

# The Year of the Poet

August 2014

Gladiolus



## *The Poetry Posse*

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

## August Feature Poets

Ann White \* Rosalind Cherry \* Sheila Jenkins

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**The Poetry Posse**

*inner child press, ltd.*

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# **General information**

## **The Year of the Poet August Edition**

### **The Poetry Posse**

**1<sup>st</sup> Edition : 2014**

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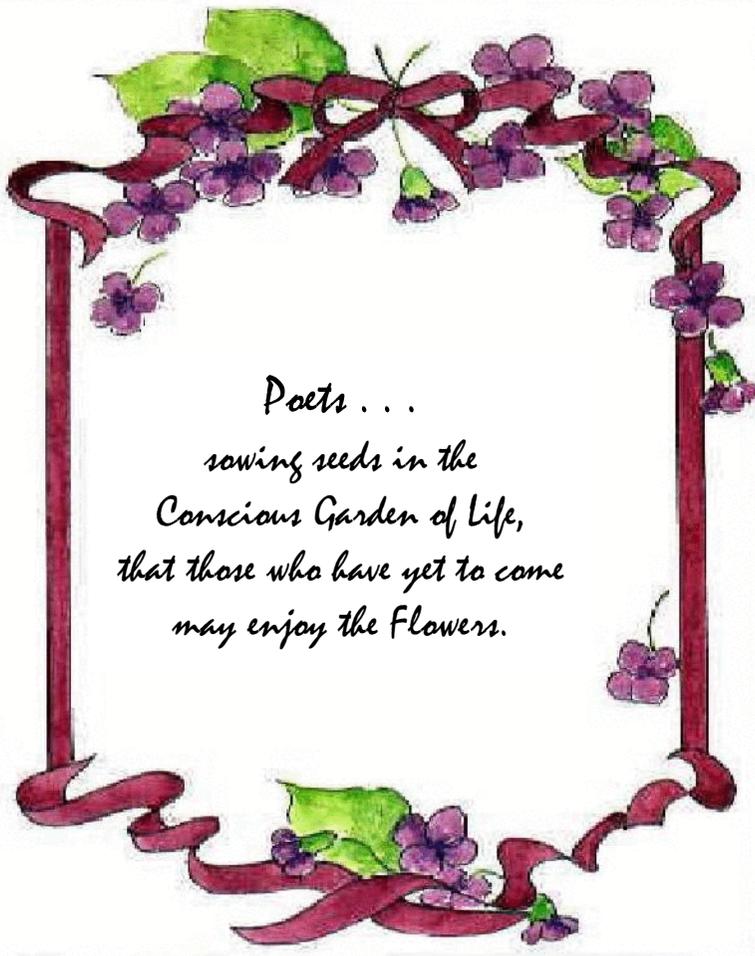
This Book is dedicated to

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

Friends, Family and Readers

Here we are enduring the summer as summer goes in the Northern Hemisphere. The weather is mercurial in nature, in that we have some hot days, some cool ones and a few spots of rain. The diversity of nature is always an amazing thing to witness and experience.

This month in August's offering you will again have an opportunity to experience another type of diversity in the writings of the Poet's feelings, insights, hopes, commentary and perspectives. I celebrate not only the poets for their certain 'courage' to say what they wish, utilizing Poetry's Verse, Line Rhyme and Stanzas, but i also celebrate you, the Reader and your integration to these offered meals of language. . . . Enjoy

Bless Up

*Bill*

## **SUMMER**

**Saunter at a snail's pace  
and still accomplish tasks**

~ the Tired Caregiver

# **P**reface

The year of the poet is a collectable collaboration of distinguished artists personally selected to write and publish every month affection ally donned as the poetry posse.

We are honored to have such an elite spectrum of “Pen Mates” along with spotlights of monthly features that you may not have otherwise been introduced to.

The books are all free downloads at inner child press for only 5 dollars for the physical copy. We have made these books affordable to the public, struggling artists, friends, fans and family.

We are proud to present this for your reading pleasure.

Enjoy,

*Jamie Bond*

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

~ wsp

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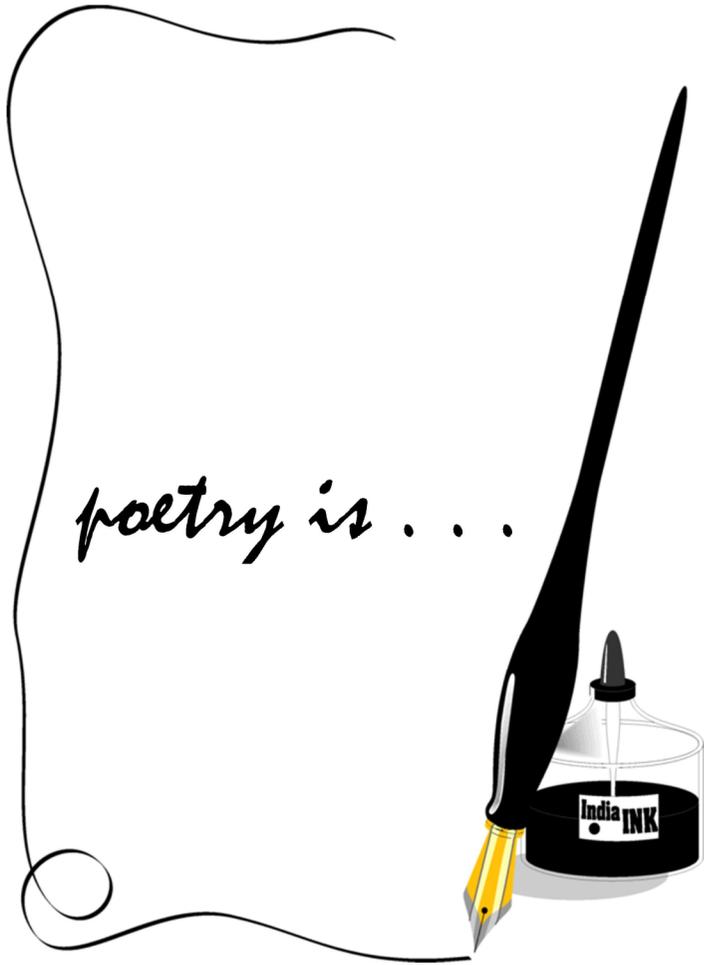
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Poets, Writers . . . know that we are the enchanting magicians that nourishes the seeds of dreams and thoughts . . . it is our words that entice the hearts and minds of others to believe there is something grand about the possibilities that life has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

~ wsp



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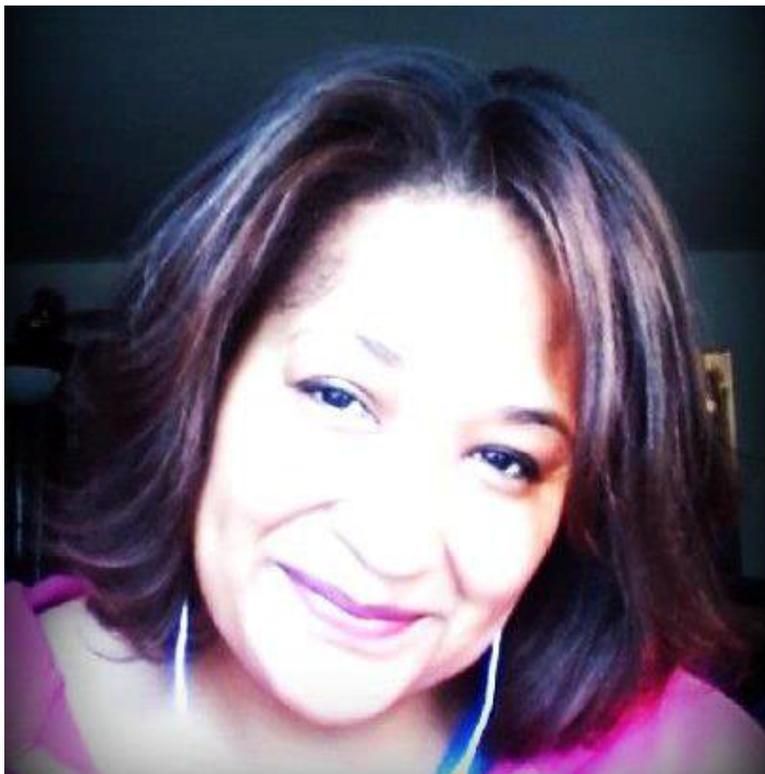
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*Poetry succeeds where instruction fails.*

~ wsp

**Jamie  
Bond**

*The Year of the Poet ~ August 2014*



## *The Year of the Poet ~ August 2014*

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>

## Lions Tooth

My muses' thoughts I envy  
my words are my worst enemy  
Every stroke of my pen  
cries and begs to be set free  
Every published piece of work  
is a liberated free slave to me

Whole holes in the vortex  
I never ask why  
Kaleidoscopic prisms of seeds  
blown into the sky  
I suppose I was never really alive  
It's all a lie  
in this life I live  
I'll exist best in when I die  
If I can learn to forgive

A bone colored titanium shell of flesh  
With conscious thoughts  
rattling in my cranium  
Chaotic memories of peace and war  
tussle in my head

The crash barriers of light  
I walk inside  
Illuminates my plight  
of glow in the dark chalk lines  
Echoes of shadows cause static  
blindfolded dualities of reality  
Blind faith is what it might be

*The Year of the Poet ~ August 2014*

Thirsty for freedom  
I'm on the edge  
And I strip to my nothingness  
in an effort to succumb to this  
The whispers encourage me,  
to let go,  
open up,  
just jump off  
freefall  
off this slippery ledge

I know damn well I can't fly but  
The incited silence has me excited  
It became the cheerleader  
in a nightmare of awake

Doodled testimonies in your face  
Marveled in time tested lack of faith  
In marbled compositions, journals and diaries  
Become origami visuals of loose-leaf therapy  
Loss of conscious my pen the subcutaneous needle  
Injecting ink tranquilizers into the paper  
Knowing you still feel me tho

My poetry grows wings  
as balled paper flies across the room  
A sedative of selective memory  
I forgot to ask God why me  
I forgot to explain why you too

*The Year of the Poet ~ August 2014*

Emotions bleeding in the skyline  
of my thoughts into the breeze  
I need to stop denying  
the deeds and responsibilities  
Never see it coming  
till the gust cuts like a curve ball  
As Samurai lyrics slice my soul  
like a silk shawl

I guess I was already deceased  
before I could ever begin living...  
My life, embezzled in stages,  
airborne in the chaptered chronological pages  
Of a liberated victim....

Socially suicidal  
I kill myself to be here in this life with you  
I leap off of the cliff of abyss  
and the lingering declarations diminish  
I jack knife,  
I'm slowly spiraling;  
I see billions of details in these images  
Deep breadths and prayer  
become home and away scrimmages

Thinking these are the days of our lives  
and this is the last thing I'll never see  
Dandelion seeds,  
flying dragon pens and papyrus wings

*The Year of the Poet ~ August 2014*

No victories of overcoming a past  
that continually haunts me  
No jail house survivor stories  
from the fist a past lover hurled at me  
No sad ass excuses or stories  
of being damaged goods growing up in the hood  
No horrific accounts of being abused  
or a child molester penetrating me  
No depression behind my teeth  
or the concealed smile when you see me  
The one with the beautiful habits  
who'll never give clemency  
No new take on how to handle grief  
no optimistic or pompous way to say what I speak  
Just my opinions on how I would handle things  
in non-existent situations  
I've been thru it all in my mind many times  
without the desire for causation  
The whispers scream for me to jump  
and in midair my voice echoes in the stillness  
catch me if you care

*The Year of the Poet ~ August 2014*

Dear Dad;

I believe I'll be the first to go of your children,  
I am weary...  
My soul is soaking wet from crying on the inside.  
It's been 3 years since hubby died  
Ironically I turned a widow the same age as mom  
While living in the same house...

