

DISTRACTIONS

Editor: Jayde Mockler

Deadline: Tues. Noon

Please include your name and student number with each submission

Blossoming Sky

*Like the bum
In the threadbone coat
I peddle these same old hopes
And just like him
My open hands
Make you turn away*

*Like the needle
stuck in the groove
I spin out the same sad tunes
I just repeat
The tired words
Someone's used before*

*Hands to heaven
My sustaining fire
To meet the blossoming of the sky*

*Like the sponge
Lying in the rain
I can't help soaking up the pain
From arrows of hate
Flying toward others
In the face of all reason*

*Hands to heaven
I live my life
Waiting for the blossoming of the sky*

*But like the bum
In his threadbone coat
I peddle these same old hopes
And just like him
My outstretched hands
Make you turn away.*

By Geoffrey Brown

The Way I Feel

Today, I woke up from bed
Feeling tired as usual
Thinking about why I should
go to school
To get an education and to
upgrade myself
And maybe to possibly get a
life!
Oh yeah, that's the way I feel.
by Tuhin Pal

The Pain

It thuds its way in.
Grips and wrings me dry.
Then passes on - but no tears fall
There is too much pain - for tears.

The tears come later,
ripples from in thrown stone
Swelling, shaking, squeezing their way
from the damaged soul

I recover, and shudder
the pain disappears, diluted in tears
but when it comes again - the pain
Will stifle all.

by Ann Passmore

REVELSTOKE CAMPGROUND

I sit in my tent flap
munching on onions and steak
in the smoky smell of an evening field
heavy with dandelions
bright
in the slanting sun
watching a child in the dandelion dew
kicking away at the sweet yellow heads
in the smoky cool
and a pungence
rises from his crushing
mixing with onions
and sunset
the damp
and me

by Pamela Fulton

MOODS

*Moods:
The external descriptors
Of our internal reactions
Involuntarily expose
Our latent state of mind*

*When we are sad
Our countenances indicate
Ditto when we are glad
The medium of indication
Is our moods*

*Moods:
Never can we cheat them
For they act in simultaneity
To accentuate digitally
Our frame of mind*

*How easy it is then
For others to mirror us through
And know when we pretend
When we and our moods
Play discordant notes*

*Sometimes we experience
Interference of moods
And we declare
Sympathy or empathy
Metaphors for mood relativity*

*Moods:
We all have it
It follows us forever
To inform the outside world
Just how we feel inside.*

By 'Enyinda Okey

THE COLOR OF BLACK

*Blues the color of my dreams
lives never as it seems
reds the color of my eyes
tired whimpering sighs
whites the color of my face
slow whaling, walking pace
stop to think
and ponder longer
for all colors
slowly fade and blend
only black is seen
as if I'd never been.*

by Trisha Graves

Dedicated to No One

*Suicide,
Waiting,
Can't decide
Always hesitating*

*Who will care?
Not my friends
Drowning in despair
Where are the Angels GOD sends?*

*What is lost?
I have gained
At who's cost?
A life not worth the pain.
Buried six feet below
No one is filled with sorrow.*

by DRL

Grandfather

I've learned a lot from my Grandfather.
But most of all I've learned respect.
Respect of those older, full of wisdom.
Whose words you should never neglect.
I remember all the times as a boy,
When I went to my Grandfather's house.
I had so much room to run and play,
In my Grandfather's big old house.
He taught me many emotions and wisdom.
And all the great benefits of sharing.
He taught me how to go about life,
With the free thoughts of kindred caring.
His smile was comforting if I was hurt,
Or had troubles too great for a child.
He sheltered me from the world's evil,
And kept those troubles from going wild.
His eyes were always gleaming with pride,
Keeping his woes all to himself.
I worked with him out in his garden,
Side by side we planted rows of seed.
This taught me about life and free-giving,
And took away some of my early greed.
The walks down the orchards of apple trees,
Grandfather would climb and shake them down.
And together, Grandfather, Father,
Brother and I,
Collected the tasty apples now upon the ground.
Down to the fields to pick wild berries,
To bring back, soon to be made to Jams
And no where in the world can you find .
A black berry jam as good as my Grams.
My Grandfather did well choosing his wife,
One so kind hearted and full of care.
I only hope to one day do the same,
So one day divine love I too will share.
I'll always remember my dear Grandfather,
And all the things he has done for me.
And I will use his life as my soul guide,
To love and cherish my own child's baby.
Grandfather please rest, God rest your kindred soul,
Your works and pains have been dutifully done.
And rest your mind from all worldly worries,
For my work here has only just begun.
But most of all I remember his words,
"Take care of old times" he said one day to me.
I realized he was then recognizing,
The man he always wanted me to be.

By Joseph Hillman