

DISTRACTIONS

Editor: Jayde Mockler

Deadline: Tues. Noon

Please include your name and student number with each submission

Who is My Enemy?

Since I was a kid,
Wanting to be a soldier,
I had been taught,
That the communists,
Were our enemies,
And when I joined the army,
It was with them in mind.
I joined to protect the birthright,
Of freedom and safety,
That our people enjoy,
But when peace broke out,
All of this changed,
And as we were being shipped home,
I asked myself for the first time:
Who is my enemy?
As things turned out,
I had little time to ponder this,
For we had received new orders,
And soon we were digging in,
To protect Saudi Arabia.
The situation was a shock,
But we did as we were told,
And prepared for war,
Yet, once again I asked:
Who is my enemy?
Soon after this the shooting started,
And in battle conditions,
You have little time to think,
And so my question escaped me,
As we believed what our government
said,
And what was asked of us.
But as the events unfolded,
Again the question nagged at me:
Who is my enemy?
Reports told us of many things,
Germans had built Hussein's bunker,
And chemical weapons plants,
Russians had supplied the tanks,
South Africa had sold him guns,
The U.S. had given valuable intelligence,
And countless others had helped,
To build the arsenal which we now face,
Then I really wanted to know:
Who is my enemy?
The media hounds from the West,
Show the destruction in Iraq,
That makes us look bad,
They report Hussein's numbers,
On the dead and wounded,
And again I ask:
Who is my enemy?
From home we have heard,
Of people protesting the war,
Saying what we do is evil,
One even called my wife,
And wished me dead,
Once again I asked:
Who is my enemy?
As we moved out to attack,
And I prepared to kill again,
I had to ask myself:
Who really is my enemy?
But I had no time to answer,
For in the next instant,
The calm of the desert night,
Was broken by an explosion,
Deep within my skull,
As a bullet ripped away my final thought,
Or rather question,
Did my killer ever have to ask himself:
Who is my enemy?
DUKE

Fate

Peering across the horizon I see the sun beginning to set behind the trees
Looking away, I look towards you,
but you no longer are there.
I look towards the horizon,
hoping to again see the sun.
I notice the sky is dark and empty,
the sun has disappeared beyond the trees
beyond the horizon.

The world is now cold
The world is now dark
the sky
once illustrious, and viable,
now dark,
stretching singslessly into space
casting a shadow on the sheer
of existence.

A brave eagle, once soaring
hesitantly into the vigorous streams
of sun light
recklessly brays to be defied
and to be imparted,
Once again with his keen
sight and strong flight.

As he listens for her sound of flight,
he hears a Linnet in the distance,
singing flippantly.

Trust

You tell me to trust you
I do not dare
You ask me to trust you
slowly I care.
I drop the walls of doubt
even though a voice cries out.

You tell me to follow you
but I am afraid
You ask me to follow you
I change the decision I made.
I let you lead me blind
not aware of what I may find.

When you hve my trust
slowly you thrust.
show a shiny knife
break my heart and take my life.

Trisha Graves

Slippery Snow Days

Vicious and malicious
Adamant and unrepentant
You are not welcome:
You stupid snowdays

You cause me to fall
You test my hulkamania
You treat me like a ball
You make me fall and roll

I try to fight back with
A show of bravado
I use all my masculinity
But you get a pin-fall on me

With slippery grounds
Your actional agents against me
I am being ambushed
All around the campus

In just one short period
Twice I responded to gravity
I couldn't wish you less
Than to rain curses on you

While you feign ignorance
For Predicaments you put me into
I groan in pains privately
Wishing you a final death.

Enyinda Okey

Song of the Titans

Prometheus
hold your fire
and anchor your boat of dreams,
they will not ride

Sleep to all
is the sanctioning of days,
but to your credence
day blends to night
and night to day,
bringing life
in newly lighted ways.
A hazy mist
makes purple skys
and clouds magenta
impalpable
to sleeping eyes.

So I say
fear not,
steal fire from dormant corpses
while fertility hastens
at the unknown hour.

Prometheus
hold your fire,
now hold your tongue,
this can further be left
unspoken,
what was not meant
for telling
will reveal to you signs
of something sewn deep
before seeds were broken

Chris Penny

FLOCCINAUCINIHIPIPILIFICATION

Time stands still when i see your face
i choke up inside and long for but one
kiss
soft sensuality pours out
and i wish
wish for the touch that would free
free
the warmth you emit just be presence
returns me to a time
time
it was all i had or wanted
when i was free
in chains
eternally locked in one
deadly embrace
with emotion
that was not the now me
sanctuary in the form of pain
pain
kills futile longings
of primitive minds
inherited
long since forgotten
not lost
turned off by improving cognation
floccinaucinihiplification
now a safe life to lead
til boredom with life overrides
mundance numbness!!!
Cycle once more...

by Blake R. Butterfield