

DISTRACTIONS

Deadline : Tuesday noon

Dedication

A gull flaps noiselessly across a gradually darkening sky dotted by endearing clouds.

He flies not in the direction of a home or a loved one but to the desolate yet inviting grips of the sea.

And he will fly openly and longingly forever reaching for the hand of security.

For if he tires he is bound to fall and sink into the enigma of the ocean.

But if he succeeds he is sure to rise into the infinite no-man's-land of the sky.

David Enacken

Wrecked

Late at night while on a cliff
An old sea-captain watched a skiff
That bobbed from sunken ship to shore
Empty, asking nothing more

Exactly where his ship was slain,
"X" will mark the spot again-
A mast, a cross above the waves.
Mangled fragments wash to caves,
Each one crushed, for dreams lie fallow.
"Reefs," he sneers, "are only shallow."

Darkened sea is deep indeed,
Rich in beauty, strength and speed
Its virtues draw the ships in fleets
For which the jealous reef competes
The murdered wrecks which reef would hide
The
Sea returns to beach with tide.

Sherry A. Morin

Walking

*Walking,
I thought,
I think,
It is the best time:
Alone,
To be who you are,
To search
Within yourself,
And Question
Your happiness;
Unhappiness;
Your sanity;
Insanity.
Reflections
Of your soul
Mirrored through a window
That looks into
You.*

SDB

What is your disguise

what is your disguise
i don't see through it
but i know it's there
what are your told lies
what lies do you keep silent
why do you seem to care

never have i run across
one such as you
why do you bother me so
you seem to have taken your cross
but i can't doubt - you are true
how long has it taken for you?

the disguise is well made
in fact so well you may not even see
one such as you has been saved
and yet you live in some deceit

what is your disguise
i can't see through it
but i feel it's there
you don't tell lies
yet you seem to keep silent
about the fact that you care

Susan Richard

Death

the day fades as the sun rises
the night comes as the darkness
fades
the truth comes through before lies
lies fade beyond lies to lies today
time passes
life crashes

Susan Richard

The Distant Dream, High Above the Flag

High above the American flag
Flew the distant dream;
High above the Eastern wall
Its crescent tail was seen;
Beyond the grip of distant gods
Whose servants made decree
Of death upon the soul that enquired
Whether East or West were better,
Flew the distant, distant dream.
Beyond the Caspian Sea,
The Mediterranean conceit, South American tree
High above the rocks of Zimbabwe
And the palace temples of Yahweh
They stomped and screamed
And killed
To reach the distant dream;
And as they died in vain's delight
Upon the hill of their bloody fight,
High above the American flag
Flew the distant dream
And they knew it not!

Mark Ireland

Perfection

What is it that you want to hear?
That I do, that I don't.
That maybe I will
Maybe I won't.
It's not all up to me.
I do not know everything.
Call me vain or something else
But you're all wrong.
Dream about it, about me.
Nothing can compare to me
In anything.
I am second only to one thing.
Life.

Aaron Berg

Drowning, But Waving

It's been some time
Since that day
When under waves
The dead man lay.
His hands,
We thought,
Stroking the air to breath,
And to lie,
The dead man
Waving, to us,
Goodbye,
And welcome
To His cold bath.

Jason Meldrum

The Awakening

*I imagine Maytime meadows
where we spend our days together
And evenings, we sit down by the shore
With a feeling of forever.*

*We gaze into each other's eyes
And talk of what the future holds
We don't know, but we'll be together
As we travel life's many roads.*

*We talk of when we're man and wife
The road so many loves have taken
With affection we get closer but
Before we kiss ... I awaken.*

Tracy-Danielle Heath

of honeymooning parents

*i am, therefore i bleed
(descartes knew nothing of the pain)
where once i ran for comfort
(band-aids, kiss-me-better, snuggling close)
there is but cold tones, recordings
on the answering machine
that sound like him but aren't
and though mind's bridges lull me into
Midwest lands of ... not that much
it's almost not enough to stave
the wound's infectious progress.
(let me phone home...)
the grains of daylight bottom to the hourglass ...
just five days and counting*

jessica pierson