

Inner Child Press International

&

The Year of the Poet

present

Poetry

the best of 2022

Poets of the World

Credits

Contributors

Poets of the World

Project Manager

Kimberly Burnham, Ph. D.

Cover Design

William S. Peters, Sr.

Inner Child Press International

General Information

Poetry ~ The Best of 2022

Poets of the World

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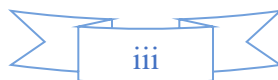
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intouch@innerchildpress.com
www.innerchildpress.com

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*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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a few words from the Publisher

We at **Inner Child Press International** pride ourselves on being a humanitarian-oriented and socially conscious publishing company. Hence, our company motto is '***building bridges of cultural understanding***'. Over the many years of our existence, we have produced a myriad of anthologies that address our world and the human condition. To name a few, *Voices from Iraq*; *A Poetically Spoken Anthology*; *Palestine*; *Kurdish Voices*; *Aleppo*; *The Balkans*; *Mandela*; *Black Male~d*; *I Want My Poetry to (3 volumes)*; *Poetry: The Best of 2020*; *World Healing, World Peace* (2014, 2016, 2018, 2020, and 2022); *The Year of the Poet* - a current monthly anthology that has been produced since January of 2014, and many more. Though most of our work are poetry offerings, we have also published an extensive collection of novels, memoirs, and children's books. We also are proud of our comprehensive global list of individual authors who have published with **Inner Child Press International**.

This volume, *Poetry: The Best of 2022*, presents another opportunity for our global readership and community to enjoy the lyrical voices and verse of poets from all over the world. Take a moment or two or a few, sit down and enjoy.

William S. Peters, Sr.

Publisher, Poet, Writer, Activist

Disclaimer

In our attempts to maintain the integrity of the poets' voices in the publication before you, *Poetry ~ The Best of 2022*, we have elected to do minimal surface editing. We felt that preserving the original entries was critically important for you, the reader, to enjoy each poem's authenticity.

All poems have been preserved in their original versions. You may encounter a few challenges in achieving total clarity of the messages shared through poetry, but I indulge you to let go of your critical thinking and embrace the spirit through words offered for the poetic art.

From the desk of . . .

hülya n. yılmaz, Ph.D.

Director of Editing

Inner Child Press International
'building bridges of cultural understanding'

Foreword by Kimberly Burnham

The year 2022: a memorable year for many people around the world. These poems represent the best experiences, ideas, and emotions of a year in the life of more than 70 poets. How was your 2022? What did you learn that you brought into 2023 and beyond?

April is traditionally International Poetry Month. We hope you enjoy understanding just a little more of what we value, what we see, and long for in the world around us. We also hope that you read this book of poetry and then think about what are the best things, who are the best people in your life and what do you want to remember about 2022.

What have you carried forward into 2023? Imagine yourself at the end of this year, what will you look back on as the best?

Here is what the best means to us.

Kimberly Burnham, Ph.D.

(Integrative Medicine),

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

Spokane, Washington, April 2023

WHAT WOULD
LIFE
BE WITHOUT
A LITTLE
POETRY?

Poetry

the best of 2022

Poets of the World

Poetry . . . the best of 2022

Poetry . . . the best of 2022

Natalie Bisso, Germany



Natalie Bisso is a poet, novelist, essayist, author more than 3,500 poems, 10 author's collections. The poems have been translated into 36 languages of the world. Honorary Figure of World Literature and Arts. Academician of three academies, head of the German branch of the SPSA, holder of the title of Maestro and the Golden Pen.

Write The Way You Breathe

Write the way you breathe! Like a hurricane,
Go your own way and change your life.
And the thought is your guest, sometimes unexpected,
Stopped at your gate.

Past hopes and excuses -
You will not find it in the bins of paradise,
and there are many unjustified misconceptions
All this will appear before God like a forest.

And at this moment, simple and strange,
You, so driven by a sense of revenge,
What doesn't heal wounds,
You will leave your dear father's house.

You're taking revenge on yourself for the stinginess of words,
For not sleeping at night,
For writing poetry again,
Which, maybe, is a penny price.

A vendetta that burns in the mind,
Perhaps your best strategist,
Write as if you are in exile,
Prepare tactics, run away.

Write the way you breathe! In a foggy moment
You're choking on the rhythm of the lines,
You will find the desired flower of love,
And exhale the desired syllable.

Vendetta* - revenge

Poetry . . . the best of 2022

Koda Sterling, Ruskin, Florida, USA



Koda Sterling is a poet and says about his work, “I believe words will never be the perfect method of explaining a person's soul, but as a poet I try desperately anyway.”

The House on Parkside Drive

When I was younger
When I barely had a soul yet to fill
I would sit in the middle of my backyard
an island in an ocean of grass and dirt and memories and love and hate
I would stare up at the sun, open eyed
greeting him like no other human,
then close my eyes long enough
for when I opened them again the world looked blue
a tint seen through a lens that has witnessed far too much
far too much
I've always sought an escape route in my brain
so, when I became aware that there was a soul there to fill,
I made sure to construct it in ways that always led me to an exit
so that the grass and dirt and memories and love and hate
and hate and hate and hate
didn't feel so heavy anymore
but it did
it always did
so, it's no wonder now
that as I stand in that same soil that may one day cover me
that my ashes may one day be mixed with
it's no wonder
that my grave came so quick
too quick
like a goodbye I don't know how to give

Poetry . . . the best of 2022

J. L. Lewis, Ohio Valley, USA



J. L. Lewis has been writing poetry for many years but has only recently started sending them to publishers. He has a poetry chapbook, *Seasons of Passage*, that is scheduled to be published by Underground Books at the end of the year. He lives on a farm in the Ohio Valley with his wife, daughters, and cats. Lots of cats.

Come Sit with Me

Nightfall comes sudden in this valley
though dawn with an obstinate slowness.
Tonight the moon carves an arc in the sky,
and I feel the dance of moonlight
on my fingers.
If you haven't, then you should.
If you don't, then you must.
Come sit with me for just a little while.
We only have a few moments together.
Please. Come outside with me.
Leave all of your concerns behind,
for just this moment
check them at the door.
They have no place here.
I won't pretend to understand
what you've gone through.
I've known mere glasses of water
to quell my hunger pangs,
and worn old socks with
threadbare heels and absent toes,
but I cannot come close to knowing your pain.
It's etched in the lines of your face though.
Others may not be able to see it,
but I can.
Come out with me.
I asked you to leave those
things on the inside of the house.
There will be plenty of time
to visit them later.
Sit with me beneath the glittered sky,
listen to the plaintive screech
of the owl in the tree nearby,
and feel the dance of moonlight
on your fingers.

Til Kumari Sharma, Kirtipur Ktm, Nepal



Ms.Til Kumari Sharma was born in Bhorle- Hile, Paiyun 7, Parbat, West Nepal. She is known as Pushpa too. Her PhD is in English Literature from Singhania University Pacheri Bari, Jhunjhunu in Rajasthan (India). She has published many thousands of poems, (available on Amazon, in her own books and many anthologies from India, Russia, European countries and African countries), essays and other literary writings. She wants to lead world with her philosophy Tilaism/ Pushpaim. She is awarded by many certificates for her poems by international poetry groups and many anthologies. She is awarded with a certificate from South Africa as the best writer of the world. She is in best-selling co-authors' group, too. Now she is in Kirtipur Kathmandu, the capital city of Nepal.

Love as the Ghost of Shadow

Love is called as harmony of light.
It is seed of human being.
It is said as the life of eternity.
The bone of breath is love.

But I feel love as ghost and crime.
It is breaking the rule of life.
Love is missing from life.
It is like mist of ghost.

It is shadow of nothing.
Not known to face of love
The remaining deception in shadow
Love as the fake owner
The lost morality in life
Killing ethical norms.

Sex-oriented in world
Love is seen as ghost of life.
Love is the losing dignity in worth.
No more ethical everywhere
No arm of ethicality in life.

But my art of writing as the dignified virtue
No immoral at all
No harm in it
Ethicality in my pure art.

Moulay Cherif Chebihi Hassani, Morocco



Moulay Cherif Chebihi Hassani from Morocco has been writing since he was 14 years old. In French, the language of Molière, he has a collection entitled: "*The Melody of My Heart*" and a collection of Chronicle: "*Meditation Spring*." Since 2020, Moulay started writing in English, the language of Shakespeare. He has published two collections of poetry, the first entitled: "*Undertow of Meditations*" and "*Queen of My Heart*."

Despair

In a quiet and silent place
I thought of a flower, to the rose window
Whose silhouette etched in my mind
Seemed to be telling me : "Darling I almost got it. "

I live in my dream, in a far off world
Lost, astray, but the whole thing disappears in the morning
I look for how this happiness vanished
Of a night of melancholy and softness.

Where could I find you, long dreamed flower
In heaven or on earth hampered?
You belong to me. Think for a moment. I am yours
Flee, to the end of the world, I will pursue you.

Poetry . . . the best of 2022

Selma Kopic, Bosnia and Herzegovina



Selma Kopic is a professor, born in 1962 in Tuzla, Bosnia, and Herzegovina. Her stories and poems have been awarded and entered anthologies in BiH and around the world. She has published three independent books of poetry: “The Sign” BiH, “The Monument of Love”, Philippines, “The Puzzle” Germany/Bulgaria and the joint collection “Cosmic Rainbow” India.

Before My Last Breath

I have met death in all its forms,
except for my final one,
and I still haven't gotten used to it.
It's as if she came to be seen once
and stayed where she first appeared.
And again, and again,
every time it surprises me,
as if we don't know each other well,
but after the bad news,
I don't want to hear anything else,
nor do I know what else to say.
And I would be silent
for a long, long time,
if this hectic monologue in my head
would leave me alone.
And I would talk
for a long, long time
if someone would listen to me
and put his hand on mine.
But death doesn't stop,
it steals dear people in a row
and threateningly says
with a raised finger:
- I am very close to you too!
I can't say that I'm sorry,
nor that I fear death,
but let it wait,
so that I can see you
at least one more time
before my last breath.

Poetry . . . the best of 2022

Shafkat Aziz Hajam, Kashmir, India



Shafkat Aziz Hajam is a children's poet and a private school teacher, from Kashmir India. He is the author of children's poetry book titled, "*The Cuckoo's Voice*." He is also the Media secretary of a literary organization known as, Idarie Tehqeequ Adab Jammu and Kashmir.

Know Me

I am an ocean that bear all bitter experiences,
I am a brook that keep flowing forward
in spite of all hindrances,
I am a candle that burn and melt to light the surroundings,
I am a cuckoo that on seeing summer in everyone's garden, sing
I am vernal breeze that at dawn wake up flowers,
I am a star that until extinction brighten the dark hours
In all men such traits must be
In them are the realities of life and humanity.

Poetry . . . the best of 2022

Rezauddin Stalin, Bengali, India



Rezauddin Stalin Bengali is a very famous poet, born in 1962 in Nalbhanga village of Greater Jessore district. The number of planets is more than a hundred. Got it. Many local and foreign awards including Bangla Academy. His poems have been translated into 42 languages of the world. Along with poetry he established himself as a successful media personality. His basic thoughts on various issues of the society give us light. Rezauddin Stalin is now the international voice of Bengali poetry.

The Art

Nope- I want something more Some well full cool water
As much alive as the kissy lips

I desire to go far-off
Drifted by a banana raft
I know neither Behula nor Laximdor there
We have to go by walking
On the breast of The Ganges Juggler Lilliputian lovebugs all-around

Don't be afraid
I am green and you are blue
You know well all the leaves are solid yellow
The flow of river water is stubborn black
Is the color of your eyes darker than this

I didn't dab kohl at hand-seen you
In too many arts- in the way of The Ganges
In the dark and light and curiosity of infinite
My fingers are tied in your blowzy fringe

No- I want some endless days
Descending from the loom of your eyewink
As much fetterless as an antique art

Poetry . . . the best of 2022

Reneé Drummond-Brown, USA



Reneé Drummond-Brown, is a renowned author. She holds a Master of Arts degree in creative writing with a concentration in poetry from Chatham University. She also holds a Bachelor of Science degree in Christian Ministry Leadership with a minor in biblical theology studies, graduating summa cum laude from Geneva College of Western Pennsylvania. Drummond-Brown has authored over 40 poetry books to date which are recognized across the globe.

Crème De La Crème

Second to none.
Own my own masters.
Trusting no one.

Made my own way.
Paid my dues.
Put my poetry on the global map.
Gots' 'nothin left to lose.

Own my own surname.
Grown thicker-skin
and now know,
jUSt how
to pimp this poignant poetic poesy game.

Who am I?
I'm 'Le Reneé.

CRÈME DE LA CRÈME.

And YAAZ,
my writings have sum PO-WER-FUL, PO-WER-FUL, PO-WER-FUL
southern (manner-ABLE) wings,
that the world didn't give
and the world can't take away.

BOOYAH!

My mindZ' I before e's
except after c's
are here to stay.

Until...
All poetic law
is fulfilled:

pen to pen
poet to poet

Poetry . . . the best of 2022

poem to poem
poesy to poesy
poetic to poetic
poetry to poetry

author to author
write to write
verse to verse
jingle to jingle
ode to ode

reason to reason
rhyme to rhyme
elegy to elegy
limerick to limerick
couplet to couplet
sonnet to sonnet
publisher to publisher
publishing to publishing
and riddle to riddle

One jot or one tittle
are realistic rhythmic reasoned rhymes
to my exquisite fine-tuned lines.

Don't need man's approval
for my engineered, masterful,
up-scale, respectable,
sophisticated, prestigious, fashionable
one-of-a-kind poetic designs.

CRÈME DE LA CRÈME...

That be me...
You best ask 'sumbody...
from 'da north, east, SOUTH and/or the west

CRÈME DE LA CRÈME...
Simply the best of the best...

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Why?

Cause I believe in poetry.

And I believe in me.

Dedicated to: Renee's Poems with Wings are 'FOREVER' Words in Flight!

Because EYE said so...

Poetry . . . the best of 2022

Hong Ngoc Chau, Vietnam



Her pen name is HONG NGOC CHAU, her Facebook name is NGUYEN CHINH. She is a Master of Educational Administration, a member of the Ho Chi Minh City Writers' Association (Vietnam); an Honorary Doctorate in Literature and Humanity of the Church and Priton University. Admin member of W.U.P (World Union of Poets), GENERAL COUNCIL level World Union of Poets with MEDAL SILVER Investigator (14th medal of World Union of Poets), International Ambassador of the International Council of Writers & Artists.

