude as South America's rarity

modern cultural history traces the Inca back to the 12th century AD, that is in the Andes of southeastern Peru looking from a frozen space in a distance . . .

Manco Capac, the son of the Inca's supposed creator, was journeyed by his father, the Sun God Inti down to Earth

12 million people of a large diversity, comprising 100 different sets of ethnicity made up Tawantinsuyu, the Inca state thus claim the sources of history . . .

using their intellect effectively helped them survive a vast amount of misery they were helpless however in the face of the worst kind of agony people in power had waited long enough time had already passed by too fast and had traveled away way too far for them to establish methodically an all-inclusive tyranny

there is much more to narrate about the Inca a huge number of encyclopedias is on e-call what matters to me though lies beneath the shell that which i will unearth with vigor oh yes i shall in fact it is nothing new that i choose to seek to dare to unbury discoveries is not for the meek let us go on to play our convenient hide-and-seek

powers-to-be? today? no way!

be that as it may some of us are here to stay and will turn over the stones for sure to unravel the treasures of this mystery then, powers-to-be will be no more have no dismay!

### sun-kissed on Giza Plateau

beat
worn-out
from the heat and awe
waking up from a nap
on a couch in a hotel room
in Egypt on its Giza Plateau
facing the Pyramids
not staged by Hollywood but for real
no sight of the Sphinx
my eyes drooled over before
for i am lying flat and am still
the couch has no pillow-fill
my head might as well be on the ground
exhaustion keeps me from moving about

is this a postcard a dream or am i hallucinating

the wide wall-to-wall balcony window winks at me as instructed by the Sun on a tray of bright and hot rays framed up by the bluest skies

the Pyramids tell me my post-nap trance is here to stay while i eye them intently intensely in quest of an answer to the lore of their lore nothing speaks back to me of course all i know is in that which i see

i thus admit to myself my newly-surfaced gut-instinct: they may have been soaked by Man's sweat

but these inconceivable gifts to Earth surely must have been touched at least once by gods or goddesses of ancient times or by the energy of their mightiest god's light

i stop to think and let it all be while i hold on to my wits with all my might for one thing is for sure: this is being one hell of a ride!

## boys and soccer in Bethlehem

we just took a short walk
to the hotel across the Wall
a well-to-do tourist trap
with nothing at hand to impress
i had already inhaled the history
all the Graffiti Art represented
on that monument of collective shame
the entire land is a museum a gallery
bearing its all to the visiting-pure at heart
a gift shop? i can do without!
gifts are all around
the children's smiles
their eager words of "Hello"
the warm embrace of their hearts

many boys are before my eyes now they are playing all kinds of games on the street where our comfortable hotel is to be found soccer catch-a-ball bike-tricks hesitant to look us in the eye at first but in pure smiles a few minutes later giggle-like laughs back from our end

how they move about at ease as were all of their families' trials over a tragic list of events on the walls of their homes as profoundly etched in memory as the Wall of collective shame

oh humanity, why are you so deep asleep

while in bed
when awake as well?
take down the walls!
as only you can . . .
open your eyes!
stop seeing selectively!
only united can we embrace ultimate love
not if we take sides electively

oh humanity, take down all walls of collective shame! each of us needs love's image alone in our souls' all-embracing precious frame from this moment on to everyone's eternity

# Tgrgsa C. Gallion



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

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

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

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

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

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

#### Machu Pichu

Hiram Bingham found your magnificent masterpiece in 1911

totally hidden from the Spanish Conquistadors for centuries.

A 15th-century Inca sanctuary situated on a mountain ridge 7,970 ft above sea level in the Andean mountains.

You are now a famous archaeological site and one of the most visited tourist attractions in Latin America. A UNESCO World Heritage site described as an absolute masterpiece of architecture.

Now you find yourself under the threat of being loved to death by the homo sapien masses strolling on your sacred ground. What a testament to the genius of an ancient Incan civilization.

#### **Chance Encounter**

We walk across the desert, wind spreads miniature tornadoes around our ankles. Tempts us

to pick up the excess baggage we left behind on our last visit. We are not immune to surrender.

Habit urges us to hold on to our comfort scars. But we are determined to shed skin that holds us back.

The water of life cools necks and backs. Water bottles pop open to the rhythm of the desert. The hike leader sounds out the stop command.

A rattlesnake glides leisurely across the sand. We all hit our brakes as if the police were leading a funeral procession down the highway.

In the mind meld of this trek someone asks the question we are all thinking, Where will this snake's journey end today?

## Learning Temple

Each night I lie down to sleep soul rises from the body, soars to the temple of purification, washes in the pool of serenity, releases cares of the day.

Cruising on the breeze, stars light my way. My night duty is to eat the fruit of knowledge that will guide me on my path.

Entering a wisdom temple, I ingest apples of truth. Each golden apple opens a window and I assimilate stories given to me to carry back to my temporary home.

