

distractions

On the Road
(for S.T.)

Sunshine followed rain
and in train
followed snow
and what will follow after
only travellers can know

Only you can wonder
as the drumming clouds refrain
what unearthly music will conclude
this fugue of pain

After dirt came tarmac
and a bend
in the road
the bridge that lies beyond it
won't sustain a heavy load

Only I can shoulder
what you carry in your midst
and keep the load suspended,
safe from tumbling to the mists

After Young comes Older
and at first the Way is clear
but concepts fall away
as you collect them, year to year.

SHERRY MORIN

Moving Forward

The Calendar Pages turning
Too fast to be understood
I try to stand back
But I cannot

Twenty years left behind me
Pain intertwined with happiness
Events I could never have imagined
But I was never surprised

A spiritual Journey I never expected
Left me "enlightened" and Lost
Having little to hold on to
Save for my personal beliefs

Now I must guard my morals
it is an immoral society mostly, where I fit in
But I can be different
I must fight to be so.

Doing what "feels good" isn't necessarily what's right
No matter how accepted
Guard what you Believe
Make decisions you can be proud of
And don't rationalize your falters.

DARREN ELLIOT

Words to Live By VIII
Guard what You Believe
Beliefs may change by Actions
So Guard Your Actions
Choosing those of which you can be proud.

DARREN ELLIOT

The Last Stand (of Forest)

Birds quiver like rare blue
gems on the necks of sturdy
trees afraid of being stolen.

The leaves are exotic
pillow-tufts
for the tired injured
sky to rest on
you see its wounds,
dark, hazy blotches
black against the blue

Your hand jerks...
nerves.
The chirping fills the air
then subsides
The moistness of the forest's breath
is against your clothes
You sense it quicken
It knows.

Your own breath
is faster than the forest's breath
it thunders inside your mask
Hsssssh, hooovvv,
Hsssssh, hooovvv
your gloved hand
pulls back the lever

"Wsssssssh".
Leaves and birds drop like harmless bricks
all around you
the chirping is silenced
"A day's work,"
you say
foggily
your voice is distorted
the closest sound
to the voice of Nature
yet it is filtered through
the artifice of your mask.
You turn
You walk away.

SHERRY MORIN

I am slowly staring
The love that once fed my soul
is withering.

I am powerless to stop it.
I am paling as all I have to give
is drained from me.

The heart once given to me
Has been pulled away
Tearing my own heart,
Where I had so carefully placed it,
As it left.

You may win her heart
And her love.
But she will always have
A piece of my soul
Clenched between her teeth.
You will taste it every time
You kiss her lips.

WHIPPING BOY

Answers

I wish I knew the answers
To the questions faced in life
And could see the end of troubles
And remove the edge of strife
I'd like to know the reason why
We must have a fear of God
And what is found at the end
Of the path that mankind trod
I take time to read the Bible
For it is God's inspired word
And tho my faith is truly strong
It leaves my spirit stirred.

I wish I knew the answers
To the little things like this
Why is a baby's touch so smooth
And about the magic of a kiss
I wonder how much is zero
And what is infinite
How long does eternity last
Or what makes wrong and right
What does kindness really mean
And why do humans war
Who decides what's good or bad
How much is rich or poor.

I wish I knew the answers
To how can one waste time
Where do heroes come from
Or what makes noises rhyme
When is a thought a sin
And the value of a soul
Can we truly share a feeling
Is there substance in a hole
What is truth and what is lie
Can we release the mind
When the book of life is read
What names there will HE find.

I wish I knew the answers
What happens after will or won't
I wish I knew the answers
But the fact is that I don't.

D.C. BUTTERFIELD

The Sea and its Lady

Again we became as the rocks,
Sun-baked and enamoured in the sand
And like the heated sand my nipples were like glass
Cutting into her breasts.

I have a boyfriend, she said
So casually...
Receding like the salt on the sea waves;
She began to float away.
Actually, somebody must have pushed her
For she somehow started down the cliff,
Falling like a ghost drunk with excitement!

As I looked upon her figure
Skipping between Heaven and the rocks of Earth
I realized her guise:
The sea was her lover!
They had conspired before
To take her away from my stare,
Hide her from my lust!

How the sea opened itself so wide!
How it lapped her up like honey on a hot rock!
Hid her from my eyes, took her home to rest
Where the sands whisper poetry all day long!

MARK IRELAND