

LONELY

I sit apart from the world
And listen to the city sounds -
Cars rushing by,
Girls laughing as they pass -
But I am alone
And oh so lonely.

The hours grows late
But I stay in my solitude
Wishing that just once
Some kindly soul
Would pass and say hello
I am alone still

Shelley Beck

To a most cherished friend,
AKIN SPIRITS

How can I speak to you, dear friend
Of the love I once tried to define?
How can I forget the tears
Spent over twisted visions and truth
So ruthlessly disguised by human weakness?
How can I forget those eyes,
Misty, witnessing the descent of my rampant soul?

How can I bestow upon you, my friend,
The shallowness of mortal love,
An emotion unworthy
Of a spirit filled with the unblemished
Affection of a child, noble and true?
Yet, his beauty I could not treasure,
For realities then stood on my way.

In every raindrop that fell, I could see
Our embrace, and your eyes so warm.
And I wept, the moments I remembered
The trust you placed in one so deprived and alone,
Her agony was her only friend;
And the gentle arms that parted them,
Lifting the curtain sheltering her from life.

A wounded sparrow you once found
On the snow, and let her taste
A happiness so sublime.
I think of the lips falling upon my face,
Stroking my temples, resting on my hair;
Your voice, caressing and calm;
And the embrace, joining two spirits in harmony.

How can I thank you, dear friend,
For the affection you have taught me,
Between akin spirits, painted
In purest of all whites, a beauty
Unmarred by human vanity?
And, how can I search for unknown horizons,
Until I hear your words of forgiveness?

Idil Ozerdem

SEASONS CALLING

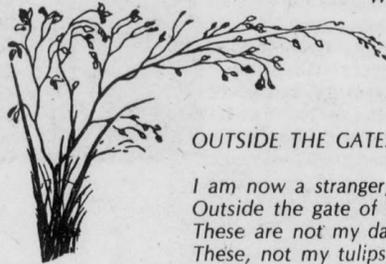
One shoot here
Another there
A few others more
Gloves in trunk
Spring is come

Leaves all over
Greenness all around
Man reduces garments
Near nude bodies
Summer rush is on

Greenness fades
Leaves spin Earthbound
Overcoat at hand
Wind blows harder
Fall taking over

Whiteness all around
Shivers invite more wear
Supplementary room heating
Insulated man calling
Winter at last.

WEMO



OUTSIDE THE GATES

I am now a stranger,
Outside the gate of my garden.
These are not my daffodils,
These, not my tulips;
This is not my rosebush.
These colours are not my colours,
Smiling, in vibrant shades of yellow,
Red and pink.
Where are the broken boughs,
The withered blossoms, crushed rosebuds,
Faded as my distant dreams?
Your touch has given them life,
Returned the yellows, the reds, the pinks.
The warmth has replaced the frost,
The winds and the clouds of gray.

I am now a stranger
To the one who plays my part.
Her eyes are so full of hope;
They are not mine.
Her thoughts are not tangled,
Her skies not gray;
She seeks no shelter in empty dreams.
No, she can not be I,
Not I, untouched, unknown,
Afraid to hope.
I am not the one,
Weeping her warm tears,
In the harshness of the rain;
For, I am outside
The gates of my life.

Idil Ozerdem



QUESTION

Who can tell me why this odd thing should be
Jehovah says "I" but the pope says "We"?

FOR X

The peacock, who other breeds disdains,
struts in all his splendor and owner's chains
while the eagle, with nought to show but scars
flies in drab attire to the burning stars.

Maurice Spiro



DEDICATION

what can I give you, darling,
now that you're seventeen?
perhaps a score of tender words
to touch a young girl's heart....
I said them and a thousand more
when I kissed your little feet.
shall I search for wine, sweet as the
of your pretty breasts? some golden
bright as the magic in your gentle trust
then what can I give you, angel,
now that you're seventeen?
for Linda
to keep her safe from vicious Time
this final chapter
made of her beauty
and all my Love

Mustafa Yardeni

Talking - sharing
Loving - caring
Laughing - crying
Missing - sighing

Shelley Beck

SHADES OF GRAY

I come to kiss you, I find you sad
You say there's more to life than what you have
Values you search, the ideals you share
With yourself I know, make you mad

Many a shattered dreams you have
But my love never despair
Build them up with love you get
Tapestries are made with broken threads

Don't paint people white or black
For all of us are shades of gray
There's no Utopian land
Live the smiles, speaking eyes that greet your

Aftab Patla

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