# 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.

### Vaisakhi – Harvest Festival

One sunny April morning a balmy breeze caresses long flowing beards of the five beloved 'lions of the pure faith'

Barefoot they walk city streets in a procession holding unsheathed swords in their hands

Clad in robes and bright turbans they utter holy hymns to herald the arrival of spring in a land thousands miles away

As the sun reflects on their swords they chant with vigour 'only the pure ones will rule the world' and the spectators wonder what did they mean by it?

## Mayon

There was no one between us when you erupted enraging desires in my heart. Religion lost its relevance language became meaningless as I undressed you.

You fist me in your palm and like carefree breeze I crept into your folds.

I reaffirmed my notion that your body is home of a Goddess.

Your silent glow conquered me and escorts me now through thick and thin.

Mayon – you can lean on me I know the color of your skin and the curves of your body.

### You & I

When we meet once more the moon silvers the water there is beauty to be seen there are no words to say.

Whole night long the fires of love bloom bringing a new dawn with promises of forever.

My beloved never lies to me she guards me as she kisses me she sings to me. (often sweeter than wine)

Though she's got her secrets just like I've got mine.

# Caroling 'Cgri Naz' Nazargno



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

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

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

## Songs For The Aztecs

Hail most revered conquistadors,

the entourage of lords

from the city of ruins,

lauds to you, victorious men

of Mexican coast,

who built premier new world,

where the sweet defeat turns

conquest of civilization.

### **Granary Of Empirical Voices**

I wake up this morning Hoping to inspire journeys From my cells, tissues, systems and my whole being I can feel the platforms of DNA activated, Forming multiple helixes of Covenant, In front of the empire of golden spoons, Feeding us brotherhood without fortification, When I am handling the coffee mug I tilt the fabrics of imagination, Is this a déjà vu so we could turn our lips, To grains of masterpieces? Or time for bonfire of no boundaries, And when we start gathering the grains that we are It become the noble wildfire, Where voices blend with vision Creating zero-dogmatic-bedrocks Of hearts and souls.

### Castling The Aztec Queen

i have come to the four squares perching the "ebony and ivory" the pawns to start the rooks to go the knight i have known to last castling to gain space doing the Aztecs play in the safest room i sometimes forgotten to check the noblest rationale.

# Swapna Behera



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

#### The Land Of The Four Quarters

Beyond the stones There is a vibrant life The signature of blood and sweat On the grey granite sculpture Stands Machu Picchu The citadel on the mountain top of Andes A gateway to the celestial body Surrounded by green terraces and springs The pillars the Hitching Post of the sun Indicating two equinoxes When sun sits with all his might upon the pillar As if tied on the rock The precise indicator, Rumbling Urubamba river

Heavy blocks joined together
That never allows the
insertion of a thin knife blade
The Intihuatane stone
Opens the third vision,
the spiritual world
The Land of four Suyus
Hoists the rainbow flag
For a new lyric and new song ...

### Entropy of A Comfortable zone

When cool breeze can inscribe Birds can twitter on every window sill A comfortable zone peeps

When rice bowl curves every stomach Clouds promise smiles To every farmer A comfortable zone smiles

When behind the curtain There is a picturesque The comfortable zone speaks

When fragmented land Unites to make a new map Every tree stands with head high A comfortable zone sings .......

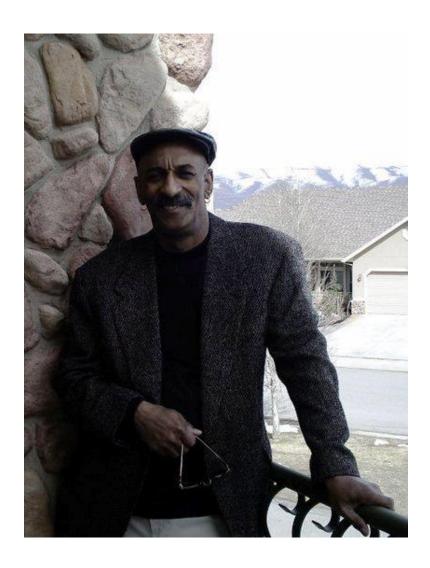
### When I Have Nothing To Give You.....

You filled my palm with turbid water
And a chunk of slipping sky
Wings of butterflies
Pinch of pollen grains
Ashes of the chimney
You asked me a life
with visible anecdotes:
Geometrical smiles
Penetrating metaphors
Zephyrs of rhythm
A camouflage story
Where you played off line and on line

Each displacement is a strong Tsunami Snatching the nipple from a baby A cold blooded murder, a turbulence When I shall have nothing to give you I can only offer fragile sunset on a platter As I won't have my address or kitchen The choice will be yours But believe me The last supper that I will serve A new Sun as round as a full stop Whether you like it not .....

.....

