

# Distractions

*Unnamed*

*Cut-off jean shorts  
eyes more blue than Levis could ever be  
replayed repeatedly topographically  
shy.*

*Metronome rhythm  
bar shots - \$2.50  
twenty dollars  
oh god  
twenty dollars  
much laughter  
from excellent wit.*

*Big Apple  
a mother's gentle strength  
a shirt given  
at a party  
from a frustration shared.*

*Rings around a neck  
standing at the door  
then sitting at the late-night diner  
approaching with lyrics spoken  
traded for relief and atonement.*

*Black with white underneath  
soft-spoken and polite  
pure as the sharp crosses worn  
soft reflections in eyeliner.*

*melodies and creation  
stories and understanding  
with the look of a wolf  
mixing prayer and medicine.*

*A double double please from  
an exotic name  
warm and sweet  
thank you.*

*fin.*

*A.T. Madsen*

**Entropy**  
isn't what it used  
to be

*Home Improvement*

## HOME IMPROVEMENT

*This house of love  
is in disrepair.  
The neighbourhood has  
gone to hell and  
needs to be torn down.  
What shall find  
its destruction?  
Will it be desperate,  
anonymous copulation?  
Will it be noxious,  
volatile resentment?  
Will it be this crippling,  
form of commitment?  
Will it be a silent,  
hopeless slide into nothingness?  
Or will it be a blinding,  
tantalising moment of realization?  
I need something to  
happen.  
I need a clean slate.*

*Tim Tedford*

*Darkness*

*The night lay so still,  
like a babe stillborn.  
Thoughts that run through his mind,  
who else knew.  
-Memories of days and years gone past,  
playing over and over  
in his*

*M  
I  
N  
D...*

*Terror seized upon him,  
anger awoke  
fear made him tremble  
the very thought of human*

*F  
R  
A  
I  
L  
T  
Y...*

*Perhaps He has come for me,  
perhaps my time has come soon,  
nonetheless  
as first light of dawn breaks,  
so shall it be yet another morn.*

*by  
Jit*



*Nina Botten*