

Armchair Poetry

A warm, inviting living room scene. On the left, a plush orange armchair sits on a patterned rug, accompanied by a matching ottoman. A side table holds a lamp with a white shade and a dark base. The wall is decorated with several framed pictures. On the right, a fireplace with a white mantel contains a bright fire. A window with patterned curtains is visible above the fireplace.

Poetry to sit and get comfortable with while you read

The Flowers and Butterflies Edition

by

Poets of the World

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inner child press international

Credits

Project Manager

Kimberly Burnham, Ph.D.

Poets

Poets of the World

Foreword

Kimberly Burnham, Ph.D.

Cover Design

Inner Child Press

General Information

Armchair Poetry The Flowers and Butterflies Edition Poets of the World

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WHAT WOULD
LIFE
BE WITHOUT
A LITTLE
POETRY?

Dedication

This Book is dedicated to
Humanity, Peace & Poetry

the Power of the Pen
can effectuate change!

&

The Poetry Posse
past, present & future,
our Patrons and Readers &
the Spirit of our Everlasting Muse



*In the darkness of my life
I heard the music
I danced . . .
and the Light appeared
and I dance*

Janet P. Caldwell

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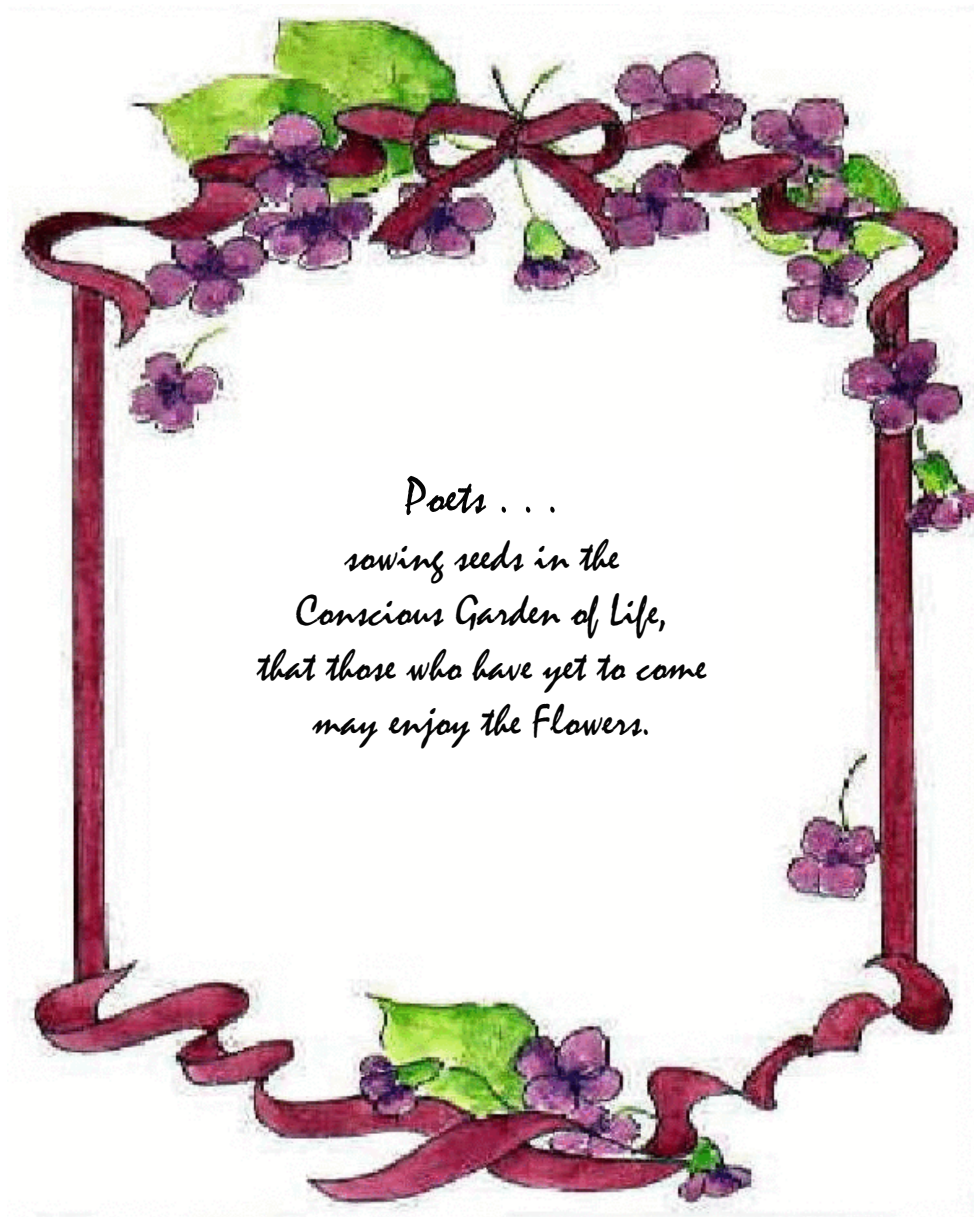
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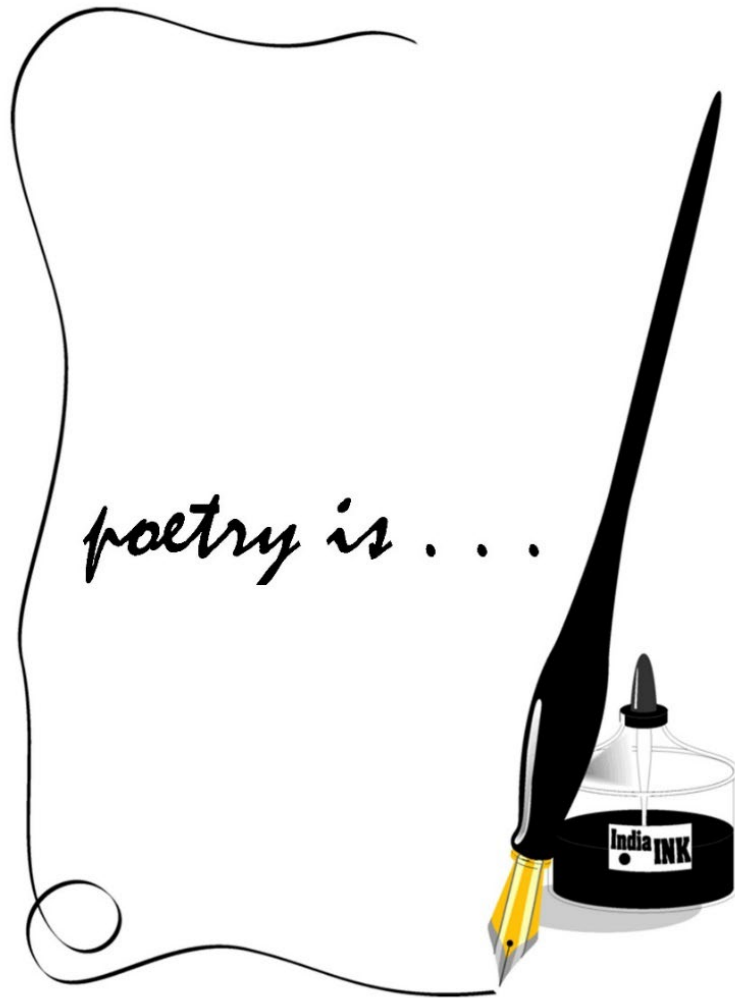
*Poets . . .
sowing seeds in the
Conscious Garden of Life,
that those who have yet to come
may enjoy the Flowers.*



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





Poetry succeeds where instruction fails.

~ wsp

F oreword

What is remarkable about this collection of poetry from around the world is how seamlessly the variations weave together. The poets have given their voices in service of the same mandate: write inspirational poetry on flowers, butterflies or a topic that brings a feeling of warmth like a fireplace. The result is diverse. The interpretation of the theme comes in all sizes and feelings showing us that what brings happiness and warmth is not the same for everyone. We each seek a happy life in our own way. May this collection bring you warmth and happiness as you savor each word and distinct feeling.

The first poem is a cento poem woven from each of the subsequent poems. A cento poem or a collage poem is a kind of poetry composed of various lines taken from different poems and poets. The word “cento” mean “patchwork garment” in Latin.

Enjoy,

Kimberly Burnham, Ph.D.

(Integrative Medicine),

Author of *The Red Sunflower Diaries*, *Why Everyone Should Garden and Share Seeds*.

Spokane, Washington, August 2023

The Whole World, a Cento

Hum the rhythm of your favorite song (Lakatos)
hoping to snatch (Smothers)
all the rays wear seven colors and fill corners around (Hoque)
caressingly, the colors begin to shower down (Sullivan)
touch the intangible borders of the sun (Shatro - Rrapaj)
where sunlight dances, dispelling gloom (Dewdrops)
heart beholds, a pleasant show (Jatta)

Rainbow visits the children and blooming flowers (Sharma)
the whirl of a butterfly's wings (Burnham)
guiding me at every step (Mohanty)
ever smiling, ever happy (Iyengar-Paddy)
and there is the scent of roses (Habasch)
there was a comfort in being outside (Shazor)

Their lives were exquisite (Arnold)
movement with a breeze flowing next to the trees (Brown)
where we will share our sunflower joys (Singh)
found only by a mistaken turn (Fleisher)
a dance of nymphs in the spring (Kraniotis)
laced with twenty-one rare spices (Prashant)

Children always hold onto their dreams (Barulich)
energetically aligned (Moncrieffe)
you are full of miracle you are so sweet (Dawadi)
I only dreamt of becoming a doctor, a journalist or a pilot (Hajam)
a day to unlearn our present (Shrivastava)
these are the abilities for me (Vegh)
for a short respite from an unworldly heaviness (Buividavičiūtė)
and scorched by grain of love (A'Anyar)

Riding through the pine woods between deer, wild boar and horses (Gaiardoni)
and birds will sing their sweet songs (Merkviladze)
on slippery boulders they frolicked (Johns)
like a fragrance (zO-Gross)
the heaven-sketched iridescent plain (Chorawan-Basilan)
life unfolded with gentle tenderness (De)
sending invitations to bees and butterflies (Subedi)
stringing feelings of happiness in me, offering me life (Honjo)

Hold my hand while I stand (Snyder)
swaying gracefully against the gentle breeze (Tiwari)
a love that warms my heart and enriches my soul (Henry)
the honey sweet taste of awareness (Rose)
the whole world will be a reflection of the love you found within! (Cezanne)
Nothing can stop me from me (Ghosh)
the lesson we must learn by solely Ourselves (Shehu)
of awakening-femininity (yılmaz)
a requiem for a day of love (Peters)

Armchair Poetry

Poetry to sit and get comfortable with while you read

The Flowers and Butterflies Edition

The Flowers and Butterflies Edition

Shirley Smothers (San Antonio, Texas, USA)



Shirley Smothers is an amateur poet, writer, and artist. She mostly writes short stories. Some of her short stories can be viewed at

<https://www.storystar.com/profile/18238/shirley-smothers#stories>

The Flowers and Butterflies Edition

She Smells of Flowers

It is said she
Smells of flowers.
She washes her
Hair with Herbal shampoos.
Her perfume is
Of natural Nectars.

Butterflies land in
Her hair. Bumble Bees
Flit around her.

Birds follow closely
Hoping to snatch
A Butterfly or two.

