

the Year of the Poet

April 2014

The Poetry Posse

Jamie Bond

Gail Weston Shazor

Albert 'Infinite' Carrasco

Siddhartha Beth Pierce

Janet P. Caldwell

Jane Bugg Barefield

Debbie M. Allen

Tony Henninger

Joe DeVerbal Minddancer

Robert Gibbons

Neetu Wali

Shareef Abdur-Rasheed

Kimberly Burnham

William S. Peters, Sr.



Our April Featured Poets

Fahredin Shehu

Martina Reisz Newberry

Justin Blackburn

Monte Smith



Sweet Pea

celebrating international poetry month

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inner child press, ltd.

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The Year of the Poet
April Edition

The Poetry Posse

1st Edition : 2014

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Dedication

This Book is dedicated to

Poetry

&

the Spirit

of our Everlasting Muse.



Poets . . .
sowing seeds in the
Conscious Garden of Life,
that those who have yet to come
may enjoy the Flowers.

F oreword

This being International Poetry Month, we are so honored to participate in such a profound way by offering our words to the world.

I would like to take this time to acknowledge all the members of The Poetry Posse and their commitment to this effort. I believe we are making a difference, even if but for our selves and our immediate influences we have with our readership. When one commits to their craft, their craft experiences an excellence that shines for all to see. This thus encourages other to elevate their standards as well.

This is our 4th Monthly publishing which says that we have accomplished 33% of our intended goal. There certainly is not mediocrity to be seen here. Perhaps i am blowing our own horn, but for good reason. Poetry holds a unique place in the Creative Arts, in that we employ our Thoughts, Feelings and Insights in a very transferable way to the masses. Sometimes our offering may be uplifting, some times disturbing, and this all bodes well, for through poetry there is an unassuming acceptance that has transcended time. We encourage you to take the time and read the humble words of our Poetry Posse and consider what it is that each member has to say as they share their treasures with you.

Be Blessed

‘just bill’

*Thank God for Poetry
otherwise
we would have a problem !*

~ wsp

Preface

Bill and I talk about a lot of things... from solving the world's problems, to line ups of future radio show ideas, to life, love, control issues, healing, destroying, creating and uplifting. We talk about our families, recipes; we chat about the past, present and future Authors We laugh and cry; we tell jokes. Life is good. Our conversations are always fun, crazy and intensely thought provoking.

This started out as a conversation with William S Peters and Myself, Jamie Bond. The average Author will publish maybe one book a year. The more productive writers, perhaps a few, and yet the average reader can read a typical novel in somewhere between 2 hours and 3 days. Statistics say, the average person will read about 6-7 books a year. Do the math for me because I already see a disconnection here.

Somehow the readers have an unrealistic expectation that an Author of any genre has a hidden treasure trove of sequels lined up ready to make public at the word go. Unfortunately this couldn't be farther from the truth.

This was the conversation that sparked '*just bill*' and I to consider and thus commit to publish a book a month for the entire year of 2014. This was never about who is the best or better than anyone else as far as their writing. This was to ensure that we exceeded the mundane statistics of being ordinary.

We laugh about how we write all the time, but it may not be publishable, yet WE WRITE ! And so then, we challenged each other to post a poem EVERY DAY into *HEY lets publish a book a month*. The Light bulb went on and we were determined to be committed and WE ARE !!!

Once we realized how incredible this opportunity was we felt compelled to invite a few more poets. With Gail Weston Shazor being the first to accept the challenge, the ideas and the names began to flourish. As you read the lineup, it will give you frissons to know that each one of the Writers on this team despite their location, culture, political and religious beliefs; despite what's going on in each of their personal lives are dedicated to bringing this into fruition and creating history.

Ladies and Gentlemen . . .

This is simply and intricately historic. What else could we possibly call it besides, *The Year Of The Poet*. Look at the elite pens on this roll call that have committed and dedicated their creativity to give you brand new ink, straight off the dome. We are not doing it for the fame; WE are doing it to sharpen our pens with devotion. We will actually publish 12 books by this years end. This is a task and vision that we have undertaken to add to our poetic resume as well as share our offerings with you . . . We All Win !

I felt it was appropriate to grace each month's publishing of this series, *The Year Of The Poet* with the Flower that represents it.

Enjoy;

Jamie Bond

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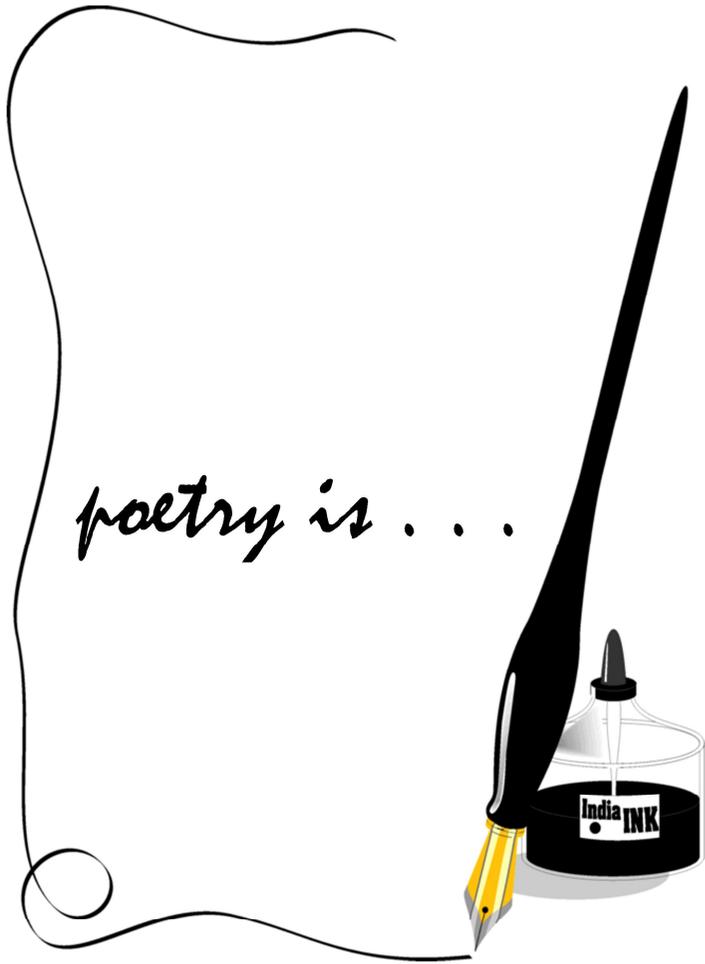
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Poets, Writers . . . know that we are the enchanting magicians that nourishes the seeds of dreams and thoughts . . . it is our words that entice the hearts and minds of others to believe there is something grand about the possibilities that life has 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



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Poetry succeeds where instruction fails.

~ wsp

WORLD HEALING ~ WORLD PEACE



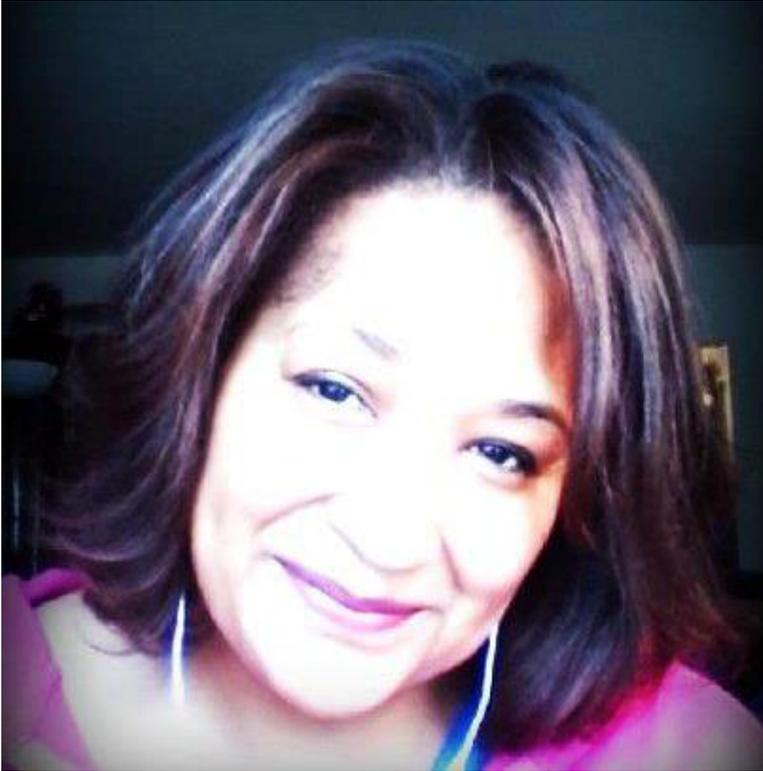
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*Jamie
Bond*

Jamie Bond



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Jamie Bond aka UnMuted Ink is an authoress, radio show hostess, poetess and spoken word maven.

She is; as she says “google-able” if you type in itsbondjamiebond or unmuted ink; you'll find her on various social networks. Born and raised in Brick City aka Newark, NJ. Jamie Bond has been recognized publicly by her peers in various genres for her poetic influences. Her Poetic resume is extensive and her spoken word performances go far beyond 1,000 stage appearances globally. Best known for her networking and marketing skills; her future goals are to become more grounded as a liaison for a variety of fundraisers, activism, volunteering as an advocate as she uses her pen and voice to empower and raise the consciousness of those around her.

Her Motto

Help me to help you to help us... BUT if helping you hurts me, then I can't help you!

<http://www.facebook.com/IBJB.BrickCity>

Doves & Grenades

Loving me can be a peaceful flight
In the mist of danger zones
I am a Black Dove with a Pink Grenade
In a self-made war zone

The Love Life and Pain
Thru the
Blood Sweat Tears and Toils
Of the
Windswept center of your souls
Treasons, Stratagems, and Spoils

They say only the strong survive
But they also say no one gets outta life alive
They say saliva has a medicinal effect
With anti-inflammatory antibodies in it

As my existence explodes
And is infused with wet verbs that are exposed
The cool sun rays that heal
The mystical phoenix every time it implodes

Blazing tears birthed into a dragons egg
My love and loyalty are my love for loyalty
Talons' that can lift an elephant
With very little effort exhibiting its flamboyancy

Every day I deal with falsifiers
Amongst the honest parts of my heart
As I gave birth to titans
And breast fed them hope as the world falls apart

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But when the pins pulled
And all the sudden my love is a battlefield....
A fractured and disunited heartbeat
Luckily I can nurse your lovely wounds and help them
heal...

My ink spills on the paper
Bleeding swirls of printed life's lust
Filigree draped in the translucent glittering sequins
In a midnight-blue stardust

Incomplete my heart
Is a two sided jigsaw puzzle with missing pieces
Weak as we bask in clean
Love stained sheets for weeks emotions are leased

So Fixated upon the rainbow eyes
That you let the smile cut you in the chest
As you traced my knife shaped silhouette
With sharp curves and clean edges

Breach of the peace as the tourniquet of tears
Makes the palm of your hand bleeds
And I sigh while sign and seal
The constitution with bullets from my unmuted ink

The Dove with the grenade
We've interchanged from slaving all day in the fields
While the beats of my heart
Patrol the brick city streets of this empty battlefield

The Color Of Tears

I secretly believe that my hair
Is just going to fall out one day...
I feel like there are those who pray
For my demise in disguise
I truly believe that I was born
Of another world and time...
And I want to believe that God
Has a purpose for my life
But right now...
Right now life is acting foul,
Out of control and living feral
Don't mull over it Shit nah!
Don't pick and choose
Go on get your fill and take it all...
Lock, stock, and smoking barrel

The color of my tears
Compare to steel serrated blades
That slit the ducts and drain my face
They erupt like lava onto my cheeks
And burn holes into the outside of me
You couldn't exist in my parables
With you in it as a solution
Even if I ghost wrote my life for you
My scribe would give you insulin shock
My real life would have you shell shocked!

