

DISTRACTIONS

Above All

Love could not be sweeter
had apostle Peter
never spurned his Lord
and reaped his rich reward.

Love could not be purer
had it been distilled
through gauze of Heaven's clouds
where could wait, life-instilled

Love could not be simpler
had it sprung from seed,
meandered from the fields
to co-exist with weed.

Love could not be crisper
had its hue been viewed
through lenses stacked to show
far worlds in desuetude

Love could not be stronger
had its shaft been cast
beside Excalibur's,
through flame to ever-last.

Sherry A. Morin

BEWARE!

Echoes of strife
Emanate from the bottomless pit.
A fervent cry for mercy of wasted life
Drags unheeded into a knit.
The intensity of heat from the chains of fire;
The scarcity of a soothing liquid,
Render comfort a scarce commodity.
No one is spared upon condemnation
To this *abyss* ruled by the DIABOLUS.
Hear, the hearing not impaired.
Is anyone listening?

george ato eguakun

One Day Under a Blew Blue Sky

The tear of a thankless dove
Relies softly moaning
Unheard to the beat eardrums
Of my caring carrion.

Worlds apart have not shifted
The moaning of the grass;
Orchids of the black sands
Always eaten by their sharks
Depict the gambler safe
Underneath a toothless smile.

The colors have fallen,
The moment of ice has past,
Dew whets the moans again;
And peace has passed it away
As momentary lies.

Once again home is my net
Safety unfound as yet.

Jason Meldrum

Spring's Call

Winter's last breath hangs in the morning air,
Hoping to prolong new life one more day.
Snowmen melting away in their despair,
Strong north frosty winds have drifted away.
The old man's strangling clutch recedes,
Natures orders flown in by the robin.
Cold sleep breaks so that budding life succeeds,
And blossoming love soon comes winging in.
Waiting rivers now run with raging speeds,
Taking spring to all regions of the earth.
Fulfilling each living beings surviving needs.
How glorious is this great green season's birth,
Although warm hearts may feel winters harsh chill
spring softens them again, winter builds will.

Joseph Hillman

The Missing Part of Me

Somewhere out there you lay awake
at night, as I find myself now.
A kiss in the wind, a shadow in
the trees, I search my soul for
a glimpse of your face, but all
I see are lions and tiger with
only numbers for names.
The need is now, to hold you
and tell you that my feeling for
you are true and the tears I
cry are real.

The clown shoes I wear are
but only a disguise, rescue
me from this emotional circus.

Jasen Fisher