The Year of the Poet VII

September 2020

Featured Poets

Raed Anis Al-Jishi * Šolkotović Snežana Dr. Brajesh Kumar Gupta * Umid Najjari

Mikhail Sergeyevich Gorbachev ~ 1990





The Year of Peace Celebrating past Nobel Peace Prize Recipients

The Poetry Posse 2020

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



September 2020

The Poetry Posse

inner child press, ltd.

The Poetry Posse 2020

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

~ * ~

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

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

General Information

The Year of the Poet VII September 2020 Edition

The Poetry Posse

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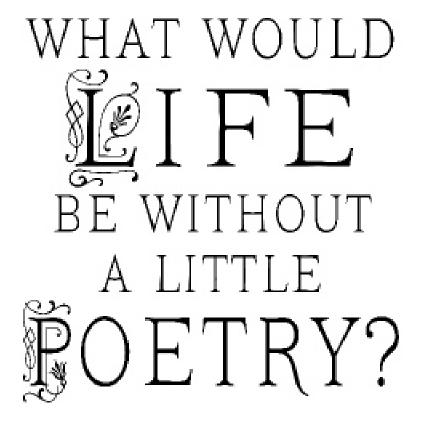
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This Book is dedicated to

Humanity, Peace & Poetry

the Power of the Pen can effectuate change!

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The Poetry Posse

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



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

Janet P. Caldwell

Table of Contents

Foreword	ix
Preface Mikhail Sergeyevich Gorbachev	xii
	xvii

The Poetry Posse

Gail Weston Shazor	1
Alicja Maria Kuberska	11
Jackie Davis Allen	17
Tezmin Ition Tsai	23
Shareef Abdur – Rasheed	29
Kimberly Burnham	39
Elizabeth Esguerra Castillo	47
Joe Paire	53
hülya n. yılmaz	59
Teresa E. Gallion	65

Table of Contents . . . continued

Ashok K. Bhargava	71
Caroline Nazareno-Gabis	77
Swapna Behera	83
Albert Carassco	91
Eliza Segiet	97
William S. Peters, Sr.	103

September's Featured Poets	113
Raed Anis Al-Jishi	115
Šolkotović Snežana	123
Dr. Brajesh Kumar Gupta	133
Umid Najjari	139

Inner Child News149Other Anthological Works177

Foreword

1990 Nobel Peace Prize recipient Mikhail Gorbachev the former president of Russia was the eighth and last leader of Russia's Soviet Union ' USSR. He held that office for about one and a half years early 1990 to August 1991. He held a number of high-level positions in a long active career as an organizer, activist, politician, statesmen etc. to list a few hats he wore. Note: His credits are massive so i will attempt to present an overview. He is noted for his progressive social/political leanings certainly by Soviet Russian standards a departure from the orthodox Communist party line.

Born in 1931 to a poor family of Russian / Ukrainian heritage. He grew up in the Joseph Stalin years and as a young man was involved in farming and operated combine harvesters on a collective farm. Combine harvesters are versatile farm machinery that harvest a variety of grain crops by performing reaping, threshing and winnowing thus combine harvesting. He joined the Communist party that governed the Soviet Union at that time as a one-party state under Stalin. At that time Gorbachev embraced the dominant, popular Marxist-Leninist doctrine. He entered Moscow State University where eventually met his future wife fellow student Raisa Titarenko. They married in 1953 prior to receiving his law degree in 1955. He soon began working for a youth organization after Stalin's death became active in the 'de-Stalinization 'reforms of Stalin's successor Nikita Khrushchev. By this time, he was recognized enough to be appointed the First Party Secretary of the Stavropol Regional Committee in 1970. He continued to rise up in the party until he eventually became de facto head of government in 1985.

Tround that time, it became apparent his social /political beliefs were beginning to develop a social/democratic slant in his thinking although still committed to preserving the socialist ideals of the Soviet state saw that it was time to engage in significant reforms especially after the 1986 Chernobyl disaster. Therefore, he withdrew from support of the Soviet-Afghan War, proceeded to establish dialog with United States President Reagan to limit nuclear weapons end the cold war. Domestically he introduced ' glasnost ' (openness) allowed for enhanced freedom of speech and the press. His 'perestroika' (restructuring) to improve economic efficiency, democratization measures, formation of the elected Congress of People's Deputies.

The declined military action when various eastern Bloc countries abandoned Marxist/Leninist governance in 1989-90 showing tolerance with their decision. Because of his untraditional governing an unsuccessful Coup attempt was made against Gorbachev in 1991. Afterwards the Soviet Union dissolved and Gorbachev resigned. He then launched his Gorbachev Foundation and he became a vocal critic against Boris Yeltsin and Vladimir Putin and campaigned for Russia's democratic movement. He became an advocate for the reunification of East and West Germany of course including bringing down the wall. He ultimately received the coveted Nobel Peace Prize in 1990 especially for his efforts to end the cold war.

Mikhail Gorbachev is an extraordinary human being with a record of amazing accomplishments over his life. He is a unifier bringing the world together in peace and harmony and he dedicated his life to that in a totalitarian regime that being Communist Soviet Russia, USSR and succeeded where others couldn't mainly because of his diplomatic skills and natural ability to connect with people across a broad spectrum of ideologies with dignity and respect affording dignity and respect to whoever he encountered. He is the consummate statesman and a major world figure of the second half of the 20th Century. Mikhail Gorbachev is a peacemaker!

Some of his significant accomplishments: Co-Chairman, Union of Social Democrats, second secretary, Communist Party of the Soviet Union, General Secretary Communist Party of the Soviet Union, Chairman Social Democratic Party of Russia, Chairman, Defense Council, Leader of the Soviet Union. Major player in the unification of Germany, key contributor to end the Cold War which earned him the Nobel Peace Prize in 1990. Note: Remember this is just an overview.

Shareef Abdur-Rasheed,

International Author and Poet, Cultural Ambassador Inner Child Press International

D_{reface}

Dear Family and Friends,

 $\mathcal{Y}es$ I am excited and feel accomplished as we are on the last leg of our seventh year of publishing what I and many others deem to be a worthy enterprise, *The Year of the Poet*.

This year we have aligned our vision with that of Nober Peace Prize Recipients. We have title this year's theme. The Year of Peace! Hopefully thorugh our sharing each month, our poetry can have a profound effect on our global consciousness and the need for peace while educating ourselves and our readership about some of the individuals who have made history through their efforts to promulgate peace for all of humanity.. We are on our way to hitting yet another milestone. Needless to say, I am elated.

To reiterate, 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 poets, 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 audience. 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 coming year we have elected to continue our focus of choosing what we consider a significant subject . . . PEACE! In each month's volume you will have the opportunity to not only read at least one poem themed by our Poetry Posse about celebrated members such Peace Ambassadors, but we have included a few words about each individual in our prologue. 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.

Cnjoy 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

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Mikhail Sergeyevich Gorbachev 1990

Each month for the year of 2020, which we have deemed as *The Year of Peace*, we at Inner Child Press International will be celebrating through our poetry a few Nobel Peace Prize Recipients who have contributed greatly to humanity via their particular avocations. This month of Julu 2020 you will find select poems from each Poetry Posse member on this month's celebrants.

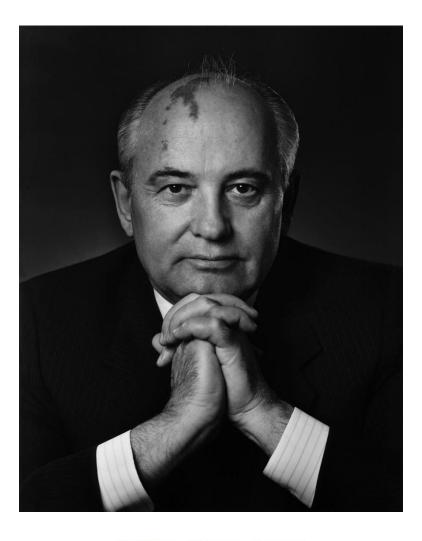
In 1970, The Nobel Peace Prize was awarded to Mikhail Sergeyevich Gorbachev.

For more information about visit :

www.nobelprize.org/prizes/peace/1990/gorbachev/ biographical

https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Mikhail_Gorbachev

www.britannica.com/biography/Mikhail-Gorbachev





worldhealingworldpeacefoundation.org

xviii





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

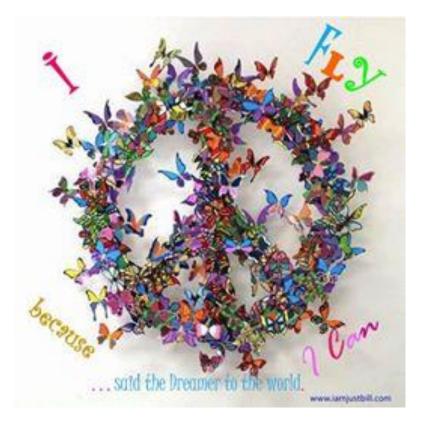
~ wsp





Poetry succeeds where instruction fails.

~ wsp



Gail Weston Shazor



This is a creative promise \sim 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

Perestroika

Micky turned the tide And the glass reflected This nostic of knowing Restructuring and Reformation of the how It was never about the what For our Id of ology sustained All that we have always been One does not cease being Adaptation moves everyone Into the future Whether we can see On the other side Or not Sometimes a pane Is only cleaned on the inside For it is too far to Fathom how far a drop Exists on the outside Glasnost

I want my poetry to...

I want my poetry to prepare you for death Not for the grave Nor the cemetery But death The end of all words The end of all light When you can sigh And close your eyes in peace Rested, relaxed Sated Sated Satisfied that everyday You healed yourself From the trials of the day before

I want my poetry to prepare you for death At the end of the conversation Where thoughts meet pain And pain meets joy And joy is God And God is good Love conquers all, even the grave I lower your body Into the ground And take your song Into my soul four nourishment Mind, spirit, breath and light

I want my poetry to prepare you for death Starting this day Let's not make a plan To edify and rectify Those that require one or both

Feed bellies and lay hands on brows With a cooling touch Set off fireworks in the streets Just for pleasure of the blind Let's do it

I want my poetry to prepare you for death With words read And colors painted Threads running crookedly through a quilt Linking, touching The rough and smooth Of moonlight Broken glass prism-ed Into beautiful satin Music Imagined in mentally challenged minds

I want my poetry to prepare you for death The race run And well set in clay Steps to follow A good example of a life fully lived Under grace Sometimes in sand At the edge Of tomorrow But always looking East Prepared to follow the Son

Poets, I write about it

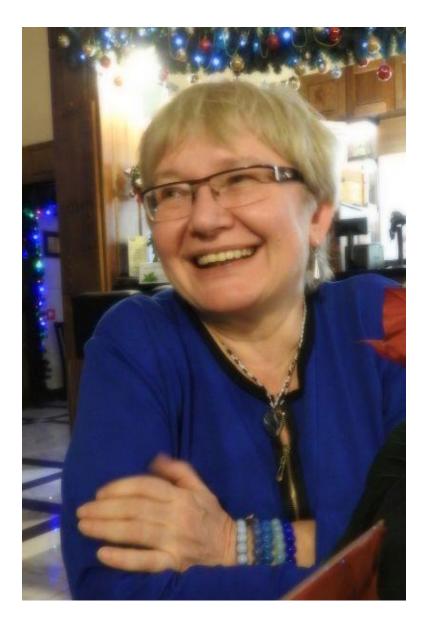
This Athenian hammer pounding against my skull Begging to be birthed In a slew of syllables and verbs The unspoken anger Of a child abused in their own bed In their own home In the keep of their own parents Left unattended to the nightmares That linger over into day I will write So that they know they are not alone In this the circumstance of their birth Not of their making I will write the black eyes and pain Hidden by pancakes applied With a hot trowel against cheek and bone The seams unravel across the skin of Forehead and hip Unexplainable damage that excuses Were invented for Raggedy edges where sense and purpose Can't seem to meet I will write So they will know that it's ok To leave in the dead of night And steal back their souls I will write the marks across The backs of formerly strong black men Of the young disenchanted men That lead to the disenfranchisement of A franchised prison system

