# Inner Child Press International presents



The Love Poets



## The Love Poets

inner child press, ltd.

# Cradits

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The Love Poets

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Notice: This anthological offering has not been subject to editing by Inner Child Press International. Many of the writings in this publication have been translated from a variety of world languages. Our all-inclusive focus is to maintain the authenticity of each author's voice.

hülya n. yılmaz, Ph.D. Director of Editing Inner Child Press international

### General Information

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### The Love Poets

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### Dedication

We dedicate this volume of poetic consciousness to all the souls who are in need of a love healing, and to those that service others, themselves and our world with love.

All about the Love Baby.

A world without love, Is a world without!

~ krisar

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### Foreword

In Greek mythology, we can find a story about the creation of the world. According to old beliefs, from Chaos ("Non-existence") emerged Ouranos ("Heaven"), Gaia ("the Earth") and Eros ("Love"), and life on our planet was initiated by a small god with a bow and arrows. The deep wisdom of the ancients is hidden in this beautiful story. Our world exists thanks to the phenomenon of love, and its lack gives results in wars and destruction. It has different faces – it can be a great feeling between a woman and a man, parental love or grandparents' love for grandchildren. In my opinion, this feeling also functions in the world of animals. What is the feeling of a dog to a man when it sacrifices its live to save human? Love is a phenomenon and good energy, which we meet every day. Some people say that every person in love becomes a poet and probably in this statement there is a grain of the truth. Everybody knows the words of this popular song: "Love is all we need, all we need is love." After a deeper reflection, we must admit that the writer is right.

Love lives permanently in the words of songs and poetry. We can find it starting from ancient times (both, in secular and religious works) in the literature of Sumer, Egypt or China. Until today, many wonderful stories about love were created. The greatest poets of all time wrote about it. Let me quote one of Shakespeare's sonnets, Sonnet 18, which is considered among the most romantic poems ever written. Shakespeare was the bard who kickstarted the modern love poetry movement with his collection of 154 love sonnets. You can still hear many of these on Valentine's Day and in marriage ceremonies today:

Shall I compare thee to a summer's day? Shall I compare thee to a summer's day? Thou art more lovely and more temperate: Rough winds to shake the darling buds of May, And summer's lease hath all too short a date;

Sometime too hot the eye of heaven shines,
And often is his gold complexion dimm'd;
And every fair from fair sometime declines,
By chance, or nature's changing course, untrimm'd;
But thy eternal summer shall not fade,
Nor lose possession of that fair thou ow'st;
Nor shall death brag thou wander'st in his shade,
When in eternal lines to time thou grow'st:
So long as men can breathe or eyes can see,
So long lives this, and this gives life to thee.

Is there a more beautiful feeling than love? Someone can say this subject is "well-worn" in poetry. Maybe, the most beautiful love poems have not been written yet . . . I believe in it and I am always happy to read poems devoted to this subject.

This feeling is sparkling in the sun like precious jewels. It has different colors and shades. It changes in time and space. You will find this diversity in this anthology, and maybe in this book you will find a story about your love . . .

### Alicja Kuberska

Cultural Ambassador ~ Poland Inner Child Press International

### Dreface

Every once in a while, you get the chance to actually witness a dream, a thought, a vision of what we consider a far away land. It is only in that moment that we realize that what once seemed far away is right next door. Our community of poets is always within hearts reach, if we dare open up to see each other.

This anthology is one such opportunity. Do not be afraid of the languages or the different cadences and syntax. Our dreams and visions for our lives are the same. Love rings true. Love of our homes. Love of our people. Love of the hopes for our lives. Love for the very ground upon which we stand. We are more same than different.

Listen closely. This is what you must hear. Our hearts beat the same.

I am moved and my wish is that you are also. The honesty of the poetic prowess is much to bear witness to. The translations are for my benefit and I am greatfilled for them. As Chancellor Gorkin states in Star Trek VI: The Undiscovered Country "You have not experienced Shakespeare until you have read him in the original Klingon." I look forward to knowing more of the voices as they are meant to be heard as well.

Gail Weston Shazor

Poet, Writer
Director of Anthologies
Inner Child Press International

I love you ...

Now it is time,

For you to do the same ...

Love you!

~ krisar



# The Love Poets

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# Eliza Segiet

Translated by Artur Komoter

Poland

#### Sunflowers

In the head was born a garden, which still awaits for the smell. What a beautiful one, flowered in a harmony of colours. Behind the enchanted gate, open to sensation stand two drooping heads of ripe sunflowers. Bowing down likely to love drifting in the distance. The wind shut the enchanted gates, feeling insufficient. It knew that the garden can be made up, and love has to be felt.

#### asel

If you kept me forever in the clouds of pastels. My body would seduce with the smell of memories.

I would have dreamed on the stone wall, on the canvas. I want to, on an easel, invite to my sleep.

If you kept me forever in the smell of print.

Or maybe, just keep me in the heart.

I know, you won't do that, because it died.

And I, my Abelard, am still headed for the love.

#### How to Confess

Every day, unrestrained thoughts execrated the fate.

Sentenced to silence, locked in the speechless abyss, he learned the world - by looking.

Not everyone understood his tongue, he, from lip movement, understood a lot.

But he never understood how in darkness to confess

- love.

hülya n. yılmaz

U.S.A.



### late love: perfection!

i admit
i allowed to submit
my original self to Ego
as if i myself had not traveled
on a long-ago colorful-enough past
before the two of us discovered our essence

at first . . .
no, not true
actually, for a long while
heavy doubts showered me
not letting my authentic-me be
you know, those self-sabotaging "what ifs"

but then . . .

i remembered to look in the mirror my meant-to-be spirit gave me a broad smile that inner-child we all house deep inside at the core of our gifted beings even started to giggle in abundance and spoke to me in a most enchanting, soothing love-voice

what is it that you fear to lose? have you not dwelled in the past enough, drowning your self in trials and tribulations amid the conflicts of the heart, soul, body and mind? do you not see the garden of possibilities, probabilities on the ledge of your soul's windows, kept tightly shut since so that no one could sorrow your psyche anymore?

i remembered to look in the mirror . . . and i saw perfection in our image

# Monsif Beroual

Morocco

### My Holy Muse

Our life is like a song

Writing by gold

In every word

Filled of joy

We are in love

Like spring's season

Fully of beauty.

She is my muse

The ink of love fills my heart

Word after word

Made by gold

Carried by wind

Whispers in my ears

Rock my heart

Shaking my soul

Burns, burns, with the fire of love

Burning us

Dancing under the moon's light

Reaching the skies

The seven skies

There's no limit

For our love

Is infinity love

As the space and time

**Endless** 

Cause she is

My holy muse

My living poem

And my heaven gift.

# Kimberly Burnham

U.S.A.

