O Sweet Kosovo

. . . dreams of Rahovec

Poetry & Prose

by

William S. Peters, Sr.

inner child press, ltd.

Gredits

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Foreword

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William S. Peters, Sr

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$\mathcal{D}_{\mathsf{edication}}$

for the People,
the Soils,
the Poetry,
the Vineyards,
the Children,
the Smiles,
the Dreams
of a Nation . . .

Kosovo



Foreword

This book is a genuine fruition of an incredible human experience. Before I say a few words on the book *per se*, I would love to express my utmost gratitude for being part of such an incredible assembly. Meeting William S. Peters and Janet Perkins Caldwell was a realization of spiritual longing and of an authentic encounter where the virtual and real have met in one place. Nothing was sacrificed in the process, when the first impressions but also the preceding online communications of great length were concerned.

Frankly speaking, I have not yet discovered such an outstanding meeting of giants in one day, in one spot, through the one and the same purpose we call poetry. Whether a tool, an outcome or a purpose of life: poetry has found its home place in the heart of the Balkans.

In Kosovo, to be exact.

Here, where cultures, princes, kings, sultans, conquerors, lovers and travelers alike have passed through.

And many wars too.

September 2015, in Rahovec, Kosovo was a meeting point of these giants of soul who through the poetry radiated the quintessential of their being within their warm salute to and the embrace of each other.

People who had never met one another before...

Returning now to the substance of the book by William S. Peters, I will make only a few comments in the hope they may reflect at least a flavor of his healing word.

William's way of expressing is the genuine outpour of the heart. The brain, then, is there merely to control the winds of perception, the scarlet kiss of heaven, and divine utterances, melted in a cup of wine...by its *Vine Keeper*...in this Rahoveci vineyard with over 2000 years of history. A history intertwined by wine, blood, sacrifice, marital unions, joy of life, children's smiles, the art of co-existence, spiritual experiences, etc.

 ${
m A}$ real tapestry of pain and love...

I have often said that the real magic happens when one is a born poet, and that the one who can't really dream nor can really be in the "here" and "now", could never

perceive the real magic. For poetry still remains a bond to another world, with its deep roots in the fertile soil – the golden cord of the divine navel, or the last bridge that connects our soul to another part of existence...And the real magic is a real poetry in and of itself. As it shines through William's work, in his depiction of "aligned lines of vines", "the smile of people", "brotherhood", "delectable harvest of the love", "the lessons of the wise ancestors" – all constituting a type of imagery enflamed with passion, purity and simplicity, employing a burden of experience, a real knowing, the knowledge of uplifting souls, the craft of a wordsmith who elevates the poetic art to the spheres of higher realms, yet remains a solid part of the same human magnitude.

The following verses in his book call for a particular attention-grabbing moment:

"you can be the poem or

you can be the poet or you can be in denial; of the Magic" As a Kosovo Albanian, I have not yet found any Kosovo Albanian poem expressed with such delicacy, such passion, sincerity and simplicity yet through such complexity – like water that is fluid and curative at the same time...

I may write volumes, be prosaic, exhaust an entire world's ink yet not be able to express what a divine feeling the following gem of a poem is capable of enunciating – and I do not talk in vain:

STARS

"how can one look
upon the sky of the night
of Kosovo
and understand not
just how special she is...
for the eyes of God
are sparkling everywhere"

Dear reader, William S. Peters has offered you an Amber-Stone that captures an episode of life for you to feel and ponder about at the same time.

Let him please feel the joy of your pleasure, while you release your daily burdens to inhale a moment of bliss reading these lines, his lines...

I am humbled and have all my hats off to the grandeur of this book...the book that shall be the nuptial for my Children and all Children of the World whether juvenile or senile.

The book small in size yet giant in value just as a rare something indefinable...

Fahredin Shehu



October the 5th, 2015 Rahovec, Kosovo

$\mathcal{P}_{\mathsf{arath\ddot{e}nia}}$ ~ $\mathcal{F}_{\mathsf{oreword}}$

Ky libër është fryt original i një përvojë të jashtëzakonshme njerëzore. Para se t'i them ca fjalë për librin *per se*, kisha dashur të shpreh falënderim të veçantë që isha pjesë e një tubimi të tillë të jashtëzakonshëm. Takimi me William S. Peters dhe Janet Perkins Caldwell qe realizim i një mallimi shpirtëror për një takim autentik ku virtualja dhe realja janë takuar në një vend. Asgjë nuk është sakrifikuar në këtë process, sa i përket përshtypjes së parë nëpërmjet kumunikimeve në vazhdimësi online.

