

DISTRACTIONS

Editor: Jayde Mockler

Deadline: Tues. Noon

Please include your name and student number with each submission

"Liberty Fanfare"

Here they come! Their first step on the soil of home:
this transit stop
between the Gulf and family (and all this snow),
Festoons of yellow bows balloons
wildly-waving flags
and hand-scrawled placards: Liberators Welcome Home

The semi-circled band of brass
plays "Liberty Fanfare"
with all the breath their cheeks can muster
while soldiers drink their soda pop
and shake the hands of clapping cheering strangers
thrusting white and yellow daffodils
and home-cooked treats
and teddy bears
into big hands brown and white
as muscles swell beneath the desert camouflage
and U.S. AIR FORCE and their NAMES
stand to attention on their pocket flaps across their chests
under smooth tanned faces and floppy desert hats.
Women too: tough looking-talking ladies

Small boys wearing
enormous DESERT SHIELD-STORM shirts
dash from uniform to uniform
to get their sacred signatures
on front and back and shoulders
(and me caught in this crush unwittingly
returned at this auspicious hour
to claim lost luggage from a former flight).
"Kiss the soldier, honey, he's a he-ro."
Yes I clap too and smile congratulate
and climb on seats to cheer some more.
The question that I really want to ask I can't:
Have you seen Death? Or just delivered it?

The lane is now refuelled
and so are they.
"The Saints Go Marching In" to whoops and waves and cheers
(big men clutching frail flowers with strong fingers)
and all these patriots who've come out on a day like this
to tell the soldiers what they did was good
hug and thump them on the back and give them five
Clap Clap Clap! Clap! Hooray!
Welcome! Well done! Welcome Home!

So Come You Aliens.
We shall prepare a wheatfield
especially for your descent.
Observe our highest form: the Sapiens.
Not only can we send a bomb five thousand miles
we'll send another one to bring it down:
take out the cenotaph
but spare the town.

We've reached the highest human plane:
to build computers that can simulate our brain;
a satellite that searches in the sand
and sees a face from outer space
directs a laser to a pin point by a hand
that shoots the missiles down like rain;
and medicine to take away the pain.
This is the ultimate in human joy:
anything we make we can destroy

When we commit our hearts
we pledge our children's too.
So Come!
This is the legacy we leave for you.

Pamela J. Fulton

The Mind

The digital meter of humans
That records spatial objects
Through mental exploits
Is man's complex acquisition

One could be in Fredericton
And yet mentally visit Moncton
Through the mental imagery
Engendered by the mind

The past can be reflected upon
The present is physically felt
The future is just an imagery
In the mind's own creation

When we think of objects
Or any specific human being
Or just anything we appeal to
The mind creates an automatic schemata

How fast and detailed
We make our mental journeys
Is a facility model
Computed as Our intelligence quotient

Though a dumb communicator
The mind coordinates the schemata
Via the integrative unison
Of the six human senses.
Enyinda N. Okey

Sighs

How would you respond
To a situation you lack control of
Except for you to deeply introspect
And exhale and heave a sigh?
How else?

Sometimes you are faced with
Tasks that are Herculean and onerous
But the reward is a pyrrhic victory
So you dish out the appropriate decoder:
Just a sigh of relief

Sighs like sad songs tell tales
From the joys of a success
To the agonies of a defeat
All relating to that individual
Who's alone, alone, all, all, alone

Maybe you wish to talk
But the ears around are not available
Or you choose the option of tears
But the shoulders refuse to accommodate you
You respond to yourself in a sigh

When hopelessness and futility intersect
With so much hear but no light generated
And fairweather friends come in handy
To exasperate to situation
A sigh tells it all.

Nobody else can interpret the sighs
Except the sigher himself
Sighs represent for him
Volumes of expressions and actions
That could not find a vent
Except of course via sighing.

Enyinda Okey

Bedding Woes and Bedding Wells (Spanks to Thooner)

The Ides of March are upon us but
The jides of Broom will come too soon
Inveigling with their tupshell noon.
They hoss their Teds with sweet abandon
And change their vows where they are standin':

The glower furl comes down the aisle
Passing tittles all the while;
The Midas braid, Matron Vonner,
Makes sure the veil is straight upon 'er.

And Keer she Hums! In perfect style
And down she comes the golden mile.
Her bouquet is of retard swozers
Whose smell invades invited noses.
"Who gives this Woman?" is decried.
"I do," the brother of the fired replied.

"Do you Felicity make this tan
To be your woefully leaded man?"
"I do! I do!" she gokes and chasps.
"And do you take this guvly Earle
To lake your mife a wonstant curl?:
"I do! I must!" he roans and grasps,
As to his heart his sweetheart clasps.

For wetter or burst:
For pitcher or roarer:
In hickness and stealth:
Till peth do us dart so gulp me hod?

The Carson Prize:
Rith this wing Why thee red?
You may Biss the cried!
And so they do; their joy to hide.
Now here they come: The Gride and Broom
Off to spend the money whom.
But first, not least: the Fedding Weast.
The messed ban is their friend Ted Hable:
M.C., square, and very able.
He calls for toasts; they glink their classes
As all the guests glap on their tarsus.
They liss so kong their blips turn loo
Then drish their weems will all come true.
Their gingers frasp: Is it froo or take?
And so they kice the sledding wake.
It's nearly over: cheers and hoots.
Time to change from scented roots.
"Boss the toe, Kay!" Man and wife:
So begins each larried mife.

Pamela J. Fulton.

INWARD BOUND

Timeless waters
spacious skies.
Helpless brothers
tired eyes.

Arching rainbow
clouds of white.
Take its tow
loss of sight.

Careless whispers
ecstasy sighs.
Dyeing whimpers
painful lies.

All foreseeing, yet
never changing outward.
Our failing world of double
standards.
Trisha Graves