

DISTRACTIONS

Deadline : Tuesday noon



THE RETURNING

fallen away, drifted upon the sea
so far away, the light you cannot see
running away, thinking you can hide
closing your eyes, opening up only to lies
floating away, drifting off the Rock
why can't you stay, you ask as the boat rocks
drifting away, you've let go of Jesus, the King
you let go, but He still holds you my friend

on a sea of sin
you don't know where to begin
was the time so long ago?
too long afloat without having rowed.

coming back seems so hard to do
so far away, feels like you cannot come to
unconscious, drifting still farther away
but we see, the saints of God begin to pray
you wake up, the shore is so far off
begin to yell you need a lighthouse
Jesus appears, He throws you a line
the returning, a lamb gone astray, but still alive!

on a sea of sin
Jesus is where to begin
no matter how far you go
Jesus will to you a line throw

(september 16, 1991)

to Dave: you asked me to write something appropriate for
the occasion.

Jason Richard



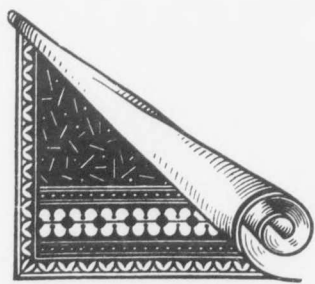
Scenes of Life

Seek the past
And strive to find the shell-case that
we stumbled from

Yell the truth
Of us and wonder
Under cliffs we tumbled from

Dare to stroke a parent-hand
Across the brow of Infancy
Now the peace It shows is more than
Credit to contingency
If we could revise our lives
No-one wise would ever try
God, we pass- but past will never die.

Sherry A. Morin



BASE ROOT

I do not want to do this.
I say to myself,
but I am no longer listening.
With reverence
I take you in my mouth,
tasting your smooth hardness
This dark urgency I feel,
I want your warmth inside me
flooding my senses
filling my emptiness
If only momentarily.
Sitting on the cold tile floor
I see my reflection
in the mirror;
gaunt and defeated
sucking this glass dick
into oblivion.

Tim Telford



Set Me Free and Let Me Go

I looked out the window one day
wanting to go outside and play.
Alas, mother said I could not
For it was too cold for a walk,
A prisoner inside my house.
I can't even squeak like a mouse.
The only squeaking I may hear
Is the sound of my mother's sneer.

I looked out the window one day,
And the sun was shining.
I shouted hurrah and hurrah;
I am going outside to play!
"Do not go outside," mother yelled,
"Come, or the sun will burn your skin!"
Sadly, I walked into the house.
"It's not too cold to walk," I yelled.
"It's summertime! Let me go play!"
"Stay inside," she said,
"You'll play again some other day."

I looked out the window one day.
Flowers were blooming everywhere!
Roses, daisies, tulips, lilies!
How I wanted to smell them all!
Mother was sound asleep upstairs.
How she snores like a chainsaw!
So I went outside.
I inhaled through my nose.
I exhaled through my mouth.
I ran all over the yard.
I did summersaults and cartwheels.
Ten minutes had passed.
No sign of mother, but I didn't care.
I ran to the flower beds and
I smelled every flower in sight.
"What do you think you're doing?"
Mother woke up.
"How dare you go out of the house?"
I took off.

At last, I'm free.
Her grip was weak.
She had to let me go.

Kathleen E. Grady

Emporium Memories

Sometimes in Fredericton, the Celestial City:
They will pass you by one a downtown market street,
King, or Queen, or Brunswickan
(closer to the old burial ground),
and they will not nod their way,
as you will not nod their way,
and so they pass...
and so they might not recall
you walking along, along with them inside,
inside their blood and bones,
remembering other emporium alleys:
in the mines and in the galleys,
in the Tabard Tavern; in the great hall
lifting the mead horn;
in the temples hearing the chanters,
or sat lotus still; or head bowed at altars;
or remember you sword in hand at Batoche/Vimy Ridge,
or remember you hands on the rocking cradle at Hochelaga/Alexandria,
or remember you skimming stones at Lake Louise/Windemere,
or remember you scaling Ben Lomond/Mount Logan,
or remember you upon Kilimanjaro/Mount Royale,
or remember you in Death Valley/Valley of St. John,
or remember you on the Blue-White Nile/muddy Fraser,
or remember you in the Gobi land's golden city/ Yellowknife,
or remember you on the whale way out of Greenland's Thule,
or remember you in the garden tending roses for Solomon and Sheba,
or remember you on the street corner, at all,
looking cross-wise, thinking,
Oui, je suis; Et tu Victoria?

Duane W. McDougall

OH BEAUTY

oh beauty that i behold
will you ever see me
oh beauty young and bold
will i ever be always free
oh beauty young at heart
stand close by me
oh beauty, so pretty and smart
i do want to see

oh beauty, close to my heart
oh beauty, never to part
oh beauty, so great and true
oh beauty, i love you

oh beauty that i behold
too bad others don't see
a beauty of young and old
a beauty within me
oh beauty found your place
in my heart of care
such beauty not of the face
but of a higher share

oh beauty in my arms
i love you is all i say to you
oh beauty i wish no harm
ever to separate us from truth
oh beauty alive in Christ
so very attractively you
oh beauty within my life
i cannot say how i love you

jason richard