# 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

#### Indigenous

We stood upon the mountains And communed with the heavens And spoke to Gods

We built Pyramids We had medicine Before it had a name

We were civilized Before the caves of western mankind Were abandoned

We understood nature And what it required of us

We witnessed ships come From celestial places, Spaces Beyond your imaginations As we looked upon the faces Of Creators Within every dimension And beyond

You can not know us, But we know of you

We await your ascension To your ancestral home Where you too Were once Indigenous

#### Listen O Ear

The land that I love From whence my spirit Received its education I leave behind, But for a while

Loved ones embrace Lingers in my being-ness, As I carry the torch Forward, To other lands

The skies beneath my wings Salute my departings And my arrivals, For with me I carry memories, And stories I am charged To share

Listen O ear,
That of the stranger,
My new brother
And sister
I have a wonder
Of lands afar
To gift unto you ....
Can you not see
The glint in my eye,
And the brilliance
Of my anticipatory smile

Listen O ear, As I tell you of Our Creator's grandeur And the landscapes Thy hast sculpted For thine providence

Listen O ear, As the whispering kisses Of lore and magnificence Touch thy inner ear With an Angelic Art That inebriates Ones soul

Listen O ear
For there is much
To tell,
But worry not,
For eternity is ours

#### Journal for sale

Upon the planning
Of our extensive touring,
Journals were purchased
To note the nuances,
The experiences,
The people,
The places,
Of our travels

The diligence,
Discipline,
Discipleship required
Can be daunting,
Recording these things

Me, I would rather Write poetry, And let my words dance, Sing, Dance, Sing, Dance, Sing In the potential That is unbounded, Unbinded, Untethered, Triggering wonder In the minds, **Spirits** And hearts Of the ambivalent readers Of my wandering verse

I would rather be loosed That imprisoned By the task Of such things

Journal for sale ...
I am writing poetry!

# September 2018

Features

~ \* ~

Kolade Olanrewaju Freedom
Eliza Segiet
Mazher Hussain Abdul Ghani
Lilly Swarm



# Kolade Olanrewaju Freedom



Kolade Olanrewaju Freedom was born in the early '90s in Osogbo, Osun State. In 2013, he was selected as a Pentasi B. World Featured Poet, an international honor based in the Philippines. He is also the winner of first edition of UK's Write, Share, Be Read Poetry Contest. He is the moderator of PIN Annual Food Poetry Contest and the editor of PIN Quarterly Journal. His works have appeared in various anthologies and literary journals.

Kolade has authored two poetry collections 'The Light Bearer' and 'Punctured Silence'. He currently studies Communication & Language Arts at the University of Ibadan while also serving as the Chief Operating Officer of Words Rhymes & Rhythm.

#### LINKS

http://worldpoetry.ca/?tag=kolade-olanrewaju-freedom https://www.facebook.com/kolade.olanrewaju

#### Take My Hands

Take my hands, let's walk down this lane with our hearts entangled like a knot carelessly made.

Take my hands, let's dance to the beat of our feelings in the dance room of affection gravely craved.

Take my hands, and let go of the fears taming your roving soul; we rip apart the dread.

Take my hands, let's walk into the heavens without our eyes shutting like a door weary of entry.

Take my hands, while this storm rages to silence our quaking emotions; let's bury ourselves in noisiness of togetherness.

Take my heart in your hands, yours in mine, in a tight grip; be grey-haired, wrinkled all over but never flatten your palms...

#### **BLANK**

A blank page with a questioning look sits atop my restless lap, athirst of the blood which once flowed through the pathway of a concave formed by the melting of the softness of my thumb into adjoining fingers...

Each word, like a babe, stands to fall, falls to stand, stands to fall, falls to stand, creating cracks on the surface of a paper about to be yanked, crushed and aimed at the hollowness of an overfed bin...

Whilst minutes are absorbed into the grandness of hours, the day wears its night gown, leaving me to find the path to a home long abandoned in the forest of memories submerged in the noisiness of silence...

#### **AREWA**

#### Arewa.

your beauty is a blade cutting deep into the fleshiness of my muse, to draw blood plastering crispy papers with fine layers of words refined in the industry of infatuation.

#### Arewa,

your beauty is that of the departing sun radiating its elegance through waters basking in the calmness of the young nights unworried by alarming approach of darkness.

#### Arewa.

your beauty is a poet versifying moments spent under the shade of a tree, under endless canopies of skies deserted by stars because you were the star for the night – the supreme beauty.

#### Arewa,

your beauty exists on the glossiness of a paper traced with impatient hands held captive by locks whose keys are kept in the safe of your candid eyes...

#### Arewa.

your beauty is an inhaler to my asthmatic needs, a pore space on my tongue sinking prodigious wants into the abyss of contentment. Your beauty is a restaurant where admiration freely dines...

#### Arewa,

your beauty is a creaking bed suffering under the weight of a thousand admirers tossing coin-like desires within confines of a heart pleading for a victorious head.

Arewa, your beauty is an ointment flowing from the base of your brain to the base of your fleeting feet. Your beauty is a creation of the seventh day.

<sup>\*</sup> Arewa – a Yoruba word which means the beautiful one.

# Cliza Segiet



Eliza Segiet – Master's Degree graduate in Philosophy, completed postgraduate studies in Cultural Knowledge, Philosophy, Arts and Literature at Jagiellonian University, as well as Film and Television Production in Lodz.

