



Distractions

it's something else

The Outcast

Loneliness, such a wretched emotion
But one we must all bear
Weighs heavily on the outcast's mind

To temporarily dull the pain of rejection
Feeling unloved and undesirable
The out cast seeks the refuge of hidden pleasures

But the emptiness, unchanging with time
Lingers still in the outcast's heart
Unsatisfied with secret indulgences

Searching, longing so frantically for love
The outcast overlooks it
Not feeling capable of someone's affection

Desperately seeking some form of acceptance
The outcast cries from within
Frustrated with fumbled, failing relationships

And heavy hearted, the outcast remains
Confined by her physical self
Lost in the ignorance of our shallow society

Angela Dawn Dillon

THE LOSS OF A BEST FRIEND

Another pointless day has come and past.
Only to bring me one day closer to my final
destiny.
But I am not afraid.
I open my arms wide and welcome it gladly,
maybe even somewhat relieved.
Living each day without her love,
her touch,
her embrace,
is worse then any hell it can bring upon me.
Why is it that you never realize what you have
until it is gone?
My pain and suffering must end now!!
So destiny, if you can hear my hopeless cries,
if you can feel my pain,
please shorten my days, before I do it myself!!!

Cory Hickey

Lonely Day

Morning Doves
come and go
come and go
come and go
I long to hear
your deep company

Why is it that
when sleep comes
I can't sleep
when all my world is gone

The thing I want
is sleep
but sleep
just keeps me waiting hopelessly
and then it goes away

Sharon Fierberg

ALIENS

Near my vinyl-sided home,
High voltage cables--
Parabolic smiles
On a naked
Slope--
Pass through
Porcelain fingers of
Giants--
Robot-like aliens of
A dark world.

They want to invade my
Home
With electricity
Driving out darkness
With the image of
A fireplace,
Venetian blinds,
And Catalogue-furniture:

recline my lazy-boy,
Charging my brain
with CNN,
As Kurds
Refugees of earth,
Try to escape despair
And death.

They want to invade
Peace
Because countrymen
invade
Their homes,
Their tents,
With the wizardry
Of death.

They want to
electrocute
Chaos
And hunger,
But they retain no
power
Except to run
Weakly.

Dan Lukiv

DREW GILBERT PHOTO

Peter Allison's



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