Sinqerisht, unë nuk kam has ende një takim të këtillë të jashtëzakonshëm gjigandësh në një ditë, në një pikë, për qëllim të njejtë, të cilin ne e quajmë poezi. Qoftë ajo mjet, fryt apo qëllim jetësor: poezia e gjeti shtëpinë e saj në një vend, në zemër të Ballkanit.

Në Kosovë, të jem më i saktë.

Këtu, ku kulturat, princët, mbretërit, sulltanët, pushtuesit, dashnorët, udhëtarët dhe të ngjashmit kanë parakaluar.

Dhe shumë luftëra po ashtu.

Shtatori i vitit 2015, në Rahovec, Kosovë ka qenë vendtakimi i këtyrë viganëve të shpirtit, të cilët nëpërmjet poezisë kanë reflektuar esëncën e tyrë qenësore, brenda ngrohtësisë së përshëndetjes dhe përqafimit të njeri tjeterit.

Njerëzit të cilët asnjëherë më parë nuk e kanë takuar njëri tjetrin...

Po i kthehem tani substancës së librit të William S. Peters, ku do t'i jap vetëm ca komente të cilat shpresoj se do të japin vetëm shijen e fjalës së tij shëruese.

Mënyra e shprehjes e William- it, është derdhje e vërtetë e zemrës. Mendja, tevona, është aty thjeshtë për t'i kontrolluar erërat e perceptimit, puthjen e kuqrremtë të qiellit, dhe thëniet divine të tretura në kupën me verë... me librin e tij, *Vreshtari*...në këtë vreshtë rahoveciane me një histori mbi 2000 vjeçare. Një histori e nderthurrur me verë, gjak, sakrificë, martesa, lumturi jetësore, buzëqeshjet e fëmijëve, artin e bashkëjetesës, përvojat shpirtërore etj.

Një tapiceri tipike e dhimbjes dhe dashurisë...

Shpesh kam thënë se magjia e vërtetë ndodh kur dikush është poet i lindur, dhe kur njeri, i cili vërtetë nuk mund të ëndrroj, as mund të jetë në "këtu" dhe "tash", asnjëherë nuk mund ta perceptoj magjinë e vërtetë. Sepse, Poezia, akoma mbetet lidhja me botën tjetër, më rrënjë të saja thellë në tokën pjellore- litarin e art të kërthizës divine, ose urrën e fundit, e cila lidh shpirtin tonë me pjesën tjetër të ekzistencës...dhe magjia e vërtetë në poezi dhe nga ajo. Ashtu siç shkëlqen nga puna e Ëilliam, në përfytyrimin e tij të "rreshtat e rënditura të vreshtave", "buzëqeshjen e njerëzve", "vëllazërinë", e këndëshme e dashurisë", "mësimet "korrje paraardhësve të urtë" – të gjitha këto duke përbërë llojin e imazhit të përflakur me pasion, çiltërsi dhe thjeshtësi, duke u mbarsur me peshën e përvojës, njohjen e vërtetë, njohurine e ngritjes shpirtërore, zejen e farkëtuesit të fjalës, i cili e ngrit artin e të shkruarit në sferat e botëve më të larta, por ende mbetet pjesë e ngurtë e madhështisë së njejtë njerëzore.

Vargjet në vijim në librin e tij thërrasin për çaste të kapjes së momentit në veçanti:

"ti mund të jeshë poezi ose ti mund të jeshë poet ose ti mund ta mohosh gjithë;

këtë Magji"

Si shqiptar i Kosovë, unë nuk kam hasur ende një poezi e shprehur me kaq finesë, me kaq pasion, sinqeritet dhe thjeshtësi prapë nëpërmjet kompleksitetit- si uji, i cili është fluid dhe mjekues në të njejtën kohë...