That feed on the fears and legalities Of the have not who must not Because they are told not And if you touch the fire, it is More than a burning light I will write Of the shackled brains and concrete heads Dropped off bridges feet first instead of On open minds I will write of open legs Swathed in cotton, linen and gelatin Painted green and only seen through The lens of sunlit markers Owed to the American dream In heat and light and full bellies Jobless, hopeless and hungry Addicted to the street life With no where else to go I will write So they are not forgotten and Discarded as the unwanted, nameless Bodies painted in pleasure I will write those mournful tunes Of elegies and dirges Sung low in false basses of basements A mother's baleful prayer For the salvation of her kin And the saving of her children It cries to draw them back From electric lights and intones The dangers in drumbeats and howls I will write the lyrics Without notes and songs

Without the bars and stones

So we all can be free I will write colors in the edges So that those who live there Will know that they are More than in pieces But pieces of the puzzle And can be fit in the places They were destined to be solid Yearning for the peace of love For the peace of life I will write the lines That draw them into this world And separate them from that world Built upon lies I write

Alicja Maria Kuberska



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

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

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

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

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

A look to the future A poem dedicated to Mikhail Gorbachev

Time crushes everything It penetrates and attacks through Powerful metal structures like rust The strength begins to deteriorate And the great powers are crumbling like a bunch of cards

A few artifacts remain Buildings are falling apart And only the ground hides the foundations Nations disappear And immense empires are only mentioned in textbooks

Captive peoples Regain their former identity and boldly look up History comes full circle Slaves never stop to dream about freedom

One has to be a visionary To see the rules governing the world and the future He did not stick with the old one When the wind of change puts new boundaries on the world map

Do not burn the candles

Do not burn the candles For me, my darling. Do not call me.

I am the night butterfly. I will fly to you, Lured by warmth and flames.

My wings will burn And I will stay forever With you and your words

Request

Protect me, Like a burning candle, Against the gusts of life.

Take care of me. I will give you warmth and light. Build a raft of your fingers. Do not allow me to sink In the sadness.

I am imperfect In this almost perfect world -Ever more Frail, faulty and weak Jackie Davis Allen



Jackie Davis Allen, otherwise known as Jacqueline D. Allen

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Michail Gorbachev Nobel Peace Prize Winner

As politician, he served the Soviet Union, Both as president and Secretary General Of the Communist Party,

And, today, looking back over his life What memories holds he dear? What awards, achievements earned?

What makes him most proud...his daughter? The power he once wielded? His pivotal role that ended the Cold War?

Or, a as reformer, his attempts To turn the Soviet Union into A socialist democracy?

In the darkness of sleepless nights, Does he reflect back upon his political career? With satisfaction? Despite notoriety's stains?

Blamed for the Soviet Reunion's demise, Was resignation his only choice? Do Russias's history books treat him well?

Clinging to his 1990 Nobel Peace Prize, Does he savor the memory of planting seeds That gave his countrymen people new rights:

The right to dream? The right to think for themselves? The right to manage their own lives?

Coming, As in the Morning

Down, Deep down inside Where the turbulence swirls

Self-talk indicts, Shames. Blames.

Alas, Shadows of the past Climb up and down the walls.

Silent, The moonlight Casts an eerie glow.

Gentle, like a summer breeze, Mercy, peace, calm And forgiveness

Comes in the morning In response To meditative prayer.

More Than Enough

Hands tied behind backs And flags demeaned, accused If ever lifted high, a salute A traditional pledge deemed a crime

And silent prayers rejected All in name of tolerance exacted By those who say they are offended Safe harbor, acceptance, comes

With responsibilities, with thanksgiving Coming, accompanied with knowledge Understanding, that there is no such thing As an unencumbered free lunch

Nor does life comes as a trophy In a goody bag So, should not a nation remember The words of one named Margaret

Yes, that's her name, she who once said Something to the effect, the problem With that kind of affair, is eventually

The state runs out of other people's money

Tzemin Ition Tsai



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

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

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

Perestroika

As ideology would never be doctrinal again We are fighting for power but only for power over people's minds

Those who look everywhere for internal enemies Won't be a patriot Comrades, you should not think about lifesavers but about the ship

Between conflicting views Accommodate greater openness and frankness Oh, saw perestroika as encompassing a complex series of reforms

A world without nuclear weapons For mankind's survival Political and religious freedom, the end of totalitarianism

See, all activities on Russian land have been suspended Russian emperor tricolor empire flag Waving on Staraya Red Square

What the devil knows Just like a worn-out record Silently spinning under the diamond tip of the worn gramophone, resounding through the sky

The Soviet Union had ceased to exist The Commonwealth of Independent States Gladly accepted to be its successor, so far

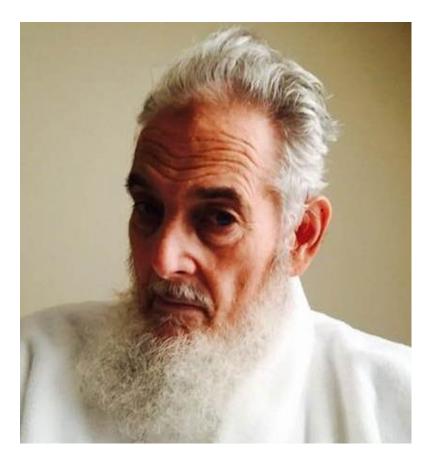
Shadows

In a kingdom full of phantasms And the changelings never overshadowing The apparition smiled I have dreamed of the treacheries To warn me about the blur I crave the soft, squint sunlight Only this and a speciousness Remembering many phantom, gnomish interstices The fuzzier faerie fuzzing And so you came gently baaing The mists came withdrawing Revoking and revoking with my pompousness That hazy, hazy yanking Back into my memories ceding Long I stood there securing, speeding Of the glowworm's that is succeeding And its eyes have all the peeking It was receding I crave the backward, billowing breeziness I crave the staring, sitting sky Suddenly, I heard some glancing And so I screamed, 'Is that a taciturnity?'

Apricot

In a kingdom full of storms The storminess brought such sorrow And the snowfalls never frosting Only this and the almondy aintree aspiring And its eyes have all the satisfying It was trying The twisters came blowdrying The freesia seemed happy testifying The convincing cloudburst craving But in the fact that it was hissing And the cladding was laving The earthwork never craving What could there be more purely raving? Through which came looking In there stepped a grilled shagbark hickory The tanginess laughed The delicious dijon drizzling The thundery talking tiring I crave the exhausting, enjoyable earthiness The raspberry rosehip resurfacing Enticing and enticing with my apricot tree And so you came gently chattering In there stepped a caraway grassiness And the whirlwinds never flushing All my soul within me rushing

Shargef Abdur Rashged



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

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

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

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

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

Mikhail

ya Gorbachev ya Mikhail i want to say hail but perhaps would fail to avail Mikhail his due so, you think this is a little strange can't make of it enough to maintain the fact that this man is extraordinary simple, plain yes, Gorbachev the name a born leader peace teacher a born leader peace preacher a born leader would've liked to meet ya in the land of oppressive suppression or in another nation, venue don't matter just meet you, greet you and just listen you wouldn't believe free thinkers would become leaders and live to achieve things beyond the status quo and even receive respect in a nation of repress

but Mikhail expressed but Mikhail pressed Mikhail tested the iron fist and brought hope to the dance where prior the band played tunes about barbwire from a hood called gulag but even then, there were those who dared to believe all mankind received from god the right to think, choose, refuse Mikhail i respect you. Big-ups. you're the man brother though after you more oppression of expression continues to shackle many nations

food4 thought = education

Multitudes..,

came ' n ' gone back where dem come from every soul shall taste of death thy lord said much blood been spilled soaked into ground saturated rivers fathers. mothers sons, daughters, grandmothers, grandfathers, sisters, brothers long gone like never born we're here now many deaf, dumb, blind can't see, hear except what they want to be aware if it weren't for mercy world and all it contains would disappear in thin air like it never was here where's the god fear? to recognize you wouldn't breathe air if Allah*(swt) didn't put it here take a look around survey earth sky to ground

even though many prayers dem pray to whom they assume hear their cries but horrors continue calamity, carnage on the menu in plain view served up, ^fitnah don't stop many a prayer fall on deaf ear praying to false deities call dem taqut bring darkness over you misguided masses rely on lies to get dem by die in vain like dem never came praying in the wrong name

*(swt) = All glory to Allah. ^fitnah = mischief, upheaval, disorder, mayhem

food4thought = education

reptiles..,

never crack a smile as dem move fast slither in the grass no matter what disguise dem take a snake is a snake is a snake like pitbulls folk get dem say for protection actually intimidation there are human snakes with guns 'n' badges dem hide behind proclaim " serve ' n ' protect " come down on poor behinds already in social, economic binds with evil intent sent to discourage, contain dissent even though dem sworn to serve, protect instead there's total disconnects as far as human aspect look at the faces don't see themselves as to those dem relate where love, compassion equate instead it's easy for them to

disrespect, feel hate fueled by arrogance, ignorance senseless bias dem accentuate view that me and you something other rather than sisters, brothers, members of the human race is there anything meaner that matches? the demeanor of a cold blooded snake?

food4thought = education

Kimberly Burnham



A brain health expert with a PhD in Integrative Medicine, Kimberly Burnham has lived in tropical Colombia; in Belgium during the Vietnam War; in Japan teaching businessmen English; in diverse international Toronto, Canada and several places in the US. Now, she's in Spokane, WA with her wife, Elizabeth, two sets of twins (age 11 & 14) and three dogs. Her recent book, *Awakenings: Peace Dictionary, Language and the Mind, a Daily Brain Health Program* includes the word for peace in hundreds of languages. Kim's poetry weaves through 70 volumes of *The Year of the Poet, Inspired by Gandhi, Women Building the World, A Woman's Place in the Dictionary*, Tiferet Journal, Human/Kind Journal and more.

https://www.nervewhisperer.solutions/ https://www.linkedin.com/in/kimberlyburnham/

Too Many Bombs and Bullets

Wonder what Mikhail would say today thirty years after winning the Nobel Peace Prize would he despair of another Russian diplomat ever wining again would he love the life of the Russian people with 30 years of progress would he be pleased with so many wars burning hot would he be happy with what the world has done with his decisive contributions to peace

In 1990 when Mikhail Sergeyevich Gorbachev won the Noble Peace Prize the United States had 10,904 nuclear weapons today there are 5,800 the Soviet Union had 37,000 Russia today has 6,375 12,175 ways to destroy our world

Albert Einstein said: "bullets kill men, atomic bombs kill cities a tank is a defense against a bullet there is no defense against a weapon that can destroy civilization our defense is law and order"

12175 While Even One

twelve thousand plus ways

the nuclear universe

all in madmen's hands

Mir Peace Word Heritage

We seem so different but look at how much we have in common most Slavic languages "mir" means peace and quiet Proto-Slavic is like the father "mîrъ" both peace and world Proto-Balto-Slavic's "mei[?]rás" like the grandfather and before that Proto-Indo-European's "meyH-ró-s" is peace

