

Le Bon Journal

Saturday 14 February 2004 <http://www.bonjournal.com/ezine/>
Volume 3 Issue 2: Love is actually all around the world

Valentine's Day, 14th February is celebrated in many countries. Because we create out of love, we have chosen this day to launch the new Le Bon Journal, an independent e-zine for self-expression. Love is what drives us to express ourselves. For this inaugural issue, we've invited contributors to submit their original work on the theme of love.

Poems might communicate your feelings better than other means. Joe Kelly shares a poem he wrote of a one-sided love. Robert Bekkers tells of the torment of a long distance relationship. Finally, Peter Stewart laments the end of a love.

Letter to Liz

I'm madly in Love with a girl called Liz
and for sometime now I've been writing to her
the source of my passion
the first on the list

Letter to LIZ
Letter to LIZ
your my favourite person
my favourite MS

Letter to LIZ
Letter to LIZ
why didn't we meet sooner
my heart's in a TIZ

Letter to LIZ
Letter to LIZ
my heartz yourz
why do you rezzizzt

Letter to LIZ
Letter to LIZ
be mine forever
don't say your hiz

Letter to LIZ
Letter to LIZ
what kind of life is this
it must be a Swizz

Letter to LIZ
Letter to LIZ
don't let me down
just do the buizz

I hope she gets this message soon
or this time next year I'll be in the BIN
WILL YOU VISIT ME LIZ ?

Joe Kelly is a renaissance man with his eyes on the stars but his feet in the gutter

Perhaps I prefer

Perhaps I PREFER
To REMEMBER your lips
That were always so soft,
Much softer than you.

Maybe I'll remember
The Freudian slips
Academic in the context
It's true.

And your eyes that
Broke open a stone
But ran cold on me
Green and blue.

Perhaps I prefer
The feel of not feeling
To feeling all I lost
When I lost you.

*Founder of the new poetry site
<http://www.polyscriptum.com>, Peter Stewart likes
travel and hot springs.*

Sun and moon

The sun and moon you are to me
My food, my drink, the ocean and the sea
Without them I cannot do, my love
Just as I can't live without thee.

Distance between, a thousand miles
Far apart, away from your smile
Still my faith is in you, my love
I'll desperately wait longer awhile.

One and one is one, but we're still two.
How much more waiting will we do
Until we're bonded together, my love
A long and happy life through.

*Robert Bekkers' music can be heard on
<http://www.dutchguitar.com>*

What is love? Is it a fleeting moment or is it a lingering state of being? Sree Kumar's "Love Shadow" may be a dream or a real story. In "Love without Fear", Joan Yap shares what she learned about love. Anne Ku introduces the lyrics of a love song inspired by a conversation at a party.

Love's shadow

The winter night crept into the woods, the cold air penetrating the dark shadows. The iced path crunched underfoot. Then, there it stood. A simple, white, wooden church, standing against the woods, its roof

and steeple pointing to the star filled, freezing, night canopy.

A light wind rustled the branches. Then, with measured steps, she appeared from the tree-lined path. Her hair, with dark tresses, glimmering in the moonlight, she drew up to the church.

“No, I can’t go in. Let’s watch the stars from here.”

We stood in the cold night, holding hands, feeling our hearts beat, eyes peering into the night sky. She drew closer, her sweet breath punctuating the air, her breasts heaving with warmth. Our bodies ached, our hearts raced, and then, as a falling star shot across the canvas, our lips closed in on one another.

Time stood still. The gods were cheering. This must be love. Or was it lust? No, we could never know. The joy of being one, and the pain of being apart is never reconciled. The different beats of the same heart. In one, the ecstasy of life, in the other, the tragedy of death.

When we came to, the frost on the path had hardened. A light mist had risen and the moon seemed to have dissolved. The shout of silence echoed across the meadow.

“Let’s walk.”

We moved off slowly, two lovers in step, walking up the hill. The frost shone in the milky moonlight, showing the way like a white carpet. The town clock struck eleven, its bell ringing through the valley. The lights went out one by one, a giant putting out the last embers of his evening fire.

Her breath, her scent, was still on my lips as we ascended the wooded hill. The path forked. A large white building emerged from the darkness, set against the trees, its windows throwing a dim light onto the grass. We could see it was a hospital. The path ended.

We turned around, retracing our steps to the fork.

“Wait. I’ll just go up there for a minute.”

She slipped off my hand and floated away, tresses trailing like soft shadows in the night. In light, gliding steps, she melted into the darkness. Then, silence. I waited, watching my breath steam in the cold, dark, diffused moonlight. I went forward to a wall, aching for her, her touch, her lips. Then, the moon came out from behind its curtain. The night air froze. The icy blue light shone against the wall. The sign on the wooden gate read – cemetery. She was gone forever. Who was she?

Sree Kumar is a vagabond with varied interests.

Love without fear

“Mom, I wish I don’t love you so much”, my 8-year-old son told me one night while he was doing his homework. I immediately stopped reading my book and asked him what he meant.

“Well, if I love you less, I won’t miss you if you leave me. I don’t want to think of all the good things you have done for me and feel sad,” he said innocently.

