

# DISTRACTIONS

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Please include your name and student number with each submission

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## The Final Goodbye

Like star crossed lovers  
Why did we part?  
I have asked that question  
A thousand times  
Whatever reasons I thought I had  
Don't seem to mean very much anymore  
It was my choice  
One which I will always regret  
So much time has passed  
So many words gone unspoken  
Now you love him  
I'm truly glad for you  
I'm sad for what might have been  
Still, you are so much  
Your own person now  
I can't help but feel proud  
And hope that I played a little part  
In the woman you've become  
You'll always be in my heart  
That special little corner  
Made just for your memory  
I'm glad we finally had the chance  
To say our last goodbye  
To my dearest friend  
I wish you joy and happiness  
... have a good life.

## The Tea Man

With the rise of the sun  
Man has created his barbaric art  
Welding and weaving it into his precious toy  
Stripping the great matter of her  
Essence until no longer can she  
bare her child.  
Must containers of great compasity  
constrive such necessities  
Shall they ever conceive  
Shall they ever comprehend  
Only time shall ever  
answer such a question

Kevin Davidson

## Humankind

I cannot watch this war.  
It's just too horrible for words  
when little six year olds  
the age of mine  
get amputated in the cool stern dawn  
without the kiss of sleep;  
and others dangle there bomb-weary babes  
in shivering fright because their mothers' arms  
no longer hold them tight.  
It's just too cruel. I cannot watch this war.

I cannot listen to their false reports  
all magnified and who to fool?  
It sickens me to think that our  
blood-redded fighters in their laser jets  
paid for by you and me  
will journey north night after night  
to drop destruction on the innocents  
(and yet how innocent is he  
who uses them to keep their conscience free?)

Where is the truth in what I hear,  
and how ironical is "friendly fire"?  
I cannot learn it there  
nor yet from here;  
it all adds up to nothing: a hero's halo in a pyrrhic cause;  
and we berated by the angry denizens all blood and bandages  
shouting at us in the close-up lens in English.  
It's not my fault:  
Can't they guess those blocks of rubble  
might be caused by self-defence?

No. No. I will not watch this war:  
it makes me think too much  
of my humanity.  
I've always sighed in sympathy  
for those who seem to suffer most  
until my tears ran dry in movies  
(where music cries in rhythm with the pain);  
but in the Gulf this gulf this chasm spasm  
music is there none:  
just the sting of summer-coming winds  
on restless clacking palms that flail their stony trunks  
and brace against the howling the scowling disemboweling  
of the storm.

Things we see can never be erased.  
Sounds we hear too loud  
may send us deeply deaf  
but sights we see too clear can never make us blind;  
instead they live relentless  
in our mind.  
There's little kindness in our humankind.

Pamela J. Fulton

Such beauty it does passes this  
sweet red rose. From it's birth  
it grew by beginning with a seed from two.  
How it blossom and flourish  
into a jewel of such beauty  
capturing all who take breath  
upon it. And to their heats deep  
within you sink,  
Nurture you they do in their  
single way, but to some only to  
you offer your beauty and to  
you offer your beauty and to  
others only the pain of your thorns.  
And by this act quarrel and  
scorn they do.  
Who may this fault lie upon  
may be you or they.  
Never the less pray you share  
thine sweet fragrance every way.

Kevin Davidson

## Escape to Remembrance

Standing in a waterfall of colorless snow,  
Feeling the ever-so-cold wind blow,  
Isolated from blind and foolish thought,  
The prize my soul had bought.

Memories scream by,  
Whirling above my head they cry,  
Voices and faces escaping my mind,  
Freedom from loneliness they seek to find.

Letters from a good-best friend,  
Depression the would they hope to mend,  
With the smiles, trust and love  
Found inside the memories that circle above.

Jason Meldrum

With the rise of the sun man has created his barbaric art welding and weaving it into his precious toy stripping the great mother of her essence until no longer can she bare her child. Must minds of great capacity contrive & conceive such necessities. Shall we ever comprehend, shall we ever comprehend, only time shall ever answer, such a quivering question.

Kevin Davidson