

DISTRACTIONS

Editor: Jayde Mockler
Deadline: Tues. Noon

Please include your name and student number with each submission

A Sleepy Poem — An Open Letter

Jim writes how's life treating you —
All I see is "how's life defeating you" —
What kind of tree, me thinks, is he.....

Elaine crosses my mind, wearing almost as
many veils as I have begun to tear,
From my "living room" "windows"

Michael, fellow musicologist, with resistant
and unpolluted heart;
Where are you now.... we never really saw
us as one tried to sell syncopated cacophony
and the other sugar-water harmony.

Ted where have you disappointed too —
We could have grown as room-mates
We shared our love of two-wheeled
versus bipedal locomotion.
I raced that aluminum marvel of yours in
figures of eight thru SUB-terranean parking spa-
ces — upwards to holds of child Reed shaping
then gravity laughed with me down to
LBR where loving water always awaits me.
Now climbing up on the pedals, marvelling
at the gears; and climbing even higher above
supraspinal trigeminal neuralgia — I found
myself back at my station — a little more
free from fears.

Evil

Look at what it's done to you and me.
It's hurting you and hurting me,
Now Life's so short it flows right by.
One day you're down the next you're high.
I just want you to touch the sky.
The Angels shall come, and in peace we shall lie.

by Peter Pitre

GOING HOME

Where do we go when we die Dad?
Is there really a heaven?
The son's questions surprised the father,
But after a moment of thought,
This was his reply:
Everything that exists,
All of the plants, animals and people,
On the whole of God's green earth,
Have something deep inside themselves,
Which makes them each a unique creation,
While at the same time,
Giving them all a common bond,
For within all of us,
At the very centre of who we are,
Lies what could be called our life force,
Which some refer to as a soul.
Even when our earthly bodies,
Come to the end of their cycles,
And dust returns to dust,
Our spirits live on,
Returning from whence they came,
They fly to the centre of all that exists,
And once again become a tiny portion,
Of the central life force of the universe,
There once again they are home and at peace,
In a place that some of us call Heaven.

by Randy "Duke" Moore

PRODUCTIVE PERSONS

We are always told,
By those we meet in life,
That we should strive to be,
Productive persons,
Or of value to our society.
But, what exactly is,
A productive member of society?
For our families,
This often merely means,
Simple respect and obedience.
In school we are told,
To put our best effort,
Into getting a proper education.
With our peers,
We are expected to give support,
And to build a friendship.
In the work place,
We are pressed to do our best,
And to achieve success,
No matter what the cost.
Wherever we go,
Whoever we face,
There will be those,
Who will impose upon us,
Their versions of what form,
Our own productivity should take,
But, for myself at least,
The definition is a simple one:
A productive member of society,
Is merely one who gives more,
Than he takes from the people,
And the environment that surround him,
Harming no one or nothing,
In the living of his life.

DUKE

FAITH AND FATE

You sit on the limbo of life
Imagining, wondering, even
Confused, hysterical, and hopeless
Unaware of what to expect
As the cursor is in a dilemma

You query your existence
Maybe you borrow Descartes' dictum:
Cogito, ergo sum
Then you turn to Hebrews Eleven
And start your cursor all over

The cursor becomes operational
Positive thinking is re-energized
As the cursor moves through the origin
Careering through positive coordinates
Of the graphs of your life

Faith is the cursor of fate
Faith breaks circumstantial barriers
Faith neutralizes the premonition
That fate drives our cursors to
Faith highlights positive thinking.

by Enyinda N. Okey

Memories of You

I sit and I dream
of all we've done and seen.
A memory of you
just won't seem to leave.
An image of your face
I just can't erase.
The pages of my mind
I can't leave behind.
A book of our past
I've published to last
And the feelings of love
soar high and free.
As the winds of time slow
Bach a page from our past
My memories of our love
shall forever last!

To Annick
by S. Ellsworth

Love at First Sight

sing to me
with words of ice
on clouds of
mist
I fall into
your stare
Dazed and
confused
your eyes
go through
my flesh
into my soul
forever enchanted
by your stare

by Trish Graves

THE END IS NEAR

Wisdom is the principal thing, therefore get wisdom; and with
all you getting, get understanding. (proverbs 4:7)

Four more essays till I'm done:
then relaxation in the sun.
the end is near.

Students come and students go:
some in joy and some sorrow.
the end is near.

Some come grudging; some come eager:
some full study; others meagre.
The end is near.

Some will pass through ignorant:
others garner all they want.
The end is near.

Knowledge beckons with its power
to the graduating hour.
The end is near.

When you mount the stage, so haughty:
don't come back until you're forty;
some may think it too demanding
to come through with understanding.
The end is near.

by Pamela J. Fulton