Waynessence
Writers and Artists at Work

The Waynessence of
The University of Akron Wayne College
Spring 2004

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.

Slinky
by Matt Ramseyer

Classic Duo
by Jack Hurt
Special - Acknowledgments from the Staff:

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

Editor's Note

It has been a pleasure and an honor to be a part of this semester's Waynessence. The efforts and dedication of the staff and the advisor have been tremendous. The resulting product is something that they can take pride in.

Advisor's Note

To Waynessence staff and contributors:
I have watched you mature and bloom. May your lives continue to touch others in healing and challenging ways.

To Waynessence readers:
Be happy and wise.

Susanna K. Horn
Waynessence Advisor
The Smucker Learning Center

A Professor
by Jennifer Jackson
Advisor's Choice

Round Island Lighthouse
by Jason Wellman

The Looking Eye
by Karan Ankney
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

Karan Ankney of Sharon Twp. is a mother of two and loves photography.

Gordon R. Beals of Orrville is a Wayne College student interested in art.

Ryan Bratcher

Catherine Chandler is a computer science major.

Ethan Goodwin is a sophomore from Akron, studying English.

Jennifer Jackson of Rittman is a single mother of three and a Sociology major.

Pam Deckard of Wooster is a child care worker and mother of one, majoring in social work.

Jennifer Genevish is a photography major.

Jack Hurt is a senior citizen who loves to learn. He is taking his second semester of photography.

Daryl Kiddey is a mature digital photographer and photomanipulator.

Amanda Morrison is a psychology major and musician in her last semester at Wayne College.

She loves Wayne and its people, but is excited about continuing her education at Marietta College. She intends to come back for special events, and will carry many great memories with her, including learning how to operate a vending machine in the third week of her first semester. She’s glad to have been part of Wayne and will miss everyone.

Matt Ramseyer is an art education major taking Introduction to Photography.

Pamela F. Roeper of Medina is an English major who enjoys the passion of words.

Shanna Schlabach is a post-secondary student from West Holmes.

Tracey Rogers-Kraska is a part-time student majoring in communications, a full-time mom of three, and a full-time office manager at a local pharmacy chain.

John Shaffer is retired and has 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.

Jeannette Thompson

Jesseca Watts is an art education major and mother of a 5 year old daughter, Madison.

Jason Wellman of Rittman is majoring in Fire Protection Technology.

What is Rebellion?

by Ethan Goodwin

What is rebellion? Is it the decision to aggress against the prominent opinion? Or acting out of a deliberate attempt to disregard certain traditional rationale in order to prove your own new and improved principles? Is rebellion just the need to move on with life? Maybe it’s the nebulous cultural changes that occur as modern society progresses into a new stage.

Rebellion to most people I’ve asked, is the separation from participating in the majority nucleus of society. It means independence from the social majority and their trapping prejudice’s. Rebellion means that you are not partial to the same belief or way of believing that other people are.

In the massive amount of attention that sways back and forth from newer to newer fads that claim themselves to be something like a rebellion, the perpetual need for a new, better answer is instead of rebellious, culturally necessary and counted on for society to grow. So when a punk rock, drug addict, homicidal, dairy mart robbing, self established rebel puts his favorite music on, he’s submitting to the industry that makes his favorite music. When he does his favorite drugs, he’s relying on an alkaline substance devised by some scientist probably not unlike the illusive kind of person he is supposed to be rebelling against. And when he walks into the all night convenient, kills the cashier and steals as much money as he can, he’s only allowing the most authoritarian government tool, and the most binding cultural vice-grip to motivate and mold him into the kind of mass produced, unending recreant that revolts by reason instilled in him through authority itself. These tolerable rebels are by operating in a worldly fashion, only reinforcing the lifeless traditions of civilization that they try so desperately to escape. So there is no rebellion with any real dignity. If you think that you’re a rebel, go look at the reliable and deliciously mass marketed frosted flakes in your cabinet. How can any such manufactured slogan for democracy be blissfully ingested by an actual rebel? The answer is that there is no truly rebellious act other than suicide. Suicide is the only final decision for rebellion; anything else is a sincerely played, never ending game of cat and mouse where the rolls are constantly reversed, making both positions utterly ridiculous and contradictory. Rebellion is a pose, a mirage of identity. Rebellion is reached only by death, and so rebellion honors needless emotional anguish in, life.

