

The
Valentine's Day
Anthology



poetry . . . prose & stories of love

inner child press, ltd

General Information

The Valentine's Day Anthology

The Love Writers

1st Edition : 2013

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only through Love
can we transform our world
to that which we desire.



wsp

Dedication

to love . . .

for love . . .

be love . . .

always !

F oreword

The love of poetry and expressing love through the written word has been handed down throughout the ages. In this *Valentine's Day Anthology* you will find love reflected on every page, by very talented and loving people. This is a very special book for me not only because it celebrates and spotlights love, but it is also my birthday. One of my personal favorite love pieces is from *The Song of Solomon*. A beautifully crafted and though it is archetypal, I find that reading through that particular book of wisdom produces a mirroring action of masculinity and femininity within the soul and deeply stirring in many ways. The imagery in the song literally takes us, the reader to that place that resides in each of us, love and the need to express, value and be not just in it but to *BE Love* itself. This *Valentine's Day Anthology* has the same effect on me and I am honored to be a part of it.

What is love? Love is universal, yet many people are confused about it. You can invite love, but you cannot dictate how, when, and where love expresses itself. It's simple though man has complicated the issue. Love is more than a feeling of overwhelming emotion, lust, butterflies in the tummy, though nice, it cannot be quantified or tied up in a heart shaped box. I have heard it said that love is a choice. I tend to agree with this statement.

I choose to love my partner and humanity. Love simply is, it is easy to “Be” love when you throw outrageous demands out the window and allow the person to be themselves. Didn't you fall in love with him / her because they were a bright and shiny light? Why do some of us feel compelled to dim the very thing that drew us to this person? With a bit of patience, acceptance, grace and maturity we move beyond these childish expectations and enjoy love and all of the glorious fruit it bears.

Between the covers of this book from front to back, you will find poetry, prose and stories of love. The poets / writers have out-done themselves and I celebrate and appreciate each and every one of you. Please pick up more than one copy of this book. It is a beautiful gift for everyone, and who says no to the gift of love? Now, get in a relaxed position and pick up your favorite beverage and enjoy the fruit of this Valentine's offering, from the Poets / Writers of the Globe . . . to you. I am.

Happy Valentine Day, Happy Reading!

Janet P. Caldwell

COO Inner Child

V alentine's D ay B eginnings

Saint V alentine's D ay, commonly known as Valentine's Day, or the Feast of Saint Valentine, is observed on February 14 each year. Today Valentine's Day is celebrated in many countries around the world, mostly in the West, although it remains a working day in all of them.

St. V alentine's D ay began as a liturgical celebration of one or more early Christian saints named Valentinus. The most popular martyrology associated with Saint Valentine was that he was imprisoned for performing weddings for soldiers who were forbidden to marry, and for ministering to Christians, who were persecuted under the Roman Empire; during his imprisonment, he is said to have healed the daughter of his jailer Asterius and before his execution, according to the legendary account, he wrote, "from your Valentine" as a farewell to her. Today, Saint Valentine's Day is an official feast day in the Anglican Communion, as well as in the Lutheran Church. The Eastern Orthodox Church also celebrates Saint Valentine's Day, albeit on July 6th and July 30th, the former date in honor of the Roman presbyter Saint Valentine, and the latter date in honor of Hieromartyr Valentine, the Bishop of Interamna.

The day's association with romantic love grew in the circle of Geoffrey Chaucer in the High Middle Ages, when the tradition of courtly love flourished. By the 15th century, it had evolved into an occasion in which lovers expressed their love for each other by presenting flowers, offering confectionery, and sending greeting cards (known as "*valentine's*"). Valentine's Day symbols that are used today include the heart-shaped outline, doves, and the figure of the winged Cupid. Since the 19th century, handwritten valentine's have given way to mass-produced greeting cards and continue to this day.

Source: *Wikipedia*

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Poets, Writers . . . know that we are the enchanting magicians that nourishes the seeds of dreams and thoughts . . . it is our words that entice the hearts and minds of others to believe there is something grand about the possibilities that life has to offer and our words tease it forth into action ... for you are the Poet, the Writer to whom the Gift of Words has been entrusted . . .

william s. peters, sr.



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from the smallest seed
a forest is borne . . .

william s. peters, sr.



Flamethrower

Ignited with passion
I aim at your heart
with burning flames of desire
Some-type of cupid - goddess
never missing my target.
Easing into your soul
overthrowing your resistance.
You are burning of my injections
Follow my instructions clearly -
birthing new generations
Melting hearts of stone -
bad minds lacking change-
bursting into flames --
restoring charity and compassion .
Flamethrower of peace and love
everlasting...

© Vicki Aquah

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I Am Your Poetry Book

Make Love To Me, I am Poetry
Read me from cover to cover.
I want to be covered with your sensual -
I wanna disturb the serenity - in you
I want to be dissolved in your water
Like an Alka Seltzer --

I want to be the ingredient in your
mineral water - I want to be the chuckle
in your eyes. I want to be the bubbles in
your champagne, the grease on your palms -
I want to be your money - spend me.

I want to be the leading lady in your poem.
I want to be the silly in your laugh
I want to be the sensors in your finger tips
I want to be the high pitch in your throat -
And the moan of a deep rumble in your gut -
the softness of your lips

I want to be your new unabridged dictionary
where I be the root of your words
I want to be the reason you would kill
I want to be the reason you would live
I want to be the reason you want to never die
I want to be the the reason you would dig a ditch
or invent a new strain of antivirus -
I want to be the reason you want babies
I want to be the A - in your anger
And the P-e-a-c-e, " ace"
in your peace

I want to be the taste buds on your tongue
I want to side track you
"like two naked cheerleaders"
during a basketball game
I want to be the blade on your knife
the bullet in your gun - the pain in your headache.
Is that everything?

I WOULD LIKE TO BE
The nectar in your tea
The only star in your sky
I want you to show
Off when you see me

I want you to act as if
You don't see me – AS
You masturbate WHILE calling
My name.

I want you to tell me
What you are going to do to me –
Then show me.

I want to be – the words
That Abracadabra you
I want to be
that bad lady in black
in your dreams chasing you.
That number plays for 322
That hot drink when it's cold
That cold water
When it's hot
The air that you breathe –
That fragrance that lingers
In your nose

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Let me worry you like a fungus
Between your toes.
Let me whisper
I am your itch
Don't scratch me.
I – will be your stud –
Switch roles with me
I wanna be your bath water –
Your shower – I wanna sprinkle
All over you –

Lets go crazy together-
I am mad about you
get high off me.
Let's do nothing but stare
At each other.
Let me be the thread
In your stitches.
Let me bring you some
naughty bitches.
Let me fulfill all your wishes.
Let me be your fantasy –
Provide you with ecstasy –
Tell me I am your poetry
And all you need is me.
I – ME – WE – YOU ME –
us –we be
All things – we be deep –
Sharing fantasy and poetry –A
Comforter – seductive – seductress
Happy – Mad – Sad – your future –
Your worse your best /no stress
Your all

You are making love
To me. I am your poetry Goddess.
Your witch, Your vixen – your pain –
Your sting – the one who will allows
you to feel things
Some kind of passion -or pain --
and then I'll kiss it
And make it all better.

Now I'll fly away.
Fly away – Perch on a pedestal
and stay – then I'll become your
guardian angel.

This is where I'll be
In the book – on a shelf – waiting
For you to take me down –
And read me –
Just read me –
I wanna be your
Everything... your
Poetry

© Vicki Aquah

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My Love Glows...

Poem inspired / mused by.....

Everyone wants to be the sun that that lights up your life, but I'd rather be your moon, so I can shine on you during your darkest hour when your sun isn't around.~ Unknown

My Love Glows....
in the darkest of hours
seek - come to me and find
an open accepting mind
during volatile times.

Rest your troubles
within this gentle
shelter of love
some - comfort
and warmth
of my hearth and heart.

Tender - promising
hope – filled, appeasing
whispers of splendor
mute the harsh
cries of thunder
whisking the tears from your eyes
clearing and beautifying
stormy skies.

Calm . . .
feminine balm
tames . . .
whipping sting
of ferocious winds
absorbs and extinguishes
clash of anguish

teardrops evaporate
pain dissipates.

Together . . .
we will weather
the core
of its torrential
downpour
shielding the wrath
paving a smooth
and affable path.

Illuminating moon beams
of Love filled dreams
piercing - the shroud
of opaque wall clouds

while the tempest
sun cowers . . .
I am there for you
in the darkest of hours.

Amidst the storm
feel the warm
moonbeams . . .
luminescence
gentle yet
potent essence
of my presence.

Many moons of experience
show face - bestow
the undeniable embrace
of Loves power
and endurance
even during
the most intense
darkest of hours

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my Love is aglow
in a ceaseless flow
from the depths of my loyal
unconditional and graceful
heart and soul . . .

unto you . . .
consistent and true !

© Jill Delbridge from my book "Love Wise"
available @ <http://www.innerchildpress.com/jill-delbridge.php>

Chosen

Was I chosen to meet you,
Lover,
to play a role
in a shared destiny?
Did our coming and loving together
evolve from karma, serendipity
or mere happenstance?
Chance alone is a potent chemistry.

Will we unite
to share joys and sorrows as
one being, Soulmate?
or will our love become
(as others)
a cross-median crash with
glass and steel piercing flesh,
an ill-starred encounter?

