Waynessence
Writers and Artists at Work

The Waynessence of
The University of Akron Wayne College
Fall 2003

Memories of Ireland
by Marguerite Wagner

Waynessence, the literary magazine of The University of Akron Wayne College, is published for the campus community to provide an audience for aspiring writers and artists. All materials are published with the consent of the contributors, who accept full credit for their work.

Artists, photographers, and writers have produced their own work independently. Their proximity in Waynessence does not reflect the intentions of authors or artists.
Special Acknowledgments from the Staff:

God, for guiding us
Susanna Horn
Carolyn Freelon
Dean Jack Kristofco
Sam Sheller
David Kirkland
All the English Faculty
SO PAC
Everyone who submitted to Waynlessness

Editor's Note

From the initial planning stages to publication, it has been an honor and a pleasure to work on this semester's Waynlessness.

Advisor's Note

It was a privilege to advise this semester's Waynlessness editors as they put together work submitted by the College community, both students and staff. The pieces are as unique as the artists who produced them. Best wishes to all writers, photographers, and artists as they continue to develop their skills. Many thanks for allowing us little glimpses of your talents.

Susanna K. Horn
Waynlessness Advisor
The Smucker Learning Center
Not: The Waynessence staff reserves the right to choose and edit written submissions as well as art and photography based on length, technical accuracy, and audience considerations.

Staff
Editor-In-Chief
Amanda Conley

Editorial Staff
Nikki Golden

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Writer and Artist Biographies

Gordon R. Beals of Dalton is taking a course in Art at Wayne College.

Megan Berkey is a junior from Smithville who enjoys music and photography.

Adam Bougher is majoring in graphic design and studying photography.

Derek Frautschy works for Wayne College in the maintenance department.

Ryan Flory is a business major.

Jack L. Hurt is retired from sales after 40 years and is having fun learning at age 73.

Bonnie Maxwell is chosen, blessed and golden.

Ben McConahay enjoys working with performance import cars and photography.

Amanda Morrison is in her second year at Wayne. She spends her summers playing music and attending festivals, and her winters majoring in psychology and education.

Amanda Raber is a student and the mother of one.

Olivia Ringler of Wooster plans to major in Zoology and Spanish.

John Shaffer is a 60+ student with a life-long love of nature and photography.

Susan Shaffer, a Navarre resident, works in the Wayne College Word Processing Department. She has four grown children, eight grandchildren, and a Chihuahua named Rosey.

Josh Stadden is a theater major and a lover of Punk Rawk.

Marguerite Wagner of Orrville is a grandmother of nine, mother of 3, wife of one, and finally taking an art class to see if she has another vocation!

Jason Wellman of Rittman is majoring in Photography and Fire Protection Technology.

Juicy
by Marisa Minor
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Red Wine
by Derek Frautschy

Have you every enjoyed red wine after a good dinner? I certainly have tasted that experience. I think 'experience' here is the key word, which brought me to a particular train of thought. That thought was and is how much life is like wine.

When wine is conceived in the mind, first you think of the grapes that produce that wine. They begin in spring as mere buds, then having been pollinated, the fruit springs forth. I hope I need not elaborate on how this mirrors our own life. Then as children grow, they come of age in a warm summer sun. Here is where the parallel to life really begins, for just as the tender grapes reach maturity, someone comes along and cuts them down. The grape is then thrown into a bucket with a lot of other down and out grapes. The grape is crushed, not bruised or dented, but pressed until all the blood runs out and the pulp floats in its own juices. (Please take the time to note any parallels you like here.)

This is not the end of the grape. As if this were not enough, yeast is poured over the body of the grape. Yeast is a fermentor, which really means it comes to the crushed grape and breaks down the sugars and takes what is left of the sweetness out and turns it into bitter alcohol. To sum this process up, you take something bright and sweet and you mash the hell out of it and then soak it in chemicals to further break it down. (Are you following?)

At one point the pulp is ripped from the juice and thrown in the garbage. The blood is left to contend with the attacking yeast by itself until no more of the sweetness is left for the yeast to attack. When nothing is left, we stabilize the wine with chemicals and pour it into a bottle and leave it lying on its side in some dark musty cellar. Here we leave the pour soul of the grape to contemplate its own ruin for years.

Now we come to the irony of life. This poor solution, which has been manipulated in cruel ways, when finally brought to light, is not a bad thing at all. Rather, it has become a good thing that savors well. (Except for those that turn to vinegar, which is another subject altogether.)
Still she tries to reach us, though we weaken every day.
But our control controls us, and we have to turn away.
We've forgotten all our reasons, our choice becomes our trap,
And the farther that we go, the harder to turn back.