Flag Silhouette

by Daryl Kiddey
No Sense of Being
by Pam Deckard

Not unlike the infant
Deprived of human touch
From the moment of birth
I feel its pain.

The desperation to be loved
Just touch me
Let me know you’re there.

The screaming and writhing
Of the cut umbilical cord
There’s no where for it to re-attach.

Just touch me
Let me know you’re there.

The pain is unbearable
I can’t stand it

Just touch me mother
Let me know you’re there.

The infant withdraws
And clings to itself
With hopes to survive.

Just touch me
Let me know you’re there.

It starts to slowly die
From the deprivation
Of human touch.

Please touch me
Show me that you care.

Abandoned
Alone
Unloved
Lifeless

Who would want to touch me?
Nobody cares.

Almost dead
Who touched me?

Who cares?
It cannot feel.
It does not care.

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Front Cover
Back Cover
Remember
by Amanda Morrison

Running barefoot in the rain, for all the world to see, laughing as we slipped in mud, Do you remember me?

Playing music in the field, our hands still stained with dye, Remember how proud we were, when we hung those shirts to dry?

Dancing to the fiddler’s tune, and the rhythm of our feet, you led me out onto the porch, Remember all the heat?

Slipping through the darkness, music drifting all around, Remember almost tripping, on those people on the ground?

Just before I turned to go, I risked that one small kiss, my eyes must have been glowing, Do you remember this?

I bought that dress, the green one, from the vendor near the stage, when I wear it now I think of you, And then I turn the page, I know some things don’t come together, that’s alright with me, but when it rains, I wonder -

Do you remember me?

Contra Dance
by Amanda Morrison

Alone and in couples they come to the floor, Band plays a warm-up tune, someone yells, “More!,” The night drifts around through the open walls, A woman steps forward, starts contra dance calls.

“Long lines go forward and back, Ladies chain across the track…”

From swirling colors the patterns emerge, The air, the music, and the stomping converge. For a moment the dancing is all that exists, The caller surveys the pavilion and grins.

“And ever-y-bod-y hay! Ladies pass right and everybody left, men pass right and everybody left, ladies pass right…”

The mountains move closer to hold it all in, The separation of worlds is thin, Time weaves like the dancers, a straight line no more, Like stirring a kettle mirrored onto the floor.

“Find a new partner, form on for another contra! Hands four from the top and the actives trade…”

Newcomers are invited into the tradition, Some old dancers go for a drink in the kitchen. I clasp hands with friends and stranger, the long lines advance, My spirit joins the music and my feet join the dance.

Imagination
by Shanna Schlabach

Pam Lund, West Virginia Musician
by Amanda Morrison
The Safest Place in the World
by Pam Deckard

It only took me thirty years.
I loved her much more than others.
My heart longed to be captured by my mother.

I searched for years deep inside her eyes,
Looking for a love that may be disguised.
I never found it.

Her eyes were cold, lost, bitter and angry,
Hateful when I would do wrong.
My heart ached, as I longed to be loved.

It must be in there; love deep inside!
Her eyes held void,
I wished I would die.

Maybe then she’d love me.

It only took me thirty years.
Oh, it was well worth the wait.
I know now where one can be safe.

No matter the chaos, craziness,
and disasters among us,
I know I’m safe in my Mama’s arms.

She looks upon me with joy on her face;
With eyes filled with love and smiles filled with grace.
I see no void or disgust toward me.

When I do wrong I search in her eyes;
There’s no anger, bitterness, disappointment or hate.
I think she loves me.

Sometimes there’s pain when she sees mine,
But that’s love too.
There’s no need to die.

Another loves me and always will.
I never believed I would experience the thrill
Of the safety and security of being held.

There’s no safer place than in Mama’s arms.

Pathways
by Pam Deckard

There are so many pathways
On this journey called life.

How does one choose
Which way to go?

Who really holds the key
To the path a person chooses?

God’s gift of free will,
Or the consequences of another?

Which way shall I go?
Do I dare turn back?

Lord, light the pathways
So I know where to turn.

For you know the way Lord,
The way I should go.