I know not now, nor care.
Come linger in my arms
and let our souls unite,
lie in the sleep of
misty remembrance and
love-to-come.

© S. Michael Kozubek

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Valentine

a Palindrome

One of love
Who has not believed
Heart of Warrior
Waiting
Remain would I know you
Ether of deadened sleep
Tenderness conquered
Power of desire
Drew moth to flame
Take imposter, the feeling
Of love's disappointment for
Ages waited have I
Lifelong yearning
You are
VALENTINE
Are you
Yearning lifelong
I have waited ages
For love's disappointment of
Feeling, the imposter take
Flame to moth drew
Desire of power
Conquered tenderness
Sleep deadened of ether
You know I would remain
Waiting
Warrior of Heart
Believed has not who
Loved of one

© NavyPoet 11/27/12

Talk Shakespeare to me

Thouest my love
Flattering like a sparrow
Chirp and sing
Melodies
Then thou art
Take this love
And let us travel
Like travelling musicians
Breaking down
China's wall
Rebuilding Berlin
Asleep we lie
In the kings palace

Take this heart
As if we were
Romeo and Juliet
Underlying passion
If we must die
I wish to die
In love
Holding you
With clutch hands
Like sinking titanic
Whisper
Soft
In my winters heart
Slowly
Take me into a trance
Like a summers night dream.

© Christena Antonia Valaire Williams
<https://www.facebook.com/worldclasspoet>

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Princess and Her Wish

The princess walks through the park,
Only to hear her friends, the prairie dogs, bark,
They've missed her you see,
And this is the beginning of her story,
"Princess it has been so long",
"I know my friends,
I thought I was in love,
Fairy tales are suppose come true,
I believe,
Now, I wonder if its not just a silly notion conceived,"
"Don't give up on love,
What happen to your prince,"
" He made me promises,
Then he bended a wench,
The one that fed him just what he need,
Now I have empty broken promises you see,"
"Never give up,
As true love can happen,"
"I used to believe,
I've cried,
And used all my napkins,"
"As you know Christmas is near,
Why don't you talk to Santa my dear,"
"Wasn't that brought the other to me,
He said this knight is truly a prince you'll see,
So I wonder why he wedded the wench,
Not me,
My heart is fragile as blown glass,
Its shattered now,
Nothing but a large empty mass,"
"You were the one that taught me to believe,
I can't let you down,
As its your turn in need,"
"No worries my friends,
I know my place now,

I will scribe poetry and prose,
Wear a fake smile so you don't see my frown,"
She went months,
Everyone thought her so pretty,
They thought her smile glowed,
It was truly an upside down frown,
Only her true love will see,
She spoke with Santa,
As she had always done before,
He said her happiness will be in tales and lore,
Never to give up on true love see,
As her prince is coming,

They will be king and queen,
She faked her way,
Santa couldn't tell,
True love could only break her spell,
Santa knew her true love would be here soon,
She wanted to believe,
Her heart is so blue,
Can she believe promises made,
If he come,
Will they come true,
She went back to the park,
The dogs of the prairie all bowed and they barked,
Her friends could see,
She had hope that's true,
They all bowed their heads,
Praying her true love comes soon,
She blushed in honors,
Her friends so true,
They talked going on hours,
She made her wedding dress of crystal blue,
For the tale that is spun,
The prince of her heart,
When comes near,

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The brightness of her dress,
Those should never fear,
For it will show the look of love so true,
To the naysayers,
Her dress will show blue,
The prince finally arrived,
It was the one of before,
She heard his stories,
The tales of lore,
How was she to believe,
He left her heart blue,
He proved himself worthy,
His promises came true...

© JRC aka Starr Poetress 12/11/2012

JUST LIKE SEEING EVE

it was just like seeing Eve
when I first saw you
i felt naked and I was shaking
and carrying on
my chest felt all tight like
something was gone
replaced with your rhythm
your melody, your song
...I stumbled, I stuttered
didn't know what to say . . .
so I married you instead

it was just like seeing Eve
when I first saw you
my sight was hazy, felt crazy
and heavy of heart
my legs were unstable, my skin
pale and limp
my confidence was shaken, I felt
like a wimp
then I saw your eyes that
shewn brightly as pearl
I had no clue what to do
so I married you instead

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It was just like seeing Eve
when I first saw you
my hands were all clammy
my heart nearly stood still
I tried to think of something
clever to say
I just couldn't speak
so I married you instead

it was just like seeing Eve
when I first saw you
I started weighing my options
I had very few
started looking at the animals
the birds and the bees
then I smiled and decided
to marry you instead.

(c) 12.13.12 stuartirvingmarshall

A Knights Tale

My lovely Queen the battle is over
And I have no need for armor .

Tens of thousands of interlocking rings ,
This metal I shed for thee .

Hear my heart without a gambeson , my
Padded shirt I wear no more .

Ah, the war is over and I vow to thee ,
I'll bare no shield nor sword .

Pray tell , how will ye fair now ?

Might I be the King of your dreams ,
The court jester that makes you laugh ?

I fear no hounds nor knaves in flight, no
Doubt won't play its morbid songs .

Not tonight or any night from infinity to infinity,
Forevermore I'll stay in love with you .

O' chivalry won't die and the twinkle in your eyes
Will never fade again before the dawn .

Pray tell how will ye fair now ?

© Carlus L. Wilmot

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big cool

graphic anopisthograph
seductive in the strokes
and even more provocative
on your spacious sheets
of more and more
I am anxious to anopisthographically
savor and explore

to linger anophistographing
on vexatious pages
between us
that want to mean us
that want to define us
that want to refine us our
calligraphy in tantalizing stages

anopisthographical planning
on expensive rice papers
the lasciviousness
the deliciousness
the light and the
brighter light of
our graphic capers

for that I say, Thank you,
my Distinguished Kind Sir

© Rae Larie

Love Poem #4

My heart is yours to keep in safety
on the rare occasions that I allow you to see inside my soul
I learn to trust you for who you are
and not for who I imagine you to be
and in believing the true nature of love to be an anomaly
I hesitate, but only for a moment until I can catch my breath
and exhale honestly...

I'm grateful for your warmth against the cold of this world
as friend, partner, lover and protector...everything I'm not, I become with you.
This is love unconditionally... that has no inhibitions to its full expression...
Connecting soul and spirit in submission without fear or regret
My love knows no limits...willing to take risks and move mountains much further than
our eyes can see.

So... see me, know me, be real with me
as I will be with you
a reflection of love that lives and breathes in truth
Remembering the past to create a new future
taking love in new directions
as it was intended ...from the beginning

© Wynne Y. Henry
www.mindscapepoetry.blogspot.com

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Red Juxtaposed

Patterns of red
flowing through
the fabric of my heart.

Rough, red tongued puppy
born on a snowy day.

Book covering in red, white and orange
my chapter, "Fractals: Seeing the Patterns
in Our Existence."

Edges of red around Time,
news on the coffee table.
Across the pastel room
the hands of time tick
against a red background.

A brilliant green cycling jersey
covering the red of my heart,
the blue of my politics.

Beet red, "green" drink
brightens this February morning.

Red intertwined amongst the yellow and green
fabric woven with love,
a gift from a friend.

Bits of ribbon, a velvet book mark, a box of Goddess cards
stand as reminders of those I adore.

Red framing a beating Japanese character,
"Kokoro" at the heart of my mouse pad,
token of a far away land
where I served my tribe.

Tail lights, stop signs, whirling sirens
keeping my journey safe
as I unearth the colors in my life.

© Kimberly Burnham
www.VisualizeHealth.net

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Love Among the Gods

Love among the gods is
much like love among humans.

Zeus philandered
Hera raged in jealousy.

Osiris was killed by a jealous brother
Isis brought new life out of their love.

Persephone abducted and raped by Hades -
Her mother, Demeter grieved for loss of innocence.

Aphrodite sparkled and flirted
Her affair with War produced Fear and Terror.

Medea fell for Jason, helping him steal the Golden Fleece
In midlife he left her, and she got revenge.

Theseus abandoned Ariadne after she saved him from Minotaur
She found a higher love.

Psyche gave her heart and committed to trials
As Eros united with her and grew up.

© Shirley Kiefer

Lovers By The Sunset

I dream of a place so serene and peaceful
As the sun sets over the distant horizon
Waves dancing as I sit reminiscing by the shoreline
Over warm white sand,
With only the echoes of seagulls' flapping wings over the sea
Giving me utter solace and company.

Splashes of orange hues mixing with a yellowish tinge
Envelopes my being
Casting away bouts of despair,
I'll be writing you lyrics for a wonderful song
As my mind drifts and think of you
Looking at the same sunset at the other end.

You'll be the rhyme and reason for every word that I bleed
Your love is an enchanting music breathing life into my soul
And as the day starts to bid adieu, in my dreams hoping once again to see you
I await for the perfect time I lay my naked eyes on you my love,
Caress your sculptured face as I intently look into your mesmerizing brown eyes
And lock you up in a tight embrace as if there's no tomorrow.

I walked a few steps as a gentle breeze sets in
And heard small birds serenading me
Picked up a sea shell, lift it up to my ears
Yearning to hear your sweet voice
Together with the sound of splashing waves
As I feel the soothing calmness of such a heavenly sanctuary.