The Flowers and Butterflies Edition

Anthony Arnold (Florida, USA)



Anthony Arnold, born in Tampa, and raised by his grandmother in a little town called Quincy in the Florida panhandle, wrote his first piece in the third grade and fell in love with writing ever since that moment; writing has become a comfort and a mainstay to keep him focused.

The Flowers and Butterflies Edition

Poetic Love

She was his canvas
He was her brush
She was his paper
He her pen

He wrote his words upon her heart
Words that no one else could ever say
She was the expression
Her eyes told the story

Her love showed him life

Their lives were exquisite
They were companions for life
No one could come between
The love they shared too strong

Old and grey they grew together
Their love just as strong
He her king
She his goddess

Until the end of time

The Flowers and Butterflies Edition

Yasmin S Brown (McKeesport, PA, USA)



photo by Alicia Salmon

Yasmin S Brown is a Certified Life Coach, intellectual speaker, international bestselling co-author, poet, and owner of Yiry-Elements. Utilizing her personal and healthcare professional experience in addition to education Yasmin helps women remove hurdles impeding their personal growth.

The Flowers and Butterflies Edition

Flower Meadows

When I think of a place,
Your beauty fills my space,
Clear blue sky,
Still calm water rolling by,

Breathtaking plants so colorful and collective,
All encompassing beauty creating a dance,
that does something to me,
Movement with a breeze flowing next to the trees,

Warmness to my spirit,
Joyfulness when I am near it,
Flower meadows full of luxurious colors
Pinks...yellows...purples.... oranges,
Collaboration of fellowship like sporangia from a fern,
Sprouting life in my heart,
Complete fullness of universal art,

Flower meadows, you always have room for compassion from the start.

The Flowers and Butterflies Edition

Ilona Lakatos (Hungary)



Ilona Lakatos lives in Hungary. She is engaged in writing and painting, as well as planning and implementing international virtual art exhibitions. When Ilona was a child, her mother made her fall in love with literature, She also had excellent teachers. Her published works include 13 books so far (two story books, a book of poems, and Bulvár is a slightly different series). In 2022, her novel LUSION came out. Ilona's poems and short stories can be found in anthologies, magazines, and literary portals. It is a great pleasure and honor to participate in international anthologies and projects. (Mexico, USA, Italy, Slovakia, Trinidad).

"The creator's greatest joy is when the message of his writing penetrates the hearts of the readers."~ Ilona Lakatos.

Little Girl

We are waiting, in the snowy, windy, sunshine,
when the little girl arrives.
The image of her mother.
Walks, dances,
hum the rhythm of your favorite song.

It puts a smile on our face, seeing it
the little girl's happiness.
Her mother is standing next to her, looking into the distance,
she is already carrying the burden of her life.

- I'm cold! - says the child suddenly.
Button my hood, Mom, please!
The mother suddenly wakes up from her distant thoughts,
hugs her child, says to her with gentle words:
- We have to wait a little longer, and then we'll go.
Wait until then, please!

No one is watching, only we see
this lovely picture.
Our hearts are filled with love,
because the mother is sad, she wears her sorrow on her face,
but the child sees nothing of this.
She cherishes her tenderly, she puts her pain aside,
there is a little joy in her eyes,
because here is the little girl, her comfort and support,
the new dawn of her soul.

The Flowers and Butterflies Edition

Til Kumari Sharma (Nepal)



Ms. Til Kumari Sharma was born in Bhorle- Hile, Paiyun 7, Parbat, West Nepal. She is known as Pushpa (youngest daughter) too. Her parents are Mr. Hari Prasad Basel Sharma (Mayor of Village Assembly in the time of Kingdom) and Mrs. Liladevi Bhusal Bashyal/ Basel. She has published many thousands of poems, essays, stories, and other literary writings (in Amazon books and Magazine from Russia, America, Philippines, England, Scotland, Indonesia, Bangladesh, South Africa, Nigeria, Kenya, North Africa, Trinidad and Tobago, Spain, India and others) from Nepal and different countries of the world. Now she is a world-famous author and poet / poetess. She is a co-author in best-selling anthologies.

Colourful Flowers in Garden of Love:

The diversities in earth are with beauties of love.
The flowers blossom in the green garden.
The children mingle in colourful flowers.
The game of flowers and children,
Smiling of children brings joy of light.
Then butterflies above in flower,
Looking and dancing to visit garden and flower
The heaven like garden is earth.
Tempt to fairies of love.
The beauty of earth with many colours;
Rainbow visits the children and blooming flowers.
How beauty is there to heal our wound.
Butterflies are flying among flowers.
Love to children is very joyful.
Healing my wound to see nature with natural blooming;
The children are also flowering in garden as flowers.
The duty of nature is love.
The light of joy is to bring inner smile to them.
Crowd of butterflies in different colours;
Flowers of scent and beauty invite the cute children.
The life is shining in that scene.
Spiritual sublimity merges there.
Art is flowering with genuine words.
The children, butterflies, words and flowers eternalize nature.

The Flowers and Butterflies Edition

Mark Fleisher, Albuquerque, New Mexico, USA



Vietnam veteran Mark Fleisher has published five books of poetry and collaborated on a sixth. His works have appeared in numerous online and print anthologies. The Brooklyn, New York, native holds a journalism degree from Ohio University and now calls Albuquerque, New Mexico, home.

Serenaded by Sunflowers

Bursts of yellow surrounding
a center dab of chocolate
visible in the early glow
of a spring sun
Held erect by sturdy stalks
bending not breaking
though grasped by
an occasional gust
The array gracing my table
came not from my feeble
attempts at producing
such beauty but from
a leisurely drive
along the boulevard
when an unending display
found only by a mistaken turn
serenaded my senses
Feeling no guilt
I harvested these few
for I knew others remained
for future admirers

The Flowers and Butterflies Edition

Kimberly Burnham (Spokane, Washington, USA)



A brain health expert (PhD in Integrative Medicine), Kimberly Burnham lived in tropical Colombia; Belgium during the Vietnam War; Japan teaching businessmen English; and diverse international Toronto. Now, in Spokane, Washington, Kimberly speaks extensively on peace, brain health, and *Awakenings: Peace Dictionary, Language and the Mind, a Daily Brain Health Program*. Kimberly recently published *The Red Sunflower Diaries*, a fictional story where people trade seeds making the world a more beautiful and just place. Current projects includes. *Something Has to Change, The Adaptable Brain, Travel and Peace in 8000 Languages* and a how-to non-fiction book, *Using Ekphrastic Fiction Writing and Poetry to Create Interest and Promote Artists, Writers, and Poets*. <http://www.NerveWhisperer.Solutions>

Onomatopoeia

Words like bumblebee buzzing
chirping birds and bugs
the whirl of a butterfly's wings
naming the sounds associated
with the motion

In Chuj a language of Guatemala and Mexico
"tom tom" is a pacifying call
to cattle the sound
to calm a cow
who won't let herself be tied up
"tom tom"
to call cattle in from the fields

Another sound of peace
"chik chik" is described as a lullaby
for beasts horses mules donkeys
to calm them for tethering
or to call them in from pasture
I wonder if there is a word for lulling
a child to sleep or calling to a lover
with the sounds of peace

Like the Afrikaans phrase
"die kat vreedzaam miaau"
the cat peacefully meows
where "vrede" is peace
compared with "die leeu brul"
the lion roars

The Flowers and Butterflies Edition

Smruti Ranjan Mohanty, India



Smruti Ranjan Mohanty, from India, is a widely read multilingual poet, essayist and writer whose write-ups, published in different languages are appreciated all over the world. Other than his own anthologies, his poems, essays and short stories have been featured in newspapers and in more than two hundred journals and anthologies of national and international importance.

My Love

My love!
As and when I open my eyes
I see you, see your graceful gait,
serene smile and calm demeanour
guiding me at every step.
As and when I close my eyes
I see you,
see my beautiful world
built upon your sweat and blood,
smile and tears,
feelings and emotions,
love, sacrifice and concern.

I am happy
I am not anywhere
I am happy
I am everywhere,
in you and your world
of which I am a part.

You are the dancing rivulet,
me just a heap of stones on your sandy shore,
a silent onlooker devoid of grace and grandeur.
For you
I am what I am.
For you
me and my beautiful world.
For you my past, present and future
For you the rainbow of colours
For you the singing spring and summer shower
For you the fading beauty of the sun,
grace and elegance of the waning moon.

I am happy
you outpaced me in every walk

The Flowers and Butterflies Edition

I am happy
you managed me and my world
I am happy
I am the crew and
you are the able navigator
who smoothly sailed across

Things could have been better
but I failed to match your steps
I do admit
because of you, your kids are
so good and brilliant,
because of you my easy life,
my dream world of pets, plants and poetry.

You carried me all along,
wish you will not leave my hand
till I say my final goodbye.
Hope you will be with me
till I breathe my last.
I know not how to live without you,
how can I die when you are not around?
I promise
I will come first
and wait for princess charming,
the queen of my heart to take birth,
to take over and take me in her soothing lap.

The Flowers and Butterflies Edition

Deepika Singh, India



Deepika Singh from Margherita Assam India, qualification- Master of Arts, B.Ed, teacher by profession. Her writings reflect her personal observations of day to day life. She started her writing journey from the year 2011. She believes that the right words can change our society. Some of her poems got featured in The Poet Magazine Womensweb, Changed Forever Anthology, Atunis galaxy poetry, Poetryzine Magazine, Archer magazine, Too Well Away Literary Journal, Silk Road International Poetry Festival, The Mediterranean Waves Anthology etc. Also some of her poems got translated in Spanish, Chinese and Serbian language.

Peek-A-Boo Happiness

Peek-A-Boo Happiness

Are you there hiding behind the Hydrangea,

Sometimes you give me an Iris hope,

Hope for better tomorrow,

Morrow to be with you.

Where we will share our Sunflower joys

And purple Hyacinth sorrows together.

Where you will be my roots for support system,

And I will be your backbone stem.

Together we will pour love to our dear sapling,

Spreading the fragrance of happiness.

Our muscular branches will give shade in distress.

As days will pass by, our Balsa branches of love will be more firm.

Unitedly we will craft for an utopian society.

For you, for me and for our Sun rising generation.

The Flowers and Butterflies Edition

Shafkat Aziz Hajam



Shafkat Aziz Hajam, is a poet, reviewer and co author from India Kashmir. He is the author of two children's poetry books titled *The Cuckoo's Voice* and *The Canary's Voice*. His poems have been published in international anthologies like *wheel song anthology UK* based, *Prodigy*, *Inner Child Press International* etc .He is also a private school teacher.

I Dreamt Only

I only dreamt of crossing the seas
Flying in the air, moving with a breeze .
I am not able to walk on the earth even in
Thirties
I only dreamt of reading the books of literature
Philosophy, politics, and each religion
But until thirties I have known the names of
None.
I only dreamt of buying an expensive car
And building a beautiful house
But until thirties I couldn't buy a trap for a mouse
I only dreamt of marrying a rich, beautiful and pious woman
But until thirties not even a black faced, poor, and rude One proposed me for fun
I only dreamt of becoming a doctor, a journalist or a pilot
But until thirties I couldn't become a janitor in any department
O such is my lot.