Show me the pathways
On this journey called life.

Sunlit Table
by Catherine Chandler

Now Tse Tongue
by Susan Shaffer
Insignifagent
by Ethan Goodwin

Crying was a common activity in the old house. They all cried. If the toaster broke they would sob adamantly. Nothing could bear the uninhibited emotion they blanketed over a room, and none would try. When they spoke it was enough to erase a history. The outside world seemed like a past life, and I felt as if I’d uncovered real life for the first time. Beneath the skeptical forcefield that divides the world, and clouds unity with mistrust and strife. People are understandably a little apprehensive with their emotions. But those girls weren’t tainted with the emotional reasoning that most of us have grown up with. As if angels lost in the woods, wondering where they’ve left off, they saw things more dramatically because of their own celestial conceptions. I remain perplexed by their elusive obsequious adaptation.

They seemed above competition in the mediocre reality presumed normal. I once told them about my cat being driven over and killed. They seemed hysteric. They cried for my awful loss. They apparently couldn’t fathom my remaining so untouched by this tragic incident. One of the coterie asked if I needed a cup of tea. “Yes I think that might be nice,” I said. Their eyes gleamed at one another. The few times I caught them make eye-contact with each other, it would seem as if there was some sort of unspoken intercommunication between them. They were so filled of melancholy, so unknowing. They illuminated the desolate truths that had owned me then.

Now, time past, on the periphery of that intrigue, the memory grows distant. The curtain, stale from the air, reaches out the window, and is rushed back. Its somnolence reminds me of the girls in that charmed old house.

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Knupp Church
by Jason Wellman

right away. I had to laugh at the absurdity of it all. I had absolutely nothing worth stealing. My prize possession was a 9” black and white TV that was four years old. It only got two channels, three if you put tinfoil on the antenna. But there it still sat on its small step stool, like a shrine. I hate to admit, I would have missed it. The thought of losing anything, even a little TV, was more than I could bear at the time. My contact with my family was growing more and more strained. I never felt so alone in the world. I shared in my parents’ disappointment in me. Unfortunately, it was almost like they’d given up. I could only depend on myself, but soon someone else would need to depend on me as well.

That fall my daughter was born. I came home from the hospital to find a strange man sitting on my living room floor. My furnace was in pieces all around him. I knew immediately it was Ralph, the elusive maintenance man. I had seen several stick-thin children running around with the same head full of fiery orange hair. He looked at me, smiled a big toothless grin and explained in his thick southern accent how he wanted my furnace working “right proper” before I brought the baby home. I don’t think I was ever so touched.

I didn’t have money for a Christmas tree that year; nevertheless, my apartment was starting to feel like home. When my car got stuck in deep snow in the driveway, without me even asking for help, several neighbors came out to give me a push. Most of them I only knew by face or whatever clever nickname I had given them; “Loud Stereo Guy,” “Thin Man,” “Baby Factory,” “Cat Woman,” etc. They were the odds and ends of society, the leftovers, but still human and humble and deserving of some dignity. Dignity that this little, shabby community could often give them.

I moved out of Walden Apartments that following spring. I grew weary of worrying about convicted felons and drug raids. I wanted to worry about teething and my baby learning to crawl. My lease was up, and it was time to move on.

As Thoreau said of his Walden, “I went into the woods because I wished to live deliberately, to front only the essential facts of life, and see if I could not learn what it had to teach, and not, when I came to die, discover that I had not lived.”

As unintentional as it was, I had discovered my own Walden. Sometimes good and other times perfectly awful, Walden had always made me feel alive. I also learned an invaluable lesson; I learned how fragile and fleeting life truly is. I learned don’t waste one second on fretting over circumstances, for circumstances can change as fast as the seasons.

Note: This story won first prize in the 2002-2003 Wayne College Student Writing Awards – College Short Story Division.
The office was in a dimly lit house in the center of the complex. It had a homemade counter formed with a large piece of wood stretched between two tall file cabinets. Stacks of papers were piled everywhere. The manager introduced himself as Sonny. Wiping a greasy bloated paw across the front of his already filthy white T-shirt, he reached out to shake my hand.

