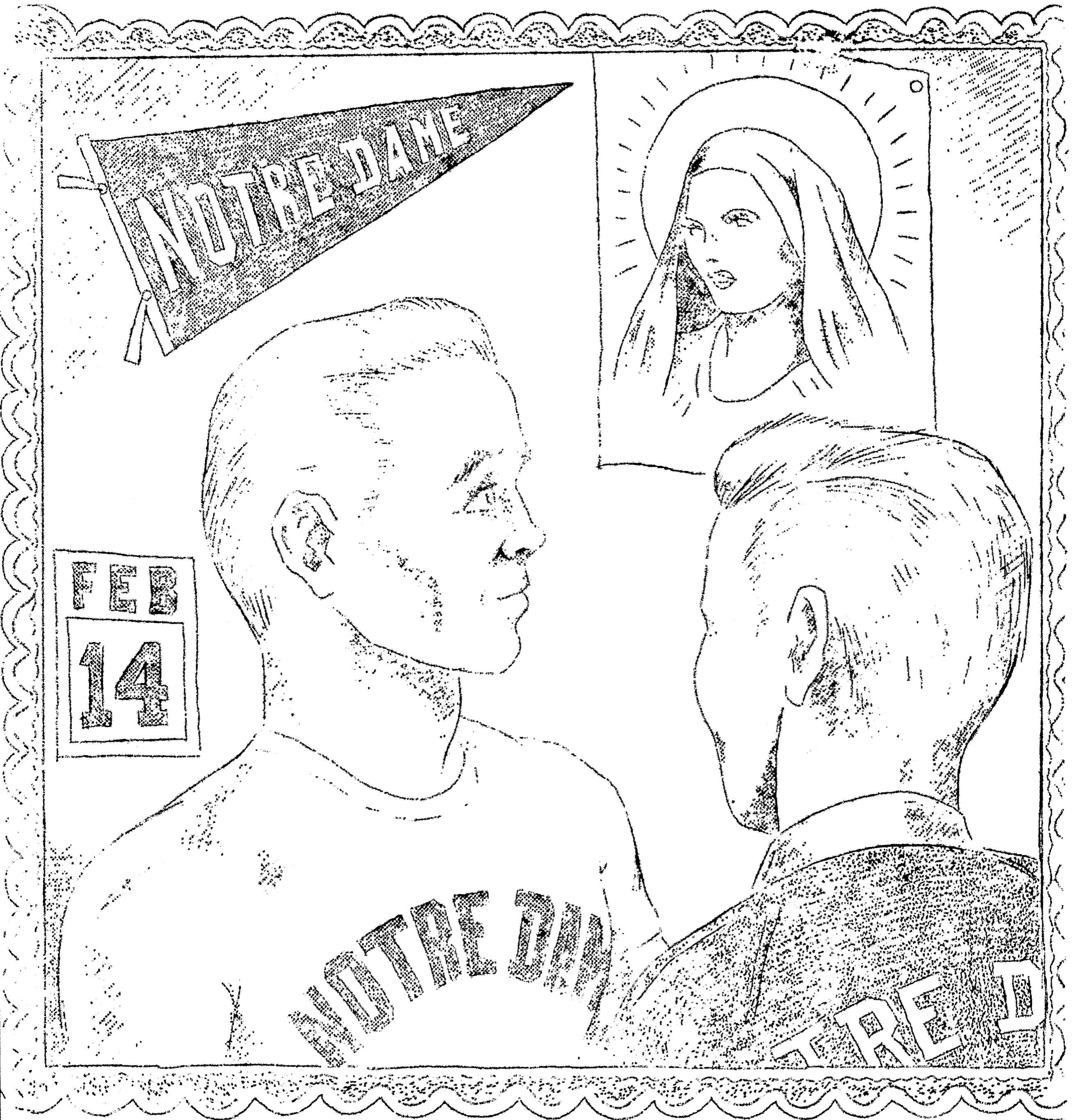


(cut here and pin up)



TO OUR VALENTINE

No maid was ever fashioned like to thee; the hand that cast thy beauty broke the mold.
Thou art a living, breathing ecstasy whose loveliness no poet's pen hath told;
What work save thine hath housed the living God! What other breast fed the Child divine!
What child of Adam fashioned from the sod was sinlessly conceived like thee and Thine!

I who am but a beggar at thy door, craving crumbs of purity that fall
From thy full table, patiently implore a morsel of thy love however small;
I would not ask a greater part lest I
Unused to such heavenly food should die!