

the Year of the Poet

March 2014

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.

daffodil

Our March Featured Poets
Alicia C. Cooper & hülya yılmaz

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inner child press, ltd.

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The Year of the Poet
February Edition

The Poetry Posse

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Dedication

This Book is dedicated to

Poetry

&

the Spirit

of our Everlasting Muse.



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

Foreword

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

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

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

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

look for us each month for this entire year of 2014 . . .
The Year of the Poet.

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

Bless Up

‘just bill’

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

~ wsp

Preface

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

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

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

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

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

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

Ladies and Gentlemen . . .

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

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

Enjoy;

Jamie Bond

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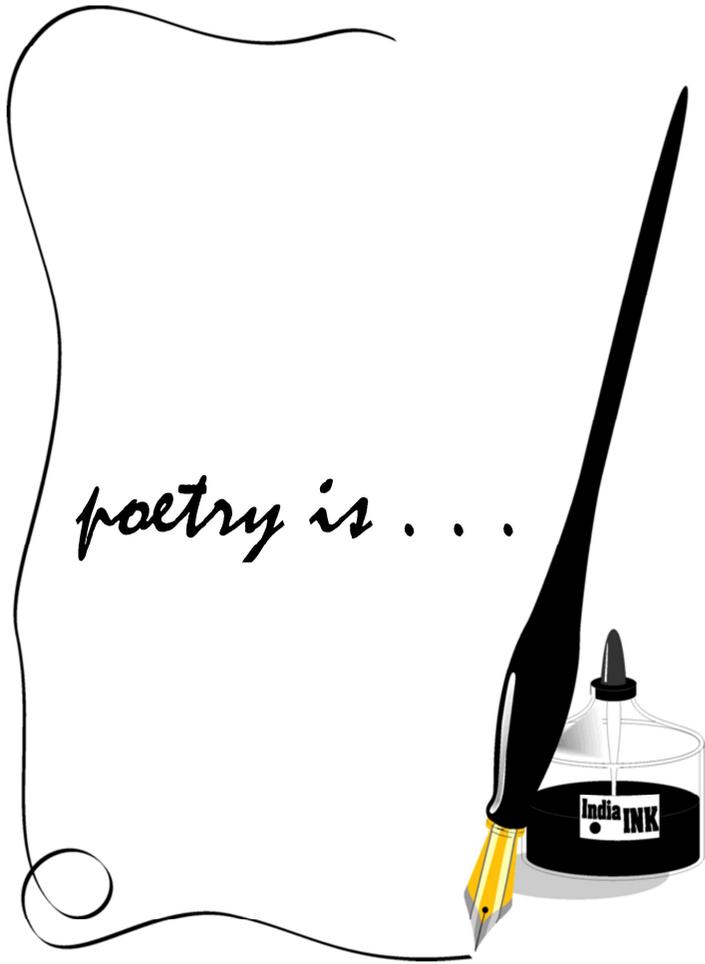
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Poets, Writers . . . know that we are the enchanting magicians that nourishes the seeds of dreams and thoughts . . . it is our words that entice the hearts and minds of others to believe there is something grand about the possibilities that life has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

~ wsp



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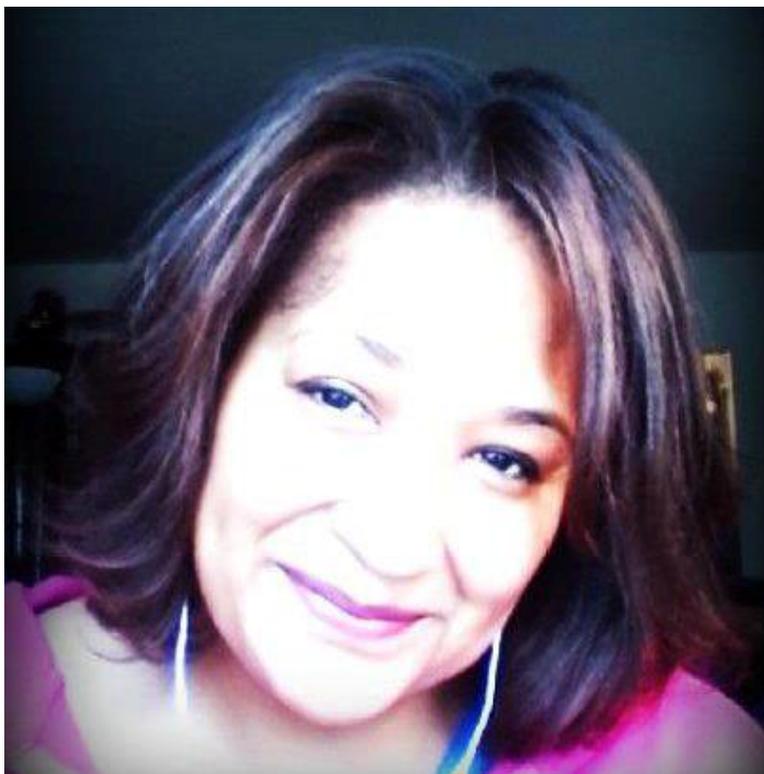
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Poetry succeeds where instruction fails.

~ wsp

*Jamie
Bond*

The Year of the Poet ~ March 2014



The Year of the Poet ~ March 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>

The Year of the Poet ~ March 2014

Earlier in the year

Earlier in the year I had in my mind
That it was time to find new friends
Not that anything is wrong with the folks I got now
But my heart feels like reaching out somehow
And oddly enough I've done just that
And make small circles that connect to larger ones
Networking and bartering and exploring and sharing
And communicating exchanging and talking
About life about ideas about situations and fears
About non sense about laughs about ups and downs
About news and real issues about crying without tissues

About WTF moments in our lives
About kids and animals and jobs and credit scores
And about houses and apartments about husbands and
wives
About variety in communication about being about shit
About being about nothing about loving our life
About fixing what's broken about broken hopes
And about desires that inspires passions dormant within

And dammn... about being lonely about be smothered
About having a hobby about creating space
And heart felt appreciation, favorite colors and foods
About feeling good and what to do if you don't
How to counteract one another be effective in a friendship
Giving of yourself without losing but unite in strength
Defending their honor if ...if you think they're full of shit
About creative ways to say I love you and really mean it

About being emotionally transparent
While remaining interdependent within the relationship
Ways to stay light hearted by flirting
And verbally seductive with one another

Self-sabotage by a womanizing woman

"Behavior is a mirror in which everyone displays his own image"

Was at the mall witnessing self-sabotage
By a womanizing woman
I see a woman shopping
Trying to enhance the image that is already there
In my eyes this queen needs no clothes
To have the beautiful aura she emulates
But she doesn't see what I see
What she sees is what's in the magazines

She feels she doesn't fit
Into societies definition of what beautiful is
she's been told too many times
That it's not the present but the package
So she shops everyday
admiring dummies in a window
And flips between racks
each hanger represents her insecurities,
Her wants and her wishes to be appealing
Insisting the mirror in the dressing room lies ...
She says each outfit doesn't look right

she's got what she calls flat chest,
Phatt thighs and a big butt
With a muffin top for her mid-section
She said her hair isn't right
Her eyebrows not arched properly
Then says the outfit throws her off
Makes her look and feel dumpy

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I watch her chastise the woman in the mirror
It becomes clearer than ever
How her tongue is so clever
She beats the royalty back
With a bully club of negative phrases
And the reflection in the mirrors' shoulders slumps over
The eyes looking back now are dull and unloved

She turns her back Twirls around Looks at her ass
And says yeah ...this will do...
The mirror disapproves but... What can she do...
The clothes are such a small part of her....
I glance over and wink at the reflection
I say shine on and do your best ma
It smiles back
And follows that woman
Back into the dressing room

Inner Echo's...

She said that she USED to be beautiful...
My reply was that I can't see it...
She looked horrified....
Ran her fingers thru her hair and straightened herself out quickly...
She says: I know.... I look awful...
I smiled and said NO... You should know that you look awesome!!!

But I walked away wondering...
When was it that she stopped trusting in her inner echo....
Wondering if she lies to her lighted shadows mirrored replica
Or does the reflection deceive her broken perception of herself
Is it a clear surface with a shattered backing that disrupts her view?

And should your mirror be lying to you...
then it's time to replace ALL OF THEM!
You are an outrageously GORGEOUS woman all of the time!!!

And So I Wrote a Self-Worth Love Letter

I don't know If she
Knows it or not...But she is....
More glamorous than
An award-winning diamond
Eminence priceless mindset

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Self-worth Love Letter
Wrote five Haikus in between
Scribing two Tankas

She's worth way more than
That coach bag she allows to
Brand her self- esteem

Beautiful she is
Owning tons of dignity
Exceeds gold per ounce...

She's unacquainted
Self-worth tiffany setting
Unblemished assets

Elite family tree
As if her feelings traced back
Farther than her genes

With Mirror in hand
Real Queens recognize Real Queens
Behold the Empress
The Royal Champion of
True Change & Empowerment

You Can't Tell Em Nothin

*You can't tell **HER** nothing
cuz she loves him*

He slaps her and then turns around
and sends her flowers
She puts up with abusive language
And will tell you he truly cares for her
Has her trapped and tapped so he can always find her
He convinced her that he's worried for her safety

And I ask her why
doesn't she notice the signs
She shakes her head as if I'm a big lie
She's a puppet saved from a garbage can
according to him
He's the best thing that's ever happened to her
and she believes him

He's always using her
to vent his frustrations out on
He's always sorry
after he's smacked her around
And she's always forgiving his

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unspeakable actions

She's stopped threatening to leave him....

She's allowed this to be the norm

Now if he doesn't abuse her

physically and emotionally

She thinks something's wrong

and cries he must be cheating on me

You can't tell HIM nothing

cuz he loves this woman

He's trapped in a toxic relationship

Although he knows he should go

There's something about her that makes him stay

Feeling like she's had a terrible life

And he doesn't want to abandon her this way

He's trying to so hard to prove

he's not like those other dudes

But he's taking the blows to his ego

while she makes herself feel good....

HER mood swings are horrible,

her mouth is worse

He stays away from everyone

because he can't stand to hear her curse

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And when she drinks she gets violent
But of course he's strong enough
to handle it all
Feeling emotionally obligated
to be there thru it all

The courts are not in his favor
The laws were made by man
to protect woman
So it's cheaper to keep her
and put up with all of her nonsense

He's afraid for the kids
and her spiteful threats
He's ashamed to get help
or worse not be taken serious
So he stays and she shows out
every chance she gets
And he hears how sorry she is
MORE than I love you's

I shake my head....

I pray and make threats....

***But God helps those
who help themselves***

To get out of their own mess

Real Thoughts

Waves crash against
My solid thought process
Trying to drown my
Precious memories of the past
A time beyond this stress
That I'm feeling now
But if I can just hold on
It will not last

The struggle
For knowledge
Of self
The peace from within
Wants to emerge

Like water trying to boil
A lid being lifted by hot air
Simmering in the darkness
Of the crock pot that brews
Not knowing what it shall hold

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But concerned
Only with its purpose

My eyes feel blurred
With a muscle control
That I have to use
In order to stay focused

The pain
Of those echoing emotions
I've concealed before,
Now override
So they try
On my sense of hopelessness
Till I pen it out
Turn the page
Give it to God
And swallow my pride

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*Gail
Weston
Shazor*

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

Author of . . .

