

Looking for Remembrance Day poems.

# Literary

## DISTRACTIONS

### TIME POLICE

by Chris Boone

THE WHITE ENERGY CLOUD DISSIPATES INTO THE AIR, AS THE FOUR SHADOW-LIKE FIGURES, THAT HAD APPEARED IN THE ONCE-EMPTY WAREHOUSE MERE SPLIT-SECONDS EARLIER, SOLIDIFIED INTO HUMAN FORM.

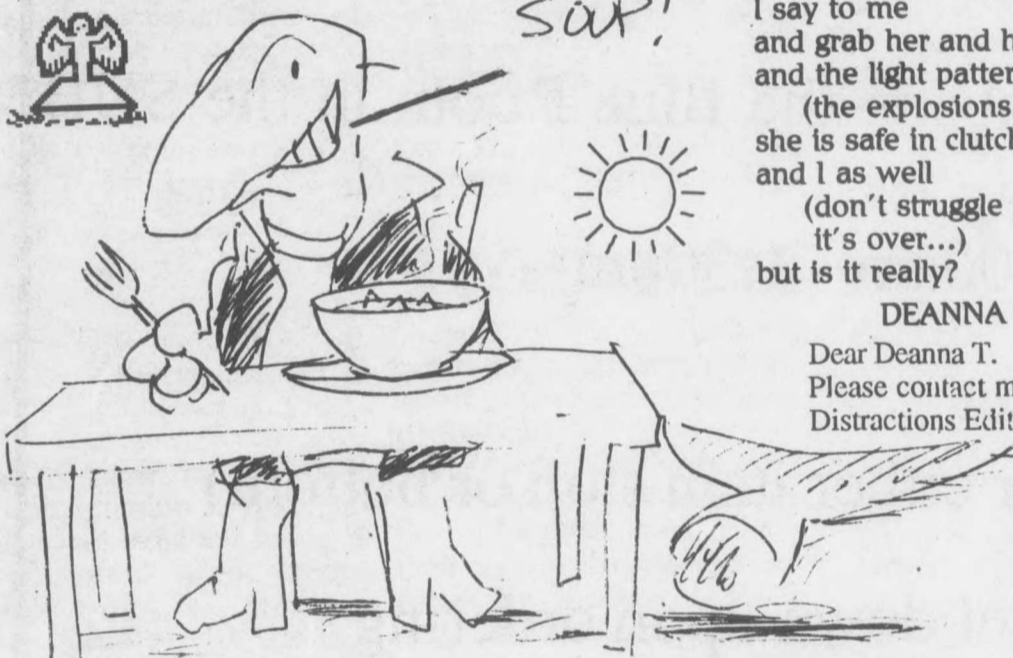


#### IT'S JUST ME...

A quick look over your shoulder-  
A shadow flees down the alley.  
A noise comes from the other room  
You check, but find no-one there.  
The wind whispers in thru' your curtains...  
It's just me.  
Who is looking at you,  
Making you nervous?  
Who always tries to make you smile?  
Who would, for you, die a thousand deaths?  
It's just me.  
That song on the radio, dedicated  
By an unnamed, errant soul.  
One who appreciates your unique qualities...  
Your you-ness.  
And you smile thoughtfully  
Because you know the caller-  
It's just me. Me2U



SHARK  
FIN  
SOUP!



#### WHAT SITUATION?

A fire surrounds us  
(and are we to escape?)  
To comprehend would take up  
precious time  
(yet some of us don't care)  
and I must pull her out.  
Waves of fear need no empathy  
to be known,  
her eyes show it all.  
(but she rejects that)  
Theories abound for her,  
reasons.  
(She'd tell you otherwise)  
I speak to another for escape  
and she tells me  
she must stay  
(that's dangerous)  
Pretend it's to say goodbye,  
I say to me  
and grab her and hug  
and the light patterns take me  
(the explosions...)  
she is safe in clutch  
and I as well  
(don't struggle now,  
it's over...)  
but is it really?

DEANNA T.

Dear Deanna T.  
Please contact me A.S.A.P.  
Distractions Editor.

#### CONNECTIONS

Only half way across the room  
and the loud noise blows me back,  
to have me collide with another.  
"Who are you? Why the silver pants  
and the bobby pins, the bun?"  
They know who I am.  
Two feet away,  
blue and yellow and red,  
puffed sleeves and shimmer satin,  
and not the right face  
this is not Snow White.  
(Fairy tale's over, my child.)  
Speaking to you,  
Your language I speak in,  
The noise too loud to hear you.  
Screams are almost mumbled  
in the din.  
Must dance  
only to be laughed at.  
The success is that of the  
false snow,  
she is perfect innocence  
and I tremble of sadness  
I cannot measure up.

