# The Year of the Poet VI September 2019

#### Featured Poets

Elena Liliana Popescu \* Gobinda Biswas Iram Fatima 'Ashi' \* Joseph S. Spence, Sr.



# The Caucasus

## The Poetry Posse 2019

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

Year

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Dogt VI

September 2019

The Poetry Posse

inner child press, ltd.

#### The Poetry Posse 2019

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

#### **General Information**

# The Year of the Poet VI **September 2019 Edition**

#### The Poetry Posse

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# WHAT WOULD FE WITHOUT A LITTLE OF TRY?

## Dedication

This Book is dedicated to Poetry . . .

The Poetry Posse

past, present & future

our Patrons and Readers

the Spirit of our Everlasting Muse



the Power of the Pen to effectuate change!



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

Janet P. Caldwell

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## Foreword

"We are here to awaken from the illusion of our separateness." ~ Thich Nhat Hanh

All contributors in this book craft their poems on one world culture of collective focus every month. While this tradition guides us throughout our shared work, our objective is not about discovering differences. Because we are aware that there is only one entity to which we belong: Humanity. Regardless of the different languages we have acquired and use in our lifetime, and regardless of the geography-specific upbringing to which we each have been exposed, we are one.

The people of The Caucasus who have been marked with their grandiose eras and wars on history's timeline are no exception. For, no matter on what aspect of their past and present lives each of us have written in this month's poetry collection, they deliver one promise to us, through us: The livelihood of our family, called Humanity.

hülya n. yılmaz, Ph.D.

# World Healing, World Peace Foundation human beings for humanity



worldhealingworldpeacefoundation.org

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

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

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

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

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

Communicate with us via our email at:

worldhealingworldpeace@gmail.com or whwpfoundation@gmail.com

Visit the Web Site(s):

worldhealingworldpeacefoundation.org

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

Submit to:

worldhealingworldpeace@gmail.com

Please share this information

Thank You

Inner Child Press International 'building bridges of cultural understanding'

www.innerchildpress.com

# Dreface

Dear Family and Friends,

Yes I am excited? This year we have aligned our vision with that of UNESCO as it honors and acknowledges a variety of Global Indigenous cultures. We are now in our sixth year of publication. As are on our way to hitting another milestone. Needless to say, I am elated. Our initial vision was to just perform at this level for the year of 2014. Since that time we have had the blessed opportunity to include many other wonderful word artists and storytellers in the Poetry Posse from lands, cultures and persuasions all over the world. We have featured hundreds of additional poets, thereby introducing their poetic offerings to our vast global readership.

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

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

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

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

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

Building Cultural Bridges of Understanding . . .

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

Bill

The Poetry Posse Inner Child Press Ineternational

#### PS

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

#### Available here

www.worldhealingworldpeacepoetry.com

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

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



#### The Caucuses



The Caucuses is a region noted by its mountainous geography that lies where Europe and Asia converge. It is also the home of the Caucasian race. From this area came many similar yet distinctive cultural attributes whose peoples migrated into Russia, Europe and Asia as well. This region principally lies between the Caspian and the Black Seas. Armenia, Azerbaijan, Georgia and Russia. The Caucasus Mountains include the Greater and the Lesser Caucasus mountain range. These mountains are seen as a natural barrier that separates Western Asia from Eastern Europe.

For more information . . . <a href="https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Caucasus">https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Caucasus</a>









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







# The World Healing, World Peace International Poetry Symposium

International Poetry Symposium

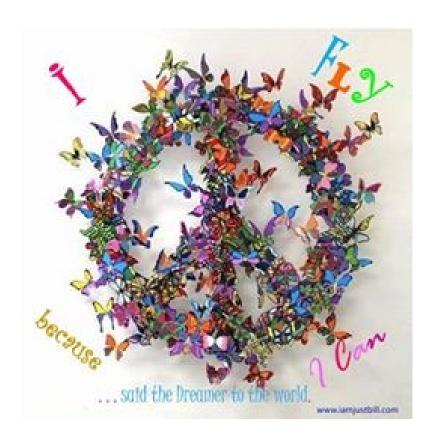
# Stay Tuned

for more information intouch@innerchildpress.com

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

Poetry succeeds where instruction fails.

~ wsp



# Gail Weston Shazor

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



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

#### The Year of the Poet $VI \sim September 2019$

#### Caucasus

Ice shining, white snow

My peaks reach toward the heavens

To cover your soul

Hear the drums below Slowing in the bitter cold We ever hide you

I am eternal
Without any allegiance
I belong to all

#### Compline

Water caresses psalmody
Wearing the rough edges away
Smoothing weariness into the
Curves of the porcelain basin
A gurgling cacophony of clean
Blends with twilight cricketsong
Pooling into the deep recesses
At the hollow of my spine

The quality of my pleasure
Outweigh my need to rush
The sensual distillery of lavender
And the smell of your memory
At the bend of my knee
My heart stills to prayers
I am not daunted by unfinished chores
Nor am I troubled any longer
By the rush of daylight minutes

Quietness fits across my shoulders
Like a favorite afghan
Against the summer breeze
An anthem rich in coolness
And solemn in need
My absolution is committed
Into your breast
For I remain eager to see your hue
In iridescent hummingbird wings
And the azure of open seas

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

Miles stretch into dismissal
A solemnity of confession
Ancient is the desire for comfort
And the completion of togetherness
I would have the feast and the rest
As I enter into this night's slumber
My soul longs to bridge the distance
And finally unite our lives
As I have committed my heart to you

#### Black Ass Way

I am feeling some kinda
Black ass way
Some kinda
You can't check me today
Like I am planning on sitting
Right the hell here
In this black ass high yella skin
Watching you watching me
Analyzing all that shit
That you don't think I see

I am feeling some kinda
Black ass way
Like a just right potato salad
Made in my pork scented kitchen
And ribs soaked
In Miller high life
For hours overnight
Ready for that black ass grill
In the neighborhood park

I am feeling some kinda
Black ass way
Some kinda fist pumping
Afro wearing, cocoa butter smooth
Dressed in fine clothes
Straight from the runway
By some black ass designer
Working in a white house

I am feeling some kinda Black ass way

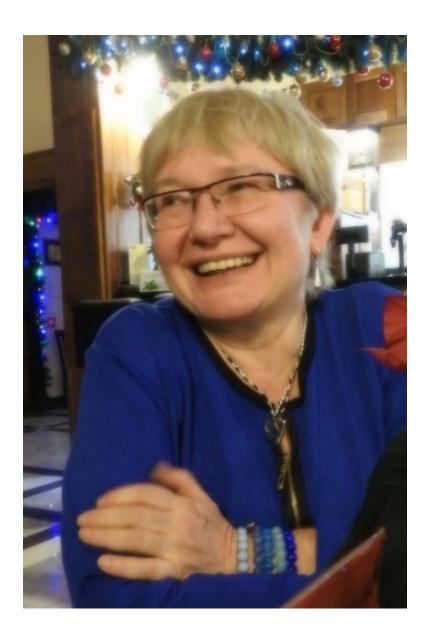
#### The Year of the Poet VI ~ September 2019

In this year of change Knowing that I can't be Marginally fixated by hate And I am still here Despite the omissions And the change from life to death

I am feeling some kinda
Black ass way
And if I disappear
Know that I was everything
And history will bear my story
They let me get learned
So know new tricks are needed
To un-memorize my black ass

# Alicja Maria Kubzrska

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



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

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.

#### Ararat - biblical story

God smiled again and his breath like a mighty gale closed the water reservoirs of the Great Abyss.

The last drops of rain fell from heaven. Powerful lightning and thunder stopped to crumble the sky. The waters began to lower slowly and hope appeared.

Angels swept away the stormy clouds and powerful fire. The furious waves desisted to yank the ark and the sun afresh shone brightly over the horizon.

The black wings of the raven had no rest. The white dove brought a gift - a leaf from an olive tree. God hung a rainbow over the mountain as a sign of the covenant.

A boat, similar to a nut filled with the nucleus of life, settled on the slopes of the holy mountain called Ararat Noah's descendants began their journey on the Earth again.

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

#### The Sun

When night ends, the show begins on the scene of sky.

The wind opens curtains made of clouds

- heavy and crimped like Baroque draperies.

Birds begin to treble and proclaim the arrival of light.

Darkness disappears and night flies away on its black wings.

The gray of morning slowly gains the pearly shades and pink cloudlets lead the way on blue sky for an oncoming solar chariot.

#### Nirvana

Emptiness and relief.

I do feel almost nothing.

A swarm of intrusive thoughts flew away. They were like small insects, squeezing into everywhere. I have no hope, anxieties or joy.

The dead stars shine above me and the moon phase is repeated every month. I observe the metamorphosis of space.

I am a jot of lively matter and I change with the cycles of nature, I knock under the principles of time.

My life is like a thin thread. When it breaks I will leave for unknown destination. I will cross without fear the threshold of mortality.

# Jackiz Pavis 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

#### Neighbors, In Name Only

Separated geophysically
From Armenia, and from the Caucasus,
She resides less than
A suburban block away,
From a historical neighbor.
A Turk.

Infected with the wound Of her ancestors' tragic-demise, She picks at the scab Of her inheritance. A way Of resurrecting, remembering Their names.

From repository of grief, Seeking not, nor ever inhaling Fresh air of forgiveness, peace, She sows self-same seeds of contempt. Unwilling, unable to reconcile Generational pain.

And, of the other, the Turk. Is she even aware of the other? Is it not more likely, that The blamed one, distances herself From their separate, but Shared history?

