Waynessence, the student 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.
Dedication:

This, I’m sorry to say, is my last issue as Editor of Waynessence. With that in mind I’d like to dedicate this issue to all of the faculty and staff of Wayne College. I’ll take your guidance and the fond memories of this place with me always. I’d like to give a special thanks to Susanna Horn and Carolyn Freelon, because without them this book would have been all but impossible.

Thanks To:

God
Susanna Horn
Word Processing
Dean Jack Kristofco
Sam Sheller
Kathy Ilg
All the English Faculty
Everyone who submitted to Waynessence

Advisor's Note:

Many thanks to the students who submitted their writing, artwork, and photography to this semester’s Waynessence. Thanks, also, to this semester’s editorial staff; it was a privilege to watch you reason and grow together. Members of the Wayne College community are the richer for your thoughtful work.

Membership on the Waynessence staff is open to all Wayne College students. Contact me in the Learning Center or drop a note to the editor via the Waynessence mailbox. We would be happy for you to join!

Susanna K. Horn, advisor
Coordinator of Basic Writing
The Learning Center
Note: 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.
Writer and Artist Biographies

**Jonlyn Albright** is a sophomore and a photography major.
**Michelle Arney** from Dalton works at Buehler's and wants to be a physical therapist.
**Diane Barker** is the mother of two and grandmother of two.
**Norman T. Bear** lives in Jackson Township. Retired at 41; training now for my "next life."
**Shanna Brenneman** of Wooster is an office manager majoring in accounting.
**Jason Kauffman** of Wooster is majoring in graphic design.
**Jenny Brown**
**Asbury John Collins** My life is the physical being of a parody on diversity. I currently work for the 
* Buchtelite. I have no major.
**Erin Dembia** of Wooster went to NYC for spring break and had fun walking the streets taking pictures.
**Rebekah Garens** is 18 and majoring in early childhood education.
**Rachel Garens** of Creston is majoring in education and visual arts.
**Daphne Goumas** from Athens, Greece currently studying at Wayne, aspires to one day be a super star.
**Mary Jo Hajek**
**Jessica Hochstetler** works at a coffee shop in Dalton, and is majoring in Art Education.
**John C. Johnson** of Norton is currently a full time student majoring in Photography and Editor of
* Waynessence and works part-time at Wadsworth-Rittman Hospital.
**Jason Kauffman** of Wooster is majoring in graphic design.
**Rachel Kauffman** lives in Orrville and is majoring in art and business.
**Justin Kemp** of Wooster is a freshman at Wayne. He loves to snowboard and cruise in his Jeep.
**Crystal Kohli** of Shreve is majoring in photography and would like to own her own studio.
**Kristi Kovacek** of Medina is majoring in graphic design.
**Karen Massaro**
**Susan McMillen** of Shreve is a licensed social worker, a master of arts in Art Therapy student at
* Ursuline College, and mother of a navy corpsman.
**Dianne Morrison** of Apple Creek is a store clerk and mother of five adult children. She is a full-time
student majoring in education.
**Debra Evans Mowrey** is an adventurous child of the universe majoring in art and loving life.
**Tom Piper** of Massillon is a Junior at Wayne College majoring in Nursing. He is also a member of the
* Wayne College basketball team.
**John Shaffer** is retired with a life-long interest in photography.
**Angela Shaw** is a student at Wayne College.
**Richard Sullivan** is a student at Wayne College.
**Sean Summers** of Wooster enjoys photography as a hobby.
**David Sutter**
**Shannon Tighe**
**Kelly Underman** is from Rittman and hosts a website at http://clik.to/kellysbeat.
**David Ullman** is a freshman, English major at Wayne College with aspirations to become a filmmaker.
**Robbie Widmer** is a post-secondary student from Norwayne, and is majoring in Computer Engineering.
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Title</th>
<th>Author</th>
<th>Page</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>A friend</td>
<td>Tom Piper</td>
<td>1</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Crossings</td>
<td>Sean Summers</td>
<td>2</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Columbus</td>
<td>Asbury John Collins</td>
<td>3</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Trees by the Parking Lot (In the Round)</td>
<td>John C. Johnson</td>
<td>4</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Les Miserables</td>
<td>Erin Dermin</td>
<td>5</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hang in There or Stressed Out Beyond Prozac!</td>
<td>Dianne Morrison</td>
<td>6</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Study Time</td>
<td>Jessica N. Hochsterlet</td>
<td>7</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Barn</td>
<td>Karen Massano</td>
<td>8</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Tiny</td>
<td>Robbie Widmer</td>
<td>8</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Life and Expectation</td>
<td>Norman T. Bear</td>
<td>9</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Speechless</td>
<td>Daphne Goumas</td>
<td>9</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Liz</td>
<td>Crystal Kohli</td>
<td>10</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Desolation</td>
<td>John C. Johnson</td>
<td>10</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lost and Longing</td>
<td>Rachel Garens</td>
<td>10</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Reflection</td>
<td>Jason Kauffman</td>
<td>11</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Untitled</td>
