

DISTRACTIONS

What?

What compels the human heart to beat?
What began fiestas in the street?
What inspires trees to toss their leaves?
What sculptor shapes the icicles on eaves?

I'll Remember Canada

For all that the weather
Has put me through
Through its unpredictability
And my travails with cold
I'll remember Canada.

Doing the job of
A graduate research assistant
And the pains that followed
Added to the benefits
I'll remember Canada.

I even worked as a janitor
And faced the tedium of the job
With the occupational hazards
Finally I was fired so that
I'll remember Canada.

I was a supply teacher
And taught various things
To various students
With such chequered experiences
I'll remember Canada.

A Canadian family took me in
Offered me accommodation
Offered me everything
And I know it without doubt
I'll remember Canada.

As Canada prepares to celebrate
Its 125th anniversary
My experiences come alive
I am happy I played a role thus
I'll remember Canada.

Enyinda N. Okey

What Scientist invented photosynthesis?
What heals us after Cupid's arrows wound?
What Voice inside us tells us what our weakness is?
What Tools built pointed temples, dark and runed?

man says that Science answers every riddle
He coughs as self-doubt hugs his hollow middle
Those buried answers He will never find. . .
What are your thoughts? Let me inside your mind
As we defy another "law" of Science,
as mighty Love cements our minds' alliance.

Sherry A. Morin

{Sans Titre}

Pain through child's eyes
warm; wet trails
salt the corners of my mouth
clenched fist of thought
impedes breath.

Trembling tree
question's "why me?"
(Deep behind eyes that no longer see)
hearing all of nothing
choking
dying 'cause I'm free.

Nicrombé

Pamela

In dedication to her, Pamela Doucet

I lay alone
In a pool of
Sweet emotions,
You are a part of me,
Sweat and lust,
Two on two,
One on one;
You are the only one
Able to satisfy my
Imagination
With your reality.

Jason

Freedom or not

We are all prisoners of some sort;
Walking around in neat suits
With ties tightly knotted
Around our necks.
So tight that the larynx seeks to revolt.
As if that is not an enough jolt,
One has to glove his hands, hood his brains
To protect him from frost bites.
For as long as he is out of the building,
He must be in as many layers as possible,
Just to keep warm.
When will man ever be free on this earth,
My brother?

george ato eguakun

