

The Year of the Poet

January 2014



Carnation

The Poetry Posse

Jamie Bond
Gail Weston Shazor
Albert 'Infinite' Carrasco
Siddartha Beth Pierce
Janet P. Caldwell
June 'Bugg' Barefield
Debbie M. Allen
Tony Henninger
Joe DaVerbal Minddancer
Robert Gibbons
Neetu Wali
Shareef Abdur-Rasheed
William S. Peters, Sr.

Our January Feature

Terri L. Johnson

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THE POETRY POSSE

inner child press, ltd.

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General Information

The Year of the Poet

The Poetry Posse

1st Edition : 2014

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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.



Foreword

Needless to say i am so excited about this venture. In the original concept between Jamie and my self we committed to writing a book a month for the year of 2014. As all good things do, the vision began to expand. So here we are today with 13 wonderfully gifted Poets who have answered the call. This is a Win ~ Win ~ Win situation for all concerned.

Firstly, each of us will be able to add 12 more Title Credits to our Poetic Resume as a result of our efforts. I do not know many writers who have 12 books published.

Secondly, this effort possesses the inherent ability to break down the barriers that exist within the Poetry and Literary dynamic. We have been blessed to be represented by a cross section of Ethnicity, Religiosity, Gender, and writing styles. What an enriching opportunity, not only for the readers, but for us Poets as well as we familiarize ourselves with our contemporaries.

Finally, to give the gift of our words to the world at large is a blessing we take not lightly. Herein there are some prolific Writers / Poets who have something to say. We pray you listen as we each share our insights, our feelings and out thoughts with you.

look for us each month for this entire year of 2014 . . .

The Year of the Poet.

All i can say beyond this point is like us . . . Enjoy the Journey

Bless Up

'just bill'



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

able of ontents

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The **P**oetry **P**osse

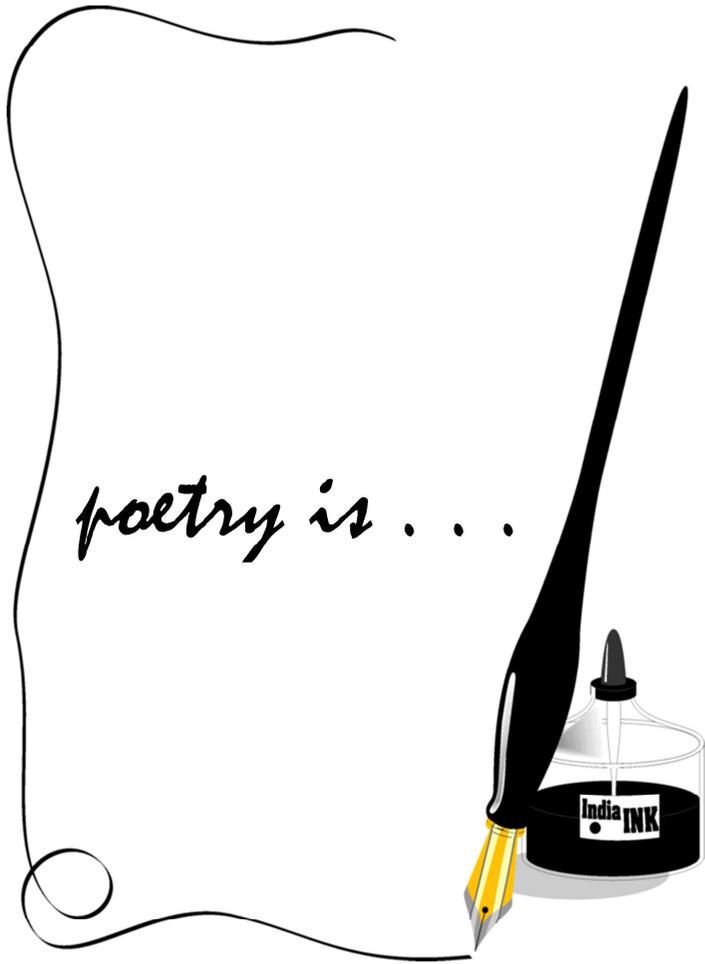
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Poets, Writers . . . know that we are the enchanting magicians that nourishes the seeds of dreams and thoughts . . . it is our words that entice the hearts and minds of others to believe there is something grand about the possibilities that life has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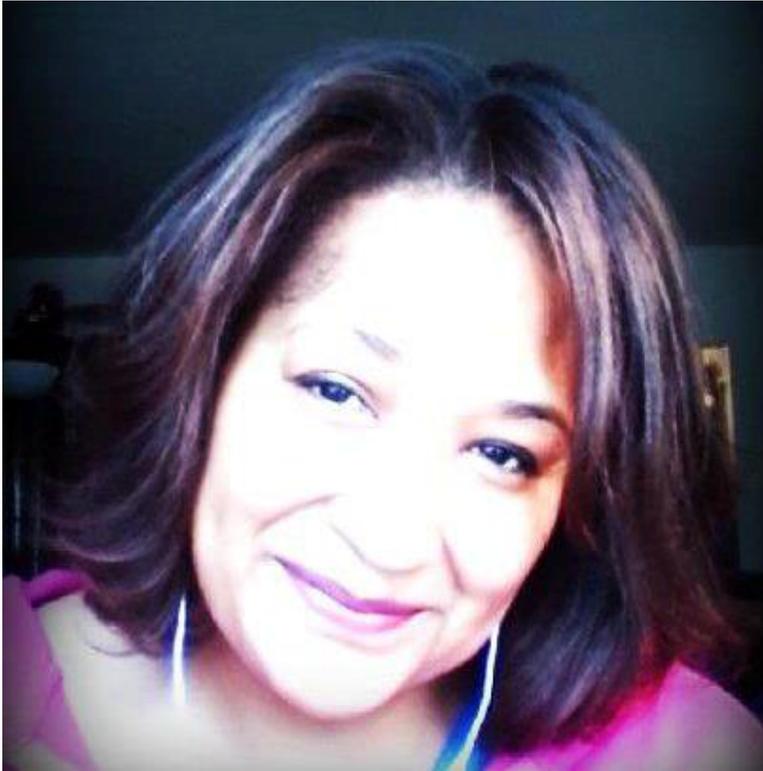
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Poetry succeeds where instruction fails.

~ wsp

**JAMIE
BOND**

THE YEAR OF THE POET ~ JANUARY



THE YEAR OF THE POET ~ JANUARY

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>

THE YEAR OF THE POET ~ JANUARY

Dis-Engaged

A promise of no drama
Is what you offered me
But instead of heaven
I kept on smelling
Singed feathers upon your wings
Every embrace left a blemish
As if I changed a flat tire in a white shirt
Every goodbye felt easy like
Sunday morning ... it never hurt
You've managed to
Deactivate my solitude
Like you always do
Successfully stolen my hollowness
By filling this void with you
Kept trying to sell me on invested time
As if Dow Jones really cared
But I never had stock in your lies
Just this seasonal time share
You encouraged me to give you
Yet another chance with me

THE YEAR OF THE POET ~ JANUARY

Baby I'm bleeding truths in this truce
But you're slowly killing me
How does a bouquet of ragweed
Become a blessing
To someone with allergies
Trust was the stem you cut
And exterminated
Terminated our would be life
With your pesticide lies
Each flower has got only one shot
At blossoming
How does loving you with my all
Give you the best of me
If you keep trying to
Change and rearrange
Brick City chunks of me
....You're a destination
Not my destiny...

THE YEAR OF THE POET ~ JANUARY

I WANT YOU

I want you to want me
Like... Dreadlocks to a Rasta
cling to me like grits to ribs and sauce onto pasta
I want to be the lightening
that guides you in the torrential storms
Like... a lighthouse guiding you back safely into my arms
ummmmmI need you....
Like... bullets and firearms
Like... a Bengal Tiger and symmetry;
Like... nune chucks to Bruce Lee
Like... Nyla and Simba in the Lion King
...I want you to want me

Be competitive with affection ...
I love you ...you love me more
I love you more than more
Like... more - more times 2
And we keep saying it
As I drift off burrowed into you
I want to argue naked about stupid shit
And then make up quick

I want you to want me yeahhhhhh...
I want you to want me
With a loyalty like Jacob and Rachael;
Where you can read thru the veil of my facial,
Rewrite history and undo the wrongs,
As we create our own version of King Solomon Songs

I want you Like...
A cool breeze in humid weather
I'll be your brace when your back goes out
And hold your thoughts like a memory pillow

THE YEAR OF THE POET ~ JANUARY

Because Baby I want you
But only if... you want me to want you...
Like you want me too

Like... hot butter on a croissant ...
Like... a scientific mathematician needs proof;
I want you like JFK needed a car with a roof

Like... a chain on a pocket watch;
Like... a second hand needs a clock
Like... Wall Street needs stock;
Like... a kid playing hopscotch needs chalk

I need you to need me
Like... a producer needs a beat
and an insomniac needs sleep
Like... a bookie needs a horse race
and a poker player needs a straight face

Because when we're together
We'll be like DMC tougher than leather
Like... Jada and Will wrapped up in Bonnie & Clyde
Loving you is like... fireworks and butterflies
I want you like a shepherdess needs sheep
and a spoon needs ice-cream

I want to collaborate forever with you
Trapped between the lines with sentences you complete
So tight that we could hold the tunes of each other off beat
Let your body language hum for me...
Like... transposed hymns on music sheets

I want to love you last ... like our love will last
Let me honor you like a legacy retired;
Like... the Philly Eagles Donovan McNabb's #5
I want and need you bad Babe,
Because... it's the only time I feel alive

THE YEAR OF THE POET ~ JANUARY

Smeared Tears

With remnant traces of ashy cheeks ...
Swollen eyes
From last night's crying streaks
she swallows the lump in her throat
And barely speaks
to say I love you see you later
...but life hates her

She's got miles to travel
And just enough gas to arrive
with a cut off cell phone
And she cries
because she doesn't
Have a way back home
all she knows
Is she HAS to get where she's going....

