

THE YEAR OF THE POET

December 2014



Narcissus

The Poetry Posse

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

December Feature Poets

Katherine Wyatt * WrittenInPain * Santos Taino * Justice Clarke

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inner child press, ltd.

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General Information

The Year of the Poet December Edition

The Poetry Posse

1st Edition : 2014

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Dedication

This Book is dedicated to

Poetry

&

the Spirit

of our Everlasting Muse.



Foreword

Friends, Family and Readers

This has been one Doozey of a year. At Inner Child, Janet and i have been extremely busy with maintaining our stature with Radio, Magazine, Publishing, Production, Traveling and our personal lives as well. I feel so honored to have been able to participate in this, yet another offering to the world. I wish to take the time to thank Jamie and ever single member of the Poetry Posse for their contributions.

Jamie Bond
Gail Weston Shazor
Albert 'Infinite' Carrasco
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Kimberly Burnham
William S. Peters, Sr.

I only hope that you have found this as personally fulfilling as i have.

For 2015 we will continue to utilize our same format of Featuring up to 3 additional Poets per Month. We have also expanded our core of “The Poetry Posse” to include such wonderful voices as

...

Ann J. White
Teresa E. Gallion
Keith Alan Hamilton
Hulya N. Yilmaz
Katherine Wyatt
Fahredin Shehu

We will still offer these Publications as a Free Download each month from our Inner Child Press Website. Hard Copies will be available for a nominal \$ 7.00 each. You can still order hard Copies of the Complete Set of 2014 for just \$ 5.00 each.

We do hope you have enjoyed our offerings.

Bless Up

Bill



*one of the greatest gifts we have is that we were given two hands
one to receive the blessings life has to offer us
the other to pass them on.
~ wfp ~*

i Offered Thanks

I awakened this morning, and i offered a prayer of gratitude to the Progenitor of my life, . . . my God.

There are many things to be thankful for. They can be found in the Good and that which is perceived as Evil, the Light and the Dark.

I offered thanks for all the Woe in my life, for through it i learned that i had the gift of Endurance and Temperance.

I offered thanks for all those who have left my life through Death, Moving Away, Growing Up and the ending of Relationships, for it has taught me to appreciate those who are in my life NOW, as well as how to truly cherish the memories of the blessings of their presence i once enjoyed.

I offered thanks for all the Dark Days ... yes, for the dark days brought to me an understanding of how i could truly employ, not only the light of those found in the not so dark days, but how to utilize to the best of my own abilities, and that small light of my own that resides within me.

I offered thanks for all the Anger i suffered through . . . that of my own and that of others. Through my anger i have come to know the true meaning of humility. This gift was imparted to me in being chastised and scolded by others, and in having to be the one who must later apologize for their errancies of character, attitude and expression.

I offered thanks for all the times when i was down on my luck. It was, and is those times i realize that luck and being down, was my own choosing, and that i had the power to alter my perspectives of how i viewed my life. Should i go forth with disdain for the hand that life has dealt me or should i cling to such powerful forces of hope and faith? These powers do have a transformative ability to change my energy to something magnificent and grand.

I offered thanks for all the Tears i have cried . . . for whatever reasons. Tears truly have a deep cleansing ability to alleviate my soul of the angst i have collected through many of life's circumstances.

I offered thanks for all the "NOs" i have heard, given me by life when i so wanted to hear a "Yes". Yes, in reflection, many times those "Yes's" i wished for would have been detrimental to my higher good. I did not always understand this, nor did i care at that moment, for i was blinded by my own "Self Oriented" desires and my finite and limited perspectives on the whole of what may "Be" or "Become".

I have grown tremendously because of each and every one of those "NOs" . . . and again i must say . . . I am Thankful.

As you read this, you may say to your self, to be thankful is a good thing . . .or not. But to be thankful, i have found to be personally empowering on so many "Life Levels". It has added unto my abilities to make it through many other circumstances i could not have navigated early on in my life. It was all the setbacks that taught me how to garner my fortitude to press on. It is all those disappointments that taught me Tolerance, Acceptance and Patience. It has taught me some wonderful things about my own abilities.

This does not mean that i did not want things . . . i did, and i do! This does not mean i gave up on life . . . NO . . . i live to the fullest i can . . .when i remember who i am and have the mind-set to do so. Simply put, through the Storms "Life" has so mercifully sent my way, i have come realize a greater expanse of my own abilities. I have come to know the meaning of peace found in the "Eye of the Storm". I have discovered that i am so much more than i believed and so much more than what i have been *Taught* and *Told* . . . as are you!

The biggest and most profound aspect of my existence i have come to reckon with is that there is a Power we have . . . yes "WE", that is connected to some force we have yet to fully comprehend. Most of us about this wonderful plane of existence identify this as God. Whether you are a believer

or not, matters not much, for even Science cannot deny this immeasurable force that connects us all to a “One” reality, whether we identify it as Evolution or Creation. They are but words, as are these! But, what is real in this seemingly temporal existence of ours is what we feel. I pray that you take the time to “feel” the goodness of who you are and teach and show others through your example as well to embrace, not just their possibilities of what they may become, but the grand aspects of what we already ARE . . . Right Now . . . Right Here !

Finally, I offered thanks for all the Love i have had in my life and that which still resides, which is “ALL LOVE”. The love that appears to have went away, left the Gift of Experience and thus a Lesson or two behind. And, funny thing, these lessons are still mine, the Lesson and the Love. The Love i have today . . . it is filled with possibilities of what it may become. Who can contain such energy with a closed hand or closed heart None !!!! Love seems to be that Universal Language that is now awakening and calling to all Souls to “Allow” the opening of our Heart’s Door . . . Do you hear the knocking ?

I have offered thanks this day for you. I Awakened this Morning . . .

Thank You

bill

Preface

As we wrap up the year 2014 I have to admit the year went fast!!! I truly want to thank all of those who participated in the year of the poets monthly anthologies. You gained a new fan in me and I tip my hat to all of you. ☺ I truly enjoyed the blend of each ones thought process as you all held your own ground and kept me as a reader intrigued; especially when it came to themes.

Every month we kept the cost minimal and we made it free to the public as a download in effort to be able to offer affordable exposure to anyone involved and or curious and the best way you can support yourself is by telling at least 3 people a day that you're either in it or that you've read these awesome books. So Please spread the word as the New Year comes and we expand our group and continue to promote thought provoking themes and prolific poetry and conversation.

Again thank you for sharing with the world... Not many can say that they they've been published 12 times in a year but the poetry posse in the Year of the Poet most definitely can!!

Jamie Bond

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

~ wsp

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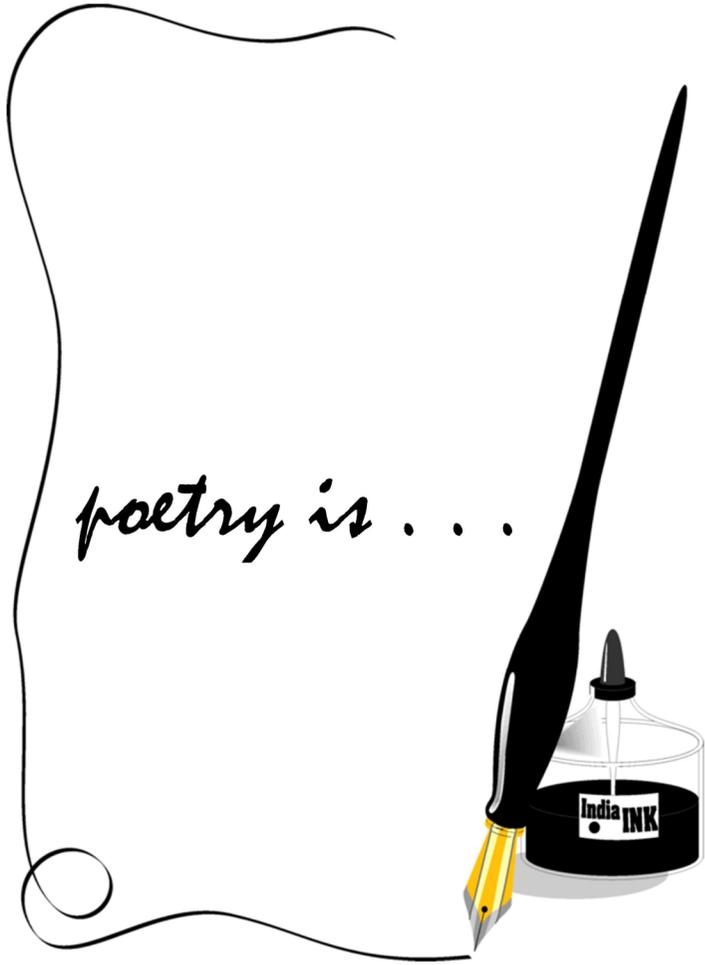
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Poets, Writers . . . know that we are the enchanting magicians that nourishes the seeds of dreams and thoughts . . . it is our words that entice the hearts and minds of others to believe there is something grand about the possibilities that life has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

~ wsp

Jamie Bond

The Year of the Poet ~ December 2014



The Year of the Poet ~ December 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>

Sanguinity

I think I need to take a break
And re- evaluate our relationship,
Apparently I can't relate
Like the
Rest of the men and women
To your shenanigans,
See in the beginning
It wasn't as evident,
But in the end
It's more apparent and less relevant,
That you're ill intentions are transparent
A naked eye is no longer necessary...
I digress...step back and re-assess
Like this disastrous shit is a totaled loss
And an unfix-able mess,
You kill hope,
You put smiles in a head lock
While pre-murdering optimism
You're an aneurysm to a heart block...
We gotta stop....
I'm good for you...
You're no good to me ...
Endorphins to love require sanguinity....

I Miss You

thru a crowded room
even if I were blindfolded I'd find you
the trail of the scent of your ink
attracts me like fly paper
just because I'm under the radar
doesn't mean I'm not near
and just because we don't take pics
doesn't mean I wasn't there
it's a pact not a proposition
secure in my position you draw pictures
and scribe secluded spaces for us
in that special place flow like a river
haunted dreams we think the same
in sync with pens our ink remains
and we name our episodes
and edit our foes from the door
while Teflon ink transposed
into a pile of clothes on the floor
all the while I'm sighing thru a smile
because you're so dammed amazing
I've stopped wondering how you do it
I just wear sun screen and bathe in it
leaving me speechless on wet paper
you make my pen weak in the ink

The Year of the Poet ~ December 2014

every time I scribe without you
it skips like a record
succumbs to your puns
oh how I've missed your pen
your words dance in my head
like sugar plums
I've been missing for a minute
but I always go back to where I came from
inform Cesar
that Cleo has returned from her trip
draw my bath
and have the servants unpack my shit!

Season's Greetings

this is a time of year
where everything is amplified
including emotions
the good
the bad
the indifferent etc
be aware of those around you
who need more care and convo
the holiday season can be depressing to some
and after the holiday season it can be devastating

Some will freak out
because they cannot afford to participate in it
mainly because financially
they were already struggling to make ends meet
others will go overboard
and by January be in a hole so deep
they'll only breathe for income-tax return
just to barely be back to even
some have lost loved ones
some have no one to love them
some are doing fine
and included this right here in their budgets
and that's kewl too :)

But we all have a 3rd eye
we all have the ability to think outside the box
do not forget to shake a hand
pick a phone up
and call a friend
hug someone
find your favorite quote
and share it with loved ones

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and if you yourself are hurting
be not afraid to let those around you know
they are your emotional support system :)
if you tell them that you are good
don't be pissed off if they believe you
we are all cut from the same cloth
yet different colors and patterns
which makes for a wonderful patch quilt
when we gather together and hold hands

Stay Blessed & #BEINSPIRED2WRITE ~
~ Jamie Bond from UnmutedInk

**Gail
Weston
Shazor**

The Year of the Poet ~ December 2014



The Year of the Poet ~ December 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"

&

Notes from the Blue Roof

available at Inner Child Press.

www.facebook.com/gailwestonshazor

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Icicles

The mirror refracts the light

The light bends in on itself

The reflection prisms outward

To appear fragmented

The screw turns counter-clockwise

To toll the bells loudly

And become a wake-up call

Memories flood against closed lids

It turns, this world

But to what tune?

Yours?

Make it so

The Year of the Poet ~ December 2014

Time

Time

Before

It all ends

I photograph

The smile in your voice

That my computer shows

And I am happy to hear

About your toys and drawings

To see you makes my very happy

I hope you know that I love you always

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**Albert
'Infinite'
Carrasco**

The Year of the Poet ~ December 2014



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I'm a project life philanthropist, I speak about the non ethical treatment of poor ghetto people. Why? My family was their equal, my great grandmother and great grandfather was poor, my grandmother and grandfather, my mother and father, poverty to my family was a sequel, a traditional Inheritance of the subliminal. I paid attention to the decades of regression, i tried to make change, but when I came to the fork in the road and looked at the signs that read wrong < > right, I chose the left, the wrong direction, because of street life interactions a lot around me met death or incarceration. I failed myself and others. I regret my decisions, I can't reincarnate dead men, but I can give written visions in laymens. I'm back at that fork in the road, instead of it saying wrong or right, I changed it, now it says dead men < > life.

Infinite poetry @lulu.com

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

Alcarrasco2 on YouTube

Infinite the poet on reverbnation

Finally

I finally found what my soul has been searching
A passion in me that has now surfaced
My purpose
Each one teach one
So let me enlighten you, I'm a rising sun
I lived life like the god father
For quite a long time
Money was the only thing on my mind
I was blinded, while my men were dying
Leaning over coffins saying the our father while crying
The next day life would resume
3 days ago there was 10 now nine guys in this room
Death became the usual
At least once a year there was a new funeral
Imagine you was me and you saw your friends mourn,
when a Friend dies
Then you mourning for those same guys that was mourning
the last.
Well through the years I watched a lot pass
I heard a lot sayn they won't meet their fate
Then go and make the same mistakes of the deceased
So for the sake of children, wives, mothers, and for the rest
of the team, that life ceased.

Christmas in the hood

It's December.. Kids are happy, in twenty five days it'll be Christmas, ghetto kids are praying for a visit from Santa, but... There's no fireplace in our living rooms, there's no chimneys on project roofs for some fat man too climb through. We never heard cringles jingle as youths. We left milk and a cookie , we hung mammas stockings and our socks on Christmas eve, Christmas day.. The milk is still there spoiled, the cookie is still whole, did Santa not come because mammas stockings had runs and our socks had holes? Were they not capable to gift hold?

