

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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inner child press, ltd.

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General information

The Year of the Poet August Edition

The Poetry Posse

1st Edition : 2014

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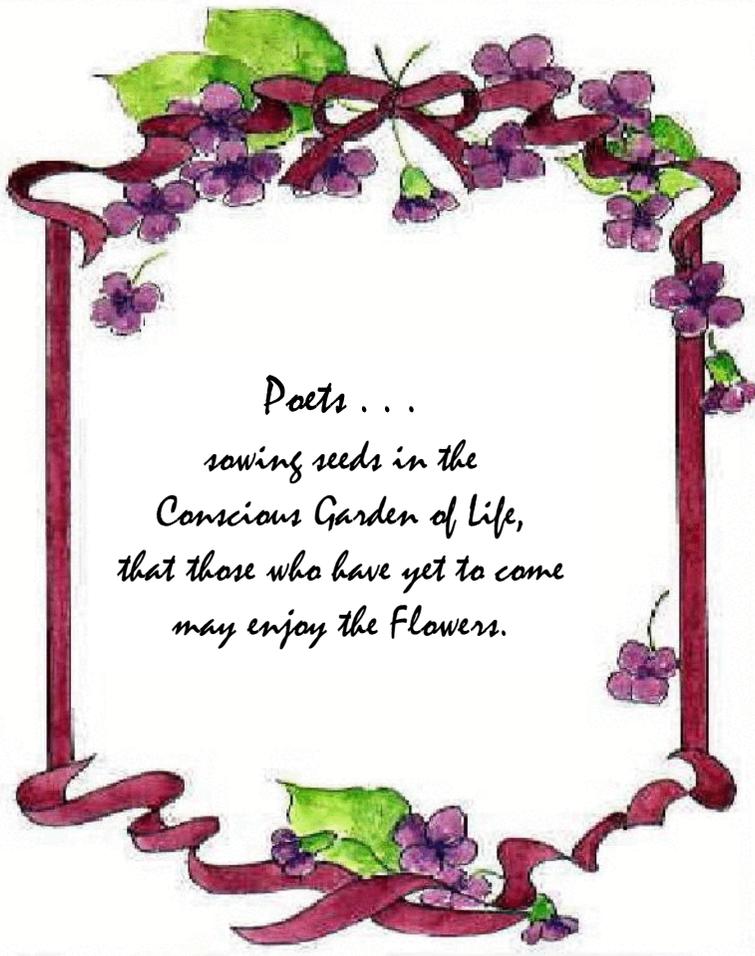
This Book is dedicated to

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

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

Preface

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

Table of **C**ontents

Dedication	<i>v</i>
Foreword	<i>vii</i>
Preface	<i>ix</i>

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

Jamie Bond	1
Gail Weston Shazor	13
Albert ‘Infinite’ Carrasco	19
Siddartha Beth Pierce	25
Janet P. Caldwell	33
June ‘Bugg’ Barefield	41
Debbie M. Allen	49
Tony Henninger	57
Joe DaVerbal Minddancer	63
Robert Gibbons	69
Neetu Wali	79
Shareef Abdur – Rasheed	85
Kimberly Burnham	95
William S. Peters, Sr.	103