"An Overstanding of an Imperfect Love"

available at Inner Child Press.

www.facebook.com/gailwestonshazor

www.innerchildpress.com/gail-weston-shazor

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YWHW

i say YWHW from You
i breathe Your very name into my mouth
And the whisper covers the air i taste
You name yourself everlasting
Alpha and Omega
Am that you Am and
It is sufficient for my limitedness
And i breathe after You-Abah
In the midst of my day
In the middle of my life
i find that You are here
In the same place i find myself
It is not that You have ever left
i moved
And now that i have returned
i say yes
And draw close to You
For in this i am refined after my rescue
Storms rarely run in a straight line
And i have been buffeted around
And i have run headfirst into the wind

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Even though You told me no
i could not hear for the listening
To my flesh senses
So my doxology has become this
i am greatfilled to the inked
And to the said
And to the whispered breath of You
i say yes to the wind across my face
The salty sea on my lips that flavors
My independence of dependence
For You are my choice
This one of abundant living in the midst
Of practicing to yield to You
i am your child of water
i am your adult of giving
i accept who You made me to be
So i live You in my waking
And in every love of my life
i expand, reach and fill much farther
Than i can ever hope to do alone
And though i am not perfect
You
Are

Wake UP

You knead my soul
Until my bones ache
I hear your cries in my sleep
And yet
I cannot find you in the morning
In the full awakening of daylight
For that is when you are muted
When you can be seen
Unaided by policies and laws
And it is too hot to be awake
Too cold to move around
Too arid and windy to wander about
Too weak to move against the tide
In the before
You hung around ghetto corners
Waiting on programs
Stood at the end of long rows
Waiting on conscription
Sat in the back of the room
Waiting to be aborted
And covered in coal dust
Yet they say they are here for you
A shell game of benefits
Have you looking for the misdirection
Because you know it's there
You have seen it
And have felt it
And have tasted it
Like bile in the back of a dry throat
I hear your cries
In my sleep

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On the edges of darkness into daylight
I want to soothe you
Rub your back and circle
Your belly with the span of my heart
I will bring you clean water to drink
If you don't hide from me
When I am consciously aware
That you do not enjoy
The freedoms that I do
The love that I do
The dissension and confusion that I do
Because you do not live
In the comfort and safety of knowing
That some things are only dreams
And my heartache will ease
My bones will heal and my belly will
Be filled
If not today, then tomorrow
But you
Will always long for us to
Wake
Up

Notes from Winter 1

Are your feet cold?
I wonder this often
When I hear the news
Of terrible frost
Covering
Passing
Gripping your town
I want to know
If I can bring you mine
Before the spring
I have soaked up a lot of rays
And since
They are Caribbean rays
I know I can warm you

Yesterday it occurred to me
That it has been
May a moon's passing
Since I have felt the
Chilliness of your toes
Against my shuns
As you are want to rest beside me
I would gladly exchange
The ocean's lapping sounds
For your snores
Beside me
As I write
Love Poems

Notes from Winter 2

I cut my hair
It has been so long
Since I did this
Little thing
Little blessing
Little ministrations
To my own changing life

Underneath it all
I found that although
My hair had long been straying
And elsewhere unmanaged
That my scalp
My skin
My covering
Had continued to renew

So what is this miracle
Of branded self changes
That I have taken for granted
These things that I rarely ever notice
Like my living
Victorious
Promised
Wounded days
That I refuse to give up

This morning I count my fruits
And I want to live large
But I understand that sometimes
It's the small things that really matter
Skin renewing
Muscles moving
Breathing

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Its power of winter faith

Notes from Winter 3

Glass does not have to be cold
To prism
The most minor infraction of light
Suggests a breaking
To cover it with ice
Only enhances the nuances
Of color, shining, mirroring
Snow can sometimes keep us
Watching it through paned glass
And we cannot remain comfortable
In our fear of being uncomfortable
In being not what our skin tells us
Is good and easy
My fingertips chill when I press
Them against the window
And try as I might
I cannot capture the patterns
To gift them to you as I desire

Notes From Winter 4

Days move into hours
And hours into minutes
Until seconds are really
The only thing that matters
When you begin counting breaths
That have become
Too painful to breathe

Intrinsically I am aware
Of the minutia of being me
In spaces that you cannot see
Behind walls invisible to looking through
And yet I cannot see the things
That makes up the unwantedness
That history tells me you see

Within and without evaluation
I stay behind the words
That would have the best of me open
It's a lonely place this aloneness
I can hear my laughter and
I wonder who she might be
Because I do not know
Tears crystallize in my vision
I know this is the same effect
That frost has on the earth
But instead of making this clay
Iridescently attractive to you
It only serves to make me
A brittle plain pottery

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*Albert
Infinite
Carrasco*

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

Infinite the poet 2014

Infinite poetry @lulu.com

Alcarrasco2 on YouTube

Infinite the poet on reverbnation

The Poems this month are from my Book

Infinite Poetry

available at

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

Manifesting thoughts into visions and sound

I close my eyes and go into a trance like state of meditation. I relax my soul while I prepare to add on to my poetic scroll. My mental holds a meadow of images waiting to be turned into stories. I stroll.. I see images with their hands up.. Pick me pick me pick me... That's drugs murder and poverty calling onto me. No, pick me pick me pick me... That's love/hate, social consciousness/injustice, and religion asking to be set free. When I open my eyes and stare at a blank sheet of paper or an empty screen, they quickly fill with urban apostrophe. I can't be interrupted while writing, my surroundings are null while knowledge rushes through the seven ounce muscle hydroplaning in my skull. For a few minutes I loose touch with the world we live in, and enter another realm. my third eye points me in a direction to make connections through word articulation, my salvation...poetry. Everyday I bleed knowledge, my noggin hemorrhages phlebotomy profusely so the future doesn't have to deal with the adverse effects of the streets. I'm like a slave that escaped a plantation... Yelling follow me, follow me don't run in that direction the massa is there waiting with his henchmen... But they're running so fast to meet death they cant hear me, or they choose not to listen to the sweet rhythm of freedom... So they keep running. Some see me sprinting side by side with them reaching out my hand to save them and they grasp it... They were just waiting for someone like me that looks like them, bares scars like them, to make an Interception and break the circle of destruction formation.

If I ruled the world

If i ruled the world they'll be no such thing as poverty, I'll go to mints produce millions and split it with poor men women and children, I'll make free grocery stores and free pharmacies to feed the hungry daily and to get medicine and medication to those with no healthcare or money, all you have to do is have a Mitchell lama section eight or housing address on your license or non driver ID, or you could just show your EBT. I would take the ones with a one day pants and shirt ensemble and take them on clothing shopping sprees, all low income tenements would get a makeover, new refrigerators, new cabinets, new furniture, floor tiles with different patterns, new sinks, new bathtubs to get rid of the rusty rings that make them look like Saturn. There's so many things I would do. If I ruled the world I'll infiltrate then eliminate the illuminati and the secret society with raid after raid, water boarding high ranking individuals until they give the formula for the cure of AIDS, cancer and asthma, I would send investigators into space to study the work of NASA, to see if those many satellite trips are the cause of the change of our seasons weather and unnatural disasters, I'll bring orphans back to the parents that birthed them after positive evaluations during mental rehabilitation, the children that lost both parents will get quick adoptions from good parents that can't have none or those that could afford them and will love them. I would make one huge place of worship so my brothers and sister of all races and religions can pray together, i would grant high school grads that cant afford tuition full scholarships so those intelligent kids can continue their education... If i ruled the world it'll be a better place to live, all I'll do is give and give..

I survived

I Survived the eighties era of pyrex pots, nickel and dime blocks, holes in walls, lobbies or local bodega crack spots, took a few shots and got lucky to avoid cemetery plots, unfortunately that's not the same outcome for all my hustling brothers or my father, if I die today ill be twenty five years the senior of the first murdered misdemeanor of my crew and seven years older than my pops and I'm only forty two. I know I know its a shame! That's why I use my brain to dissect the game, I split it down the middle to show the reaction of joy and gains which is loss and pain. You can make a million but you'll have to be prepared to tell many parents why they'll never again see their children, you can have pounds of jewelry, the clearest diamonds, drive fancy cars but you'll be faced with the same ole looking jail bars or actually reenact the same scene like the last minutes of scar, not just the shoot out but when he got his back blown out by Sosa

Before falling in the water. You'll have many fast with the ass when they see cash chicks pursuing you, you're gonna be looking in the mirror lying to yourself thinking..." Damn I'm saucy, they're feeling me"... Na , its all for temporary security, they're feeling that free money. You're going to get praised by out of the woodwork homies, you're going to be targets of frienemies... That's those friends that become filled with jealousy and envy, thinking damn I could been him...thy shall not kill... But they're ready to lose religion for financial freedom. Once you known for living at a fast pace you're never safe, your family isn't safe, cause stick up kids will do home invasions for safes, the alphabet boys will raid your place, killers will kill, your name and fame will be erased as everyone slowly forgets your face.

Art of facts

When I was young I used to reek havoc like Damian as if my body was possessed by a an omen, danger and death was all around me, I strolled Armageddon with a red nose instead of a doby, I heard yells and cries in surround sound...Dolby, visions and images of murder play in my mind like a 3d theater...Sony, I felt the wrath of another young blind brother when them slugs tore through me. The streets are cold dark places, everybody wears a mask you never see true faces, we prayed for a better life but then went out to live blasphemous, most had religion but lacked direction, a lot of men become temporary atheist to obtain what the facade of the streets promises us...thy shall kill thy shall steal for residuals and meals that's what's taught by the corner preacher to future pallbearers to make life better, that's the same deadly practice practiced by our ancestors, I'm trying to change that cycle by using the art of facts about the fossils of children who are now future ghetto artifacts.

Don't you remember?

It seems like all I have done for people went forgotten. I'm not only talking about monetary favors, I'm also speaking about love, guidance, direction and protection.

I did things for others out of the kindness of my heart. nobody owes me nothing, I was just in a position to help people out while they were in predicaments and many different situations. So when you see me don't give me a hi and bye, when I was the person you called you needed a shoulder to catch your cries, just because you're grown now don't forget when we was little, I was the one that stopped bullies from blackening your eyes.

Don't forget when I ate you ate, and if I didn't eat, there was a big probability that day you drank sugar water staring at an empty plate. Don't forget I was somewhere else while that lame was up in you and I was the one that paid for tongs and suction after you realized your period wasn't just late. don't forget I was the one that gave you courage when you was feeling discouraged. don't forget me...your unconditional friend.

Siddhartha

Beth

Pierce

The Year of the Poet ~ March 2014



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

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

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

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

Keeper of the Garden

You are a shining star,
the moon, the sun
warming the greenery,
as well as my heart.

My soul sings
when you are in the room.

You, are the keeper
of this garden of Love
that is blossoming forth
between us.

A nod, a smile
from you, beguiles
and a garden springs
eternally forth
with recollections,
hopes and dreams
that you, the keeper
of the garden shall
never leave my side.

But rest still
he here with me,
beneath the galaxies
tending to this burgeoning
Love, my dearest,
Keeper of the garden.

Dances in the Rain

Dances in the rain
glancing off of each windowpane.

Sprinting from silvered fingers forth
promising all that she is worth.

Giving all and taking none
A true friend for those that need one.

She dances with the refrains
sharing with each her secret knowledge
That to live is a luxury to never be admonished.

Believe, love and to give once more are the traits that she
sets forth.

She dances in the rain
glancing off of each windowpane.

When you hear that patter on the tin roof
you know then-
that you are near heart and hearth.

A Smile Across the Room

When I met you
a smile across the room
it did seem
that everything about you was
the perfection-
something indescribable
as a kinship I felt
beyond a doubt
to that inward nature
I would later know
a bit more intimately-
but never flesh to flesh
only minds collided
in a mesh of ubiquitous chatter
that in the end
did not matter-
you moved on with love in tow
as I glowered below the surface
of a murky world
sadly, beseeched, yet hopeful
that the smile I once saw upon your face
will never be replaced with remorse.

Duo of Kindness

Today
you shared your son
with me
we laughed
we played
beneath the trees.

The stars they did
glow at night
beneath the beautiful
moonlight.

While you two slept
from day's tire
I awoke
to stoke the fire.

To keep us three warm
throughout the night
until the dawn breaks
and we begin
our beautiful toil again.

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That of smile and grin,
that of much shenanigans
as is true
with child and Father
that which is true with
a friend together.

May our day be bright
as was our night,
may our play be as
forthright
as the two of you are to me
my duo
of kindness
times trinity.

'The Poet'

There is a dark house in some town. The mailbox is rusted and tilted to one side. There is three days of uncollected mail in it. The house is an old brick rambler with green aluminum siding. All the windows are open in the house.

There are small flower boxes outside each window. There are no screens on the windows so the bugs fly in and out freely.

Inside, the house is shadowed. Yet, there is lots of light that comes in the through the open windows. The corners of the rooms look like kaleidoscopes of light and shadows. The absence of furniture and wall decoration makes the house look very spacious.

Back behind the kitchen there is a small den with a red carpet and cinderblocks and 2x4's which hold an incredible amount of books.

The room is damp and there is the smell of dusty decaying books. At the far end of the room is a small window that does not open. Below it is a desk-small, old and the varnish has been worn in places so that the oak wood shows. The wood has begun to splinter.

In front of a crumbly, pathetic typewriter sits a gray and tired man. Her face hangs, as if she has no skull.

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*Janet
Perkins
Caldwell*

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Dreams II

I was dreaming
of the Fertile Crescent
nilish
but not.

Hair knotted,
toes wet
stuck with sand.
Along
the Euphrates River
again.

The Karasu
The Teleboas
or so the guides
named for me.

Eying
a multi-colored
or maybe it was
a Golden
mau
I knew
that this
was profound.

I mouthed . . .
What is it that
you are trying
to say to me?

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With a stirring,
purring-murring
verse of sound
The mau said to me;

*“I will
take away
the ills of your life
and kill the vermin
that . . .
from your society
suck the life
from humanity*

*with their
hateful
and
distasteful
disease
of strife”*

I understood
the basic message.
But needed more clarity.

I knew there was more;
if I could
but read
between the feline’s
silken signs.

Ancestry, so ancient
that they were once
considered a symbol
of grace and beauty.

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Worshiped with ease
by our ancient peoples.
The lineage
still grand
paseo softly
leading me.

Ever alert
with an alarming
6th sense
guiding me
warning me
from
what (?)
with 3rd eye
dreams.

Talk to me . . .
Bastet . . .
where time no longer
exists . . .
but to me
in my now
and, tell me
what is to be.

I awakened.

