

# Distractions



## Ballad of the Pure

We were the innocent  
Drifting the sky  
Lying in the lust  
Of Heaven knows why,  
We were the beautiful  
Acting the sea,  
Searching the passion  
With eternity,  
We are the forgiven  
Fleeing the earth  
Praying for the love  
Inside your pure birth.

By Jason Meldrum

## The Darkness

As the night approaches  
I lay still in my room  
Counting the square pegs  
On the ceiling  
Until my eyes can no  
longer stay awake  
Dreaming of life's  
mysteries

Until the crack of dawn  
As I then lie awake  
To challenge the day yet  
again  
"Til the night comes down.

Tuhin Dal

## Poem written on the bathroom wall

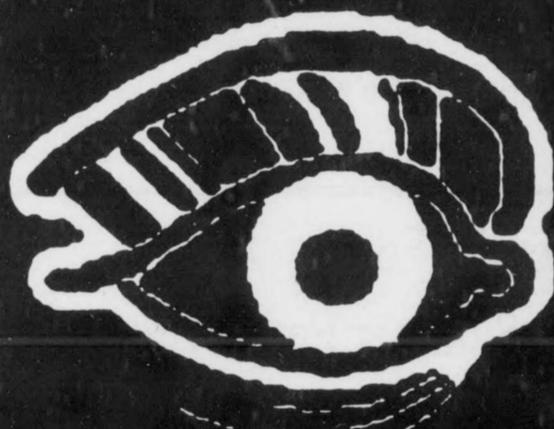
He said he was blind,  
but she saw him  
And so, he went away  
He left her with a skull  
full of words to drink from  
tangled with snakes  
and a curse to hide from  
to which she was damned,  
to sing and to pray  
to which she was chained,  
for the law of his image  
blazed within the heart of her eye,  
taking all colour from every direction  
and casting it into  
his lie

SAD,  
Jane

## She

She was cool, she was kind  
She was always on my mind  
A woman with a lot of soul  
We danced, we talked, we kept  
each other busy  
Always being there for each  
other  
I was content, I was relieved  
Had no cares in the world  
If you really want her badly,  
You've got to love her madly.

Tuhin Dal



## Created Equal

We each see life through  
different glasses,  
No two people have the same  
exact view  
I can only know what I see, and  
you the same.  
Then how can we base judg-  
ment on another,  
Is our judgment truly superior?  
That could never be so

In some special way each one of  
us,  
Is superior to everyone else,  
And at the same time we are all  
created equal.  
Perhaps we value too little,  
Many things that God holds  
dear.

Darren Elliot



## "Release"

I've got to find a way to escape  
The chains of reality that bind me,  
And free myself from all the confusion  
Which has consumed my soul.  
I need a world of my own  
Where I'm at one with myself,  
Where my mind can rise through the clear blue sky  
And not be suppressed by the doods of turmoil.

by Matthew J. Collins