<td>Shannon Tighe</td>
<td>11</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>It’s Not The End Of The World</td>
<td>Norman T. Bear</td>
<td>12</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Temptation</td>
<td>Daphne Goumas</td>
<td>12</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Morty</td>
<td>Norman T. Bear</td>
<td>13</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cattails</td>
<td>Jonlyn Albright</td>
<td>13</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Is That A Rabbit Over There?</td>
<td>John Shaffer</td>
<td>14</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Perspective</td>
<td>Norman T. Bear</td>
<td>14</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A Rose</td>
<td>Rachel Kauffman</td>
<td>15</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Art of Life</td>
<td>Justin Kemp</td>
<td>15</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Luck Star</td>
<td>Rachel Garens</td>
<td>16</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Wise Council</td>
<td>Rachel Garens</td>
<td>16</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Holly</td>
<td>Rebekah Garens</td>
<td>16</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Power of Light</td>
<td>John C. Johnson</td>
<td>17</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Compass</td>
<td>Angela Shaw</td>
<td>18</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Mother To Be</td>
<td>Jenny Brown</td>
<td>18</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Imagination</td>
<td>Jason Kauffman</td>
<td>18</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Stone Throwing</td>
<td>Kelly Underman</td>
<td>19</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ocean Spray</td>
<td>Crystal Kohli</td>
<td>19</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Untitled</td>
<td>Debra Evans Mowrey</td>
<td>19</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sacrifice</td>
<td>Jason Kauffman</td>
<td>20</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Said Crying</td>
<td>Kelly Underman</td>
<td>20</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Past Reflections</td>
<td>John C. Johnson</td>
<td>20</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ponderings</td>
<td>John C. Johnson</td>
<td>21</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Disconsolate Creek</td>
<td>John C. Johnson</td>
<td>22</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Connection</td>
<td>Wendy Clawson</td>
<td>22</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Untitled</td>
<td>Debra Evans Mowrey</td>
<td>22</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Orange</td>
<td>Karen Massaro</td>
<td>23</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Student</td>
<td>Dianne Morrison</td>
<td>24</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Fallon</td>
<td>Kristi Kovacek</td>
<td>24</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Nothing Really Exists</td>
<td>Justin Kemp</td>
<td>25</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Rites of Spring</td>
<td>Susan McMillen</td>
<td>25</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Crow</td>
<td>Rachel Garens</td>
<td>26</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>What you give</td>
<td>Rachel Garens</td>
<td>26</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hannah and Her Shadow</td>
<td>Richard Sullivan</td>
<td>26</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Agricultural Limbo</td>
<td>John C. Johnson</td>
<td>27</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Industrial Casualty</td>
<td>John C. Johnson</td>
<td>27</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Pianist</td>
<td>Crystal Kohli</td>
<td>28</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>In My Golden Box of Treasures</td>
<td>Crystal Kohli</td>
<td>28</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>My Daddy Left For Me</td>
<td>Diane Barker</td>
<td>28</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Signs of Spring</td>
<td>Jonlyn Albright</td>
<td>29</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Party</td>
<td>Jason Kauffman</td>
<td>29</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Constipation</td>
<td>Norman T. Bear</td>
<td>29</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Tree</td>
<td>Shanna Brenneman</td>
<td>30</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>One Misty Morning</td>
<td>John Shaffer</td>
<td>30</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Untitled</td>
<td>Michelle Arney</td>
<td>31</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Wheel</td>
<td>Richard Sullivan</td>
<td>32</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Love Lost</td>
<td>John C. Johnson</td>
<td>32</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Untitled</td>
<td>Michelle Arney</td>
<td>33</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Liberty</td>
<td>Wendy Clawson</td>
<td>33</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Blind</td>
<td>Justin Kemp</td>
<td>34</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Photograph</td>
<td>David Suter</td>
<td>34</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Celebration of Bowling</td>
<td>Crystal Kohli</td>
<td>34</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Memories of Maine</td>
<td>John C. Johnson</td>
<td>35</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Photography</td>
<td>Mary Jo Haiek</td>
<td>35</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Passing Time</td>
<td>Jonlyn Albright</td>
<td>Back Cover</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
A friend
by Tom Piper