The Flowers and Butterflies Edition

Lina Buividavičiūtė (Lithuania)



Lina Buividavičiūtė was born on May 14, 1986. She is a poet and literary critic. Lina is an author of two poetry books in Lithuanian language. Her poetry is published in "Matter", "Masters", "Proverse poetry prize" contest anthologies, "Drunk monkeys", "Beyond words", "The Dewdrop", "The limit experience", "Beyond queer words", "Maudlin House", "Cathexis northwest press", "Poetry online" magazines and "Versopolis" poetry platform. Upcoming publications will appear in "New millennium writings" and "Beyond words" magazines.

This poem is translated from Lithuanian to English by Irma Šlekytė.

Apathy (the Weight of one's Hand)

I've never seen it raising a revolver, ready for
a slap of betrayal. I've never witnessed it tossing soil
on a three-year old's coffin, caressing an unloved one, writing
the last letter, holding a hand of the one who's departing. So, they say,
I have no right to gather so much heaviness in my elbows and
forearms. I have no right, they say, to not move my wrist bones.

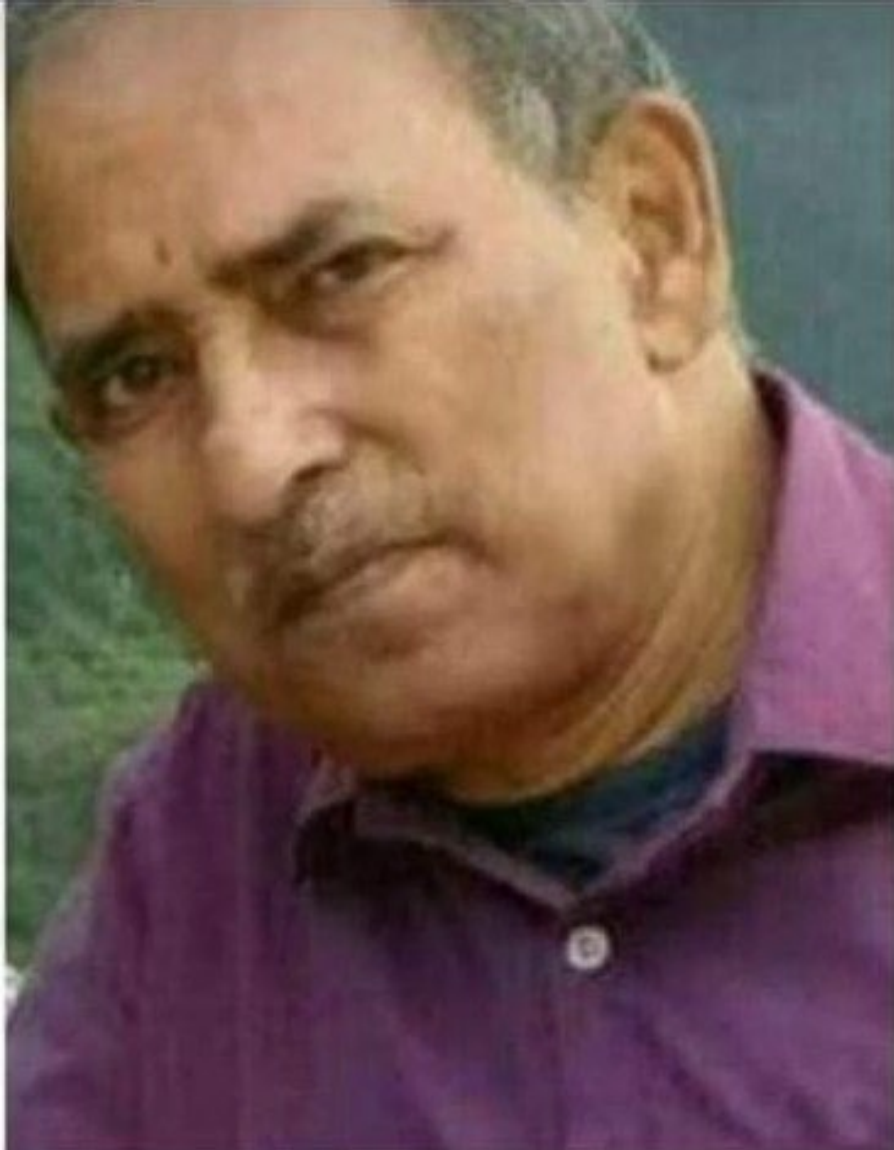
I know I have to move these arms for the sake of the bedridden,
for those marked with age spots, for those who've lost everything,
for those whose limbs were torn off by shrapnel.

Hanging off the edge of the bed, on a frayed bedsheet, despite
all the scolding, persuading, ultimatums, I cannot stroke
my hand grows heavy, because, I believe, as soon as I touch him, the soil
my child's head –
will start pouring onto him.

I fight using different shapes of blackness, with no blood flowing to the ten
little fingers,
but if I'm called, if we once again need to stand hand in hand, I promise you world
my hand,
for a short respite from an unworldly heaviness.

The Flowers and Butterflies Edition

C.S.P. Shrivastava



Mr. C.S.P. Shrivastava is a seasoned bilingual poet, his poems have been published nationally and internationally. He has been awarded by The Gujrat Sahitya Academy Award - 2021 & 2022, The award of Rabindra Nath Tagore Literary Honours from the Seychelles Government, EWA Zindagi etc.

The Flowers and Butterflies Edition

Musing

1. Musing isn't a dent...

Scribbling a few lines, with a wish...
You envision for a re-vision

A day to unlearn our present
That has denied faith n love subsequent

A disgrace of cooked artificiality
Sheer loss of morality

The grace of our existence, the reason behind
We are and are a complete blind

Chasing unconsciously domain of morbidity
The poor our ways, ways of insipidity

We are but a thoughtless saint
Posing divinity sans needed dent

Trust the dignity of self
Preserved in a cmfrtbl shelf

We are chasing an utopian sense
Blind to our faith, chasing a muddy dense.

2. For a whim.

Countless are the stars in the sky
Yours and mine

We are one among them

A limited identity
Moving on...

With purples of vanity

The Flowers and Butterflies Edition

In all sanity

So futile
Sans the knowledge of purpose

A presumption
We live as speck of permanence

In serenity and bliss
We dwell

Here enjoying a fall
Needing rectitude

Back to back
Asserting the non entity
For a whim.

3. Releasing my palms

The tiniest dots
Scribbled in my linear lines

Carrying through ages
Sometime in the wrinkles of sages

The cosmos in the dots
Or a spread on the sheets

Behaving like an idiot
With full idiosyncrasies

A forgetfulness
A fancy or a dance

Rhythmic yet with no tune
Cast seldomly as dune

Uncountable and in each
I find a speck of infinite love.

The Flowers and Butterflies Edition

Michelle Joan Barulich, Poland



Michelle Joan Barulich started writing poetry and songs at 16 yrs old with her younger brother Paul. They also made their poems and songs into music. Michelle loves all kinds of animals and has rescued many pigeons over the years. She is studying the Alternative Medicine to help people.

To Be A Child

To love and to be like a child

Is as free as the wind blows.

and playful as the sea

To laugh and chase the clouds.

Children always hold onto their dreams.

A child can turn a gray day to a better day

With their magical smiles

May God bless all the children

in the world.

The Flowers and Butterflies Edition

Barbara Anna Gaiardoni (Verona, Italy)



Barbara Anna Gaiardoni is an Italian pedagogist, author, poet, doodler, ex-violinist, and former swimmer. Currently she publishes Japanese poems in international trade journals. Drawing and walking in nature are her passions. Barbara's motto is "I can, I must, I will do it."

Little by Little

Riding through the pine woods between deer, wild boar, and horses.

He tells "Say yes to life". "Sing me a song", she replies.

life is too short

for us to hold onto

petty grievances

The Flowers and Butterflies Edition

Marvie Chorawan-Basilan



Marvie Chorawan-Basilan is a reporter for the International Business Times, US Edition. She is the mother of child artist Krakun and a huge believer in the power of pen and ink. A “poet on strike” for many years, she hopes her story raises conversations about writing and healing.

The Butterfly's Improved Effect

The moaning winds blow
In accordance to the dying
Sun, soon to permeate into the horizon.
Down, down the pine-sheltered mountain
Lays an Aphroditean meadow.
Dancing poppies around Goliath's ancestry
Of woody trunks and branches cover
The heaven-sketched iridescent plain.
Serenity engulfs this remarkable cradle
Of such an innocuous Destroyer.
Unknowing of intensive destruction She brings,
Comes this tiny gift of creation –
Fluttering over the humbling reeds.
Woe to the towering works of man adore,
To his love for fabled beings,
To his thoughts so alike King Solomon,
To his olden hands of innumerable deeds,
To the whole of his ill-fated wealth for
In one, soft flap of Her bright, yellow wings,
A hundred,
A thousand,
A million,
She kills.

The Flowers and Butterflies Edition

Ketevan Merkviladze (Tbilisi, Georgia)



Ketevan Merkviladze was born in Tbilisi, Georgia. She is a self-taught, translator and teacher of the German language. Some of her paintings have been sold in Germany and America. Her creations are distinguished by a variety of subjects focuses on the culture of different peoples (ie) Native Americans, Japanese geishas, and African women. She published a children's story "Muna, Daughter of an Indian Chief," illustrated with her drawings. In 2021-2022 she participated in the group exhibition Picasso Anniversary of the Friends of Art and the SPANDAN International ONLINE Art Exhibition in India. She had a personal exhibition at the National Parliamentary Library of Georgia and takes part in online exhibitions in Argentina, USA, Greece, Brazil, Norway, Serbia, and Dubai.

The Flowers and Butterflies Edition

When my baby will arrive in this world

When my baby arrives in this world
Everything's gonna change in my life

The dark clouds will disappear and
will be seen the blue and clean sun in the sky.

When my bundle of joy will comes,
all my sorrows will go miles away,

There will be a rainbow in the sky
and a lot of joy and happiness in the world.

When my little warrior will arrives in this cruel world,
Trees will begin to bloom in color and the nature will be alive and beautiful.

Wild Animals will be running joyfully
and birds will sing their sweet songs.

When my baby boy comes,
the world will become full of beautiful colors,
there will be no more war, hunger, or poorness, in the world,

Just peace, joy, and happiness
When my baby is born...
19 May 2023

Marjeta Shatro - Rrapaj (Albania)



Marjeta Rrapaj was born on 15.12.1974 in Gjirokastra and grew up in a family with traditions. She is one of the contemporary Albanian poets. Rrapaj studied literature at the University of Gjirokastra and defended the French language at the University of Tirana. She is the author of eight volumes of poetry. two poetic volumes published in France in French. One poetic volume published in English and Spanish and the latest volume published in five languages: Albanian, English, French, Italian, German. Her poems are a mixture of imagination with reality. In 2019 she receives the Alphonso G. Newcomer Poetry Train award U.S.A. and Canada for the poetic volume Vesta and the first price in the Festival of Poetry in Bulgaria. She has also translated a number of books of poetry for others including Abdelghani Rahmani, Agron Shele, and Fernando Alonso Barahona

Emerald Eyes of Life...

Eyes thirsty for life
With the colors of the waters
They devour the horizon
Touch the intangible borders of the Sun
To rise above the ephemerality of the everyday

They hear the cries of the centuries
That come with the echoes of the wind
Through beaks of birds tearing the air
To rebuild the present
On the traces of the old
Covered in oblivion
With rust cuffs
That tighten the pains of the times
That went with a storm
On the goals of patience

To seek and find the flame of thought
At random intersections of fate
Frozen in icons of the holy faith
For clarification and clarification of mysteries
Like unknown hieroglyphs of tomorrow
Under the melody of the waves
foaming with thunder

To reborn Venus
The shores of myths and legends
To amaze with forgotten souls
Back with the misty silence
That surrounds humanity
And with a magnificent view
It rules the skies of faith

Without allowing the modern Dantes to descend the stairs
To bring back "poor Beatrices"
who sleep in the dark world of Hades...

