



# DISTRACTIONS



## AIR TO BRICK WOL

Infernal fires burn  
in this not so sacred place -  
always peripheral awareness  
never closed  
hence new matter takes its toll.  
Once dark, shadowed eyes  
over a field of airy visions  
unlike that which surrounds us now;  
hard constructed metal field  
and plain of cloned wrenches.

If nothing more -  
musky acidic breath  
dissipating words into a frenzy  
of forgotten babble.

The forms which humble us -  
which make this transition  
woefully enduring,  
are those of brick and wood -  
symmetry of such will not find place  
in crisp abstract air  
and nimble virgin sound.

TIMMY F. PARRY

## LOVES THORNS

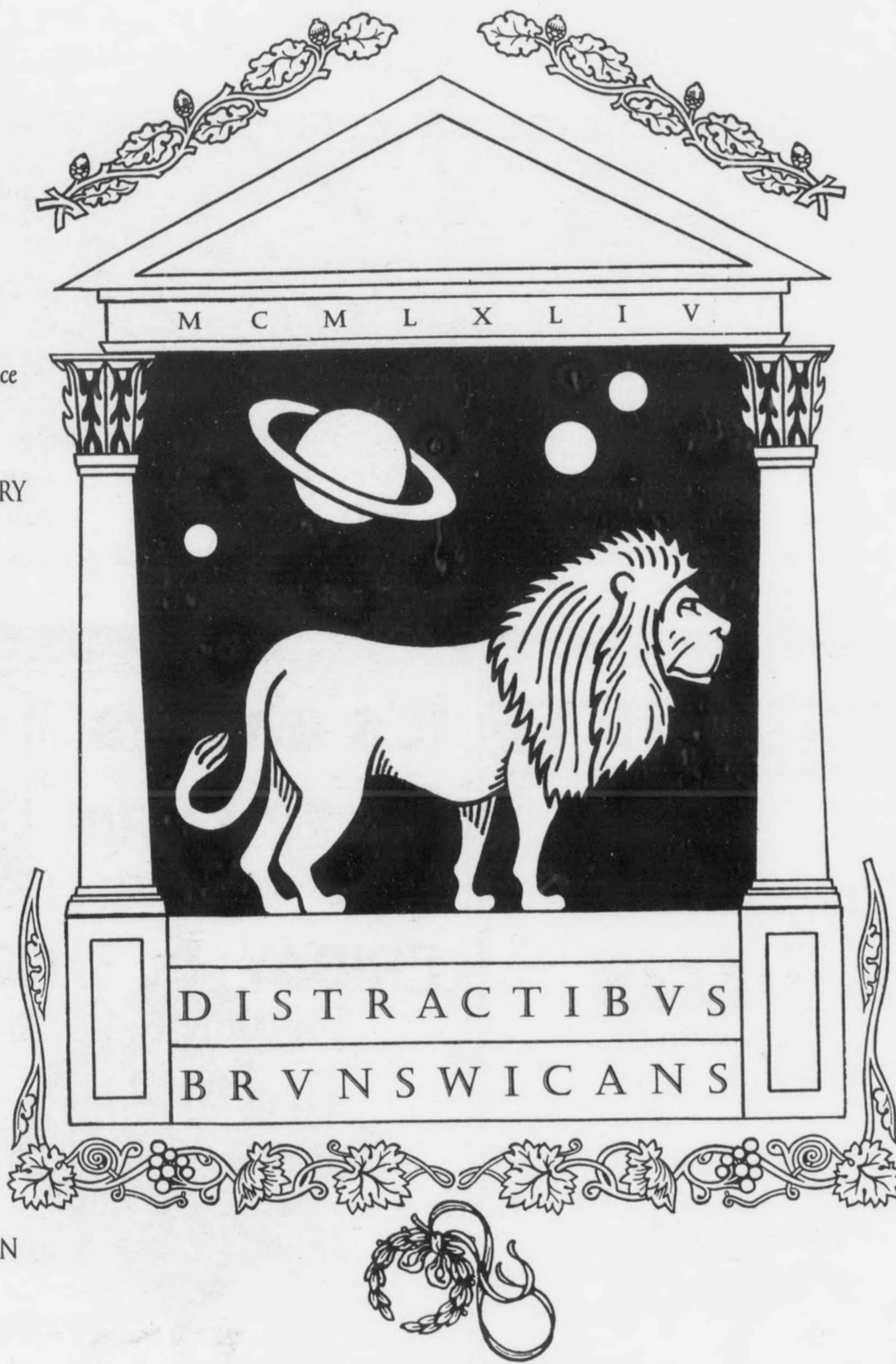
Roses of the wild  
Their scent intoxicating  
As are my memories  
Soft caresses, stolen kisses  
Everything merged into harmony  
Ensnared by loves delights  
As the deceitful web of love  
Wove its poison into my soul  
Forever shall I bear loves thorns  
'Tis a burden  
This emotion love  
I stagger from its weight

SHERRIE HUDSON

## TRUTHS?

The world is a parsimony.  
-or so I say.  
I am a sloven.  
-or so I am told.  
Take a look around and a look at me.  
-now tell me what you think.

BY WELDON R. CAVERHILL



## THE CRAFTSMAN

for my father

Row by row they lay,  
stripped of clothes and purpose and dignity,  
waiting for their last breaths  
to be stolen from them.  
This holocaustic choir of lumber  
wails its silent prayers for deliverance  
until, one by one,  
they are spared  
from the fire.  
Immortality, their hope,  
in the hands of  
the craftsman.

With a whisper  
he scoops them up,  
carries each to his sanctuary  
to furnish them with new  
identities.  
At first,  
they whine beneath his tools  
then bleed their sawdust tears of joy  
as they slip into  
peaceful sleep beneath his care.  
Then in a land of masterpiece  
and symphony only imagined,  
he moulds them back to life,  
never resting,  
only ever pausing  
to wipe their splinter sighs  
from his skin.  
Mystery is his cloak  
as from within his hedge of passion  
he breathes them into lives  
that no one will destroy.  
He shapes them,  
sculpts them,  
and as their final tears float down  
he wakes them with a  
kiss of goodbye from his fingertips.  
With a blessing he sends them,  
their history to become my own.  
Once the discarded,  
now the cherished,  
they smile in eternal thankfulness  
to the craftsman  
who retreats  
in the shadow of their glory  
to lift  
another soul  
from death.

BY KELLY MACDONALD

## DOUBT

Rolling eyes of emerald skies  
-look down with deep concern.  
Walking on the lips of dirt  
-feet scuffle and spit.  
One soul-celled beings float about in hallucinogenic-sight  
-laying down my centre of existence  
-I look up to the night  
Why are voices in my center?  
-and what is it they speak?  
I once thought myself insanely-gifted  
-but that thought has grown meek.

BY WELDON R. CAVERHILL

## MISTS OF THE MOORLANDS

The mist swirls haunting over the moors  
It moistness pearls upon my skin  
Memories of our loving embraces my reflections  
The intensity of our love melted my heart of ice  
Rich and rare was the love we once shared  
Heavy does my desire still flow through my blood  
As I behold the splendor of the misted moors  
My heart is laden with sorrow  
Ladened as the mist over the moors

BY SHERRIE HUDSON

## WITHOUT CHAINS

Because of it I turned into  
everything I used to fight against,  
Small town nightmares,  
blue collar futures and  
immense ounces of hate.  
Her freedom lies in front of her  
but her immaturity holds her back.  
Let her go her own way.  
Once again I am free,  
Once again I am without chains.

BY AARON BERG