#### What I Wish for You

by Kimberly Burnham

Love my love from the children and family the love of good friends true and insightful

Respect engaged community colleagues and friends lots of wins in tennis and life

Interesting work challenging enough accolades and respect together I wish for us my love love

# Tzemin Ition Tsai

Taiwan

### That Pink Clouds Always Like to Follow Us

Sunset leads dusk. In the small alley
All turned into long oblique shadows
We get rely on so close
Do not try to eavesdrop on, the road with the pink clouds
Fireflies seem so mysterious under the shade
Bypassing the backyard, Magnolia higher than the wall
Aroma of the flowers hastily proclaim the advent of night
Our two-hand more tightly
Let the little yellow mud road, only suit to walk slowly

The memories still fresh laughs loudly and scared Maniac informal bouncing and vivacious still in sight Watching you, Awoke
This winding road, with over thirty years of effort Day by day, Step by step
Was printed on yellow mud, how many pebbles
Near the thin soil, Oxalis flower still sneaking around What happened?
When your hair black and white mixed but so clear?
Gently stroking, hanging forehead hair
Both distressed and pleased
Fortunately, your eyebrows did not follow into white

Small ditches less than half a foot
At the bottom of the path
Missed my footing, how you get giggled so mischievous
Just Like you were in youth
Implying, Pink clouds deliberately teasing the memory box
In the past, Maniac uninhibited dance
Now you and I both need a hand gently hold

Return on, The Magnolia also sneaking around waiting Silence like a fairy
Pick them off one, hanging on your hair
You finally shy in silence
But more than this floral scent



To be able to stop the night
To take you away from quietly
Please moon to illuminate the path home
But
I can't find the slightest drowsiness

 $\sim$ 



True love can only be found In the heart of a 'true lover'.

~ krisar

# Alicja Maria Kuberska

Poland

#### The Next Chance

Carmine roses bloom in the midst of winter, Drowsy violets peak from under leaves And daisies stand white in the grass. The sun heats the earth And brightens short days with a warm glow.

I notice a tenderly embraced couple in a park. Gracious fate gives them one more chance For an unexpected meeting. Eyes, surrounded by rays of wrinkles, laugh. Wind ruffles hair, tosses delicate Silver threads of gossamer.

And so, unannounced, tardy love arrived They have a choice of a new path, Maybe the last chance for happiness. Life took away their naïve faith And burned away old feelings. It left them some dreams And much hope for a better tomorrow

They are lost in thoughts
Doubts and fears spring up
From the shadows like ghouls
The head says: no... it's not worth it... think it over...
The heart says-yes... go forwards... fall in love

Nature stopped the hands of the clocks. Red flowers bloom

#### Thief of Dreams

I was silent, smiling, undemanding. You did not expect that I would take without consent. I was too close, and everything was within the reach of my hand.

Like a thief, I stole your glances and loneliness. Your thoughts, I tied in a myriad of knots, creating a dense net, And from dreams, I wove a gentle curve of a woman's figure.

I stoked the spark of passion in your eyes, and a fire erupted. I wrapped us in a sweet scent of flowers in my hair And we glided towards many, distant nights.

Day has no right to enter the precipitous depth. It is a place, in which the contours of black shadows fall asleep. Only at the bottom of the abyss, can dreams and starlight be seen.

You are from Mars, I am from Venus. Far planets are the bright points on a firmament of tenderness. Our words and hands attracts to the force of gravity of life.



If not for love What whould i be, or become?

~ krisar

# Anna Jakubczak vel RattyAdalan

Poland



### Planetarium

My converser became a stargazer create own planetary system from dreams rolled up in a ball weightlessness of touch

draws me in the sky like a new constellation only discovered for the astrolabe of his arms playing with matter

plastically forming into a planet ready to explode

# Anwer Ghani

Iraq



#### Valentine's Birds

I am not a tree and can't sleep in the hearts of these springs, but the lovers have made a home for valentine's birds which they know nothing but love and say nothing but chants. They are the creatures of light; from their journeys, all the beginnings started, and on their hands you can see the chants lying with inner peace. Those valentine's birds stand under love's trees and give me an amazing kiss but my days, like my poems, are grey and tasteless, and they oftentimes asked me to throw them from that old bridge. Yes, I am an old lover who can't drink his coffee without s ardent tears and his wide heart passionately disappeared in the remote cities where the souls can't say anything but love. Yes, I will bring a jar of valentine's smiles from those cities to color my grey days. I will tell my land that love is a colored treasure I saw before the wedding of the sun and the growing up of the grass, so our earth will wear a white dress, our shy whispers will breathe kindhearted gazes, and our birds will sing their chants.

## Iram Fatima 'Ashi'

Saudi Arabia

#### I Love You

I feel butterflies in my belly, tickling inside, A shine of bashful color occurs into my wide eyes, Twinkling brightening stars over the head turn blue, Whenever you ask to me say, 'I love you'...

These three words create magical effect on you, It is a matter of pride that they have filled you with life, You shine like stars, glow like a moon of night, Dancing to the music of rain, like a drop on leaf slight.

I fall more in love, imagining your fascinating glance, I know you can feel warmth of my emotions for you, It is music for your ear and for me the reason to live. As I am away from you and I say 'I love you'...

# Deon Souldier Ballard

U.S.A.

#### Her Love

When you love so hard But your heart Becomes so soft As Egyptian cotton Forever this devotion Stays on While your wait For her is weak But your emotions Are so strong This embrace is so short But sweet In the back of your mind It becomes a Twenty-four-hour event As the baton of passion Relays in the spaces Of your mind Then you will find The strength of love From a woman Makes a grown man Fall into a helpless state But she becomes Your Florence Nightingale Nursing you once again To another peak She seeks as you feel Her love is so soft But it's truly real Something so hard Can't help to feel

It's difficult to leave Your diamond girl Just for a brief moment



But through her distance
She would always shine
Follow her light
From the sun
To lead you back
No length apart
Could put asunder
It's really hard not to have
Your eighth wonder



I fell in love with Love today And that was many a lifetimes ago!

~ krisar

## Faleeha Hassan

Iraq ~ U.S.A.



#### Faces of love

Do not carry me in your hand Like a small bird wet with rain drops Love is a traumatic experience But I want to live it To keep my windows overlooking the lake of the pink dolphins When the evening comes They will start dancing for me And clouds will bunch across the ceiling of my kitchen Love is a mysterious experience I would like to sing to your photo Which I keep under my pillow But my voice is not suited for singing Even my bed sheets are still laughing Whenever I wash the dishes And I think of you The lather dances between my hands Yes, love is a dangerous experience But I will live it Because I'm afraid of continuing my life With the furniture trembling From the intensity of loneliness.

## Fahredin Shehu

Kosovo

### Is it Crimson or is it Carmine?

...cold air froze our breaths Fall in its end threw the last all color leaves city lights bedazzled the dusty street we were not strangers who ride furiously madly and deliberately on the wild stream of the winds nor we had had ever realized who was so kindhearted wise and clever to bring us here to descend us here in this land where we never understood was it washed with the crimson of the heaven or with the carmine of the blood



the hearts
were pulsating
we buzzed
like bees and felt
warmth of our beings
for far, far too long
than a mere human life



Love has never abandoned me.

