

DISTRACTIONS

Deadline : Tuesday noon

Wish I were an Artless Child

(the dream of a lifeless street urchin)

*Wish I were an artless child
To believe that Father Christmas brought more
Than life to be
Happy and gift-giddy
Smiling in the sun with grandpa
Eating sugar-biscuits and candy.*

*But I claim not such artless guile
Although just five,
For I do bite my nails
When the winter wind hails its nasty breath;
And I sniff the empty glue
To keep my frost-eaten toes from death.
My rawboned palm is a thief and more,
Yet, do I wish I had two, may be four
To clutch stolen titbits of bread!*

*I fear the rats discover my guile
However
For the mercenaries have
And care not if the time is supper.
I must escape the night!
Never give my trust to the dark;
It leads to Lucifer's lair
And many say it is death,
Hairy and unknown
A place of lepers' tireless groans.*

*The night's news again too cold
As my single compatriot's stomach tells.
(He is the last of this boulevard
And his more unshapen bones
Peep sheepishly through his skin;
Like Judas, taking leave of his Lord.*

*I know tomorrow's lament;
Tonight my comrade finds the door
Annexed to the wall of sorrow and broken face
Where dreams are as real as hell
And another broken face is
Just another day
In this garbage I must forsake!*

*I know I will tremble again, alone
In this frozen craziness of littered bones,
Cry without comfort of tear,
Sniff more fumes to warm the brain
And hope that father Christmas grants
Enough insanity to forget my senses
And live...
I don't know why.
by Mark Ireland*

Technology

While we all sit back in
The midst of a human famine.
Our world is becoming a
Twenty four hour seven-eleven.
When else in history could you
Get condoms delivered to your
Door at four in the morning?

Aaron Berg



After a while you learned the difference between
holding a hand and chaining a soul,
And you learn that love doesn't mean leaning and
company doesn't mean security,
And you learn that kisses aren't contracts and
presents aren't promises,
And you begin to accept your defeats with your
head up,
And your eyes open with the grace of an adult, not
the grief of a child,
And you learn to build all your roads on today,
Because tomorrows ground is too uncertain to plan.
After a while you learn that even sunshine burns if
you get too much.
So plant your own garden and decorate your own
soul,
Instead of waiting for someone else to bring you
flowers.
Then you'll learn that you really can endure...
And that you are strong...
And you really do have worth.

James



An Awful Misconception

Af first it was a novelty
Now it is non-existent.

Anything strange that came from her
Was neither fake nor meager.
Forgiveness was not in her nature
Understanding was misunderstood by her followers.
Love is impossible by her standards.

Mystical powers come from her smile.
Instead of beauty she sheds something else
Sensuality beams from every inch of her.
Constant pain comes from her laugh.
Of anything, I know her best
Never has anything exhibited greatness as well as her.
Conceivable she could be God.
Everything revolves around her and her world
Possibly she could die and take me with.
The very thought of loving her is evil.
Inside she hides conformity with abnormality
Outside she shows a hatred for beauty.
Nothing is linear with her.

Aaron Berg

The Red Balloon - by The Overly Jealous Ball-Bunny

We sat in the warm, brown sand,
under the blue sky,
looking at the green waves
and no one was around.
The silence...
we could almost hear each other's thoughts.
There were tears in my eyes,
frustration in yours
And then, in the sky, we both saw a red balloon.

It floated acrossed the sky and popped,
and down from the balloon floated a feather
and the beautiful, white feather landed between us.
I reached for the feather
and wrote a note for you in the sand.
You read it and then looked at me
and took my hand in yours and we stood
and walked down the beach.

We left behind us
the feather
and the words "Elephant Shoe"
in the sand.



Uncle Sam Dream

Crashes of red taped silk
Pillar unspeakable will.
Dog next door
Buries bone in manure
Awaiting an Eden,
Thornless,
Able to fit the camel's hump
Through its Gold Gates.
He is wealth.
Only a he
Can be
The White House;
Blackbirds free
From American-Pie crusts
Nip off gardeners' noses
And cleaned puddles
Retreat
Far from the Root of All Immortality
on Earth;
Hidden fossil
Canine Revenge
Skeleton value,
Fed not by the Holy Floods
But welcomed the Salted Styx.

Jason Meldrum



*I chanced upon a fountain
Amidst a courtyard by moonlight
Lit by pots of white
Illuminating a cherub or nymph.
Water spouted from his hand
Trickling in a protective 'brella
Down over the basin
Into a pool, shimmering.
The glare of copper gleamed
Against the moonlight
Giving allusions of treasure
Sunk beneath the surface.
I mused on what this cherub
Had seen and heard,
People, pitching pennies for dreams
Unfulfilled or lost. Yet,
Some may have come true.
So I reached into my pocket
And found a copper there.
Pressing it into my palm,
I thought of my wants
And released,
Pitching my penny into the pool
To add another to the sea of dreams.*

SDB

