

Distractions

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

Better World

Homeless people huddled in heaps
Vectors on the golden rule
Selling their bodies and pride
'Cause they know those with gold
Break all the rules

Sky is pointing to a better world

Glinting in the wake of passing cars
Bottles tilt up, warm on unwashed skin
They hate it 'cause it never explains
What they're doing here still they cling
Because it listens

Sky is pointing to a better world

I know that you still care
Searching everywhere
Don't think that you can buy it
Know their time but never play their song

Clock face throws away the minutes to an empty room
We don't catch them, we only think in hours
In constant movement with nowhere to go
Engineers
On a crumbling tower

River is flowing to a better world

Hunters of the boardroom meeting now
Doublespeak engine just won't quit
Emerging from back-stabbing games
They wave clean hands
But I can smell the bullshit

River is flowing to a better world

Last night I died in my dreams again
It shouldn't happen, that's what they say
These theories turn black into white
They're not so good
At accounting for the grey

Wind is blowing to a better world

Headlights creep across my bedroom wall
The sleep I want lies miles from here
I think about the roles we play
And wish I could make the stage
Just disappear

Wind is blowing to a better world

I guess I need a place
To fall out from the race
And never get back in
I've got to know their time
but never play their song

Geoffrey Brown

Mama

like the ripest fruit on the tree
soon you will be plucked
you have no tents for the lost sons
humiliatingly exchanged for baskets of corn
and no rags for the daughters
shamelessly traded for cowries
homeless and naked they roam
in the wilderness called life

mama

we cherish you calm in the Forest of Pain
we admire your smile in the Desert of Difficult
may your Rise defend your Fall
may your Heaven respect your Hell

mama....

Anonymous

The reason lightning doesn't strike twice in the same place is that the same place isn't there the second time.
- Willie Tyler

Time Will Fly

As a rush of birds from a meadow do climb
So our time will fly
As a house in a field to the train gone by
So our time will fly
As a note from a bell ringing far and wide
So our time will fly

But see how the world shines as we go
And feel how the love binds as we go

Geoffrey Brown



The Kite is Called Berlin

We begin at the centre
at the Main Bahnof
the crosspiece of the kite.
The train draws in
we all clamber on
laughing talking stowing our luggage
finding our seats
then back to the windows
to look and smile and wave
goodbye.

The train moves quickly across the town
to where the steel strings
connect to the kite.
We stop at the Wall.
No rushing to windows
No smiles or waves
we sit and listen
guards march along the platform
Two by two. Halt.
Two by two. Halt.

Unification

They enter each carriage.
We hear the doors slam
slam slam along the train.
We hear the locks thud
thud thud along the train.

Slowly we grind along the string
that keeps Berlin in the grasp of the West.
The tracks need repair
but nobody travels West anyway.
At railway crossings we see the people
a dozen or more astride their bicycles
packs and vegetables hang from the frames
sometimes we wave, sometimes they wave
back.

We always move in slow motion.
Except for the guards.
Efficiently they traverse the train.
Scrutinize its human cargo.
Demand to see our passports
our documents
our photographs must match our faces.

October 3, 1990

They hand us our paper visas,
brisk, efficient, unsmiling.

Finally we near the end of the string.
We stop. Almost in the hands of the West.
guards unlock the doors.
guards descent to the platform.
guards march, two by two
two by two, to the exit.
The train begins to move.
We rush to the windows, we smile, wave,
we talk to strangers, the train speeds
towards freedom.

But what now? The Wall is gone,
guards smile and pass the time of day.
Will Berlin fly free?
or become entangled in a new set of strings?
of Capitalism, riots, protests, poverty?
Will they replace one sickness with another?

Observing Two Teens at a Bus Stop



Kiss me on the Corner
Kiss me if you care
Kiss me in the public street
Kiss me in the Square
Kiss me on the way to school
Kiss me in the night
Kiss me
Every time you can
And it will be alright

Kiss me in the parking lot
Kiss me anywhere
Kiss me
As you run your fingers
In and out my hair

Kiss me in the misty park
Kiss me in the Mall
All alone
On our own
We don't see them at all

Hold me to my promise
Hold me to your heart
We are one: they'll never
force us
Both to stay apart

Kiss me on the elevator
Kiss me on the moon
Kiss me on the River Bridge
Only
Kiss me soon

Kiss me with your freckled smile
I'll close my eyes and wonder:
Our souls have come from far away
Where no one puts asunder

Love's for some
And pain's for some
And hell is full of laughter
Kiss me
While the earth's still young
There may be no time
After

Forget your life
And I'll forget
When mine has ceased to be
But until then
Just kiss and kiss
And don't stop
Kissing
Me
by Pamela J Fulton

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