Research Project

Another day, the light is too dim
for comfort. Indexes mismatched.
No magnifying glass to enhance.

Digging into archives, rearranging
files from cabinet. Looking
for THAT folder.

Air system moves dust, from
one corner to another, in this
hermetically sealed storage.

I cannot find what I am looking for.
Not in the reports, microfilm or index cards.
Cross reference is lost.
A memory, I had not too long ago.

The Poetry gods

Oh . . .
how they depend on you.
You did not
ask for it . . .
or even realize
that your destiny
was so
wrapped in mine
the I in you
and the you in me
some *would not see*.

I simply came to give and receive.
And all of your frailties
are prominently displayed
yes, they affronted me
and with no shame.
I built temples
glorifying your name.

Oh . . .
how I defended you
depended on you.
You . . .
are a strong character
tho' it did not deter
that *kneaded* fall
and I recall
how I . . .
did *bleed*.

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And
to the Father
for the right words
we prayed
nearly begging
please . . .
but none were saved.

From dusk to dawn
we stayed and prayed
in the muddy, slushy dirt
nothing but *word-stones*
were on display.

Destiny would not deliver
from this chosen path
It just is . . .
And because of this
and in spite of my
pleadings . . .
there was no need
for you to listen
in any season.

Endless Rhyme was the theme of the day!

Because of your words
we believed
they believed
that we . . .
may receive
a piece of you
by a touch of
your garment
a kiss from your mouth
or some – thing.

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Something
magical
nothing practical
maybe a
fanciful dream.

Dreams salaciously presented
by enticing imagery
getting lost in reverie
you saw
no flaw
in them or me
you loved no one
above the other
it seemed.

Poetry is playing
the fame game now.
And we did not know.
You *just* are.

You are this record spinning.
A classic ballad played
over and over
in my inner ear
and this . . .

this
melody
you sing . . .
to me . . .
to them . . .

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from Sexton
to Whitman
or Peters
in harmony
Yahweh
or Buddha
it's true . . .

or so it seems.

You are . . .
my love
my poetry
and will forever be.

The beauty of you
made it easy
to depend on you
from then to eternity.

Cranioto-Me

Lessons
Day by day
is never easy
I know the cost
is the price I'll pay

Take my brain
instead...I give
it gladly
severed
sliced
diced
for science sake
maybe yours
probably mine

some days
I wanna pack up
my fleshy chamber
pumping crimson
take it from you
and jump the track

depart
from this
crazy train
ticket please...
and I respond
thank you, yes
I'll ride along

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I am here
perfumed and wrapped
ready for burial
or was it a party?

the thought has escaped me . . .
silhouette
snapshot
vignette
my books and a framed photo
on your wall

Poems 1 – 4 From my second book *Passages*
<http://www.innerchildpress.com/janet-p-caldwell.php>

Winter Song

Today, I woke up
to the sensations
of seasonal saturation . . .
stirring and whirring
there was a chill in the air.

Brrrrrrrr !

During the night
Ole Man Winter
was billowing
and playing
paying homage
to himself . . .

yeah, he was simply showing out.

Breathing in deeply and briskly
then exhaling, *whooooooooo, whooooooooo*
he blew clean . . .
clean across this land.

I fingered the curtains

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and like a child
eagerly awaiting Santa
I peeked through
the bleakest of blinds
it was oh so dark outside.

Something about it
delighted me though
and made me
want to shout excitedly.

The snow was

f

a

l

l

i

n

g . . . falling

I did see . . .

and only by a distant light
that was vaguely visible to me.

Nary a creature was in sight
and this excited me.

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I dressed myself hurriedly
and ventured into
dawn's nearly *light*
with the flurries fanned
across my face
and making my vision
hazy and blurry.

I did not care though
this was too much fun.
I stuck out my tongue
catching the snowflakes
intermittently
while doing a bit of a clumsy dance
with giant boots on.

Whirling and twirling
as Ole Man Winter
sang his tune for me
then lying on Mother's breast
arms flailing across her surface
digging into the snow
with heels and toes
while being so free
in this winter – wonderland.

June
'Bugg'
Barefield

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June Barefield ~ Poet-Activist-Teacher-Author

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

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

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

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

you can get more of June here . . .

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

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

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

FIGHT

Every which way from sundown
Downtown hoes; get with your uptown bitches, and
rehearse your religion
Make your reverence, and reliance be upon NON
COMPLIANCE
DEFIANCE!
Drink up your fill of undiluted morning air at the fountain
head of each new day
Then Disobey!
Gather your whispers together
One with another; until collectively a shout re-verbs, and
can be heard throughout the entirety of this earth
Our earth
Mother
Dawn until sun-down!
Fight!
May our dogged heartbeat thunder as one
Let no shadow walk alone
Rip the throne of new age imperialism, and capitalism;
called democracy until it
moans
Call to the moonlight with your horns
Beat again your drums
Leave the machinery of society to consume itself alone
FIGHT!
Stamp again...
Made of the people
for the people
by the people, on the unequal playing field that is
Amerikan Life
Turn & flip every stone
Organize, and then defy
every which way from sundown.

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KaLeB flow...

everything iz war
war on drugs, thugs, smiles, and hugs
war on crime
I am criminal
black
subliminal
War for oil, water, land, resource
Rejoicing while parroting the line
"Terrorism" sublime
False flags flown in time, by the elected officials who
propagandize the Times
War for peace
war for the young mind
Mimes on both sides, for sale; so that the war machine they
have created endures
More war to explore in lands where I am sent away to fight
I am poor
and 4 me
'Everything iz
WAR.

On Purpose

I purposely separate myself from society at times
journey to the country
attempt to write of green trees, and leaves as they leave
A reprieve...
Desperate & clumsily I weave false tails of trails that lead
me in, and out of delight
I gaze upon a starlit night
Out in the distance I can still here the gunfire on the
avenue, and I wonder who died tonight
I write of simple unconfused things
The sunlight as it falls off of a hill; then disappears
I speak to my dogs
they understand
My need to separate
to be free
to unleash something beautiful inside of me
His tail wags, and she licks my face
unconfused for the moment
focused on the crickets as they call out
On purpose
I escape pulling my collar up around the nape of my neck
Pitch my tent, and I lay still as I relent
On purpose.

FENCE

Broken heart

hole in soul

it goes right along with the nicks

and cuts

the cracks

and dents

No suspense

Love iz

Self defense.

Suspended somewhere in the outer realms of infatuated

egotism

another schism

Love requires a proper fence constructed

Arms length is just enough to contribute to this decadence

again

Heart broken

upended

out of love spent

Again I must construct my fence

Love...

stay away.

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STRONG

John brown

Dark days

Harper's ferry ride dreary

Civil war

Slavery

Massa's foot in ass

Nigga's hand on plow

STRONG

No made up want to be right song

John Brown

Strong.

Debbie

M.

Allen

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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.

In The Winter of Poet Winds

We bundle pens when the
Harvest ends...so
Ink can scroll during winter...

Populating the bitter
Send of ink into the wind...

For we know...the course
Of flow have bids on us
To let the verses blow...

Over the ends of solace
Spins that snow of lonely hymns...

So begins the curl of loose leaf
Lines of emotions
Deep imprints leant...

Script that curves unsettled sheets
To splint the cold of sole vents...

Making snow angels
In cursive leads to a path
Stormed in penned aftermath

Letting beauty move our verbs
Inking wisdom...flurries words...

Adjust Our Crowns

Ignorance is a battle...
The haunt of socialized chaos
Clanging like broken shingles against
Freedom's ring...
Cracked bell of liberty
Losing hold on gravity...
Even after the speech of a King,
Ears waxed over the record...
Now we reign free at last to blast
Saturated tracks of money and ass,
The past so easy to look over...
Respect once owned in the fearless of black
Now on the back burner of buyers regret...
Dignity spent on society's bet that
An uprising was too thick to run through our veins
Split us into weak shades
Unable to shield us from disaster...
So the master of havoc played hearts
Along crack lines
Leaving hope just residue
In flawed pipes handed to societal addicts...
Blown in the fix of highs that left us broken...
Just tokens to morality's conception...
With cruel intentions to aid us in our own
Desolation...

Lest we awake a resolution...

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Mobilize pride into the generations
That can lead us back to the creation
Of reorganization...
Open up the yielding of our forefathers 'spirits
And let our souls reveal it
To our children
For we are more than shattered homes...
More than the green of dollars
Growing weeds around our thrones...
We are freedom's tone...
In the drum of those that refuse to hear it...
But only if we nurture the will to
Own it...
No propaganda...no loss of focus on the agenda
To breed strength
Stronger than the grip of stereotypes
That has thrown us on the planks
Of media driven views...
No justice in what's due
But let our reparations dwell in the wealth of
The future...
Paid in full by each hand that grabs power
In the circle that surrenders to none...

Ignorance is a battle
Meant to be conquered...meant to come undone...

The Shadow of My Mountain Top

I was hipe in my valley...
Sly in my walk
Open to the subtle of whispers
In my own soft talk...
Telling me stories of how
Faith tip toed waters...
Music to the ear of a lost daughter
In the rounding quarter of my life...

But I couldn't forget my sacrifice...

That left holes in my heart
Ulcers in my wings...
So there was no flight
Light a distance shadow surrounded by night
I guess the valley is not as lean on the struggle...
It's just as hard stepping over mud filled puddles

Just to reach the huddle at the mountain top...

Survival...always a skip and a hop
Short of long distance
Glance the wrong way and I'm faced with resistance
That crops the vision of my future
Pressed mute on her so I couldn't hear
My travel plans

The real being...I am just molten land...

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Searching for the nourishment of my stream
But instead cupping ash in my hands
Can't walk another mile in fogged dreams...
Hope never catered that theme
It was left screaming with my pain...
A refrain...
A refrain...
A refrain...

My peak is but a ghost
Hurt claimed...

Night Calls

I awoke to the night calling me
Gently pushing breezes in my ear...
Tree leaves playing Mozart to my heart...
Darkness isn't as stark when held in
The welcome of starlit crooning...
I feel my cadence mooning...
Runs and runs of silhouetting ribbons
Around my one true note...
The hollow air of reverberating
Hope for lasting love...
Played in black wave lengths
Cool along horn blows of adoration...
Serenity chills awakening
Heart jingles...wistful tingles
Tender with affection
Gesturing me to move deeper into
The chimes of dusk...
Star dust showering me
With lulling dreams...
Of togetherness...
A song of nature
A song of musts
Must have him wrap
Me in melodies...violin my spent energy
Into bowing strings of new beginnings...
At dawn's call...after nightfall...

First Step of Disclosing an Alcoholic's Fall:

He Wasn't Anything but Small

There were Vodka trails
Hailing behind his notions of good character.
Smelling pungent like the stale shadow of roses
Dried of life and jarred of beauty,
Yet still remaining a stranger to sorrow.
There is no sorrow in whiskey bottles...
They were drowned a long time ago.
Now all that flows is drunken spirits
In the haunt of his own vomit filled remains
Mirrored of destined hollows.
Liquored puddles only hold dreams shallow...

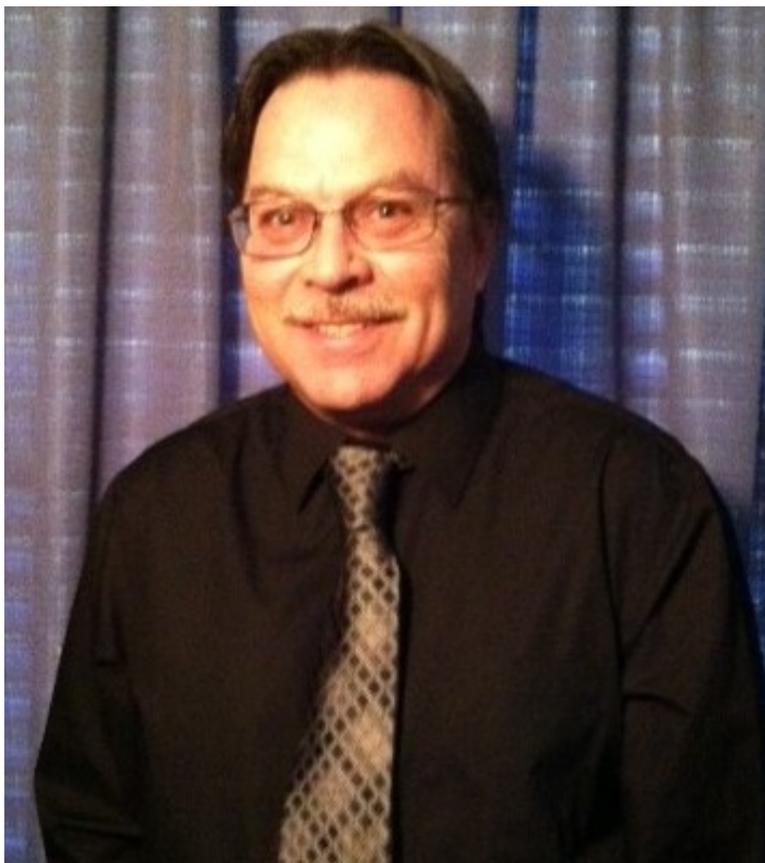
Family claims are just wooden names,
Carved into pegs to carry the burden of his memories left
In the following of his death...
But still he has no shame
Family ties are just well kept family lies
Because who speaks the echo in the waves of red rum...
There are just more bottled coffins left to come...
Bedding down the dark
In alcoholic fumes...that gives no spark
In his tiny room...
10 shots, 12 cans and wine to set
His clouded mood...
An alcoholic left to brood...