But it was i who left her

In the cold!

~ krisar

## Gary Malone

U.S.A.



#### The Soft Side of Love...

An impeccable radiant rainbow faded into obscurity Darkness filled the sky hiding the dazzling orange sunset Through the tranquil stillness of the night Moonlight peeps in between the cracks of slightly open blinds Glowing and mixing in with flickering flames of scented candles Along with the fragrance from a bouquet of fresh cut black roses Which creates a romantic ambience that pervade the atmosphere A swirling white ceiling fan stirs a gentle breeze of myrrh Beaming from two hearts beating in synch Ready to explore the magical soft side of love The cool side of downy plush pillows soothes and appease The innermost mental space occupied by emotions running deep A bearded face buried deep between strawberry flavored strands Of curly jet-black hair-free flowing against chiseled cheekbones Pulling each other closer and sharing a spiritual connection So strong that even their dreams morph into one Sweeter than a box of chocolate on Valentine's Day Like vanilla ice cream Two celestial beings melt into each other arms

Two celestial beings melt into each other arms
Juices of a physical bond saturate the threads of satin sheets
Mutual vises grips lips locked in a passionate embrace
Slow dancing to serenading sounds of a songstress in distress
Feelings of pain, sadness and bliss of the lovely Phyliss Hyman
Sensual, haunting and ever so tender love ballads

Old friends who knows what it's like to be living all alone
Engulfed in a pit on the dark side of love
Having become disillusioned
By a cycle of disappointing heartaches
From fallacies and deceptive false pretenses of love
A divine hand of mercy reached down and saves
Returning broken hearts back to the soft side of love
Where there is liberty in trusting fidelity and loyal companionship
Smothered in amicable feelings of respect, reciprocated
Once heavy dismal shadows of a hurtful past
Now drifts like two sentimental silhouettes
Under comforting light on the soft side of love



Where brilliant feathery birds of paradise Elope and flock together on a tropical paradise island To watch the robust rumbling tide and Build sand castles of friendships That decorate the soft sandy beach side Trails of footprints going in different directions Contains watery time capsules filled with precious memories Joyous teardrops of shared cherished moments like Meeting love at first sight, nervous happy proposals Elated engagements and jubilant anniversaries Or the welcoming end of abusive relation-ships Ransacked by angry pirates and unfaithful thieves And robbed of their scared treasures Sunken and left at the bottom of an empty ocean floor Leaving shattered debris to float to another opened door Like the two jovial lovers craving intimacy Standing in a bedroom window, admiring The promise of a colorful majestic rainbow, high above One that gives hopeful hearts the assurance To keep believing and keep trusting In the soft side of love.



## We search for 'Love' feverishly Only to discover that the love we seek Abides within us!

~ krisar

## Swapna Behera

India



#### In Between your Words

In between your words
You stopped a while
may be searching for something
in the exuberance

You looked towards the sky then down the ground You tapped your right foot in a rhythm With a sync of the spoon on the cup

In between your words
You travelled a lyrical valley
May be the last line of your poem

In between your words
You dazzled and became
a star with the aura

In between your words
You became a river
With the rainbow of emotion

In between your words
You became silent and paused a while
With the lucent satin smile

In between your words
You stopped awhile
And perhaps in the mood
to express the paregoric melody

You gave me a paper a poetry, on the throne That you have scribbled last night

In between your words
You became an angel
Holding your pen as the magic wand
And I got the universe in one moment-----

## Kathleen Crump

U.S.A.



## ALONE MY VALENTINE STORY

I am alone, again Sitting by the telephone Wondering if you will call Or, if I should forget it all

I wonder what you're doing tonight If you're holding someone tight The thought is driving me crazy I ask myself, Is it worth the fight?

What has happened to all our good times?
The sweet times that we shared
Have they been lost forever?
This is something that I fear

I search deep down inside of me My heart, where did I go wrong Please, please tell me if you can Is there another woman?

I'll always love and want you But I will bow out of your life You do what you want to I will no longer put up a fight.

The tears have dried on my face
I'll always pray for GOD's grace
To put me on another path
To continue, and to avoid your wrath

## Jean-Jacques Fournier

Canada

### "Love"

- by any definition -

Love, Be what you sense Until it turns, To how you feel...

Love,
Be dreams
Of how ought be,
Eventually...

Love, Be images Of cloudy definitions, Coming into focus...

Love,
Be feelings
At times of desire,
Assuringly amorous...

Love
Be thought
Provoking fantasies,
Screaming for reality...

Love,
Be craving
For one's touch,
That has one feeling human...

Love,
Be emotions
That you hope share,
And won't be made to fade...

Love, By any definition Be about admission!

## Valentine McKay Riddell

U.S.A.



## **Boot Camp**

I saw her
Watching you,
Love and pain warring in her eyes,
And remembered when she left me
Long ago...

Come back to her, m'hijo!

No longer child but man,

Come touch her hand.

She's only half herself

Without you...

## Caroline Gabis

Philippines



## Love, Live, Light

it's not about changing yourself overnight when someone compares you to others; it's how to love the way you are.

the symbolic YinYang etched in every gem you buy has nothing to do in building a remarkable future it is you-- who will build the legacy; live your story.

ive y

you'll learn lessons from day to day encounters; and each encounter is a teacher; as you transcend to reach the apex without borders, you mean to light the life, you love to live.

## Did you know?

if i am a song will you sing it over and over again?

if i am a dance step will you dance sway, slip and flamingo with me?

if i am a spoken poetry will you recite the words with all your heart?

did i mention all i have in this beautiful life, so I can sing and dance, to seal the voice of my poem, is you.

Did you know?

## i get by

it was a coffee 'n cream and a bun asked for a combo, a must have pancake too, told myself, this was once a date, everytime, i remember the receipts tendered, i haven't gave up the aroma and scents; that feeling of belongingness, because you made a portrait of myself embracing the petals dropping one by one. until i get by, with a cup of love, and loving is real with all of you.

# Elizabeth Esguerra Castillo

Philippines

#### Written in the Stars

They say for each person
There is a certain Miracle from within
And you are meant to be just for one person
As time draws to a close to meeting the One,
The Universe and your Spirit Guides are on your side
To help you fulfill your One True Destiny.

It's written in the stars
And before you know it, I am coming to hold your hand
You may not know now but soon you'll get it somehow
I may have bumped into you along life's journey,
But you were too preoccupied with your own story
That you didn't notice me passing you by.

If in this life, we have to say goodbye
As my soul reincarnates, I'll meet you again in the next,
When our eyes lock as we cross our paths once more
You will know in your heart that it was me – your Destiny,
Just look at the stars on a beautiful night such as this
And know that the time is near to feel eternal bliss.