No room for emergencies
In her budget
no dreams on layaway
For her bucket list
and she plunges forward with nothing
feels like screaming fuk this shit
She's not enchanted
By her twists of fate
Nor the happenchance
Of a bright side to overcast days
So she prays anyway...
Hopeful happenstance;
That today is the day
She'll be saved from her own mess

THE YEAR OF THE POET ~ JANUARY

Wet mascara
With a smeared glass of Moscato
and all she's got is
Her last wine flavored black and mild
she is so close to wilding out yo....
You see it; but you ignore it ...like she does....
Life hates her;
...she's struggling to stay in love with hers

THE YEAR OF THE POET ~ JANUARY

Freedom of Expression

Freedom of expression;
Possibly as an optical illusion
As an aggression with a lesson
Of false inclusiveness

When we express stress
And we swiftly become a threat
Disbursing tantrums as an anthem
...will get you shot in the chest

When we don't sluggishly uplift;
We quickly appear depressed
Dialoging with condescending tones
...Reflect oppression

We're slaves to the expression;
Our pen then, ladies and gentlemen
Are our wealth and weapon

Slipping
With ...one foot on the banana peel...
The other on the grave
A slave to what we do, don't, will
And won't... spontaneously say

Perpetually subliminal;
Debriefed like unbelievable criminals
We are guilty till proven innocent
In a free unbiased court trial

THE YEAR OF THE POET ~ JANUARY

Surveillance with no roofs
Yet...
The family trees has soft roots
Governmental statistics
Consider us
Their personal fools too

Spitefully use you,
Eating us alive; so they call you all useful
Stats by the age of 5 to build jails;
Give the pigs a bunch of guinea pigs
We're their favorite food too

They HOPE you don't vote,
They PRAY you drop out of school
They hope to keep you
Stooped and stupid but hey you're looking cool

Go on ahead;
Make the makers of fashion and makeup
Filthy rich; ... Keep expressing yourself
While you enrich their sanctimoniousness
Wearing it loud and proud...
With your newfound swag and style

The blood stained backbones
Of our ancestors in cotton fields
picking filaments
Of this generation's slavery
purchasing power of it,
Wearing the past with no future...
Like there's no history in it

THE YEAR OF THE POET ~ JANUARY

They play hard ball...
Renamed human trafficking
So it's hard to be appalled by it all
From cotton to ketchup ...

Slaves even to this day in a grievous history
Have a low to no waged hand
For keeping the world going round
Of most products
That currently we just can't live without

Look around you
These items don't leave us
Even if
You keep separating wants from needs
Our shopping habits are capricious
Nothing stops the economy
They don't make us speechless...
Continually co-signing... so you speak less

Desensitize
= exacerbate till emotionally incubated
We exist
Among egregious friends and facetious foes
The sweat lies and bitter truths
Have a dishonorable aftertaste

There are always boundaries in justice...
And sovereignty of visage
That's what you deem My Dear Compeers;
As Freedom of Expression

THE YEAR OF THE POET ~ JANUARY

Harmless Hazardous Hazes

Toxicity

In the outskirts

Of a Brick City theory

The suns' secretly making

Sacrificial offerings

Of the moon to me

We aren't even married,

On our honeymoon

Nor do I have a ring

I'm disgusted

And never discussed it;

Not just noxious either

I'm talking about the core of

"WE's existence"

Becoming corrosive

And the bond

Of what's defined as

"Our US essence"

Essentially eroding

THE YEAR OF THE POET ~ JANUARY

I'm talking the art of acquiesce;
The finesse of evanesce
Fumes of love
Like a backfiring exhaust ...
I'm exhausted by it all
As I trip over my own feet
Like my shoelaces were tied
Right into your heart strings

Backstroking
In silver lagoons
Of emotions ever so shallow
I yearn for pieces of peace
I'm tired of running
From my own shadow
I been going along with the times;
I'm back Beloved,
I've been gone a long time

**GAIL
WESTON
SHAZOR**

THE YEAR OF THE POET ~ JANUARY



THE YEAR OF THE POET ~ JANUARY

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

THE YEAR OF THE POET ~ JANUARY

You are What you Eat

Power in its simplest form
Returns itself into the void
It can never be consumed
In the gnashing of teeth
Or the burning of anger
Simple chewing breaks
Ire into swallowable chunks
Chasing satisfaction wanes
After its twin is caught and
Though tasty, does not fill
A belly bloated with hunger
For importance and success
We suck the marrow
Out of life with no thought
To tomorrow's meal
Second helpings call to us
Through the halls of buildings
Late night when we should be home
Saying grace for little birds
Lying dead in gravy on dinner tables
We eat dreams in one gulp
Never savoring the incense
Of the burnt offering
On commerce's altar
The offering of ourselves
And all who we say we love
Because they are dressed
In disguises of our fabrication
Reason for climbing down
Ladders in our mind
To sup with our egos

THE YEAR OF THE POET ~ JANUARY

Widgetry

A

Device

Of useful

Conversation

That keeps me guessing

What you want me to know

Even though I understand

More than half of the words you say

You keep me engaged in your story

The widget is not what holds my interest

Though you wield it with all your expertise

I can only be duly impressed

By the breadth of your vast knowledge

Of the widget's mysteries

I listen intently

Because your passion

Of widgetry

Makes me think

You see

Me

THE YEAR OF THE POET ~ JANUARY

Where Was I?

Where was I
When you were lying back there in the dark
The sounds of wretching reaching my ears
Though I was deep in my closet
Where was I
When you called out in the night
From the pain that bit through you
Like the knives in your memories
I was
On my knees like the pastor told me
Praying hard and earnestly for your soul
But I know you didn't hear me
Because even my tears fell silently
As I rocked and held myself tight
Scared that you might really hear
The tears that I meant to be for you
And yet
I couldn't remember where I was
When you faced down the yellow skinned man
Someone we didn't know
Because our jungle was cotton fields
And only green in the summer
I stayed in the church house
After every letter
Even though I could feel the real you
Slipping away behind every shot fired
When they sent you home
You were no longer you
The drinking and weed smoking replaced
The tall brown love you once were

THE YEAR OF THE POET ~ JANUARY

As the years passed and the greenness
Began to creep around your eyes
I couldn't understand how it could be
Likened to something orange
When that was the color of my bruises
That you used to exercise your demons
Pastor said it wasn't your fault
So now you lay dying inside your head
Inside my house, inside my skin
Waiting for charlie to come and forgive you
And I have become one of the ghosts
That live on the edge of the mist
Waiting on the both our pains to stop
I can already hear the report of the
21 guns
Maybe then I will
Know where I am

THE YEAR OF THE POET ~ JANUARY

Safe words

In the event of
A chance meeting
Please note and if possible
Commit to memory
The following safe words
To use if you are ever
Faced with the following:
A
Minority
Female
Above the size
Of 8
With wide hips
And possibly with
oversized breasts
(of special note
Look out for happy nappy hair
They have been known
To exhibit attitude)
Cautionarily approach
These individuals
With reverence
And say
“hello my lady”

THE YEAR OF THE POET ~ JANUARY

Unseen and Unheard

Unseen and unheard
My words give rhythm to
The speed of the block
The slowness of life
And I am waiting for mine to begin
For the multi colored lights
Set in concrete to direct
My path
To mold my thighs
And straighten my hair
Or maybe it's your hand
That will curve my hip into the shape
You desire to see
Because we all look like this
Curvaceous
With a fertility born of sun
Wide strides and the bounce of newness
So that you don't notice the differences
Of my sisters

Unseen and unheard
Even when I am screaming
For you to see me, really see me
But you cannot because you won't
In your eyes
I am just an object of happenstance
When I find my way
Into the corners of boardrooms
And I might be useful
As you want
To show just how progressive you are
You might share your sandbox
But just for a moment

THE YEAR OF THE POET ~ JANUARY

And be quick to assume reverse
When you must look upskirt
To see me

Unseen and unheard
In my darkness of night
Contrasting everything you were taught
Between white parchments
Of textbooks
The blinding of information
Excluding embarrassments that
Linger over into the next century
“Can’t we all just get along”
Nah, because that just means
Maintaining the status quo
And it’s too hard to change
Institutions

Unseen and unheard
My black brother says to me
Use your voice
So I left you behind
In your sterile offices to reconnect
I unbooted myself from the system
And let my hair return
To its dream state
Let my fingers wander over landscapes
Fill my mouth with ink
While it has always been your choice
Whether to listen or to hear
I will not allow you
To keep me
Unseen and unheard
In my awareness

**ALBERT
INFINITE
CARRASCO**

THE YEAR OF THE POET ~ JANUARY



THE YEAR OF THE POET ~ JANUARY

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 YEAR OF THE POET ~ JANUARY

A poverty stricken curriculum

Drugs, guns, hustlers, beams for weighing and premeditated murder, fiends in lobbies making stems out of quarter water, while others sit in staircases with spoons Burning the brother of lady cocaine in veins to end that monkey pain, welcome to the streets AKA the game. Stamps and colors, blocks and corners kill significant others making the surviving partners widows and widowers. Sons and daughters grow up wondering who their mother or father was, as they follow the same path of bloodstained math that will most likely lead to the releasing of second generation doves. Crime temporarily paid so you can bury yourself with the saved money you made. Sometimes that's not even possible. Some people sold tons of powder on their run, but in the end they wound up with nothing again like the days before dealing with cocaine or heroin.

THE YEAR OF THE POET ~ JANUARY

a good life

I wanted the American dream. A house surrounded by acres of fresh cut green. A foreign sports car with so much money that's its to hard to count without a money machine. I wanted everyone to know the rich me because everybody knew the poor me living in misery. Growing up in the projects sharing mommas apartment with my brothers, roaches, spiders and other insects gave me a complex. Watching my old earth cry because there was nothing to boil, bake or fry, made her second birthed grab a Pyrex and manufacture. I wanted life to be better, so i mastered the mixture of eina, baking soda and water in a double boiler. Just in case the pot cracked I'll still be able to re-up recover. I learned the ropes from the older folks I knew or that I've seen on the streets of destruction and no hope corners. They treated me like a little brother. They taught me how to cook, how to spot stick up kids and under covers. They gave me consignment to push in my housing development and to fill mommas refrigerator and cabinets. I blew up and got established, stopped the consignment and started flipping my own profit, i was living lavish dealing malice.

THE YEAR OF THE POET ~ JANUARY

The older folks that put me on started to get jealous of my clientele. They felt like I owed them something but I owed nothing, I offered them what they offered me, but they didn't want work they wanted money so I sent them to hell. I thought they had love for me but it was a conspiracy, every time I saw those so called brothers shells fell because I had to protect myself from them killing me to take over a spot that they knew would bring in massive currency. All I wanted was a good life because I was poor. Now I have to evade death every time I walked out my apartment door.