The Flowers and Butterflies Edition

Binod Dawadi (Nepal)



Binod Dawadi, the author of *The Power of Words*, is a master's degree holder in Major English. He has worked on more than 1000 anthologies published in various renowned magazines. His vision is to change society through knowledge, so he wants to provide enlightenment to the people through his writing skills.

Children

Children you are the gift of God,
You are innocence and cute,
You always speaks truth you don't,
Afraid with anyone you teach us also,
To be like as you always want to learn a,
Good works you want to change the world,
As well as people you are so much beautiful and lovely,
You search happiness with friends and in things,

You pass time very much happily you always do new things,
You don't know what is wrong as well as what is right,
You are full of miracle you are so sweet,
You don't want to live in a prison you don't want to,
Be an orphan you want to live happily for forever,
You also want to be a King or a Queen or,
Prince or princess if time gives you opportunities,
You are children you are good learners and good teachers.

The Flowers and Butterflies Edition

Shoshana Vegh (Israel)



Shoshana Vegh, a poet, a writer, an editor, a translator from English to Hebrew and publisher, born in Ashkelon, 1957, Israel. M.A in Hebrew literature from Bar Ilan university. Lives in Netanya. Her poems were published in an anthology in 1980 and she published 21 books of her own and edited 200 books. She is the head of a local poetic group in her city. Shoshana is a winner of a few scholarships for literature at her publishing house. She is a member of union of creativity Acum in Israel and friend of the WCP. She received the prize for poetry from Kosovo this year from The Bogdani Presitios Prize 2023. *The sign of the new pioneers* 2022, her poems have been translated into French, English, Albanian, Polish, Serbian, Thailand, Spanish, Turkish and been published in many anthologies.

The Flowers and Butterflies Edition

My Beloved From Far Away

If you were to be beyond the mountains of Jerusalem in Bethlehem, I would be with you on the straw, not like the Virgin Mary and would not be born to us Jesus

If you become a shepherd in the mountains of Galilee and wander up to Nazareth and i would rescue you from among the believers and carry you instead of the cross

But my beloved from the far away mountains is the one who wanders between the chambers of my heart carrying me from afar on his hard shoulders

These are the abilities for me
He hears my crying

And here in my bed
My close beloved comes to me and Tells me do not cry, my love

The Flowers and Butterflies Edition

Wanda Dewdrops (Kenya)



Wanda Dewdrops is a Kenyan born Poet, writer, psychologist, counselor, teacher, and talent coach. He is a published author of a poetry anthology, "The Voice of a Wounded Heart " now available on Amazon. He is 30 years old, now working as a secondary school teacher of biology and agriculture. He has also been involved in many publications of books, journals, magazines, newspaper features and online radio interviews.

Amazing Butterfly

In a garden of dreams, where colors bloom,
Where sunlight dances, dispelling gloom,
There, amidst petals and gentle breeze,
Reside enchantments that forever please.

Butterflies, delicate and divine,
With wings of silk, in hues that shine,
Graceful dancers in the morning light,
They paint the canvas of nature's sight.

From the caterpillar's humble abode,
A metamorphosis begins to unfold,
A wondrous journey, a miraculous feat,
Transforming into beauty, so complete.

Emerging from chrysalis, soft and new,
Butterflies embrace the sky's vibrant blue,
Their wings unfurl, a kaleidoscope,
As they embark on a journey of hope.

They flutter and glide, with elegance and grace,
Seeking sweet nectar, a delicate embrace,
From flowers to flowers, they gracefully roam,
Their delicate presence, a garden poem.

They whisper tales of a world unseen,
A realm where magic and wonder convene,
With every gentle flutter, they inspire,
Filling our hearts with joy and desire.

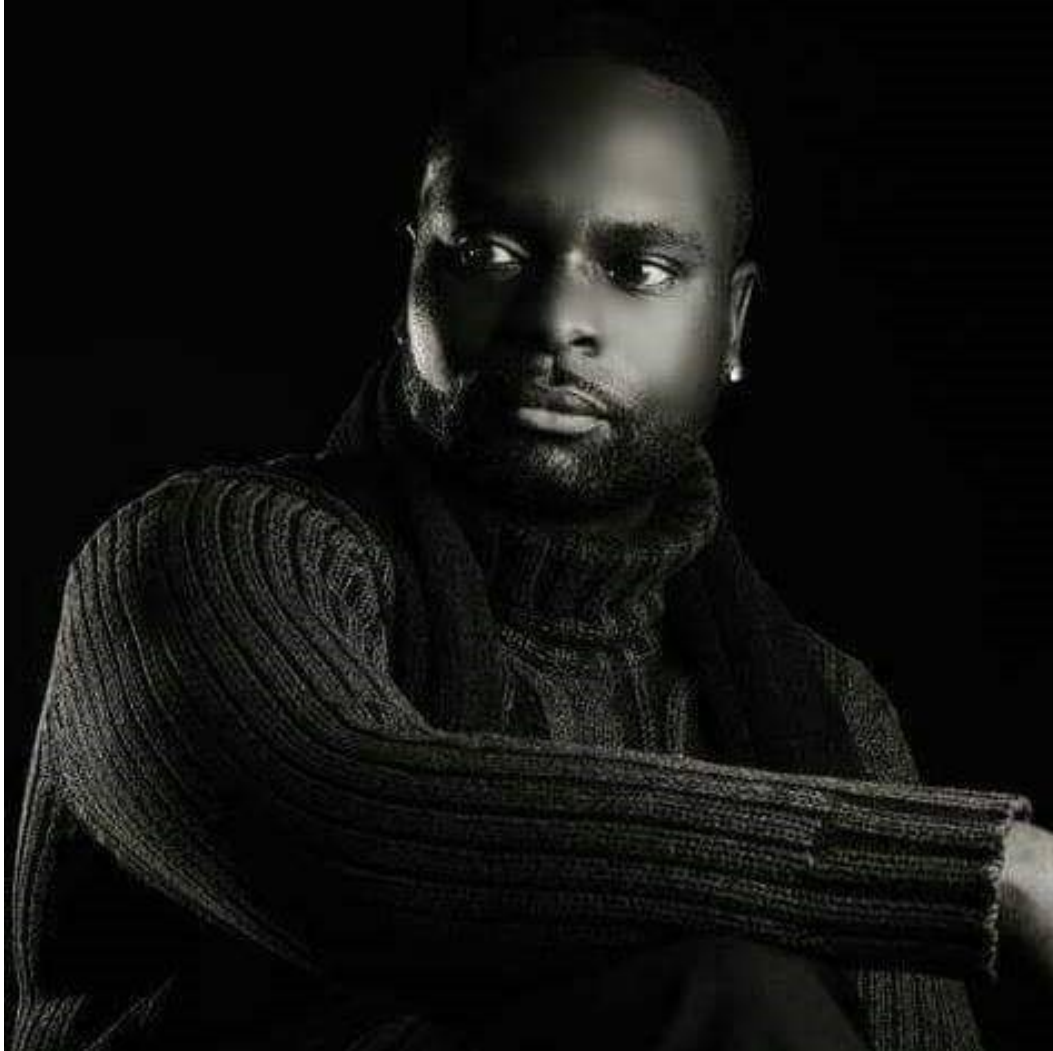
Butterflies, guardians of fragility,
Teach us the art of embracing ability,
To embrace change, let go and fly,
To embrace the beauty of the unknown sky.

The Flowers and Butterflies Edition

So, let us cherish these ethereal creatures,
Their existence, a gift from nature's features,
In their delicate wings, we find delight,
A reminder to embrace life's vibrant flight.

The Flowers and Butterflies Edition

Alonzo -zO-Gross



zO-AlonzO Gross is an American Rap Artist, Composer, Producer Actor, Dancer, Writer, Publisher, Author & Multi Award Winning Poet. He is the Author of Inspiration, Harmony & The World Within (2012) Soul Elixir: The WritingZ of zO (2018) POEMZ 4 U AND YOURZ (2021) The Visions of Beya Bean Blue (2023) (Children's book) the mc (The Meditative ContemplationZ) 2023 zO received his bachelor's degree from Temple University in the field of English literature.

Murmurs in a Shell . . .

On an Island of Scintillating Seas/
her feet planted in warm sand,
4 twas an ethereal land
God's Loving Hands,
stroke her cherubic strands
by way of soft-breeze/.

Upon walking thither
2 the soul of the beach-
she so witnessed,
an Illustrious Shell,
Twas planted 4 her eyes solely
(as far as she couldst tell),
4 it layeth there idly
in loving plain reach-.

Picking it up,
lifting it gently 2 her ear-
she felt a reprise,
from everything that she once feared-
4 within this Blessed Sea-Shell Here-
frantic sounds of the outside world disappeared-.

Verily,
what she wouldst hear,
like a fragrance
which can not be described/
The Enchanting Beauty of Light,
pleasant utterance
in Heavenly Cadence
Nay, nothing contrived/.

These sounds,
O' So Lulled her Soul,
Ever so Sweetly-
her once half-hearted faith,
Becameth Remolded-Completely.

The Flowers and Butterflies Edition

Lo! in her twilight years,
she still loveth
2 tell the tale/
Of the day.
she heard AngelZ
through-
Murmurs In A Shell/.

The Flowers and Butterflies Edition

Kuma Raj Subedi (Australia)



Mr. Kuma Raj Subedi, ESL lecturer, is a bilingual poet and translator from Australia. He is also the recipient of The Best Poet of the Event Award in International Nazrul Poetry Festival-2023, Bangladesh. His debut anthology *The Colours of Spring* is themed around nature, female suffrage, memories, and identity.

A Flower Blooms

A flower blooms
In the spring
In my backyard
Sending invitations to bees and butterflies
For inspection and absorption
With a message
Of fertility and tenderness.

A flower blooms
Suggesting not to cry a pang of sorrows
But to sing a song of joys with-
Accordion caterpillars
Bass beetles
Bugle blossoms
Drum leaves
Guitar dragonflies
Harp bees
Saxophone hoppers.

A flower blooms
To send signals-
Of hope
Of colours
Of vibration
Of growth
Of sunshine
In the gloomy
Decayed existence of creatures!

The Flowers and Butterflies Edition

Ibrahim Honjo (Canada)



Ibrahim Honjo is Canadian poet /writer. He is author 38 published books in English and Serbo-Croatian language. Represented in more than 60 world anthologies. Also, his poems have been published in more than 40 magazines. He participated in three literary conferences, and many literary festivals. Honjo's poems have been translated into 17 languages.