It's written in the stars

For even when True Love is lost,

Your soul will bleed for a meaning in your life

But though the inevitable happens, searching for your One True Destiny remains

If we are yet to discover our One True Miracle,

Even time may defeat itself in order for you to see me in

another lifetime.

#### Immortal Love

a love that transcends time and place,

a soul meeting her twin flame in her recurrent abstract dreams

a love that defies laws immortal love,

one that is extra-ordinary a love that takes her far into the

heavens.

changing faces, in every century, every decade that passes but it's still YOU my heart beats for mystic love,

through fragments in space illuminated by a strange force I keep on seeing you in every place that I go to.

centuries passed, memories elapsed still this heart aches

dying to be with you once more,

serendipity playing a game on us for this love always leads me to just YOU.

immortal love, my soul intertwined to just ONE

I have been reincarnated a thousand times,

but through all the changing seasons and lives my spirit keeps on searching for only YOU.



Love has no equal!

~ krisar

## Iwu Jeff

Nigeria

### Writings of Love

I'll write on you,
The writings of love
From bottom up
For you are a house of words
And my pen(is) a rambler
Seeking lexical vegetation
On colourful pages,
Meandering like a snake on rocky shores —
Writing onomatopoeias,
Telling stories of metaphors
Hidden in ecstasy,
And nouns stuttering
With the electrification of your lips.

I'll write on you,
Up to down —
Flipping on to new pages —
Writing to extinct verbs,
Writing to mute the descriptions of adjectives
For you are a comfort zone
Where the soul craves to etch forever.

## Tom Higgins

Ireland

#### This Heart of Ours

To Gill

Before you came into my life My heart was all my own Before you became my wife It was mine, and mine alone

Then suddenly I had to share This heart of mine with you And even after all these years That's what I love to do.

You never asked me if I would, You never needed to Because it came so naturally And that's what I had to do.

I never asked if it could be Or wondered how it could be so I simply understood that this Was how things had to go.

Before you came into my life My heart was all my own Before you became my wife It was mine, and mine alone.

Then suddenly I had to share This heart of mine with you And even after all these years That's what I love to do.

# Alicia Minjarez Ramírez

Translated by: Alaric Gutiérrez

Mexico

#### It Rains...

A longing breeze tries to show itself, like nostalgia migrating up in the air.

Water permeates my body. Your breath fills in the context.

Longing secrets that the wind shakes up in the offing, then nothingness.

I walk behind upon the moisture left by the drops under the branches.

Birds get detached from their nests, looking for the promised shelter. Church bells ring, outside the night interrupts.

I long to dry off the rain, like those birds besetting park trees in the evening.

The stillness of your eyes invades me... Ecstatic wings, paralyzing their flight. At my silence's feet.

#### **LOVERS**

Longing mitigates the drunken night, treasuring the imprint abolished by desire that breaks us and brings together, intrinsic fire of profane verses under the intrigue of shadows.

Materiality keeps our bodies tied up to the lunar instant of balsamic ether, burning desires falling apart evaporating the mossy seduction of having the absolute void.

You're dust in the breeze of my conscious being, bringing delightful and melodic essences

inside hollow fruit trees of worn out headings. Imprecise and sharp legend of upcoming evenings, barking at the sap sight.

Derange me, seduce me, drive me. Like a consonant plunging upon the rhetorical memory, dialect upsetting and chaining us up beyond our hands.



Exhalation, dementia without sanity defining my earthly Nirvana, meanwhile, I belong to you under the remote silence glass... By rubbing your timely spike.

# The Path of Your Steps *To my dear angel.*

Naked and lurking tenderness at the riverbank, a kiss clinging on as a vine and climbing through the sap of my branches.

I spy on the night in your thistles, adjacent meridians in the nectar of your Nile.

Of all your summers emanate and disappear crepuscular fragments, frosts decorate the melodic chant of orioles and blackbirds.

I invent you and lose you in the zephyr choleric notes, the sublime lightness makes silence thunder up.

Dissolving my dawns in the hustle of memory, fire against the light

of the stranger and nubile torso of your body.



You rain and crumble over my fragrant touch, blast that exalts the sound of the stones building up my roads, long gone and desolated landscapes blooming today behind your own steps.

# Teresa E. Gallion

U.S.A.

#### Lift Off

Love walks in the flame. Fan the flame to keep love engaged in its ritual dance as you melt in my arms.

I am love filled with you. A burning, seeking desire reaches for a glimpse of stars to lift us into the cosmos.

I want to touch you forever as your heart flutters in love's light. Your presence serenades my soul, moves me with your radiance.

I want to hug the universe, as a ritual of thanksgiving. The Beloved's presence gives my feet courage to face the battering wind.

#### Rose and Iris

Spring drives on the ridge. He is cruising the bud festival. A glimpse of rose makes him brake. His eyes focus on her buds.

He is cruising the bud festival. Rose shows off her sexy curves. His eyes focus on her buds. Rose knows he is looking.

Rose shows off her sexy curves. Iris sticks out her purple tongue. Rose knows he is looking. Iris wants his attention too.

Iris sticks out her purple tongue invites him to touch her velvet. Iris wants his attention too.
Spring stretches between two beauties.

Inviting him to touch her velvet, Iris sways in the wind. Spring stretches between two beauties competing for his attention.

Iris sways in the wind A perfect dancer in the meadow competing for his attention and rose opens herself slowly.

A perfect dancer in the meadow, a glimpse of rose makes him brake. Rose opens herself slowly and spring drives on the ridge.

#### Today

Today we go sailing on the blue-green carpet holding your sack of words. The paper fades with age and you still hold tight.

Today I have a scheme to burst your bag with my pin of love and watch your words fall into my arms.

Today is the day you will let go because my patience grows old and this life will fade crossing Jordan.

Today is the day I will take your words sailing into my next life. William
S.
Peters
Sr.

U.S.A.

#### The touch

She extended her hand In need for someone to touch her That she could feel their warmth In the connection

Her eyes bore a look of longing that no one with a heart Could deny

Her tears waited at the rims Held back by her lower lids

She had a smile standing in her heart Waiting for that touch So that she could reconcile All her past anguish And pain

The touch

#### Discovery

She brought out my magnificence As I attempted To bring hers about As well

We felt compelled
To share this gift
Of each other
With the world
We journeyed
We met many souls
Who beheld us
Where we are beholding . . . In our hearts

Yes, we love each other And our sisters and brothers As well

From land to land
And back to our homestand
We saw the sights,
The lights . . .
By day
And by night

We were embraced By cultures discovered Uncovered By the lovers Of life

Yes, there was strife But that did not stop The children From smiling . . . And adults as well I can not begin to tell you About all
That we discovered . . . uncovered

We were witnesses
To the greater aspects
Of what humanity is,
Can be,
And is becoming

And all of this
Is . . . simply
Because
We danced
In our hearts
As we were enhanced
As we strove
To discover our
Magnificence
And your as well

Discovery



#### Mutuality

She gave me her heart
In exchange
For that of mine own
And in that moment
Of mutuality
We both won
The lottery



# gpilogug





## about Tlicia Maria Kuberska . . .

Cultural Ambassador : Poland ~ Western Europe

Alicja Maria Kuberska – awarded Polish poetess, novelist, journalist, editor. She was born in 1960, in Świebodzin, Poland. She now lives in Inowrocław, Poland.