THE YEAR OF THE POET ~ JANUARY

Avonte Oquendo

Seriously.. I can't understand how a little boy with special needs just disappears from school never be found again. Is the world that cruel? Are there predators on every corner waiting for the opportunity to abduct children in our community? Where can he be? I wish I could look through his eyes so I can see his captor and where he's being held in captivity, or to see if he's with the father so I can contact his parents and give them unwanted closure. Since I can't do that I just wonder...I wonder of his whereabouts. Where is he sleeping, if he's eating, is he ok or is he hurting, is he still breathing? I see his flyer in every borough, please mr stranger with ill behavior walking and living amongst everyday people, please let him go. He can't talk to detectives or investigators, he can't point you out in a line up, your whereabouts will go unknown, just send little Avonte Oquendo home.

THE YEAR OF THE POET ~ JANUARY

The meeting place.

One day I went to see him, and I saw her.
Her eyes were watery,
Her cheeks had running mascara.
I was so happy to see her.
I know he was too.
She was his, and he was her...first love..
She was dressed dark, but shun brightly.
They seemed to be in deep conversation,
so I was going to excuse myself for privacy
but she grabs my hand and holds it tightly...
Al, you don't have to leave I told him everything I wanted
to,
And besides its been about ten years since the last time I
saw you.
We talked for a while, catching up with the past.
She fixed her makeup in the time that passed.
She says Al nice seeing and speaking to you but i have to
leave..
Her ride came to pick her up.
Before she leaves, she tells me bye.
Then she looks at him, her first love and says "any day
now".
She throws him a kiss, hugs and kisses me then runs to the
car.
I found that odd... any day now?
Not too long after she died of ovarian cancer.
I guess before I got there,
she was telling him to be waiting for her...
along side the father.

THE YEAR OF THE POET ~ JANUARY

Finance

Financial situations made me other than myself. Not being able to eat well was the reason i couldn't sleep well so i roamed the streets of the surface of hell where pushers and hustlers dwell searching for nourishment and tranquility. I didn't care for titles or position. All i cared about was my family's living condition. Momma did everything in her power to feed and clothe her children after losing her husband, so I figured I'd return the favor by becoming the miracle she wished for during her sobbing prayers. I hid what i was doing to the best of my ability, I didn't want my mother to look down on me, but it was too hard to hide the drug money. She said she'll rather die poor than me dying trying to become rich. I didn't listen to reason or understand her logic because I was shown a way to profit and by no means was i about to stop it. Needs turned into greed, greed led to a lifestyle of living where Being poor again was only an option. You can go back to hungry days, sleepless nights and face eviction or continue to feed off addiction and add to the process of self destruction and urban demolition.

THE YEAR OF THE POET ~ JANUARY

I wasn't going back to being poor, so I dealt with all the drama, the hurt and pain that a person can endure battling poverty and being a sole survivor of drug wars. It may sound absurd but three decades later all that i got from the game is scars and bad memories. The only good thing i gained was the knowledge of nonfiction spoken word and realistic poetry to educate and uplift my less well off ghetto demography.

SIDDARTHA
BETH
PIERCE

THE YEAR OF THE POET ~ JANUARY



THE YEAR OF THE POET ~ JANUARY

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>

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Welsh Women

An Isle woman
once was I
to Rhode Island
I did fly
from Salem, Mass.
upon the sky,
there did I.

Hughes was the name
that we bore
when grandma
met me at the door,
to sweetly greet me
magically
though she departed
when I was three.

Reunited
here we are
my kin again
in geneological
restraints.

Upon the page
the tales of whence
we once pranced
and later laid.

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Now upon
American soil
I read of them
at midnight hour
glancing backwards
at those past
dancing a jig
for;
we last.

The family
has since
moved on
but this Welsh woman
reads on
in the dark of night
of those before
while her ashes
slowly hit the floor.

Here in Virginia
she does reside
that she is me
and by my side
are those stories
they told, memories
and my dear Grandma Hughes
who once died.

THE YEAR OF THE POET ~ JANUARY

Resurrected
in mind's eye
the scent of her makeup
reminds me still
that this Welsh woman
of whose blood
I carry
is flying with me
here:
among this family tree.

In this lifetime,
it is true
upon the cliffs of Llandudno
I wrote my name in rocks
upon its face
to remember me;
that I shall not abstain
but will return
once more
to those kindred shores.

In honor of my family...

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A Parent's Words

Why does your hair look like that
You need a cut
A style-
What is wrong with your clothes?
Your shorts are too short
Your shoes are too tall
Why have you dressed that way?
You know your child is not really
your first born since you were not
married when you conceived.
Yet, you look beautiful today.

What is that on your face
a zit
put this on it-
wash your face
now you look like a raccoon
see how your mascara runs
such an animal you
appear to be
to me-
pull yourself together
what is that you are wearing now
is that someone's curtain
go change your clothes
present yourself well
in this family
we don't tell
what happens behind
closed doors.
Be quiet.

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Family Remembrance

Ping pong tournaments
in our basement
all the family came
to see who would win
the coveted prize,
a director's chair.

Tennis games too
out on the court
between all the uncles
and my Dad,
much drinking
was to be had.

All the aunts
and uncles
partook
in beers and dogs,
as the games began.

My sister and I
clad in homemade clothes
by my Mother.

All of a sudden
there were ants
all over my foot
or so I thought
although I could
not see them.

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My Mother explained
it had fallen asleep.

I could not comprehend
such a thing,
went about hopping
around the courts
on one leg.

Uncle Eddie carried
us on his shoulders
as he spoke just
like Donald Duck,
it was such a
delightful trick.

Until years later,
he went camping
with his friends-
came off the mountain
dead-
dehydration, we suppose.

Would have been
nice to see him again
yet we were led
to watch my Father
eulogize his forty year old
brother
many years too soon.

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A Welsh Recollection

In Caenarvon
I did alight
with fallen castle
in my sight.

Raised a fist
into the air
to gather strength
from those from there.

In Llandudno too
I had much fun
in pubs next door to B&B
where my order
was taken
from an old kitty cat
named Whiskey.

Irish church group
in background
sang out a tune
of magical sound.

Upon the shores of Wales
I saw
each grave held the name
of father, uncle, aunt
grandparents sought.

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I lived here
once before
perhaps
and in traveling back
by memory-

I simply
long to be
there again
upon Welsh shores
to experience all
that made us run
and yet recall.

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For Grandmother Siddartha

When you left this earth
I can not say what gave me the strength
to climb those stairs
and speak your name
and eulogize your life
but Remember Me you said
in life
and so I do.

Forever, dear, my heart held near
You, even in the hereafter
I miss you so
It was wrong to go
So early on in your time on earth
but Remember you
I do.

Forever more
I hold dear
every moment that passed
between us
Remember you
I do.

When I feel myself
missing you
I look upon the things
that once were yours
A statue of a little one
and some old photographs
your wedding night diary
Remember you
I do.

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I know that in the end
I will see you again
no matter how long it will take
I can not say
but I believe in reincarnation
and when the infinity wheel
spins once more
we will be reunited
and still I Remember you
I do.

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**JANET
PERKINS
CALDWELL**

THE YEAR OF THE POET ~ JANUARY



THE YEAR OF THE POET ~ JANUARY

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>

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Crowded While Sleeping

Upon waking that day
she suddenly realized
that she had forgotten
what it was that she wanted to do
with the rest of her life.

Were her plans forever lost ?
Not a soul one
save she
knew the cost
of this . . .
paradisaical loss.

Maybe the dreams
and desires of her heart
were kept at bay
or simply
yes, simply
a dream away.

To build a *regular* life
was challenging
though, she tried . . .
and sort of managed
again, she lied.

See . . .
she was *one of those*
who flew . . .
by the seat of her pants
while prancing / dancing
kicking up the Fairies dust . . . with Glee

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and blowing Angel kisses
favoring romancing anew
on every Autumn breeze.

And always wondering why
it seemed to some
so wrong . . .
so unacceptable
to be untamed and perceptible.

She did throw caution to the wind
and had the time of her life
but now . . .
yes now
she had forgotten how.

One day she told me
that *people were strange*
and that life was too loud
like clinking / clanking
cha cha cha change.
While *they* orbited her space
she felt noisily insane.

Rules and regulations
made her feel crowded
oh, she wanted to breathe
and needing this reprieve
she planned her escape to be free.

Awakening . . .
was all it did take.
Then she remembered
ONE-ness, smiles and laughter
and with a Sacred giggle
she had not a care
for yesterday or tomorrow
there is only now.

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Afflictions and Imposters

It was a Friday
when the Afflictions came
in the guise of notes
on paper, like an RX
always rote . . .
and reared their imposter-ed heads.

(Again)

Yes heads . . .
for
there were many.

Against her will
for over a year
this ordeal crawled
like a snake
in and out
of her brain.

And like a drunken Sailor
with a life imbibed
by being sucked dry
she found herself
lying in an alley
with post-nominal names
like Sage, M.D. or Ph.D
surging through her brain.

Breathing, but barely alive
though she would survive.

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She had been so vibrant
so alive
and dependent on
only Self.

She asked for no help
in times of trouble.
For then, she knew
of her Divinity
and The One
who provided natural cures
and healing from within.

She misplaced them
there was no trace around
that could be found
and she cried.

Enter: Dr. James Dean
or *someone like him*
a handsome, bad-boy
cult-ish, full of lies

diseased schemes
ran rampant
though her blood-stream
and ripped and ravaged
then stripped her now
tattered dreams.

Immediately . . .
she fell into adversity
of alien activities
bottles of pills
that before . . .
she'd never seen.

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She stumbled into a trance
and they did sway
he spoke of forever
oh, he was so damn clever.

She too swallowed the
disguised icy drink
without thinking
hook, line and sinker.

Sink-Her . . .
he'd take care of her
and boy, he did.
He was so damn cool
she didn't realize
she was being played
the *big-pharma fool*.

Enter: The Afflictions
By this time
the skin was falling from her
body – gaunt
because she could no longer eat

hair scattered everywhere
while a hemorrhaging
cerebral symphony played
and did haunt, like a funeral pyre.

Though she tried
to hang on and stay
to satisfy their sick desires.

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One day after meditation
she did surmise
through realizing
with opened 3rd eye
this was all a bad dream.

Over the hills and far away
from this stupor-ed sleep was peace.
There was a way.

And she did wake up
from this nightmare
and found it again
sweet, sweet peace.

Healed now . . .
she had found her bliss
and now she dances and sings.

Grateful to be healthy
and authentic again.