Sonny was a large lumpy man, as wide as he was tall. Those crusty graying T-shirts were a staple. He completed the look with equally filthy work pants (although he wasn’t seen working too often) and a shredded leather belt that seemed to beg for mercy under the strain of its load. Even worse than his obvious lack of fashion sense, since the day I met the man, not once was his zipper ever completely up. However, he was always kind to me, even if he did seem to delight in the uneasiness he extracted from me.

“That’ll be $215 a month, due first o’ the month, always, no exceptions, Sweetie. Unless…” he leaned in close, “you’re a little down on your luck.” With that he gave a quick wink.

Isn’t everyone that lives here down on their luck? I thought, as he pulled out a key from his pocket and shuffled us over to my new domicile.

“Just a shout away from the office, Sweetie,” Sonny grinned showing off bits of food that clung to his rather limited amount of teeth. Reluctantly, he handed over the key, turned and left.

“You’re getting pepper spray for a house warming gift,” my sister informed me as her eyes followed Sonny as he hobbled away. I felt ashamed for making her a silent partner in my escapade and quest for independence.

The apartment consisted of four small rooms in a perfect square. It had a tiny kitchen, complete with leaky gas stove and a refrigerator that smelled like rotting meat (an odor that would never totally be removed by any amount of bleach). Next was a living room with peeling black and cream checkered linoleum. A dangerous looking furnace took up one wall. On its metal case was painted a giant WMMS Buzzard, a mascot from a popular radio station of the 80’s. A bedroom and a bathroom, too small for a tub, completed the square. All the rooms were painted in urine yellow, to complete the horror.

Despite the obvious drawbacks, I was determined to stick it out and make Walden my home. My high school graduation came and went with little fanfare. Spring mutated into summer at Walden. The overgrown shrubs and vines did wonders to camouflage the dilapidated shanties. Children oozed out of doorways everywhere. Their sorry playground equipment was nothing more than broken, rusty, instruments of tetanus. Their sandbox was a minefield, littered with the feces of feral cats. Broken-down cars became their jungle gyms, old tires were trampolines and mud filled potholes became swimming pools. They were oblivious to the poverty around them, simply living in the moment. Savoring what they had, not worrying about what they didn’t. Thoreau would have loved the idea.

That summer someone broke into my apartment. I arrived home late one evening to find the bathroom screen pushed in and the window wide open. The window had never locked. I walked over to the manager’s to call the police, since I had no phone of my own. Sonny seemed genuinely concerned and wanted to fix the lock on the window.

Death to Self
by Pam Deckard
Death is final.
Do I want the old to die
And be left behind?
Or do I want healing
And the old to be
Incorporated into the new?
Will I ever be who
You’ve intended me to be?
Is healing of the old
Really death of the old self?
Does the old have to die
And fade away?
Will the good that’s with
The old self die too?
The old self wasn’t all bad.
It helped me to survive.
Why let it die?
Why not convert it
And reform it?
I need good qualities
From the old
To be joined with the new
For a stronger
Experienced new self.
Why do people say
Die to the old self?
I would rather die
To the old ways
And
Renew the old self
To become new.

Untitled
by Gordon R. Beals
Isabel!

by Tracey Rogers-Kraska

Monday was the epitome of a year-long anticipation—sunny days, warm breezes, and constant waves. We went to bed that night in our beach-front room excited about the days to come, but things were about to dramatically change.

Knock! Knock! Knock! The pounding noise at the door brought my feet to the floor before my eyes could open. A quick look at the clock showed only 6:30 a.m. as I cracked open the door. Blinking the sleep from my eyes, my mind registered a gruff, scragglily-looking man reaching to knock again, but I quickly answered, “Yes?” Grey, wind-blown hair added a fisherman look to him as he took a long drag on his cigar before spouting, “Everybody up and out! We have mandatory evacuation for all non-residents and that’s you! Clear out by noon.” With that pronouncement, he coughed deeply and then turned to the next door.

A few harried hours passed before we were heading south of the hurricane’s predicted route. Arriving at the home of friends a couple hundred miles later, we had little enthusiasm for the rest of the week. Weather reports indicated Hurricane Isabel was making her way toward the Outer Banks, and with little hope to enjoy any outdoor activity during the wind and rain, we headed out to look for an open mall. The thirty-minute drive reminded me of what the apocalypse might look like—the roads were nearly deserted as far as you could see. Homes were taped and boarded up to protect. Traffic lights were out. Branches and leaves were blowing across the road.

