

DISTRACTIONS

The Heart That Does Not Fear

*A continent rolled up for an hour
And unrolled for a year or more
The west is a blossoming flower
And the east lies an open door*

*A flower of doubt
Torn by the winds of change
A flower without
The faith to walk into change
Justified in her beliefs
Justified in her doubts
Each stems as a leaf
Reaching closer, closer, reaching out*

*A door of hope
Faith unmoved in his pursuit
As he alone gropes
To take the flower in and through
Certainty lives within
And purpose all around
To bring this flower in
Onto his private ground*

*A continent unrolled now for months
The west lies far from here
And opposite words from their
mouths
Hurts the heart that does not fear*

Jason Richard

Life

*Life, so precious and so free
Shine your solitude unto me
Make the world fade away
Take me to a safe place to stay
Stop the wars and end the drought
Teach us what peace is all about
Heal the wounds with love and trust so pure
That I seem to think for all there is a cure
We must learn to break the barriers of society
We must let our souls roam free
No matter, the colour of hands and face
We are all of the human race
LIFE IS FREEDOM
And with freedom come trust
Foreign to many of us
Bring a storm of rain to cleanse me
Let my soul soar free
Shine your solitude unto me
Life without freedom is worse than death
A sentence I would sentence to no man,
woman,
or child.*

Ashley Greenslade

If Shakespeare Were a Poet Now

*If Shakespeare were a poet now,
What manner of man would he be?
Would he rhyme with a trochaic meter
Or would he do it anapestically?*

*Maybe he would just scream like a
Hallucinating grunge;
Or babble like these new-born Freuds;
Degenerate into a psychotic menagerie
Of drunkenness and moral litany.*

*Do you think he would lament
The loss of magnanimity,
Curse his mother's womb for being born
In this century
Where hybris manifests not itself in eloquence,
But in the sordid talk of sixpence?*

*Or would he just be another English Scallywag
Who thinks he inherited a trademark pedigree;
Ranting vituperative spittle and euphemisms
From his cardigan armchair cradle?*

*Perhaps he would be a mere soundbite entity
Speaking simply as he thinks it should be;
An idiot's tale of sound, fury and heresy
Packaged with a mouthful of cliché?*

*Maybe he would just be another hypocrite;
Write exactly what he thinks
And experience life in complete absence
From the realities of labour and penitence!*

*Nonetheless, he would be a sophist.
The Shakespeare always are
Sophists . . . therapists with words
Rubbing softly against the human skull.*

*For I dare say I hear the crowd
Chanting, "Shakespeare! Cicero! Sophist!
Give us now your words!
Comfort us with your poetry!"
Ah, if only Shakespeare were now
A man of poetry!*

Mark Ireland

*I love my cat
Kitty's furry and really fat
Lazy and on her back
God, I love my cat*

zooboy

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