Mund të shkruaj vëllime, të jem prozaik, ta sos gjithë bojën e gjithë botës, por akoma i paaftë të shpreh se çfarë ndjesi divine poezia margaritar në vijim është në gjendje ta shpall – dhe nuk flas kot:

YJET

"e si mund të mos shikoj njëri në qiellin e natës kosovare e të mos kuptoj se sa e veçantë ëshët ajo... sepse sytë e Zotit po shkëlqejnë gjithëandej"

Lexues i dashur, William S. Peters ka ofruar një gur çilibari, i cili okupon një episodë të jetës për ju që të ndjeni dhe mendoni thellë në të njejtën kohë.

Lejoni atij që të ndjej kënaqësinë e juaj, përderisa ju lironi ngarkesat e përditshmërisë që të merrni një moment të lumnisë gjatë leximit të këtyre vargjeve, vargjeve të tij...

Jam i përulur dhe i heq të gjithë kapuçët e mi ndaj madhështisë së këtij libri...libri, i cili duhet të jetë pajë për fëmijët e mi dhe për të gjithë fëmijët qofshin ata të vegjël apo pleq.

Një libër i vogël në madhësi, por gigand në vlerë, njëlloj si diçka e rallë dhe e padefinueshme...



Fahredin Shehu 5 tetor, 2015, in Rahovec, Kosovë

$g_{ m ntroduction}$

In mid-August, William S. Peters, Sr. aka Bill was invited to participate in the International Poetry Festival to share his poetry and to showcase his book, 'The Vine Keeper, Messages in Poetry and Prose'. Mr. Fahredin Shehu, our Beloved Brother and friend was the Artistic Director of the Festival and honored him with this invitation. The festival was held in Rahovek, Kosovo. My excitement soared and I relentlessly encouraged him to attend. All would be paid for with the exception of airfare. We immediately went to work to raise funds for this.

In approximately 1 week, I too was invited. My biggest concern was getting Bill to this prestigious event. The Universe is good and within a week from receiving my invitation, we had funds for both of us to travel. The Festival was to be held, September 15th, 2015 – September 17th, 2015, with Poets from over 30 countries participating. We were fortunate to arrive a few days before and leave a couple of days after. This allowed us to rest, take in the countryside, the vineyards and more importantly to spend time with our Brother Fahredin and the beautiful people of Kosovo.

Upon arrival at the airport in Prishtina, Kosovo, we were met by 2 smiling faces. These gentle souls turned out to be Visar Korenica who held the title of Executive Director of the Festival and Dr. Qazim Cana, a beloved

friend of Fahredin who took off from his Dental Practice in order to help facilitate the affair. These 2 gentlemen have become life-long friends and truly our brothers.

The first day of the festival was met with excitement, an introduction to the City Mayor, Mr. Idriz Vehapi, the Minister of Culture, Mr. Kutjim Shala and our beloved Bill doing a presentation of his book, 'The Vine Keeper'. There was music, song and finally a reading from all poets that participated in this Grand Festival. Daily, we took trips planned in advance for us, ate at marvelous restaurants, had poetry readings at Stone Castle Winery and more. Bill and I even went on a couple of shopping excursions. I have to say there was never a dull moment.

We were mesmerized by the beauty of the vineyards and found out that Kosovo is the second largest producer of wine in all of Europe. Day 2 of the festival was thrilling and Day 3 was the icing on the cake. We were all in the Grand Ballroom of the Esra Palace Hotel in Rahovek waiting for speeches, poets to read, the certificates passed out to each poet after their reading with a congratulatory handshake and hug in many cases. I was listening intently as they spoke in their native tongue and I KNEW that I heard Bill's name and book mentioned, but it did not capture Bill's attention until we heard it in English.

I did hear it, The recipient of The Golden Grape Award and Poet Laureate is William S. Peters, Sr. I said to him, "you won, you won" he stared blankly and said "I did?" I laugh now, looking back at his stunned face. If you

know my Bill, you know that he is a very humble man and would have cheered hard for anyone who won. Wow, it was him !!!! He made his way to the stage, gave a perfect acceptance speech and with tears flowing all around, he received the Golden Grape Award. Everyone wanted a picture with him. I smiled, cried and waited patiently to run to him and throw my arms around him. What a night !!! Congratulations my love, Mr. William S. Peters, Sr.