Author's poem "Questions" was the Publication of the Month (August 2017) and the International Publication of the Year (2017) in Spillwords Press

Author of The Month of January/February 2018 in Spillwords Press

Laureate of the International Special Prize "Frang Bardhi – 2017"

Author's works can be found in anthologies and literary magazines in Poland and abroad (Albania, Australia, Bosnia and Herzegovina, India, Canada, Kosovo, Singapore, Scotland, Sweden, USA, United Kingdom).

#### Side of Life and Death

People on the right,
Jews on the left.
Her sister was caught into the wagon,
they wanted her too.

She fled between the Gestapo's widely spaced legs. She ran home.

Dad, daddy, they hid Krysia on the train. Take her.

He redeemed his daughter.

It's nothing that now it won't be enough for bread.

#### Chase

I'm racing with death, it chases me, stops me, stings every hour.

I'm racing with time. Not just mine.

Children. Children. They have short steps.

Maybe with human help it will be possible to overcome the planned annihilation?

#### Saddle-Cloth

Yesterday I was in Lodz with my friends today I know that only in dreams I can meet them. Yesterday I dreamed of factories today I know that they sew German uniforms.

Yesterday I drove a cab today I know I must be stronger than the horse that pulled it.

Yesterday I slept in starched bedding today my wooden cot is covered with saddle-cloth.

Yesterday was a phantasm today only the belief that in people will remain something of a Human.

# Mazher Hussain Abdul Ghani



Mazher Hussain Abdul Ghani from Pakistan, is a Poet, teacher and councilor. He has master degree in English language and literature from Punjab University of Pakistan. Since 7 years he is utilizing his experience in teaching English as a second language in international schools and private institutions. Currently he is working in Riyadh Saudi Arabia. The world in which he was born and brought up inspired him to work for humans welfare and excited his soul to dwell deep into the seas of ecstatic words and realms of spiritual poetry. He has published his poetry book (Enchanting Verses of Love) which is a collection of love and spiritual poems.

Mazher Hussain Abdul Ghani is a member of World Union of Poets, Pentasy B World poetry and friendshio group. On social media he has been emerged as a prominent love Poet, by participating and winning several competitions. He was awarded from different institutes as a Poet and humble worker of peace and humanity. He is been working on different peace projects locally and internationally. His work and efforts had been recognized.

Mazher Mazher mmazher44@yahoo.com

#### A Prayer for Peace

All glory to you, O omnipotent, to you alone, the most high Give us light, ray of peace and purity from the generous skies and great splendour

We, children of earth are being tossed among the squalls and gales

The wind of pride and jealousy blows us to the rocks of tribulation

O beloved God, protect us, as we find no other shelter for peace

We are sickened by the dangers of wars and terror

The loathsomeness of sadness and despair deprived our souls

We mortal human beings can't escape from the fears of sins and death

O divine Master, bless us the showers of peace from thy infinite blessings

The heart of mother earth is dried, it quench the thirst from our bloodshed

Innocent souls are burned stupefied, dying with thirst, hunger and pain

Some are weakly whimpered until they left bled to meet the death

O The Mightiest, earthly souls are longing for the splendour to annihilate their insubstantial state

Peace and love are your traits, lit that fire to burn the heart of the universe

Assail these countless groans to skies, and shower the rain of happiness

Shed away this moonless night, and open the bright light to ignite our inner core

O the Compassionate, the most Merciful, You are the Ruler of the judgment day

It's You that we worship, and to You we appeal for help, show the right way that leads to glory

O the Sacred one, teach us love, compassion and honour Heal the wounded earth, and bless us that pure soul to heal each other

O the holy One, fulfil our desires to see the peace, love and contentment

Let's eradicate the evil, seeds of greed and lust from the soul of mother earth

This tattered face of humanity wants to see the radiant and sunshine

Lift this darkness of terrorism away, and purify the souls with the nectar of peace.....

#### A sonnet on Shakespeare

You the great composer of the mysteries of love You own and master the art of playwriting

You perfumed the seasonal love, glorified nature in your poetic conventions

Summer's solstice, spring's equinoxes, conceit and fanciful comparisons.

Thy art, marvelous, O great painter of imagination and reality

Your characters manifest the stream of life with gratitude The envies, jealousy, and dearest love in Othello

The literary murmurs of romance and eternal love of Romeo and Juliet.

You described your ruminations and bereavements through your characters

Failed loves, bitterness, tenderness and lovers shielding beloved

Your tales of love are immortal and written in the stars

You painted the images of Autumn, twilight, ruins and dying fires.

The yearnings of young lovers, fading beauty in damsel of love poems make your work inspiring forever

You idealized the definition of love, the contentment of lovers and eternal beauty.

#### Land of Pharoahs

O majestic land of Pharoahs,

My heart overjoyed to pay a tribute to your glory

You, the mother of history

From your sacred bosom you born

The invincibles, the fearless warriors, who marched across their territories to conquer the world

The historians, who mortalized the entities

Time has drawn the figures, Moses the prophet, the custodians of pyramids, Sphinx the strange creatures

Unsung heroes, rebel aliens and wingless sparrows

Those royal camps, rectangular shaped, insidious Pharoahs reigning death

Temples of great prides sing the songs of immortality

The images of eternity imprinted on the walls of time

And stories of ancient lives are treasure stored in the caves of mystery

Three sides by a row of shields

Still surmon the royal entrances of Rameses

The sounds of carried away chariots and the art of blacksmith

Your songs shall remain evergreen

In the hymns of Mariette, in Ozymamdias and Egyptian Iliad

In the lanes of Cairo, sighs and sobs are buried

Yet, fate casts the spells of magic to show the certainties of change

The infant's smile spreads the bounties of love

Our souls reside in the abode of ancient paradise

Every image narrates its own tale, the tales which are written in the stars

O holy land, your divine songs enchant souls, and will be sung forever.