I Love When You Touch Me, She Told Me

I love it when you touch me with your fingers like piano keys
in dreams that quietly climb the stairs towards me
from your touch, the ruddiness on my skin slowly flickers
the heart amplifies the beats of longing as if vibrating

from your fingers, some strange sounds play longingly
stringing feelings of happiness in me, offering me life
who slept in the shade of birch, hidden like a little bastard
and always seemed somehow strangely painfully to me

I love when you touch me gently like a violin, suddenly
when those strange currents run through my whole body
when I see you with eyes, I kiss you with my mad soul
and how skillfully you control sounds without rhyme and ballads

at dusk when loneliness overpowers me to exhaustion
when all the darkness goes to rest in some tiny hours
I think the words remind me of acrobats
and how they break the monotony of old stuffiness

when you touch me with some steady thought in the dark
you awaken non-existent lives and imaginary hopes
you feed my naked mornings and gloomy boredom
on sleepless nights you wave all the dreams that hang in the air

when you caress with your hands a trembling body full of longing
when your fingers slide gently on my skin, slowly
I live a new life like a newborn bird, though
I'm just thinking about how to revive my aspirations in you

and then when you tickle my thoughts with some gesture of yours
and with your fingers, you ruffle the combed hair the color of ripe wheat
then my breasts dance the tango, I become capricious
I begin to doubt myself and declare myself naughty

The Flowers and Butterflies Edition

I hold you close to me with my thoughts, I pull you in with a lot of passion
while in your penetrating gaze some strange light lurks
in me, some new hopes sprout like amalgams
it spills devotedly and remains as lasting contrasts

I love when you touch me going through unbridled dreams
you awaken new life in me like a spring plant
in the morning when I wake up a drowsy soul is cooled by frost
somewhere on the other side of the world, you are leafing through old flames

The Flowers and Butterflies Edition

Maxine A. Moncrieffe



Maxine A. Moncrieffe aka Maxwanette A Poetess

Maxine A. Moncrieffe aka Maxwanette A Poetess; business owner: P.L.O.T.S.~Proofing & Promoting Services, LLC (2020), published poet, self-publisher (Amazon KDP), Spotify Podcast Host: PLOTS Creatives Magazine & 100 TPC, owner of online magazine for the Creative community. Motto: “We’re All In This Thing Called Life, TOGETHER...Remember? Namastè & One Love.”

I AM The Seeds Of Yesterday

I AM the seeds of yesterday
The growth for tomorrow
With the roots of time,
Encompassed within your now.

You know me
Yet, you've forgotten me...
As you wonder aimlessly
In the designing of self.

I AM your You...
You are, my Me
Connectively, Tetrising...
We exist

Symbiotically intertwined,
Energetically aligned
Filling the vast space between
The thens, nows, and whens...

Breathe, listen, feel
As the winds of time,
Blow across the universal plane of relevance ...
I AM the seeds of yesterday,
Encompassed within your now.

The Flowers and Butterflies Edition

Zaneta Varnado Johns (Colorado, USA)



Zaneta Varnado Johns is a four-time bestselling author of *Poetic Forecast*, *After the Rainbow*, and *Voices of the 21st Century* (2021, 2022, 2023). She's the co-editor of *Social Justice Inks* anthology and an editor of the *Fine Lines Literary Journal*. Her expressions appear in international publications. ZanExpressions.com Westminster, Colorado, USA

Valley Love

A blooming love in the valley
Two hearts frozen in time
On slippery boulders they frolicked
Creek rushing
Love's intensity followed
It would remain this way
Forever intertwined

Life happened
Their bodies singly yielded
Decades passed
Though held by other arms
It is that playful time
That remains with them
Nearly fifty years later

Life marches on
Waters still rush
Whispers still echo
Songs still sing
Precious moments intact
Love still lingers
That space in the valley
Belongs to them

The Flowers and Butterflies Edition

Bilkuei A'Anyar



Nyanarielbek

She appeared in Arielbek skin
She appeared in blink of winter
And I adore ardently and not to lin,
And all streets of my heart – sweeter
And scorched by grain of love –
Seeds.

She appeared in Arielbek rare nature
As tall as reeds
And beauty [as of an angel] I treasure,
And then thrill this heart,
Traveling
On giggling flowers or sharp spines
Of a plant.

Nyanarielbek, Nyanarielbek, so fine;
Her beauty shies bluish sky or moon,
Sun or stars
Of its magnificent rank;
As outstanding as heaven's beauties
And i and my words, devoted
To that [hers] entity,
Touring a predatorial jungle
To conveying what's worthy enshrined
As an epitome,
And itching its corridors all the time.

*"Nyan" in Dinka means a girl.

*"Arielbek" in Dinka loosely means Saddlebill in English, a bird whose beautiful colors resemble the beauty of a girl I wrote this poem for.

The Flowers and Butterflies Edition

Nandita De nee Chatterjee



Nandita De is a Writer/ Freelance Journalist/ Senior Editor Chrysanthemum Chronicles. Formerly with Economic Times and published in Statesman, Illustrated Weekly, ET, Telegraph, TOI, Germany Today, VMM, UK, Setu, New York Parrot etc. Co Author in 65 anthologies including 8 Coffee Table Books and Editor of 5 books & 2 journals.

Tender Twigs of Time

Tiny white florets
Drenched in perfume
Sweet scent of spring
Stately sticks with its resplendent blossoms
The Royal Rajnigandha
A row of tuberoses
On crimson pots
Gloriously parading the balcony ledge

Dad's favourite spot
On the antique armchair
That long wooden heirloom
With brown cane and warm smell
Its double handrests my playground
Doubling as tea-tray and book rest

Many a Sunday afternoon
I pranced around
My tiny frame reclining on the sides
Chattering away my childish tales
Serving him tea in toy cups
Just us, the two of us
Blessed days brimming over with joy

The white flowers stood statuesque
Dad's quiet, somnolent stance
A half smile playing gently
Eyes filled with love

Seldom replying, never unmindful
Registering every tiny detail
Our hours spent in sublime togetherness
His chosen spot
To rejuvenate after tedious trips
When service called him away

The Flowers and Butterflies Edition

A wedding gift reclaimed
after many postings
Today his only real luxury
A resting place after hard toil
My grandpa's thoughtful gesture
For the man of the house
My wish come true
To pin my Dad down

Too often he was away
Me tearful and torn
Mom trying hard to fill in
Two daughters to raise

Sister shied away
Never one to come and play
With Mom she stuck
While I had eyes only
On the sky
Waiting for his return flight
And the military truck
Bringing him home

Bedecked with toys
I jumped about on the armchair
Dad would pick me up
When he returned
And relax there
With me on his lap

Homework, classwork, report cards
Games and crafts
Tea and biscuits and my milk mug
Much exchange of the days past
Life unfolded with gentle tenderness
Love and laughter filled the days

A verandah of wondrous days
Sweltering summer evenings

The Flowers and Butterflies Edition

Balmy nights
Monsoon clouds rumbling
The cocoon of love
Behind the potted plants

Toy house on the ground
Books and comics
A veritable playground
A treasure island of sweet charms

Tears stain my face
As I recall those halcyon days
My father's leisure moments
And my invaluable days

That house we left in my teens
Nothing remains of those playthings
The armchair somewhere
Back at my grandpa's
The only testimony to my childhood days

But that loving embrace
The strong arms
And the light brown smiling eyes
Remain fresh
And at any moment
I teleport
To our favourite spot
And my childish heart
Hears his as I rest my head
On his big, broad chest.

The Flowers and Butterflies Edition

Rehanul Hoque (Bangladesh)



Born in a village of Bangladesh, Rehanul, a bilingual poet, is a worshipper of beauty and wants to promote beauty and truth together through the appreciation of beauty, by means of poetry. He dreams of a future ruled only by love.

Amanisha, Name of the Beloved

Born in the black apple of the black eye of a black hole
Born out of failed intercourse of degenerated neutron carrying forth as
by-product a black shroud, around a chasm ranging to infinite-
This is black attraction alluring to break barriers of rule, dream and fancy
with darkness full of rays- untamed and unchecked, unknown and unrecognized;
A work of art that you may compare to Mashhad, the place where I came from
To your civilization-

My arrival is that of clouds born unidentified, moving to and fro
Eventually, clouds disappear into nothingness like tail of the nebula
There is no art, no melody and attraction in me
Nor anything of excellence in way through
In your kingdom, I get lost, dubbed the frenetic fellow.

All the rays wear seven colors and fill corners around
Instead of continuous lamp burning, my world is colorless-
Neither heat nor light nor scope for retrospection
No one waits opening the door for me
I am the freak of nature, uncivilized, unwanted
I have only a dream and Amanisha- my beloved.

The Flowers and Butterflies Edition

Padmaja Iyengar-Paddy (India)



Padmaja Iyengar-Paddy, INDIA, an award-winning poet, short story writer, reviewer and editor, has 2 published poetry collections “P-EN-CHANTS” and “P-EN-CHANTS...Again”. She has compiled and edited 6 international multilingual poetry anthologies of which AMARAVATI POETIC PRISM 2016 to 2019, have been successively recognised by the Limca Book of Records as “Poetry Anthology in Most Languages”.

Freedom

Butterflies,
Bright and
Colourful,
Free and
Liberated,
Fly from
Flower to
Flower,
Sharing
A relationship
Of warmth,
Of love.

No formalities.
No permissions
Are needed
From the flowers,
As the flowers
Ever smiling,
Ever happy,
Their petals,
Like open arms,
Welcome the butterflies,

Come,
Let's also open
Our arms
And welcome
Our fellow beings
With love,
With affection,
With compassion
And with empathy.

The Flowers and Butterflies Edition

Let's make
This world
A better place
For all to live
And breathe freely!

The Flowers and Butterflies Edition

Hussein Habasch (Afrin, Kurdistan)



Hussein Habasch is a poet from Afrin, Kurdistan. His poems have been translated into many languages and published in many international anthologies. He participated in many international festivals of poetry including: Colombia, Nicaragua, France, Puerto Rico, Mexico, Germany, Romania, Lithuania, Morocco, Ecuador, El Salvador, Kosovo, Macedonia, Costa Rica, Slovenia, China, Taiwan, Cuba, Sweden, New York City, Sarajevo, Greece and Albania.

A Very Beautiful Lady!

A very beautiful lady with divine eyes

Takes bus number 609

And goes to work every day.

On both sides of the road flowers bloom

And there is the scent of roses.

A lady wherever she goes, flowers bloom

And there is the scent of roses.

She is a lucky lady

God endowed her with the most beautiful things in the universe:

The flowers and roses!

So perfume never ends in the world!

The Flowers and Butterflies Edition

Dimitris P. Kraniotis (Larissa, Greece)



Dimitris P. Kraniotis is a Greek poet and medical doctor. He lives in Larissa (Greece). He is the author of 10 poetry books. His poems translated in 32 languages. He has participated in International Poetry Festivals. He is Doctor of Literature, Academician and Chairman of the Writers for Peace Committee of PEN Greece.

The Flowers and Butterflies Edition

Flower

Flower
The purity
And the desire
A mixture

And the black
Starry night
Took away from it the color

Flower
The petals
And the poetry
An alloy

And the day
Made it a song
A dance of nymphs in the spring

The Flowers and Butterflies Edition

Swayam Prashant (Odisha, India)



Swayam Prashant (the pen name of Dr Prashanta Kumar Sahoo) was born in the undivided Cuttack District, Odisha, India. He was formerly an Associate Professor of English at Sarupathar College, Assam, India. He has authored seven books and two booklets including Joy of Love, and Heart of Love (published in USA 2023).