The Heart Beating of a New Generation

1

Aspiration is like brilliant dawn ever
My faith exists in a red heart forever
Human youthful souls, as high heating
My advancement is an active thinking

2

Firmly entering the new millennium indeed
Bring ambition keeping my will to succeed
I always harmonize the rhythm of life
Happiness in life is always my desire

3

Sobbing because many are in a misery
Care to help, we share a little, you see
The gunfire still resounds somewhere
Blood spills, heart hurts everywhere

4

Shocking the world, does God know?
Grief and loss, desolate scenes show
Our people and country are so angry
For safe and secure for living daily

5

Living for the ideal so I always want to dedicate
With a clear mind, and a bright heart, I cultivate
My Talent, Virtue, and Knowledge as ever
Knowing to live for people honest forever

6

I want to help others to make progress
About democracy, human rights indeed
Dare to do, think, and surpass hardship
My life's dream will reach the top I believe

Poetry . . . the best of 2022

7

The beating heart is of a new generation
Brings the vitality source to all directions
For happiness and joy in the heart bottom
Following ancestors to shine the wisdom

8

The deep love is in Fatherland's soul
Always gives my pink heart a boon
Warms my feelings full of hope truly
It created entirely my faithful loyalty

Kimberly Burnham, 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 publish *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>

The Best

Tough to be the best
in the world or school
family and country
easier in a mind full of dreams
a self-absorbed teenager

He thinks he is better than he is
not in a narcissistic way
thinking he is more important
or valuable than anyone else
no, he's just better in his mind
than on the field, under the coach's eyes

He thinks he is better than he is
not in an arrogant way
full of bluster and bravado
better than everyone else
no, just confident in his attitude
a trait that will help him in business.
in social settings where his convictions shine

But as a teenager bumping up against
reality there is suffering
because its tough to lose
rarely fair as he fights through injuries and pain
struggling to make the best choices
about his own destiny where he wants more
more than anything to be the best
better than he is
striving like us all to be the best

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Dušan Stojković, Serbia



Dušan Stojković was born on June 27, 1994. Lives in Grdelica (Serbia) He published a collection of poetry, „You are not cursed – it entered the chest, it came out“ Together with Jelena Sarić Cvetković, he is the founder of the Association MUK (Young Artists of Culture), a member of the Association of Free Artistic Souls (USUD 016), the Association BUKA, the International Association of Writers and Artists „Gorski Vidici“, as well as the International Association of Writers and Artists CIESART.

You Touched My Soul

You slide your fingertips
With my thoughts
Like a breeze.
Just enough to wake me up.
I feel you with my thoughts.
I love with a sigh...
Because you touched my soul
And when you touch her,
You touched everything.

Poetry . . . the best of 2022

Türkan Ergör, Turkey



Türkan Ergör, Sociologist, Philosopher, Writer, Poet, Ambassador for Peace. Türkan Ergör was born on 19 March 1975 in city Çanakkale, Turkey. She is from city İzmir, Turkey. Her father's name is Sait Halim Ergör. She was selected International "Best Poet 2020". She was selected International "Best Poet, Author / Writer 2021". She was selected International "Best Poet, Writer / Author 2022". Türkan Ergör was given the title of Princess.

Silence

Silence
Sometimes
In different way
It is talk
Silence
Sometimes
It is lost
In thoughts
It is to dive deep
Silence
Sometimes
It is the best stance
It is the most noble behavior
Silence
Sometimes
It is peace
It is happiness
It is the best answer
Where there is injustice
For those who do not understand
Silence is the key to patience
Silence
Sometimes
When talking is useless
It is silent
And
It is talk with the heart
Silence
Sometimes
Actually
It is an inaudible scream
Silence
Sometimes
Flowing in human

Poetry . . . the best of 2022

It is an invisible river
Because
Sometimes words
It is not told when you speak
It is told while you silence.

Poetry . . . the best of 2022

Bob McNeil, USA



Bob McNeil wrote *Verses of Realness* (<https://tinylink.net/muF6C>). Hal Sirowitz, a former Queens, NY Poet Laureate, called the book “a fantastic trip through the mind of a poet who doesn’t flinch at the truth.” Bob found editing Lyrics of *Mature Hearts* (<https://amzn.to/3bU8Loi>) to be humbling because of the many talented contributors.

A Pertinacious Philosophy

Regardless of whether
your being's balloon is
touching the troposphere
or deflating on the salt flats,
continue to write.
If you are as dour
as a mourner,
write about it.
If your days
possess the jubilation
that a lottery winner knows,
write about it.
Chronicle who and what you are
before you are no more.
Furthermore, in the rental home
known as life,
remember the pending end
of your lease.
So before relocating to a necropolis,
create at the rate rabbits procreate.
Calendars do not determine your days.
The number of poems, stories,
essays, drawings, and performances
define your time as an artist.
From my point of view,
all artists should use that approach
as time encroaches.

Poetry . . . the best of 2022

Maid Čorbić, Bosnia and Herzegovina



Maid Čorbić from Tuzla, 22 years old. In his spare time, he writes poetry that is repeatedly praised as well as rewarded. He also selflessly helps others around him, and he is moderator of the World Literature Forum WLFPH (World Literature Forum Peace and Humanity) for humanity and peace in the world and in Bhutan.

Everyday Magic Around Me

There's a lot of magic happening around me.
I am often worried about myself.
I don't see the light at the end of the tunnel
and even though the tunnel is just there

Magic happens around me every day.
but I saw nothing but darkness.
Because of the darkness, I must change the light
which I radiate every day.

I aspire to be just a man
But don't let it go easily.
Certainly, my years are passing.
and I'm still sad and nothing

Magic happens around me every day.
because people always run away from me when I say
that I am different from others and I have power
to stop the whole world for a moment

It is something quite reasonable and logical.
But I believe that life has meaning.
only if I give him a part of me
and if the magic still lives in me!

Poetry . . . the best of 2022

Eftichía Kapardeli, Greece



Eftichia has a degree as an art conservator 2021 She has a Doctorate from ARTS AND CULTURE WORLD ACADEMY. World Academy of Art and Culture | Facebook International Ambassador of the International Chamber of Writers and Artists LIC ,Member of the World Poets' society and poetas del mundo , member of the IWA, member of E.E.Λ.Σ.Π.Η The Union of Greek Writers-Authors of the Five Continents , member of the INTERNATIONAL SOCIETY OF GREEK LITERATURES-ARTISTS-DEEL and PEL (the world association of writers in Greece) Panhellenic Union of Writers http://eftichiakapa.blogspot.gr/2013_10_01_archive.html

Colored Mosaics (tesserae)

Sounds, winds carry the Irises away
hug me when it will pierce
my ears the silence

Colored mosaics
Carved in mute, small words, unique
They steal my heart
on the tip red hot kiss
My dreams white amaryllis
In the dim light of the corridor
you call me by my first name always

ΨΗΦΙΔΕΣ ΧΡΩΜΑΤΙΣΤΕΣ

Ήχοι, άνεμοι παρασύρουν τις Ίριδες
αγκάλιασε με όταν η σιωπή
Θα τρυπά τα αυτιά μου

Ψηφίδες χρωματιστές
Λαζεμένες σε βουβές, μικρές λέξεις ,μοναδικές
Θηρεύουν την καρδιά μου
στο ακρόχειλο κόκκινο ζεστό φιλί
Λευκές αμαρυλλίδες
τα όνειρα μου
Στο ημίφως του διαδρόμου
πάντα εσυ με καλείς με το μικρό όνομα μου

Poetry . . . the best of 2022

Guna Moran, India



Guna Moran is an internationally acclaimed poet and book reviewer. His poems are published in Indian Literature, Indian Poetry Review, Indian Poetry, Indian Periodical , Muse India, International Writers Journal, Luvina 103, Spillword, Quidditty, Whatcom Watch Newspaper along with 200 hundred international magazines, journals, webzines, blogs, newspapers, anthologies and have been translated into thirty languages around the word. He has three poetry books to his credit. He lives in Assam, India.

Poem Translated from Assamese into English by Nirendra Nath Thakuria

My Dear Mother

Sitting hunched at the hearth
of useful knowledge
she toasted her ashen eyes
through the gaps of her fingers
and very often said
You are my unique achievements
of my sacrifice
for long ten months and ten days
By birth you've got a beautiful earth
besides the vast sky
So you must be generous like the sun
and tolerant like the earth

At my birth I cried
Maybe I got the pains of my mother
Since then I have had tears in my eyes
in happiness and sorrow of people
One can't help crying
whose only companion at birth was tears

That honeyed word 'Maa'
was my first honeyed word
Since then I've blurted out 'Maa'
unawares
whenever I sit down or stand up

My birth is my mother's sacrifice
I must be made for sacrifice
An ingrate I can't be

My happiness lies in my mother's happiness
My sorrow lies in my mother's sorrow
Never can I be happy

He is the lone custodian of happiness
whose main assets are
the sun and the earth

Poetry . . . the best of 2022

Mark Fleisher, New Mexico, USA



Vietnam veteran Mark Fleisher has published four books of poetry and collaborated on a fourth. 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.

Unanswered Cries

Dedicated to victims of the July 4, 2022 massacre in
Highland Park, Illinois

I do not want
to be there when
in the dark of night
he cries out for Mom
I do not want
to be there when
he cries out for Dad
I do not want
to be there when
a grandparent or
an aunt or an uncle
wraps loving arms
around him and hugs
him and tries to explain
why Mom and Dad
did not come
did not answer
when he cried out
...did not come
...did not answer
because Mom and Dad
went to a parade

Poetry . . . the best of 2022

Tyran Prizren Spahiu, Kosovo



Tyran Prizren Spahiu graduated in English Language and Literature at Kosovo University. However, this "voice" in poetic verses is a very great desire and final opinion will be given by YOU! Being emotionally lined up with verses and prose, loves calm life, continuing to spread kindness. Tyran has written over 4000 poems and Six Novels. No matter whether you will meet him or not, you will hear the voice behind: He is a wanderer looking for love.

Queen Elizabeth, Wise Lady of The World

Confusion, torrential rain in the eyes of the world
Passed away Queen of Great Britain and the Commonwealth
Great Heiress journeyed to eternity
Lady of the world, pious activist of constitutionalism.

*

Crowned at Westminster
Icy in appearance, more than kind in heart
Value of the Throne raised to heavenly heights
Throne of the Kingdom will feel emptiness
But, the next King, the successor of the nobility
King Charles III Educated by Queen herself
Being inspired for decades by the generous Queen Mother
His highnesses is ready to take responsibilities
Future of the Kingdom will travel on the paved road.

*

Traces carved in two centuries
Appearances on the world stage
Reflected justice and peace adviser of the whole world
The end of life found Queen when time needed her the most.

Poetry . . . the best of 2022

Hussein Habasch, Afrin, Kurdistan



Hussein Habasch is a poet from Afrin, Kurdistan. His poems have been translated into many languages and has had his poetry published in a large number of international poetry anthologies. He participated in many international poetry festivals. Recipient of the Great Kurdish Poet Hamid Bedirkhan Award. As well as the International “Bosnian Stećak” award for Poetry, awarded by the Bosnia and Herzegovina Writers Union.

Poem Translated by Zaher Alsalmi

Teotihuacan Pyramids

To Beatrice Toxpan

Beatrice and I walked the Avenue of the Dead in peace,
We climbed the giant stone steps and terraces with the lightness of wind.
We reached the top of the immortal Teotihuacan pyramids.

There at the top of the Great Pyramid of the Sun,
We spread our wings to the shining sun above, like birds
Exploring the conditions of love and its volatile rituals.

We looked with glee at the Pyramid of the Moon on the other side,
We saw the heads of the serpents coated with feathers and intelligence, shining like stars.
We leaned with reverence on a rock that our great Mexican ancestors had lifted to the top.
We chatted with astonishment emitted from every corner of the place silently.

We embraced like lovers, born just now from the rib of a giant tree
Planted by its farmers, the experts with land fertility.

And in the vicinity of the fragrance of history, where the temples, palaces, arcades, murals
and enormous terraces, suddenly Beatrice picked up a round pebble
That was shining like a cat's eye under the green grass, she put it between my fingers, and
she said, "Come on, roll it!"

I rolled it without hesitation, not knowing that I would awaken an entire people from under
the rubble!
Little did I know that I would awaken the givers of life and the great builders of the future
from their long slumber!

Beatrice bowed her slender figure and whispered, "Behold, the builders of life have
awakened from their slumber." And they returned to their previous era in vigor, activity
and giving...

What do you think that we stay among them, build their kingdom with them again, and
share with them bread, salt and life?

I nodded with my heart in agreement!

Behold, I have become a citizen of their great kingdom,
I'm a sculptor, I cut rocks with my fine chisel

Poetry . . . the best of 2022

I raise above the high terraces great statues of their gods, their kings, their warriors, and their beautiful women.

Every now and then I take my tools and write idyllic poems for the Shepherd of the Plain and the Mountain Lark,
And for my heart Lark, I mean for Beatrice, I write the great portion of poems.

While Beatrice, now the female of the field, actively working,
Planting poems in fertile soil, watering it with here pure fertile milk!
And every now and then she washes the head of the clouds and puts earrings in their ears with indescribable happiness.

So here we, Beatrice and I, are happy with our ornaments, our domes, our statues, our poems, which we write so artfully,
Here, we are happy with our new life, which is incomparable with another life in love, joy and madness beauty, dedication, tenderness and sincerity...

Poetry . . . the best of 2022

Irina Novikova, Russia



Irina Tall (Novikova) is an artist, graphic artist, illustrator, and writer. She graduated from the State Academy of Slavic Cultures with a degree in art, and also has a bachelor's degree in design. Sometimes she picks up wounded birds and heals them. She loves walks in the fresh air and goes to the local market, which inspires her to write short poems.

I Sang

I sang all my life, but I lost my voice,
my golden flower has withered,
I wanted to break it and did not dare,
and already sang the blackness of days,
my nightingale who knows...
and I'm not the same anymore
but who will give me the answer,
maybe that red cat..

Poetry . . . the best of 2022

Monsif Beroual, Morocco



The Moroccan Poet Monsif Beroual is a multi-awarded and internationally renowned poet, his poems have been translated into 11 languages and published in more than 300 international anthologies and magazines. He is a young fellow with BIG vision of sharing Love and Peace in the World. He feels that humanity and all creatures have the right to live peacefully and be treated with compassion, respect and love which are visible in his writings.

Love is Heaven

They search for heaven, but they won't believe you're my only heaven.

Heaven cover my skin;
Wet my soul
With your diamond sweats
Let me be alive within your heart,
To die under your feet
And reborn again within your heart beat.
Take my heart, neither my soul
Just takes all of me
And make it rebirth again;
Collect my pieces as you desire
While you drawing a masterpiece by your hand,
Let each piece of me belong to you
As this soul belongs to its creator.

Poetry . . . the best of 2022

Robert Allen Goodrich, Panama



Poet and writer, Robert Allen Goodrich (Panamá 1980) has published his books in Lulu and Amazon and participated in more than a hundred anthologies around the world. He is the creator of the Blog Mi mundo / My world www.robert-mimundo.blogspot.com Robert created the Facebook Group, Amor por las Letras "Love for the Letters" in Spanish. He has received a lot of writing and poetry awards around the world in countries like: Australia, Brazil, United States, Spain, Bolivia, Chile, and others.

My Funeral

Every day is my funeral
really it is
sometimes I feel that I was dead a long time ago
but I am still alive walking around the world of the poetry.

Today I was in a house
tomorrow I am in a church
maybe next time I be past away
and nobody's going to cry for me.

Every day is my funeral
here or then
tomorrow or next week
maybe yesterday or today
maybe I am dead already and I don't know.

The poetry saves my life
more than one day
my blood is on the floor
I survived yesterday, spent my time writing poetry.

Someone tried to kill me
maybe it is you
or them
or nobody
maybe it is me.

A story
a legend
a crazy thing
I don't know!

I write this poem
in my apartment in front of my computer
with salsa music around
and a tv in the room.

Poetry . . . the best of 2022

I am white
I am Latin
I am a man who loves
but nobody loves me,
because I passed away a long time ago.

¿what do you expect for me?

Tell me, please tell me.....

I write this poem
today for you
because I say good bye
because today is my funeral.

Poetry . . . the best of 2022

Kathy Figueroa, Canada



Canadian poet, Kathy Figueroa's work has been widely published in newspapers, magazines, anthologies, cyberspace, and her books: *Paudash Poems*, *Flowertopia*, *The Cathedral of the Eternal Blue Sky*, *The Ballad of the PoeTrain Poeteer: Winnipeg to Vancouver*, and *The Renaissance of Rhyme*. She enjoys working outdoors, particularly in her flower gardens.