Table of **C**ontents . . . *continued*

august **F**eatures 113

Ann White 115

Rosalind Cherry 125

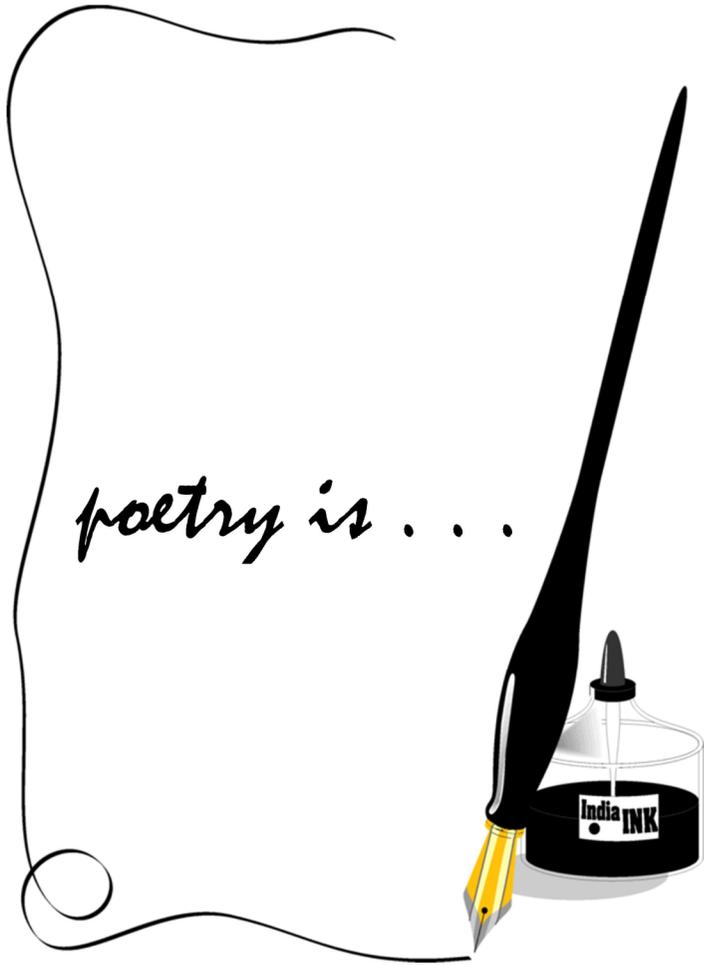
Sheila Jenkins 137

Other Anthological Works 151

Tee Shirts & Hats 177

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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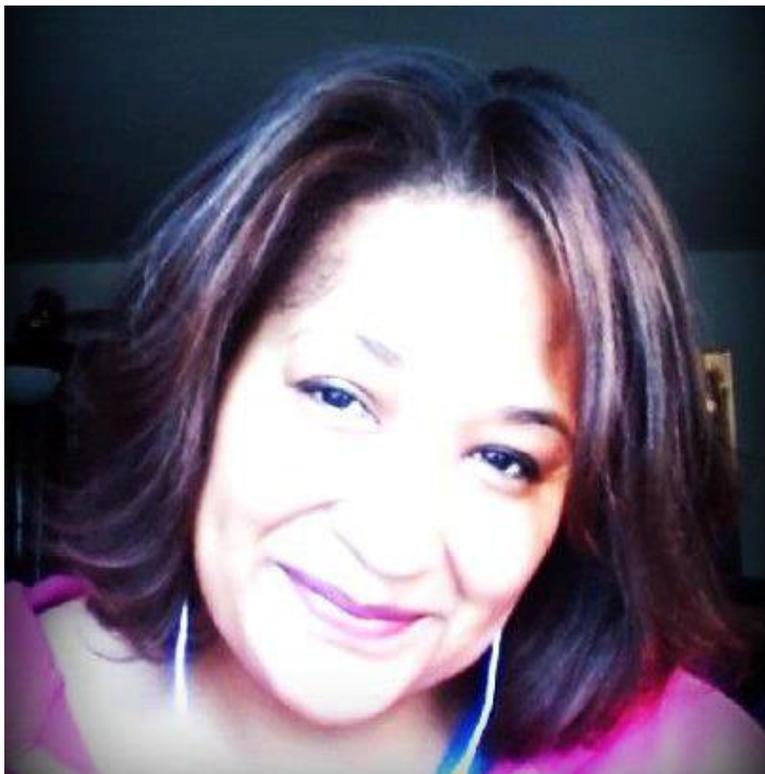
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Poetry succeeds where instruction fails.

~ 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

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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.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.

The Year of the Poet ~ August 2014

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

The Year of the Poet ~ August 2014

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,

The Year of the Poet ~ August 2014

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.

The Year of the Poet ~ August 2014

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

The Year of the Poet ~ August 2014

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...

The Year of the Poet ~ August 2014

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...

The Year of the Poet ~ August 2014

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

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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

The Year of the Poet ~ August 2014



The Year of the Poet ~ August 2014

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

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

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**

The Year of the Poet ~ August 2014



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

You may contact Robert
via his FaceBook presences :

www.facebook.com/anthonyrobertgibbons

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

The Year of the Poet ~ August 2014

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

The Year of the Poet ~ August 2014

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

The Year of the Poet ~ August 2014

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.

The Year of the Poet ~ August 2014

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**

The Year of the Poet ~ August 2014



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!

The Year of the Poet ~ August 2014

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!