In 2011 she published her first volume of poems entitled: "The Glass Reality". Her second volume "Analysis of Feelings", was published in 2012. The third collection "Moments" was published in English in 2014, both in Poland and in the USA. In 2014, she also published the novel - "Virtual roses" and volume of poems "On the border of dream". Next year her volume entitled "Girl in the Mirror" was published in the UK and "Love me", " (Not )my poem" in the USA. In 2015 she also edited anthology entitled "The Other Side of the Screen".

In 2016 she edited two volumes: "Taste of Love" (USA), "Thief of Dreams" (Poland) and international anthology entitled "Love is like Air" (USA). In 2017 she published volume entitled "View from the window" (Poland). She also edits series of anthologies entitled "Metaphor of Contemporary" (Poland) Her poems have been published in numerous anthologies and magazines in Poland, the USA, the UK, Albania, Belgium, Chile, Spain, Israel, Canada, India, Italy, Uzbekistan, Czech Republic, South Korea and Australia. She was a featured poet of New Mirage Journal (USA) in the summer of 2011.

Alicja Kuberska is a member of the Polish Writers Associations in Warsaw, Poland and IWA Bogdani, Albania. She is also a member of directors' board of Soflay Literature Foundation.





# a word from Gail Weston Shazor...

### Director of Anthologies

The Anthology division of Inner Child Press International is here to bear witness to you and the world. The goal is to gather work on any variety of themes and present the same to a global reading audience. There are many sustainable themes already in place and together we will add new ideas, new collections and new voices

.

The anthology format is ideal for new and established writers. It gives you the wings to not only add to your writer's bibliography but also to experience corporate writing in a community. Our vision is to be engaged in the life that surrounds us and that we are intimate with. The intent is to utilize our collectiveness to give sound to those that cannot speak for themselves and voices to that which have none. Justice, activism, healing, love, anger and many more themes can be explored from the walks that we share as well as those that we experience alone.

We welcome all suggestions and it is your ink that provides this division with a viable and active enrichment to the Inner Child family concept. It is not enough to think outside the box. In my position as the director of this effort, I am here to listen as we continue to produce anthologies where there is no box.

Gail Weston Shazor
Director
Inner Child Press International



#### other

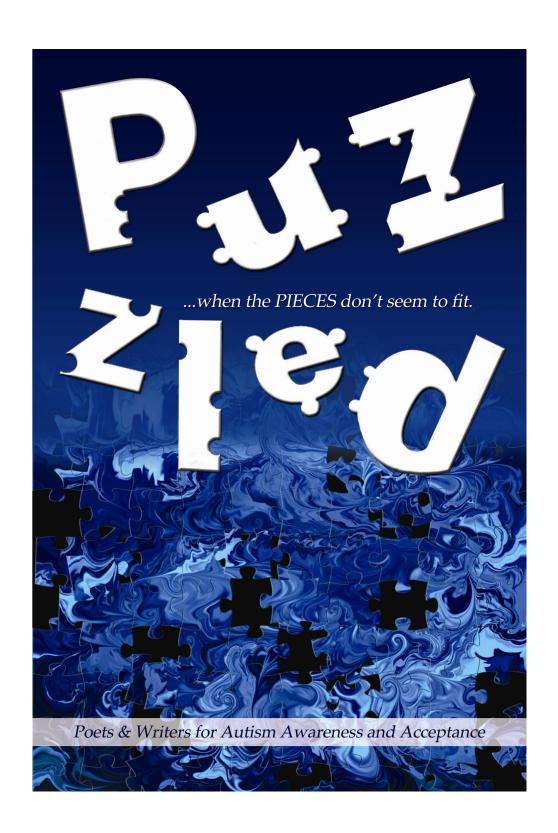
# Anthologies of Consciousness

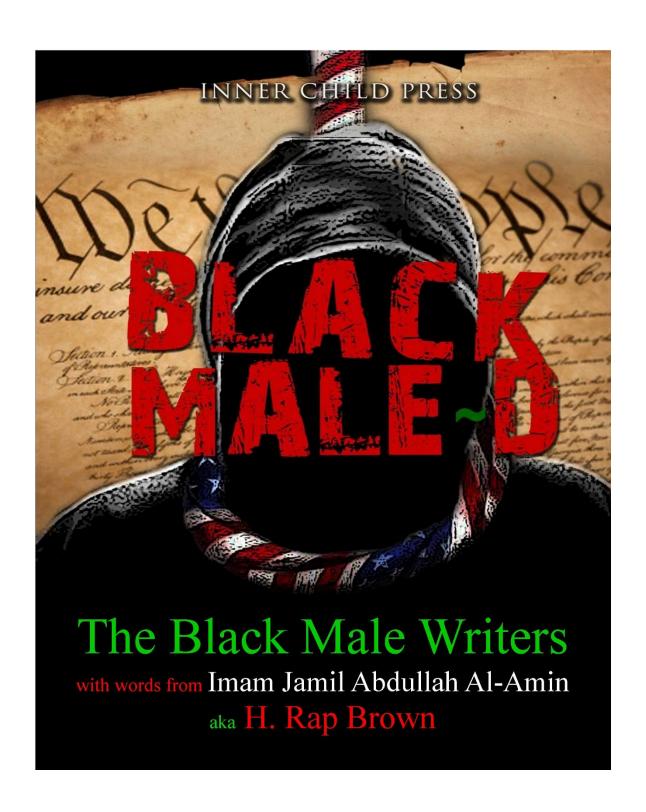
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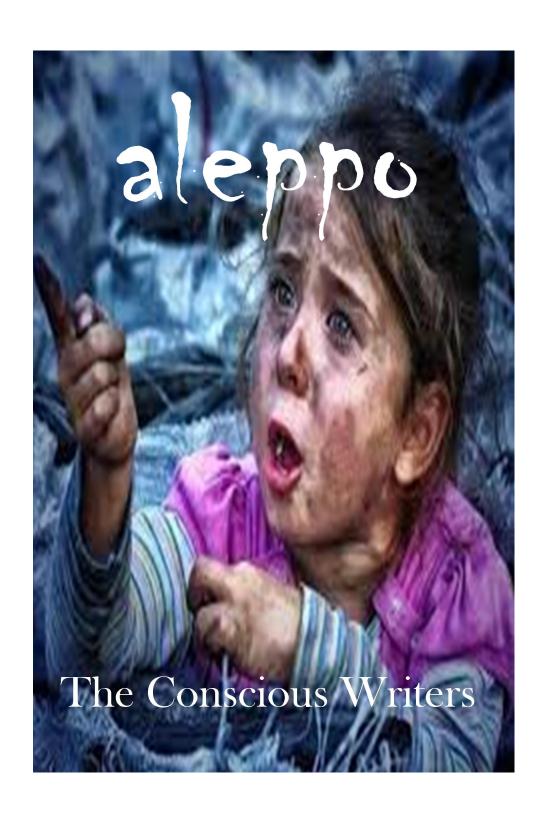
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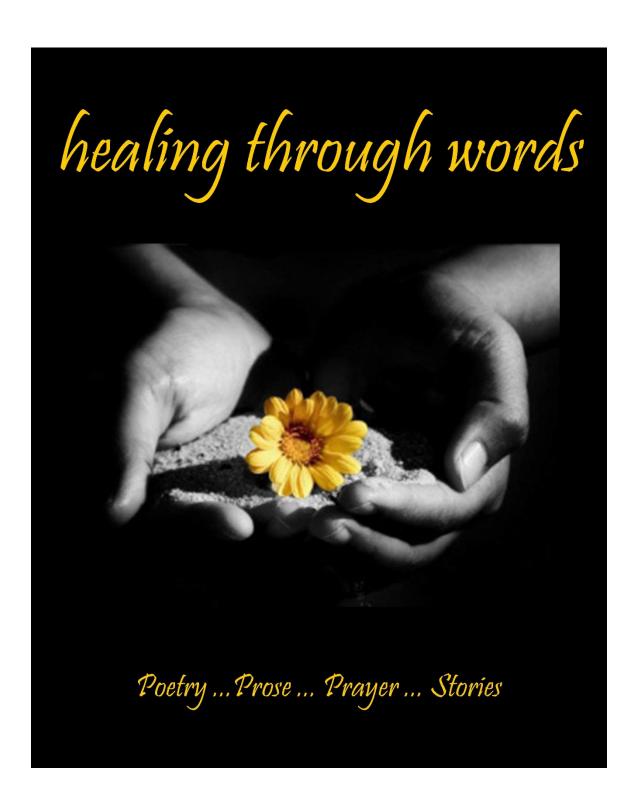
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a collection of the Voices of Many inspired by ...

