

DISTRACTIONS

Your Turn to Fear

You lean from my branch,
you bastard,
weighing on me,
dragging me down,
hanging close enough to the ground
to grab the woman
who passes by below

Then you bounce back up with her in your clutches
and scutter up to your night perch
in my stolen leaves

she is surprised
you stifle her
you squeeze her
and she cannot talk or breathe

imagine your surprise
as her face turns green
and her legs turn to wood
and her fingers are thorns
and her locks are vines
you don't know how to save yourself
your mouth is stopped with leaves
the vines laugh and hang you
on their crazy Christmas tree

What you hadn't counted on
When you tried to cut us down
is that my sisters are all part of me.

Sherry A. Morin

Clear the haze

A breeze so soothing
Blows over me
Invitingly removing
The haze of the streets
An eye so silent
Now meets with mine
Speaks a truth bent
With childish rhyme
Then looks away
Looking afraid

Look back that I might behold
The one I'll love 'til I'm old
Look back that I might behold
My life-companion that I will hold

Blow wind, blow; clear the city haze
And upon these streets
May I soon meet
The one who'll exhaust my days

Jason Richard

Life

Spring, fresh and new
Flowers, all over the ground, colourful and pretty
Man, walking and curious
And roads,
long and endless.

Summer, kind but hot
Days, long and boring
Man, thirsty but hard
And roads,
still long and endless.

Fall, the storm of flying colours
Sunset, the attractive sadness
Man, mysterious by still hard
And roads,
still miles and miles,
ahead of your eyes,
endless and long.

Winter, the lonely bride, cold and strong
Moonlight, less bright but not weak
Ocean, infinite and blue
Sailors, silent but always there
Man, close to be hidden but never forgettable

Nights, mysterious darkness
Stars, blazing and lovely
Mom, crying and hopeless
I, lonely but thoughtful...

"Reza", April 1994

He liked to smile
and daydream
and stay up late
but he had to leave
so he mutated
but first they stared
they must've been staring at something
so he changed
so they'd look away
and then he hated being invisible
but it was too late
so he hid
and seethed
and blamed
and distorted
and learned to hate

Maryjane