

DISTRACTIONS

Editor: Jayde Mockler

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

At the Mall, November 2, 1990

Hurting

Sunbeams rain dancing upon his hurting soul,
Bottled emotions need desperate escape,
Digging claws search freedom from the deep hole,
Protection of a defensive black cape.

Walking through life with cautious blue eyes.
Heart tough from the bleeding gone dry.
Trusting his heart is a lost lullaby
Wishing he was an eagle flying amongst endless skies.

Memories trailing a path which dreams have been lost.
Yesterday is gone and tomorrow he will faithfully create,
Slowly love invades but not without a risking cost,
Building walls is an ugly responding fate.

Time travels through each grey-sunny day,
Growing is a serious game all must play,
Falling to his knees he destroys the walls and does pray.
Needed tears fall and tell him he must stand tall
and continue life's journey way.

Deborah Ruth Wilton

Obsessions

I've seen funny
I've seen crazy
I've seen wierd
all over the world.
I've seen sunny
I've seen hazy
and I've seen straight hair curled

Some get primped
and some get crimped
and some get permanent waves;
some dry-blown
before they're grown -
to get the biggest raves

Fashions change
so fast these days:
they only last a while:
so brush and blow
before they go
completely out of style

Some go to the edge
and try the wedge
which takes no time to prepare:
It's even hinted
that some get tinted,
while some like mega-hair

I sit in the chair
without a care:
I'm not that sort of girl:
my mother's said a thousand times
that mine is a natural curl.

Pamela J. Fulton

Friendship

With a life of its own, it grows
delicate in its new creation,
fragile, almost transparent in its form,
Exotic in its perfume.
It defines itself.
If held too close,
it suffocates,
and dies.

SMILES ON THEIR FACES

The dead that lie at my feet,
Smiles on their faces.
All over the street.

They walked along proud and tall,
Helmets on heads.
Now they feel real small.

Remnants of guns in their skeleton hands,
Once they had skin.
As they conquered unknown lands.

The bones decaying in the mud,
Once they had faces.
Another live one, or maybe just a dud.

The Weapons they held to protect them,
And shield them.
They would not live to reject them.

They once walked proud and tall,
Smiles on their faces.
Now they just lie there without moving at all.

Now they lie, splattered on the sand,
The sand they had conquered, the foreign sand.
They fell not knowing all the while
They they would never ever fly, and smile,
Any more.

P.R.J.L.

Galloping Horses

Galloping horses that thud under houses.
Haunting night visions that tear me apart.
Jagged emotions that cut one to pieces.
Sleep that would heal me is ripped from my heart.

Lunch over
They sweep past in twos, threes, clusters
Brushing me away like dust under a carpet
Their eyes register my existence
But nothing else
They never really see me
An unconscious exclusion
From their here-and-now world

Am I too much the future
For them to understand
I'm left littered in their past
Bobbing on a wake of receding leasiner jackets
Baseball caps, deck shoes, jeans, neon clashes
Stale cigarettes, long corkscrewed hair --

Focus shifts toward sudden commotion
Crowd forming all around me
Pressing, circling vulture - like over their prey
A black kid and a white kid
Yelling, pushing
Flying blur of arms and legs
Flurry of punches
Then they break apart
As does the crowd
Murmuring excitement

And I watch them go
A detached observer
All too painfully aware
Thinking about everything
And nothing in particular
And wondering where my bus is
I want to get the hell out of this doorway

Geoffrey Brown

Searching for Sexuality

The souls filled the sky
and wept all night filling
the streets with pools of tears

The wind gently caressed
the starry sky blowing
towards the river

The giant trees seemed
tiny underneath the evening
sky and the cool
air kissed my lips
and said good-night.

Lying on the grass
I could see myself
so far away listening
to words no one would
hear and I would
never tell.

Alone at last - heavy on
the ground if only I could
be one of those souls
drifting in the sky
and I too would cry a pool
of tears on all humanity.

A. Milne (Alistotle)