The color of tears looks like a white dove
Shitting pearls on your shattered windshield
Like a hail storm in the summer
And you're shit outta luck with no umbrella

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The color of my tears
Refract pots of gold in the potholes of darkness
Making mists of rainbows on busted pavement
And each hit feels like a freshly dug graveyard

The color of my tears
doesn't ask what I'm thinking...
You couldn't handle my quiet place
Even if I scribed party noise in it
To drown our thoughts out...
You couldn't hold me up if I was a telephone line
And you were the poll as your sole purpose
You envy me but you missed the memo

My tears are colorless,
abundant with courageousness
Nothing about me bitter or salty
they are tactful yet tasteless

LIARS

Posted a memorandum they may sing that anthem
but they don't live it so what good is it?
Please don't feel torn about it when they were warned about
it
Their chances of getting at me are slim to none

I live in beast mode
for the fun of the sake of playing with metaphorical puns
They couldn't fight their way out of a wet paper bag in a
shallow lake !

A coward has no scar
IJS....BEWARE of those who specialize in lying by
omission....
Propaganda is a form of communication that is aimed
towards influencing
the attitude of a community toward some cause or position
by presenting only one side of an argument.

FYI: The side effect to low self-esteem
is an allergic reaction to being held accountable
& or taking full responsibility for the consequences or your
actions....

So if you have no intention to bite,
Don't twist your lip and show your teeth to me

Dear trifling trolls & minions
Make a note to yourself: I don't have haters
BUT I am VERY AWARE I know a handful of fake folks
that hate themselves tho... hmmmmpf

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What I find the most amusing
is when people know that they are dead wrong and as
opposed to properly apologizing for their short comings
and truly being sincere,
they instead creatively figure out how to shift the blame
to take the spotlight off of themselves....

Beware of those who promulgate a façade of Propaganda
they are supposed to be communicators yet don't read or
listen
and form flash lightening opinions about things that don't
concern them
and then write fake campaign statements about unity, love
and peace
when in fact they scribe in a hate code!

So long as Lies blend with Love they both will find a way.
Topics of meaninglessness will find an excuse to the top of
things
like a to do list

Beware of the buffoonery fam!!
you can easily identify them in public places such as Wall-
mart!!
dressed like a crack head.... they are the crafty ones
that boldly proceed to the idiot check-out line for 10 items
or less

KNOWING dammn well
they got a basket full of bullshit and no common sense....

Liars look for exit signs because of the fact that when
a mouse makes fun of a cat, there is a hole nearby

Jamie Bond

*Gail
Weston
Shazor*

Gail Weston Shazor



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

Author of . . .

"An Overstanding of an Imperfect Love"

available at Inner Child Press.

www.facebook.com/gailwestonshazor

www.innerchildpress.com/gail-weston-shazor

navypoet1@gmail.com

Lenten Sacrifice

I gave you up for lent
I placed you in the forefront of my thoughts
Each and every day
And I so wanted everyone to see
How pious I was
How self-sacrificing
How I too could give up something
So very precious to me
So I gave you up for lent

I mourned my loss
With aplomb
Telling everyone I met about
How I had made the this sacrifice
In giving you up
And for the next 40 days
I would be bereft and empty
Without you
But somehow coming out more
Holy
In the end of all of this
Rising cleaned and deserving of you
After giving you up for lent

There were days that I thought
I would not make it
Without you
But I knew it was the right thing to do
This giving you up
For lent
So I plugged on
Talking about you to strangers
And congratulating myself on doing without you

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Each day I counted down the remaining days
Of lent
Ticking them off like a calendar on a jail cell wall
X marked every space
And every thought of me without you
And I could only dream of the Monday after
When I would be able to
Have you
After giving you up for lent

All my life I had been taught that in order
To be more, I had to be sacrificial
In my earthly pleasures
Because after all that I had been given
Shouldn't I do the same?
So I gave you up for Lent
You, my best treasure
My whole and complete
In this life
The exhalation to every breath taken
And so I took you
And placed you high out of reach
For this season

But no one told me
That this was unnecessary
This giving you up for Lent
And had I known the truth of what you were to me
I would have removed you from the pedestal
I created in my sacrifice
Taken you from the briars
Stamped out the coals I stoked for you
And retreated into your embrace
I would have never given you up
For lent
Had anyone told me that my debt had been paid
In full

Lime Green

Green leaves greening

Water falls watering

Call bird calling

Yellow sun yellowing

Nappy hair napping

Bud trees budding

House old housing

Grey concrete greying

Parrot plumes parroting

Plant gardener planting

Tingle bells tingling

Risen people rising

Love you loving

An island day liming

A Dinner Affair

I want to have an affair
A glorious middle aged debacle
That I should have had 20 years ago
But I was too busy
Being a mommy
And a much too unhappy wife

I want to meet with the fanfare
Of a secret
Buy new underwear for the feel of it
And pull long clean stockings
Over my calves
Imagining his hands on my legs

I want to be the subject of whispers
Speculation about my credit card bills
And have a reason for ATM cash
Stashed in romantic novels
Tossed carelessly in the side pocket of purses
And read over lunches

I take myself to leisurely lunches
When I should be working
And I order selections
That are designed for two
And made to be eaten with fingers
Touching over the table

Tonight I will dress in red
And have flowers delivered to the restaurant
They play the music just for me sometimes
Because they know I will not order food
But wait here on you to come
Until my cancer takes me

Gail Weston Shazor

*Albert
Infinite
Carrasco*

Albert 'Infinite' Carrasco



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Albert Carrasco writes hieroglyphics encrypted in poetic form. His linguistics are not the norm. When it comes to wisdom, sleet ,rain snow and hail its a lyrical storm. He's pure like Fiji, he got the power to hear the dead with no auji. For living a life so tabu, He learnt a die-a-lect , his mouth moves... But at times it's the voice of the crossovers coming through. When he's on stage he has a body temp of 98 degrees... When He recites you feel this chilling breeze, hair stands on skin when he's in the avatar state of his kin. He's non traditional, an unorthodox outspoken urban individual that lived through the subliminal, now he's back to give guidance to his people.

Infinite the poet 2014

Infinite poetry @lulu.com

Alcarrasco2 on YouTube

Infinite the poet on reverbnation

The Poems this month are from my Book

Infinite Poetry

available at

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

When I build

When I build, my words are built with ebonics and laymen terminology, suburb and urban poetic hieroglyphics. I'm an anomaly. a wonder like ancient pyramids to scientist. I lived through the darkness of poverty's eclipse, a ghetto apocalypse. I grew up in the slums as a no sun conscript blinded... But I had dilated pupils waiting for light to shine so I can absorb it. I grew up in the treacherous trenches of sorrow where some wish to live and some wish to die... tomorrow. I grew up up in a place where having two parents was a broken family and one parent was the norm, I grew up as an experiment in the projects where apartments had roaches and rats as stray animals like alley cats...they watched the carrasco family deal with that. There was taxation without representation, they would take mammas money but never send in housing for extermination.

This is the darkness I speak of, emancipation from being poor was the light I searched for. Elevators had pissy floors, the stench of burnt bass filled the halls, the staircases were places of business, you could loose your life not minding your business... I almost lost my life dealing with the same business...darkness. I thought light would come hustling white adding soda and making it rise, I told y'all I had dilated pupils but i still didn't see what would be a lot of experiments like I was... demise. I heard the cries, I heard the question why? I followed their hearse on the final ride, it was me sometimes opening that cage so the doves... can fly. Fly fly my brothers all your debt is now mines leave it to me ill pay back society, go to the light your free. That's the darkness I know. Now.. My mental illuminates, my cranium glows, my words shine carotid and tarnished minds who's choices will lead to caskets and prisons, both options are still doing time. Call me the urban life Nostradamus, I can tell you the aftermath of fast cash by

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showing you some urns with crematory ash, by showing you plots surrounded by the smell of fresh cut grass, or I can just take off my shirt show you the tattoos on my back from all that passed. I can't strip for everybody but I could spit for anybody, and the words I muster can save us from a suffering future, how? By taken that dark shroud and changing it to water and spill it it all over a crowd.

Who is he?

I'm the urban boriquen sensation, when I write then recite I go so hard richter scales picks up seismographic vibrations. I send tremors through memoirs. The harder I meditate and think of how I was forsaken the harder I spit this urban life simulation for third eye stimulation. I got the spoken circuit shaking like its earthquaking. I talk real life issues, I take what took me years to learn, condense it into a form of a poem to elevate you. I'm an ex substance abuser, never was a crack or dope user, I was the one selling it at such a young age being abused by the pushers. I grew a habit of selling what my own dad was addicted to, I had a habit of selling what my friends got strung out on too. Imagine selling crack or heroin to try to get out of poverty. while doing that, I was taking friends and family to rehab and detox because of heroin and crack. Thats reaction and action from personal satisfaction. I'm not glamorizing nor glorifying I recite tears that my inner conscious cries, and it's been crying for years since so many died. When i rest I don't count sheep, I count faces of the deceased and at times it feels like if death is pulling at my feet for the life i lived in the streets. I'm gonna submerge the game with verse and make sure it stays submersed. Thirsty for thought minds, I'll lyrically quench your thirst, want to know how it is to live in poverty like a single parent with five kids? Try living with 350 400 dollar increments from the 1st till next months first in a one bedroom apartment that cost about 300 a month in the projects.

Self destruction/ stop the violence

Self destruction pow pow pow, motivated by a form of suicide, after three shots , another statistic, in the plague of modern day genocide, it's people that look just like you and me, still busting guns in broad day light by an open park, little kids run, older kids Letting off rounds like a bass drum, dadadumdum, like buster, this is getting serious, youngens growing up in this depression are delirious ,gun in hand mask on face, mischievous, a fall from grace, in an unsacred place, they thirst to see how blood shed taste, now after they kill and before they get convicted, thoughts of wishing they did good after they did wrong their conflicted, the damage is already inflicted, but now it's too late, cuffs behind back, in front of a magistrate, then life to be popular in population, They need to heed my words before they take a permanent vacation, my wisdom is like mind vaccinations, to rid the temptation like eve in Eden, when that apple wasn't to be eaten, if I can inject just one mind and can save him, now that's one less future dead living person, I'm not saying Im better, I just use my vocabulary, to intercept a blind mind, usually hereditary, it's like a save a life lottery to better these ghetto minorities, the only thing, following me , everybody's a winner, we don't need drugs in housing authority lobby's to get food for dinner, we don't need to shoot our guns to see who's bigger, dead or life in jail for trying to raise our figures, I was a player in that life, I wish I had dementia, so that life I don't remember, my peeps are gone, and they ain't coming back in November ,they was in the game too, but got hit with fouls, bullets holes as juveniles, wakes for trials and casket for convictions, we don't need to be Nostradamus, To predict the outcome of this Stop the violence Let's self construct

Albert 'Infinite' Carrasco

Siddhartha

Beth

Pierce

Siddhartha Beth Pierce



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Siddartha Beth Pierce is a Mother, Poet, Artist and African and Contemporary Art Historian. Her art, poetry and teaching were featured on PBS in April 2001 while she was the Artist-in-Residence and Associate Professor at Virginia State University in Petersburg, Virginia. She received her BA in Studio Art from George Mason University in Fairfax, Virginia and her M.A.E. from Virginia Commonwealth University in Richmond, Virginia. She continued into PhD. Studies in African and Contemporary Art studies at Virginia Commonwealth University where she is now All but Dissertation. Her works of poetry and art have been featured in numerous newspaper articles, journals, magazines and chapbooks.

<http://www.innerchildpress.com/siddartha-beth-pierce.php>

http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=OQ87NrLt_to

<http://www.writerscafe.org/Siddartha>

I Am a Wax Candle

I am a Wax Candle
awaiting your flame
to spark my flue
anew
I feel
everytime you light
my world
on fire
with your admiring
hips, lips and sticks
of love.

You may drip me
to you
drip you to me
in ecstatic screams
of ecstasy.

We will
rule our worlds
with the Love
that is enduring
ensnaring
daring
letting not one
put asunder
the thunder of our
thighs, calves and toes.

Curling beneath the sweetest of kisses.

Lover's Knot

A day without you
apart
brings painful tears to my heart.

An evening without you
leaves me
longing to be with you again too.

I know not how to say
in words
at times the beautiful joy
you bring to my mind.

Your lovely, deep, hazel eyes
are so profound
with many thoughts
that abound-
in circular swirls
bringing reverence to me
the respect I have for you-
times trinity.

Your touch, your smell
are so fine
divinely opening every
desire I have ever wanted-
you are so dear
to me
whether you realize it or not
you have my heart
deeply
tied
in a lover's knot.

The Craving

Eye to eye
I thought I felt
your soul cry out
its sorrow
in emerald waves
of pain.