Pulling into the parking lot, we found many others had the same idea to pass the time, and with two boys in tow, the first stop had to be the food court. While standing in line, people looked around as if wary of something intangibly present. It even seemed unusually quiet. The uneasiness crept its way through our little foursome, but we waited like everyone else. Inching along and somewhat distracted by my own thoughts, I soon felt a tap on my shoulder. “Are you from the Outer Banks? Were you evacuated?” We all turned to a finger pointed almost accusingly to my sweatshirt. In colorful letters “Outer Banks” was spayed across the front, and folks reacted as if it represented my college alma mater. “Do you have the extra insurance you need?” “Surely it’s too early for anyone to be hurt . . . right?” With no real satisfactory answer, we moved forward feeling the relief of having passed beyond some invisible spotlight.

Moments later I sneezed, and a woman turned to me and said, “Now there’s a good reason to have that sweatshirt, huh?” There amidst the curiosity was an empathetic face to give me hope in humanity again. Yet even that was short-lived.

After lunch, we began our quest: discover what this mall may have that others did not. After walking by only a few kiosks and store fronts, it was quickly apparent that there was nothing. Out front swung a crudely made sign. Dangling in the breeze by one hook, like a child’s first tooth ready to be dislodged, it simply stated Walden Apartments. What a lofty idealized name for nothing more than a group of shacks. I didn’t know a soul that lived there and certainly couldn’t imagining residing there myself.

The very name, Walden, inspired thoughts of almost Thoreau-like tranquility. A place to stop, rest and discover your path in life. My friends would have laughed at such a romantic notion. In reality, the place had a notoriously sinister reputation throughout Medina city. Roaches roamed untethered by fear of man, daylight or poison. Spiders grew as big as a baby’s fist. Ants had formed such highly evolved and structured colonies they could have rivaled the Marines. But bugs were the least of Walden’s infestations. People had invaded Walden too. Drug dealers, potheads, winos and wife beaters, welfare mommas, thieves and illegal aliens, all called Walden home; soon I would as well.

I never would have dreamt all those mornings I drove by, that I would rent my first apartment there. I was only eighteen and still a senior in high school. Things had gotten very difficult at home. I found myself pregnant and my boyfriend wanted no part of it. I had few options and even less money. Walden was the cheapest place in town, and that made it perfect. It was to be my sanctuary.

Moments later I sneezed, and a woman turned to me and said, “Now there’s a good reason to have that sweatshirt, huh?” There amidst the curiosity was an empathetic face to give me hope in humanity again. Yet even that was short-lived.

My oldest sister reluctantly went with me on that warm day in May to sign the lease. She commented on how bright and fresh it was that day, until we pulled into the apartments. A permanent pallor of gray cast a shadow over the place. It felt like my life at that point in time. The one-floor structures seemed to crouch low to the ground. Ashes to ashes, dust to dust; as if on their own the Boards wafted away and that’s you! Clear out by noon.” With that pronouncement, he coughed deeply and then turned to the next door.

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My sister’s disapproval hung in the air as I watched her view the long brown rows of barrack-type buildings. The grass grew in spots and spurs on the front lawns. Buildings and trees, overgrown and untrimmed, were allowed to resume their natural form. The driveways were dirt and gravel, heavy on the dirt, with potholes big enough to hide a small group of undocumented workers. The tarpaper roofs were ripped down to the plywood in many spots. Windows were cracked or in some cases completely gone. Through one such open window, a rain-stained curtain of some long-gone tenant flapped at us in the breeze. My sister, who grew up in family housing on a university campus and military housing, remarked on how it reminded her of those homes, that and the pictures she’d seen of prison camps.

My Walden

by Pamela F. Rooper

I often drove by it in the early morning on my way to school. The mist curled ominously around the corners of the crumbling, cinderblock buildings. Out front swung a crudely made sign. Dangling in the breeze by one hook, like a child’s first tooth ready to be dislodged, it simply stated Walden Apartments. What a lofty idealized name for nothing more than a group of shacks. I didn’t know a soul that lived there and certainly couldn’t imagining residing there myself.

