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# distractions

## The Rhythm of the Waves

The waves crashed on the crowded sands  
Red flags flapping in the warm breeze represented danger  
There was a strong undertow to be respected

Those who lived by caution would never experience the  
rough waters  
In viewing the Red Flags they turned away  
They would not allow themselves such experience

We who knew how to ride the waves were few  
They presented challenge and excitement  
We enjoyed their natural forces

Some watched with interest building  
They ventured into the Rough Waters  
But the rhythm of the waves was broken and they were  
swept under.

You have to learn to ride the small waves first  
Then venture into rough waters only after  
You come to understand the rhythm of the waves.

by Darren Elliot

## Wild and Free

Sitting in the corner unnoticed  
I think back to my youth  
When I was wild and free  
Oh how I wish I could go  
Back to that time  
When I was wild and free

I wish for yesterday  
And cry out in my pain  
I wish you were here with me  
I wish I were wild and free

From time to time I believe  
But only for the moment  
That you soon will be  
All that I once desired  
And all that I once loved  
When I was wild and free

I wish for yesterday  
And I cry out, alone  
I wish you were here with  
me  
And that we were wild and  
free

Once in a while I look back and  
smile  
Once in a while I gather hope  
From the time that it passed  
Between you and me  
But then I remember the distance  
And it seems so long ago  
Since I last saw those eyes  
That were wild and free

Jason Richard



## Hidden Shame

hide me in your arms tonight  
and hide me behind your lids  
I don't want to face reality  
yet I don't want to ever forget  
who I once was  
when my hands were bloodied  
and the scar I bear  
... when my hands were bloodied

Rape me in your tears tonight  
and become one with me  
let me be your soul-mate  
so that we don't tear apart  
blues, greys, whites  
mixing in my vision  
and momentarily  
I feel whole in imagination

and as I think of it all  
and imagine  
my tears begin to fall

let tonight be my fantasy  
intimate and exhausted  
and may tomorrow die aborted  
before its conception  
I don't want to face reality  
so that we don't tear apart  
yet I don't want to ever forget  
blues, greys, whites

Jason Richard

## Token

This token  
This rosebud

Nurture and love  
For it represents me  
If its petals unfurl  
So shall my love  
Shall it blossom  
Ever shall you have  
The measureless depth  
of my love

Sherrie Hudson

a short story  
by "LM"

## I won a hundred million billion \$\$\$s

The dust on the side of the road held my footprints from the morning. I enjoyed kicking each impression, sending sand clouds billowing in front of me. My sandals were full of sand and my toes were starting to suffer the abuse. If I had cowboy boots and a hat and a coat and there was a camera, I'm sure I'd look really cool. I mean, the camera could be on one of those long crab-like arms high in the air, and I would stride through the flat desert squinting and looking really mean and tough.

The sun was starting to hint red. There wasn't a drop of wind. I would remember how hot I was last night. I sweated right through the single linen sheet, tossing and turning in a half awake but mostly asleep state of mind. Its probably not the same in kokamo\*. I mean the Beach Boys sing about it and its probably hot all day with a breeze and cool and perfect at night. If I were there I'd be in real good shape and wear loose cotton pants with a white shirt all unbuttoned. All the good looking girls on the beach would love me and I would be happy.

The mailman is in my driveway leaving my mail. Maybe there's some mail for me today. My mail is always for someone else at my house. Sometimes my mom will let me open letters to read. She said that I could open any letters that say "you may have already won a hundred million billion dollars."

Dad says that the letters are very important and that I should read them very carefully to see if there are any tricks. I can't find any.