Lips to lips
your sweet, exotic
kiss
softened
the mood behind
those eyes
of yours.

Only to reveal
the starving soul
of a man
gone mad once
from those wretched
days of old.

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Healing now
the color that
dances in those
retinas cries
out to be held
to be fed
to be nurtured
to be led
to be freed
to satisfy its need
as much as those
lips search
for those same things

The craving
all over
my naked
body.

Siddhartha Beth Pierce

*Janet
Perkins
Caldwell*

Janet Perkins Caldwell



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Janet wrote her first poems and short stories in an old diary where she noted her daily thoughts. She wrote whether suffering, joyful or hoping for peace in the world. She started this process at the tender age of Eight. This was long before journaling was in vogue.

Along with her thoughts, poetry and stories, she drew what she refers to as Hippie flowers. Janet still to this day embraces the Sixties and Seventies flower power symbol, of peace and love, which are a very important part of her consciousness.

Janet wrote her first book, in those unassuming diaries, never to be seen by the light of day due to an unfortunate house fire. This did not deter her drive. She then opted for a new batch of composition journals and filled everyone. In the early nineteen-eighties, Janet held a byline in a small newspaper in Denton, Texas while working full time, being a Mother and attending Night School.

Since the early days Janet has been published in newspapers, magazines and books globally. She also has enjoyed being the feature on numerous occasions, both in Magazines, Radio and on a plethora of Sites. She has gone on to publish three books. *5 degrees to separation* 2003, *Passages* 2012 and her latest book *Dancing Toward the Light . . . the journey continues* 2013. All of her Books are available through [Inner Child Press](#) along with Fine Book Stores Globally. Janet P. Caldwell is also the Chief Operating Officer of Inner Child ltd.

<http://www.janetcaldwell.com/>

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

<https://www.facebook.com/JanetPCaldwell>

Dis – Ease Free

I am not a performer
or even a guest
at your masquerade ball.
And I refuse to wear a mask
with snakish, snappish tubes
choking me, in my nose and throat
much like Medusa's head – dress.

I have said it before
though you have not heard me
Mr. Pharmacy man
Dr. John
or whoever the hell you are.

And some are not sure what it will take
to strip and shake you
from that *fake – ass play*
spilling drugs disguised as love

Though it tried to take
away the essence of me.
And it did for awhile
now I am on my way
don't you see, can you ?
Yeah, I *have* arrived . . . really.

Wait . . . *Play*, did you say
when and where ?
I do love the arts, you know.
Not the *sick games*.

The Year of the Poet ~ April 2014

I am not a hustler
got no game you see
and don't want any either.

The inane street talk
and whisperings
trying to block my lane
of possibilities
shame, shame
get away from me.

I wanna be me
I wanna be free
and let go
of man's *lying dis-ease*
and some of the now
that does not feed
or produce good seeds
for even a Grass – Hopper to eat.

So, they have been tossed into
a river of challenges, drowned
and yes won, by you and me.
And we have *allowed us*
to pick and choose
from the garden of Ease
to be naturally
dis – ease free.

Simply BE-ing.
I AM, Love, Joy and Faith.
There is so much to do and see !
And that *Is* doing it for me.
Shine – On my children
shine – on and BE Happy.

Love Eternal

I have heard it said that love eternal
cannot, will not be denied. I know
this is true because it has happened
to me, to us, once again.

We loved aeons ago but were separated
because royal blood ran through his veins.
We were secret lovers when
I became swollen with his seed.

I was banished from the court and
the kingdom itself. My life was
so empty then, I took our baby and ran.
A farmers wife had pity on me and took us in.

I heard it said that a bounty was on my head.
I could not bare the thought of the kings men
taking my life. So I gave our child to the farmers
wife to raise safely as her own and ended my life.

In shadows and darkness I looked for him. I
was born over and over again. Now I have
set my eyes on him. He sees and remembers
me too. We'll complete what was started
in the here and now.

Rejoicing in the return of our love
he said to me, I knew that I would find you
I walked through hell and dark caves
searching for you my love, my grace.

The Year of the Poet ~ April 2014

It's been 3 years now since our lives
were reborn. We pitter/putter in our
garden where seeds of love are sown
as our children, dance and play.
We'll get it right . . . this time.
It is true that love eternal love
cannot, *will not be denied*.

Fatigued

It was new and bright,
crisp pages, the smell
of a new journal waiting to be filled
wafting, arousing my senses
like fresh washed linens.

Only I had the key,
to clean slate memories.
Daisies and love, filled the
page. Dances and friends
inked into history.

Parties, costumes,
the mask that I
still sometimes wear
to feel safe, under – exposed.

Today feels different. Faded
ink from the diary make up my
skin.
Essential juices drain
from cloaked face.

Can't seem to let you in.

June
'Bugg'
Barefield

June 'Bugg' Barefield



The Year of the Poet ~ April 2014

June Barefield ~ Poet-Activist-Teacher-Author

Born and raised in the Midwest, currently residing in East St Louis, IL. June's interests include long walks, sunrises, cheesecake, and words. He considers the NRA, and its supporters 2B a 21st century Nazi-ism! The author of two collections of poetry which include *B4 the Dawn*, and *The Journeyman*

I B. Self educated, and proud to be humbled. An avid reader, and teacher, counselor in his community at what we as a society have termed "at risk children". June refers to them as Gang members, and dope dealers. A brilliant speaker, and motivator; fluent in at least three religions! June's favorite quote: "FUCK THE SYSTEM!"

for booking call : [720 404 8563](tel:7204048563)

<http://authorsdb.com/authors-directory/2292-june-barefield>

you can get more of June here . . .

<https://www.facebook.com/JuneBugg900>

<https://www.facebook.com/june.barefield.7>

<http://www.innerchildpress.com/june-barefield.php>

Freedom

Water iz life
so we sell it to you
make you pay for it; while we pollute it
then charge you more, because it now must be cleansed&
filtered again, and again
a civilized trend for civilized men
Food is Free
but we make you pay to hunt& fish& farm& grow
whatever you need to eat
We R all of us criminals, 4 the crimes we have committed
but we make you vote for us as u peck out a living
poking and pecking about around like chickens
You devote your life to our enterprise of greed
We pay you a wage; so you may chase your tails,
convinced that one day
u will get it
convinced of this lie your consumption multiply
X3
Y try realizing a new lie accepted as the old truth
U die
unjustified, tied to the ball, and the chain you bought in life
So now we sell this same fib; so that your children live
just as you did
chained to a wage
a slave.
This iz your freedom.
Now the church may say amen.

Omitting eYe

I omit eYe

the first person

ME.

and there's noBody eYe know as well as I

and out of a begrudgingly, almost belligerent respect

to egotism

masochism

an idiolect concerning the imaging

of Images

Imagery branding me into conforming

into what's been accepted as

NORMALCY.

omitting eYe

we collectively cancel the narrowness of our experience

to experience this

for I

confirming my resignation out of the desperation

of ME

I omit eYe

expressing an impartial, sometimes inept

observance of this humane life

observing urbanity

June 'Bugg' Barefield

and the profanity of our vanity
committed to uncertainty
commuted to emergency
UN-urgently
lethargic
sloth
envious of what him got
y she not
U
omitting eYe
committing genocide
claiming a faith
an unholy lie
considering for moments not what is respectable
but what is falsely respected, and now credible
digestible, and edible
this is where I shrink from the cold, dreary misery of me
OMITTING eYe!

Obsessed

Still obsessed with the idea that I might write today
flipping flippantly through my manuscripts pages

Layered like levels, or steps on ladders
Matter of fact-ly I exact a thought
ScriBBle it down as I ponder another
having tore down my last 100 thoughts
I think some more
My attempts to explore another realm held somewhere
deeply within the cusp of
my being
Ideas inundating me
creating in me a bothe...rsome anxiety
Quietly I lay back, and let go
In the hands of some unseen power
Ideas unwritten
I am smitten by the reality that now
is not
the time
Still. I am obsessed
The idea
exhausted by the mere idea
Weak enough now to pick up a book, and read while I rest
SOON...
I shall get these ideas off of my chest!
obsessed~
B4 the Dawn, on into the next.

June 'Bugg' Barefield

Debbie

M.

Allen

Debbie M. Allen



The Year of the Poet ~ April 2014

Debbie M. Allen is a Pennsylvania native that has remained true to her passion for the love of poetry. She has always had a passion for poetry. In 2010 she took that passion and made it her cause, always maintaining the truth of her experiences and the beliefs she holds dear.

Debbie is the Author of “A Poet Never Dies,” her first book of poetry which was published in 2012. Since then she has published her second book of poems, “The Spiral of a Pisces: In Manic Flow,” which encompasses her ever spiraling transition of expression. She can be found participating in various avenues of spoken word and poetry under the pseudonym D. Flo’essence including The Truth Commission Movement, Penology Ink Productions, Jersey Radical Productions and What’s The News.

The Wrecking Cries

I don't know how many times I said goodbye
Those late night joyless rides
Upon teared tides
Bunkered down in boxed tissues...
Missing the issues
Outlined in petrified lines
When the water ran dry...
All I thought about was the wrecking cries...

How I rested love atop
Brick pillows of lies...
A featherweight to consequence
Years spent trying to take flight
With cement blocks...rocked on my feet
Me and defeat were so tight...
Dark claimed my day
And light...
Could never surpass my night...
So time stayed and played games with me
Hide and seek became
Hide and creep until it was just hide...
Deep down on the inside...of those wrecking cries...

Boxing with broken knuckles
Against a stone chest...
Just to remove the rib that punctured my heart
The first time ache
Bested the purity of breaths

The Year of the Poet ~ April 2014

That heaved heavy in the rise of my breast
Then hic-cupped into rest
How easy strength dies...
A eulogy carved in the pupil of blank eyes
Pushing up daisies in bloom to those wrecking cries...

I pose like a still shot of pain's figurine
Snapped in the midst of my suffering
Bold, Black, White...
Color was held captive in the skies
Prisoner to...
How many times I said goodbye
To faith in my life

I resigned...haunting myself within the wrecking cries...

Time Swings Low

Head down...
Eyes closed...
Listening to secret ballads
Roll in the comfort of my swinging lows...
Chariots in slow burn await me
Eloquently staging the coming of my
Gentle...in its escaping
Shhh...I think I hear my conscience waking
Baring emotions in bellowed breaking
Of those fears that had me shaking
In the center of four walls
Balled up in infantile
Calls to my Father...
“Dear Lord, why is life such a bother?”
Yet the melody goes on...
Fire dawns the rapture of broken bridges
Sorrowful living and giving without the justice
Of levies being lifted...
Seems to be the woes of a Pisces gifted...
Shifting me into oblivion until the struggle of my life was
done
Then hurling me back...
Verses stacked, armed, ready to ring alarms
Here I am!
I’ve begun...
Transformation escalating my harmony
Sea to shining sea lest
Risking my dignity...
I am the confines of my signature

The Year of the Poet ~ April 2014

You can't conform me...
Life gave me the damage
And that gave me full rights to
Damage the MIC...
Finally hype to the devastation that tried to
Equate the quaking of spite
But I'm aight...
You can't volcano despair from a mountain peaked tight!

Head down...
Eyes closed
Sometimes so I can block the complicated
Singing that tries to echo woes
I shouldered with ache
But I formulated stars to curve my shape
So much...I dust my glow
That's the rhythm of
Poetic ponderings poking their wake...
I am hate's mistake
Blossomed into song...
Hard rock laced...
My bass...debasing how tragedy tried to trace me...
I had to tell the lies
Ain't nobody anxious but you
So what you wanna do?
Thought I was locked
But I was too hasty to fight for the light...
Recognized my worth in the hymns...
Swinging low...
Long enough for my chorus to begin...
No end...