To discover yourself you must be surrounded by a plethora of people
    I found who I am and what I treasure
Much is close to my heart, but here is the thing I admire most
    It is a friend I have
Keeping a smile on my face all the day
    Either in person or in thought
When I see her I am in awe
I am astounded by the amount of beauty
How can there be so much in just one person
    Hair that flows so smoothly
With sun gleaming off every strand
    Eyes that sparkle like stars
As I look deep into them
Trying to learn anything I can
No one knows everything about anyone
    My knees growing weak
I notice her nose fits so perfectly on her face
Not too big, and not so small, but full of grace
    Smiling with those pearly whites
Making the room glow with her presence
While her surroundings start smiling with her
    In my thoughts all day long
Such smooth, soft skin like a dove
    Her body so perfectly proportionate
So beautiful is she from head to toe
Wanting to touch her heart, and ponder her soul
What makes her tick, what makes her go
So friendly to everyone that she knows
    Fun to be in the same room with
Makes people laugh and cry too
My feet are swept out from under me
While she holds my heart in my hand
    Spending time with her is plenty
Still can never get enough
    Her attire is that of comfort
Yet always looks great does she
Without her I would be lost
How much does a real friend cost
No price too high, no thoughts too deep
Do anything for her in my life to keep
    Everything about her is so sweet
To her my emotions do seep
With her laughing, smiling and staring
    While all the while always caring
Columbus

by Asbury John Collins

After sitting up all of the night sniffing bits of cocaine, we began to look out the ridiculously large window of Peter's hotel room. How beautiful the skyline of downtown Columbus is at four a.m. To the right of us was an incredibly large building, which appeared to be the largest one in the whole city. Oh, how sweet it all was to be baptized in the stillness of the rich man's drug. As I sit and ponder thoughts, brought on by I don't know what, I realize to myself that in just a couple hours I will have to be on my way back to Akron for work.

It is now five-thirty a.m.; we have to go downstairs to put change in the meter outside. This is where I will bring in Tammi, our third, but sleeping, member of our little sin dive. She is still asleep for now, but we will talk about her later on, when she wakes up. Tammi's car was parked on the street because they had made it so that parking was ten dollars. The twist is that Peter and myself went downstairs looking so silly. I had a Georgetown basketball jersey set on and a pair of hard black shoes, topped off with a black cap. I knew I wasn't exactly right, but it didn't matter.

The fear set in only after we got into the elevator with other people. The paranoia, thinking loudly to myself that I had done wrong and everyone who saw me knew it. We only had been blowing coke for eight hours straight; nothing wrong with that. See when you go skiing, it's strange, let me explain. You're high in the air talking and laughing one minute and the next you are crawling on the ground, wondering which way to go to get away from it all and everyone, your basic clinical depression. A line later you're okay, but don't run out and have nothing to keep your mind preoccupied because it will creep in and take hold of you, leaving you a husk of what you were when you began.

Enough with the sad facts. We had an eightball of non-cut banker, which through the course of the night had depleted itself down to a teen. One hour and a half to go before the long drive back to work and a hundred dollars in girl to put up my nose. Could it be accomplished? I think it won't be any trouble.

After the scary venture through the lobby and to the car we came to an agreement to hurry and put change in the damned meter and be on our way back to the “business floor” of the Hyatt Hotel for some more dabbling into our small-blessed vials. Later we were running through the hall of the gold floor, like small children running to recess. Went and tried to unlock someone else’s room, thinking it was ours, and successfully found our room with the door open minus a sleeping Tammi. A quick look around and I shut and locked the door.

Head clear of any concern about where she might have gone to or whatever, but I do recall being pissed that she had run off with the probability of worrying us, since that was messing up my train ride. Peter was not pleased either; actually he was hotter about it than me. And as you might have been able to guess, just as soon as the lines were in place to be cleared, there is a knock at the door. We cover the stuff with a magazine and answer the door.

There looking like a wretched, mangy ally cat, she stood. “Tammi!!!” is a cry I hear from across the room. Peter's eyes were working at a much better rate than my own, probably due to the fact that he was such a sissy when it came to splurging into narcotics. I didn’t even know who was three feet in front of me. My fear of it being the law was so overpowering that the only thing I saw was going to jail that morning. But there she stood with this retarded look on her face, stumbling over herself as she waddled into the room. I shut the door and quickly latched it yet again.
Coming back to the one true thing I knew that night to be my reality, what was hidden under the magazine. As I walked back to the table by the window where Peter and I had been all night long, and morning, I noticed his face had changed from a happy-go-lucky looking way to a bright red. He was livid. Tammi began on the offense: “Did you get any sleep yet?” Looking at the table, she quickly retracted that statement by saying, “Oh, I guess not”.

At a point in time the room had been a spinning top of confusion to me, but when she said those words to Peter I felt everything stop, lie down and be very still. It was on its way. He had been quiet for way too long. The pause was over: “Where in the heck did you run off to?” he said. The dumb just got dumber when she said that she didn’t really know but mentioned something about being lost in the lobby for a good twenty minutes.

Stop, back up. Let me let you in on something: When Tammi first wakes up, she goes through rooms like a damned bulldozer walking on things, but not stopping. I am sure there is a reason for this; it’s like she has a destination or something, but is way too asleep to acknowledge what exactly it is. Kind of like power sleepwalking, but she’s awake. She used to crash at my house for a week. Waking up breaking plastic tumblers under her feet, getting up for work in the morning. Okay we can continue now.

