Distractions

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

On First Looking into John Donne's Love Poems

Four hundred years the span and still I fully understand the man.

Kingdoms have ceased:
new independencies
(through debt the predator)
to new dependencies have creeped;
wilderness been cleared and modern urbs upsprung
since Donne first roared.

l've walked with them
who linger there between his lines:
doubter, wisher, wonderer,
mistress, lover, worse,
and suffered with them their despair,
pursued pursuers in the rotting air;
l've seen both edges rip along the parting sword,
victim turn assailant
and the loathed become adored.
Play, music, play!...despite the unstrung years;
so cymbals clash
and still the mighty lion the lioness fears.

His script
to find these rhythmic depths and heights
was for each to step along
(no conferencing upon the telephone)
agonizing all the way
from love's first birth and so on
down its day;
to tread in hesitation
along that moving track which hurtles into darkness
both Divine and Black;
and seek the last dreg in the crucible: that truth
whose mystic tangles can't be taught
but only learned
by doing
and by being burned.

Together they consorted with the counsel of the damned but somehow one the mill the blitheness of their love-match caught and jammed, which to the courthouse led and sunderings for which their born and unborn children bled.

There is no room for three when such a house is sliced in two by one.

r Robert!

berls Pe

erts Pete

erRober

eler Robe

Deter Robl

ts Peter R

erts Peter

Perts Pete

berts Pete

erts Peter

s Peter Ro

nuary 18, 1991

There is no room for me when such a louse is spliced, yet on the run,

or, to be free,
when such a spouse
would dare to spice his rue
with fresh forbidden essence of the Sun.

Pamela J. Fulton



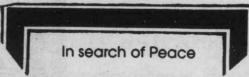
El Desparato

From the darkness she comes riding,
Eyes are red, spurs are gold,
My 44 is cocked and ready,
To end the reign of El Desparato.

Past my lobes, over the buttes, Her pulsing beat I always hear, For my roan just ran through my hair, On my way to get El Desparato.

Across the Rio, over my cortex,
The golden sunshine cannot stand,
For El Desparato has again once fallen,
Far into my burning sand.

Andrew "Wildman" Steeves



Dominus Flevit, "the Master wept"
Real men don't cry, prepare for war.
Weapons ready! Real men don't fear.
Why did he weep, didn't he know
That man will get by, man pushes the buttons,
Man IS in control, War's no big deal

Dixit Insipiens, "the fool has said"
There is no God. Homus Erectus,
"Man stands erect." Proud men never Kneel.
Man stands tall, man stands alone,
We don't need God, man will get by,
He need not cry, war's no big deal.

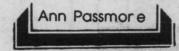
Deus Auribus, "oh God, with our ears we hear,-"
But not with our hearts, we love possessions
The things we can touch, the things that are real,
For these we fight. Show me a soul,
What's in a spirit, a thing without parts,
Cannot be harmed, War's no big deal.

Dominus Flevit, Men did not hear.

Man passed him by. Dominus Flevit,
Jerusalem fell, man did not cry.

Man went to war, Jerusalem fell,
Marked by God's Eye, Dominus Flevit.

The world will end, do you hear God sigh?



New Year in Cosmos

First time I ever stayed away
From my home Nigeria
During the Xmas and New Year
To spend them in new land.

My Xmas was in Toronto
Right in Etobicoke
The New Year was in Fredericton
Right inside the Cosmos.

In Cosmos we had our countdown
To herald the New Year
My roommates and I sang aloud
With booze and dance and cheers.

A pregnant New Year we now have
With hopes and fears ahead
For once again the UNB
Will be animated.
E.N. Okey



Trinity

Child of the sky
Fly
Fly with me
On streamers of wind
Set your soul free

Child of the sea
Flow
Flow with me
On currents of light
Let them drown your tears

Child of the earth

Go

Go with me

Toward teaming sun

Let it make us one

Live in the beauty

Bestowed on everything

Give me your hand

And we'll walk the path to heaven.

Geoffrey Brown

Yesterdays in Ruin

From the past
We do travel,
Our minds emptied,
Memories in caskets.

Most of our thoughts
Have died,
And those that still do live
Become weaker each day forgotten.

We continue to walk,
Breathing in air and tomorrows
Each one adding to the ruins
Of the hours and seconds lost

But as the road in front Comes nearer to our end, The path behind us Becomes faded to our view.

And as each yesterday
Molds into a today,
Its tiny specialities
Are lost in the formalities
Of time's decay.

Jason Meldrum