

DISTRACTIONS



What I was Thinking Last Night

Spasm
 Underneath the bone bridge
 As The Blood dripped
 Down your throat
 And I
 led through
 the many hell-holes screwed
 In your heel.
 "No! Don't cut my hair- it's my life!"
 The razor felt funny
 As it dismembered me
 And my hair-dreams fell too
 The checker-mated floor
 "Check, mate!"
 The BIG cheese just got up
 And walked back
 To the cow.
 He made her cry
 AS he stuffed her
 For Thanksgiving.
 "I've got you and your little doggie too!"
 "Give it back you bitch!"
 NO! I wont!
 I didnt!
 I did? Ha. Ha. Ha.
 Smiling with tulips
 Between my teeth
 And my typewriter
 Imprinted on my skull.

"This same skull, sir, was Yorick's, the King's jester"
 "Tis better to suffer the slings and sparrows of Rhyme!"

They flew up my place
 Where the bird of paradise
 Had bridged an absence
 In my birth.

The phone rang and scared the concentration out of me!
 "I proclaim this thought officially open!"

Jason (G.) Meldrum

the lottery

little circles
 little Xs
 little papers
 all around
 that when one
 put into the other
 runs all
 into the ground

a point to be made
 ?
 a truth to be named
 ?
 some justice to uphold
 ?
 questions just too bold
 ?

yes

no

black

white

no Mean horizon
 of grey
 in sight

lee dugas

EARTHING

We not are
 until we are born:
 then we belong to the land of our birth

Though mother's from here
 and father's from, where?
 this is my born place:
 the land of my earthing
 Come summer - some corner
 will ruffle through life-long
 wind through my history for only a day

But in the meantime
 I travel in time-song
 backwards through dreamtime
 to pin down my way.

Full Bloom

In dedication to that most graceful beauty, Joni Lee Nickels.

In summer
 I know
 Your beauty is a full bloom,
 Unchallenged in its grace,
 (Uncomparable in the entirety
 Of the human race.)
 But as this fall
 Yawns to wake,
 I hope to see
 The many branches
 That hold such beauty
 So perfectly in place
 I truly love
 The way the winds
 Embrace your luxurious ways
 (Most desirable every single day).

I'll fly to you
 Again in spring
 And on the most sturdy branch
 I'll build a ring,
 With hopes of true love,
 Perchance to marry,
 And fly away
 To a special place
 Where I'll spend each day
 Staring an eternity
 Into your Helen-like face.

The One Who Truly Loves

In the Wake of Fire
 (For Hugh, the Tree-lover)

Ash rides on the wind, a dark hobo
 Briars bend their heads to watch it go

Objects seem to lounge, half-into ground
 Drowsy from this warm sleep, newly-found

Meshy screens enfilm the hillside's knees
 Ash to soil, and later, soil to trees.

Blas of half-ignited embers float
 Wander by the pallid stumps to gloat

Slapped by wind, they quickly lose their glow
 Drained of all their color, dark and low

Forest burned comprised the sacrifice, that
 Brought to hills this limbo, almost nice.
 Tanned hills laze and never pay the price.

Sherry A. Morin



Pamela J. Fulton