Bill started writing this book 'O Sweet Kosovo' while we were there. He was so inspired by the beauty of the country and the love of the people. There is a true brotherhood experienced there that we have not found elsewhere in our travels. The poems will keep you in awe, a place of peace and harmony where love is alive and spreading.

There is gentleness in the poems contained in this book that are much needed across the world. This book gives us a reason to pause and simply breathe. The words are life, eat them hungrily. I assure you that your hunger and thirst will be sated. Buy more than one, all proceeds will return to Kosovo to support next year's their International Poetry Festival . . . that is where the magic happened.

Many Blessings,

Janet P. Caldwell Inner Child

$\mathcal{P}_{\mathsf{reface}}$

The best way for me to describe the words you will encounter between these pages is to share with you what i am striving to achieve with my expressions therein . . . Sweetness.

I had the opportunity along with Janet P. Caldwell to attend and participate in The International Poetry Festival held in Kosovo. The embrace of the people was without an equal. The country is one of a certain beauty with the Vineyards scattered across the hills and the horizons.

There was a unique affection given us right from our very arrival as we were met at the Prishtine Airport by Qazim and Visar. This type of fellowship and communion was the defining legacy of our entire visit with the people and the visiting poets from all over the globe.

Herein are my humble words i offer in my attempts to capture and commemorate the beauty life has afforded me in my brief visit to a beautiful land where dreams are spawned.

I am especially grateful for my Brother Fahredin Shehu for making this all possible with his kind invitation to his home . . . Rahovec, Kosovo.

I pray that my thoughts and sentiments within my words do honor unto such a wonder filled and loving adventure that we were blessed to experience.

Bless Up

Bill

$\mathcal{T}_{\mathsf{able}}$ of $\mathcal{C}_{\mathsf{ontents}}$

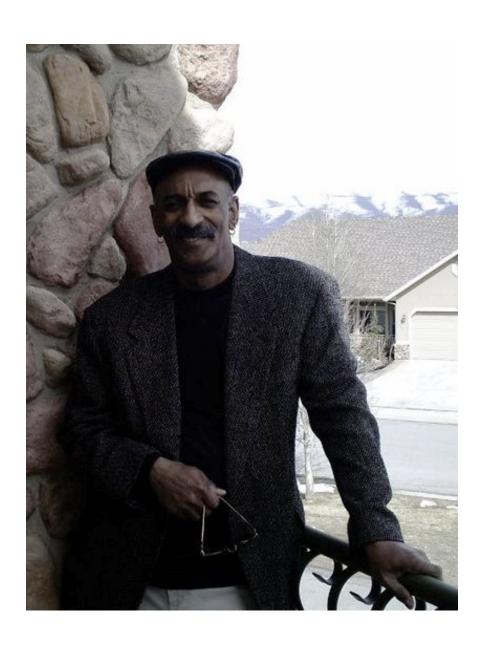
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Poets, Writers . . . know that we are the enchanting magicians that nourishes the seeds of dreams and thoughts . . . it is our words that entice the hearts and minds of others to believe there is something grand about the possibilities that life has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

~ wsp



William S. Peters, Sr.

O Sweet Kosovo

... dreams of Rahovec

Poetry & Prose

by

William S. Peters, Sr.

inner child press, ltd.



The Words

of

William S. Peters, Sr.



Poetry succeeds where instruction fails.

~ wsp

William S. Peters, Sr.



can you hear the whisperings?

listen to the unheard voices

of the longing of a people,

of a nation of which i have come to love

13 September 2015 ~ 1

upon the horizon
where my thoughts have traveled
and made their home
and
are beckoning my troubled soul
to come

yes, i have hopes for "us" that the day shall come when we all dance in orgasmic joy

13 September 2015 ~ 2

the day is done
my hunger is sated
my memories are full
and i now reflect
on the day's passing

we were jovial
we were embracing
we were human
we were one experience
awake, awakened
as we felt our souls
dance to a music
so often, too often forgotten

13 September 2015 ~ 3

with your head upon the pillow and your breath soft and easy i watched as your dreams danced and pranced through your soul

they touched me,
i touched them
and i realized
we are not so different,
for upon us a sleep has fallen
that we may escape
into the light
where possibilities live
with no conquerable breath

