

DISTRACTIONS

Editor: Jayde Mockler

Deadline: Tues. Noon

Please include your name and student number with each submission

Haunted

Evil's walking
Coldly and steadily
Into the hearts of man
Turning truth to lie
And reason to uncertainty.

Slaughters more numerous,
The blood forms an ocean,
A tide of human existence
Changing any peaceful ideas
To those of rebellion and rage.

War, not only physical
But deep within the mind,
Buried under unholy ground;
When provoked by any means,
It surfaces like a body possessed.

Time, turning backwards
The race can never be one
When man's ideas refuse to evolve;
The sands of human thought
Are frozen in place.

by
Jason Meldrum

There is a new awareness of style in the Soviet Union. The premier's wife recently appeared on the cover of *House and Tractor*. - Johnny Carson

Missing

Comes the calm before calamity:

Landscapes look serene from thirty thousand feet
(How much will metric muddle that?)
but half a million enemies are dug
into under in the dirt
(sand for bags comes cheap in arid lands)
as down I sweep towards the yellow rocks
and drop my excrement:

any stone could be a painted hat

He looks them in the eyes before he dies
as best he can
a look they will remember
whenever shadows make them think of steel
and turns his backstretched hands in holy prayer.

by

Pamela J. Fulton

Dedicated To The Distance

In desert dreams
I walk alone
visions appear
and sting my eyes
for they are only teases
as I soon realize
the sun burns my flesh
and the heat
scorches my throat
I have lost
all sense of time
and direction
and I feel alone
I feel death
close to my breath
I have collapsed
into the sands of time
and here I will lay
until my bones
decay

I wait for the
moment of silence
wait...
for silence
wait...
a warm hand
and gentle touch
unnerve me
and awaken my
prairies for sanction
as my eyes
unlock the darkness
a form is
revealed
hovering
every so handsome
and quiet
this form
fills me
with passion
love
and laughter
I no longer
wait
for the silence
only for your presence
to be beside me again
In every
waking second

by Trish Graves

Flowers

I stand at the edge of a hole,
A grave,
Dug for the world I once knew,
Now a dying race.
It's destruction, an arson's fire,
Real leaders shot,
The murder of innocent teens;
Cannot this world return
To the way it must have been
Before man?
A place untouched by evil,
Such an ideal existence;
No wars to scar this planets
Natural beauty.
But now I can only mourn the death
Of this once civilized life
And offer flowers of peace to this world
In hopes that the wind will carry the seed.

by Jason Meldrum

Had you noticed

That cathedral streak of light
Which strikes our river valley
Around five p.m. in February
And makes snow filled woods flush pink?
It fractures frozen winter
With early promises of spring.

Memories on Ice.

Hard strawberries clatter against cold steel
Strange reminders of hot summer's sun
Cold, solid, balls of color,
Red, ridged, now dulled by hoar frost
With no taste, no smell, nothing to recall
The deep brown earth from which their life had come.

Heat clicks like crickets against the pot
Rough red berries, soften, thaw, and steam,
And with the steam comes memories
The smell of straw, the flies, the heat . . .
Softer yet, and still more sensual, now I recall
Your body next to mine, warm, soft, virile . . .
After we've picked strawberries in the summer sun.

By

Ann Passmore

Tension

Pain and confusion
life's illusion
hands hide eyes
nothing to hide the heart.
Life is only the start.
Nothing ever ends
skull splits
frustration oozes
through the slits
shots fly through
the strained jay
blood vessels burst
in the clenched fist
the tension explodes
bones ache
and beg for freedom
stress shatters the heart
piercing the walls
of the finy frame
screams locked up
inside the soul
growing, louder, stronger
flames in the core
of the flesh burns out of control
singing everything.
Until finally
the flame burns itself out.

by Trisha Graves