

# 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 sculpters,  
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



### 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



### 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



### 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