



Distractions



Untitled

At the end of time they float
Upon a golden shimmering lake
In the eternal twilight
Water glows with the light they make

No ripples marr the mirror
Of the blushing stars they reap
As they dip their hands into
The cool apathetic deep

Woody rafts they sit upon
Alive with bough and leaves
Drift with each one entity
Wherever they would please

In this vast place are shadows
Abandoned naked by their forms
These partners visit elsewhere
Not where the living all are born

Darting voices are a song
Mingling with the jewelled sky
They listen to the music
Hidden from their gaping eyes

I watched you walk towards them
Away from life and pain
A spot on the horizon
was all that you became

By Erin Carter

Scenes of Life (III)

Races interlocked in races
Under cracking of a whip
None of them will slow their paces
Now and then they dive and dip
Inching forward, inching back
Nervous when they hear the crack
Grazing on a racer's hip

Faster, faster wind and blindness
Ache to win, and vision thin:
Selfishness will trample kindness
To the death, and no-one wins
Sherry A. Morin

A Person Who Acts like God

He and his friend
Stand on the river bank
Talking about an accident
That happened a week ago -

A small ferry boat carrying 13 passengers
Was struck by lightning
While crossing the river -
All the lives were killed.

"There must be a certain person in the boat
Who did something wrong,
Which provoked God."
He is reasoning.
His friend agrees with him.
"But I don't think," he continues
As an ant bites his toe,
"God is fair for He kills
All the people in the boat."

He suddenly stops his inference,
Being very angry,
And tramples to death that ant
And the other ants as well
That did not bite him.

The Doubtful Truth

Waiting,
Wondering,
Thinking,
But we can never know,
Because if we knew,
There would be no doubt
And therefore no life.
For uncertainty is the basis of thought
Through which we reach answers.
Although not always easy to find,
They are there.
So we begin the search,
Pose questions, and proceed,
We wait,
We wonder,
And we think
Until we stumble across the doubtful truth.
Matthew J. Collins

Time's Apology

'they say you waste me
sorry, it's I who waste you
when you're negligent'

Hand-Cuffs

Glitter
As a clatter
Lands cracked cement,
Bar of solid
Dissipated
Tears replenish
Decades of close
Slaps
Cold air,
Forgiveness snares
hope

Today
And a life
For tomorrow.
Jason Meldrum

Faith

Trample steamy path,
Push me to onward
Sects of innocense,
Paintings of pasts
Hang still nature,
Laughter an echo
Inside leaved halls,
Twig snap
A danced ecstasy
Down masked corridors.

Fate is not so bold,
Melancholy grows again
As I become the old,
Saturated blue stain,
Beneath my path
Solution becomes untruth.
Jason Meldrum

A Car Race on the Highway

On Trans-Canada to Grand Lake
Two cars are in a race:
The one in front wants to keep the lead;
The one behind wishes to get ahead -

The rear driver accelerates to 100
In the 80 maximum.
The front does the same.
The behind then puffs out
Darker smoke and streaks
40 faster than the limit.
The front has to do the same...

The duel does not last
After a voice is heard inside
The front: "The guy behind, unlike
You, is a student with
Neither kids nor wife." -

Everyone excited watching
Sees the behind surpass.

A Universal Outlet

He, a scholar from China,
Is not yet familiar with Canada.
However, there's one thing
He is acquainted with -
Graffiti, which he finds
On tables in classrooms
And on the walls of public washrooms.

Before he came to the New World,
He assumed everything there was different.
Now, he sees the same visual pollution
That he saw back in his nation.

He doesn't know
Whether people in these worlds,
East and West,
Have something in common.
But he perceives
They both sometimes like to
Find a vent for
Their uncontrolled emotions.

On Her Pant(s)

Often she rushes into the classrooms,
Panting hard as a jet in the sky booms.
Is the hill* too high?
Are her pants too tight?
Both perhaps.
But the time pressure
Brings her this type of "pleasure":
She will climb the hill
To attend a class;
And another class
When she comes down!

*The university of N.B. is built on a hill.