

DISTRACTIONS

The Road we Travel

The road we travel
Is easy to see
But hard to follow.
No matter how much
We try to perceive
The path is too much to swallow.
With many turns
And many twists
The road is never straight,
It has many bumps
And many holes
A part of inevitable fate.
We cannot avoid it
Or try to dodge it
For a road is what we must choose,
To travel on
And live our lives
Although we may win or lose.

Matthew J. Collins

A Sweet, Secret Goodbye

Spirits lull with gauzy wings
Anesthetize with murmurings
Soothe your spiny shocked surprise at
How love bolts when reigns are snapped
A flying mane and feet the same

In Luna's light lie down to rest, . . .

Longing looks address the stars
Oracles subject to Mars
Vocalize without arrest
Ev'ry secret of this world

Yellowed scrolls are now unfurled
Orbs of leaked love, tears lament
Under petals lately spent

Dew that clings fast to soft flesh
Ever - new, it renders fresh
All things found on mount and knoll
Racing steed to fumbling foal
Listen, . . . lutes' sweet arias
Years to fuse two hearts of glass

Sherry A. Morin

Moses Approaches

Moses is a fine old cat.
Being old
He has dignity and wisdom;
Being a cat
He has intuition and grace.

Moses approaches
And draws
A little nose kiss
Cool and inquisitive
On my bare calf.
I extend my fingertips
But no,
He looks away.
I know this game
And put down my book.

"Moses, what's up?"
Deep and throaty
He meows
Complaining
Holds the last note.
Such mournful loneliness
Cat humanity suffers.

I offer my lap
And up
He leaps
With a neat spin
His firm weight
Settles against my thigh.

I retrieve my book
And Moses
Securely encircled
Purrs
As the sun sinks
through the afternoon sky
Completing its daily ritual.

Susan Graham

K-Baby

You are a wonder bird,
Worth a priceless fortune.
So beautiful and bright.
So pure and so true, and
Yet someone to cherish.
When your hair goes into a dance
Its sparkle dazzles even the wicked.
Truly, your beauty past compare!

NANA

The patterns of drops are static.
Like tears from sorrow,
rain forms drops and roll off the pained glass
as I peer through at the darkness that engulfs the moon.
Stars wake and begin their dance
With the stationary lights below.
What force now pulls blackness over the blue
and the stars across the unending heavens?
The moon displays its beauty.
Fighting the dark that never ceases.
Could it be this great white sphere that determines all
that are constant and beautiful to move round my window?
Perhaps sleep can ease my thoughts
And put to rest this curiosity for tonight.

The rain continues to fall on the glass.
It's rhythmic, hypnotic sound relaxes me.
My mind is finally at ease as this pure, and naked
blackness becomes my sanctuary from contemplation.