

# DISTRACTIONS

Deadline : Tuesday noon

## To my wife

.....I might have passed by you sometimes, we might have had eye contacts, but I do not know who you are and what your name is.

It really doesn't matter what your name is just let me kiss you, hold you so tight, run my fingers through your hair and tell you that I will always love you so much no matter what. Let me hold your hands, go for a walk by the river feeling the breeze, seeing the moon-light glimmering in the calm water and hearing the beautiful seagull's calls. Let me take you to the green house and buy you a red rose, and give it to you kissing your beautiful lips. Let me put my head on your lap and ask you to cuddle me like a little kid to experience the pleasure of love once again.

Let me come home to see you smiling at me so that I forget the tedious day I had. Let me put my head beside your's, hug you and fall asleep. Let me come home to hear that you are carrying a baby in your womb. Let me suggest names for our child. Let me come to the hospital to see you giving birth. Let me sit beside you to count down to see the baby, holding your hand and wishing that I could share the pain with you.

Let me kiss you first for tolerating a lot of pain and trouble for raising our child in your womb and then hold the baby and kiss you again, for your share was too much. I can not wait to meet you and tell you how bad I have been missing you. I would always be loving you even if I never see you again?!

## Not Just For the Love of Women

There once was a woman from Venus  
Whose body was shaped like a seesaw.  
If you think this ain't right,  
Then for this, you can fight  
For the right to change "seesaw" to "genius."

This limerick just goes to show  
Even men need respect, don't you know.  
Though we say they are scum  
And we think they are dumb  
Give them credit for trying to grow.  
Kathleen E. Grady

## Long, Long Drive to Nowhere

Where's the next truck stop?  
I really have to stop.  
I have to pee.  
If I don't pee,  
I'll explode  
All over the road.

(All better now).

What's on the radio?  
Let's check FM stereo.  
Oh joy. It's only the news.  
What else is on?  
How 'bout some rhythm 'n' blues?  
I feel so uptight.  
I just gotta have a light.  
Damn! Where's my last cigarette?  
God! I've never been so upset!

(There we go).

Hey, truck driver!  
Get off my tail.  
Hey, you in front!  
You drive like a snail!  
I know it's dark  
and it's hard to see.  
But if you don't know how to drive,  
Don't blame it on me.  
If you're in a hurry.  
Then that's your fault.  
And if you can't see,  
Then come to a halt...  
NOT THAT QUICK OF A HALT!  
(Oh, God! What a mess!)  
Kathleen E. Grady

## Scenes of Life IV After the Flood

At last, the water falls  
Lying close against the sand  
On its side, to sink in sleep  
Now its lover, river-bank,  
Grunts and falls off in a heap.

Torrents cease to rip and tear where  
Houses fell with final sighs  
Exhausted from the water-highs

Satan lounges on the bank  
And whittles broken bits of birches  
Nothing water-logged and rank  
Dries where his dark shadow perches.  
Sherry A. Morin

## Everyone's a Snob!

Loss  
Confusion  
Anger  
Fear  
Despair

There is an unmerciful goddess  
Keeping me from happiness.  
It is difficult to keep time  
With the Mellow Drum of Love  
When the Keeper of the Evil Wind Chime  
Knocks me out with his boxing glove.  
Here I am.

Doing time  
For a crime

I DID NOT COMMIT!  
How can I be punished  
For what I did not do?  
By the way, what did I do?  
Nobody told me

that to love  
is a sin  
for some  
and not

The song of the peacock  
Is more beautiful  
Than the song of the mocking bird  
If you take the time to listen.  
Kathleen E. Grady

## Mind Inhabitants

mind inhabitants survive  
yet i wonder why  
i tell the truth to myself  
taking it from the shelf  
facing realities in lament  
sometimes if feel the need to repent  
strangely i admire your beauty  
looking at you entirely sanely  
mind inhabitants survive  
trying to tell me lies.

mind inhabitants survive  
i dream of future life  
truly white lies proceed from me  
i'm still not sure of what i see  
i am concerned for us  
yet much less so than Jesus  
mind inhabitants survive  
taking me by surprise

mind inhabitants survive  
i dream of future life  
i hope never to fall victim  
yet i seem to follow the system  
i fall as dead upon the floor  
as soon as i close my room's door  
all alone, crying, but alive  
mind inhabitants survive

mind inhabitants survive  
continuing telling me lies  
i listen in surprise  
as mind inhabitants survive  
Jason Richard



Kevin G. Porter photo