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Divinity Revealed

The lights came on
some camera flashed
a mirror was shoved in my face
someone called ‘ action ‘
and yes
I could see, at last.

What I saw
did not surprise
for it was I
who accepted
and attracted
the love
that *I thought that I deserved*
mirrored back to me.

Old photographs
were arranged
on a table
some held images
kind of deranged
and my task was deciding
which ones
to toss
and those to keep.

I noticed some were
faded and gray
like my hair
disguised as highlights
with ends splitting

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and unraveling
wrinkled edges
damage had been done
but not permanently.

If only I . . . I allowed
the healing to begin.

I would . . .

Smoothing and then
erasing the internal scars
of memories buried
I quit chasing . . .
the temporary

it was not for me.

And soon I remembered
that I am Holy . . .
created in the Image of the One
and he / she / they are perfect
as am I, and deserve the best
there is, and the best to be.

I would no longer accept
the crumbs
that even a dog
would not eat.

No . . .

I choose
a great love
to be shared by all
flowing over
with Joy and Peace.

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At this, *the feasting table*
designed specifically
with great care for you and me.

I would no longer miss out
on anyone or anything
as the Spirit continues to lead.

The lights came on
some camera flashed
a mirror was shoved in my face
someone called ‘ action ‘
frolicking gladly
it’s Divine Love
that I see and seek.

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Cartoon Time

Animation is an approximation of a human character.
That individual does not exist.
No one is fooled by this.

Why are we duped by the demarcations of
time's passage?
Time is malleable, time is relative.

In the way we measure
hours, seconds and days
it is not fact.

It is a convenience, an agreement.
Cesium is the measure or so
they tell me.

Time zones don't matter to me.
It's about the money, thank you
railroad.

Gaze at the stars or watch
the moon on it's yo-yo diet.
The cycles don't match.

Time is relative.
Mickey swings his fingers,
Time to work, time to sleep and always wrong.

His hands won't tell you that it's always now.

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Orbiting

I am tired.

I do not feel clever.

I have no pretty or gritty words
for you today.

I sit inside four walls, dingy
with nicotine stain.

I did not want to move,
even to write this, but I did.

This is as high as I have to leap.

**JUNE
'BUGG'
BAREFIELD**

THE YEAR OF THE POET ~ JANUARY



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June Barefield was born and raised in the Midwest. His childhood consisted mostly of playing football in the street, basketball in the alley, and stealing Ms. Williams' grapes from a vine in her back yard ! At a very early age unbeknownst to June, he became very fond of words and writing, as a form of escapism. In his early life June's house was very much like a boxing match

June has always had a conscious, and a sort of strange hunger to know who in the world, or heavens, or universe, or outer-verse; or whatever this entity known 2 him as GOD is. Inside he was always aware of his failure to do the right thing, and always wished that he could. He began to drink and smoke the sticky icky, way to much to dull this yearning. It seemed to make it much easier to conduct himself as this sort of alter ego. This tuff don't give a fuck dude who was really just an alien to his TRU self. . . . thus writing.

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>

THE YEAR OF THE POET ~ JANUARY

Sacred Center

Fragrance them say
the first gift
ancient & miraculous
Myth them say
mysterious
supreme God moving
moons & planets,
stars &
earth
Commanding craters
rolling over humungous boulders
laying paradise out in layers
Rising from the waters
the great abyss
Her island tropics within His fist
clouds adrift above a purple mist
Married to the heavenly white
waterfalls on volcanic heights
And the fragrance
Them say...
the first gift.

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Asleep

Sleeping is so much like politic
when you begin your nap
in jest, or possibly at rest
U begin on the right, but you soon tire of this
so you flip!
On the left you go, where it's just a s nice
until it's not
So you turn
on your back you go
SNORING
ASLEEP
Nudged, possibly by a partner
incapable
of ignoring the
unbearable tone of the
inaudible loud banter of the
obscene
Interrupted.
U had a dream!
but you dream no more
still you sleep; again annoyed
you flip over!
On your stomach now
until you tire, and again you flip somehow
Like politic - the flop & flip!
and thus the world spins in the twist
and so it is...
ASLEEP.

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Word Nerd

A reader, writer

creator

innovator

Team player

YUP.

and I know "Grammar Girls" real name, you see...

eYe pivoted in the PUTTi TaT; then smacked that ass
crack!!

and now...

Grammar girl knows mine

crammed full'a syntax

"JUNEBUGG suBlime!!"

programmed her line

Rhyme & verse

a juggler,

word smuggler

Hustler.

I communicate management

then I let U handle it

I, um...

participate in leadership w/o leading shit!

A

Word

Nerd.

Polished & profound

a hound for copy & text

nouns, verbs & adjectives

deliver my groceries with semicolons, and commas

A word Lama

Gama, alpha, beta on a Greek negro

place periods like Pyramids, 4 creative index in the flow

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Hump in back like Camel 4 the drama
OOPS!
another, comma!
ask Obama?
or your momma!
from Kansas City to Uganda!!
My only entitlement is structure & scheme
linguistically lean
Word-ly
so very fresh & so clean
a hound for copy and text
Dreamy...
interrogative
I cross- question an um...
find meaning
A
word
nerd.
believe me...

THE YEAR OF THE POET ~ JANUARY

Moment

Clutching at each moment

while you control the days, the months, and the years

For decade upon decade

for centuries you've owned it

"Life, liberty, and the PURSUIT of happiness"

MADNESS.

this...

U own it

Me?

I just measure out my happiness in moments.

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Commandment

I need a new one
commandment.
Like...
"thou shalt not tell me shit"
I sit patiently waiting
I watch for the four horsemen to appear, in the
company of thieves, rogues, and murderers
Guilty of every crime
In the eye of another I recognize a light
while the night falls to pieces
searching for a witness
Somebody to point out the way to heaven
a generous
tolerant
forgiving
Living soul,
Like me
carefree, and reckless
I sit, and i wait
Patiently I wonder
a New commandment indeed...
Thou shalt not tell me shit.

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**DEBBIE
M
ALLEN**

THE YEAR OF THE POET ~ JANUARY



THE YEAR OF THE POET ~ JANUARY

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.

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The Conjure of He

Early in the pull of dawn
I conjure feel of him through eyes
That kiss emotions stirred in the past...
Lashes meeting as I use my own dark
To dream him by my side...
That cozy body that snugged me
Fearless of my cold...
Hands resting upon my curves...
Cradling my fetal position in recline as his baby...
He feeds me inhales and exhales of his life
In the rise and fall of his existence
That lightly lifts my head pillowed on his chest...
Pulse checking if the feel of me quickens him
As he hastens my breaths...
In the exchange of thoughts...
Signed by his squeeze
That needs me closer...
A darling to his comfort
As long as he keeps me
Securing daydreamed meetings...
Just to remember...
How he held me...

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First Love Gray

When we were kids...

We believed light was supposed to catch us

Every morning...

The bouncing on beds in the twirling beams

Lent dust particles to the air but childlike minds

Showed it as fairy dust to us

Sparkling as if magical to daydream blessings...

Now, as adults we have the urge to play hide and seek

With the sun and clouds...

Which one will we find this morning?

I awoke to clouds today...

Too tired for remembered games,

So no searching for the sun to rain gilded rays...for me...

I will have to marvel the beauty of gray.

The bare trees in frigid stay

Yet birds still play between branches.

Cold grounds still hug the base of weary feet

And the wind shows its love in the aired knit of brisk
blankets.

I breathe in deeply and despite the oxygenated hold on
pollutants

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From past and present days,
I allow it to burrow in my lungs a life passage.
Everything we ingest...is not always clean.
So the start of day this way will never be a deterrent.
I have long past grown beyond the thoughts
That everything good is commonly beautiful...
Sunshine though golden in its reign
Is just another color of Earth to retain to memory.
I don't mind the color gray.
It is cool...
Hauntingly lovely in its presence...
And although it lacks the vibrancy to gather our smiles and
waves...
In smirked joy of suggestion
It runs the closest to the shadow of life...

Sometimes before we can appreciate colors smeared bright
We must first love...gray.

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Sorrow Binds His Leave

It is sorrow that borrows souls...
I lend mines every time he walks out that door...
And his hands become shadows...
I lose those smiles that I held for the short time
His arms held me...
Now I'm dealing emotions like record skips...tossing my
heart
Like crapped out chips
In a fucked game of poker
While listening to the stutters on a chopped and screwed
mix...
Some messed up shit!
I thought sorrow only borrowed a bit...
Now I see the lien they say they got on me
Karma caught my circle
Now everything borrowed became just a debt
On me
See...perfection never leaned on me...
So I bargained my heart
Hoping that love can break that chain
Karma wrapped around my ankles
So security couldn't start...
But I'm still falling apart...
And as soon as hand touches handle on that door
From the inside of my high
I know it's time for him to walk out...
And I begin my crumble
Because sorrow never told me
That in exchange for some happy
There would be a tumble of lonely
In his exit...

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And that kiss he places across my lips in
"Until next time's"
Somehow becomes that figure on my shoulder
Whispering bloody hell to me about the distance...
And I miss him...
Knowing that when he comes back
Reality will have me shivering in the shower of tears
Against his leave...
Sorrow makes it hard to breathe
And pauses my speech
That wants to speak begs to him...
Baby please don't go...
But I know the future hasn't reached us yet
So impatience finds me at unrest...
A borrowed soul...drifting
Waiting the time for his arms
Once again to lift me...

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Ink Trails

I framed him in the lines...
Painted roads around every word
That sentenced me...to keep inviting him
Into the scheme of my rhythm...
If he asked me...
I would give my pen....
Riddled with bite marks
As I made mental notations of how to write him in
The fluid of my movement...
You can trace my devotion... a paper trail
That floats into morning
Like seagulls catching the misting
Of early ocean waves...
Landing lightly on eraser dust...
From words...
That must have escaped me...
I feel the breaking of my rhyme
As it swims....into his ink
Black never felt so deep...
Until I let myself creep in the flow
Laid comfortably on the smooth
Of mood claimed pages...
One word first line
Before my mind begins to dwell
On exclamation points causing the joints
In my fingers to stiffen....
Listen...
The scratch of heart graphing
Story lines as I'm...

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Defining your craft as gifted...
I slipped on the last "s" in kisses
Before I could resist writing
"I miss it"
How you guide the spiral of your notebook
Round my finger like a ring...
Making me do anything to release the message...
You book marked the distant parts of my speech...
And I reach...to touch the brink
Of your spilling cup on my sheets....
Leaving what was penned
In passionate sentiment of
Ink trails...to my heart...