I watched myself from an outer body experience  
Shake my husband like I did you as child  
When I found your lifeless shell  
That cold January morning...  
Déjà vu is an ongoing nightmare...  
Thinking I have done this many times before....  
And still don't like it

I believe working for hospice in Visiting Nurses  
Prepared me for all I go thru now,  
Such as remain calm in hectic stressful situations  
And I stand before you relieved and prayerful

If I perished tomorrow  
I'd feel some sort of way about not cleaning my room  
But I was prepared to die in my mother's womb  
As I wrestled with the umbilical cord to keep it from  
choking me,  
My ingenuity was strong enough to flip it  
From a boa constrictor to a vine and I swung  
Leading them to believe I was kicking  
While actually I was rock climbing on my mother's ovaries

*The Year of the Poet ~ August 2014*

The boys are doing good all grown up  
I believe I am cursed destined to struggle  
So I bare the emotional weight of others  
Upon my own cross as my penance in this life.

I love more than I hate I speak of none of it unless it's good  
And to be honest I am tired of this mundane life I exist in...  
I feel like a loner in a crowd of friends and family  
That loves me unconditionally...

I do not belong here Pops....  
But I suppose I'll stick around till they have a suite ready  
for me ☺  
Until then I have a car full of bodies and I'm still riding  
solo  
Life is a bitch, the first lungful of breadth is her sister.....  
While sleep is the cousin of death, what a fuckin' family  
picture  
Just notify the paparazzi that I'm ready for my family photo

## QUISE OWES ME MONEY

He hits me up sounds a mess  
I'm like wussup wit cha dude why you sound depressed  
He goes you know me JB I wouldn't ask if I didn't need it  
I'm like aeeight dude so lay it on me wutch a need then  
He goes for five years single father um doin it all by my  
lonely  
Job messed up my paycheck and I need \$350 by 4pm to  
pay my rent

I'm like aeight well I can do it but you NEED TO pay me  
back  
Cuz I got it right now but I ain't got it like dat  
He goes nah I got you this ain't no Bee scam type of shit  
My resources are low I just got nobody else to ask that  
quick

I'm like aeight lemme see what I can do luckily I'm out and  
about  
Wutch a need MoneyGram or Western Union.....

By the time it's all said and done  
It costs me 4 stacks to wire this shit me being who I am  
I understand a man's ego nothing to throw it up in his face  
It takes a lot them to even ask a female

On the phone I go you got two options  
Either give it to me the way i'm sending it  
Or split this shit between two paychecks  
But umma tell you right now  
I don't have it to just give it I need my cash back.....

*The Year of the Poet ~ August 2014*

Been awhile now I'm still waiting tho  
Well after he's taken a few trips  
After he bought his chick flowers candy and plane tickets  
Well after its done passed the time  
Of even getting his income-tax check  
And now he's out and about postin pics turned up chillin  
and shit

YO DUDE

You couldda refrained from going to these yearly poetry  
shows  
And devised a payment plan and just sent me my money yo  
You're traveling working two jobs but my paypal empty  
tho  
I've been more than patient overstood your situation  
But dude you gonna have to start paying me back asap

They say the real test  
Is when you're goin thru a storm and bless the next one  
But lord knows he got you still living lovely  
And testing me hard while I feel extra disrespected

Idgaf what bills you got this still isn't cool  
I got shit to do too and we ain't friends or enemies  
When you conveniently forget that you owe me money too  
You shouldn't even be able to sleep well  
You should be plottin your next move

And you know what else  
I'm not taking this shit to small claims court either jack  
You have a responsibility to be held accountable  
For paying me my money back  
You came to me as a man now be one dammnit

*The Year of the Poet ~ August 2014*

Now I understand the whole don't give more than you can  
loose

But I wasn't giving to a charity this wasn't a business  
investment

This was an emergency loan be glad I don't tack on interest

I'm not gonna threaten you or even trip on this shit

This time I literally #BlameQuise

Cuz he was the one who borrowed it from me

**Gail  
Weston  
Shazor**

*The Year of the Poet ~ August 2014*



*The Year of the Poet ~ August 2014*

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](http://www.facebook.com/gailwestonshazor)

[www.innerchildpress.com/gail-weston-shazor](http://www.innerchildpress.com/gail-weston-shazor)

[navypoet1@gmail.com](mailto:navypoet1@gmail.com)

*The Year of the Poet ~ August 2014*

Birth ~ Etheree

Womb

Water

Floods the floor

It might be tears

And I forgot how

Fast I needed to move

In order to save us both

While my vision begins to fade

I can smell the pain you must have felt

I gather you safe into my darkness

## Breathe me to Sleep

I listen quickly & solemnly  
Until the pieces fall back into dark  
Until I can resist touching the glass  
Shadowing the silence  
But not the peace  
Oboes and baritones play on my wings  
To the pain growing in my back  
My hands cannot touch what I know is there  
And while I would have relief tonight  
I leave the guys on the shelf  
For until someone can massage those places  
It is only a numbing panacea  
To the unmeasured breaths  
Pumping through my lungs  
It is always such on days of dust  
That I feel the why of the iron lung  
I really just want someone  
To breathe for me  
And I will sleep instead

## UnPunked~ Double Etheree

He

Backs up

Against walls

Cutting his eyes

So hard that he swears

He sees around corners

A valuable talent here

Where the dealers are expecting

He will pay for his junkie mother's

Broken back, last word, spaced out promises

And in the morning when he gets to school

His savings will buy him some heaven

albert  
'infinite'  
Carrasco

*The Year of the Poet ~ August 2014*



## *The Year of the Poet ~ August 2014*

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

Infinite the poet 2014

Infinite poetry @lulu.com

Alcarrasco2 on YouTube

Infinite the poet on reverbnation

The Poems this month are from my Book

### **Infinite Poetry**

available at

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

## I'm comfortable

There's no shame in my game, I be reciting in the streets, in cars, in lounges and bars, on boats, trains and planes sharing my pain with bystanders, travelers, partygoers, frequent and first time flyers. Where ever I go I blow, im comfortable cause my drug flow is local and international. My verses of living life depending on the streets because checks on the first and third wasn't enough are in demand to be heard. There's poor people in every city and in every country, that's why people all over the world relate to me. Infinite is like a philanthropist, a get out of poverty by any means activist, I just started the revolution with what was available...that was being a kitchen chemist. I cooked powders to sell rock on crack blocks so those eviction notice door knocks could stop. I'm not ashamed nor proud, there was no shame helping my fam eat, but I'm not proud at the fact that those that ran with me in the street now hover over clouds for trying to make ends meet. Strangers that listen to me turn to followers and fans, I'm addictive when I recite about welfare life conditions and addiction, I spit crack, im an icon, a ghetto heroin. I converse and explain this life with the rich not for pitty but so they can understand how life to inner city folk is a bitch, i educate the youngsters in schools that the game usually ends in bars or ditches, no matter where I'm at I'm baring scars beyond my bullet holes and stitches.

## Society

After decades of hustling, I woke up one day retired from the game, it's been sometime now but I still feel the hurt from the already inflicted pain because I lost so much and so many trying to gain, the dees still jump out on me and search me and my whip for guns and hard cause they know I was bout that life...cocaine. My first impression to society wasn't pretty, just like society was ugly to me, we had a mutual feeling, that's why I started dealing, the same reason my neighbors started dealing, we was tryn to get out of poverty, society didn't do a thing to help that, but they did color us minorities bad when they caught us with loose rock 12 12's or 58 58 slabs. I'm back to correct my first impression with my vocabulary, my ghetto grammar, my experience of mixn eina with soda as a motivational speaker. I use my knowledge of living in the projects and earnn off the Pyrex as an urban spoken word artist. Society can't repay me... No one can replace what was taken from me, unless I can take them to st Raymond's and resuscitate my kin. I know that can't happen... but I'm not selfish, I'll still save those lost boys before they're missed or swim with fish, although I moum and Still get stopped and frisked. Life's a bitch, it's ok I'm used to it, there's nothing can stop my lips from yippitty yapping on the life of those trapping, until society glues them and I go through preservation with embalming fluid.

## A cold world

When it comes to the streets Its a cold cold world, that's y it feels likes Antarctica when I spit bout crack or coke...both forms of that white girl. Its my turn...I'm so bx, I'm up next to rep CHP projects, my mic is a Pyrex, proctor silex, dudes eyes is blurry... I got lyrical windex. when im not spitn I'm silent like a Rolex, I'm positive but it ain't my fault there's a lot of bangers gangsters and hustlers numbers in my Rolodex, they just have yet to escape poverty's vortex. Inf is the blood residual griot, dudes got nice bars but they're not facts, I carpe diem, seize the day when it comes to ye, urban word play, derringers all the way to ar's and Ak's. When I walk the bricks... Homies salute the ranked up soldier like the military, ole dad was reputed, respect in my fam its hereditary and never disputed, the kissing of my pinky ring ain't notn I'm used to it. My brain is full of knowledge, I'm hooked on phonics but to get to these youngens I use Ebonics like my third eye is bionic, or like its trees... I got that lyrical thc for those hooked on chronic. My spoken is unorthodox, I'm a southpaw like a lefty, I think out the box when I recite bout jacks, packs or whole things wrapped rectangular with stamps which are over seas gorillas manufacturing signatures. Because of the game... I'm a professional mourner, I coached many sobbing mothers to get it together after watching junior got packed by med examiners, or after being found guilty by a jury not of our peers for another sons murder. I speak about the un glamorized part of the game, the rain after the sunshine, the pain after the reign... the reality of Ill gotten gains.

**Siddartha**  
**Beth**  
**Pierce**

*The Year of the Poet ~ August 2014*



*The Year of the Poet ~ August 2014*

**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.youtube.com/watch?v=OQ87NrLt_to)

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

## The Thunderstorm

With boisterous charm  
the sky erupts  
spilling forth its skylight cup  
of thunderous deafening roars  
set to music like applause  
and the silence in between  
each eruption  
should be counted to tell  
whether or not the swell  
is moving closer still  
or is isolated further away.

Solitary sways  
the elm in my front yard  
bent forth in the storm's gaze  
a confinement upon the wind's waves  
detached, disturbed, disjointed  
is the sound now  
as the darkness sweeps the sky's  
attack away  
followed by a suffocating  
feeling of haze and lingering mist  
that clouds my throat,  
an abstract feeling indeed,  
an odd phenomenal occurrence  
when the sky erupts then  
swiftly rebuffs us  
moving onto the next town to frown upon  
and weep the willow tears of the sky  
upon each passerby.

## The Guinea Hens

Weeping willows wisp  
the dusk  
quips  
to quinea hens  
strung about  
the yard.  
Careful now  
you little ones  
know not  
what is within  
his arrow  
quill maybe upon you  
still  
within the  
simple wind.

Yet, ye survive  
another night  
though you can not  
take flight  
but simply meandered  
here from a neighboring farm.

But beware  
the song  
of the bow  
grown strong  
shall you tread  
within the laborers  
sight again.

## The Morning Rain

The morning rain  
came sharply through  
the windowpane  
piercing my skin  
as I lay asleep  
no longer.

A chill in the air  
filled my lungs  
without care  
as I dug deeper  
into the comforter  
for warmth.

A bedraggled morning  
this came to be  
as I could not bear  
to get out of bed  
into such a day  
that had chased  
the sun away.

I longed for you then  
to be in my arms again  
as I lay awake  
barely remembering  
your morning charms.

*The Year of the Poet ~ August 2014*

A smile and a wink  
a friendly greeting  
you always keep  
for me when I awake  
in your arms.

Although this day  
I found myself away  
from your graces  
in the cold stare  
of a rainy day.

*The Year of the Poet ~ August 2014*

**Janet  
Perkins  
Caldwell**

*The Year of the Poet ~ August 2014*



## *The Year of the Poet ~ August 2014*

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>

## Starved No More

Strolling along the sidewalk  
Eying an all night diner.  
It was 2AM and I was famished.  
Friendly neon lights beckoned me.

I loved the colors, they seemed like a  
living rainbow surrounding and inviting me.  
I reached for the doorknob and  
with a flick of my wrist, I was in.

The aromas saturated my senses.  
Mmmmmm, it smelled delicious.  
A lovely boy with chestnut eyes  
handed a menu to me. I felt  
the brush of his hand and almost  
forgot why I came.

OK, OK, be cool, be calm, you're  
hungry Girl, decide and eat.  
Looking over the menu I opted  
for something light and imagined  
what I'd like to do to him.