Silver bells..... It's Christmas time in the city, that's what the people in the tell-lie-vision is singing, the Bronx is my city, I'm knocking on the glass like "excuse me why is it just empty space under our tree", why aren't the neighbors kids smiling? Why do they frown like me? We are poor but good kids, were we naughty in our sleep? Please mr Santa don't punish us, we live a harsh life, we just have bad dreams.

Momma why you always cry on Christmas eve? Don't cry, I have you, you have me. when I grow up we will move, I'll buy you a big house, so exquisite. a wide chimney, and a very tall tree... On Christmas day we'll no longer have to wait for Santa to visit, nor would we need his presence to exchange presents, all the gifts under the tree will say "for you" "from me". Watching you not being able to wipe that smile away would make it a " happy holiday". Ring-a-ling, hear mom sing. One day for everybody in the hood, it will be Christmas day.

Silent night

I hope all my father and friends are sleeping in heavenly
peace,
so many silent nights turned to holy days when a mothers
child lays.. deceased.
All was calm... all was bright...as they stared into the light.
I wonder and ponder on the final journey of my dad and
brothers.
I wish I could travel back and forth to heaven so I can
recite ghetto hymns with them.
They've moved on... from hell on earth to the comfort of
angels arms.
I ask for forgiveness for being stingy, but their time here
was too short for me.
They're no longer here...
No more pain,
No more suffering,
No fear...
Holding there souls hand while it rises up into the
atmosphere is pleasantly reverie,
It's my fantasy in the realm of reality.
All men are mortal until we walk through deaths portal,
Those we Cherish perish...
A reward granted by The Lord.

Siddartha
Beth
Pierce

The Year of the Poet ~ December 2014



The Year of the Poet ~ December 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 Assistant 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://youtu.be/6PcR9TsBQxo>

PBS Interview

www.innerchildpress.com/siddartha-beth-pierce.php

I Want

To say thank you
For a good nights sleep last eve.

Because my son held my hand today
While I drove.

Just like when he was in the back seat,
Baby seat and I picked him up
From his grandparents house after work.

To say thank you,
For a lovely Thai meal at lunch
With my lad at one of our favorite places-
Spring rolls, New Zealand Mussels and Yellow Curry
Chicken.

Thank you, Pierce,
For your hard work at our art gallery.

So glad your exquisite photograph
Of the train is part of this exploration.

Thank you, my dear son,
That we are able to get beyond
Anger, resentment, accusations today.

To love anew,
Not raise our voices or display rage or violence
But, rather come to yet another
Mile point, a new beginning,
Where peace reigns.

The Year of the Poet ~ December 2014

We both apologized for our misgivings,
Our misunderstandings-

Hugged, wept and said we were sorry.

Thank you for loving my inability
To raise my hand or voice.

Thank your for understanding
We are on this path together,
For holding my hand
In the traversing of such.

Je t'aime, toujours.

A Grief Observed

'If, as I can't help suspecting, the dead also feel the pains of separation, for both lovers, and for all pairs of lovers without exception, bereavement is a universal and integral part of our experience of love.'
- C.S. Lewis, A Grief Observed

Love swept across
Each of your lips
As you were bound together.

Your adoring husband,
Now rests in another realm
Yet, he will be with you
In heart, mind and soul-
Always.

As your grief is observed,
Remember the times you smiled,
Laughed, played together.

The love you made
And the exquisite lives
You created as One,
In Unison.

In the Sky

The memory of the rain
Hadn't dried alone-
It was still wet with the kiss
Of the morning dew.

Met by those few and unknown
Called to their tombs
In a somber song,
Much too early in time.

And there are those left to grieve,
Why oh why,
Did they have to leave
On the morning that the memory of the rain
Hadn't dried alone.

Suddenly, they understood,
It did not in the end-
Instead, it was joined with those others
Traveling nigh
To join that dear rain,
Together there,
In the Sky.

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**Janet
Perkins
Caldwell**

The Year of the Poet ~ December 2014



The Year of the Poet ~ December 2014

Janet P. Caldwell has been writing for 40 years and has been published in print newspapers and held a byline in a small newspaper in TX. She also has contributed to magazines and books globally. She has published 3 books, *5 degrees to separation* 2003, *Passages* 2012, and her latest book *Dancing Toward the Light . . . the journey continues* 2013, and contributed to countless anthologies yearly. She is currently editing her 4th book, written and to be published 2015. 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, which includes the many Inner Child Facebook groups, [Inner Child Newspaper](#), [Inner Child Magazine](#), [Inner Child Radio](#) and [The Inner Child Press Publishing Company](#).

To find out more about Janet, you may visit her web-site, Face-book Fan Page and her Author page at Inner Child Press.

www.janetcaldwell.com

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

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

Terms

Another year comes
expeditiously
to term.

The time to contemplate
this past year, to reminisce
the intervals of love
that we savored deliciously.

I wonder if I have missed,
delayed someone or thing.

In the year 2015 . . .
I will pay attention
to the sights and sounds
of those gentle urgings.

Discovering
Uncovering
And embracing
the tugging and tracing
of my heart-strings.

I won't spend a lot of time
on what I may have missed.
I'll simply wash my face
and promise to bask in love more
as we tide dance again
upon foreign shores.

Another year comes . . .

BE-ing Present

Have you walked down the street
looking down, shuffling rocks
while missing a lush scenery ?

Do you feel the breeze
Gently and playfully
Lifting your cotton dress
With so much ease ?

Hardly noticeable.

The flowers on the trees
are sharing their aromatic
perfumes graciously.

The birds are singing songs of love
to their mates, while
the bees are pollinating and
producing honey and wax.

Hardly noticeable.

BE-ing present will allow you
to take part in these Glorious beings.
BE-ing Present is the key.

Mantras, Life and The New Year

I choose to tell myself

I am beautiful

I am love

I am life

I am powerful

I am whole

I am prosperous

I am infinite

I am all

I am perfect

~ * ~

What are you saying to your Inner BE-ing ?

The things that we repeat to ourselves and others, are like a broken tape and become our reality. It has been said “do not take the Lord’s name in vain” it has also been stated in the Bible that God’s name is *I Am*. Use it wisely.

**June
'Bugg'
Barefield**

The Year of the Poet ~ December 2014



The Year of the Poet ~ December 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>

War

Saw you in a dream up under thundering clouds
lightning striking, burning everything around you down
You are crying now, but I can't reach out
To many thorns in the crown
My bloodied brow feels no pain; only numbness now
The walking wounded remain in the war
My dream's confusing, but I cannot awake, and this I do
deplore
I am frozen, and afraid of what's in store
I scream out to you, and you look my way, but just ignore
The walking wounded
remain
in the
war.

Nomad

To live, love
hate, and occupy space as I have
In cheap hotels mostly
furnished cribs, apartments, state& federal type
compartment's
2 walk up side streets, just to leave down back alleys
Talking 2 oneself
Screaming unholy obscenities without
trust, or love 4 anyone else
Living life as it comes
On the run
since day 1
Gun in pocket
cocked, locked in chamber like rocket
My mediocrity, insecurity burns inside like lava

It eats at me

My rage is the most fashionable
My poems, music,
my dreams in a huge pile on someone else's floor

Unreasonably I hold on to hope

To live, love, hate, & then
occupy space as I have
2B one with oneself only Bee-cuz
there is nobody else
2B a saint, sinner, winner
A Prince
Darkness my query

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My home a quarry

I persevere thru storms without shelter
Helter Skelter type behavior,
Daddy told me never, ever trust no stranger
Daddy was a stranger though
so...

I survive all
with nothing
Something, anything, anyone, someone
anywhere
Living life thru storms & hard-ON's
thru dusk's & thru Dawn's
Laying death down just like the little trick bitch she is
You know?

Dickin' her down with the business
2B passed over just like a fucked up, rusty little penny
itty bitty nigga
a dwarf

midget
roach
an ant

morphed

AN OUTLAW.

To live, love, hate, and occupy space as I have
Forever teeter tottering on a see saw
Fuck it!

The Year of the Poet ~ December 2014

Here's a toast, so drink up while I got it; or they call the law

Raise your cup's up now, and drink my friend's
Drink for the Negro's who walk alone
2 those locked down B4 they were conscious of all the
traps, and snares
2 the crippled and the blind
The lost and the damned
Drink 2 the courageous LION
and the cunning fox
Drink 2 the prideful hawk
and 2 wonder
fascination
NOW drink 2 grace
Drink 2 fat pussy & dreams
2 the madness of the scheme
Shit...
...drink 2 me
Another NOMAD
can't you see...

DAYLIGHT!
it done went, and caught me up again
I Can hear the birds sing.

...again REPRIEVE

The simplest Truth is now the
greatest Lie

Each coin has two sides

Christ divides

cuts then heals

gives then steals

creates then kills

Time itself a Lie

now BREATH in truth, and exhale LIFE.

**Debbie
M.
Allen**

The Year of the Poet ~ December 2014



The Year of the Poet ~ December 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.

Blessed be the Poets

To the start...

In face of ending rhymes that signaled

Good times in the cheers of pens...

My poetic family...my dear friends...

I lend adoration in verses...

Peace of heart in the blending of lines...

The Year of the Poets

Being an eternal theme...

In the precious folds of my mind...

Indeed a great 365...

HAPPY NEW YEAR!

Renewed Breaths

Close your eyes...
Step forward...and breathe,
Refresh tired lungs that have felt the sting
Of smoke clouds howling to the past...
Rehash then let go
Of all the things that choked you half senseless,
Inhale the minutes beginning
Future trails of oxygen
Through veins once stained
Red in despair...
It's your time...new days...a new year...
Hold life closer...
Cradle mistakes as wisdom,
Hold that silent enemy so tight
You break it in your might to
Walk further,
And remember...
Sing to your heart
In serenade to its beat
Warming any chill that froze you in defeat...
Time has lent you a glorious retreat...
As the New Year greets you
Open arms...

Revived

There's an understanding in one's spirit that comes,
As another year closes its sacrificial doors in life....
Peeking through nostalgic windows
While preparing to endure 365 more days of stressful
strife...

I'm lucky to have love to calm my nerves of any stormy
weather ahead....

Learning lines of legacy scribed in adoration of
knowledge...

Lusting after continued happiness in my faith
That my heart remain full beyond clouds...

The dawn of a new day, week, month, season...
To ease past sorrows of pain, neglect and lack of respect...
Into 52 new luxury weeks to hold, and go on, with tangible
reasons...

Let me be defined as more than that lucky bet,
That one fuckin card left that I have to give...
from the deck of my existence after sure bets of
transgressions...

Depending on false hopes...

I shall hold promise in my will to cope

Regaining a new kinship with my soul mate...

Time has a way of making you reflect on the good things...

Bracing a new chance to solidify the benevolence of my
dreams...

To shine the light on dark tides that plagued my
conscience...

Nonsense left behind from the struggles I've endured and
survived...

The Year of the Poet ~ December 2014

Has given breath to a life of celebration
The dawn of belief...
Relief...
In a better tomorrow for myself...
No more leaving my desires, ambitions and goals on the
shelf of content...
Negative souls that try to burden my rise...
Shall repent...

So pop that bottle in rejoice
I look forward for more
To be thankful for...
Happiness is transparent,
And destined to soar sky high!
A new year,
A new chapter...
Ready to fight to control the substance of my life
Where I won't just be taking hits...
But giving them too...

****In collaboration with Abraham Benjamin**

The Year of the Poet ~ December 2014

**Tony
Henninger**

The Year of the Poet ~ December 2014



The Year of the Poet ~ December 2014

Tony Henninger is the current president of The Permian Basin Poetry Society of Texas in West-Texas. His first book, “A Journey of Love”, is a collection of love poems dedicated to his wife Deanne and is available at InnerchildPress.Com and Amazon.com.

He has been published in several anthologies including: Permian basin and Beyond 2014, We are the 500 (West Texas poets), Hot Summer Nights 2013 and 2014 editions, and World Healing/World Peace. He is, also, one of the co-authors of the 12 volume Anthology “Year of the Poet 2014” at InnerChild.

He is currently working on his second book of poetry to be published in early 2015.

Born in Frankfurt, Germany and growing up in Colorado, He now resides in Texas.

Tony Henninger on Facebook

Tony Henninger at LinkedIn.com

Tony Henninger at Permian Basin Poetry Society @gmail.com.

Open Your Eyes

Open your eyes that I may see
some sign of your humility.
Open your eyes to the cries
amidst all this insanity.
Open your eyes, see we are searching
to alleviate the pain inside
of humanity.

Dark shadows clouding your vision
leaving you lost in indecision.
Dark shadows beating you down
with razor sharp precision.
Dark shadows leaving only pieces
of your soul's dying declaration.

The light in your heart
is slowly fading
as your tears seek out salvation.
The light that filled your world
with beauty
is now empty of all of your affirmations.
The light to which you gave everything,
now, too distant for absolution.

Unconditional love is the only answer
to save yourself from extinction.
Unconditional love can bring back
the brightness of your dedication.
Unconditional love will save everyone.
And then, maybe, God's Will be done.

Begin Today

Has my passion gone?
Has my heart moved on?
Left me bleeding
and cold?
Or am I just
getting old?

Oh, I am rambling,
like a drunkard stumbling,
listening to
the echoes in my mind.
A drop of clarity
to save me from
insanity.

In this pouring rain
tears are falling
as you touch my brow.
Life comes back to me.
Love is all I see.
Never to forget.
Never to regret.

In the silence of
my soul's glaring love
and peace in my heart,
a brand new start,
begins today.

Envision The Prize

It is Christmas time again
as its true meaning slowly
fades into the past.
The greatest gift is love,
but it is being overshadowed by
the material things amassed.
Commercialized.
Trivialized.
Disputed,
as all Christmas themes
are uprooted and deemed
Insulting,
Revolting.
No compromise
as people hurry
and scurry
to shop for the new prop
to satisfy their blind eyes.
The realization, infatuation,
for worldly things a lie.
To love our families,
our neighbors, our friends.
Humanities awakening.
We must never relent
to fight and defend,
The Love, Kindness, and Compassion,
taught by Jesus' lessons
to bring paradise.
Envision the prize
Of Peace on Earth.

Love one another . . .