About Poetry

These days, pretty much anything goes
From measured meter to freeform prose
From haiku, odes, or tossed “word salads”
To precisely presented ballads

Like crickets chirp, wolves howl, and birds sing
To express one’s self is the main thing
So share your thoughts, let the words ring true
We learn from each other’s points of view

Poetry . . . the best of 2022

Gobinda Biswas, India



Gobinda Biswas is an Indian poet who till September 30, 2022 has composed 534 original poems in English since March, 2013. He has four published books. *The Sunny Poems* (86 poems) and *The Universal Poems* (90 poems) were published in Kolkata in 2016 and 2017 respectively. *The Eternal Poems* (110 poems) and *The Global Poems* (114 poems) were published in New Delhi in 2019 and 2020 respectively. All the books of poems have ISBN registration and copyright. His fifth book of English poems (100 poems) will be published soon. From June, 2020 he has organized and hosted ten online English poetry festivals with hundreds of Foreign and Indian English language poets with Google Meet Teleconferencing App. It will have been continuing regularly in future. Since August 15, 2021 he has also organized and hosted fifty-two Online Poetry interviews named “E-Talk Poezio with Gobinda” with poets from across the world. If you want to read his English poems or watch video poetry, please watch his YouTube Channel—Gobinda Biswas, the English Poet or his Website: www.gobindabiswas.com

Two Children and Ukraine War

I am a child from Ukraine
You are a child of Russia, O dear,
We both are truly helpless
Our fathers are going to war.

They two are truly pathless
Cos they fight with each other,
Though they have no enmity
States force them to go to war.

They destroy sweet homes
They demolish true amour,
And send us to cemetery
Stop this horrible massacre.

Earth will turn a graveyard
If this war goes on forever,
Who will rule whom, O war-monger?
Is it the Golgotha, O executioner?

We, the children want to live
In peace with our near and dear,
Pray, no one be killed again
Stop war, stop war, Please stop war.

Neha Bhandarkar, Nagpur, India



Neha Bhandarkar is a trilingual author and translator. She is a columnist in various Marathi newspapers. Her 13 books in Marathi, Hindi, and English have been published. She is a recipient of many prestigious literary awards from India, like the State Hindi Sahitya Akademi, and bagged awards from foreign countries also. Her many poems and stories are being published in many anthologies, journals, E-Zines, and magazines all over the world. Her many poetries and stories have been translated into several foreign languages i.e. French, Albanian, Philippines, Nepali, Greece, and English. As well as Indian languages like Odia, Assamese, Telugu, Bengali, Hindi, Brail, etc. Her poems and short stories have been broadcast on All India Radio, Aakashwani, Hindi Radio, Chicago (U.S.A.), Radio France (FRANCE), etc.

The Source of Civilisation

They trampled my corpse
and used it as a ladder
to reach the sky
My lifeless body
was buried
In the womb of earth
Like in the depths of the hell
Even so, a miracle
out of spirit of nature
happened
to germinate my corpse

As countless seeds
should come to life
of a fruit or
myriad sperms should wriggle
in a single drop of seminal fluid
in the same way many powers
took birth from
a single source of my corpse

This corpse of mine;
that was aiding germination in the ground
In the depth of history
searching for the internal flow of Sanskaras
Felt the sky so dwarf
after taking a new birth

My very own bony skeleton
witnesses even today
this new culture of my precursor
And my soul experiences
my own time-related existence

Poetry . . . the best of 2022

the speed of their regressive heart-throbs
even so, gets fierce
in the face of this unending life race

But now
the same greedy hands
that tend to embrace the sky
and the same uncivilized-uncultured feet
that tend to trample me
Are finding some remaining evidence
of my devotion and sacrifice
Of my past life's

They need an archaeologist
For realisation of their own culture
through the studies of the ancient
Indus civilization
like Mohen-Jo-daro and Harappa

To secure the source of culture
at the root of history

Poetry . . . the best of 2022

Vanja Škrobica, Split, Croatia



Vanja Škrobica is a professor, poet, and painter. She has published three books of poetry and has many diplomas in art. Her photos can be seen at City library.

Words

some words are
timid birds
they sleep in books
and wakes up reading aloud
from spring

they sail on the clouds
they sing with the wind
they sleep in the bruise

there are no boundaries for them
they shine in the stars
they dream with the moon
and bask in the sun
with friends
timid lizards

they know how to be
warm
hot
and ice
forgotten
hushed up
imperceptible

words give birth to new words
and build chirping verses
well - they live

Poetry . . . the best of 2022

Ilona Lakatos, Hungary



Hungarian poet, Ilona Lakatos is a writer and painter. She is published in 13 books. Two books of stories, volumes of poetry and the novel *Lusion*. Ilona is also published in anthologies and magazines in Hungary, Slovakia, Italy, Mexico, and the USA. Several of her short stories including *The Wolf*, and *Grodno* won first place in international contests.

"The words that come out of our soul only reach their destination if they penetrate to the heart of the reader." (Ilona Lakatos)

My Child

How fleeting time is, it will pass quickly.
My child in a minute,
it grew as fast as
moment.

I still remember his lovely smile,
which time has not forgotten with me either.
Adult, but sweet-and-kind,
if you look at me
I see the little child who has always loved.

We had a lot of struggles along the way,
pain, grief, joy,
My child, thank you for your loyalty.

There was no storm
which would have torn him apart
the deep connection of our love,
which is already embraced by a life.

My Child! Receive my poem on this day.
The once small child,
who have you ever been.
He lives in my heart
like an adult
who will accompany you today
and every day.

Poetry . . . the best of 2022

Marina Dodevska, North Macedonia



Marina Dodevska (1998, Kriva Palanka, Macedonia), is a student at the Faculty of Computer Science and Engineering in Skopje, a poetess, and a journalist. Her poetry has been translated into English, Bulgarian, Serbian, and French. She is the winner of numerous prizes for poetry and prose in Macedonia and abroad.

The Poet

Quiet night,
filled with many stars in the sky,
my thoughts to you
who knows how many times already,
they lead me again.
I can't you don't give me
tonight I close my eyes,
I can't sleep like you.
I get out of bed,
I sit on a chair
with bloodshot eyes
thirsty for sleep.
I put a white paper in front of me,
I love through poems
to call you,
through verses to make it easier for me
at least to throw everything out for a while.
It's already midnight,
my body is tired,
I'm still sitting awake,
I draw on white paper,
here I leave my soul
on these white pages
my destiny is written.

Poetry . . . the best of 2022

Ana Stjelja, Serbia



Ana Stjelja (1982, Belgrade, Serbia). In 2012 she obtained her PhD (on the life and work of the Serbian woman writer Jelena J. Dimitrijević). She is a poet, writer, translator, journalist, researcher, and editor. She published more than 30 books of different literary genres. She is also a graphic designer and digital artist. In 2018 she established the Association Alia Mundi for promoting cultural diversity. She is a member of the Association of Writers of Serbia, the Association of Literary Translators of Serbia, the Association of Journalists of Serbia and the International Federation of Journalists (IFJ).

The Right Path

Freedom is not just a word
It is a state of mind
Love is not just a word
It is the opportunity to share
Goodness is not just a word
It is the ability to be human
Peace is not just a word
It is the right path of life.

Poetry . . . the best of 2022

Annie Dutta, India



Annie Dutta is from India. She has written since she was a child and says this about her passion for writing, “I write from my childhood. It didn’t get recognition but when I grew up, I wrote again, and it got appreciation, and I was motivated to write more.” Annie has received many recognitions wherever she has sent her writings. In addition to writing, she is a passionate artist.

Beautiful Earth

It's our earth of wonders,
Miracles and surprises,
I tried to keep it surrounded with Happiness and serenity,
Giving it my LIFE as I never Regretted to be here on my Beautiful EARTH,
I tried to make it peaceful, Calm

And heavenly,
Should anyone destroy it ?
Should anyone make it dead ?
Killing the humanity and nature
They are making it A DEAD AND DUMB PLANET TO NOT TO LET LIVE,
It's our EARTH of wonders

BEAUTIFUL EARTH!!

Poetry . . . the best of 2022

Taghríd Bou Merhí, Lebanon



Lebanese Poetess, writer, translator living in Brazil, Taghríd Bou Merhí, is an editor for Al-Araby Today magazine, Allaylac magazine, RainBow magazine, Agareed literary magazine, Literary magazine, Al-Nile Walfurat magazine. Fluent in Arabic (native language), French, English, Portuguese, Italian and Spanish, her poems have been published in numerous international anthologies. Literary magazines, journals, and websites. She has five books and eight e-books.

A Vicious Circle!!

In the midst of your invocation of what lies between two quotation marks
You will return to the cosmic questions without losing sight of that rhetorical tape
about Big Bem and the ancestors of the ancestors.
Like a fantasy
You were moving between mysticism and temporal space.
And in the great moment, you, like the philosophers, will be freed from existentialism.
Every non-being in its being is a cosmic structure
And every illusion in its rings is a metaphysical void.
Only the end remains unknown!!
When the ghost of death dominates
The cover of illusion will slip and nothingness will dissolve in the opposite!!
As if Darwin's syndrome is going on in a vicious circle!!
Was it the coincidence of the eternal becoming in Nietzsche's philosophy
Or was it the shadow of everything in everything?!!
And as you try to combine deep intuition with absolute mysticism
You will approach metaphysical concepts and transcend the self.
In order to jump over the bigger question, you will turn in the opposite direction to
hear and see!!

Poetry . . . the best of 2022

L. D. Johnson



Born July 3rd, 1948, Elder wordsmith of too many winters. L.D. Johnson started writing as a boy of 10 and hopes someday to bind all of his work into a book for my grandson.

Untouchable

Rising once again despite my wounds,
the first step is always the hardest.
The mist of many battles grasps my feet,
whilst fighting my ambivalence and depression,
and casting aside the derision and oppression of others.

Healing they want not.
I bare my scars and they turn away,
not in the anguish of all my ugliness,
but in fear of an unstoppable force.

I trod forth, each step louder than before.
Falling is an expectation of others.
Rising is an expectation of myself.

I am the trumpet echoing Armageddon,
and the quivering earth that makes others tremble.
Forces march against me in endless battles for my resolve.
With each strike, I weaken,
only to be strengthened as each scar takes its rightful place.

I am not oak to withstand mighty storms,
or porcelain to shatter at the slightest touch.
I am the flesh and bone of imperfect design,
In a place of my possession.

I stand unarmed and vulnerable, yet I survive.
I am a vessel within beats a heart and a will.
I have risen again.
I am untouchable.

Poetry . . . the best of 2022

Eliza Segiet, Poland



Eliza Segiet graduated with a Master's Degree in Philosophy at Jagiellonian University. Laureate *Naji Naaman Literary Prize 2020*, World Award 2020 *Cesar Vallejo for Literary Excellence*. Finalist *Golden Aster Book 2020*, *Mili Dueli 2022*, *Voci nel deserto 2022*. At the international Festival of Poetry CAMPIONATO MONDIALE DI POESIA (2021/2022) she won the title of vice-champion of the world.

Confidant

Are they illusion
God, Allah, Satan?
The truth is human,
who with the shy whisper
turns to the own
invisible, spiritual guide.

Wanting,
for affiliation with him
to be a celebration and an everyday's light
one has to see those close by
– believers and nonbelievers.

When the hail of thoughts and innuendos
doesn't allow for peace,
in which harmony will be the unity of body and soul,
it's time,
to believe,
and from the shapeless image
to form a shape
of your silent confidant.

The prior imagining
will become a luminous hill
– enchanted in faith.

The universe will fit everyone in,
the visible and the invisible,
searching for those,
who have already found the way.

Poetry . . . the best of 2022

Mark States, California, USA



Mark States has authored three poetry collections, and has appeared in such publications as Poetic Diversity, San Gabriel Valley Poetry Quarterly, Poetrymagazine.com, Muse Apprentice Guild and The November 3rd Club. Former host of Poetry Express in Berkeley, CA (2002-2011) and facilitator of Public Speaking for Poets workshops.

Idling Mind

Another cold March morning in North Carolina,
in the 20s with a snapping breeze –
as if Thanos rubbed 2 fingers together and all you could feel
was your body crumbling into dust.
I traversed the length of our apartment walkway then turned right,
passing an idling car waiting for its driver to warm up enough to leave.
The pungent aroma of exhaust, the fracturing of my bones,
next thing I know
I am standing next to my grandfather's gray 1961 Chevy Impala
(with the long, flat tail fins).
It's idling in the aluminum pole framed carport
next to grandpa's trailer outside Walnut Grove city limits.
Inside, the lingering smells of Grandma's scrambled eggs and flapjacks
is slowly consumed by the pot of coffee on the stove
soon to be emptied into thermoses
which Grandpa carries to the idling Impala cradled in one arm.
The other arm holds the cooler, packed with PB&J sandwiches, sodas and potato chips.

Outside, car exhaust congregates, and its odor overwhelms.
I've already placed all the poles and tackle boxes in the trunk – because
for 8 year old me, that was my job –
so it's time to go fishing. Now!
My impatience dissipates like breath in the cold air
with just one frosted glare from Grandpa, who's closing the trunk.
Finally, we're all loaded in the Impala and on the short drive
to the docks where rowboat with outboard motor awaits. Yay!
At Grandpa's space, between dock and boat is a used car tire, tied with rope and submerged,
its interior filled with sand and the clams he keeps there
to "go forth and multiply." No stopping at the bait shop, no spending money.
While the boat's motor idles, I get to "fish out" a couple dozen clams from the tire
dropping them clang, clang into an old coffee can for our day's supply.

Unexpectedly, my hand feels clammy.
It is the frigid eel skin wallet I'm pulling from my pants pocket
as the bus to uptown Charlotte is here.
How I got from apartment parking lot to bus stop, I have no clue.
This poem though, is for the apartment neighbor and his idling car.
"Thanks for the ride back to my childhood."

Poetry . . . the best of 2022

Vincent Van Ross, New Delhi, India



Vincent Van Ross is a journalist, author, poet, conservationist, and creative photographer from India. His English poem is displayed at the Royal Palace Museum of Taiwan. He was appointed Ambassador of the Spanish language by The César Egidio Serrano Foundation and the Museum of the Word in 2018.

Hasty Conclusions

My friend
Sent me a message
And asked me
To take a look at it!

I tore open
The envelope,
Emptied the content,
Spread it on my table

Then, I called my friend
And, yelled at him
‘That was a blank paper
You sent me...’

If only I had turned
The page over,
I would have seen
What he told me...

That the message
Was on the other side!
Our life Is full of
Such hasty conclusions!

Poetry . . . the best of 2022

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.

The Best Poem

I use my secondary imaginations,
As well as my creativity to,
To go to the metaphysical world,
As well as bring the poem of enlightenment,
As well as creativity,

But I can't detached from this,
Materialistic world,
I can't reach my souls to Utopia,
So my practice of imaginations,
Is going and going,

I want to use the dancing letters which,
Is full of magical,
Which heals the pain,
From it's spell,
Which gives happiness when,

We observe as well as read them,
So I am searching that types of,
The magic of letters,
Which works like as God,
Which solve world's all problems,

Which takes artist to the different world,
Of the artist,
To make them genius artist,
So one day the best poem will be created as well as,
It will be immortal in the history.

Poetry . . . the best of 2022

Rupsingh Bhandari, Karnali, Nepal



Rupsingh Bhandari is a poet and social activist from Karnali province of Nepal. He has completed his M. Ed, M.A and M.Phil. degree in English from Tribhuvan University. He writes in English, Nepali and Hindi. Published several poems, articles, short stories and translated poems and stories. He is the author of *Conscience's Quantum* poetry book. He served as editor of *International Anthology of Pandemic Poetry 2020*. His creations are world widely anthologized and published.