Monte Smith

a collection of the Voices of Many inspired by ...

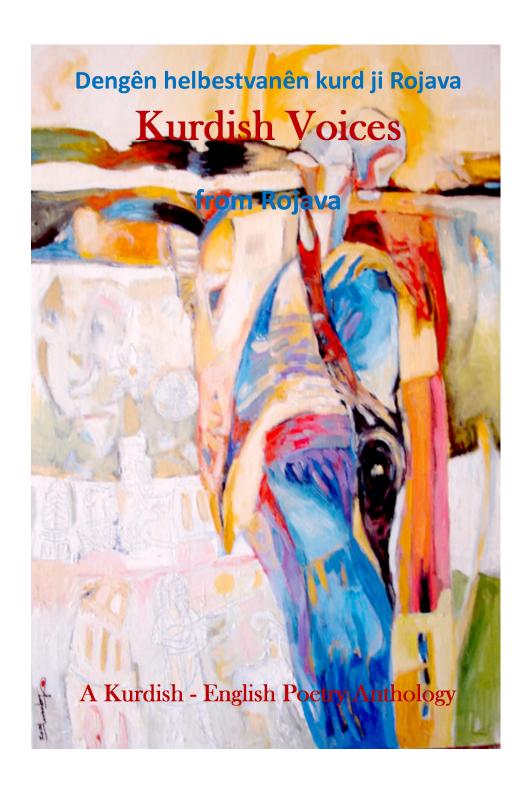


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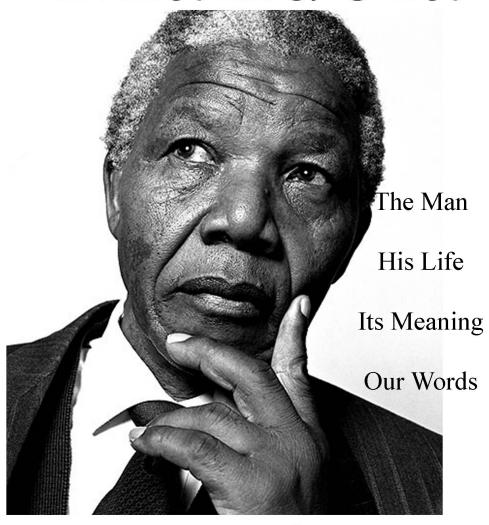


a collection of the Voices of Many inspired by . . .

Monte Smith



Mandela



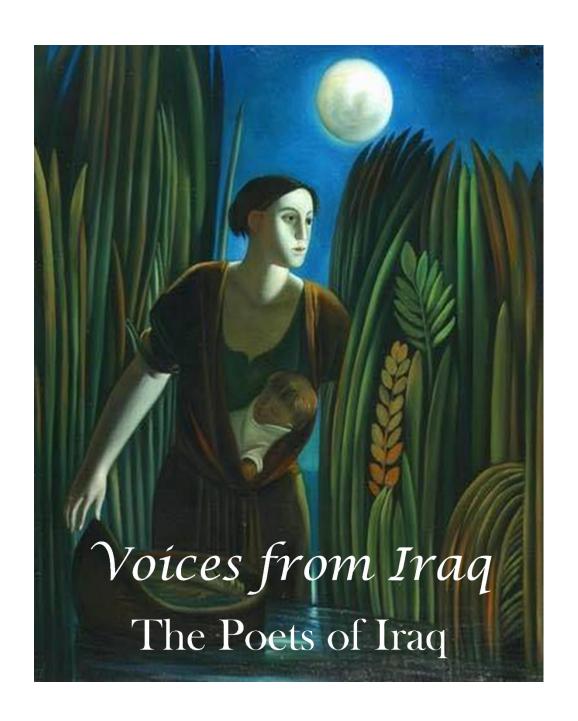
Poetry ... Commentary & Stories
The Anthological Writers