He can be contacted at <https://www.facebook.com/swayamprashant.prashant> or swayam.prashant2001@gmail.com

The Foolish King, the Lovely Queen and the Poet

The King, in fact, was envious of the Poet
for the Queen was fond of him and all praise for him.
So Vikramaditya planned to insinuate his Queen against Kalidasa.
Before retiring to bed he offered her a sweet mouth freshener pan*
laced with twenty-one rare spices
and opened the conversation thus:
Don't believe the poet Kalidasa, he is a liar.
'Why ?' the Queen questioned. 'He is such a nice and beautiful
friend of us.'
'No, no it is all right but anyway he is a liar',
repeated the King.
The King continued to raise complaints against the poet
and the Queen dismissed each of them:
He must have told you that your face is like a lotus
and your lips are as red as a rose but are they ?
O yes they are ! Don't you think so ?
Am I not as beautiful as them ?
The King was ashamed and admitted that they were.
But still he continued:
He must have told you that your breasts are like
the peaks of the Himalayas, but are they ?
O why not ? He means their colour, not hardness.
'Maybe, maybe', the King meekly accepted
for he feared angering his Queen.
He must have told you that your fingers are like rose-buds,
eyes as blue as the sky or you are fish-eyed or deer-eyed
but are they so or are you so ?
O no you can't understand, dear !
The poet means that my eyes are as deep as the sky
and as swift as a deer's
or having liquid-like beauty of a fish's eye
full of desire and emotions which you have never read, have you ?
The King was at a loss for words as to how
to counter the Queen's charges. He was also thinking to complain
how could Kalidasa describe her hair as night
and cascading water of the Niagara

The Flowers and Butterflies Edition

and her waist as simhakati**

and her as gajagamini***

but he hesitated and didn't.

At the end the Queen said :

“I not only believe him but also love him.”

“All right, my darling”, said the King in a condescending tone
having been defeated in his design to malign the Poet,

“You may believe in whatever he says, but at least
don't love him,” the King entreated.

*‘pan’ is a traditional mouth-freshener in India with several spices

**“simhakati, is a Sanskrit word which means slim waist like a lion's

***“gajagamini” is a Sanskrit word which means walking like an elephant

The Flowers and Butterflies Edition

Noreen Ann Snyder



Noreen Snyder is a poet and a published author of five poetry books, four of them are co-authored with her loving, late husband, Garry A. Snyder. She tries to keep his name alive by sharing his work. She loves to read and write poetry.

Let's Dance

Let's be creative
and get active.
Hold my hand
while I stand
pretend we hear a band
while we dance, our way
as we sway
our arms nonstop... Yea
we're not feeling grey.
We're taking a chance
let's dance.
This is romance.
We're having fun
our lives ain't done
so go away
let us play.
Let us have our say.
So we will troll
good for our souls.
Sit in your wheelchair
I'll stand, as we declare
everyday we'll dare
to do this again
and let's hear amen
amen and quit when
we're ready to do so
and you'll know.
But now bring out the banjo
and we'll put on a show.
We'll take a chance.
Now let's dance
and show you romance.

The Flowers and Butterflies Edition

Aspen Rose



Willow Rose, a once high school drop-out and single mother, used the power of hope to return to school for her diploma; subsequently graduating summa cum laude with a Bachelor's Degree in English Literature. She dedicated her teaching career to adults who had given up on education, using her own story to motivate and inspire her students.

Willow shares a sense of wonder with friends through poetry and mindfulness while teaching that redemption is possible for us all in the infinite classroom of the You-niverse. Namaste 🙏

On Beeing

(For Isabelle)

Each moment unfolds
and blooms around me,
I have no need
to buzz hither and thither,
Not anymore...
Now
I fold my wings
close to my body
to drink in
the nectar of
Now
the honey sweet taste
of awareness
the unbearable lightness
of Being.

Once time was a stinger
and no bringer
of peace.
Now, with wings unfurled,
I leisurely survey the world,
finally at ease in it,
fruitful as pollen
is each golden minute
and thrilled with the joy
of being alive,
I bring other bright beings
home to the love
in the heart
of the hive.

Cavarondi Henry



Cavarondi describes herself as a positive individual and is extremely passionate about whatever she does and about people. Cava is even more so about growing closer to God. She is creative, innovative, ambitious, driven, self-sufficient, supportive of others, hardworking, ensuring she is doing her best, and is a good communicator.

The Flowers and Butterflies Edition

His Love

This offering I bring, most precious one, an offering of love.
A love that warms my heart and enriches my soul.

Through your eyes I see beauty, for beauty does not exist outside of you.
A glimpse I see in all the Earth, your majesty.

The chirping birds, that sings lullabies of sweet harmony and love.
The Joy it brings as it echoes in my very soul.

The wind that gushes against my skin, I feel your presence, in the winds, I feel your love.
The flowers that adorned and array themselves in colors of splendor, decorating the Earth
as you look from above.

Mountains and hills from a distance, work harmoniously with the clouds.
The misty sight, oh it warms my soul, it warms my heart.

The glares from the sunset and the sunrise. In all the Earth's beautiful wonders, I see your
love.

A love that is so accessible, yet so hard to comprehend.
A sacrificial love, a precious love, a blessed love, a forgiving love, a love that has no
bounds, and A love that has no end.

Shalom

The Flowers and Butterflies Edition

Gail Weston Shazor



Born in the turbulent 60's in Mississippi, Gail Weston Shazor grew up in both the deltas of the south and the concrete of Chicago. The mother of three and Gram to two, her desire is to continue to write and to send her words wherever they will go.

The B's

Big B said to lil B
Let's visit the garden
So Lil B offered her arm
To Big B and they walked
Out the backdoor slowly
Even though Big B was anxious
To see her roses
Lil B sat Big B in her chair
In the warm afternoon sun
Watching Big B turn her face up
And close her eyes against it
There was a comfort in being outside
No Ac, No hums
None of the things that had become
Who she had grown into
Lil B selected a yellow stem
To present to Big B
Who had reached over to pick up
The flower basket
They had purchased at the swap meet
After the doctor's appointment
Some months ago
And so they continued
Cutting and collecting
Adding to the basket the ones in full bloom
Big B said that she wanted
The ones she could enjoy for today
As Big B starting dozing
Lil B took the basket inside
Leaving the door open against the sun
She arranged the flowers
In three of the many vases littering the window seat
And placed them in turn
On the kitchen table
On the living room table

The Flowers and Butterflies Edition

And a small one
On Big B's bedside table
Among the medications and salves
Satisfied that she was finished
She cleared the cuttings and stems
Big B called that she was ready
To come back inside
Lil B offered her arm
And slowly walked Big B back into
The house
Stopping briefly at every arrangement
Big B smiled and said
"That's good, they are pretty"
Lil B took off Big B's shoes
And helped her to lie down
Fussing and straightening
Opening the curtains against
The last of the light

Priyanka Tiwari



Priyanka Tiwari has had a poetic disposition from childhood on. She has been a co-author in over 25 anthologies. A graduate in Biotechnology, she is currently associated with the field of Human Resources- Organizational Psychology. Travelling, photography and reading are her passions.

One Autumnal Morn

The sky is clad in deep, damp shades,
Hanging mystically over the lonely glades.

Tints of scarlet, amber, mauve and gold,
The overwhelming mystique of the woods unfold.

Mist lies low over the craggy vales,
Rugged and beaten by the autumnal gales.

The multi-hued foliage, all dripping with pearly dew,
Drown the wooded landscape in a clear, transparent hue.

Blossoming luxuriantly the lilacs and daffodils
And daisies, carpet the distant rolling hills.

Silence and solitude wrap the wild, wild land,
Perfumed by the heady fragrance of the river sand.

Proud and majestic stand the lofty trees,
Swaying gracefully against the gentle breeze.

These still, serene woods in the hours small,
Abound in the sights and colors of the fall!

The Flowers and Butterflies Edition

Brenda Sullivan (Furry) (USA)



Brenda Sullivan Furry is a traveler, writer, wife, mother, grandmother, daughter, and friend. Currently, she is sailing the world as captain of her sailboat, with her husband. She believes in the human spirit and endeavors to highlight the beauty that is the human heart.

Sunrise

From the blackness grows a luminating warmth.
Blood red, the flow urges beneath the only star.
Increasingly powerful,
Ever so gentle,
From the heartbeat of the sun grow ever upwards
 The colors of life, the complete spectrum.
At first difficult to determine,
Clear it becomes with the rising of the star.
Caressingly, the colors begin to shower down
upon the intensely red bath upon the world.
With a subtle amber drizzle,
 The glow begins to fade.
Then one by one,
Green, blue and violet,
They cleanse the sky of its darkness,
Raining one upon the other
Blending, cleansing, revealing,
Falling below the horizon until the sky
is clear.
The sky is teasingly blue,
And the star, her purpose served, glides
 Silently farther from the bath of the sun,
Momentarily disappearing
Until a new day calls for her to urge
 Along the colors,
To bring the sunrise up,
To leave a blue-lit sky.

Solomon C Jatta (Gambia)



Solomon C Jatta is a Gambian Lawyer and a poet whose literary work focuses on issues affecting his society, humanity and love. Most of his works decry the misrule of the African continent and the suffering of black race and the need for social justice. He aims to use poetry as a tool of change as he writes on contemporary issues as they arise, bringing to the fore in his writings the need to solve such problems.

Ajidicted

She isn't a drug, yet I Know no ease without her

Am I addicted?

Nope! Her name is Aji, so am Ajidicted.

only in her is my mind restricted,

Her sweet voice has my sadness destructed,

Her face so beautiful like the night sky, well structured.

When she smiles my tortured

Heart beholds, a pleasant show.

Her eyes full of light and captivating glow

Reflecting like the sun.

It is in her that I find all the worldly fun.

The Flowers and Butterflies Edition

Cezanne Poetess (UK)



Cezanne Poetess is a Self-taught Visual and Spoken Word Artist, and Author of the novel 'Journey of a Sister', which features her artwork and poetry. She is also an Actress and uses Storytelling to share her wealth of knowledge and experience from an older woman's perspective! Website: cezannepoetess.uk

Self Love Poem

Embrace yourself in all your natural beauty

Look within to find the Love you've been seeking!

Fill your Self up with Love

and then give of your overflow.

As you do so,

The whole world will be a reflection of the Love you found within!

The Flowers and Butterflies Edition

Ratan Ghosh



Ratan Ghosh (India), MPhil, PhD, an Editor, a free lance writer, a poet, a Short story writer, has experience of more than 15 years of teaching and research. He has published a number of research articles in peer review and UGC approved journal and presented seminar papers in National and International seminars in different universities of India. His poems have been featured in many international E- journals, Journals and paper back anthologies across the globe. He has edited and co-authored two international anthologies named-SUNUP and CASCADE.

The Flowers and Butterflies Edition

"I am"

Visibly invisible

I am...

Truthfully truth less

I am...

Powerfully powerless

I am...

Carefully careless

I am...

Fearlessly fearful

I am...

Beyond Just unjust

I am...!

But...!

I am...!

The universe

I am...!

The orbit

I am...!

The hemispheres

I am...!

The horizon

I am...!

The North or the South

I am...!

The East or the West

I am everywhere!

I am nowhere!

Nothing can differ me from me

Even from Thee

Nothing can stop me from me

Even my body and self

Like the bough and leaves of trees

I am the gravitation

Ultimate gravitation of my 'self'

The Flowers and Butterflies Edition

I am the life force
I am nothing but my life's ultimate course

I create...!
I recreate...!
I feel...!
I kill...!
Me and the whole

Do you know?
Who I am?

