

DISTINCTIONS

Editor: Jayde Mockler

Deadline: Tues. Noon

Please include your name and address on each submission

Omega

Where is balance
when armies start their play
If alliance religion policy
get in their way?
In combat nations boast
with candour and dishonest honesty
to boost morale for superiority:
fact after fact inflated or refined
feed hungry bodies
to effect some peace of mind
and that which is
lies flattened under armoured tracks
while oil fields burn
and politicians spin and turn their backs.

Worldwide

markets pulse repulse
in helpless harmony with declamation's fear:
this conflict gauged in barrels
and overhung by chemistry
may bring us all to penury within the year.

Twelve thousand years
this gulf has watched in wonder
as cultures of the saplens arise
march left and right to death
and melt again into its silent slit
where now its curling wavelets smooth and black
glurp shorewards;
and cormorants with filmy eyes
all tarred and feathered in the dawn
attempt to wade as lithely as they had before
and spread adhesive wings
searching through their sparkling past
for something
that for them is there no more.

Until last week
we all were ignorant
but CNN and war have educated millions
overnight:
increased their verbal store
with new ones like "incoming scuds"
and old ones with new meanings such as
"silkworm" and the "tomahawk".

All you believers in a living truth:
Think that your common God is just with you
soaking up your measured, thirsty prayers?
Go chant and burn your candles with your pleas,
and call with all your voice on Trinity
to intervene with fate
and guide those patriots to keep you free
(do this for me); for here's the crux:
extract some meaning from this terrifying flux
and hold your sabbaths on a Wednesday.
The same by them believed by you:
there is no doubt that right is on your side:
your motive just:
it's you who must decide to demonstrate
or do your stand of duty in the dust.

Goodbye, my brother-enemy.
We hurtle from the sky
in fire
(with missal dead to missile in the ire).
They'll lay our bodies side by side
and weep
in mosque and church and synagogue
while in the morning
you and I sit side by side
and feast on blazing light
in Paradise.

He lays out all your prayers
(petitions sent like tracers in the void of night)
tarot cards in fortune-tolled array.
Does He reflect before He makes his choice
or simply sweep the lot away on winds
into the desert storm (fall where they may)
unanswered
and forever wondering?
by Pamela Fulton

Wordly Honor

It is up to us to keep the peace,
We must firmly grip disaster's lease.
It is up to us to protect the young,
To keep the air clear for thy lung.
We must keep all hearts snugly warm,
Or coldness and Hell shall grow and swarm.
Protect the little children's innocence,
Wipe out all useless, harming violence.
Seek out the madmen of crime,
Destroy them before desperate times.
Keep a strong, firm lawful hand,
Keep thy argument on where we stand.
Protect paradise from being lost,
Throw off Satan's shadow at any cost.
Blast prejudice, black boy cries,
We must not abide by racist lies.
Make thy wishes for the good of others.
Treat all of mankind as humble brothers.
Plant the seed, grow the food to feed,
Help those in pain not to bleed.
Be flexible in your thoughts and ways,
Make good use of all hours and days.
Cry out our freedom's exciting existence,
Show the senseless enemies honors persistence.
But remember no matter how hard we try
All of nature must someday die.
And although this sends a sharp chill,
It is all part of the plan, His will.

by Joseph Hillman

Wheels of Commerce

Faceless men in suits and ties
Litanies of figures to recite
Tell me everything will be alright
As I watch mountains, old as time
Come crashing down
Like seen through lies
Into black holes of our hunger

Watch the wheels of commerce turn
Watch the wheels of commerce turn
Squeezing out the profit
No matter what the cost

See the trail the wheels make
Rainbow slicks on a dying lake
They pay you well to look the other way
So-called progress, the same old story
Fish floating belly-up
In our glory
An obscene symbol of our culture

Watch the wheels of commerce turn
Watch the wheels of commerce turn
Squeezing out the profit
No matter what the cost

See the wheels crushing us to death
Sucking in toxins with every breath
Faded eyes ache for green, but there's nothin'
As the last woods falls to a burger bar
And a parking space
For everybody's car
And saves no place for a future

Watch the wheels of commerce turn
Watch the wheels of commerce turn
Squeezing out the profit
No matter what the cost

by

Geoffrey Brown

BE MY VALENTINE



How time flies!
It looked just like yesterday
When I was in Nigeria
With all of my family
Sharing flowers and love
And doing stupid things
Just for Valentine's day.

Just now again
Valentine has visited
This perennial visitor
I couldn't even remember
Until the SUB displays of cards
Relating to Valentine
Reminded me it's time again.

Why do you come now
Why not wait a little longer
Why not forget this time
With no one to play with
With all my loneliness
Please Val wait a little
Until I am ready

To imagine
That I will be alone
This Valentine's day
Is a scary feeling
Feeling of unlovedness
Take my plea Val
And hold out for me.

If somebody will
Then I am available
Be my Valentine
by
Enyinda N. Okey

Environmental Devastation

Duck
Skims over water, flashing jewel,
Splashes down, lands in oil,
Trashes in the surface tension,
Day passes, movement ceases,
Flashing jewel, dark and dull
Floats lifeless on the oil.

Man

Skims over water, fighting duel,
Crashes down, land of oil,
Slowly spreads on surface tension,
Chokes water sources, clogs machines,
Day passes, no hope of progress,
Man lifeless on the sand.

by

Ann Passmore

Being Inside

Twisted and churned up,
Feeling the pressure inside,
Unable to cope with being confined,
Wanting to be out where others are,
To express my feelings inside so far,
Needing the freedom of the everyday man,
Wanting some help but given the left hand,
Trying to fight but holding myself back
Twisted and churned up inside.
Looking for privacy but nowhere to hide,
Wanting the simple rights of a normal man,
Reaching out but not touching a plan,
Feeling for friendship but getting cold shoulder,
I must be some kind of nut to feel so up and down,
Finally I've touched something but not ground,
Given a pass, but it's taken away,
Just for twelve hours, just for one day,
Wanting to call someone for help,
Given a choice but answering with a yelp,
Unable to sit in one place too long,
So the doctor is right and I am wrong,
It's some kind of silly juvenile song,
Not poetry, not lyrics, but a bunch of words,
All in one sentence not making sense,
Who really cares, it's all for one pence,
Twisted and churned up inside

by Peter Pflie