The Year of the Poet ~ August 2014

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

The Year of the Poet ~ August 2014

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

The Year of the Poet ~ August 2014

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](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

The Year of the Poet ~ August 2014

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

The Year of the Poet ~ August 2014

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

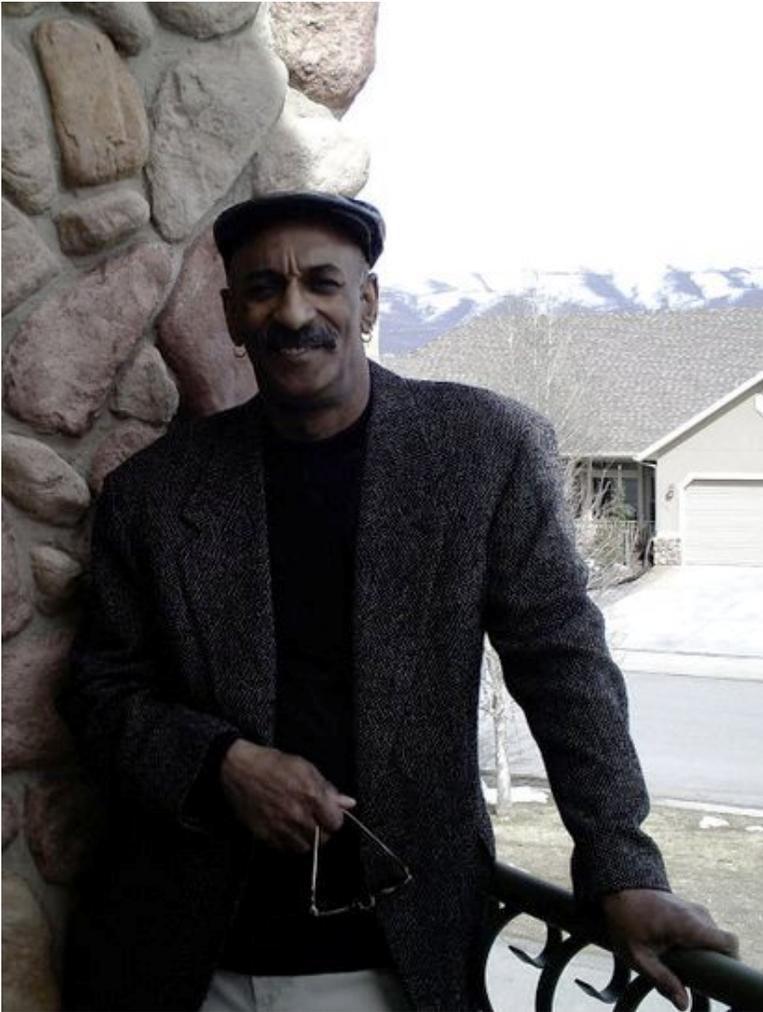
Across the country
many birds seen
with friends I search
sky, water, trees
rewarded by a glimpse
life free to soar

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

Personal Web Site

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

The Year of the Poet ~ August 2014

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

The Year of the Poet ~ August 2014

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 . . .*

The Year of the Poet ~ August 2014

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

The Year of the Poet ~ August 2014

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.

The Year of the Poet ~ August 2014

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

www.CreatingCalmNetworkPublishingGroup.com

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.

The Year of the Poet ~ August 2014

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

The Year of the Poet ~ August 2014

**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.

The Year of the Poet ~ August 2014

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.

The Year of the Poet ~ August 2014

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.