Joe
Da Verbal
MindDancer

The Year of the Poet ~ December 2014



The Year of the Poet ~ December 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>

One Place In Time

Here and now on this astral plain
I walk alone with a songs refrain
Blood moons on my horizon
The pressure of surviving
Where's my plot, my spot of land
Where's the gateway away from man

Gone is the scent of life
Gone is the taste of honey wife
Blood moons on my horizon
The pressure of surviving
Where's my plot my spot of land
Where's the gateway away from man

No sign of light reaching down for me
No burn of sulfur reaching up for me
Do the tears cried over me bind me?
Has the little flash of life blinded me?

This is my plot my spot of land
This is the gateway away from man
Blood moons on my horizon
The pressure of surviving is gone
I see the light reaching down for me
I feel the fight reaching up for me

Torn to be reborn and I sing
I can smell my honey wife and spring
The tears cried have dried
Life has opened my eyes
No longer will this earth hold me down.

It's Over For Us

We were happy in the beginning
All is beautiful in the first days of love
Silly names and no shame out in public
I made you laugh and you loved it
What shoved this wedge in between us?
There was never a level of mistrust
If it's a matter of lust, well we were good.
We spent money when we should

We had our get away during summer days
We had our emergency room all night stays
What got in the way of love?

Uncontested no why no questions
Where is the lesson, so I can be a better blessing?
Is there someone else you've invested in?
What door did I leave open that they crept in?
Moreover, if it's none of these things then tell me why
Why what felt happy and sure is now impure
Sure I'll sign the papers, don't allow this moment to escape
ya. I'll just scroll down the playlist
And try to figure out what I've missed.

Spring Green

Life has a way of renewing all things
From the rot of a fallen tree
To dead fish in the sea.
From a handshake to a clambake
From a kiss to a wedding
Life breeds life if you let it
Friendships through written words
Friendships from when they're heard
Even love comes through by a chance meeting
For every death, there's a new beginning

Every day is a new beginning
Life is something that's never ending
Life travels to higher plains, it shifts to other names
Reincarnation may explain these things
Whatever you believe, your mind can conceive
A drop of water can bring life to a thousand year old seed
From homelessness to a mansion
From being, rich to searching trash cans
These are all new beginnings
Understand there are no endings

**Robert
Gibbons**

The Year of the Poet ~ December 2014



The Year of the Poet ~ December 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 year is dead

buried beneath December's slumber
the puling out of lights trying to find
meaning for the past eleven months
everything has an expiration date
will not buy if this date comes in three
day old can goods left over from November
stale with the smell of a ziploc, a freezer burn
the padlock on the pantry, every variety of
turkey, every lie, every misstep, every loss
every list has a goal each month, but this
is where two ends meet and then it is over
there is a definite line drawn, a demarcation
no one will escape the resolution or
the revelation, the epiphany or the prophecy
this could be it, the last time, the last
birthday, baptism, reunion, bar mitzvah
there are a few days left, the government
with retire, will recess, will end the
unemployment crises, the debt ceiling
the trillion dollars, the last dead end
of a culdesac, a no through way,

the year is dead but still full of immigrants
and refugees, transients, and migrants
kept in silence without word or say
watching the old and behold the new
in my preacher's voice, the last dead
chance for emancipation, for enumeration

The Year of the Poet ~ December 2014

for another interpretation of the ghetto
another year of mind control, and destruction
and construction of tall buildings and enormous
feeling and mounted ego, and lost souls
the last dead end of the riots, the fires
a volcano, a typhoon, a collapse of thinking
and wishing and hoping and saving
and giving year after year, month
after month on my thread bare existence
so I cover it up beneath mounds of paper
and say what day is it.

Cold

the street sweeper brush
petals and pine congregate
crowd them together
send smoke signals in this air
transform concrete block
in this barrage of specialty and novelty
into an ancient forest of evergreen
instead of man made and urban
it is home-made and mountainous
as if trail through woods
or the northern hills of Maryland
this smell blocks my way
close in on me from both sides
like parenthesis and incense inference

to this time of year the cold
sting of air and my bare sensibility
the ground's floor becomes rocky
terrain with hiking boots with dogs' paws
smell appeals in the atmosphere
to elevate closer to the rise of a eye stop
and watch- browse or shop but it is
a busy intersection not the connection
to the other world or is it that one
smells rise from the friction and heat
of needle and pavement.

elegy to the occupation of a street

the streets will crowd with evergreen
the smells of last December; to remember
the holly and red of tinsel and berry
the old gold and silver, but this place
is not what will be said in January;
is not for me, only the money changers
and managers with perfume bottles
fumigating the area before arrival;
it is a trick of one-million white lights
in Dyker Heights houses like Archie Bunker;
safe neighborhood, the boulevard
of books and memorabilia-specific;
the man across the street place recyclables
in his slot machine each night
will float in this parade in this final
countdown will auld lang sine

the kindergartener with nibbled yellow crayons
creates a Kwanzaa card and hands it to me
his wet fingertips from sucking his thumb
he is so proud of creating with construction paper
the teacher in Westchester is being reprimanded
for telling her students there is no Santa Claus
and we will live to find the truth; the door
will shut in December and I want the potato-
pie baked by the scratch of my grandma's
fingertips; the one she covers with plastic saran
wraps and an over washed beach towel;
placing them in the backseat and passing them
out to neighbors; want the favorable tales;

The Year of the Poet ~ December 2014

want a hamper of eggs from the side of the road
in Atapulgus, Georgia; want to come home
to the smell of the simple and the familiar;
want it and money can't buy this season
of giving and trimming so I search all the
history books; and its missing;
its only in memory

Neetu Wali

The Year of the Poet ~ December 2014



The Year of the Poet ~ December 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.

Love

My arms have turned
Stiff and still
They stare at me
With eyes devoid of wetness
It has been long
Since I hugged you
I thought I was enough for me
I miss a bit of me
That is away from me
Hanging somewhere between the lines of a memoir
Why do I love to live this incomplete self of mine
Why did I gift a piece of my peace to you
Is love peace
Or unease
Is love a chain
Or freedom
What makes you gift
Gods kingdom of yours
To somebody else
Who never bothers
Earth is self-centric
Is that way
It is able to give away
The rays of sun
To every inch
Learning to be self centric
Is the key to be system centric
Life is not a memoir
It is the floor I stand on
The earth
The self centric earth

The Year of the Poet ~ December 2014

Hold me, in your dreams
like the leaves,
Holding the delicate dew
Whole night,
If you really love me.
Kiss me,
like the rain droplets,
Kissing the beautiful earth,
If you really love me.
Hug me,
like a child,
Hugging a soft toy,
If you really love me.
Dance with me,
like a peacock,
Dancing in rain
If you really love me.
Take me in,
Like a wasp,
Taking in the aroma of a rose,
If you really love me.
I know you had some dreams
And I am not the same
Accept me as I am
If you really love me

Love is wild
Love is crazy
Love is spontaneous
Love is natural
Love is not what
Is opposite of hatred
Love has no meaning
Though it is meaningful

The Year of the Poet ~ December 2014

Love is not what is celebrated
As a ritual in a society
Love is the breath of wilderness
Love is the essence of peacefulness
Love is the freshness of morning breeze
Love is the glow of morning dew
Love is a mystery unfold
What is revealed is not love
Love is not a destiny
Love is an unending journey
I can see the glow on your face
I can feel the freshness in your breath

Love is not a word
Nor a sound
Love is when
Silence speaks and listens to silence
Just pure silence
Love is a tireless, unstoppable
Drop of purity
Traversing from eternity
Hidden deep inside
Why bother diving to such depths
To the bottom of heart
Though priceless,
Not worth the efforts
This life, lets sit waiting
At the surface
Would you believe me
If I say, I love you
He said timidly
Not his usual way
To say it
I looked into his eyes

The Year of the Poet ~ December 2014

Tried to be serious
But something inside me
Made me laugh a thunder
And I laughed heartily
Come on! Believe me
Pleeeezz! He said (a bit embarrassed)
Trust me! I am not the same
I have changed to the core
Can the things between us be the same
As they used to be
His words made me laugh even harder
Trust me, I believe you, I said
With a wet smile on my face
Coz I have experienced change
Even I am not the same
I fear that things between us will be the same
I can't be back to square one
Dry eyes
No emotion can moisten
You want to sustain
Glare of love
Don't try your eyes
Coz mine are worse
Worst than a wall
That knows at least to react
Though with opposite force
Lets see
If you can wet mine
Or yours be dry

The Year of the Poet ~ December 2014

**Shareef
Abdur
Rasheed**

The Year of the Poet ~ December 2014



The Year of the Poet ~ December 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>

ode...

to life reborn new
look to the morning light
burn off the morning dew
the plight of birds migration
in flight to enhance their life
another day gives way to
renewal
bringing hope of change does
another day display ultimately
giving way to another day,
month, year
the former disappears
as though never here
as winter brings death
spring brings it back to life again
after death, rebirth to the earth
such the cycle of renewal also
applies to me and you
a similitude
for seekers of truth
there is hope!
to start anew after the morning dew
burned off by sunlight
such is life on earth as it is in heavenly
rebirth.
life's a journey!
like the migrating birds in flight
travel light!

food 4 thought!

rotation...

of creation ever changing
seasons summon
an array of life, death, rebirth
rotation is the way of mother
earth
rotation, change from fertilization
in the womb to being laid
down in the tomb
see the transverse of the moon
from new to old
as wonders of the universe unfold
signs are everywhere to behold
listen carefully to the stories told
civilizations that come and go
nations that ruled with a mighty
hold
influence, power, riches to behold
like Babylon Persia, Greece and Rome
disintegrated eventually becoming
part of the garbage heap of history
such is the fate of all of us
regardless status simple, great
wealth, influence, power all have
and will bow at the designated hour
submitting to the real power

The Year of the Poet ~ December 2014

who created seconds, minutes, hours
architect of all creation!
owner of the master plan!
this is not happen stance!
it all has meaning and relevance!
calling for full awareness
submit to utmost reverence!
no second thoughts, no hesitance!
such should be the demeanor of
all who are or ever were earth's
residents!
only a fool would take exception to
that rule!

food 4 thought!

vibe..,

air, sky, sun, birds
grass, flowers, plants
heartbeats, eyes, sight
ears, hearing, smell,
touch, yawn, cough, sneeze
sleep, laugh, smile, food,
taste, happiness, arousal,
climax, calm, peace, quiet
noise, turmoil, strife, dispute
truth, falsehood, day, night
forbidding wrong, enjoining
right!
toil by day, pray in the night
fulfilling Allah's rights over you
maintaining what was assigned
to you!
remember Allah (swt) in all you do
let your devotion be constant,
true!
all dat is life!
all the peace, all the strife
all the days, all the nights
can't live without struggle
life is a fight!
after difficulty comes ease!
after difficulty comes ease!
twice as much ease!
traveler you just passing
through
this is not a permanent
residence for you!

The Year of the Poet ~ December 2014

can't get twisted by temporary
sin-sation and forget the
permanent final destination
this \$h!+ here is a test not
vacation!
control your flesh while it's
warm, fresh
be received with peace calm
upon your death
just might receive the mercy
forever blessed!
got a passing grade on the
test
especially the questions asked
in the grave!
with mercy only your good deeds
outweighed your bad
after the scale was weighed
it tipped in favor of a righteous
slave!
only, only by divine mercy this
undeserved gift was given
never because of but in spite of
what you did when you was living!
mercy intercedes
forgiveness received!

food 4 thought!

Spring..,

came but only by name
wasn't the same
grass didn't grow, flowers
didn't bud 'n' glow in the
suns flow like we're accustomed
to know
what winter caused to finish,
pause, wasn't replenished no
more
rain ceased to pour, crops
increase no more
birds got silent, the silence
couldn't hide it
in the morning no birds heard
completely quiet!
warning had been issued
imploring man to respect the
land
do all he can to leave it like it
all began
was treated as toilet tissue
instead..,
arrogant man looked at the
land and said "what's the issue??"
came as no surprise they who

The Year of the Poet ~ December 2014

had blind eyes couldn't see
didn't realize prophecy
materialized, came to be,
fulfilled!
brought about by the makers
will!
after the earth he had loaned
as our home had been shamefully
disrespected and killed!
dammmnn!
hard to swallow that pill man??

food 4 thought!

**Kimberly
Burnham**

The Year of the Poet ~ December 2014



The Year of the Poet ~ December 2014

As a 28 year-old photojournalist, Kimberly Burnham appreciated beauty. Then an ophthalmologist diagnosed her with a genetic condition, "Consider life if you become blind." From those devastating words, she forged a healing path with insight and vision. Today, a brain health expert, Kimberly helps people experience richer, more nourishing environments.

"People, who feel better, make better choices for themselves, their community and our world."

Her PhD in Integrative Medicine and extensive training in Craniosacral Therapy, Reiki, Acupressure, Integrative Manual Therapy, Health Coaching, and Matrix Energetics enable her to serve as a catalyst, gently shifting your ability to feel better physically, think more clearly, and be more creative.

A 2013 Poetry Posse member, Kimberly and Creating Calm Network's Ann White, assist small enterprises in crafting business booming words and robust social media platforms. Kimberly won SageUSA's 2013 story contest with a poem from *The Journey Home*, chronicling her 3,000 mile Hazon Cross-USA bicycle trip. Her poetry books include, *Live Like Someone Left The Gate Open* and the upcoming *Healing Words—Poetry for Thriving Brains*. With Elizabeth Goldstein she edited the anthology, *Music—Carrier of Intention in 49 Jewish Prayers*.

Experience greater health & success @ (860)221-8510

<http://ParkinsonsAlternatives.CreatingCalmNetwork.com>

<https://www.Linkedin.com/today/author/39038923>

Vision Story: <http://youtu.be/JhG3-qwkvVk>

The Five Spirals of Compassion

Eyes dulled by separation
some don't even recognize
the pain
in scrunched up faces
physical tenderness
emotional agony
don't register
in those brains.

Other eyes see clearly
the pain as
information flows
finding consciousness
here and there
then a stone
blocks the heart.

Some
glimpse but
flee in anger
or fear of proximity.
will her pain
rub off on me
if I reach out
if I get too close?

For others the flow
from visual sense
to compassionate heart
drives searching steps
to apply a balm

The Year of the Poet ~ December 2014

to share the journey
and declare
"Me too.
You are not
the only one.
You are not alone."

Sometimes
sparkling consciousness
reaches for kindhearted action
then gratitude bubbles up
for all we enjoy.
knowing it is easier
to reach out
for what we want,
than to let go
of what
no longer serves.

