

distract ions

Layers Unto Layers

The melodious chiming of the winds
embrace my thoughts
Thoughts that endlessly analyze life
analyzing, a well honed hobby of mine
Speculating upon the complexities and simplicities
of life, surface dwellers come to mind
How easily they accept life
ignorantly gliding upon its surface
Fearful they are to probe the depth of life
'tis sad the fear they carry
Safe on their cocoons of acceptance
safe from someone like me
For I probe the layers of life
my emotions flow deep
Many woes and joys I have born
yet they are the backbone of my strength
I love to seek and probe lifes layers
much wisdom and knowledge I have gained
The eventualities of life
are beyond yet within my control
Life is so deep and neverending
as am I
For this so called flaw
I offer no apology

by Sherrie Hudson

Will anybody Hear? (For Paul)

The little fingers
on the hands of trees
reach out for a hand to squeeze
as they silently
bear the pain

"Why us," they cry,
"Why us, not them?"
Limb for limb,
another tree gets its revenge.

A limb for a limb,
a root for a root
in the inner-city
falls to the ground
another youth

a spore for a spore,
a cone for a cone
in its grungy city-crib
another babe dies alone

a branch for a branch,
a shoot for a shoot
while pollution
weeds out humans
weeds join hands and thrive
in the poison air-soup

a tie for a tie,
a noose for a noose
the last tree is cut
and the economy falls
like a knocked out tooth

the humans play out
their sadistic fun
until there is only one
the tree throws its children-seeds
and the children take root
and thrive
and now the world is alive

by Sherry A. Morin

The Chik-on-Pang! song

Baby, the more I see you,
the more I'd like to
take you and
Chik-on-Pang!

'Cause everytime we
touch
I get a feeling inside
that makes me want to
Chik-on-Pang!

Chorus:
So come Chik-on-Pang
with me
We'd be happier than
we'd ever be
Chik-on-Pangin' all night
long
Listen to the radio for
our Chik-on
Pang! Song!

Even though I'm not the
guy
if you'd even consider
to give me a try to
Chik-on-Pang!

And we could go far
drivin' in my brand-new
-car
farther than we'd ever
been to
Chik-on-Pang!

Chorus

words by
Jonathan Stone

A Modern Symphony

The conductor raises his baton
and the musicians respond to his action
playing their machines, tunes of havoc
reacting without emotion
And the music begins
The screams of sirens and children
sound strangely the same
each a reaction to the other
a relationship without name
In another place, the music continues
An apartment, two people argue
She turns to leave

But he grabs her roughly, tightly
and throws her to the floor
He beats her with a rhythm that
molds well with her cries of distress.
Elsewhere, the moanings of a whore
complement the creakings
of the broken bedsprings.
Aspiring to a climax, the quiet resignation
of a suicidal drug addict's death seems
in opposition.

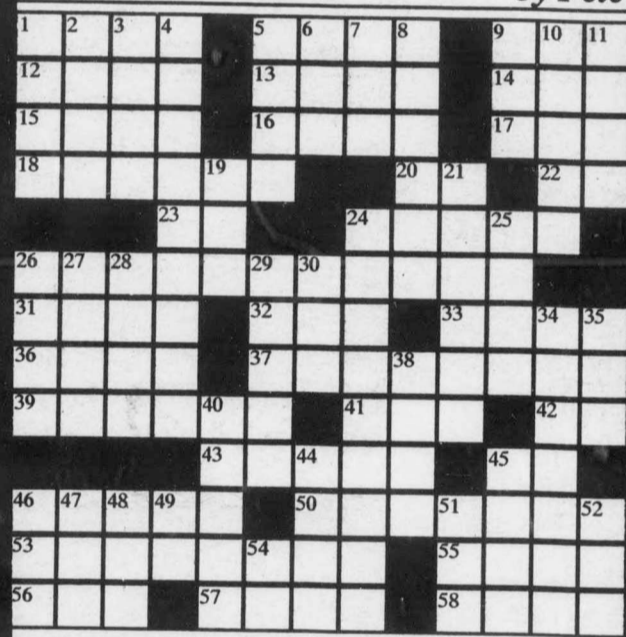
So the carnage of the death of the drug lord
will take the front page
The machine gun rhythm beats out
around the world
exhilarated, exhausted, wounded of dying,
the pawns of war
hide behind their emotions to escape
the horrors

Those that didn't are already dead
Finally, the conductor lowers his baton
a signal for the final drum to sound
First there is silence,
A distant rumble
then a rush of hot air
scorching
And the audience's last realization
is that they only watched
as the end was unleashed.

by Nicholas Beckett

BRUNS X-WORD #3

by Pete



ACROSS

1. The apex
5. Mass unit
9. Mellow
12. In Monopoly, \$50
13. Ritual
14. One-armed bandit feature
15. Bar codes
16. 5 will get you 10 (2 wds.)
17. Energy unit
18. Subway money
20. Lung disease abbr.
22. Ont. city abbr.
23. You and I
24. Skirmish
26. Undersea explorer
31. Or
32. ___ shooter
33. Endure
36. Rend
37. Phone task (2 wds.)
39. By this means
41. Yo-yo, for one
42. Empire State abbr.
43. Trembling tree
45. Farming abbr.
46. Poe's bird
50. Upper Canada
53. Breakfast brand
55. Torpedo
56. Viet. new year
57. Antique
58. It's a long story

DOWN

1. Border upon
2. Guitar accessory
3. Mr. Jagger
4. Not here
5. Foie ___
6. Kid
7. Consumed
8. Strength
9. Civil War pres.
10. Wayne's pal
11. Therefore
19. Napoleon's Marshall
21. Beer necessity
24. Made to repent
25. Scorch
26. Hebrew consonant
27. On the sheltered side
28. Nicholas II
29. Fixes
30. Stylus
34. Celebrating in verse
35. Comm. device abbr.
38. Accustomed
40. 'Taxi' pugulist
44. Corn ___
45. Operatic solo
46. Nonsense
47. Roman hail
48. Tub
49. ___ Dorado
51. Horse's kin
52. Quebec crisis
54. Prefix of negation

Solution next week...

Dear Grandpa, wherefore Hath Thy Wisdom Hid Itself

Dear grandpa, name of my blessed country,
You have for too long whistled
To the whisper of waxen age!
Your children speak in the man-spirit tongue
Of the material Holy Ghost,
And their children utter words of tribal har-vest.

Metaphysics has moulded your eyes sunken
Into shapes of weary lines inseparable from
Your head fleet of hair and design.
Even your hands have died upon your ears,
Your peaceful insanity trapped within
To a self-transformed reality.
How?...

Oh father oh my father!
I know you wish not untamed chaos
Into the tranquil eddy of your enigmatic meta,
But your family's ring shall soon be rusted
On the life-gone bones beneath your clay of skin!
And dastardly crows crow plentiful
Atop the naked roof, your head.
(How they defile the steeple of your sanctuary!)

Grandpa, why hide your wisdom within the mind
When all around is dark and defiled?
Grandpa, Oh father of my country
Is the ebb-tide of the mind that strong
Grandpa?
To rob you of your beloved human flesh
And take away our inheritance of wisdom?
Who will free us from our sins, Grandpa?
WHO will free us from our sins?...

by Mark Ireland



King Kong try outs that never quite worked