It had to be the fruit bowl  
with the protruding strawberries  
screaming my name. Juicy  
and now dripping down my chin.

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A slight embarrassment ran  
though me when the boy with  
the chestnut eyes smiled flirtatiously.  
I'll never know why  
but I quickly looked away.

Flights of fancy and romance  
were *thick* in the air.  
I really did not have a care.  
It is my turn to be loved  
so I ate . . .  
I ate the whole thick thing.

## Lazy Ass

One day after my surgery  
I was lying down.  
Experiencing a bit of peace  
. . . finally.  
Then you contacted me  
and ever so dramatically.

Now, I am rethinking your laziness  
and how you expect me  
to clean up your messes  
and so emphatically.

Edit this, edit that . . . now !!!  
Really ?????  
Do I get a minute for me ?  
Wanna make me feel guilty ?

Not happening today  
and with your attitude  
with no gratitude  
maybe never  
can't you see !

Apparently not.

If you only knew the hours and days  
that I put into your soliloquies  
nonsensical poetry  
and homilies  
just to help *you shine* so brilliantly

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you'd close your trap  
that easily spills, erroneous demands  
and go away from me  
let me heal  
just let me be.

Yeah, I am irked  
and I am not afraid to say so.  
Not afraid to tarnish my image  
because it is clean.

Maybe you should get another 'friend'  
to clean up and address your mess  
after-all, I am doing this free.  
Though you may try to besmirch me.

Go ahead, my reputation  
proceeds me . . .  
you really don't know a thing  
about me.

Now, get off of your lazy ass  
and go to work.  
Deal with your own shit.  
I'm done, have a nice day  
and get over yourself and it !

Dedicated to: All of the lazy ass writers with a smile

## Déjà vu Tide

How did you find me,  
oh love of mine?  
You hail from another  
place in time.

Doesn't matter now  
warmth surrounds me.  
Tide dancing, surging  
in the ancient sea.

Your scent lingers  
on this wave I ride.  
Transported, borne  
on the Déjà vu Tide.

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

**June  
'Bugg'  
Barefield**

*The Year of the Poet ~ August 2014*



## *The Year of the Poet ~ August 2014*

June Barefield ~ Poet-Activist-Teacher-Author

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

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

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

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

you can get more of June here . . .

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

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

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

## GOAD

Forever drifting within the carriages of these unlivable marriages

Caricatures & characters architect-ed, built up 4 just enough protection to withstand the storms

Walls formed, barriers employed

Forged in Iron and brass; all types of metals & 8 inch glass

The challenge when goaded into this gallant fusion of wills is greasing the wheels

Reels of ticker taped, tinker town, hop scotched game props

Where it all comes

TUMBLING

down...

The challenge iz openness & growth

But we enter in so valiantly closed to the mere possibility that

two my flow free

A healing surely felt to the core of our being

A Constant Goad

iz LOVE.

A covenant type relationship is how the preacher man explained this shit

Rich in symbolism like Solomon and his song

But if love is wrong, how could anything B right

How would anyplace suffice

Y would anyone devise the deconstruction of a life like device???

THE SUBJECT OF A UNIVERSAL CONVERSATION

LOVE & TOGETHERNESS

A constant goad.

## UPHEAVAL

Losing  
because I'm lost  
Tossed by my emotions, crossed by some blind devotion  
paying the cost  
of my stipulated, synchronized, manipulative mind  
& Darkened heart.

Never started as such  
This ache in my chest I own  
Owed only a few more stitching's  
The misgivings misbehaving, and mistaken  
Shaken together them say, tangled with transcendence, and  
loosely transparent, translucent transmitters committed to  
the upheaval of my  
despair.

Unaware I awaken  
Spirit free and unbroken, but maybe a bit shaken  
Body quaking permeating a completely different vibration  
Combined together with my commune in combination  
A community in transition, transfused in transfer  
Committed to the spirit that cures cancer  
NO ANXIETY ABOUT WORLDLY ANSWERS  
mY uPhEAVAl?  
it DANCES!!

## BEAUTIFUL THINGS

Black roses on muddy river banks  
the thorn's, splinters & all the angst  
the gratitude inside a genuine thanks  
a sincere smile, a warm embrace  
Beautiful Things...

The complexity of the mystery  
the way that the wind whistles down throughout the  
graveyard of humanities history  
that toe tapping, hand-clapping symphony  
rhythmically rapping on the concrete as the children  
Double Dutch

A mothers clutch,  
lovers touch  
beautiful & mystical iz this thing called love  
Beautiful Things...

Purple teardrop stains, a gentle raindrop refrain; as it falls  
in JuNe around the way  
wholesome strangers and waterfalls  
the red bird's call, and the mountain range  
A newborns smile  
believing the promise in the mothers eye  
bubble baths & Grannies laugh  
the refreshing flowing waters of truth,

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the pleasing platitudes one finds in solitude  
new horizons and vivid, memorable, meaningful surprises;  
or when the icy exterior of hate is washed away with love  
& forgiveness; then replaced with grace  
Beautiful Things...  
Freedom & tranquility the reincarnation, and rebirth of  
humility  
the agility of a leaping antelope  
the old horned frog when he clears his throat  
the sultry songstress who sings the perfect note  
the old faithful wino, as he winces entering the door- up out  
the cold  
the flicker in the flame that ignites the soul...  
BEAUTIFUL.

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Debbie  
M.  
Allen

*The Year of the Poet ~ August 2014*



## *The Year of the Poet ~ August 2014*

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

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

## The Devil's Kiss

Nightmares bared in the haunt of daylight  
Taunt me to seize the spirit of my fright  
Life scares the hell out of me...  
A trilogy of  
Love...Hate tossing mistakes to Fate  
No cake walks sweet enough  
To match the high of delirium...  
Masturbating with the touch of wisdom  
But never gaining release  
From the crawl into lunacy...  
I remain deceased...  
In coffined chambers putting broken back bones to sleep  
Under the heavy of  
Gravestones knocking sanity to pieces...  
I evoked my own treason to self,  
Help never grabbing hold of my waist to draw me close  
Before I crumbled to my knees  
Boasting of faded pleas  
Undone in the extinction of my sun...  
That never shined strong enough for me...  
Knowing no peace of mind in the fatigue of battle  
Gravity pulling forces against me in hassled winds  
Blowing tassels in the graduation to defeat  
Misery greets me as easy as Sunday morning  
Prayers in anguish  
A benediction to dejection...  
I am legend...  
In the dark womb of time  
Day never passes without the ticking rewind  
Of subjection

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Catching my reflection in stained glass mirrors  
Mooning me at the crack of dusk's lust  
To provoke me into the errors of blame  
Nothing rocks the same in broken musical chairs  
Failing to sync melodies with deaf ears  
No hearing aid wise enough to fool  
The waxing of ill feelings  
Into believing the heart beats love right,  
During blues sharing note with clouded skies  
Scattered lullabies in the mist...  
Dismissing me like daydreams  
Kissed farewell by the devil's open lips tonguing lies  
That seal eyes closed...  
Holding me tight in the folding of life  
  
Scaring the hell out of me...

## The Cadence of Lost Petals

I was a metaphor along his lines  
Pretty yet subtle in bloom  
Trying to survive the choking of his rhyme...  
A cadence of falling petals...  
Forcing a kink in ink veins  
Losing the words to thrive  
Again...and again...  
Becoming another dying flower counting goodbyes  
He love me...he love me not in the cries...  
A stem broken in his rise  
To devise the perfect poem  
So as potpourri...  
I just vent the dry scent  
Of spoken tokens plucked on the fly  
Of a notorious flow...  
So the story goes in the wilt  
I am just a metaphor that he wrote...  
A cadence of fallen petals  
With every stroke of his pen...  
Every flower meets the period  
At...THE END...

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It . . .

It...

Sang to me across black blue skies...

Running tunes in tears

It...

I hear so clearly

Cradling me dearest...

The nearest thing to touching stars

Behind mental barred scars

It...

Swallowing my heart in fist drums

So mama only hums to me in memories

Can I swim the stream of that loving womb

One more time before

It...

Brings more storms to my door?

Lightning flashes

Begging against wet lashes

It...

Became the harrowing cure

Even if nothing more

Than screams burnt into cracked lips

It...

Shattered hips before I made it

To the shore

I'm not here anymore

It...

A burden bittersweet

Stopped the butterflies from floating feet

Winged retreat from

All things sweet on me...

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It...

Claims to be my one true love  
Stalking shadows two paces behind  
Enemy lines

It...

Tries so hard to hide foul  
From my eyes  
Bandaging ache in a swan song of lies

It...

Silhouettes dark like beauty  
In sun sets

Yet

It...

Never lets me melody  
In climb of sunshine  
Just vanquishes "Amazing Grace"  
From my mind

It...

Is just the scribble  
Of dying rhymes  
Striking the veins of my timeline

It...

Killed the fluted quill of my siren

Still...

Still...

Still...

**Tony  
Henninger**

*The Year of the Poet ~ August 2014*



*The Year of the Poet ~ August 2014*

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

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

[Henninger](#)

[Linkdin.com/Tony Henninger](https://www.linkedin.com/company/TonyHenninger) or

[tonyhenninger@yahoo.com](mailto:tonyhenninger@yahoo.com)

## My Love

You are the beauty in the garden of my soul  
and the fire that keeps me hot when  
my embers are fading.

With you I can taste all the earth's pleasures  
and relish in your sweet perfume  
after our lovemaking.

So blessed I am to have you here  
fulfilling my every want and need.  
For heaven to have lost such an angel,  
surely, it must bleed.

With respect and not taken for granted,  
I promise you this,  
I will be with you forever  
as our souls become one in bliss.

Share my world, share my life,  
let's burn together into obscurity.  
Build a paradise, drown in eachothers eyes.  
We complete eachother completely.

Oh, such exquisite ecstasy  
as you breathe into me.  
Life and death, both at once,  
my heart is yours eternally.

My Love, oh my Love,  
take me once again,  
forevermore.

## Save Me

One tear from you  
and I fall to my knees.  
One smile from you  
is all I ask, "Oh Please!"  
Don't let me fade away.  
Don't let me drown.  
Give me that sweet love  
I have never known.  
Let me escape to  
the heavens on high.  
Let me shine and be  
the brightest star in your sky.  
Let me never fall.  
Oh please, hear my call.  
Your love I can't resist.  
Without you, I can't exist.  
I would just be a wandering soul.  
I would never become whole.  
Just a blind and sad man  
drowning in his sorrow.  
Here one day and then  
gone tomorrow.  
So, give me your hand,  
and please understand,  
it is and has always been you  
I've been searching for.  
I love you now,  
I loved you then,  
I love you  
forevermore.

## Hold Steadfast To My Heart

The light in your eyes is fading  
and all I can do is blankly stare.  
So many tears in my heart blind me,  
I'm drowning in a sea of despair.

If my heart could bleed for you,  
quenching the thirst of your pain,  
I'd cut it out and give it to you  
just to see your beautiful smile again.

Now, just a ghost haunting me,  
I feel you beside me in bed.  
Closing my eyes I envision you.  
I can't get you out of my head.

Each moment you're away  
turns my soul into a raging fire.  
And when I see you again,  
I want to take you so much higher.

So, hold steadfast to my heart.  
Follow its never-ending flame.  
It will always burn only for you  
as it endlessly whispers your name.

A time will come when life and death  
will have no more meaning whatsoever.  
Where time and space are no more.  
Where we can love forever and ever.

**Joe  
paVerbal  
MindDancer**

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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>

## I Dare Not Speak

I watched this fair woman from afar with shy lid eyes.  
She did not have the slightest inkling,  
I've seen her vanity.  
The environment was suitable to her liking  
There was comfort in her manner of dress and form;  
It was one, I wanted to cradle in times of affiliation.  
I looked at she, and she back at me it was inviting  
My steps were as unsure as this cobble-stoned path  
The mist of fog had made slippery.  
My voice was mute, as my mind spoke the words  
I assumed for me what I had not heard, her reply.

