

# DISTRACTIONS

## Your Turn to Fear

You lean from my branch,  
you bastard,  
weighing on me,  
dragging me down,  
hanging close enough to the ground  
to grab the woman  
who passes by below

Then you bounce back up with her in your clutches  
and scutter up to your night perch  
in my stolen leaves

she is surprised  
you stifle her  
you squeeze her  
and she cannot talk or breathe

imagine your surprise  
as her face turns green  
and her legs turn to wood  
and her fingers are thorns  
and her locks are vines

you don't know how to save yourself  
your mouth is stopped with leaves  
the vines laugh and hang you  
on their crazy Christmas tree

What you hadn't counted on  
When you tried to cut us down  
is that my sisters are all part of me.

Sherry A. Morin

## Clear the haze

A breeze so soothing  
Blows over me  
Invitingly removing  
The haze of the streets  
An eye so silent  
Now meets with mine  
Speaks a truth bent  
With childish rhyme  
Then looks away  
Looking afraid

Look back that I might behold  
The one I'll love 'til I'm old  
Look back that I might behold  
My life-companion that I will hold

Blow wind, blow; clear the city haze  
And upon these streets  
May I soon meet  
The one who'll exhaust my days

Jason Richard

## Life

Spring, fresh and new  
Flowers, all over the ground, colourful and pretty  
Man, walking and curious  
And roads,  
long and endless.

Summer, kind but hot  
Days, long and boring  
Man, thirsty but hard  
And roads,  
still long and endless.

Fall, the storm of flying colours  
Sunset, the attractive sadness  
Man, mysterious by still hard  
And roads,  
still miles and miles,  
ahead of your eyes,  
endless and long.

Winter, the lonely bride, cold and strong  
Moonlight, less bright but not weak  
Ocean, infinite and blue  
Sailors, silent but always there  
Man, close to be hidden but never forgettable

Nights, mysterious darkness  
Stars, blazing and lovely  
Mom, crying and hopeless  
I, lonely but thoughtful . . .

"Reza", April 1994

He liked to smile  
and daydream  
and stay up late  
but he had to leave  
so he mutated  
but first they stared  
they must've been staring at something  
so he changed  
so they'd look away  
and then he hated being invisible  
but it was too late  
so he hid  
and seethed  
and blamed  
and distorted  
and learned to hate

Maryjane