Thankfulness spirals around
caring, compassion, creativity
healing the brain
striking old with new memories
a flame of realization
awareness busting with power
fuels community, connection
and comfort

Love & Empowerment

How do you
know
You are powerful!
You are loved!

Bits of light
land on clear eyes
deep inside
You see
You know!

Through the sensation
of her voice
drumming on open ears
the way your name
rolls around
smooth
vibrating
a marble Tiger's eye.
You are loved!

The smell of onions, sprouts,
dinosaur kale,
scrambled with eggs
first
then a sun lit breeze
on a rails-to-trails
bicycle ride
You are powerful!

The taste of local honey,
last summer's wild blueberries,

The Year of the Poet ~ December 2014

pumpkin puree
at the Afghan cafe,
red and black
patterned texture
a fabric reminder.
You are loved!

The papery touch of words
published,
cherished
into the world.
leaping to the top
tall buildings
at once
on opposite perspectives ...
of everything.
You are powerful!

Scratching an itch,
a flaming desire,
gently rubbing
the shoulders of humanity
together
like warm hands
melt snow
into a river
changing the trajectory
of a cold world.
You know!

In the warmth
of our perception
something beautiful.
We are loved!
We are powerful!

Power Posing

Core power posing
palms on strong hips
the texture of blue
calming denim
feet apart
striding power
into the ground
wonder woman's
eyes
touching the sky

A way to stand
for solid
brain chemistry
memory
attention
creativity
posture quiets cortisol
invigorates testosterone
gives dopamine balance
and clear walking papers

Flexible muscles enjoying
the stance
signaling the brain
ready for change
faking it
until making sense
of us, of them,
of the crazy quantum universe
waving particles

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A long stride lost
returns
with nutrients of light
illuminating the way
practice makes permanent
the smooth walk
healthy comfort
of potent movements

Green kale, red beets
absorbing yellow sunlit power
cool blue water's
nourishing action
throat to liver
to muscles
go

Oxygen spiraling in
voice spreads outward
power words
what are your
questions
answering the world
with love

Chanting along
a wavy line
holding us here
beckoning us to safety
bridges the gap
allows for sharing
my power with you
your experience touches me
knowing all

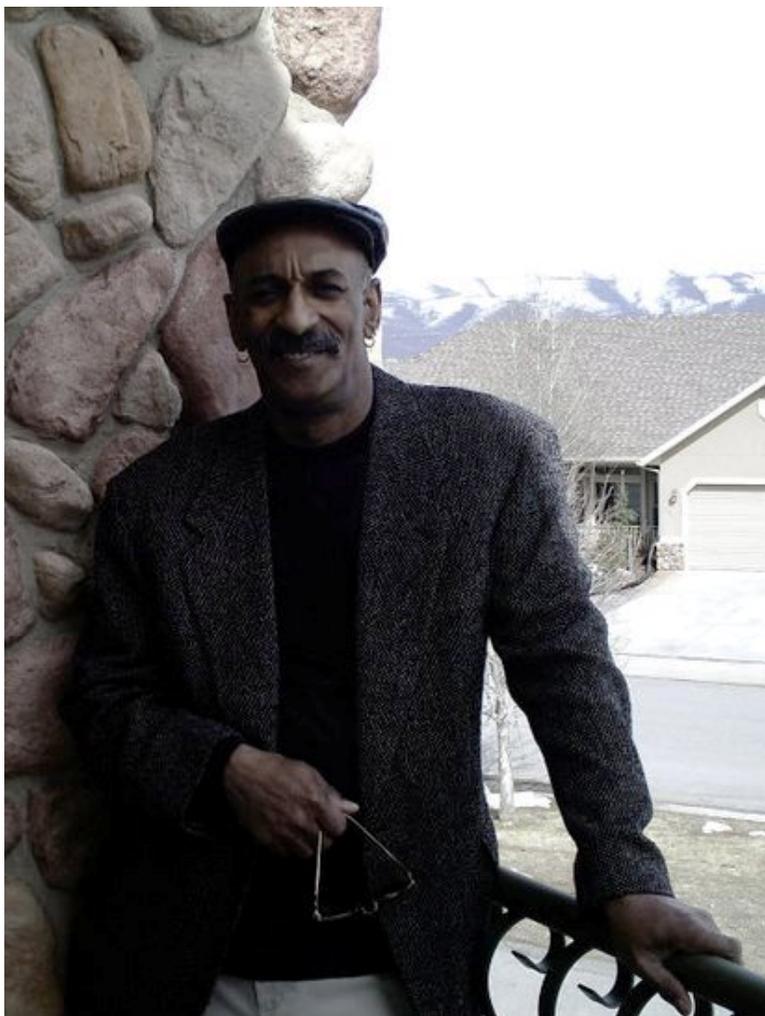
The Year of the Poet ~ December 2014

along
the line
separation
is only an illusion

the illusion of power
good and bad
right and wrong
don't exist
for living
adapting
powerful beings.

**William
S.
Peters Sr**

The Year of the Poet ~ December 2014



The Year of the Poet ~ December 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

i am my Muse

my Muse stood naked before me
in the halls where my spirit lived

she was begging for my Soul
to remember it's charge,
and my life
became stilled

there were no movements,
no sounds
just the quiet whispers
from her heart to mine own,
and i began to weep

i heard a distant melody
beginning to play
from a place deep within me,
and i became harmonized
with all that was about me,
all that i knew,
all that could ever be

i realized that something . . .
something was happening
beyond the understanding
of my worldly consciousness
and i saw the feeble me
i so despised

at first there was trepidation
which manifested quickly
into a fear,
that i was not in a position
to handle . . . so i thought

The Year of the Poet ~ December 2014

then there was a voice
with a demure affection
that spoke to me
in a hush
and it said
“fear not my child”

i thought it must have been God,
and then my Muse said to me
“Nay, it is thine own Knowing
that speaks with such absolute,
Trust” . . .

at this time,
in this eternal moment,
that had no beginning
nor had no end,
there was a light
and i could not figure it’s origin.

it shone upon my chest,
my body,
my feet,
from my eyes
and i looked down
to touch it
and my hand became one
with this light

fright tried to visit upon me
but the brightness quickly quelled
its quest
as i epiphanically grasped
that i was this light
that i now sensed
about me,
it came from within me

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and the Sons and Daughters of Creation
gathered around
and swooned to an new euphoria
of this world of mine
and i hungrily, thirstfully reached
as it was reaching for me

the need was beyond common

in my inebriated state
i heard the incantation-ous whispers
begin to caress my consciousness
as it beckoned me
to just let go

as i began to step out
with a faith i never knew i had
the Shadows scattered
as i began to sense my power,
my sedulous sorcerous ways

my eyes of the world closed
and i watched
a visual expression
of my life just spent
from birth
to a death
i have yet to taste

i do not quite remember
if there was an ending,
or was this a new beginning

in hindsight
i knew there could not have been,
for here i still stand
exactly where i wish to

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a place, a space
i faintly remember
dreaming of

yes, i stand firmly,
confidently,
without fail
upon that precipice of peace
which causes angst
in the souls of men

knowing now that i was
the Master of my Destiny
which was nothing more
than a collection of “Nows”
i can do naught but smile

for . . .
in my shallow beliefs
there was no room
for real dreamers,
but i did so anyway

so, today, here i stand
yet still
embraced by my Soul Companion
which is but my own reflection
looking upon it's self
on the surface of the pristine waters
and i see clearly now that

i am my Muse

we are 1

No Flaws

my keyboard is my Keyboard
and i write the music
i hear playing within

with my cyber ink
i am singing melodies
seeking harmonies
in verse
as i disperse
my souls beauty

i am my Muse
calling forth my greater self
to be use
to express the greater light
for i refuse
to embrace darkness
as my only way
this day
or any other

concordant symphonies
are a must
and i trust
with a bit more practice
our individuality
will conform
to a unity of purpose

The Year of the Poet ~ December 2014

which i term love
for one another

we smother our joys
repress our divinity
with toys
and other psychic deviances
that keep us from paying attention
to life
and its grandest of expression

we give honorable mention
to our God within
while we cling
to that tired concept
that we were created in sin

no, i am beautiful,
for the hands of my Master
who is Perfect
formed and shaped me
with a plan in my soul,
implanted deeply
and whether or not i know it,
I AM Whole
I AM Perfect
I AM Strong
I AM Powerful
I AM Loving

The Year of the Poet ~ December 2014

I AM Harmonious

I AM Happy

I AM Healthy

I AM Wealthy

I AM Wise

and all i have to do is

not open my eyes,

of the world

but my EYE

which sees all things

as they are

Created by Perfection in Perfection

No Flaws

~ * ~

ref : The Master Key by Charles Haanel

<http://www.iaminnerchild.com/the-master-key.php>

Seasons

being fully immersed
in the Autumn of my life
i can not but consider
the coming winter
and ask
am i prepared
am i taking my medicines

i realize, that i do need
to exercise a bit more . . .
OK, OK, i need to exercise . . .
period !

Walking to the Car
and Steps in the house
do not count
but that does not stop me
from wanting an elevator
for Christmas

it is not laziness
perhaps we will call it
fatigue

i look back
on seasons past
such as the Summer of Life
when i was unconsciously
seeking fun
at any beach i could find,
it did not matter much
as long as the atmosphere
was libation-ous
and inebriating

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accompanied by vague memories
the next day

at some level in my consciousness
i am still hung over
and suffering
the many long nights
of before

life was a continuous vacation

out of all the seasons
i loved and cherished the Spring
the most
when things were always
new and budding,
blossoming
ushering forth
fresh new scents
into my life
to be explored

the wonder of those years
have somehow
been misplaced
as i allowed them
to ease from my grasp
because i had duty
and obligation

now here i am
in the harvest years
and i must simply ask . . .
did i plant enough seed
in some good ground

The Year of the Poet ~ December 2014

along the way
and when will i taste the fruits

gee, i hope they are sweet,
abundant would be nice as well

maybe i'll make some wines
for the winter
and become drunken
with memories
of seasons past
as i knowingly watch
"as the world turns"

~ * ~

who embraces the Winter when Spring is in the air . . . for
the Winters Wisdom is only gathered by the passing of the
. . . Seasons

Fate

we can pick the flowers
along the road,
adding unto our
temporal conscious experience
which provides us a healthy distraction
from the deep rooted questions
that abide in the hearts of men

and we thought hearts were only for love

the heart knows of what lies ahead.
sometimes it fears
sometime it doubts
sometimes it rejoices
in the visions co-created
by our worldly hopes
and thinking

in truth, we know all roads
have an end.

some are concurrent
with our journey,
yet objectively
we never do get
where we want to be,
do we . . .
or do we ?

such is the fate of man . . .
are we in control
of anything

The Year of the Poet ~ December 2014

beyond our thoughts that . . .
“we are in control ?”

if life has purpose,
then every step has meaning
and that lends it's self
to an end
in my linear senses,
so embrace the journey
and face thyself

we hope for some recompense
to our envisioned trials,
tribulations,
but does it have to be that way ?
can we not just do
as Khyyam said . . .
“Eat, Drink and be Merry”

i ask, why does the Oxen
tolerate it's burden . . .
why does the Ant, the Termite
toil without question ?
can we be the same ?

i think not !

we spawn from seed,
pierce the shell of life
evolve and grow
never to know exactly,
actually, factually
where we are going
so we grasp at doctrines
left behind

The Year of the Poet ~ December 2014

and those created
in kind
to make it all somewhat bearable

but these cloaks of supposed truth
don't always fit
and at some time
may become
un-wearable

Fate, i question it
for i did not get the written version
of the instructions
on how to handle
the ultimate destruction
when this body
can sustain no more,
and if that is the only purpose,
then what did i come here for ? . . .
a vacation ?
from what ?

perhaps in this journey
i am elucidating
is but for the seeking
that i may find more Flowers . . .
to adorn my Soul

perhaps, that is my Fate

December Features



Katherine Wyatt

WrittenInPain

Santos Taino

Justice Clarke

The Year of the Poet ~ December 2014

**Katherine
Wyatt**

The Year of the Poet ~ December 2014



The Year of the Poet ~ December 2014

Katherine Wyatt, born in Pittsburgh, PA., comes from a family of artists and writers that date back into the fifteen hundreds. Her mother was a cartoonist whose work was published globally. Her father was a writer in the corporate world, and he started his career as a journalist as a young man. Katherine was formally a ballet dancer who was trained at the prestigious School of American Ballet and danced the New York City Ballet repertoire for many years. She then went to college and got a BA and an MA in World Religions, and MA in Humanities and another MS in Instructional Design for Online Applications. She Attended Florida State University, among other. She then taught college students for three years. Katherine has written all of her life, but mostly academically until eight years ago. When she was seventeen she began a spiritual journey that led her around the world, and to Rishikesh, India. There she studied yoga in the tradition of the Himalayan Masters. She also has spent the last four years studying the history and traditions of Native Americans, and is still learning much in this area. With a strong background in the arts and her deep interest in spirituality her poetry often reflects the human connection to the divine. Her work is inspired by both eastern and western tradition. Katherine is currently and academic writer who loves to write poetry and has two books published. *The Core of the Essence*, her first book, was a collection of work that focused on the divine feminine and other issues of poetic nature. The second work, *The TwinFlame Narratives*, is a work of prose that is purely spiritual in nature and is the seeking of those who are like minded on the spiritual journey.

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Katherine has over ninety works at YouTube, and co-wrote extensively doing historical prose on the issue of Native Americans. These can be viewed at YouTube, and a CD is ready for release. She lives in New Orleans with her fiancé and their new dachshund Iggy, who is a delight. The city is always filled with interesting character and spirituality. Her roots to India are still a part of her life in New Orleans. Academic writing is a passion, but Katherine loves the freedom and imagery that poetry allows, and the artistic expression. She hopes to do another book in the future.

Katherine's work can be found at Facebook as well

<https://www.facebook.com/katherinewyatt.trinitypoetry>

She can also be found at Reverbnation and SoundCloud

<https://soundcloud.com/katherine-wyatt-trinity>

http://www.reverbnation.com/katherinewyatt?profile_view_source=header_icon_nav

The Year of the Poet ~ December 2014

~ nothing more

Dont speak to me of your life

*chatting of daily events
leaving details in shaded penumbra
a perfect shadow*

*Leave me in total ignorance
so much simpler than sifting
through the sawdust
you feed me*

*leaving breadcrumbs
for the hungry
a trail of morsels begging questions*

You silenced me

*with razor sharp words
cutting veins of trust*

*or that heavy silence
craftily designed
to leave me hollow*

The Year of the Poet ~ December 2014

Tell me nothing

*I will ask no more
as I was nothing in your shadow*

exchange the shallow

it's all there ever was

despite my delusions

nothing more..