We

We bracketed
Under their greatness
But, we carried their full meanings
Remaining additional. s

We excluded
In their glory
But, our applause approved them
Staying out of their ring.

We restricted
In their kingdom
But, we sang their victorious song
Being the messengers.

Yes!
They walked by our legs...
Laughed stealing our smiles
Enjoyed by our pains
Therefore,
We also can change their headlines
Dangling as footnote.

Poetry . . . the best of 2022

Swayam Prashanta, India



Swayam Prashant (pen-name of Dr. Prashanta Kumar Sahoo) was born in the undivided Cuttack district, Odisha. He was formerly an Associate Professor of English at Sarupathar College, Assam, India. He has written six books and two booklets including *Live like a Man* (poetry) and *Joy of Love* (poetry).

The Best Love Poem

Love poems have been written
from the day man scribbled 'love'
and many a poem have been read
one can't deny
but none like the one
I dreamt yesterday :
I love you
I know not why I love you
but I love you
I love you when you are with me
I love you when you are not with me
I love you when you talk with me
I love you when you walk in silence
I love you when my eyes are open
I love you when my eyes are closed
I love you in all my dreams
I love you when I am all awake
I love you , O my Honey, I love you
Ay, I love you !

Poetry . . . the best of 2022

Ram Krishna, Agrawal, India



Ram Krishna Agrawal is a citizen of India, a country of varied landscapes and diverse culture. By Profession he is in the fashion Industry but by Passion he is an Artist, a Painter, and a Poet. “Love to draw, Love to paint, Love to write.” Ram is a science graduate, but time has brought him to the Fashion trade. Painting/Poetry is one of his biggest hobbies. “It’s my medication to heal myself with the frustrations of world. Creativity has no limit and I want to be limitless. Trying to play with colors/words to make myself much strong.”

Night Jasmine

You appeared from ocean churning,
Devraj Indra took you to his court.
Presented to Lord Shri Krishna,
Your glory became infinite.

Your power became immense,
That Rukmani attained youth.
Satyabhama got angry.
But Keshav gave you new life.

Sita found you in forest,
You became her necklace.
Dressed up with you
And you called "Harsingar"

Vishnu likes you
You remain near Lakshmi.
O Parijat, the best among flowers,
You live in gentleman's residence.

मन्थन से तुम प्रकट हुए,
इंद्र ले गए अपने द्वार ।
भेंट कियो श्रीकृष्ण को,
तेरी महिमा अपरम्पार ।
शक्ति हुई अपार,
कि रुक्मणी ने पाया यौवन ।
सत्यभामा रूठ गयी,
केशव ने दियो नवजीवन ।
वन में मिले सीता से,
बन गए उनके हार ।
तुम्हें पहन सिंगार किया ।
और बन गए “हरसिंगार”
विष्णु तुम्हें पसन्द करें,
लक्ष्मी के तुम होते पास ।
हे पुष्पों में श्रेष्ठ पारिजात,
सज्जन घर तुम करो निवास।

Poetry . . . the best of 2022

Alshaad Kara, Mauritius



Alshaad Kara is a Mauritian poet who writes from his heart. His latest poems were published in one Magazine, "parABnormal Magazine September 2022" and three anthologies, "*Les Gardeurs de Rêves*", "*Love Letters to Poe, Volume 2: Houses of Usher*" and "*20.35 Africa: An Anthology of Contemporary Poetry Vol. V*".

Gayness

We live in a hypocritical world.
Femininity is seen as gay,
Feminism is seen as rude,

And we just shove it under the carpet.

Husbands lie to their wives,
Leading a double life of sexuality.

And here I am here,
Wanting to live a life of sexuality,
Free from the double conventional life...
With my own femininity blazing through the walls of my masculinity.

I can look straight in the eyes of the world, of every man, wives, and homophobes,
And show them how my heart bleeds,
Because I cannot live a life of security,
Free from a double life of sexuality,
Without being shoved in a hypocritical world...

Poetry . . . the best of 2022

Dr. Ratan Ghosh, India



Dr. Ratan Ghosh, PhD, a professional International Author, has been working as an Associate Editor of an International Literary Journal entitled “*The Mirror Of Time*” (ISSN-2320-012X) since 2010 and as the State President of *Paschim Banga English Academy* since 2019. His poems have been featured in many national and international Magazines, E-journals, Journals and Paper-Back Anthologies across the globe. He has published seven international books so far and he has been awarded several international awards from Italy, Mexico, U.S, Africa, and India.

Noakhali: 1946, October 10

Nineteen forty six of October Ten....!
Noakhali saw the pool of blood rains
Dripping drip drip from the huts of those humble innocents
Who were fleeing by the foot paths, paddy fields and village drains...!

Still I see the skulls singing the songs of pains...!
While sounding, sounding, sounding and resounding in my ears the tales of blood rains...
In a land of blood drops and indelible stain...!
Nineteen forty six of October Ten....!

Still I see the roaring of the beasts...!
Flying, flying, flying like hungry vulture in the air of the East..!
Shouting and yelling with swords only to behead all those are Kafirs...!
Like butchers they are chopping all from houses and streets...

Still I see the hungry haunters in trains...!
Haunting and burying all in a pool of blood and pain
Who are not yet abducted and slain...!
In a land of blood rains...!

I see the weeping bones rolling by the plains
Walking like snails in search of relatives and dear friends
Who were once buried in the soil of Alluvial plain
In a land of men and women...!

Still I listen to the weeping of those skulls and bones...!
Weaving, weaving, weaving the tales of forlorn
From the land of their own...!
Weaving, weaving, weaving the tales of the land of forlorn

Still I see those helpless daughters, mothers, sisters and sons
Being seized, abducted, raped and beheaded slowly from the soil that they owned...!
Where I see the blood vessels still floating alone
Carrying the tales of a lost zone...!

Poetry . . . the best of 2022

Walking, walking, walking for years by the Meghna, Surma, Padma estuary I see
My relatives and near and dear ones those survived still drowning in the bubbles
of depression, oceans, rivers and sea
Weaving the untold tales of East Bengal's history...!
Leaving only the Bible of mystery...!

Dropping, dropping and dropping down all for years from the Noakhali...!
Yea, dropping, dropping and dropping down all for years from the soil of Noakhali...!
The land of life, love, bloodshed and dreadful memories...!
The land of life, love, bloodshed and dreadful memories...!

Poetry . . . the best of 2022

Tapas Dey, Mathabhanga, India



A teacher, Tapas Dey lives in Mathabhanga, India. His passion is to read and write poems. Tapas has been published in many national and international anthologies and magazines including, ILA Magazine, Prodigy Magazine (USA), Humanity Magazine (Russia) and The Best of 2020, Inner Child Press International.

Sheathe Your Sword

Refined my tenacity beyond ethereal substance,
Derived from experience, gave me a wink
To whistle repeatedly in the dark .

Even after a month's day and night toil,
A steady stand without getting wrong end,
For a vigil at the door of a morgue.

The dead soldiers are waiting for burial,
Before the advent of blissful dawn .
The burial work, one by one, is going on,
But the last one soldier is yet to die.

Very strange is the fact.

While to mop up the operation,
I heard a wistful appeal in ennui eyes,
“ Let me die in my mother land, please.”

I lowered my voice to a whisper,
“Feel yourself, my friend, in your pleasure garden,
Sheathe your sword and embrace your mother,
And enjoy a moral victory with your moral backbone.”

Poetry . . . the best of 2022

Iwu Jeff, Nigeria



Iwu Jeff is a Nigerian creative writer of poetry, drama, and prose. He is the author of the play, *Verdict of the Gods* and the novel, *Files of the Heart*. His works have appeared in several anthologies and magazines, and few have garnered awards. He writes from the University of Nigeria, Nsukka, where he is presently researching in the field of African Literature.

Eclipse

Yesterday, hammering headaches
today, blood-drying bouts of fever
tomorrow, another colour of pain waiting,
known & unknown, coming & going
again & again in camouflage
poor chap!

In bed he groans,
fading with winds,
shrinking flesh, one with bones—
teeth clenched & rocky,
mysteries & shadows & darkness.

Papa & Mama shaking like busy butts,
biting blames like sugarcane,
looking away— one against the other,
forgetting tales of love.

Doctor hurrying in & out, & in again,
murmuring, long-faced,
dangling stethoscope □ bell of death,
touches forehead; touches neck,
lifts eyelids, swollen eyes threatening a fall.
Whispers grow here & there □
grave & conspiratorial,
'it's the blood disease!'
'...this time no way out!'

Papa & Mama melt more & more,
spitting prophecies like missiles here and there:
'You must live for us! You must live for us!'
'...no way out,' the deadly words flutter
as dude breathes his last.

Poetry . . . the best of 2022

Iram Fatima, Saudi Arabia



Iram Fatima ‘Ashi’ is a nonresident Indian living in Saudi Arabia. She is part of more than 67 books and winner of five awards from Aagman and GlandorX for her literary contribution. A poetess, writer, and painter, Iram is an artist from the heart.

All Stories Don't Have a Proper Beginning or End

Few stories are created by the creator himself,
Untold, unimaginable, and beyond expectations,
He plants, plots and plays with the strings of puppets,
And those souls dance according to the pulls at different times.

Worldly writers flow with directions by holding a pen,
To come up with a creative piece, desirous to create,
Something unique to be remembered after them,
But they are just representing what was already planned.

In different eras come fairy tales are written,
Devils fall for the princesses and it goes on, and vice versa,
Changing its characters and situations, sentiments are beyond logic,
It's beyond understanding, all stories don't have a proper beginning or end.

Poetry . . . the best of 2022

Ranjana Sharan Sinha, Nagpur, India



Dr. Ranjana Sharan Sinha is an eminent poet, author and retired professor of English from Nagpur, India. She has received a number of awards for her contribution to poetry including a commendation from the former President of India, A P.J. Abdul Kalam. Her poems are included in Postgraduate university syllabus. She has authored nine books and 50 research papers.

Ghazal

The beating heart has roads that can't be blocked- it's true in love, I swear!
In silence you approach, the air becomes the colour mauve, I swear!

The waves of sea attempt to touch the moon in restless flying leaps,
In stillness she sits pouring down her love from up above, I swear!

Unbidden someone came and crossed my path; the sky was getting bronze,
My grudges vanished as I found a symbol called the dove, I swear!

I go on running forward, you continue close to follow fast,
I wish to stop and ponder over love- a treasure trove, I swear!

A sudden meet, the destined place, suspended time encaged within,
A moment deep-- a joyous land my heart begins to rove, I swear!

Poetry . . . the best of 2022

S M Shahnour, Bangladesh



S M Shahnour is a renowned poet and researcher of regional history in Bangladesh. He was born on 8 September 1979 in Brahmanbaria. He has been writing poems and stories since childhood and published 14 books, including research, travel, biography, history / traditions, and poetry.

Shadow Of Heaven

Today's girl child is the winning woman of tomorrow's world.
Time's best friend, sister, loving mother, beloved wife.
If given the chance, the girl will be a light.
The fragrance will spread in charming form like the Malli Kalika.
The girl child should be given nutrition, right to education, legal aid, medical facilities and
right to justice,
Protection from discrimination, violence against girls, where societies to be blinded to 'stop
forced child marriage'
We are all vocal, the world will be equal.
Every girl child will be rich in technology and the world will be better.
Advancement of girl child, new dimension for the country.
There will be daughters protected country will be enlightened.
The awakening of the girl child will bring development of the country.
Invest in the girl child, build a prosperous world,

Daughter is God's best gift for parents.
Praying for you today who is a street child.
You are the best of the best in intellect and manners.
Let this be the firm promise of all parents today
I will fulfill all the wishes of the daughter, the birthright.
What a beautiful saying of the Prophet of Islam!
'In whose house a daughter was born,
Then not hurt, nor displeased to her,
Then Allah will make him enter paradise.

Poetry . . . the best of 2022

hülya n. yılmaz, Turkey, USA



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.

Planets . . .

Among numerous other leaders,
the current president of France announces:

“There is no planet B.”

Some of us note his point duly.

Yet . . .

we still proceed with our lives
as if livable planets have lined up in multitudes;
as if they stand by as an emergency spare.

Recklessness being our MO,
we keep on keeping on polluting the oceans;
with an idiotic persistence,
we refuse to moderate CO2 emissions.
We, thus, keep on keeping on
devastating our biodiversity.

As the above-mentioned leader asserts,
“We are killing our planet.”

Then . . .

some immensely dense people of high-pitched voices enter the scene,
and they cancel out science-based deductions:

Wait a sec!

What on Earth would a foreigner know?

He has no clue!

He obviously is oblivious to the replacements we have.

Come on, fellow patriots! Just tell him about what we know:

Planets B, C, D, . . . and Z are on call!

We don't need to be frantic with worry!

Poetry . . . the best of 2022

*Let's have another picnic, instead.
There is plenty of food and drinks to go around.
That beach over there looks mighty lovely.*

*Who's that little pipsqueak,
raining over our parade?
So what, if there are no trash cans around?
A no-brainer!
Our garbage will take a dive into the sea
as soon as we are done.
What an amazing disappearing act that's going to be!*

...

We are done here.

Poetry . . . the best of 2022

Kay Salady, Seattle, WA, USA



The substance of this poet comprises her love for the written word and its magnanimous power. Kay Salady has penned well over a thousand pieces of poetry and has contributed her writing to others in the form of books, magazines, and anthologies. She resides in Seattle, Washington, USA.

Calliope

Beautiful-voiced
I often hear you whisper in the night
When through deep sleep I wander
Pleasantly lost in you
From your lips
Such lovely words
Flow into my mind
Like music to my ear
Lyrical incantations
Taken from your scroll
Are etched beneath my tongue
Oh repetitious heartbeat!
A song that I once knew
Old as time; it feels like mine
The instant it is heard
Hauntingly familiar
Endearing all the same
In the velvet touch of darkness
There is a lamp that lights my way
To every word I long for
That has disappeared from view
Yet the more I feed, the less you read
From the scrolls in front of you
Teasingly, you vanish
Leaving me forlorn
Searching for some memory
And scratching at the door
To what might be an entrance
To meet with you again
I long for you, Calliope
Please come and ease my pain
As I search out the meaning
To all that you have said
I cannot contain
The bleeding vein

Poetry . . . the best of 2022

That pulses in my head
I must empty its contents
Ere it takes the life from me
Return again
Where have you been
My dear Calliope

Poetry . . . the best of 2022

Ibrahim Honjo, Canada



Ibrahim Honjo is Canadian poet /writer. He is author 36 published books in English and Serbo-Croatian language. Represented in more than 50 world anthologies, more than 40 magazines, journals, newspapers... His poems have been translated into 16 languages. He participated in three literary conferences and many literary festivals.

Letter To a Warrior From An Upright Tombstone

You have your big stone
Decorated with a picture of a soldier
You have your bow and arrow
Your sword and shield
You have your knightly clothing
You have it all
All that was yours
All that was left from you

You are independent on your soil
I am independent on what is not mine
You are foreign to yours
I am a foreigner to mine
I will never have my stone
Decorated with a picture of a soldier
I will never have my bow and arrow
No sword
No shield
No knightly clothing
Not even what was mine
Not even what will be left from me
I will only have a word
And what is left from it

You will eternally stand defending the homeland
And I will dream of the homeland
Where my footsteps were erased long ago
My stone will not be there
Nor my words
Nothing will be named after me
No words
No letters
Nothing will be known about me
No words
No letters

Poetry . . . the best of 2022

A word
Alone like that
Tiny
But very lethal
More lethal than a bow and arrow
More lethal than a sword

It will exist somewhere else
But that is not important to you
Just as your bow and arrow are not important to me
Your sword and your shield
With which you dreamt about freedom
They passed their judgment on you
He who lives by something dies by the same thing

You did not know
And you will never know
Freedom is something else
And nobody can give it to you

It is locked into a letter
Locked into a word
I know who keeps the key
And word
And letter

Poetry . . . the best of 2022

Elham Hamedí, Iran



Elham Hamedí (Shiraz, Iran, March 8, 1967) is an international multimedia artist, poet and curator, Executive Member of the Writers Capital International Foundation. She is a permanent member of the Scientific Association of Visual Arts of Iran, with a Master of Art degree in artistic research from Yazd University and Bachelor's degree in radiology from the University of Shiraz. Elham has won numerous international awards, Winner of the 2022 International Literary Prize called "Women for Culture and Peace" (MESTRE / VENICE), "International Award for Peace and Defense of Human Rights" (Toscolano madeno• the Union of Italian Poets), one of the poets selected to participate in the First International Iside Prize ((IX Edition) Literary Arts 2021 (Procida-Italy).

