

$3 \rightarrow 2 < 1.8a$

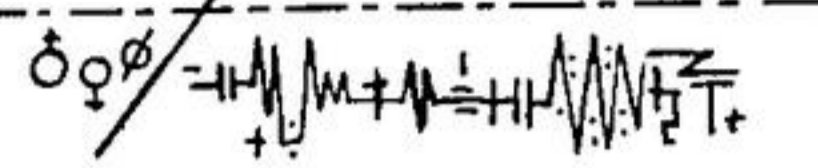
$7 \geq 2A + 2B < 36$

$9 \div 4 =$

$\pi L - 2A +$

$2 \div 3A = 4$

279800...



"REASON"

The process of reason is not understood,  
It depends upon sensual response:  
Few there are whoever could  
Understand its conceptions and wants.

I for one am not apt to explain,  
More than to myself apply;  
Referring to reason I'm sure that it's plain,  
The question to start with is "why"?

Logic, it seems is the answer to bear,  
Conducting the paths to pursue;  
But being logical with reason that's there  
Brings uncertainty of which is true.

We may use the one and then the other,  
Betrothed to each other belong;  
From this then we can gather  
The conditions of right and wrong.

But this applies to states of such  
Where right and wrong are found;  
Beyond this point it leaves us much  
To explore unknown ground.

Proceed we must with tools at hand  
That lead to practical use;  
And when this process cannot stand,  
The mind is sure to lose.

But then again if absolute,  
A word that brings despair,  
Can lead the lesser to the truth  
We'll all have more to share.

I'm sure that now we've come so far,  
The questions would fill with gloom;  
This way of life would seem to mar,  
The unreasonable obstructs to doom.

It's not at all the way it looks,  
There's hope in the sight of unseen!  
We may study the written in books,  
How will one find the serene?

We'll start by assumption, unreason is real,  
Comparable to fact as untrue,  
I'm sure that this a person will feel  
Beyond the extension called you.

But we cannot hold that all's perceived  
Reflecting the outward to in;  
It follows acceptance of life is believed  
And always must have been.

If we conclude acceptance is first,  
With life a conditioned state,  
None other may quench the mind's thirst  
Than introducing a word called "faith".

By reason we say if something is  
We're sure that it must be;  
There's only one thing wrong with this,  
It just takes us as far as we see.

I know it's said by reason in time  
We're bound to see everything,  
But time runs out in one's reasoning prime  
And there's something it cannot bring.

It's the state of still where eternal flows  
For the living subjected to states;  
The doors are open and whoever goes,  
It's but "faith" that conveys through the gates.



"THESE CREATURES"

Routine I live day by day,  
I pay my bills as well as I may,  
Respect of places, people and things,  
These are the habits my life brings.

Creatures there are many a kind  
But none like man you'll ever find,  
A bird will make a home anywhere,  
No bills to pay, or clothes to wear.

The bees don't need a grocery store  
And flies don't bother to knock on the door,  
A flower inherits a plot of ground,  
No taxes to pay, no one to hound.

No life but man has celebrities  
To applaud himself in all he sees;  
One thought that lies with him at least,  
That he's better off than any beast.



"THE STRANGER YOU"

If you feel a love for one  
You may feel a love for all  
For it's all contained within the you.

When you see a smiling face  
Then the warmth of it embrace  
And shake hands with a stranger called you.

If a thing you may detect  
From inside it may reflect  
It belongs within the realm that is you.

Look around the world you see  
You may find the person me  
And you'll wake up knowing that it's you!

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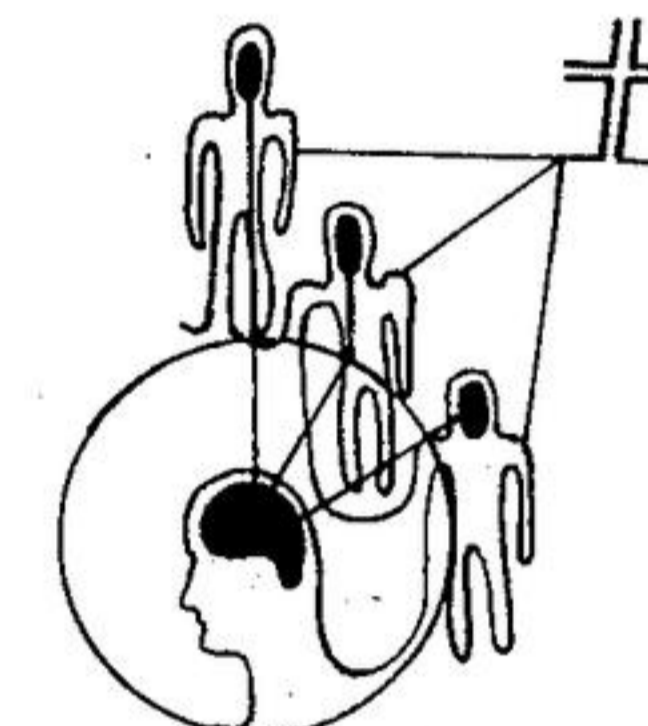
"RELENTLESS"

Strange as it seems with fantasy  
In dealing with things unknown  
Cannot portray all that we see  
And what time inside had grown.

Would you believe that all is thought?  
But more than eye can know;  
Soaring through heavens eternal sought  
The questioning mind will show.

What one can do, he that will,  
Is not enough in time  
Than being inspired in the still  
Of boundless love sublime.

Oh poverty of flash restrained,  
Adorned for time to endure,  
Would shed a raiment so refrained  
To transcend in state of pure.