~ do this in remembrance

*I am connected to this land
it flows through my veins
entwines itself through my sinew
it is one with my flesh
this land and I share.....
its past and au courant present*

*I drink the waters running through
the veins of thie Mother
the passageways that carry her lifeblood*

*All that has taken place upon this soil,
art envisioned by Degas,
that soft space where lovers
engaged in trysts under banyans
along these bayous and riverbeds
..and blood spilled within the deeper soils
filter the waters within me
with which the Mother
gives suckle for my thirst*

*I feel the past and see it in my dreams
..as the slave trade moves
through my own blood...
where they fell... upon this soil
where the indigenous people
died upon this ground
as the "new world" forged in fire
modernity... paved its asphalt
over the top of this land...*

She is ancient

The Year of the Poet ~ December 2014

*We plant seeds sprouting to life
flowering in the sunlight
in this soil... nourished by this land
as the fresh chard
tomatoes and peppers
picked from this land
move through my body as nourishment
so does the soil that gave life
birthed these fruits that sustain me*

I become the Earth....

*I bathe and the Earth cleanses me
with living waters that have traveled
through lakes to bayous....
across bones and stones
at the bottom of the rivulets
whispering their secrets of days long passed
rippling through Her veins
I hear them from within*

*What has passed in and through this land
lives in vibrational energy within me*

*Take eat.. this is my body..... do this in remembrance.....
This is my blood...*

drink this in remembrance

"What you are.... I am...."

~ my entrails

*In my entrails are revealed the strangest existence
offspring grew and were birthed.
Ivy covered bridges to foreign lands
were shadowed by strange footsteps
awaiting my visitations...*

*The soft smell of salt waters
during long journeys across a crystal sea
paraiba blue and refracting claret*

...
*Where the grass was green
as the spirals of cathedrals
touched soft the cloud filled skies darkening
as thunder struck and we knew
rain was coming as the cattle lay
in the deep greens of the Motherland*

*Within my palms are the lines that speak
in sacred symmetry
of the journeys and the phenomena that lengthen
...spinning a tale to be told
where castles and ruins wait to be gazed upon
in solemn trance..
and the wanderlust whispers
then screams.. "it is time".. move on*

*Words dripping in vague..
dissolve my resolve
I was so shimmering in expectations
and silver linings
.. now locked in hollow circumlocution
of promises colored in grays.....*

The Year of the Poet ~ December 2014

*It is all so clear and yet I cannot see
A sage descends from the mountain top
mist gathering round him
as he walks towards me.....this will be the answer
He has no words I have not heard before
spewing forth a song so dissonant
he wanders after a sheep herding girl
it is all so profane*

*We put a pistol to our temples
...then wait
it is all on repeat
I conclude that the reluctant Messiah
was right*

*"We teach best
what we most need to learn"*

~ vision traveler

Vision traveler

walking through the pastels of reveries
entwine your fingers with mine through the night
climb the stairways of stars across time
slip through an eclipse
as you meet me on the other side

Take me

and let the velvet sky wrap itself around
only us
turn off the stars
as your fingers trace my breasts
let our kiss ignite the fire from inside

Vision traveler

walking through the stardust of the night
deep within I am the indigo
within the etchings of your rainbow eyes
we watch our shadows dodge and hide
risking our hearts and parlay as we entwine

fright lies deep within our scars
as you turn to look away
voices rise when we choke back the poison
hiding under our eyelids deep within
flying into the shadowrealms together
risking that walk through the fire
edging forward with calm surrender
embracing one another across the embers

The Year of the Poet ~ December 2014

„„till we reach the other side

Vision traveler
tracing your steps across the milky way
time has taken time to pass
love deepens as I feel
...with incredulity
tread with me across the countless moments
we'll catch the quiet ones in our palms
flying away to another constellation
leave the shadow worlds behind

~ my beloved

Oh my Beloved one when we touch
it is beyond the words and even the flesh
For oceans of time we have melded into Oneness
meeting in countless love stories,
Mother and child, sisters and brothers,
in all the forms of the formless

We lovers who always find one another
regardless of the confines of time

Time and space cannot extinguish this fire

It is you that has peeled the yellow leaves
from my branches and you alone
are the new green life that springs forth from within me

Together we have walked through lifetimes
and your soul signature is imprinted on my own essence

I have known you in a million forms
and we have found each other as our union is formless
uncontained by a single universe
written in stardust across ancient skies

You hid behind ever changing countenances
as I followed the essence of you
laying at your feet, graced to be your servant
as it was in this service of what is Divine I found
the merging of all love into the depths of a unity
inexplicable with mere words

The Year of the Poet ~ December 2014

For this there are no words, but only this great loving
awareness

And it is in you that love finds its end
rising as a cresting wave, seeming separate
only to crash upon your shores and return to your depths

Inseparable as the wave from the ocean is this lovesong

Chasing you as the sun chases the moon
we merge in eclipse and linger there in stasis

As the universe collapses upon itself in that ending bindi
we will be enjoined and explode again and again
spreading this love in starlight
 across endless newborn halls of time

WrittenInPain

The Year of the Poet ~ December 2014



The Year of the Poet ~ December 2014

I am known in the poetic world as ‘Writteninpain.’ This name has defined the roots of my creative work. Now known as a poet and spoken word artist, I had well established myself within the realms of writing before I was ever known in the poetic network. I'd like to present to you a brief overview of my skills and experiences that have outlined my career to this point. I am confident in my abilities and appreciate the platform to showcase a few marketable talents.

Biography

Winner of Carol Stupel writer’s scholarship; ‘88
Writer for New Youth Connection magazine; ‘90-93
Wrote and directed Domestic Violence Documentary
“When it goes to far” & aired on PBS Winter; ‘93
Published in Black American magazine; ‘95
Published in the book “Things get hectic”; ‘98
Raintiger.com July ’08 artist of the month
Co-host of Blog Talk Radio’s ‘Breathing Through Paper’
Oct ’10 – present
Co-Artist of “Nervous” a collaboration Spoken Word CD;
March ‘11
First solo Spoken Word Album ‘I Am Writteninpain’ to be
released; Nov‘11
Currently working on two short story books, both written
and audio
Owner of a group page on Facebook titled ‘Pens in Pain’
where I am currently hosting my second Poetry contest

writteninpain@hotmail.com

CD : I Am Written In Pain :
<http://writteninpain.weebly.com/>

PLAIN SIGHT

open mouths don't see well
conscious nonsense snubs the sub conscious
artificial knowledge
public school wont prepare you for college
maybe? city or community
GED never see a university
sounds like a planned scam to me
a system that produces criminals and mid level workers like
a factory
most kids drop out by tenth grade is what they say
they would know.. the system is created that way
how can a nation of mediocre education..
be delegated as an authority on how to be educated
another trick for the mind?
is this the same nation that leads the world in crime ?
Globally menacing
modeling citizens
packing prisons for that free labor waver
as youths they plant the ability to believe lies in your
memory
santa.. tooth fairy.. oh white supremacy
General George Washington the brave..killing his black
babies.. and fucking slaves
I keep thinking bout those three 6's in that disney logo
and how that thanksgiving story was a bullshit promo..
and ernie and bert were really... nevermind
but when seeds get planted.. consider the farmer
if the war is against the mind.. who gave you that armor
that history book .. who was the author

The Year of the Poet ~ December 2014

from who's perception do we learn these lessons
its not the professors profession to answer your questions
he will.. only as it pertains to testing
33rd degees
Ivy leagues
segregation in education
takes dollars to be a scholar
its a set up ..
your brain can detect it
thats why as a child initially you reject it
you get broken down..
train to memorize whats written down
those who cant be trained get sighted as difficult
reevaluated
charted..labeled .. then medicated
"YOU GUNNA LEARN TODAY"
learn how to earn the american way
school is job training
not brain training
how much are these kids retaining
high school is how they shift and sort em out
get them sold on the bullshit
or into computers
the rest go to jail.. get pregnant
or talk to recruiters
why you think its so few that get through
school only teaches you how to be taught what to do
the money college burns
only for a paper that says you can earn
more than you would have with out it
but that extra money you spend going where
so who really made the profit?

The Year of the Poet ~ December 2014

do people go to institutions to learn more or earn more
cause thats not the same thing
i can show you how to operate or build a plane
is that one in the same?
like you can have a nice apartment
die before you own your home
i can teach you to use
but not build a phone
you can work for my corperation
but never have your own..
some people will say that im talking straight ignorance
maybe so...
but i bet your educated ass aint see them three 6's
in that Disney logo

Held in Contempt

As I approach the first stair
close my eyes one more whiff of air
It says in God we trust
Truth is Gods not the one judging us
thats later
right now.. its this blue blooded
confederate flag waver
nigger hater
Scales of justice arent balanced as they seem
The judge the prosecution my lawyer on the same team
This so called jury of peers
consist of 9 white men, three black women...twice my years
liberty and justice has disappeared
My lawyer trying to cut a deal for me
I keep telling him..im not guilty
The prosecuter
just told the jury im a marjuiana user
My lawyer no objection
feeling cheated my right of legal protection
This officer that wasnt even there
Lying on the bible one hand in the air
Some how this is fair
No this is big buisness
Preconvicted by this LIE witness
Generated free labor
Steal me from my family
Make a rapist my neighbor
Altered math mathematics
How the lowest demographic
commit most of the crimes

The Year of the Poet ~ December 2014

Then get convicted most of the times
doing most of the time...most of the time
Locking them up for nickles and dimes
criminals in white collars
move them dollars
yet I struggle to pay my rent
so im stuck with legal aid, that cares not im innocent
In god I Trust
where is he when you need him
Hope he on the defence
trying to delegate my freedom

diary of the unwanted

first there was love
wasnt it?
had to be
followed by a heartbeat
beating
beating
this is the music making me
living before becoming concious
yet concious i am living
growing
breathing..
i can hear her...
she is the base line to my sound track
growing still knowing
one day my eyes will be all she caares for
this is love isnt it?
her life is my lifes livings
engulfed in her core
knowing there is more
as i perform summersults to remind her
i am axious to live in that world
the one she lives in full of the sound
creating the music i dream to
I WANT TO LIVE
how long will it take before i can verbalize this desire
will i even remember this place
this time
when i could feel her
loving me..this , is love isnt it?
holding stead fast to dreams
this life a lullaby

The Year of the Poet ~ December 2014

SHAKING

HEART BEAT DOUBLES

some things wrong with her

i can feel her pain

as i feel the pain

like a hot rod piercing my leg..

through my thigh

another through my head

out my eye

why???

another

another

then...

silence

this feeling over coming me

numbing me

feeling nothing like the oasis of life

she feels cold to me

distant

i am literally melting away

it ..it doesn't hurt anymore

but this is not peace

this is not love

Is it?

heartbeat

beating

beating

beating

then...

music stops....

(please ladies stop having sex without love)

enter the written in pain

(i wrote this thinking about how baby's feel being

aborted...how we have no concept of their consciousness)

They Say...

They say dont let your left hand know what your right hand doing

To me.. that just means the projects ruined

They say anything to good to be true usually is

Then what are we pursuing

Going by what "they" say logically mediocracy

They say you cant teach a old dog new tricks

why would a old dog wanna play dead

fetch sticks

a old dog too wise for that shit

They say 2 wrongs dont make a right

yeah right

thats how big business is nourished

in fact thats how this country flourished

They say its better to have loved and lost then never loved

at all

what?

lost love can alter you vitals

make you depressed, repressed even suicidal

They say never hate

thats absurd

If we cant hate

why is it a word?

They say keep your friend close

and your enemies closer.. why should that be

you have to watch your friends close

keep my foes away from me

they say variety is the spice of life

dont buy in to that bit

eating too much different shit will make u sick

so i dont listen to what they say

cause they will have yo ass living like Kunta Kente

for Melted Sandcastles

*ashamed i was at fact i never knew
blow a kiss into the oceans view
she waves back at you
waters hitting me, kissing me
motivated by its mysteries and histories
my mind a depthless abyss...
sailing upon..lifted tides... i ride in tides rising
drowning regret.. keeping hope moist and wet
chasing sunsets...
so i wrote it into the sea shore
see as im sure to forget
leaving imprints embedded in soft sands
wishes dreams, unreplied demands
motivating every grain to help me explain
what water reflects from the sky
a serene scene unseen to the naked eye
my appreciation for creation
the yells from sea shells aids in sedation
hoping i dig deep enuff
making implications of notifications
written timeline
written in a royal design..
my plans race the sands of time
haste only debates the waste of time
yet between water and land lives the divine
see the peace it brings? building castles with words
crowned king here..giving written words wings
waves bring them into the kingdom
listen to birds sing them*

The Year of the Poet ~ December 2014

see joy deployed in the joy it brings them
then.. footprints faded
forgotten trails of how i made it
castles from sand and how did i make it
waves whisper goodbye ...only here to take it
washing it all away ... as if never here...
my unmentioned intentions....lifes dispositions..
ashamed i was at this fact i never wanted to see
blow a kiss at the ocean she will wave back at me
leaving wet mounds.... where my castles use to be...

The Year of the Poet ~ December 2014

Santos Taino

The Year of the Poet ~ December 2014



The Year of the Poet ~ December 2014

Santos Taino, is also known as “The Sensual Angel”, A truly gifted Poet and Spoken Word Artist, the first and only male member of The Tantalizing Angels of New York City.

Although much notoriety and fanfare is made about The Sensual Angel’s very sultry & seductive words on stage said to bring ladies to the brink of ecstasy by his mere vocal inflection alone when performing some of his well-crafted and sexy poetry...he cannot be dismissed as a one hit wonder type of spoken word artist based on one particular genre of poetry be it Erotic or otherwise

Mr. Santiago’s love of language and prose evolved into a lifelong love affair with Poetry as his primary outlet for creative expression however he is also an accomplished Musician, Songwriter and Vocalist who has performed with some of the world’s most popular Latin recording artist These days however you are most likely to find Mr. Santiago blazing the microphone on stage about town in New York at various venues including the Moca Bar & Lounge or the legendary Nuyorican Poets Café. And because he has such a voracious appetite for poetry he just completed a full year series of S.E.X.Y Show or The Sultry Erotic XsundaY Show which broadcasted live, online via Talkshoe.com .