Rise

when the call comes
i will rise,
i will grasp the hilt of my sword
as i prepared for battle

my breastplate cinched firmly to my heart, for i shall take up the quest to fight for love

my words have a honed edge that know of soft acquiescence that cuts to the quick of wanting and needful souls

we shall plant seeds
in the cleaved furrows
that we may witness

the first of our new spring
as a new life is borne
from the stillness
and reaches for the light
pleading and begging for our assistance
that they may bud and blossom
and offer their fragrant promises
of the sweet fruit to come

let us rise
let us rise
for the battle we fight,
we must stand,
we must cut through
the ignorance of our own
that we partake of
the fruits of our love

14 September 2015 ~ 5

there is a gift that i bear given by you

my heart is lightened by the joy of that of your own · · · love

by the sweat of our brow

the ground was fertile and the vine was filled with abundant expectations of the fruits to come

soon come the days
of our festive inebriation
where we will be drunken
with celebratory dance
for our work shall be done

by the sweat of our existence

14 September 2015 ~ 7

he night was stilled and a chill permeated the air whispering promise of the day to come for it knew of the dawn

over an Espresso
i listen
as the music
tickles life into my ears

i smile
i observe
the rising of life within me
looking for another heart
to embrace

14 September 2015 ~ 9

we march
the cadence dictates
we have no timing
of our own

we know of conformity
but · · · we know not
of our subjugation
for our own sense of uniqueness
can not be subverted
by our need to fit in · · ·

but do we?

is it all delusion, or was this the grande design?

who is this Mater of Life?

i picked up my pen filled with intent · · to write

my mind was blank
for in the struggle,
it could not grasp clearly,,
lucidly,
the movings of my heart...
nor the history
of my soul ...

so i wrote this poem
about abundance
and the grace of her touch · · ·
as i breathe

the sun is arising
and i turn my face to the east
and i am kissed by the solitude
just before the full splendor
when the world awakens

the dogs begin to bark
the rooster crows
and i listen
as the clouds of my night
makes way for the sky's blueness

i hear the wheels of men approaching the busy-ness of this new day making their way to the toils that await them

O Sweet Rosovo . . . dreams of Rahovec

no sense in counting for the tasks of life will appear to be endless yet, there is but one · · · · · live!

waiting for crickets to fly · · · is it possible that my expectations are unreasonable?

who is this judge
that applies meanings
to the stretching of time · · ·
· · · or time condensed
where years become blinks
of an eye
and faint memories ?

· · · who has stolen my reason?

i wait for a reply · · · yes, i am waiting

O Sweet Kosovo . . . dreams of Rahovec

17 September 2015 ~ 13

1 am writing my desires upon the sky of a new day for i am a dreamer

17 September 2015 ~ 14

some times

you must leave the spaces blank

and allow life

to define itself

you can be the poem or you can be the poet or you can be in denial of the magic

within the discordance
where the notes come together
without pattern
without conformity
without composition
there is a melody
waiting to be borne
from the womb
of creation's innate harmony

the aligned lines of vines graced the sides of the hills with promise

the people smiled for they knew of their fruit that the world was just beginning to · · · discover

all were their brothers
in Sweet Kosovo
for they were the delectable harvest
of the love
taught them by their
wise ancestors

and we dance

i heard the horizons
of the Kosovo sky
calling me
to lend unto it
my dreams for humanity

my heart palpitated with a longing to be embraced by the love of the people

there was no separation for we are children from the same womb fashioned by the same hand

inspired
by the same breath,
and we breathe
in a unified song
that enchants me to dance
and we dance

auto pilot

it was a quarter moon dancing, prancing in the twilight sky enticing our wishes to be evoked, spoken

the children of wonder
wandered in their thoughts
looking with a quiet anxiousness
toward the promise of their tomorrows

