

# DISTRACTIONS

## - Pink on Squares -

Point being?  
(ah, each and every day  
the hallowed hell  
the bustling corridors...)

"Oh god, I'd **DIE** to bear his children"  
says the breathless brunette  
in tight red Parasucos, cowboy boots  
and body suit, so delicately  
showing off her form

i fall in love again, and am ignored.  
oh, why the couples, posed as  
renaissance statues, tasting one  
another's uvulas for all to see  
when i cannot, cannot, cannot even  
stroke a lover's hair

and not another lover could there be,  
midst miles and miles of  
boycrazy, crazed - blonde ladies  
be still my heart i'm hardly breathing  
types - oh none that love for  
love instead of football

not a one to meet my mourning gaze  
all varnished thick as wood.

Jessica Pierson

## **Bastards**

Women's limbs parted  
Staff of Moses uncontrolled,  
Hands tied  
A train of men  
Enter abused tunnel,  
Swamping through her  
Stolen sensations  
Minds closed  
And out spits the worst in men.

Women's teeth clenched  
Pain uncontrolled,  
Roped in ring  
Gloves rub skin  
Fluids forcefully flow,  
Angled bed sheets  
Shake in ecstasy and stain,  
New life is  
And out spits the best in men.

Jason G. Meldrum

## **Now and Then**

Go, then stop  
Rise, then flop  
Ease, then strain,  
Glee, then pain

God, then Seth  
Rasp, then breath  
Each, then all,  
Glide, then fall

Gleam, then rust  
Rash, then just  
Etch, then wipe  
Green, then ripe

Glide, then sink  
Rush, then think  
Ends, then cues  
Gain, then lose

Glimpse, then miss  
Raze, then kiss  
Earth, then sky,  
Gone, then "why?"

Sherry A. Morin

## **A Fagot of Tongues**

Leather lips kissed  
In clenched vulva smile,  
Hapless tongues pricked  
Dead-cell hairs,  
Bleach grey nails  
Rail ruby-rubbed worms  
Of criss-crossing breath,  
Cliff ragged conceits  
Run like lemmings  
Into sewer filled furnaces  
Of necropheliac love.  
Hand him the flour  
Then lick her good-high.

Jason G. Meldrum

## **Screams**

How does one explain  
Internal damnation taking over.

Many can't show the feelings  
Everyone feels at one time or another.  
Leaving the unsaid and the undone  
Inside when everyone wants it to come out.  
Saying lies are just straying from the truth  
Seeing the loss of strength and life.  
Anything can take it away and nothing can bring it back.

Aaron Berg