

# DISTRACTIONS

## Stone-Faced Wall of Fear

Renascent in the complacent,  
Classified and ancient;

Pedigreed, and grey-suited,  
Polyester and tweed;

Stone-faced wall of fear,  
Ne'er you dare  
Transcend, Universitaire.

Thus, foreseen. . a fear of dis-invitation  
Owing  
To the utility of imagination!

*Mark Ireland*

## Warren Leaves Home

Born on the between brutal  
visions and candied emotions,  
Warren chewed Dean Moriarty  
Tobacco at an early age.  
Spinning around in Momma's  
bathtub until his train arrived.  
Wooden platforms opened up so  
far in front of him, so far to  
either side. He jumped and  
landed very far away; but never  
forgot Momma nor his tobacco.

*Laughlin Murray*

## Miss Blanche Exhibits

Question mark faces with  
knitted eyebrows follow  
Miss Blanche forever. For  
years her manner, her élan  
and her methods had affected  
many; but those lines, those  
wedges of color, those  
contrasts, that was unforeseen.  
She said stand back and I'll  
kick you in the guts. Stand  
back and let her gentle hands  
caress your hair and soul.

*Laughlin Murray*

Chris MacKenzie Photo

## My Real Eyes

THE MOON RETREATS,  
THE NIGHT IS GONE.  
THE SUN AWAKES,  
AND DAY BREAKS.

IT asks "Witch whey r u 2 go?"  
My reply "Why must you taunt me so?"

For the day will come,  
The sun will show.  
The night will leave,  
The moon will go.  
I know what,  
I do not know.

But what was blindingly conspicuous,  
I have made clear, my taunt.  
It's not the diamonds in my hand,  
But the WORTH OF I that I want.

*Kevin Kincaid*

## The Schism of Speech

I followed the footprints  
of my generations  
into a valley  
forsaken of light;  
Forgotten.

My feet  
hidden beneath the murky water  
tap their way along  
unguided by common senses;  
Unserenity.

The bitter winds of change  
freeze my unknowing progress  
trapping me like my seed,  
my roots forced into place;  
Slavery.

Cold, smirkingly cold,  
I scream, for release  
but my words are frozen in mid-air  
and fall to the ground;  
Broken.

My speech become a puzzle,  
My only means of pleasure,  
As I amuse myself in making sense  
Of my broken sentence;  
Impediment.

*Jason Meldrum*