

DISTRACTIONS

Seduction

*I thought you were a lady
Beneath that thrilling gown of yours
But you are merely another woman
Half-naked with her pearls
Reflecting through pellucid habit.*

*To think I stopped my charging steed
To gaze amused at your exposed charms
Beneath this terribly lustful sky!
This day the wind, her embraces warm
Foretell a most dreadful thought, indeed.*

*Whose seductress are you, anyway?
Sent here to ensnare me thus?
Here beside this quiet-looking brook
A stone's cry away from the marshes lush
Where vapid eyes conjure up so many tales?*

*I feel almost compelled
To succumb to your ardent amours
To lie within your bosom and
Like a gentleman with much guilt be amused;
For now, I am damned by sagas your spies beget.*

*I can feel it now, the gravel on my head
As they in taffeta read their verdict of guilt,
Their social stares taunting me to admit this deed
Confess! they cry, slicing at the hips
They cut me off at the legs!*

*So, you see mademoiselle, in this I have no voice;
Your lover-boy I must this moment be.
I must be ardent in this my sacrifice;
I must with you be totally carefree;
For you as my downfall, must seem to be my choice.*

Mark Ireland

Choice

*Gag me
with a silver spoon
wrap me in a veil
that I can't see through
to keep out the light
build your screen
but nothing will hide
the simple truth
that theft of my rights
is still obscene*

*You ski the curve
down the years
the sounds of a thousand in your ears
and the dusky knight owls feathering limbs
and sleeping singers of snow-layered him's*

*You can't be stopped
from pushing off
but feel the spit-up icy froth
rage in this unwilling earth
under cover of the buffer
lose a breath and fear your death
for every woman you made suffer
sense the buckling swash of stone
as those whose bones in constant groan,
ones you wouldn't leave alone,
all come back to see you thrown*

*Here I am beneath the mass
of rules you've made to flattened me
but I can break them easily
and break you like a band through glass
peering through your open wounds,
first you see reality
then you're looking through to me.*

Sherry A. Morin

Sad Jane

*Have you heard the story about the girl who died in Charlottetown?
Cut down in a bathroom stall,
her blood painted pictures on empty walls
Sad and ghostly,
her scream was never buried by the layers of paint that sought to bide her murder
And I have listened and run after her, asking strangers for her name,
Sweet desolate jane
The angels speak of her with such complexity
The critics crucify her with such intensity
I dream of a small child lost in wickedness,
an innocence untouched by selfishness
making a gift of a broken heart
a beautiful mind
twisted by bitterness.*

A Faithful Disciple