

# DISTRACTIONS

Editor: Jayde Mockler

Deadline: Tues. Noon

Please include your name and student number with each submission

## THE DANCE

On a hilltop black and damp  
stands a castle  
its walls overtaken  
by lively green vines  
the castle is erect  
and stands in the winds way  
it is majestic and powerful  
many rooms lie within  
several overrun by cobwebs  
others simply empty and lonely  
but tucked far away  
in a lost little corner  
a room is lit  
brilliant yellow light  
falls from a slit in the door  
cascading to the floor  
through the slit  
and through the door  
into the heart of the room  
sits an old man  
quietly rocking  
in a well worn chair  
it squeaks with every wave like  
motion  
yet the man hears nothing  
in his lap lies a picture book  
a big red book that within  
carries his soul  
as every page turns years are taken  
from his life  
the pages turn slower now  
as his heart beats faster  
hands shake with every flip  
gasps stick in his throat  
as coughs painfully escape  
the pictures brilliantly alive  
seem to dance  
with the old man's fallen tears  
as the pictures continue to celebrate  
the white faced man's fallen tears  
as the pictures continue to celebrate  
the white faced man's soul escapes  
and he joins his pictures in the  
dance.

Trisha Graves

## The Impossible Dream

So many nights I laid awake  
And wondered  
What was missing in my life  
There was an empty space  
That couldn't be filled  
With friends or family  
I had a yearning deep inside  
For something I thought was  
Unattainable  
I wanted someone to hold me,  
When the world grew cold,  
Some to comfort me  
When I was confused, hurt,  
or angry.  
Someone to listen  
When everything I had bottled up  
Came pouring out.  
I needed a friend,  
Only more.  
I thought it was an Impossible  
Dream  
Until I met you.  
Now my Dream has become  
Reality.

Lorryann Marr

## "The Measure"

The child soars on wings of  
wax;  
Then like Daedalus, at his  
height,  
Falls to the earth  
And crumbles into reality.  
Crushed.  
Stoned.  
Utterly defeated.  
No.  
For he gets up and?  
Walks.  
No longer does he fly.  
The man walks on legs of  
flesh:  
His own.

by Mistro

## My love in tune

*I walked into your home,  
At that time, you wouldn't leave me alone.  
We sat down on the couch,  
You then started touching my mouth.  
Then all this time, I felt alone.  
And you made me feel at home.  
I've lived by myself for many months.  
At this time, I feel as one.  
With you the stars the sun and the moon,  
But now I feel my love in tune.  
by Peter Pitre*

## TO LAUGH IS TO BE!

Stoned as can be  
all alone on my sea  
Riding the waves  
To laugh is to be

Glory and Joy  
Thoughts through my head  
Riding the waves  
As some may have said

Facing the fears  
laughing to see  
Riding the waves  
of reality

Enjoying the pleasure  
Feeling so fine  
Riding the waves  
While I go dine

Stoneness you see  
Minutes are big  
Riding the waves  
And doing a gig

Life's still passing  
Realities of death  
Riding the waves  
Go out in one breath

All alone (on the waves)  
Valleys and crests  
Now not so hard  
To get to the best

Enjoying the pleasure  
All alone on my sea  
Riding the waves  
Of reality

Enjoying the pleasure  
Together on my sea  
Riding the waves  
So I may see.

by S.Y.D.

## NOSTALGIA

*Days of yore  
When we had no care  
When mom and dad  
Were always there for us  
And they even pestered us  
With lots of love  
Giving us much more  
Of whatever we needed  
Days when our worlds  
Were our immediate vicinities  
Those days are gone  
And fuzzeled into oblivion  
Any remnant of them  
Ordinarily becomes nostalgic  
For we can't be there  
Not ever again  
Except of course  
In our mental computers!*

*As we face adulthood  
With responsibilities conferred  
On our tiny shoulders  
Roles change  
And we have to reciprocate  
All those showers of love  
From mom and dad  
Then we realize  
We are in a new dawn  
Our mental journeys  
To the distant past inform us  
Things are no longer the same  
We want the past  
We also want the cakes  
We want the innocence  
We want the freedom  
But the euphoric utopia  
Is now a NOSTALGIA.  
Enjinda Okey*

## SPRING PEEPERS

Faint at first a peeping here and there  
as day gives way to coolness of the dusk  
I hear them  
clear as wind chimes  
hear them on the Maytime evening air

What birds are these who sing so late  
with rising call so urgent and intense  
peeping pipping  
on into the night?

not birds I'm told but frogs  
singing joyously beneath the orange moon:  
rising voices ringing down  
from where the tree tops rim the sky  
like star-sound echoes beaming back to earth

Even indoors through the walls  
I hear their pulsing pips inside my head  
and cannot turn them off or shut them out:  
Peeping: on and on  
till I'm unsure the sound is real  
or just some memory  
of all the high-toned bells I ever heard

when creeping ground-fog  
in the darkening light  
(knee-high to us: to them a glistening blinding white)  
magnifies their signals sounds forever out of sight  
I'm overcome by all their calls  
overwhelmed  
and swept out though these walls  
to join them  
playing "Over Here!" and  
"Come and Get Me!" round the rocks

Although I cannot see I sense  
these bloated blinking lovers  
lurking in the damp  
thrilling to incessant song  
as secret frog love fills the frog-bright dark  
and like thier singing lasts the whole night long

And still the peeping: on and on  
piping peeping  
until the warming sun dries up their calls  
and even then with morning quite advanced  
(but last night's dew still clinging to the grass)  
I hear their peeping-piping as I pass.  
Pamela Fulton

## A Kiss and A Rose

*Oh! That you can stir my heart  
with just a kiss and a rose  
And make me feel as I once did  
Then we were as one.  
Am I a fool for allowing  
These small gestures to revive  
The feelings I thought gone?  
Perhaps, I still love you as before.*

*I try to harden my heart against you  
And reject these feelings your presence creates.  
I want you, and yet I do not-  
I am confused once more!  
Do you still love and want me,  
Or do you toy, once more, with my affections.  
If it be the latter - leave;  
But, if not - remain!  
Bonnie Seguin*