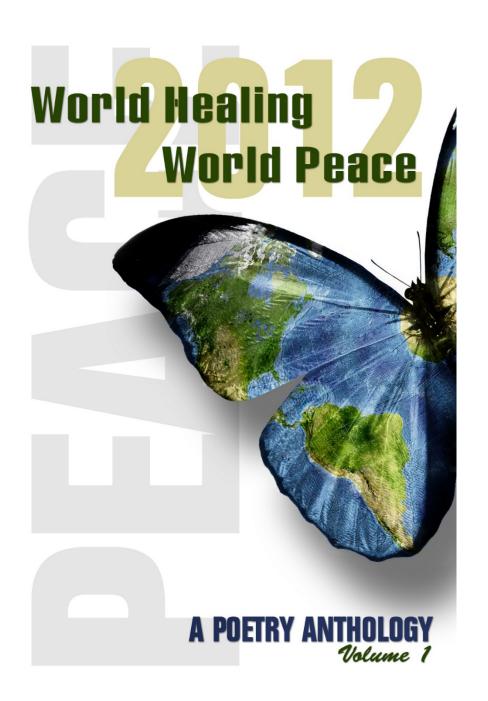
## A GATHERING OF WORDS

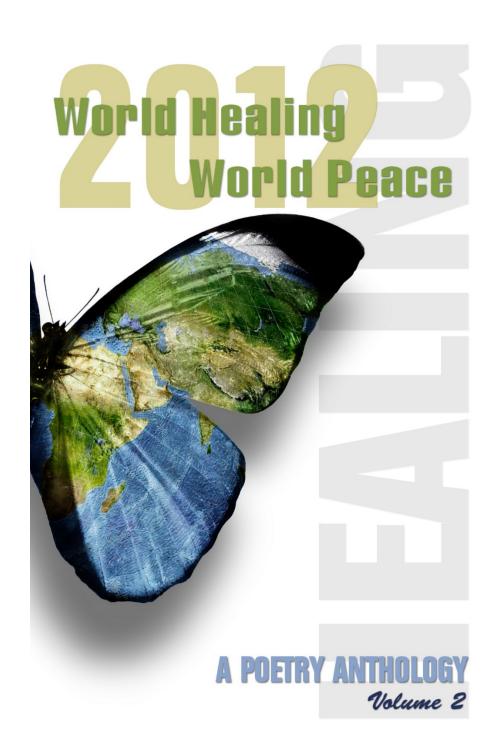


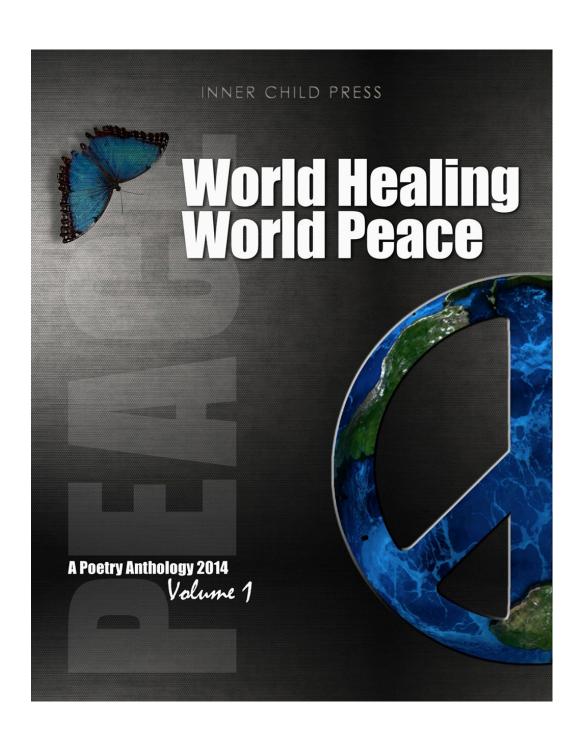
POETRY & COMMENTARY FOR

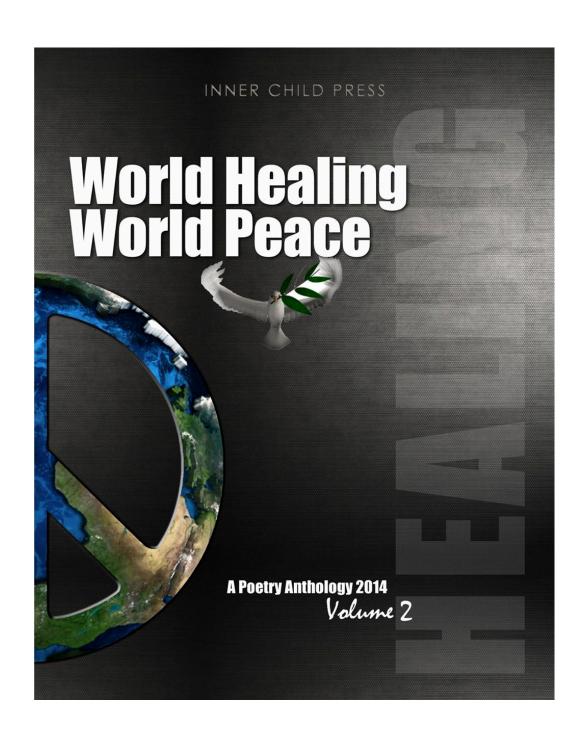
# TRAYVON MARTIN

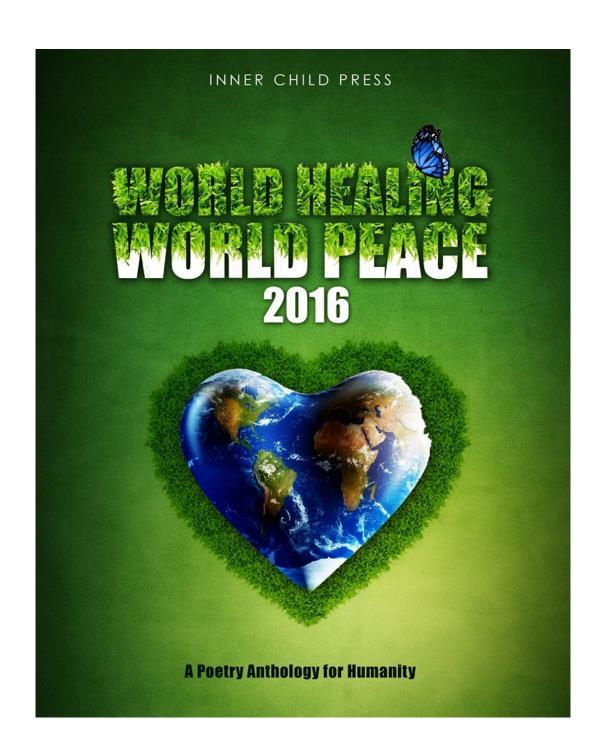


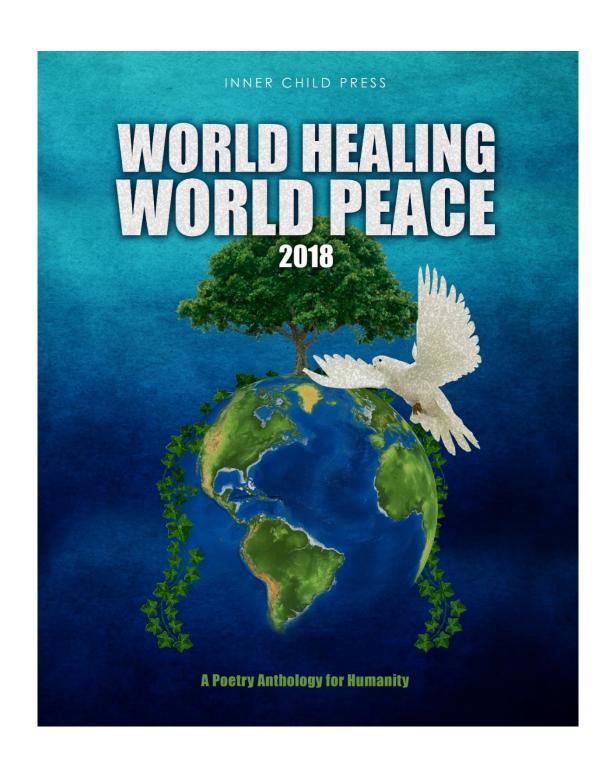












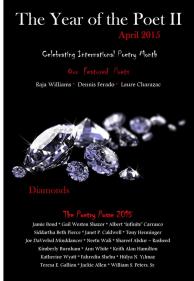








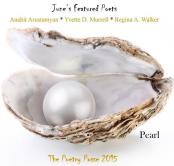






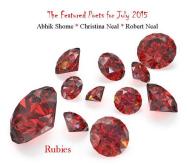
### The Year of the Poet 11

June 2015



Jamie Bond \* Gall Weston Mazor \* Albert 'Infinite' Carrasco Sikdartha Beth Fierce ' Jamet P. Caldwell \* Tony Henninger De Da'verbal Minddaneer \* Neeth Wall: \* Sharred Ashar-Basheed Kimberly Burnham \* Ann White \* Keith Alan Hamilton Katherine Wyatt \* Fahredin Shehu\* Hilya N Yilmaz Teresa Ecallion \* Jackie Alon\* \* William S Feters. Se

# The Year of the Poet II July 2015



The Poetry Posse 2015

Jamie Bond\* Cail Weston Shazor \* Albert 'Infinite' Carrasco
Siddartha Beth Fierce \* Janet F. Caldwell \* Tony Henninger
Joe DaVerhal Minddancer \* Neetin Wali \* Sharred Abdur - Rasheed
Kimberly Burnham \* Ann While \* Keith Alan Hamilton
Katheria Wyati \* Fahredin Shehu \* Hulya N Yılmaz
Teresa E, Gaillion \* Jackie Allen \* William S Feters Sr.

#### The Year of the Poet II

August 2015