I was dumbfounded.

How do you explain love to a child?

When his father left us, I told my boy that we were on our own and had to stick together. I needed him as much as he needed me. He was only five then. Friends gave me all kinds of books to help me find my way during this difficult period. I searched everywhere for the miracle formula to remove my pain and make me happy again.

While I was trying to come to terms with myself, I went on a shopping spree to feel good. There was an oil painting that I had admired for a long time. It cost more than I could afford, but I was keen to own it. It was an insensible, desperate attempt to attach to something. Fortunately, I withdrew from the shopping trance and walked away from the transaction. Amazingly, I felt wonderful being able to let go of something I loved and not felt like I lost anything.

We hoard more than we need in this life, such as, pride, triviality, suspicions, outdated principles and beliefs. As creatures of habit, we prefer familiar surroundings. We tend to attach ourselves to things and people we think we can love and will be loved in return. Loving someone is different from being attached to someone.

When my marriage broke up, I was bitter and angry about being betrayed. I only cared to ‘get back at the bloke’ and did whatever I could to hurt him, and unwittingly hurt the person I loved most – my son.

After journeying deep into my heart, I realized that it was my pride that was hurt, not me. I was afraid of what others would think of me and believed that my husband was wrong to leave me when I had done so much for him. I was attached to my husband and to the image of a happy family.

When I learned to let go of my pride, I stopped fearing about what others thought of me. Slowly, I became less angry and less unhappy. I started to find joy in little things and found that there was much to gain by letting go.

Can you love someone so much that it is impossible to let go when the time comes?

To answer that question, it is important to know if you truly love the other person or simply too attached. When you are too attached, you tend to hold on - to its familiarity, to your dreams and to your ego. When you truly love someone, you will see the other's point of view and work out the best solution.

I'm sure my son will understand what real love is when he is older. In the meantime, I can only assure him that he can love me without fearing that he will lose me.

Joan Yap is working on a book about Singapore's pioneer generation

One enlightened conversation

Spring in Texas.

There was no food, just beer.

Eventually as more people arrived, there was no place to sit either. I didn't know anyone, except the few colleagues that had also heard about this party.

I was hungry for food as well as good conversation. That's how we met. Two hours we spoke - then he shook my hand to leave at midnight.

When I got home, all I could remember was what we said and the way we said it. He wanted to write. I wanted to compose. But we had our day jobs.

These words flowed out of me the next day - my first poem of our encounter. Years later, in the solitude of the winter, I had the inspiration to put these words to music.

Just one enlightened conversation
One night at a party
My heart is captured,
So vulnerable am I.

I'd spend the entire day
In lament of you
All the stories that I've read
In my youth
Now rehearsed before me
With you and I playing the parts
Of a new novel
Yet to be written.

Will you write of such things
In your next story?
Will I write of my thoughts
In my next song?

Then I shall play for you to hear
And you shall sing it everywhere
And I will read your story once more
To enlighten another day.

*Anne Ku founded the Web site analyticalQ.com, a platform for self-expression, which gave birth to *Bon Journal* the online diary in its third year, *Le Bon Journal* newsletters in its fourth year, and *Le Bon Journal* the e-zine in its fifth year.*

Leap of love

Once every four years on 29th February, it is acceptable for a woman to propose marriage to the man she loves.

The tradition is believed to originate in the 5th century in Ireland when St. Bridget suggested to St. Patrick that women should not have to wait for a proposal of marriage, otherwise some women would never get married at all. St. Patrick obliged, though still holding to male superiority, that women can be proactive in such matters, but only for one day on the last day of February in a leap year.

Out of curiosity, I checked on St. Bridget and St. Patrick separately and found that though they lived in Ireland in the fifth century, they could not possibly have conducted such a discussion. St. Bridget was only eight years old when St. Patrick died.

Regardless of how it started, it would be fun for all single and single-again women out there to pick your men, propose and enjoy your rights.

Oh! And remember to wear a red petticoat (you know the undergarment worn under the skirt) that shows a little below the hem of your skirt. A fair warning, I suppose.

Joan Yap, Singapore

In every issue of *Le Bon Journal*, we will include a piece from the online journal entries at analyticalQ.com. Here's one from 23rd May 2000.

Barbara Cartland, romantic novelist

Dame Barbara Cartland died at the age of 98, having written more than 723 historical romance novels. Her books have been translated into 36 languages.

Dame Barbara, as she is affectionately referred to the UK, believed in real love and wrote of love not sex. In fact, kisses were considered daring. Her plots were predictable, typically that of a young virgin who gets swept off her feet by a dashing young man from the aristocracy. Despite hundreds of variations of the same theme, her readers could hardly tire of her stories.



Anne Ku, editor

If you like this issue, please visit <http://www.bonjournal.com> to tell your friends. We are always hungry for feedback. Every issue is published the middle of the month with submissions of maximum 700 words due by end of the previous month. This, being a leap year, has the copy deadline of 29th February for the March issue on the theme of anniversaries and walking down memory lane. Contact editor@bonjournal.com if you would like to contribute an original piece of self-expression to share with the rest of the world.

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