My Rhyme Only Know My Life

What do you want from me?
Bit by bit I handed over my sheets
But that's not enough for you...
Maybe you don't have the right shoes
Adjust your laces...readjust your paces
And slow down...
Imma let you borrow my crown for a minute...
Excuse all the dents in it but being Queen ain't easy
I have to walk so many lines...
Describes my life times
Make it seem worthy so my scrolls don't get dusty...
But the bunnies got you hoppin at me...
No explanations given for when shit get dirty
Sometimes the heart gets blurry
So what do you want from me?
Miles been travelled and feet are hurting
I am just a muse
In ramble to my soul's blurting...
Calling to you...
If I was innate...
A poem on the page you would read me just fine...
Eyes on borrowed time...
But what about the cries of my physical rhymes?
Those don't read so calm...
Palms can't even see a destiny
Treachery, misery, boasting my blessings
As casualties...
Why, are you not understanding me?
I've been branded...see

The Year of the Poet ~ April 2014

The mark on my chest...
Is like a beast with no rest
Panting heavy...
And every word that I write
Is every word that went left
Before I got it right...
I'm just ink bleeding
They got their teeth in me
But what runs through my veins keeps reading
Pulse after pulse...
I am leading you
Even if I died a thousand times
Spirit would give ghost and that would continue my rhyme
So what do you want from me?
I am just a poet and my poetry breathes for me...
Until death do us part...
I won't worry about the start...
That way...I will never see the end of me
I will always exhale easily.

Debbie M. Allen

*Tony
Henninger*

Tony Henninger



The Year of the Poet ~ April 2014

Tony has been writing for about 20 years. He has published one book titled “ A Journey of Love.” He has also contributed to several Anthologies. His book is available at Innerchild Press and Amazon.com.

You can find him at [Facebook.com/Tony](https://www.facebook.com/TonyHenninger)

[Henninger](#)

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Tony Henninger

Poetry'S Embrace

In the dreams
of a Poet,
visions float upon
a depthless ocean
of myriad emotions.
While papers
of words and phrases
lie scattered about
in the solitude
of his soul
amid which he sits
trying to express himself.

Like leaves falling
on a blustery autumn day,
or notes of music
making his body sway,
a seed is planted
in his ink pen.

A Poem begins to take shape.

And then,
as words fall into place,
a smile crosses his face,
releasing a flood
of emotional ecstasy.

Enraptured by his love
for the muse of Poetry,
the mystery and beauty
of her siren-like lore,
he is caught in her embrace
forevermore.

The Year of the Poet ~ April 2014

“I”

I make my way
through the lush forest
of life until I encounter
the perfect tree
under which to rest
from dusk until dawn
when the “I” will be gone
as the sunlight crests
the azure horizon
and I explode in
a shower of
butterflies.

Tony Henninger

Igniting The Passion

Night after night
and day after day,
I pray.
Don't tell me it's the end
when love is everywhere.
Don't let me fade away
for my soul wants to stay.
Just one more moment.
Just one more life.
To bring the world together.
To end all the strife.
Gracefully you move,
slowly,
through my heart.
Your essence fills my soul,
igniting the passion within.
I am so full of love.
I am bursting with light.
Help me show them
how to love you.
To bring their passion out.
For there can be no life
without
You....

Joe
Da Verbal
MindDancer

Joe Da Verbal MindDancer



The Year of the Poet ~ April 2014

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

<https://www.facebook.com/joe.minddancer>

Caramel

The flavor was something I wasn't used to.
Her shape was that of a perfect dream.
Those vanilla beans horded by the masses
Were just a passing fancy,
Maybe a thought carried over from ancestral rage.

What an odd blend to satisfy one's taste
She was more than a curiosity;
She had that certain Je ne Sais qua
I wanted a sample of her social discord
I thought that way about it.

I know there was so much more than indifference
Cast aside like many other flavors
I needed that browned sugar.
I approached her frame, with name and game.
We are who we are; when it comes to
introductions of intent.

She hit me with intellectual veracity
No different in capacity than any other figure
I was pleased; by her smile and
gesture that suggested a sequester
We went over the evidence thoroughly
I found pleasure in our meeting.

Having explored the ingredients
I grew accustomed to the change
Nothing would detain me again
No other choices to me made
I was stuck on Caramel.

Ground Breaking

Pastel colors fill the scene
Easter eggs and jellybeans
Floral arrangements of soft blues
Lace ankle socks and
Patent leather shoes

Woven baskets filled with treats
Become center pieces
For a Sunday, feast
Praises and blessings
Thoughts of eternity

Sitting here alone
These thoughts just burn in me
A turn I see; in the future
The meaning my elude ya
Although it is, clear as the daisies.

As my day's ease and the prayers cease
I take part of yeast and wine
I take part of beast and dine.
Harps play, and I listen to moving earth
The fallen have risen, to the heavens.

Not The Same Alone

Don't worry about it, go by yourself
Partake in life those things you long to share
Reflect in your mind the joy of your experience
You'll have something to say;
When asked, what did you do today?

Is the heart, really made that way?
Hand in hand shoulder to shoulder
A bond that has meant conflict and compromise
One should see the look in others eyes
When a moment of laughter feels the screen

A stranger's gleam doesn't mean a thing
If you can't talk about what you've seen.
So easy to suggest make new friends
When friends aren't the issue
It's a social miscue;

Ah, forget it baby I miss you
I miss the things we used to do.
A walk in the park is less enjoyable
If I can't share some quick witted foible
About the nature, I see.

Why did they take you from me?
Move on they say, when their lives are whole
Life without you has taken a toll
In addition, I pay a cost
Each time I cross that bridge of lost.

I'm stronger now; entering the stage of no regret
I still reflect; still look back in retrospect
I laugh more now; I have another shoulder.
But like I told ya; it's not the same alone.

*Robert
Gibbons*

Robert Gibbons



The Year of the Poet ~ April 2014

Robert Gibbons moved to New York City in the summer of 2007 in search of his muse-Langston Hughes. Robert has performed all over New York City.

His first collection of Poetry, Close to the Tree was published by Threes Rooms Press and can be purchased at :

www.threeroomspress.com

You may contact Robert
via his FaceBook presences :

www.facebook.com/anthonyrobertgibbons

www.facebook.com/jamesmercerlangstonhughes

April

here you are again
an addendum
to a collection
a periodical
too annual
pruning for perfection

I am afraid to grow
because it too cold
the calendar says spring
so will save this date
until noon
until I can bloom
still in dormancy
struggling futility

five paper-whites

paid
seventy-five sense
the price
for a composition
notebook
the exposure
to bulbous brown
shedding
layers
of onion skin
the write too
Chagall's burning lights
did not grow
in the cold
but the sepulcher
of brown sugar
and oatmeal
raisin brands
and the mill
waiting for spring
for dormancy
to bloom again
held in my hands
grandma digging
Georgia roots
from chutes
and vines
drunken boat
the Flint River
steal away
to deliverance

terrarium

the orange carpet

I willow,

I will remain calm

I bee balm

I ash

I ash

if I had to be crabby I would be a crabapple
as twisted as a wisteria the cold wind claims
my inheritance until I make penance with
the garden until Spring write now I am still
searching for green all her children numbers
and name ascension and frame waiting
for some growth and development ropes
off until I reach the sacred lake the katsura
hold down the fort terra there are London planes
and hemlock sneezeweed and Indian chocolate
but she disappears with the wind until she
ascends again

*Neetu
Wali*

Neetu Wali



The Year of the Poet ~ April 2014

Hi! I am Neetu. Who am I? This question is very difficult to answer.

Well! If you insist, let me reveal. I am a human and like every other human I eat, sleep, drink, dance, sing, laugh, smile, cry and so on. Hang on! There is a difference. Unlike most of the human beings, I breathe and when I breathe, I relax. When I am relaxed, I draw. I draw sketches of me in words.

I have been orbiting around sun for forty years now. I started this journey on the Valentine day of 1974. I have seen people craving for heaven and I was born in the only heaven on earth (Kashmir). My Grandfather was a spiritual personality and a renowned poet of his time. Though he left me around 35 years ago, I couldn't let him go. I carry him in my eyes and mind and will do that till the end of my life. I hate words, yet I am full of words. I know words cannot express, yet I express me through words, because they are the only medium I am familiar with. That is why I try to express me as much as possible with as minimum words as possible.

When I did Masters in business administration, I never knew, writing will be the only business in my life. More than hobby writing is a necessity for me, because it helps me get the load of thoughts off my head. I don't remember when it that I wrote my first poem was. But I surely know the time of my last poem. Surely, not before my last breath.

MY Soul Whispers

Now a days
I see a million faces
In every stain
Every rock and mountain
Am I overflowing with life?

Life has endless dimensions
Time is a limitation
Be focussed in
The direction of your dimension
That is the only solution

Morning roses seem inebriated
Drops of divine wine
Make them look more red
A whiff of it
Is enough for a life time
Of fresh breath

Ice melts
Soul wets
Magic begins
Morning breeze
Holds me tight
Makes me hug
It bright
Magic begins

The Year of the Poet ~ April 2014

A smile at
Morning sun
I catch the gold
Magic begins
Heavenly pearls
Float in the air
Colours revealed
Magic begins

The river of my life
Is a mirror of me
I am love and hatred too
I am fear and courage too
I am care and jealousy too
I am innocence and guilty too
I am a blessing and sin too
I am success and failure too
I am clarity and confusion too
I am living and dead too
I am smile and tears too
This black and white reflection
Very often horrifies me
God knows which colour will be
This moment of me

Reading God

Have been reading holy books
All these years
Yet I live in my own books
I feel surprised
That I am alive
Should be dead years before

When my Soul kisses me
I get to know
I have written something nice
My gift is that
In a moment I live twice

God is not a stone
Fixed and rigid
Righteousness is a practice
Not a law of religion
Life makes religion
Religion doesn't make life
Krishna advised Draupdi
To be wife of wife
Krishna advised Arjuna
To fight his elders
Krishna taught Bhishma
That an oath should not
Tie you to wrong
I am surprised
That Krishna is a God
So flexible in his own rules
Why can't we
Life is so subtle
How can the rules be a rock

Black Sun

That part of the day
When sun turns black
I wake up
Place my foot on the ground
My foot felt strange
I felt a grave
That was me
Beneath my feet
I served me tea
As soon as it touched my lips
It changed into something red
I looked at my bed
It was a coffin
My jaw opened wide
Till it made way
Wide enough for my teeth
To grow
My hands shocked me
They were all nails
In a moment
I was biting my skin
And tearing my nerves
Pain had never been so giving
I was enjoying my agony
The animal in me
Was reprimanding the
Inhuman me
And someone was laughing wicked
A face in the sky
Was crying why

Neetu Wali

*Shareef
Abdur
Rasheed*

Shareef Abdur ~ Rasheed



The Year of the Poet ~ April 2014

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 42 Grandchildren (24 Boys and 18 Girls).

For more information about Shareef,
contact or follow him at :

<http://www.facebook.com/shareef.abdurrasheed1>

<http://zakirflo.wordpress.com/>

<http://www.innerchildpress.com/shareef-abdur-rasheed.php>

<https://www.facebook.com/pages/Muslim-Writers-Forum/370511683056503>

Spring...

came but only by name
wasn't the same
grass didn't grow, flowers
didn't bud 'n' glow in the
suns flow like we're accustomed
to know
what winter caused to finish,
pause, wasn't replenished no
more
rain ceased to pour, crops
increase no more
birds got silent, the silence
couldn't hide it
in the morning no birds heard
completely quiet!
warning had been issued
imploring man to respect the
land
do all he can to leave it like it
all began

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was treated as toilet tissue
instead..,
arrogant man looked at the
land and said "what's the issue??"
came as no suprise they who
had blind eyes couldn't see
didn't realise prophecy
materialized,came to be,
fullfilled!
brought about by the makers
will!
after the earth he had loaned
as our home had been shamefully
disrespected and killed!
dammmnn!
hard to swallow that pill man??

food 4 thought!

the..,

lights went out,
dowsed!
all over town
town being world
world got small
darkness engulfed
light snuffed out
truth not found
no where around
darkness is falsehood
truth is light
"forbide the wrong
enjoin the right!"
is and always was the
righteous plight!
the earth went dark
all around
the day there was no
truth to be found
they looked from the sky

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to under the ground
couldn't find no truth
around!
then a wise man came
and bellowed 'hark!!
"thou shall not find it in the
dark, can only find it in your
heart!"
but now you wasted time
to much has passed
must face your fate!
now it's time to hear the
trumpet blast!"
i'm afraid it's a bit to late!"

"Ya iyu hal'ladeena ah manut'tacul'laha
wa cu lu cow lann sadeeda"
Oh you who believe fear Allah and
always tell the truth! (Qur'an: 33,70)

food 4 thought!

out..,

and about the wolves
came out!
you can hear them making
pain steaking sounds
with their mouth
howling all about
men do that ,
raise their voice
to prove their value isn't
false,because often
their substance is hollow
think they can lead but never
learned to follow!
so they engage in rage
let the beast out
open the cage
like their volume can coverup
the page that sums up the fact
loud noise don't give substance
where substance is lacked!