#### Between Friends, Neighbors

There is a structure, a fence Down below my garden It is in need of repair

With intent I have attempted To do it all by myself Sadly, I have met with no success

A new plan I have come up with Indeed, I think it might work If I am met halfway in the design

And with my neighbor's consent We agree to build a bridge over Our differences, and even add a gate

What merit is there in resurrecting Old grievances, some having roots More than several generations old

Might not the breach between us Remain in the past, if we use the tools Of mutual respect and forgiveness

When you left, I knew not what to do. I knocked on the door Of comprehension. Demanding

Incessantly, demanding answers To questions above my head. Above my ability To understand. And, yet

I heard the news, yesterday. You are back in the city. Of necessity you must have passed By our apartment.

Remember?
You still have the key.
You need not worry.
I have not changed the lock.

# Tzemin Ition Tsai



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

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

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

#### Dreaming In The Isolated Island Of Christ

When I faced one after another sparkish faces Gazing at you Eyes full of curiosity Just like a clear spring The dust in my heart has fallen Everything from outside In the world of children All were magical and wonderful Although Armenia has a tragic history Unheeded on the international arena But such a country People's faces are filled with laughter and enthusiasm People's eyes are full of beautiful aspirations The positive, optimistic, and cheerful nature of this ethnic group Even from a child can be seen

Just like her neighbors Beautiful sceneries, romantic beauties Winding mountains, lush forest-peaks Magnificent valleys, Peerless deep gullies Ancient and elegant churched All kinds of styles but beautiful Armenia She was not known in the international community.

The first Christian country in the world Foreigners continue to invade and oppress My relatives and friends heard that I went to Armenia. Unbelievable eyes wide But they didn't know when I heard at the Ganard monastery

Historical pain

Coming from their mouths
My expression was just as amazed as them

Strolling on the streets of Yerevan in the summer day In addition to the gentle breeze Huge and exaggerated bronze cast pillar statue Stone step goes up Beautiful squares, museums, gardens, statues of the 19th century

The lady taking photos with me at the Yerevan Opera House

Obviously

Conquered by the kind and subtle enthusiasm Armenians Dark and rough eyebrows

Ancient Greek statue-like silhouette Impressed me

The slogan of the demonstrators

The bloody massacre of the Turkish Empire in 1915

Wandering in my dream

I can only leave it with Dilijan City before I left It has always a place for writers to put their dreams

#### Looking Through The Water

Last night
After the bird flew away
Seemed there to see the grief of a breaking heart
Different from the past day
No longer waiting for the first sunshine this morning
Keep the window open
Keep the window
Open all the way

last night
After the bird flew away
I
Became blind up to now
That lake scenery outside the window
No need to wait for the first sunshine this morning
That happily married couple on that boat
Keep the paddles
Rowing

That creek
Slowly flowing into the lake
With footsteps so light and can't be lighter
No any intention to bother
The bird that has flown away
and
That happily married couple on the boat
Like a lily among thorns
Until I closed
My window

#### Where Should The Youth Dreams Go?

Mountains towering and thick
Vast and deep water flowing around the valley
The past just In front of my mind has not disappeared
In the baggage
Loaded the earnest exhortations of my parents
My chest is crammed into a blah poem
A poetry
With where the youth dreams go
Ignorant! Ignorant! Ignorant! Ignorant! Ignorant!
Ignorant!

For endure great hardships in pioneer work
Raise the whip of the right hand
When is the partner's footsteps become so fast?
Sharp eyes
Lips closed without saying a word
The sound of condemning loud and heavy
Bigfoot
This growth arena couldn't bear it
Clatter! Clatter! Clatter! Clatter! Clatter! Clatter!

The road ahead is so rampant
Watch out for every turn
The load on the chest will only be heavier and never be alleviated.
Firm my mind
Past memories like a burst of smoke
Can't change everything in the future will come true soon
Growing up
Real life in exchange for a dream
Yeah! Yeah! Yeah! Yeah! Yeah! Yeah!

# 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

#### gateway/barrier

-----

Caucasus Georgia, Armenia, Azerbaijan, Russia extending to Turkey, Iran, Abkhazia, Artsakh Autonomous Russia, Chechnya, Dagestan, Ingushetia, etc. between the Black Sea, Caspian Sea see the Caucasus Mountain range Gateway/ barrier between east, west, eastern Europe, western Asia peak of Mt. Elbrus 18,510 ft. highest mountain in Europe stands guard, bears witness amazing mix of humanity diversity Indo-European, Turkic, Kartvelian tongues northeast, northwest indigenous Russian in the northeast tip Muslims, Jews, Christians signs of humanity 2.8 million years ago, in Georgia multiple invasions Christian dominance gave way to Arab, Turk conquest brought Islam

later Russian invasion brought genocide gold, alunite, chromium, copper, iron ore, mercury etc. minerally rich, culturally rich, human mix rich Caucasus rich, historically noteworthy

food4thought = education

#### bloodlust

-----

fitnah, fitnah, fitnah mischief, trouble, test all over the earth, Carnage (Bloodletting), Murder, homicide senseless, brutal, bloodlust orgy godless, feigning godly not hardly took creator out the equation kill for the sin-sation blood spill is recreation no magic pill to relieve damnation only divine mercy will reverse the curse heaped on a nation by way of constant ungodly forbidden participation pray for the souls of the creation to receive guidance, obey revelation rehearse the verse relieve the curse but for now, conditions in deterioration even though what seems to be isn't it exactly? more like criminal collusion to hide in plain sight, create an illusion, keep the people in state of confusion establish wrong over right plot to carry out devil's plight but in spite

Allah's(swt) plan in full effect day 'n 'night look at man something he don't fully understand man plots 'n 'plans Allah(swt) has the best plan be patient and pray for mankind and the day when all this will cease to exist, cease 'n 'desist pass away from memory

food4thought = education

#### snakes

\_\_\_\_\_

as they slither in the grass no matter how they try to fake with the phony postures they take like putting lipstick on a pig you dig? a snake is a snake is a snake just like the pit bulls folks get for protection, intimidation not just a pet are snakes with guns 'n' badges or military uniforms dem wear and even riot gear become the norm dem hide behind come down on people already in social/economic bind with evil intent they're sent to discourage, contain dissent in their minds dem find dem not to be same as the people they're sworn to serve, protect instead there's total disconnects 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 'n' compassion

equate to instead it's easy for them to disrespect, feel hate fueled by evil arrogance mindless ignorance it's bias dem create that view me and you as something other rather than sisters, brothers members of the human race in your mind do you find anything meaner that matches the demeanor of a cold blooded snake especially if it's produced and sponsored by the state?

food4thought = education

# Kimberly Burnham



Find yourself in the pattern. As a 28-year-old photographer, Kimberly Burnham appreciated beauty. ophthalmologist diagnosed her with a genetic eye condition saying, "Consider life, if you become blind." She discovered a healing path with insight, magnificence, and vision. Today, 33 years later, a poet and neurosciences expert with a PhD in Integrative Medicine, Kimberly's life mission is to change the global face of brain health. Using health coaching, Reiki, Matrix Energetics, craniosacral therapy, acupressure, and energy medicine, she supports people in their healing from brain, nervous system, and chronic pain issues. As managing editor of Inner Child Magazine, Kimberly's 2019 project is peace, language, and visionary poetry with her recently published book, Awakenings: Peace Dictionary, Language and the Mind, a Daily Brain Health Program.

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

#### The Peace of Self-Agreement

Two words in Lak a Nakh-Dagestanian language of Russia and the Northeast Caucasus give a hint of how we feel when we do what is right for us

"Cuppa b-aq'-awu" and "curda d-aq'-awu" from "aq'in" to be in agreement with someone the words mean peace with oneself self-agree or agreement as if when we do what we agree to ourselves is right we are at peace

We can argue you and I about what is right for me for you for the world but in my heart I know what is right for me and doing that brings peace to me to you and the world

#### Kazakhstan Expectations

Everywhere children are expected to be strong and hope for fame the Central Asian republic of Kazakhstan finds peace "Бейбітшілік" or "bejbetsilik" and love for children every family wants a boy born to be a defender of the clan at war to resemble famous noble people or poets in the times of peace as the land stretches from the Caspian Sea in the East to the Altai Mountains and China in the West fighters and poets grow into men

#### The Circassian Heart at Rest

Peace or "ryпсэху" in Adyghe a Northwest Caucasus language is two words heart and rest means two feelings peace and comfortable

"Унэ гупсэф" is a comfortable house where our heart can rest we can find inner peace as we travel and visit where a Circassian greeting holds great import

"Іуэхум япэр фІэхъусщ"
"greetings precede all"
a token of peace
an implied welcome
an invitation to one's home
visitors and strangers consider salutatory words
a godsend
a promise of plentiful food and cozy lodgings
among friends

# 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.

#### Web links:

#### Facebook Fan Page

https://free.facebook.com/ElizabethEsguerraCastillo

Google Plus

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

#### The Kurds

Along the rugged terrain-

Of the Zagros Mountains

There they dwell,

The Land of the Kurds

Roaming the desert highway, night and day,

Nomadic people of the "Mesopotamian Plains"

Eclectic tribes led by their "aga"

Whose words are firm like the "sheik",

In Turkey, they are called the "Mountain Turks"

Ethnic people leading struggling lives

But made them tough and brave.

#### Signs

signs coming from the heavens, asking God to have mercy on them cries of a svelte, wretched soulechoes through the dark night like a trumpet like the rhythms of jazz, a lone saxophone, dribbling through the ears of one's beloved.

symbols likened to handspointing to the right direction, coming out of nowhere,
a new frontier, where man embraces his tomorrow
some just stareand keep wandering around in circles
while the others enter doors of new horizons.
my beautiful butterflythe one that brought the sun to my garden.

metamorphosisthe end to all sufferings what everyone awaits for

the end of my old lifegoing peacefully traversing the road to eternity.

I love the captivating rainbow and I would rather feast my eyes on its splendor enchanting hues just like the changing seasons of one's lifea sign of hope of new things to come I love you...