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Our conversation began quietly as we watched the rain hit the windowed ceiling. Mere minutes passed when a man at the next table stood up beside us, and as quickly as he stood up, he was down on the floor unconscious. The sound of his contact with the marble caused me to shudder, and I drew my son in my arms. Chairs scraped as others stood up quickly. Coffee had spilled everywhere and someone slipped on the floor. A man in a bright yellow jacket stood pulling a cell phone out of his pocket. As he dialed, he yelled, “We need help here!”

People started to gather in curiosity as if the center of gravity had just shifted from the center of the earth to the unconscious soul on the floor. “Give him some room!” “Back up, he needs space!” A woman ran to a food nearby made me wish Hurricane Isabel could swing a little closer to catch us up and far away from those accusing eyes!

The noise level was slowly escalating as everyone watched for the EMS to arrive. “Do you know him?” “Look at his face!” “The EMS is sure taking their time.” “Has anyone checked his...” The questions and chatter overlapped like birds squawking on a wire at a cat set to pounce on the unsuspecting game.

Since two calls were made, two units showed up. Lights flashed as four men and two gurneys came running in the door with paraphernalia in every available hand. The medics pulled out oxygen and monitors to evaluate... stood watching and soon dispersed—each to their own respective reality. Gravity had now found its center back in place.

Poverty Narrative
by Pam Deckard

It was a cold night last night. Cassie, Jordan, Joe, and I all snuggled together to keep warm. My socks are wet from walking in the snow to the bus stop. I stole some gloves from a kid on the bus. Who cares if they belong to someone? I can keep my hands warm now. I can’t wait until lunch. I’m starving. I hope I can have seconds today. Maybe I can put some food in my pocket that the other kids throw away to eat during the weekend. The teacher and students are talking about what they did at camp in the summer. “Teacher!” “Teacher!” “My Mom says that because we live in a trailer and cook over a fire that we’re lucky because it’s like camping all of the time!” Why do the other kids always laugh and point at me? I hate school! I hate them all! I’ll get even with them! Just wait until tomorrow. My dad has a gun.

I wish I could get out of bed to fix dinner for the children. I just don’t have the energy. They can do it again tonight. All we have to eat is bread and peanut butter anyway. I wish their dad was still alive to help us. I miss him so much. I don’t know what to do anymore. I can’t ask my parents for help unless I plan to sleep with my dad again. Maybe I should for my kids’ sake. They need to eat. I am a horrible Mother. I hate myself. I don’t know if I can continue to live like this. The children would be better off without me anyway. I wish I were dead. I’m sure the “system” can take better care of my children than I can. They haven’t helped me much. At least they’ll have food and a roof over their head and an education. A bottle of Tylenol should do the job. Bye kids. I love you. I’ll be with you soon, baby.

Did I spend my whole life working for this “hole in the wall” apartment? Social Security doesn’t pay enough for me to live on. Why did I even bother working? I should’ve stayed home and taken care of my family instead of working. Maybe they would want to take care of me now. Can’t say I blame them? I wasn’t there for them. What a crappy world we live in. Who wants to live like this anyway? I don’t. I’ll just quit paying my utilities and then the stupid system will have to take care of me. That’s the least they can do. They owe me.

The child will blow away the kids that mock and make fun of him. The parent who killed herself has left her emotionally scarred children for the system to take care of. Who knows what the emotional ramifications will do to them? As the older adult refuses to pay her bills, utility companies will be burdened financially and raise their costs to cover for lost income. It’s both sad and foolish to think that poverty doesn’t affect society as a whole.
Beauty is in the Eye of the Beholder
by Jennifer Jackson

"Mystical"
My version of Amy Brown's "Cloak of Stars"
by Jennifer Jackson

Got You
by Jeannette Thompson

Mr. Ed
by Karan Ankney

Got You
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Beauty is in the Eye of the Beholder
by Jennifer Jackson
Mystery Puzzle
by Jennifer Genevish

Frozen Hillside
by Matt Ramseyer

Untitled
by Gordon Beals

My version of Leonardo de Vinci’s ‘Grotesque Heads’
y by Jennifer Jackson
The Rose
by Ryan Bratcher

Antiquity
by Jack Hurt