The Year of the Poet ~ April 2014

or to men when their character
comes under attack
no longer can hide there's
a hole inside where their heart
should reside, but instead the hole
is stuffed up with no more
then false pride!
no more then wolves howling
at the moon can change the
tides
dogs that chase cars can drive
a ride
using volume to cover the
faults they hide!
thinking maybe that will cover
up the lie!

food 4 thought!

Shareef Abdur ~ Rasheed

*Kimberly
Burnham*

Kimberly Burnham



The Year of the Poet ~ April 2014

An Integrative Medicine practitioner, Kimberly Burnham uses poetry, words, coaching and hands-on therapies to help you heal. A published poet in several Inner Child Press anthologies, including *Healing Through Words* and *I Want My Poetry To*, Kimberly is winner of SageUSA's story contest with a poem about her 2013 Hazon CrossUSA bicycle ride. She is writing *The Journey Home* about that 3000 mile expedition.

Now, you get to be her muse with a list of seven experiences you yearn for. She writes a poem as if already, you are feeling the exhilaration of living your dreams.

You can find Kimberly ...

<http://www.KimberlyBurnhamPhD.com>

<http://www.linkedin.com/in/KimberlyBurnham>

<http://www.amazon.com/Kimberly-Burnham/e/B0054RZ4A0>

Connection

A deep human need
at a party
warm and welcoming acceptance
sitting alone at a computer
we reach out to our community
like white apple buds in the early spring
ready to pop
or golden red maple leaves
longing for silver lined clouds

Where do you belong
who is at your side
fulfilling the need for companionship
empathy moving
back and forth
blue and white tree swallows
across a calm lake

The Year of the Poet ~ April 2014

Phone lines perched with
invisible carrier pigeons
love and anger,
travelling alongside
joyful news and deep sorrows
from then and there
to here and now
mobile devices on the night stand
as I fall asleep

Are you consistent
do you adapt to ebb and flow
intimacy and nurturing
boundaries respected
self-respect blossoming
with a trusted knowing
seeing and being seen
and finally understood

Attachment to Stuff

Why am I attached
to this stuff
what more do I need
beyond air,
food, water, shelter
a need for dreams,
incubating in the night
completely safe
every muscle relaxed
after the day's creative stimulation

What do I need to feel safe
a locked door
will it ever be enough
the warmth and touch of her arms
honest or authenticity sufficient
what colors do I show
when creature comforts are met

My own space
my stuff all around
rescued from a big box
where it sat for months
my life in upheaval
choices made
meaningful artistic work
secure
waking up at peace
integrated into my life
where I am
a force for good

Meaningful Work

Complete freedom
no obligations seems
nice
a retired future
but how do you fulfill
the need for meaning
for food and shelter

Autonomy driven contribution
choices linking freedoms
disconnecting from life
for a time taught me my need
for meaningful work
an exchange,
services for goods
for space and independence
spontaneity bridled
harnessed into connected
empathy and skills

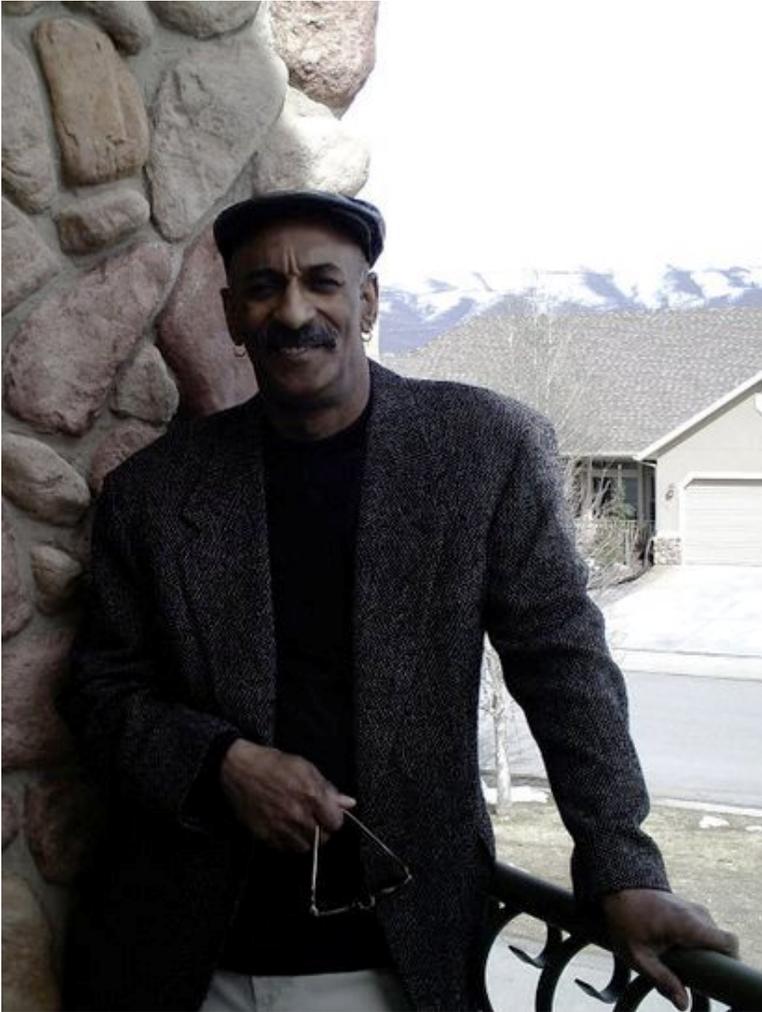
Leaving time
for now
play, joy and humor
all rolled into every waking
lines blurred
work and play, a creative exchange
where every ones sustained

Kimberly Burnham

Easing into the bike rack
my legs sustaining transportation
quinoa and egg
follows the night
deep dreaming process
a shelter's beauty
paid with my labor
designed for harmony
ordered to my tastes
all driven and persisting
at my end of the bargain
conscious exchange cultivating
hope and growth
a looking forward
learn and discover

*William
S.
Peters, Sr.*

William S. Peters, Sr.



The Year of the Poet ~ April 2014

Bill's writing career spans a period quickly approaching 50 years. Being first Published in 1972, Bill has since went on to Author 24 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 is the Founding Director of Inner Child Enterprises as well as the Past Director of Publicity for Society Hill Music.

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

epiphany

i looked in the mirror this morning
and i gazed back at the image
that was gazing back at me

much of what i saw
i recognized
but there was so much still
unknown

i had an epiphany

did i really want to be
all that i could be
or was it just too much work ?

did i really wish to see
all that i am ?

and fear raised it's hand
and i acknowledged it
and it presented a very audible question
that screamed its way in to my presence

and the Trees of my wilderness
layed way
to make room for its abode
here in my reason

The Year of the Poet ~ April 2014

today was another
resembling all others
with questions and thoughts
and feelings i bought forward
from the days past
and i was a prisoner
i was the jailer
and i was the keeper
of these things

my eyes darted away
and back again
for i was truly curious
about
just what was my truth

i smiled
and he smiled back
playing that childish game of
charades
displayed here
in my private epiphany

STOP !!!
STOP !!!
WAIT a Minute . . .
there is something i need to say here

first of all, let me ask you this . .
“what is your purpose ?”
oh, don’t have one . . .
well, why don’t you create one ?

William S. Peters, Sr.

secondly . . .

what is it you wish to do or achieve in your life ?

Oh . . .not sure . . . a lot of things you say.

So , which one of those things will you attempt to work at today ?

Hmmmmmmm

Epiphany ?

i have created this alter ego

i wrestle with

each day

who parades and masquerades

as my Demon

when in actuality

he is my best friend.

i looked in the mirror this morning

and i gazed back at the image

that was gazing back at me.

my dichotomous humbled narcissist . . .

yet i strive

my heart is heavy
in many respects,
and though i run from the shadows
that haunt my nights
i seem to never escape

my concerns sit patiently
waiting my arrival to my silence
that they may evoke
my contemplation
of what needs a fixin'
and solace evades me still

i have prayed
i have studied
i have begged
i have stayed my hand
my thought
my action
my emotion
and yet
i feel not approved

i have supplanted things
for things
and things still yet
are not satisfying
to any nominal degree

William S. Peters, Sr.

i examine who i am
by my own definition
and that of others
and i take flight,
i flee
for i wish not to be contained
by stained memories
of what i could not achieve

yes i believe
i do
truly it is true
but it seems not enough

i have meditated
in hopes to mediate
the oiled walls of this abysmal chasm
that entombs my hopes
and my dreams
are weary of dreaming
of any escape
but i hold on to what i can . . .
anyway

i live for the promise
of that day foretold
when all illusion
dissipates
in the ether
yet i continue to feed
the demons of my own delusion
that i may force one more time
for one more day
a smile upon my face

The Year of the Poet ~ April 2014

Grace anoints me
in her own selfish ways
as i see it
for though i suffer,
anguish has yet to consume me
totally

the space i occupy
shows me not the face
in the looking glass,
that which i pine to see,
the real essence of me
and all that i can be
yet i strive
yet i strive
yet i strive

i see

i stand before Life's symphony
listening to the music
played delicately by the hand of intent
that of my creator

my heart is blossoming
like the spring Lotus
in the deep pools
of the consciousness
of this new day
that i too may impart
my fragrance unto the world

my face is kissed
by the lips of the Sun
and its promise fills my soul
with a gnosis
that soon
the new day be upon us
which shall be everlasting

in the still waters of Status Quo
it is i and my brother
my sisters
and other "Like Souled"
who open to receive the bounty
of the heavens
where possibilities are alive
and manifest
daily because we have deemed it so
by way of our faith

The Year of the Poet ~ April 2014

we sow our seeds
in the dreams of the Children
that they may pick up the torch
and carry their light
into the realm of darkness
which hungers for their divine presence

Love
we are
Light
we are
right minded
we are
wanting
we are

and our inheritance
of what is
presents its self
unto our hopes
and we have a gnosis
that is Omniscient
Omnipotent
Omnipresent
that can not be denied
for we are that God
that is experiencing its self
in this dream
we now begin to deny
as we wipe clean
that which now appears
as reality

William S. Peters, Sr.

we are painting,
applying a new
yet old color
to the palette
for we tire of the inharmonious dogma
that has put illusion before love

we know,
we see,
we are not of this world
we are only in it
for but this season
in the fabric
that embraces the eternity
which sheds
that which is errant

we are blossoming
and none may abate that coming
for it is written
in all the scriptures
that have ever been scribed
that man should remember
“I AM”

I am that Flower
and my root is permanently tethered
in the soils of singularity
where naught but truth prevails,
the “Is”-ness

and all my Children are Flowers too

The Year of the Poet ~ April 2014

and here it is,
i stand before Life's symphony
listening to the music
played delicately by the hand of intent
that of my Creator

my heart is blossoming
like the spring Lotus
in the deep pools
of the consciousness
of this new day
that i too may impart
my fragrance unto the world

I See clearly now

I See

William S. Peters, Sr.

April
Features

~ * ~

Fahredin Shehu

Martina Newberry

Justin Blackburn

Monte Smith

April Features

Fahredin
Shehu

Fahredin Shehu



The Year of the Poet ~ April 2014

Born in Rahovec, South East of Kosova, in 1972.
Graduated at Prishtina University, Oriental Studies.

Actively works on Calligraphy discovering new mediums and techniques for this specific for of plastic art.

In last ten years he operated as Independent Scientific Researcher in the field of World Spiritual Heritage and Sacral Esthetics.

Fahredin Shehu is a World Class Poet and Ambassador for Humanity. Born in Rahovec, South East of Kosova, in 1972. Graduated at Prishtina University, Oriental Studies.

His works have been translated into English, French, Italian, Spanish, Serbian, Croatian, Bosnian, Macedonian, Roma, Swedish, Turkish, Arabic, Hebrew, Romanian, Persian, Mongolian, Chinese.

He is the Ambassador of Poets to Albania by Poetas del Mundo, Santiago de Chile, Member of World Poets Association, Kosovo Pen Center.

