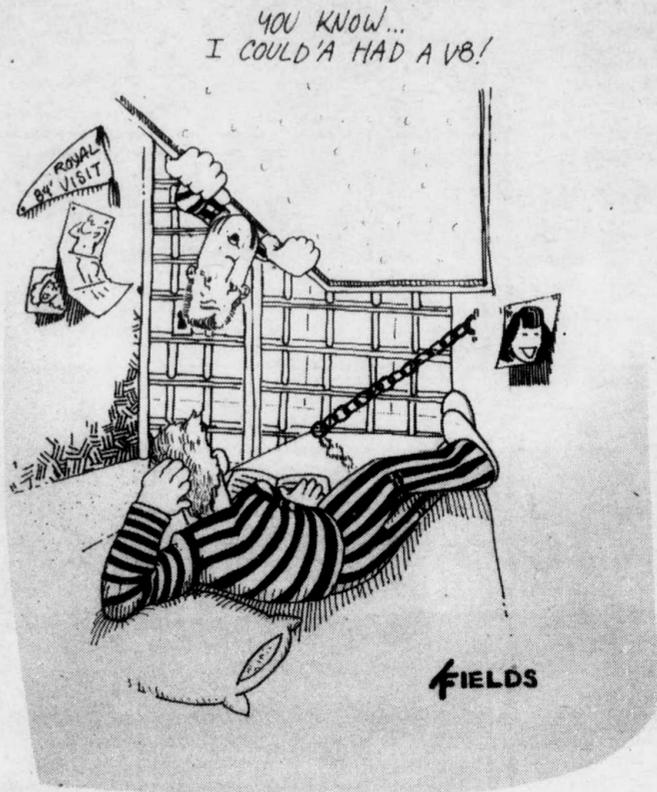


DISTRACTIONS

Distractions Editor: Cal Johnston
Deadline for Submissions: Tuesday



Cleft Romances(I)

1.
Go marching home again, Johnny,
Go marching home again.
The wounded are broken, we've paid your cost,
The fort is taken, the battle's lost.
Go marching home again, Johnny;
We're tired of the Civil War.

2.
The winter wind blows in cold, clipped gusts,
A lone skier separates from the pack, slides by, bored;
Farther east a red-streaked sky hangs
Softly over the Malaysian landscape.

3.
A smiling black man is speaking to me softly,
"What language is this?", I ask.
I turn to him and he is gone,
Disappeared into the shadows,
Like the puff of smoke from a moistened match.

4.
A serious young man confesses a lust for reptiles.
Gazing at me from slow-lidded eyes, he details.
The Fall of the British Empire.
Like Lord Chesterfield, he believes in aristocracy,
Like Thomas Jefferson, he fights for you and me.

Martin Wallace

The amazing? stupendous? horrifying? mediocre?
Adventures
of
Ugly-Man and his pigeon-pal **Spot**!

By ANNE BELL

(1)
I ache
And the aching stirs a fire
which quenches the thirst
Awakening my hunger
Soon becomes dust
I cry
And the tears echo my thoughts
Never have been lost
So they remain
I sigh
And know that the memories
Will never be poor
Yet rich is the quality
Experience the gain
And I cry.

(2)

Red, Endless Streams

Black onto black
Nightmare into dream
Such a strange contrast
Red, endless streams
Revolving its apex
Joins, disintegrates the air
Symbolizing the struggle
Red, endless streams
Blood, innocent blood
Dripping a song
Endless in discord
Yet it belongs,
Oh, high is the struggle
Renowned is the gain.
Humanity the players
Red, endless streams.



Stay tuned kids! Don't miss the next exciting episode!!