

Distractions

Editor: Jayde Mockler
 Deadline: Tuesday noon.
 Please include name and student number with submission.

Forever Best Friends

With a blowing breeze and changing tides,
 the golden sun sets in a clear blue sky.

Carefree and free, with no fears in mind,
 the seagulls fly high, in a clear blue sky.

Protection by a cliff on a sandy sea shore,
 true thoughts and dreams begin to soar.

So peaceful is the sea,
 and so free are the birds,
 So beautiful and strong,
 is the sun and the earth.

All the thoughts and dreams
 as seen through minds eye
 Reminds me of you,
 with many reasons why.

Like the sun and the earth
 from the day of your birth;

You're beautiful and strong,
 within and beyond.

It's just like you to be,
 like a bird in the sky,
 so carefree and free,
 with no worries in mind.

with each passing day,
 and each changing tide.
 A peaceful and gay you,
 I'll always seem to find.

You fill me with joy,
 and give peace at mind,
 you're every other thing,
 in a best friend you'd find

You're so unique,
 you're one of a kind;
 I hope as best friends,
 you'll always be one of mine.

I love you so true,
 as the best of friends do,
 So trust in me through and through,
 if you're in need of a friend to turn to.

We're friends forever,
 through the good and the bad,

You are the best friend,
 a person ever had.

by Tracey Underhill

The Highway

The highway roils like a serpent in the sun
 Dissects the places I have known
 For a monotone of asphalt nothing
 Car radio churns out test-marketed songs
 distant-eyed I hum along
 And wonder if there is still a thirteenth mountain

Though the doubt remains unspoken
 I know we've gone a mile too far
 But I reject my saviour
 As a feather wafting toward a flame

On every thought I have of you
 Roadsigns and bridges intrude
 Like barking dogs in a snow-hushed forest
 Backseat prisoner as the car races on
 Power lines play slow tag and my head grows numb
 Thrumming of the engine brings a sleep - kiss

Though the light bursts like a bomb on the window
 My head still turns away
 I reject my saviour
 As a feather wafting toward a flame
 Geoffrey Brown

A REQUIEM FOR WAR

The guns still roar in the Shattered Night
 Which Death and Sorrow bring
 And those at home will simply know
 While those of dead will cry
 And those who tend the ones who lay
 All ask the question - Why?
 The cause of war, and old man said,
 is that of which men feed
 And that my friend is Greed.

Snow Days

Here again snow days roll in
 Reminding me seriously
 That the days ahead are dark
 And that I have to make hay

When I permeate a smile
 And this is no doubt repelled
 Then I look back into me
 And blame it on snow days

Wonderful Frederictionians
 Give no hoot what bothers you
 Stranger in a strangely land
 Just blames it on snow days

They encircuit themselves
 And generate body heat
 Thus reduce the reluctance
 That snow days bring to them all

One solution though may be
 To accelerate efforts
 And rush through the whole program
 And escape these my snow days.

Enyinda N. Okey

BLUE

Away from you, I feel so blue,
 I guess I'm all alone,
 Away from you, I feel so blue,
 I'm really not at home.
 In my little room, I feel the gloom
 Without you here, I'm out of tune -
 I'm all alone, the sound of gloom
 really makes me feel alone.
 If I had one wish, it would be
 For us to try again,
 To put away all the hurt and the pain,
 For all the time we are away,
 Let us remember all the hurt,
 Forever to be alone,
 Cursed by the feelings of loneliness,
 Forever to be damned,
 On a never ending road.
 Peter Pitre

COMPANION FLOWERS

Companion flowers,
 Are a curious variety,
 Bursting forth from the earth alone,
 They fight to survive,
 find their own place in the field of live,
 And grow to maturity alone,
 Taking form their environment,
 The necessities for survival,
 But, even if successful to this point.
 They can never truly live, alone,
 For within each one lies an important need,
 A desire for the friendship and love,
 Of another of their own kind,
 And only together,
 Each giving part of themselves to the other,
 Can they reach for the sky above,
 And as companions truly blossom.
 DUKE

True Gods became men
 Boys need distraction
 Hold onto your hats
 The rose blooms
 Walking on the ice, quiver
 Life is a giver
 Run like a deer
 You can get here
 Tell the wolve to take a bath
 Face the bear
 And ask him where
 He finds his peace
 In the earth
 And on some distant star
 Does he ever get far
 A bear would have a great time in a bar
 I doubt he would drive drunk
 Not like some punk
 Who doesn't know what to think besides
 Schools woe betide
 There's higher places
 Probably not in your buddies braces
 But in some faces with tears
 Who've learned some years
 I say cheers
 Jamie Hamilton

The Coward's Doorway

Abandoned by love,
 Deserted by friendship,
 Murdered by miserable life
 You embrace death,
 A black entrance into
 Another existence.
 The coward's doorway
 Smeared with the bloodies prints
 Of those who preceeded you.

Imprisoned
 In your imagined jail,
 Visions appear,
 A film of horrors-
 A razor-
 Dulled from use
 Creates a crimson fountain
 Damning your river of thought.
 Blood seeps from your frowning body,
 Like a river of tears
 From a weeping widow.

Now your last chance is gone,
 Redeement an impossible dream,
 Your life's Light
 Smothered by your last sin,
 Never again to shine;
 Your soul's guillotine.

by Jason Meldrum

A New World - I can Run
 'Stand up and walk!' he said, but can't he see?
 My legs are useless, shrivelled, twisted, bent.
 Who is he anyway? They say he's sent
 By God, but what has that to do with me?
 It's not too bad this life, lying here and
 Having others run to serve and fetch for
 Me. It's a cruel world outside that door,
 Where dog eats dog. He does not understand.
 I don't fit there. That world is not for one
 As wounded, delicate, soul sick as I
 Have been; and yet I cannot avoid his eye.
 This silent command. His will must be done.
 One trembling step. A new world has begun
 Yet stronger still, I stand, and - I can run!

by Ann Passmore



The Gambler
 Sitting quietly
 Not far from
 Where he had
 a young man
 That question
 is life itself m
 does it all ha
 Time after th
 They had it a
 Happiness
 Had they sin
 He stopped
 But soon the
 They, it app
 Loss, failure
 Suffering de
 Was their m
 the dice?
 Did it all ha
 Win or lose,
 Life would b
 If its rules we
 All could no
 While life w
 With luck or
 With reason
 For the gam
 And men m
 Not allowin
 To truly suc
 Which one
 He must tak
 And make
 Of the han
 Yes, he tho
 The win wa
 With gamb
 Success lies
 Then in how
 For man's c
 to grasp th
 To take the
 And no ma
 This was the
 With that he
 He turned
 And once
 Duke

Heavy M

I hear it in
 I hear it a
 Thrash is
 It gives m

The music
 Distorted
 Long-hair
 It's the m

I really lo
 Exodus c
 but I'll al
 "Numbe

Don't like
 or Bon J
 Don't ev
 To con

Metal k
 it never
 and if y
 you can

Metal f
 by Tuhl

January 11