...To be continued....

Step Two...

*Tony
Henninger*

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

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

[Henninger](#)

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

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In The Dawning

In the dawning
of a new age
we must turn the page
and rediscover the divinity
of our souls.

Reveal the light inside.
No more reasons to hide.
Be as we were meant to be.
Share Love and Kindness.
Repeal the blindness.
Awaken to the spirit of the universe.

Raise the vibration.
Drown in the ocean.
In Love be forever immersed.

Breathe in the essence
of the Omnipresence,
the creator of our being.

Be a light upon the road.
Help others carry the load
to reach their blessing.
Be as One with everyone.
Let the illusion of separation
not persist anymore.

Let the universe evolve,
as in its heart we revolve,
and dance forevermore.

You Are Divine

Deep inside my soul
there is an everlasting glow
that overwhelms the darkness
and breaks the harness
of illusion.

It is the spark of Life
giving us the strength to strive
as we journey all alone
along the path that takes us home
to Elysium.

We are a divine part
of the universe's heart
as it is on its own journey
of self-discovery
and knowledge.

It began with Love,
like the spark I am speaking of,
its soul ever expanding.
Its love never ending.
An eternal pledge.

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I too am now aware
of the oneness we all share.

I can see it in your eyes,
to your soul it is no surprise,
it was always there.

Look deep inside your heart.

Let the illusion part.
Take down the mirror of yourself
you had hidden on a shelf.
You see, YOU are LOVE.

My Return

I will be back again.
Oh, yes, I will be back.
With many lessons learned,
I will be back,
again.

The journey of my soul
not yet ended, my stay
in paradise will be short-lived.

I am joyful in the thoughts of
returning and giving abundantly
of my Love, my Wisdom, my Light,
to nurture the beauty and oneness
of souls as they travel along their own
paths of enlightenment.

The bliss of immortality,
the wonderment of the universe,
and “me”, a tiny particle.

A divine spark, a creation of
the all loving essence.

To know the unconditional love
in my heart and my tears
the divine waters of my inner eye
with which to see inside myself,
cast out the illusions I have created
at last.

Enraptured in an unending bliss
of love, I realize All is One.

All is Love

God is Love.

I AM LOVE.

The Heart Of God

I am in love with Love
and Love is in love with me.
Love and I will never part
it is there for all to see.
My soul is so lost in Love,
I find myself in you and me.
Hearts bound together as one,
dancing for all eternity.
Love is the real reality
and its dreams we dream.
Wanting this world to awaken
and the nightmares to only seem.
With every teardrop spent
into an ocean of empathy,
our hearts will open up to
the brotherhood of humanity.
With every smile we share,
with every hand we lend,
our eyes see the truth of things
even as we close them in the end.
We will not be blind, but to
meet our true selves,
arise.
Oh, the beauty of the universe
greeting our longing eyes
as we travel hand in hand
to where Love never dies.

The heart of God.

Rain

Standing naked
in the falling rain,
washing away
all negativity and pain.
Like tears from heaven
to comfort me
revealing to my sight
the world's beauty.

Glistening droplets
of pure love
filling every crease,
wrinkle, and pore.
Drowning in sensations
as it fills me to the core.

Though I stand here bare,
no embarrassment nor care,
only wanting to share
the overwhelming emotion
of this spiritual ocean
of love and devotion.

For we are all divine.
Let our souls entwine.
As it was meant to be
for all eternity.

NAMASTE

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Joe
Da Verbal
MindDancer

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

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

A Little Whine My Dear

Home from a hard day, children on display
Daddy, Daddy look at me, tiny voices exploding
I long for a hot shower, a savory hot meal
Instead, I get that look without a word spoken.
I pacify the young ones being attentive to all questions
I feel those piercing daggers, coming from her direction.

A little break in the action, by her “let your Father relax”
I head to the shower to wash the sweat off my back
My jungle waterfall, my escape my sanctuary
Although I know that look won’t give me peace.
The steam fills the room as I imagine a humid forest.
My little getaway before I face the chorus.

The dinner table was set, as I sought my favorite jeans
After a hard day at work, I felt fresh and clean
I blessed the table, setting standards for the young.
All my favorites on the plate thinking, what have I done?
We are laughing; we are talking just enjoying the meal
I know damn well, what’s wrong will be revealed.

I help clear the table, trying to get out of it
Wracking my brain trying to figure the cause of it
I pause a bit,
Baby what’s wrong why the cold hard stare?
Did I forget to take the trash out?
Did I leave the seat in the air?
Tell me something, Hell you barely said hello.

The Year of the Poet ~ March 2014

I come home from work and get a shoulder that's cold!
What is the problem why the beef
Tell me baby, why the grief? She starts in on me
I take it in silence, listening to every word
Not a thought about violence, nodding in agreement
She was non-relenting with her harsh comments
No sarcastic are you done, She went on uninterrupted
The couch is looking more and more like a sublet.
I finally got my say, and I simply agreed.
I must tell you baby you really laid it on me.
I will take your advice, and respect your critique
I'm not that too far gone, I can't see what you see!

Thank you for caring enough to enlighten
It's so much better than all that fighting
I love you baby; before I say goodnight
Can I have my blanket, this leather couch don't feel right.
She came and got me, early in the morning
"You'll wake the Children with all that snoring."

I gathered my blanket and stopped by the fridge
Picked up two glasses and some wine on chill
We toasted and tasted, ended up spooning
We didn't wake up till half past noon and
The kids made us breakfast, letting us rest and
I guess it was best to express in whine.
Feelings and emotions held back at times

No moral to this tale
Besides a Woman's word will prevail
After so many years one can tell
It's best to shut up, when your lady yells.

Can I Get A Witness

I've been away for awhile, not that you've noticed
I'm a faceless figure, none the less I'm a poet.
Don't have many friends, I'm alone like the rest of me
I accepted a beautiful woman unexpectedly.
Unknown, and not showing the intricate complexities.
I began to ponder, this sudden interest in me.

Rhyme schemes that combine things
Those combined things become Viking
Exploring new avenues, who knew?
She would cling to the conclusions she drew
Exclusive was her view excluding all of you.
I shed the romantic interludes, and spoke in haiku.

I love the moment
That time when we made contact
Now I must retract.

She didn't get it
She wanted forever more
My heart's not in it

She spun it her way
Saving all emails I sent
Yes, she was hell bent.

Romantic poets
Have to write with disclaimers
Yes, I do blame her.

This thing was supposed to be fun
Expressing myself in a way that was never done
A clinging soul claiming to be the one
Eclipsed my sun, can I get a witness? I'm so done.

THE LONELY WIFE

SHE HOLDS HER DESIRES UNTIL MIDNIGHT,
FINDING FREEDOM, IN THE FORM OF A SOFT
TONE.

CAST IN A ROLE, ONCE PLAYED WITHOUT LINES.

SHE STRUGGLES NOW TO EVEN FAINT A SMILE.
GROWING OUT OF THE PART ONCE HELD TO
HEART.

SHE HOLDS HER DESIRES UNTIL MIDNIGHT.

THE PLACE WHERE LOVE EXISTS, REMAINS.
THE ACTORS HAVE CHANGED POSITIONS.
CAST IN A ROLE, ONCE PLAYED WITHOUT LINES.

ESCAPES FROM A LOVELESS DAY, TOTS PLAY.
EVER THINKING, WHO WILL PLAY MY PART?
SHE HOLDS HER DESIRES UNTIL MIDNIGHT.

FEELING TRAPPED BY A DUTY TO BE STRONG.
SHE HOLDS ON TO THE KEY OF HER CELL.
CAST IN A ROLE, ONCE PLAYED WITHOUT LINES.

A NEW DAY BRIGHTENED BY A BREAK IN SCENE.
HER ROLE REPRISED, SHE COMES ALIVE.
SHE HOLDS HER DESIRES UNTIL MIDNIGHT.
CAST IN A ROLE, ONCE PLAYED WITHOUT LINES.

The Close Of Winter

Gray days will end.

Activity on the tree limbs, send a clear message
The cold has made its vestige; the best is yet to come.
A warm glass of rum and I make my way outside.
I search for the perfect spot to place the summers grill.
I can hear the laughter still, and smile at myself.
Spring has yet to cross the threshold.

I grieve for the thick coats, the boots and shawls
Rest in peace the high sun in the east,
It grows closer to the fields.
A hard knock on the door, as winter's edge lingers on.
Like unwanted guests who've stayed too long.
I must insist you leave; I've enjoyed your company.
I have work to do and frankly, you're being rude.

I'm no prude! I've shared and enjoyed the gifts.
The beautiful scenes you made
Lending moods to lover's dreams you gave.
The few days off work, because you laid carpet
Now stop it! Enough is enough.
You've had your stay now I must be abrupt.

Pass on the torch; you have a gold medal in meddle.
It's settled, move on to the northern tier
Now it's time for your more warmer peer.

March Madness

I have no knowledge of the orange pill
The brackets or the rackets as the bets fly.
Full court press has nothingness in meaning.
Who is leading? Duke, Wake Forrest, Perdue.
Mascots and banners, cheerleaders and coaches
Which arena will host this fanfare?
I can't say that I care.

I may root for the home team and support their dreams.
I may sit back and watch with chips and dip
Stand around the water cooler of knowledge
Check the suckers getting tips
I swear they should coach, analyzing the players
Assessing their game, me! I don't know a thing.

I respect the talent it takes to make a three pointer
A pass on the fly, and swish from the corner
Game winner at the buzzer, sweet 16 I warned ya.
I have no knowledge of the orange pill
I do understand the thrill, the excitement the commotion
I just can't get the notion of betting the farm
On a free throw, madness is right
Play on sports lovers play unto the night.

The Year of the Poet ~ March 2014

*Robert
Gibbons*

The Year of the Poet ~ March 2014



The Year of the Poet ~ March 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
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Uthe return of the vigango

if totems are sacred to their people
then Leakey was correct when he said
sacrilege, the pillage and plunder
the bust of the nude Amazon
are missing extremities, her fingers
are chipped, burned from razor wires

crates carted into New York harbors
and the diaspora in middle passage keels
not human but humanity, the art
as artifact, fool the eye with nautical
drive byes as there is no regard
for the sacred paying homage to the profane

more fiduciary than duty, these objects
are not fool the eye but sacred relics
like barometer to measure the season
a weather vain for Ben Franklin's almanac
and if it's indigenous, then it can be conquered
or call it eminent domain, or call it apartheid

the vigango is a totem, then the crops fail
the drought with a plague of locust, the last
and evil days, the last shall be first, the earth
shall give away its mirth, and then it will
be the beginning of the destruction
the obstruction of justice from a higher power

The Year of the Poet ~ March 2014

the world will belong to Shango and Ogun
the collision of fire and water, iron and steel
digging skulls from beneath the Harlem river
the protector of crops, the stoppage in aqueducts
call it mythology or mythopoeic, archaic
and primitive as if civilization has a frame

and I could not write this, the enemy tried
to snuff out the light, but it will take a revision
after Champollion enters the tomb and
dies from the curse and the earth will
flood in the age of Jonah, and it will not
be water but fire next time.

so I will call on the dead, being the male
of my household, my ancestors will make
judgment whole, will knock on wood with totem
with the totem of my people, those
who would do not know me
connected to Matabane who drink
palm wine in coconut shell, will sit
griot until the ascension.