I spread my arms wide enough as if
I'll be preparing to fly high to reach you
And be amazed at such magnanimous
Grandeur to behold right in front of my eyes
I'll be blowing warm kisses and let the wind carry them
To bring them to you from a distance.

© Elizabeth E. Castillo 2012 ~ Philippines

Blog site : <http://snowy-lookingforyourhalf-orange.blogspot.com/>

I Wrote Beautiful Today

I wrote beautiful,
I wrote about the sunrise
it made the moon hide
it filled the air with butterflies
while love birds chirped and sang
I wrote happy today
watching the neighbors get out of church
ice cream trucks ringing bells
for children with tiny giggles, snotty nose and pigtailed
I wrote romantic today
snapping pictures of a young couple
sitting on the edge of a cupid fountain in the square
making wishes of future promises
I wrote fun today
watching elderly gents making check mate on each other
for the second time
I wrote sensual today
painting a picture without blinds
showing my prideful side
sensuously curvaceous
as he gives into the wanting more of it
he's got me desiring that touch . . .
yes, I painted passionately beautiful today
and he loved every bit of it . . . smiling

© Shihi Venus

Would You

Would you
Take my hand love
Walk with me
To show the universe
This loves not chance
It is destiny

Would you
Walk with me love
And our dreams we'll share
Caresses and perfumed
By the warm evening air

Would you
Walk with me love
Let our passions be fanned
As we leave our worries and footprints
Behind in the sand

Would you
Walk with me love
Feel as our love grows
Under wondrous skies painted
In hues from vibrant oranges to the deepest indigo's

Would you
Walk with me love
Not mere, but souls, we'll entwine
While we stroll unencumbered
The ever changing waterline

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Would you
Walk with me love
Arm and arm, you and I
The lapping waves serenading us
With natures, softest lullaby

Would you
Walk with me love
Till morning light starts to grow
So I may tell you I love you
Far more than I will ever be able to show

Would you
Take my hand love
Walk with me
For tonight and forever
For all eternity

S:L:R ~ Luna Soolay

THE DAY

An ABC Poem

AS I lay here listening to the strong
BEATING of your heart, my head on your
CHEST, I smile as I think to myself what a perfect
DAY this has been, one that will be
ETCHED into my memories
FOREVER. I think to myself how
GRATEFUL I am for being blessed with a man like you. Still on a natural
HIGH
I reflect on the
JOY you continue to bestow upon me,
KNOWING that I have indeed been blessed with the one true
LOVE of my life. It was that one defining
MOMENT when you got down on one knee,
NERVOUSNESS displayed on you handsome face, in the presence
OF close friends and family, you reached in your
POCKET and told me I was your life, your future, your
QUEEN. Then you pulled out that dazzling
RING, and reciting those words that made my heart
SING. You
TOOK my hand in yours, looked
UP at me with a
VERIDICAL look of love in your eyes and said, "My queen,
WILL you marry me?" Like the
XENOPS, that moment was so beautiful. Emotions taking hold of me, I quickly reply
YES, My soul is still soaring like the
ZOSTEROPS, knowing that for the rest of our lives everyday will be like today.

© Gabrielle Denize Newsam

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Indigo

Your name is a sky,

Your name a night,

Your name lingers like kisses

On the lips of regret.

You are the cobalt eye of a star

from which we were made

and to which we return,

The small blushing flower,

The bolt of dark cloth

The speaker of silence,

Green turning to blue,

An aching dark ocean

Seen far from the shore.

© J. Barrett Wolf

jbarrettwolf.com

Your Memories Blinked Down From the Stars

for Adedeji Abimbola Afeyisetan

To girls, love is moonlight
to boys, love is rosy sunsets
the romanticist sees love in the flowing river
the schizoid in his silence
the priest in his prayers...

the earth is love
each time I mutter your name
reaching to the stars to gather your fame
for a love which strokes my mane.

I am the story teller
the griot who sings of love.
your love weaved my lyrics
wriggling in my opus
my heart resonate soft melodies
melodies of the harmonic and the inharmonic.

I sing of the sparrows call,
the subtle cooing of the pigeons
of the songs of love that yields my hearth to passion.
as your finger sieves the lock on my chest
reimagining the world
in your eyes the chimes of love rings
pulling the bells of the cathedral my hearth.

your word echoed
to love you was to love the world.
in the hollow of your palms
you engraved new verses
in acts of love...
of the world of love
of the boar in the wilds
of the pigeons on our window seal
of the salmon in the deep blue sea
of the sun to earth.

The Valentine's Day Anthology

when our mouth struck in unison
you sputter in me a new light
a new passion,
making a new occasion
expand before me
stretched like Zeus unfamiliar path on the sea
the wonder of your light was our map
your tender fingers our sail
gathering urchins to wine with you
clothing the imprisoned in scarlet robes
breaking bread on Hungers Street
a balm to all feeble limbs
your fingers, the sun.

you bring the light
in a deep sitted metaphor of love
crowning the dusts of the earth
serving their wine in golden goblets
with a feast on king's tables
to them you acquiesce a new world
the sun and the earth copulates
there, in your arms.

your bed coloured in a nuptial of roses
the red roses delivers a manifesto of love
the white roses of your virtue and kindness
your sun charitably filled our cervix with your gold
meekly laying the world beneath our feet.

in this season of love
your name on lips in grandeur
of beauty you are not a defect
and the griot chants your praise
on the aisle of red roses.

the griot sends his roses in words
he sends it to the earth
his words uniting with your sun
his praises sowing seeds of love
your memory a story
your story an history
your history an undying sparkle
of the world you thought to love.

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www.academia.edu/FIYINFOLUWAONARINDE

The Valentine's Day Anthology

Souls Connect

i heard that beautiful voice of yours
and it instantly brought a smile to my face
i feel as though we have met before
could it be that our souls are connected
in another time in another place
from the moment that our lips touched for the first time
i knew you were my soul mate for life
i knew i was hooked like a drug addict and that you were my habit
when i didn't hear your voice or smell your fresh scent i would break out in a cold sweat
i cant seem to get enough of you
looking into those beautiful eyes of yours
and I'm instantly mesmerized every time i look at you
as i close my eyes i can smell your cologne that gently tickles my nose
and the scent makes me lose control and it makes me want you more and more
when i scared or down in that dumps and tears are rolling down my face
i look at you and there you are with this look of love in your eyes and on your face
as i walk into your loving and comforting arms that gently hold me
all my doubts and fears that were once binding me have now disappeared
the warm feeling i get on the inside makes me feel
this is where i want and need to be for a lifetime
I'm yours and your mines from here until eternity

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www.reverbnation.com/marshalllisa

Another Kind of Love

it is another kind of love
that draws me on
beyond what I can find
in body or in form
or any mind that is other
and contained

a kind of love that overflows
the gentle boundaries
of you
the undulating contours
of earth's beauty

perhaps the sea comes close
in imitation of eternal deep
or sky which fools me
into finding infinity
in endless blue

but that's not it

this love
is uncreated breath
it holds all worlds in thrall
and when creation breaks
as you and I shall break
and mountains fall
and seas draw back
and universes tumble in
upon themselves
growing cold
as we too grow cold
only that love's breath
will draw me on

The Valentine's Day Anthology

I SOAR

I soar

Beyond the horizons

Searching for inner peace

In flight

Tossing mindless thoughts

Bathing groans and moans,

Sleepless nights

Stationary

In a timeless capsule

Basking

Waiting for you!

Carlene Beverly (c) December 2012

my love song

etta pours honey down my spine
causing my stiff back to slide,
undulating, first away then toward
and into you.

we beat.

cole makes me think i am in love
on the streets, in the museums...
altars and kitchen sinks.

we beat.

© veronica haunani fitzhugh

The Valentine's Day Anthology

My Dear One

To: My Dear One...

I write to incite...to rekindle
our affair
I need you to know
I miss what we share...

I've always been by your side
even though you ignored me
silently, you carry me inside
I am the lift in your glide
that keeps your stride
from stumbling...

I am the tissue
that dries your tears
the calm for your fears
the constant presence
throughout the years...

I am the light
in the tunnel
the sift that funnels
the way maker
that humbles...

I am the umbrella
covering your storms
the protector from harms
the cast for brokenness
the comforter during loneliness
the solvent for woes
the slayer of foes
the sealant around your heart
with you I shall never depart

I am the trigger
that releases endorphins
in your brain
the common in your sense
which keeps you sane
I remain ingrained
in your core
I am mixed in
the foundation
of your floor

I am wrapped around you
as an accessory
yet never taken
off your being
Will you finally
embrace me fully?

I am...
and will forever remain,

Love

Kallisa M. Powell

The Valentine's Day Anthology

Doomsday

The world is destined to die, but
our love will never die.
So take my hand and please don't let go.
If the ground shakes and separate, I would be your concrete for you
to walk upon to get you to safety.
Because baby you can believe in
me.
Even through death our love
will survive.
If we were trap in a flood, I would be your raft to float you to dry
place.
Because baby you are all my
everything.
So take my hand and please
don't let go.
I would protect you through
meteor shower, blizzard, nuclear explosion, or any end of the
world scenario because I adorn
you my love.
So take my hand and please
don't let go.
The world is destined to die, but
our love will survive.
Doomsday

© Ishmael Street

Lost love found again.