"when i grow up"
was a phrase on commonality
that provoked the youth
to forsake
the lack of reason
that often embraced

their innocence

... but they heeded not for the lore of independence was strong and they longed for the uncertainty of the illusions of autonomy · · ·

their souls were on · · · auto pilot

i was kissed this fine morning by the Rahovec Sun, and the heat of its lips whispered enchantments

and i realized that the humanity, the love of our brotherhood spoke the same language

stars

how can one look
upon the sky of the night
of Kosovo
and understand not
just how special she is · · ·
for the eyes of God
are sparkling everywhere

for Fahredin

his seamless grace
was not without imperfections
for he allowed
the warriors of words
to hone their bantering
and rhetorical swords
upon the breastplate
of his armor

all wanted to sit upon the throne in his heart, and he relinquished this seat reserved for his family as a demonstration of purpose

this was revealed unto him from the lofty ideals given by the angels · · · of light

and God said · · · "well done my son"

the cock called the stillness began to fall as the night prepared to yield to the sunrise

this is no surprise, why are you cross o lazy one?

the march of life
is of need of you
and your grunts
of incongruity · · ·

and she shall have it

19 September 2015 ~ 23

a smile costs us not a thing

it is the wisest of investments and its dividends are without end

there were lines of worry etched upon the brow of the people

there was no competition for attention, for the people were one soul, one beating heart, with a common dream · · · of sovereignty

is

is there a word
that i may voice
which will give cause and reason
for your heart
to speak of naught
but beauty?

is there a touch
that we may share
that ushers forth
the bright inextinguishable light
of our infinite souls?

is there a song
that we may sing together
where all the children of creation
dance with an exuberant unified joy?

O Sweet Kosovo . . . dreams of Rahovec

tell me · · · is

is within myself where i find such things · · ·

is it i who possess this divine key that unlocks the prison which in turn will allow me to find you · · · to find me

is · · · is it time yet ?

21 September 2015 ~ 26

the shadows of war were apparent

the people remembered · · · which is why their smiles dance in every street in every breath in every dream every where

O Sweet Kosovo . . . dreams of Rahovec

21 September 2015 ~ 27

the silence fled · ·
it was no more
as soon as i embraced
my intent to speak

Kosovo

we are a young nation tethered to ancient customs that have stood the tests of time

our lands have been laid to siege, yet we till our soils still for the bounty of the morrow

empires have come, empires have fallen for we are a people who rise each day with the new sun

O Sweet Kosovo . . . dreams of Rahovec

we have fears, yes
we have cares
for what may come · · ·
but our devotion
to who we are
is greater
than all things · · ·
and kings · · ·
for we are Kosovo

Rahovec

she asks for little
she gives to us much
and the fruit of her vine
is sweet

her earth is rich
her Father is giving
her Mother nurtures
and she gives it back
to the world · · · embellished
with the desire
of a people

Rahovec

Prizren

sassy lights adorn the nights

the cobblestones remind us of our path

drink and fare
is about us
offering respite
to those who hunger, those who thirst

perhaps you need to catch a breath
while sobering - down
from the abundance and the overwhelming
of capturing her soul filled wonder

how i love Prizren

there is a poetry that lives and writes its self upon the hearts consciousness of men

it adorns the byways
of the innocent
beckoning for their rebukement
of worldly ways

listen · · ·
can you hear the fragrance
of the budding flowers
calling for your imitation ?

and the people smiled

and the setting sun eased down behind the Balkan horizon · · · and the people smiled

coffee shops, restaurants and family tables · · · filled as the people spoke sharing and recapturing their days

weathered hands
sore backs
aching muscles
were the epitaph
of the day deceasing · · ·
and the people smiled

the Poets gathered we shared our words, our consciousness laced between every syllable

there were global voices, local voices, a multitude of language adorning the tapestry of our communion

there were no common barriers
the inhibitions had melted away · · ·
we were festive,
filled with a drunkenness of verse · · ·
in Kosovo

24 September 2015 ~ 34

why does the Lion stalk the Dove?

does it seek to slaughter it just for sport?

perhaps the Lion is rabid · · · as are many a men

William S. Peters, Sr.