An Evening Eyelid

There is a mirror in your eye that is repeating "me"
And breaks my whole body
When you blink with the sunset
And something heavy swells up in your throat
Which justifies all the shortcomings
It suffocates the whole of life

In your eyes, a "world" is imprisoned
Tears cannot release the galaxy of emotion

In Your Eyes
A drop of moldy tears
And the sound of these tears
Heavy rain
It shakes a world

Close your eyelids!
This is another world

Poetry . . . the best of 2022

Willow Rose , USA



Willow Rose believes in the power of well-chosen words, the importance of mindful living, and the possibility of redemption for all beings. After graduating from college with her Bachelor's degree in English Literature, Willow taught adult education to struggling students and those who dreamed of graduating high school, as she, a former drop out, once had. She is now a certified Mindfulness Mentor and believes it is mindfulness that can bring us to our senses and learn to treat one another with love and compassion. She has been writing poetry all her life.

Virginia Woolf Cooks Dinner For Her Husband

She gazed through the open door,
distracted for a moment by the sunlit river,
A spangled snood holding back the gray.
A stray dust mote captured and turned to gold, how it blazed!
So bright, so brief,
caught in the rays of the setting sun.

How Virginia loved this cottage!
A cheery kitchen, her vegetable garden out back,
the flamenco dance of color from her fragrant flowers.
Passersby would point-
those who knew
what she was known for,
what she grew best...
Never mentioning her mismatched shoes, torn stockings, buttons missed,
her haunted eyes, lids dark and heavy with her need to rest.

The water on its second boil;
Virginia Woolf bustles about,
choosing six carrots still clumped with clots of earth and five smooth potatoes.
Rinsing and slicing; the onion and garlic mingled, bleeding a pungent essence already
wafting from her hands.

Just a woman preparing a dinner she will not eat...
An aromatic kitchen and fresh from-the-garden stew.
What a scene of domestic bliss
for a husband to walk into.
Hanging her old apron on its hook, she smooths the folds of her skirt and bends down,
picks up a stray piece of straw
as if it matters.

Moments later, clad in her favorite shabby cloak,
she blends into the dusk
cool and grey.

Poetry . . . the best of 2022

A ferryman passes,
she has Charon's fare,
and takes her first steps into the Thames; feeling the water swirling, mud sucking at the
soles of her shoes.
Or souls, she thinks with a smile.
The shore is distant now.

The chill pushes her breath out
with one bony hand.

Too late to turn back.
Weighed down by everything and nothing, she slips away,
silent as scent,
pockets full of heavy stones
large and smooth and rounded
as the potatoes simmering slowly,
in the stew left behind.
In the fragrant, orderly and now dark
empty kitchen.

Jen Ades, Richland, Washington, USA



Born in Richland, Washington, Jen Ades is the single mother of a beautiful 11-year-old daughter Karen Shellie. Jen began writing poetry at a very young age, including a poem entitled “Autumn, Autumn” for her third-grade class. Her hobbies are writing poetry, reading, movies, music, and international cultures. Jen loves all things international. Her poetry is featured in *The Year of The Poet* (January 2020 volume).

Veil of Memories

Everywhere I go
Any time of day
I am always followed by
The veil of memories

Happy memories
Of my young days
Of loved ones near and dear
The veil of memories

Never lets me be
Always with me where I go
Always follows me like a shadow
The veil of memories

O' how happy and carefree
Times they used to be
Sadly, those are now but a stitch of
The veil of memories

Wish after wish to bring back those times
Dies in vain for that cannot be
Those times are forever filed away in
The veil of memories

Wear will I with joy
Treasure will I with care
Ne'er to part from
The veil of memories

Poetry . . . the best of 2022

Francesco Favetta, Italy (Sicily)



Born in the land of Sicily in that of Sciacca, Francesco Favetta has always loved poetry, writing verses, but above all culture, true culture, food for the soul! In 2018 he was awarded by the Academy of Sicily, “Academic of Sicily”. Francesco doesn’t like to participate in literary competitions, because culture, in his view is Freedom, is Free Spirit, it is Soul in Motion, it must never be harnessed!

There Is!

There are tears
and it is already day
there are pains
and it's dark
there is love
and it's party
always.

There is the heart
that knocks
insistently
at the door
emotions
there is life
it is a river
a sea
always moving
does not stop
gets agitated

Breathe
collapses
but then
whenever
always
back to being
life.

There is love
there is life
we are here!

Poetry . . . the best of 2022

Awatef Idrissi, Morocco



Awatef El Idrissi Boukhris is a Moroccan poet, novelist, and tales' writer. She has to her credit a novel and two poetry collections in French. She also has two other poetry collections in English and fifteen tales for the youth written in French and translated into English.

My Pen

My pen is a lord
Whose commands are obeyed
And laws are respected

My pen is a sword
Pulled out in the face of the despot
The aggressor and the zealot

My pen is a weapon
I use to fight injustice
Corruption and prejudice

My pen is a poison
That creeps into the vein
Of the vile and the vain

My pen is a balm
That heals the wound
Be it shallow or profound

My pen is a blessing
For the underprivileged and the needy
Not for the dishonest and the greedy

My pen is a rose
That overflows with love
As pure as a white dove

My pen is my voice
That reaches everyone
Bootlicks and fears no one

My pen is my scream
Against oppression and racism
For compassion and humanism

Poetry . . . the best of 2022

My pen is the tear
I shed out of sorrow
While dreaming of a better tomorrow

My pen is a free bird
That has broken its chains
And now flies over the mounts and plains

My pen is my sun
That casts its light
On my gloomy day and night

My pen is my wealth
Not treasured in bank accounts
Yet dearer than thousands of pounds

My pen weaves a world
Where the righteous gather
Help and cherish each other

My pen embodies the dream
Of a world peaceful and just
That has no room for conspiracy and lust

Miroslava Panayotova, Bulgaria



Miroslava Panayotova (Bulgaria) graduated from Plovdiv University, specialty Bulgarian philology and English language. She has published poems, stories, tales, aphorisms, essays, criticisms, translations, articles and interviews in periodical and collections. She has published the following poetry books: *Nuances*, 1994, *God of the senses*, 2005, *Pitcher*, 2014, *Whisper of leaves*, 2017, *Green feeling*, 2018; two books with stories: *An end, and then a beginning*, 2017, *Path of love*, 2018; two eBooks: *Laws of Communicatons /aphorisms/*, 2018, *Old Things /poetry/*, 2018. She is a member of the Union of the Independent Bulgarian Writers and a member of Movimiento Poetas del mundo.

Pitcher

I want to drink water from a pitcher,
in the room under the sun,
to the flowers,
water,
overflowing from the pitcher,
feeling the splash,
before the pitcher broke.

I want to echo the music
from the radio,
to lean against the wall,
under the shed with tobacco strings,
next to the garden.

I want to listen
in the breath of the earth,
to believe in its eyes,
to melt into it
moaning with distrust.

To get through the corn
and scratch my feet
in the soil and foliage.
Let the wind rustle
before going to sleep.

To look for the past in a dream,
non-existence - in the dark rooms.

To bring water from the well
on the path,
on the song on the path,
came down from the cloud
in blue and warm.

Poetry . . . the best of 2022

To bring faith from the well,
filling my bosom with stars,
hands with fireflies,
dizzy from the ground,
covered with leaves and plums,
fragrant rotten apples,
the Earth,
laden with blossom.

Where is the house?

Poetry . . . the best of 2022

Elmara Faustova, Russia



Literary award winner, Эльмара Фаустова (Elmara Faustova) is a Candidate of Philosophical Sciences (Aesthetics), Member of the Moscow Union of Writers, the Writers' Union of North America, the International Union of Journalists. Editor-in-Chief of the New Vitrazhi magazine. She has published five books of poetry and seven books of short prose (two in co-authorship) as well as several periodicals. Elmara edits books and almanacs, and participates in international book exhibitions.

And So We Live...

Dreaming – throwing,
Aspirations are doubts.
Everything is significant,
Everything is mixed,
Paid and weighed.
Everything is called fate.
It is unclear where it is brewed
For each one individually –
In the cauldron or in infinity?
That brew is excellent,
Measured by portions:
Someone has a lot of sweets,
Shiny and smooth,
Someone more bitter,
Prickly, unstable.
By choice, on occasion
We are not given the best.
Under heavy rains, under hail
We find what pleases –
In the light of day under the rainbow,
In the night – fighting demons,
With resentments and stresses...
And so we live – with ups
With falls
With pleasure
For each new day,
For each .degree.

Andrew Scott, New Brunswick, Canada



Andrew Scott is a native of Fredericton, NB. During his time as an active poet, Andrew Scott has taken the time to speak in front of classrooms, judge poetry competitions, and have over 200 hundred writings published worldwide in such publications as *The Art of Being Human*, *Battered Shadows* and *The Broken Ones*. Andrew has published multiple poetry books, *Snake with A Flower*, *The Phoenix Has Risen*, *The Path*, *The Storm Is Coming*, *Whispers of the Calm*, *Searching and Letter To You*, a novella, *Redemption Avenue* and a book of photography, *Through My Eyes*.

Ghosts of History

The Ghosts of History
are rolling restlessly in their graves,
screaming at us to listen today.

They wonder aloud
as to why
we have not learned
from the destruction of the past.

Roads of progress
created from their blood
being cracked and soiled
by the ignorant.

People have not
pleaced in their hearts
the tribulations
that yesteryear
was to save for today.

Repeating the carnage
with the same horrid results
causing the Ghosts of History
to role and scream in their grave.

Poetry . . . the best of 2022

Zaneta Varnado Johns, Colorado, USA



Zaneta Varnado Johns is a three-time bestselling author of *Poetic Forecast*, *After the Rainbow*, and *Voices of the 21st Century* (2021 and 2022). 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

Secrets Inside the Moon Shadows

If moon shadows had voices
What secrets would they tell
Whose stories would reveal
Their plunge under the full moon's spell

How many passionate words were spoken
Love songs sang, slow dances danced
How many promises were broken
When lives beyond the shadows advanced

The night's luminance is just enough
For secret meetings in the meadows
As darkness stirs intense passion
It sparks secrets inside the moon shadows

When the moon casts its twilight
Through branches beneath the trees
Distorted images suddenly emerge
As illusions of love in the breeze

Plans conceived with starlit eyes
Lovers' hands held and intertwined
Eager luscious lips—tenderly kissed
Under the influence of the shadowy bliss

Many a heart unwittingly seduced
Beneath the moonbeam's silky sway
Some fragile hearts—sadly smashed
As jilted lovers ran astray

Emotive fragments were deserted—
A scattered puzzle to later seek
Teardrops left on the summer grass
Shattered souls unable to speak

Just think of all the deep secrets...
Inside the full moon's shadows!

Poetry . . . the best of 2022

Teresa E. Gallion



Teresa E. Gallion is a seeker on a journey to work on unfolding spiritually in this present lifetime. She has published three books: *Contemplation in the High Desert*, *Chasing Light*, a finalist in the 2013 New Mexico/Arizona Book Awards and *Scents of Love*, a finalist in the 2021 New Mexico/Arizona Book Awards. Website: <http://teresagallion.yolasite.com/>

Child of the River

One drop of water falls
between a double rainbow.
A warning the pot of gold

left the planet disgusted
with the offensive behavior
of the human race.

The humans caught in the slush
of greed, massaged in arrogance
do not notice.

Help cries the blue jay.
I want to fly in heaven
with you dearly Beloved.

The Beloved answers,
hold onto your true name.
Your time is yet to come.

Bathe in patience.
It will guide you home.
And the Blue Jay cries out,

Oh, my dearly Beloved
my name is Child of the River.
I float in grace with your light.

The Beloved sends a wave of love
on the wings of the wind
with a song to soothe the soul.

Child of the River keep flying
toward the light that leads all souls
to rest in the arms of grace.

Poetry . . . the best of 2022

The blue jay sings with humility.
The goddess of the river
pulls back the rapid wave.

Child of the River
raises its best gurgle lyric
to honor the river's retreat.

The goddess smiles
and kisses the Child of the River.
Earth is given another chance.

The Blue Jay sings on the horizon
a melody of thanksgiving
with every sunrise.

Poetry . . . the best of 2022

zO-AlonzO Gross, Pennsylvania, USA



zO-AlonzO Gross is an American Rap Artist, Composer, Producer Actor, Dancer, Writer, Publisher, Author and 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 and *The Seed Royale Anthology Compilation book 1* (Executive producer & Contributor). zO lives in Pennsylvania with his wife and 3 children.

A Shepherd at Daybreak...

As I walk
2 the ledge O'
terrain~•
I do sulk
on the edge of
tear rain~•
bout ta leap
where the sheep
gnaw the grain~•
out ta seek
Death ☠
4 all tis' a game. ~•

As I walk
2 brink
of demise Δ
Reaper stalkZ
I feel clinkZ
In the rise Δ
Heart iZ dark 🎱
TearZ I blink
I despise Δ
mine deep waterZ 🌊
wherein shark 🦈
seek ta rise. Δ

Yea,
as I step
2 the flick O'
the flame 🔥*
ev'ry quick breath
tis' yet tethered
in shame *
Mine soul dim
bereft

Poetry . . . the best of 2022

Dimitris P. Kraniotis, Greece



Dimitris P. Kraniotis is the author of 10 poetry books. He lives in Larissa (Greece) and works as medical doctor (internist). He has won international awards for his poetry which has been translated in 28 languages. He participated in International Poetry Festivals. He is Doctor of Literature, Academician, President of 22nd World Congress of Poets & Chairman of the Writers for Peace Committee of PEN Greece.

Minus One

I pulled the earth
To cover us
just in case we might wear tonight
Disarming and bloodless
The words we spat out yesterday
Like seeds

But don't answer me hasty
Wait your turn
In line
I'm waiting for answers
From you and from me
Again and again

Up until yesterday
Until reaching the certain and unexpected
-1 of the elevator
Basement indefinitely
And inexorably with anger
(Which logic was rented
From my imagination tonight?)

But I don't want the mud
To ferment our bodies
Filling with minus one tomorrow
Roots of lotus and myths

Poetry . . . the best of 2022

Caroline Laurent Turunç, Antakya,
Turkey (Paris, France)



Caroline Laurent Turunç is from Antakya, Turkey, from Arab origin, she is the daughter of a family of nine children. She has a sociology degree and has written over 1500 poems since 2013, received many certificates from abroad, and participated in nearly 40 local and foreign anthologies. Her poems are still published in many international journals and websites. She is writing a novel that she is about to finish. She published two collections of poems, "*Between the Orient and the North*" and "*Desert Lily*".

A Short Conversation Between Me and My Pen... Silent Screams!

O golden pen that casts the heatless shadows of time into words, why are you so insensitive to the unbearable pains of the universe?

There is a scent of a green heaven outside and my heart is burning with a desolate fire.

