

# Distractions

Even if you're on the right track, you'll get run over if you just sit there. Will Rogers (1879-1935)

Distractions Deadline: Tues noon, Rm. 35, SUB  
Editor: Jayde Mockler

## WILLOW RIVER

The summer sky

Is draped in mourning  
Cold grey over green  
This ache stings like autumn  
The falling of the leaves  
Thoughts of a friendship  
Flowing one direction  
To Willow River

But long after the grief  
Has turned to stone  
Faith tells me your spirit  
Will live on  
And I will see you  
When my river meets the sea

The old question

Turns like a crystal  
In the bleak light of sorrow  
Of why evil steals the show  
And dreamers don't get tomorrow  
Only ripples  
Fading outward  
On Willow River

But long after the grief  
Has turned to stone  
Faith tells me your spirit  
Will live on  
And I will see you  
When my river meets the sea

We're ephemeral creatures

On a one-way world  
Who wear the jester's crown  
Foreverlies beyond the sun  
There I know you've found home  
In the bleak light of sorrow  
Of why evil steals the show  
And dreamers don't get tomorrow  
Only ripples  
Fading outward  
On Willow River

But long after the grief  
Has turned to stone  
Faith tells me your spirit  
Will live on  
And I will see you  
When my river meets the sea

We're ephemeral creatures

On a one-way world  
Who wear the jester's crown  
Foreverlies beyond the sun  
There I know you've found home  
As the day's last glow  
Fuels a liquid pyre  
In Willow River

And long after the grief  
Has turned to stone  
Faith shows me your spirit  
Will live on  
And I will see you  
When my river meets the sea

(In memory of Christopher Derksen:  
1970-1990) Geoffrey Brown

## PHILOSOPHY 1000

"I SEE" SAID THE BLIND MAN  
"I KNOW" SAID THE FOOL,  
"AND HE WITH THE GOLD  
MAKES HIS OWN GOLDEN RULE"

"AND YOU" SAID THE BLIND MAN  
"A DEEK IS A COY  
AND ARE YOU THE MAN  
THAT YOU SAW AS A BOY?"

"I AM NOT" SAID THE FOOL  
"AND THE BLIND MAN KNOWS BEST  
HE KNOWS WHAT HE SEES  
AND THE FOOL KNOWS THE REST"

"AND WHAT" ASKED THE BLIND MAN  
"IS MEANT BY ALL THAT?  
I'M DEAD AS A DOORNAIL?  
I'M BLIND AS A BAT?"

"A LAW" SAID THE BLIND MAN  
"IS ONLY A RULE  
IT'S MADE TO BE BROKEN"  
"I KNOW" SAID THE FOOL.

"I SEE" SAID THE BLIND MAN  
"THAT BLACK CAN BE WHITE"  
"I KNOW" SAID THE FOOL  
"THAT A WRONG IS A RIGHT"

"SO WHY" ASKED THE FOOL  
WITH HIS TYPICAL GRIN  
"WHEN THE PEN FIGHTS THE SWORD  
IT'S THE PEN THAT'LL WIN?"

"IT IS" SAID THE BLIND MAN  
"A SWORD CANNOT WRITE,  
AND TAKEN ALONE  
IT NEEDS TWO FOR A FIGHT."

"MY FRIEND" SAID THE FOOL  
"YOU'RE AS SHARP AS A KNIFE,  
YOU'RE AS QUICK AS A WHIP  
ON THE MEANING OF LIFE"

☆ Dream Poem #1 ☆

☆ WONDER ☆

Where do I go when I'm dreaming?  
How do I know when I'm there?  
Where have I been if I 'snap right back'?  
And what are these webs in my hair?

How do I know if I'm screaming  
When I'm caught in my dreams in the night?  
Why must I fret in this terrified sweat?  
And what is the cause of my fright?

Do I go back to the starting of time  
Or of lives I have lived in the past?  
Or maybe I roam  
In search of my home  
To seek me and free me at last?

When will I know where I go when I'm dreaming?  
How will I know when I'm there?  
Am I alone, or are millions of others  
Wandering around in this plasma that smothers  
Reality? Dreamers: beware!

immeasurable intangible imaginative mind

Pamela J. Fulton

☆☆☆☆☆☆

## LIFE SONGS

Field of color combined with joy.  
Painted fool with heart as toy.  
Running wild, strong and free.  
Blue Robin's egg has captured me.

Secure in the crafted nest it lay.  
Protection wall warms its soul each day.  
Music of life reaches within ears deep.  
Shell is broken and I hear soft spoken: 'Peep'.

Sunlight pierces innocent eyes.  
Losing balance as howling wind dies.  
Trembling fear faces round cold earth.  
Taking part in another type of birth.  
Learning to fly is a necessary game.  
Flying, falling, joy, pain - each one to boldly claim  
Sky is empty but not for long.  
Ready to take part in another life song.

Deborah Ruth Wilton

"TO BE" SAID THE BLIND MAN  
"OR NOT TO BE, TOO  
NOW THAT IS THE QUESTION  
FOR ONE SUCH AS YOU"

"I THINK" SAID THE FOOL  
"AND SO THEREFORE I AM  
I LIVE FOR TODAY  
AND I DON'T GIVE A DAMN."

"WE SPEAK" SAID THE BLIND MAN  
"LIKE BIRDS OF A FEATHER"  
"WE DO" SAID THE FOOL  
"WE COULD WORK WELL TOGETHER"

"AND WE" HE CONTINUED  
"ARE FROM THE SAME SCHOOL"  
"I SEE" SAID THE BLIND MAN  
"I KNOW" SAID THE FOOL.

PAT HAMILTON

SWILL OF THE WISP  
Grease tickles my nose  
It was the turkey and I am the scrubber  
Dangerous, dangerous scrubber!

For there are bits on the pad . . .  
I purge the cosmic sifter -  
bits spiral off into infinity.  
Are we a bit disturbed?

by Spicman and Davey Fran

Hook-

on can  
Now yo  
conven  
- and h

Watch  
display  
You ge  
servic  
sign up

Fro

Loca

Thur

11:30  
Lady

Frid

11:30  
Lady