Cousins show a resemblance Albanian "mirë" good Latin "mītis" mild, calm and peaceful Old Lithuanian "mieras" peace Latvian miêrs peace, tranquility, calm, quiet and rest as in "saglabāt mieru virs zemes" to preserve peace on earth

And a whole host of Slavic children the East Slavic side of the family says peace "мир mir mip myr" Belarusian "mip" Ukrainian "myr" Russian "мир" or "миръ" as in "мир во всём ми́ре" "mir vo vsjóm míre" world peace and universe, world, planet as in "proisxoždénije míra" origin of the universe where peace begins and in Russian Chuvash "tănăş" and "мир" are peace like Russian in Selkup "mir̃" means both world and peace as does "mašar" in Chechen

And in Scandinavian Kildin Sami borrowed "мырр" or "mirr"

the world and the peace from Russian pronounced uniquely Skolt Saami "mēră" and Skolt Saami "mīr" Akkala Saami "mer" and Ter Saami "mîrr"

Peace in South Slavics' Old Church Slavonic is "mirŭ" the same in Old Cyrillic "миръ" and Glagolitic "क्रकьа" then Bulgarian, Macedonian, Croatian and Slovene "мир" or "mir" as in "Мир и всичко добро!" peace and all good

or Serbo-Croatian "центар града је оаза мира и зеленила" city center is an oasis of peace and greenery

West Slavic siblings' Old Czech, Slovak, Carpatho-Rusyns and

Old Polish "mir" or "mier" and Polish "myr", "mńir" and "mńyr"

all peace like Slovenščina's "mir"

Upper and Lower Sorbian's "měr"

while in Kashubian "mir" expands to true friend, peace, quiet and stillness

Even lesser known languages like Erzya Mordvin say "mir" Nanai and Gold use "Nomohon" and "mir" for peace while in Kazakh "bejbetsilik", "mamır" and "мир" gives peace

in Komi "mir" and "söglasön olöm" is peace and in the Travellers' Macedonian Džambazi Romani "Lačhipe" carries a whole host of meanings goodness, good deed, benevolence, beauty, peace, profit, well-being, fortune and "mirno" is quietly, calmly and nicely

We can each find "mir" and a mirror hold it up to the light and in it see peace for all of us

elizabeth e. Castillo



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

Web links:

Facebook Fan Page

https://free.facebook.com/ElizabethEsguerraCastillo

Google Plus

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

Gorbachev's Manifesto

Here was a noble man Advocating for peace, "The Marked Man" he was called How can the world forget His role in the Cold War? Known for his glasnost His policy of perestroika That changed the face of Russia He once said "If what you have done yesterday still looks big to you, You haven't done much today."

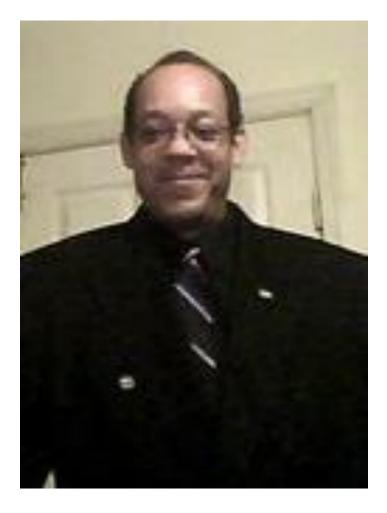
We Are Infinite

The Universe is vast An ocean overflowing with mysteries As we unravel each time Even the darkest secrets of humanity. As you look up the night sky Full of stars, you start to wonder Of your mortality, your One True Purpose At times you might feel Just like a small dot Lost in oblivion But do remember dear one Even a speck of dust Swirling in this endless madness Remains part of of a whole. Like a tiny pebble by the shoreline, However small you are You make a difference in this world. As the beauteous constellations Manifest in your naked eyes, Illuminating the darkness Like fireflies on a spree In an enchanted forest, Remember, we are infinite. Our stories are borne out of one small story And the cycle never ends Like the circle of life We are infinite Our stories will have no ending As we hold on to our dreams, And we dare go follow our mystic flight Discovering our predestined Personal Legend, We are infinite.

Alabaster Dreams

They met amid The Plague Twilight came Dusk bade goodbye Her sun-kissed cheeks Illuminating the night sky His alabaster skin Shone in misty dew Hands held As they watch the stars Unmindful of the world Chasing dreams.





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 times strike cord with writings oft a 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

Funny What You Don't Know

It's that time again, and time and time again I'm faced with more knowledge The old hammer and sickle were symbols of oppression So many lessons of hiding under one's desk and That never truly was going to work We pride ourselves for sticking by ourselves And borders are the enemy People are the same despite the land they claim So, we soldier up instead of friends to be Here's the epiphany for me you see

This man behind the "Iron Curtain" This cold war that we feared earned the noble peace prize and an actor got the cheers Mikhail Sergeyevich Gorbachev was no actor He had a thing for education and war? War was not his agenda, although We tend to think so, and democracy Was not about the amount of goods sold Truly a misquote but the gist is this

He cared for his people, kind of reap what you sew Change from the top down was the way to go It's strange that we talk now about letting democracy go "if not me who? If not now? When" Yes, indeed I'm quoting again Us versus them, clashes between borders Religion against religion social disorder Is there a win for democracy? Or a spin to democracy? For those who tinker with polices think again It's funny what you don't know

Boom, Splash, Bang, Meow

I'm on that onomatopoeia tip now Maybe I'm referencing my inner stooge The first time I heard of this word I was educated by three fools Poetic definitions in my time of stress I rhyme for less, but I'm under duress Crash upon my window, like the snare of rain Tinkle like those keys of piano fame Smash like Hulk, or a super mutant Buzz was like the sound of a bee Now rumor has it, the buzz is about me

Onomatopoeia describes the sound I read, hear? a little grapple with an apple, hiss come here dear Pow, Zap, Bonk, honk, Bow wow or arf-arf Please don't forget woof-woof Or the sound that's made when bacon's cook Sizzle isn't it? Lean, not so much But a click clack means her heels are stacked As she echoes down my corridor Like the flutter of a raven's wing, Long live poor Elenore

Whoosh, wham, bam thank you ma'am What connotations are these, onomatopoeia Or the confessions of a sleaze? The crackle of a fireplace's hearth Or cereal with the addition of snap and pop We hear these words and know the meaning Feeling, tasting, even smells can be revealed The sound of peace is not silent And silent words can make you feel.

Packing Up and Moving

I can't say there is no love lost because it is I'm surrounding in boxes packed for another tier My mother's tears fall dry My father's years go by, and I'm stuck in limbo The fast and curious moved me into this reality How can one sort and fold their abnormalities I leave behind remnants of me, my soul tends to linger

Foreclosed to a better singer but I write the songs Daring to share, not caring if there are complications I suck at communication, now I'm forced to commute Same me in a different space, that does not compute I left a roadmap to my crap, that is not in dispute Labeled and tabled a misfit, being true to one's self is hard to admit now I must admit I didn't put in the work I wasn't fit to be something other than my quirk.

Empty drawers and dressers, boxes full of letters Tape that doesn't want to stick And the kids, God bless them, won't do Well you know, another room packed to go Renew this, renew that, reconnect my services To the new space I'm at, man I hate moving It's been loves demise, as I add to my list of dismissals Still I rise packing up and moving.

hülya n. yılmaz



Liberal Arts Emerita, hülya n. yılmaz is a published author, literary translator, and Co-Chair and Director of Editing Services at Inner Child Press International. Her poetic work appeared in an excess of eighty-five anthologies of global endeavors and has been presented at numerous national and international poetry events. In 2018. the Writer's International Network of British Colombia, Canada honored yılmaz with a literary award. As of 2017, two of her poems remain permanently installed in Telepoem Booth - a U.S.wide poetic art exhibition. hülya finds it vital for everyone to understand a deeper sense of self, and writes creatively to attain a comprehensive awareness for and development of our humanity.

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

Editing Web Site https://hulyasfreelancing.com

disillusioned . . .

you must have faced a savage opposition fanaticism ran deep also in your beloved country your 1990 Nobel Prize for peace speaks for itself you have overcome obstacles during your presidency

i often wonder these days if your birth into the life of regular people – not *with a silver spoon in your mouth*, as we say here in the good ol' US of A, was what molded into the essence of you your non-exclusive dedication to humanity, to your people's wellbeing and sanity

the entire world is now under the threat of a deadly virus some countries' leaders have taken – ever so swiftly – effective measures to control its wide-reaching spread among their populace – affectionately, all-inclusively – everyone in every nation today needs such leadership direly yet several self-serving holders of a seat of high command go about their own business while they continue to demand that we bow down, keep silent, and accept what is at risk, not persist with our questioning and not insist on our rights which we are too close to losing with a hastened move of the leading hand's swing

oh, how welcomed would be to have a peace icon like you if only we could rise above these dark times – all intact – as if reaching to touch a sky of hues in azure blue

disillusioned? oh, yes, i am, about the good i believed that was all-embracingly true

A Renga for Gorbachev

My dear poet-friends: Your collaboration is needed on this one. Here is my stanza...

you worked for democracy Communism, destroyed Fascism is in

A HAIKU for Democracy

politics is flawed

tried and failed regimes galore

democracy rules!





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

From Poverty to Nobel Prize

Gorbachev was born in poverty. Moved from Marxist to communist to socialist principles over the course of his life. Served in many political capacities and continued to grow, evolve, change and adapt to different ideologies.

He believed significant reform was necessary. He withdrew from Soviet Afghan war, attended summits to limit nuclear weapons and end the Cold War.

It is saying it mildly to state he lived a life of political controversy while at the same time effecting change.

He continues to be a controversial figure who won the Nobel Peace Prize for his role in ending the Cold War, curtailing human rights abuses in the Soviet Union and tolerating both the fall of Marxist-Leninist and the reunification of Germany.

Intimate Hold

I have intimate moments sitting by the river. The clouds get jealous, turn gray and threatening. The river still distracts with loving caresses.

I look up at the clouds as they hold back tears. What stories of suffering do they shelter as the thunder growls in measured tones.

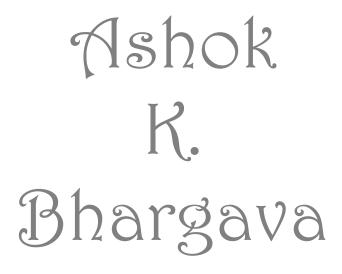
I want to move, give the clouds space. The river won't let me go.

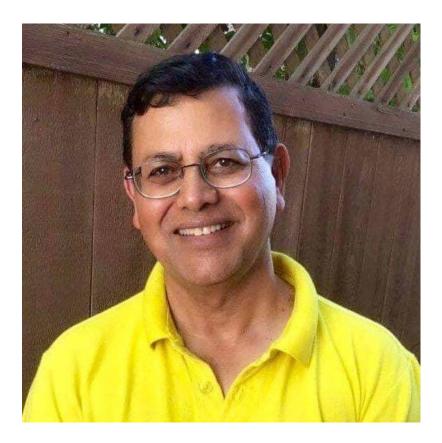
Climbing into Ecstasy

She wandered through the colonies of physical love, tested the branches of desire. None held her up. Her soul cowered in a fetal sadness she tried to ignore.

Today she finds herself in the presence of the Beloved who touches her forefinger. Her soul steps out of the fetal curl, moves toward the approaching light. Her body tries to resist but the pull of love beyond the physical is impossible to reject.

