

SEASONS CALLING

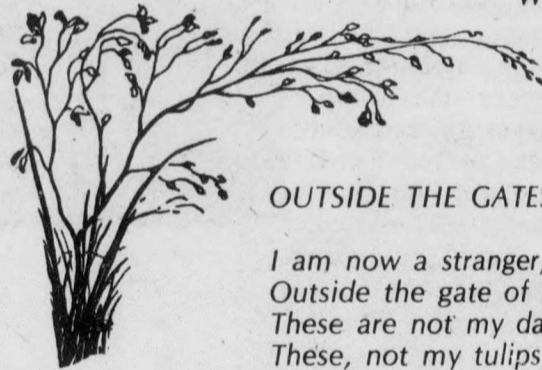
One shoot here  
Another there  
A few others more  
Gloves in trunk  
Spring is come

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



Idil Ozerdem

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?

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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