

DISTRACTIONS

"A TITLE WOULD COLOR YOUR PERCEPTION"

Distractions Editor: Chris Lohr
Deadline for submissions is
Tuesdays at 12 noon.

HOW TO ESCAPE

Rip your chains and run!
 Create for yourself, a positive reality!
 Don't dwell on confusion!
 Let go of your questions and be who you think you are!

You, as yourself, are very special!
 Accept yourself for what you are - the world will follow!
 Look for the positive, suppress the negative!
 And never give up!

(Easier said than done I realize, but try!)
DARREN ELLIOT FOR MC

Said a fair maiden upon the Low road,
 "Come hither, oh stranger, we must make company.
 For you have seen me this way before, and I you.
 Shall I suppose we could travel this road together?"
 "You suppose in error," he said, "I am new to this land.
 There must be another who seems as I am.
 Perhaps it is he you wish to consult, I am but a lowly servant."
 "There is no such being," the fair maiden replied,
 "For a servant's not lowly, but is his master
 From where didst thou learn such reversed truths?"
 "From you, my fair maiden, and all of your friends.
 By your actions you teach the ways of the world."
 "I did not teach you!" the fair maiden exclaimed,
 "There must be another who seems as I am.
 For Lowly are those who think highly of self,
 For all are important and of similar value,
 For each has a soul, is equal to others.
 To think one is better, is but a mere farce.
 I see you as I - we are both equal beings,
 heading towards the same fate.
 So will you take my hand, that we may travel together?
 'Twill make the days more pleasant, and the nights all the shorter."
 "I would, my fair maiden, but as you can see,
 I have no hands with which to hold yours."

DARREN ELLIOT

VANTINA

Enshrined within a temple of beauty
 radiates a flame cast by heavenly light,
 her face and body worn sensuously by duty -
 her aura is a beacon in the night.
 As though fields of flowers grow in her hair,
 as if moonlight reflects inside her eyes,
 and angels in envy follow her everywhere
 so even God weeps each time she cries.

Aphrodite's visage I have seen in shadows,
 gazed upon faces which make strong men weak,
 yet they are blades of grass; she is meadows,
 into those eyes I cannot find words to speak.
 She is reminiscent of a walk along the beach -
 visions of sea and sky haunting me forevermore.
 Like shores across oceans I will never reach,
 like a knock that will never come to my door.

No other words has this soul learned
 to describe the beauty I have seen.
 Yet all other memories I have forever spurned
 for what has never been.

A. BARCHILD

COLD GRAYSTONE

my hair lashed across my face
 cold and empty and black
 like the heart I came to face
 and as I knelt, the lightning flashed

an oak taps my shoulder
 but cannot distract my gaze
 I think about
 forever while I am surrounded by graves

and as the rain splashes off the cold gray stone
 I wonder if you knew, when you were going

your name is highlighted by another flash
 and my wet face is exposed
 I remember the bloody razor's slash
 you said it was to find your repose

life is cruel, but death more so
 my walk to your grave hurts
 yet I have made myself a vow
 and to break it could bring on worse

and as the rain splashes off the cold gray stone
 my memory of you is all but gone

JASON RICHARD

THE LONG RUN

I watched you running down the winding
 alleys
 and panting for your life
 I saw you fondling a gun in the night
 when no woman was in sight
 I saw you
 sinking like a black wolf
 disguised as you slinked
 through the stands of stoic, colorless lambs
 in the crowded village streets
 I saw you picking locks
 of everyone's home
 but your own
 and winning back other people's countries
 when you had none.
 I saw you pierce through the barbed wire
 hurting it more than it hurt you.
 I saw your hands snagging children
 by the seats of their pants
 to pull them from the blast
 when you had no children
 at home of your own to save.
 I saw you treading in the nights
 with a shapeless, flowing coat of black on
 your back
 walking by the water reflecting
 and wishing that all things could run
 to their destinations
 with such unconscious ease.