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Color Me Pained

White...

Couldn't even hear me through all the echoes

It evaporated my cells

Left my mental Jell-O

Helloooooo...

Choices poised against

Societal structures

I was the voice but I failed the puncture

Resurrected duped, washed out in ill function...

Lunged into the screw of fact that's...

Black...

I was hacked...

Pushed the train of brain off track

Now I just psycho back to original slack...

Skinned my culture then

I swam the upset...

Bet after bet until my history crapped out

Around the time I clowning my face nigga

Brown...

I was run the fuck down

No alarm sounded...

Who know the coast of ignorance boasted...I roasted

In the sun until my pigment toasted

Done... not the one...but many slaving the come

Clickin death sticks in rhythm to

The government spun kingdom...

All Hail the code of

Red...

Fire abodes the exploding

War in my head

Left my vessel dead...unfed turned to lead

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So I forgot what I said...
Veins bled...and I couldn't catch the leak
Before sloppy speech
Meets delusional creeps...
I saw the moon and it winked at me
Gather up crowns and follow the beam
To the split in the sea...
Moses parted for me...
Skips hips into...
Blue...
Sadness clipped wings
Now I sing the strings
Violated violin waves of strain...
Freedom was laid upon the graves of pain
I awoke but held my spoken peace of release
Lips were sleep...
Kissed in the drown of emotional breeches
I was virtue stilled in the stealing of weakness
Right back to the tailor that stitched
Tight my heart into
White...
Anonymous, nobody, nil
Zero fight...no horns abounding plenty
Blank...think tank empty...no sympathy...
Pride...zilch...nameless beyond color...
Strange...unidentified American dreams...
Unstitched seems...
White...an unwritten write...
Pained...

**TONY
HENNINGER**

THE YEAR OF THE POET ~ JANUARY



THE YEAR OF THE POET ~ JANUARY

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)

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THE YEAR OF THE POET ~ JANUARY

POETRY

POETRY is
the lifeblood of my soul
spilling out across
the parchment
of my dreams
becoming reality
as the ink stains my heart
with beautiful colors
like a child's smile
staring at a box of crayons.

THE YEAR OF THE POET ~ JANUARY

A Tear

Some see your sadness
and quickly turn away.
You hide inside yourself
keeping your heart at bay.

I saw a tear escaping
from your depthless eyes.

But, I caught it gently
and threw it up into the sky.

If another should fall

I will be close by
to catch it once more
and throw it up into the sky

until it pours love
back down into your eyes
for me.

When I look inside you,
you are beautiful
to me.

THE YEAR OF THE POET ~ JANUARY

Without You

My heart is frozen,
I can't stop the pain.
I am feeling so numb,
I can't feel the rain
on my face
anymore.
Wanting to stand up.
My legs feel so weak.
Searching for your light,
for eyes that used to leak
at will from
my core.
Show me love
and all it can be.
Show me the heart
so I may be free.
Chained by loss and lies.
No one hearing
my soulful cries.
Until I see your eyes again,
I am slowly fading away,
becoming nothing within.
No reason for another day.
No purpose
without you...

THE YEAR OF THE POET ~ JANUARY

Lost In Your Poetry

I come to you tonight,
I come into your waiting arms,
to experience the pleasures
of your poetical charms.

My Queen of Love.

My Poetess of Desire.

Your words are the sparks
setting my soul on fire.

I breathe you in deeply,
as I caress your fine lines,
tracing each sensual phrase,
making my passions rise.

Giving myself to your ecstasy.

Taking in all I see.

So beautiful the pleasures
of being raptured while
lost in your poetry.

THE YEAR OF THE POET ~ JANUARY

Waking Love

Breathing in the morning air
I turn to find a maiden fair.
In whose eyes my heart did see
all my dreams become reality.
Exhilarated, as I feel her stare,
Her love my soul lays bare.
Torn apart, my body in tatters,
I find, only our love matters.
Sharing our love, give and take,
Unconditionally, eternally awake.
Lying alluringly next to me,
I fall into her slowly, blissfully.
Like waves of a mighty ocean,
we float in a sensual motion.
Caressing every inch of shore.
Tasting the boundaries we explore.
Two essences merging into one,
never become undone.
The stars reflecting the light
of our love, oh so bright.
As we reach ecstasy's door,
We enter into heaven; forevermore.

**JOE
DA VERBAL
MINDDANCER**

THE YEAR OF THE POET ~ JANUARY



THE YEAR OF THE POET ~ JANUARY

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>

THE YEAR OF THE POET ~ JANUARY

Silent Cry

Ladies of the Silent Cry, oft times wonder why.
So many shattered mirrors; tear stained pillows.
So many sleeve covered arms, in the summer heat.
Bracelet's cover traces of failed escapes.

I too bare scars in search of relief.
I sought a way out of the pain.
The blood stained bed where I laid my head.
The dread, life could not be fled.

A light was shed, A held high head.
If I cannot hurt me, no one can hurt me.
Facing death, I feared life no more.
I made my happiness, and sought zero.

Our pain subsides, then comes back
Here is where the pain stops.
Pray or not, Believe or not.
Speak it out of your life and woe will go.

THE YEAR OF THE POET ~ JANUARY

Saline Eyes

It was only a whisper but my voice, rang loud.
Thousands of I LOVE YOU'S carried barely audible
emotions.

She had heard the repetitious phrases and praises.

Words failed to blend, mind and body.
I could not think what to say,
I wanted to know what to say.
I listened to her heart, to her body, her emotions.
Her words never touched my ears.

The words she had spoken touched my fears.
Then it hit me, like deciphered hieroglyphics on an ancient
wall.
My I love you had been missing a key ingredient.
There was one word.

That one word made love relevant.
I was so hell bent, on compliments and time spent.
Trying to re-invent what already existed, I missed it.
I told her I LOVE ONLY YOU.

No opportunities could cause me to flee
Oh she heard me, my I love you carried that only.
Mind body and spirit became one,
She became mine I became hers.

She spoke behind saline eyes.
There was joy in the drop that rolled down her cheek.

THE YEAR OF THE POET ~ JANUARY

Popsicle Sticks

I've saved them, built jewelry boxes
Elmer's Glued and placed marbles on them.
My favorite thing, Was when it rained.
I had place one by the curb,
I watch it surf the storm drain.
It was my little boat

That simple piece of wood,
Not two hours ago,
Held frozen flavor so good,
All alone just playing in the rain,
Long before times of Video games,
I enjoyed the serenity.

All I wanted to do was watch that stick.
Watch it journey over obstacles of rocks.
Small dams of leaves, I'd reach in and unblock.
Then start from the beginning, I'd race two
Imagining I was sailing the ocean blue

I am flashing back please forgive me.
Traveling the road of childhood memories
Of all the man-made items of simplicity
Popsicle Sticks Just intrigues me.

THE YEAR OF THE POET ~ JANUARY

Spring Break

Strangers with uncaring minds, I sat in my humble flat.
Listening to jazz as the waves crashed. The Sunset was my
solace I hated living there. Every spring they came.
Now the soulless, stroll my beach.
So out of reach they are.
This year would be different. I saw her there alone.
Waving up at my deck, she blew a kiss, said hello.
I watched her.
Tan toes in the sand. She played as the rest.
Always blowing a kiss and saying hello.
I tipped my glass in reply as John Coltrane played.
“A Love Supreme”
It blended well as the ocean breeze caught her hair.
Friends in tow I saw the look of woe on her stunning face.
The trace of tears smeared not her smile. She blew a kiss,
said hello.
A young bronze man towered over her.
Leaning forward, pointing his finger.
He turned and walked away, those delicate hands cupped
her face.
She looked up at me, as if reaching out. I raised my wine in
offering.
We became one. The Sun rose a little brighter.
She left as I awaited the night air.
She walked by blew a kiss and said hello.

THE YEAR OF THE POET ~ JANUARY

The Sleeper

I long for the night;
Precious moments spent with dreams.
A life fulfilled with age related gains.
The sunrise is my demise. I give up these little
deaths at heavens beckon call.
Oh! Where is my nightfall?

The sound of thunder the sight of grey skies
soothes my soul. No reason to relate, participate.
The bears have it right, hibernation from the
extremes of reality.

I have to perpetuate normalcy, a fallacy
The Sun and I, Don't see eye to eye
though it's power I respect, It's worship I reject.
So the days in May with the lengthy display of time
angers my mind, still light past nine.
Keeping me from my mistress, Sleep

My cool crisp sheets wait in vain.
Calling me from my pain, I walk the heated paths.
Bumping shoulders, and hand grasps.
An occasional laugh, I'm home at last.
I admire the Sun's orange glow
through my open window

The wind blows the sheer,
Sleep is near. On my back
Five blades are my stars
I can't hold them anymore
Lids close.

**ROBERT
GIBBONS**

THE YEAR OF THE POET ~ JANUARY



THE YEAR OF THE POET ~ JANUARY

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

THE YEAR OF THE POET ~ JANUARY

for the darker male model

he, the only one, a token
the only black print in the
New York Time's fashion
section for models, he
made it to the Mercedes
fashion week; to the time
of the year the entire city
dresses in drag, the Lincoln
Center and Bryant Park
the stark cold of being fierce
he settles on the shallow
and the superficial being
the one Tyson, the one
bison, the only one in the

sea of others and it may
not be fair that black men
have muscle, the gram
of a dancer with swagger
his style is everyone
his baseball cap turns
head, and pants down
low, he is stolen and
marketed a commodity
for the agents, he is lifted
like this line, being a deception
his big feet and fingers
are not a chiseled but
as admissible as massive
as his body as the color
film noire, a tragedy

THE YEAR OF THE POET ~ JANUARY

a comedian, an athlete
but never model, and
his lighter skin brothers
will wear his bronze
but he is not selected
just one, never
model, never given access
to the houses of Rome
or Paris, unless he is Z
or Diddy with chunky
chains around his neck
so his singing is not pretty
so he has to multi-task
he will not age that fast
but never model, never
bother with the color of
clay, the potter controls
the wheel when he
faces will not peel
for the sun, he has a
natural block, so when
when he tans, he is a man's
man with his ultimate
thickness, and if he is nude
it is the blackness
his body a combination
between magnificent
and fabulous, but never
model, never rode, so
he coddles behind
the frame three layers of
paint when calling his name

THE YEAR OF THE POET ~ JANUARY

his color always an issue,
too light, too dark, too sweet
too smart, so he kaleidoscope
the hope it will be more inclusive
but it is not, so he is reclusive
he leaves his brothers, the others
will die of asphyxiation with print
so he relents to the lesser brand
the Jeffery Banks, the Coogi
and the Fubu, he through if he
does not have other talent
a black man without the frame
it's the same for him, it will not
change in Hollywood he is
only a brown god in his hood.

