

# Distractions

it's something else

**Woman on my Wall**

1  
Dancing, moving with her swaying arms of not quite  
white;  
Swirling hair colour close to black  
as I dream  
a flow  
of burnt smells  
and music.

I can touch her,  
(almost)  
my fingers trace her coarse figure  
and

In the cold  
raw dawn  
of morning  
she is my Goddess.

2  
Lost in my ignorance  
an artist said to me

"The definition of good art  
is that it takes you somewhere."

As is so with Her.

I don't know  
how she takes me.  
But with her  
I go further,  
than the  
silverlined black Dragon

I go faster  
than with the  
supersonic jet aeroplane.

I am not alone with her.  
Secretly she takes me  
safe & warm, feminine  
without violence,  
some place where I can love

3  
I get lost  
in the colours, her colours  
her dress  
is it brown,  
(or not quite)  
maroon then,  
or black  
(like her hair) slightly...

I'll stand close,  
(too close to see her)  
and bathe myself in her colours.  
Washing away  
memories.  
(And feelings)

earthy browns, green  
and red  
spread across my skin/  
Leaving nothing

4  
Chris painted her  
but did not create her.

He says nothing, though I tell him  
"she is my Goddess"  
he smile,  
Wide, Cheshire-like

Acknowledging.

Catherine Ahern

**Untitled**

What you call Sky, I call Father,  
What you call Water, I call Mother,  
Destruction of these is truly the End,  
What you call Wolf, I call Friend.

Chris Doiron

I will

I will make you a cherished part of my personal mythology  
I will invoke your name in drunken ramblings  
In afternoon bar-rooms from one end of the tavern to the other

I will call you great love, only love, doomed love  
I will lament you at the slightest provocation  
Bore the friends I meet with stories of you until they  
hate the sound of your name

In my first novel you will figure prominently  
You, beautiful sacrifice to my restless heart  
You, my first time, my last time, my anytime  
My dear  
You will never die

Steve McOrmond

**Death**

Mystery of the unknown  
Dark, forbidding.  
Curiosity,  
Is calling us  
To partake in the paths  
which are of no return.  
Death...  
a victim of our body.  
But our souls must live on.  
For life without death  
would be meaningless.

KJM

**Untitled**

I have fallen once  
In my life and..  
a million times in a  
heartbeat  
I have seen the  
brightest colours of day  
in the darkest hours of night  
and felt the raging WARS of the world  
resolve into peace within  
my heart  
I have heard the  
gentle songs of nature  
who in the silence of my soul and  
tasted the sweetest fruit  
in the depths of my unconsciousness...  
all within your arms.  
I lived a lifetime in a year  
of your love.  
I let you take each breath of life for me...  
and relied on your strength and conviction to keep  
my feeble heart alive and to guide me  
through this never-ending maze we call life  
But then...  
I slowly began to suffocate.  
Desperately grasping for  
more air more colours more music...  
more life.  
I realized that I had forgotten how to live on my own,  
ADDICTED to  
your eyes your lips your love...  
So I pushed you away,  
and now... here I am,  
blind, deaf and cold to the world,  
lost in a raging sea of confusion.  
Isn't it ironic that I had to  
lose my way  
in order to  
find myself?

Chantal

DREW GILBERT PHOTO

# Twin-Pack

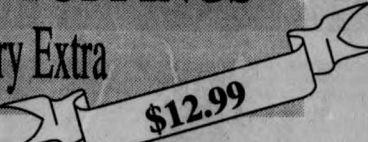


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