DISTRACTIONS

Editor: Jayde Mockler
Deadline: Tuesday noon. Please include name and student number with submission.

Block 14 (in honour of Maximillian Kolbe)
Fare away the sun lay soft hands
On summer lawns
Here it played the enemy
An ugly searing heat
Besting on the ranks of living dead
Who stood in a razor silence
Sharpened by groans from falling bodies
Kicked to their feet or left in piles
By normal men in Satan's dress.

'Oh Father, grant me strength to share their burden'
Waiting, waiting, the agony of waiting
Through sweltering hours
Till last the devil chose the ten
And though silence was the best defence
Whom evil drove the suffering
To selfish paths
You walked up to him
With Mary close beside once more
And donned her second crown
'Oh Father, I will not forsake you though it mean my death'

Transfixed in that shining moment
Past the wasted flesh
Did he see the love
Transcendent in your eyes
Windows to a greater power
Did he falter in the face of the faith
He never had
A spirit his proud violence
Could not crush
'Oh Father, forgive them; they know not what they do'
Those dark days still linger
Remain a horror I cannot fathom
But in their midst your gift blazes
Through it comes my understanding
As I picture you
Your trails ended
Arm outstretched for your release
A smilina whisper on your lips
'Ave Maria'

Geoffrey Brown

'The Gifts'

They died for us.
They gave us a gift.
Their life descended so ours would rise.

Who were they?
What were their names?
The names erased so ours would be written.

How old were they?
They once had breath.
They exchanged it for ours.

Every breath that you take.
Every word that you speak.
Remember their gifts. . .Freedom, Liberty, Life.

Thank God
For the Many who serve.

Michael Tower

Trees of Personality
The trees that surround us,
Thrive in their diversity,
As do the people,
Who share their environment,
Each one separated,
By the peculiar characteristics,
Which make them different,
Yet, allow them to survive.
Each tree of personality,
Has carved out its own distinctive niche,
Frivolous alders run helter skelter,
Along the ditches of every roadway,
while the stubborn cedar,
Stands alone in the misery of the swamp.
The strength and industry,
Of the stoic evergreen,
Is admired by many,
Yet, especially in the autumn,
Many revel in the beauty,
Of the colourful maple, oak and birch,
If any, these are the trees with heart,
They amaze us with their, 'Joie de Vivre,'
In the hardship of early springtime,
continue on their celebration of life,
Through an all too short summer,
And then in the face of winter's doom,
They seemingly dance and laugh,
Preferring to go out in a blaze of glory,
They enjoy each moment of life,
To the absolute fullest.
Through this tragic cycle,
Of growth, celebration and death,
The stolid evergreen stands ignorant,
Of true joys of life,
As it lives and dies by inches,
Just a little every day,
Not enough for anyone to notice,
Yet alone itself. . . .

Duke

LEST WE FORGET

Broken Soldier

Shivering soul screaming silent songs.
Blood boiling within his broken heart.
Haw clenched in feared determination.
Across the battlefield he walks each painful step.

Chaos fills the world around him.
Ears are deaf to all but his pounding heart.
Sky darkens into a starless night.
Face lifted to the heavens, eyes searching nowhere.

Body standing so tall falls hopelessly to the muddy ground.
He hungers a hollowed hideaway to heal his hurts.
Laying on the cold earth the broken soldier suffers
Crying for help is a struggle.
Other strong soldiers keep fighting.
Will he be left to die?
Teardrops fall from his tired eyes.

Deborah Ruth Wilton

Lest We Forget

Photos show the children run
but some run to, and some run from.
We turn the page without a qualm,
"though leaves are many, the root is one."

A child's life is free, halcyon.
We forget those that daily fear a bomb.
We practice with ease the axiom-
"though leaves are many, the root is one."

The world is small now, by comparison
yet we forget with great aplomb
that soldiers still shoot children down.
"though leaves are many, the root is one."

We must sound the trumpet clarion.
Lest we forget what they run from.
Lest we forget without a qualm,
"though leaves are many, the root is one."

Ann Passmore