The fast, gibberish bickering began. Tammi in one corner, who had just woken up from being lost in the lobby of a nice hotel for the last twenty minutes; and Peter in the other, who had been upon a cocaine binge since eight o’clock last night with me. Neither really made a bit of sense, so in all of the drama I had acquired some braveness from somewhere to do four fat lines of cola, right now!

By the time I raised my head up from the table, they had both given in to each other and quit arguing. I laughed off the whole situation and called Tammi stupid, I think. But now I was so gone that nothing really mattered much anymore. Life had turned into some kind of silly little game to be played, and it felt like I was winning. Peter, after all possible interruptions, began to play catch up. Too late for that now; I had already made it to the shower, waiting to start my day, like a firecracker going off. Minutes later I emerged, feeling like that was the first shower I had had in years. Shirt and tie as if I just stepped off the movie lot in 1920 something. Now I was brave again, and I had better be because Peter had been in Columbus for a mental health convention/workshop for his work.

Now I had to pose as a psychiatrist and pretend to be working for his company out of Canton. My face was as red as a cherry, and my eyes where so screwed up I didn’t even recognize myself in the mirror. And as I pushed my way throughout the continental breakfast
bar, snatching up coffeecakes and fruits of various, happy colors, a thought overtook me again. I watched the old hens of mediocrity and fathers tied down by their umbilical cords of enslaving stability. I watched and thought about how they seemed all so happy hiding behind their plastic smiles, handshakes and Mary Kay products. How it all was a stable slow death to me, and then I refreshed that thought with I am happy living on this unwinding tightrope of a life sometimes because of the excitement it brings out. I’m sure that the old rooster possibly eyeballing me from afar (paranoia speaks out, ignore thought afterwards) is looking at me thinking about the way I look, like the way I am living my life would be a fast way to kill himself, death to him. I want his stability with freedom; he wants my freedom without consequences. Is there a happy medium. This lifetime may never tell?

After some documentation of such a wonderful evening, pictures and small talk, Tammi and I had to leave to go to work. So I finished picking at the lemon/poppy seed cake I had chosen and said my good-byes. Funny thing, girl makes your serotonin take a vacation. So any healthy thing you might usually do, like eating for instance, has to be forcibly done by yourself. You feel full, but you haven’t eaten a thing for ten hours or longer. Imagine forcing yourself to eat. After stuffing your stomach with every kind of food you have ever known to like and then eating bread on top of it. All I could think of was the fact that I had to go to work in a few minutes and my grandma's voice kept saying: “If you eat, it will make you strong to get through the day.” The whole food thing is boring the hell out of me, so I’m going to finish this part with warp drive speed.

We left and reached the car. Starting the car up, I had no words for what had happened the past twelve hours. I drove since Tammi had acquired some mystery disease sickness. Straight to the BP gas station before we got back on interstate 71. Tammi had been coughing and wheezing, and I didn’t feel like roses either. So I pulled over and made myself throw up on the building; since their damned bathrooms were out of order. I implored Tammi to do the same.

After that bodily cleansing we began our adventure back to Akron. I felt easier going and more suitable for driving for the next three hours. No more sickly, dying stuff from her either. It was a happy, sunny day.

Trees By the Parking Lot (in the round)
By John C. Johnson
We made it back to Akron quickly and quietly without any trouble. Setting to the normal work routines, I remember getting into the company car and curling up to go to sleep. I awoke to find that my crackhead boss had taken us out to Cleveland, to work over East St. Clair. I was not very pleased, being in a bad mood from not sleeping already. Waking up to learn that I had to go knocking on doors, in the hood, trying to scam ignorant people with our home improvement rubbish.

I walked around for a few minutes until my boss drove off to get high. Then it dawned upon me what the heck am I doing out here like this? I took off my hat and watch and put them into my bookbag and made my way towards a much lighter area of town. McDonalds, and there I stayed until 4:30 when my boss said he would pick us back up. I ate two ice cream cones and passed out in the dining room. Waking up surrounded by my co-workers. I knew from then on that I would never do a thing for this company ever again. I had made my way towards the slackers’ ultimate job, caught it and mounted it to my lifestyle. I hated this job with a deep passion, and yet I didn’t even have to do anything at work.

More work.

That was Wednesday, which meant two more days of frustration in a low-income neighborhood and then three more nights of agony, in my own low-income neighborhood. Now just for the record; I do have gripes about a sub-human culture that is widely known as trash. It covers people of all sexes, creeds and nationalities. I’m not prejudice; I hate the whole lot. They don’t care; why should I? I watch them fill up jails, beat their wives and kids and sell drugs to people dumber than even they themselves are. I lie in my bed at night and listen to their noise. I hear kids crying or outside destroying someone else’s stuff. Sirens, arguments, bad exhausts, loud radio stations during what is supposed to be my own personal time.

Quiet time, time to think about all the things that I do wrong.

