

Distractions

Distractions Deadline: Tues noon, Rm. 35, SUB
 Editor: Jayde Mockler

For Anne

*So we stood
 Two mounted slides
 In halting expression
 Holding ourselves inside
 Yearning to admit another
 Too unsure to try*

*I imagined the dam cracking
 The flood of my heart
 Tumbling out in magical words
 Like a cascade of arching diamonds
 Each a perfect explanation
 Each a perfect sense*

*But no one knows those words
 Real words, falter
 On the brink of revelation
 And we stumble*

*Yet I could see
 Your shadow in your eyes
 It told stories
 Above the empty conversation
 In the face of death
 An affirmation of life
 A cooling thought
 In the heat of strife
 I wonder what you read in mine*

*So we left
 as we'd arrived
 Still hiding a familiar stranger
 A love that strains to fly
 And eases its pain
 With the drug called 'next time'*

by Geoffrey Brown

October Snapshot

*Slender white arms
 Hold out drifts of coloured lace
 Fragile still-life
 Sharp winds will soon erase*

*Naked in the beauty
 No fear of discovery
 I find the key
 In breast and bower
 Unlock the portal
 Words lose their power
 And lie like rusting swords
 In a passionate rain*

*Trespasser in autumn's kingdom
 This is not my home
 To this I do belong
 Granted glimpse*

To where all things are shown
 By Geoffrey Brown

In the hours after dawn
 the city stirs, it's inhabitants wake
 they get ready to go outside and bake
 in the hot summer sun
 it's really lots of fun

summer in the city
 it's such a bloody pity
 that I don't live there

Otis L'HDC

Two Solitudes

Somewhere along the 20 East Friday night,
 Hestia died of a single bullet to the heart.
 Some harpy took her place at the wheel:
 talons rode the clutch for six hours.
 When she arrived---
 all bangles, bandannas and black fishnet---
 there was a demarcation line on my front porch.
 Fifes and drums play tonight,
 not "La Vie en Rose".
 Fifteen weeks, three days and fourteen hours of want
 were dissolved;
 memories of yielding flesh and tearing apart
 were feeding tapeworms of rage.
 A promise was breached---
 three a.m. promises are so easy to make
 Now, two generals stand along on a plain.
 Wolfe hoists a white flag:
 it's blood-strained from a thousand cuts.
 But Madame Montcalm is not in an accepting mood:
 l'engagement, mon ami, is not to be.
 So Wolfe retreats
 On Monday morning,
 there will be traces of the weekend's Glorious War:
 lipstick-kissed crushed "Player's Lights,"
 melted wax on the stereo,
 dishes in the wrong cupboards,
 and an odour of sang and sweat.

by Brian Seaman

.....
 I'm So Miserable Without You
 It's Almost Like Having You Here
 Stephen bishop song title

Friends

*A friend is your soul
 A friend is part of your life
 Friends can be lovers
 Or even your wife*

*There are many to choose from
 How can one do it
 It's not always easy
 But when one does, there's a friend for life*

*I like talking to them
 Telling my evermost feelings
 They might think I'm crazy or just laugh
 But I don't care*

*I enjoy their company a lot
 Mostly it just kills time
 Nah, I'm just kidding
 It does kill time!*

*My friends ask me what I'll do later in life
 I don't even know
 But it's nice to know someone comes about*

*Friends are for life
 what more can I say
 when someone's my friend
 I'm their 'PAL' all the way*

by Tuhin

Summit

From where the cable car
 abandoned me
 I climb still higher
 and rest panting
 on Whistler's windy top
 along
 with steepness mauve and rust
 all snow-streaked
 sky above sky below
 and solitude

Swiftly forming out of nothingness
 being no near the sun
 cloudling's wispy shadows
 blow and blunt their edges
 on sun-warmed rocks
 where chipmunks scuttle after nuts I've brought:
 light feet against fingers

Wind keeps swirling up and round
 gusting in and out my head
 and through the lichens
 gripping
 to the granite ground:
 a constant numbing siren
 buffeting
 this mountain top and me

Up here
 I feel a power in the wind:
 and inside strength
 from outside
 unrecognized before
 deep within the whispers
 of my ancient mind
 and use that power
 to satisfy outrageous thought:

I will
 and will again
 this never-ceasing wind
 to STOP. And so it does

The ever-roaring summit
 falls so quiet
 I almost hear the sunshine strike the rock
 and understand the chipmunks' talk to me.
 Then from the rarifying air
 I summon all the tingling spirits of the dead:
 and barefoot on the heights
 I dance with them the dance of life
 on which they're fed.

Pamela J. Fulton

Unveiled Moment

*Rainbow of passionate glory
 Singing songs; an untold story.
 River deep and River blue.
 Flowing words from nervous heart true.
 Night is young and moon winks fate.
 Eternal sky chanting: "Wait."
 Mixture of feelings locked inside.
 Bottled memories invade and feelings hide.*