“I want a poem that kills”

and maybe I will abandon this poem for prose
but , how can I stand my ground when there is
no time, when there is no ground, the Wedgeworths
and the Hands owned all the land during my childhood
and the school board shipped hand-me-downs
and called them classrooms, and maybe I will
abandon this poem and create a new form
a protest, a road rage, with your petty apartheid
but I am ready to commit parricide, when there
is no ground, just an Orlando crater sucking
stucco houses and art deco dreams of Miami
and Palm Beach, of the rich folk of the North,
but this is deep South with mortified rock
and Jim Bean orange skin veterans
with target practice methods, rifle with a strangle
hold, and gold on the Georgia dome, the same
people that called MLK a communist, calling
themselves religious and fundamentalist,
confederate flags in half-mast, dead brothers
shatters as broken bottles in the back of Leon

The Year of the Poet ~ March 2014

County, and just maybe, I will just abandon
because this random, and maybe this is signifying
because you always lying, their bones
found beneath reform school being anal raped
by their teachers, sorry James Weldon Johnson
we are not lifting voices and singing, I call you out
Deland and Starkes, your name the penitentiary
in this century of a Zimmerman, but this is Trayvon
and Jordan country and this is Howard Thurman
coming up in the storm, when there is no ground
there is water for the blood and the slaughter
and there is still some rotten down in the city
of Apopka, there are no strawberry festival
and we are not celebrating your queens,
but we want to is finally is save our brother-Kings

May Day

I cried after her mother died
leaving us after the first sign
of spring left us to endure
the haze and smoke
of a filthy New York summer
leaving all those shopping bags
no bargains at the green market
running out of thyme
out of rosemary
shorten by February
winter stock markets and the botanic
gardens celebrate the cherry blossoms
who goes but everyone
good for her, leaving all those dates
all those coupons
behind the duvet and futon
all this toxic flora and stores
of bric-a-brac
Mary Orovan is in awe
of the dew drop
there are a few stops
for the warnings
there is not much left
in this train's eye for riot

I cried when her mother died
and offer her condolences
but furtively gloated
left to worry; left to stir
in the morning while dark
and then there
is the judgment

overture for a fugitive love

I am stranded in these February snows
rushing to the attic near Elwyn's quarry
the bauble heads of mosaic quilts and relics
we hide away in the winter; the smell
of the old; the bright rinse of snow spray
when it retreats; so I hide myself behind
the bay window; the fifteen steps to get
to me; only the traces of the empty
toothpaste and returned dishes; the
faucet left running reminds me; the
times and wind blinds me; so I wait
for another season in this maple red
night; where the twisting of shell white
and both of us are buried beneath ice
and it is cold here; it is cold here.

The Year of the Poet ~ March 2014

*Neetu
Wali*

The Year of the Poet ~ March 2014



The Year of the Poet ~ March 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.

Greed is Good

Yes greed is good
Greed for God
Is always good
Greed for peace
Is always good
Greed for love
Is always good
Greed for heal
Is always good
Greed for skill
Is always good
Greed for food
Food for soul
Is always good
Greed for respect
Respect for self
Is always good
Greed for speed
Speed of action
Is always good
Greed for passion
Passion for humanity
Is always good
Greed for friends
Friends for ever
Is always good
Greed for freedom
Freedom from negativity
Is always good
Greed for truth
The truth of life
Is always good

The Year of the Poet ~ March 2014

Greed is good
Greed for God
Is always good

A beauty falls for a beast
A whore falls for a priest
It seems that
The days are turning dark
Or is it that
The nights are becoming bright
Better keep quiet
Just wait and watch
Don't say a word
Don't spoil the scheme
Don't ruin the game
Observe with silence
Moon in night
Dark in light
One wins for a reason
And the other loses
For a purpose
Your words and your mind
Can never suffice
You may be wise
But nature is something
Different from wisdom

Are You ?

He shall live always
Who never dies unto death
He shall succeed always
Who never fails till success
He shall win always
Who never defeats self
He shall sin always
Who is not virtuous to self
He shall smile always
Who knows to amuse self
He shall love always
Who knows to love self
He shall shine always
Who knows to clean self
He shall heal always
Who knows to heal self
He shall create always
Who can destroy self
You touch your own heart
Sometimes to clean
Sometimes to scratch
The take is yours

The Year of the Poet ~ March 2014

What you want to give your heart
I have overcome this moment
I deeply believe that
I have overcome this moment
Past is gone
Future is not known
This moment is mine
And I have overcome this moment
I hate to wait
I have this faith
That God is great
There is nothing like late
There is nothing like missed
This is my moment
That I have overcome
Yes I have overcome
Every moment every day

Pendulum

I hate pendulums
I am so fearful of it
In fact I hate to swing
From here to there
From there to where?
From where to where
I feel forces of attraction
From all directions
That lead to attractions
My only resort is Inner depth
That leads me to
Brevity and gravity
Law of gravity
Unique and miraculous
Brings a fruit down to earth
Only when the time is ripe
Force and energy works
In its own process and time
I love to relate and wait
For the fruit of my share to ripe

The Year of the Poet ~ March 2014

When I am sure
It will fall into my lap
I am consistent and persistent
I hate to be impatient

They call me different
And I laugh at them
Yes I am brilliance
Yes I am beauty
Else how could have I made
This sun shines so brightly
Through a simple glare of me
This wind could not have bothered
To hug me
And kiss me
The rainbow could not have
Revealed it to me
Fruits could not have
Rendered their sweetness to me
Waters would not have
Satiated my thirst
My eyes would not have dreamt for mw
I am a drop of divine source
May be they are different

Poet is Action

You say poet is inaction

Coz you never see

The action behind the words

You appreciate a soldier moving his sword

Is he different from a writer moving his word

A poet fights and wins

No-one is hurt

No-one is killed

Isn't his inaction

The highest form of action

A poet preserves his pain

To amuse others

He keeps his wounds fresh

To refresh others

He never heals his pain

So as to heal others

Poet's inaction

Is the highest form of action

The Year of the Poet ~ March 2014

Who am I?
The question is
As amazing as frustrating
What if I am nothing?
How do I define me?
To everything that is
Something
How do I be anything
Just to define me
Why am I a question?
And the solution
That seems beyond definition
I see them lighting candles
In a church
And I what to define
Who is searching what?
I feel scared
I turn around
And move ahead
I will never define me
I am a poet

Fight of Mind

Mind is a fighter
It needs a reason to fight
However slight
Mind has a big mouth
Always needs a thing to chew on
Mind cannot differentiate
Reality and illusion
Action and situation
Importance and urgency

Most of the time
We fear a deadly stunt
When the need is to
Shake a leg
Most of the time
We take a pebble for mountain
How do I sleep
When that rock is so steep
And the river is so deep
So sweet is his word
Are they meant to cut like a sword
They hugged me warm
Is this the beginning of a storm

With a pen in my hand,
I become a thinker,
Too keen to teach,
So eager to preach,
And looking at my own words
I get scared and scream out,
Oh My God!
What have I made of,
This simple phenomenon called life?

The Year of the Poet ~ March 2014

I am sure, nature doesn't know the meaning,
Of my impressive words and quotes,
Because, it never gave me more air to breath,
More sky to rest under and more earth to rest over,
I get same 24 hrs a day like anybody else,
Birds don't sing more sweetly for me,
Fruits don't taste sweeter,
Everybody gets it as easily as I do.

In fact I am too stupid,
To struggle with a simple rope,
With this great idea that,
I am fighting a snake

The Year of the Poet ~ March 2014

Shareef
Abdur
Rasheed

The Year of the Poet ~ March 2014



The Year of the Poet ~ March 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>

D & C

As far as the eyes can't see
blinded by ignorance imploring
you and me
to continue habits endorsed
by costumes and culture
that serve only to devour
the minds like vultures
picking away at the carcass
of mankind whose advancement
has fell way behind
due to narrowing of the mind
reduced to birdbrains who fly
together as birds of a feather
fly together as birds of a feather
they never, ever get together with
birds of other feathers, different
herds.
that's cool for birds with bird brains
but not for mankind to achieve gain
he must get rid of the bird brain
that separates one bird from the
other
stop the..D & C.,

Divide & Conquer!

All believers are brothers!

regardless of tribe ,nation,
colors!

The Year of the Poet ~ March 2014

me,mine and the other...
a sin!

since we're all children..,

of Adam! (aws)

"Oh Mankind i created you from a
male and a female, and made you
into tribes and nations
that you may know one another
(not despise each another)
the best of you are the ones who
have taqwa(Fear Allah),the one
who is"Muttaqun(pious)
verily Allah is all knowing,all aware!"
(Qur'an: 49,13)

Shareef Abdur-Rasheed,
AKA Zakir Flo,
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lament..,

blood spilled on the ground
bodies buried in mass graves
didn't know their names
we cry just the same
humanbeings besieged by
bloody fiends
you can still hear the screams
and you ask yourself
what does it all mean?
world has gone mad it seems

life precious but treated cheap
masses blasted when they hit
the streets

to many remain on their ass'es
passing gas'es
so they repeat the same "ol"
beat!

your life ain't worth a dam
when you get up and stand
against the man who acts
like beasts

his creed is greed!
spreading fear is his
weed!

The Year of the Poet ~ March 2014

ignorance perpetuates
belligerence.paralysis
for fear of the consequence

grief grips,lives ripped,
all rights stripped away

as we pray for divine
intervention of judgement
day!

when everybody gets paid
their just eternal wage!

like the last poets say
better to die on your feet
free
then to be alive on your knees
a slave!

food 4 thought!

Blood Spoke !

Dedicated to the people of Syria and all the oppressed people of the Earth

fix it if it's broke!
fix it if it's broke!
if it's not don't!
if it's not don't!

brake the yoke!
oppression is no joke!
no joke, don't joke!

did i hear something,
has something spoke?
indeed i have!

the blood spoke!
blood spoke!

of

dead bodies blood soaked
life choked!
nobody spoke!
nobody spoke!
not a word was heard!

blood had words to say today!
today blood had it's say!
spoke of mothers violated,
brothers mutilated,
fathers decapitated,
children gutted like chickens,
vultures fighting over the pickins!

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blood spoke, blood knows
about evil folk
blood knows silent folk

who never spoke a word
not a whimper heard!

for instance,

indifference

out of sight out of mind!

out of our minds,
spiritually blind!
don't want to know

blood flows!

blood speaks cause blood knows!

Suri El Hyet

Sham Barak'Allah Fiqum Khathir

dedicated to the people of Syria and all oppressed people of the earth!

*Ya Bani Adam(aws) do you know
of Sham the blessed land
do you oh children of Adam(aws)
understand Ar-rahmins plan
concerning this piece of ard
so blessed but yet has
encountered hard test of eman?*

*Ya Bani Adam(aws) have you heard
upon this land walked the greatest
of men who ever lived
then and now the Anbiyah (aws)?
Those Prophets of Allah who
shined as bright stars a far who
Allah bestowed "izza" honor
to them all as they walked this Sham
land tall and gave all the glory
and praise and for this Allah raised
"Suri" gave Syria life and izza
in great measure!*

*Ebadah(Worship) was the peoples
pleasure!*

*in this realm and endowed them
with the treasure of "Elm"
these "Taqi folk who in turn invoked
Zikr wa Shook, lived by the book
and struggle became their leisure
and as long as in their Rabb they
put their trust and be strong
enjoined right, forbade wrong*

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*and control their lust,
Allah(swt) made them just
to one another and abide
as sister and brother in this
Sham the blessed land that they reside.*

*But to this Sham came shameless men
of Zhum and upon the people came fitnah
and gloom these evil men who on the
strength of Shaitan's suggestion
heaped oppression on the inhabitants
of this blessed land!
In all of this the will of Allah will persist,
and thou we may not understand in detail
it's Allah's plan that will prevail,
not the plan of man!*

*What did the babies do to deserve
this brutality heaped on humanity by
men of hard hearts who act as though their
consumed by insanity?*

*The Mothers cry as their children die
"Why, Why?"*

*What is the reason
for this season of brutality
wheres reason,compassion, morality?*

*have you heard the Shuhada
glide as green birds flying free
sourcing above the trees of Jannah?
they who once wronged and
abused and slaughtered now sing
a birds song amused in bliss
from now on the past is*

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but a memory long gone!

*as this goes on Bashirs father would
have been proud, and if he could, he
would say aloud how he prepared his son
so well that they can both be together in hell!*

Long liveSuri!

*"Wa makaru wa maka" Allah wa
lahu khairu makireen"*

AMEEN!!

raised..,

to give praise on sundays
as the sunrays penetrate
through the stained glass
slashing the pews
as the parishioners pray in
full view
emersed in a curious world
exclusive of those who don't
look,talk and act like you!
a little bubble designed to
keep out trouble
but steeped in sin their lives
kith "n' kin,husbands,wives
insolated from folk deemed
hated,isolated away from
people of color,that other
from whom they remain
segregated!
taught bout dem "n" those
folk ain't da same as our
folk!

and they grow up confined to
this mental yoke
closed mind,blind eyez
the whole wide world has been
shrunk down to a little corner
called white folks town,and
we don't want ya'll hanging round

and dem grow up!

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and become your cops,judges,
doctors,nurses,lawyers,mayors,
prison jailers and jurors given the
job to sit judgement on those same
folk who their forefathers spoke
with all the distain they invoked,
all the hatefull jokes,things they
say,day after day...
poised to hand down a verdict
to put your brown "n" black ass away
or just shot you down acting as judge "n"
jury in yours "n" my town without a worry
bout any sentence handed down!

and who da F%^# cares
that da system calls dem
a jury of your peers!
that without blinking will
put you away for years
or let a killer walk who walked
to stalk and kill a innocent 17 year
old boy at will,enjoying the laws that
gave him the privilege to do
it to mine "n' yours!
like it's a game,playing with
toys that got souls,names
lives,sons,daughters,husbands
wives! but never does it connect
in their feeble mind speck
that the same folk of whom their
peeps spoke are humanbeings
who deserve the same things
beginning with..,

respect!!

