

# Distractions

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Deadline: Tuesday noon.  
Please include name and  
student number with sub-  
mission.

## 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 crept;  
wilderness been cleared and modern urbs upsprung  
since Donne first roared.

I'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;  
I'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 damnea  
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.

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

## In search of Peace

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 Insiapiens, "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?

## Ann Passmore

### 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