The Year of the Poet ~ August 2014

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

The Year of the Poet ~ August 2014

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

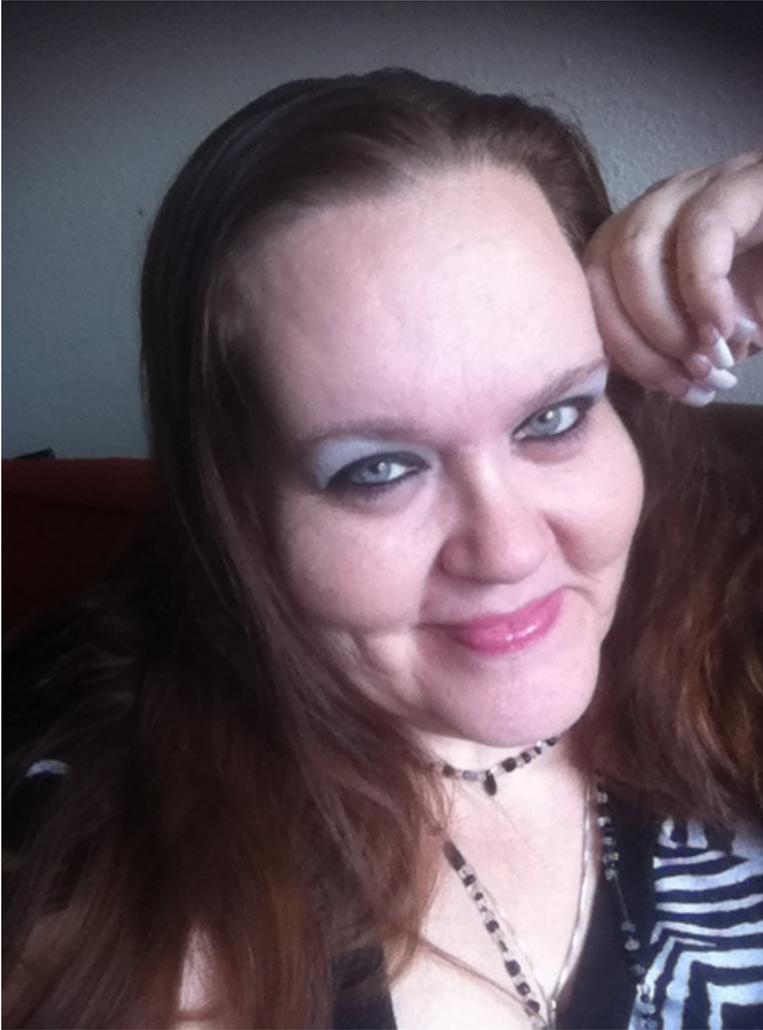
The Year of the Poet ~ August 2014

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/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

The Year of the Poet ~ August 2014

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

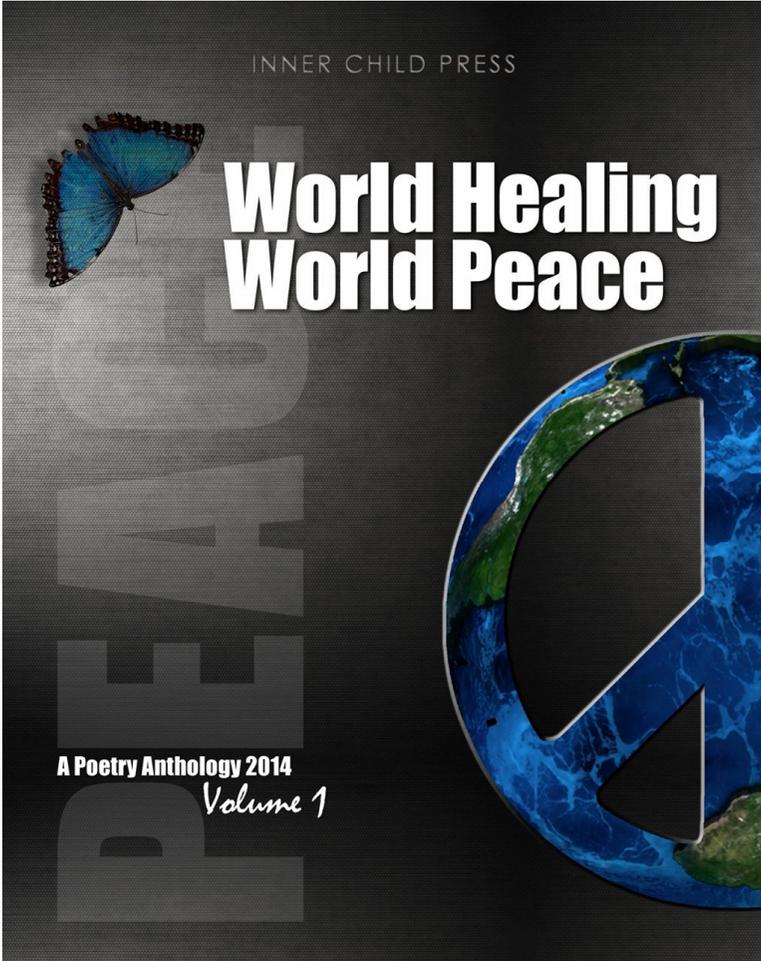
Today was to be her wedding day
It was her beginning to a beautiful future
With the man she loved for so long
But it ended unhappily ever after