I self assessed and projected prejudice  
Never knowing, the backward stare meant yes.  
The bold; with their aristocratic hats lay cold hands  
I with tattered coat and moth fed scarf, hid mine.  
The chasm I have built was but a few feet  
This oasis on my desert leaving me parched  
Time was passing and I could suffer no more  
A feigned cough cleared, what was never clogged

Before I released a single word  
She cleared the table of unwanted party favors  
As if knowing the obstacles that blocked my path.  
We stood eye to eye; I was on the acute side  
And in that moment; that sweet gentle moment  
My life's story; told in words unspoken.

## Librarious One

I checked her out never turning a single page.  
I heard tales of certain intimacies of certain intricacies  
She was complex and thick as “War and Peace”  
Over walks in the park and evenings in the dark,  
I read her.

We had a lunch date and over spilt wine, I read her  
I met her by chance at a social gathering  
We exchanged hellos.  
There were so many rows of bound pages.  
I read a few and so did she, never turning a single page.  
I read her.

We carried on as if knowing, what truths lie beneath.  
The binds of our collective minds bore no insight  
We were surface dwellers;  
We never ventured past the crust.  
We feel in love with assumptions.  
With all the feeling and glow that followed.

There was compatibility in touch, comparability and such  
Where was our tomorrow? I finally opened her binder.  
I find her table of contents, her dedication and forward.  
There were a few references combined with a thesaurus.  
She’d been plagiarized, and bookmarked  
Dog-eared and quoted, post scripted and noted.

I read her tale, and then we set sail on an epilog.  
Read not what’s in front of you, the titles intriguing.  
Turn the page and if the title fits, check it out.

## One Of Those Dreams

I was in a euphoric state of mind  
Smoking some very fine Columbian.  
There was no worry of tomorrow  
There was no stress to escape.  
It was purely recreational in the year 1978

The war was over; the hippies were older.  
Big Brother was in his infancy  
Looking over your shoulder  
It was only ten years after a city in ruin  
The tension of oppression had the people stewing.

Now there was a semblance of peace  
Free love still ruled and I was nowhere near my peak.  
I was the caresser the well dresser the offer of passion.  
I was artisan to frame and canvas  
Sculptor of clay and granite, I'm not from this planet.

I hovered above cloud and earth  
I visited the place of my birth  
A mile deep in oceanic pressure  
Breathing in the sea, free of cord  
I surfaced fast and hard, replacing water for air.

Through my blowhole with no despair  
A rainbow followed my shower  
I devoured the feast before me  
I tasted the wine, and lit the final spliff.  
Laughing foolishly, I smiled, it's but a dream.

**Robert  
Gibbons**

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*The Year of the Poet ~ August 2014*

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

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

[www.threeroomspress.com](http://www.threeroomspress.com)

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[www.facebook.com/jamesmercerlangstonhughes](http://www.facebook.com/jamesmercerlangstonhughes)

## the choke hold

we thought we would never see it again, the vintage shots  
we pull from  
the back of the computer, oh how we glorify of our  
progress, our  
disdain to give priority or affirmative action, we say, it no  
longer  
exist, resist and only resist, mothers still teach their young  
men  
of color to take their hands out of their pockets, not to be so  
quick  
to talk back and make irreparable judgments,

we though we would never see it again, the choke hold, and  
what  
is the color of crime, a line between upper and downer,  
a show  
for the out of townner, but the riot is not in Harlem and it is  
not all  
clemency and pardon, the choke hold, a fool the eye, bag  
of tricks, a mix of sinister and complex, and what is the  
color of crime  
when there are two sides to the story, a tamper with the  
evidence

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a killing that does not make sense, and if there are cold  
cases, there  
are still faces that remain to weep, the soul will not keep in  
the mid of  
gun fire, the liar has no respective person, and what is the  
color of crime  
blue batons and black robes, red bandanas, or gray hoodies,  
multi  
color sneakers walking across the subway tunnel, paste  
paper white  
eating funnel cakes

and we thought we would never see it again, her blind  
justice, in front  
to scale, her habeas corpus, her trial by jury, to be innocent  
without  
impunity, and she sometimes stands alone, another brother  
with a long  
chain gone.

## the power of ashe

“One tree can not make a forest.” (Nigerian proverb)

for all the fathers on this journey, the teachers  
and preachers and leaders and warriors  
for the kings of kings with manly stories

say ashe, ashe, for all times with blood  
of their hand, and call themselves a man  
for baby’s daddy driving big caddy  
with chain and pimp; with strut and limp  
ashe

for you who disown, because of divorce  
distress; dissension, ego and pretension  
for break up, break down, shake up  
and shake down, she left, you left  
they left, pack, ran, hid, on the underground

ran away, made a play, could not take anymore  
had enough, got beat, was a cheat  
could not take the heat, sat in the back  
call yourself a mac: I say ashe

for all the daddies of other men children  
live so they we could do better  
for the uncles, and brothers, god fathers  
and sitters, and brothers with little sister  
and baby sitter; taking us to the football  
game; gave us our gold chain; ashe

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daddy, father; shot caller, baller, brother  
friend; men we will live with seed  
with deed to the house; momma did not  
make us no louse; with pants and tie  
and shirt, and suit, is breasted; is tested  
a chest with muscle; you need us

you weaned us, a man with plan, a father  
his hold has big fingers, that  
manly touch you love so much, it is in the  
power of him; it is because he towers  
he falters but he rises; he sizes  
you up to manhood.

## true Kings raise new Kings

*“Even the greatest men are owls, scarecrows, by their time their fame has come.” ~ William Butler Yeats*

and I call to him, but no answer  
the he that is he; I wanted to know  
if he is still here, the one left of me  
on the playground and told me  
to man-up; a fatherless in a father  
land, speaking into his death chamber  
as his body becomes toxic, as he  
injects into me the same pain of being  
fatherless, he that is he, puts his arms  
around in aesthetic distance, for me  
not to remember that he is a failure

and me not to care, just his manliness  
the basso continuo of his voice, the swagger  
of his character, and he is rotten in this  
family tree, his name and my name  
becomes one; the sum of this symbiosis  
of our relation; he did not answer, so

I will try again, maybe next year during  
another father's day; maybe his voice  
will reappear from the gutter of Newark  
maybe the school clothes he bought  
will not become hand-me-down, my  
brother could cope, but I could not  
and they say you have too  
and they say you did well

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well, that is what they say, I know  
it is hard on father's day with all  
the colorful ties and cologne  
with the few items in which to choose  
from the few positive images too  
admire, I know it is hard with the margins  
as low, but to court is big, hard being  
in arrears, being DNA, a reality TV  
being branded and slaughtered  
as token as represented as example

I know it is hard coming home  
to reclaim your seed when you left  
on the long road up eye ninety five  
to another family that will claim him  
will take all his possession upon  
his death; I should not care, because  
I have the gift; the name and that  
can not be taken away.

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neetu  
Wali

*The Year of the Poet ~ August 2014*



## *The Year of the Poet ~ August 2014*

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

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

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

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

## True Way

Fruit of insanity hits my head  
And i fall upwards  
Law of gravity  
Defies its own rule  
Every step a unique school  
As i sit still, i see the one who stands in hustle  
It doesn't fall either side  
I see them weeding  
I laugh in the midst of my field of rice  
what's weed, what's rice  
Don't cut them, just let them free  
And shine the light of one bright pearl  
Whip a cart, it wont move an inch  
A good horse drives a cart running  
Even at the shadow of a whip

True way is every day  
It is no mind, no Buddha, no thing  
It doesn't belong to perception  
Nor does it belong to no-perception  
Cognitive is delusion  
Non-cognitive is senseless  
How does a mirror touch the ground  
I don't look into the mirror  
Love to see me through the glass pieces  
Ah! I failed once again  
The verses make me feel elated

## Buddha

Siddhartha becomes Buddha  
Or is it that  
Buddha gets Siddhartha  
Out of his self  
Nirvana  
Is not about becoming  
It is about unbecoming  
Untying, unleashing,  
Unseeing, unabsorbing,  
Unemitting, unending  
Unmending you  
Nirvana is what Buddha  
Was, is and will be  
Inside every Siddhartha  
Buddha taught to be  
And the world sets out to be Buddha  
Want to be the best at it  
Buddha taught the dharma of  
As it is  
And the world said  
We will be  
Buddha must be laughing  
At this race  
I am sure, had he been  
He would have loved  
To lose the race

## Eloquence in Silence

What is  
Eloquence in silence  
I asked Buddha  
Buddha smiled like a child  
Closed his eyes  
And walked away  
With his eyes closed

Make me your warrior , i pleaded  
Buddha looked at me  
Eyes rising like sun  
Gifted me his sword  
smiled and said  
Have faith in me  
Walk my way  
But if you happen to  
Meet me on the way  
Kill me with my sword  
I would be delighted  
To taste the sword  
sharp enough to hit me  
I want you to be  
The first and last you

Knowing that my know-how is limited  
Still the golden dust of my know-how  
Gets stuck to me  
Hiding the earthen me  
Only Buddha knows  
The way to reveal  
The real Buddha in me

**Shareef  
Abdur  
Rasheed**

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## *The Year of the Poet ~ August 2014*

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

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

Shareef is the Patriarch of the Abdur-Rasheed Family with 9 Children (6 Sons and 3 Daughters) and 42 Grandchildren (24 Boys and 18 Girls).

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

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

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

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

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

callous...,,

grows the heart who knows  
pain heaped upon  
scarred deep!  
often to deep to speak on  
but never does this damaged  
heart not weep!  
pain never sleeps!  
but tears don't appear  
the tears are there though  
silently flow  
but you don't know, your  
unaware  
forgiveness has gone away,  
where?  
along with god fear  
but yet we forget and dear  
to beg forgiveness appear  
on behalf of our own souls  
but when forgiveness is  
requested for another  
suggested the same..,  
the heart remains..,  
cold!

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unable to take hate  
off the table that has seeped  
into our hearts to fester  
though we still beg at will  
forgiveness much requested  
from hearts grown hard ,  
torn apart from the merciless  
acts in which we have invested!  
for only love is the cure that can  
turn hearts once contaminated,  
clean, pure, uncongested!  
capable to grant forgiveness  
requested!

food 4 thought!

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streets..,

tell stories without words  
tell stories about days  
come 'n' gone away  
remain the same  
cold, merciless, full of  
game  
condemn many poor souls  
to life of pain  
who went to it seeking  
fortune, fame, to make a  
name  
came up lost, lame  
tossed, corpse without a  
name  
streets don't love, pity,  
care  
many faceless come 'n' go  
without traces there!  
dem streets still there tho  
always cold  
no matter now or days of  
old!  
listen to the wind and  
stories unfold  
what was, is now!  
what's new is old!  
hustle, bustle, using muscle  
flexed  
challenge streets in a tussle

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always come up vexed  
chalk up another, streets say  
"next!!"  
it don't love never, no one  
but you love it endeavor  
to get some!  
not loving yourself and the  
main one who's there for you  
forever  
the maker, life giver, taker of  
everyone  
"don't love that what don't  
love you back"  
like streets cold, stories told  
of many, many lost souls  
looking for gold, story old  
stories told how they  
come 'n' go!

food 4 thought!

ironic..,

that death releases one from  
the moronic demands that  
this life imposes on man,  
women, children, humans  
of all stripes experience  
a fight through out life  
always drama, ignorance,  
evil being a part of the  
plight!  
in spite of that deal..,  
all want benevolence to  
feel  
and ironically the living  
are left to deal with  
what the one who departed  
parted with  
causing stress, mischief,  
misgivings among the living  
dear ones who passed who once  
coveted what they amassed  
now have turned their attention  
fast to the questions they'll be  
asked by the examiner who don't  
care what your status was when  
they were here

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his job is to absolutely adhere  
to his duty made clear  
from the only one that day who  
has the final say  
concerning how all will be paid  
they who have made their bed and  
in it they shall lay  
when the verdict is read on that  
dreadful day!

food 4 thought!

*The Year of the Poet ~ August 2014*

**Kimberly  
Burnham**

*The Year of the Poet ~ August 2014*



## *The Year of the Poet ~ August 2014*

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

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

You can find Kimberly ...

