

Distractions

Still Drunk on Friday Morning

I wish that I was dead today
I wish that I could find a way
To end my life and its attendant miseries

I wish that I was dead today
I wish that I could end this pain
So that when I sober up I won't feel so bad

I wish there was some way to say
Stop the world I'm getting off
But the hard cold truth is that
There's not

If I only had the guts
I'd rip them out on the floor
And die slowly in pain and agony

I wish that I was dead today
Stop sucking air don't live today
And make the whole damn Earth feel bad for me

But that's not the way it works
The world she don't care how bad you hurt
So you pour out your guts on a silent stage

Lonely*
Yes I'm Mr. Lonely
Tear drops fall from my eyes
I have no one to call my own
So I'm lonely all the time

I feel the pain and agony
If it don't stop believe you me
I'll find a way to end the hurt for good
You should

See the way I'm feeling now
Feel the hurt I'm feeling now
Know the mask behind this cheerful face you see

I'll just have to face being alone
I don't want to face being alone
So why don't I just blow my head off my shoulders
and end this song

I don't own a gun
Besides
That would be too quick
I want to suffer not get over it
So find some painful way to slowly die

The world won't mourn at my death
Carry on and forget the rest
Of the pain it caused me to feel

I wish that I was dead today
But if I was dead I'd be late for work
And I have to work to get paid so I can pay for the funeral

And at minimum wage I wish I was dead
But it will take too long to earn the cash
To pay for a funeral that I'd be proud to have
And the problem with this line of thought is that by
the time I can afford it I won't want to be dead today

I wish that I was dead today
I wish that I could find some way
To stop sucking air and be dead today

Goodbye cruel world*
I'm leaving you today
Goodbye
Goodbye
Goodbye
Goodbye all you people
There's nothing you can say
To make me change my mind
Goodbye

*This verse is not of the author's composition and
is not intended to be interpreted as such. - MS

by Mark Savoie

The Woman on the Street

walking on the roadside at night
sometime in May
i saw before me a great light
laying low on the pave
oh, who is it that cries so
like a child left all alone?

i bent my knees to behold a woman
holding a young bug
a June bug glowed bright as the sun
as it struggled from her hug
fly away, fly away, all hopes gone
fly away, fly away, to never find home

brushing her shoulders free of night sand
and leaves dried and old
i took hold of a young virgin's hand
that now was deathly cold
oh why does she cry so still
when she has a friend to take her chill?

in sobs of sorrow a story was told
of sometime in May
when a June bug escaped her hold
as also happened today
a story of losing, of warmth and hope
a sorrow that may never find comfort

i bent my knees to cry for a woman
who may never know
why i extend my hurting hand
why i know more sorrow
oh who is it now who cries so
as companions walk away and leave him alone?

by Jason Richard

Respiration

I
Could you lend me a dollar
for my children are hungry,
my wife ill, my pride barren.
Out of luck, out of job, out of pity
perhaps you can spare me five.
The future mirrors in a child's eye:
mine are not, maybe never will be, alive.
Life is such a slow and painful death,
your contribution may clear my horizon.
If I had the strength, if I had the money,
I would wish for you the gladdest tidings.

II
Spare me some sympathy,
a considerate ear to listen.
The music has ceased to remind me of heaven:
children need clothes and joy.
No father will help change my boys to men
by kind strength—til now a fist given as a toy,
replaced with confusion, finally blind indifference.
No alimony, for I am lucky just to be
in one piece, to have my little treasures.
I need someone to dry my tears and hear my story.

III
Pardon me but I must be getting home
to a warm chair where I can bathe in guilt,
and wash my spirit in apathy.
There is a corner of my mind where blood was spilt
to retain a glimpse of sanity:
here I shut out the world creating solipsy.
Christ, such a multitude of tedium,
let me be so that I can breathe.

by Andrew Barchild

Beki

This is a time when thought means little
this is a time when hurt means all
this is a time when eyes are hidden
this is the time, the start of a fall

those are the eyes that distract my thought,
this is the smile that opens my heart
that is the woman that makes me think
these are the thoughts that tear apart

strange are the eyes that come before me
strange are the smiles given by her
never knew her, never spoke
yet she somehow opens my heart

a beautiful smile opens my eyes
a beauty that walks the halls
a weakness and a worm near me
the worm is the one that takes the fall

Beki's eyes glow before me always
though eyes are hidden behind a mask
is it a mask that shines so now?
or have i seen a glimpse of a flash

is light near by? or is it deceit?
how can it be if i never looked
i never saw a smile as such
such beauty which may yet hook

pull the shield to block that smile
and run only one more mile.

by Jason Richard

Unibrio

Before the eyes love often dances,
lures to the floor then moves away.
Cupid's arrow pierces an unarmed heart
changing sky blue light to crimson heat.
Her velvet tongue, her last refrain
chorus through dream filled nights:
in harmony, in fantasy united
yet fearful when she appears in reality.
Those youthful phazes have not changed,
instead, constructed an anxious man.

Silent solitudes accord her music
as sunsets repeatedly whisper her name.
Feeble pen rhythms across a page
seek solace or at least quiet reflection.
Yet no rest is granted til that first glance:
when a tied tongue becomes endeared
to a noble heart
that punctures armour with a simple smile.

by Andrew Barchild

There were many poems that could not be published this week due to space restrictions. Have no fear—they'll be in next week. Remember, your submissions (poems, short stories, cartoons, sketches, etc.) must be in to Distractions on Tuesdays by 12 noon. -Chris Lohr, ed.