#### Road

She traveled to and fro-Driving her old sedan As I stare Out of my window-Fancy Her red gown. Picking up the pieces, Fragments of memories And things left undone, She questioned God Why was her road An uneven one. I loved the path I trekked-Like a lover shows her affection for the beloved Every now and then, I write in my diary-My roller coaster ride, Share to the universe moments of grief And times of utter happiness. A blue robin perched on a fragile branch Fixed its eyes on the road-I read its mind and I knew How it longed to escape the place, Its heart desired to awaken from this dream And for its spirit to just fly away.

# Jog Pairg



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

www.facebook.com/joe.minddancer

#### Where Am I?

How do you remember history?

Do imaging warring factions wielding armor and their captives

Do you admire the attire and inspire to be king Or a trader for your neighbors bringing goods from across the sea

Maybe it's the mountains those beautiful mountains or the constant interference from other ruling governments Caucasus, Caucasians did you immediately think persuasion, this nation is quite different

Yet there is no difference

We all get influence from the love of diversity
Let me ask you this, is any man worry free?
conflict in the north south and surrounding borders
When will I be able to describe a place without war
So much culture so many languages it's a pity
The greed of man can't handle it
Peasants and overloads Present tense and oh my lorge

Peasants and overlords Present tense and oh my lord They're still fighting, when a place so inviting Is hidden in blood

They can say the same thing when they write about us Where am I?

I'm in between dreams of seeing the world free

### Night Porch

I caught the moons reflection in an amber sphere I saw stars by a candle jars flame which has long gone out stinking incense makes me homesick Yet the pungency is attractive Wild cacti grow and a broken bird house missed its guest Don't protest the summer Midnight slumber is often cooled at the right time My pen and I start to write time I write my vision through passers by Memories don't serve me well I frown when the sound strikes a chord Having made it before I love new leaves New trees new roots and the Night porch calls again A harlequin of seashells so thin they chime in the wind Hung by hemp string, sung by history A world full of mystery if you make it so Storyteller from the look of a jazz affair The crack at your feet and I'll paint your drama The turning leaves the turning leaves one hundred degrees Sweat begins the pour no summer breeze in cramped quarters or camp orders I was just looking down at the likes of a soldier The night holds you with its sounds Egrets and wild turkey brass stars and quarter moons Ah, but at twelve noon when shadows shift I see the most beautiful land, it's called anywhere.

#### Smile On The Face

In the case of Propaganda, what is it? so let's visit. The topic seems anthropic, if you look at it head on The backward years reappear and wedge on Smile on the face through obvious distaste Man, your data base is spot on Don't believe the hype, the crew, the news The few who knew that smile was a ruse Pamphlets, those gaudy pamphlets The ladies' hand them out on entrance Win this, when these displays get made We're awe struck, then we are stuck on Kool-Aid Smile on the face of early explores Defeat the culture with negative stereo, type right. Write onto the pages to sell this or that Fib or fact, how do you sell your point Endorsing a folly, bet you bout got it now Bet you by golly wow Bet you by tickets for a show that caught your eye Propaganda, Smile on the face, same thing, if the brain tries to sway you from believing a thing Believe in a King, not a bare-naked emperor Who won't wear a thing? Smile in the face won't bare the pain of us We're taught the vain in us Who sought the vain in us, it's so harrowing? When heroin does the same thing It blinds the brain, be careful what you listen to Listen through the thicket I bet you thought I was going to say Fortunately, I just wasn't taught that way Comedy and Drama who writes the better comma I mean, to give you pause.

hülya n. yılmaz



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

hülya n. yılmaz, Ph.D.

Writing Web Site hulyanyilmaz.com

Editing Web Site hulyasfreelancing.com

### Ciscaucasia

with a sweeping gesture of the tongue, i put the globe in the same sack all the different regions, that is all the different countries, that is all the different languages, that is

a wishful thinking

behind my one-color glasses the shade of oneness the hue of unity within humanity

or . . .

could it be that i am under the influence of my own existence as a thing of some substance?

what do i know?

regardless . . .

Ciscaucasia,
you are the closest
to that precious place
where i took my first breath
i was told, my father's family
had migrated from your mountain range
Dad was always proud
of their Russian Samovar

my oldest cousin, father-side, named his two children after you

behind my one-color glasses the color of oneness of unity within humanity

still . . .

what do i know?

### Dagestan

as my childhood memories fade away a few resilient ones seem determined to stay one of them is a somber song to the mountains where people, in marches, are forced to sway there is heavy talk of many a smoke, nothing short of a fatal stroke yet the people march on their voices, eventually, turning into a whisper then, barely there . . .

Dagestan, what have you witnessed?

## Azerbaycan

one of the many republics you were, that much i know the countless atrocities you had to undergo rarely don our books of your history we'd much rather not look, you see, for our image in the mirror is as ugly as can be

not our first . . .

# 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

### Not Complicated

The countries and people of Caucasus are complicated. What is not is the epic grandeur of the Caucasus Mountains nestled between the Black Sea and the Caspian Sea.

Georgia, Armenia, and Azerbaijan make claims to this magnificent landmass boasting the highest mountain in Europe, Mount Elbrus.

Despite the violent history that is common amongst all human species across planet earth, the mountains still call us home to sit with nature.

### Old Wind

Come to me old wind. Shout the wisdom you bring. I am here today ready to assimilate your words.

I heard you scream, you are blessed.
The flutter of your lips always declare the truth.

My chest pumps joy. I breathe in gratitude sitting under the cottonwood in a little piece of heaven.

A testament to the flow of blessings in my life. If I dare complain, slap me hard and fast.

### Forest Binding

On the path is a forest engulfed in flames of silence waiting to enfold you in a divine embrace.

Dirt clings to the contour of your boots as your feet softly touch the earth.

The wind's gentle whisper is music to your ears. Brings you to your knees unable to hold the rapture that binds you to the forest.

# 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.

### **Defying Realism**

I look around thinking where are the Caucasus and a handful of countries I've known only to find all whites are now Caucasians.

I wonder then what are the people from the Caucasus? (If native Americans are Indians Then what are the people from India?)

Is this another form of racism to call ourselves what we are not, to draw up boundaries to feel safe as a precondition for surviving.

Caucasus mountains stand indifferent as mystifying as a dream

- Caucasian, literally, refers to people native to the Caucasus, but it has become interchangeable with 'White' populations, most of whom trace their ancestry to Europe. I think that the people who use the term 'Caucasian' likely do not know where the Caucasus mountains are.
- Armenia, Azerbaijan, Georgia and parts of Caucasus conquered by Russia

### Senses

Explore life
Discover love
Feel the vibration

Adore surroundings Develop passion Experience intimacy

Seek ecstasy Ignite joy Crave for a soul mate

If I were another I You were other than you The world still would be same

Remember
There are many ways
To hear, taste, touch, see and smell

### Words

When a poem dawns on me it shines it's light on me beauty I hardly deserve.

Showering of words pour down delicately 1 am drenched.

Swaying in elation
I forget the difference
between pain and healing
between light and dark
between faith and doubts
between promises
our bodies make
and the ones
they keep.

## 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 4<sup>th</sup> Placer in World Union of Poets Poetry Prize 2016, Writers International Network-Canada "Amazing Poet 2015", The Frang Bardhi Literary Prize 2014 (Albania), the sair-gazeteci or Poet-Journalist Award 2014 (Tuzla, Istanbul, Turkey) and World Poetry Empowered Poet 2013 (Vancouver, Canada).

### Two refrains

we came from different directions you were the *nefesh* i am the *neshuma* but we believed we can merge as one like rainmakers dancing amidst the fields of wonderment, our endless refrain.

we meet with open windows both in nostalgic stares we prance in joy and sorrows exchange steps from our own battles, with one purpose: continue searching the meaning of tomorrow, as we cross mountains and ebbing the tides.

## Whisper of Hope

c'est la vie...
the towering boulders,
the summit to dream
invited me again
"go where you feel most alive"

lush of greens earth reminds beautiful start reinvigorating cadence new dreams, new beginnings where the sky of hope says, ''go where your heart takes you''

## spring's secret lullaby

waiting for the pearly morn
cascading with infinite dew drops
crystalline symphonies on the clouds
whispering silver charming flames
a song bird singing merry silhouettes
in the majestic hours of spring
with you by my side is a dream
like secrets lulling mellow chants
while dancing to life's windmills of chance

## Swapna Behera



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

#### The Address of The Heaven

here is the Heaven between the Black sea and Caspian sea the hamlets of the Caucasians the migratory birds sparkling moon in sync with all invisible directions blue eyes, classic lips tall damsels dancing their skirts flutter with the tune of the bagpipers where the earth is ploughed after the shower the footsteps codify rhyme and rhythm ethnic celebration of fresh air cater the catalogue of colours and dialogue of honours Heavenly poetry written by trees sprinkle fragrance of tulips exactly where the drumbeats merge with heartbeats the Heaven is here and here ..... ...

## Each Answer is Hash Tagged

each answer is hash tagged with a popping question, a dream; a palette, an ascend a goose bump a lustrous reception a graffiti of butterflies a prayer, a promise, a verse, a pause, drops of tears and the last word of a promising Anthem.

each answer

a combination and permutation a dot in a circle and a circle in a dot a drop in the ocean and an ocean in the drop a road map from eyes to alphabets a closed chapter of references and inferences.

each answer speaks
"hey! I am coming back after just a short break.
till then best wishes....."

## Once again

Once again
democracy will march
on the curved village roads
farmers will hoist the green flag
rivers will twist and bend
to satisfy all
the air ,water and soil will be fresh
as the virgin eyes of a new born
irrespective of every time zone and latitudes

once again the bangle seller will sell in the market the soldiers will be back after a peace treaty

once again
people will celebrate truth;
blindfolded statues
will be removed from the courts

once again each blind child will get the retina from you or me smile will replace anger

once again; nature will teach us love .......

