

# Distractions

## She Loves Me ...

To Her my unbelieving cryptographer  
 Unlike myself,  
 I loved you.  
 The daisy's last petal  
 Fell to feathered earth  
 And such a lust  
 Sprang from its hidden seed  
 That my love grew  
 In its breath.  
 You will love me  
 In some tomorrow,  
 When the rainbow's died colors  
 Run in rivulets  
 Across a raw sky,  
 Pulsating,  
 Like a lamb's heart,  
 Or a numbed Petrarchan mind  
 Finding the unfounded reasons  
 That glue my madness  
 To your passion,  
 I love you,  
 And the petals telling me  
 That you will love me too.

Jason Meldrum

## June

*The month of June comes every year  
 and it is a special time.  
 With flowers blooming, birds singing  
 and weather that's divine.*

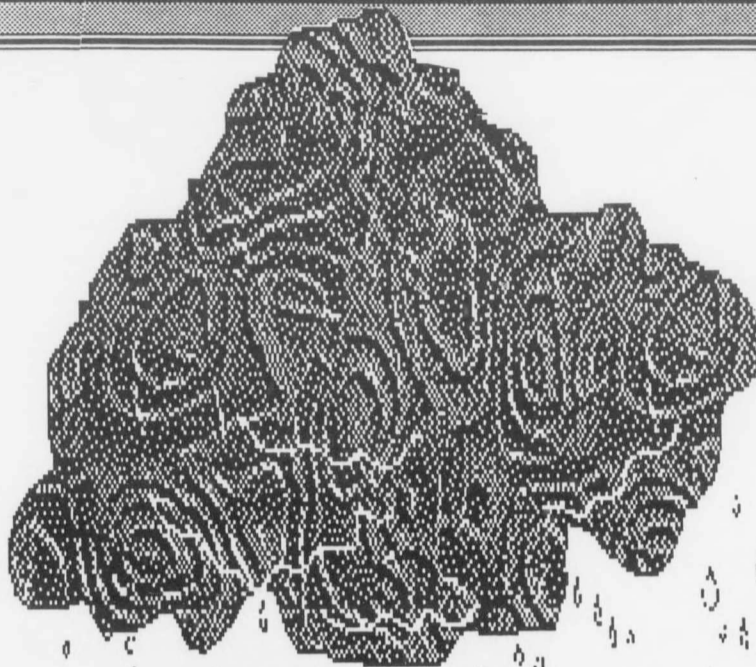
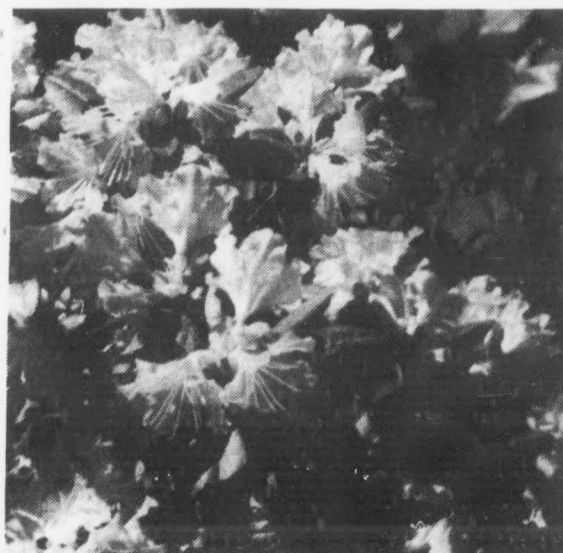
*To some it goes unnoticed  
 as was the case with me.  
 Until the last few weeks that passed  
 I hadn't begun to see.*

*That within these hazel skies  
 lies a beauty undefined.  
 A spirit of grace and charm  
 that preys upon my mind.*

*But now these skies have changed  
 to a faded shade of Grey.  
 And the beauty I once glimpsed  
 is slowly slipping away.*

*But it doesn't matter now, for  
 when I see the flowers bloom  
 I'll always know deep in my heart  
 that I love the month of June.*

J.H.



## Clouded

**won't be bothered any more  
 never knowing what's for sure  
 Drowning in a swamp of "how"s**

**Choking on a clump of "why"s  
 smoking up the spotless skies**

**portraits of obscurity  
 only dark is true to me  
 Knowing only what went wrong  
 singing pauses of a song  
 words don't come with clarity  
 only come as charity  
 hearing all the answers with  
 mind that follows only myth  
 what can I accomplish by  
 staring at a clouded sky  
 I know nothing, I suppose  
 just that heaven only knows**

Sherry A. Morin

## Wounded

*Wounded in the heart,  
 I stagger to move on,  
 I must move on, trudge, trudge,  
 I stagger, left, right, left,*

*My life's blood flows through my fingers  
 Right, left,  
 I am too weak  
 Right,  
 Too tired,  
 Too beaten,  
 Left,  
 To go on.*

*But I must!  
 Friends depend on me,  
 But my chest,  
 right,  
 It hurts ...  
 I collapse with pain  
 I give in to the Darkness.*

*It takes me, I smile,  
 For never again will I ...  
 Struggle against that foe - LOVE.*

Mark Kenney

## Moving On

These walls have kept me safe for  
 years,  
 Giving me shelter, subduing my fears.  
 When I wept it was here for me.  
 When I smiled it felt my glee.  
 As I grew it shared my life,  
 Shared my love, shared my strife.  
 It is a box containing my memories,  
 Storing my dreams, hiding anxieties.  
 How I despise you bastard Change,  
 Taking my life to rearrange.  
 Causing tears to fall as I write,  
 Moving me on to another life.  
 I will miss you friend, where ever I  
 roam,  
 You will always be my only home.

Michael Flinn

## Scenes of Life VII Enmeshed With the Reeds

**Oars aren't any good.  
 Fettered down, the boat won't move.**

**Earthly smells are surely Hell's.  
 All-entangled in the reeds,  
 Rotten-bottomed now, it bleeds  
 Tawny water through the cracks.  
 (How to follow where the river leads?)**

**All the world to Hell was hurled in Flood  
 Now the swamp and mud are seen as blood  
 Drying world is like the dying tide**

**Wishes drip and minutes skip  
 Adam tiptoes in to see  
 The loveless fate of us since he  
 Eternally condemned us all  
 "Right things for us, Adam, make us free."**

Sherry A. Morin

## Reflection

So, you think you want  
 to know me.  
 I am not convinced you  
 understand that you will  
 only know as much  
 or as little  
 as I let you.  
 No one comes close enough  
 to wound.  
 Sometimes I have to wonder  
 if it is really worth  
 the trouble to keep on  
 holding the world at  
 arms length.

Tim Tedford