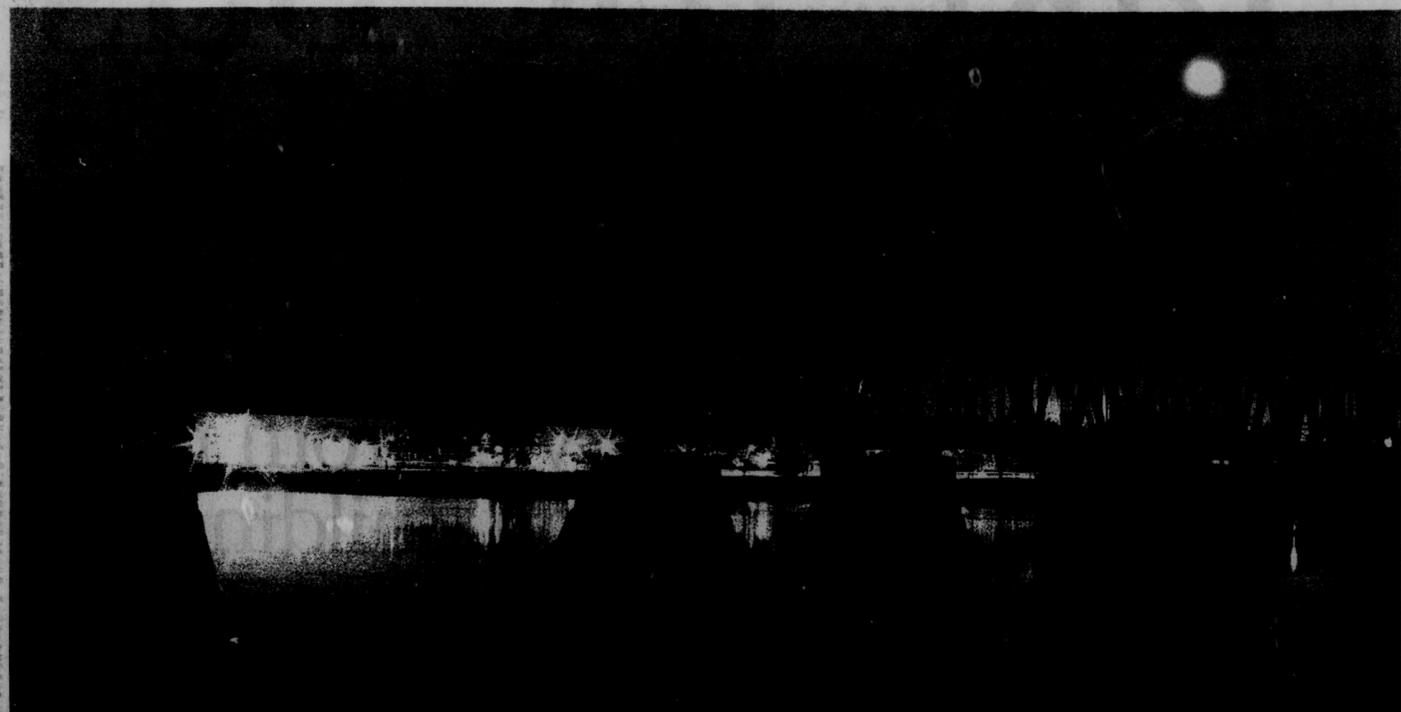


Distractions

it's something else



SYNTHESIS:

"On mounting a rising ground, which brought the figure of his fellow-traveler in relief against the sky, gigantic in height, and muffled in a cloak, Ichabod was horror-struck on perceiving that he was headless! But his horror was still more increased on observing that the head, which should have rested on his shoulders, was carried before

him on the pommel of the saddle; terror rose to desperation; he rained a shower of kicks and blows upon Gunpowder, hoping, by a sudden movement, to give his companion the slip - but the specter started full jump with him. Away then they dashed, through thick and thin, stones flying and sparks flashing at every bound...If I can but reach that bridge, thought Ichabod, I am safe! Just then he heard the black steed panting and blowing close behind him; he even fancied that he felt his hot breath. Another convulsive kick in the ribs and old Gunpowder sprang

upon the bridge; he thundered over the resounding planks; he gained the opposite side; and now Ichabod cast a look behind to see if his pursuer should vanish, according to rule, in a flash of fire brimstone. Just then he saw the goblin rising in his stirrups, and in the very act of hurling his head at him. Ichabod endeavored to dodge the horrible missile, but too late!" - Washington Irving ("The Legend of Sleepy Hollow")

REFLECTION

Emotional wisdom is transparent and festers in truth to sustain it each individual must abide by a communal sanctity free of hypocrisy or lies, for deceit shatters the foundation of identity and initiates a vulgar facade which portrays and perceives the self as something beyond its achievement.

Physical existence is arbitrary and human judgement to prolong worldly entombment can be an exercise in futility or, an attempt to overcome the adversities of the soul which manifest only in realms of concrete experience, for, it is here that awareness and empowerment lead simply to knowledge, the breath of life is fed by use of material resources and reaction can vary, regretfully, I'm evolving within a society which embraces greed, praises personal wealth, and ignores the humid mass of depravity.

Spiritual tenacity thrives by degree it's martyrs unborn by lack of revelation daunted by the boundaries of a conformity enforced, or distracted promises of false security all have betrayed humanity's liberation, each share blame, least, the voices chained by fear of blood, most, without doubt, those laughing undeservidly at the whims of oppression and pain.

-Ryan Collins

NIGHT TERROR

The horrible mid-night hour,
where all is dark, but full of power.
I lay there still, listening to those cries,
struggles of pain, where one dies.
The harsh screeches, I cannot bare,
listening to those dreadful sounds, do I dare?
The sight of blood dripping to the ground,
drip, drip, drip, drip, all the way down.
Seeing those last tears,
all but shrieks of fear.
Then, coming out of dream,
one hears but city screams.

-Rachel Levesque

FEELING SAD ON SEEING AUTUMN SCENE IN THE MORNING IN FREDERICTON

A cold morning, brought by last night's east wind
Outside, grass loaded with frost
Yard full of fallen leaves, no hand collects

Pumpkins smile outside the house
Sleeping guys are being lazy
Alone in late autumn, I feel my heart aging

-Alan Yu

UNTITLED

The smell of sultry sin,
carried by an invading wind
That sets chills upon the skin.
All a glow with pink tinge.
**The blood upon the ground,
Of time and thundering sound,
Swirled red upon the brown-
Clouds that touch and twist around.
The sense of blanket in the dark,
Wood fragmented and apart,
Tingling, burning from afar-
Waves crashing soft and hard.**

-Angie Dawn Dillon