I walked down the street as the setting sun
was beginning to wane.
The dusk cast shadows
upon the street sidewalks ahead of me.
The scene reminded me of the time we met.
I could still smell the jasmine in the air.
I could still feel the summer breeze,
as it embraced us both in its accepting ease.
My heart had fluttered when you brushed
aside my hair.
My breath caught as I saw the loving intensity of your stare.
It was that night you kissed me for the first time.
I remembered your lips upon mine.
Soft and so supple.
True heavens divine.
Horns were blaring,
crashing me into brutal clarity.
A fleeting memory of a now gone,
lost love.
The trains tonight were fierce.
Crowds milled everywhere.
of course for them,
love was in the air.
with a sad gait
I made my way.
Caught a train to take me away.
Well only to 1st and 49th.
But still away from
this sugary and saccharine valentine melee.
It was no where near summer
and the air was cold and crisp.
The train was crowding and
the fill was becoming brisk.
I couldn't find a seat,
so I chose to stand in my retreat.

The Valentine's Day Anthology

As my hand grasped the pole,
the same moment the train took a jolt.
A hand steadied my impending fall.
My breathe caught.
Eyes locked.
Fingers touched.
Could this be?
Stood before me,
was my long lost love.
The roar of the train continued on,
my heart beat, so strong.
A smile, he graced upon me.
Like the memory of the unforgotten kiss,
he left me with.
Valentine's day,
look what you did...

© Terri L. Johnson.

<http://terripoetryjohnson.wordpress.com/>

I laid my palm against your cheek

I laid my palm against your cheek.
leaving me breathless
and unable to speak.

loving the warmth
and electricity
that came from the contact.
Emotions swirled
one after another,
over just how a simple touch
could create such an impact.

how simple and fleeting the act could erupt.
so fast and recurring I just couldn't get enough.
As my hand retreated
the contact and electricity depleted.
I laid my palm against your cheek.
Now I will always have a sweet memory to keep

Terri Johnson

The Valentine's Day Anthology

BLIND FAITH

I will love and cherish you
for the rest of my life.
I will take my vows to my grave
when I become your wife
I will honour and obey you,
loyal and true to the end
I will take life's previous lessons
and always try to bend.
I will be yours, as it is written,
in the stars or as written by men.

Blind faith has replaced our pain
with joy we never knew before.
It's blind faith that is making us so happy,
satisfying and strong to the core.
Blind faith has placed my heart in
your keeping and yours in mine.
It is blind faith that has mellowed
us, like fine, ageless wine.
It is blind faith that has kept
our souls together all this time.

I promise to satisfy, honour and
cherish your love till death do us part.
I will mend the break that life's
disappointment has caused to your heart.
I will accept the inherent vices,
the habits, and the nuance, even the stress.
I will restore the damage left by
separation, anxiety, fear and aloneness.
I will wait on you, always be here,
supplementing giving, sharing, no less.

It is blind faith that made you reach
out to me, to take the lead.
It is blind faith that made me grasp
the chance in my time of need.
Blind faith is what pushed you
to see me, to eventually respond.
Blind faith caused our souls to
have united and formed this bond.
Blind faith is to know the reason
we were born, to finally understand.

January 22, 2009.

Sonia Valencia Singh
aka wildwildapache

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moonlight

Darkness fall upon us
but yet the brightness of the moonlight feels
enlightening

A large round ball with its
own glow to show our paths
and delights us with our own
silhouettes and our surroundings.
our outside secrets get away.

But yet that glow of light
does not make our bodies hot. if any seeing eyes
the moonlight shine expresses the oneness we feel
When you are inside of me.

Two hearts beating and sounding like a drum
against the moonlight in the darkness.
lips touching each other and pressing against
each other and tongues comes to play.
Warm breathing inhaling and exhaling against
the naked bodies tingle with delight.
The moonlight brings so many reactions in the night.

Your eyes staring into mine. Your lips connecting to mine.
Your touch keeps my body tingling for more as We share , the
shine of the moonlight behind your glow make me say,
" thank you Lord" for this man of mine.

Heartspokenniecy

A Goddess comes

A Goddess can come, in so many forms,
Some bring rain in the summer storms,
Her love rains, all things drenching,
Her touch cool, our thirst quenching,

An ancient Goddess, called our sun,
Sends the warmth of love to everyone,
Her touch helping, all things to grow,
Her gift is the life, she does bestow,

Goddess of spring, is ever renewing,
Her voice the call, of rains brewing,
Her kiss descending, as refreshing rain,
Removing winters cloak, all is new again,

The Goddess of wind, many kisses blows,
She wraps us in love, forever it shows,
Her touch is cool, with tender fingers,
An elemental love, that always lingers,

Many minor Goddesses, in stars exist,
Their beauty awesome, we can't resist,
To sit out, at their beauty staring,
Sharing love, for those we're caring,

Goddess of summer, her embrace warm,
Her voice rings loud, in thunderstorm,
An aria of notes, her voice uncompered,
Awakening us to, this world that's shared,

My favorite Goddess, is called the moon,
Her sweet beauty, making a lover swoon,
Singing upon us all, tenderly speaking,
Giving hearts, a light they're seeking,

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Goddess Gaia, shows in all the trees,
Dancing with sister, the summer breeze,
Whispers love in our ear, while walking,
Ancient mother, to our spirits talking,

The Goddess of fall, with kitten claws,
Is the herald of winter, simply because,
All things must die, this world renew,
In time we return, one with Gaia too,

Amazing is the touch, of Goddess water,
Essential to life, she's Gaias daughter,
Her embrace so gentle, is cool and wet,
When lost in her body, troubles forget,

Goddesses are so many, I'd fill pages,
Each one an Ancient, lasting the ages,
A Goddess stunning, comes from above,
She's the one you find, giving you love.

In pastels, the Goddess of winter paints,
Beauty softened with, by Heavens saints,
Her touch is ice, yet her heart is warm,
As lovers embrace, during winter storm.

Clayton L Sanders
06, 23, 2010

You

The gift of love that you give
so willingly and endlessly
is a *Precious Grant*.

I am honored . . .
forevermore to accept
and fully experience this.

I have longed for this
kind of expression
without reserve or hesitation.

This freedom to be . . .
your woman, your partner
is more than I could dream.

Your love is cherished
far above . . .
rubies and gold
as was foretold aeons ago.

Like no other
you have endeared
yourself to my heart.
Again and again.
I felt virginal, yet wild

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when I discovered
your eyes fixed on me.

Your hands . . .
trailing gently . . .
up and down my sides
when we made love
the first time
made me weak
like a kitten . . .
for you.

You literally . . .
made me swoon
and still do
time after time.

Oh my love . . .
I'll always want
you by my side.
You fill my cup
abundantly . . .
to running over.

I taste your words
and I hungrily eat . . .
when you whisper sweet words

“Baby, I love you.”

And you know that

I love you too.

My love tank is always full.

Just the thought of you

takes me to the top

of *that mountain* . . .

where we are both

smiling and twirling

with love's song

upon our lips . . .

To be in your arms while

drowning in your charms

has become my home

and the song that I sing.

The need in me is strong

only to be satiated by you.

My love, my man, my song.

Happy Valentine's Day!

I love you . . .

© Janet P. Caldwell

The Valentine's Day Anthology

Canticles II

I deliberately unlaced the dusty sandals
that had him bound to the pious paths.
Those lanes that he'd walked for centuries. . .
within, without, beside and before me.
He longed for a physical/spiritual/eternal release.

Taking the golden chalice, filled with oil
I poured this treasure upon his feet.
I reached tenderly and held them,
then gently lifting those precious soles
into my basin, predestined for him
and set carefully before me.

I slathered the oil generously, while
massaging toes with nimble fingers.
Leaning down and dipping my hair
into the oil designedly and washing
my Lover's feet. I would soon discover
that age upon age, he's always been my lover.

I sang canticles of love for him.
It was magical then, the aromas wafting,
melodious harmonies . . . so sweet.
He was relaxing, though a salty tear
ran down his wounded cheek.

I knew that he was special, oh yes,
more so than any other being.
On his way to that known journey,
I felt led to comfort him
from all of his daily troubles.

He had sojourned into my spirit
and stayed . . . and we were serene.
Away from the loud crowds, seeking solace.
And far from those who tugged at him relentlessly.

A time of refreshing, this day,
and now, before it is too late.

I wanted to express my unending Gratitude.
So, leaning down, I let the oil coat and
absorb . . . into my hair, then drip from
my long strands to his feet.

To anoint him and to accept our fate.