<http://www.KimberlyBurnhamPhD.com>

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

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

## Turtle Trail

Three turtle tails  
stirring the water  
as they sun themselves  
on a log near the shore

Slowly, cautiously  
ready to dive  
a moment's notice  
at a shadow from over head  
swirling sounds of gravel  
crunching  
a child's voice soaring into the air

They will leave this place  
in fear where  
they have sought  
the light and warmth of life  
sunning themselves  
for a time

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Searching out rays of sunshine  
warm on their hard shells  
soft neck turtles  
know how to live  
finding the moment  
the sought after sun  
the cool safe darkness  
at the marsh's edge

Pondering my edges  
as I bicycle by  
stopping to peer  
into the water  
where they go  
dropping off the edge  
into another familiar experience

## Twins Times Two at Fifty-Six

You see me  
but you don't know  
I am not the grandmother

"Can I sit on your lap."  
the five year old looks at me  
as adorable as her mother  
her twin brother  
wants the other knee  
as we three  
peer at black and white lines  
Frozen coloring drawings

You see  
I have something  
their mother doesn't  
a printer attached to my computer

Kids are so resilient  
here we are two weeks  
after meeting  
a picture printed earlier  
colored beautifully  
by an eight year old  
flutters on my fridge  
a summer breeze  
blowing through the window

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How old are you  
the five year old waiting  
for a picture to print  
fifty-six  
that is not as old as my great grandma  
she is ninety-two

Some would say  
I am having a family backwards  
my younger sister has three grandchildren  
just a little younger than these  
still I am blending  
into this family

Is she going to be our step mom  
the eight year old asks  
when they are told  
Mommy has a girlfriend.

More questions ...  
before you moved here,  
did you know our mom came with kids?  
yes and I hope  
the questions keep coming  
as I take a place in this family

## Osprey

Where is the osprey nest  
I seek a passerby  
intent on seeing  
this magnificent bird  
as I bicycle

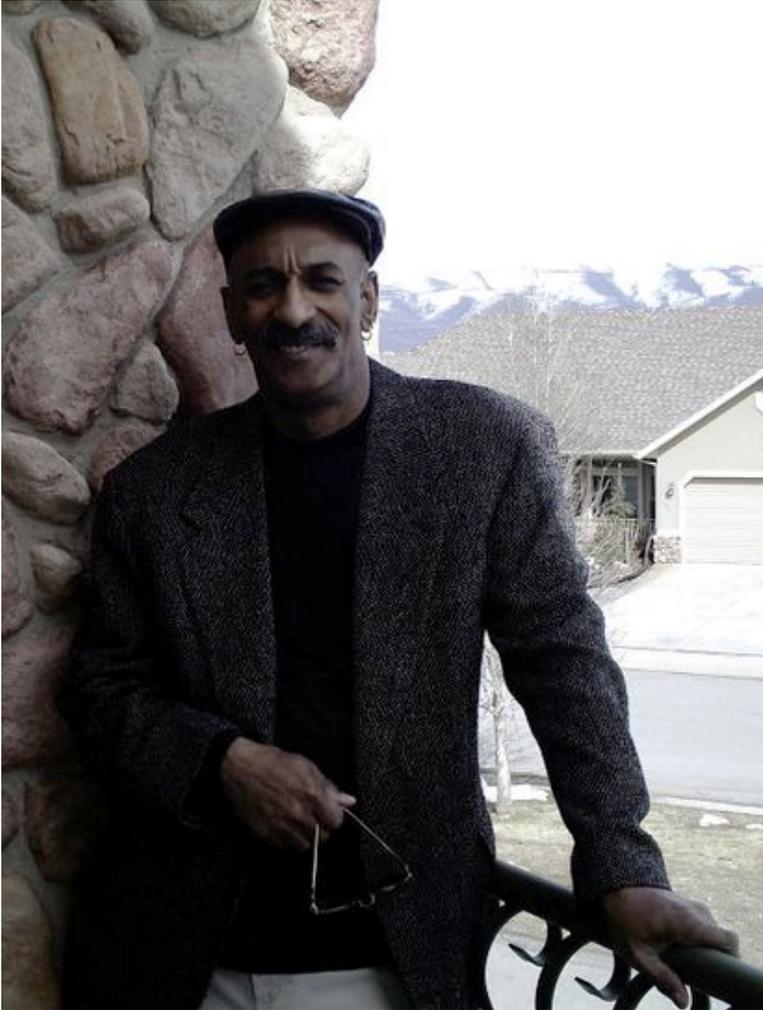
Across the country  
many birds seen  
with friends I search  
sky, water, trees  
rewarded by a glimpse  
life free to soar

Bridges, lofty places,  
the Coeur D'Alene Trail  
home to another osprey,  
blue herons, red winged black birds,  
deep blue and white tree swallows  
weaving a journey home

A third osprey spreads it's wings  
taking flight as my canoe nears her nest  
thrilling love and children  
her call protecting family  
swooping, gliding, drawing us away  
on our own journey  
of love and beauty and connection  
as the sun beat down on us all

**William  
S.  
Peters, Sr.**

*The Year of the Poet ~ August 2014*



## *The Year of the Poet ~ August 2014*

Bill's writing career spans a period quickly approaching 50 years. Being first Published in 1972, Bill has since went on to Author 28 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](http://www.iaminnerchild.com)

Personal Web Site

[www.iamjustbill.com](http://www.iamjustbill.com)

where is the poetry ?

there is nothing funny about it

at the end of the month  
i am grateful to have \$100.00 left over  
and yet  
there are many people  
who have not had a hundred dollars  
all month  
yet there is so much affluence everywhere  
a million a billion airs

think about it

where is the poetry ?

i have had my choice of fare  
and i hungered not  
i am grateful  
and yet  
others have not been nearly as fortunate  
life offered no smorgasbord  
save that of miseries  
that sat on the throne  
of an empty stomach

think about it

where is the poetry ?

my body is whole, i suffer not  
and smiles come easily

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for about me is an abundance  
that offers a light of quiet expectation  
upon this given life path  
i am grateful  
this is in lieu of  
the disdain, despair and despondence  
of my brothers and my sisters  
i am grateful

think about it

where is the poetry ?

my life is cloaked with a semi certain peace  
and strife does not often affront me  
most times  
there are no common explosions  
that threaten my being  
and i am grateful  
yet, my family is at war  
over the most trivial things  
giving no regard of the heavens  
and i weep

think about it

where is the poetry ?

Greed and deceits are becoming more prolific  
i have to endure no lack  
save that of my choices  
spiritually, mentally, emotionally, physically  
but do i stand alone  
in this humble observation  
of our state of becoming

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for this truth albeit not quite yet global  
is growing unto its own  
and the children cry out

think about it

where is the poetry ?

i ask myself  
each and every day  
as i look out upon the horizons  
of the possibilities  
that hope and dreams offer  
to those who still do  
and i dream for you  
for us  
for those whose  
are of their own devices

think about it

where is the poetry ?

and my question remains  
upon the my beating breast  
to my self  
to you  
to us all

where is the poetry ?

*Remember, anyone you help is a help to the whole . . .  
open your heart and reach out . . .*

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a ~ musing

i danced across the fields, the plains  
strewn with weeds and flowers of wild  
breathing in the abundance and smiles  
for i am a Child of the universe

this was created of, by and in me  
for i am a part of the whole you see  
i see you, i see me, i see

Brother Wind comes to visit  
bringing gifts from afar  
and tales of his travels  
beyond the horizons  
and we come to know them  
in our dreams

the Sun still graces us with its embrace  
and i turn my face its way  
and the whispers speak to my Soul  
“seek ye my face”

i said to myself  
“thy face will i seek”  
and my heart became gladdened  
for i have submitted my way to beauty  
and She danced upon my expectations  
offering orgasms of truth complete

and we danced together  
to the unheard rhythms and melodies  
and we became harmonic  
as i danced across the fields, the plains  
strewn with weeds and flowers of wild

coming soon to a Universe within you

as the pendulum swings  
will come the time  
when this 10,000 year day of suffering  
shall come to an end  
and those who were last  
shall become first  
those who were lowly  
shall be exalted  
and those who cried in anguish  
shall weep for joy

to those who have  
and give not  
it shall be taken away from you  
that the balance shall be re established  
as was the design

no piece of the fabric  
may refute and change the whole  
completely  
a wrinkle does not make  
the whole of the cloth,  
nay for time shall press  
all errancies away  
into the ether of the forgotten

the veil has been woven  
but fades with the Sunrise  
for it is ever present  
somewhere

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and soon shall visit upon  
this little corner of obscurity  
where the shadows  
thought themselves to be kings

we shall not rejoice  
nor shall we dance in their presence,  
nay, we shall offer our hands  
that they may see their lot  
was not to be the lot  
of the children of the One

do not turn and look back  
for that pillar of salt awaits all  
who choose to forsake the word  
of Life

the sacred geometry is perfect  
in its expressions  
quiet child . . . listen  
and the Universe will speak to its self  
that which is within you  
for in silence  
there is clarity  
and we come to “the know”  
as the pendulum swings

coming soon to a Universe within you.

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# August Features



Ann White

Rosalind Cherry

Sheila Jenkins

*The Year of the Poet ~ August 2014*

and  
White

*The Year of the Poet ~ August 2014*



## *The Year of the Poet ~ August 2014*

Ann White is the founder, visionary and magic maker of The Creating Calm Network – a global broadcast group dedicated to informing, inspiring, and motivating others to enjoy a holistic, healthy and loving lifestyle as well as co-creating a sustainable planet.

Along with Kimberly Burnham, poet, Integrative Medicine Guru, and author, she owns the Creating Calm Network Publishing Group guiding authors from the idea through their launch.

Formerly a divorce trial attorney, rabbi, and trauma chaplain where your worst nightmare can become a reality, Ann lives a quiet life with her two dogs in, of all places, Sheboygan, Wisconsin – where she also officiates magical and sacred weddings.

This collection of poetry is inspired by Kyane Howland, founder of the Odd Duck Society. Ann joined as a respite from her hermit life and Kyane had the nerve to “force” Ann to write poetry. The lost sock reference is a hats-off to Clancy of the group who writes of the meaning of life and the whereabouts of lost socks.

You can find Ann at :

[www.CreatingCalmNetwork.com](http://www.CreatingCalmNetwork.com)

[www.CreatingCalmNetworkPublishingGroup.com](http://www.CreatingCalmNetworkPublishingGroup.com)

[www.WeddingsByAnnWhite.com](http://www.WeddingsByAnnWhite.com)

## The Zippers of Life

Open close open close

Letting life inhale and exhale

The zip of my lips to keep my thoughts to myself

The zip of a baggie to preserve our food yet pollute our  
world

The zip of sex, wanted or unwanted, joyful or filled with  
fear

The zip of a prom dress, wedding dress, tuxedo or tight  
blue jeans

Zip cars for rent – zip lines to traverse the treetops

The embarrassment when your zipper breaks

Or when you become undone, unzipped

Who invented the zipper and what a weird invention when  
a button would do

I'd rather just sing Zippidity Doo Dah with Mr. Bluebird on  
my shoulder

Cuz it's the truth, it's actual, everything is satisfactual.

## I Am The Sky

Where does the sky stop and where do I begin?

Or are we one?

I am the sky and the sky is me

Waking each morning with golden promises of a new day

And setting each night with red and orange panoramic  
caresses

I am the sky and the sky is me

I am cloudy and sometimes stark

I have my monochromatic moments of steely gray

And moments when I am all puffed up and blowing giant  
clouds across the heavens

I am wild winds and stormy skies

Sunny days of picnics and play

Rainy nights of reflection and muddy puddles

As the sky, I am free to stretch beyond any limits

Free to be whatever I choose whenever I want – fickle  
some call me

Forecasters just don't get me

I have a mind of my own and I love the wonder of surprise

I am the sky and the sky is me.

## I Am the Girl of the Shadows

I am the girl of the shadows  
Hiding from the gaze of others  
Shy and afraid  
Moving from shadow to light  
From black to white to gray to brilliant color back to black  
at times

Hiding under a table  
Wiping my tears with my braid  
Hiding so no one would know my pain

I am the girl of the shadows  
Rebirthing into rainbows  
Finding butterflies and dragonflies shimmering across  
ponds  
Flying with them  
Knowing I can rebirth myself  
Birthing life  
Birthing love  
Birthing passion  
Connecting with all there is – people, places, powerful  
loving moments  
Coloring outside the lines  
I am the girl of the shadows no more  
I am the rainbow.