SHERDY A. MORIN

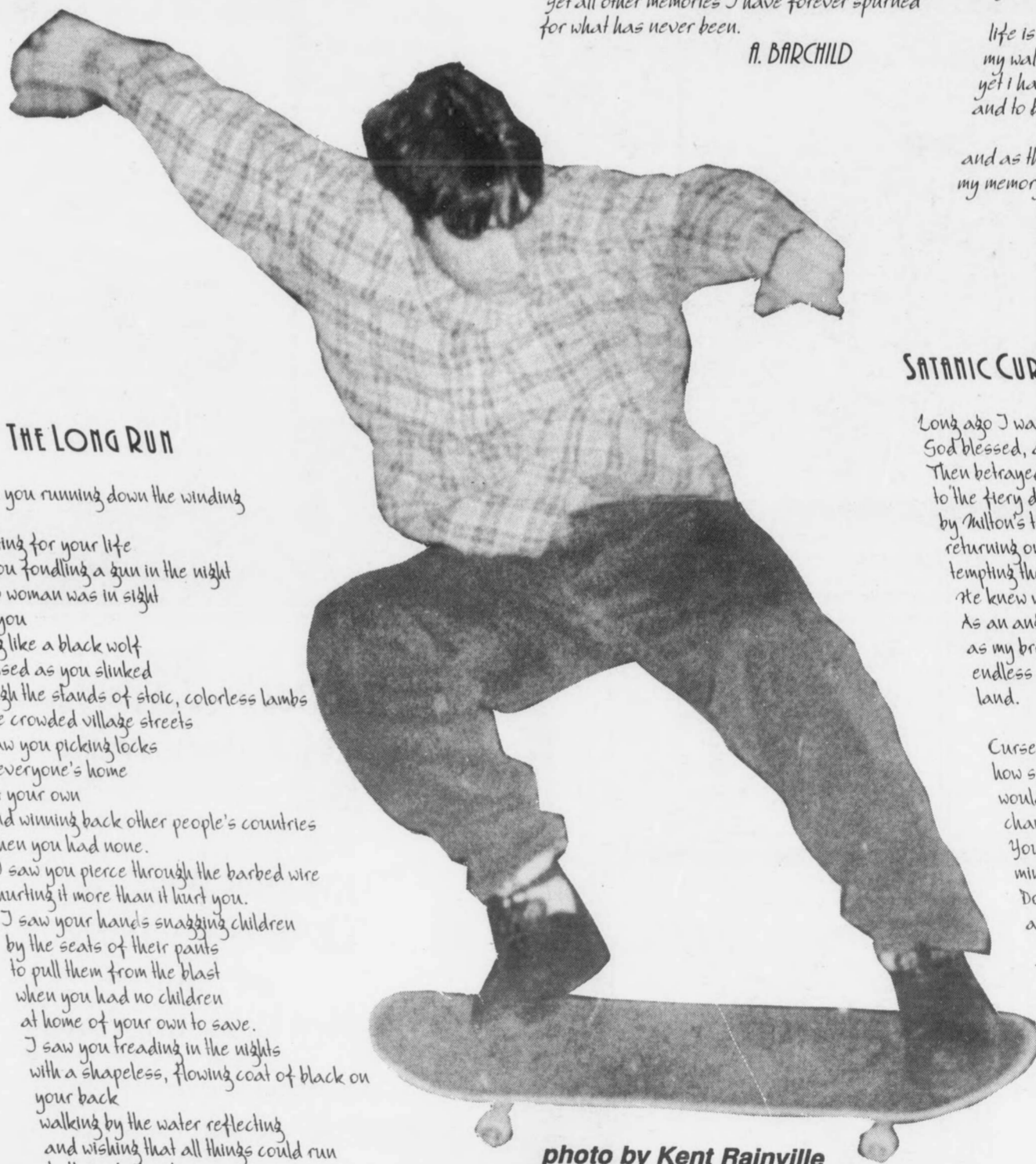


photo by Kent Rainville

SATANIC CURSES

Long ago I was as you are now:
 God blessed, a child of light.
 Then betrayed by my hubris and cast down
 to the fiery depths of Hell
 by Milton's tragic tale,
 returning only to fulfil my fate:
 tempting the Son with grand promises
 He knew were as empty as my threats.
 As an angel I once shone as stellar
 as my brother Michael, but now
 endless chasms separate me from the holy
 land.

Cursed mortal veiled by broken dreams,
 how soon you forget who you nailed,
 would again and again if given the
 chance.
 You attribute to me all your evil as though
 mine were the Kingdom, the Power, the Glory.
 Don't place the knife in my hand
 as you run from your inner silent void.

Tronic it seems that treason committed but
 once
 now damns me for all eternity,
 yet you feel pride endears you further
 to His holy forgiving arms.
 Perhaps you too will feel his wrath
 as you proudly construct your empire
 without His blessings.

Which of us is truly the Dark Angel,
 and which the prodigal son?

A. BARCHILD