The Year of the Poet ~ August 2014

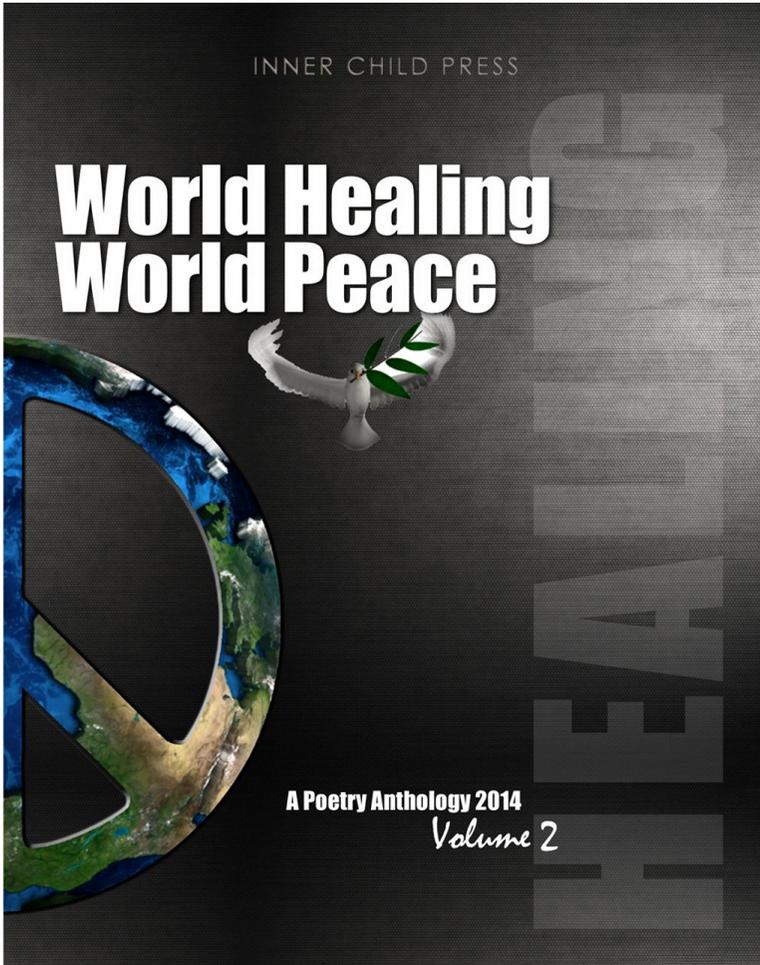
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The Year of the Poet

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

Inner Child Press
Anthologies

the Year of the Poet

June 2014



Rose

June's Featured Poets

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

The Poetry Passe

Jamie Bond
Gail Weston Shazor
Albert 'Infinite' Carrasco
Siddhartha Beth Pierce
Janet P. Caldwell
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Robert Gibbons
Neetu Wali
Shareef Abdur-Rasheed
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William S. Peters, Sr.

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the year of the poet

May 2014

May's Featured Poets

ReeCee
Joski the Poet
Shannon Stanton

Dedicated To our Children

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 DeVerbal Minddancer
Robert Gibbons
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Lily of the Valley

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April 2014

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Albert Infinite Carrasco
Siddhartha Beth Pierce
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Tony Henninger
Joe DeVerbal Minddancer
Robert Gibbons
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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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March 2014

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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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June 'Bugg' Barefield
Debbie M. Allen
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Our February Features

Teresa E. Gallion & Robert Gibson

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January 2014



Carnation

The Poetry Posse

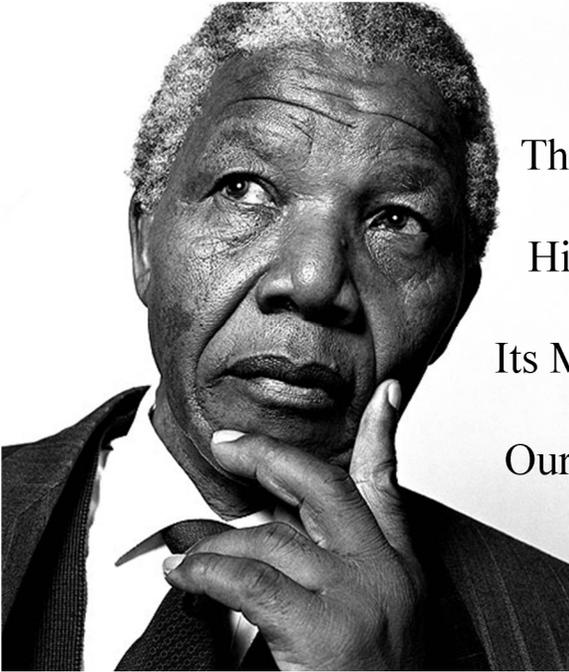
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Siddartha Beth Pierce
Janet P. Caldwell
June 'Bugg' Barefield
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Neetu Wali
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Our January Feature