24 September 2015 ~ 35

the Quiet

the Quiet ruled the Sunrise

the Quiet ruled it's setting

in between,
the people made ready
for the Quiet

at the airport, we knew them

at the airport
we were embraced
by the smiles
of Qazim and Visar

our hearts were warmed for we knew them

our hearts were open for we knew them · · ·

and their smiles
will live in the depths
of our eternal love

i have dug my toes in the soils of another land

the ways of men
from this land
held me up
and assisted my stand
in their garden
as i ate of their fruits

surely it is a sweetness i can not forget for i left behind my footprints

Seeds

my yard is filled with vagrant wishes that adorn my lawn with flowers of hope

my wood is filled
with trees budding
blossoming
offering to my tomorrows
the substance dreams are made of

i have nurtured my gardens
i have been diligent
and my vigil yields,
smiles,
for the generations to come,
for i plant seeds

the Sisters and Brothers
of verse gathered
for the communion of
our sweet verse
was the clarion call
made to our souls

yes, we heard the music and we danced together with a euphoria expressed in different tongues · · · yet we were one

the poetry binds our voice
to the likeness of creation
for we were most certainly all borne
from that same womb
. . . of life

my chest expanded with a need, and within my breast was a breath filled with a gift i wished to give to the world

my humble words were of love alone

i have dreamed of this time since before my birth

it was home calling me · · ·

this enraptured my thoughts, my speech, my cravings, and i felt the kinship in your soul as well

William S. Peters, Sr.

you too are the hearer of the word are you not, for i see that sparkling twinkle of promises and expectations you, we know all to well · · · for we are holy



~ epilogue ~



about the **A**uthor

Bill hails from an obscure little town in Southern New Jersey, USA · · · Chesilhurst· He is a transplant from Philadelphia, PA and Savannah, Georgia· Bill is the proud Father of eleven children, eight Grandchildren and a myriad of Nieces, Nephews, along with 5 Siblings·

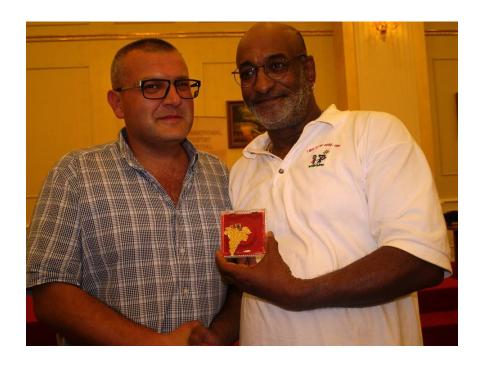
Bill committed to this form of expression, writing back in 1966 at the early age of 15. Though he was wandered off the path of pursuing such a career many times over his life, he remains true to the primal need he acknowledges to convey his thoughts and feelings via this particular medium. His primary focus is on Humanity, Love and other Spiritual matters that perhaps affects us all. He has also went on to assist many others in getting their words

out, for Bill is also a Publisher. See Inner Child Press. www.innerchildpress.com

During his career there have been many "aha" moments for Bill with the most significant being the "Crossing Over" of his beloved wife, Virisa on July 2nd, 2006. At this time, Bill says he discovered his need for authenticity. Bill's writing has been celebrated globally by persons from all walks of life.

In the sharing of his works across the various social mediums, and in his some 75 + publishings; Books and Anthologies, excluding Magazines; Bill found a commonality that resonates within himself and many others who find his style of expression, choice of subject matter and use of language meaningful· If you would like to know more about the Man, the Father, the Writer, the Poet, do visit his personal Web Site at: www.iamjustbill·com