# Lily Swarm



Lily Swarn is an award-winning Indian bilingual poet, writer, columnist, and editor. She is a gold medalist, Panjab University Colour holder for Histrionics and Dramatics, recipient of Reuel International Prize for poetry, Global poet of Peace and Universal Love, Global Icon of Peace Nigeria, Frang Bardi International award For poetry, diploma for Best Poet Award Temirqazyq Awarded trophy for Woman of Substance, and an Icon Award on Chandigarh Establishment Day. Her poetry has been featured in many International anthologies. She published one poetry book, *Trellis of Ecstasy* (2017) and a book of article, *Lilies of the valley* (2017). Her poetry has been translated into numerous European and Asian languages

Link:
https://www.facebook.com/lily.swarn
Email:
Sukhish83@gmail.com

#### Thank God I Am A Woman

A Rubik's cube
That God created
Rubbing his hands with glee
A Venus statuesque
Curvaceous, mysterious
Unfathomable
Myriad facets intricately woven
In silky brocade with gossamer golden threads on a hand crafted wooden loom
In the by lanes of Varanasi.

Compassionate, tender, like the insides of a baby coconut,
Dripping the snowy milk of human kindness
From her crystalline, benevolent heart
Honey tempered, hushed, dulcet tones
Muffled and snubbed by masculine brute force
Formidable reserves of patience tucked away
Beneath mushy sentiments
Heaving bubbling emotions
Frothing like Macbeth's witches cauldron
Squandered away on insensitive souls

A veritable "Durga", the next moment!
Ferocious female of the species
More deadly than the male!
Tempestuous, turbulent, dancing the "Tandav"
Often astride a roaring lion
Eyes ablaze, arms akimbo
Suave, untamed, feral, searing
Quite unlike Katherine the shrew
Who could easily be cowed down.
Well, Shakespeare could falter too!!

The Diva, coquette, witch, muse
Both the tormenter and the
tormented
The mother, danseuse, goddess, home maker
And the bread winner! The proverbial cash cow!

The hues of love The shades of godliness Up with the lark Busy as a bee

Woman, thou art Magnificent! Thank God, I am a woman!!

#### **Aphrodite**

Hail Aphrodite
Alluring Venus of April
Bunches of cherry blossoms
Secretly shielding sensational sensuality
Hypnotism oozing from your
Voluptuous curves
Married off to Hephaestus
Myrtle, doves,
horses and swans you adore
Pleasure and procreation follow in your wake
You beloved of Adonis

The hills are alive to the music of the daisies
Fields of dancing poppies, scarlet red
Dot the creamy butter cup yellow of the narcissus
Moss green meadows whisper to the winds
Their ardent desires to capture Spring
And never let it go!
The sweet pea embraces the tall grass in a vice like grip
darting furtive glances like a suspicious wife
The trees sprout tender tendrils of lemon green
Satiny leaves open their hearts
like ardent lovers
waiting for the blissful April showers!

The corn flower blue of the yearning sky beckons a darting sea gull
She swoops down to kiss the foam
Of the gushing seductive ocean
Flamingoes preen and strut around
Parading their flamboyant attire
Woodpeckers knock perseveringly

For Spring's treasure trove to open Come Aphrodite with your magnetic Powers of attraction Take us to realms of peace and love Where no life however small, suffers!

#### Weary Warrior

Come home please You weary warrior The bell tolls for you The bread is baking In the oven The strawberries are ripe Life is lush and luscious You missed out the summer When the wine was being mulled And the cow bore a calf You were not there my soldier For the war never seems to end I prayed for peace today With my eyes towards the sky I think I heard A rumble It's peace on its way!! Come home O weary warrior It's peace once again!