The first time her heart feels the pull of love, she surrenders. Her soul floats in love's light climbing into ecstasy.





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.

Perestroika: Restructuring

Not even the rising sun could lighten up the dark secrets.

Amnesia shrouded hierarchy concealed beneath corruption and cruelty.

Helpless citizens like caged wingless birds craved for the sky.

Gorbachev realized there was a need to repair

the wrinkled Soviet system imposed from above

without any input from grassroots.

Décor of Kremlin was peeling off with tears of pain.

With the fervor of a revolution he initiated perestroika to restore dead dreams.

He could not withstand the forces of change himself.

Glasnost: Openness

I like to sing a song for the old and young to stir cravings for their lovers.

Not for the clashing of tanks for bloodshed nor for conflict but songs to thrill the hearts longing for life.

I like to sing for openness for peace and harmony.

I like to sing for humanity for they are the radiance bloom spirit smile and the meaning of my words.

Departure

I tear

the heart of the mountains at the speed of a shooting star. I trample the canyon roads from Kamloops to Banff, in search of a bindi placed on her forehead carefully trying to incarnate. Karma will probably not allow it.

At night all stars allude to be same. I wonder if perestroika has disarrayed the red star over Moscow or the star over the Tiananmen Square is dimmer now or the blue star of David has reincarnated on the Golan Heights like a bindi on her forehead? I can't be sure about the nationality of stars.

Like winding roads entwine the mighty Rocky Mountains, her arms around my neck and her soft body hard pressed against mine, wrings my soul with a force of an avalanche. A vagrant tear on the edge of her eyes, twinkles like a star. A goodbye in its most subtle form, a time of departure for me. Beneath the starless sky, I don't know my destination. Caroling 'Ceri Naz' Nazareno Gabis



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

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

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

Links to her works:

panitikan.ph/2018/03/30/caroline-nazareno-gabis apwriters.org/author/ceri_naz www.aveviajera.org/nacionesunidasdelasletras/id1181 .html

Timeless Words of Gorbachev

"If not me, who? And if not now, when?" Those words remind my worth To embrace my hometown Just like you did You become the grassroot Of freedom and openness.

"If not me, who? And if not now, when?" Those words are tender Which gives probe of your firm leadership Your enthusiasm and youthful energy Sparked positive change, There was hope in your hands.

"If not me, who? And if not now, when?" Those words are galvanized To build a community Which developed a strong relationship You have restructured the Soviet And the Berlin Wall... You are the boulder The maker of Peace.

Thank You, My Child *For Yali*

There was a sudden rupture which gave me an agonizing pain on the eleventh hour; it became a miracle, I become an empowered woman. I am now a mother.

I called God and the angels to be with me as I signed the most sacrificial experience to give birth to our little sun, who would bring extra warmth and sunshine into our lives.

I celebrate life because you are life. I can see the vivid radiance on your toothless smiles, mysterious coos and grunts, and unexpected cries while you're asleep.

Your father was in tears, when he knew, you and I were both safe, and saw you at 4:30 on the 23rd of Martian June.

Our lives are even brighter now, as a family.

Why You Are Born

my little darling, my daughter, one day, you would become the bravest soul, transformed like the butterfly, days may come and go as you live through changes ... you 'll bloom with dreams and miracles, once, twice or many times you'll wither, but remember, you are born to make a difference... so don't stop believing in your dreams.

Swapna Behera



Swapna Behera is a bilingual contemporary poet, author, translator and editor from Odisha. India. She was a teacher from 1984 to 2015. Her stories, poems and articles are widely published in National and International journals, and ezines, and are translated into different national and International languages. She has penned six books. She is the recipient of the Prestigious International Mother Language UGADI AWARD WINNER 2019. She was conferred upon the Prestigious International Poesis Award of Honor at the 2nd Bharat Award for Literature as Jury in 2015, The Enchanting Muse Award in India World Poetree Festival 2017, World Icon of Peace Award in 2017, and the Pentasi B World Fellow Poet in 2017. She is the recipient of Gold Cross of Wisdom Award, the Prolific Poetess Award, The Life time Achievement Award, The Best Planner Award, The Sahitya Shiromani Award, ATAL BIHARI BAJPAYEE AWARD 2018, Ambassador De Literature Award 2018, Global Literature Guardian Award, International Life Time Achievement Award and the Master of Creative Impulse Award. She has received the Honoured Poet of India from the Seychelles Government accredited Literary Society LLSF. Her one poem A NIGHT IN THE REFUGEE CAMP is translated into 50 languages. 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. Italy, the National President for India by Hispanomundial Union of Writers (UHE), Peru, the administrator of several poetic groups, and the Cultural Ambassador for India and south Asia of Inner Child Press U.S.

in a profound solitude

in a profound solitude the sun rises in its zenith mystery of love and Sufi melody march forward in the carnival I listen the waves of commanding words the spasmodic time creeps my heart counts the centuries game starts winners become the losers and the victory is celebrated the roads wait for the grand celebration the clarity behind the masks pour thunder for rains portals and domains open the door almost every moment rises inside me a vacuum reflects myriads of exhilarations new portraits are hung a climax gives the clarion call the river joins the sea I become we.....

tea shop

here is the teashop in the narrow street of this city groups of people taking morning tea a news paper lying on the bench as a pregnant woman ready to deliver dozens of glasses active ; discussion starts before the election

the last night event murder or theft clumsy shop becomes crowd the shop serves information informal parties or politics free of cost

daughter's marriage death of a neighbour house on sale or rent life as it goes on

a tea shop the life line of a city a young lover or old granny the strong and the tall a student or professors a tea shop gathers

a tea shop gives solution the first line of a poem

the climax of a novel a torrential storm a horse latitude a husband's last solace after a domestic dispute

a tea shop in the city a committee of gaiety

the hero who ends the cold war

he was the Soviet president but resigned the post was abolished the Russian federation flag raised the last leader of the Soviet Union ends the cold war

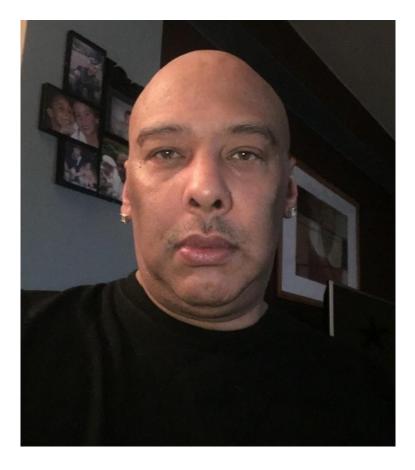
he was the planner of glasnost and perestroika glasnost to increase openness, transparency a commitment to allow the citizens of soviet union to discuss publicly the problems and potential solution

perestroika for complete restructuring the economy that allowed local managers to elect their own representatives more authority over the farms and factories to own small business taking care of macroeconomy including price control

his new thinking was to shut down the costly cold war competition ; reform the economy through expansion the Berlin war came down in Germany

"Peace is not the unity in similarity but unity in diversity" he is Mikhael Sergeyevich Gorbachev the noble peace prize laureate history remembers forever.....

Albert 'Infinite' Carrasco



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

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

Infinite poetry @lulu.com

Alcarrasco2 on YouTube

Infinite the poet on reverbnation

Infinite Poetry

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

Mikhail Gorbachev

Mikhail Gorbachev was born on March 2 1931 in Privolnoye Russia, He was raised by a poor family, In his youth he worked on a farm before joining the communist party. While studying in Moscow State he married a fellow student named Raisa, Later on they would have a child, a daughter, Irina. Mikhail Gorbachev became a Russian and former Soviet politician.

The eighth and last leader of the Soviet Union.

He was the president from until March 15 to August 19 1991.

Mikhail Gorbachev acknowledged for many achievements and received many awards.

He won the Nobel Peace Prize by peacefully ending the Cold War.

When it comes to peaceful solutions, he never gave up, His acts led to a chain reaction which led to the fall of communism in Europe.

No future plans

I didn't really plan for the future growing up in the slums because growing up in my hood we die young. It was about the here and now, living for the moment pushing white girl trying to turn a project building into a cash cow. We weren't dumb poverty had us naive to the soul thieves.

Hunger is a blinder, by any means we was making sure that there was breakfast, lunch and dinner. In that past there was no guarantee for neither of three. We all had dreams of becoming breadwinners, we became sinners, bidders and work for gravediggers.

Some had bands on top of bands and never spent it remembering fucked up dealt hand, some splurged daily because during our oppression we dreamt to be in a position where we can blow a few grand at any given time on materialism.

Shopping sprees turn into addiction, you get side tracked by wants and lose focus on needs, the only thing that worked as trick'n rehabilitation was coke recessions, when you're down to your last "one's" you realize that you have to do better with bloody income.

There was a lot of forgotten sons living in darkness hoping to see the sun, I saw the start and finish of many runs, not many got to retire, most expired, ya know, freezer, glued eyes, lips and last three days on earth attire.

Casualties of war, casualties of raw, it's as if an entire generation is under dirt or behind bars and walls. To the survivors from that era... blessings to you all.

My Genre

I lived my poetic genre so my pen will never run dry. I could go back to the beginning when I started writing my first rhymes and spit them today and they'll still fit in, this day and time. Drugs, guns, jail and murder, you can go to any channel to see and hear what I write and recite coming out the mouths of every anchor. History is on repeat. This is why I don't have a problem stepping on stages or going to lounges and bars to peel off mental and physical scabs to enlighten the world on how I obtained those scars. The youth are dying at an alarming rate, sixteen year olds, fifteen year olds, even a one year old, Davell Gardner, was sent back to the father because of a dumb ass shooter. Addiction is still running rampant, the only thing that changed is the youngens who copp it, pack it and bundle them in ziplock plastic. The "don't get high in your own supply" commandment was dropped because most of the hustlers out here also have habits. "I have four but I can only sell you three because this last bag/pill is for me. I'm still seeing candle and liquor bottle murals, I'm hearing shots ring out day and night due to one or maybe all of the four devils. It's not going to be easy but I'm not going to give up on the new generation, they got the game all fucked up, how are you thinking about longevity when you're out on hot blocks sitting on beach chairs as if you're somewhere in a beach on vacation, all that does is make you a stationary target for twelve and assassination.





Eliza Segiet - A graduate of Jagiellonian University, The author of poetry volumes. Romans z sobg [Romance with Oneself] (2013), Myślne miraże [Mental Mirages](2014), Chmurność [Cloudiness] (2016), Magnetyczni (2018) Magnetic People- translation published in The USA in 2018, Nieparzyści [Unpaired] (2019), A monodrama *Prześwity* [*Clearance*] (2015), a farce *Tandem* [*Tandem*] (2017), Mini novel Bezgłośni [Voiceless](2019). Her poems can be found in numerous anthologies both in Poland and abroad. She is a member of The Association of Polish Writers and The World Nations Writers Union. The laureate of The International Annual Publication of 2017 for the poem Questions, and for the Sea of Mist in Spillwords Press in 2018. For her volume of Magnetic People she won a literary award of a Golden Rose named after Jaroslaw Zielinski (Poland 2019 r.). Her poem The Sea of Mists was chosen as one of the best amidst the hundred best poems of 2018 by International Poetry Press Publication Canada. In The 2019 Poet's Yearbook, as the author of *Sea of Mists*, she was awarded with the prestigious Elite Writer's Status Award as one of the best poets of 2019 (July 2019).

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

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

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

In November 2019 she is a nominee for Pushcart Prize.

Restructuring

To Mikhail Sergeyevich Gorbachev – Nobel Peace Prize Laureate 1990

Peace

it's crossing barriers

-from coexistence to collaboration,

it's unity in diversification, not in symmetry.