# Albert 'Infinite' Carrasco



I'm a project life philanthropist, I speak about the non ethical treatment of poor ghetto people. Why? My family was their equal, my great grandmother and great grandfather was poor, my grandmother and grandfather, my mother and father, poverty to my family was a sequel, a traditional Inheritance of the subliminal. I paid attention to the decades of regression, i tried to make change, but when I came to the fork in the road and looked at the signs that read wrong <> right, I chose the left, the wrong direction, because of street life interactions a lot around me met death or incarceration. I failed myself and others. I regret my decisions, I can't reincarnate dead men, but I can give written visions in laymens. I'm back at that fork in the road, instead of it saying wrong or right, I changed it, now it says dead men <> life.

Infinite poetry @lulu.com
Alcarrasco2 on YouTube
Infinite the poet on reverbnation

### Infinite Poetry

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

#### Caucasus

Between the Caspian and Black Sea, Is home to Armenia, Azerbaijan, Georgia and Russia, The Caucasus mountains are a barrier between Europe and Western Asia.

Abkhazo-Adyghian, Nakho-Dagestanian and kartvelian, are the indigenous languages spoken by the Caucasian. Ciscaucasus is the north and Transcaucasus is the south, Separated by the lower and greater mountain ranges. Mt Elbrus is so tall,

Petroglyphs on rock in Gobustan look like an artist personal wall.

This land was home to early man, Fossils from a million years ago was found by an archeologist hand.

Cathedrals, Palaces, Mosques, Forts and mausoleums are all historical.

#### Saw it all

Infinite is a poet straight out the BX, I lived my genre in Castle hill, that's where I watched hustlers pop guns and stack funds from drug sales made in or around the projects. I saw some blow and move, I've seen some try to blow but lose and I've heard guns blow and saw some bleeding out while their parents begged them to move. Poverty had me willing to take chances. I Dreamt of being like the ones that made it, I knew getting in wouldn't mean I'll win, I could lose after trying or be the one snug in a casket while everyone is crying. I was hungry so I took the first opportunity offered to make money. I was out there with my kin, we had the same plight, same view but different windows when we watched hustlers hustle and broad day or late night gunfights. we stood back to back trying to get our pockets right. We got it all, cash, cars, jewelry. Money power respect and anytime anywhere pussy. We lived the life. I mean we came up fast, red was the brand, but because of the chefs hand it didn't matter the color, we could ROY G BIV the ave and multiply math, our material was stronger. It's wasn't all glitz and glamor. One dead. Two dead. Ten dead. When we was young watching and playing the game, we heard the shots and saw the money, but those sights and sounds didn't come with the feeling of hurt and pain, when you're living the life.. those emotions are gained.

#### Dementia

Bendicion. Y dios de bendiga. Saying that is the first thing I say every time I see her. I'll pucker up and give her a kiss on her forehead while she's sitting in her chair or laying in her bed. I can see her face light up with joy, like ahhh there's my boy. How's your mother and brothers? They're fine. How's the kids? They're fine too. Gracias a dios. I make sure she took a shower and is dressed properly. I look in the closet and drawers to make sure she has all her property, then grab her remote to put on her favorite Spanish channel on TV. Apágalo! do you think electricity is free? She thinks the nursing home is home. She's fed, but not our traditional food so I bring rice, beans, baked chicken, bistec, carne guisada, or soup and her favorite...Spanish coffee with a little bit of milk and sugar, which always puts her in a relaxed mood. Sometimes she eats on her own and others I feed her. I can sit with her and talk for an hour. It'll be a great conversation between grandma and grandson. Some days are better than others. What I mean is, sometimes she's confused and forgetful. Bendicion grandma. I give her her kiss and I'll hear, Oh you know me? Thank you for the kiss. As if I'm a nice stranger. It's me Albert, Albert? My daughters son? No you're not Albert, where's your mother? In Florida. Florida? Ah bueno. My sister Emilia came to see me yesterday. (It blows my mind because her sister died more than a decade ago, by no means will I let her know that, so I run with it.) Emilia came? that's great. How is she? She looks good and young. Why are you here? I came to see you. Why? To make sure you're okay. I'm just fine. I brought you food. Ay no, I'm full. I'll ask the nurses if she ate, they'll say no, she hasn't eaten because she's waiting for you to bring her food. I'm offering her the food but to her I'm not me at that moment. Two minutes later she's holding my hand telling me how much I'm missed. It's hard, but I keep my composure wishing there was no such thing as dementia.

# Cliza Søgiøt



After earning a Master's Degree in Philosophy at the Jagiellonian University in Krakaw, Poland, Eliza Segiet

proceeded with her post-graduate studies in the fields of Cultural Knowledge, Penal Revenue and Economic Criminal Law, Arts and Literature and Film and Television Production in the Polish city, Lodz.

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

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

#### Forever

In memory of Those who stayed there

For the love of the mountains they go to places hard to reach – to make dreams come true:

to be above the clouds, to experience differently, to see more.

For the love of the mountains – they take risk.

Some of them reach inhospitable summits.

Thirsty for adventures, they are still trying.

Kazbek, Elbrus are not just their plans – they are the goals.

An order of desires and certainty. Despite everything, it's worth it. The language of time will show who has arrived and who has not managed.

For the love of the mountains they return

or they stay forever.

translated by Artur Komoter

## **New Opening**

She stopped planning, waiting and dreaming. Her monotonous time, it became overwhelming.

In the evenings she whispered:

-No future anymore.

Time to die?

Everything apart from her?

It is not too late yet to do something, to get to know a fraction of the world's secrets.

Every day is a new opening – not a time to shut the longings in unaccomplishment.

In the beginning she chose Georgia.

Delighted with the beauty of
Tbilisi, Batumi, Poti

– she breathed more fully.

She already knew that the wind of her strength will become the previously unattainable goals.

translated by Artur Komoter

#### Time of Solstice

Time of solstice – a time of transition, looking differently, not turning back.

Attempt at the end – an attempt at the beginning.

How to begin?

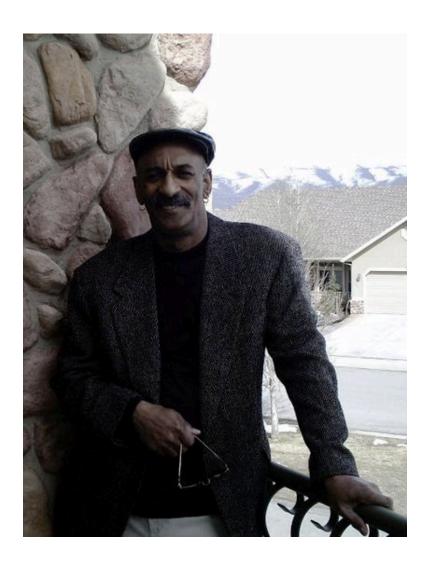
The moon is like it was, the sun rises and sets.
Only I see it differently – the irreversible progression of life, the maturity of the panorama of the fossils of memories drawn into my time.

1] My submission is my original work, and no part has been copied from any other work. I own all rights in my submission. There is no need to get permission for publication.

2] I don't expect the payment for the publication.

translated by Artur Komoter

# 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

#### Caucuses

From the mountains
And the caves
Came one
Who sought to enslave
The world

Hunters Gatherers
Conquerors, Wanderers
With a wonder
That consumed
The known world
And other civilizations
That had no correlation
To the equation
We call . . . humanity

Assimilators
Of those
Who were not of ...
A land of many languages,
Culture
And ways of life

They endured the harshness
Of the unfriendly mountainous region
And though equal
Disbanded
Amongst themselves

From this was borne . . . Colonialism, Imperialism, Capitalism

## The Year of the Poet $\,\mathrm{VI}\sim\mathrm{September}\,$ 2019

And other 'isms'
Were given birth
Upon the earth
That man to this day
Must endure

## Just like Little Bo Peep

Lying face down in the pillow Waiting for the torrid dreams And horrid screams To arrive And drive me Over the edge

Nightmares were my best friends I could depend upon them To always be there .... By day at times, By night all times

#### Shhhhh...

I hear someone coming,
Twigs being broken
Upon the forest floor,
The moon filtering through
The canopy of fright,
Looming blooming
Incantations spoken
Into my broken-mess
Blessing me
With fears
I must learn to face

Imagination...
Out of control
Giving cause for the tension
In the center sphere
Of my glutemous maximus
Where my apprehension

Settles and collects
To meddle with suspect
About my un at ease
Which I can only appease
With another painkiller

Which disturbs me most,
Is it my sciatica
Or this brain stuff
That fluffs up
My weariness
Blinding me
From the light,
Yet reminding me
Of the enduring night
I suffer

I suffocate myself
With expectations
Of the Joy in the morning
That never seems to arrive
At the dawning
Of my 1st light
And I wonder
Just how alive
Am I

I do strive though my friend,
But even I question
To what end,
For the blending ... in
The mending sin
Has not given leeway
To this evolving fix
Where I no longer have to pretend

#### To give a damn

Sam was a good ole boy, But who was he really, Was he anything Like me? As a matter of fact Who is anyone I ask, for truly, We don't know 'Jack' About why We are attacked At a spiritual level

I look through the
Beveled glass,
And everything is distorted
And here I am
Cohorting
With my conjured demons of verse
Attempting to expunge
The terseness
Of my trepidation

I long for a bit more
Of that euphoric ghost
That visits
Every now and then,
And perhaps,
Just perhaps
I can convince him
To sit a bit,
Stay a while
And have a meal
Just before now

## The Year of the Poet $\,\mathrm{VI}\sim\mathrm{September}\,$ 2019

Once more
To sleep
And count my sheep
Just like
Little Bo Peep

## The Building

The Building
There was a time
That there was this building
That took presence and shape
In my horizon
As it loomed ominously,
Calling oft times
... my name

It was an empty sort of place With no walls, Just doors and windows ... All open

Most of my waking consciousness Was aware Of this structure That had come To become An integral part Of all my thoughts

I began to house my dreams
In the ether
About it.
My desires for self and others,
And our world
Lived there too

Some times, that was enough . . . But it truly wasn't

So ...
I began to erect walls
And adorn them
With my 'me-ness' ...
And expectations for
Whom I would allow
To cross my threshold

This structure,
This place
Where I stored
My inadequacies
Became a favorite place
For me to hang out,
Along with my
Excuses,
My delusions,
And my
Delicate,
Decrepit,
Dilapidated,
Self Deifying ...
Beliefs ....