#### The Poetry Posse 2015

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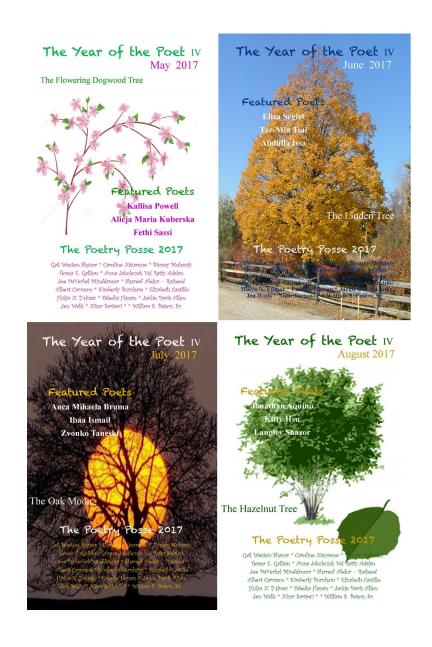














Featured Poets

**Kay Peters** 

Alfreda D. Ghee

Gabriella Garofalo

Rosemary Cappello

The Tree of Life

The Poetry Posse 2017

Gail Weston Shazor \* Caroline Nazareno \* Bismay Mohanty Teresa E. Gallion \* Anna Jakubozak Vel Ratty Adalan Joe DaVerbal Minddancer \* Shareef Abdur – Rasheed Albert Carrasco \* Kimberly Burnham \* Elizabeth Castillo Hülya N. Yılmaz \* Faleeha Hassan \* Jackie Davis Allen Jen Walls \* Nizar Sartawi \* William S. Peters, Sr.

#### The Year of the Poet IV December 2017

The Poetry Posse 2017 Gail Weston Shazor \* Caroline Nazareno \* Bismay Mohanty

Teresa E. Gallion \* Anna Jakubczak Vel Ratty Adalan Joe Da Verbal Minddancer \* Shareef Abdur – Rasheed

Albert Carrasco \* Kimberly Burnham \* Elizabeth Castillo

Hülya N. Yılmaz \* Faleeha Hassan \* Jackie Davis Allen Jen Walls \* Nizar Sartawi \* \* William S. Peters, Sr.

The Year of the Poet IV

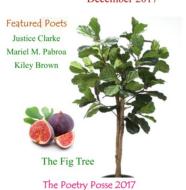
Featured Poets Ahmed Abu Saleem

Nedal Al-Qaeim

The Black Walnut Tree

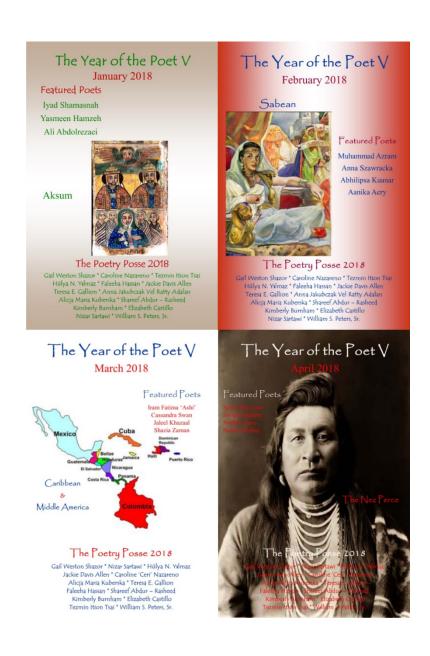
Sadeddin Shah

October 2017

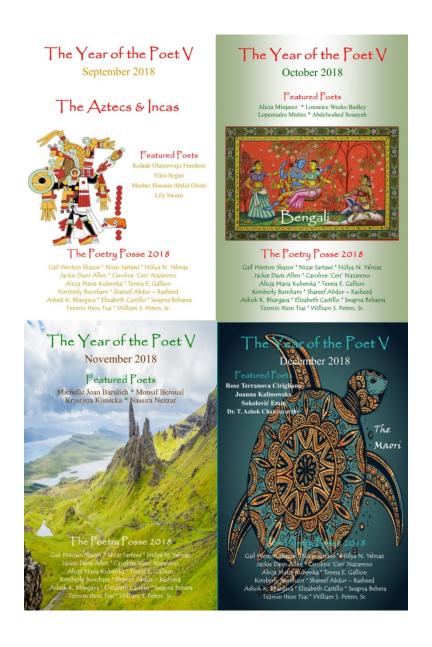


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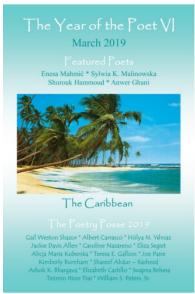
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