My house is right beside the wheat field. The brown color, like the color of the road when it rains. castle and I like looking at it when the wheat is colored. When the wind blows, the house turns rounded by waves of wheat. I bet I would be re-I could be a gunner, just like shooting crows from the big gun and the rain would fall on me and against the storm. I would wear a great blue coat to see the enemy planes above. And I would shoot everyone would call me sir and admire me.



house is a dark  
It looks like a big  
full and gold  
into a ship sur-  
ally good on a ship.  
the porch. I would sit  
would stand firm  
and always be the first  
them out of the air and

I jumped into shallow ditch, and ran soldier like, along my shortcut to the house. My backpack was full of books I didn't like reading. I'd rather watch TV or go outside but mom and dad tell me its important I do my homework so I can be smart and grow up and do good things and make money and stuff. Maybe I'll grow up and study real hard and figure out cancer or make a car that runs on air. But I don't know, I don't think people become famous for things like that. The famous people I know are cowboys, heroes, and detectives. Important people.

The wheat is still taller than me. I wish I was as tall as the wheat like my dad. He says I'll be much bigger some day but I wish I was much bigger right now. I wave good-bye to the mailman. The mailbox is full when I check it. Is there anything? Anything at all for me?

Mom's not home from work yet. She works late everyday. Dad's somewhere working. He only comes in when mom hollers from the back door that suppers ready. He always comes in and washes up. The mail is beside his plate with the paper. He opens all the mail and then we eat. There sure is a lot of mail today.

As I'm walking up the drive, one of the letters falls from the pile. It's bigger than the other envelopes and has bright colored letters. As I read it I began to get excited. We may have won a hundred million billion dollars! I can't believe it. I bet the cheque is inside. I want to open it, but I'm supposed to wait. But mom is at work and Dad's doing farm work and I can't wait. I put the envelopes on the kitchen table. All but one. I'll save it as a surprise, after dad opens everything else. Envelope safely tucked in my back pocket, I go to do my chores.

We don't have many animals because dad says they're expensive to feed. I feel important because I feed the animals; I have an expensive job. But we have money now. Maybe dad will buy lots of animals. We could have the biggest farm in town. I put the hay in my cart and start my four wheeler. It might be hard to feed a lot of animals using a cart and a four wheeler. I'd probably have to drive a tractor or something. I don't know if I'm big enough for something like that.

At the sound of the four wheeler the cows all head for the hay shack. I race them all the way there. I bet if I wasn't hauling hay and had a real fast motorbike I'd make a great race driver. I could get a really black helmet and an all shiny suit to race in and my bike would have all the stickers on it, just like on TV when dad finds out we have all this money, maybe he'll buy me one.

Bent on learning how to race, I unhook the cart from my four wheeler and go for a drive through the paths. Dad says the paths have always been on the farm, and that he even made some of them. I've made my own too, but they're not as good.

I start going faster and faster. The trees are whipping by. If I was a real motorbike racer, they would be my fans, people who liked me and wanted to be like me.

Just as I rounded the corner, I could see the gully and the stream to my left. I fished the stream every Saturday and caught lots of little trout. Dad said they were too small and made me put them back. Someday I'd catch the biggest trout ever in the stream and people would come to my house to see it mounted and ask me how I caught it. I was starting to go fast.

But before I could stop, dad came around the turn in the tractor. I froze with fear and drove straight over the gully. I don't remember much, but I hit my head and landed in the stream. I kind of went to sleep without wanting to.

When I woke up I wan in bed. Mom was looking at me over my bed. My mom is the most beautiful woman you'd ever meet. She smiled. Dad came over.

"You took a mighty spill son. How do you feel?" Dad asked.  
I told him my head hurt but I was ok. I hoped he wasn't mad at me. I asked about my four wheeler and he told me it was fine. I tried to remember why I was going so fast... the money.

Mom brought me my pants from the back porch. I reached into the back pockets and took out the envelope. It was all mushy and pulpy and ruined. I started to cry and say I was sorry. Dad could have bought all those animals and tractors and stuff and I could have been famous and stuff.

Dad calmed me down, and choking on my words, I told him about the hundred million billion dollars.

He laughed quite a bit and told me it was just a trick. We didn't win anything. The people who sent the envelope were trying to get us to buy something.

I felt betrayed and relieved all at once. I didn't lose the money, but we didn't win any either. Dad warned me not to fool with the mail anymore.

Everyday since then, I have come home and left the mail in the box. There's nothing there for me. Besides, I should get my chores done and start my home-work. ■