Why don't the dark clouds and dark nights stop?

Why did they dress the grieving women in black dresses?

Then they came to beat the midnight lights with sticks

All distant places fell into an echoing silence.

Wounded eagles everywhere, dusty roads, naked human bodies lying on the ground

O nature embroidered with silver thread

Rewind all previous silver-embroidered threads and embroider nature again with colorful threads.

Maybe the sun will rise again

The chirping of the birds perched on the branches of the trees is heard again.

The fertile fields turned into barren deserts that swayed like a dry leaf in every breeze.

Entire city streets succumb to slow-moving turtles

The smell of yellow pus from the clear rivers flowing through the poplars

In the past, there was enough salt in the seas for everyone and enough wheat in the fields to make flour in the fields.

Green valleys at the foot of the mountains...

Moonlight with bright stars illuminating the darkness

How did we fall so brutally into these dark clouds?

Darkness reigns everywhere

We fell into the dark waters of hypocritical hosts who spoke in their arrogant voices as if they were going to live on this earth forever.

O Sultan of oppression, O Tiran who only wants a free world for himself, give us your captivity shirt and let us sit on cold stones.

But you should know that sitting on cold stones makes us stronger.

We cherish the hope that will live in us and never die

We know We know those who know all virtues, lovers and nobility and touch our hearts with their eyes and words.

We get to know them better every night.

Poetry . . . the best of 2022

One day the truth will come out
Fragrant springs will form, and the best magician will bow before reason and science.
Everyone will know the roads we walked and the sun we came from
This world will one day learn that violence breeds nothing but blood.
And he will learn that human flesh can never be eaten.

Although all humanity is in a deep sleep
The fierce storm will sweep everywhere
Mother-of-pearl clouds will overflow with the scent of spring
All dreams will bloom like flowers under every stone

Poetry . . . the best of 2022

Ashok Chakravarthy Tholana, India



Dr. Ashok Chakravarthy Tholana is a writer, poet, and review writer, hailing from Hyderabad City, Telangana State, INDIA. He is conferred with several prestigious national and international awards that include Doctorates, quite a lot of awards, commendations, titles etc for his poetry extolling the need for promoting Universal Peace, World Brotherhood, Environment Consciousness, Protection of Nature and Safeguarding Children's Rights etc. His poem "Plant More Trees" for United Nations 'Billion Tree Campaign' was one among the nine selected poem-songs worldwide.

Let Us Love And Live Together

War is a most merciless act
Leaves a very disastrous impact,
Except for chaos, nothing stays intact,
A senseless ploy; we should react?

Victims are but innocent people
For food and water they struggle,
With death, destruction and rubble,
Everything looks unpredictable.

Secret plans with ulterior motives
To execute self-centric motives,
Supremacy is what they only perceive,
Only to rock and break all legislatives.

On the verge of death with injury
Thirst and hunger unleash a fury,
Death dances with ever-new fury,
War is an icon of death, really scary.

‘Why not we love and live’ together?
Why not we help and move together?
Together we can bring a change forever,
Let’s think and act with a new fervor.

Poetry . . . the best of 2022

Tanja Ajtic, Canada/Serbia



Tanja Ajtic from Canada. She is a poet, writer, graphic artist, and a freelance artist. Her poems have been published in 200 collections, anthologies, and magazines in ten languages. She has published a book of poetry "*Contours of Love*". She does artistic graphics that have been published in books, magazines.

Eternal Curse

We like to emphasize splendor, significance, reputation and fame
rather than modesty, contrition and true love.

We want to give one thing a relief that catches the eye,
to be particularly emphasized.

And if we have relief maps, we don't know how to measure.

We wander and saunter at night.

At night without dreams.

We postpone forgiveness and omissions.

We are postponing our payment deadline,
we also want to have a discount while we are paying,
and we would like to do everything to make it cheaper.

And paradise is not bought but deserved.

If we return everything we took
and wish forgiveness of sins, mercy and forgiveness,
to be forgiven we will feel the same.

After the main flowering, the flowers will bloom once again.

And we will survive.

Like being born again

the revival of classical antiquity

or more precisely freedom

and the creative human spirit under the influence of classical literature,
of art and philosophy in the Renaissance.

We will renew our lives
and fix and change it for the better.

We will refresh and rejuvenate.

We will look at hummingbirds that have bigger brain
in relation to the body of other birds.

Heart too.

These birds can fly

in all directions, as they please!

They can live for a long time by feeding on
flower nectar and candied water.

We, like them, are small but a lot is expected of us.

Poetry . . . the best of 2022

Rejection and refusal,
as a musical repetition of the same tone, the
opposite is an echo.
Everything will resonate.

Rejection and refusal happen to us
like breaks in a circus that clowns fill with their jokes.
We avoid the eternal curse
because there is always hope for a corrective exam
and a place under the sun for us.
We can be dignified,
be those who produce again,
which recreate.
We can multiply and experience
content to revive consciousness,
get a good voice again
for the person and respect, reputation and name.

It is never too late for natural things
to make us feel better.
It's all in us
in our big hearts in the body of a small hummingbird.
We have everything you need!
Naturally!

Poetry . . . the best of 2022

Usha R, India



Ms. Usha R, an International Poetess and a Professor in Commerce, has been writing poetry since 1983. She has penned and published worldwide. She has the honour of being appreciated for her Poems by Ms. Teresinka Pereira, USA. This poem is about the plight of transgenders in India.

Identity

Down bent head, deep in thought
Draped in a green sari, tall & stout...
Walking thro' the maze of vehicles
Waiting for the lights to change
At the traffic signal.

An outstretched hand, begging, pleading
To the riders & drivers unyieldingly.
Some dropped a few coins, to be
Blessed & wished good luck.

The signals changed & the vehicles
Moved on but she remained to
Continue to plead to yield.

What must have been her thoughts?
Did she wish that she had been a man?
Or a woman by birth?

She had changed just like the traffic signal!!!
Not knowing how to recognize herself...
A Man?, Woman?, Both? Or None?
A TRANSGENDER

Poetry . . . the best of 2022

Obiageli A. Iloakasia, Nigeria



Obiageli A. Iloakasia is a Nigerian Writer, Social Critic, Changemaker, and Volunteer. She is the author of two poetry books (*October Blues*, 2021 and *Kàmbili*, 2022), and a collection of Comic Stories titled *Twitter Street* (2021). She is a semi-finalist for the 2022 SprinNG Women Authors Prize, for her book, *Kàmbili*.

can this poem be a secret?

I am dreaming about finding ways to save my brother from death.
an attempt to uncover the truth about that night with our aunt.
a recollection with flashes of him losing his passport at the airport
and the secret, he asked me to keep away from our Uncle.
 yes! he shared a bed with our aunt, the night before.

there are truths, even if told by an angel, would still be unbelievable.
there are stories we wished only existed in Disneyland.
there are paths you dare not cross, no matter who you are.
there are battles only death can save you from – that battle is death!

I pray my brother never finds his way back home.
I pray what sent him away from home keeps him there forever.

in every poem, there is a secret laced around beautiful metaphors.

if my brother ever chooses to come back home, whisper into his ears
that our uncle has dug a fine grave for him in our father's house.

Poetry . . . the best of 2022

Emina Đelilović-Kevrić, Bosnia and Herzegovina



Emina Đelilović-Kevrić (born December 12, 1989 in Travnik) is currently living in Sarajevo, Bosnia and Herzegovina. After studying the Bosnian/Croatian/Serbian (B/C/S) language and literature at the Philosophical Faculty in Zenica she got her Master's degree on the subject "Memory construction in the South Slavic interlinear community: typical models of the war camp experience in literature." She has published her writings in the regional magazines and internet portals [...]

The White Clouds

I wake up with the scent of the women
Who abandoned their homes
On the thresholds they left the traces of their blood
All clothes from their children, memories on their first cry
While the sounds of the Muslim's call to prayer and church bells echoed in the background
My body is filled with memories
While the children's heads are being lost in the high grass
Of the uncut graves
This is the place where my brother fell for the first time
This is the place where my father's soul moved to the better place
At one time this was her house, says my husband while staring
At the debris I am drawing on a sheet of paper in the refugee camp
Draw the white clouds where your memories live
Says the life teacher

Poetry . . . the best of 2022

Gloria Ríos Ayzú, México



Gloria Rios Ayzú (Kokul' al Quetzalcóatl) was born in the border city of Mexicali, Baja California, Mexico. Gloria resides in the city of San Luis Potosí, S.L.P, Mexico. She is president of the Potosina Academy of Modern Literature, A poet and writer, cultural promoter and ambassador of peace, she has an Honorary Doctorate from the Kindom of Peace International Academy; High degree of Honor by The International Academy of Development Scholard and Creativity; [...]

Dawn of Peace

Why are humans too frustrated?
Why haven't the wars between brothers ended?

Tonight my thirsty petals fall
in the waves that attract beautiful feelings,
watercolors that abstract a world without torments
in hours where they extract the wind rose.

If everyone painted his mission, with love,
and his soul did not bleed, there would be no attacker.

Peace is a legacy of the heart; arcana
that in man subtract regrets in moments
unfortunate and, even if he erred, the new dawn would come.

Albores de Paz (Jotabea de Rima Doble)

¿Por qué están demasiado frustrados los humanos?
¿Por qué no han acabado las guerras entre hermanos?

Esta noche recaen mis pétalos sedientos
en las olas que atraen los bellos sentimientos,
acuarelas que abstraen un mundo sin tormentos
en horas donde extraen la rosa de los vientos.

Si cada quien pintara su misión, con amor,
y su alma no sangrara, no habría un agresor.

La paz es un legado del corazón; arcanos
que en el hombre sustraen pesares en momentos
infaustos y, aunque errara, vendría el nuevo albor.

Poetry . . . the best of 2022

HC. Estrella Fernández, México



Dr. HC. Estrella Fernández, Mexican writer, workshop facilitator, editor, jury, model, and poet, with two Honoris Causa Doctorates from IFCH of the Kingdom of Morocco and Dr. Honoris causa of the Arab countries. Awarded with the Prize. of the Mother Teresa of Calcutta Foundation in India, Cultural, Humanitarian and Peace Ambassador for several countries. Author of *Salad Of Caprichos*, *Blue Skies*, *Woman: Heart Soul and Poetry* and *A Century Of Absence and 15 Woman's Looks*. Her texts have been translated into 8 indigenous languages. Woman Icon 2021 In India.

Children: The Present Of The World

A regiment of angels light my way, so as not to take false steps, so as not to fall into deep holes. So that the love of people strengthens me and puts me on my feet and continue helping at the society.

There is still a lot to do for humanity, protect children, take care of them, give them love. There is no need to pressure them that they are the future of the world. May they live their childhood full of love and comprehensive training, may they play, be happy and live their childhood in the present. Only then will they grow up safe, kind and sensitive to the pain or needs of others when they are adults.

Let's help them with our hearts, and let them play like what they are, CHILDREN. Right now let's work to sensitize adults, so that they know how to sow fertile seeds in the little ones.

Niños: El Presente Del Mundo

Un regimiento de ángeles alumbran mi camino, para no dar pasos en falso, para no caer en hoyos profundos. Para que el amor de la gente me fortalezca y me ponga de pie y seguir sirviendo a sociedad.

Aún hay mucho que hacer por la humanidad, proteger a los niños, cuidarlos, darles amor. No hay que presionarlos con que son el futuro del mundo. Que vivan su presente, una niñez llenos de amor, protección y formación integral, que jueguen, que sean felices y vivan su niñez en el presente. Solo así crecerán seguros, bondadosos y sensibles ante el dolor o necesidades de los demás cuando sean adultos.

Ayudemoslos con el corazón, y que jueguen como lo que son, NIÑOS. Ahorita trabajemos en sensibilizar a los adultos, para que ellos sepan sembrar semillas fértiles en los pequeños.

Poetry . . . the best of 2022

Gordana Sarić, Montenegro



Gordana Sarić, professor of French has published 23 books of love and children's poetry. Her 30 poems about letters are taught in Primary school. She is a winner of the world awards for poetry and culture. She is the ambassador of many countries for peace.

Encounter In A Kiss

You entered my life imperceptibly
painted with the wondrous colours of the universe
Wrapped it in silk on purple dye
replenish the soul with the flicker of butterfly.

You gifted me a dress embroidered with stars,
a necklace of moonlight
thus shines on me in solitude
as i wait for you on a pillow full of sighs.

You left the flame of a burning heart
to keep me warm when its winter iciness,
inhaled the thought warmer than the sun
and like light you shine in me.

And I yearn with the distance in my chests
to touch me with the longing of your verse
like the moonlight with rhymes your embrace
you breathe life into me with tenderness

I put the poem under the bird s wing
let it scatter all over your heart
to you feel through all its longings
how I desire encounter in a kiss.

Poetry . . . the best of 2022

Nandita De nee Chatterjee, India



Nandita De nee Chatterjee 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 63 anthologies including 6 Coffee Table Books and Editor of 5 books & 2 journals.

Betrayed

Bloodless wounds
Pain never seen
Hurt soundless
Tears which never fell
Nor dried

But wounds never heal
By wounding others

Time dulls pain
But tormentors laugh
As helpless we try
To put behind
Those stormy days

Those aged eyes
Seeking help
Pleading, pointing

But the carousel of life
Spinning dizzily
Scant a second for observation
Caught in the whirl of foisted relatives

Betrayal
Decade or more
But the memories
Of man's greed
And ruthless women

No room for them
In the homes of innocent mothers
Honourable fathers

Severing relations perhaps
But the wound is septic

Poetry . . . the best of 2022

Those helpless grey eyes
Beckon still

I understand now
But what use?

The eyes closed

Poetry . . . the best of 2022

Siled / Starr Severon



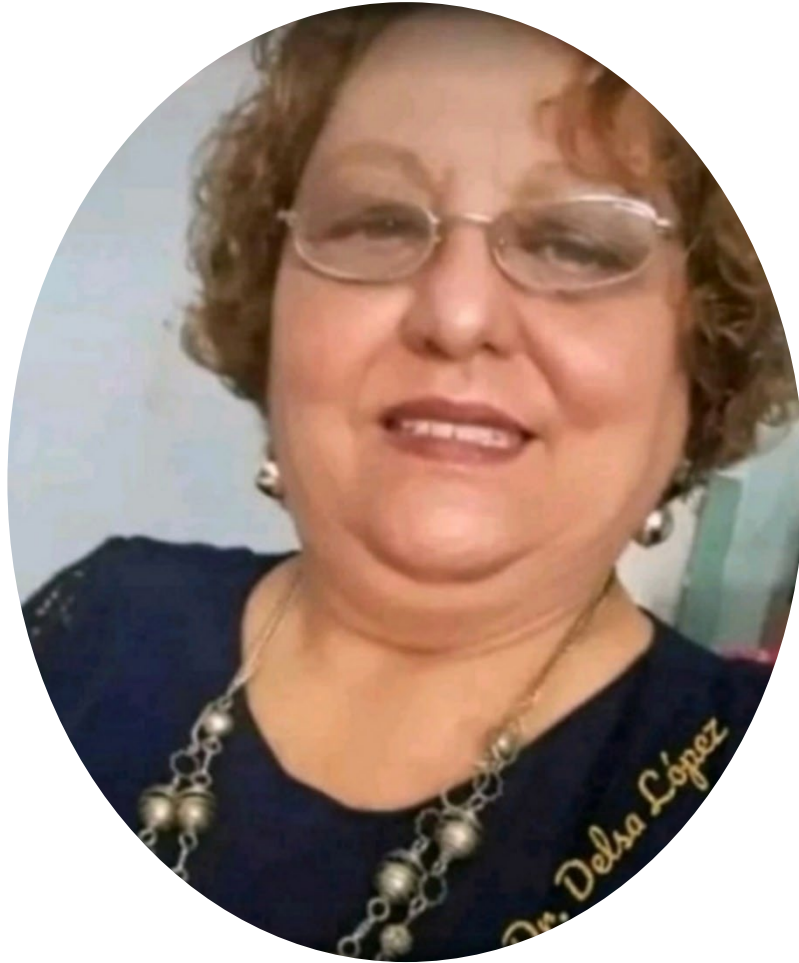
Creativity was always in Starr's life. She is an engineer by education, didn't follow her passion as a kid however that's all turned around with her work in poetry, and remaining a humble student throughout all her variations. Starr is a visual artist, an abstract painter, and a portrait and street photography artist. She has been interviewed, guest spotted and taught creative workshops. She says, "I love to express what is most difficult to convey using various mediums and language. I'm looking to get meditation taught to children in public school soon."

