

# DISTRACTIONS

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Deadline: Tues. Noon

Please include your name and address on each submission

## Omega

Where is balance  
when armies start their play  
If alliance religion policy  
get in their way?  
In combat nations boast  
with candour and dishonest honesty  
to boost morale for superiority:  
fact after fact inflated or refined  
feed hungry bodies  
to effect some peace of mind  
and that which is  
lies flattened under armoured tracks  
while oil fields burn  
and politicians spin and turn their backs.

Worldwide  
markets pulse repulse  
In helpless harmony with decimation's fear:  
this conflict gauged in barrels  
and overhung by chemistry  
may bring us all to penury within the year.

Twelve thousand years  
this gulf has watched in wonder  
as cultures of the saplens arise  
march left and right to death  
and melt again into its silent slit  
where now its curling wavelets smooth and black  
glurp shorewards;  
and cormorants with filmy eyes  
all tarred and feathered in the dawn  
attempt to wade as lithely as they had before  
and spread adhesive wings  
searching through their sparkling past  
for something  
that for them is there no more.

Until last week  
we all were ignorant  
but CNN and war have educated millions  
overnight:  
increased their verbal store  
with new ones like "incoming scuds"  
and old ones with new meanings such as  
"silkworm" and the "tomahawk".

All you believers in a living truth:  
Think that your common God is just with you  
soaking up your measured, thirsty prayers?  
Go chant and burn your candles with your pleas,  
and call with all your voice on Trinity  
to intervene with fate  
and guide those patriots to keep you free  
(do this for me); for here's the crux:  
extract some meaning from this terrifying flux  
and hold your sabbaths on a Wednesday.  
The same by them believed by you:  
there is no doubt that right is on your side:  
your motive just:  
It's you who must decide to demonstrate  
or do your stand of duty in the dust.

Goodbye, my brother-enemy.  
We hurtle from the sky  
In fire  
(with missile dead to missile in the fire).  
They'll lay our bodies side by side  
and weep  
In mosque and church and synagogue  
while in the morning  
you and I sit side by side  
and feast on blazing light  
In Paradise.

He lays out all your prayers  
(petitions sent like tracers in the void of night)  
tarot cards in fortune-told array.  
Does He reflect before He makes his choice  
or simply sweep the lot away on winds  
into the desert storm (fall where they may)  
unanswered  
and forever wondering?  
by Pamela Fulton

## Wordly Honor

It is up to us to keep the peace,  
We must firmly grip disaster's lease.  
It is up to us to protect the young,  
To keep the air clear for thy lung.  
We must keep all hearts snugly warm,  
Or coldness and Hell shall grow and swarm.  
Protect the little children's innocence,  
Wipe out all useless, harming violence.  
Seek out the madmen of crime,  
Destroy them before desperate times.  
Keep a strong, firm lawful hand,  
Keep thy argument on where we stand.  
Protect paradise from being lost,  
Throw off Satan's shadow at any cost.  
Blast prejudice, black boy cries,  
We must not abide by racist lies.  
Make thy wishes for the good of others.  
Treat all of mankind as humble brothers.  
Plant the seed, grow the food to feed,  
Help those in pain not to bleed.  
Be flexible in your thoughts and ways,  
Make good use of all hours and days.  
Cry out our freedom's exciting existence,  
Show the senseless enemies honors persistence.  
But remember no matter how hard we try  
All of nature must someday die.  
And although this sends a sharp chill,  
It is all part of the plan, His will.

by Joseph Hillman

## Wheels of Commerce

Faceless men in suits and ties  
Litanies of figures to recite  
Tell me everything will be alright  
As I watch mountains, old as time  
Come crashing down  
Like seen through lies  
Into black holes of our hunger

Watch the wheels of commerce turn  
Watch the wheels of commerce turn  
Squeezing out the profit  
No matter what the cost

See the trail the wheels make  
Rainbow slicks on a dying lake  
They pay you well to look the other way  
So-called progress, the same old story  
Fish floating belly-up  
In our glory  
An obscene symbol of our culture

Watch the wheels of commerce turn  
Watch the wheels of commerce turn  
Squeezing out the profit  
No matter what the cost

See the wheels crushing us to death  
Sucking in toxins with every breath  
Faded eyes ache for green, but there's nothin'  
As the last woods falls to a burger bar  
And a parking space  
For everybody's car  
And saves no place for a future

Watch the wheels of commerce turn  
Watch the wheels of commerce turn  
Squeezing out the profit  
No matter what the cost

by

Geoffrey Brown

## BE MY VALENTINE

How time flies!  
It looked just like yesterday  
When I was in Nigeria  
With all of my family  
Sharing flowers and love  
And doing stupid things  
Just for Valentine's day.

Just now again  
Valentine has visited  
This perennial visitor  
I couldn't even remember  
Until the SUB displays of cards  
Relating to Valentine  
Reminded me it's time again.

Why do you come now  
Why not wait a little longer  
Why not forget this time  
With no one to play with  
With all my lonesomeness  
Please Val wait a little  
Until I am ready

To imagine  
That I will be alone  
This Valentine's day  
Is a scary feeling  
Feeling of unlovedness  
Take my plea Val  
And hold out for me.

If somebody will  
Then I am available  
Be my Valentine  
by  
Eyninda N. Okey

## Environmental Devastation

Duck  
Skims over water, flashing jewel,  
Splashes down, lands in oil,  
Trashes in the surface tension,  
Day passes, movement ceases,  
Flashing jewel, dark and dull  
Floats lifeless on the oil.

## Man

Skims over water, fighting duel,  
Crashes down, land of oil,  
Slowly spreads on surface tension,  
Chokes water sources, clogs machines,  
Day passes, no hope of progress,  
Man lifeless on the sand.

by

Ann Passmore

## Being Inside

Twisted and churned up,  
Feeling the pressure inside,  
Unable to cope with being confined,  
Wanting to be out where others are,  
To express my feelings inside so far,  
Needing the freedom of the everyday man,  
Wanting some help but given the left hand,  
Trying to fight but holding myself back  
Twisted and churned up inside.  
Looking for privacy but nowhere to hide,  
Wanting the simple rights of a normal man,  
Reaching out but not touching a plan,  
Feeling for friendship but getting cold shoulder,  
I must be some kind of nut to feel so up and down,  
Finally I've touched something but not ground,  
Given a pass, but it's taken away,  
Just for twelve hours, just for one day,  
Wanting to call someone for help,  
Given a choice but answering with a yelp,  
Unable to sit in one place too long,  
So the doctor is right and I am wrong,  
It's some kind of silly juvenile song,  
Not poetry, not lyrics, but a bunch of words,  
All in one sentence not making sense,  
Who really cares, it's all for one pence,  
Twisted and churned up inside

by Peter Pire