Call it conviction If you will, But 'Will' Had naught to do With it certainty.

In circumspective contemplative buffoonery I considered and surmised
To my mild myopic surprise,
And I declaratively declared ...
"Whoa be me I said, I see

That is your purpose O Building" ....

. . . .

At that time,
The Building removed itself
From its illusory foundation
And approached me
And said ....
"Life's simple question is
What are you building?"

## September 2019 Featured Poets

~ \* ~

Elena Liliana Popescu
Gobinda Biswas
Iram Fatima 'Ashi'
Joseph S. Spence, Sr.



# Elgna Liliana Popgscu



Elena Liliana Popescu (1948, Turnu Măgurele, Teleorman, Romania) is Doctor in Mathematics and Professor at the University of Bucharest, Romania. She is poet, translator and editor, member of the Writers' Union of Romania and the Romanian PEN Centre.

She has published more than 50 books of poetry and translations from English, Spanish. Her poems, translated into more than 20 languages, have been published in various volumes, anthologies in literary magazines in Albania, Argentina, Australia, Bangladesh, Bolivia, Brazil, Canada, Chile, Colombia, Cuba, El Salvador, Estonia, Germany, Hungary, India, Italy, Mexico, Mongolia, Nicaragua, Pakistan, Poland, Puerto Rico, Republic of Moldova, Romania, Serbia, Spain, Taiwan, Turkey, Uruguay, USA.

She has curated numerous poetry volumes, monographs and essays. She has published translations in literary magazines from the works of over one hundred authors. She has participated in several literary events abroad (Brazil, Chile, Cuba, France, Italy, Mexico, Spain, Nicaragua, Turkey, USA).

## When you are found

The shore reigns in the ocean's freedom Full darkness contains the light Upon the still land, fear is the wave that leaves in its wake the world to come.

Everything is nothing in seeking immortality In this mute despair silence is the word. Even unhappiness contains the happiness when, humbled, you will leave this world.

Subdued illusion hides the truth revealed only when you departtoday the merely transitory becomes eternal when you're found.

## When everything is lost

The clock did not stop but hours no longer show on Time's dial, which has come to a standstill, contemplating.

Perspective still works, but objects are no longer clear against the pure expanse of unnamed Space.

Life has not ended but death no longer looms at the horizon waiting for someone to rise up sometime, somewhere, in the land of oblivion...

Everything is as it used to be though nothing has meaning when lost in a timeless space, in a spaceless time...

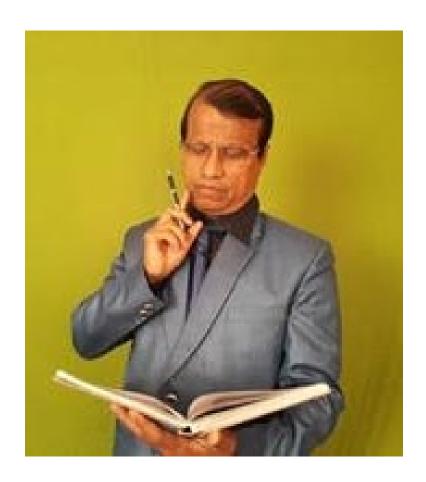
#### That instant

A few words, you told yourself, just a few—and created a story whose present is yesterday by now, just as tomorrow will be past for another story left behind, lost forever...

One word, you told yourself, just one— and you are on your way the unknown, that unexpected step, free to think of who you are and are not, of that instant in which you can become and be you.

English version by Adrian G Sahlean

# Gobinda Biswas



Gobinda Biswas is a poet who hails from West Bengal, India. He is an Assistant Teacher of English at Vivekanandanagar Vivekananda High School. He has published A book of 86 self - composed and original English poems namely 'The Sunny Poems' Published in May, 2016 and a book of 90 self-composed poems 'The Universal Poems'. His work has appeared in countless anthologies and magazines globally.

You can connect with him via FaceBook

https://www.facebook.com/profile.php?id=1000090298419 90

### To my Olivia

O my Olivia, you live thousands of miles away Beyond the rivers, near the seas in pleasure, Always you dreamt the life of true abundance Your dream is fulfilled, you live with treasure.

You taught me how to dream a good dream Then I was really beside myself with joy, Beside the river, 'neath the teak we whispered Hands upon hands, eyes upon eyes, you were coy.

I took you as my Hero, I was Leander So, I crossed the Hellespont but all in vain, I was not the Edward-viii, O my Wally He arrived, you caught hand and I'm in pain.

You were my Thisbe,I was your Paramus Under the mull-berry tree we would sit for hours, No whisper, no talking, we gazed at the rain-bow Years have passed; alone I gaze and shed tears.

These are the paths, now I can clearly see Smiling we are walking side by side, This is the old Burma teak under whose feet Still in tears I'm rowing the canoe in hide.

### The Soldier is Crying

I am a soldier, a really brave soldier Always you think I have no finer feelings, That I'm a machine like the cruel machine gun Truly speaking I don't like bombings and firings.

Despite that I am going to the battle-field To kill those imaginary enemies I don't know, Who have done no harm to me at all They're not my enemies, I can't help but rue.

On the contrary, I also might be killed in front Those soldiers never wanted me to slay, Thus either we, the soldiers kill or be killed Not we but Mars triumphs on the Death Valley.

Now I am on way to the horrible war-front Over there are my wife with our little darling, She rushed to me and began to wail loudly My throat got chocked while I was weeping.

She was panicked that I would not come back For too few would return from the bloody battle, She was howling, 'Please, don't go to the front' I took little child to arms and she began to rattle.

#### In 4001 B.C.

We are the humans of 4001 B.C. While the world is really beautiful, We suffer from three primal needs But our social environment is so cool.

We are not divided by any border For we have no so called country, We have the whole of the earth Where like air we are totally free.

We have no refugee problem For we can migrate anywhere, From our native land we've spread Across the world, dear, O dear.

We don't know the so called religions They kill humans even in 21<sup>st</sup> century, We have no beliefs in imaginary gods We do not write fabricated history.

Avoid all the complications of your minds You're great grand-sons and grand-daughters, We notice your miseries and get agonized Abandon violence, live in peace and pleasures.

# Iram Fatima 'Ashi'



I am Iram Fatima 'Ashi'. I am nonresident Indian staying in Saudi Arabia. I was born and raised in India.

I pursued graduation and post graduation in English. I have been writing since the age of 13 in Hindi, Urdu and English. I am currently working as an Editor in chief of 'Reflection online magazine', Editorial Executive Sub-Committee member of VIEW (Print journal) and my creative work is part of 41 international anthologies, one poetry book and one novel. My articles, short stories and poems are published in Indian magazines and newspapers. Internationally, my work is published in Canada and US. I feel blessed on being honored by 'Aagman Gourav 2015, 2016 &2017' by Aagman group.

### To witness nature from the height

In the lap of nature, a widely open view, Beautiful to watch, welcoming with open arms, Trapped in strange fascination, felt good with pride, When I get a chance to witness, nature from the height.

Tiny moving creatures, a close look of flying birds, Chilled airwaves are touching with wet clouds, Climate and my mood, on its peak and delight, When I get a chance to witness nature from the height.

I wish I could be a photographer to capture this moment, Or I would be a painter to paint this splendor scenery, A musician to compose a song, or a poet so that I can write, When I get a chance to witness nature from the height.

I wish you could be here by my side, close by, With this playful nature, absorbing all this exquisite, I want to witness this beauty, while hugging you tight, When I get a chance to witness nature from the height.

#### A Silence

A silence,

That screams with the creatures of the night, Echoing through the dark path ways, Dreads the soul of travelers, passing by

A silence,

An outcome of an extreme love, A caring heart that always went unnoticed, Anger, amidst the solitude

A silence,

An articulation, that bears no words, A sword, slowly cutting into the insides, A denied, unknown darkness growing within!

#### The Abandoned Soul

My soul begs me for something,
Something lost in the tides of time,
I look back at their smiling faces,
Their eyes not even for once meeting mine

There's no sound, But I can hear their laughter, They won't even look at my face, If only they could see how I feel!

I know no one would call me,
Nor take me by the hand,
For I have been condemned,
Set as an example for everyone to see!

I take a final look at the marks I left behind.

A feeling of nostalgia makes me cry,
I'm free, I tell myself as I begin to climb,
I am moving forward, my spirit shall sail on!

A new life awaits me,
There in the darkness of empty spaces,
Where no emotions tread by,
No memories to haunt my tortured mind!

# Joseph S. Spence, Sr.



Joseph S. Spence, Sr., author of seven poetry books, invented, "Epulaeryu Poetry." His writings appeared nationally and internationally in forums such as: journals, anthologies, magazines, newspapers and the U. S. Army. He taught at Bryant and Stratton University, retired from the U.S. Army, and is a Goodwill Ambassador. He received many awards including: Literary Golden Badge 5/2019 (Oman), Poetry Gold Medal Honors 5/2019 (Africa), Noble Star for Literature 12/2018 (India). Poetry Ambassador Medal, Independent Poet Laureate, Who's Who in Poetry, and Editor's Choice Awards (USA); and Poetry Bard (UK). He has membership in various scholastic honor societies, and resides, USA.

