

# Distractions

Distractions Deadline: Tues noon, Rm. 35, SUB  
Editor: Jayde Mockler

Experience teaches you to recognize a mistake  
when you've made it again. - Unknown

## DOWNFALL

Smell of concrete floods my senses  
Like an air raid warning  
Reluctant eyes trace the outline  
of another building  
Getting ready for the boom  
They say will soon be coming

I stand to wonder why  
And ask myself how high  
They must rise  
Before this fall will be ended

In a bookstore I see rich men  
Sell 'The Art of the Steal'  
In an alley the bag lady searches trash cans  
For her next meal

Like the view from a prairie road  
Right now, empty is how I feel

And hot tears scald my eyes  
A release that's never cried  
Must I die  
Before I've shed them for another

I remember being given  
Their worthless scrap of paper  
'That's your future in your hand, boy'  
The only thing which matters'  
So I watch out for the cracks  
But I only slip in deeper

Just a number in a file  
Sentence comes before the trial  
Through this smile  
Can't you hear me calling

In my small room I write songs  
At a dusty mirror  
Sad laments to twenty summers  
Gone forever  
And for the helpless fear  
I can't seem to sever

Hearing season without a rhyme  
Guiltless hands committing crime  
I seek the time  
When I'm sure that I know better

I know I'm too damn tired  
To make the morning  
When every night tears at my soul  
I've long been bleeding  
Tonight will claim the shell  
It's not worth keeping

Hands stroke icy steel  
The last chill I'll have to feel  
Rushing wheels  
Will fade as flesh welcomes metal

Now life is fleeing in scarlet rivers  
Mind and vision follow them down  
With a decreasing urgency  
Thoughts bathed by this warm flow  
Wander where tear-blurred eyes  
cease to see

and cease to be...

by Geoffrey Brown

## THE BLUEBERRY FIELDS OF MAY

Charred carpets of red tips growing:  
black spring-burnt  
for a blue bumper harvest

Pamela Fulton

The candle had burned itself out  
tiny icicles of wax  
clung tenaciously to the side of  
the beer bottle  
frozen until next the flame it lit

Otis L'HDC

## THE WORLD OF THUD

Reality is 7T: a noisy boisterous lot.  
You, up the Hill,  
Will get your thrill,  
You kept these things away from me:  
Hidden, so I wouldn't see  
And now it is too late to flee -  
(I'd really better not).

Disorder and disharmony (a vile insidious plot):  
You, up the Hill,  
All set to kill,

Did not expound how things would be:  
An intern straight in from the sea  
To meet pubescence strong and free  
And passions live and hot.

I called to John, and Willing, he retrieved me from my spot.  
You, up the Hill,  
Sent me to grill,  
And though experience was nil  
I tried to get their ear. Oh Gee,  
My class was like a parody  
And I a perfect clot!

(They didn't know  
Or care - and so  
What was  
Was what was not).

Pamela Fulton

## Lady of the Morning

My lady of the morning  
awakes from her bed of feathered grass  
Once the ageless night is past  
And darkness fled away

She sweeps through damp sparkling pastures  
I can hold but cannot catch her  
She's fluid as a dream

She strides along with emerald gait  
Down to where the pine-ringed lake  
I'm stillness, waits for her

I find her in a cloak of cat-tails  
Where she lingers in her travels  
Lighting a lost place

She leaps o'er the misty water  
Breaks the hush, brings me laughter  
And offers her hand  
To me

My lady of the morning

## Haven

Sitting on the porch of time.  
Memories travelling challenging roads  
Thoughts drift lazily upon the river blue,  
Lush green marshes awaken visions of old and new.

Time is an endless mission treasure  
Butterflies move to an unwritten dance.  
Hummingbirds taste glory of sweet nectar pleasure  
Haven encourages another chance.

Deborah Ruth Wilton

## Death

Death is the hollow under the hand,  
stroking that which is and was now  
and never could have been  
flesh, this  
formaldehyde preserved  
plasticised flesh,  
inviting it to survive  
to outlast the necrosis,  
to abide in its hollow  
deathless for eternity,  
while the spirit flies free

by Ann Passmore

## Northumberland Strait in January

There's a black gash  
where the island once lay;  
heaps of ice slag and tombstone  
have made the strait a moonscape.  
Water rinkles lap away at land's end,  
petrified ochre slime traps writhing wood  
and creeps up a fallen tree -  
its sapless skin is lacerated -  
the wounds gape, lined with age rings.  
Burning ice dust twirls like dervishes  
to the descendant of some hellish nor'easter.  
The dog quivers in fetal form  
under a scraggy pine  
Overhead, the sky is like something  
Colville would paint  
It's too blue.

By Brian Seaman

## Red Winged Blackbird

Red winged black bird flying high  
Amongst endless cold grey sky  
Marshes green down below  
Haven tree is where he plans to go

Chirping quick moment songs  
Deciding it's by the cool water he longs  
Calmness fills the untamed air  
Tempting wind pushes him to another place of care

Longing in security to stay  
Creation offers another way  
Tugging upon his heart he again elopes  
To find what he thinks his being hopes

Deborah Ruth Wilson

Verbal new flashes  
Transient concepts  
Tantalizing insights  
Sandwiched between  
the advertisement of life

by Ann Passmore

Mr.

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WHAT ARE  
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DOING IN  
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Suite 504  
Frederic