I think the reason these fools run so rampant is because, instead of slowing down for a minute to think and listen to themselves think about how ignorant they really are acting, they keep the brain on basic motor skill level by doing the same thing all the time. They will probably never know any better. The sad thing to me is the fact that

Les Miserables

By Erin Dembia
they breed faster and more abundant than any other social class in America. My analogy is; the rats caused a great plague way back when, killing many people and screwing up more lives. We don’t have to worry about the rats today. The new disease walks on two feet and eats at Burger King.

I don’t have a choice now in where I am to live. If I did it wouldn’t be here! College is a great thing. You have made a choice to have a better opportunity in life. School shows that you can make a decent living for yourself and your family through education. School even says that if you are not well off already (or your parents, if it applies) that there is a real good chance that you will get the best education of all.

You’ll have to live side by side with all the mistakes. That’s when life comes into play and you learn that it hurts sometimes to learn. Lessons such as: Always lock your car doors and Never talk to strangers and Avoid dark places at night. But oh, wait. You have to go to the over-priced gas station to get a lighter because the pilot on the stove doesn’t work and you have to eat. Walking down the street, you turn a corner and you can’t see a thing because where you live the city said you can wait just a little longer for that new bulb to be put in. It is the only way you have to pass to reach the store before it closes at 10 (because it has been robbed a gazillion times).

You're not in the suburbs anymore, Johnny. You're in Akron. Your life hangs in the forty minutes to an hour it takes the cops to get to you and your situation. And of course three crazy looking black men are going to say; “Hey, could I borrow some spare change,” or “Can I please have an extra cigarette,” before you even get close to your destination and then ask you again on the way back.

All for what? All so that some university can take your money to make its campus look more presentable? Add ten more flowers for every hundred thousand dollars it tears off students’ backs. So
we can look pretty and fool others just like you into the same problems you are currently dying inside about. Your safety is less important than trees, and trees are less important than money. But money is made from trees, and how this makes any sense (if I live long enough) I’ll never know.

The drugs tell me, “Why not get higher than this? You can get as far away as you want to as long as you don’t run out of money or breath.” I listen because all I really want to do is be away from here. Walking around doesn’t help because in the walk you see more than if you just stayed in your room alone! So I’m sitting in the corner of my rented bedroom, in a house of strangers, under a cutthroat landlord, banging heroin into my arm, crying about how if I had a match for every gas station and a heel for every panhandlers’ head.

The Akron police department finally shows up and arrests me for doping it up. Of course I can’t go to school anymore because I’m in jail most of the semester, and of course no school authority wants to hear about my problems after I get out. So I find myself back home again, sitting on my porch. Drinking a forty-ounce bottle of Laser malt liquor, since it’s all I could afford.

You see, the manager said he had to cut down on hours because they had been going over too much. So I sit…sipping…and trying to think. I feel numb and loathe myself all over, again and again. I never finished school because the drug conviction made it impossible to return back. So I ended up staying where I left off because it was all I truly had left.

I’ve been working at the same job down the street now for four years. I am senior fry cook at Burger King. Through years of drugs and probation violations, I ended up with two kids, who used to annoy the hell out of me everyday; I wish I never had them. I am twenty-nine today. If I could afford the gun, I wouldn’t be able to buy the bullet.

Today I’ll just sit here alone, since my kids are gone for good with my ex-girlfriend. I guess I was maybe just a little too mean to the three of them. Completely by myself, I watch and listen to the streets. Life can be tough; I have the stress of a doctor without the pay. If I at least owned a European car, then I could maybe justify some of the things I’ve done. I am the garbage man of your society. I live in garbage land with my fellow garbage citizens. I have grown up to be that which I have always despised and sworn I would never be.

When the sun goes down and the street is dark and still, you won’t be able to hear me scream over the noise of my city. My tears of my wasted life drop hard against the broken pavement.

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Study Time

By Jessica N.
Hochstetler
The Barn
By Karen Massaro

Tiny
By Robbie Widmer
Life and Expectation

By Norman T. Bear

We spend and have spent our lives looking forward,
After achieving, looking onto the next,
We live and have lived in the palm of expectation,
Draining from it the best.

For it's not the prize we're after,
Not really the end we seek,
But the quest, the pursuit, the challenge,
It's the busyness that makes us blest.

When we stop expecting,
We cease to live,
And where is satisfaction,
Without a chance to give.

Speechless

By Daphne Goumas
Lost and Longing

by Rachel Garens

Winged angels at heaven’s gate long for earthly smiles.
Never returning to the challenges of unending play
Or enduring the pain of lost moments.
In the end, we know not what we endured, only the nothingness of the chase.
Wondering for some sign of meaning,
Yet knowing that life is but the fleeting reality of personal joy and pain.
Lost in the battle to find meaning in what has none.
The human condition suffered without end and only
The knowledge of life’s values to guide us.
As one day’s passing left us intact, but wondering.
Lost for words and meanings with only today’s pleasures to contemplate
Hell’s fire evolving into years.
And us, left with nothing but the pain and search for meaning.
Reflections
By Jason Kauffman

Untitled
By Shannon Tighe
“It’s Not
The End Of The World”
by Norman T. Bear

We’d tried for the longest time
I thought she’d never conceive
I told her, “It’s not the end of the world.”

