

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