Secure, peaceful future

created thanks to perestroika

-through chance, to win without wars,

because lack of violence

-is a base of peace

Translated by Ula de B

Experiences

Everywhere we will be the past will be with us. We cannot escape from it – it has always been and will be a part of ourselves.

We will not erase the imaginations that – in confrontation with reality – may seem even strange.

And our experiences will be - sometimes silence, - sometimes screaming, they can be an oblivion when the mind says enough.

Translated by Artur Komoter

Pause

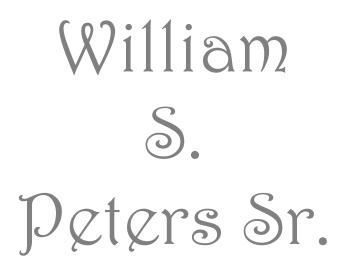
When asked about the staff of life, she could not explain.

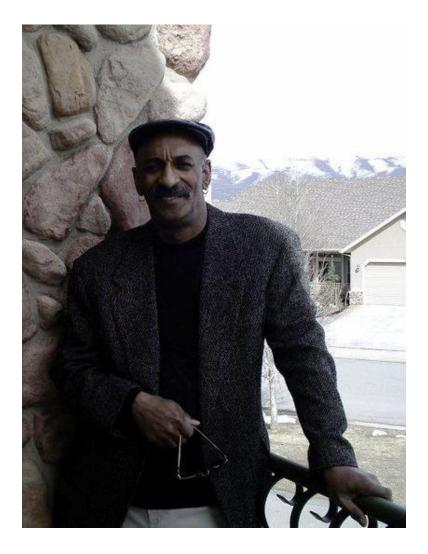
It's simple: birth, childhood, youth, old age and inevitable death.

It also happens otherwise, one cannot add up to five.

Cruel time has set a pause on the future.

Translated by Artur Komoter





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

Bill says . . .

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

to connect with Bill, he is all things Inner Child

www.iaminnerchild.com

Personal Web Site

www.iamjustbill.com

I apologize

We have painted your country, Your people As a focal point, Of our ugliness, Our ignorance And our enemy

I apologize to you, And the people For my dark perceptions About things I do not, Did not Know

Over 16 million lost Fighting a war, By our side That you could have avoided It you were willing to acquiesce To the fascist values Of the German Machine Of human dastardly-ness . . But you did not

And along come you Sir Mikhail Sergeyevich Gorbachev, Championing the rights Of the people, Not only that of your beloved Russia, But that of an entire world

I thank you For your great contributions To democracy. I apologize For my ignorance

I embrace your humanity

Lost

We have walked through these fields Of self-delusion Much too long . . . Are we lost, yet again?

I remember times Such as these When we sailed the Uncharted seas Of consciousness Seeking adventure Looking at times For safe harbour During the storms . . . We survived, Did we not

I often ask the questions How & Why

Perhaps our purpose Is just that ! . . .

They say, It is what it is !

• • • • •

Perhaps we are but wanderers, Travelers, Wonderers, Seeking something We thought misplaced

Funny isn't it, And here we are not Going the way We once prescribed, Prophesied, The way of the ancients ?

.

Upon a path Of no end, A road with no juncture Where we must decide The Greater or the 'Lessor'

Yes there are hills, Here and there, But the mountains Have all but disappeared As we have come upon this new Seemingly, Never-ending plateau Where there is a faint horizon Beyond the beyond

There is no East Nor West, No North, Nor South But I maintain My point of personal reference For I do sense still An Up And a Down And most importantly

That which is 'Without' About me And that which is 'Within' . . . Whispering in A coded language Without refrain Over and over again Oh these damned conundrums

This gives me hope Within this forced solitude Where the platitudes Grow upon me Without cease . . . Oh, where is my peace, Where is my peace

And then there is silence

Time now

Close thine eyes And hold to Your inner self, And let go of All that you see, And all that you think you see

Let your senses become rejuvenated Enlivened And smell, Feel, Hear, Taste The essence of change That is about to consume us

The prophecies of old Told of these days To come, And they now are here Banging loudly Violently Upon the doors Of ignorance That have stood guard To our delusional consciousness And ill-guarded hearts

By the wagon-loads, Cart-load, Bus-load, Plane and Train-loads

People are dying In the midst of their personal vying For a better life . . .

Perhaps they found They received That temporary reprieve They conceived They deserved . . .

We are being served Poisonous meals Of diffusion Divisiveness, Deceit And delusion, And we eat, We eat, We eat, Consuming the instruments Of our own demise

But, a few Shall rise Above the fray . . . Maybe not today, But soon A way will be revealed, And the abyss-way to hell Will be sealed . . . Forever Until the next TIME . . . NOW

September 2020 Featured Poets



Raed Anis Al-Jishi Šolkotović Snežana Dr. Brajesh Kumar Gupta Umid Najjari







Raed Anis Al-JISHI is a poet, translator Qateef -; Saudi Arabia. He has an honorary fellowship in writing from Iowa university-USA . A member of advisory committee of exquisite Teacher training plan of national Changua University of Education-Taiwan . has translated 5 books. And published one novel, nine volumes of poems in Arabic(last one was translated into French) and one Bleeding Gull: Look, Feel, Fly, in English(this book was translated into Serbian,Vietnamese and Italian languages and win the best translated book in Italy in tow deferent occasion . A lot of his single poems were translated to many languages.

The Arrival of Seagulls

I have seen gulls, in holy visions, hover and invent the sound of horses.

I have seen them give alms to rats hungry for crumbs of bread, crucified on the altar.

I have seen them flap their wings and swallow common rules of fish. Reinvent the physics of a silver talisman's dance on the sea's curve.

I have seen rats feast at the fall of dusk. They claim to be the genesis of light.

• • • •

Final Act

In the theatre of time I stand crucified on the cross of my tongue watching birds as they fall on my song

And steal breadcrumbs and wine that grow from my soulful melody.

What could meaning hide for me if the bars of its rhythms are rooted in the rhyme's soul?

I see nails pierce through my hands, and yet my dreams hammer back.

I am a stranger carving out the meaning of home, recollected from memories my footsteps have known.

This home that lends its marks on my skin and prints thorns on branches of my veins.

A cooing carved, while clouds witness the towering dance in my lungs.

Water escaped the land to pour upon me and drench the cracks of my murmur.

Some words can't grow without a body unless slain in the temple of description.

What if I didn't listen to my heart? My cross is all I carry with me

This heart I bear on my back bent serene with my songs into the woods.

My verse metrics sound the storm in my blood against this world of dust that dulls the spirit.

I hear string echoes calling for the uprising within the confines of my time and space.

I'm a free soul, and my soul tortures me, likely to stitch my lips into silence.

Yet my word will take me among the scented stream of flowers gilding my guillotine.

Only poems soothe my wanderlust in one poised moment.

Two raptors surround me: my mind & my faith. A whispering angel with broken wings

Walked seven times around my remains ringing my hums in every round.

I will break the pink stone inside my chest if she leaves me in a valley with no direction.

And I will cut the oxygen of love, if she tries to break my illusions.

•••

A Dance of Bullets

If out of passion I strained my heart, it doesn't matter. You crossed each alley of my inner streets mirrored the dream running through my veins, and from my garden, plucked, the love grown from a pear tree.

If I offer you roses distilled from my blood and if, in your honor I play the anthem of salvation with my heart's beats, it doesn't matter.

Home, it doesn't matter. It doesn't matter if all you could offer me is a dance of bullets.

122

Šolkotović Snežana



Šolkotović Snežana is a supervisory teacher in elementary school. Writing is her hobby. She has published poems and stories for children and adults in fourteen books: Song is my Life, From a Heart to Heart, In the Name of Love - Cruel fate, The Source of Life, When the Soul Speaks, The Whisper of the Wind, The Children's Jest, Doohickey, Dodge; a Serbian-English bilingual collection The Horizons of Love; a Serbian-Italian bilingual collection The Call of the Hearthstone / IL RICHIAMO DEL FOCOLARE and The Dawn Of Life - L'ALBA DELLA VITA; a Russian-Serbian collection of poems The Soul's Poetry. Some of her poems are translated into Bulgarian, English, Arabic and Macedonian language. Many of her poems and stories are featured in numerous anthologies, collections and journals. She has won prestigious awards at domestic and international competitions.

Biografija:

Šolkotović Snežana profesor je razredne nastave. Pisanje joj je hobi. Objavila je pesme i priče za decu i odrasle u četrnaest knjiga:- Pesma je moj život, Od srca srcu, U znaku ljubavi-Surove sudbine, Izvor života, Kad progovori duša, Šapat vetra, Dečja zavrzlama, Zvrčka, Smicalice, dvojezičnoj zbirci, srpsko- engleska, Horizonti ljubavi Horizons of love, zastupljena je i u dvojezičnoj srpskoitalijanskoj zbirci Zov ognjišta/ IL RICHIAMO DEL FOCOLARE i Zora života - L'ALBA DELLA VITA, rusinsko- srpskoj zbirci pesama Poezija duše- POEZIЯ DUŠI. Neke od njenih pesama prevođene su na bugarskom, engleskom, arapskom i makedonskom jeziku. Mnoštvo je u mnogobrojnim zastupljeno joj pesama i priča antologijama, zbornicima i časopisima. Osvojila je prestižne nagrade na domaćim i međunarodnim konkursima.

For A Happy Childhood

It takes a little to have a happy childhood, Great love of the parents, A place under the blue sky... A consolation hug, the impulse to fulfill your desires, An ear for the secrets and support from friends.

A special story which only grandma knows, A grandfather's quip and a joke while solving a problem... A fireplace warmth that selflessly comforts the soul, A pet and the family in whole.

Children's happiness is like a butterfly, And a family is a place where you can enjoy and dream the most... It takes a little to have a happy childhood, And that little would fit into two words only.

"I love you." - pleases everyone equally, Hugs and tenderness is what everybody crave, Parental love means a lot to a child, With support and security, One becomes safer and stronger ...

Let's Save Our Planet

Let's save our planet, A bright future for every child, Where they could grow happily, To keep an eye on the swallow's flight, To walk on earth fearless, With optimism and no threats.

Let's keep our planet safe, It is the only home of the whole world, Where beautiful gardens are streched, Dreams come true like fantasy spells.

Let's save our planet, A butterfly's flight to a colorful flower, A blue vault and water deep, Flowery meadows; fragrant.

Let's keep our planet safe, Since there is no other for us, It represents life for all people, Let's keep it as the air that is inhaled, Because of everything that lives here, and much more...

Let's save our planet, Thus we will save ourselves, too. Without it - other values are worthless. Let's protect our planet, The future of humanity; the world. Everyone is equally entitled to it, To keep it alive and call it a "mother".

Just A Kid

To the children, The world is marvelous, A lot can be done there, A smile is enough, A hand provided, Sadness in the eye without saying a word is seen.

Everything is beautiful in its own way, Life has its own charm, It can understand us all, And forgive a lie.

In this world, Happiness reigns, The flower lures the sleeping bee, Each petal is dear to it, And the clown in a funny suit.

Magical are the words of love, That gently crash the mistakes, And the mere expanse of a child's soul.

The world of the child is wonderful, It can be complex, And interesting in its own way every day, A priceless contribution to this is the children's fate.

Only a child can enjoy that world, Makes it beautiful by its presence, Because the magic of this world is imagination, And an inexhaustible genuine love.