I am thy thought process
Like the streams of a river
I move on...
Through the course of every life

I am
The flow of your veins
I walk and come back
Like the waves of tidal ocean
I am
The essence of your brain cells
To take you all to the divine spell
I am diluting
For time's immemorial
I am flowing
From thy heart and brain
And I am igniting pleasure and pain
Every second
Every moment
From thy Earth remaining hidden

I am born...
To create and recreate
The self and the whole
I am nothing though
But the living life force I know
Flowing ever ever forever
Till I breathe my last breath in this boundless cosmos...

Fahredin Shehu



Fahredin Shehu was born in 1972 in Rahovec, South East of Kosova. He is a graduate of Prishtina University with a degree in Oriental Studies.

He actively works on calligraphy, discovering new mediums and techniques for this form of art.

For the last thirty years, Shehu has been holding the position of Independent Scientific Researcher in the fields of World Spiritual Heritage and Sacral Esthetics.

Disquiet

All those years doubles
the burden of the days to come
in a lofty space among vibrations
of the machines placed far away
I feel lighter than a falling feather
of the chopped of bird
...and when I see Men struggling
to become what they never will
I remind myself on earthquake
although far away, the pain hits harshly
lest the sorrow devastates me entirely.

All those children frozen beneath
the greed made of concrete lacking still
hungry senile sleeping 4 days in a car
historical sites turned to ashes
so many souls departed all sorts of ages
all sorts and nuances of radiation
entangled into other dimension
gazing at us merciless and bizarre
man-like creatures they remain
flabbergasted, yet unable to tell
the lesson we must learn by solely
Ourselves

The Flowers and Butterflies Edition

hülya n. yılmaz



Liberal Arts Professor Emerita, hülya n. yılmaz [sic] is Co-Chair and Director of Editing Services at Inner Child Press International, published author, and a literary translator. Her poetry contributions appeared in numerous anthologies in the U.S.A. and abroad. In 2018, WIN of B.C. honored yılmaz with a literary excellence award.

The Flowers and Butterflies Edition

lost . . . or?

people

in every corner of the fountain-square
some seating is available close-by
we walk toward one left-out spot
and sit down in our wonderous awe under watchful eyes,
accompanied by what i assume to be
a traditional Moroccan drum tune
mesmerizing the clear night-sky,
competing with the vibrant Arabic sounds
that rise higher and higher up
amid countless chats
of those for us-undecodable voices

i want to dance to the enticing rhythm
but this place is not mine to claim . . .

many families are promenading
with their older children,
minding the safe navigations
of their little ones' toddler-go-carts
those beautiful small darlings
are grinning from ear to ear,
overjoyed with their driving skills
while they keep an eye on the passers-by
and their age-alike counterparts
who travel around the plaza,
donning many different car models
of a variety of colors and sizes
in that enviable-even-by adults
modern day-invention

one blond boy,
about 2 years old,
discovers the fun of obstacle-jumping
he steps his cute little feet atop a brick
among many that shelter a healthy tree

The Flowers and Butterflies Edition

he jumps down from it
onto the plaza's floor-concrete
while his parents talk eagerly on a bench

no boo boos
none whatsoever
he is so elated by his daring stunt
that he repeats the same in reverse,
tummy-laughing all along in audible giggles

young couples also pass by
some glance at us in subdued demeanors,
others stare bluntly and persistently
we smile and mind our own business

there are many boys of different ages
they play all kinds of outdoor games
with their fathers or with each other
girls strut their perhaps-newly-learned strides
of awakening-femininity
they look left, then right, then left again,
assessing on a scale of their own making
the attention they get from the opposite sex

one round ball seems to be
the biggest attraction for some of the boys
several of them don complete soccer uniforms
with barely-worn out shoes to match,
others among their team members
stand out with their everyday clothes
they make a serious effort
to keep their bathroom slippers in place

one older boy
joins the game with overt enthusiasm
he is wearing a traditional male Hijab
quite a talent this young man is
with all his rapid feet-moves and leg twists
despite his neck-to-ankle-length-garb

The Flowers and Butterflies Edition

nearest to our seats,
two women-groups gather up
they sit in opposite ends
from one another
but their focus of interest
appears to be the same: gossip
their mimics and gestures are universal, after all:
descriptions of female bodies and faces
via finger-and-face-adjustments
along with the uniquely fiery octaves
of their voices, which yield to
a large variety of enunciations,
flavored with laughter as well as snorts
a sign-language of disapproval? aplenty!

the same drum-tune enters the open-air again
the performers' break must be over

i want to dance to the enticing rhythm
but this place is not mine to claim . . .

yet, i am made to feel as if it were

wherever i visited and stayed this summer
a sense of belonging has been gifted to me
in Bethlehem

Ramallah

Amman

Madaba

Jericho

Cairo

Giza

Kenitra

Larache

Assilah

Monastir

Rahovec

Prizren

Skopje

Strumica

The Flowers and Butterflies Edition

i was embraced by the ultimate warmth of loving hearts
all the dearest souls in these parts of the globe
have abundantly demonstrated to me
as to why their acts of hospitality,
oozing from their hometowns
and cultural entities at large
have long ago attained
their worldwide fame

*This poem first appeared in my poetry book, *this and that* which was published on January 5, 2019 by Inner Child Press International.

The Flowers and Butterflies Edition

william s. peters, sr.



William S. Peters, Sr., aka 'Just Bill', is an award-winning global activist for humanity. His poetry and prowess have been acknowledged and translated across the world. He is the founder and chair of Inner Child Enterprises, Inner Child Press International and the World Healing, World Peace Foundation. He utilizes these vehicles along with his poetry and other writings to champion the cause of consciousness, peace, love, acceptance and compassion. His personal perspective is that 'life is a garden', and we must plant seeds of good intent, light and love that we all may harvest a sweet bountiful fruit. The 'by-line' Mr. Peters has coined for Inner Child Press International is 'building bridges of cultural understanding'. Achieving this vital connection is his inspiration.

a requiem for a day of love . . .

The morning Sun burns brightly,
bathing me in it's warmth.
The Trees of the Wood are awakening,
to reach for the Heavens once more.
The Birds begin their Song of Celebrance,
singing of Life's utter grandeur.

and i, i am a witness to this glory . . .
a requiem for a day of love.

I hear a gentle breeze,
caressing the leaves.
I see the shadows dance across the field,
for their time for play has come.
The Crow caws across the semi still morning,
and the creeping ones of the Earth,
stir about with the rhythms of the Mother.

and i, i am a witness to this glory . . .
a requiem for a day of love.

The Flowers slowly open their petals,
that they may impart their blissful fragrance,
to the world of us all.
The Morning Breeze becomes urgent,
can you hear her call?
Why even the vagrant Weeds are dancing,
without a fall, as they too paint a picture,
upon the landscapes of life.
They hear the music, can you ?

and i, i am a witness to this glory . . .
a requiem for a day of love.

The Flowers and Butterflies Edition

The Butterflies flittered and fluttered,
across the grass,
while the Bees began to awake,
and commence to collect,
their bountiful “Rent of Love”,
As the Squirrels foraged as Squirrels do,
mixing the play of Limb Jumping with their work.

and i, i am a witness to this glory . . .
a requiem for a day of love.

i saw the Worm slowly inch himself,
across the ground,
gladly offering himself for Breakfast.
The Flies a flying ,
and the Crickets still crying,
as did my Heart full of understanding,
for Life has embraced me in Light.

and i, i am a witness to this glory . . .
a requiem for a day of love.