Teary-eyed she reaches down and gathers us around.
She wraps us in her moonbeam arms and speaks without a sound.
Says, "Daughter you can win this war, I'm praying that you will,
You have a place and purpose here that only you can fill.
And girl I know you don't believe you're good enough to be,
But I look into your future and there's strength in what I see.

*Hot Spot*
bym Jeanette Thompson

*Hotel for One*
bym Jeanette Thompson

*The Life of Trees*
bym Jack L. Hurt
Birds infrequently work their way into my heart. This one did. I first noticed it early in September, the leaves just beginning to turn and the soy bean fields changing from green to gold. Durga (the family Lab) and I were taking our morning road walk. An immature Red-tailed Hawk, resplendent in its first molt feather pattern, sat on the high-tension wire. It stayed on the wire until we were within twenty to thirty feet, much closer than a hawk allows a human to normally approach. As we moved closer we were able to see clearly the spotted wing feathers that identified it as an immature bird. The slanted rays of the morning sun lighted it with a soft glow. It flew down the line and landed on a pole as if expecting us to follow. When we approached again, it repeated the behavior, until Durga and I reached our “turn around tree” and turned back toward home.

For several days this beautiful bird showed for us. The morning mists set a glorious stage in the farm fields for his display. Two other mornings it startled us by leaping into the air from a grass covered ditch. The bird was no more than 10 feet away from us when it took flight. One of those mornings I grabbed my camera with its long lens, and shot a roll. To my joy a couple of shots showed its personality - pensive (or was it sad) in one and “exiting stage left” in another.

Because of this natural interaction with a magnificent wild hawk, I began to feel a bonding. I thought about my lifelong love of nature and wondered how this bird fit in. The closest feelings I could identify were friendship (could that be?), a closeness, “MY BIRD,” and a desire to think of a name for it.

Before the naming took place, the bird disappeared. “Had it migrated or found a new territory? I need to check my reference materials to see

**The Red-tailed, Tale**

by John Shaffer

Luminous and unashamed, Moon glides across the heavens.
Following her sacred path, confidence fills the sky.
Though she carries herself proudly, no arrogance is found,
An example in the sky, for us here on the ground.
Luminous, powerful, peaceful, graceful, true,
Ever-changing, still the same, we can do it too.

Teary-eyed she reaches down and gathers us around.
She wraps us in her moonbeam arms and speaks without a sound.
Says, “Daughter, you are wonderful, and beautiful inside,
I wish you didn’t hate yourself, there is a healthy pride.
And girl I know you don’t believe you’re good enough to be,
But I know you’re mistaken, and my good friend agrees.”

Powerless she watches as we dance along the knife blade.
She longs to fill our emptiness, but it’s not for her to say.
We cling to our destroyer, and we push away our friends,
Our enemies and allies, confused now in our heads.

With aching heart, she hears us when we scream out silently.
Her Understanding pouring down, but we’re too far gone to see.
And it hurts her when she cannot end our self-inflicted pain,
But we can’t end our swirling spiral, or let go of our shame.

For we walk in bristled silence, eyes ahead, don’t make a sound.
Just try to be invisible to everyone around.
Protect ourselves or else get hurt, we know it all too well,
But she knows our armor locks us deep inside our private hell.
when Red-tails actually migrate, to where, and return when?” I mused. No sooner had these thoughts crossed my mind than I drove my car down the hill beyond our walking territory and saw a horrible sight. A pile of familiar feathers lay beside the road. “It can’t be,” I thought. No head, tail or claws were visible as I drove by. “Maybe it’s not our Red-tail,” I hoped.

The next day the bird did not return. Durga and I took a different route so we could check out the pile of feathers. They were gone. “Probably a coyote’s meal,” I surmised, since they had been spotted in the area.

“MY BIRD” is now gone but I am fortunately left with fond memories and one roll of 35MM prints.
Beach
by Amanda Morrison
Sand dune rocking me to sleep,
Waves cover my soul,
Moonlight with her Mother’s face,
Shines mercy on us all.

The invisible are dancing,
I feel them brush against my face.
In the flash of peach that follows,
My thoughts fall into place.

A young man with unruly hair,
Walks in the waves and stops to stare.
He finds his grounding comfort,
In the pattern of the tide.

A woman with a past of tears,
Draws strength enough to face her fears.
The ocean stands as witness;
From herself she will not hide.

Stranger with an upturned face,
Thinks about Amazing Grace.
Another comes to fellowship,
With those who’ve gone before.

All the prayers that have been spoken,
And the hearts both healed and broken,
All seem to have found their way,
Here to this one place.

Sand dune rocking me to sleep,
Waves cover my soul,
Moonlight with her Mother’s face,
Shines mercy on us all.
The Cutchright Place, Stonecoal, WV  
by Amanda Morrison

Irish Countryside  
by Marguerite Wagner

Flight to Freedom  
by Amanda M. Raber