

DISTRACTIONS

First attempt at Fultonwocky, inspired by, and apologies (if required) to Charles Ludwig Dodgson.

The Flight of Reason

Doves fly unevenly
With broken wings
Lost in a maze
Of backward gyres,
Their bloodied beaks
Hold thorned bibles,
Black as hope.

Beneath their misleading flights
The mating swans swoon
In sensations of wishful pain,
Everyone's aspirations became lepered
As the wax melted
And they fell in the rank Garden;
The beast is born.

The headless vultures
Feed on the blind eyes of the
Fallen living dead,
And we cursed them
For this meaningless theft,
And thanked them
For ending the vice.

Now, and then,
Polished swallows sing
Of this day, in Hell,
And we are amused
As we sit tarred and feathered
In our ignorance,
And we see only what
Is told to us by oiled tongues.

Jason Meldrum

Lost

No one can see
the pain.

Cry
and
Scream
and
Protest.

Wrench the heart
from
it's fragile
moorings.

But peruse
not
the reactions
to your anguish.

For no one
can see
the pain.

Lisa Sheppard

Muggins

(After the mysterious disappearance of a favourite mug, and its equally mysterious reappearance some days later, and no little fuss).

Beware of staff lounge villinelfs
Who seek and seezle newcum mugs
To use them for their coffee own
Then heivel them beneath the rugs.

Unprotected, unsuspecting,
Comes she with her clume in hand,
Trusting true with inner sense
The murky lunks she overstands.

"Find me! Find me!" cried the muggins
Deep within the wubbud bare,
"Loan me, lend me; never send me
To the smokers' smirling lair.

Set me on a sill in sunshine
Where I'll skim a milk-ring dance;
Spackened blots and fuzzi fern wings
On my rim come as by chance.

Find me till your quest is broken;
Hold me in your beating hand;
All the horrors of tomorrow
Cannot hex this knotten band!"

Pamela J. Fulton