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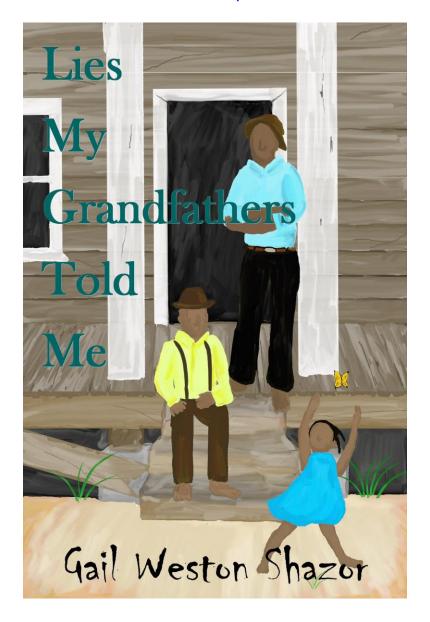
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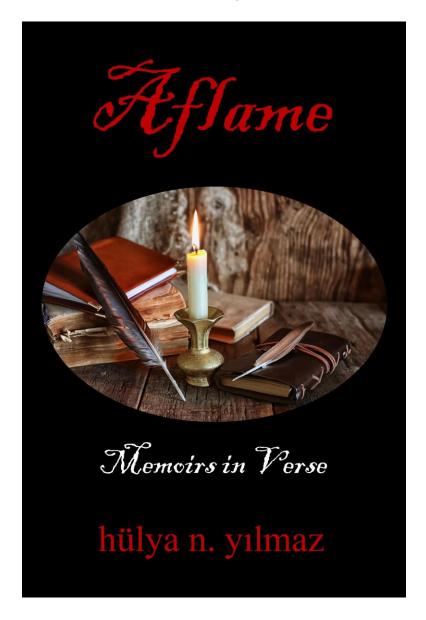
We are so excited to announce the New and upcoming books of some of our Poetry Posse authors.

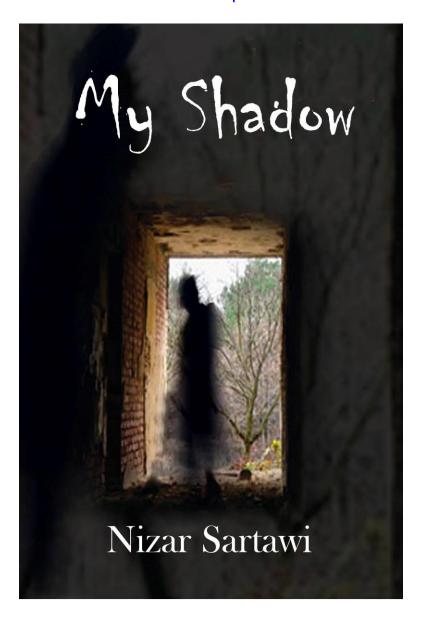
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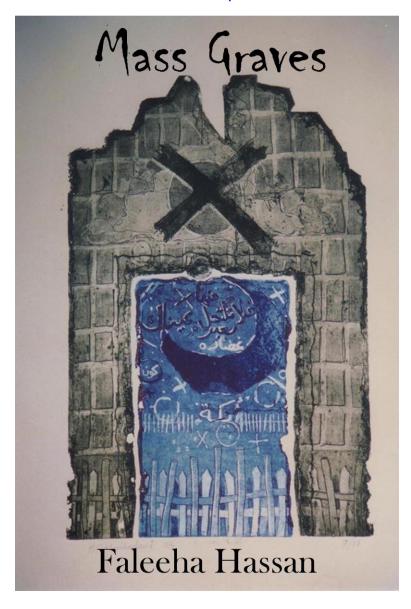
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hülya n. yılmaz
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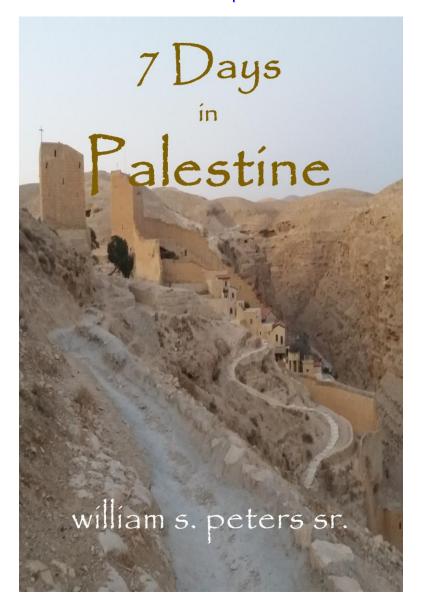
## Breakfast