DEANNA T.

## WANTED

HE'S  
A CAMEL



## BOMAN

CONTACT ROBO-LAWRENCE  
AT: 459-2735



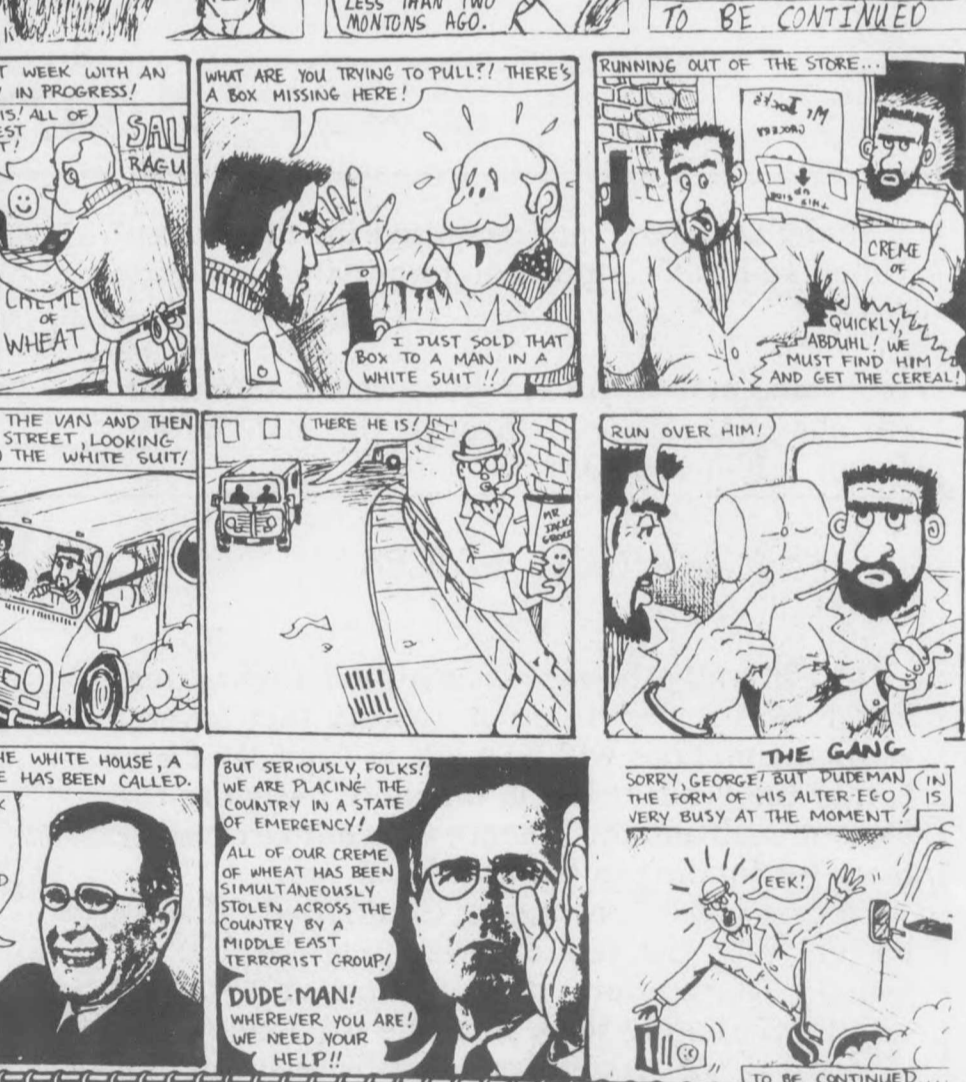
#### THE ESTHERIAN MORNING

Arise, O son of light, for it is midday.  
Dreams beget dreams and life begets life.

Can one smell the fresh flowers sprung from the first breath?  
Can one hear the praiseful songs sung by the first birds?  
Can one see the blessed beauty loveliness made of?  
Can one touch the softness of the uncorrupt air?  
Can one feel?

Alas, arise I must for it is midday.  
And dreams beget dreams but life begets life.

INK



#### THOUGHTS OF A PEACOCK

Who is not afraid?  
Who walks tall?  
Who has courage?  
Where is Honor?  
What is Peace?  
Who are we?



ANONYMOUS



AUTUMN SUNFLOWER