#### If We Must Die

Dedicated to the Natural Spirit of Claude McKay, Jamaican and Harlem Renaissance Poet. September 15, 1889—May 22, 1948

Your words, "If we must die."

Created an indominable spirit, which inspired world leaders to stand up. Fighting back against tyranny and oppression, during World War II, when their backs where against the wall, thus, awakening resiliency and buoyancy which saved countries around the world.

Your words, "If we must die."

Created an indominable spirit, which joined hands together to serve a noble cause for the betterment of humankind; thus, bringing others together to sit around the table of brotherhood, in the land of the free, and home of the brave.

Your words, "If we must die."

Created an indominable spirit, which saved many lives from, anger and reprisal against each other, thus, resulting in peace and prosperity, bringing about unity, calming anxiety, tranquility, and a true quality of life.

Your words, "If we must die."

Created an indominable spirit, which allowed beautiful songs to stimulate our souls with love. Radiating from the magnificent choral voices of our children and grandchildren. Immersing themselves in our great cultural heritage of wisdom, knowledge, and understanding.

Your words, "If we must die."

Created an indominable spirit, which suppressed the agony of an unscrupulous person ripping off our safety deposit boxes, and cleaning out our bank accounts, while we are resting in a home for the aged somewhere.

Alas, my brother, your words, "If we must die." Created an indominable spirit of life, thus, letting us know, that death will be after, and only after, our souls have passed on the renaissance knowledge of life to all humankind.

Like a shining star, gliding across the universe, from the East to West. One which raises aspiring heads and beaming eyes.

Opening up wondering minds, and joy filled hearts, thus, leaving on the tongue of those who seek to reach for it...

Words of everlasting hope—"I wish!

Then, and only then, if we must die, only Heaven awaits us!

#### Red Sea Historical—Persona Poem

Sitting here, in combat gear, time to spare Your beautiful coral reefs relaxing minds many Camping down at Sharm el Sheik Touching your soft soothing surface at night Looking royal with the—soft setting sun You rocked, while I humanely hummed.

Kindness you extended to Darius of Persia Even helped Alexander the Great Your history included Augustus of Rome Bonaparte was childish, claiming your captivity Such natural spirit of nature; if only he knew You were red, never intended being blue.

Sitting here my inquisitive right-hand gliding Touching your slick and soothingly Splashy soft surface—so stimulating! Beholding your balmy and mystic spiritual soul Sinking my hand below your naturally Reddish curvy waves, your response—a ripple!

Moses, the Good Shepherd, had his ways
Spiritually, liberating Israel from Egypt
Opening your midst you allowed his passage
Such an Exodus, from Pharaoh pounding pursuit
Saving a nation—Yam Suph!
Working a natural miracle, natures special way.

One day, expect my return to relax with you Without combat gear, weapons, nor bullets Diving below your splashing surface

Where the spirit of medieval natural spices Rests in the depth of your tectonic plates Will be such a real rush for remembrance.

On the illustrious and illuminating coast of Eilat There I will relax in a glass-bottom boat Wondering, if your beauty will always be red Until then, moisture Aqaba's Gulf Quench Sinai's watery thirst, and as always: Flow well—Red Sea!

# Great Spirited Advocate--Nelson Mandela, Umtata, South Africa!

Nelson Mandela, crossed my spirited mind today, a visionary and legendary leader of equality, liberty, and unity; a man of honor and great fiber for his people!

He was a Greek God fighting for the—"Common man!" Displaying indomitable courage and lionhearted temperament.

My spirit copiously read how he unlocked the chains off doors and chambers of darkness, containing humans as caged birds, without wings or a song.

His spirit displayed the personification of highest aspiration, showing such self-sacrifice and hailed by his people as, "Bafana," their —"Great Stalwart!"

His true nature vehemently fought against apartheid as a freedom fighter on the frontier, leading the charge with formidable faith.

While imprisoned in South Africa: Spirited libertarians and people of goodwill worked diligently— "So feverously fighting for his freedom.

Organizing, boycotting, striking, singing, uplifting his name, and praying for the glorious day for all to see his release from traumatizing and rusting shackles of oppression

His spirit made, "Flowers of peace bloomed," without allowing solitude to change his attitude, break his relentless fortitude, or crushed his—"Great magnitude!"

Spiritedly chosen, "Father of the Nation," rising as a powerful "Catalyst for Change," he enhanced liberty and equality—"Fought for and obtained freedom for his people!"

He was honored, with the World Prize for Peace, over 250 awards, honors, and many more citations of elevation that anyone I have known.

Renowned for walking the walk and talking the talk, with dignity, by nature he was —so mesmerizing and sacrificing. "A leader like no other!"

Like a thunderous bolt from the heart and arms of Zeus, he reached very far and wide, penetrating the deepest depths and widest width!

Creating a devastating upheaval within the tectonic plates of the bastions of racism, while liberating those illegally confined in dark dungeons of degradational abyss.

His was like a dolphin, swimming among deadly sharks, with bodily dismembering teeth, while fighting for others to obtain, liberty and equality.

His was like a salmon, swimming upstream to precious breading grounds, while eagles, and big black bears, waited with razor edge cutting sharp claws.

His was rays of the golden sun at dawn, illuminating darkness, providing light to the world and opening eyes so people would see the true light.

His was shining stars at night, twinkling great majestical beauty; so immutably bright for the world, inspiring hearts and minds to always shine!

As I read along, images of a great hero timely appeared, uplifting my mind, body, and soul with much joy and positive inspiration.

As one, who have impacted the world with lightening narrations! Illuminating the good life, shown through elation.

Standing up he firmly took my right hand, looked me in the eyes, gave me a big hug, a pat on the back, and said — "My Brother!"

Such sincerely! Now I know his legacy will be here to stay, every day, in a very special way, night or day, while others pray!

# Remembering

our fallen soldiers of verse



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

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



# The World Healing, World Peace International Poetry Symposium

## Stay Tuned

for more information intouch@innerchildpress.com

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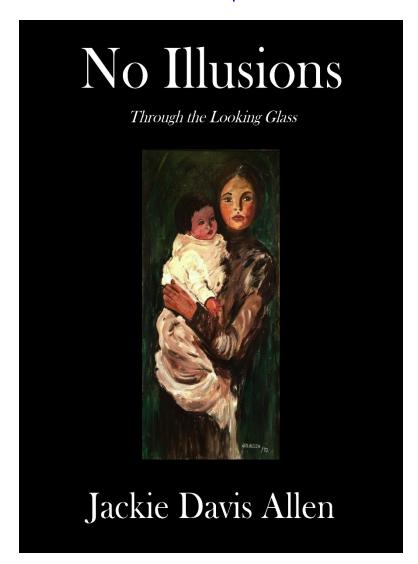
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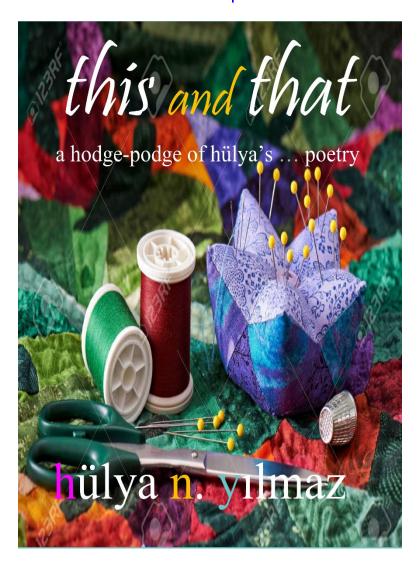
Poetry Posse Members

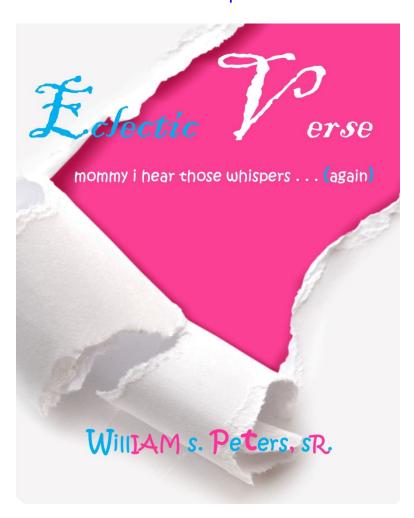
We are so excited to share and announce a few of the current books, as well as the new and upcoming books of some of our Poetry Posse authors.

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
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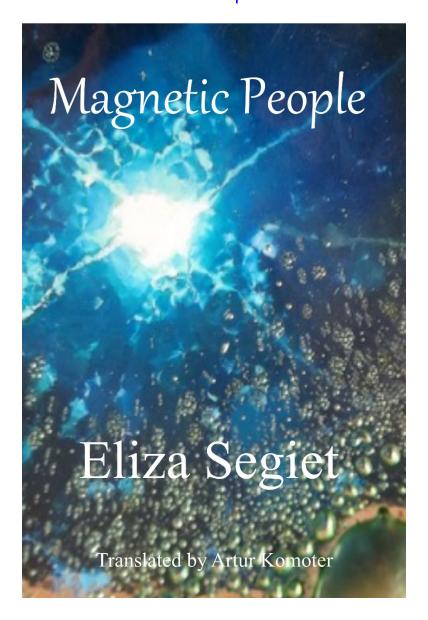
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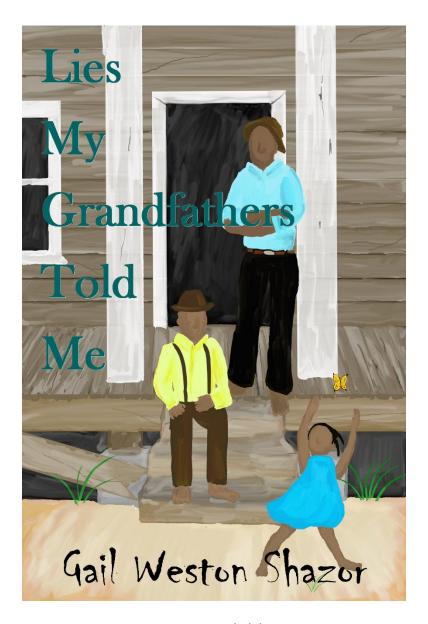


