

# DISTRACTIONS

## Poetry

### Canada's Song

Amid the wind's  
Whispers  
was once Whistled  
A whimsical  
Tune

Even now  
the song is still  
continued;  
Again and again  
Pouring  
From the hearts of  
musical rivers and  
Flowing...  
From the mouths of  
Babbling Brooks

They cry out  
an Eternal Ballad;  
Through their bubbling  
Contentment...  
A never ending song  
of the Wind's  
Enchanting Bride

Canada

Words of her beauty,  
Enhanced by  
Echoing  
Canyons,  
Compel the frolicking  
Raindrops  
To dance  
**BOISTEROUSLY**  
Among the Proud,  
and seemingly  
impenetrable  
Pines

However,  
Even the most  
Stubborn ones  
Cannot remain  
Unmoved,  
Untouched;  
As their leaves nod  
and Sway -  
Gently,  
To the harmonious  
rhythm  
which captures  
their souls

Above even the tallest  
of mountains  
The Clouds,  
Who are everchanging,  
Swirl smoothly,  
Smoothly  
In strong,  
But drunken cries...  
Intoxicated  
By Canada's unique  
and  
Exquisite Spondor

Simultaneously  
on the Ground,  
The Earth  
Who is both judge  
and jury  
Quenches her thirst  
in Quiet  
Contentment

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