

DISTRACTIONS

Raven's Song

Where will the raven fly today?
In the cold breeze, she makes her way
across the lands, she spreads her wings
Dear the song a raven sings.

Black as midnight, she acropts the fence
watching all the world's pretense.
she squacks from above the cold air beings
Dread the song a raven sings.

She will sometimes land, but never stay
her heart, her mind, her soul astray
Quick to strike, and quick to sting,
Beware the song a raven sings.

The song she sings is all she knows
given from the depths below,
she fails to see the truer thing
Pity the song the raven sings

Shaine Edwards

For R

Oh you hope that he may one day

I talked to you on the phone last night
I heard your feet, your pants, your
I heard you holding on
With my voice I tried to

Although I know you're not
so far away in my imagination

I don't know if I did

I ask you are you safe

(Is he safe? what is he?)

Are you hurt

(oh God let him be safe)

I calmly let you know where there is help

(I care - can you tell? do you know?)

I calmly listened when you could talk

I heard what you said; I understood what you were

(just hang on, you're almost there)

It won't last forever

(It won't last forever)

When we couldn't talk, I prayed for you (so hard)

Then your voice changed for the better

You sounded (hopeful? stronger?) a little more alive

Then you were gone (the phone)

(I know you're not far away)

When

What's So Bump in the Night?

Michael,

It calls to me, thick, gurgling voice.

Michael,

It's telling me, giving him no choice.

Michael,

The stretch of evil drawing near.

Michael!!!

The stretch of decay gripping him with fear.

Michael!!!

There is nowhere to hide

Michael!!!

Head cocked to one side.

MICHAEL!!!

He reaches with a mutilated arm.

Michael!!!

Michael!!!

Michael!!!

Michael!!!

Michael!!!

Michael!!!

Michael!!!

Michael!!!

Michael!!!

Michael!!!

Michael!!!

Michael!!!

Michael!!!

Michael!!!

Michael!!!

Michael!!!

Michael!!!

Michael!!!

Michael!!!

Michael!!!

Michael!!!

Michael!!!

Michael!!!

Across the Room

Eyes glaring,

Eyes staring,

What the fuck you looking at?

Nice attitude

Nice gratitude

for nothing more than a
complimentary glance.

You think you're hot,

And that may be true.

So if it wasn't for people like me

You'd be nothing.

Furthermore, you fail to realize
the irony of your actions.

If you reject me,

you reject yourself...

So next time someone like me

Looks at someone like you,

Don't run away.

Just look back and smile

And pay yourself and compliment.

Matthew J. Collins

The Cold Man

(for the Robert Service fan)

He trekked up north
punching the snow
with his bare-bone hands
cold to the marrow,
coldly making him
cold to the morrow

He built a roof
blocking the sky
that thirsts for his life
slow cold and dry
slowly making him
slow to the draw

He came this far
never to break
with his eyes cast back
on things in his wake
only driving him
on half-awake

He thought to stop
but soon forgot
obsessed with the battle
free, but caught
freely give to be
free to be fought

Sherry J. Moran