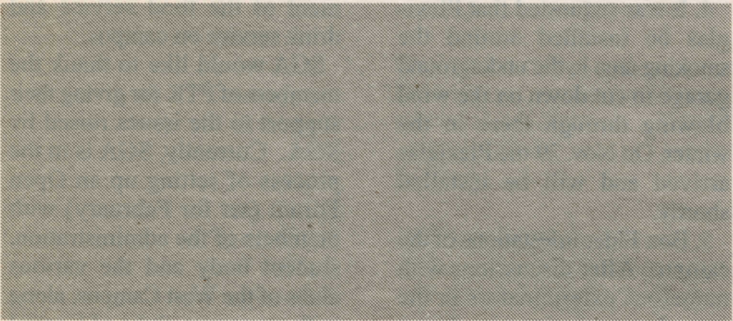


Poet's Corner

Forever Young

Blow the winds of time,
Blow as much as you like to,
I will never grow old for you,
I am still a child and will always be a child even after I die,
The world may tell me otherwise,
but the rumor only becomes true when you can't see though the glass.

- Matt Licari



Love

Endless oceans could not hold me from it,
Ignorant people cannot stop me from believing it,
Passionless nights will never bow out its flame in my heart and mind,
All I can ask is for the forgiveness of whoever sees it fit for me to live
in this loneliness,
I can not feel without it,
I can not see without it,
I can not truly live without it,
Why can't I fall in love?

- Matt Licari

POETS

-Matt Licari

-James Ramano

-Michele M. Ben-
incasa

WITHERED ON THE VINE

Shallow pools of water lying beneath my feet
salt-water emotions forever falling upon
the trodden-down soil of the deprived

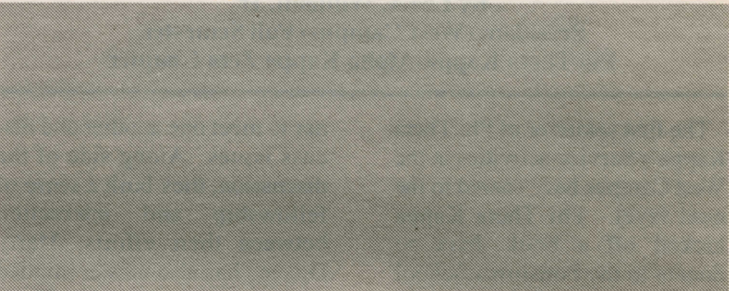
Like a flower kept from the light
no beauty grows...only the dry, brittle crackling
of broken dreams

Hope that soared to the highest peaks
only to be dropped, so fragile, it splintered
and was lost forever

Time has stolen the past as well as the future
clouds of time covering everthing
with their misty, bleak shrouds

Here I sit in my black shawl and rigid make-up
emotionless I stare at the faded pictures
pictures of flowers that never flowers that never grow.

- Michele M. Benincasa, Managing Editor



Lady Helene's Lament

To empty my soul,
I get down on my knees
Before God or Man, it's all the same I've earned that lesson well

To empty my soul
He fins me up, and
when God-Man is tbrough
Dolswallowitdown?

Thank you, good girl am I
Sooooooo Polite
Iswalloweverytime
And Never Ever BITE

- Michele M. Benincasa, Managing Editor



#213

What do you say to someone who is about to lose a loved one?
What do you say to those tears?
What can you say when you see his hands tremoring
because he loves her so.
What can you do to ease his pain
which you can now feel.
Of all the putrid words known to your tongue
What can you say?
Just let him know that everyone has to die
And that within death we can be truly free
She will be free from agony and sickness
Free of the stress of keeping health
Free from society and its pain
Free of morality
And finally free to love

- James Ramano

#234

The words of a poet are not deep enough
The words of a sailor are not experienced enough
The words of a great lover are not sweet enough
The words of an artist are not colorful enough
The words of a man are not civil enough
To express her beauty.

- James Ramano

A HISTORY

Sending Valentine cards is a custom that dates back to pagan times. The priest, St. Valentine, is said to have sent messages of love to his friends from his prison cell. Following his execution on February 14, 296 A.D., countless other "prisoners of love" have joined in this timeless tradition. It was not until 1637, however, that St. Valentine's Day gained recognition as an official holiday.

Valentine's Day has been celebrated for many centuries. Even though Valentine's Day falls on February 14, its customs began with the Roman Feast of Lupercalia, which was celebrated on February 15. On the eve of Saint Valentine's Day, young people would gather, and each young man would draw by lot a young lady's name. The couples were then "valentines" for the year and would exchange tokens of love.

Valentines became mass-produced around 1850, and many of them are still available to collectors. Victorian Valentines, often elaborately adorned with honeycombed tissue paper, embossed paper hearts and exquisite lace, are aesthetically impressive. Some finer examples originally cost up to a month's earnings and proposal Valentines, usually featuring a church or a ring, enjoyed popularity. In keeping with the times, during this era it was considered improper for a lady to send a Valentine to a man.

Throughout the ages, Valentines have provided fragile remembrances of history, and they are a timeless reminder that the supreme happiness in life is to know that we are loved.

c 1999 MC