

# WRITERS:

We need some short stories for Halloween! Anything ghoulish, ghastly, serious or funny—whatever—submit it to Distractions at the Brunswickan by Tuesday, October 26<sup>th</sup> by 12 noon.



"As we become politically correct, art will become politically incorrect."

Anonymous

# DISTRACTIONS

### *The Woman on the Porch*

hair flows to the ground  
from her pretty face  
she closes her mind  
to ignore all sounds  
to ignore what's said  
to ignore the lies

see the hidden hideousness shine  
when lights are shone away  
see the beauty pierce the shrine  
when glaring beams have displayed

don't throw flowers, don't cry tears  
don't speak her name, don't forget her  
please remember her in your prayers  
please do not forget her, brother

hair flows to the ground  
hide the pretty face  
close the open mind  
that ignores all sounds  
that brings my disgrace  
ignoring truth because of lies

tears flow to the ground  
from a pain torn face  
which is none but mine  
blood flows to the ground  
from a pain wrenched face  
crying for me, in Gethsemane, the Christ

Jason Richard

### *Alone*

I sit here alone with you,  
The skies blue, the air warm,  
I want us to be together—forever—

This moment is ours, ours alone,  
We are halves of the same whole,  
Together for all time.

There is nothing I love more,  
Your hair, face, lips,  
If I was a millionaire, and had not you,  
(I'd be poor)

Your laugh is music to my ears,  
Your eyes seem to reach out to me,  
Begging me to hold you—hold you till dawn

The world doesn't understand us, oh no,  
Call us stupid for trying,  
Say we will never make it—not true.

Such a worldly concern is theirs,  
They can't see, No they can't,  
Past the color of skin.

But I know we can endure all things,  
If we tackle them together,  
Halves of the same whole

Mark Kenney

### *To our faithful cooler, who laid down his life so we could have drink*

As you sit, in Styrofoam - Cooler heaven  
Be at peace with yourself  
For even though you crumbled under (Andrew's) pressure  
And despite your lid having been severed by the (other Andrew's)  
van departure  
You still came through in a very big way  
Providing many with fine cool beverages  
That made the journey all the sweeter  
And the evening so much richer!  
We salute you!

Darren Elliott

Life is a trial, a game your mind plays.  
Make the right move and so succeed,  
play the game wrong and life is over. So...  
Wonder not about the past, but the present.  
Worry not so greatly about the future, for you live in today.  
Concentration is one of the keys of life, so...  
No when to say when, and what to do when the act is done.  
Live not with the regrets of yesterday,  
for tomorrow is filled with greater pleasures, that have yet to come.  
Be stronger today than tomorrow,  
for strength is always better when you have it at hand.  
Finally; live not the life of the past, but the dream of the future.

Clayton Willie

### *Docked (Scenes of Life X)*

Feeling cold and walking on the docks  
rocking foot-to-foot like waves on rocks  
on the tongue of wood that tastes the bay  
melting in the boats, no place to stay

Youth is gone an' hasn't left a trace  
on the waiting wrinkles of your face  
under eyes that drip with acid pain  
running in with tears of acid rain

Hate the "swish" of water in your socks  
and every wish  
now crashed upon the rocks  
drenched in rain and walking on the docks.

Sherry A. Morin

### *The Rain Forest*

As I sit on this carpet of moss,  
I think the only other thing this peaceful is death.  
I sit here in a perfect silence and watch the sun mark its paths  
through the branches.  
I take a deep breath and drink in purity along with scents of exotic  
blossoms.  
A frightened insect scurries across my foot, he senses something.  
In a moment I realize what it is.  
The Rain.  
The rain is hitting me so hard it is as if I'm being baptized by the  
tears of Jesus.  
I can hear the rustle of the insects and animals running for shelter.  
I accept the baptism with gratitude.  
Moments later it is serene once again and I bask in the hot sunshine.  
However, the animals are scared a second time; only this time it is  
not an act of God, it is an act of man and I run too.  
I return weeks later to see the miracle destroyed.  
The land is desolate and barren, nothing lives here anymore.  
The sun still shines an the rain still falls; only this time it comes  
down on bare branches and absent trees.  
The forest has found peace once again, only this time it is death  
instead of life.

Tracy Lynds.

### *Man Made*

Her petals opened  
in a venomous lick;  
They,  
the Hemp Goddess'  
Bleeding themselves  
into the colored-arc oblivion  
Strung over the Ile of Lesbos:  
She swam,  
Rocky shores slam their greeting  
Impaling her,  
Her wings clipped  
Her song caged,  
Metallic,  
Man maid.

Jason Meldrum