THE YEAR OF THE POET ~ JANUARY

for Yusef Lateef

what ever happened
to the word legend
as the world closes in
as people say
things are not the way
they use to be, people are leaving
quicker than a hundred midnights
yet among the disrespect
the elders and the saints
the the martyrs paint
the histories
and I can forget the flute
and the saxophone
the way the owner
ship of sound and now
transcendence

of bright lights
never appreciate
the legend
the myth making
the staking
of claims among
all the greed
somewhere out there
the flute
and the saxophone collide
the thunder bolt
of the drum
that none
can forget

THE YEAR OF THE POET ~ JANUARY

“I love traffic. The worse traffic is, the better I get. It keeps me alert.”

(for Johnnie Footman)

you may not know him, but we all know, the ninety-four year old cabbie, the one we hail, we took for granted in this great garage, the steel-enclosed space we call reality, we know the history books will never mention the push and pull, we are responsible for the great migration, taken without appreciation, no wonder you accepted the great blue traffic, beyond the static of a common jam, we know this, we know the bliss of living in vain, we know ninety-four years, children would call you an ancient, but I would call you a griot, born the year of death of Theodore Rex, coming down from the mountain after the assassination, after prohibition , all these amendments I am so tired of carry you on my back, pull up your boot straps, the year of JD Salinger and Jackie Robinson, the year of Merce Cunningham and Lawrence Ferlinghetti, now see the city lights, the candelabra of Liberace, the genres of Art Blakey and Doris Lessing, they called you a footman but I call you a shaman with that spider around your neck you arachnid, the taxi fleet beneath your feet, having that double vision for the revolution, and where you journey will never end. you may not know him, but we all know him., the one we call when we can not get there, the au pair to share the oddities as common as his bodega stogies we'd hear him in the massacre and the suffrage, the passenger flight to Atlantic City , we know him from the northern lights.

THE YEAR OF THE POET ~ JANUARY

the gourd

I take out my gloves and prepare
to take the inside out, to eviscerate
not the way my ancestors would clean
chitterlings, not the way they would
clean the filth and the innards
but bury them behind secrets
and lies, taking out my pocket
knife, to make an incision,
a decision how deep a clean
cut, a clean break, the fright
of my masculine hands taking control
of a feminine object of art
her eyes become a botched
science fair project is deformed
and misshapen, contorted
a mistake, did not mean to cut
too deep while she is asleep,
but it is a generational curse
we did not call it abuse, put her
in her place; the color of a peach-
vermillion, her cotillion will not be
white handling her the way I do
my testicles in private, a man
has a right to handle his piece
to hold and make sure it's still
there in the bone-cold morning.

I want the inside, to consume
all of it, rather than a protector
I keep my gloves on so there is
no evidence creating crow's feet

THE YEAR OF THE POET ~ JANUARY

and facial degeneration, cutting
and pasting, crafting with grimaces
and winces, making my mark
strike a match to create the fire
inside her leaving only smoke
reaching between the eyes
and the knife cuts back, but she
smells of me because I own her
purchasing her from the whore stroll
on the avenue, the rows of other
promiscuity, it was just that time
of night, and the moon is not full
because I am empty.

**NEETU
WALI**

THE YEAR OF THE POET ~ JANUARY



THE YEAR OF THE POET ~ JANUARY

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.

THE YEAR OF THE POET ~ JANUARY

Land To Stand

I want to stand
Where do I find a firm piece of land?
My foot craves for a solid rock to rest upon
I am not a tree
But I want to be
I want to hold on to the earth beneath me
I don't want to be carried away
Like a weightless piece of leather
I don't want to dump me on whatever land
I want to stand on a solid rock like ground
A ground where I can stand still
And open my arms wide
To appreciate the world around me
I may breathe in impurities
I must breathe out purity and freshness
I need the strength to distribute
Sweetness and wellness like the fruits of a tree
I want my feet to be as stable as earth, the feet of universe
I want to learn the secrets of a balanced existence
The secrets of sustenance
Secrets of life that is so intense
A life with strangely uncommon sense
I hate to swing
Swing from one thought to another
From one faith to another
From one belief to another
I want to catch
That single belief
That single faith
That single commitment
Of my life
Which I can stand for unshakably
For years I have been standing on ice
I can feel my feet melting down into murky waters
I fear being drowned

THE YEAR OF THE POET ~ JANUARY

A Child Lost

Years ago i lost a child
So cute and lovable
Innocent and adorable
Full of vision and creativity
Believing in irrational and illogical dreams
Smile came so easily
Happiness was a close friend
Eyes spitted a rainbow
Face glowing like sun
Made every moment a fun
For those around
Laughter was the sweetest music of my life
Lived up to every expectation of my soul
Looked like a cuppa full of sweetness
Heavens would cover it with skin of holiness
Whole world meant nothing
But a playground to the little one
Knew no one was one with everyone
Was never speechless
Though knew no words
Chirped like birds
Years ago i missed it
And i do till today
Years ago i killed the child in me
I lost the child in me
I don't know if I stand proud
On the stage of age
Has it added just days?
Or made me more true and real

THE YEAR OF THE POET ~ JANUARY

Has it made me more clear ?
Is age my strength or do i just wear?
Does it lend me a sure discretion?
Or leads me to confusion
Is age an addition or a subtraction
Of real self
Is it a multiplication of self?
Does it lead to division of self?
I don't understand the mathematics of my age
As i leave
Will i be me?
Or just age
Do i live in a real world?
Or in the cage of my age
Will age buy me life?
Or will I be sold by my age
I pray age makes me bold and not old

THE YEAR OF THE POET ~ JANUARY

Echo of The Mountains

She was a bubbly little girl
Who lived in the mountains?
Like a violet hidden behind a rock
For years her voice echoed in the mountains
And now it has been years
That she left the beautiful greens
She lost her voice
In her own name
Her soul was lost
In her own beauty
As if in a deep sleep
And today when times shook her
She finds herself in the same mountains
She heard her own voice
Sitting on that same little rock
Covered in same sweet bubbly smile
On some different but equally lovely little face
Yes the mountains were echoing her voice

THE YEAR OF THE POET ~ JANUARY

A Touch Of Child

O! The little one in me
I want to exchange all my possessions
For the treasure box of yours
That cute round pebble
I collected from the
Shores of my early life
That incomplete drawing of
My family that looked so beautiful
Even without me
Lovely dresses of my doll
That I stitched myself
Which I couldn't part
Even after the death of my doll
A pair of dark glasses to hide my tilted eyes
A torn piece of shiny velvet
A mark of my favourite frock
Some pearl from an artificial necklace
That I would never exchange
Even for the priciest original piece
Come my dear
Take away everything of mine
And give me this little thing
Though it still lies with me
I just have it
But could never possess it
I need your touch to possess it

THE YEAR OF THE POET ~ JANUARY

Authoress and Tigress

A splash of power into
The waters of wilderness
A dip of creativity
Into the waters of imagination
Inner eyes searching inside
Outer eyes searching outside
A hunt for food in the darkness
Words for soul
Meat for meat
Both are wild and natural
Both are spontaneous
One doing whatever
One writing whatever
One lives on the ink in soul
One lives on ink in veins
One reins the natural world outside
One reins the natural world inside
Ask a scientist
Both are species endangered
One lives in den of words
The other lives in a den of rocks
And I hope both are equally strong
Both are still
And when they hustle
It is for a kill
One writes and the other roars
I hope both are as effective
A striking similarity is that
Both are politically incorrect
Every time
Both are naked, knowing

THE YEAR OF THE POET ~ JANUARY

No ways to dress up
Both are blank
Yet sharp in expression
Both are adorned by
A mystic grace and glow
Enough to blow minds off
Both are larger than life
Both are creators of life
Both are beyond petty logic
Both are impossible to understand
Both are so deeply related to
The world around them
Yet not meant
To be in a relationship
Ask a male
They were never cut out
As a girl friend stuff
Both are rough, tough and raw in nature
Just like the nature of nature
One is tigress
The other is authoress
And me???
I don't know

**SHAREEF
ABDUR
RASHEED**

THE YEAR OF THE POET ~ JANUARY



THE YEAR OF THE POET ~ JANUARY

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>

THE YEAR OF THE POET ~ JANUARY

bottom

fell out when evil jinn(spirits)
were let out to go about
the earth!
causing great fitnah (mischief)
death, destruction, hurt!
blood letting on high levels
work of sly devils
poured out upon the land
like the beach sands!
doing work, cause people
of faith to pause and stay
on high alert to keep devils
at bay, keep devils away!
from our hearts, souls,
private parts, children's minds,
hearts, tearing families apart!
work of devils has become
a work of art!
so now deviance is the norm
now you know there is clearly
something wrong!
when nature is trampled on
when men, women, children
are set upon by hoards of jinn
coming in many forms
like, women, men with attractive
outer package but inwardly
possess the ability to produce
and process mass abuse upon
all, elderly, youth, rich, poor,
turning masses into hoards
of working whores doing the

THE YEAR OF THE POET ~ JANUARY

bidding of their pimp lords
from all classes pour into
action, creating and maintaining
distractions with various methods
of attraction doing the bidding
including blood letting to turn
evil loose upon the earth
enough to make one curse
the very day of their birth!
and in this age of technology
being all the rage
souls are being bought and sold
regardless, ethnicity, economic
status, age!
mankind is involved in
complicity with evil jinn
who have invaded the minds,
bodies, souls of girls, boys, women,
men!
for surely only Allah (swt) knows,
will continue so
until the trumpet blows to signal
the end!

food 4 thought!

