

# Distractions

## Literary Page

Submission deadline: Mondays at noon.

### Ma nouvelle amie

J'ai quitté mes parents  
Pour vivre avec ma femme  
Mais le destin serrant  
A déchiré mon âme

Je ris dans une solitude  
Que j'ai jamais passée  
Aussi avec incertitude  
Bat un coeur cassé

Mais j'ai trôné une amie  
A qui raconter mon histoire  
Sans jamais être ennemis  
Même au temps du devoir

Il était un mardi  
Quand je l'ai rencontrée  
A cinq heures après midi  
Pour dîner, elle est entrée

Mon Dieu quelle créature  
Elle est très charmante  
Avec une belle figure  
Aussi très attirante

Ses cheveux sont blonds  
omme des spirales d'or  
Ils sont très longs  
L'éveiller quand elle dort

Ses yeux sont bleu-ciel  
En les regardant  
Je sens manger du miel  
En serrant les dents

Mais dommage elle a un camarade  
C'est pas grave pour le moment  
Je voudrais offrir cette ballade  
Et pour toujours être content

Je me demande pourquoi  
Tu n'as pas eu une soeur  
Pour l'aimer comme toi  
Et la mettre dans mon coeur

J'ai passé la nuit à lire  
Et à t'écrire ce poème  
Enfin pour te dire  
Je t'aime ! Je t'aime ! Je t'aime !

Il est onze heures et demi  
J'écris ces vers pour ELLE  
A ma nouvelle amie  
Que s'appelle MICHELLE

Georges Karam

### Mercy Beaucoup, Professor

With your righteous endeavours  
You quicekened my understanding,  
Enlightened me with your experience.  
You, who has been endowed  
With the discernment of spirits  
To teach right from wrong.  
Your ability to enter the hearts  
Of the students thus taught  
To instill knowledge with skill  
And power, is beyond compare.  
Your charisma is beyond comprehension.  
What thou me hast taught,  
Will forever stay with me.  
Beuase, as a teacher, (the noblest profession)  
You affect eternity.

george ato eguakun

### The Beauty's Creed

Cheapness lies beneath  
My veil of beauty.  
Instability is my paradigm;  
Secured I shall never be.  
I'm blinded by lustful desires;  
Shamefulness trails my path.  
Confused I am, I swear.  
Yet nefarious are my motives.  
The handsome birds flee  
When I give them the familiar whisper.  
The cows look on me with suspicion  
In my attempt to mild them clean.  
Father Bacchus, on your prayers do I lean.

Saint George

### The Unforgiving Years

He sauntered past the old red barn  
And wandered by the brook and still he  
Padded on in search of distant  
Past lost too far back to be;  
Youth had fled the day had he.

Buildings far away on lawn  
In fields where older trees have gone  
Resemble children left behind  
Their color fades, their shades are drawn  
How-less, now-less, questionless  
Does love-light fade from pasture's face,  
A place where children used to race?  
Yes, night descends, and ends these ends.

In this half-betweeness of  
Dark mourning for forgotten love  
Resentment clots in maple-crowns  
Edged with a red that darkness drowns  
Ever-seized by trysts like this, his  
Soul laments and can't amend.

Sherry A. Morin

### EIGHTY

Morning:  
arthritis stagger complain  
squeeze the same oranges  
with the broken glass squeezer.  
Tread the same patterns: day in and out:  
sort the respective pills  
consulting the schedule  
yours and mine hoping  
they'll keep the pain at bay  
(your heart and mine: mine's worse)  
and enough oxygen to accomplish  
minimal tasks  
without panting.

Fighting dependence: we don't  
need meals on wheels: we're not  
on our last legs yet:  
but even second-last legs  
have ways of failing:  
the stress of sharing:  
of living having lived in shadow-  
tandem fifty years or more  
dishes: washing: daily work:  
too much  
too much for me  
too much for you I love.

Now you (your weakened heart  
and mine) will have the extra load.  
I cannot even take a dozen steps  
before breath goes:  
I'm finished worn-out old  
but have to keep control -  
have to.  
The way things were will have to stay  
as 'were'. I just can't do it  
anymore. I'll not admit we're needing help  
and night is closing in. The clouds  
hang black;

Cardizam  
Lanoxil  
Isordil  
Betaloc  
Anginine  
Aspirin

### Nitro-patch

Swallow swallow swallow  
I'll go to bed only to lie awake:  
waiting for the pain to come again.

Pamela J. Fulton

Works of all genres are welcome for submission. Due to the quantity of submissions, however, the Brunswickan can not guarantee publication. Priority is given on a first come, first serve basis.