

DISTRACTIONS

Editor: Jayde Mockler

Deadline: Tuesday noon. Please include name and student number with submission.

.....
 The 100% American is 99% an idiot.
 George Bernard Shaw (1856-1950)

Friend?

Flaking paint in an empty room
 Sobbing kid with a burst balloon
 Little things I might miss
 Except for when that feeling hits
 Like waking from a dream
 Before the end
 And you've never called me 'friend'

Sun riding high through stagnant haze
 Hard skyline steals her warmth away
 Billboard faces mock my every thought
 All I'm made out to be, you know I'm not
 My cup rattles at your feet
 You've no change to lend
 And you've never called me 'friend'

I'm fast food to your unsated appetite
 Chewed up, spit out on this sidewalk tonight
 Your peircing laugh fills the streets
 An arrogance that weakens my resolve to leave
 You break me apart
 And never help me mend
 And you've never called me 'friend'

I searched for solace by the riverside
 Where a pipe oozed something dark and wide
 My mouth formed an angry gash
 Lurched at a dead bird rotting in the grass
 You've obliterated all
 But the current cents
 And you've never called me 'friend'
 by Geoffrey Brown

Snake Charmed Boy

The silver serpent,
 Out of his skin,
 Seeks a place to
 Dig his teeth in.

His venom,
 Mesmorizes the mind,
 Blotting out problems,
 Less than kind.

A victim sighted,
 He's ready to bite,
 The poor blind boy
 Sees no light.

The snake slithers in,
 It's poison spills inside
 Quickly filling the breathing-tunnel
 Of a child trying to hide.

The death-fluid takes affect,
 The young face, smiling teeth,
 Though meanwhile, his grave being dug
 From the unstable ground beneath.

Back in the garden,
 The Master-Charmer is content
 Because of this diseased boy
 Whom into Hell He had sent.

by Jason Meldrum

I thought of this note
 While taking steps in the rain
 I think that's where singing in the shower
 Had it's greatest power
 I hope this will lead your ears too
 Don't feel bad
 Flowers do get sad
 But they return
 So just take what's for ya
 And hope there's more
 To look forward to than just you
 Because if it's up to you
 What could be true

by Jimpy

I see Your face

slowly looking down
 I see Your face.
 I shiver inside
 I seek Your embrace.
 I look to the sky,
 filled with the bright stars,
 there too I see
 Your beautiful face.
 anything You do
 affects me some way.
 I cannot explain
 the way I feel,
 it is quite strange.
 It's as if I'm in love
 with You.
 I guess,
 slowly looking up
 I see Your face.
 slowly looking sideways
 I see Your face.
 slowly looking ahead,
 and behind
 I see Your face.
 You are everywhere
 and in everything
 I see
 Your beautiful face.
 Is this love?

by P.R.J.L.

Only For Me to Know

Pure blue sky; empty heaven
 Innocent arms embrace,
 Touching hearts; making friends,
 Curious invasion of another realm to face.

Painted picture, different colors.
 Harmonious; abstract world untold,
 Secret never reaching another's powers,
 Birds scattering; clouds covering,
 Warming sun; earth is cold.

by Deborah Ruth Wilton

No One Listens to the Wind

Voice thundering power and might,
 Howling and scowling bud messages,
 Shivering the spine unmercifully,
 A creation of terror we accomplish to ignore,
 Twisting fate erupts and the hidden sun sinks deep into oblivion.

Magic of darkness ignites stars,
 Cold black sky shouts with passion,
 Slapping the world with a strong voice,
 Haunting and taunting in an eager dancing frenzy.

Curtains pull away the night and sunlight creeps into our lives,
 Billowing terror continues to echo desperately,
 Warning is invisible yet readable,
 Our grasp is non-existent until it is too late,

Our ears hear the awakening wind-
 yet no one listens to the pleading call,
 Wind dies but it will visit us again,
 Ghostly wind pierces wicked laughter through
 the deep mocking sky.
 When will they learn?

by Deborah Ruth Wilton

Mirror and Razor Blades

In the shade of the night
 Snow, all powdery white,
 disappears up the makeshift chimney
 Only to drip to the glass -
 Distorting all vision.

by T.W.

Running Softly

I think today it was the day I met
 the girl that I will love forever or at
 least a while I will feel somehow strongly
 toward her and I will imagine her and
 me kissing in the rain and running
 softly through the clouds hand
 in hand together forever

by P.R.J.L.

The Stranger

This new world,
 A stranger cloaked in madness.
 Minds are closed with fear
 Of the hate that swells within.

First fly high
 In protest of slavery
 and bigotry.
 Racists show their flag,
 Painted in crimson,
 Sheets cover their faces
 Hiding that shameful jealousy
 They were taught.
 A burning cross,
 The reminder of their blind pride;

Tired eyes watch
 As the cloned race self-destructs,
 Dying from lack of reason
 As would a bed of unguarded lilies,
 Withering from starvation,
 Overtaken by common-sense,
 They decay, returning to the demand soil
 From whence they came.

by Jason Meldrum