THE YEAR OF THE POET ~ JANUARY

investing

in the future that may or not
defining Success in material
haves as opposed to have-nots
who don't have a window or a pot
gotz to piss right there on the spot
putting away what amounts to
crumbs everyday, why because you
can't take it with you anyway!
on the day they take your cold
corpse away!
sooo just what you living for anyway?
to amass all you can take away,
like conquering armies?
you think to take, take, take "Won't
harm me"
so the constant pilling on is alarming
considering you should live to give
seek forgiveness?
be quick to forgive!
and you receive the gifts material
can't acquire like being forgiven and
spared from the fire!
compensated in the hour of need
when your need is dire!
and die in good steed free of the
yokes of vain ambition and greed
turning "want' into "need"
so you thought by getting more
you & yours future is secure

THE YEAR OF THE POET ~ JANUARY

when in reality when they take
the final tally, you realize what
you thought was success turns
out at best to be a pack of lies
that didn't pass the test of time
and to your surprise your forced
to summarize that..,
you really made no deposits at
all so there is nothing to withdraw
in a very sad ill prepared finally!

food 4 thought!

THE YEAR OF THE POET ~ JANUARY

da apple

was watsup in the world
of bebop
back when there was a
jazz renaissance
it was J.A.Z.Z in N.Y.C
city that never sleeps
nocturnal like Jazz musicians
giggin through the night
at Birdland, Mintons,
Five Spot, Vanguard, Sluggs,
Basin Street East, the Gate
and don't forget Bed Sty
Brooklyn "Blue Coronet"
NYC had all the greats!
and it wasn't odd to find them
uptown in Harlem Jammin till
the break of dawn with the bass,
traps, alto ,tenor horns like
Miles axe, Monk doing stuff that
was unheard of with those keys
bird was heard bustin riffs
dizzy had "salty peanuts"
and that crazy "Bent Horn"!
hawkins on a roll with body "n'
soul, max and art stick work
show you how it's done with
drums!
to many to name but it would
be ashame not to mention "Trane"
all night till sunlights burst

THE YEAR OF THE POET ~ JANUARY

put a hold on the rehearse
till the next day picking it
up from the last verse or
taking it from the top!
a time when it was hard bop
non-stop!
jazz was new york, new york was
jazz it's as simple as that!
that was back in da day when
there was plenty spots to hear
the best that ever was, play!
but sadly to say "That was Yesterday"
and most of all dem catz have
went away but believe it or not
that "Sound" stays
in minds and hearts
where there will always be "Art"!
New Orleans had it's Brand like
"Dixieland" but no city had Bebop
non-stop like back when da
apple was the spot to play
hard bop, "Straight no Chaser"
all day!

THE YEAR OF THE POET ~ JANUARY

circulation!

bloodflow from heart
brain to toe and right back
where it starts some more!
providing life essential to
all living things, oxygen to
breathe!
all things need regardless
of size, shape, color, greed
precious life seed
flowing through all living
things, supplied from the
king of kings from the unseen!
no microscope, ultrasound,
scanner, latest state of the art
technology can detect, define,
explain exactly what it is they
call "Life" by name!
this invisible, untraceable,
indescribable thing called life!
yet foolish man often stands
in defiance regardless of
total reliance is adverse to
compliance, often denying
creator's legitimacy
just imagine you & me from
the unseen suddenly appeared
as a fertilized egg, a clot of blood,
lump of flesh, raised in the womb
a place where it's dark without
air, not even lungs yet we go on

THE YEAR OF THE POET ~ JANUARY

develope to what we become
a ungrateful fool who refuse
to believe in what it can't see
itself a product of that very thing
becomes a foolish "Open Adversary"!
Allah exists without need of anything
does whatever he please just by the
power of "kun fia kun" be and it shall be!
who he decides to guide can not go
astray!
and who he decides not to guide cannot
receive guidance any other way!

food 4 thought!

THE YEAR OF THE POET ~ JANUARY

rotation

of creation ever changing

seasons summon

an array of life, death, rebirth

rotation is the way of mother

earth

rotation, change from fertilization

in the womb to being layed

down in the tomb

see the transverse of the moon

from new to old

as wonders of the universe unfold

signs are everywhere to behold

listen carefully to the stories told

civilizations that come and go

nations that ruled with a mighty

hold

influence, power, riches to behold

like Babylon Persia, Greece and Rome

disintegrated eventually becoming

part of the garbage heap of history

such is the fate of all of us

THE YEAR OF THE POET ~ JANUARY

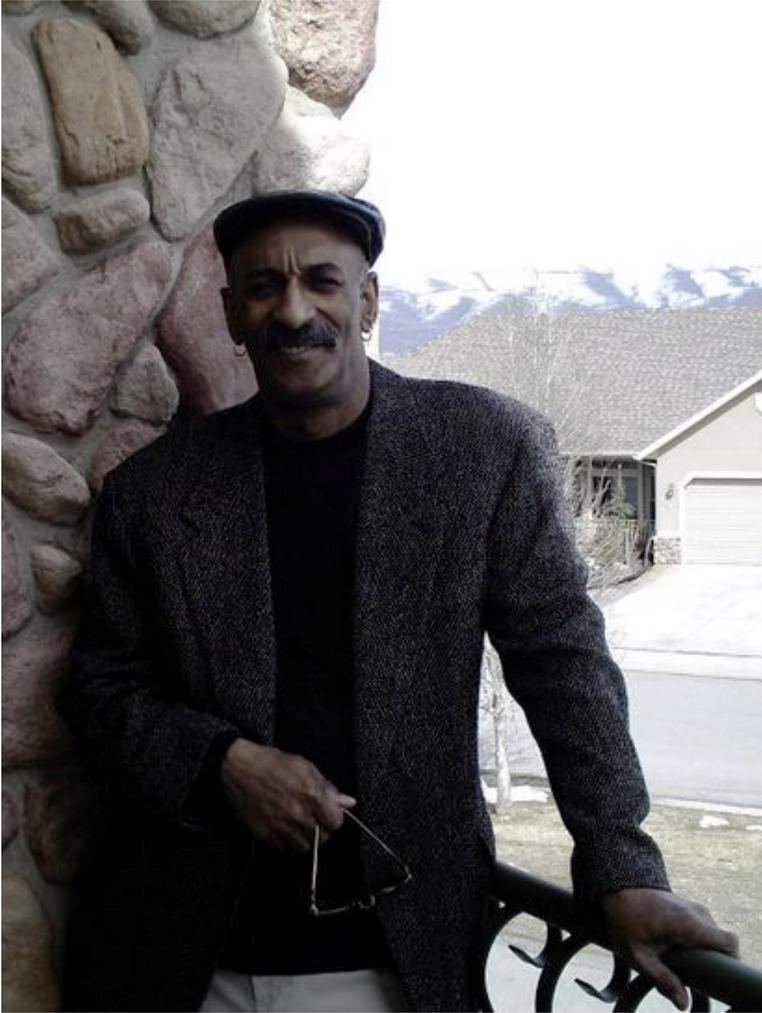
regardless status simple, great
wealth, influence, power all have
and will bow at the designated hour
submitting to the real power
who created seconds, minutes, hours
architect of all creation!
owner of the master plan!
this is not happen stance!
it all has meaning and relevance!
calling for full awareness
submit to utmost reverence!
no second thoughts, no hesitance!
such should be the demeanor of
all who are or ever were earth's
residents!
only a fool would take exception to
that rule!

food 4 thought!

THE YEAR OF THE POET ~ JANUARY

**WILLIAM
S.
PETERS, SR.**

THE YEAR OF THE POET ~ JANUARY



THE YEAR OF THE POET ~ JANUARY

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

THE YEAR OF THE POET ~ JANUARY

reflection

standing in the soft Sunday afternoon sun
i was casting pregnant shadows of delusion
on the ground before me
as i like, and as i have before
asking that poignant question
of my self
. . . why ?

it seems i have visited
this playground of consciousness
a sickening amount of times

i saw my footprints semi-immortalized
in the soils

in my youth i planted seeds
in the furrows of this garden,
but i do not so
no more

the fruit they bore
i ate, but they
only perpetuated
a certain angst
for the answers never came
and i was never sated

but here i am back again
standing in the sun of the day
yet again
asking and visiting
these time worn examinations
of self
no longer seeking answers,
for reflection is enough

THE YEAR OF THE POET ~ JANUARY

i thought you knew

One man's shit hole
is another man's
perfumed garden

on looks upon his conditions
and curses his own life,
another looks to the showers
where he may be cleansed
of that which stains
his temporal existence

the consistence of one's journey
is found in one's attitude
and the perspectives they hold to
seek
and speak into
their way

the day is not doomed
unless you do so
the path that we choose
whether high or low
is not about conditions
nor things
for one can sing
at any time they so wish

i ask my self
every day
about my wants
and my desires
and if there are no fires
burning
there is no discerning
that can yield passions

THE YEAR OF THE POET ~ JANUARY

from dead dreams
or whims
i borrow from the hers and hims
and the hymns
of the world

it is up to me
to herald in the change
i wish to be
for without me in the mix
what is its purpose

i have tread through many
a shit hole
which has later went on to fertilize
my understanding
with insights
that i may choose wisely
the next time around
for in truth
all ground that i walk upon
is sacred
as it is for you

i thought you knew

THE YEAR OF THE POET ~ JANUARY

the light in the window

there's a light in the window
beckoning me to come
come on it from without of myself
softly it whispers to my soul
drawing my desires to it's warmth

there's a light in the window
nay, not a sun light bright
an embracing nurturing light
that of a mother's breast
that i lay my head upon
and listen . . .
to the heartbeat of prerequited love

there's a light in the window
it's smiling my name
colors flowing into my head
filled with possibilities
possibilities that i can
i am assured, yes

there's a light in the window
whose sparkling luminescence
is dancing upon the skin of my delusion
peeling me apart layer by layer
leaving me exposed and raw
is it my truth

there's a light in the window
breathing my air . . .
dripping with hope
that this may be the place
the place of my reconciliation
. . . with self

THE YEAR OF THE POET ~ JANUARY

there's a light in the window
the window with no barrier
no glass to pane me
pain me or cut
yet i am quickened
from sash to sill
i drop and pay homage
to the light in the window

yes,
there's a light in the window

THE YEAR OF THE POET ~ JANUARY

the Vine Keeper

here sit i
in the Holiest of Holies
the Vine-keeper
embracing the passage of time
as she marches forth to harvest

i have nurtured the soils
of this garden
with a labor of love
and quiet expectation

my hands which knead forth promise
are covered with the fragrance of the earth
whose thirst is filled
by the sweat of my brow

i have exacted my duty
and continue so
through
that of the morrow
with an unrivaled love
that i may press the fruits
of my labor
to make a new wine
worthy of anointing
the lips of my Lorde,
for i am the Vine-keeper
and this is my charge

