

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