Lady Spirit

Remember leaving at 18 years old
never leaving you.
This is a love poem to you my, B.
Always felt a six-foot difference between you and my heart.
Being the Eldest made my love for you -unwavering regard - innate.
'Painfully unconditional' summed our love without metaphors.
So be it! a battlefield - rather lose to no one else, B.
To see you smile with those live eyes
Hazel to Green – Girl.
Imagine money has no means
No meaning as the means of Enduring love.
Drowning in the same blood – bleeding for hope, seeping in the overlooked cracks –
Now sealing shut with calcified webs from being left.
I endure, for Lady Spirit, my dear B.

Poetry . . . the best of 2022

Delsa Lopez Lorenzo, Cuba



Delsa Lopez Lorenzo Cuba. Narrator, poetess, Director in Cuba of the América sin Fronteras Magazine. Doctor Honoris Causa. Anthologies in poetry and narrative in various countries. Awards in several countries. Publications digital and printed magazines in several countries. Publications of books in Cuba, Mexico and the United States.

Narradora, poetisa, Directora en Cuba de la Revista América sin Fronteras. Doctor Honoris Causa. Antologías en poesía y narrativa en varios países. Premios en varios países. Publicaciones revistas digitales e impresas en varios países. Publicaciones de libros en Cuba, Méjico y los Estados Unidos.

Poem To A Pleiade

Pleiade that you did not tread the roads of Úbeda, you did not try to taste the delicacies in the Cenacle, nor were you part of the Seven Alexandrian Poets. You, who according to what some say, were only Yaguajayenses of Literature who lived blurring early mornings and throwing modesty into the Máximo River, or as others proclaimed, buckets full of attributes that God deposited in your wells to turn the wheel and raise you to the height of the consecrated; or perhaps as you patented your statutes, a pleiad that joined efforts to face dragons and slash rotten Councils, anonymous in the high councils, due to ignorance, or because of the inconvenience of knowing you.

My colleague who walked your paths and was illuminated by the halos of your wisdom, I can authentically tell you who they were and what they were anointed with. Your gravid numen did not spin due to lack of light. Your spiritual elegance shone with Alcyone. I also know what you intended. As Argonauts you went in search of Fleeces and you found Chrysolallos that transported them on their wings to a distant place, like the orography that marked their boundaries: Parnassus.

I knew you well, and I know who you were, as those who claim to know the history of great men will know it in the coming millennia.

Poema A Una Pléyade.

Pléyade que no pisasteis los caminos de Úbeda, no pretendisteis degustar los manjares en el Cenáculo, ni tampoco formasteis parte de los Siete Poetas Alejandrinos. Vosotros, que según el decir de algunos, tan solo fuisteis Literatos Yaguajayenses que vivisteis emborronando madrugadas y arrojando modestias al Río Máximo, o como proclamáramos otros, cangilones repletos de atributos que Dios depositó en vuestros pozos para hacer girar la noria y elevaros a la altura de los consagrados; o tal vez como patentarais e vuestros estatutos, una pléyade que coligó afanes para enfrentar dragones y sajar Consejos putrefactos, anónima en los altos conciliábulos, por desconocimiento, o por la no conveniencia de conoceros.

Yo colega que transité por vuestros caminos y se alumbró con los halos de vuestra sapiencia, puedo deciros con autenticidad quienes fueron y con que fueron ungidos. Vuestro númen grávido no se ahiló por falta de luz. Vuestra elegancia espiritual brilló con Alción. También sé que pretendisteis. Como Argonautas fuisteis a la búsqueda de Velloquinos y encontrasteis Crisomallos que los transportaron sobre sus alas a un lugar distante, como la orografía que marcó sus lindes: El Parnaso.

Yo os conocí bien, y sé quienes fuisteis, como lo sabrán en los próximos milenios, quienes pretendais conocer la historia de los grandes hombres.

Poetry . . . the best of 2022

Héctor Páez, Argentina



Amb. Dr. Héctor Domingo Páez is a writer, poet, ecologist, singer-songwriter, speaker, and international author of 107 books.

A Paradise Defined

God expressed the best poem, life,
It was all deserted, there was no clarity,
watery depth, what darkness,
ho! active, generous, anointed force.

Majestic creator, inspired poet,
you have flamed the universe of rhyme,
immense generosity sublimates you,
witty in goal genesis love.

You inspired life to man in poetry,
You empower him with the best instrument,
love, faith, discernment,
nobility charity in muse defined.

You modeled life, ingeniously,
bats with special sounds,
electric Volt Eels Defined,
wasps that make paper, current,

Termes that condition purified air,
jet-powered octopuses, travelers,
birds that weave, build houses, potters,
seamstress ant, vegetable gardener, busy,

Obviously, the best poet was God,
filled life with images in rhythm,
by night, by day, by stars, on the way,
of trees, animals, a paradise defined.

Un Paraíso Definió

Dios expresó el mejor poema, la vida,
era todo desierto, no había claridad,
acuosa profundidad, que oscuridad,
¡ho! fuerza activa, generosa, ungida.

Majestuoso creador, inspirado poeta,
has flameado el universo de rima,
inmensa generosidad te sublima,
ingenioso en el amor genésica meta.

Inspiraste vida al hombre en poesía,
lo facultas del mejor instrumento,
el amor, la fe, el discernimiento,
nobleza caridad en musa definía.

Modelaste la vida, ingeniosamente,
murciélagos con especiales sonidos,
eléctrica anguilas de voltio definido,
avispas que elaboran papel, vigente,

Termes que acondicionan aire depurado,
pulpos con propulsión a chorro, viajeros,
aves que tejen, construyen casas, alfareros,
hormiga costurera, huertera, afanado,

Evidentemente el mejor poeta fue Dios,
llenó la vida de imágenes en ritmo,
de noche, de día, de estrellas, de camino,
de árboles, animales, un paraíso definió.

John Karajoli, Thessaloniki, Greece



John Karajoli is a Greek poet, born in Syria on 09/01/1951 in Efrin city , north of Aleppo. His family is of Kurdish origin. He spent his early childhood in the city of Efrin where his father served as e Prefect. His mother, Amine Cheicho, was a gifted and charismatic woman ,with numerous artistic qualities . His father, Adnan Karajoli, was a writer- lawyer who fought for the rights of the beloved Syrian people .In the spring of 1955 the Karajoli family was relocated to Damascus, where they had previously resided. He had the opportunity to study in beautiful Romania, at the Bucharest Dentistry School.

Santa Clause – Christmas Fest

A wonderful expression of love and happiness
Bright colored lights
And green Christmas trees
Full of decorations and bright red lights
And Santa Claus to some
Or Santa Claus to others
Offers gifts and sweets
For young and old
In a happy atmosphere full of joy
Happiness is on the faces
Young's and elderlies
They talk about you with love and tenderness
And they stay up all night
Waiting for you to come
They wonder if you are
Real or fake
But they never reveal
About your identity!

سانتا كلوز

تعبيرٌ رائعٌ عن الخُبِّ والسعادة
أضواءٌ زينةٌ بألوانٍ لامعة
وأشجارٌ ميلادٍ خضراء
مليئةٌ بالزينة والأضواء الحمراء المنيرة
وسانتا كلوز للبعض
أو بابا نويل للآخرين
يُقدِّم الهدايا والخلويات
للصغار والكبار
في أجواءٍ سعيدةٍ تعبقُ بالفرح
والسعادة مُرتسمةً على الوجوه
الصغار والكبار
يتحدثونَ عنكَ بحُبِّ وحنانٍ
ويسهرونَ طيلة الليل
بانتظارِ قدومِكَ
يتسائلونَ عمّا إذا ما كنتَ
حقيقياً أم مُزيفاً
ولكنهم لا يكشفونَ أبداً
! عن هويتِكَ

Poetry . . . the best of 2022

Lovelyn Eyo, Nigeria



Princess Dr. Lovelyn Eyo is a multi award-winning Writer, Best-selling co-author, Public figure, Guinness World Record Holder, Consultant & EU Climate Ambassador. She is the first African inducted into the World Poet Literature Museum Northwest University of China & holds the honorary title- member of Maison Naaman pour la Culture.

The Song Of Poetry

I invoke the secret notes
Dreams on mute and seek
The wish behind my eyes-
Begins with a single flick
In my hands I take it
I rattle off the noise and screams
Embracing only reasons
To turn the plain pains into glorious gains

Melodies of seasons
Stroke my art
Pouring libation from a jar of Jazz
A nod at the bars
The strings of letters gather
With A capella
I strike the chord
The chords of words-
Kiss together

I key in the rhymes
In 1-2-3 signature time
I sound the chime and Grime
Like the solfa scale Fah Mi on a mime

I drum the beats
From my heart beneath
The words Rock 'n' Roll
O it pops out, the play breaks control
Cool times ruminating like R'n'B
But now I play Pop
On the silvery sheets of pulp
I mastermind the Raps
As I wrap it up
With my pen sealing a dot
Warming every cold thought

Oh give me the song of poetry
I will replay it like the birds of time

Poetry . . . the best of 2022

Faleeha Hassan, Iraq ~ USA



Faleeha Hassan is a poet, teacher, editor, writer, playwright born in Iraq who now lives in the United States, Faleeha is the first woman to write poetry for children in Iraq. She has published 25 books. Her poems have been translated into (20) languages. She is Pulitzer Prize Nomination 2018 ,PushCart Prize 2019 , IWA, and winner of the Women of Excellence Inspiration Award from SJ magazine 2020 , and winner of Grand Jury Award of the Sahitto International Award for Literature 2021 and Cultural Ambassador - Iraq, USA.

Conflagrations

You there, seated opposite me, within reach of love,
 May I borrow your smile
 Long enough for a poem?
Occasionally my sorrow betrays me,
 And I see you
Sailing off, a resplendently silent prince.
 You are, simply put, my alter ego.
You force me to don my disappointments
And strip streets of their astonishment.
 I live with you when dreaming
 And quit you while awake,
 To say:
 How miserable love is to envy us
Till we find no legal lifetime in which to confess to one another
 We're lovers

.....

Many peoples were said to agree on this, and
Their most forceful version has been total silence;
You find no one who substitutes a drizzle of words for it.

.....

How astounding the results are when you're the one by whom I measure myself,
I, who possess more sorrow than I can expend.

Note: (Gardenia Perfume)

I say your name and acknowledge your existence, not that of other folk;

.....

It was said: a woman once donned confession like a sash
And met the wave's crest to announce:
"Praise God Who created me with a tongue to voice my love for you, a heart enamored of
your shadow, and an eye that sheds only hot tears. Praise to Him
for making you my lover, even if you are separated from me and unresponsive to my
plea."

Then the sea appeared to her as a question:

"Why do I see you dissolve like a grain of salt that water melts with its sigh?"

She replied, "That's because I gazed into eyes you haven't seen."

.....

Poetry . . . the best of 2022

The holy fool, strolling through the bazaars of Kufa, would become enraged when he saw
her.

“You pawn hearts!”

He scolded her.

“How is it that plains, which only you turn green, are not you?

When you’re always waving farewell to us,

Isn’t bad enough that you leave us behind?

It was said: She turned away from him and ignored what was rumored.

It was said: She garnered what joy she could

And inscribed her grand names on a plaque

She mounted on the back of Separation

.....

In another account we find:

The holy fool shunned joy for many ages

And began to beg for clouds of tears;

It was said: banners raised over the heads of the witnesses

Still weep bitter letters.

Then blistered griefs crush me.

Faleeha Hassan

Translated by William Hutchins

Poetry . . . the best of 2022

William S. Peters, Sr. ~ USA



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. Bill has published in excess of fifty personal volumes of poetry and other writings. He has been twice nominated for the esteemed Pulitzer Prize.

A Mused

Draw nigh unto thee
And cover thine inner eye
With the soils
Of tainted memories
Of the man I used to be

Speak in rhyme and riddle
For I too was oft confused
About the ways of life
And its inner workings

I strove for peace
But she evaded my grasp
.... most times.

.....

I also sought out that
Proverbial thing you call
Happiness,
Which many-a-time
Gave cause for
Anxiety, stress,
Disappointments and disillusionment

Funny be the way of man
And woman alike
Though we are all headed
In the same direction
We think ourselves
And our perceptions
To be unique and somewhat
Cavalierly special
But it is not,
For the final and ultimate destination
None can evade
Nor avoid

Poetry . . . the best of 2022

Some would say that the entire sojournment
Or the worth of it all,
Can be found in the journey itself
Perhaps this is true,
But whom or what is it
We are to feed
Once we have harvested these
Baskets full experiential of fare?

In my feeble attempts
To reconcile these matters,
I only but arrive at
More suppositions
That have no basis nor use, other
Than to supply me with
More queries which tends
To feed my innate querulous proclivities

In the end,
When I reflect upon
The fabric of my consciousness,
Or lack thereof
I am left with but this one lingering stance,
I am ... A Mused

Draw nigh unto thee
And cover thine inner eye
With the soils
Of tainted memories
Of the man I used to be

Poetry . . . the best of 2022

Inner Child Press International
&
The Year of the Poet
present

Poetry

the best of 2022



Poets of the World

epilogue



www.innerchildpress.com

About . . .

Inner Child Press International

In May 2011, the U.S.-based Inner Child Press was founded by William S. Peters, Sr. as a subsidiary of Inner Child Enterprises. The founder already had an extensive experience when his writings and publications are concerned. Mr. Peters' first book went into print without his awareness in 1972. In 2008, he self-published a collection of his own poems, *My Inner Garden*. Inner Child Press grew out of his desire to self-publish his own literary work, which subsequently led to assisting other writers in the publishing process. This journey led to May of 2011.

From its early years on, Mr. Peters' writer-oriented vision and his staff of established writers have been embraced by novice authors as well as those who had been previously published. Inner Child Press has diligently preserved its original mission – writers for writers – as it grew into a globally distinguished publishing company, starting in September, 2011. A poetry contest resulted in the first edition of *World Healing World Peace* (published in April 2012). The call for submission was open to poets from all over the world. This anthology was a significant first step to Inner Child Press entering the paradigm of international recognition.

As time progressed and Inner Child Press began to publish more authors across the globe – individually and in anthologies, its international presence expanded. This growth also led to Mr. Peters and other board members making appearances at international poetry festivals, to include Kosovo, Macedonia, Lebanon, Morocco, Tunisia, Jordan, Palestine, and Canada. They also made multiple appearances across the United States.