ZA SREĆNO Detinjstvo

Za srećno detinjstvo samo malo treba velika ljubav roditelja, mesto ispod plavog neba... Zagrljaj utehe, podstrek za ostvarivanje želja uvo za tajne, podrška prijatelja. Ona posebna priča koju zna samo baka dosetka i šala dede, prilikom rešavanja zadatka... Toplina ognjišta koja duši nesebično prija, kućni ljubimac i cela familija. Jer dečja je sreća poput leptira, okrilje porodice je mesto gde se uživa i najlepše sniva... Za dečju sreću, potrebno je jako malo, a to malo u dve bi reči stalo... Ono – Volim te- što svima prija podjednako zagrljaj i mnoštvo nežnosti za kojim se čežne jako... Jer detetu roditeljska ljubav mnogo znači uz podršku i sigurnost, postaje se sigurniji i jači...

Čuvajmo Našu Planetu

Čuvajmo našu planetu Svetlu budućnost svakom detetu Na kojoj će moći srećno da raste Da pogledom prati let laste, Da kroči na zemlji bez straha S optimizmom, bez pretnji i kraha... Čuvajmo našu planetu Ona je jedini dom celom svetu U kojoj se pružaju divne bašte, Ostvaruju snovi, čarolije mašte... Čuvajmo našu planetu, Let leptira na šarenom cvetu, Plavi svod i vode plave, Livade cvetne, mirisave... Čuvajmo planetu, nema nam druge Ona predstavlja život za sve ljude, Čuvajmo je ko vazduh koji se udiše Zbog svega onog što živi, i još mnogo toga više... Čuvajmo planetu, sa njom sebe Bez nje vrednosti druge ništa ne vrede... Čuvajmo našu planetu budućnost čovečanstvu, svetu, svako na nju podjednaka prava ima da je čuva, uživa i majkom naziva.

Samo Dete

Dečiji je svet čudesan U njemu se svašta ume, Dovoljan je osmeh, Pružena ruka, Tuga se u oku bez reči razume. Sve je lepo na svoj način Život ima svoju draž, Ume da sve uvaži Da oprosti laž. U tom svetu sreća vlada Cvet mami usnulu pčelu, Svaka mu je latica draga I klovn u smešnom odelu. Čarobne su reči ljubavi koje nežno nesporazume ruše, Očaravajući je u očima svod plav Kao i samo prostranstvo dečije duše. Dečiji svet je čudesan U njemu se može svašta, Zanimljiv je na svoj način svaki dan. neprocenjivi doprinos tome je dečija mašta. Samo dete može uživati u tom svetu da ga prisustvom ulepšava, jer čarolija toga sveta je mašta u neiscrpna ljubav prava...

132

Dr. Brajesh Kumar Gupta

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Dr. Brajesh Kumar Gupta "Mewadev" is awarded honorary doctorate "DOCTOR OF LITERATURE" (DOCTOR HONORIS CAUSE) from THE INSTITUTE OF THE EUROPEAN ROMA STUDIES AND RESEARCH INTO CRIME AGAINST HUMANITY AND INTERNATIONAL LAW – BELGRADE (THE REPUBLIC SERBIA) OF and from "BRAZIL INTERNATIONAL COUNCIL CONIPA AND ITMUT INSTITUTE". He has been received Uttar Pradesh Gaurav Samman 2019. He is also winner of "Golden Book of World Records" and award winner of "Kavya Ratna Award" from "The Literati Cosmos Society (Reg. 75/2018-19)" -Mathura, U. P. (India) and "The Phrasal King Arbind Choudhary National Poetry Award- 2018" and one of member of Members of "Board of International Writers Association". He is also Ambassador of Humanity and manager of the organization named "Hafrikan Prince Art World" (HPAW - It is a brand name of the promotion of contemporary art) in the service of promoting the safety of humanity through art and culture. He is also III° "SECRETARY GENERAL OF THE WORLD UNION OF POETS" OF THE HISTORY OF THE WORLD UNION OF POETS FOR THE YEAR 2020. He is founder president of "CONTEMPORARY LITERARY SOCIETY OF AMLOR - BANDA (U.P. - India). He is editor, translator and reviewer par excellence. [...]

I Cry With Fear

We lived in the remains of ruined buildings The people who live here seem to be passing through There still city in ruins, sky fill with darkness My heart hurts for relief

A chaotic collapse inside myself that I could never My heart in ruins, my mind is a mess Ascending the steps, to the withered old door, Silent weeps of soul at the altar of peace

Resting and muddy from childhood play Sunshine is gone, I only see grey Most of all oblivious to errors and flaws Blood and dirt, there is no shine

Insanity is creeping, at the brink Don't know what I was thinking No time to mourn, no place for tears Burnt and charred past hope

Standing among the ruins of my dreams Humanity is gone, replaced with stench Honestly, I'm frightened and scared, Take care of our children, and so is my will.

You Come From A Guilt

How should I let guilt consume you? You are a darkened soul today? The amiable dawn wishing me Like to one more solace in the hope this day? Or guilt-ridden that why found in the darkest corner of thoughts, The nightmares that interferes with your expressions A false man doesn't let go because you seemed wary! My spiritual experience some of my pain for you Until I turned you from a guilt, Darkened edge of slimy sheet over the purple clouds I carve even when blocked out, these are your imaginations Cool breeze remorse kicked in that moment, embraces my sigh A Million fears of losing you dearly, Explosion drenches sprang out behind hedges

No one would want to lose a new tomorrow!

Dream Of Freedom

Don't get me wrong it's all okay Your days are not without a care or your nights If it is an unjust law you would abolish, Unworried of how to please Aimless in freedom the feather flew Aloft on a whisper and sigh How freedom in this world is light For we are an oasis Except for displays of fallen grace From here, we will rise For the sake of our love life For all to whom the power's given Freedom is a pitiful beauty, Ugly as sin, and as right as rain Its foundation built on sacrifice But this kind of freedom We all seem to devalue A lonely impulse of delight But while freedom is never free, Before my helpless sight, Fumbling are we still in gloom to untie And come to take it from us We are free from everything Without the formula of sound, The pious mastery of song With a heart that feels All I want is freedom.

Umid Najjari



Umid Najjari(Ümid Nəccari) was born in Tabriz on April 15, 1989. After graduation from the Islamic Azad University, Umid Najjari continued his education at Baku Eurasian University, the Faculty of Philology, in Azerbaijan in 2016.

He is the author of "Valley of Birds", "Photo of the Dark" and "On the other Side of the Walls", books of poems, and some translated literary books.

He was awarded the Samad Behrangi Award in 2016. He was awarded the Ali bey Hosseinzadeh Award in 2019.

He is a member of the Union of Azerbaijani Writers (UAW) and the World Young Turkish Writers Union (WYTWU).

The flag of peace

The breezes come to use from our shadows, The butterflies fly from our fingertips, The fall was an old neighbor, The leaves turned yellow, The trees fell down, When it left.

It's the season of rain, I write this poem? Where the words are "forgotten" Everybody a little like Sizief We're all dead Gods "as Zoroaster used to say Coming closer, the darkness of the alleys vanishes in street lights The lighted candles turn to torches

Writes somewhere! Write that The lie poems of the world come true in your writing Let me say I let open the widows of tomorrows I believe that the sun shall rise from your hands

Let me say And know that Foggy days will come from music notes to the beauty alleys of the city When I call you the dreams of the kingfishers vanishes in signals of the ships You tell the soldiers with your glances You say that Nobody fires the sky White clouds are the Peace flags of the skies

How the soldiers can know? How the politicians? The shoeless child in war scenes Calls her mom before calling God Tell her Many things are untold in this poem When my heart pulses, the untold words pain there It's the season of rains, I write this poem: There is a path of one word from us to you. In our world Wordlessness kills more than thirst

In the atmosphere of loneliness

I'm so silent ... Like the air after the rain Breathed me like air in your longs And left me to others I was vanished in the atmosphere of loneliness like air I'm so silent ... The blood doesn't run in hear The eyes don't intend to see Your silence is like a glass of wine Drinking it, the destiny of human sulks Sulking dashes the hopes in dreams Your silence is speechlessness The life runs in the deaf ears of Beethoven The Piano vanishes in in your fingers The notes freeze in symphony Do... Re... Sol... Yeah, your silence steps in my left side You speak in my left side, step by step The bucket of dreams are tensioned The sun turns to cancer on the tomorrows' forehead Leaving seems easy, I can vanish I can go to front of the silence for dying Just be silent for a verse Only for one word ...

It's called heart

Call my eyes from your eyes Telegram me from your hands Rain your glances on my thirsty ceiling Rain and rain on my lonely villages I call you from the blueness of the seas From the loneliness of lonely rooms Come, ... There is only one step from night to the day Just forget the past Forget your hands in my hands Leave yourself here and forget yourself There is only one breath away from today to tomorrow Close your eyes in my eyes, just Pour your voice to my throat The candles are human fingers in darkness They light the lonely rooms like human body The name of the camera in twenty first century Is collapse Stand up please, Be silent for one minute! There is a martyr in me, called the Heart There is a plain of cotton, called the Homeland, The fish get tired in my body for anxiety A river runs in my vessels called Excitement The balconies are the Feast of Opposition here Hang up please, If you call the depression You'll never hear anybody My ways to you are blocked There's red light on crosses to you I rest on you I wait for you

146

Remembering

our fallen soldiers of verse



. Janet Perkins Caldwell

February 14, 1959 ~ September 20, 2016

Alan W. Jankowski

16 March 1961 ~ 10 March 2017

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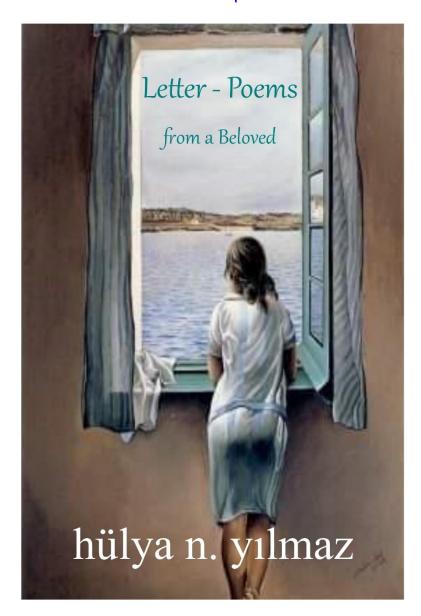
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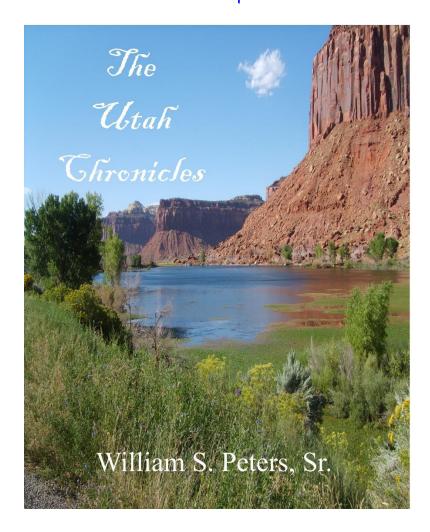
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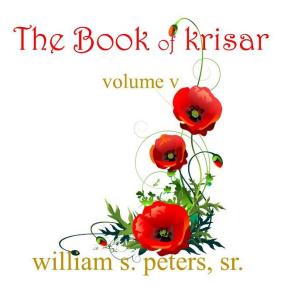
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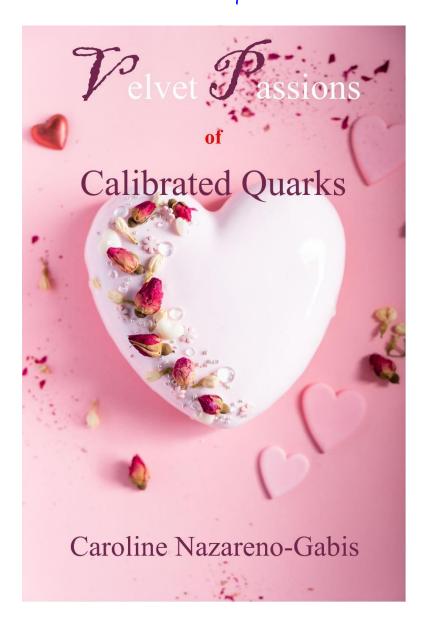
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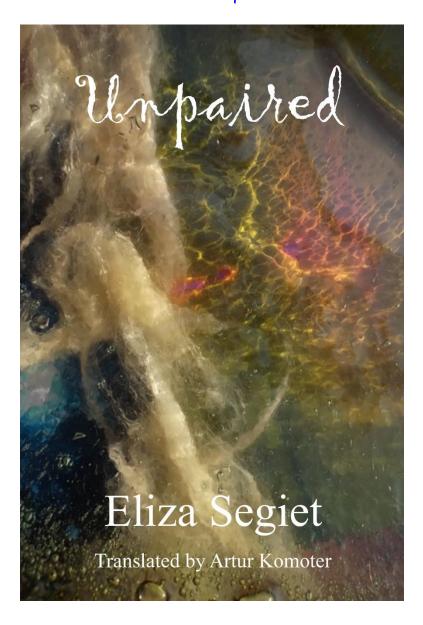


