

Distractions

Distractions Deadline: Tues noon, Rm. 35, SUB
 Editor: Jayde Mockler

VESPOOCHY

Amerigo Vespucci
 from the land of Gucci
 sailed far out on the western sea.
 That intrepid explorer
 found fauna and flora
 on land where America
 later would be

A merry-go-round
 Amerigo-round;
 he sailed on forever -
 America bound

By using his sextant
 and using his compass
 he quickly outwitted
 and outsailed Columbus;
 wandering over the whole Caribbean
 he cried from the topmast
 "Believin' is seein'!"

A merry-go-round
 Amerigo-round
 he sailed till he saw it:
 America's found!

Pamela J. Fulton

I Live on the Tail-End of the World

i live, i live
 i live
 i know i live
 who says he is not sure i live?
 who says he doubts i live?
 who says he is not certain?
 who says he cannot be sure?

i live...
 i know i live
 i live like a piece of rag
 i live like the remnants of hope
 i live like an amputated tail, on the tail-end of life
 eating away at the orange-peels of life
 and its sapless coats of thorny bananas
 pecking away at its stray crumbs of bread
 gobbling away at the vomited mess, of the fortunate friend of fate-
 on the tail-end of the world-
 who says i do not live?
 on the tail-end of life?

Anonymous

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*Cleaning anything involves making something else  
 dirty, but anything can get dirty without something else  
 getting clean.* - Lawrence J Peter  
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The Survival of a Dreamer

Man is the most foolish of all creatures,
 For he alone attempts to rule his destiny,
 He clutches at dreams,
 which he stupidly sees as plans,
 And as they fall away,
 His feeble heart is broken.
 No other beast suffers the pain,
 That accompany visions of the future,
 Perhaps, this is part of what makes man special,
 But, at what cost to his sanity,
 Much less his heart,
 Yet, men of spirit never falter,
 They continue on, as in the past,
 For the soul of a dreamer is never vanquished,
 It carries on, time after time,
 Like the mythical Phoenix,
 Rising in triumph from the ashes of destruction
 While timid men,
 Cautiously write their dreams in pencil,
 Losing easily to the realities of life,
 The true visionary survives,
 And from the pain of disappointment, .
 From which has flowed a thousand tears of blood,
 He shall one day earn the right,
 To carve his dreams in stone.

A.I.O.

Duke

~~~~~  
*Ann Passmore also wrote 'The Kite is Called Berlin' which ran in  
 last weeks Brunsickan.*  
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Alden's Greatest Hit

The dog got run over on Friday, but our neighbor got the worst of it. She was walking her sheep-dog named, Casey, when Alden, who somehow got freed from his leash, ran in front of a car during traffic. The combined noises of Alden's barking, tires squealing and horns blowing which knocked Mrs. Kelly, our neighbor, to the pavement where she acquired a hair-line fracture to her right leg. Alden decided to go under the car and bounce off the pavement a couple of times and spit himself free on the passenger side. He then did a dance, like a victory jig, to go. So then Mr. Kelly, while and he knocked at the door but my mom was asleep on the couch with the flu. But she finally awoke, so it wasn't that bad. And Alden is fine, but now poor Mrs. Kelly can't walk on her leg 'cos it's strapped up with metal and hangs in her room at the foot of her bed.



Pat Hamilton

I Still Wonder

I still wonder how matter becomes a motive,
 how fall colors - orange, red, and deep deep blues
 can influence some tame inner sense
 that lies dormant, almost dead,
 and rouse it. Until driven
 by an almost insane sense of duty
 to thank someone - perhaps God,
 I ask if I am made of spirit -
 shrouded with a mask of matter -
 waiting until something wakes
 this sense of need, of quest, of something more?

Ann Passmore

Today

Do you think that today
 as we sit at coffee
 tossing words between us -
 eulogies slide off china cups,
 dissertations bounce off plastic,
 tirades soak into P.V.C., -
 do you think that as we sit
 you could catch and hold
 some of the words?
 Could you hold them to your ears
 and listen
 for the heart of it all?
 As we sit at coffee, today.

Ann Passmore

Gathering Dark

Moonweb spinning
 On the walls of my room
 Beg me to join them
 I climb out of the tomb

Overhead sequined nipples
 Dress the sky
 I'm lost in forever
 But I know I'll get by

Kiln of creation
 Throwing out sparks
 Like a stranger's touch
 I'm gathering dark.

The shadow queen's minions
 Remove the mask
 Objects become outlines
 Their names fall like dust

Rustle of branches
 An owl leaves his mask
 It's two steps back to Eden
 In the gathering dark.

Geoffrey Brown