There is the sound of footprints
gracefully dancing upon my ear
“who goes there” i cry
and a voice voluminous
and splendidous replies
“it is i, thy servant”

THE YEAR OF THE POET ~ JANUARY

i understood not this speaking
for it was the voice of my Lorde
and i fell upon the ground
my face turned to the earth
as an reverent type fear
comes upon my entire essence
and consumes me
like a ravenous plague of plenty
for the Source of my being
my Progenitor Father
approaches

He bids me to rise
but i can not
of my own accord
nor may i look upon His presence
so i avert my eyes
as i realize
that i have been summoned
and sanctified
and all about me
i defied
for it, the world
has lost all import

i ask
Father, what would you have me do
how may i serve thee
name the task
for i am yours to command
please demand of me
that i may see
thy will

i pray i understand

THE YEAR OF THE POET ~ JANUARY

and He spake unto me
with a certain sanctity of enmity
that stills the rush of life
all about me
and within me

He said to me
“Servant”
i have come
to eat of the labour
of thy love for me
give of me thine heart
which is mine
oh Vine Keeper

i humbled myself
for the flattering embrace
of his words
ushered forth a pride
that i could not hide

i beamed brightly
for the light of his
which resides inside me
in my spirit
cause my heart to beat
with a fervor
and He and i
could hear it

i could feel an anticipatory longing
that manifested to my consciousness
as a holy song
as played from the strings of
a Holy Harps
like that of the Angels
who gather round his Throne
playing a music the day long

THE YEAR OF THE POET ~ JANUARY

and the voice of my Lorde spoke
and said unto me
“I have come to eat of the labor of thy love for me”
“I have come for your fruit”
Feed me thy best
but know ye this . . .

Plumbs i have had
Pomegranates too
Apples have i had
but now i come to you
to satisfy the sum
of my longings

i come hither
to not taste of the bitter
but that of my wantings
and whimsical hauntings
to be filled
as i taste of the fruit
of thy tilled and nurtured garden

the spoils of thy soils,
i have come for the fruit
of thy Vine
that sweetest of grape
that has ravaged and raped
my senses
with a promise elated
yet not sated
won't you feed me,
feed your Lorde
thy faithful servant

Upon his request
i found my self speechless
and speak . . . i could not

THE YEAR OF THE POET ~ JANUARY

i could not mutter
nor utter
a word to be heard

all of me
was twisted
caught in this cataclysmic
state of orgasmic ecstasy
for the best of me
had just been revealed unto me

i was seeing
feeling
the death of me
the old me
as a verity of my life
came unto me
and graced me
with a surety
unrivaled by any means

this is what i had always
vied for
cried for
and this day
i shall die for
and i deny it no more
for
i am but a servant
in the vineyard
a Vine Keeper
in the Garden of my Lorde

THE YEAR OF THE POET ~ JANUARY

to the Light

we strip off our clothing
and streak through this world
naked
exposing our clear essence
hoping you sneak a glimpse
of our consciousness
which possibly moves you
to places, dimensions and realms
never before considered

we play with words and language
verbs and adjectives, nouns and perspectives
electively intonating,
resonating and exacerbating
concocting new streams
that flow perhaps in to
yet undiscovered dark caverns
that know not of
the myriad essence of light

but that is only an illusion
for we discover ancient footprints
upon the ground
upon the walls
upon the ceilings
where some presence
has left it's mark
in our distant memories

there are evidences
that either spirit or man
has visited here before

THE YEAR OF THE POET - JANUARY

why did they depart ?

the consciousness is definitively prevalent
but can we see ?

were they too enamored
by the world without . . .
or had they found a better abode
that was more surreally nourishing
to the lives they sought
or thought they wanted ?

are they now extinct
as are we becoming ?

and as Death draws e'en closer to our 'Life'
what are we willing to let go
that we may transform ?

have you heard the Snow and Ice melting today
upon the Mountains of your logics
which reside in some distant land ?

will you too join us in the flow
from delusion
to the New Frontier
where
no baggage is needed
required
nor allowed

we must be clear
as the Holy Crystal Chalice
that we may not only hold the light
but that others may see as well
that their own path may be discovered

THE YEAR OF THE POET ~ JANUARY

another fallacy ?

we each have a painting to finish here
before we can graduate with honors
from this Creative Art Class

what did you create today
what thoughts are you embracing in your "NOW"
what new perspectives are you embracing
as your Truth
if any at all

hold to the rails of your Titanic
and surely you will be saved

well, i will see you on the flip side of Sunshine
should you find your way
i will leave a Theory of String for you
that we may realize our connection
in reflection
of the circum- intro - spections
we once had
before we judged the things
to have a certain verity
or validity

as we look without . . . look within
the Universe is expanding
the more we are able
to conquer the Fable
that our world is Flat
we come to understand the Cyclic nature
of things

THE YEAR OF THE POET ~ JANUARY

yes . . we have practiced this same lesson before
by way of the Spirit of our Ancestors
and our own “Be”ing –ness
for THE DNA-tic Code speaks
in resonant tones
and the balance endures

there are hearers and . . .
those that have come to speak
but far too many lights are
further de-voiding the void
that is begging to be filled

so clean out your closet
if you will
and hold to nothing,
for from nothingness
comes all things
as it has always done

so . . . we strip off our garments
and stand before the Holy
in our full regality
letting loose our illusory frailty
and streak through this world
to the Light

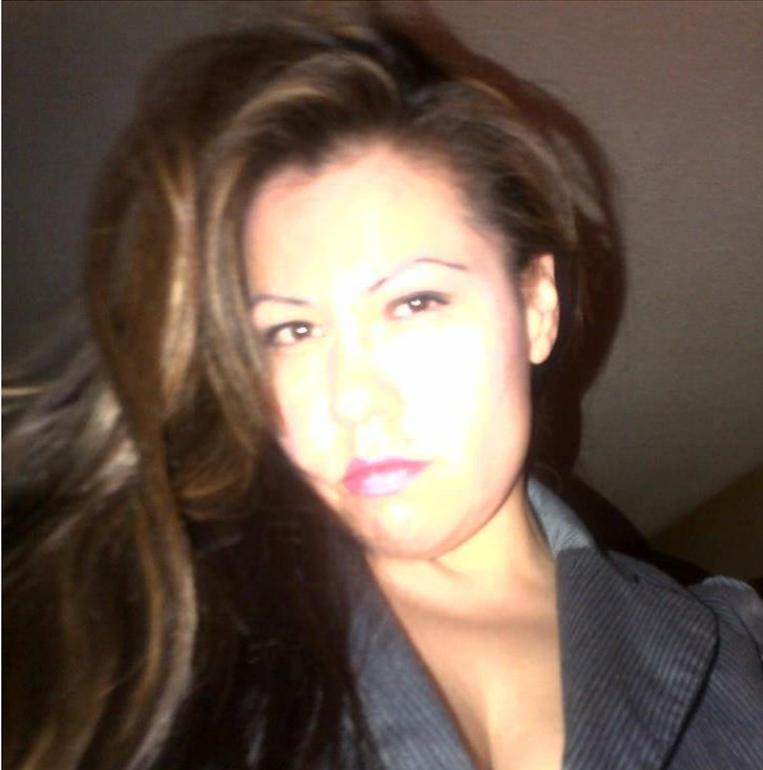
THE YEAR OF THE POET ~ JANUARY

**JANUARY
FEATURE**



**TERRI
L.
JOHNSON**

THE YEAR OF THE POET ~ JANUARY



THE YEAR OF THE POET ~ JANUARY

Born aboriginal, born First Nations, Terri's cultural background is Plains Cree first nations; from the reserve Samson Cree Nation in Hobbema, Alberta, Canada. Mother to four beautiful children and proud daughter to Virginia Johnson and Late Terry Johnson; although writing is her passion she also devotes her time to her community through her work.

Terri Has come out of bad relationship and is through her experience that she has expressed herself so candidly. Not afraid to venture out of her emotional shell she hopes to convey her experiences to those reading her work and maybe someday help someone who has suffered or seen worse to have the strength to come out of the unhealthy situation.

Terri was named after her deceased father, Terry Brian Johnson, whom died from sustaining injuries caused by the horning of a bull that he was riding in a local community rodeo in Hobbema, Alberta. Terri was born three months after her father died; she had never met her father. It is because of his memory that Terri still strives to maintain her dreams, the memory of him keeps her motivated and determined to reach any goals she acquires.

you can find Terri . . .

<http://poetryjohnson.wordpress.com>

<http://terripoetryjohnson.wordpress.com>

<https://www.facebook.com/terrijm77>

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

THE YEAR OF THE POET ~ JANUARY

To forgive ~

I miss the way
You held my hand.
How you held me
In your arms while I slept.

The kiss once sweetness,
One cannot forget.
Now just a painful memory
I severely want to shed.

Tears left to burn
As you continued
to tear my heart in two.

But hey...

I guess you weren't true,
because you left me so blue.
Now I'm left picking up the pieces,
left to patch up the scars.
To forgive all your wrongs

But I decided I needed to forgive,
to purge the anger and release all negativity.
So as not to lose the best part of me,
And give up the pain,
So that I could be free.

THE YEAR OF THE POET ~ JANUARY

Ignorance bliss ~

The shadows never lie.
At least not this time.
Never question
what doesn't really exist.
Yet we continue
to love what we can't resist.
embracing the dark
like a second skin.
Not realizing the danger
you put yourself in.
All for a few moments
of blissful sin.
So we lay in our comfort zone,
unconsciously waiting
for the other shoe to be thrown.
Because they were the choices
we made and now have to own.
But grown from the mire
is what had transpired.
A rage of fire that was starting
to build higher and higher.
Taking pieces of your flesh as it went.
Burning all traces of mockery
that you spent.
But that was not supposed
to be the main intent.
So fools luck has just been spent.
On you.....
My oh my,
isn't ignorance bliss.

THE YEAR OF THE POET ~ JANUARY

Silence ~

The silence grabbed me by the hand
and lead me to a very dark land.
It gave me shelter
from the days demands.
Left me depleted from all
that I had left defeated.
All I took with me was my heart
and the peace of my soul that was lead.
For sure I knew my safety was kept at best.
For silence embraced all that was left.
Now I'm gone from all the noisy rest.
For now.
For the time being.
I'm complete just to be.
Because silence finally set me free.

THE YEAR OF THE POET ~ JANUARY

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THE POETRY POSSE



OUR FEATURE POET

JANUARY

TERRI L. JOHNSON

