

DISPRACTIONS

Clarity of Confusion (II)

Spectators applaud, except me
I see the fraud they don't see
I look beyond what they do
Unfortunately I'm too few.

If we'd only look for truth
Seeking will surely find
And I seek for you.

Do you see that white Robe?
He is my Companion
I'm whiter than snow.

Do you see that hollow mound?
I know that Man
He is no longer in the ground.

Do you see that Cross?
barren, bloody, rugged
but we're still lost.

Do you see that Book?
You may Find yourself
If you take another look

Simple truth for simple minds
insulting yourself with thought
I remember the healing of the blind

I see the Cross, the Tomb, the Blood, the Truth
I see the simplicity of truth
Is wisdom present
Or did they forget?

Spectators applaud in ignorance
participators choking behind stage
starting a painful, deadly dance
cluttering your thoughts on one page

Spectators applaud, actors bow
a ceremonial outburst of present
yesterday will change even now
though your time is almost spent

But I, I see tears
even as I'm killed in peace
I know I see fear
but not now as I see His face

lying along, trampled
this show I stood against
has left the people
with a certain trust in defence

As surely as this happens
I am sure of this again
I'm here without Fear
for now I wait somehow
For you to see the truth
'till then I am praying

Jason Richard

Read My Spine

*My mind is
An open book.
Some pages yellowed from time
Some well worn with warm thoughts
But most are blank.
Awaiting Fate's embellishment*

Dan Herman

Deadline Tuesday Noon

For Real

If it is hard to say,

Let it be simple to write.

Only a choice few feel it yet.

Very many think they have attained it.

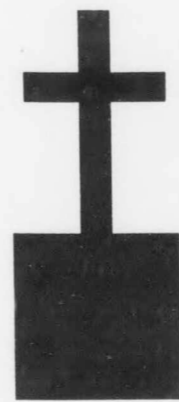
Everyone is entitled to it.

Yet multitudes are denied it.

On the whole it is incredulous

Underneath it is merely possible.

Aaron Borg



Fourteen Lines of Rhyming Couplets (in Quintameter)

Paper lined with ink
Above them words sink,
Two words at last rhyme
Now I don't waste time,
Four short lines are down
English students frown,
"This poem doesn't say
Night can be the day,"
Or "Some men are mud,"
Nothing about His blood,
"No point has this verse,
I think it's perverse,
Thirteen lines wasted!"
And victory I have tasted.

Jason Meldrum

Shortlasted Euphoria

Atone

I take in the overwhelming din of silence

And manipulate it

To calm my feelings

Atone

Never knowing where one is

Eyes high

I sigh

The breath of a shortlasted euphoria

David Bracken

Threading the Eye of the Storm

My mind is landlocked
Away from your fertile seas.
I need to feed
On your Planarian worms.
Crescent moon croissants
Ooze and drip intelligentsia
In mockery of my Philistine stance.
How may I accomodate your quotient?

Existential binaries beg me
For freedom, to emancipate other
Grey masses of convoluted contemplation.
So they are now free,
As you are, to choose, to desire.

Unfettered they spin and wobble
As wild spindles, bobbins of the mind.
Trailing the silver thread of ethereality
Into the mist and mirk of the masses.

Tether yourself, and you enslave your imagination.
Don't do it! Jump! Plumet skyward into imagination.

Dan Herman

Sea, Us

Every grain is lain beside another
Lulled to sleep by gently-rocking waves
Every grain profanes its ocean-mother
Pacing to and fro on fishes' graves
Haunted caverns fill with clouds of sand
As the plants extend a preying hand
Nabbing by the necks and flecks of fish,
The tiny lamps that flash a final wish.

Shapes are partly-clothed in coral frills
Half-denuded by the divers' lights
Obscurities are what the Water wills,
Ever-drained of guilt, for It contains
Sacred salt, in sea and in our veins.

Sherry A. Morin

Confronting

At the mercy of the mob
With a hostage who did sob
Wasted days now at an end
No more acts that would offend
If he should let the held one free
Perhaps a fate set might not be.

He raised a hand and warned them off
At this threat they could not scoff
If he had only seen the light
While chance to change was yet in sight
Two good hearts had raised him right
But he had pursued a life of crime
And now it seemed was out of time.

Did he rob for pleasures sake
Forgetting those he left in his wake
Caring not what others lost
Or for misery that he had caused
In compassion had not paused
Who could say what made one scorn
Commandments taught since he was born.

The crowd was asked once more to part
Or see an end before them start
In a voice now turned pale
They'd never take him off to jail
But only one saw through the veil
One stepped forth in sombre form
In a face that storm had worn.

For the lad t'would be enough
To call a stay for need of love
Silence all at once did fall
And there before the one and all
Came a rending of the wall
The two of them looked eye to eye
A hand was dropped do not deny.

As one he off to prison went
And one he saw a life not spent
Some would wonder at the scene
Some did ask what could it mean
What makes the fat of life go lean
The solemn one who walked away
ILn reply had only this to say.

My youth as such was kind and mild
You see I was an only child
This one too full had the run
Leaving home and its to shun
For also siblings there were none
Yet now the closes words that I can bear
My Dad's grandson who passes there.

D.C. Butterfield