

DISTRACTIONS

Carving the Pieta

Carving the Pieta,
I felt the shifting ballance
Of the hours
Between Hell and Heaven.

Carving the Pieta,
The stone was breathing
And offered flesh and cloth
To my meditation.

Carving the Pieta,
The stone wept, and I
Soothed its tears into
Curves and shadows.

Carving the Pieta,
My own tears felt the pull of that timeless
tragedy,
And dropped in distinct quanta
Into the chaos of my clothing's fabric.

Man and woman,
Man and wife.
Mother and child,
Death to life.

Ryan Crawford

Nearing Union Street Station

Arrival expectant the window beckons
Above the rattle and sway of the slowing train
Outside, the wash of an urban joy-leeched morning
The sun a pearly smudge in a veil of hazy grey

High-rise apartments and tight-packed houses
A shabby carpet all brown and tired and sad
Smoke plumes climb in white, lazy spirals
Like spit in the eye of God

Toronto
Rippling glass facades don't hide your true reflection
Play your siren song of urgent sound and motion
But you're still the furthest thing from a home

Pass now into the musk of the station
Where the falling dark reminds me of dying
And though they say even death recedes into light
The blackness here won't vanish for me trying

Toronto
Rippling glass facades can't mask your true reflection
play your siren song of urgent sound and motion
But you're still the furthest thing from a home

Geoffrey Brown

Brief Analysis

squares
are everywhere you look.
although some people say
our world is increasingly
streamlined.
sleek.
aerodynamic.
i find
that existence is basically
square for easy stroage or
rectangular in shape to facillitate filing.
Oval.

Jon Sears

Wind

The wind blows through my hair
as it moves through the trees
whistling back and forth
making its rounds
until it dies down for the day.

Tuhim Pal



Photography by - Kevin G. Porter

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