

Direct all submissions of poetry and prose to Distractions Editor -  
Literary Page - Room 35 SUB.

Literary

**DISTRACTIONS**

Sweet Bwoy Gilbert

Three days pass  
Gilbert gone  
like a wind he visit  
shake up this little land  
wink his eye  
and gone.

See how he made mango tree  
dainty with her blossom  
wind and turn  
till she drop wid fatigue  
sigh in the water  
from Gilbert strong back

Three day pass  
Gilbert fly gone  
like a storm he look in  
shake up this sad island  
wink his eye  
and gone.

See how Mother roof try to lie low,  
she say she staying on her belly  
not looking at Gilbert,  
but he wink  
and she turn  
and he lift her and turn her  
till she fly like a plane  
and water flood  
from Gilbert strong back.

Gilbert gone to foreign now,  
He speaking Spanglish with the right accent,  
still gyrating and twirling the ladies on the way  
and we waiting with boiling heat in our wombs,  
Broken, deserted, left to fend for the babies  
and mothers bawling into the night.

Three day pass  
Gilbert gone  
like a hurricane he enter  
shake up the foundation  
shed some blood  
wink his eye  
and gone.

KWAME DAWES

Secrets

There is a green hill far away beyond these dreary walls;  
It overlooks a laughing stream that ends in glistening falls.  
The grass is soft, the breeze is sweet, the flowers in full bloom -  
It seems like such a lovely place, outside this dim-lit room.  
Upon this hill so far away there stands an ancient tree  
And underneath its branches is the shade "Tranquility;"  
Deep within its roughened bark are etched these words of love -  
Written by myself of one who outshines the stars above.  
Within the stream beside the tree are pools of deepest blue;  
Reflected in their azure depths are images of you.  
For you are everywhere within this dream-like world I see  
(So different from the four harsh walls of my reality).

No one knows about this hill so green and far away -  
It's only for we two to share upon some rainy day.

Felix 87-88

Crumpling pieces of paper into tiny balls,  
I throw them up and down my apartment hall,  
For my cat  
He chases; papers crumpled into the night.  
Always returning, never losing sight.  
Why I do this, I sometimes ask myself.  
Perhaps the papers I should be crumpling  
are those upon the shelf.  
I like to crumple bills, junk mail, mastercards' meat hooks  
Felix chews these with delight  
When in want for paper we tear pages from my books  
From mind to pen to paper to crumpled little balls  
It doesn't take an instant.  
I walk, ankle deep in tiny crumpled balls.  
Where is the cat?  
I hope he hasn't suffocated beneath the paper sprawl.  
I'd really went amuck, every book was but a spine.  
Not a paper to be seen I'd even crumpled vines  
Then in the corner of the room the crumpled mass did stir.  
I looked with hopes to see familiar black and shiny fur.  
Instead emerged an albatross; My God I've crumpled Coleridge  
There a Hamlet, here a Faustus chasing young Don Juan  
Was this hallucination of Heaven or Hell engaged?  
The room grew and grew until I was getting squashed  
like a piece of nasal tissue inside a cardboard box.  
Eh gad I thought this metaphor must die,  
or I'd be crushed and open like a simile  
I can hear it now,  
the man crushing metaphor makes a mat of a man.  
Like a steamroller it flattened him into a pancake.  
Eulogy to a pancake, shall be the last they write of me.  
I think I'd better stop.  
Crumple up this paper into a tiny ball  
and throw it for my cat to chase in yonder hall.

STEPHEN GARLAND

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