The
Gallery
of
Memories



Fahredin Shehu & William S· Peters, Sr· receiving the Golden Grape Award



The Golden Grape Award

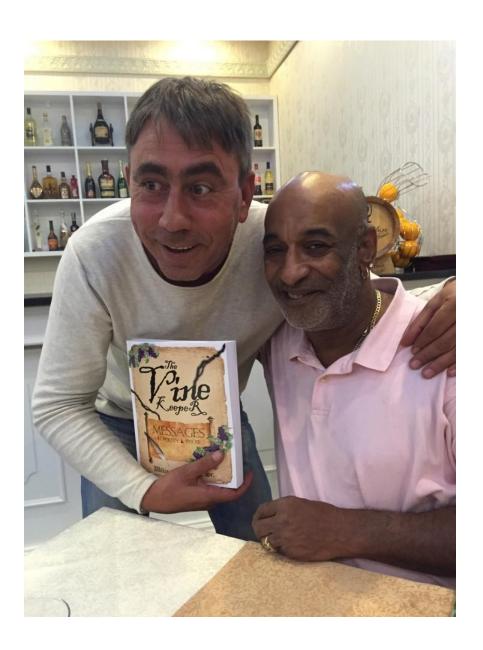




















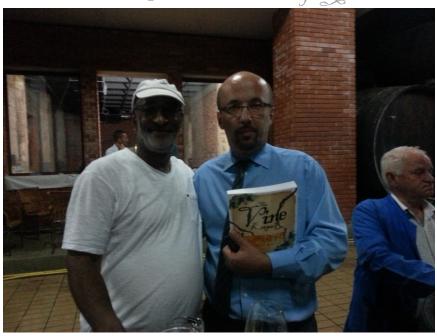








O Sweet Kosovo . . . dreams of Rahovec













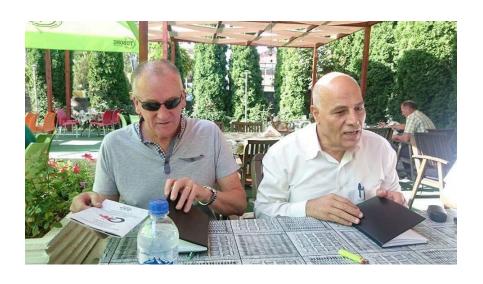






















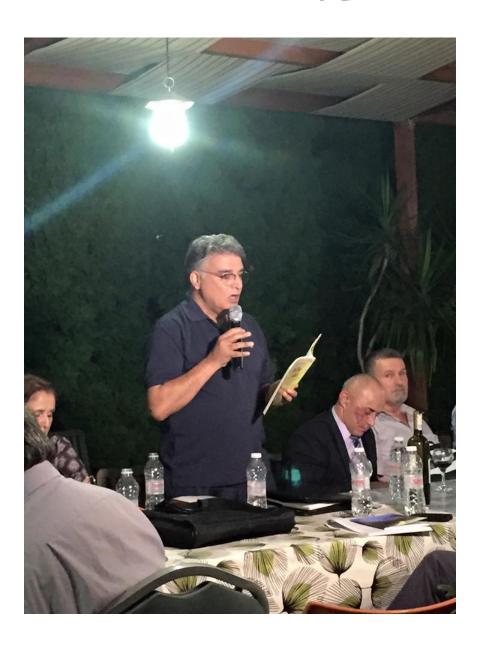


































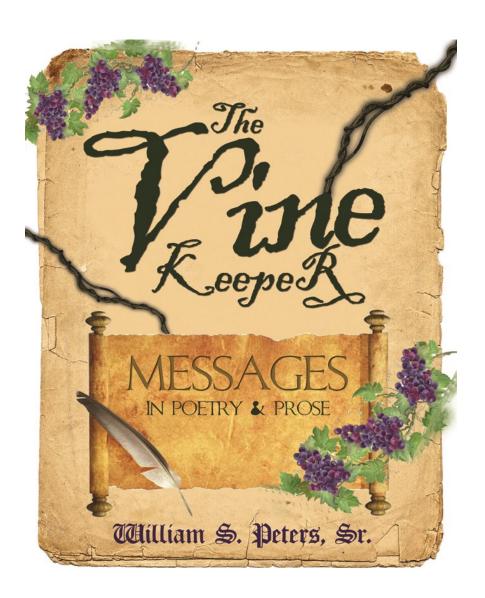












The Vine Keeper

I wrote this book back in 2012. Who would have known that this particular book would have been so significant to the beautiful country of Kosovo, a country of which i have come to love deeply.

For those who are not aware, it just so happens that Kosovo is the second largest Wine Producing area in all of Europe· With that being said, there was a certain national pride i the people of Kosovo possessed · · · particularly in the beautiful City of Rahovec where i spent most of my time·

I can not begin to express how much i was impressed by the nature of the sweetness of the people, but i am thankful to have had the opportunity to share my soulful writings found in this book, The Vine Keeper with such wonderful embracing souls.

Should you have the opportunity to read this humble offering of mine, i am sure you will see the connection.

<u>www·iamjustbill·com</u>

~ fini ~

Inner Child Press

Inner Child Press is a Publishing Company Founded and Operated by Writers. Our personal publishing experiences provides us an intimate understanding of the sometimes daunting challenges Writers, New and Seasoned may face in the Business of Publishing and Marketing their Creative "Written Work".

For more Information

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