

The Meaning of Love

The word love is used so often,
And so carelessly,
That many have forgotten,
What it truly means.
Admittedly, it has several meanings,
For those who use it,
But at the centre,
In the very core of the word,
There must be some common belief,
Some sort of unchanging theme.
Love is not merely a sexual word,
Though of course it is partially that,
Nor is it simply a substitute for,
The expression of a strong friendship.
There is something special,
Something magical about love,
It is a thing to be experienced,
And not a thing to be explained,
Although some foolish poets,
Strive to do that very thing.
Love remains a true ideal,
It is a feeling an experience, a joy,
That so many never truly know.
So if you ever find it,
Count yourself among the lucky,
And cherish what you have,
But never proclaim it,
When it is not real,
For you rob only yourself,
And destroy what may have
come to pass.
but also, do not demand it,
Where it has not yet grown,
For what is meant to be,
Always comes about,
And therefore patience is required.
Find your own meaning of love,
And never stray from it,
For one day,
Someone else who feels the same,
Will surely come your way.

Duke

Hoping for Love

The sky seems a bit grayer now,
the wind seems more cruel.
I understand our situation well,
and still I break every rule.

I cannot alter what has been done,
I cannot change the past.
But I know that somewhere in our hearts
is a love that will always last.

I long to gaze into your deep blue eyes,
and taste your tender kiss.
Your smile is as warm as the morning sun,
something I never want to miss.

You tell me you're seeing someone else,
I wish that you had lied.
I try my best to Bush it off,
but it burns me deep inside.

Sometimes I think of your great pals,
of Monster, Bel, and Boo
But more often than anything else,
I'm constantly thinking of you.

I realize how I must face the fact
that I may always be alone.
I may have to stand and face Old man winter's
wretched heart of stone.

I really should prepare myself,
for if this is so
The sky will remain an awful grey,
and the wind will continue to blow.

Jordon Halley

LION TAMING # 13

I have my whip
and have my chair
so all you lion cubs -
Back up, there!

By Christmas
you'll have me to thank
so pardon me for being frank:
Work hard and pass or
Walk the plank!

Pamela J. Fulton

Change My Life

The forest wraps
like a blanket
on this cloudy day
A cold wind plays with my hair
As if to say, 'don't worry'
But this wall can't keep sound away
And the engine dirge
Sobs from the highway

Squealing tires
Running over
My wounded soul
And listening closer
I hear the blue-screen hall pound on
With a sugar-coated pill
Like some vast conspiracy
Against thinking

The grandest thoughts
Can't put things right
I can't change the world
But I can change my life

I've seen the pictures
Heard the songs
Let the tears flow
Awash with helpless rage
Though I should know better
These tears lead back to sorrow
Not on to action
I live in circles

Because I've used my freedom
To do nothing
But watch the wind blow
And the trees fall
And the gifts go wasted
Put all faith in tomorrow
though it never comes
If it ever will

The grandest thoughts
Can't put things right
I can't change the world
But I can change my life

I must make the change
My hands must break
This false embrace
That keeps me blinded
While love and grace slip away
Reclaim the earth displaced
I'm digging this grave
Of empty desire

Geoffrey Brown

WINNOWNING SNOW

I'm on my driveway winnowing the snow:
the wind chill's down to twenty-nine below:
some say

I'm throwing caution to the wind
but let them rave:
it's I who throw the snow

It blows across a space I just swept clear
and piles against my boots
like kittens' fear:
it whips and stings and numbs me to the knees:
When can I flee this land that I hold dear?

Sun
palely glints
from willows' icy claws
clinking in the bite of winter's jaws:
the white, the wind, the diamond-searing cold:
all hopeful
for a January thaw:
then winter more.

Pamela J. Fulton

THE HUNTED

by Kelly Craig

Silently he watched as the graceful creature ran through the woods. The trees swayed and the fallen leaves rustled on the ground beneath her feet. She moved with the ease of the wind. Somewhere there was a child waiting for her safe return. Carelessly she ran as if there was no danger around her.

He saw the loveliness of her body and the expression of freedom that she portrayed with her carelessness. It was a day of celebration for him as he knew she did not see him watching. Ever so quietly, he sat and waited for the perfect chance to make his move.

When the time was finely right, he raised the weapon with caution, to be careful not to miss his target. The way was clear to attempt to hit his mark. Ever so wisely he pulled back on the trigger. As the bullet went firing out of the chamber there was a loud bang, then total silence filled the air.

He watched as the grace of the creature left its body. It stumbled to the ground with a crash. Excitement grew as the hunter went to see the animal that he had conquered. There was a stream of blood running from the open wound. The animal was still alive. Suffering for life and breath the eyes focused up to the hunter. A mournful expression gleamed up from the face of the wounded.

The hunter knew that the suffering creature would not live to see the offspring that it had created. With the greatest of ease he pulled out the shiny object to finish the job that he had started. As he looked at the helpless creature lying with the warm blood pouring out of it, his manhood was questioned. Would he have the courage to finish the job that he had began? Could he bare the death of the beautiful on his conscience? Was he capable of killing the helpless?

His mind wandered to his father. He knew that his father had mastered the art. It was an age old tradition that could not be shrugged off for any reasons. He had to face the father that was so good at hunting. He would be the laughing stock of the family and the creature was wounded and suffering. Now, the only act of mercy, the only thing that could be done, was this thing.

He placed the sharpening object to the throat of the helpless animal. As the knife cut across the throat of the dying animal it bled the very life out of its limp body, the hunter stood. Motionless. The wind whistled through the trees and the leaves cracked under his feet, the hunter had fulfilled the life long family tradition.

Generations ago, silently they watched as the graceful creature ran through the woods.

Mr. Jones
by Brian Linkletter

J.C.U.
By CHRIS KANE

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