

# DISTRACTIONS

## Myth Illogical

I pray that glib Erato has not erred  
My secret love for you has been declared  
the soil beneath our feet seems superfluous  
as if Poseidon's sea-blood thunders through us

Admired Balder, do you find it odd  
that mortal eyes should boldly challenge thee  
Now truth is myth-like - I entreat a god  
to leave behind his lofty seat for me.

Tell me, now - do you sense the derision  
That bursts in air then rains on the horizon  
As leagues of Odin's gods stand at attention  
Do they survey my zeal with apprehension?

The prospect of straight speech renders me weak  
But truths are tarnished by regality  
As you command it, I will try to speak  
No more of myth - you crave reality.

*Sherry A. Morin*

The fact is, beauty always throws me off.  
A pound of Jello would do better work,  
Than my poor boggled brain, reduced to chaff,  
By one look at you face: I'm instant jerk.

You doubt this truth? Just listen as I speak,  
To you, or any comely girl. My lips,  
Spout babbled nothings, words that fairly reek,  
Of muddled romance; amour almost drips.

This flaw of mind, this Heel, it is not me!  
Ignore that goof, who shows up when you're near.  
This man whose heart is yours, who would love thee,  
He's stuck inside a prattling fool; don't hear!

To cure this ailment of my psych, thy love,  
Is all I need, sweet grace from Heav'n above.

*F. Brown*

Hmmm. I detect a trend here. Lord, what will be-  
come of my reputation? Stay tuned; there may be  
more where this came from.

## The Well

Under the old well-spring  
Are many rusted-coin dreams  
The place you were not allowed to play as a child,  
Is now the place you are not allowed to drink as an adult.  
Slow poison seeps below the placid surface  
Unseen, Unheard, unabated.  
Till at some distant point  
It rises in a neverending font.  
To be drunk by all  
Here none can see its humble beginnings  
In the child's fear of the unknown adult.  
And the adult's fear of the forgotten child.

*Edith Tippett*

## To Each His Own

I look to see the beauty but I become lost.  
I look for the escape, the stairs that will 'open' my mind,  
but yet my mind is open, it is alive, it is probing...  
only the smell of the hot dog stand demands my attention.  
You speak to me of the feelings of love, and of pleasure,  
yet I feel nothing but the rumblings of my stomach.  
"It is abstraction at it's best!" you tell me for the third time.  
I nod agreeably as not to ruin your good time.  
What's this, a painting that looks like someone?  
Certainly it is not an actual portrait?  
Something that need not give off a 'vibe'  
or need an 'open' mind to fully appreciate?  
I aimless inquire into this 'exquisite' piece  
only to receive a slight chuckle of amusement.  
I laugh along as if intended as a joke.

But I Was Serious.

Under the portrait was the following caption:

"Lady Van Snoot Founder and Art Lover"

The heart of embarrassment rises into my cheeks as I pray for help.  
Or at least a hot dog.