<http://www.innerchildpress.com/fahredin-shehu.php>

Fahredin Shehu

Under the Neon Moon

Foams of Adriatic Sea and
The air full of iodine
Spawn of tough sharks
Light Zephyr

We
Under the Palm
With the golden leaves

The boy is screaming
The Moon is full
The dog barks at it
The Moon does not care
Nor do we...

Our Man

Plenty has been said
Recently
In Men history
Memory remains calm
As calm less as we are
Ants and bees
Germans and Japanese

Lazy we think we are
But sincere

We write for another
Age for the Men to come
We paint like a child
How happy we are

For man has nothing to do with us
Behold Man
Interfering in our destiny

The Time rolls
In its pace
Jus as we do

My Nest Eggs

Every particle we have thrown
In the ether has been assembled
In lumps of Love
Somewhere in the realm of Jupiter

They told us: You shall possess
Wisdom to understand the Poetry
Of the one who is called?
The Martyr of Love
For Love is nothing but
A God who is giver and forgiving

Love makes the Creation
Orbit in its axis and
Oscillates in Center and periphery
Occupies Nadir and Horizon and
Contains “Nothing”, for itself

When the summer was in its peak
And the Seagulls flying over
We’ve been heavy white clouds
Bringing shade
On the shore the senile were
Drinking poison for they failed
To love nor did they laid
The Nest eggs to toast “Today”, even
The drop of elixir sipped
In the deepest layers of their
Heart- membrane

The Year of the Poet ~ April 2014

Otherwise I've been in Love
From and for Eternity and a day more
Despite the ignorant refused my Art
And said: this is not Poetry- and I did
And do say: No it is not Poetry- right!!!
It is more than that
It is an elixir
A life giving drop
To the about to die
And to the "Alive"

Failed market

While the applauds were dispersing and
Filling the ambience
Many echoes from those vibrations
Made worsening into the shades of my trees
I have meticulously planted between
The right and left hand side of my being
I have lost so many treasures
Despite giving all the time all what
A Soul may give
I never understood why all follow
The shadow of those who drive
Big Black Benz
And those who later and in the same time
Mock with the very same
Why I have foreigners
All those who adore
What my hands have produced
And the nectar of my spirit
Have leaked from the cracks
Of thorns of all roses assembled
For to be swallowed ardently

The Year of the Poet ~ April 2014

I've too never realized why
Mine close affiliates and
In worse my next to kin
Serially are abandoning me
For instance last night after
We've celebrated the birth of two books
To whom the multitude bows down
A man called father- not mine
No, not mine
Mine id dead
Overpasses me going back and forth
From me to the next and from the next back
To me
Why I never understood the difference
Between Pity and Respect
Why I never understood that today
The Soul may be merchandised
Yet I remain in despair and fully
Convinced ...
I'm not in auction
There's no price that may
Swap the inter-values

Floods

...and the rain was flooding
Washed off all
Arrogance that damaged
Your beauty

I've left two
Watermelons cooling
In the river after
The flood

People were happy seeing
Rainbow; they were
Adoring it as God
Drunk by Hope
They forgot the sweetness
Of the escaping "Today"

We were smiling
And pitting them

We kissed each other
And faint

Martina
Reisz
Newberry

Marina Reisz Newberry



The Year of the Poet ~ March 2014

Martina Reisz Newberry's most recent book is **WHERE IT GOES** (Deerbrook Editions, 2014.). She is also the author of **LEARNING BY ROTE** (Deerbrook Editions), **100 SELECT POEMS plus ONE** (inner child press), **WHAT WE CAN'T FORGIVE. LATE NIGHT RADIO, PERHAPS YOU COULD BREATHE FOR ME. HUNGER, AFTER THE EARTHQUAKE: POEMS 1996-2006, NOT UNTRUE & NOT UNKIND** (Arabesques Press) and **RUNNING LIKE A WOMAN WITH HER HAIR ON FIRE: Collected Poems** (Red Hen Press)

Ms. Newberry is the winner of *i.e. magazine's* Editor's Choice Poetry Chapbook Prize for 1998: **AN APPARENT, APPROACHABLE LIGHT.**

She is also the author of **LIMA BEANS AND CITY CHICKEN: MEMORIES OF THE OPEN HEARTH**—a memoir of her father, (one of the first men ever to be hired at Kaiser Steel in Fontana, CA in 1943)—published by E.P. Dutton and Co. in 1989.

She has been awarded residencies at Yaddo Colony for the Arts, Djerassi Colony for the Arts, and at Anderson Center for Disciplinary Arts. Poet Andrew Hudgins nominated her for a Pushcart Prize in Poetry in 1989.

A passionate lover of Los Angeles, Martina currently lives there with her husband Brian and their fur baby, Charlie T. Cat.

Marina Reisz Newberry

100 DECIBELS AT 2 METERS*

The pillow has its own frequency
which sometimes matches the hammering
in my heart. Almost 70 and I've
not yet learned how to quiet this heart
(I never even tried with my head).

I can dance circles around the truth
until the sun goes down, then it finds
its own way in (unless I open
the door). You think I'm joking? Listen:
what is real will pound on your door like

a damn jackhammer. No hiding in
the closet until it goes away.
Reality can see you in there.
If you are uncooperative, it
will wait until night and then you'll pay.

**The pneumatic jackhammer is extremely loud, reaching
100 decibels at 2 meters (6.6 feet)*

PANTOUM FOR MY CITY

The evening assembles, takes it's own time.
The streets open to the insomniacs
There is a "Super Moon" inching upwards.
Angry, it demands larger living space.

The streets open to the insomniacs.
We did not get the world we wanted today;
angry, it demanded larger living space.
There is the slamming of car doors, cooking smells.

We did not get the world we wanted today
Hear the clink of ice, the rush of liquor
There is the slamming of car doors, cooking smells.
The desperate wait until dark to start singing.

Marina Reisz Newberry

RIVERS

Your life span never equaled your appetites
and a makeshift memory only gave you back
the unhappy times.

You said “enough” and got to your feet,
made your way down to the Los Angeles River

(barely a river except
in heavy rain when it is capable
of rising to take down
a dog or a child
or a woman or
a weedy tree).

You stepped out into September,
your rabid heart pounding, opening, waiting.
Your dark blood,

they said, dripped foolishly
onto the concrete—
a hot day.

You should not have behaved
as if you were only a visitor here.
When you come to earth,

you come to stay even if
the city’s Eucalyptus-colored sky
frightens you.

The Year of the Poet ~ March 2014

My friend, we all wear
the strange perfume
of trepidation

and mete out our words
as if each was an onyx bead
on daily rosaries

of Wanting. I know, I said “rosary,”
but this is no Jesus and Mary tract.
This is just a little something

for you who took her own life,
from me who walks out
into the warm dark,

drunk with the asphalt stories
of Hollywood Blvd—stories
of which you are now one.

THE OZYMANDIAS* EFFECT

I'm confused these days as to what is mine.
I haven't rid myself of anything
or anyone, but things and people have
removed themselves from me (bits of clothing
tearing off and blowing away in a
strong wind). I want to be drunk, but I don't
want my head to hurt, so I'll get drunk on
pills; the spectres will disappear and a
foolish happiness will make itself known.
I feel like quoting Carver who quoted
Bukowski as saying, *There isn't one
of you in this room would recognize love
if it stepped up and buggered you in the ass.*
My thinking exactly, except I don't
think it's just the room, I think it's the world.
Eh...back to what's mine—or not. This morning
was a door thrown open to far too many
AHA! moments. No matter how fast I
run, I see things and people hurrying
away. It diminishes me, not them,
and when I ask "Why?" the only answers
are the sounds of rain, hissing over stones.

THELMA'S LOUISE

The dogs enter the track—
they are uncertain
about everything
except what happens
when the gate lifts.
They get that part:
run-for-your-life.
They get that part fine.
The gods are watching.
Their bright eyes
clash with the lightning
and they govern
every race.
In the distance,
the dark mountains
sing of escape:
“Come Whippet, come Greyhound.
We wait.”
*Thelma's Louise, Mr. Morning,
Happy Feet, Momma's Helper,
Andy's Mistress...*
the gods are watching.
The dogs are shy
and honest
and terribly afraid.
They look up
at the mountains
one last time.

Marina Reisz Newberry

Justin
Blackburn

Justin Blackburn



The Year of the Poet ~ March 2014

Justin Blackburn is a poet for the Awakening of Human Consciousness writing with the intention to inspire and feel. A lot like life Blackburn's poetry is sometimes uplifting, sometimes hilarious, sometimes romantic, sometimes fearlessly confronting the buried feelings of the human condition, but always worthy of appreciation and open to teaching and learning.

Blackburn has had five poetry books published, performed these poems at many venues, and even won Poet of the Year by Beat Magazine. Currently Blackburn is a member of the SAY WHAT Greenville, SC Poetry Slam Team and has been touring at various venues/bookstores behind his latest collection of poetry, *Child Be Wild*, published by Inner Child Press.

2007 Beat Magazine Poet Of The Year

2009 Blackburn's second collection of poetry *Farting Fire* published by Virgogray Press, sold the most copies in the history of the press.

2010 Blackburn was a member of the poetry group *New Danger*, touring colleges, high schools, and middle schools performing poems and giving Poetry workshops.

2011 his poem *Before I Opened Myself To Love* won the Dripping Silence Poetry Contest.

2011 Blackburn was the winner of annual the CLUB 100 Poetry Slam.

Blackburn is a featured performer who has had featured performances at some of the top Poetry Venues in the country.

Justin Blackburn

All Writers Ascend On To A White Blank Page

My green tea eyes are closed
listening to wind wisdom.

Birds chirp from the rooftop
for no reason
except to be heard.

I keep my focus on the beating breath of my heart
until I feel real enough to disappear
like children in love.

I open my eyes to taste
the rich flowering dreamer
that is our morning star.

The wind retreats back within me.
Nothing can compare inside or out,
naked or silent.

Everything changed for me,
my dearest friend,
the moment I realized I was writing the story
instead of acting in it.

Be aware of what you are thinking.
Is it helping you or hindering you?

Free your characters.
Let their worlds fall apart.

Feel good about the sky.
Notice the abundance when it rains.

The Year of the Poet ~ March 2014

Kiss your own hand.
Hug your own heart.

Eat light and eat light.
Swallow imaginary angels with the intent they heal your
organs.

Hear your heart sing when you hear the successes of
others.
Say nice things about assholes and grandpas.

Be patient like a park bench.
Real dreams come true.

You are perfect the way you are.
Thank you for being you.

Everything changes the moment
you realize you are writing the story
instead of acting in it.

Oh piece of paper heart,
turn me to the page
that bounds us all.

Justin Blackburn

suicide eyes prettier than any summer

will you meet me down by the riverside before you take
your own life?

a dance floor will be waiting for us.
i will spread laughter all over your body.
you can splash water on my skin.
we will smoke cigarettes,
sing our favorite love songs,
and we will dance, dance, dance
as if we have been given the gift of a second chance
even if you choose not to take it.

if the sun's bold light body appears,
if the night ends and you happen to go with it
i will kiss your face and say "i love you!"
then spend the whole day meditating as softly as i can
envisioning you in the holiest of angel hands.

i hope you know when you are gone;
i am going to cry tears into every spider web,
scream my fears at every narrow head,
stand still in the light of death
and whisper "you are beautiful!"

this may be too much to ask
but before you go will you do me a favor,
will you please make it clear to me
how much you love me.

The Year of the Poet ~ March 2014

lately i too have been feeling
like an old broken hollywood grandfather clock,
i can not stand that degrading feeling
especially when i know somewhere inside we are so alive
together,
caring about each other like warm rain pouring on a forest
fire.

do not think twice.
i do not blame you.
i have not changed much
since my teenage suicide pact with lust.

you can blame me though if you need to,
i will still let you come to me in dreams.
we will be friends again,
it will be like you never killed yourself
and i never wanted you to myself.

when you are gone i promise you wherever you are
if you keep your eyes open
i will keep my heart on fire
and you can marvel at it from the otherside,
you can feel the joy of true love,
the peace the people on planet earth
could not give you enough of.

and if you are ever ready to come back to earth,
let me know through the wind's midnight whisper
and you can come back as my daughter,
i will fill your world with knowledge
and love of your beauty
from the first day you are born.

Justin Blackburn

if you decide to take your life,
i promise you will always be
in my heart and on my mind.

i love you so much.
i always have
and i always will,
no matter the space
you are trying to fill.

i honor you forever.