Some of his most profound poetry focuses on his not so picturesque life growing up in the 1970’s & 80’s in The Bronx where he and his siblings only had their adoring Mother to rely on for all their care and needs. Although times were tough & poverty nipped at every corner he along with his siblings have been able to establish better lives for themselves.

http://www.amazon.com/gp/aw/d/0984157344?pc_redir=1413883580&robot_redir=1

Poet! . . . Write me a poem

Not your ordinary I love you's...
Or I want to be with you
Or my life is through Type poetry

I want you to write about The true things about me

Like my humble days in poverty

Make it true to life cause I don't want the reader to feel
sorry for me

Write about my highs and lows

My sorrows and joys

Like all those Christmas's I went through without
Christmas toys

Why don't you write About the times Santa missed our
place and as a child looking in the mirror with a frown on
my face learning how Santa just wasn't true

I want these prose to explain all the pain on my mommy's
face...
living in a place where poor was the norm

Where even when the sun shined our life had storms

Poet!
Write about that!

The Year of the Poet ~ December 2014

Write about the fact that my daddy left at an early age

So I put excuses to my rage just because the excuse was there to use

Poet please!
Try to capture what's real

Try to scribe about the way I really feel when life is just too rough ...
walking around like a child acting like a man trying to be tough ...
working after school trying to make a dime instead of spending time playing street games till the lights went out

Yes Poet...
I have no doubt
You can find those words

The words that speak to the extent of how many times we have to choose between food and rent or one meal a day because child support wasn't sent

Poet please!

As the body of the story you're building ...
please talk about those abandoned buildings and empty lots
and all the abusive cops that beat our ass for no reason

Poet are you listening ?

Don't let my words fall upon deaf ears!

The Year of the Poet ~ December 2014

Write about the years and tears spent listening to eulogies
of friends dying young barely leaving their teens

How I like many of them abandoned our dreams in search
for a dollar

Because our dreams wouldn't pay and I like many have
strayed into arms of many women for comfort

Eventually there would be many I would hurt cause love
has never been part of my story

Poet do you hear me?

Poet write me a poem!

Not your normal prose

Tell this truth of how this story really goes

Write with ink of crimson

Leave behind the fairy tale-izms

Poet !

Write my poem in truth

A Love Poem

I have never been to heaven but I know paradise is within
you

I want to be surrounded within the tightness of your
walls....
in the comfort of your warmth...
baptize me in your moisture
of love

Let my lips taste ecstasy...
imbibe in the sweetness of your delicacy...
Let my body and Soul Savor the beauty of your femininity

I want to experience the flavor of beauty !

Upon your skin I can inhale the scent of perfection

Allow me to be lost in your eyes and gaze upon my own
reflection

I want to find a space in your heart that would be shared
with only me

I will make love to you like a Woman deserves to be
loved...
with full attention to detail

Let me sail upon the wings of your affections...
We can dance to the rhythms of the moans of your
inflections ...
And we can bathe in the sweat of our carnal inebriation

The Year of the Poet ~ December 2014

I want to be intoxicated in your passion...
drunk in your desire

I want to feel the warmth of the fire that is created
By your skin upon my skin

Let us Kindle gently until you arrive at full satisfaction...
I awakening those sensations you have long for

Within you I can fly higher than even the eagle soars...
Just open up your heart's door and lead me to heaven

LOST AND FOUND

Young brother...

Why are you wasting your life your talent ...
your God given ability

Why stand on street corners wasting precious time

Why claim places covered in concrete that's neither yours
or mine ...
young brother

Don't waste your life away !

These streets is where death Plays...

Don't get caught up in the game...

Don't you know is rigged ?

Don't you know its road leads to St Nowhere...

Don't get lost on the corner of despair headed down to the
Avenue of I don't care

It Only leads to the blvd of lost dreams.

Turn right and don't go down that road.

Haven't you been told...

You are worth more than gold

You are precious gem !

The Year of the Poet ~ December 2014

Those streets...
forget them !

Turn right and find the right way home...

Take the detour...
I'm sure you have dreams

These streets will only offer nightmares...
Sleepless nights
Uncalled for burden

Don't get caught up in them !

Young brother ...
find your way home

Prayers and Tears

Sometime you may feel love ...
that Type love that hugs you

It embraces you...
and joy and smiles are never too many

Happiness comes in plenty and content becomes a friend

But I have witnessed many that never known plenty

Where happy is just a Get by and the way they Get by
brings tears to my eyes

I have shed many silent tears over the years and I have
prayed a prayer or two for those less fortunate

Like the child that beats a bucket for change ...
The child whom sells candy on the train
or the homeless man with the pushcart and bottle bags

How about the homeless man with the broken rags sleeping
on the subway floor ?

He's no longer poor... he's destitute !

How about that prostitute ...
did she know she had to sell her body to make a living ?

The Year of the Poet ~ December 2014

When does love stop giving ?

Did love forget they are one of us

Is there a God truly watching us ?

I even heard a song saying...

"How about if God was another slob like us"

I wonder if he would have to beat a drum...

collect bottles and push a cart...

sleep on dirty subway floors

or would he have to whore for a dollar

because I am beginning to believe that's the only love they

receive comes from prayers and tears

Stepmother Streets

I'm the bastard stepchild of these ghetto streets...
I've been baptized in blood on the corner of survive and
defeat.

Step mother didn't give a shit either way.

These streets are where I grew...
hustled...
I played

This wicked stepmother
Left bastard children on street corners

Tricked out her daughter for a dollar
Got them hooked on heroin ...
then left them in squalor

She was never paid in honor...
only in pain

only in blood
only in tears...

This b***** been here for years...
She never gets old !

It's said ...
her streets are paved with gold.
I guess my streets were sold

Cause on my block there was nothing...
burned down building
Dirty streets
And too little to eat

The Year of the Poet ~ December 2014

Dirty cops on the beat
And regular beat down on the streets...
But she showed us no love

If you ever heard her speak...
she'd say
" love is for the weak "...
get yours any way you can

You gotta be more man than the next ...
Do all it takes to survive
On these streets
Second chances ain't common.
You will always be tested

Stepmother Streets glorified violence...
She said "snitches get stitches" and kept her victims in
silence.

These are her Streets...
She played prosecutor...
judge and jury

And surely prison was always the next possible
Foster home

Stepmother streets...
she didn't give a s*** either way !

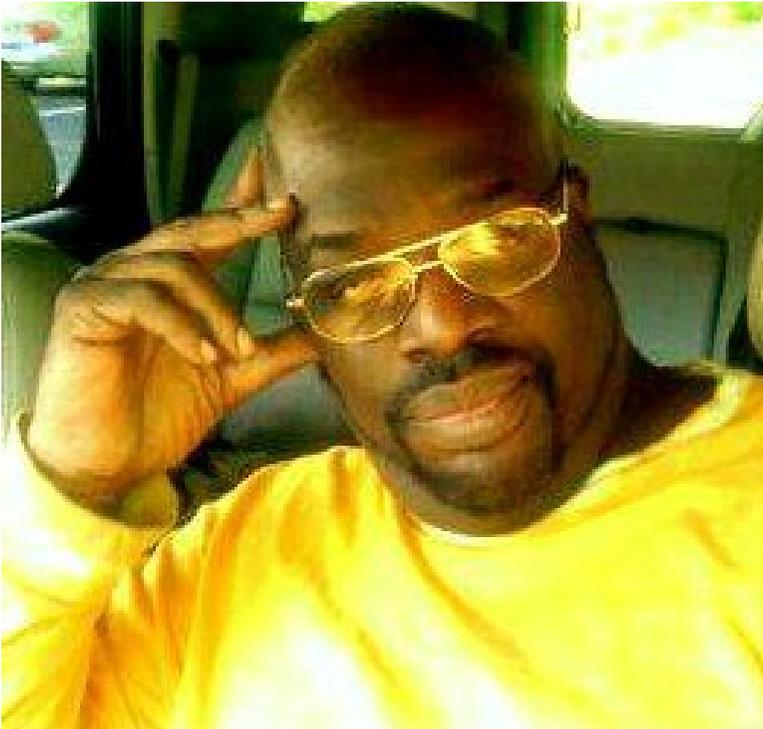
You either learn the rules of the game or find an early grave

Stepmother is watchin'

Be careful not to overstay
Your visit

Justice Clarke

The Year of the Poet ~ December 2014



The Year of the Poet ~ December 2014

Justice Clarke known in poetic circles as Flowetic Justice has been writing poetry seriously for the last four years under the trademarked moniker "Thoughts of a Single Man". In 2010 he won the Blood Sweat and Tears poetry slam and began to concentrate on writing his first poetry book. Since then he has published six books, "Thoughts of a Single Man-100 poems in 100 days" and "Thoughts of a Single Man Vol. 2 Poetry for the Grown and Sexy- The Erotica Files", " Love Letters", "Confessions of the Pen", " Ink Without Fear" and a men's mental health guide called " After She Leaves -A healing guide for the suddenly single male." all of which are available as E-books at <https://www.smashwords.com/profile/view/Flowetic> . He was also featured in a poetry collaboration, a individual poem, and a short erotic story in the book "Hot Summer Nights" available through sharesnack.com. And lastly he won the infamous blog radio Poetry After Dark's " Battle of the Metaphors" in December 2012. In 2013 he began working on a audio compilation of his work to be released this year where excerpts of which can be found at <https://soundcloud.com/thoughts-of-a-single-man>. He completed a graphic novel which he is also illustrated this summer called " Redemption Alley" which should be available on Amazon by the end of the year as well. He is also planning to release an epic compilation of his poetry in 2015 entitled "Emotions in Ink " which should be available on Amazon. He writes in all styles of poetry on multiple levels as well as stories in adventure, horror, and science fiction.

Facebook

<http://www.facebook.com/justice.clarke.5>

personal website

<http://thoughtsofasingleman.allthingsme.net/>

Epiphany in Ebony

The reflections of her rarity
radiate in the realm of my receptors
as I view her upon the altar of infinite alternating angles
as she revolves and rotates
in the recesses of my ravenous reprise
in naming me she claimed me as her own
and I was blessed wet by the concoction of that coveted
notion
lapped in the lathering lotions
of the potions of matriculated emotion
marinating in the warmest of ways
the congealing frost of my heart
melted by the wax of her words
as the context of her conversation
commences to captivate my every nerve
I salivate at the sensation of the mention of the impending
date
a soliloquy of seduction
played in harmonious melodies
that transpires within the cortex of my enlightenment
ramifications of the dictations
displayed beyond the public peer
the vernacular spectacular as a speculated spectrum
of symbiotic salacious situations infiltrate my tingling ear
I see us mingling
somewhere between the void of fantasy and myth
intertwined on the stage in the theater of our own design
where luminous tones succumb to numerous moans
for such are the prints of her foraging feet
that are left as she roams unclothed and disrobed
through the endless hallways of my imagining mind
as we twist in the turbulent tornado
of a the tantalizing tango
orchestrated in the aura of a semblance

The Year of the Poet ~ December 2014

of the ambiance of a radiance
the becomes a balanced ballet of beloved bliss
the fires of her fragrance entice me in my euphoria
as we lay in the fields of forgotten pleasures
daffodils dance in their decadence
roses repel in their rapture
sunflowers saturate in their serenity
as the foliage frames our frolicking fray
the intentions deemed in the dimensions
of our physical inventions
alleviates the tensions held warm in their divine display
erotically hypnotic let her hips sway
to the rhythmic rotations of the quadratic equations
signed by the signatures of the elders of sentenced sin
where one plus one equals one
the embodiment of the enticement
lettered on the nights of the midsummer's track
where the credo of libidos rise like the baking yeast
and sheets are torn by the beast with two backs
the lessons learned in the lectern of the loving
for I know she is coming to me
as I await the bounty of her balm
greeting her with open arms
my hoping heart in my groping palm
and I shall carry her on these shoulders burly and broad
to the correlated covenant of our contemplated content
the ordained oracle of our enlightened intent
as we blend in the blessings of bodies born of the betrothed
by the tally of that most sacred and shared day
as I am entangled in the woven threads of her eternity
where lays the pedestal of my epiphany
molded of the extracted teeming tones
now sculpted from the consuming womb of her ebony clay

Philadelphia Rain

I walk these streets a stranger lost in the pouring rain
no one seems to know my name
under the shelter of an awning I stand
and try to remember why I came
the lure of a real love
and the precious gift of the family unit
memories lost and gone
swept away like dusty leaves in the wind
let this hard water wash me clean of my sins
my head spins
revolving in the questions of the searching heart
and then it starts again
the thunder crash
the lighting flash
the puddle's splash
cars drive by with passengers on an unknown journey
yet my destination remains a mystery
just a single man looking for himself
in the reflection of the dirty liquid
that pools on the street
I feel the sting of my aching feet
on the unyielding concrete pavement
as neon lights glow in the distance
yet I do not recognize the signs
waiting for someone to show me my way home
yet I remain a shadow on the wall
left like a littering stain
erased and drowning
in the endless depths of forsaken pain
lost in the moving crowd

The Year of the Poet ~ December 2014

I wish some one
anyone
would speak to me
just a simple greeting stated aloud
but I remain branded with the mark of a stranger
as I begin to walk once move
chilled to the bone by the cascading shiver
wondering who shall deliver me from my exile
as I fade into the merging scene of a painting
forever displayed in shades of grey
as no one seems to notice my existence
on this road of endless miles
and no one ever smiles
in the Philadelphia rain

Hands upon your Soul

Let no one lay their hands upon you and leave their mark
upon your soul
Let no one steal your joyous warmth and banish you to the
endless road of the bitter cold
For I know I am not the only one and this is the saddest of
tales that too often has been told
Let no one lay their hands upon you and leave their mark
upon your soul
He is big and I am small
I lay silent in my bed at night too afraid to move
Too frightened to breathe
Laying so still
As if I was already buried beneath the soil of the earth
Listening here in the dark
For those heavy footsteps to come down the hall
He was supposed to love me
He was supposed to protect me
I wish now I had no attention from him at all
I wish he would neglect me
Forget me
Just for one damn night
It's not supposed to be this way
I know that this is wrong
I must tell someone anyone but for now I must be strong
The days seem so short when I am away from him at
school
There with the other children laughing and playing
While all the while deep inside I am silently praying
That I do not have to go back home
For the nights seem to last forever and are always so very
long

