



Distractions

it's something else

UNTITLED

THE GRASS TURNED GREEN AGAIN TODAY
 AFTER A WEEK OF WINTER'S COLD
 I STOOD SILENT,
 PERCHED
 BASKING IN THE LIGHT OF THE
 WHICH WAS SHIMMERING
 THE CALM, BLACK AND BEAUTIFUL
 NATURE IN ALL ITS GLORY
 LIKE A KNIFE I CUT THE WATER WITH A SPLASH
 MY SENSES EXPLODED INSIDE ME
 LIKE AN AWAKENING FROM A THOUSAND YEAR DEEP
 LIFE WAS GOOD
 THE NIGHT
 I SWAM IN THE LAKE.

- DREW GILBERT

THE LONE MELANCHOLY

HE SAT ALONE, ALONE THINKING
 BROODING LITERALLY
 HIS FOREHEAD SHONE WITH SWEAT AND THOUGHT
 A MAN HIS AGE
 WHAT WAS HE DOING, BROODING SO DEEPLY?

COULD HE LOSE HIMSELF
 THAT HE COULD LOST HIMSELF
 DEEP IN THE RECESSES OF HIS MIND?
 COULD IT BE FORGOTTEN
 THAT HE WAS FORGOTTEN
 HOW TO SEPARATE REALITY FROM FICTION?

THE CLOAK OF MELANCHOLY
 ON A WINTER'S NIGHT
 SURROUNDED HIM SO COMPLETELY
 IT WAS UNDENIABLE, THE THOUGHT
 OF HIS HEART
 BEING CHOKED WITH SINCERITY.

LET TRUE FAITH AND TRUE LOVE
 OVERCOME ALL
 AND DEPART FROM TRUTH
 THE DEEP - SEATED MELANCHOLY
 THAT LIVES IN THE HEARTS OF MEN AND WOMEN
 ONE DAY
 GIVE WAY TO FREEDOM FOR ETERNITY.

- JITT

WITHIN HUMANITY AND BEYOND

I woke up one day
 I ate an apple
 "Nature's Toothbrush"
 said the snake
 Ever since then
 I've had a belly ache
 the pain got worse
 when they burned me at the stake
 But it says I'm not a person
 so this is what I have to take.

I've had to sell my body
 all my life for money
 and when it beats the shit out of me
 it always calls me "honey"
 I'm beautiful, I'm ugly
 But never smart nor funny
 I'm available, I'm useable
 I'm a commodity, it fucks me

Suddenly, one day
 it seemed to listen to me
 ever since I changed my voice
 and created this new identity
 it wasn't anything personal
 it just didn't want me
 now I just pretend I'm it
 and it pretends not to hurt me.

- Jayne Francis



PAT FITZPATRICK PHOTO

...support the lies of our unnatural reality
 ...to frolic in the freedom
 ...controllable and overwhelming open mind
 ...gifts of love, and faith, and compassionate strength
 ...encourage the cultural re-birth of stagnating generations
 ...have lost touch with
 ...immortal inner-sanctums of youthful simplicity.

...suddenly this peace of mind is momentary
 ...essentially we pry open
 ...the hole that shelter this alienated world,
 ...and the consciousness,
 ...and the sorrow and loneliness of a reality
 ...suddenly tends to condemn such dreams.

...we are shammed into stashing our dreams
 away into a vast universe of human emotion and desires
 that are continuously blocked off from spiritual exploration
 by the guilt ridden gag of conformity.

- Ryan Collins

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