

DISTRACTIONS

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

The Perfect Woman

I once had a dream,
And in this dream,
Three friends sat in a bar one day,
Discussing their recent marriages,
And each spoke of his choice,
Of the, "perfect woman".
The first spoke of his, "modern woman",
She had a classic figure,
An imported car, a masters degree,
Impeccable taste in clothes and food,
And absolutely no desire to bore him,
By playing the typical role of wife and mother.
The second man merely shook his head,
To show his disbelief,
he could not fathom such a choice,
And so began to describe his bride,
She was, "an old fashioned girl,"
Who loved to cook, decorate the house,
She wished to have a dozen kids,
Agreed with everything he said,
Let him choose the family truck,
And planned to never leave the home.
The third friend looked back and forth,
From one face to the other,
Laughed and shook his head,
For he could not believe how stereotypical,
Their choices had been,
And so he described his wife,
She fit into no preset mold,
She was merely herself,
He had no checklist for her,
They had simply met,
Became instant friends,
Enough in common built a relationship,
And their differences kept it alive,
She equalled his intelligence,
And complimented his personality,
Their goals were balanced,
Both sought success in independent careers,
Yet maintained the importance of family life,
The third friend smiled broadly,
For he knew that he had truly found,
The, "perfect woman,"
The perfect compromise.

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But when I awoke,
I was here at home,
And all I had was you.
ALONE

Randy Moore

To the greatest Thief

The unwritten poem stands undaunted in the mind of time.
Why does this beauty not exist?
Humanity is terrified to search itself
for fear of what it may find.
Each individual a wimp, a scarred child,
Fearful of what another might think;
fearful of what it may conclude.
Who am I to judge another,
For I struggle with the same cowardness,
judge thyself.
That is why I take time to load all with my grievances.
So that those who care about their innermost as I,
will hear
So that those who hear my innermost
will search
And to the searcher,
good luck.

NAUDB

The River

Strolling along ancient shores,
brings back memories,
of yester year.

The river glistens under the moon.
It's waves crash,
against the sand.

I sit myself upon a dune,
And look out,
into the darkness.

I see your face in the watery mirror
It is confused,
and out of place.

I trace your name in the sand,
It is a ritual,
A pagan dream.

The clouds cross over the moon's face.
I lose the vision,
I lose my love.

And like this hopeless night,
I realize,
that you are gone.

You will never return from the depths.
The war is over,
And I have lost.

Ali

Here

It was snowing
Just like always
It snows Here a lot
And it's cold outside
And the white blanket surrounds us
Deep and cold
Unmeasurable to the eye
All around
Coming down
The various shapes
Crystal white
coming down
All around.
It was windy
Just like always
It's always windy Here
And then it's really cold
The powerful wind chills us
Blowing...cold
All around
Blowing loud
Through the trees
Branches and all
Blowing loud
All around
Then the sun
Came out at last
It's never sunny Here
It's never warm outside
Now we bask in the warmth of the sun
Warm and sweet
The bright sun
All around
Shining down

P.R.J.L.

Brothers

A brother is a special kind of friend,
He is there for you always,
In the good times and the bad,
He seems to sense when you need him near,
But will also back away,
When you need some room to breathe.
Brothers often misunderstand one another,
Especially in their careless youth,
But with the passage of time,
Maturity mends the mistakes of the past,
And brothers find that their differences,
Are not the flaws they once thought,
Yet, mere marks of individuality,
None better than another.
Brothers fill the gap,
That no other friend ever can,
It falls on them to make that speech,
That you do not want to hear,
They are there to remind you
Of your own mortality,
When you think that you own the world,
And it is for brothers,
To pick each other up,
When neither feels like continuing on.
Brothers make a good time better,
By being there to share,
And likewise they make sad times livable,
By pointing to another day.
Not all brothers can be friends,
They way they truly should,
But, sometimes friends become as brothers,
And care without a bond of blood,
Perhaps, sometimes a little more,
As they are brothers by choice.

Duke

THE SARDINE FAMILY ON THE MOVE A Duet

Get your bag off my side,
It's not on your side.
Yes it is and get your foot off my side too
Mom! Now his foot's on my side.
May I have the map, please, Hannah?
Only if you give it back.
Of course I'll give it back. Let go!
Now look what you've done:
I was trying to be polite
And you ripped it.
Mom! He won't give it back
Here, have it
You selfish little pig
Have it all.
But you didn't even look at it.
How could I
With you tugging it
And kicking me?
Stop kicking!
Mom! She's kicking me again.
Mom! He HIT me.
Well you deserve it
You little

MAAAII

Pamela J. Fulton