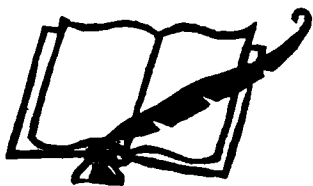


. . . Make Mine



Walk in Loneliness

by romeo s. florendo

Yesterday,
we were together
in merriment,
in laughter.
The sun, the moon, the stars
all envied us
in our happiness...

Today,
we are apart
in sorrow,
in anguish.
The sun, the moon, the stars
all look down
on my solitude...

Tomorrow,
we shall hold
an endless stream
of hopes and more hopes,
'till we are one again
I shall walk
in loneliness...

Fishing Follies

by f. a. williamson

Some fish by the sea
Some fish by the river
You bet w'ot they fish,
Fishes althogether.

But some one says,
I too can fish
Where? you would ask.
By the Burnham Park.

Another ventured too,
I fish not in water.
Where? we were curious.
Right here by the stairs.

V E R S E S

Ode To a Sampaguita

(On being given as a remembrance)

by Fe L. Cid

You came to me
as a token of a pleasant memory.
You brought a message
from a loving friend
so near but yet so far away.

For a while I shunned you.
For why shouldn't I,
when all the world had gone to smash
with nothing much to do
'cept to sit and brood
O'er life's unpleasant mood?

True, you had no life (when you came)
But now I know,

that life could be lasting
if it were made sublime
and lived with a meaning!

that one could be alive, though dead,
if, departing leave behind him
patterns for noble existence!

I'd like to make amends.
To me, you are a poem.
Then you must have a song,
I shall keep your vibrant tune
and let your melody linger on.

And what do you get there?
We asked. A gloat, a stare—
And (he added) legs all together.