

DISTRACTIONS

Editor: Jayde Mockler

Deadline: Tues. Noon

Please include your name and student number with each submission

Elvis at the Mall

Guess what, guess what,
I was out shopping today.
And you would never guess
who I met along the way.
I needed many things, many things,
So I had to go to the mall,
and there I saw Elvis standing,
Up against the wall.
I know it's hard to believe,
But awe it was so cool,
Cause the very next day,
I saw him at the public pool.
But to get back to the mall,
I'm serious there he was,
He had on his blue suede shoes,
And the rest of his fancy do-das.
He was snapping his fingers,
And whistling a real neat tune.
But you know it's kind of funny,
I swear it was "Hey Jude".
Boy he looked a lot better,
He had got rid of his gut,
And it no longer looks broken,
When he goes doing his strut.
I think he's been working out,
I mean it really, you should see him,
So don't be too surprised
If you see him down at Gold's gym.
I got the nerve to go ask him,
Go up and say what's happening,
I just could, I believe it all,
I was then talking to the King.
I asked him where he's been,
Everybody believes that you are dead,
He just said my blue suede shoes,
Were hurting and so was my head.
So I gained some belly weight,
And I had to go on drugs,
I stopped hanging out with my mother,
And instead hung out with thugs.
So when I looked like I was gone,
We made everyone then believe,
That after this wild, wild party,
I flipped and then I O.D.
But I became tired of hiding,
I needed to get out, get some air,
And most people have now forgotten,
And now they no longer stare.
So if you please don't mind,
Is what he finally said to me,
Please don't tell anyone about this,
So they'll just leave me be.
So I left him then alone,
And I was soon on my way,
But to tell you, I must admit,
Elvis just made my whole day.
Seriously now, I'm not joking,
And I never read it in the Enquirer,
I saw it with my own eyes,
So no one is calling me a liar.
So if someone tells you the same,
Or you think you see him somewhere,
Do him a huge, huge favour,
And don't stop and just stare.

Joseph Hillman



1st Release - Light Sound Disease (for Mel)

In the Beginning,
You are seemingly calm.
Then You contemplate building
a nuclear bomb.
You start to listen
to the sonance of the remain;
Its sojourn of happiness
ecstatic with pain.
You're feeling the need
to edify Your mind,
by eliciting justice
from a hideous crime.
You ask, "What will happen
if I'm ever found out?"
Is it worth it to live
When You're always in doubt?
Paranoia slowly eats away
at the brain.
There is no time to wonder,
"Am I going insane?"
Then, all of a sudden
the Lights start to dance
with a noise that cannot
be described in parlance.
Quickly you swipe
at the closest Light switch
and the Sound goes down
to a bearable pitch. . .
But the music,
my god,
that beat is so bright!!!
Turn down the volume
You're losing Your sight.
Now look at the colors
those speakers emit:
vermillion and mauve,
with a tint of x-unit.
At last the uncanny
Anagnorisis of Disease
"In Vertigo" describes You
and You fall to Your knees.
This ALL comes in a FLASH
and in a FLASH it is gone
But you've embarked on a
Journey
And the show must go on. . .
- A posthumous thought
from Jim Morrison
(Thanks Rob W.)

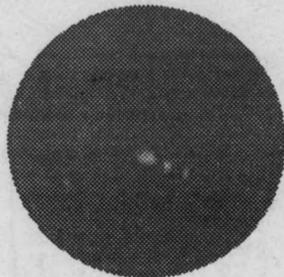


Her Plea to Ignorance

The multicultural forest,
Drowned in the newly fallen rain,
Its dew-drop song just ended,
The leaves and life now
Green and bright,
The brook rushing by
In a hurry to get everywhere;
Splashes the plants placed on the pebbled banks,
They laugh like children in a wave-filled wading pool,
Their leaves outstretched to catch the life
Entrapped in every single smiling drop.

As the circus of water travels by,
Its beauty catches every human eye,
Eroding the rocks of ignorance,
Nature's miracle amplified in this Eden-like scene;
Humankind is forced to listen to Her plea
And help Her out of this polluted misery.

Jason Meldrum



Fate

Peering across the horizon I see the sun
beginning to set behind the trees
Looking away, I look towards you,
but you no longer are there.
I look towards the horizon,
hoping to again see the sun.
I notice the sky is dark and empty,
the sun has disappeared beyond the trees
beyond the horizon.

The world is now cold
The world is now dark
the sky;
once illustrious, and viable,
now dark,
stretching singslessly into space
casting a shadow on the shear
of existence.

A brave eagle; once soaring
hesitantly into the vigorous streams
of sun light
Fecklessly brays to be defied
and to be imparied,
Once again with his keen
sight and strong flight.

As he listens for her sound of flight,
he hears a Linnet in the distance,
singing flippantly.

waiting at the aphelion of the earth,
in shadows of the dark,
he hears her glide by.

Dreaming of her consolation
and anxiety,
he desperately reaches out
to apprehend her.

With her once again under his
wings of flight,
they flee away from the aphelion of the divine body.
They soar towards the aperture
appearing in the shadows of the senseless cold space.

With new empathy and understanding,
they join together into the fresh forces
of mystery in the splendid streams
of the illuminus body.

Tracey Underhill



Words for the Sad Stranger with a Newspaper in Their Hand

The news is all the same
Blinding grey
On your paper
It makes you sad
And robs your eyes
Of their laughter

Some will rant and rave
That's their way
Don't even listen
You know that truth
Needs no words
Only vision

If you feel lost
Look across
The bridge you're burning
Search for the signs
All around
They will guide you

Love hasn't disappeared
It is here
In a small place
In an eye
In a hand
In a sunrise

So sit with me awhile
Share a smile
Or a memory
What one can't show
Together
Geoffrey Brown



No-one told them

No one told them
as they grew
bright faced
multi hued
cheerful along the street

They die like flies
but flies have more sense
- they sit in the sun
and relax.
Even women
have heart attacks
these days
or equal stress
no less

Summer sun fades.
This mixed border
in the fall
one and all
susceptible
to frost
and snow
and ice
and no-one told them.

Ann Passmore

The Court Room Lie

Today I face
the judge and jury.
I stand before them
with bible in hand.
The questions fly
and slit the air.
If stop to ponder
afraid to reply.
The judges eyes
send sharp razors
and sting my flesh.
I have done no wrong.
I believe I did not sin.
Mistakes are many
and I call them "mine"
but not on purpose
did I defy.
The juries stares
undress my soul.
My defenses destroyed.
I am alone and helpless.
I start to shiver.
No, No, I cry.
To save my strength
I must lie.
And hours later
the sentence is written.
With hollow eyes
and deafened ears,
I sit and listen.
The man of strength
whispers. Not Guilty.
A sigh of relief
escapes my trembling lips.
The judge and jury
have slipped from the room.
Only its too late
for tonight
I face myself.
The toughest
judge an jury of all,
for any lie I cry
My soul breaks through
Unable to escape myself.
Pounds like thunder. . .
... guilty . . .

Trisha Graves