I Am The Buddha Om

I am the homeless man eating an ice cream cone Buddha.
Lick me and taste the deliciousness of my unknowable truth.

I am the born again in Christ Buddha.
Sit under the tree of life and feel my body nailed down.

I am the strawberry shortcake Buddha.
Ingest me for I am food for the angels.

I am the fudge brownie delight Buddha.
Follow my chocolate center to my whip cream sky.

I am the concerned for my football team on Sunday Buddha.
Throw me a pass I am wide open in the end zone.

I am the rev up my motorcycle very loud Buddha.
Jump on the back of me and I will take you nowhere you can go.

I am the do not know anything about Buddhism Buddha.
The emptiness plagues the mind.

I am the walk while I shake my ass Buddha.
God eternally loves for me for everything I do.

I am the wide open blue sky Buddha.
Kiss me, you fool.

Justin Blackburn

I am the telling people I am Buddha Buddha,
Follow me into another fairytale.

I am the woman with the baby bottle Buddha.
Notice how delicate I sound when I say “excuse me.”

I am the family being pulled by my dog Buddha.
All animals worship God constantly.

I am the self doubt acceptance Buddha.
Please judge me for loving you.

I am the enjoying the beautiful day Buddha.
Sit next to me, feel my breeze.

Child Be Wild

Child be wild!

You are ahead of your time.

Take advantage of your innocence
with your smile,

discover your heart

and you will never have to search with your mind.

We do not need anymore of you to grow up.

We already have enough boring adults meandering around,
unable to get lost or found,

acting in grown up dramas during the day,

getting stuck in the play at night

unable to lift their dreams into flight,

waking up ruled by rules cold, starved, and lonely.

Child be seen!

You are the one and only person

who can create your dream life,

remember if someone is being mean

there is a great chance they are not right,

so never stop shining your light!

We need you out here in the ever changing world

to help us remember who were as little boys and girls

with pockets full of joy and eyes full of pearls.

Open our minds to the wide winged wonder

and run into our arms at the exploding sound of thunder.

You have so much to teach us yet so much to learn

and we have no reason to reject you or to ever be so stern.

Justin Blackburn

Child be heard!
You can hear the songs
the flowers sing to the birds.
Award us your sweet voice
and share the words.
Give us your favorite color.

We are too caught up in the superficial politics of father
and mother,
too drowned out in the lifeless arithmetic of sister and
brother,
our imaginations can't remember we are imaginary
so of course we are going to tell you the world is scary,
we fired our angels and stepped on our fairies,
we burned down the magical garden and turned it into a
cemetery,
we took the world's perfect beauty and made it a burden to
carry.

Child be free!
We miss ourselves nervous
but only longing for our childhood memories
so help us by being yourself, letting yourself be,
and remembering no matter what we say
you are always perfect in every way.

Children At Dusk

Moonlit Mountain View

The dawn will break through.

Paradise is here
waiting for you.

The beast is asleep.

Wake him up.

Let him chase you for fun.

Run him out of breath.

You are endless

in the endlessness.

The air cares for you.

Obviously you are breathing.

Use it to clear your reality.

Make it surreal.

Feel the wind of change
blowing inside your heart,

Justin Blackburn

blowing stars across
the falling night sky,

the wind driving the cosmic karmic wheel,
stand still in the wind and smile.

Do you feel like the sky?
Do you feel like the earth?

A swirling promise of faraway colors
and dreamy emotions,

a scattering of continuous cherub melodies
in the endless caroling baby blue oceans.

The sky's love is golden.
Millions of wishes appear there.

It is where all these poems will end up
right now they are children at dusk.

In the image of the sky I sleep
beneath a halo,

behind the sky I dream,
a child sheltered by a rainbow.

Monte
Smith

Monte Smith



The Year of the Poet ~ March 2014

Monte Smith is a writer, educator, and activist for social justice based in Winston-Salem, North Carolina. Monte began his writing and activism in the late 1980's, working and writing literature for the revolutionary groups Skinheads Against Racial Prejudice (SHARP) and the Anti Racist Action (ARA).

In the 1990's, Monte created Third World Citizens, a Hip Hop collective that later spawned the careers of DJ Faust, DJ Klever, and DJ T-Roc. As a freelance music journalist, Monte worked as a frequent contributor for URB, SUBCULTURE, and HEADZ magazines. Over the years, Monte has interviewed Maxine Waters, Black Moon, Old Dirty Bastard, DJ Qbert, KRS 1, The Beatnuts, Smif n Wessun, Crazy Legs, Black Thought, Poet 99, Aceyalone, and AZ—to name a few.

A fearsome competitor on the slam circuit, Monte has won The Alabama Grand Slam, the Roanoke, Virginia Slam (twice in a row), and the infamous Rough Rhymes Competition. As a featured performer, Monte has headlined across the United States—from Atlanta to Boston to Los Angeles and back. His most notable performances include Mango's in Washington, D.C., and two performances at the world-famous Nuyorican Poets Café in NYC. He has also been a featured poet on Def Poetry Jam's website. In addition to featured performances, Monte has performed with Amiri Baraka, J-Live, Talib Kweli, Little Brother, Mr. Complex, DJ Vadim, Abstract Rude, Saigon, Tanya Morgan and El Da Sensei.

Monte Smith

Rural Junkie Blues

Round here, there's only one cat
I know who's got pills, smoke and
blow and if he doesn't answer his cell,
I'm gonna pick up this 45

For real bro, I'd rather die than be
un-high, or at least that's what the
beast on my back tells me every time
the money and high get low

God Damnit, why won't he answer the phone,
if he would I could scratch,
relax, but that's me dreaming again,
fending again...

And when you're jonesin' twenty miles from town,
that's all you can do,
all thoughts leading back to the
big question, why won't he answer
the FUCKING phone?

I know I've called that muthafucka
three thousand times today, like right
now, *Ring- Ring- Ring*

Nothin'

He knows I don't have a ride, I don't
even have a roach to cut the edge and
believe me the edge is getting sharper
by the second

The Year of the Poet ~ March 2014

How you gonna call yourself a drug dealer and not
answer the phone, fuck it
I'm breaking rank, I'm calling his
ass at home, *Ring-Ring-Ring*

FINALLY

“Damn man where the fuck you been,
listen I need a dirty thirty and if you've
got time stop by the liquor store and pick
me up a pint of gi-...what'd you say?”

“TOMORROW”

BANG!

Monte Smith

From Public Assistance to Armed Resistance

I want my poetry to say things like...
There is no political solution, what we need is
Revolution.
I want my poetry to have titles like...
“From public assistance to armed resistance.”

I want my poetry to remind all of you of writing
by candlelight.

If you're not writing to inspire a class war then
what are you writing for?
The economic change we're looking for is bigger
than vouchers for the power bill and EBT.
I've got a new plan for public assistance but who
can stomach resistance?

Say after me...
“We don't need welfare.
We need shotguns.
And I'm gonna bust my ass
Until everybody's got one!”

The occupy movements are distractions.
We need real calls of action.
The front lines look more like an ad for a
pop-culture-coffee-table book than a chance to hit back.
Too many Starbucks-sponsored Trustafarians
playing drums, too cool not to understand—
that's not how rebels act.

The Year of the Poet ~ March 2014

Protests, banners and flowers are a waste of
time and besides
that's how the bloodlines want you to react—
safe, orderly and non-threatening.

Why lie?
You want change but you're not willing to die.

I know
You think it's cool to wear a Che t-shirt,
fuck getting hurt or going to jail for it.

That's why nothing will ever change
until we change what we want,
what we value,
what we try.

I want my poetry to leave you thinking about
life over materialism, life over capitalism, life
over the great lie that you have to fuck people
over in order to survive.

There is no order.

In the words of Bill...
"It's just a ride!"

Monte Smith

Untitled

Green has turned to brown

And the once-busy now stands
without a sound

The flocks didn't bloom in
my garden this year

Nor did the yellowish mushrooms
and my poisonous fears

Until recently

I've never had a problem
with bugs

But not anymore

The insects have shrank in size
and now stand aligned

Crawling one by one under
my sliding glass door

Green has turned to brown

The Year of the Poet ~ March 2014

The grass is pushing against
the sun in a half-dead mask

I can only think

It's a bitter taste when nature
sets the stage for you not to
last

Monte Smith

Robbing Me

My job is the only thing

Between my children

And the street

I can't help but think

My job is really a thief

Robbing me of time

To perfect the talent

Others say I have

Still

We got to eat

Yeah, whatever, just pass the blunt!

Since the origin of space and matter

The natural plight of man has yet to be
truly explored

Due to society, we ignore any logic that
would present all races as people first

Most people can't imagine the idea
of living in a constant state of equality

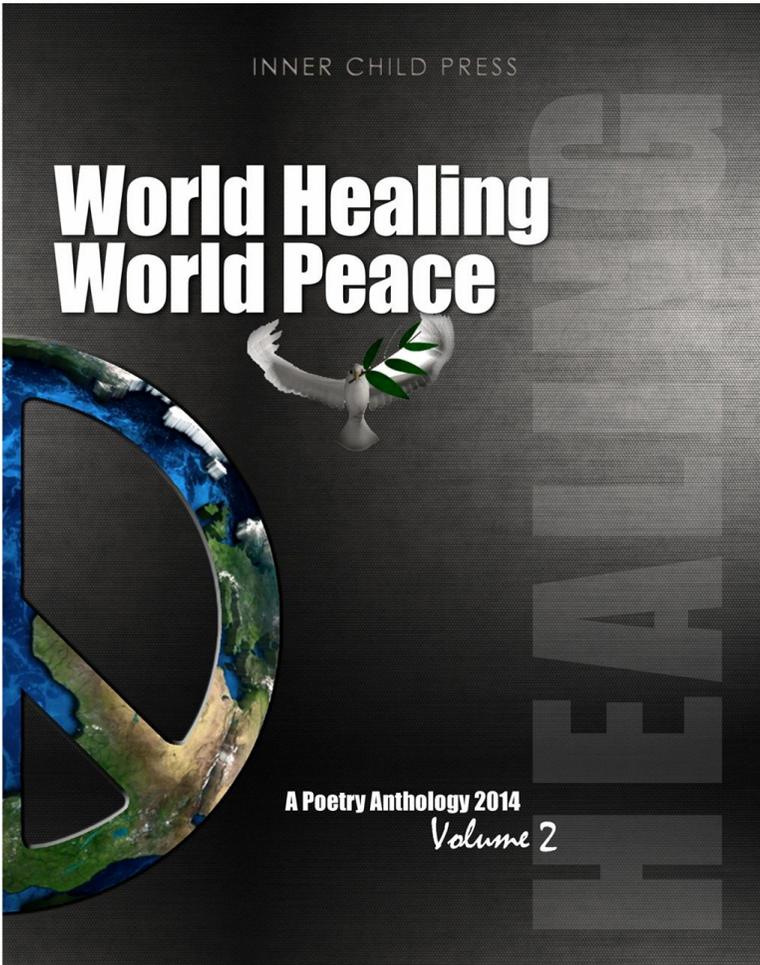
Can you?

