



Distractions

it's something else

THE BED:

It's absurd, the way you smile,
About the way we lose our sight,
Of Minerva in the dark,
When she says that we've missed,
The point, the point of all that's been,
Sublime beyond our gaze, that,
Rested on the bed,
Or pains within our heads

When it's all within the reach,
Of stewbuns and their wine,
Who stutter all the time,
About the ideas that we steal,
And the way that J feel,
When you set upon my eyes,
And look right through my head,
And sit upon my bed,
When J was young.

- Craig Foye

FALL POEM

Walking downtown in the rain,
through leaves that have fallen on the sidewalk.
Red, orange, brown and yellow leak into the concrete
like a soggy watercolour
or a child's picture.

Rain falls on me,
a drop of water hangs suspended
on the rim of my hood.
I hold my tongue out to catch it
but I think of pollution
and the wonder of the moment is lost.

A tree's branches hover over my path.
Leaves reach down to touch me as I pass,
or is the tree crying to see her leaves
rot on the ground,
her limbs bare against the chill of winter?

The smell of decaying leaves, the humidity of the rain,
the shine of the water on the street;
these ignite my senses.
Then a stranger passes and nods a greeting,
Halloween pumpkins smile and wink from a porch
and I feel happy.

- Elise Craft

REFLECTIONS ON A RAINY DAY IN MY MIND

Troubled waters
As black as my soul
Crash and flow
Over the banks
In my stream of thought
Life's peril
Manifestation of fears
Coalesces in my consciousness
Thunder Claps
The lightning flash
Silhouettes a man
Standing
Dressed in black
Knee deep in malicious ponderings
Staring at nothing
Cold rage pelts down
Soaking him though
He gathers his cloak about him
In a vain effort
To keep out
The wind's icy fingers
He lights a cigarette
And grins
Another day.

- Matthew A. Roherty



UNDREAMED CONCEPTION

Luminescence without reflections
Souls left voiceless in the shallows.
The incandescent becomes dark
and the sun vanishes into itself.
What can this place be?
For if fear gives birth to the mortal,
reprise can only be breaths away.
Engulf that which is natural,
exhale what is known as life.
Seduction comes only from intellect;
Bliss...from innermost strife.
At this point ...at this point all questions must cease!

- Aaron Berg



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