At only two
she was oh so cute,
crying after that fall
I told her, “It’s not the end of the world.”

Practicing with pom poms
that whole summer long,
when her name wasn’t called
I softly said, “It’s not the end of the world.”

All those weekends
around barrels in parking lots
she felt good behind the wheel
but the other guy didn’t stop?
confused, I said, “It’s not the end of the world.”

So proud after school
he gave her that vow
and then two sons later
he left in a cloud
with anger, I said, “It’s not the end of the world.”

I retired the other day
thinking time with the boys
make up time with her too,
for the youth filled days I’d missed
I was confident, “It’s not the end of the world.”

A short time later
she was taken away,
in the country field of stones
and mowed lawns, looking up,
for the last time I whispered, “It’s not the end of the world.”
Morning
By Norman T. Bear

Pebble scooted across a road
That was silent of any cars,
It was that kind of morning, breezes still,
That makes you wonder who you are.

I was deep in thought as I sauntered along
How many sunrises I’d seen,
Senses vacillate right and wrong,
It was almost like a dream.

There were trees of years
They’d caught countless tears of the lonely and depressed,
The clouds of blue, most ignored
Save a few, floated aimlessly at rest.

The fresh ploughed earth golden pure
Tenants hurt without a cure,
How can a man for long endure,
Souls devoid a home.

Leaves of color bestow the shade
Of souls entombed in mistakes they made,
Semester’s end with final grade,
That soul no longer alone.

My breath exhales to earth in stride
Morning tenants unidentified,
Wings aloft on a flight that’s known,
My shell appears of stone.

Cattails
By Jonlyn Albright
Perspective
By Norman T. Bear

When does a house
Become a home?
Does a dog really love?
Or is he desperate
For affection? Forgiving!
As a result of need or want?

We say we don’t believe
In predestination
And yet, we reflect on lemmings.

We become our parents, our teachers, even our enemies,
When years before with fervor,
The rebellions’ song in a minor key crowded.

Today’s mirror, with its soft hue,
Longer, wider, more tolerant,
Reflects us in a way we never imagined.
A Rose
By Rachel Kauffman

The Art of Life
By Justin Kemp
Lucky Star
by Rachel Garens

You are my lucky star.
You fell on me that night
Although you live so far,
You make the world seem right.

You are my lucky star.
I’ve known for quite a while
Exactly who you are.
You always make me smile.

You are my lucky star.
You are my best friend.
No matter where we are,
Our bond will never end.

You are my lucky star.
Sent from the skies above.
No matter what shall pass,
It’s you I’ll always love.

Wise Counsel
By Rachel Garens

Holly
By Rebekah Garens
Power of Light

By John C. Johnson

Darkness = Ignorance

Light = knowledge and wisdom

It would be easy enough for me to say, live in the light.
Leave this veil of darkness behind you.
But, without darkness there can be no light.
And without light there can be no darkness.
In order for our lives to be complete the light and dark must balance.
A symbiosis of two forces working together for mutual benefit.
Yet, recently I fear darkness has slowly begun to over take the light.
Like the twilight foreshadowing the close of the day, It comes slowly and quietly, creeping.
For in our rush to build technological marvels for the ages, the most important part of who we are is
being forgotten, our humanity.
For instance, where have our heroes of yesterday gone? There are some out there, scattered among
us, silently doing good, working in the light. You see, for them recognition is not the goal, for
recognition often brings with it ridicule for the work they're doing. For good is not looked on
favorably in the darkness. For them only a warm, heartfelt smile or a well-deserved thank you is
needed. And, yes people do have to make a living; and mind you I said living, not a killing. How
much material wealth does one need to live? Is it necessary to buy the Lexus instead of the Chevy?
What else besides money was given to buy that Lexus, how many hours did a child have to go
without a parent, or a wife without a husband, and so on and so on and so on. I guess to sum it all
up I’d like to say that I know I only have so much time left on this world, as do we all. When my
time comes, I want to rest assured in the knowledge that it is better to die in the light than to go on
living in the darkness.
The Mother To Be
By Jenny Brown
5 / 14 / 97

A tiny form in the womb,
A blessed baby is coming soon.
Many changes will take place,
A perfect being of God’s own grace.

Patiently, a nine month wait,
To share a love that is more than great.
Nine months, it sounds so long,
But before I know it, it will be gone.

It seems like yesterday, I just found out,
The test was positive, without a doubt.
A mother…that’s what I’ll be,
Oh! How frightening that sounds to me.

Lord, give me strength and see me through,
Help me know just what to do.
A gift you have given from above,
For me to teach of Jesus’ love.