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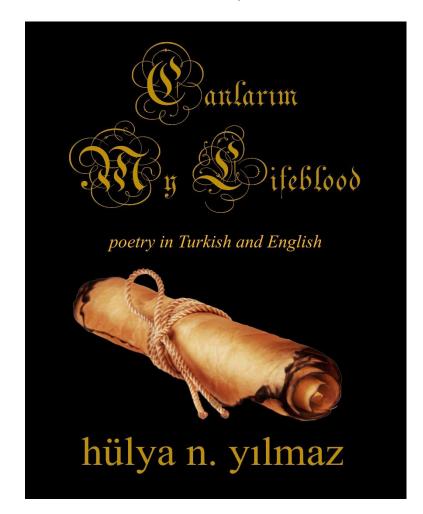
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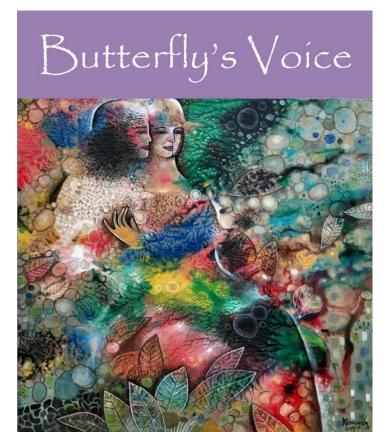
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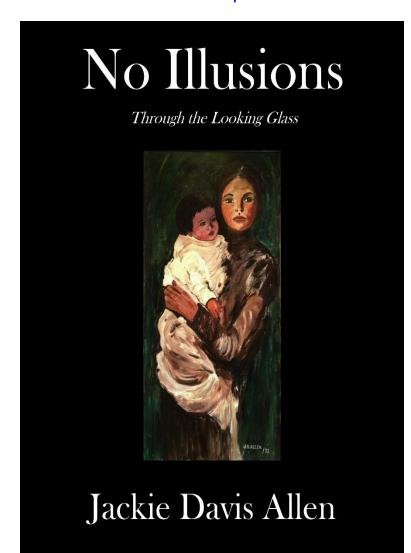


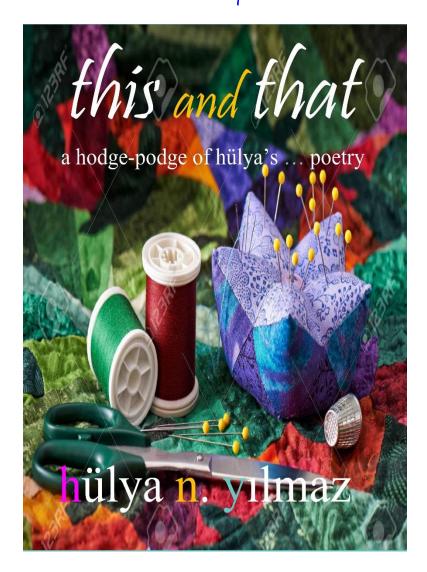
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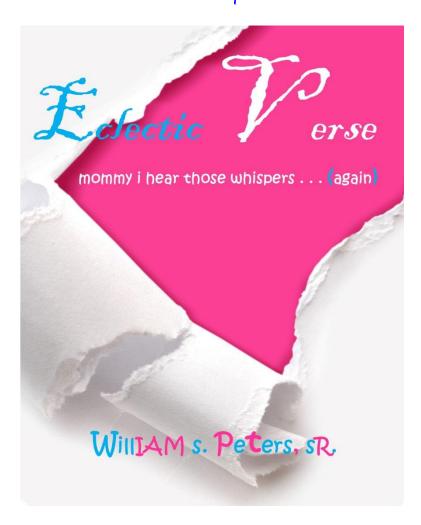


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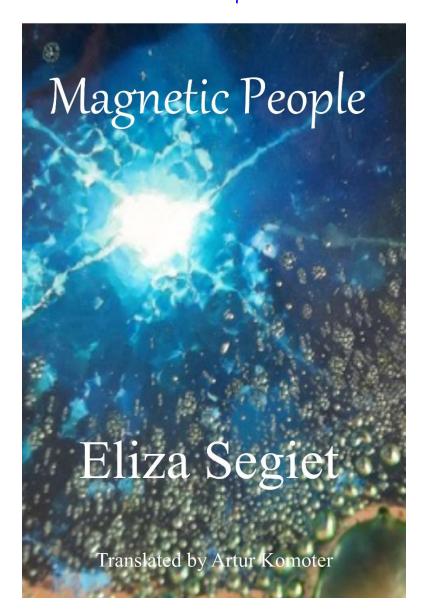


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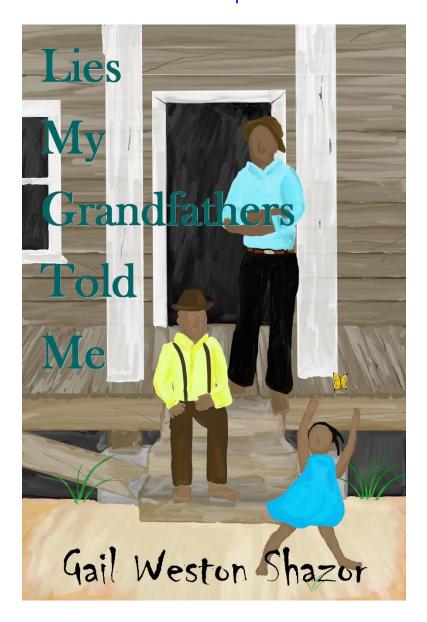
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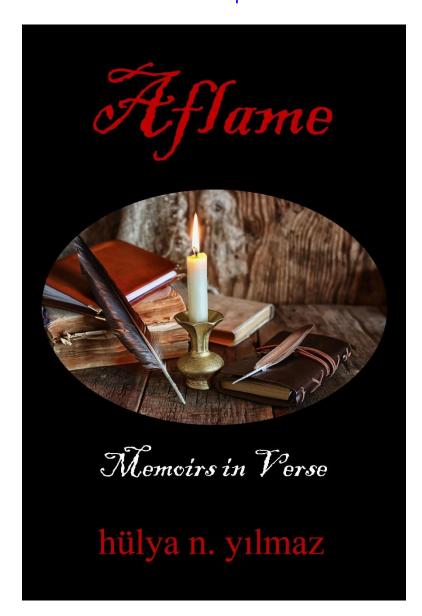


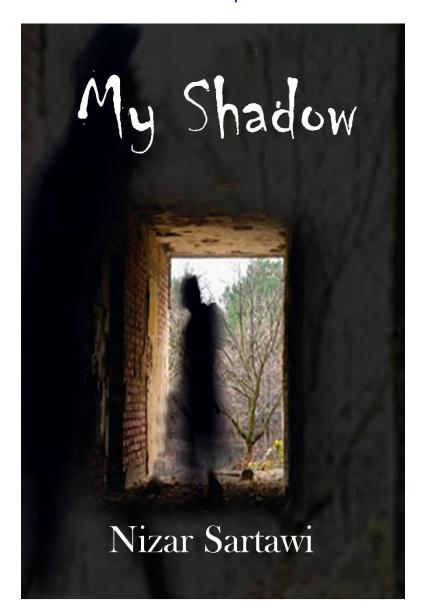
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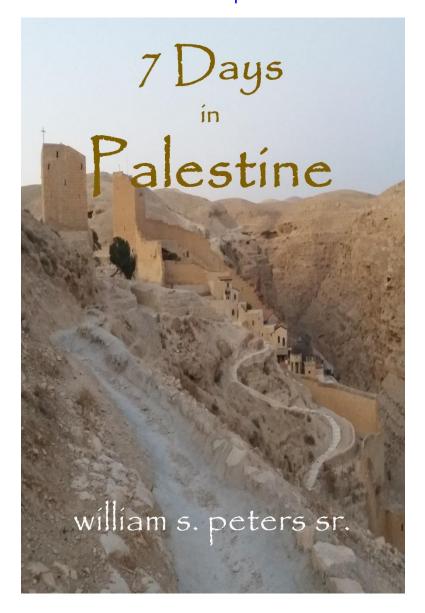
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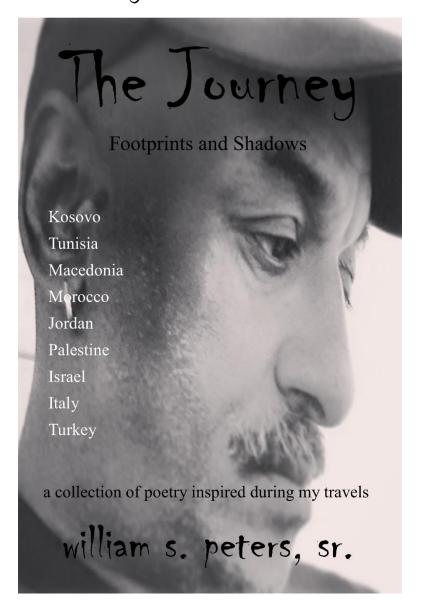
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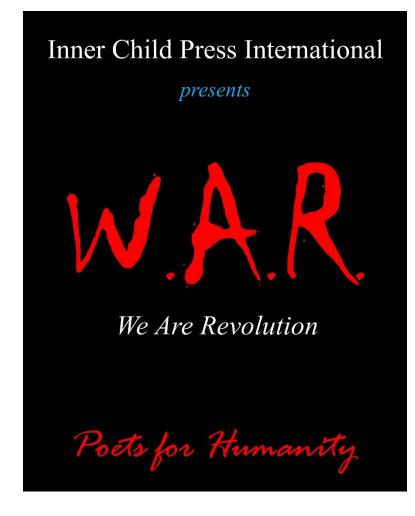
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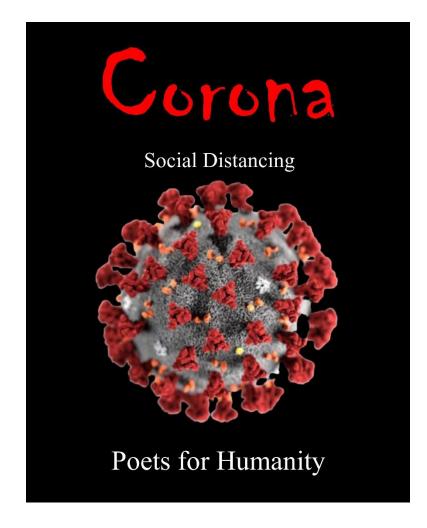


