

Shades of Valentine

Love me purple; love me pink;
You're the one for me, I think,

Love me amber; love me blue:
You're for me and I'm for you.

Love me yellow; love me green:
You're the hottest thing I've seen.

Love me black; and love me white:
Love till love is out of sight.

Love me orange; love me cream:
Let me dance into your dream.

Love me navy; love me red:
I long to love you in my Chevy Sprint.

Love me violet; love me rose:
I'll kiss your eyes and lips and nose.

Love me gentian; love me puce:
You're the swan and I'm the goose.

Love me silver; love me gold:
Love me till we both grow old.

Love me scarlet; love me red:
I'll love you until you're dead
And after that: love me divine
And still I'll be your Valentine.

By Pamela J. Fulton

MY VALENTINE

People are the most complex,
And varied creatures,
On God's green Earth.
In dealing with each other,
Their forms of relationships,
Are almost as varied,
As they themselves.
When two share interests
Or are alike,
They call it friendship.
When one looks up to,
Or believes in the actions of another,
They call it respect.
When one feels joy or pain,
Simply because the other does,
They call it caring.
When one gives all that he has,
And all that he is,
They call it sharing.
When one can count on the support of the other,
No matter how ill-conceived his actions,
They call it understanding.
And when all of these,
Are found in one relationship,
They call it Love.

By Duke

Truth

Birth,
The first step,
Candles on the cake,
Laughter,
School,
Acceptance,
Music,
Driver's Licence,
Graduation,
Freedom,
Good job,
Falling in love,
Marriage,
Making love,
A child,
Retirement,
Peace,
Life.

Abortion,
Cerebral palsy,
No cake,
Tears,
Prison,
Suicide,
Being deaf,
Car crashes,
Failure,
Censorship,
Unemployment,
Love never felt,
Divorce,
Disease,
Miscarriage,
Lay-offs,
Pain,
Life.

By Jason Meldrum

The Wife of Edgar

There is a lady who resides next door,
One who now finds herself no more than a bore.
An elder whom like all has led a sincere life,
One which has not been without its strife.

You see she was a fortunate one,
Employment had been kind to this old cerebrum.
Steady work for forty fine years,
Yes, security, a gift that was to preserve.

work was wonderful, interesting, and challenging,
For she had been employed in his high court of deciding.
To many, her position appeared to be nothing
more than that of 'stenographing'.

This special judiciary was that for the wicked,
tortured, and conscienceless souls,
Who were forced to divulge their stories of bold.
Many yarns did they yield of stabbings, stigmas,
and untellable truths.
Most of which the Lady found at first to be moot.

"From the depths of the shadows lurking in her brain,
It is these thoughts which pounce and stab at what is sane."

For time after time she recorded these things
from her mind down through her fingers did these horrors ring.
Her notes were found to be most perfect you see,
Because her work was performed most 'happily'.

"From the depths of the shadows lurking in her brain,
It is these thoughts which pounce and stab at what is sane."

Eventually, she did retire,
Without her work however there was something she required.
It is said that her poor husband for a time has been dead,
Though no connection was made about the wax under the bed.

"From the depths of the shadows lurking in her brain,
It is these thoughts which pounce and stab at what is sane."

There is a house which sits near,
with curtains drawn and doors closed all year.
But for myself you see there is no cause to fear,
for the Lady quite likes to call me 'Dear!'

"From the depths of the shadows lurking in her brain,
It is these thoughts which pounce and stab at what is sane."

by William

GIVE IN

STRAIN the BRAIN
ABOUT to EXPLODE
BLOW BLOOD RED
CONFUSION and ILLUSION
REALITY DEAD
CARRY to HEAVY a LOAD
NOISES in the HEAD
SCREAMS and DREAMS
not FANTASIES . . .
. . . but NIGHTMARES

by Trish Graves

Apartheid in South Africa

To the white man with all the power
Someday the black man's blood all over you will shower
You believe yourself to be better than the others.
Because of your beliefs you made me suffer
You killed Bekoe with your two bare hands
Because he wanted a better lifestyle for the people of his land
Yes you have freed Nelson Mandella
But what the hell have you done for South Africa?
Apartheid is still ruling over me
All I want is to be free.
In this land where the colour black is dying
The black man in heart mind and soul is trying
To make you aware of what's going on is wrong
But I do not know if I can be strong
Because if you the people chose one or the other side
It might mean the death or rebirth of Apartheid.

By Tanya Saha

Wizards Night

Within the darkness of the night
The wizards shall come to meet
Against the other they shall fight
Each, high on his mountain peak

With a thunderous rage
They will commence and do battle
Performing high on their mountain stage
Below them the earth shall rattle

Oh with such pride they shall wield
Their mastery holding but one thought
In mind putting the other to his
Knees in catastrophe.

Yet amongst this confession and
Desertion they will have forgotten
They hold power of equal proportion

And from out of this chaos the
Intertwining cries shall be heard
Rising up from out of the valley
Echoing in unison rumbling with
such intensity the pain and sorrows
for they know they have lost all
tomorrows.

And so it comes to pass that to
Every beginning their will be an ending
And with every rise their seems to
Be a fall.

So in this tragedy the wizards at
Divot did stand tall but it was
Inevitable that in the end they would fall
For in their our of glory they did
Forget that nature offers a balance
But when act upon it will undoubtedly
Collapse from persistent pressures.

by Kevin Davidson