Under the tutelage and with the vision of William S. Peters, Sr. and many of the board members, Inner Child Press attained a formidable international image which led to Inner Child Press International. The company had and continues to exude a strong humanitarian and socially conscious stance. Some of the notable anthological works that have been produced are *World Healing World Peace* 2012, 2014, 2016, 2018 and 2020; *Voices from Iraq*; *Kurdish Voices*; *Aleppo*; *Palestine*; *A Gathering of Words for Trayvon Martin*; *Mandela*; *The Balkans*, and *The Year of the Poet* series which features poets from all over the world and is published each month since January 2014. These conscious offerings do not stand alone; for, there are numerous books of consciousness, such as those by Samih Masoud (Jordan – Palestine), Mohammad Iqbal Harb (Lebanon), Hrishikesh Padhye (India), Bassam Abu-Ghazallah (Jordan – Palestine), Fahredin Shehu (Kosovo), Tihomir Jankowski (Macedonia), Mario Rigli (Italy), Laure Charazac (France), Anwer Ghani (Iraq), Bibhas Roy Chowdhury (India), Faleeha Hassan (Iraq), Frank Verkley (Canada), Yasmeen Hamzeh (Jordan), Demetrios Trifiatis (Greece), hülya n. yılmaz [sic] (Turkey – USA), Dr. John R. Strum (Australia), Anwar Nayef Salman (Lebanon), Kolade Olanrewaju Freedom (Nigeria), and Kiriti Sengupta (India), to name a few.

Inner Child Press International is an integral instrument to empower the voices of writers from all regions of the world through literature and strives to leave an essential footnote in the history of humanity and social critique..

Thank you.

Inner Child Press International

‘building bridges of cultural understanding’

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*World Healing
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2022

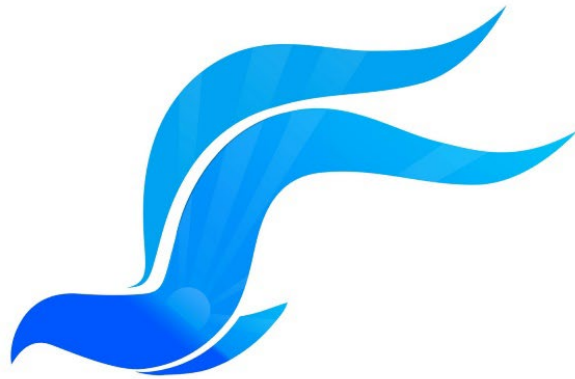


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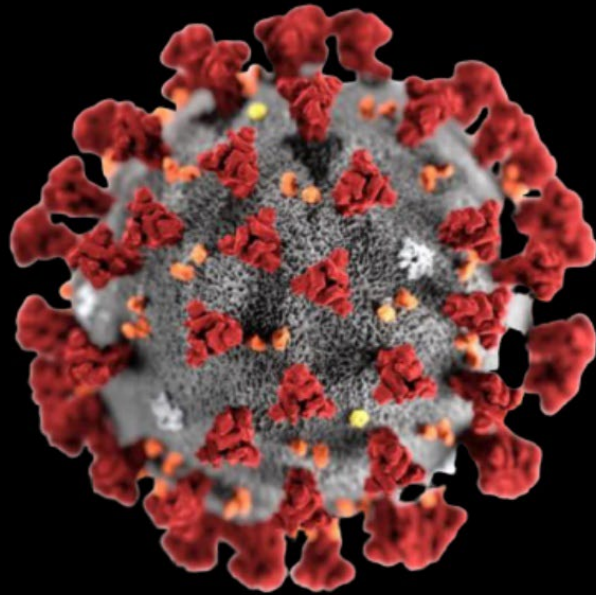
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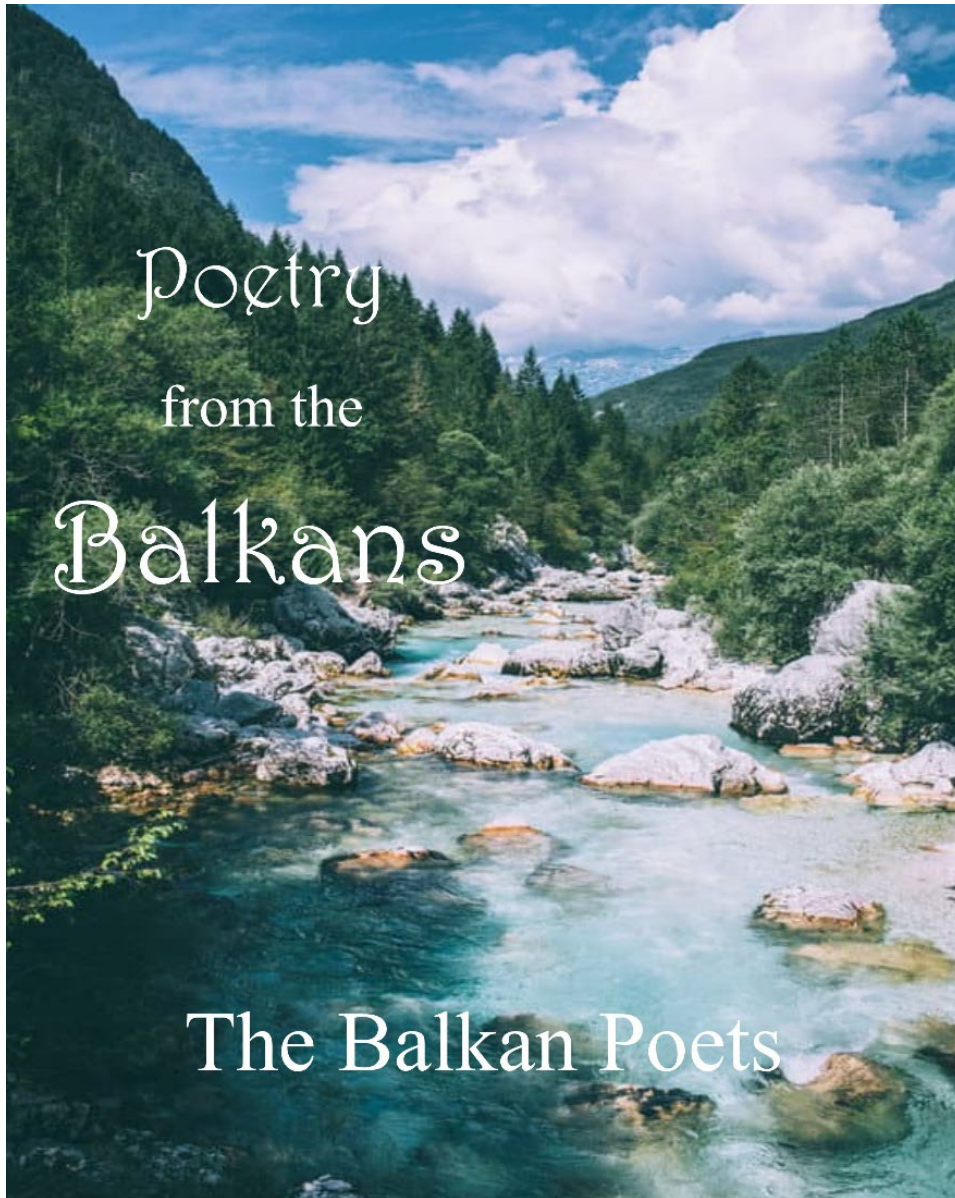
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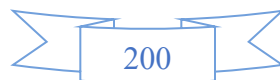
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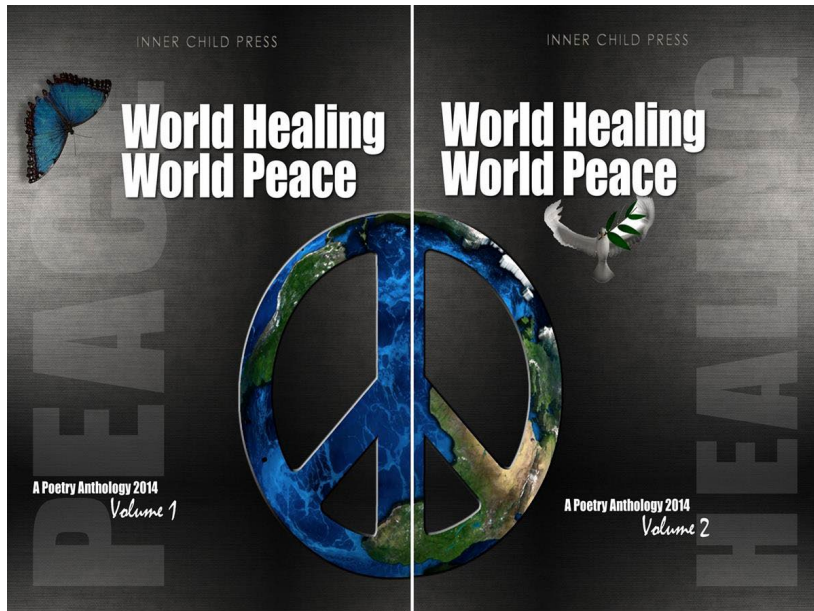
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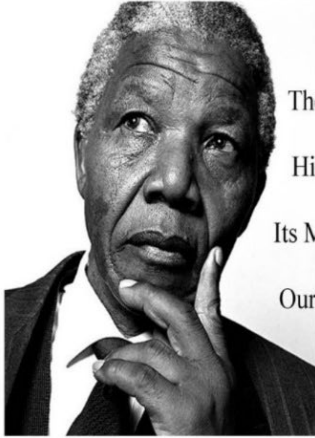
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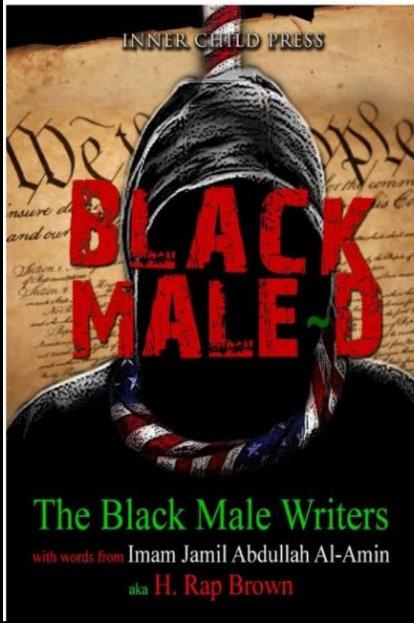
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The Anthological Writers

A GATHERING OF WORDS



POETRY & COMMENTARY
FOR

TRAYVON MARTIN



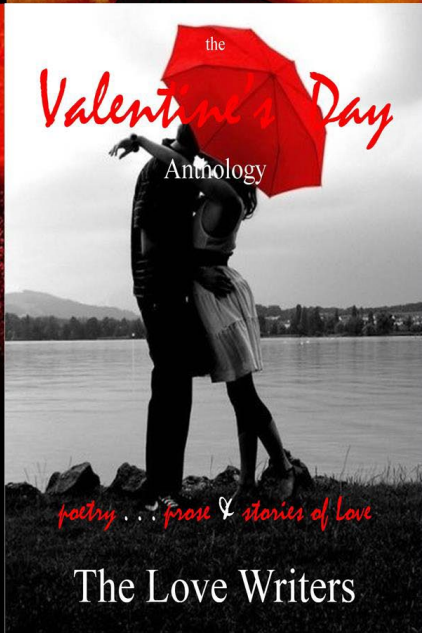
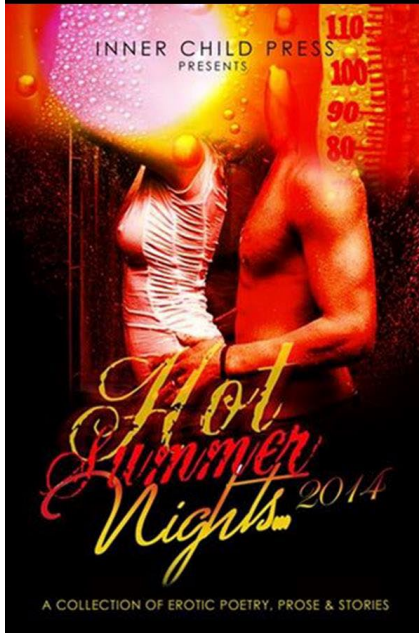
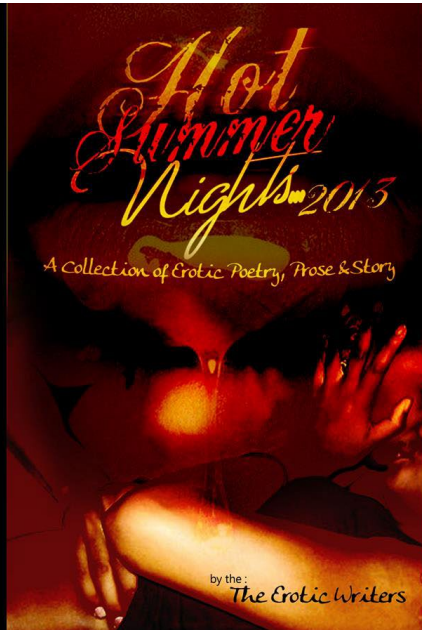
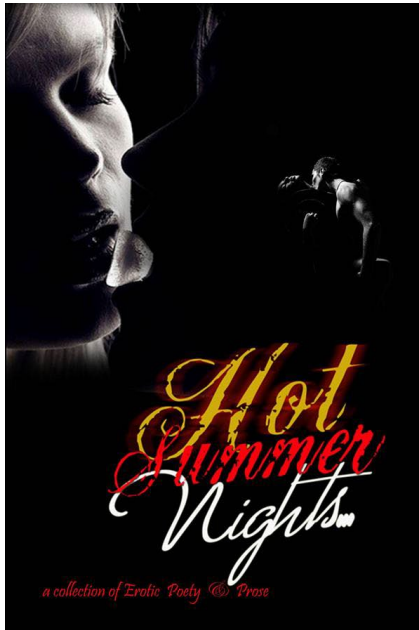
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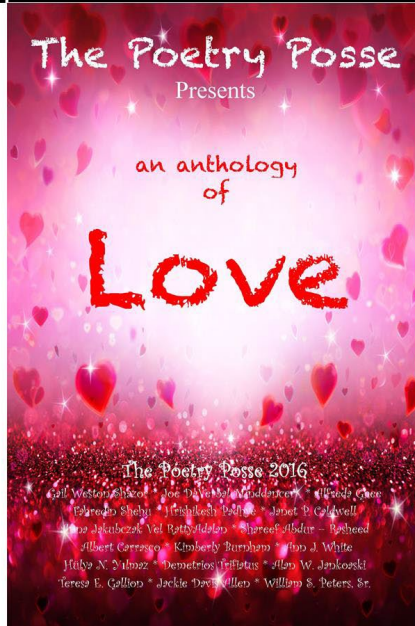
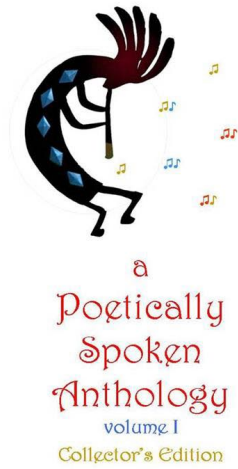
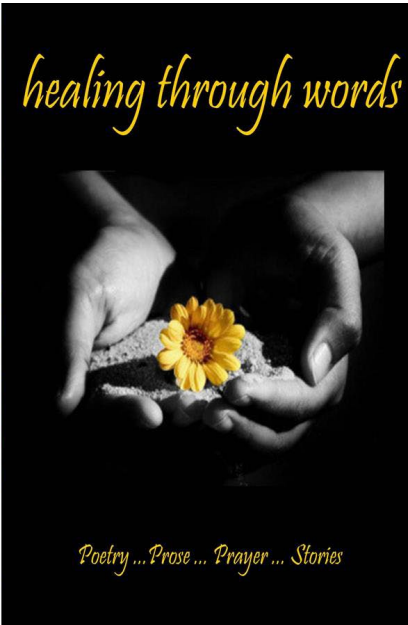
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