

DISTRACTIONS

A DYING SPIRIT

Whither goes my spirit
With discrimination all around?
Who will redeem this spirit.
Sentenced to death by the powers that abound?
No one I know because I don't
Belong to that "Holy Conclave"
Must I "Kiss my God" for redemption?
That could be worse because he is far away.
The imminent death of a lowly spirit
Resulting from constant discrimination
From principalities in high places
Is a matter of to be or not to be.

George Ato Eguakun

CANBRA

City
younger
than my mother's numbered years:
malls of air and light
juxtaposed with rounded hills
where city/country meet
in plates of glass as

round and round
the avenues go whirling by
in this Down Under capital
born to house our hopes
and puffed up pride designed

meticulous and curving
in the lingering mist:
a blend of gums
and guttering
and glistening whites
more graceful
since the trees have had a change
to reach their height curving into

vall-half-hidden-eyes
by lifting fog or culminating into

an empty antique
merry-go-round
dinkling in this noiseless open shopping square
near city centre where
a new-saved spruiker struts and interrupts
calling out his cause
to me and to this city

with its man-made heart
of quarry stones and

streetlights
lining highways
passing only sheep on ring-barked hills
and wattles waving winter yellow
in the sun.

Pamela J. Fulton

Last

Lasting is a talent
Always foreign to a drop of rain
True conviction misses
Ev'ry spasm stopped, all fleeting pain.

Everglades and Ice-Capades and dagger blade and grand parades,
Xanadu, the Danube Blue, the gilded halls of Katmandu,
All are subject to decay.
Marauding salmon swim away,
Enchanted by the ocean's spray,
Recalled to depths where most must stay.

What thing lacks the will to last?
Ashes cling to blackened pyre
In wake of long-extinguished fire
They must exist, 'though life has passed,
Speaking, hushed, "To last, to laasst..."

Sherry A. Morin

PAIN

I speak of pain
pain is what I feel
when the land writhes with anger
inflicting damage on the human soul
the wounds shed blood deeply
and in my life, I see pain.

I speak of pain
of hearts yearning for a long lost peace
buried and irretrievable from the past
to leave us searching in the present
for what might never become
I speak of helplessness

I speak of pain
of screams quickly muffled in the dark night
of infants forced to grow with anger
huddled in dark alleys, partying with cats
scraping trash cans for discarded morsels
I speak of hunger

I speak of pain
of want that festers greed
treacherous betrayal is what I have seen
but I have not seen it all
indeed there is more in the cauldron
I speak of pain, my pain, your pain
I speak of OUR pain.

Nlisi Hobona

Mathematical Words of Love

- Like the earth is attracted by the sun, I am attracted by you with an ardor proportional to the square of the distance that separates us.
- You are the sine of my gasps, the tangent of my expectations, the cosine of my wishes and the point of intersection of my dreams.
- There exists between you and me an open interval such that its equation has for solution: "our love".
- Together we make a polynome of the second degree of perfect square form where the equation has double root solution: $x_1 = x_2 = \text{LOVE}$
- When I admire the system of your parabolic forms, I loose my center of gravity
- I am a vector who wants to swap you in a Two Dimensional Graph.

Georges Karam