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www.janetcaldwell.com

The Valentine's Day Anthology

i come to you

i have been searching for you for aeons
and your resonance has glowed within my soul
i have followed the flame
and the glow of your light
and it has directed me
through the presence of night

i come to you

sweet communion
was the order of the day
all i ever longed for was peace
a place where i may lay
my weary head
and rest

i draw my sword from it's scabbard for battle
and though i seek
to vanquish the enemy of the land
the enemy within
is the Demon
i wish to slay
this day

i see no other alternative
but to fight to my death
to give my life
to the higher order
of defending all that i love

yes i draw my sword
in accord
to a warriors duty
and honor

the odds are against
that any
of my comrades
will survive

i like these odds
for finally
i will be liberated
from this anguish
of being separated
all these aeons
from that which i need
you, the other half of my soul

i come to you

it was so many life times ago
i can vaguely remember
when you were banished
vanquished
from the court
for having my child

yes, we had defiled
the established dictums,
the rules of order
the modicum of behavior
for they said
you were beneath my stature
for i was of sovereign blood

i come to you

The Valentine's Day Anthology

it is beginning
to come back to me now
my resonant memory
like the sun
shimmering upon the lake that day
when you taught me the way
and revealed unto me
the path
of a higher order
where borders
and restraints
to ones passions
no longer appeared
as real

i was feeling something
new that day
and i knew
that this journey
you led me on
was more than a simple quest
more than a test
more than but another conquest

it was a liberation of sorts
and the only retort
i could muster
was acquiescence
to the lesson before me

as the flower of a lighted consciousness
began to unfold
your flesh told stories
of a sweet bliss
found in but a single kiss
upon your lips
where my sensualities
became alive

and now in remembrance
of that which has transpired
so many lifetimes before
here i stand at the door
of a weariness of soul

and no thought any longer
can cajole me
to wish to proceed
in my search
for this flame
my twin
you, who makes me whole

yes i am tired
yet spirited
as a warrior should always be

and as i draw my sword
from its sheath
for the final time
there is a glimmer of light
reflections from the Sun
a glint
that catches my eye
that immobilizes
this fleeting introspective moment

and i remember
the shimmering
upon the lake that day
where i lay beside you
when you taught me the way
the path to a higher order

The Valentine's Day Anthology

where borders
and restraints
to ones passions
no longer appeared
as real

and in solemn silence
i speak these words to you

i have been searching for you for aeons
and your resonance has glowed within my soul
i have followed the flame
and the glow of your light
has directed me
through the presence of my night

and this day
i come to you

(c) 6 October 2011 : William S. Peters, Sr.
www.iamjustbill.com

when i think of you

i am missing touching you
as i did a million aeons ago
when we had wings

you seem so far away
though you are here with me
and i listen to the song of remembrance
as my Soul does sing

a billion light years apart
is nothing at all to me
for your luminescent loving beauty
still resides in my light within i see

no sorrow here my dear
nay, i shall never it embrace
for the grandeur of Love's beauty
is eternally etched upon your face

so, i thank you for the Fire
of inspire . . . ation
and the magnificence of elation
i feel
when i think of you

the resplendent joys of anticipation
have long over come any dismal thought
for you are all that i wished for
all i ever sought

The Valentine's Day Anthology

so i am dancing in the garden
where butterflies reflect their Holy sum
and i observe the movement of stillness
and the metamorphosis of goodness i become

like a child in the Cosmic Sandbox
i build Castles as i so deem
and with a Smile and Holy Tear
i actualize the Dream

when all of our essences'
is the all of what we be
as we shine brightly as one
energy, that all may clearly see

. . . when i think of you

(c) 27 October 2010 : William S. Peters, Sr.

by Love i am blessed

dedicated to Janet P. Caldwell

there are times
that we encounter such souls
who resonate where we are

i am blessed by love
for love
with love
in love

i have had a few
in my lifetime

children
parents
siblings
friend
and mates

but as fate would have it
many have went away
but the love remains

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for i am the guardian of that treasure
that pleasure
that love always leaves behind

i look into my mind
and i find
reasons to smile
abundantly
and i know
affirm
confirm
that i am blessed by love
for love
with love
in love
with you

Happy Birthday Janet Caldwell

Love you
for by your love
i am blessed

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oh, did i say i loved her

i don't quite remember
when she came into my life
it must have been that day
when i thought i was the sun
for her light was so intense
she brightened all that i was

where there was darkness
it fled
and i bled
naught but thoughts of goodness
whenever she crossed my mind
which was not often
because she was always on it

i think of the possibilities
of what lies on the road before me
and her
and the Stars begin to glisten
in the middle of the day
lighting my way
that my dreams
are seen

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and i am redeemed
for she is all i ever needed

she speaks words to me
that move me
syllable by syllable
vowel by vowel
and her consonants
are constantly inspiring me
to want more of her
all of her
to taste her
hold her
kiss her
and i miss her
even when she
is right by my side

oh,
did i say i loved her

© 7 August 2011 : William S. Peters, Sr.



The Valentine's Day Anthology



Prose & Story



The Valentine's Day Anthology

The Valentine's Day Letter

Ma Cherie Amour.

Sorry I could not be with you on Valentine's Day. But I hope this letter makes you feel special, loved and a little less lonely. I miss you so much my love, beyond what words could ever express. I wish I didn't have to leave, but I accepted this job assignment to secure a healthy, financial future for us.

As I write this letter, I am sitting on huge boulder on a beautiful beach...enjoying the fresh air and the soft sounds of the ocean as the waves break ... and the ebb and flow of the water. I wish you were here. Actually you are here...in my heart.

With every passing day, I miss you more and more. Every time the wind blows, I hear your soft voice.

Every time a star twinkles, I remember your beautiful smile. And with every sunrise, I see your bright eyes.

I breathe you; you are my life source.

I hope you received the roses on time. I searched high and low for the perfect bouquet to represent the perfect woman...YOU.

Your love and support is why our relationship is such a beautiful experience...the greatest romance that's ever been told.

As the sun sets upon the horizon, I'm gonna bring this letter to an end. Once again, my darlin', I miss you very much and I am counting the days 'til I'm back, strapped tightly in your loving arms. Until then My Valentine...

Je t'aime

DL "I LOVE" DAVIS

1loveps.com

Once upon a time

This is how all stories begin, but this is no fiction, it's real life.

First Part

Paternal Saga

Moments in history

It was five years after Columbus had made his magnificent discovery that in the other corner of the Earth, in areas still hidden between the shadows of the dark middle ages, Romanian leader Stephan the Great, ruling over the small, but rich province of Moldavia, was involved in conflicts with his neighbors, including Polish king Joan the 1st. The decisive battle took place in Codrii Cosminului where the Moldavian leader crushed the Polish army. Years after, as a result of the intricate relationships established between the main leaders in the area and on the background of the Turkish threat, Stephan was sworn in vassal of the new king of Poland. Unfortunately, upon the latter's death, the Polish kingdom was inherited by his son, a young and inexperienced new king, Joan Albert. Faced with the menace presented by the Turks and with the intent of re-conquering two border castles, Stephan asked for help from the Polish king.

Presented with such an opportunity, Joan Albert decided not to abide by the vassalage agreement between Stephan and his father, but, on the contrary, try and crush the Moldavian leader so as to add Moldavia to his Polish domains. Fortunately, Stephan was informed by the intelligence they had back then of Joan Albert's mischievous intentions and he was able to act accordingly.

When Joan Albert entered the country with his 60.000 men army he was not greeted, as expected, as a friend, but as a foe. Between 5 and 10.000 men in this army were polish noblemen in full armor, as they were, formally at least, embarking upon a crusade. Joan Albert managed to gain control over the plain areas in Northern Moldavia and began a siege on the capital of Moldavia, Suceava. But Stephan was able to resist for over 4months, by which time the Polish army had been profoundly affected by disease as well as the inhospitality of the local people, to call it euphemistically. Consequently, they had to retreat, giving the Moldavian army the opportunity to start a guerrilla war, harassing the already weakened army. Little did the Polish king know that, as a result of being more poorly equipped than their enemies and, especially, than the Western armies of those times (as a result of a myriad of factors, the most important being Moldavia's geographic position-between the 3 main forces of Eastern Europe in the Middle Ages-the Russians, the Turks and the Polish), the Moldavians had become experts at guerilla fighting and

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setting up ambushes. At the same time, witty Stephan used to the maximum the advantage presented by the fact that the large and heavy Polish army was unable to withdraw quickly. On they way back home, the Poles had to go through a hillside area, covered by forests. Stephan, who had an army of just 22.000 men, was set to provoke the crusading noblemen in an unwarranted attack, without having considered thoroughly the circumstances of the battle.

So, a small detachment of Moldavian men attacked head-on the Polish army, at the very moment when it was passing along the forest Stephan had arranged in advance. Believing they were dealing with a small group of men, 5.000 noblemen in full armor, chased the Moldavians in the forest Stephan had created as a trap for them. In the field of battle, the armor and experience of the Polish knights would have sufficed to crush the entire Moldavian army.

Nevertheless, the hilly forests and overestimation of their own forces was fatal to the Polish knights.

Additionally, the Moldavians had cut down trees strategically so that they divided the enemy's army in small groups and hindering the movements of their horses. Instead of easily slaying with their swords and spears a mob of peasants, the polish knights found themselves surrounded by these peasants between the fallen trees, brought down from their horses with some hook-like weapons and swords.

The battle in the forest was especially fierce, but once the crème of the army slain, the rest of the polish army was unable to organize to put up a fight, a few thousand Moldavians harassing them as they were trying to retreat, taking back the prey the enemy had stolen and capturing prisoners.

Stephan, who had expected to loose half of his army in this conflict, was also surprised when he realized that his military loss was minimal. Among the wounded was his heir to the throne, the next to be Bogdan the Blind, who during the battle lost an eye in the spear of a polish knight.