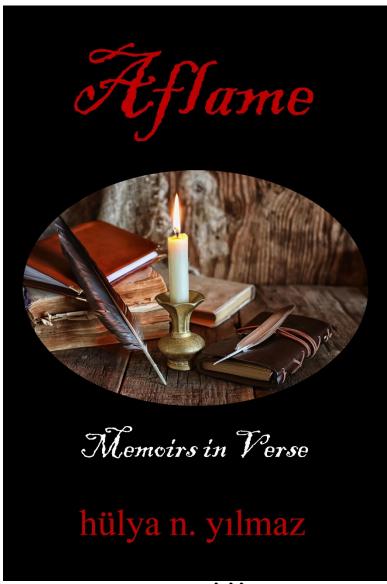
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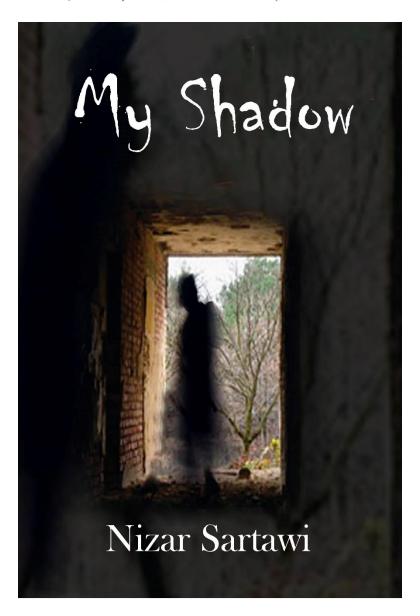


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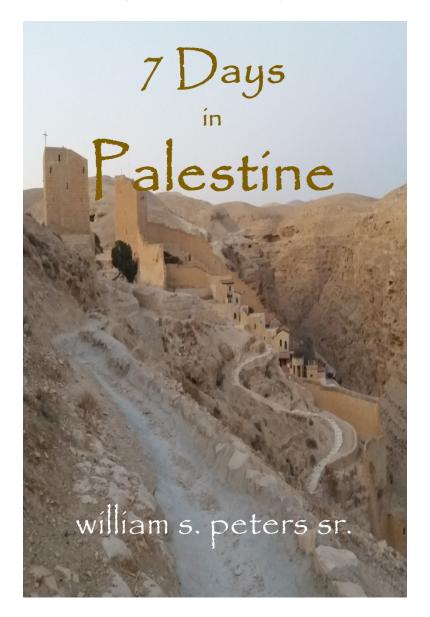
# Breakfast

for

# Butterflies



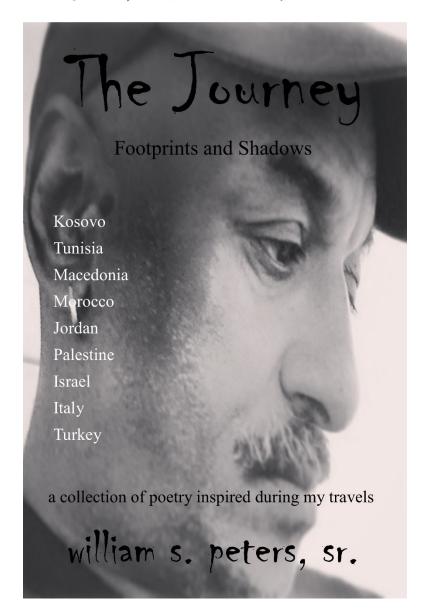
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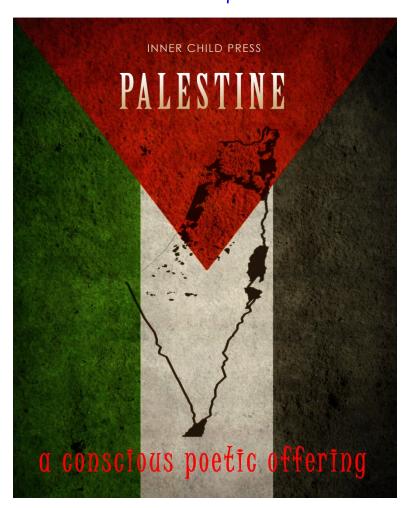
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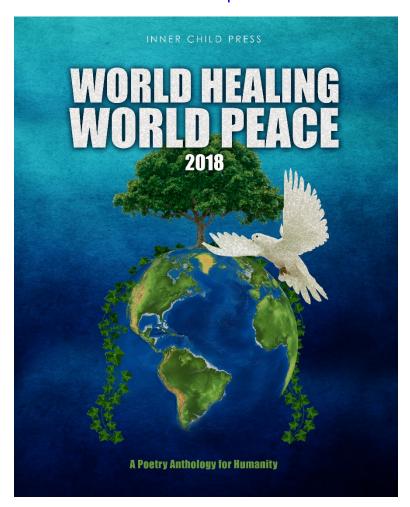
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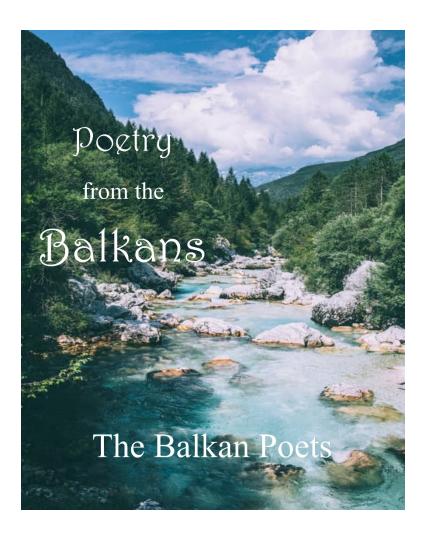


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william s. peters, sr.



# Other Anthological works from

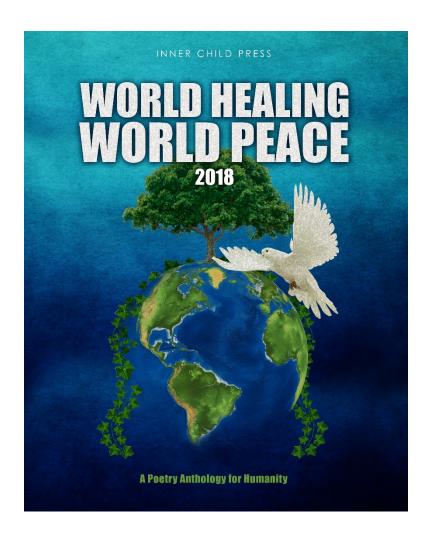
Inner Child Press International

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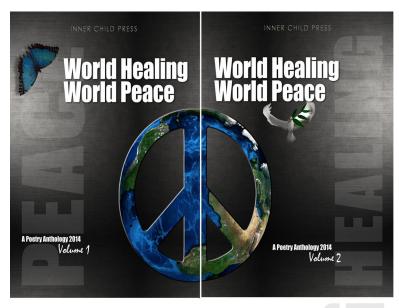


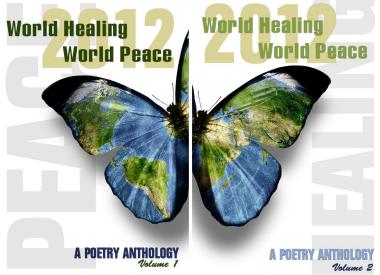
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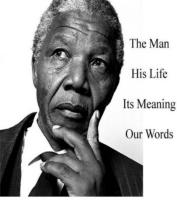


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# Mandela



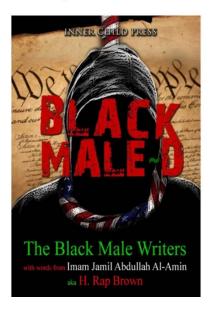
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The Anthological Writers

### A GATHERING OF WORDS



FOR

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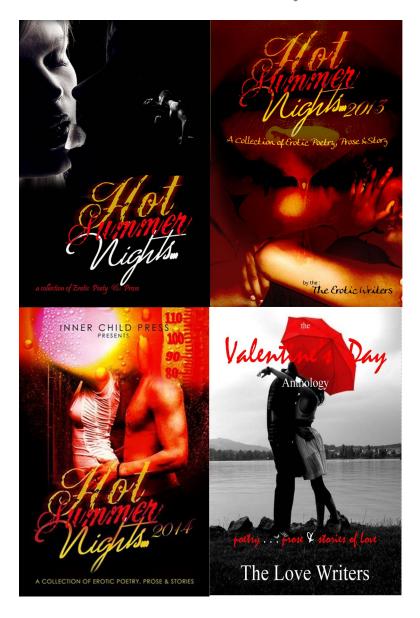




the conscious poets

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The Nodry New March 2014

Jamie Bond
Gail Westen Shazer
Albert Infinite Carraron
Siddarths Beth Perce
Janeth Caddwell
Jackshie M. Allen
Tony Henninger
Joe Daverbal Minddancer
Robert Gibbonn
Neetu Wall
Shazed Abdur-Kasheed
Kimberch Burnham
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Our March Featured Poets
Alicias C, Gooper & Heilya yalmaz

### the Year of the Poet



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### THE YEAR OF THE POET

October 2014



Ölke Yoeley Yosae

Samie Bond \* Call Weston Shazor \* Albert "Infinite Carrasco \* Siddortha Beth Pierce

Same P. Coldwell \* Sune "Bugg Barefield \* Debbie M. Allen \* Tony Henringer

Soe DaVerbal Mindancer \* Robert Cibbons \* Neetu Waf \* Shareef Abdar-Rasheed
Kimberly Bunnham \* William S. Peters, Sr.

