

Happy Holidays

DISTRACTIONS

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Editor: Jayde Mockler
 Deadline: Tuesday noon.
 Please include name and student number with submission.

Enjoy!

Life is a precious melody.
 Sing it with heartfelt harmony.
 Birds singing messages for ears to listen.
 Golden truths which richly make hearts glisten.

Stop and look around at the creative earth.
 Eyes open to the beauty as if it is new as birth.
 Peaceful, fresh moving water carrying reflections.
 Wind causing wildflowers to dance in various directions.

"Don't worry, Don't hurry, Don't forget
 to smell the flowers."
 Freshness enjoyed after rain showers.
 Newly cut grass smelling sweet,
 Walk across jubilantly with bare sole feet.

Tastebuds shiver with delight.
 Slowly enjoying each morsel bite.
 Icecream soft upon my tongue.
 Cottoncandy, popcorn; foods of fun.

Touching reaches within one's being; strong, soft and deep.
 Feeling joy; always wanting to hold and keep.
 Hand caresses puppydog's hair,
 Sand oozes between fingers creating castles with care.

Stop and enjoy life of artistic pleasure,
 Treat it as if it is a new found treasure,
 Hold its precious moments with soul's
 arms so truly,
 Each day is a gift to unwrap freely.

Deborah Ruth Wilton

Follow the Leader

*Verdant forests long since cut aside
 Replaced by green of a different kind
 Concrete fills where sky was wide
 Belching death to keep
 Itself alive*

*We've had two thousand years to learn
 Yet all we do is sit and burn
 Our lonely, lovely planet turns
 Haven in a sea of night
 We spurn*

*That which makes us human
 No longer a given
 Only in unguarded moments
 Can you catch a flash
 Like startled birds in waving grass
 But not that often anymore
 We just follow the leader*

*Thirty silver pieces still mean more
 Then all else that we live for
 Getting rich and staying poor
 Money can't buy wings
 With which to soar*

*Hear wheels moan as you ride the train
 Faster, faster until you go insane
 To argue goes against the grain
 But if the way is bad
 Who will end the game*

If we just follow the leader?

by Geoffrey Brown

The Exam

If you are anxious to do an exam,
 That is something to be worried about!

by Tuhin Pal

Today

Monkeys in the air,
 Fish on the ground,
 World in reverse
 Not turning around.

Air takes life
 Never gives it back,
 Filled with choke
 Inside you is black.

Devided by race,
 No one believes in that whole,
 Only one way to go,
 Faith in a graveyard hole.

Our stage is collapsing,
 Nails rusted through
 We watch, laughing and crying
 "Nothing we can do"
 Meanwhile, inside and out
 We are dying.

by Jason Meldrum

Christ's Mass

High bush Cranberries
 Pierced by hungry Waxwings
 Suffuse December snow.

Destroyed by early winter storms
 Frosted corn stalks
 rustle with petrified harvest.

Welcome Christmas
 Now new life can begin.

by Ann Passmore

Book of Our Past

*I sit and dream
 of all we've done and seen*

*A memory of you, just can't
 seem to leave.*

*An image of your face,
 I just can't erase.*

*The pages of my mind,
 I can't leave behind.*

*A book of our past,
 I've published to last,
 And the feelings of love,
 soar high like the dove.*

*As winds of time blow,
 back page of the past
 My memories of our love,
 and forever to last.*

Tracey Underhill

A Touch of Fear

*I sit here and wonder
 'About what?' you say.
 'Tis far from me,' I reply.
 'Tis the agony of my soul.
 The anxiety that compels me
 To mysteries of the heart;
 Desires alien to the human,
 Things I have never seen, heard...
 Things I don't understand.*

*This the agony of my soul
 That makes me cry out,
 In anguish!
 Mystery's peircing arrow
 Doth sever my soul;
 Not in two, or three...
 But into a thousand, thousand pieces.*

*Pieces that I cannot even grasp;
 Fragments that continually fall...
 They fall, they fall
 But never land;
 Especially not unto my hands!
 Such bits I long to hold,
 To feel, to clutch to my breast;
 And in deathly sorrow scream.
 But alas! They escape me!*

*What should I do?
 Am I to run away?
 Or rend my tattered flesh?
 Am I to die like this,
 A wretch; a mindless thing?
 Should I fall to my knees
 And beg mercy?*

*'Of whom?' you ask,
 'Life,' I dare reply;
 'That horrid, unfeeling,
 Unforgiving Monster!
 That cursed thing!'*

*She laughs at my distress,
 Taunting me with despair;
 She enjoys the spectacle
 Of me down on my wearied knees.
 I am chained to her
 With cords that dare not break.
 For fear of her wrath.*

*I am become but a vegetable!
 All bruised and deformed,
 From the constant whipping
 I do endure at her hands!
 The days are without end;
 They drag on forever
 It seems...*

*Yet I have hope.
 I have hope!
 On yon horizon
 Shines a light ever so small;
 A speck, that's all...
 'Tis so small
 My poor eyes can hardly behold it.
 Is it real?
 I wonder...
 Could it be an illusion?
 No! It cannot!*

*Now I can feel myself running,
 Running towards this speck,
 I can feel it! I can!
 The sweetness of my soul returning;
 Returning to me.
 Yes, Yes!
 I embrace thee
 With all my self.*

*I am free, free....
 Free!*

by Mark Ireland