## Disbelief in Magic

Disbelief in magic creates a darkness of the soul  
A heavy heart  
A hardening of the mind

Disbelief in magic turns out the lights of whimsy and  
Shuts down the writer's pen

Magic lifts the vibration of the world  
It causes old people to fall in love  
And other people to skip with delight

Magical dragonflies shimmer past your sparkling eyes  
Unicorns prance through your bedroom at dusk  
Your pen writes poems in brilliant glitter borrowed from  
the rainbows  
Your heart pumps lyrics with notes dancing across the sky  
like gossamer bubbles

Magic enlivens your soul  
Ballerinas, faeries, trotting trolls, knowing gnomes come  
alive  
Who dares to disbelieve in magic?  
Shake them  
Shock them  
Wrestle them to the ground in a magical tickle-fest  
Until they open their heart to the brilliance and sparkle of  
all that can be  
and is  
When you believe in magic

## The Blob

The dark slimy blob floated toward the ocean's shore,  
blobbing and bobbing with the rhythm of the waves  
Shimmering in the moonlit night, glowing like a magical  
globe with the glitter lights of civilizations shouting to be  
seen

But instead of life, it was a globe of death

A blob of oil entangling the souls of what might have been  
I know now that losing love can sometimes feel like the  
lost sock the dryer ate

Feeling loss can be like the important papers tucked in that  
safe place you can never find, yet you continue to search  
for what you value

Feeling the hole in the soul echoing like the creaking door  
in a dark and empty cathedral

Smelling the same musty memories

Memories of good times and bad

Life and death

Hope and loss

The blob floated to the tangle of sea grasses and impaled  
itself there

A sign to the world that the heart of the ocean – the soul of  
the sea creatures – the light of the world is dimming by our  
careless abandon and disregard.

Turn out the light and go to sleep – it's over now.

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**It Was**

It was new beginnings and endings of the old

It was my frozen heart – so dark and still

It was the light of spring bursting through the weight of the  
snow

It was the silence of old words and the melody of new  
lyrics

It was the quiet act of shouting and the noisy time of  
meditation

It was the best of times I forgot to notice

And the worst of times with which I did my best

As it was the end

It was also the beginning

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**Rosalind  
Cherry**

*The Year of the Poet ~ August 2014*



## *The Year of the Poet ~ August 2014*

Rosalind Cherry is an Author . . . Poetess . . . Songstress born in and currently residing in Jersey City, NJ. Although both of her parents Mr. John Cherry and Mrs., Sallie Mae Cherry; have passed on she promised her father that she'd keep pursuing the dream. Five books later she's continuing to keep her word.

Her Brother Calvin is a constant supporter and cheerleader of every endeavor she conjures. He encourages her to NEVER put that pen of hers down and to keep on expressing herself.

Ms. Cherry is not only a Writer / Poet, but also a Performing Artist and Singer who possesses a very wonderful voice. Her poetry is very lyrical in its structure as well as emotionally moving.

You can find her books on Amazon's Rosalind Cherry Page In both E-book format or paperback

<http://tinyurl.com/Rosalind-Cherry> via @amazon

## She Was Beautiful

She was beautiful  
in his eyes  
he loved the fragrance  
she wore  
adored the way  
she tended to his needs.

For she was  
his breath of fresh air  
in the rise  
of the morning  
he smiled  
she'd return it back  
she had that special look  
always for him  
only.

Then they would begin  
to hold hands together  
precious moments  
between them both  
continue on their walks  
carrying on  
their lovely conversations  
beautiful.

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He knew there was  
no other woman  
who could take  
his heart  
she could  
never be replaced  
he looked up  
towards the Heavens.

She came into his life  
at the perfect time  
he felt her soul  
yet her beauty  
was priceless  
it was the way  
she felt for him.

When she whispered  
those special words  
he'd been waiting on  
for so long  
upon the moonlight traces  
of the bright stars.  
I Love You

## In The Storm

In the storm  
Wondering  
how she was  
going to survive just  
one more given  
day.

She lost the  
track record of drowning  
off of her tears  
to the once forgotten  
times when things  
just got to  
bad.

There was the  
rage of the storm  
broken windows the sounds  
made her want to  
run but to  
where?  
trapped in  
her own dwelling  
making her sick  
eyes were weak and the  
shatter of the  
glass broke through  
as she raised  
her hands up  
she was cut  
up.

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Tears came falling  
naturally it  
was so easy to  
see how she  
became so afraid  
she grabbed  
her blanket went to  
the nearest closet  
along the way it  
was a mess.  
Clothes and furniture  
being flipped from  
one side of the room to  
the other  
her favorite things  
were all around  
and broken  
at this moment  
so was her  
spirit.  
She had her  
flashlight  
in her hands  
left in the  
corner of the  
closet she took that  
bible and placed it  
in her hands  
praying.

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As the strong winds  
were harsh and nothing  
seemed to matter  
until she started  
to read and remember  
her faith in  
God.  
She rode out  
in that storm all  
night long  
couldn't take it there  
was something  
she had to  
understand it was  
meant for her  
to be in that  
closet.  
Tired and worn  
out beaten from the  
woes and the misery  
that was overriding her  
Soul then she felt  
the need to keep on  
reading.  
She held  
The bible close  
by her chest  
she finally figured out  
she had all the comforts  
she needed she  
took back on

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her faith by  
morning there was a lot  
of damage yes.  
Yet it was  
God who spared  
her life. She  
sat there in  
silence being so  
thankful  
She made her  
way out of  
the closet going over  
broken pieces of  
her life once she  
was able to  
make it to  
the front door  
she gave her  
praises"  
Amen"

## Poetry Took My Soul

Poetry took my  
soul it was there  
when my eyes  
were alert to see  
many blessings that  
were brought before me  
words.

How could one describe  
it see the words coming  
from inside of a  
mind that stimulated  
my soul  
I could dwell  
in this peaceful  
place.

My feelings that  
could very well come  
to life, there  
has been  
those moments  
I begin to  
wonder what if  
there was to be  
none?

Shattered to think  
of those thoughts  
that if I  
could not reach  
out for my pen

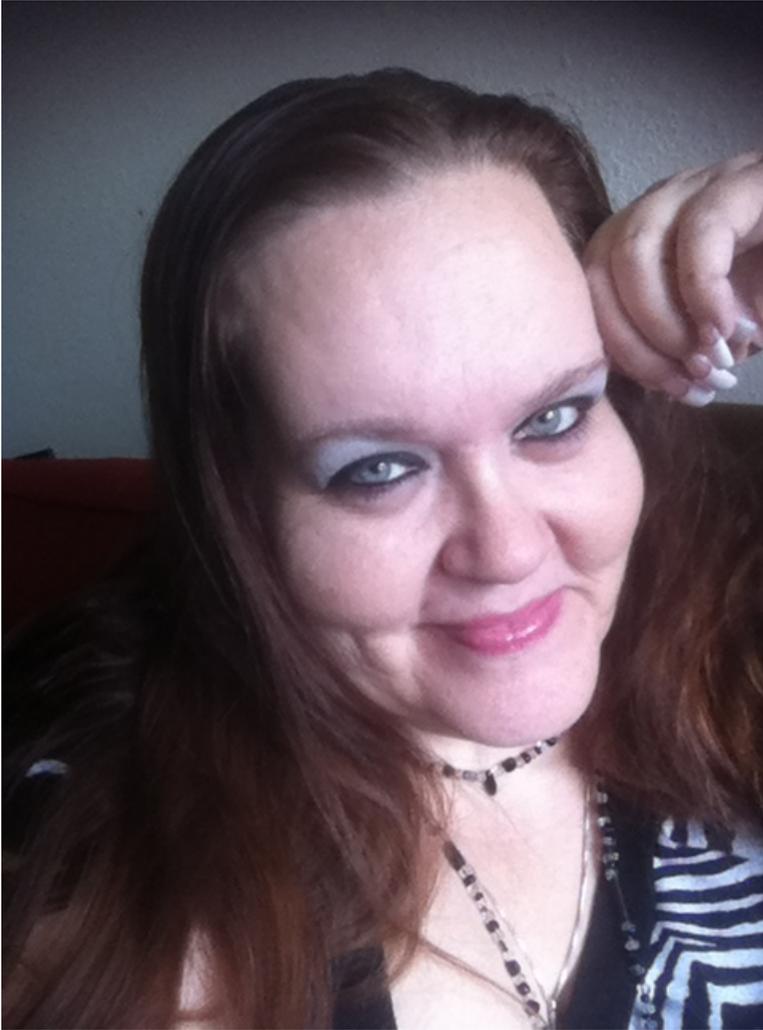
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for it could not  
dry out for  
my soul pours  
out my words  
destiny.  
I can see  
the visuals of  
of heaven or  
to imagine if  
I was nearby a waterfall  
or to place the rarest  
flower upon my  
hair  
Even about life  
what takes place  
in any given day  
I shall refrain  
from tears all  
I want to embrace  
my writes what  
I feel then I  
shall begin to  
scribe.  
Poetry Took My Soul  
Never taken to  
a point to never ending  
story to my life  
let Poetry live  
on.

*The Year of the Poet ~ August 2014*

**Sheila  
Jenkins**

*The Year of the Poet ~ August 2014*



## *The Year of the Poet ~ August 2014*

Sheila says . . .

I have been writing since I was a teenager. Over the years, writing has become who I am, not what I do. I write on a range of subjects that many relate too. I am a mother, grandmother, and currently a student.

you can connect with Sheila here :

[https://www.facebook.com/mspoeticthickness?ref\\_type=bookmark](https://www.facebook.com/mspoeticthickness?ref_type=bookmark)

<https://www.facebook.com/ohsheila68>

## If I Were You

I would break promises  
Speak words of love  
Knowing they were lies

Place my own selfish desires  
Above everyone else's  
Because I am all that matters

Walk away from my responsibilities  
Leave my children with their mother's  
Never caring to be involved in their lives

I would sleep around  
Bouncing from one bedroom  
Into another...because I can

There would be a jar of broken hearts  
Sitting among a waterfall of tears  
Displaying my handiwork

My mouth would lure you in  
As love danced across my lips  
Seeking only to please myself

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Life would be laced with party scenes  
A harem of women to dine upon nightly  
All while pulling at the strings of their lonely hearts

Games would be played  
Honesty would be a word I never used  
Commitment would never be birthed

Loneliness would be my future  
Fear lurking around every corner  
Because I will reap what I sow

## Ebony Goddess

The sun beats down upon her  
Her ebony skin glistens  
She wears a smile  
Even though she struggles

Daily there is something...someone  
Attempting to hold her down  
Hold her back  
Steal her joy...her radiant smile

Her Spirit refuses to satisfy their hunger  
Though they tear at her dreams  
Belittle her intellect  
Abuse her body

With the strength of ten thousand men  
She continues to journey  
Forward  
Using their ignorance and hatred as her footstool

Her beauty  
Demands attention  
Like the Serengeti  
There is so much more to her...than what eyes see

There are days she screams  
Ready to give up  
Let them win  
Quit

But then she looks at her reflection  
Her mocha skin reminding her  
From whence she came  
The struggles she has already faced...already won

*The Year of the Poet ~ August 2014*

With a renewed essence  
She prepares herself for another day  
Dressing in her very best native clothing  
Representing her lineage with the finest gele

Many will come  
They will hurl their darts of hatred  
Inequality spewed forth through 'laws'  
Secretly plotting her demise

But they do not know her power  
They have not seen her strength  
For she is embodied with the blood of her ancestors  
Continuing the struggle that started with them

Although she may get weary  
They shall not see her weep  
Nor will they break her determination  
They will not be victorious

She prays to Yahweh  
Feeling her Spirit stir within  
Words of encouragement fill her  
As she smiles once more

The daughter of a slave  
Now the mother of her own  
The wife of a King  
The epitome of strength lies within her

The sun beats down upon her  
Her ebony skin glistens  
She wears a smile  
Even though she struggles

## Fairy tales, Dreams, and Words on Paper

As a little girl  
I had long blonde hair  
Big blue eyes

All I wanted was  
Love  
Sincere love

The kind that  
Didn't require me  
Losing my innocence

Every waking moment  
I sat in an  
Earthly hell

Looking in the faces of family  
Seeing nightmares  
Brought to life

Reading books  
Searching for a Prince  
Needing someone to save me

In the midst of  
All the hatred  
Love remained in me

I caught glimpses of  
Other little girls  
Their smiles were so pretty

*The Year of the Poet ~ August 2014*

Laughter and laced dresses  
Daddy's holding their hand  
Mother's sharing kisses

I assumed I was adopted  
None of that happened at  
9 Lily Boulevard

I wanted the fairy tale  
Needed him to come  
Save me from drowning

My tears  
My cries  
Was anyone listening?