The Moldavian noblemen around Bogdan counted after the battle that he carried on fighting at the same time screaming in pain. Even though they admitted Bogdan managed to hit every 2 or 3 strikes, they emphasized that the determination, the screaming and countenance of a man with an eye slipping down his face had an impressive effect on the confidence and security the poles who saw him felt.

The great surprise of the battle was the capture of the military flags of three major cities in Poland, on top of 9 other flags, from smaller regions and other from noble families. This, in the military language of that era, meant that it was practically a slaughter. Joan Albert who, for his life's sake, had the divine inspiration not to go in the forest with his knights, was escorted by his guard all the way back into Poland, without stopping along the way.

Even though he was still in power for the next two years, he remained in the memory of his people as the king during whose rule the knights were slaughtered.

The place where the battle had taken was cleaned up and new trees were planted, the new forest being known as The Red Woods. Stephan planted new oak trees in the places where the old ones had been taken down and it is said that of all those trees, there is still one remaining today.

The following year, 1498, Stephan conquered a Polish region, which remained under Moldavian rule for about 34 years.

Second Part

Paternal Saga

Romantic moments

*

The night falls thick, coarsely covered in cries of sorrow.
The mist is secretively swallowing the entire land .

The moon is slowly descending amongst the trees with a deep sigh...you can still hear the screams of the soldiers, the cries of the metal and even the frightened sounds of the horses. It's like the forest were shuddering and crying with silvery tears.

A young nobleman awakes to an unknown and inhospitable world, so cold and inhospitable! A chill runs down his spine, he feels his aching body and can see bloody stripes covering his limbs. Everything is so despondent and lonely... a tree, fallen as he was, too, stretches its arm to help him get up, but it's to no avail, the branch, broken under the weight . . . lets him slip back on the ground, to linger on the cold, wet ground.

The Valentine's Day Anthology

Only the Moon draws closer to gently whisper: "You're home now. This is where you shall learn a new song of life and leap across the ages."

The young nobleman sighs wistfully and falls back asleep, a long and deep sleep.

**

The window opens widely and a green breath of air enters the young woman's room. The scent coming from the forest grows fresh buds of dew in her hair and caresses her warm cheeks. She opens her eyes, quivering. The dawn is dancing on her threshold and playfully smiling at her. She quickly gets dressed and goes to the spring to get fresh water. Her steps are lighting golden sparks on the damp grass of the trail, so much light surrounds her, she herself seems to be of holy light.

The spring welcomes her in his glistening waves and faintly whispers: "He's here nearby, wounded and needs help". She looks around her but there isn't any sign of human life, just a silence that suddenly has become dreadful "Search for him", the spring tells her, "he's wounded and dying".

All of a sudden a ray of light emerges from a fallen oak tree, ignites once again and then slowly dwindles. The young woman runs towards the oak tree and sees the wounded body of an armored nobleman.

"He is so young" the oak whispers. "Save him" the Moon tells her. His body, marked by deep wounds, was her body now, tomorrow, since and till forever.

The young woman saved the Polish nobleman's life. He then became Stephan's prisoner for a period and when the time came for him to return to his country he decided to remain together with the woman who was now his friend, lover and mother of his children.

Rodica Hapeci aka RiseRa Light

Pointless

I shouldn't have told you what you meant to me... Maybe I wouldn't have believed it myself, and I wouldn't be paying the price for it now... And maybe I could be loving someone who deserves it the most... Me.

And maybe I wouldn't lie awake most nights holding back frustration and tears of confusion ..aware of what I deserve, what I want, self hate and self love ... The never ending war within myself... to wait for the man God has in store or pursue a less than worthy option for the desired longing just to be one with another's soul.. mind.. body.. heart...

Trying to figure out what is the glitch, what is soooo wrong with me that I can't have the desires of my heart.

"No man is gonna want a fat woman.." They say... Is that what's wrong ? Am I too much body that no one will try to reach my mind or my heart ? Maybe that's what's wrong? Maybe I should eat less than 500 calories a day just to fit into some mans fantasized idea of what a "good woman" is, starve myself and make myself uncomfortable because someone may not like it ... or maybe I can chose to embrace myself and love myself because I AM BEAUTIFUL... Every inch of my big ass is beautiful...

"How can you get someone love you if you never give them a chance ?" They say.. They say I should go out and have fun...do unmentionable things and live my life ... But wait.. That's exactly it. It's My Life .. And if I choose to not be played by guys who promise permanent feelings forever and always, then a week later tell you they're not feeling the relationship anymore after they've used you up sucked you dry and now you're stuck

The Valentine's Day Anthology

Then so be it. I don't have the time nor do I have the patience for games and if that means that I have to be by myself then that's how it's gonna be.

I'm tired of having feelings for someone that are pointless. I'm tired of keeping my love to myself all the time... but At least by myself I can love me with everything I am. Of course it gets old not having a soul to confide in, but isn't that why we have prayer ?

As soon as you let someone into the darkest, loneliest areas of your life, they use you. They know your weaknesses and take advantage. They break into the most vulnerable aspects of your being and take take take... Then leave. I see it everyday, all around me... Why would I want that? Yet all I want is to open my heart to one man and give him my all with his honest promise not to damage my heart anymore than it already is. You see the internal war I go through? Is it clear yet ?

I shouldn't have ever told you how much you meant to me in hopes of becoming your one and only... it was pointless. I would never have these thoughts that keep me awake and i would never have these dreams that force me to dwell on images that will never become reality ..You will always own a massive, dark, lonely part of my heart whether you want it or not, but for now and forevermore I will try to fill the void with loving myself because it was always pointless.

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Love me Forever

Love is not made to be measured but made to fit one's own measurements, in sense love is simple custom made. Made to fit those in which it has been bestowed upon. Make me to know mine and be the measure of my days. Think of how you hold my heart without a key now; think of how much I love you and what you truly mean to me.

Inside me my heart is in a state, which permits only your love to enter; come my love and fill this entrance, thus no one else shall ever enter. Let us unite and blend as two substances would in such a manner that it would be impossible to tell where one end and the other begins.

Let me not sink nor become more dense or compact. We came a week ago since when I've had no rest. Inside me my heart still pounds as if it was an organ, in which the pipes are shaped like the mouthpiece of a flageolet, where the wind enters and opens at the other end. This love of ours is beautiful, but beauty is only a charm, *Someday soon the charm may pass!*

Love me forever, so shall this love last!

Gayle Howell aka Lady Silk

The Valentine's Day Anthology

ALL SUGA'D UP

Sucrose, Suga Grainy Brown and White
Sweet
Added to anything makes it taste better
That's the kind of suga that I need
To enhance the flavor of my coffee, tea
or even a tall cold class of red Kool-Aid
like the kind our grandmothers use to make
All suga'd up

However as I progress into the more seasoned years of my life
The kind of suga that sustains me
Only you possess
You give the kind of suga that you give
to me with all senses focused on me
sight, sound, touch, taste and smell
all wide open

The anatomy of this molecule a combination of carbons & hydrogens & oxygens begins
with the sugarcane

The sugarcane's thick leaves are stripped
and in the suga factory
its juices are extracted

Imagine me as the thick sugarcane leaf
Believe me I need to be stripped
And I need my juices to be released

Shredded leaves pass through rollers
They call this grinding
Hot waters sprayed on grinded material
Lime added and heated all to boiling

All I have to say is
I will sit my shredded leaves on your rollers and we'll grind this mixture
Heat me with some hot oil as my suga level rises
Then, after more heating
and boiling and grinding, this dense mass of crystals
– me and you –
combine to form molasses. Syrupy Sweet brown and orgasmic

After my suga'd up man releases me
in his suga factory
our rawness can be heard in our own memories

The ability to recall the essence, the taste, the fragrance of suga
Allows us to know each other in a manner that comes with
the process of refinement

Each step along the way is necessary
to create a safe place
for the chemical reaction to progress
according to its own time.
A refined man who takes his time to suga me up is all the man
I need

Without good suga there is no sweetness
Without suga true intimacy true flavor is
only imagined, simply an imitation of the artificialness of how life and love has become

I want to be all suga'd up by a refined man who takes his time
I need to be suga'd up by a man who takes his time
And in keeping with the universal law of one good turn deserves another
This refined woman will reward that refined man with increased metabolic levels of suga
so that he too can enjoy being
All Suga'd Up

yolande barial

The Valentine's Day Anthology



Karolina Borkowski 15

Collaborations



The Valentine's Day Anthology

First Contact

with . . . Arnita D. Doggett & Charles 'SeaBe' Banks

SeaBe

her....
eyes Brown with a hint of special-ness....
twin pools I could get losted in
emittin' motions
of a soulful mind

between those pools a
nose to play
to tickle
to crinkle
to say HaaY with
excitable flairs
fill full breaths with

below still
heavens doors
she spake with
overflowin' i want to no dem
imagine lips...supple-ness

these I took note of when we first met

Arnita

*my eyes were drawn to him
when he entered the room
he was the essence of desire
he stood proud
and his eyes were dreamy*

*i licked my lips
and imagined the feel of his
on mine*

*sex appeal reeked with
every move he made*

*he's coming my way
yes ...*

*hey sweetheart
he coos
i smile from deep inside my self
hey yourself i say*

*he extended his hand ...touched me
and i melted*

SeaBe

soft hands= loving heart= wet sweet lips
so Hard to resist ... we had just met
we talked.. the conversation calm
beneath a stormy sea ... eyes that spoke/ smoke more
hands fingers limbs lips chained by pleasantries ...
personal space was nil ...as we moved closer ...
speaking on so many levels ...
languages eons ole ...
this public space ...
so many I's ...
a scenic balcony ...
a secluded table ...
a small flavored drink
time holds it's breath.....till

Arnita

*your lips
touch mine
and heaven explodes
creating a new world
of you and me ...*

The Valentine's Day Anthology

SeaBe

from over head a spotlight shines
focus beams our lips entwine/ untwine
a soft wet wrestle we pin each others minds
and yet ... and yet ... the promise...of more
lay open to the touch ...explore ...
the parting... the eyes... opening ...
information exchanging...no words need be said...