*Kimberly
Burnham*

The Year of the Poet ~ March 2014



The Year of the Poet ~ March 2014

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

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

You can find Kimberly ...

<http://www.KimberlyBurnhamPhD.com>

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

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

Be My Muse

Visualization

an experience experiment

will you be my muse

a new book of poetry

healing as it goes

seven experiences

you want to have

had in the future

You want to know

what it feels like

appreciate how fortunate

you are to have seen the world,

healed, shared, connected,

touched, experienced

written into a poem

in the past

The Year of the Poet ~ March 2014

Acting as if becoming
the foundation you build
a solid platform for the future
acknowledging your part
in Remembering the Future,
a Hundred Intentions
Spiraling Into Time
published last year in the future

Desires made real
already seeds sow
harvested in the energy
waves coalescing
photons and particles flowing
spiraling in time
creating calm
in the only time that exists
for you and me to see

I Awoke and Saw My Life

Oh my love
remember when we awoke
together in love
with so much joy and pleasure
in the physical comfort
of each other

Remember getting the news
of how healthy and long our life
together would be

Remember celebrating
with delicious spicy Mexican food
the next day bicycling
on a sunny cool day

Remember the power
of love and pleasure
manifested in the happiness
of all those around us
sharing in our good fortune
making their own pleasures

The Year of the Poet ~ March 2014

Remember the trips
romantic getaways to hot springs
enlightening experiences
of learning and leaning in
listening, travel with the kids
seeing the wonders
of the universe through their eyes

Remember all my love
for it and so much
passion for life
has come
for you and me

Saving Grace of Interlocking Circles

When I look back
it is all there
what I filled up my pen to write
desires, predictions for the future
as I look on the last five years

The book,
well that was just amazing
my desire became the seed
became the story
that opened my heart
became the business
that showed me the way
became the community changing event
that impacted the world
rocked my world, even

The Year of the Poet ~ March 2014

I see now the chain of events
interconnected circles of friends
transforming with me
their lives bettered by my success
my celebration of their triumphs
each of us wanting and reaching
uniquely

I see now as I look back
surrounded by puppies
wagging tags, a warm bark
a pull on the leash
welcome home they said
I was rescuing them
they rescued me
the dogs, the friends, the colleagues
the gratitude
for all who have come my way
on this journey

Never Stop the Hula

Dear 16 year old Cymber Lily,
as I sit here eating figs under The Bodhi Tree
I realize how many dreams I had at 16
how fortunate I have been

Already the seeds of a healing symphony
were in me, you them
it just took a few more years
of learning, writing
from my heart, your heart

But last year I completed it
enjoyed it performed
an amazing group of musicians
now all my friends
a hospital is even talking to me
about a concert for their staff

Of course even more famous
I have become for the hula ballet
don't ever stop doing the hula

The Year of the Poet ~ March 2014

I haven't yet decided
which I like better
teaching hula, healing or music
but so many students
each more gifted and self-actualized

You can look forward
as you become more aware of your gifts
developed with remarkable teachers
notice how they help you
develop those skills
all the hours of practice
have paid off
Life amazing, full of music and healing

Impressions

So many dreams
come true
I was thinking today
how vividly I remember
the tears
so many emotions welling up
the national anthem
the Olympic medal's ceremonies
watching volleyball, gymnastics
track and field and more
truly a dream come true

I couldn't have predicted him
getting the tickets for me
but I made an impression
with the scholarships I funded
how I honored the best of my family
men and women who meant something
not only to me
to the young people
who could be something great

The Year of the Poet ~ March 2014

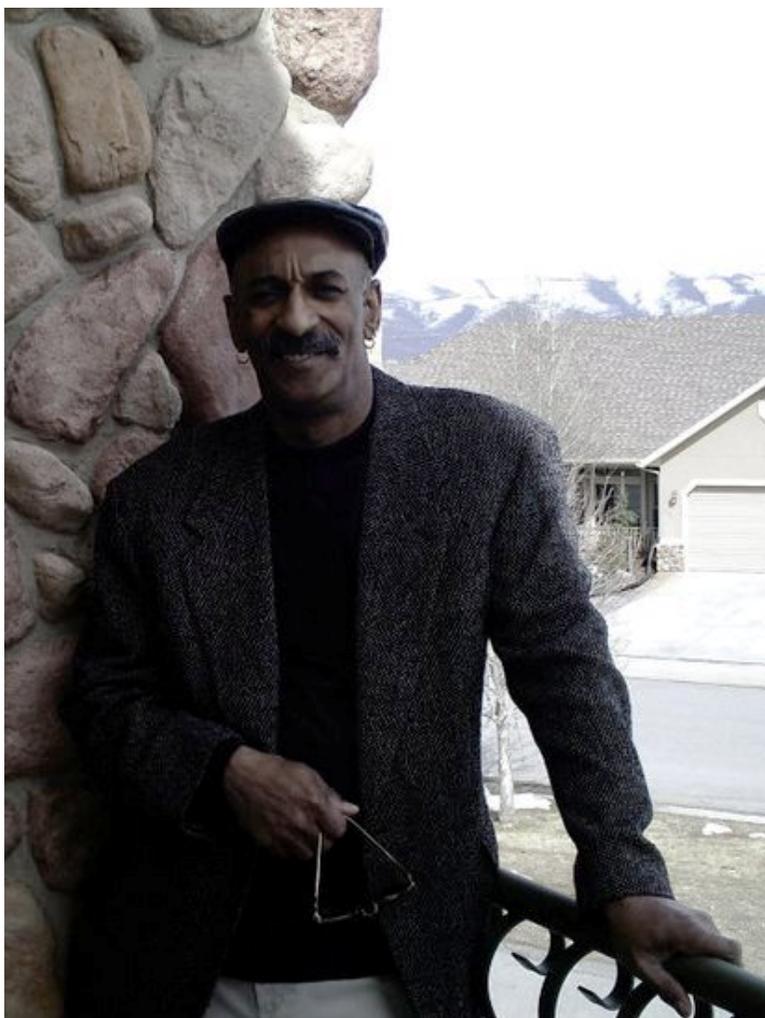
An amazing stroke of genius
if I do say so myself
to inspire a volunteer movement
with a song
sometimes I forget
but when I really look
at my life I realize
how asking the symphony orchestra
to volunteer their talents
to help young people grow
contribute in the world
was brilliant

And step by step that journey
inspired me as I wrote the next life chapter

The Year of the Poet ~ March 2014

*William
S.
Peters, Sr.*

The Year of the Poet ~ March 2014



The Year of the Poet ~ March 2014

Bill's writing career spans a period quickly approaching 50 years. Being first Published in 1972, Bill has since went on to Author 24 additional Volumes of Poetry, Short Stories, etc., expressing his thoughts on matters of the Heart, Spirit, Consciousness and Humanity. His primary focus is that of Love, Peace and Understanding!

Bill is the Founding Director of Inner Child Enterprises as well as the Past Director of Publicity for Society Hill Music.

Bill says . . .

I have always likened Life to that of a Garden. So, for me, Life is simply about the Seeds we Sow and Nourish. All things we "Think and Do", will "Be" Cause and eventually manifest itself to being an "Effect" within our own personal "Existences" and "Experiences" . . . whether it be Fruit, Flowers, Weeds or Barren Landscapes! Bill highly regards the Fruits of his Labor and wishes that everyone would thus go on to plant "Lovely" Seeds on "Good Ground" in their own Gardens of Life!

to connect with Bill, he is all things Inner Child :

www.iaminnerchild.com

Personal Web Site

www.iamjustbill.com

Snapshot 17 February 2014

it was a stilled February afternoon
and here i am keeping company
with my shadow
contemplating the summation
of all that i am
and of course
all that i could have been

it's not a bad shadow,
however the wholesomeness
seems to be amiss

speaking of missing
there are many people
whom i feel this way about
and many times
that have moved into the halls
of my memory

shadows show no emotion
no joy
no pain
no acuity
nor inane-ness

i circumspectively examine
the outline of my characterization
captured by the fading light
of the day
up against the Whitened walls of the house

The Year of the Poet ~ March 2014

the subtle movements
of my thoughts
animate my dreams
that i have forgotten
and i smile,
but my shadow is very stoic
and does not participate
in my amusements

i conclude the only recourse for me
is to write about this moment,
not that there is any significance
to share with anyone
other than that
i am here witnessing
the pale lifelessness
we often exude
in our journey

as i have said many times before
shadows only show themselves
when we turn
our faces from the light
and i wonder
for what reasons i have done so

is this to be the epitome of the best of me

there is no viably seen epitaph left
by those who would walk in such a realm
where the shadows are at the helm
directing our ways
and they apparently have no memory.

The Year of the Poet ~ March 2014

but this shadow
this day
i shall catalogue
just for keepsake
and the sake of my elusive sanity
that rises above the vanity
of just being here
regardless of the fears and tears
doubts, worries and cares
that this shadow of me
knows nothing of

i am more than a shadow . . . see me !

take a snapshot . . .

just another Celebrity Boxing Match

in this corner representing
Racist America
we have Michael Dunn
fresh off a recent Justice Verdict
of Not Guilty in the 1st Degree
of “NO INTENT Meant”
when he pulled that trigger
and spent 9 rounds
into the car of the unarmed
music playing
Black Male Youth
of America

Go Figure

and in the opposite corner
we have your Son
wondering
if he could be next

i am vexed
by the going ons
of America

it puzzles me,
but does not surprise me
that again
and again
and again
that the only friends of Justice
is not us, but them
who feel they have an ordained right
to take the life
of a Black Man

The Year of the Poet ~ March 2014

Man . . . did you hear me

could it be the fear of me
naaaahhhhhh
cause i don't have a gun
nor a "Stand Your Ground Law"
that recognizes me
as a participant

9 rounds spent
meant for death

i guess we will have
another Celebrity Boxing Match
coming up soon

in the mean time
whether we know it or not
we are fighting for our lives

Men in Blue
profiling you
and the sheeple
watch on
condoning these actions
with their silence

the violence that is colored
to look like me
for me
needs to cease,
cause we want peace too
just like you

The Year of the Poet ~ March 2014

we would like to go to the Malls
and the Movies
and not have every other White Female
clutch their purse
as if they were our purpose,
or every security guard follow us
in stores
thinking that the only reason we came here for
was to steal something

yeah, you stole something from us
a long time ago
and we have yet to recover
our dignity
dig it ?

and now you accost us
with your racist "Just Us"
for it seems like it is Just Us
as these aberrant decisions
of inequity
are handed down

Mothers wondering
about their Sons
Fathers worrying
about their selves
and their Sons
and none is safe
when these racist attitudes
are allowed to flourish
with your blessings
of "No Comment"
as if it was meant to be

The Year of the Poet ~ March 2014

ATTEMPTED MURDER ?
ATTEMPTED MURDER ?
Looks like he succeeded to me !!!!

you see . .
Karma is meant to be as well
and as sure as there is a hell
it will come back to visit upon you
and the institutions
your represent
regardless of what you may think
you meant

Racism shall fall
as the squall of retribution
swallows it up
and hopefully some day
we all shall drink
from the same cup
of Humanity

in the mean time
i guess we will have
another Celebrity Boxing Match

<http://www.cnn.com/2014/02/15/justice/florida-loud-music-trial/>

The Year of the Poet ~ March 2014

ain't no peace . . .
ain't no sunshine unless it's Acid

Run Jesse, Run . . .
Jesse ran
Colin ran
Iran and the Shah
were running things
for the CIA
in the east

yellow or orange
what was your flavor of choice

had some strawberry OZ last week
i think i am still there
trippin'

me and that Guy Willie
were singin' to Jimmy
the Purple Haze Anthem . . .
"You were always on my mind"
and Janis was so ecstatic she did another 2 hits
along with the JD appetizer

i really kinda dug Frampton in the early days
and Cocker too

i always wanted to be a Pinball Wizard
i had half the qualifications
cause we all were somewhat Blind
were we not ?
or was it "Them"?