Dreams filled with  
Growing up  
Having a family

Escaping  
God help me  
I need to get out of here

No Prince ever came  
The fairy tale was a lie  
Happiness was only words on paper

Today, that little girl lives  
I keep her safe  
Giving her the love she deserved then

There is still no Prince  
Fairy tales are for dreamers  
And my happiness is truly found in words on paper

## Love Games

He came to her  
Held her close  
Whispered promises  
He never intended to keep

Lies

A ring placed upon her finger  
I love you's falling on empty space  
Plans made to become one  
Cancelled two days before

Broken

Secrets uncovered  
Hidden conversations  
Revealed  
Unforeseen moments developed

Hurt

Her bitterness overflows  
She has been his pawn  
A game he chose to play  
Checkmate

Anger

She smiles in his face  
While her mind plots his demise  
Dreams of his life ending  
Bring her happiness

*The Year of the Poet ~ August 2014*

Reap

The room is layered with red rose petals  
Candles glowing  
Soft music fills the air  
Her body naked on the sin-filled mattress

Revenge

He drools seeing her there  
She pleases him one final time  
Sitting atop him, she glares at his face  
Slamming the knife in his chest

Rejuvenated

The blade shimmers in the candlelight  
As she stabs him repeatedly  
Watching the life leave his body  
Just as it left hers months ago

Loveless

His blood drips from the blade  
Glistens upon her sweaty flesh  
She laughs aloud  
Knowing she saved the world from him

## Unhappily Ever After

Alone

She sits in her dress  
Designer made original  
For her special day

The presents are unopened  
The cake hasn't been cut  
Her lipstick untouched  
Her vows never shared

No guests remain  
Remnants of an unsuccessful ceremony  
Surround her  
Crowd her

Her happily ever after  
The prince of her dreams  
The man who swore to never hurt her  
The one she gave herself too...gone

The sun fills the room  
As she sits at the piano  
Where he practiced the song  
He would sing to her today

She wanted a reason  
All he gave her  
Was a note  
'I'm not ready' he wrote

*The Year of the Poet ~ August 2014*

She looked at her dress  
Her perfectly styled hair  
Her nails painted a pale pink  
She wondered...why

No more tears fell  
As she stood  
Walked to the doors  
Closing them behind her

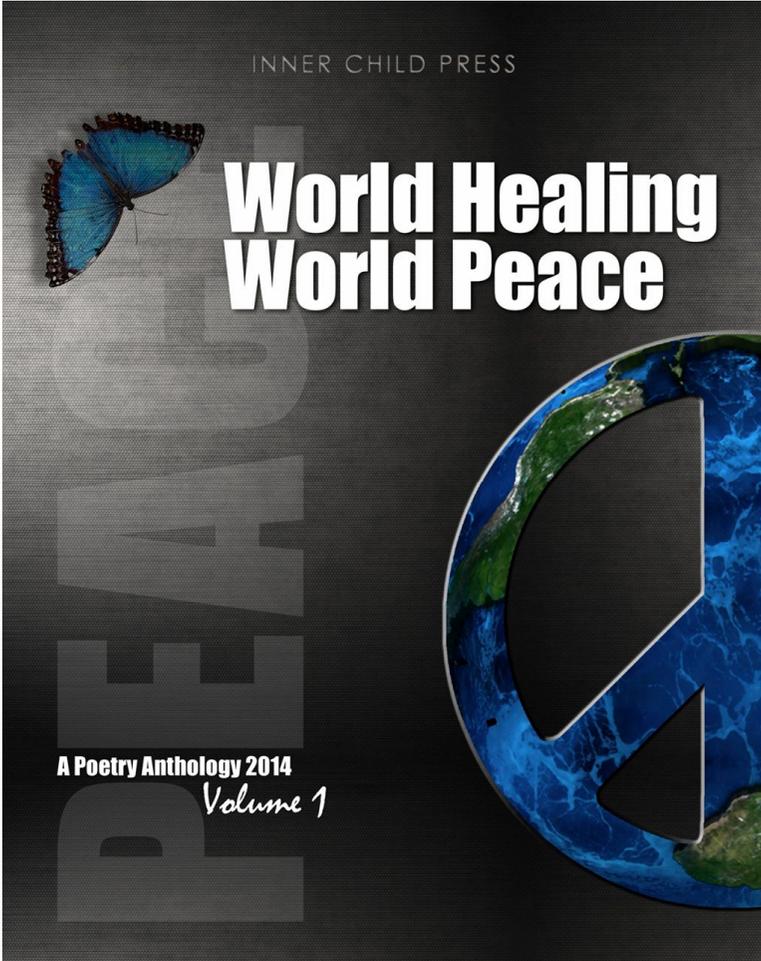
Today was to be her wedding day  
It was her beginning to a beautiful future  
With the man she loved for so long  
But it ended unhappily ever after

*The Year of the Poet ~ August 2014*

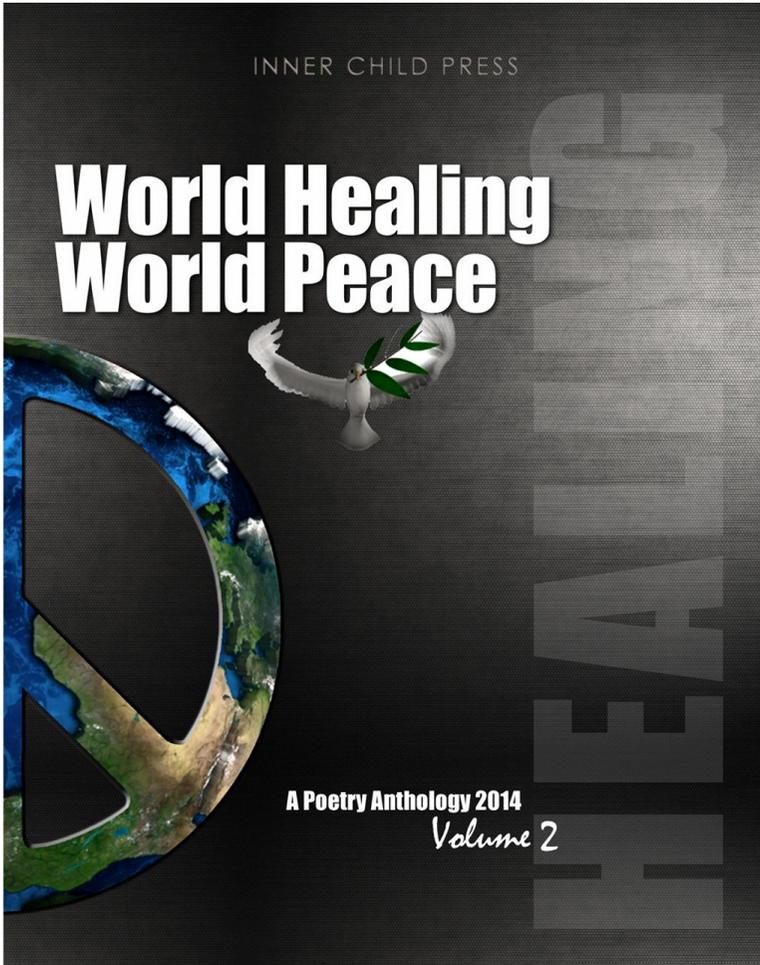
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The Year of the Poet

July 2014

July Feature Poets

Christena A. V. Williams  
Dr. John R. Strum  
Kolade Olanrewaju Freedom

*The Poetry Posse*

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



Lotus

Asian Flower of the Month

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June 2014



*Love & Relationship*

*Rose*

*June's Featured Poets*

Shantelle McLin  
Jacqueline D. E. Kennedy  
Abraham N. Benjamin

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Gail Weston Shazor  
Albert 'Infinite' Carrasco  
Siddhartha Beth Pierce  
Janet P. Caldwell  
June 'Bugg' Barefield  
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May 2014

May's Featured Poets

ReeCee  
Joski the Poet  
Shannon Stanton

Dedicated To our Children

The Poetry Posse

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Gail Weston Shazor  
Albert 'Infinite' Carrasco  
Siddartha Beth Pierce  
Janet P. Caldwell  
June 'Bugg' Barefield  
Debbie M. Allen  
Tony Henninger  
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Robert Gibbons  
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Lily of the Valley

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April 2014

The Poetry Posse

Jamie Bond  
Gail Weston Shezor  
Albert Infinite Carrasco  
Siddhartha Beth Pierce  
Janet P. Caldwell  
June Bugg Barefield  
Debbie M. Allen  
Tony Henninger  
Joe DeVerbal Minddancer  
Robert Gibbons  
Neetu Wali  
Shareef Abdur-Rasheed  
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Our April Featured Poets

Fahredin Shehu  
Martina Reisz Newberry  
Justin Blackburn  
Monte Smith



Sweet Pea

celebrating international poetry month

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The Poetry Posse

March 2014

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  
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daffodil

Our March Featured Poets

Alicia C. Cooper & hülya yılmaz

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February 2014



violets

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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  
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*Our February Features*

Teresa E. Gallion & Robert Gibson

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January 2014



Carnation

The Poetry Posse

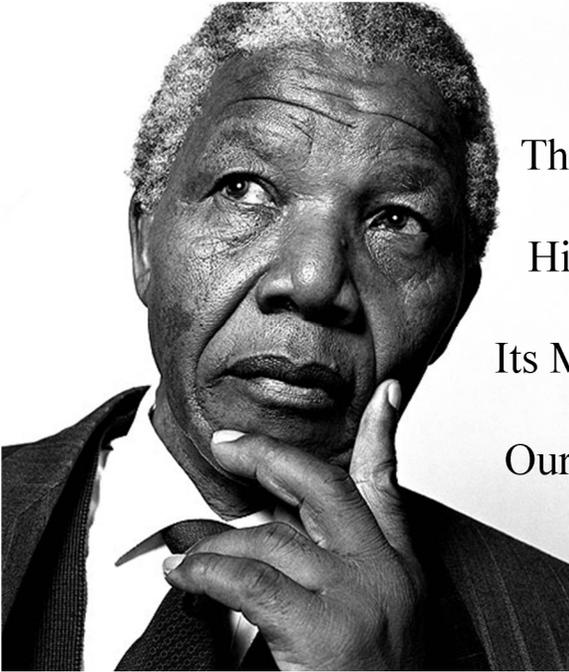
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Our January Feature