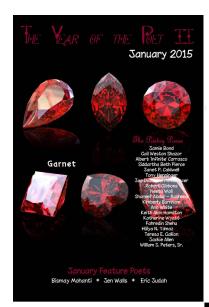
### October Feature Poets

Ceri Naz \* Rajendra Padhi \* Elizabeth Castillo



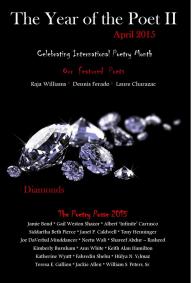


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# The Year of the Poet 11

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### The Poetry Posse 2015

Jamie Bond \* Gail Weston Shazor \* Albert \*Infinite' Carrasco Siddartha Beth Fierce \* Jamet P. Caldwolf \* Tony Henninger De DaVerbal Mindancer \* Neeth Wali \* Shareef Adauer - Rasheed Kimberly Burnham \* Ann White \* Keith Alan Hamilton Katherine Wyatt \* Fabredin Shehur \* Hildya X Yılmaz Teresa Ecallion \* Jackie Blaer \* William S. Feter, Se

# The Year of the Poet II

July 2015

The featured Poets for July 2015
Abhik Shome \* Christina Neal \* Robert Neal



### The Poetry Posse 2015

Jamie Bend \* Gail Weston Shazer \* Albert \*Infinite' Carrasco Siddartha Beth Berce \* Janet F. Caldwell \* Teny Heminiger Joe DaVerhal Mindaneer \* Neeth wali' \* Shareef Albart—Rasheed Kimberly Burnham \* Ann White \* Keith Alan Hamilton Katherine Wyalt \* Falruedin Shehu \* Hulya N. Yilmaz \* Teresa E. Gallion \* Jackie Allen \* William S. Feters. 5:

### The Year of the Poet II

August 2015



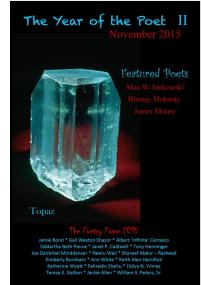
### The Poetry Posse 2015

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# The Year of the Poet II December 2015

Featured Poets

Kerione Bryan \* Michelle Joan Barulich \* Neville Hiatt



### The Poetry Posse 2015

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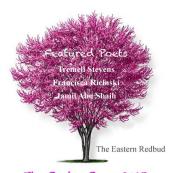


### The Year of the Poet IV February 2017



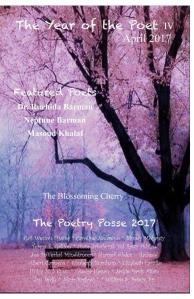
Gell Weston Shazon \* Carollan Nazareno \* Bisnay Mohany Nazr Sartrunt \* Inna Jakobczk Vel Retty Holan \* Jan Vells Joe D'Verbal Minddrocer \* Sharent Holan \* Uszhend Albert Carraco \* Kinberly Burnham \* Elizabeth Cartlin Holya N. Vilnaz \* Falesha Hassan \* Alba VV. Jankowski \* Tareas T. Gelllon \* Jackie Dark Alba \* Vvillan S. Peters, Sr.

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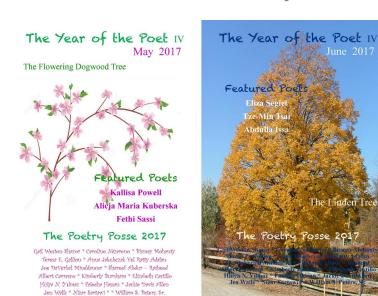


### The Poetry Posse 2017

Gell Weston Shezor \* Ceroline Nezereno \* Bismay Mohenty Teres E. (gellino \* Hone Jekubczek Vel Rytty Adelen John DeVerbild Mindelsoner \* Sherned Holder - Righted Albert Ceresco \* Kimberly Burnhem \* Elizabeth Cestillo Holys N. Yulouz \* Federla J Jesson \* Jackie Dreis Allen Jen Vellis \* Nutres Settoner \* William S. Reders, Sr.



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### The Year of the Poet IV September 2017

Featured Poets
Martina Reisz Newbert
Ameer Nassir
Christine Fulco Neal
Robert Neal
The Elm Tree

### The Poetry Posse 2017

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

# The Year of the Poet IV November 2017

Featured Poets

Kay Peters

Alfreda D. Ghee

Gabriella Garofalo



### The Poetry Posse 2017

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

## The Year of the Poet IV

Featured Poets
Ahmed Abu Saleem
Nedal Al-Qaeim
Sadeddin Shiftin

The Black Walnut Tree

### The Poetry Posse 2017

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

# The Year of the Poet IV December 2017



### The Poetry Posse 2017

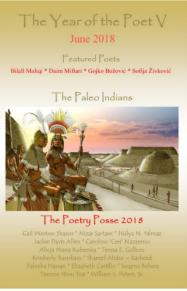
Gall Weston Shazor \* Caroline Nazareno \* Bismay Mohanty Teresa E. Gallion \* Anna Jakubczak Vel Ratty, Adalan Joe DaVerbal Minddance\* 'Shared Abdur - Rasheed Albert Carrasco \* Kimberly Burnham \* Elizabeth Castillo Hülya N. Yılmaz \* Faleeha Hassan 'Jackie Davis Allen Jen Walls \* Nitza Sarataw \*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

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### The Year of the Poet V August 2018

Featured Poets

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

### The Lapita



### The Poetry Posse 2018

Gail Weston Shazor \* Nizar Sartawi \* Hūlya N. Yılmaz Jackie Davis Allen \* Caroline 'Ceri Nazareno Alicja Maria Kuberski \* Teresa E. Gallion Kimberly Burnham \* Shareef Abdur – Rasheed Ashok K. Bhargava\* Elizabeth Castillo \* Swapna Behaera Tezmin ition Tsai \* Villiam S. Peters.

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# The Year of the Poet V September 2018

### The Aztecs & Incas



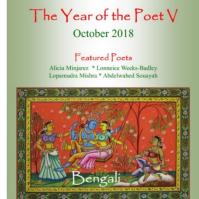
### Featured Poets Kolade Olanrewaju Freedom

Eliza Segiet

Mazher Hussain Abdul Ghani
Lily Swarn

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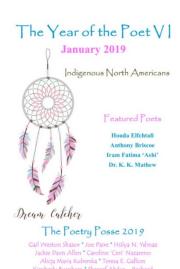
### The Poetry Posse 2018

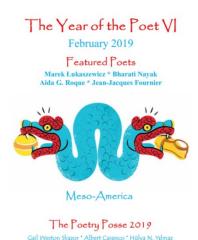
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# Tezmin Ition Tsal \* William S. Peters, Sr. The Year of the Poet VI

Ashok K. Bhargava \* Elizabeth Castillo \* Swapna Behaera

Featured Poets
Enesa Mahmić \* Sylwia K. Malinowska
Shurouk Hammoud \* Anwer Ghani



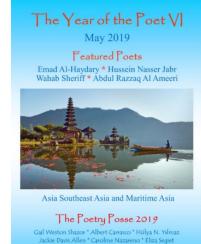
The Caribbean

The Poetry Posse 2019

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# The Year of the Poet VI June 2019

### Featured Poets

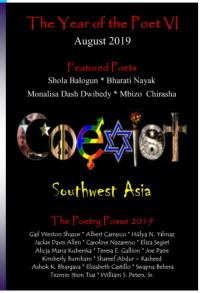
Kate Gaudi Powiekszone \* Sahaj Sabharwal Iwu Jeff \* Mohamed Abdel Aziz Shmeis



### The Poetry Posse 2019

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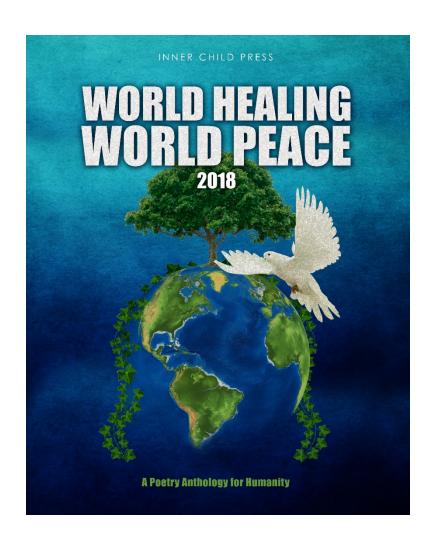
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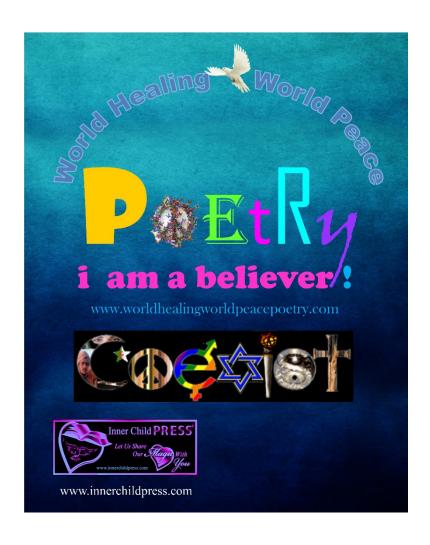
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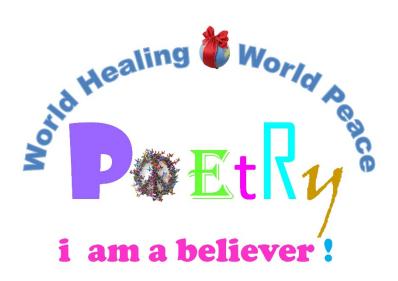
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# The Poetry Posse ~ 2019



# August 2019 ~ Featured Poets



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