

Distractions

Distractions Deadline:
Editor: Jayde Mockler

Tues noon, Rm. 35, SUB

Someday we'll look back on this moment and plow
into a parked car.

- Evan Davis

Country Passage

Escaping from the frenzied grind
I've left the smokestacks far behind
No debts to pay
No claims to bind
I'm singing in my heart
For today I'm taking country passage

I hear cicada humming sweetly
The road rolls out to greet me
Fields dip and sway
Holding me completely
I'm laughing in my heart
Today I'm taking country passage

Around this bend
Roads await
Which need never end
If you pray

Windows down, my head is clear
Is this what our keepers fear?
That we see how foolish
These games appear
Or find truth inside our hearts
By taking country passage

Air hangs heavy with the scent of hay
Page is closing on another day
Sun still lingers
Like a lover's gaze
Its hands are dancing in my heart
As I'm taking country passage

Around this bend
Roads await
Which need never end
If you pray
Geoffrey Brown

Where has the Love Gone?

Big space fills with take-outs and taxis
Love has little room to grow
There was no evil in this place
We found it in ourselves
Misused the Word, raped the land
Made this heaven into hell
And we wondered
Where the love had gone

Like lips of a slashed throat smile
These grins capture all my senses
Wish me good fortune
Talk in present tenses
As hands twist in the knife
Leave me naked and defensive
Their answer's beg the question
Where has the love gone?

I think again of a young Irish boy
Grown up and alone
All their words and slogans
Don't say why his Daddy's gone
There is no reason to continue
Yet they find a will to fight on
While I wonder
Where the love has gone

I turned my head toward the eastern sky
To catch the day reborn in fire
Out of night's sepulchre
Came missiles of joy, rising higher
Exploding like unclenching fists
Striking down the work of liars
And pointing
To where the love has gone.

Geoffrey Brown

THE SKYLIGHT

I love to lie awake at night
when I have gone to bed
and watch the moonlight pouring through
the skylight overhead

I never knew the moon could be
almost as bright as day.
It's better than a nightlight
for it keeps the dark away

But when it storms and thunders
I get more than a surprise:
the lightening is more frightening
'cause it flashes in my eyes

It reaches down to grab me
with its fingers through the roof;
I bravely jerk right out of bed
(it's hard to keep aloof);
to reach my parents' room
I make a dive out through the door
as my bed is hit by lightening bolts
and shudders with the roar

So USUALLY I love to lie
and watch the clouds go rolling by
or gaze into infinity
through blueness clear as clear can be;
but when there's lightening in the air
you'll never find me lying there!
Pamela J Fulton

SEAGULLS OVER HORTON'S POINT

On wind - whipped days,
bleached sea-witches
ride ethereal waves
above beach grass
prostrate under the devil's eye.
Their shrieks are holy
when they plunge
to this gritty rood
littered with crab shells, gnarled
hands
and legs, a ripped car seat,
a broken Keith's bottle
and ghosts.
by Brian Seaman

DREAM WALKING

Drifting in a world of serpentine cables
and mute girders,
there's the melancholy mourn of a conch
as some invisible galleon puts to sea.
The bridge disappears into a warm mist,
steel glow-worms crawl through the haze,
their eyes are like opaque moons.
Hushed apparitions with veiled orbs
drift along the concrete catwalk
toward distant fires where knobby trolls
keep lonely vigils in outposts.
by Brian Seaman