

# DISTRACTIONS



## What a man Feels

I remember, when young,  
I wondered what a man feels,  
When at the beauty of nature,  
He stops, and he kneels.

When he laughs with his friends.  
As they gamble a game.  
When his son pulls his hair  
Or his wife calls his name.

Why's he look out the window,  
Drink whiskey and smoke?  
When daughter tells him she loves him,  
Why's his voice get all choked?

What's he feel when his comrades  
Are laid in the earth?  
How'd his eyes stay so dry...  
But for whatever its worth,

I know how you feel,  
You grey man of old.  
Your sadness unshown,  
Your story untold.

I stand and salute you  
At your cold, solemn stone.  
Your memory lives on,  
And your soul's not alone.

Rupert Brooks



## INSPIRATION

The day is waning. The sun passes through a cloud formation pausing long enough to gaze down from a break in the density on the lands and the seas it illuminates so radiantly in splendor. During this brief solar vision the Earth cries out in joy. Trees shine forth a more brilliant green. Fields shimmer more vibrantly in an incandescent yellow. And the sea acts as a mirror reflecting back to the heavens a vision of the sun's own purity. It is here that the world is alive. It is now that the screams and cries of ecstasy from the Earth are heard and felt through the sense of the eye. For when the clouds envelop the sun and the horizon swallows its brilliance, the Earth falls silent and the eye can see naught.

David Bracken

## Silence

a. k. a.

The poem that would get me laid if I was ever scummy enough to use it like that.

The outline of her face in the dimly lit room.  
Her presence, so pleasant, and over so soon.  
And now I'll not see her for many a moon.

We drive in silence, friends don't need speech.  
And I wonder if she feels the same things as me.  
If I could just speak my mind, if I only felt free...

I cry a tear as I stare out the window,  
At the litter of leaves, on the street where the wind blows,  
And wonder what would happen if I let her know,

That I yearn for her touch and dream of her face.  
That to me her old jeans are velvet and lace.  
That each of her steps exhibits such grace.

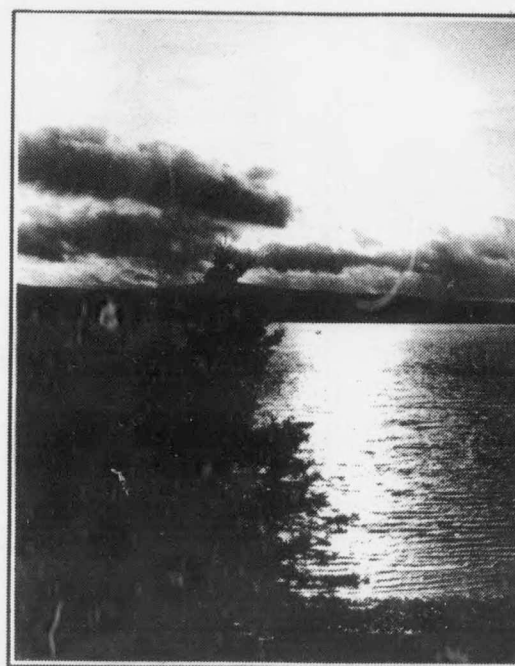
If I reached out and touched her, would she respond inking?  
Or would I shatter our friendship, and whip-scar her mind?  
I almost risk it, but my loyalty binds.

I fear that she's fragile, and might break at my touch.  
I need her so bad, but I love her so much,  
That I'd burn in Hell, before I risk such.

But I wonder, as I lie, alone in my bed,  
If, by avoiding her pain, I cause it instead.  
Does she want me to love her, or would she rather be dead.

Do each of us sit alone in the night,  
Denying our needs, to make the other's life right,  
Or am I just a fool, whose tears blur his sight.

Rupert Brooks



## What Separates Angels?

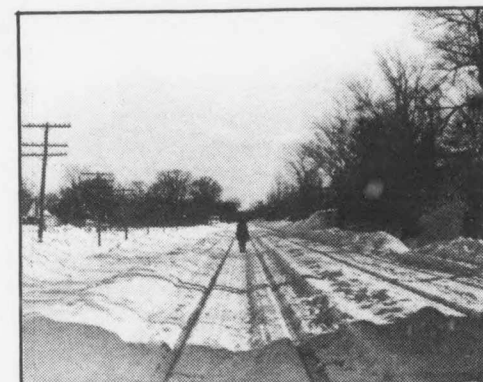
Boulevards of loss  
Show the depression of the city.  
Streets of capitalism  
Exhibit the superficial success.  
Clothes are the only barrier  
That we have against the elements  
Yet they limit our freedom.  
Out here the smog is the only  
Form of reality.  
And the ocean is the only  
Sense of escape.

## The Last Fish

Walk with me on water  
As our Big Brother did  
To impress the Greeks;  
But he is the better fisherman,  
He releases them,  
I devour them-  
I prefer spineless food,  
Like educations, and pride;  
The Holy Book I looked at  
As I watched her last movie,  
Before Big Brother caught her  
again  
And decided to keep her.  
"No fair" I belched  
As the blood from my last supper  
Dribbled onto the molded bread.  
Instead of crying,  
I got even;  
I blamed Him for us.

We eat Big Brother still,  
The Last Fish was mine.

Jason G. Meldrum



## Distractions

I guess that this poem  
woN't be any good  
because I'm nOt using  
The words that I should

I won't speAk of vulvas  
or other lips that I've known  
or sweaty, well-travelled  
erogenous zones

I won't talk about sex,  
or writhing and Moans  
I won't titillatE  
your animalistiC hormoneS

I guess thAt this poem  
will not Get in  
it's not up to par  
for thE Brunswickan.

'Matrix'  
Matthew Walsh

The silver cord has learnt of stretching-  
chakra-roots together with the  
ground and air gather, gather, spread,  
return: i draw and drain, draw and  
drain; all unifies within the birthing-  
fine; the maiden learns to dance  
and follow blood-path's fasting  
to forbidden centres; rivers gather  
red to pink against the rough terrace  
and push the swelling dam against  
the drying oxygen; glide, glide and  
feed upon the energy and light  
till all explodes as shining stars  
in sunlight, blinding but the dawn;  
and slacken with the tides

Jessica Pierson