



istractions

Road Kill

Peace,
I have found;
Everyone had left it
In the middle of a dirty road,
Untravelled by most;
Yet it was in pieces
As if run over and over and over
By mighty war machines
who travel the road
Without conscience;
Blind by choice;
the pains of the innocent,
to I are no more Samaritans.
There

Jason Meldrum

Inebriate

Alcohol has already sealed my fate;
traveled time to lock in final destinations,
yet these holy spirits aimed at oblivion
are all that is keeping me sane.
The dark sweet taste of stomach cramps
links obscure through into relation,
in a world of confusingly real abstraction
brainwaves need constant lubrication
lest they dam behind life's little game.

My love affair with intoxication,
intimacy with alcoholic gratification
is not affected by society's dissatisfaction,
or marred by religious refrain.
The raven may quote 'nevermore'
but in time he's back to the liquor store;
for here is a friend sublime yet pretend,
here's heaven awaiting next morning's hell.

A. Barchild

Mother
and Child.
Shuffle, stir, hark,
alert and finally awake.
I hear my child cry and wanting something.
I tiptoed into the interior of his room.
I'm thinking that there is something I can give him,
comfort, warmth, assurance and security, but he does not
respond to my presence and his uneasiness excels.
Knowing what to do when all else fails, I hand over the nurturing
to my loving wife and mother of possession
for the comfort that can be given by no man.

The child surrenders to the warmth
of his mothers arms and peacefully,
almost hauntingly,
falls off into
deep, deep
sleep.

TDO

Written for my
wonderful wife, Sue

The Sea Of Life

i walked along the sands of time
upon the shores of the sea of life
i walked alone in my own time
while fighting my own strife

i looked around the beach of life
near the shores of the sea of life
and i saw no one... no life
and i knealt to cry in my strife

i touched the sands of the beach of time
uncovering a bleach white clam
i was touched by the sands of time
when a pearl fell in my hand

i looked into my hand at life
once dust in the sea of time
planted in its nurturing life
the pearl grew to boldly shine

i made a locket by the sea of life
to hold my new precious find
when people ask me "what's so bright"
i show the pearl and claim "a friend of mine"

Jason Richard

Imaging

Images of her swim and skimmer,
spiralling inside a cloudy mind,
Too many memories are dilating
under a microscope in time:
Porcelain lines, and fingers
that embraced me dependantly,
hair like night, skin light as day
sculpted a beautiful work of art.

Reminiscences of love making
in bed, the rain, business lounge.
I remember most love already made
in radiant smiles of first dawn,
napkins with 'I Love U' upon them,
her body softly, soundly sleeping
as I shared her bedroom's fortress.

images of her haunt and frighten
this fractured disconnected mind.
Hand in hand went to Dairy Queen,
spilling coke and laughing all day.
Weekly Pharmacy trips for medication
and a final trip to Edward's Island
Where I held her all nights long.

You can't understand, I was there
when she died and when she died
pieces of insanity clogged my dreams.
I don't have her poems or letters;
destroyed by an angry sorrowed soul.
No life in my heart but in my stomach
is painful hunger, or is it hungry pain?
Feelings cannot become words but words
can provoke emotion and bring solace
to a healing heart.

A Barchild

Embarrassment 1003

With face warm,
I endure my latest embarrassment,
Love.

It seems I have an uncanny habit,
shoot, I do it all the time,
This Prof. comes to class prepared well.

I wonder why I do it,
Then I know (love)
stranger that she is, has my heart.

Do you ever feel this way
Face tingling, blood rushing,
Hopes dashed, fears realized?

But Listen up, let me tell you,
That four letter word is worth,
All the hours I spend in embarrassment 1003.

Mark Kenney