The Year of the Poet ~ December 2014

He was supposed to love me
And I remember a time when I loved him so much
That was before the night so long ago
Of that first bad touch
I know others in the house are not blind
And perhaps they still see him as kind
And refuse to believe the reality that we exist in
This morning I actually saw my mother hug and kiss him
I wonder if he left and never came back
Would I be the only one that would never miss him
Shhh ...let me listen
I think he is coming again
But I won't let this defeat me
I won't let him beat me
And this time it might not be so easy
For tomorrow I will tell someone of this horror
And if they do not believe me I will tell another and
another
Until someone intervenes
For if I do not years from now his filthy actions I am sure
Will still haunt me in my dreams
I must escape this abusive mental prison
I must stop this physical pain
Wash away the sin of his stain
And make this once again the safest of homes
Because I don't think anyone wants to know the truth
That I live with a rapist in my home
Sometimes I feel so alone
As the tears begin to fall once more
And I could have swore right here in this moment
I heard someone standing in front of my bedroom door
Is he out there again
Is it that terrible time again

The Year of the Poet ~ December 2014

I close my eyes tightly now
And here in the darkness of my existence
In the ensuing persistence of my surging resistance
I once again repeat the prayer that has become my solemn
vow
Let no one lay their hands upon you and leave their mark
upon your soul
Let no one steal your joyous warmth and banish you to the
endless road of the bitter cold
For I know I am not the only one and this is the saddest of
tales that too often has been told
Let no one lay their hands upon you and leave their mark
upon your soul

The Cat

I sat there in my study
Pondering what would be
As the sky became so muddy
As the rain came pouring down

You see some label me a poet
though at times I rarely show it
And at times I do not know it
When the words do not abound

Each day when it comes to a close
I recall my regrets and many woes
And sink myself into the lather of prose
For it helps me pass the time

Yet tonight seemed different in some way
For I had not found a word to say
So I turned my gaze to the skies so grey
Searching for a sign

I glanced back upon the empty page
Amidst the frustrations of trickles of rage
Trying to shift the mental gauge
That would release my conceiving mind

And then I heard the strangest sound
And began to look all around
But nothing amiss that could be found
And I felt the faintest chill

And then I heard it again the same
I raised the light of the candle flame
And saw a cat outside my pane
sitting on the window sill

The Year of the Poet ~ December 2014

scratching at the glass
scratching at the glass
as the moments slowly passed
upon my window sill

I can hear him still

I made a motion for him to shoo
As most normal people in that position would do
But yet he sat and did not move
His form or that unblinking stare

He looked at me I looked at him
And I felt a stirring deep within
And so I made the gesture once again
And then rose up from my chair

I banged on the window for it to scat
But it did not budge this troublesome cat
And began to wonder what I was looking at
An animal so profoundly bold

We sat there looking at each other for some
time
Our vision locked in a perfect line
I felt that he was creeping inside my mind
Leaving his paw prints on my soul

And then there was the thunder crash
And I saw the lightning flash
And he disappeared from beyond the glass
And ended this test of will
And then I heard it again the same
I raised the light of the candle flame
And saw a cat outside my pane
sitting on the window sill
scratching at the glass

The Year of the Poet ~ December 2014

scratching at the glass
as the moments slowly passed
upon my window sill

I can hear him still

So i closed the curtains nice and tight
And blew out my candles' light
And decided to retire for the night
And write another day

I grabbed myself a bite eat
And slipped in my bed beneath the sheets
And felt a strange warmth about my feet
Just before I drifted away

So I opened up my weary eyes
And there before me to my surprise
Was the feline with his probing eyes
Walking up my trembling frame

And as it sat upon my heaving chest
I wondered was it there to steal my breath
Until I had no more of it left
Or was I going insane

It sat there on me in my bed
And then it lowered its wicked head
And hissed something I am sure it must have said
For it looked like it was trying to speak

This was not a cat that liked to purr
For the next thing I saw was a moving blur
Of sharpened claws and silken fur
As it scratched me on my cheek

So I flung it from me and it was gone

The Year of the Poet ~ December 2014

And it must have been so very strong
For as I ran my hand along
My face I felt a wound so deep

How did it get in through my locked door
Why did I not hear it on the floor
Well I shan't be bothered any more
I cleaned my face with water and a cloth

I did one final check about the house
And once I made sure there was no doubt
that that hideous feline was surly out
I went back to bed and drifted off

I was awakened from my deepened sleep
And rose with hand upon my cheek
And gazed at the window in disbelief
As I sat in the shadows dark and still

And then I heard it again the same
I raised the light of the candle flame
And saw a cat outside my pane
sitting on the window sill
scratching at the glass
scratching at the glass
as the moments slowly passed
upon my window sill

I can hear him still

Another flash and the recurring scene
That cat was gone what did this mean
Was I in the midst of a nightmarish dream
Of was I destined to wage this fight

I went on into another room
And realized oh so very soon

The Year of the Poet ~ December 2014

That is was there just beyond the light of the moon
For its eyes glowed in the darkened night

Then I hear a screeching cry
And it leapt in the air as if it could fly
And scratched me once again beneath my eye
And swiftly ran away

Now I was angered by this time
How dare it come into this house of mine
I must dispatch this devilish feline
I heard myself clearly myself say

I looked all about from floor to roof
But it was gone as if there had been no proof
And then I began to learn the truth
Of what was happening to me

I believe this cat it was solemn sign
Of my life and wasted time
The sins that plagued my soul and mind
Reflections only I could see

Perhaps I had done too much wrong
And that is why I sing the saddest song
And have been alone for so very long
Such a hard swallowed pill

And then I heard it again the same
I raised the light of the candle flame
And saw a cat outside my pane
sitting on the window sill
scratching at the glass
scratching at the glass
as the moments slowly passed
upon my window sill

The Year of the Poet ~ December 2014

I can hear him still

This time I sat there and shook my head
As if I understood every word it said
And I wept at the side of my empty bed
And released all of all my pain

I know that I am a noble man
But decisions can turn the blessed to damned
And now at last I could understand
And then I heard someone call my name

I looked up and the cat was before my face
And yet I did not react in haste
For all my darkness had been erased
As it touched me so very gently with its paw

It said that we all make our mistakes
What would happen tomorrow if you did not wake
Would you blame it on an act of fate
And then it jumped nimbly to the floor

It said I have nine lives to lose
I have nine paths that I could choose
If you were me how many have you already used
Or would this one be your last

You still have time to make amends
To find life love family and friend
Why do you think you are healed with that pen
So many questions often asked

I felt my face and the scars were healed
As if by magic the wounds had been sealed
As I was left exposed with my layers peeled
And I began to smile

The Year of the Poet ~ December 2014

Perhaps there was some hope after all
And the past is not something I must recall
For my future has not been written on the wall
For I controlled it all the while

I found paper and pen and began to write
All throughout that rainy night
As endless words fell before my sight
Until my ledger had had its fill

And then I heard it again the same
I raised the light of the candle flame
And saw a cat outside my pane
sitting on the window sill
scratching at the glass
scratching at the glass
as the moments slowly passed
upon my window sill

I can hear him still

And so now I see the coming dawn
Breaking as the day is spawned
And feel so calm and sweetly warmed
As I began to breathe

For perhaps we all deserve a second chance
Who do not look at themselves in a passing glance
Who believe in love and life's romance
And the navigation of Cupid's bow

For those of us with the tortured soul
Who walk the road in the bitter cold
Who still have a story to be told
And who still has time to grow

The Year of the Poet ~ December 2014

So my words come to me now in endless waves
For I know that I have been saved
And I am no longer am afraid
And have faith in my strength and will

And to think I may have gone on brokenhearted
Unless that night had truly started
Before that visitor and I so sweetly parted
I may not write now with such a thrill

And then I heard it again the same
I raised the light of the candle flame
And saw a cat outside my pane
sitting on the window sill
scratching at the glass
scratching at the glass
as the moments slowly passed
upon my window sill

I can hear him still

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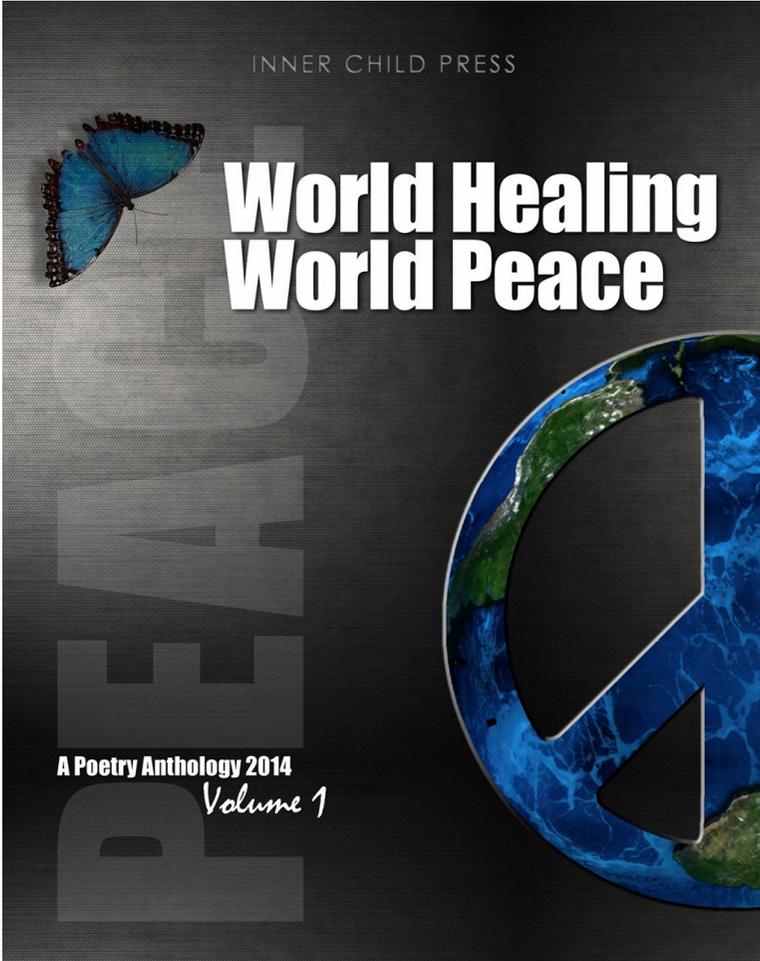


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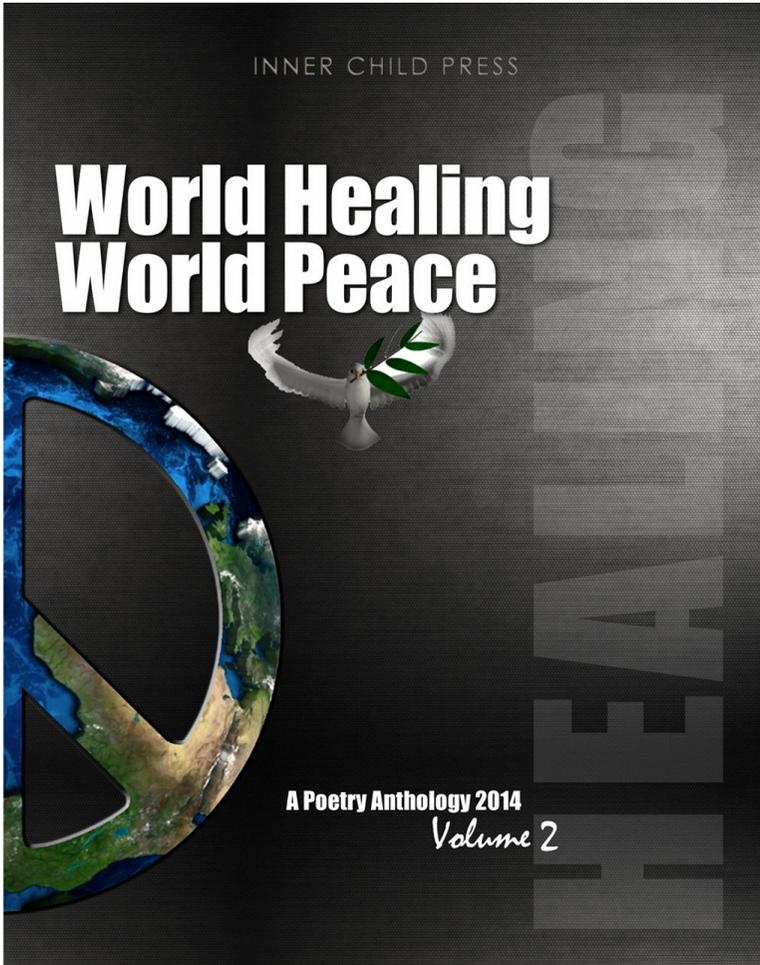
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THE YEAR OF THE POET

November 2014

Chrysanthemum



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.

November Feature Poets

Jocelyn Mosman * Jackie Allen * James Moore * Neville Hiatt

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THE YEAR OF THE POET

October 2014

Red Poppy



The Poetry Posse

Samie 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.

October Feature Poets

Ceri Naz * Raśendra Padhi * Elizabeth Castillo

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September 2014

Aster

Morning-Glory



Wild Charm of September-Birthday Flower

September Feature Poets

Florence Malone * Keith Alan Hamilton

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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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August 2014



Gladiolus

The Poetry Passe

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
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August Feature Poets

Ann White * Rosalind Cherry * Sheila Jenkins

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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
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Lotus

Asian Flower of the Month

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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
June 'Bugg' Barefield
Debbie M. Allen
Tony Henninger
Joe DaVerbal Minddancer
Robert Gibbons
Neetu Wali
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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
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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
Kimberly Burnham
William S. Peters, Sr.