Terri L. Johnson

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Mandela



The Man

His Life

Its Meaning

Our Words

Poetry . . . Commentary & Stories

The Anthological Writers

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A GATHERING OF WORDS

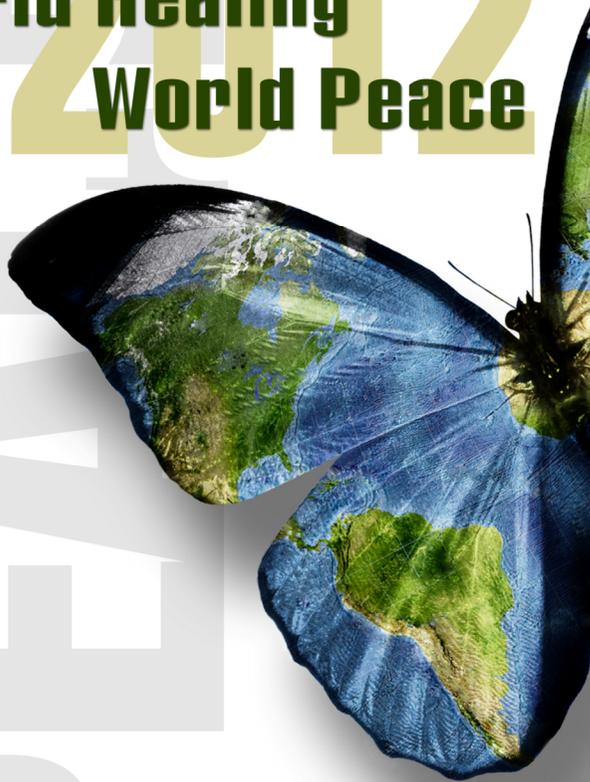


**POETRY & COMMENTARY
FOR**

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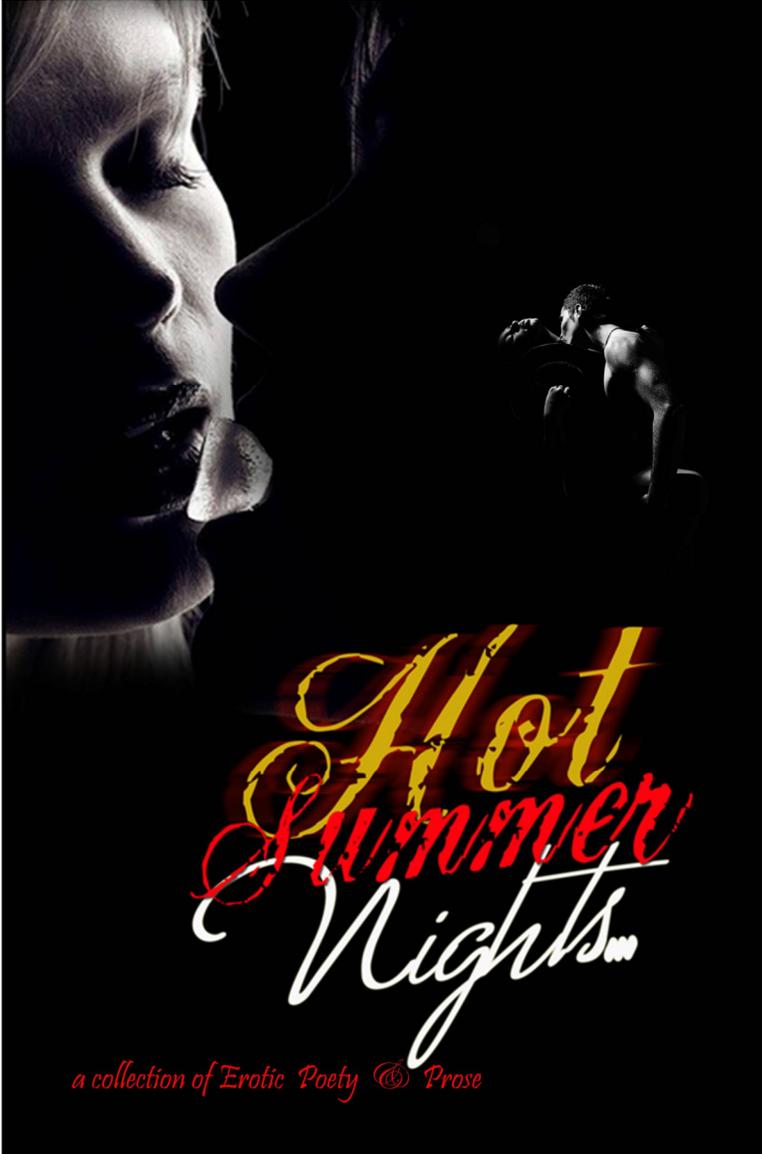
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healing through words