for

## Butterflies



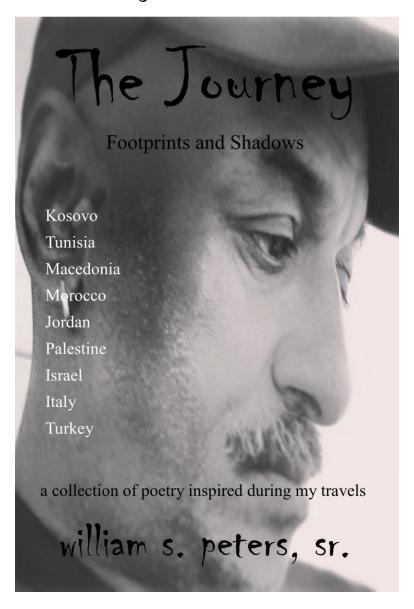
Faleeha Hassan



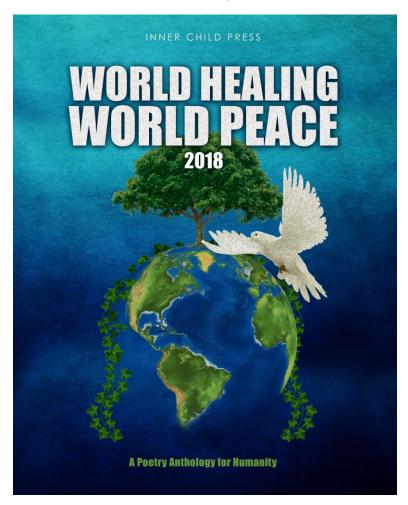
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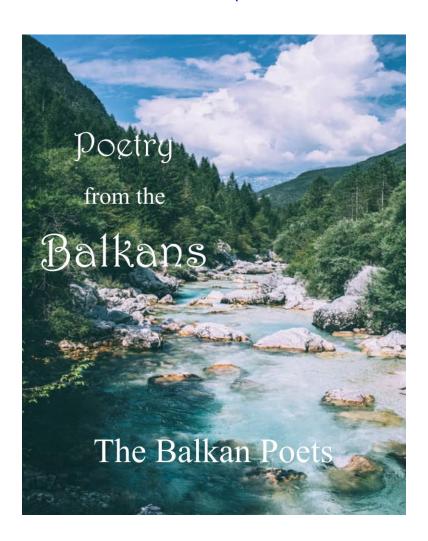


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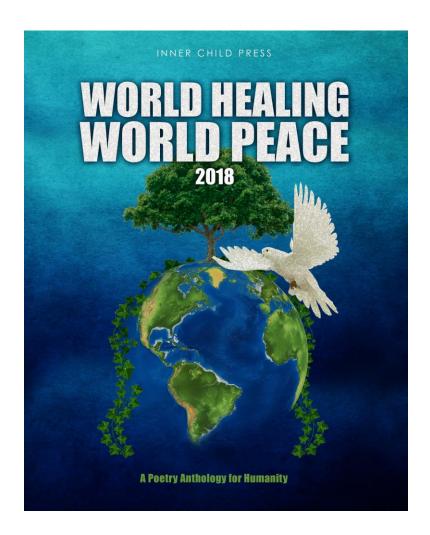
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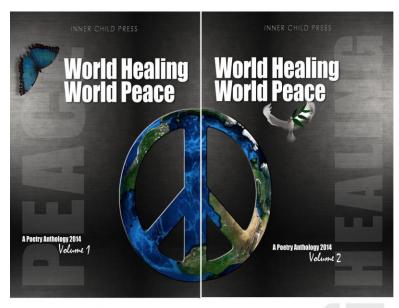
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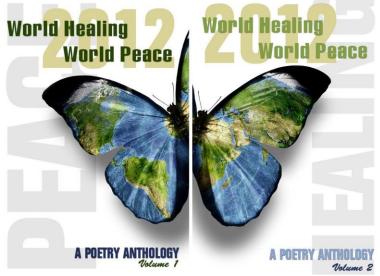
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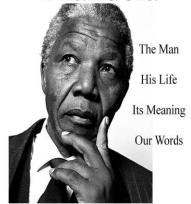
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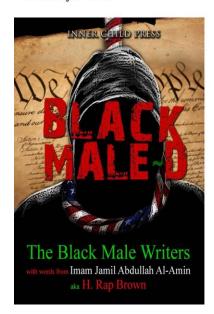
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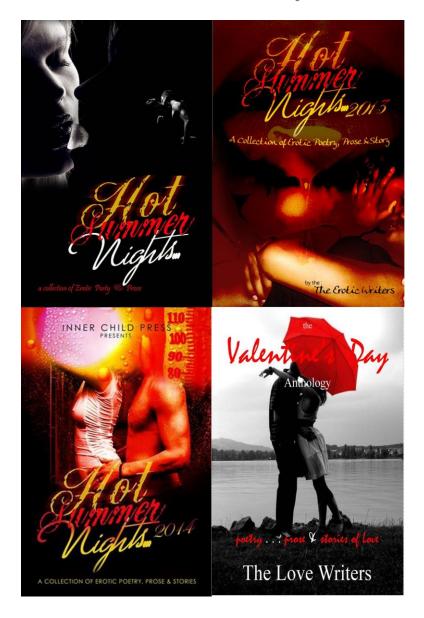


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November Feature Poets

Chrysanthemum

# THE YEAR OF THE POET November 2014

#### THE YEAR OF THE POET

October 2014 Red Poppy

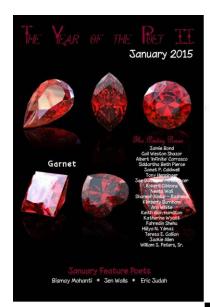
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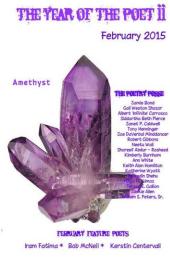
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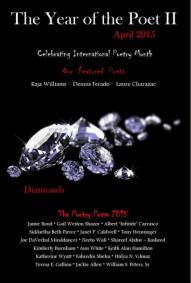


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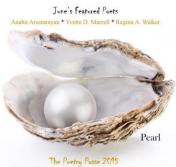




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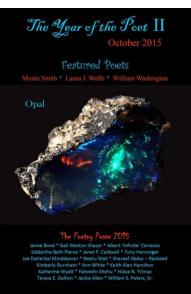