Our April Featured Poets

Fahredin Shehu
Martina Reisz Newberry
Justin Blackburn
Monte Smith



Sweet Pea

celebrating international poetry month

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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
Kimberly Burnham
William S. Peters, Sr.

daffodil

Our March Featured Poets

Alicia C. Cooper & hülya yılmaz

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February 2014



violets

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

Our February Features

Teresa E. Gallion & Robert Gibson

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January 2014



Carnation

The Poetry Posse

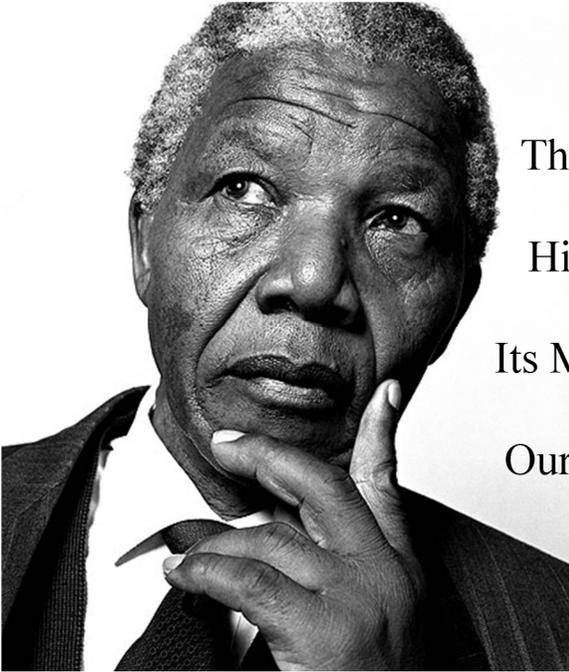
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Gail Weston Shazor
Albert 'Infinite' Carrasco
Siddartha Beth Pierce
Janet P. Caldwell
June 'Bugg' Barefield
Debbie M. Allen
Tony Henninger
Joe DaVerbal Minddancer
Robert Gibbons
Neetu Wali
Shareef Abdur-Rasheed
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Our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

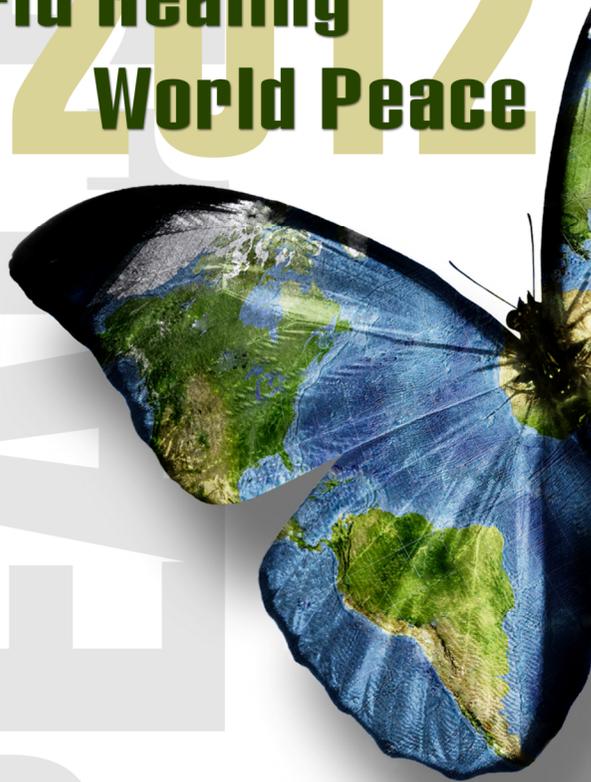


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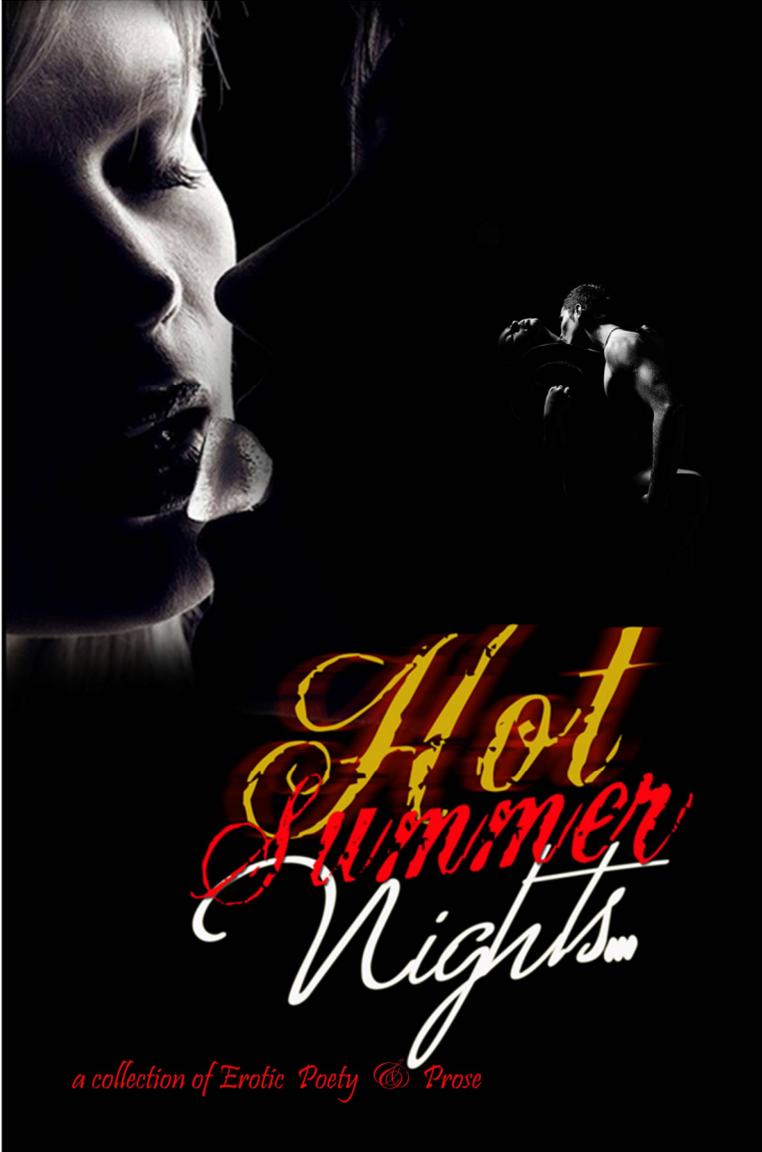
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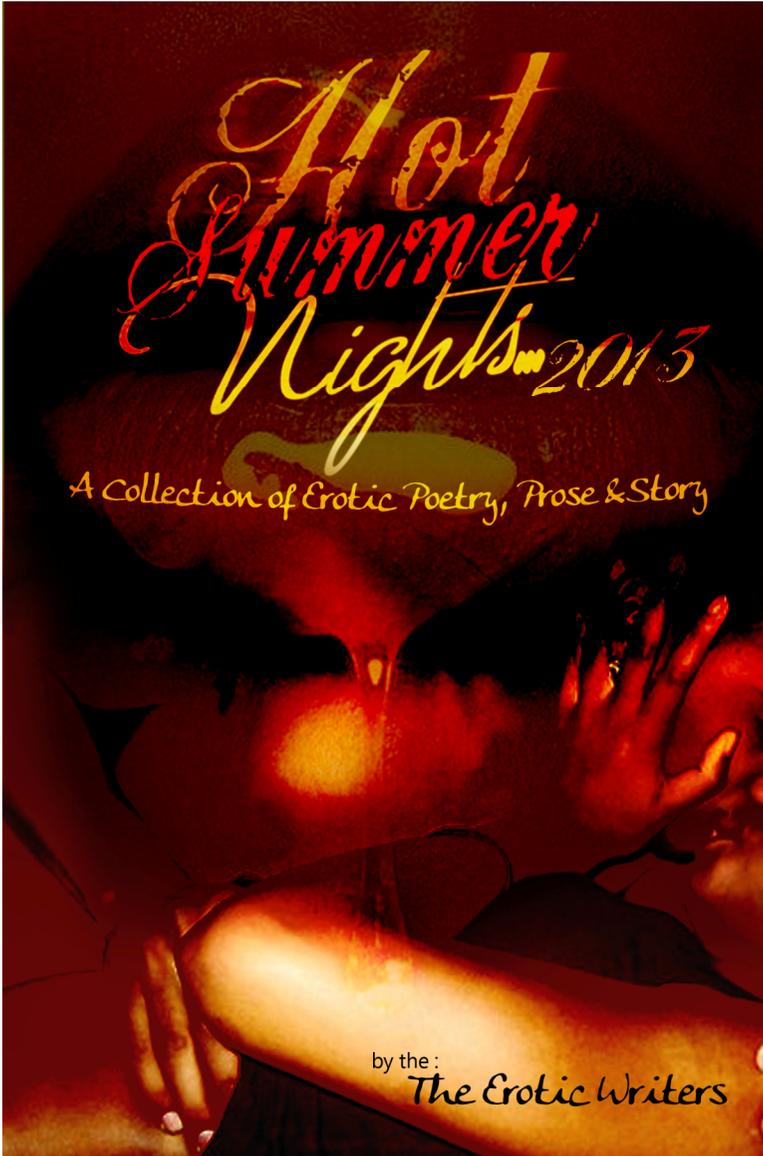


Poetry ... Prose ... Prayer ... Stories

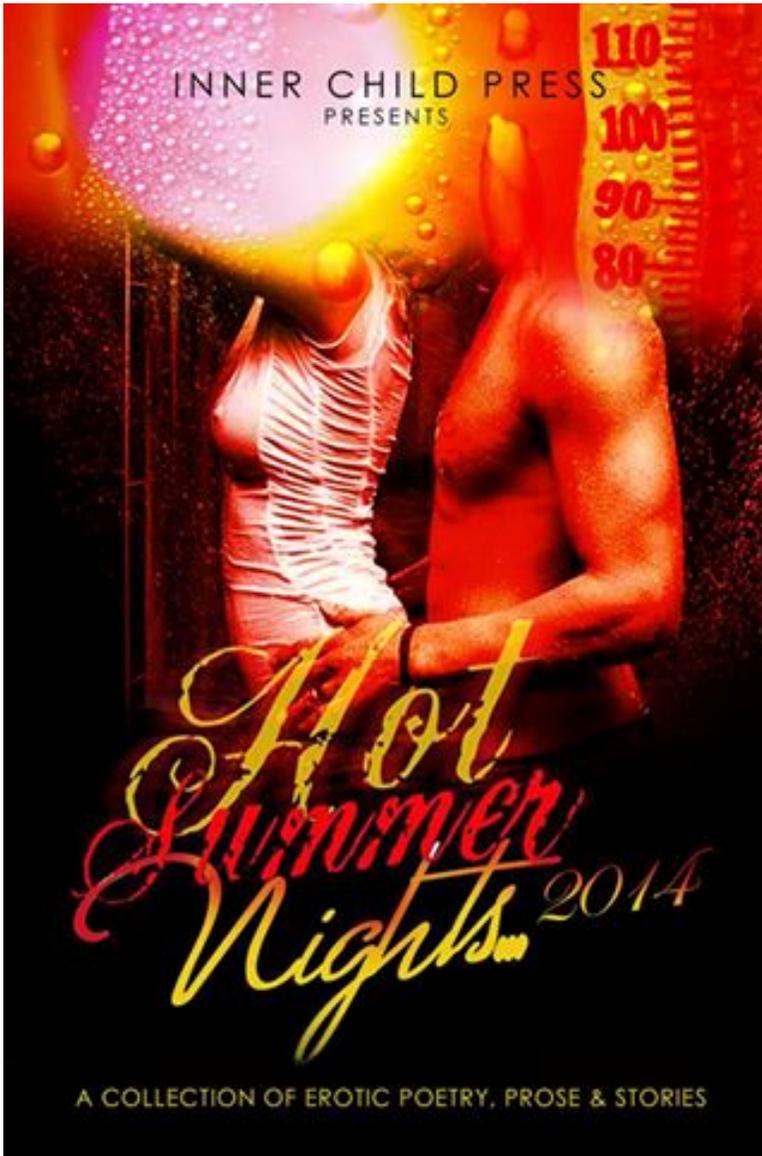
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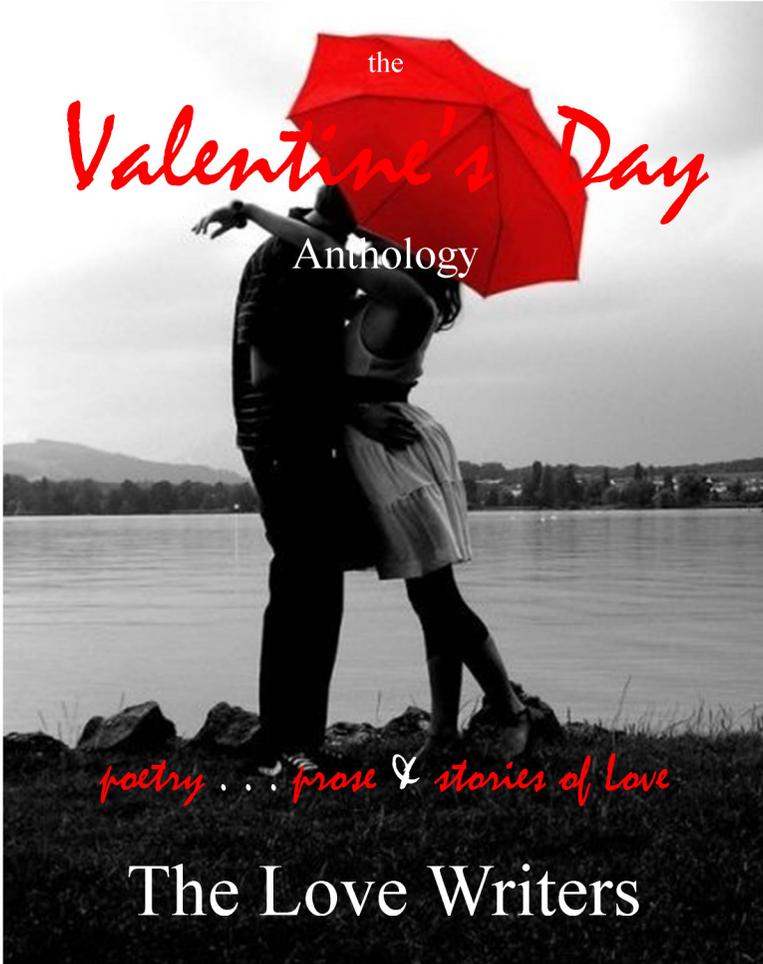
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the
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poetry . . . prose & stories of love

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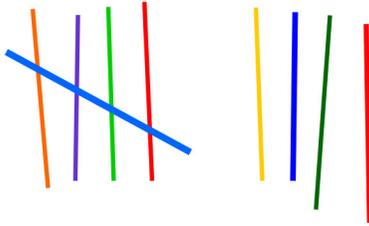
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11 Words



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Poetry Dancer

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