"MY JAILER"

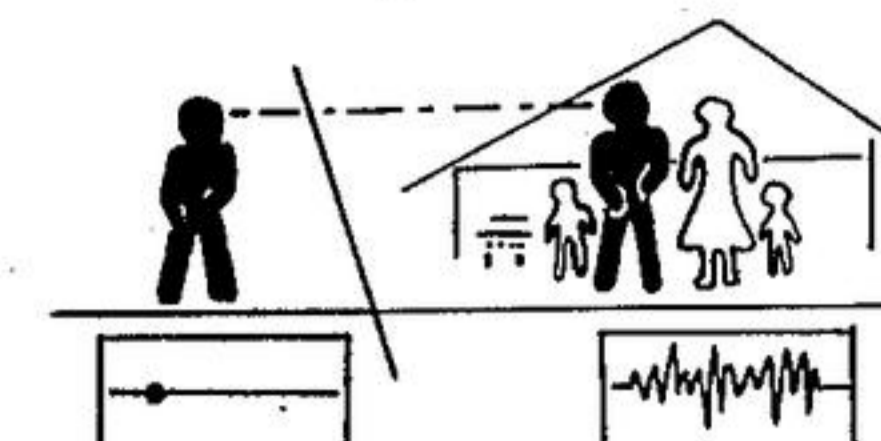
Behind these prison walls  
He stood guard beside my door,  
Pacing up and down the halls  
In a path that he had wore.

I pleaded to turn me loose  
But my cries he would ignore,  
How could this man refuse  
I just couldn't stand anymore!

My life was sinking low,  
No nourishment to be had;  
Wherever my jailer would go  
Brought more of this state so sad

I asked him for a drink  
He filled my glass with brine,  
My life continued to sink  
As I prayed for light to shine.

For it was dark in the dungeon there,  
On his face the light did shine  
One look was all I could bear!  
The face I saw was mine!



"POSSESSIVE"

When you're born, you have a name,  
You say "It's mine".

Mother, father, with family came,  
And you say "It's mine".

Certain school you did attend  
And you say "It's mine".

To church your parents send,  
"All mine, all mine"

Find a sweet loving girl,  
You say "she's mine".

First romance you give a whirl,  
"Mine, oh mine"

Comes a time to fall in love  
"This is mine"

With a marriage blessed above,  
"Yes, yes its mine".

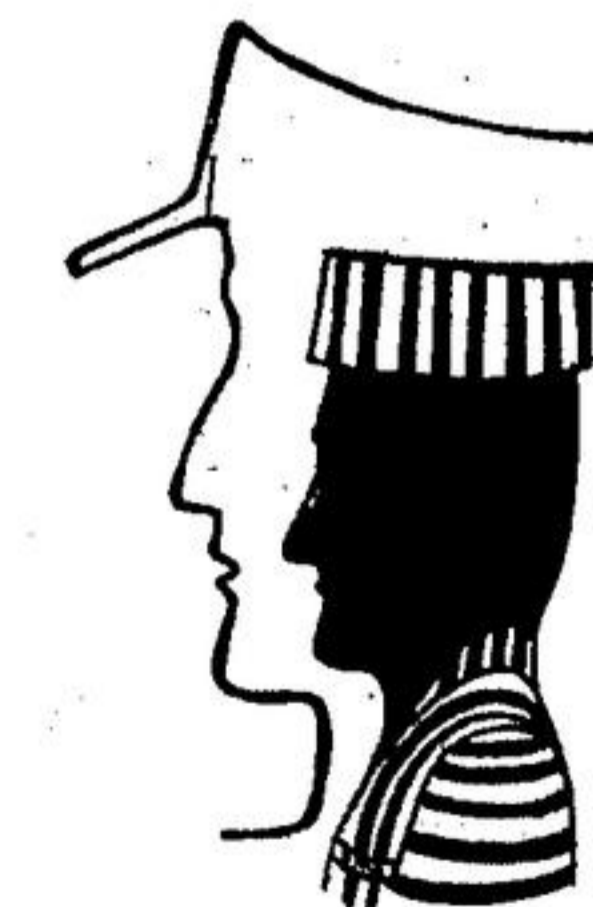
Raise a family, girl and boy,  
"Oh God, they're mine".

Fills your life with joy  
"Mine, yes mine".

Time goes on, and takes its toll,  
"Not mine, not mine!"

When all is gone, where is the goal?  
"Oh God! Not mine!"

SKETCHES BY  
PAUL BELANGER



GREGORY BOTOSAN

Poetry  
in Depth

When the regular chores we perform become repetitive and sometimes boring, many of us turn to such diversions as sports, gardening, woodworking, fishing to relieve tension. Insurance agent Gregory Botosan has a hobby which allows him to express himself in an unusual way - writing poetry. His verses deal with all facets of life and daily living. Included here are a few samples of questing talent at work, showing Greg Botosan is not your average insurance salesman.

"ASTRONAUT'S  
COMMUNION"

Arise alas! Go forth to the calling  
Of swirling heavens and galaxies,  
Commence at once, the stars entralling  
Forever engulfed with eternal speers.

'Tis quiet, this still, the beauty here  
Non-descriptive prevailing; Sojourn!  
Awe encounter, fulfillment of fear,  
It's nature that's willing to learn.

Crest upon crest of spacious bask,  
Stunning the mind with its lure,  
Equity of fate overwhelming task  
Relating to wings of unsure.

Question not unanswerable sight,  
Forwarned of destiny - Trespass!  
Unveil the infinite delight;  
God's face is seen at last.

