

# DISTRACTIONS

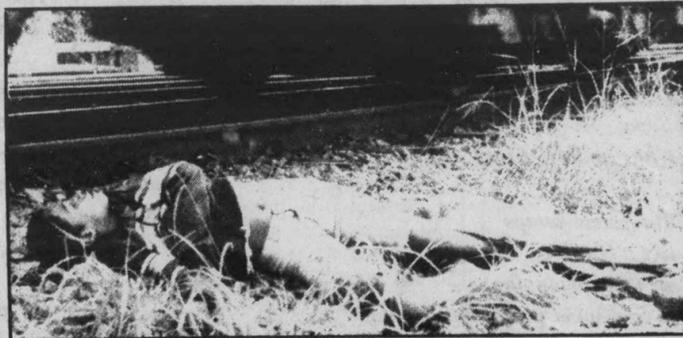
**Editor: Jayde Mockler**  
**Deadline: Tues. noon, Rm 35, SUB**

**Please include name and student number with your submission.**

## Epitaph

Two atoms in time  
 Meet at destiny's doorstep,  
 An attraction mutually felt  
 They came together  
 Creating memories that will  
 Last until that day;  
 That day when all life  
 Shall cease to exist.  
 Nothing can destroy it  
 Of make it change,  
 No one wants to distort the beauty;  
 A monument of past love  
 Placed in the center  
 Of history's gallery,  
 Forever to be admired  
 By anyone who knows of its sculptors,  
 And moves even those  
 Who have no knowledge of  
 This collision at the entrance of fate.  
 Memories, the epitaphs  
 Of the wonderful pasts.

Jason Meldrum



## The Promise of Life

*The life of a child  
 From the womb to a mother's arms,  
 Nothing can bring it harm  
 or end the joy inside.  
 Blinded by innocence,  
 it sees no enemies,  
 Crying brings the love  
 That makes its world better.  
 its smile, the light in days of despair  
 Bringing a passionate amnesia to any problem.  
 But the sun can be blocked  
 By a storm of truth,  
 Maturity drown the happy lies  
 and the joy.  
 As the crimson flood appears  
 The pressures show their scar,  
 The world turned deaf  
 To his very existence,  
 He murdered his soul.*

*As the sky emptied of its dreary rain,  
 So did his body of its dreary life.*

Jason Meldrum

## Advent

Partial views through parted fingers  
 Half heard words hit earth dulled ears  
 Man seeks God in half filled churches  
 Man hears truth filtered by the years.

God obscured by paint and mortar  
 hid by ritual, out of sight.  
 God reaches out, spirit made mortal  
 Touches depth from his great height.

man reaches out to take his offer.  
 Wafer thin for a wounded soul.  
 Red blood shed - though great God's love is  
 Oozes away. Sin takes its toll.

Ann Passmore

## CHILDREN OF PAIN

We are the children of pain,  
 Hunger, poverty, abandonment, death,  
 These are the curses we carry.  
 In our past these things destroyed,  
 The lives which we shall never know,  
 And in the cruelties of life,  
 They shall surely be visited upon us again,  
 Fate has made us dependent upon you,  
 And the small mercies of a changing world,  
 Orphans of the dead and dying we survive,  
 To become yet another insignificant portion of society,  
 Shelved away to be "handled" at some later date.  
 In large groups we lay crowded, yet alone,  
 Each one's tears falling until they can no longer,  
 And all screaming until a thousand voices are lost,  
 In the echo of empty hearts.  
 yet, we remain here, most of us,  
 For deep within us burns a faint glimmer of hope,  
 That one day we may leave this place,  
 And perhaps belong somewhere,  
 To someone again.  
 Simple human love is all we desire,  
 With it perhaps we can live again,  
 Learn how to cry again,  
 And perhaps, even learn to smile.  
 For the Romanian Orphans  
 Duke



## Outside - Looking In

Something there is that fears, rejects your wall,  
 Especially from outside, looking in.  
 Seeing you huddled, small against the din  
 Of life, curled, hurt, hiding, but that's not all.  
 For from within it seems so strong this wall.  
 Secure, firm, such a good place to begin  
 To gather self, to regroup health, to win  
 Life's battles. From inside it seems so tall.  
 It keeps others out, and protects, this wall,  
 But it restricts, divides. It holds you in.  
 This lonely box becomes life's empty bin,  
 Because hope, life, love, exists beyond all  
 Aloneness, and huddled inside this wall  
 You will not find strength, hope, peace, love, at all.

Ann Passmore