

distractions



A Haunting of the Caribbean

Many years since I turned my back to the Carib Sea
To drift away beneath the mantle of this cold, Northern sky.
Many years, to wonder why;
Why I left those fertile sands beneath the palm trees.

It is a deathly hallucination, you know
To wander, wander within these clouds
Above these distant, distant fields
Knowing that they are not mine own.
They belong to the stranger in my dreams;
The stranger whose lands I see
And whose name I have never learnt to this day
But whose smile awakes in me the marooned soul I bear;
Haunted by those long ago Caribbean days.

I am haunted by those days, Oh yes!
When the taste of rum lay pungent in my head;
When the mind catapulted to the salt wind's delight
And the trees hailed their coconut perfume in my nostrill
Those Caribbean days I danced with the sunshine
And slept with the boastful moon,
Her gentle face against my chest!

I am haunted by those days when I sang
Of rice and beans, curry and roti in my belly;
When I played beneath the guava tree,
Read poetry in the cemetery
And prayed to God to make me very, very wealthy.
Indeed, I did not need to be wise back then;
That was an old man's curse, verily.

How I am haunted by those days when
I watched all around like a lizard on vacation;
Like an artist, neck flirting with the muse
While hands wrestled Prosperina's grip
In feigned struggle to capture the breath of time
As it whistled across the lucid sky.
It slid by like the shrewd vendors on bicycles;
I use to see them plunging through the crowds.

I still see children playing with the sea
Dipping into its salt-foams like
As if it were an ancient Roman bath!
I hear little puppies crooning in the school yards;
School masters reciting scripture while
Little brothers and sisters lecture mummies and daddies.

These thoughts still whisper in my mind.
I can still hear their angry voices in unison;
With the hill sides they watch with jealousy
That their ravishing slopes remain untouched
Untrammelled...

Would I paint the sky and Arawak red
And watch it fade slowly into the very depth of Heaven?
Would I stain my face with the deep blue of the Carib Sea?
Or would I just let the pelicans scream into my ears
And move my fingers to the chaotic rhythm
To paint a scene of wild abandon?

It seems the years have done nothing but follow me.
Even the patchwork of geography in the sea,
How it haunts me so!
It is a ghost I can never understand
I can only see the back of her skirt
Running past the little churches like castles dominant;
Village seaside fortresses, orange-red like the fishermen's hair.

Oh this deathly hallucination;
This haunting of the Caribbean;
Those restless days of long, long ago...

by Mark A. Ireland

End

When the sky comes falling down
and not a sound
Is heard in the streets below
that's when we'll know
That it is finally over.

When the horizon is a flash of cloud red
and the dead
We no longer kiss in mourning
it is warning
That change is here.

And true that no sounds of laughter
ever after
Shall be heard in the trees
smiles no one sees
We'll have bought the stairway to forever.

But the day shall wait near
a year
And a day when again the sun
will hurt
As it brings the morning.

And we will return and laugh and cry
ask why
But the trees leaves will not be the same
and the name
Will make no difference
for we'll never know.

by Ben Hous

Deception

A smiling face
A secret place
A hidden thought
Where trust is sought

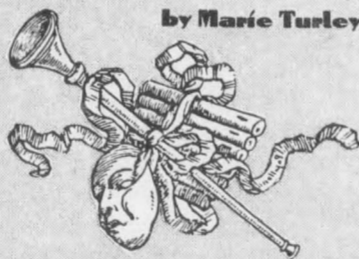
A frozen heart
Of lead was cast
An image sharp
In shattered glass

A spider weaves
The threads of doubt
The truth that leaves
A liar's mouth

The sands of time
A revealed sign
Your mask will fall
Eyes shall see all

Deception

by Marie Turley



Recollections of a 30 Second Dream

My eyes heavy, closing
I see darkness and hear a voice
As if she stood beside me:
"Look about you. You are not here."

It is quiet, and I look
I see clouds swirling below me,
Like the cosmos in mathematical perfection

The timing is right
I stand on something
But it is not there

It is like a mist slithering over steps
Hiding what they are
I cannot tell.

Something big stands before me.
A metal wall maybe?

But it is like a block,
A machine or something.
I think of V-ger,

And a man stands before me.
Suddenly our arms are entangled in a match of strength.
I don't know why or how

But we wrestle.

I look down
The swirling clouds are now just below my feet.
We fall

My mouth screams in silence
Helplessness overcomes me.

A surge of panic wracks my body
And I know I can't stop.

We are still entangled
Crasping each other tightly
He tries to get free

But I will not let go

He is coming with me into oblivion.
We travel the few feet to the clouds and
begin to plunge through.

As I look up I see her face looking down on me.
She stands calmly on that ledge beside V-ger
and looks down on me.

"You are not here."

Though I see her above me
Her voice speaks right into my ear.
I am tranquil.

An eternity has passed on top of that cloud
And finally I pass through.

It is like a huge disk as I pass through it
A split second surrounded by cloud

I can still feel his arm in my grip
But now he is relaxed.

I let go.

And then I am past.

That saucer cloud flies up above me
Father and farther...

And the lights come down.

I am alone

And I see nothing.

I know I am somewhere,

Falling,

But I cannot feel it...

I begin to hit the floor.

It is a marble floor

As black as the darkness around me.

The wall is all glass

Towering above me a multitude of windows.

They shed the only light

A dim light.

Thud, I have struck

I am breathing...

"Take my hand."

I look from above and I see her lying on the floor

Amidst a mess of glass.

Shattered reflections.

The light comes up and she is in my arms

And I cry.

I am holding her,

Yet I look upon myself.

"Trust me."

And I awaken.

by Ben Hous