

# Distractions

## Literary Page

### The Joys of Life

One fine morning I got up from bed  
with a humongous hangover in my head  
I was seeing stars and I couldn't see straight  
but I had to get to class 'cause I couldn't be late.  
Drove the car with all my might  
and stumbled into the room which was quite a sight  
Sat down beside a girl I knew  
She looked at me and said "To Hell With You!"  
It was then I decided to go back home  
in my weakened state to suffer all alone  
My day was ruined as I well knew  
so better luck tomorrow was all I could do.

Tuhin Pal

### The Touch of a Hand

The touch of a hand can show a lifetime of love.  
A soft tender caress to a beautiful face to inspire kindness and affection  
The grasping of hands to convey support and companionship.  
A relaxing massage to bring peace and serenity.  
The whole body can convey love. The sound of your voice, listening to  
another's feelings, or seeing the expression of happiness on a loved  
one's face. The touch of a hand may be subtle, but it is one of the most  
important ways to demonstrate the love which exists in your heart.

Donald V. Price

**She gave within herself and done without,  
crossing into realms of searing void  
the ache of nothingness,  
the substance of vacuum**

**and she touched.  
The world, the place, the right,  
O dreams of mercy.**

**"hold me," she cried.  
light pierced her soul.  
cross forth from the planets, child  
have faith.**

Jessica Pierson

### Fight in the Sandbox

Wait...we wait for punishment.  
A morbid hush, as heads are bent...

Chances had have all been spent-

A jab, in play, is now to spar.  
Coerced, we fall upon our knees,  
For all toy boats that children tugged are  
Arks that bleed oil on the seas.

Irkish pranks have joined the ranks of  
Deeds akin to mortal sin.  
Tanks and planes, our killing-toys, were  
Cast, it seems, from more than tin.

Sherry A. Morin

### Sous-Rire

I

(Earth)

I smiled once,  
I think,  
I liked it.

Creeping,  
Each letter an epitaph;  
Visions  
Of a future  
Was not my god.

A grass plain,  
Three hundred and fifty-five  
Lay stoned and smothered  
Looking to the sky  
With shimmering eyes,  
Dancing with words  
Spelling it to the earth.

Then my yesterdays;  
Home  
Underneath wood  
Hiding from my youth,  
Breathing a recipe  
Of the real and imagined;  
The cotton filled skies  
And clouded fields  
Made my work bearible.

II

(Freedom)

A happy-thought,  
Slowly,  
Crawled up my face.

Closing,  
Stenched in a room,  
Hiding  
From the dark

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