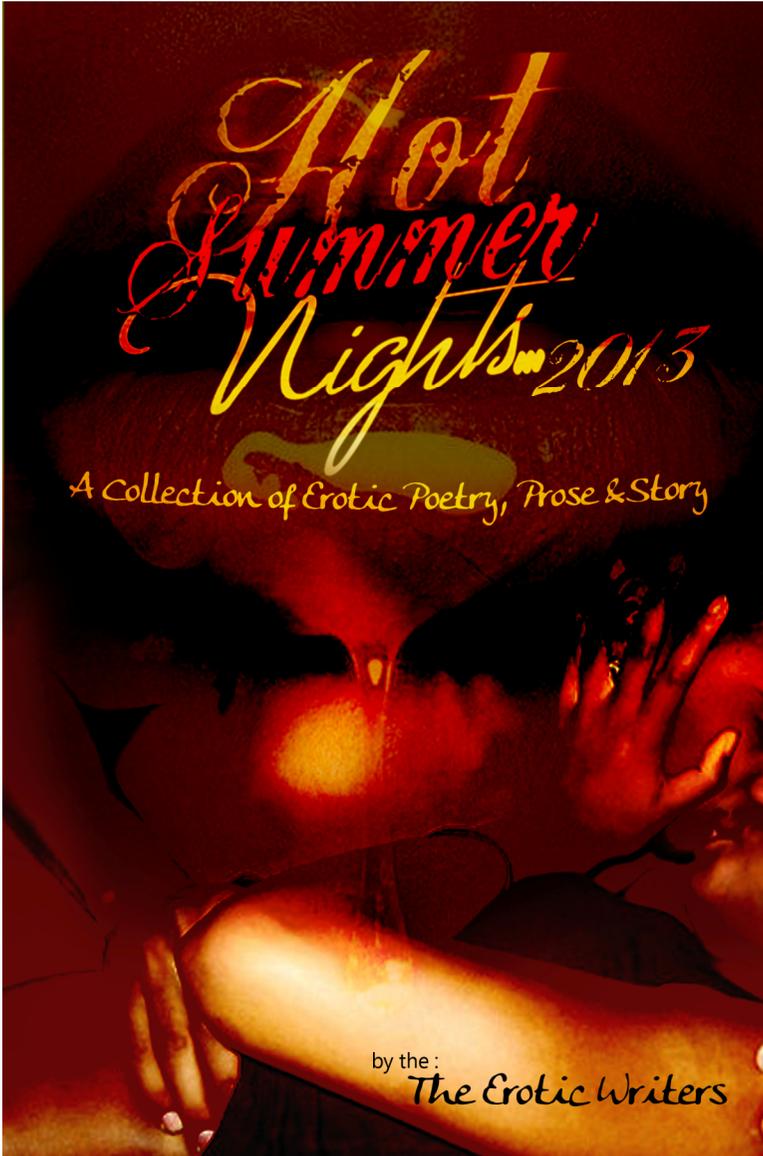


Poetry ... Prose ... Prayer ... Stories

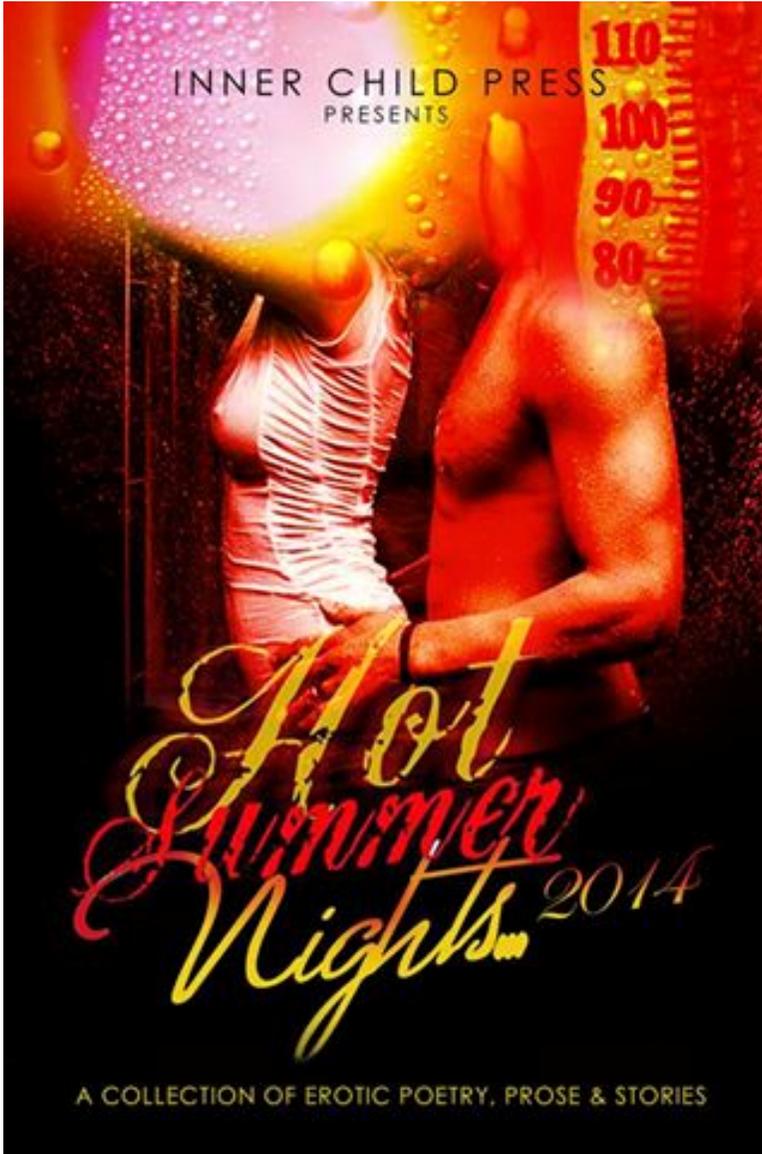
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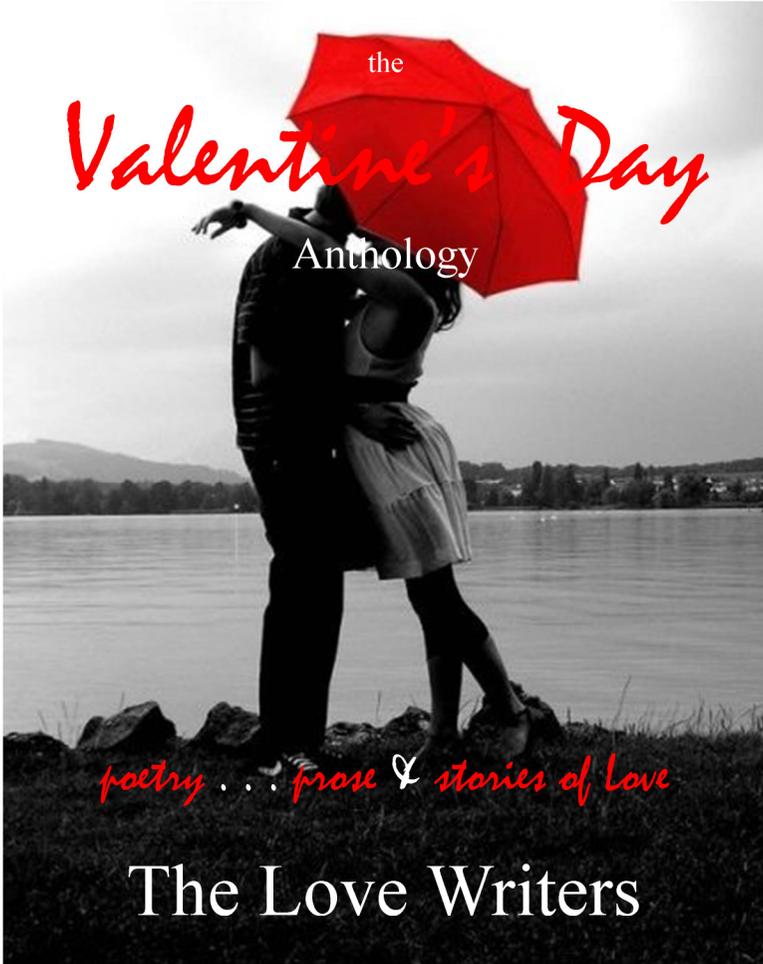
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the
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poetry . . . prose & stories of love

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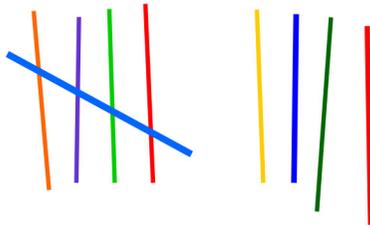
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11 Words



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FINI

The Poetry Posse



August Feature Poets



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