

DISTRACTIONS DISTRACTIONS DISTRACTIONS DISTRACTIONS

Sous-Rire

III
(Education)

There it was,
The curl,
Forcing my smile.

Two strings
Hooked each corner,
Invisible hand
Controlling, unyielding,
I saw nothing.

A stage
Opened in a yawn,
The crowd of sins
Applaud the world,
Calling for the ignorant to bow
Necks to the wood,
Heads to the lesson.

My face was painted,
My actions mapped
In the stringed lines
Of that cursed clown,
And my faults leaked
Through
The eyes of those
Who came to compare them
With their own lies.

IV
(Religion)

My face fought,
Disallowing it,
Beating it back.

Culture loss,
Different,
Subject to rewards
But many came
For me.

A pew
Rocked with the words
Of calamity,
Undemeath the undertone
Lies a tongue of belief,
The after-life
Of reversed prayer.

I knelt,
Thinking of myself,
Speaking their names,
Letters in some kind
Of mumbled order,
A spoken wishbone
Cracked on both sides,
And the poor dove
Still thrashes in my pain.

Jason G. Meldrum

Closing the Door

Why when I'm here
Do you turn me away,
Can't you see I'm your friend
Who will listen to what you say.

You tell me to leave
And to just turn my head,
That things would be better
If I left you instead.

To be alone is all you want
And this I understand,
But there comes a point in all our lives
When we need a helping hand.

So don't turn me away
Or tell me to go,
For I am your friend
And I want you to know

That your problems are mine
And my shoulder is yours,
So lean on me now
Instead of closing the door.

Matthew J. Collins

Questionable

Sneaking, clad in night-disguise of black,
Opaque against the night as sirens whined
Miseral and inner-testined twined
Endorphin-doused, his limbs ran paths that wind
Those trails that lay ahead were talismen
Hung on the hands of dark they led him down
Intrinsic paths that spies and traitors tread
Not ever lacking luck, he wins renown
(Games like this, when lost, leave players dead.)

To leap from side to side where walls divide
Opposing worlds, as pied as day and night!

There he leaps the barbed-wire barricades,
Executes his plan to pacify his
Loyal Fools with formulated truths
Late, each night, he leaves them with a lie.

Yours again, he leaps the barbed-wire fence
Once again, evading consequence,
Unscathed by avarice or dark intents.
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Sherry A. Morin

X.E.S.

Seeking for it constantly
Everything we do is towards a common goal.
Shunning it, dressing it up and killing it
Missing it by inches and yet miles.
Screams of anxiety, frustration and deranged pleasure
Can be heard from the mouths of millions.
Anger causes the peak of sensuality
Shades of black show hate which
Only increases the strangled eroticism in all of us.
Reaching plateaus so intensified that they are
Undreamed of by many yet
Barely touched upon by many more.
Then it happens in one sudden burst.
Falling off the bottom of the world
Into the greatest explosion ever.

Aaron Berg

Momentary Tides

I drift away slowly
And am ultimately swept away
By the undertow of a hypnotic power.
Although I remain stationary,
The world that revolves around me
Is transformed.
I sit relaxed, not afraid
But astonished. For now I realize
That what I see and what I vision
Are as separate as the land and sea.
And just as every night must turn to day,
Every wave must crash upon the shore,
Only to drift back to the beginning.

Matthew J. Collins