

DISTRACTIONS

Storm

He wells up like a storm
I feel murderous and hot
a hurricane
my eye encompasses him
I will topple him
even if I have to exhaust
the last reservoirs of my force
he will hear my warning-whistle
only seconds before the rain slashes
and thunder crashes
and he is driven down
into the soil
the only substance
not torn from the eternal horizon
when havoc has passed
he settles with the dust
in a rippled heap
with the other yellow dirt
and I yawn and die away into the calming air
my duty done

Sherry A. Morin

Never

A thought that will never understand.
A tear that will never be dry.
An hourglass that will never have sand.
A fire that will never burn high.

A bird that is never meant to fly.
A star that is never to shine.
A child that will never see the sky.
A wish that will never be mine.

A laugh that will never erupt.
A babe that will never stop crying.
A fight I will never give up.
A vow to never stop trying.

Clark Graves

1000 Miles

We tried to love.
We tried to become friends.
We lost everything;
Then found true love and friendship
in our distance apart.

'C'

To A Friend

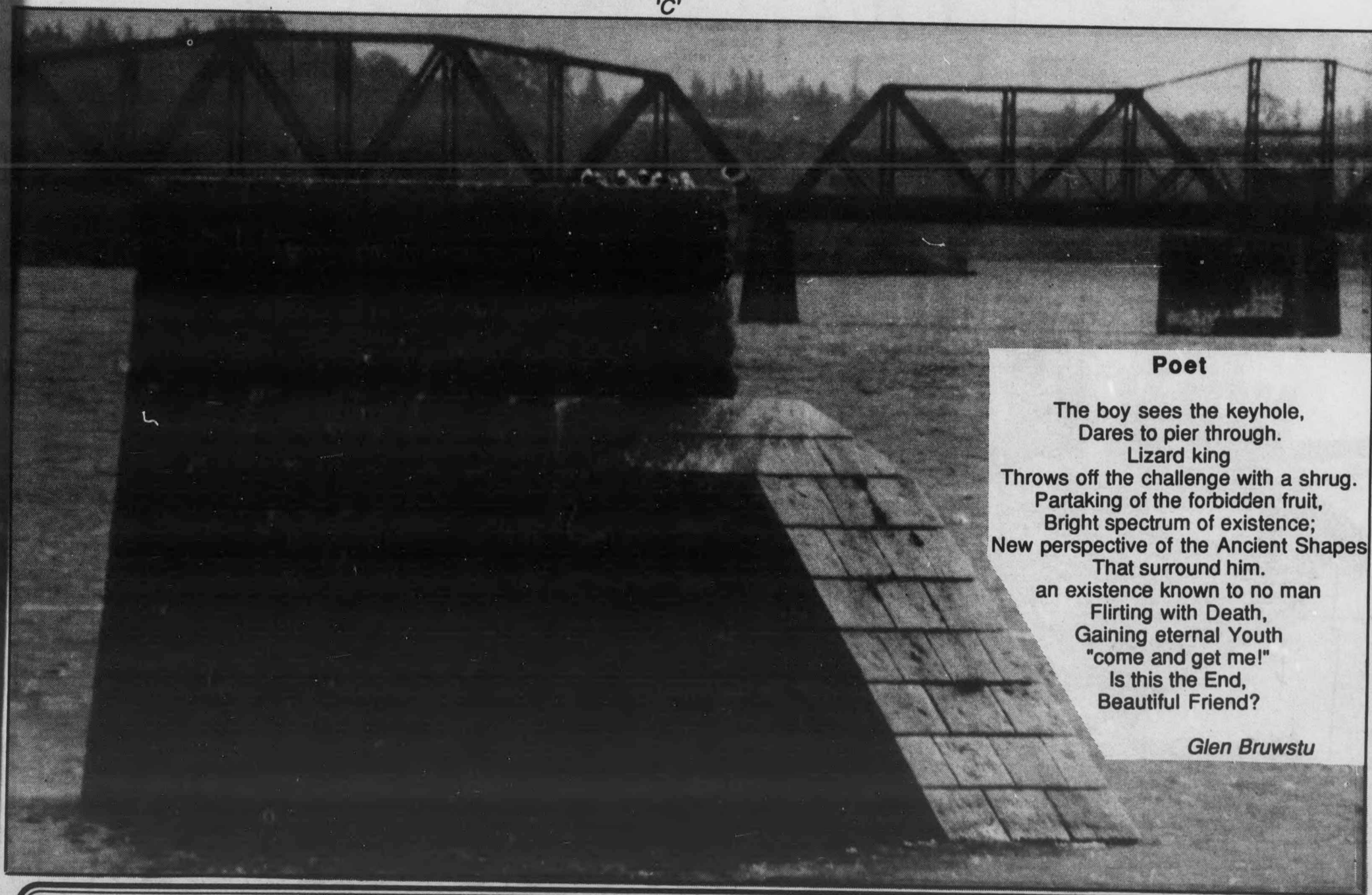
I cannot help but see that thou art fair.
But of the int'mate pleasures honest men
And women may, with candid love, find there
In warm embrace, I often think, and waken.

It could be us! Why, we are merely friends,
So lightly are our hearts in tune, in beat.
And Eros weeps, our lack of wit offends.
Do we not know that love begins as heat?

What warmth is this I feel towards your lips?
The sparkle in your eyes, is it a flame?
I take you in my arms, our reason slips,
And passion claims us both, all joy, no shame.

Love's love for all of that; the need is deep.
But skin on skin's the rub; entwined, we sleep.

F. Brown



Poet

The boy sees the keyhole,
Dares to pier through.
Lizard king
Throws off the challenge with a shrug.
Partaking of the forbidden fruit,
Bright spectrum of existence;
New perspective of the Ancient Shapes
That surround him.
an existence known to no man
Flirting with Death,
Gaining eternal Youth
"come and get me!"
Is this the End,
Beautiful Friend?

Glen Bruwstu

Editorial:

I have received complaints that the use of photos and other graphic design concepts do not allow for adequate use of the poetry page. It was felt that not enough poetry in quality or quantity was being used in the space provided. The concept that I have been working on this year is to incorporate graphics into the section, to improve the image and quality of the section. Here are some pointers on getting poetry into the section (these are not guidelines but hints): 1) If the length exceeds a reasonable size (25 lines) then the chance of fitting it in is less, 2) Poetry handed in for an upcoming holiday or event (Christmas, Halloween) 3) If a poem is deemed unfit to be printed I reserve the right not to print it, 4) Quality is important in making the decision to print a poem, a bad poem will not be printed.

Please continue to submit poetry to this section and it can continue to improve.