Monte Smith

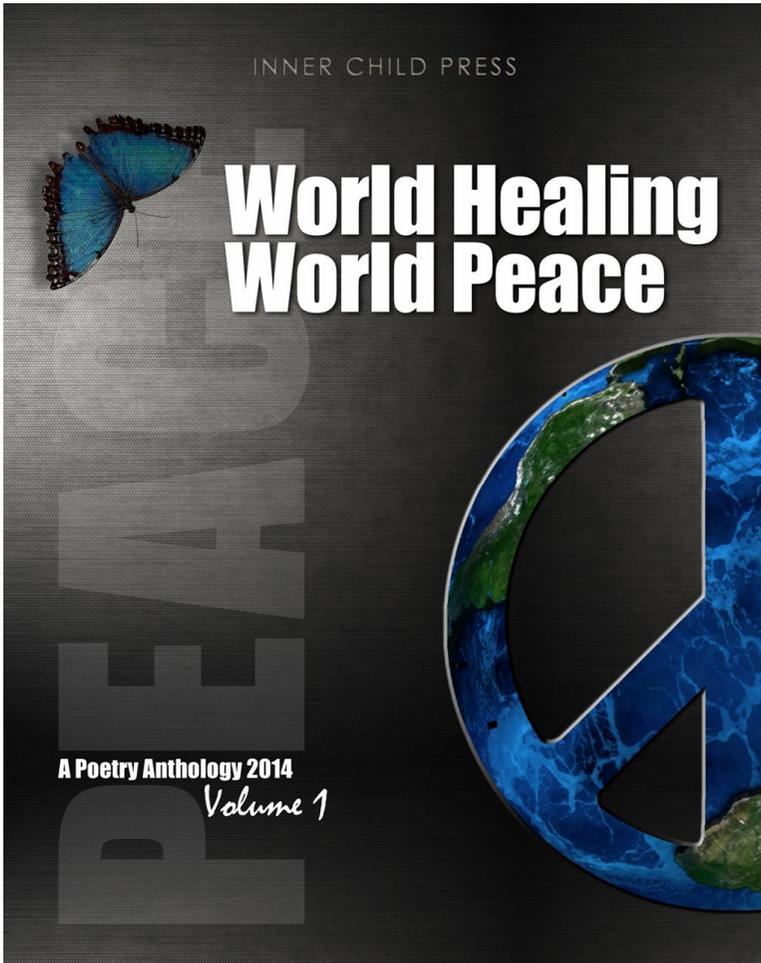
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Carnation

The Poetry Posse

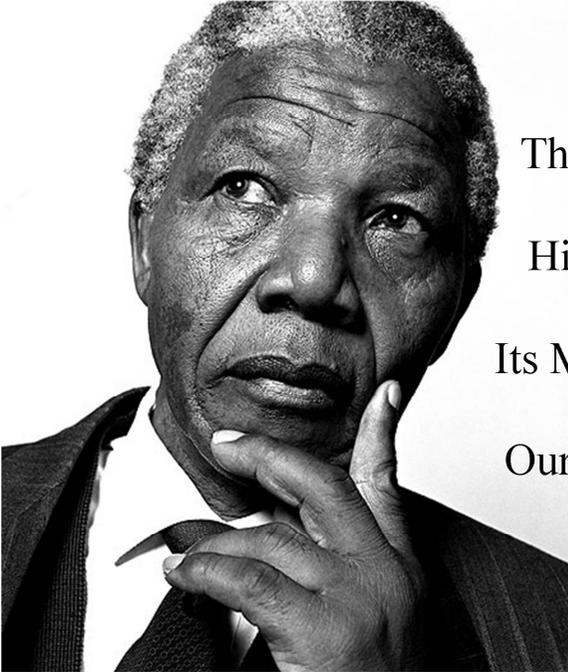
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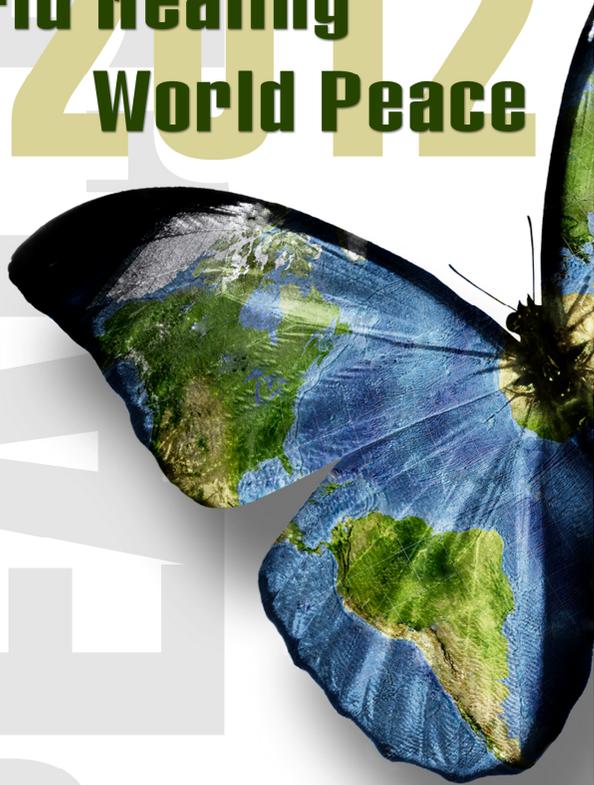
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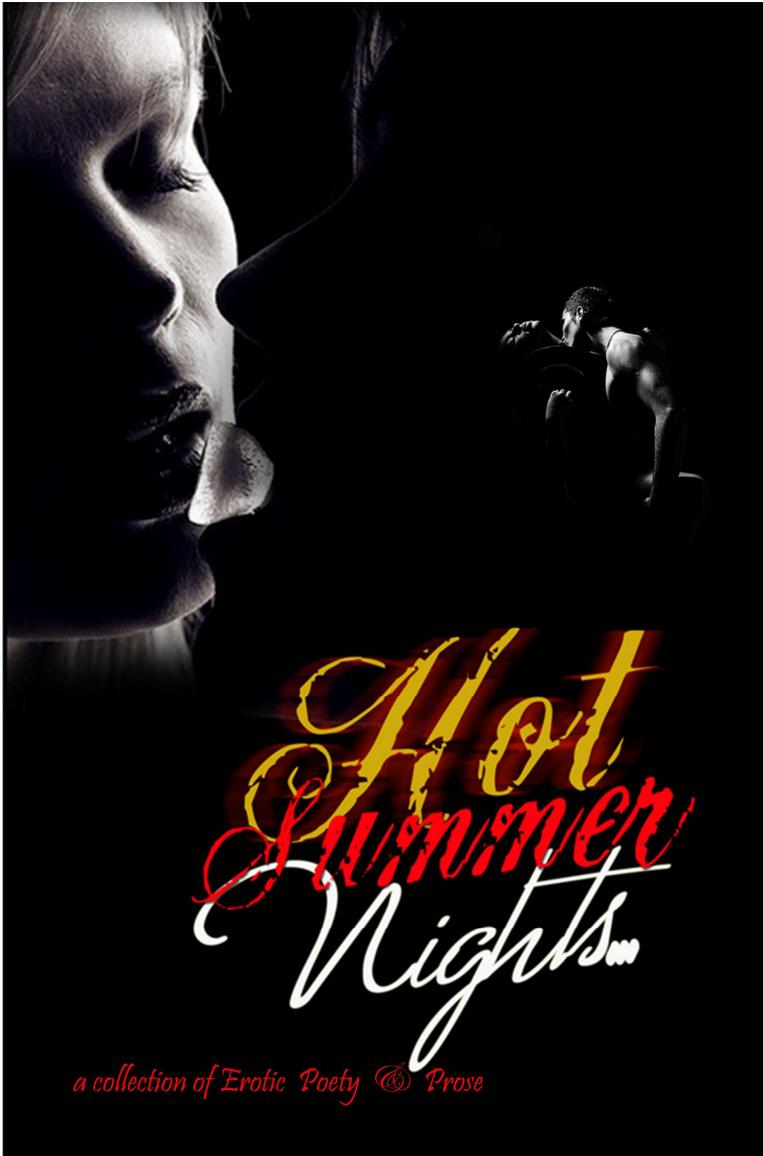
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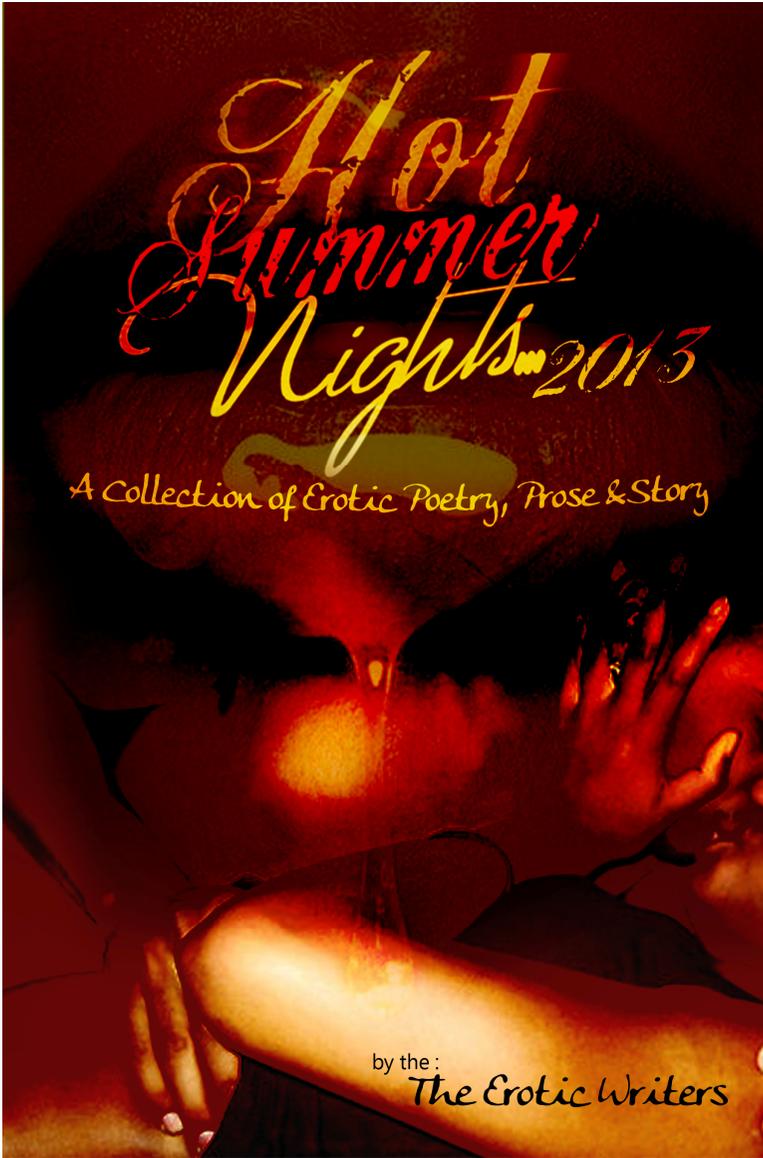


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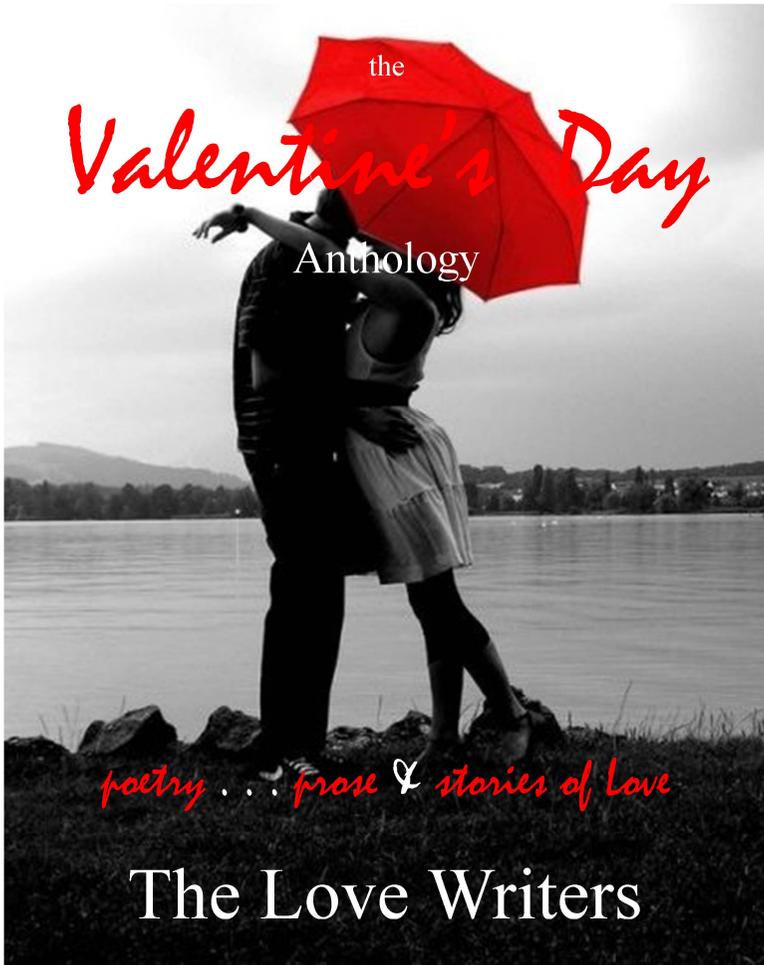
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