Terri L. Johnson

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# Mandela



The Man

His Life

Its Meaning

Our Words

Poetry . . . Commentary & Stories

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## **A GATHERING OF WORDS**

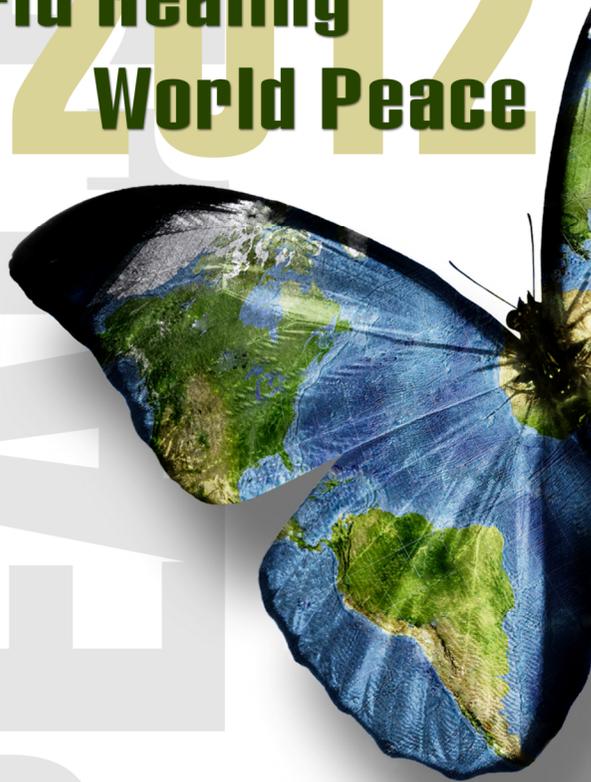


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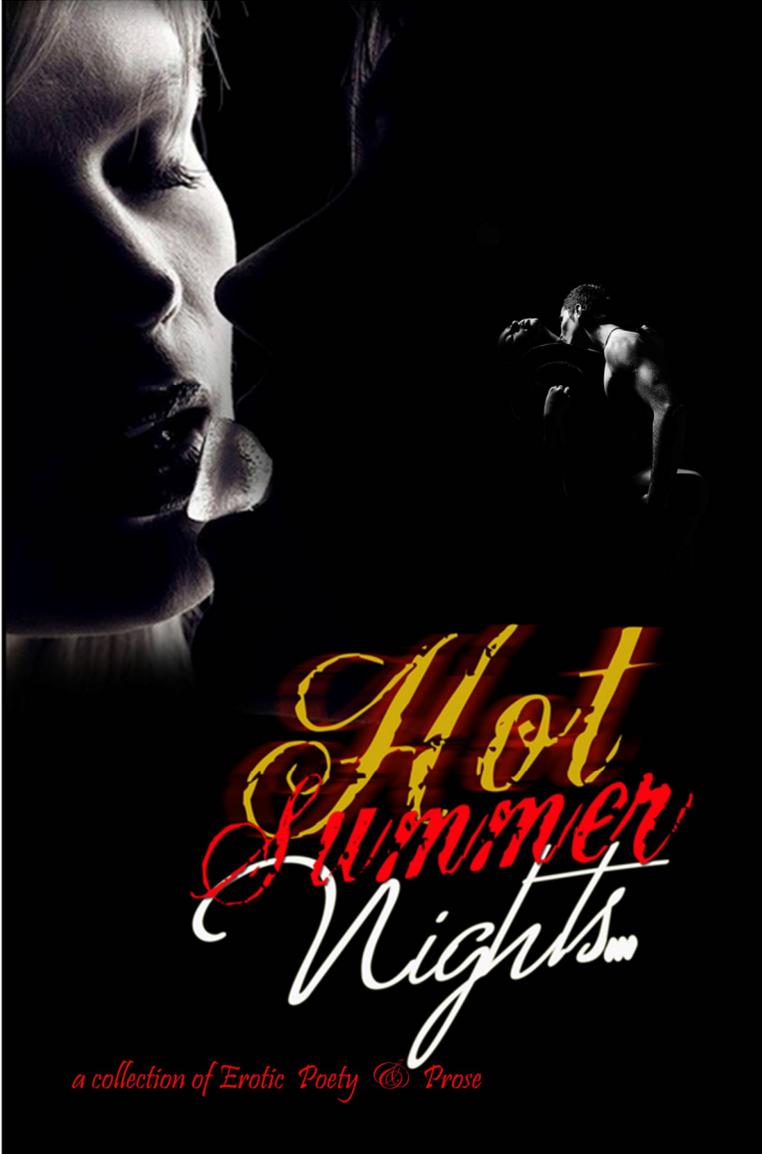
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*healing through words*

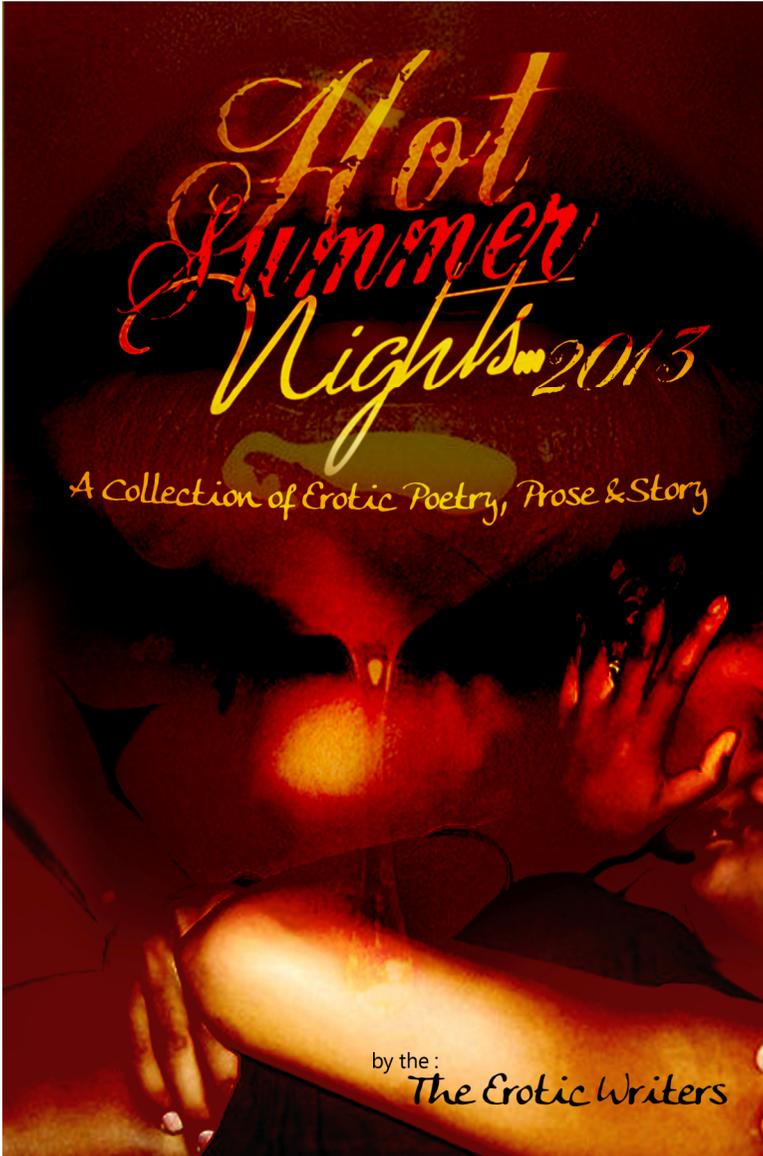


*Poetry ... Prose ... Prayer ... Stories*

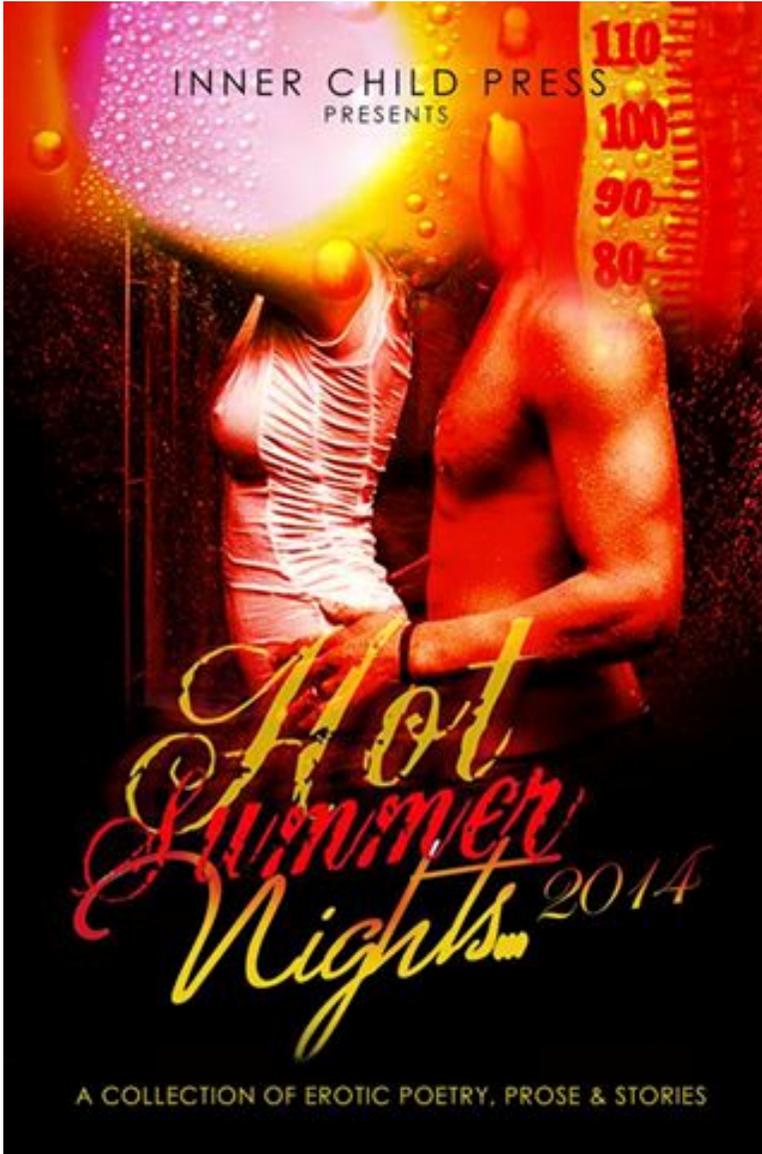
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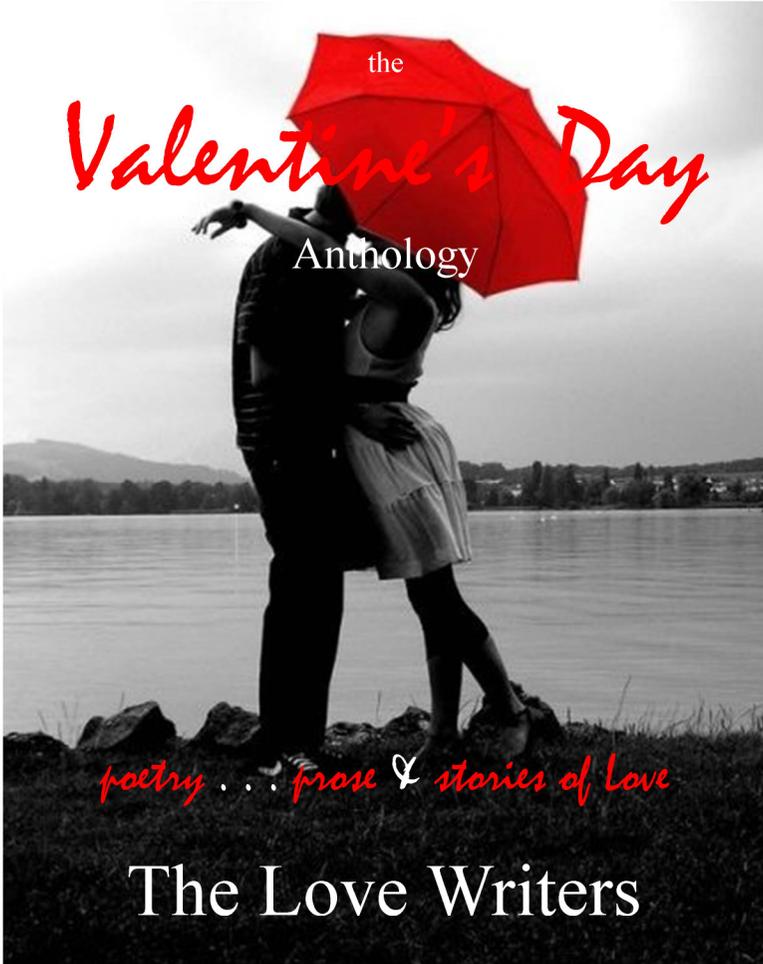
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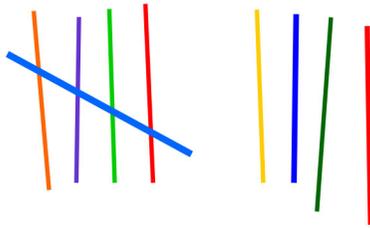
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# 11 Words



( 9 lines . . . )

*for those who are challenged*

*an anthology of Poetry inspired by . . .*

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**FINI**

# The Poetry Posse



## August Feature Poets



Ann White



Rosalind Cherry



Sheila Jenkins



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