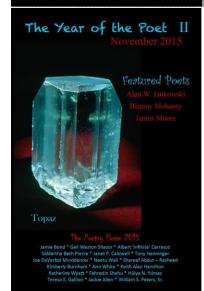
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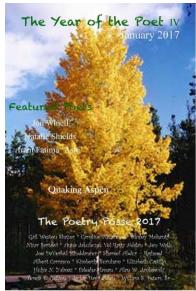
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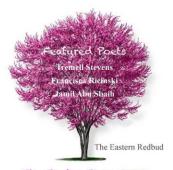


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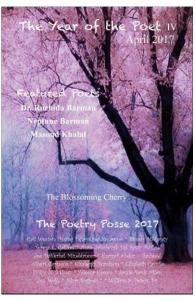
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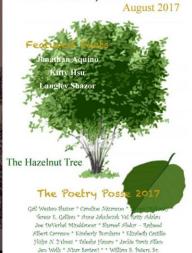
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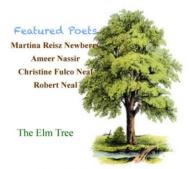




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Featured Poets
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Alfreda D. Ghee
Gabriella Garofalo
Rosemary Cappello



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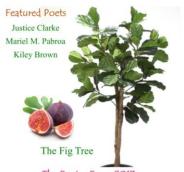


The Black Walnut Tree

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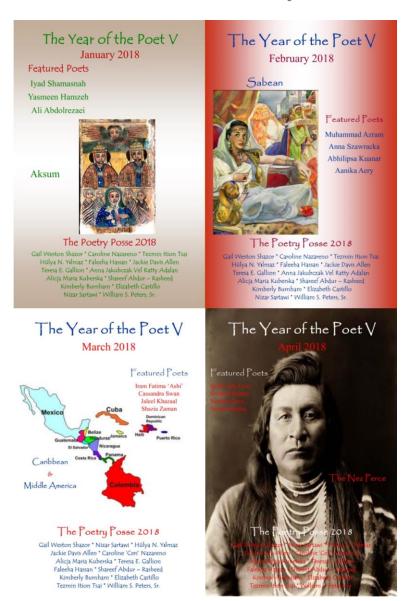
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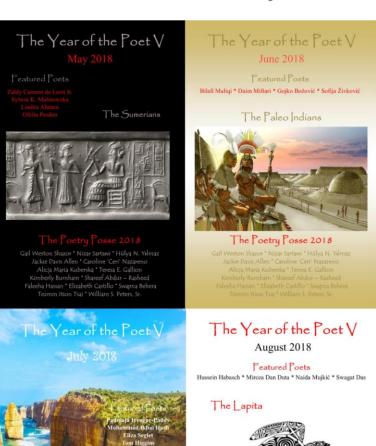
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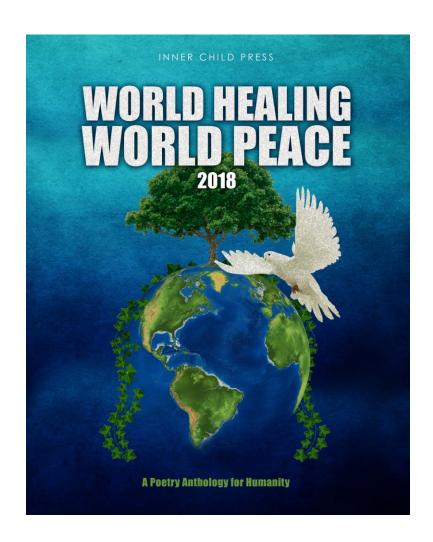
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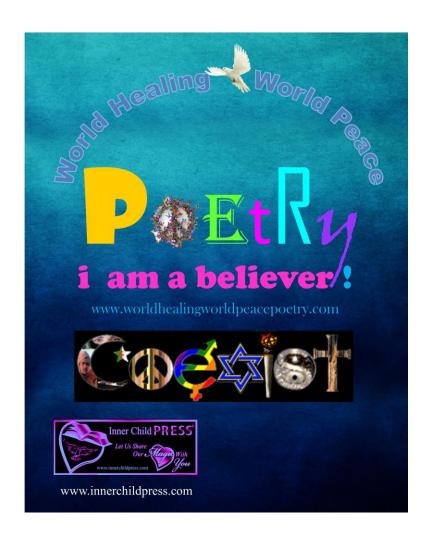
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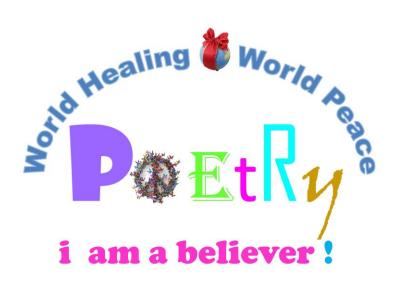


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# The Poetry Posse ~ 2018



# September 2018 ~ Featured Poets



Kolade Olanrewaju Freedom



Eliza Segiet



Mazher Hussain Abdul Ghani



Lilly Swarm