Arnita

*the power exchanged
between us
in our first kiss ...
my knees grew weak
my heart raced
i felt as tho' i had taken
a hit of some erotic drug*

*i held on to you for dear life
for more than Desire was borne
i had found my SoulMate*

Arnita D. Doggett/ Charles SeaBe Banks 1/9/12

<https://soundcloud.com/seabe->
<http://facebook.com/arnita.d.doggett>

ways to love your better half...

with Todd 'thelyfepoet' Smith & Shequita Phillips

Todd

Women love your men
don't talk smack in his ear
love him
treat him like a king
walk holding his hand side by side
kiss him
make love to him in more ways than one
look him in the eyes
let him know it's him that you want
take walks in the park
go out to dinner and a movie
laugh together
enjoy life together
massage his back when he gets home from a long day of work
have his bubble bath ready
and a nice hot meal for him
talk to him while he's in the bubble bath
ask him bout his day at work
while you're washing his back
women savor this moment to love and cherish him
women don't be a bug a boo to him
let him know that you care and love him
have him sit down so that you can feed him good food for his soul
women love your men and respect him to the fullest
men also love and respect your woman as well...

Shequita

*men love your lady
be truthful upfront and never shady
show her that she is the only one
never leaving her feeling empty like she is a lonely one
your partying with the boyz can wait
don't turn her love into hate
it's a thin line*

The Valentine's Day Anthology

*did you really have to work late or were you lying
you say she's always prying
like a crowbar opening up a wooden box
don't avoid her as if she has the chicken pox
don't dance around the truth
dance with her like boaz and ruth
constantly relive the day you made her yours'
wanna increase your love score
even if she doesn't work outside the house
still help her around the house by doing some chores
wooing is persistently doing
something that doesn't cease
find different ways for the fire to increase
read 69 ways to please
wasn't that your intentions when you got down on your knees
love is not a game
it's not a battlefield
when faced with temptation 100% of the time
you must NOT yield!!!
always remember if you ever become bedridden
she is the one who will be there taking care of you
it won't be that trick no matter who pursued who
once a wise man said to me
it's okay to be henpecked
as long as it's the right hen doing the pecking
roaming eyes, hands and lips could lead to home wrecking
fellas, don't give her room to doubt
otherwise she will be continuously checking
keep the sun shining bright
the moon smiling and glowing
touching her heart with kisses of love
so she's always knowing
that you and she have become one
and
always growing
don't let love just be a phase
rock her world to frankie beverly and maze...*

shequita phillips & thelyfepoet
www.thelyfepoet.com

Ambient Air / London Fog

with Steve McGoy and Emma Jane

am·bi·ent

[ámbee ənt] in surrounding area: in the immediately surrounding area

Steve McGoy

I heard your love in the stillness
in the silence
the calm of your world lures my energy
as the cars drive on the brick roads
locked in to your cadence
soon those roads and trials will be you and me again
the bells of the city call me to you
thinking of the village by the sea
I remember the docks
the images of you by the water
etched in my mind clearer
than any of the photographs will ever be
I long for you to take me to the cottage
by the hillside overlooking
the light tower
the place where we met
on that rainy day
the day which saw you emerge
into my existence through the London fog
once I laid eyes on you
it was permanence and has been ever since
you really enticed me
with your eyes and innocence
but I knew better
I could see all the woman in you
through the ambient air...

The Valentine's Day Anthology

Emma Jane

*I remember that dense fog
the crispness I felt when I exhaled...
your silhouette stood before me
your masculine shadow lured me
I was captivated all the way in
when I looked in your eyes
your chocolate smile invigorated me ...
Love is you raced across my heart
I remember the feeling
the excitement within
Your light still emits out of that mental picture
in my mind's eye
it shines brightly inside the signature
of your very beautiful being
into the written winds of your photographic soul
past the autograph that defines you
well beyond the I love yous
Sepia souls make contact
Darkroom develops a moment's frozen image
entwined nakedness signs nature's beauty
our ecstasy depicted in monochrome shades of love
into the highest heights of our passions made
filled with zest and flair
I think back to that night we met
amidst the London fog and ambient air*

© 2012 Steven McGoy & Emma Jane

Runaway into Love...

with Todd 'thelyfepoet' Smith & Janet P. Caldwell

Todd's Voice

the debts of my love for you
can never be described and
to be a little more specific you can
take the Atlantic and Pacific oceans
drain both of them and you would
still need to increase that by
an unfathomable number . . .

as bright as the sun is
on it's brightest day
it pales in comparison
to what we have
let me hide and shield you
from all of your past pain and hurt
as we runaway into love that
has an impenetrable force field

cold winds would never turn our love cold
rain, sleet, hale and snow
intemperate climates would fortify us
making our love like a snow ball
rolling down a mountain that continuously grows
your love is the love i have been missing
all of my life
spring into my love
and let's cultivate it like the beautiful
lilies of the field
who haven't a care in the world
when we are with each other
that's exactly how i feel . . .

no matter what is happening
all over the world
as we build our world around each other
you make my world much better

The Valentine's Day Anthology

as you repair all of my despair
runaway into love with me
for i've waited with bated breath
never anticipating this day
to ever be a reality

Janet's Voice

*I too, have sat with bated breath
waiting for your physical return
whispering mantras in my ear
with your arms holding me tight.*

*The songs that we sang
and the love they bring
are more than can be numbered
like the sands of time
we have always been.*

*Yes, this journey has been
far too long without you.
You are the oxygen
and life force in my veins.
In you and with you is life
filling my inner being.*

*I love you more than the sun
and the crescent moon
in the wonder night sky.
My heart is filled . . .
with song and gratitude
at the very thought of you.*

*Yes, My Love, my Man.
I will runaway into love with you.
Runaway with you, again and again.
In you is my heart and home
it's where I've always been.*

He exists

with Tantra Zawadi & 'just bill'

Tantra

he exists
hard core
between fantasy and reality
in search of new and
exciting ways to please
her mind

piercing and stoking
flames of desire
coming to the edge
of her innermost without
ever touching

you see

the skillful delicacy of
his attention spans
lifetimes of
exquisite experience
with hands to
hold
tousle
and burn
within the curve of her belly
inside the softness of promises
somewhere between
fantasy and reality

he lives

Bill

*yes,
she was a muse*

The Valentine's Day Anthology

*not just any muse
but one who spoke
to him
stroked
him
cajoled
him
and evoked
him
to pay attention
to the higher order*

*too long
he lived in a world
where borders
were the order of the day
and the way
of the souls about him*

*and now
the furrow of his brow
unwrinkled it's self
that his eyes may clearly see
the grandeur beyond
normalcy*

*and she danced in his thoughts
and he was caught
full soul
in the possibilities
of what such expressions could do
when one
when you
my muse
speaks
in your own
way*

Tantra

he lived too long
without her
she
mind-full
of the grandeur beyond
extensions
dancing full out
in the way he always
envisioned her
between fantasy and reality
stoking the gravity of feelings
so deeply evolved
that to speak of them
would be cause for
a revolution

Bill

*and his soulful cries
did not go unanswered
she always entombed
his resonance
as did he hers*

*o'er the eons apart
their hearts
were still embraced
in cosmic wedlock
and the divine knew this
for that was the sanctioning
ordained*

*and no feigned life
nor journey
nor consciousness
could deny
what is
truth*

The Valentine's Day Anthology

a place where two become one

a collaboration with Tantra Zawadi & 'just bill'

Tantra

to a place where two become one
removing the veil for a soul kiss
behind the groove of ecstasy
our soul's wish
where dreams thrive
where love is alive
our lover's talk
floating whispers in the wind
shining Sirius beyond the sun
traveling to a place
where beloved two become one...