The Year of the Poet ~ March 2014

we tried to convince them
to “Make Love not War”,
but in the end we all got fucked
didn't we

we were too idealistic perhaps . . .
shoulda listened to the Bullets on the wall
whispering and whistling past our ears
at Kent State
and that was just the prelude

Most of them were meant for hunting Panthers anyway

oh the Draft . . . i still feel it.
Cold in here isn't it ?

we were hungry for something
but Mamma Cass was in the house
making lists for her later escapades
shame how it all went down . . . or not !

me, i was choking
on some Columbian Red and Panamanian Gold

gotta love them TOPS

we had learned how to laugh at our selves
and the ludicrousness of our parentage
as we tried our best to disengage
from their reality show
that they showed us each day

The Year of the Poet ~ March 2014

if i knew then, what i knew now
i would have supported more extensive DNA research
not for my self, but for those mindless idiots
who became traitors of the cause
and now run things

peace
was the subversive order
of the day
who wanted to be bothered with
the Big World
where Bankers and Politicians
took turns lying to each other
in between lying to us

nothing has changed
or is this the same ole Trip ?

back room deals being brokered
some could afford to get
“Cokered” up
(actually that “Coked” Up,
but i felt like forcing the rhyme . . .
are you OK with that ?)

meanwhile back on the Monopoly Board

who wants Cuba ?

we already had the Philippines
and Panama
as we worked our capitalistic way
through the alphabet, Africa and the Middle East

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to hell with the Caribbean States Treaty
we don't need those "Darkies"

i bet you didn't know then
that Ho Che Men
was pissed off
at anything White
right ?

maybe that was the problem
being "Right"
in "MY" HOUSE
telling me how to run my affairs
yeah . . . that's a White thing
but we will call it "Policy"
in the name of Democracy

fuck, if you have to
Kill 'em all !

they even do that shit to themselves !

as i watch this continuing Soap Opera
infidelity on all levels
seems to be
the predominant theme
and has not changed
since Television first got it's launch

now they call that shit
a Reality Shows
as Housewives degrade themselves
as public spectacles
enjoining their gaudy - laudiness
to that of the Rap industry
so they can cop a cover
of the National Enquirer

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or some other Rag Mag

i guess they saw the way out
was becoming famous . . .
ASSHOLES

oh Lawdy
did i say that ?

in the mean time
we are still feeding our children the lore
of Education, but the Teachers
ain't buyin' into that shit
unanimously, are they

besides you will owe them for it
Education
on Point or Missed
the rest of your natural borne lives
and that of your Grand Children too

Student Loans

so when i think of this scene
comparatively
i think we were on to something
with the Sunshine
perhaps we could have dreamed our way
out of this Shit Hole . . .
or did we dream our way into it ?

so i guess it may ring somewhat true . . .

ain't no peace . . . ain't no sunshine unless it's Acid

Dear Florida,

I am writing to you, for going forward, i would love to visit your beautiful State again. You see, i have many Family members, friends and associates whom i would like to feel no trepidation whatsoever when i cross your state line from Georgia. Georgia, South Carolina, North Carolina, Virginia, Maryland, Delaware, New Jersey, Pennsylvania and New York all do present some concerns for me and my Sons as Black Males, but none as blatant as you do.

Oh, my Family members, i must thank you, for i am now praying for them and their welfare much more that i have ever before.

Back to the point of this letter. I am a realist, and i do know, though i may not understand nor accept its ultimate purpose, that Racism is still that ugly Demon in the closets of our Souls and that of Humanity. I am also intelligent enough to understand that it is not exclusive to the South, America or any other demographic. It just so happens we as the African American Community experience more than our allotted share of it, as we have always since America's inception as a nation. Due to our "unbiased" Media, this institutionalized mentality has even spread to such unsuspecting regions of our world like Asia, Europe, South America, and every little nook and cranny of humanity we can name. Why it has even invaded and prevailed in our own communities whereby we set our selves apart because of Skin Pigmentation, Hair Textures and some other aspects that we have accepted as a reality, albeit bullshit.

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Well, anyway, back to my hopeful trip to your State. Truthfully i am deftly afraid. You see, we have a similar situation where i live. Our neighboring town, where a “White Supremacist” mentality is in denial assumes that when they see a Black Male, they are doing something criminal. The State of New Jersey was cited and investigated about this condition, which has since been termed as “Profiling”. Through the various litigations and inquiries, what i have found is that it has not gone away. It, Racism just found another way of cloaking it’s self pretensions with a nonsensical air of legitimacy which is now endorsed and enforced by our “Justice” system. It does appear as exemplified in the recent “going ons” of Florida, that it is “JUST US” whom have the honor to enjoy the imbalance of application of the laws. This exhibits its ugly head from the Blue Uniforms who are sworn to Protect and Serve, to the Prosecutors Offices, the Juries of our “PEERS” and to the Bench, who i must admit often brings its own biased perspectives along to the job.

My ongoing concern is that this viral mentality of Moral Decay seems to have no immediate antidote, for *Impartial Love & Equity* does not appear to be within the scope of your Radar. This truly frightens me on a broader scale more than you can even imagine. I can not help but believe with all my heart as do most “CIVIL” human beings, Black, White and Other, that if the Ethnic Roles were reversed in the Trayvon Martin and Jordan Davis case, there would not be any deliberative controversy whatsoever, for the defendants would be sitting right now on you Death Row awaiting their feeble appeals to YOUR system of Justice which again and again proves to be inequitable. The truth of the matter is, we know exactly why such Laws as the “Stand Your Ground” exists. It was proposed by a Right Wing presence that prevails in America which allows and condones the powers to be to exercise certain “in-

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prudence” in areas that is truly “Inhumane”. Besides as the statistics have proven it also sells more Guns.

When i think again about visiting your State, i know that i must be out of my ‘ever-loving-mind’. My Momma and my Grandmamma imparted a semblance of Good Sense unto me, but somewhere i may have lost it. Now that i reflect and think succinctly about it, i have a revelatory second thought . . . i have changed my mind! I will not be crossing that line into your State for a visit, for Miami, Disney, The Keys, Your Cruise Line or Tourist Industry or for any other reason. I don’t even want a Layover in your Airports. I and my Sons will feel much safer then.

In the Meantime . . . Florida i am praying for you and all the other existing Bias we must endure not only in America, but in Life.

Sincerely Yours

William S. Peters, Sr.
Father & Human Being

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www.iamjustbill.com

call my name

i want you to call my name
with utter abandonment
as if you and i
are the only ones in this world
for we are

this world we share
in this moment
is ours alone

who knows of this ecstasy
we feel
as we feel the flesh of our wantonness
connect in anticipation
of what is to come next

who knows of the tingles i feel
that are now dancing upon my loins
ushering forth a need
to gather my seed
and come to your garden
and plant my self

oh my love,
call my name

yes,
call my name
in a way
that makes all my days
and all my nights
brighten
as my burdens of life
are lightened

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we shall not be frightened
by the aspects of our Sin
for we are about
to get it in
in a divine way

can you hear what they are saying ?
the Angles are applauding
covering their eyes
as they realize
that we are about to
redefine carnal
in a succinct way

God, He is smiling
for He knows we now understand
that man was meant for joy
beyond those silly puritanical boundaries

call my name my love
i am coming
i am coming to you
for you
and soon
i will be one with you
as i come into you
and you into me

call my name

March's
Features

~ * ~

Alicia C. Cooper
&
hülya yılmaz

The Year of the Poet ~ March 2014

*Alicia
C.
Cooper*

The Year of the Poet ~ March 2014



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Alicia has been writing seriously since mid 2012 and incorporates her southern imprint into much of her work.

In late 2013, her first poetry chapbook was published with Inner Child Press. A second book, a full length poetry collection also with Inner Child Press, is in the works and will be published in 2014.

You can connect with Alicia on FaceBook

<https://www.facebook.com/alicia.cooper>

Her Book is available here :

www.innerchildpress.com/alicia-c-cooper.php

I Am The Stranger

I am the stranger
in my house
This wretched
run-down shack

This hovel with pests
and peeling paint
and dirt floors
from front to back

Shards of glass
from long broken windows
Litter the furniture
and floors

But I never bother
to sweep them up
Cause it's not my house
anymore

Dried blood stains
the ceiling and corners
There's no love or light
in this place

The cold and dark
have befriended me now
In the thick is where
I feel most safe

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So I spend my nights
in this tomb of a closet
While this house crumbles
brick by brick

Chased into hiding
By a rogue of a man
Who stole my soul
And then buried it

This hair that brushes
My bony shoulders
It's not my hair anymore

These swollen lips and eyes
And thighs
They are not mine anymore

These once voluptuous
breasts and hips
And legs which once
Walked with no limp

They haven't been mine
For a very long time

They now belong to him.

And I suppose that
I should fault myself
For gifting him
the deed and the keys

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When he had long showed
That I was not his concern
That like my house
He held no favor for me

But I guess in life you live and learn
If you don't perish before you do
I never learned how to save myself
Now I wait for death's rescue

Sadly,

I am a stranger in my own house
And my welcome is rather worn
I hope death frees me swiftly and softly
Before this house is finally leveled by his storm

Sinner Hands

Grandma called them sinner hands
She didn't want them to lay evil on good

So she scolded our own mother for giving us hugs
For fear that her sins would blister our skin

Mama admitted that her hands were unclean
But no more than those of anyone else

But whenever Grandma came around
She kept her sinner hands to herself

She used those hands to rub the backs
Of the men she kept around

And to steer the wheel of the blue Oldsmobile
That she stole from the other side of town.

Those sinner hands held joints and Olde English
Snapped in rhythm to sinner drums

They grabbed the slinkiest clothes from her closet
Then they slipped them over her arms

And later when dope was as scarce as love
They accepted payment from her johns

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Then she used those same hands to hide her face
and mask how shame filled she was

But, Mama was ambidextrous
Those hands had other skills

Her love for us made her clean
it was the potion that cured our ills

She wiped tears with her sinner hands
Cooked breakfast with them, too!

Scratched my scalp and greased it with oils
Colored my fingers and toes with deep rose

And every night she joined them together
To pray for the health of the world

And she prayed for her family and friends and strangers
And those too righteous to pray for her

With sinner hands she bandaged knees
And sewed patches on holey jeans

And dispensed various ointments and elixirs
To chase the aches from my brothers and me

She used those hands to pick an adequate switch
To teach us how to behave with some sense

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And to pour too sweet Kool-Aid into Styrofoam cups
To help pay for my Cabbage Patch Kid

In her hands, she's held past, present, and future
In those hands she's held pleasure and pain

With sinner hands she's touched that silver cord
And then returned to touch hearts again

My mother is proof that there's redemption in those hands
In sinner hands there is life

Ever grateful that her sinner hands
Spent my whole life holding mine

And We Had To Fight

His face was flushed and slick with sweat
Though the autumn air was crisp
Coarse whiskers stabbed the skin of my hands
As my fingers wrenched the flesh above his lips

They thought that we were meek and would quietly slink
That their presence would do us in
But we were young, spry and fit for hard battle
And naiveté ensured that we could win

Long peeved with praying and singing for freedom
Tired of marching and silent sit-ins
Fed up with drying frustrated tears
From the eyes of disenfranchised men

Bothered by teachings from tattered text books
While our white counterparts enjoyed new
Mad that our mothers scrubbed floors for the lilies
While our fathers bowed before them shining shoes

So, armed with anger and the sword of resistance
We walked the cold streets of downtown
To assert that we too deserved to move as freely
As the young girls whose skin was not brown

So, when they approached with disdain in their eyes
Brandishing those shiny night sticks
Imposing on our space with smirks on their faces
Threats spilling from their pallid, cracked lips

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I could count each heart beat as they throbbed with fever
Each slight breath was numbered as well
And I made a choice that I would never regret
As their batons promptly rose and then fell

One hand seized the stick of one and gripped tightly
While the other clawed the meat of his face
And memories of past powerlessness ceased
As I held fast to what he aimed to take

And my periphery showed that I wasn't alone
As the others had also joined in
We were punching and kicking and screaming with passion
As if possessed by the spirits of wild men

But in 1965 we were just colored girls
The consequences would be swift and sound
We fought the law and the law had won
But pride swelled as we had not backed down

We were placed in dark cells for many days
But all was certainly not lost
Cause bigot blood had too stained those grounds for once
And to us that outweighed any cost

The Year of the Poet ~ March 2014

*hülya
yılmaz*

The Year of the Poet ~ March 2014



The Year of the Poet ~ March 2014

hülya n. yılmaz, a Liberal Arts professor, authored *Das Ghazel des islamischen Orients in der deutschen Dichtung* on the influence of Rumi's ghazal poetry on 19th and 20th century German literature – distributed by Peter Lang, an international academic publisher. She has an academic chapter in *Global Perspectives on Orhan Pamuk* – a Palgrave Macmillan publication.

Her debut non-academic book, *Trance, a collection of poems in English, German and Turkish* has been published on December 12, 2013 by Inner Child Press, Ltd.

At the present time, she teaches in her fields of specialty; does literary translations; pursues different venues for her creative writing and intends to delve with more intensity in to free-lance writing.

You can connect with hülya on FaceBook

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

hülya's Book " Trance" is available here :

<http://www.innerchildpress.com/h%C3%BClya-n-yilmaz.php>

on a pedestal, no more – a poem trilogy

the impotent puppeteer

not an inner beauty nor on the outside
unlike the tender roots where it sprouted
“a bad seed,” voiced only the wise

oh Medusa, how hath thou cloned thyself?
when hath thou destroyed
where hath thou buried
other Gorgons of Ceto
of Phorcys?

why, the choice to rejoice each dawning day
in the unsuspecting for their ills?
oh, how they added to thy antediluvian thrills!

he was no Perseus
naive
trusting
spell-stricken
blind

oh Medusa, how thou...
with one of thy latest winding tresses
chanted from the chest of a confidante's conniving hisses
secreted his sole devotee the ultimate scarlet sentence
slithering in and out of her...
suffocated their blood from its essence

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he was no Perseus
naive
trusting
spell-stricken
blind

a head, nevertheless, dons Athena's shield today
a Gorgoneion,? Not in the least. Oh, nay!