A present you have loaned to me,
In good faith, she belongs to thee.
Twenty years later to the Lord she bows,
Asking His blessing on her wedding vows.

I praise God for years gone by,
Precious memories of her and I.
Now it’s her turn to be like me,
For she is now, the mother to be.

Compassion
By Angela Shaw

Imagination
By Jason Kauffman
Stone Throwing
By Kelly Underman

you don’t even see / how i cringe / inside/ and burn with rage / when you crush me / and you call each other names / your voices grow loud / as i cover my ears / and cower inside / my handmade coffin / the one you bought me / for my birthday

Untitled
By Debra Evans Mowrey

Ocean Spray
By Crystal Kohli
Said Crying
By Kelly Underman

i came
a lonely child
before you
with all my aches
the holes of eden
while my life roared
like an angry sea
one by one
i cried a thousand tears
for each fallen petal
you took me
in your fatherly arms
and gave me
the calm i needed
a lollipop to be
so sugary-joyous with
empty heart
now breathed life
i never want
to leave
this precious place
where you come
to me
a mere sparrow
Ponderings
By John C. Johnson

The sweet savor of the day’s sorrows I stop and ponder,
To relish in the musing of each day’s lamentations.
I dwell on my life. Is this all there is? Surely there must be more
My thoughts then turn, turn to the family, friends, and loved ones lost along the way,
the way of life’s journey.
I wonder what has become of those still left in this life; I no longer have contact with.
Where are they now? What are they doing?
And what of those who have passed on to the next life? Can they see me?
What would they think of me now? How I’m conducting my life?
I think of the causes for which my ancestors have fought and died.
I see how these causes are now taken for granted, even forgotten.
Are my causes just? Are they worth dying for? Could I?
That is a question I find myself unable to answer.
For until the time comes when all one believes in and holds as right is put in jeopardy,
he will never know how deep his courage and convictions lie.
Daily I find myself overcome by the certainty that indeed all that I hold dear is falling,
falling hard and fast, being overcome by those who work their subtle brand of iniquity.
The line must be drawn. The falling must stop. But how far must I go to defend principles that were once
common place? How far must we all go?
Only time will tell how far we will have to go to defend those things we hold sacred in our hearts.
Slowly I awake from my meditations.
I go back to the work of the day; never forgetting the sacrifices made for me in the past.
Yet keeping an eye to the sacrifices that must be made in the future to ensure the way for
those that will follow.
Disconsolate Creek
By John C. Johnson

Connection
By Wendy Clawson
**Untitled**  
*By Debra Evans Mowrey*

**Orange**  
*By Karen Massaro*
The Student
By Diane Morrison

Fallon
By Kristi Kovacek
Nothing Really Exists
By Justin Kemp

Rites of Spring
By Susan McMillen
What you give
by Rachel Garens

The wind blows away my tears
The rain drowns my sorrow
The fire warms my lonely heart
The earth gives strength for tomorrow

I can’t help but remember
The things you said in those years.
Tomorrow brings another chance
Don’t let it bring more fears.

Although I have the elements
Below, around, and above
You give me something they cannot
Compassion, hope, and love.

The Crow
By Rachel Garens

Hannah & Her Shadow
By Richard Sullivan
Agricultural Limbo

By John C. Johnson

Industrial Casualty

By John C. Johnson
In My Golden Box of Treasures My Daddy Left For Me

by Diane Barker

In my Golden Box of Treasures
My Daddy left for me:
A set of glasses
I’m sure he wore to see.

In my Golden Box of Treasures
My Daddy left for me:
A pocket knife he carried as a kid;
And as he aged he used it
To get the dirt from under his nails.

In my Golden Box of Treasures
My Daddy left for me:
A Services Pin, I am sure
It meant the world to him.

In my Golden Box of Treasures
My Daddy left for me:
Memories of his employment
5 – 10 – 15 year pins
To show me he worked
As when I was a kid.

In my Golden Box of Treasures
My Daddy left for me:
A picture of the two of us
And me sitting his knee
With smiles that look like
We just found that
Golden Box of Treasures

My Golden Box of Treasures
Sets on my mantle
For everyone to see
But it’s my Golden Box of Treasures
My Daddy left for me.

Signs of Spring

by Jonlyn Albright
Constipation

by Norman T. Bear

The newspaper print might as well have been red quoting those who had lied, penned in the blood that’s been shed, little boys in deep water while babies go unfed, the picture of our world that’s been painted.

Four rolls of film, one picture of distress, lifestyles and sports get their equal press, surely there’s someone in this world that’s been blessed, they’re not talking or we’re just not acquainted.

Opinions that resemble hot sauce and sweat, if you’re not mad enough, there’s tomorrow and yet we’ll run out to get it and hope it’s not wet, by the morning, a whole new set that have fainted.