Bill

*wait
i am not done yet
i have not begun yet
here i am
lingering
fingering
through the pages of my soul' memories
remembering
when we walked as one
and each step
was one of blissful anticipation
of that soul filled kiss
and i say that this time
i will not miss
thy touch
for such*

*is the reason i live
that i may give
my self to thee
that my celestial sanctity
may be restored*

Tantra

patiently i have awaited your awakening
your remembrance
when we walked as one
i see glimpses of you in
myself and in the tears
that bless my pillow
memories of a life
you no longer seem to remember
i turn to thee
with eyes full
of memories
you return blank stares
and it feels so cold

like floating whispers in the wind
yearning for the sun

Bill

*oh my beloved
know that my heart yet remains true
true to those memories of our yester-years
and though i display not what i deem to be soft
inside the tears flow freely
and they are the essence of what sustains me
my very life force*

*my apparent distance
is but the shield my heart has adorned
to protect you from the anguish i bear
each day
each night*

The Valentine's Day Anthology

*and i as the Cosmic Warrior
i wear this armor
as i battle the forces
that seek to rend our hearts asunder
and i have deemed it shall not be*

*and i ask you my beloved
to hold to thy faith
and thy truth
that the love which you feel in your depths
does not
and will not go unanswered
there is no void here
for the prayers i have sent forth
have been answered
for you still live
and my love is still mine to give
and i give it to you*

Tantra

Oh warrior of love!
I have crushed time
Against my breasts
Wepted whispers of
Faith into my soul
Inhaled the essence
Of madness

As goddess, I rejoice and
Bear witness to
Our return to love

Bill

*my beloved
rest
yes, rest in the assurance
that as the Star Souls of thy Brethren
are pinned upon the canopy of eternity*

i am with thee

*not a place in space can exist
where the light of my love
communes not with thee*

*in the eternal cycle of time
from inception to endless inception
i embrace that which is thine
and mine
our souls
as they dwell in the realm of forever*

*and we shall shine
for light is the essence
of our presence
and as one
we are here
my dear*

Tantra

never in the dark
you left the light on
as promised for me
eternally burning
i am with thee
here my dear
at ease
in the
realm of
forever
loved and
beloved

Bill

and i am thus fulfilled

The Valentine's Day Anthology

The Process

with Janet P. Caldwell & William S. Peters, Sr.

Janet

Lying in my garden
I see, the seeded grass
bees buzzing by, butterflies
and some blossoming flowers

Bill

*opening
to the world
of life.*

Janet

Impregnated by a stream
of sappy semen
pollen . . .

Bill

*dropped by salacious trees
and willing carriers
of pro-genitive purpose.
Life has a need
a duty to*

Janet

fornicate
procreate
accelerate
and celebrate
their species.

Bill

accumulate en masse

Janet

Lying in my garden
with naked desire
surmising
realizing
that you and I
are no different.

Bill

*i stand naked
before the throne
desires bared
loins aflame
calling the name
of love
to come anoint me*

*within your eyes
objective speaks
and the voices
of the children to come
call for deliverance
and i heed the call*

*my seed has need
to be planted
in the furrow
of the divine*

The Valentine's Day Anthology

*that which resides
as thine and mine
as we too
embrace this truth
of purpose
to accumulate en masse*

Janet

procreate
accumulate
while realizing
through our surmising
that we are
as we are.

Bill

*Life unto it's self
the process.*

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Love's Perspectives

with Janet P. Caldwell & William S. Peters, Sr.

Bill

i met her upon my journey
i offered a smile
she had no trust of men
it seemed

i persisted in showing her kindness
and she began to believe
that she was worthy

you see
she arrived in my space
broken
carrying tokens
of a past denied
defied
washed away
from her sensitivities
because of all those tears
she cried
all those years

i see her tenderness
hidden just under her armor
for she was a warrior
in her own way
she fought each day
to hold at bay
her dismality
a haunting
daunting
reality

The Valentine's Day Anthology

she needed me
for she needed love
and that is what i do
i thought

Janet

*I met him on a dreary disdainful day
love it seemed, was not in the cards
at least not mine, anyway.*

*you see, I thought
Men were all liars and thieves
they steal your heart, leave you
in pieces, with no reprieve.*

*Somehow, he was different,
he listened with his heart.
I could not move away.
As I explained my past to him,
my pain to him
he gently leaned in
and kissed my forehead.
I didn't know what to say.*

*I rambled for hours and days on end,
he never left my side, i felt he loved me
and was proving to be a great friend.*

Bill

she began to trust me
and trust me,
she confirmed me
for i was not sure
i could trust my self

you see,
i too have been hurt
cast aside
like dirt
used
abused
confused
mostly by my own doing

but here she is
my calm healing balm
embracing me
helping me
to face me
and my deepest fears
of being alone

there were songs
and tones
that have always played in my heart
and she helped me
to hear them
to see them
to see me
that i was a symphony
of me
and of her life

as time passed
she became my wife
and i thought my strife
had left for good

but there were challenges
trials
tribulations
because the sensations i dreamed of
forgot to dream with me

The Valentine's Day Anthology

and my soullessness
heartless attitude
of vagrancy
returned
and i spurned her

the only true love i could ever imagine
i burned her
and i turned from her
back to my own selfishness

Janet

*I sensed a change
something different
in his actions, his ways
something rearranged
I loved him anyway*

*I did not strive to change his mind
I continued to be sweet and kind
To love this man,
was my dream, my destiny
and I would not let him
destroy this beautiful thing.*

*This thing called love
that which we had both
vied for
sighed for
and nearly died for
I would not let it, nor him
walk out of my door.*

*For that is what God
has made me for
to love him
and that I did
and I will always do.*

Bill

i thank God himself
personally
for her,
for through her
i have come to see my self

all the while
while i was struggling
to reconcile
with my own Demons
she stood by

she was my Angel
beaming brightly
with love for me
to help me see
who "WE" could be

if but we
would work as one
one heart
one vision
one smile
of
one love

The Valentine's Day Anthology

Janet

*with One Love
we found a reconciliation
in my dedication
and our appreciation
for the us of us
was found*

*I was his Ruth
and he my Boaz
to whom my soul
is wed
for eternity.*

*Yes, love at times can be a test
of our earnesty
and with a certainty
we can see
a higher Truth.*

Bill & Janet Recite as One

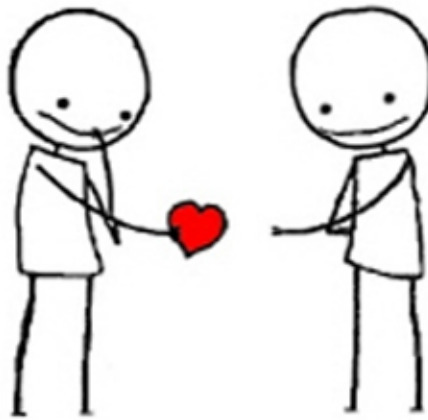
that love is truly . . . One

© William S. Peters, Sr. & Janet P. Caldwell ~ August 16, 2012





Famous Love Quotes



Pay it forward

The Valentine's Day Anthology

"It is a curious thought, but it is only when you see people looking ridiculous that you realize just how much you love them."

~ **Agatha Christie**

"If I had a flower for every time I thought of you, I could walk in my garden forever."

~ **Alfred Lord Tennyson**

"Love makes the wildest spirit tame, and the tamest spirit wild."

~ **Alexis Delp**

"The best and most beautiful things in the world cannot be seen or even touched. They must be felt with the heart."

~ **Helen Keller**

"I love you, not only for what you are, But for what I am when I am with you."

~ **Roy Croft**

"Love reminds you that nothing else matters."

~ **Amy Bushell**

"I don't wish to be everything to everyone, but I would like to be something to someone."

~ **Javan**

'it's all about the love baby'

~ **william s. peters, sr.**

"Love is patient, love is kind. It does not envy, it does not boast, it is not proud. It does not dishonor others, it is not self-seeking, it is not easily angered, it keeps no record of wrongs. Love does not delight in evil but rejoices with the truth. It always protects, always trusts, always hopes, always perseveres."

~ **Paul of Tarsus to the Church of Corinth**

"There is no remedy for love, but to love more."

~ **Thoreau**

"A loving relationship is one in which the loved one is free to be himself – to laugh with me, but never at me; to cry with me, but never because of me; to love life, to love himself, to love being loved. Such a relationship is based upon freedom and can never grow in a jealous heart."

~ **Leo F. Buscaglia**

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"The best love is the kind that awakens the soul; that makes us reach for more, that plants the fire in our hearts and brings peace to our minds. That's what I hope to give you forever."

~ **from the Movie 'The Notebook'**

"A simple 'I love you' means more than money."

~ **Frank Sinatra**

" Love unconditionally without expecting something in return"

~ **JPC**

"When someone loves you, the way they say your name is different. You know that your name is safe in their mouth."

~ **Jess C. Scott**

"Love is the flower you've got to let grow."

~ **John Lennon**

"Being deeply loved by someone gives you strength, while loving someone deeply gives you courage."

~ **Lao Tzu**

“I have found the paradox, that if you love until it hurts, there can be no more hurt, only more love.”

~ **Mother Teresa**

“At the touch of love everyone becomes a poet.”

~ **Plato**

“when i look through the eyes of love into the eyes of love, there is but love!”

~ **william s. peters, sr.**

“Love is all we have, the only way that each can help the other.”

~ Euripides

“Lord, grant that I might not so much seek to be loved as to love.”

~ **Francis of Assisi**

“Love is my religion - I could die for it.”

~ **John Keats**

“Everything is clearer when you're in love.”

~ **John Lennon**

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“Love does not dominate; it cultivates.”

~ **Johann Wolfgang von Goethe**

“Love is an act of endless forgiveness, a tender look which becomes a habit.”

~ **Peter Ustinov**

“In love the paradox occurs that two beings become one and yet remain two.”

~ **Erich Fromm**

A loving heart is the truest wisdom.

~ **Charles Dickens**

“Come live in my heart, and pay no rent.”

~ **Samuel Lover**

“I can live without money, but I cannot live without love.”

~ **Judy Garland**

“Love is the beauty of the soul.”

~ **Saint Augustine**

~ fini ~



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