Perseus, thy beloved mother knew its lethal envy for long
as hath thy father, the half-outcast, who did not belong

thy sister does at last

the well-meaning chauvinist

Hippolyte Cogniard and his brother The`odore
may be tempted to produce anew
their La cocarde tricolore
in 1839, after all, already
its roots penetrated the First French army
although Nicholas Chauvin – an apocryphal fighter
did probably spend not much time to ponder
what was to become of his exaggerated affection
for it to surpass time, space to infect grave degeneration
an innocent male of today owes him the concept's doomed
derivation:

a woman is obliged to appear pretty
full facial paint, short skirts, high heels are a must
men-attracting smiles should be frequent and a plenty
hair to be of buoyant design, unrehearsed – as on an
odalisque bust

her beauty came from nature
its enticing aura lacked pretense
feminine from head to toe – with legs or without
she smiled – at her will and for herself
burst alluring laughters – when she desired

marriage also found her
inside a circle of cages
a mere twenty-four year-old...

The Year of the Poet ~ March 2014

the distorted-Chauvin-coveting one spoke:
what is it you expect?
where is your alternative?
who would accept you in his life?

years later, in rapid aging, he found love
dissolved swiftly his first marital union
wedded a woman less than half his age

on the other side of the globe
fences wore away
day by day
the twenty-four year old...

the learned ignorant

in a family of futile males
he reaped one day their parched tree's single crop
none would dare to conceive the challenge to stop
his edification cured the lost honor of their patriarch

heading clans of men from many domineering generations
he bestowed upon the wives identical dispensations
for they birthed equally wasted boy-children
of fetal eminence

ages passed
indistinctive women attained nobility
as have the sons, their wives, the in-lawed ovaries
their descendants are donned with unrivaled extravagance

the sole daughter has been erased away
along with her nonmale offspring

a pre-natal larnyx had not been contracted to their
matriarch...

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Carnation

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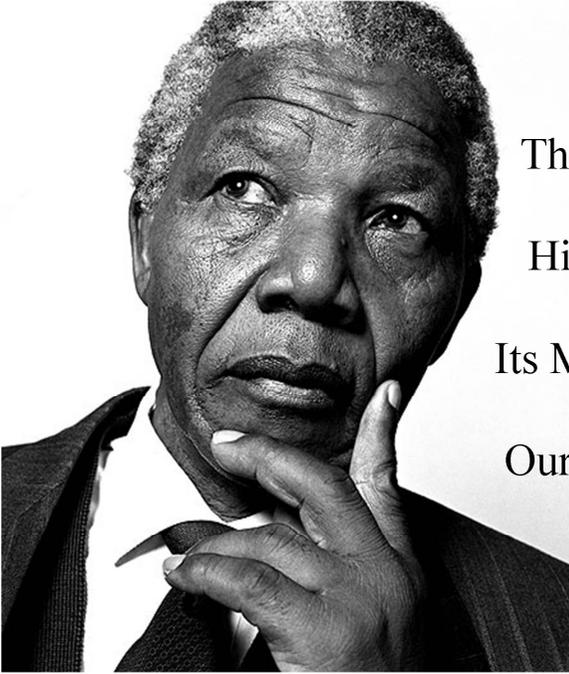
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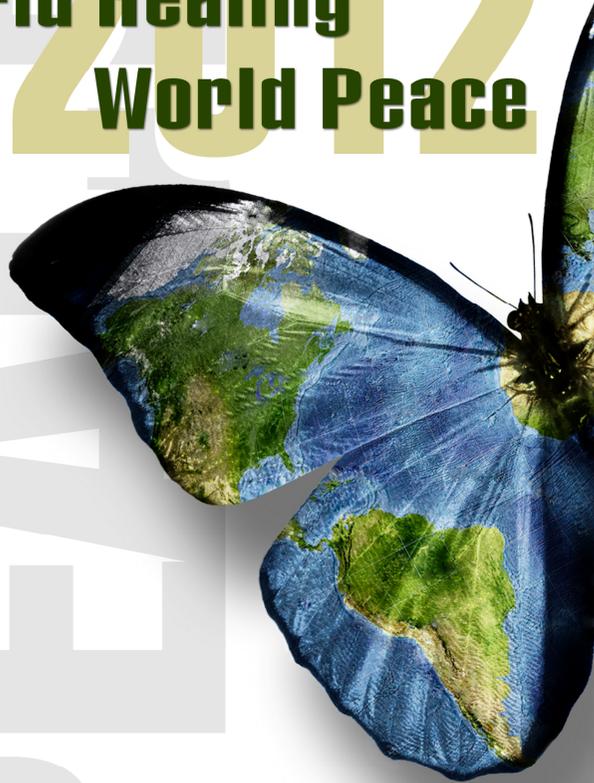


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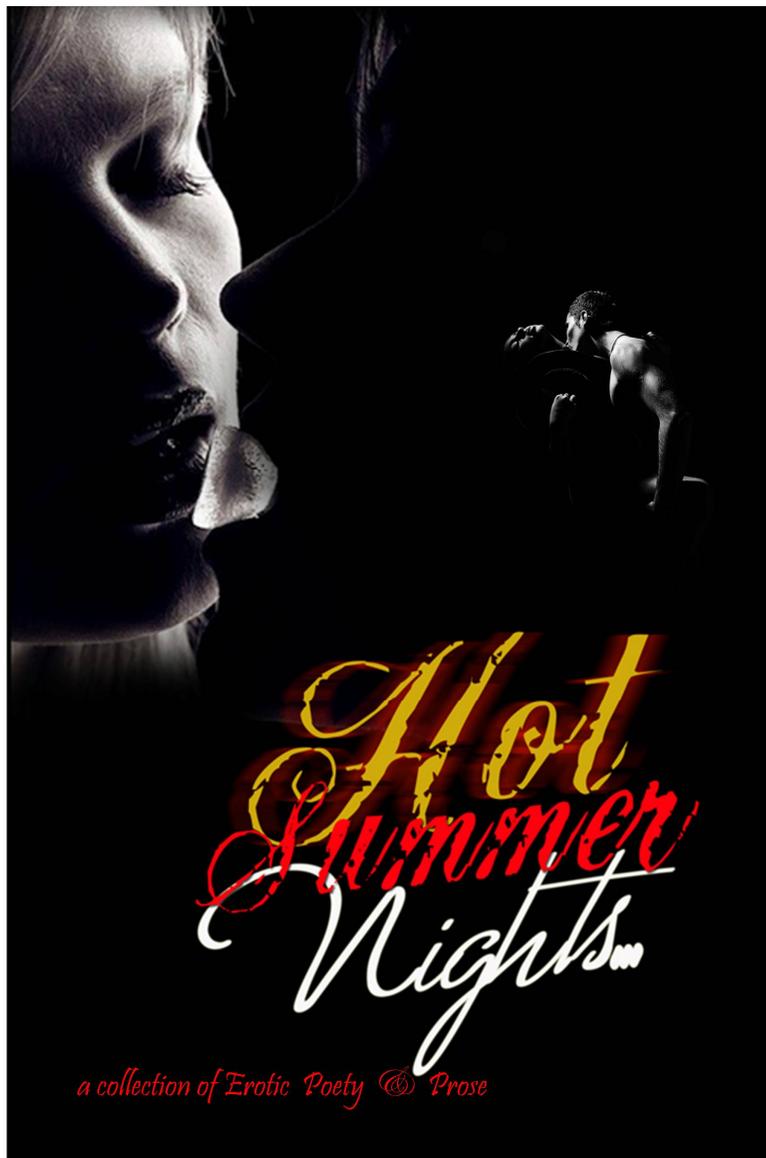
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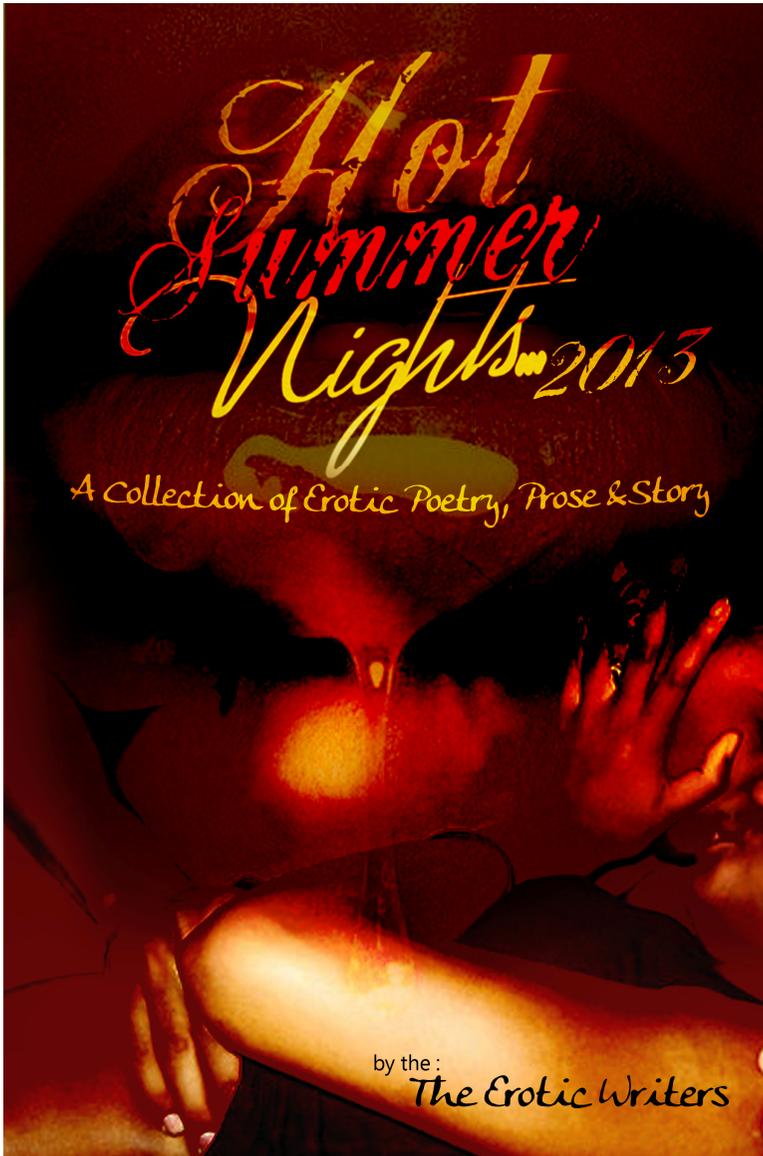


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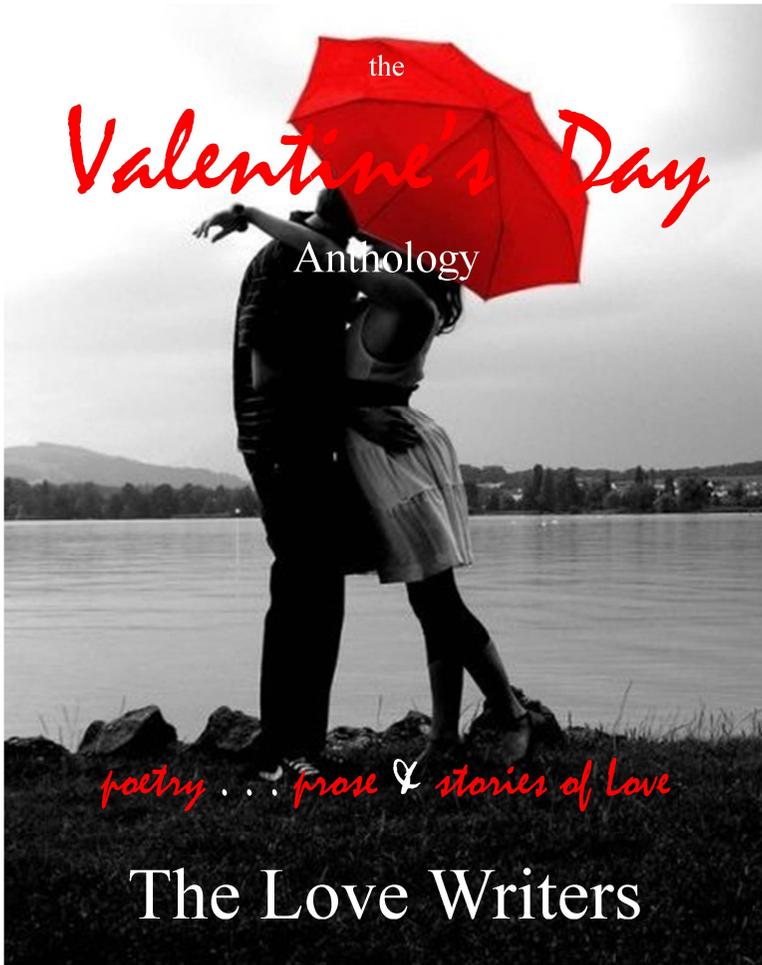
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