

# Distractions

## Literary Page

### Not Too Late

A young dusk ages, greys, then blackens.  
 Trees give off their sweat like musk  
 Muses' airs are piped by birds  
 Hidden 'tween their leafy girds.  
 Evening, mid-ev'ing, but  
 Evenly are not God's charms  
 Split 'twixt the Day and Night's long arms.  
 Ombre, night not ominous  
 Swathes night-rest that falls upon us  
 Near we lie, entwined in grass.  
 As restless, breathless, fast stars fell,  
 Ev'ning will escape as well,  
 Glide on wings that arc in air.  
 It's not too late, at this sweet time!  
 Early dawn, the folded flower,  
 Lies in wait 'till twilight hour  
 Folded, pink, 'neath night conceal'd  
 Orund and young, an unborn dove, the Object of maternal love.  
 Vaulted through this wide and wiley dark, the Rapier of Reaper missed its mark.  
 (Ev'en'ing it is, but not too late!)

Sherry A. Morin

### Night Out

Walking through the bush, his mind wandered away,  
 As darkness descended with a push.  
 The skies roared with a deafening noise,  
 Signaling the advent of a disaster  
 In abject disapproval of man's atrocities.  
 The lonely walker's heart beat faster in fear of the imminent.  
 It was a time of darkness when unhappy,  
 Disillusioned elements groaned under tyrannical loads.  
 While others dreamt of better days,  
 He found himself an adventurer  
 On a foreign land without a rescuer.  
 He had no option but to put his trust in the Invisible creator.  
 To lead him out of this strange land.  
 To where he will no more  
 Be innocent of palace intrigues.

George Ato Eguakun

### His Fall

He stood  
 Stripped  
 Of his colors,  
 Limbs brittle in the breath  
 Of His fall,  
 The green also gone,  
 Old and gray  
 Facing the world's four ways  
 And sighing as each bit of life

Fell

Further from Him,  
 Rooting new problems  
 And forgiving few of the old.

Jason G. Meldrum

### Leave

She shuddered,  
 The barrage of blows ended,  
 Her branded body  
 Unuse to the rage youth can bring.  
 Her brown, and red, skirt  
 Lay crumpled at her rooted feet;  
 She sighed with uneager anticipation  
 As the howls of winter  
 Drummed closer to her core,  
 The snow to cover her many branches  
 Screaming them to shifting ground.  
 Only Her gift,  
 her generations,  
 Carries Her into the next day,  
 And into another season.

Jason G. Meldrum

Editor: Jeffery Czopor  
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 Deadline: Monday at 12 noon!!