

# distractions

## Fish-Bowl Logic

Around, around,  
mindless motion  
eyes wide  
mouths breathless

the giant eyes loom outside  
the eyes of a bratty child  
look, he presses his nose  
what's that? what's that he's doing?  
listen, he  
taps the glass to shock us  
we're too underfed and overtired to flinch

around, around we go  
when we stop, nobody knows  
bound to be soon  
the stuff that we breath  
is soiled and opaque  
we move through it  
like shadows on the moon

noone cleans our tank  
no one gives us oxygen  
but we've got ample water  
how can we perish, then?

we start to eat each other  
just to live  
if only we could break out of his glass...  
is there anything beyond?

a lone fish  
in temporary madness  
breaks the surface  
propels itself outside  
it thuds when it falls  
the foreign air against its skin  
is like knives  
the child cries  
and claps his hands in delight  
the fish convulses on the floor  
its eyes peel back  
like the old skin on its sides  
its scales make noises  
and form a glittery mosaic  
across the the floor  
as it struggles  
but no sound from its throat  
and the ancient reliable structures  
that let it breathe,  
let it live,  
are rendered useless

"if this broken fin could be a hand...  
if only I had legs then I could stand  
if I could just adapt to breathing air  
if I could..."

in its last moments  
the fish is dreaming of an ideal world  
and fish-wishing that it could be human  
just once...  
while the child looks on and laughs  
through his glassy eyes

the child looks out through the glass  
what's that noise?  
it's like a thunderous tap  
there's something outside the window  
something getting larger  
a huge black fist  
reaching into the sky  
brandishing itself at the tired, silent sky  
seems to loom closer,  
closer  
air pressing against the glass  
the blast blows in and throws him  
to the floor  
he flounders on the shards  
beside the fish  
as the foreign air burns his lungs  
the blast is he heard for miles  
but the screams are drowned  
and the reliable structures  
that they had built  
to sustain themselves  
to shelter themselves from death  
were all rendered useless.

by Sherrie Hudson

## Questioned Poet (or "I Have This Friend...") For Jason

The extent for her yearning is not fully understood  
Even to her.  
Every night she falls asleep dreaming of his face.  
She tells me she needs to feel him beside her  
Sleeping.  
She says the desire to hold him, touch him  
Affects her too much and her need  
Controls her.  
Inside she knows she's only dreaming  
Of an unattainable end  
But she clings to her vision  
So hard that even I  
Don't realize how much I need you.

By A.J.

## Tears of Petals

I stand alone  
My head bowed  
The rose dead within my hands  
For the rosebud that had blossomed  
Has wilted and died  
With deep sorrow  
I see the bruised petals  
Fall gently to the ground  
For where the rose petals lay  
So do I  
For the rose  
Once represented me.

by Sherrie Hudson

Cauliflower c o c k kings cry out with lonely minds;  
- for them life is non-essential and mundane.  
Their purple majestic like septars resemble coral  
reefs;  
damaged and dying,  
Life as they have known it is now over.

by shaggy

## Embered Emotions

My soul longs for thee  
My heart weeps for thee  
Tears of many always begging for release  
The memories they haunt me so  
Timelessly I wander through my loss  
I do pray for the darkness of oblivion  
Yesterday echo within the shadows  
Ever wishing that thee were here  
Yet knowing that thee loves another  
I feel no shame still loving thee  
So I shall wait for thee  
Unto the beyond.

by Sherrie Hudson

Two dogs dancing on as asphalt smile,  
the trees bow down in despair,  
everything is a whisper's ear.

by Shaggy