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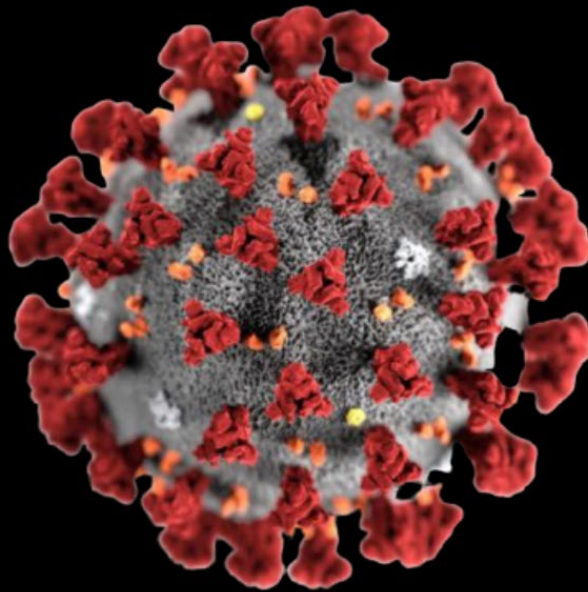
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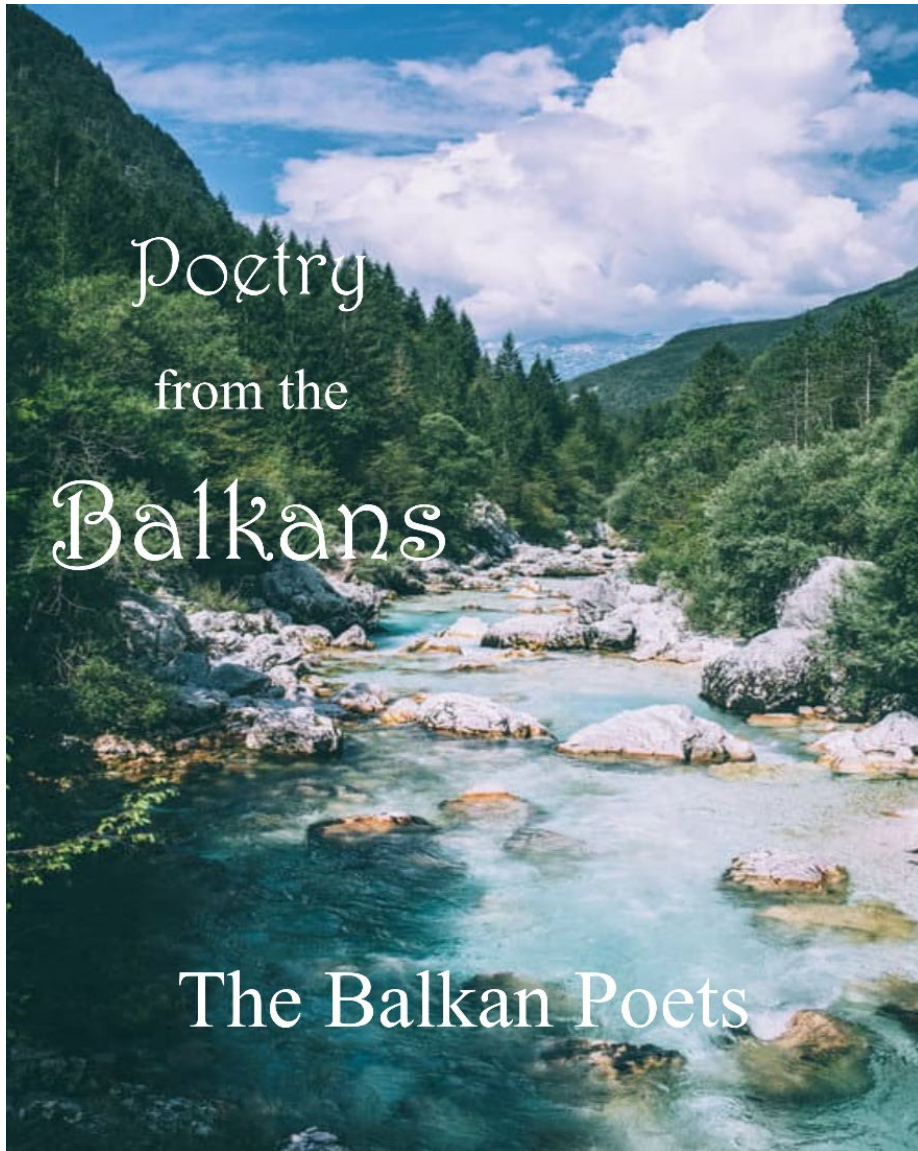
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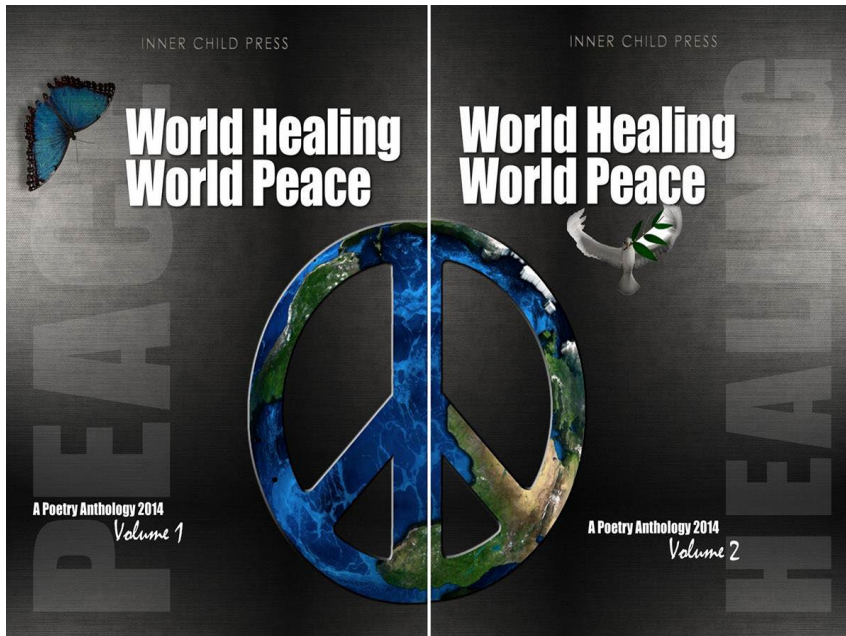
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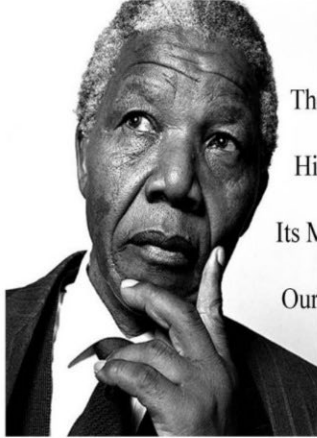
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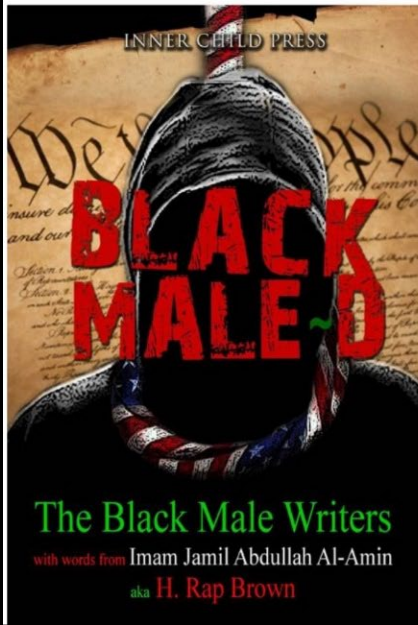
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my
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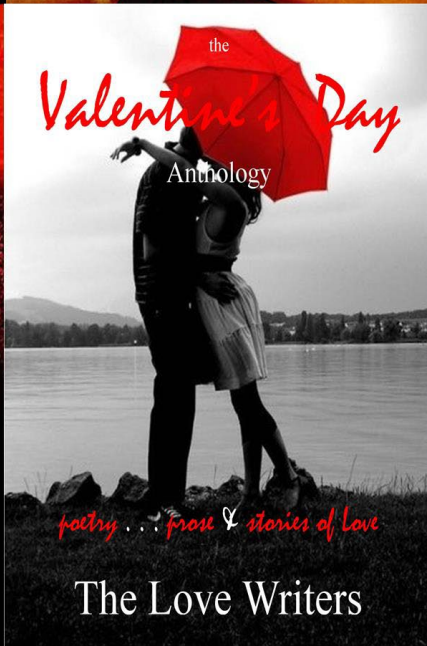
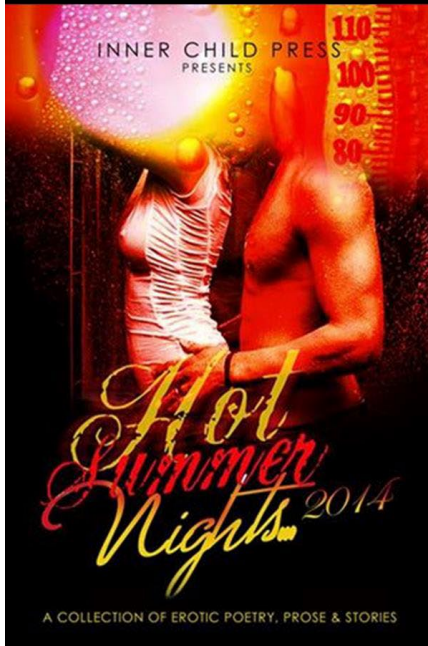
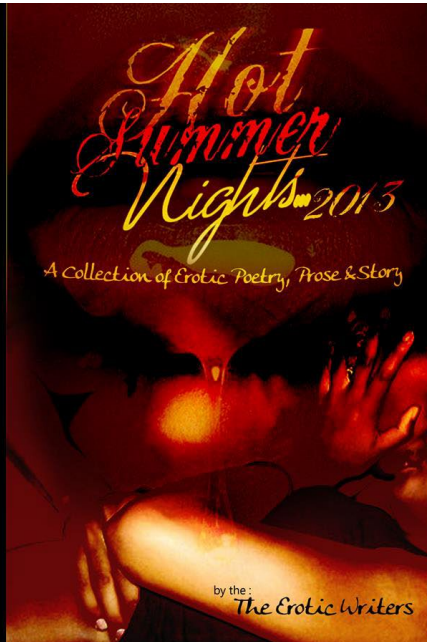
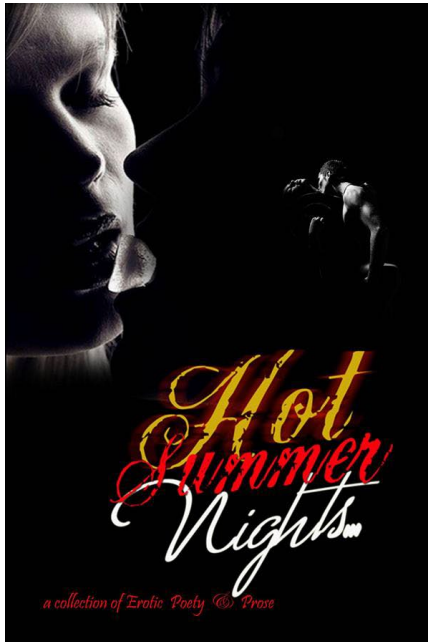


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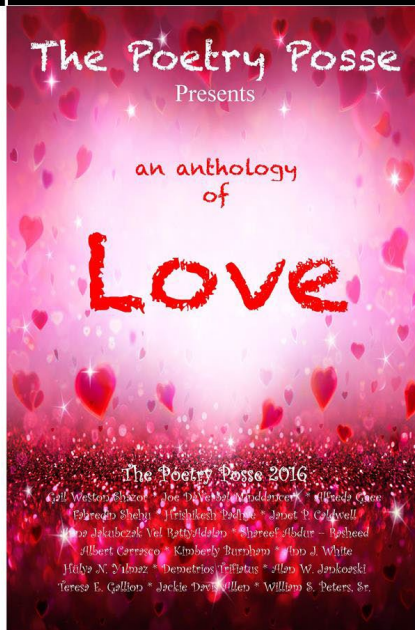
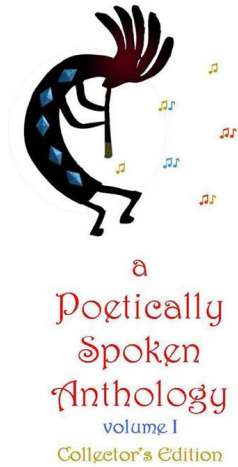
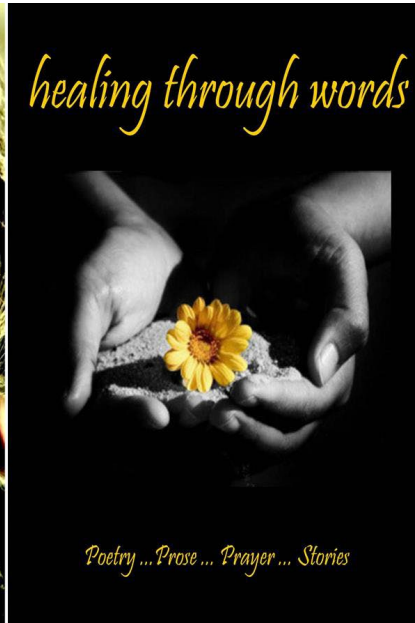
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'building bridges of cultural understanding'

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'building bridges of cultural understanding'

Once upon a time, there was a guy and he was a poet and a writer. This guy had an idea. The idea he had was that if he could just get his thoughts and words in a book, the whole world would have the opportunity to read what he had to say. In his writing, be it poetry or prose, it was evident that he was a dreamer of sorts. Yes, he like so many others had much to say . . . but who was listening? This is why he chose to write. As time went forward, he met many other people of all ages, all walks of life from many different places, near and far who felt the same as he did. The all had something inside them, that wanted to be heard, wanted to be listened to. It was like a little child deep within who cowered from the world for it seemed like the world was too busy for them. Nobody had time to listen, people were too busy living.

The oddity of it all, is that for many people like our protagonist, they too had lives to live, but they experienced their most vibrant and exciting times through the words they wrote. The words were filled with dreams and hopes and visions and analogies; and critiques and complaints. And did I say dreams? Yes, many writers, and especially poets are dreamers who spend far too much time staring at the sun . . . some with filters, and some without. They find a special joy in life living vicariously through words and language and verse . . . but who is to say it is not real?

As time went by, over the many years, he and people like him discovered they possessed a magic, an alchemy of sorts. They had the unique ability to capture time upon the pages within the words they expressed from their hearts, minds and souls. They also found that there were many other type of peoples who perhaps did not practice their particular art of expression, but they too did dream, ut could not articulate . . . but they were willing to listen,, to read, and they did. This did wonders for these artisans of the word. It was most certainly a worthy and wholesome confirmation that ‘they’ had meaning, they served a noble abd honorable purpose.

As time went on, and this paradigm became entrenched in many ‘ways’ of life, to write, to read, the need became evident to store these expressions in a means that transcends time so that the generations to come may perhaps one day find something worthy to embrace in the words offered. There were many souls from around this beautiful world that had much to say . . . ergo the birth of ‘The Anthology’ enjoy



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