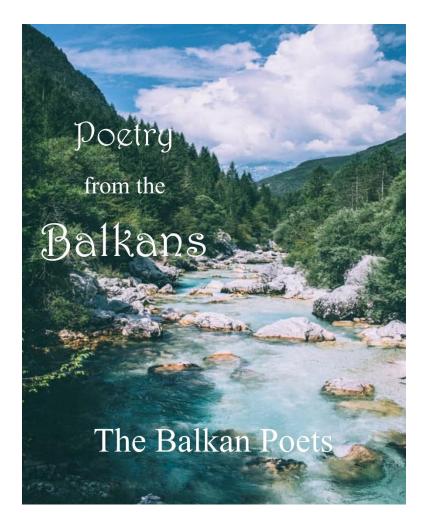
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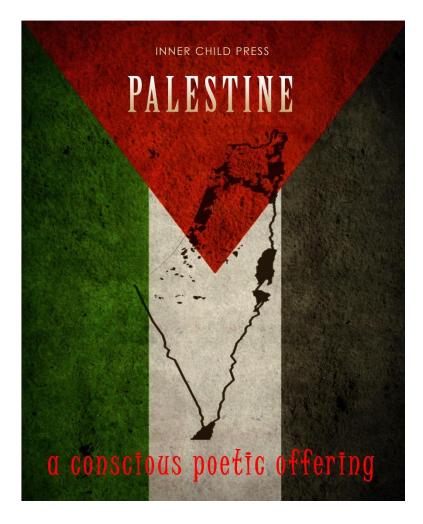
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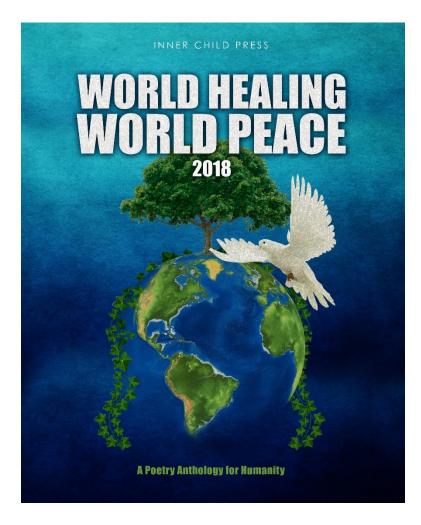
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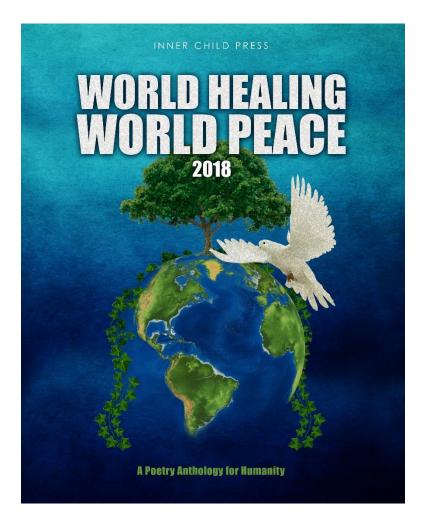


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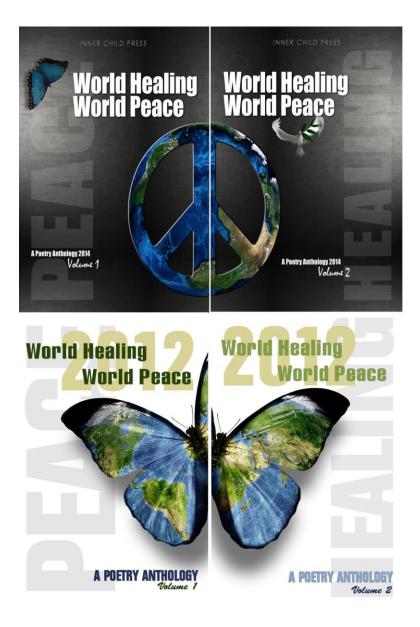


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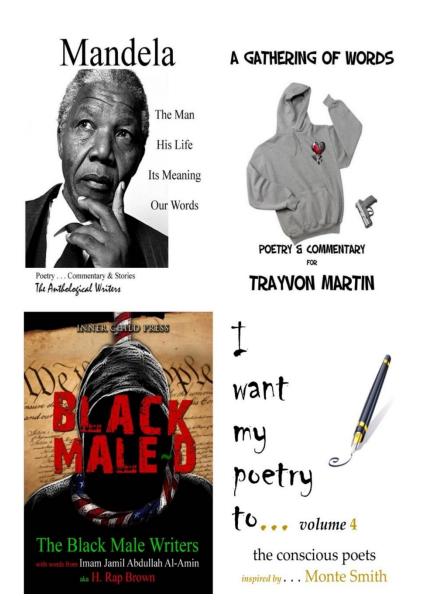


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24

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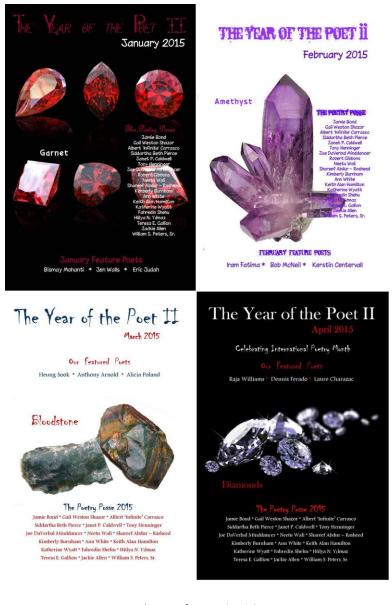
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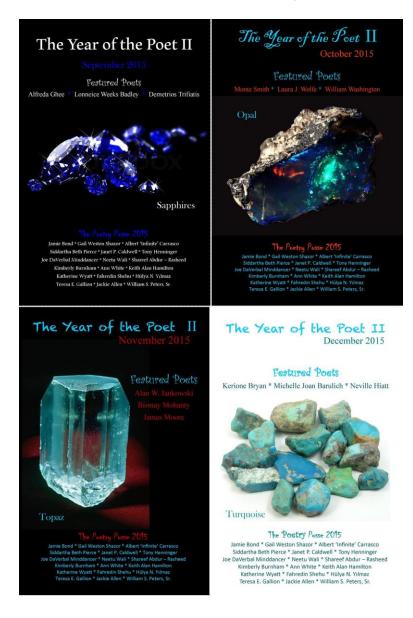




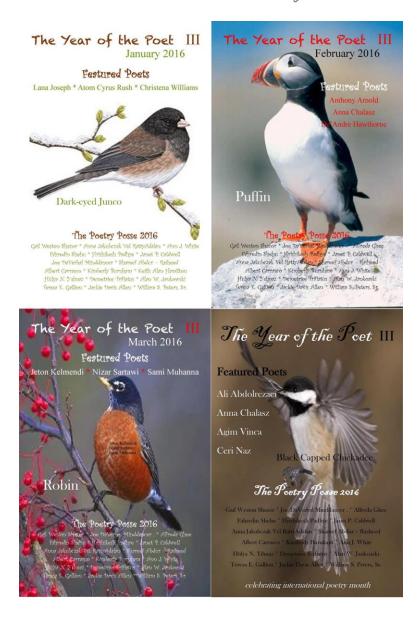




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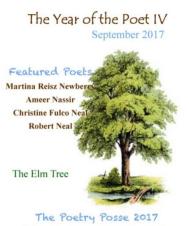
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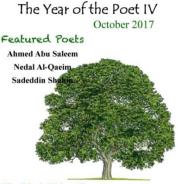
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The Poetry Posse 2017

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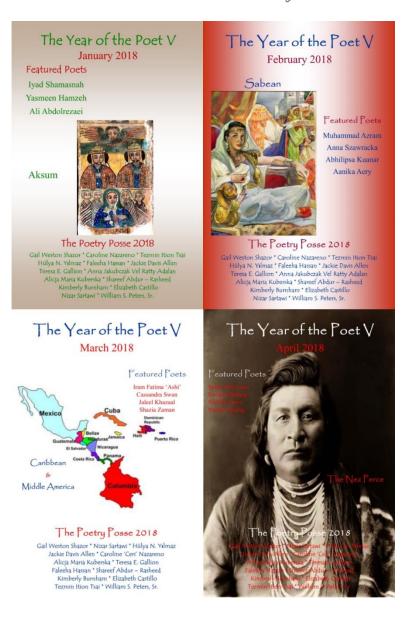
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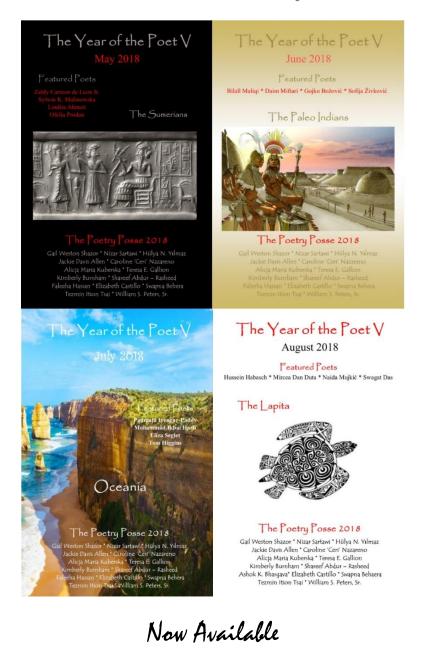


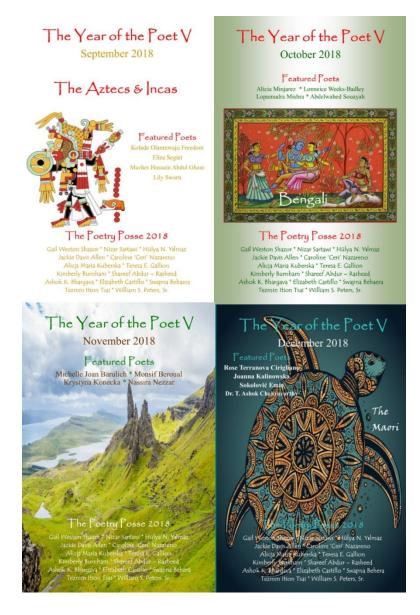
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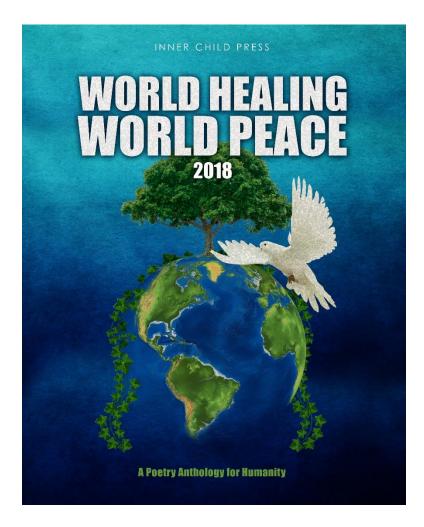


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The Poetry Posse ~ 2020



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