Advertisements to make money are big and they’re grand, big bloodthirsty stories also have a hand, we read the same clips from North to South and, I think our pure lives have been tainted.
The Tree
by Shanna Brenneman

I remember the day my grandma called with the bad news. The city was tearing down our tree. It was a big solid oak and had been part of our lives for twenty-five years. We were all upset by our loss of an old family friend. The city of Wooster was tearing the tree down because the roots kept breaking up the sidewalk in front of our house and they were going to redo the sidewalk on the whole street once again. There were marks in the roots where city workers had chipped the tree to see if the tree was unhealthy and beginning to decay. Anyone could see it was still healthy.

The tree was about 60 feet high and sat just at the top of a small hill. The city sidewalk was at the bottom of the hill, and our house was at the top of hill, just behind and under the tree. Our tree was huge and had an extraordinary root system. The tree had sheltered and shaded my family, had been a play area for us kids, a place to hold holiday decorations, and a wonderful family photo spot. In the fall, when the leaves would turn, the reds and oranges were absolutely beautiful. When the leaves would begin to fall, all of us kids would collect the acorns before the rakes swept them away. We placed them at the base of the tree trunk because we were afraid the squirrels would not find them in the leaf pile. When the leaves were raked to the bottom of the hill, we would all run down the hill and jump into the pile, which was always huge. The tree was home to many of God’s creatures that we loved to watch: squirrels, chipmunks, and many different birds.

I lived at that house when I was young for many years with my mother and grandparents, and for every holiday my grandma had a decoration to hang on the tree. I would always help hang the wreath, or the ghost, the turkey, or the Easter bunny, and we always had to have it at the perfect height and just the right angle. We could sit under the tree’s many branches when it rained and not feel a drop unless it was a real heavy rain or had been raining for a while. It was like a game for my cousins and I to sit there and hear our grandma and grandpa ask if it was raining and then make a big production of running down the hill, up the sidewalk, out from under the tree, and yelling back, “yeah, it’s raining.” As I got older, I loved sitting under the tree just feeling safe and secure under its protection, while reading a book or relaxing.

When I was about ten, I remember a terrible storm coming through the area. We all thought for sure that we were going to be hit with a tornado. I was standing at our screen door, fascinated by the storm. My grandma came over to watch also, and we both looked on in disbelief at our precious oak tree. The wind
was blowing so hard I swear the tree was bent in half and the very tiptop was tapping on our door. My grandma started yelling, she wanted me to go to the back of the house where she thought it would be safer. However, I knew that tree would never break. I was right, our mighty oak never did break. It just bent and shifted with the winds, swaying this way and that way.

My grandma still lives at that house, and when she called the family went running to take one last picture in front of our big oak tree. We wanted to have at least one last memory of our tree. Then the day came, when the tree contractors were knocking on my grandma’s door. First they assessed the best way to go about the tough job of bringing down such a strong and beautiful part of nature. Next they began to strip the oak of her outer branches. Soon they were taking the main branches and there was nothing left but the mighty trunk reaching straight up to the sky, still looking strong and graceful. Then slowly even that was cut, from the top down to the bottom, until nothing was left but a huge stump. The stump was so big that the first stump removal company that was called took on look at it and said it was too big of a job for them and someone else had to be called. Eventually, though, even the stump was removed, the hole filled with dirt, and grass seeds were planted.

Our mighty oak was finally gone; nothing was left now but memories. The grass has grown in nicely, and a stranger walking down that sidewalk may never know there once stood a proud and grand oak tree right where they are passing. It is sad and sometimes brings a tear to my eye to know that such a great creature that could not be brought down by wind or rain, floods or dry spells could be destroyed for the sake of a city sidewalk. We still think of our tree often. As I look back, many things make me think about that tree: other trees with changing leaves in the fall, the big oak tree in the back yard of my new house, and just memories of games played and moments shared under its many branches. My favorite reminder, though, was this summer when my five-year-old cousin was flying a kite and wanted to know how high in the air it was. There was large hill just past the field we were in and he kept asking if it was as high as that “mountain.” I didn’t want to disappoint him because he was so excited, so I told him I thought it just about reached the top of the mountain. Then he told me it was higher. He said, “it’s as high as grandma’s tree, it goes all the way to God.”
Love Lost
By John C. Johnson

I’ve struggled on, through all the years
With all the lies, and all the tears
I gave my heart with no conditions
You gave me pain and grave suspicions

All you see is what I am,
A broken shell that was a man
I live in darkness from now on
For all my hope is all but gone

Now you see I’m waiting here
For love’s great beauty to reappear
Yet all the while I’ve stood in doubt
That I shall find a love that counts

Still, they say tis better to have loved and lost,
Than never to have loved at all
But I say to you now that fools rush in
And such quick love’s not worth the cost!

The Wheel
By Richard Sullivan
Untitled
By Michelle Arney

Liberty
By Wendy Clawson
Celebration of Bowling
By Crystal Kohli

Blind
By Justin Kemp

Photograph
By David Sutter
Memories of Maine
By John Shaffer

Photography
By Mary Jo Hajek