The Waynessence of
The University of Akron Wayne College
Fall 2008

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Each fall, all poems submitted to Waynessence are entered into our poetry contest. Each spring, awards are given to the artwork or photographs that appear on the Spring Waynessence front and back covers.

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God, for guiding us
Susanna Horn
John Lorson
Carolyn Freelon
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All the Writing Instructors
Fred del Guidice
SOPAC
Everyone who submitted
to Waynessence

Editor's Note

Wonderful
Amazing
Yearly
Neat
Essential
Sentimental
Surreal
Enchanting
New
Colorful
Excellent

This expresses how much I enjoy my job as editor-in-chief. I extend my gratitude to God, Sue, John, Carolyn, the Waynessence Staff, all those who have submitted and anyone else that I forgot to mention.

Mike Vamos
Waynessence Editor-in-Chief

Co-Advisors' Note

Waynessence
Art is our heart beat –
Wild, painful, and stunning.
Devoted family.
Thanks to everyone for sharing!
sue
Susanna K. Horn
Waynessence Co-advisor

What a time for creativity! I’m not sure what has precipitated the explosion of artistic thought on our little campus this fall, but whatever it is, it seems to keep on giving! On these pages you’ll find the best of it, with thanks as always directed toward a wonderful staff and their fearless leader, Editor-in-Chief Mike Vamos! Thanks everyone. It’s another great one!

John C. Lorson
Waynessence Co-advisor

Untitled
by Bethany Marcum

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firefly sky

a happy child runs through
his summer nighttime yard
barefooted and
collecting fireflies in a jar.

after climbing the wooden hill.
with a yawn and sleepy eyes,
he puts the jar next to his bed.
by dawn,
the fireflies are dead,
and early summer has come and gone.

by mark solars

Abbey's Candle
by Judith Bridger

fi refl y sky
a happy child runs through
his summer nighttime yard
barefooted and
collecting fireflies in a jar.

by mark solars
A Romantic Knight

The passionate vibe she’s sending me,
I feel her vibrations from the floor through my knees,
Sly Red her body’s in heat,
I whisper to God, thank you for my Queen,
I set in a sweat, her eyes glued to me,
Oh, just one touch; she’s punishing me,
Women love games, especially Tease,
Dim the lights, three cubes of ice,
A cup of hot fudge, would fulfill the night,
My mind is in a daze, as my heart is taking flight,
I remember when I prayed,
For a strong willed woman to take my life,
Realizing my request had been finally fulfilled,
My thoughts will no longer rest,
And my heart will be revealed,
As I clench during her test,
Like a Knight does his shield,
Feeling the smoothness of her flesh,
Not knowing what is next, my mind is in a chaos,
I could imagine, the tense sex,
Taking deep breaths counting to Ten,
I pulse for a moment, like a Dragon in a Den,
Preparing to face temptation and win,
I reach the Volcano’s peak,
Unleashing words, that only men speak,
I cannot continue for this is no dream,
Your body and flesh are real, and you’re my Queen,
I’m not your Romantic Knight,
You turned the heat up tonight,
I thought, I was prepared to fight,
But at the end, I realized you might,
And, now I give in; like Kite does the Wind.

by LeVesta Stokes, Jr.

Timberlake Park

by Kim Coffey

Staff

Editor-In-Chief
Mike Vamos

Editorial Staff
Emily Curie
Theresa Mountel

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.
Reflected in every tile
And—
Strong, very strong is the wine
Accenting the mellifluous Ninth
For all well acquainted are we
With aesthetic history
And how smoothly time comes and goes
Astride the gadding allegros
With such alacrity does she halt!
Hobbling onto a staccato waltz
Janice Bernstein! Shall I go greet—
With a smile wide! The black lechery!
Quick! A spoon! patterns straight… curls sleek
Yes, previously did we meet
O’er an insurance policy
He-hem, quite publicly for tea
Behold his sloppy, chest-led gait!
Oh waiter! A glass of Champaign
Stuffy, torrid—Alas! ‘Tis getting late
Through vestibule, head hung, will I wait
Against tessellation rubicund
But the night has only begun!
A grin, a giggle, coal-eyed
Placid then flashing ignited
The coterie, shorn of cellophane
Diaphanous and shamelessly vain
Miss Milton, heir from out west
Is bawling, like all of the rest
About those who onerously cleaved her star
When she submit several fort nights to the bars
But fifteen minutes have gone
Still, only I am alone
And certainly whatever I groan
Brow reposed, Don Juan will antiphone
Standing out in the drizzle and the cold
Dearest, that pellucid ploy is so old

Diamond Eternal
Ensconced by regal dynastic for centuries
Millenniums of folk tale curses and mysteries
Heirloom jewels have been bequeathed by familial royalties
Glimmering facets in earthly sky tones: blue, yellow, clear to smoky brown
Whether given as a token of love or adorned on an illustrious crown
Solitaire or coupled celestial bodies illuminate
Denoted as the month of April’s stone
His true birth date
Unlike fragile transient relationships, unflawed resilience
Symbolic of an anniversary of six decades with undying brilliance
Pure natural carbon by karats and grains, measured
From the commoner to the noble fondly treasured
Original mining of the raw to polished vibrancy incessantly desired

by Ellen G. Saurer

by Zach Donahue
New Phobia

I don’t remember whether it was hot or cold. I do remember the tears in my six-year-old eyes. We had packed the last of the boxes into our outdated gray mini-van and mom had buckled me into my booster seat. The usual chatter between the family ensued. I turned to look out my window as we backed out of our driveway, and when we paused to shift gears, I got a full glimpse of my childhood home.

The flower bed where I planted M&Ms, thinking that they would grow into M&M bushes, the tree where Dani told Dad he was sexist for not letting her climb a tree, the yard where my sister and I splashed in a puddle when we heard news of a new brother on the way, we thought we would name Noah.

The gear shifted and my blue sanctuary began to pass by. The thought that shot through my six-year-old mind was that I could never go to college. I couldn’t grow up. If leaving a home is difficult, how could I ever leave my family? The song that my sister and I had sung suddenly popped into my mind: “I don’t want to grow up, I’m a Toys-R-Us kid.” And the jingle took on a new meaning for me.

“Mom, Bethy is crying,” Dani, completely fine with the thought of something new was confused. My mom turned with her classic look of re-assurance to me and, not being aware of the new phobia which had developed, replied with “don’t worry hunni, we’ll visit sometime.”

by Bethany Marcum

Eight P.M... You Are Cordially Invited

But first permit me the distinction
Of applying hair gelatin
The keys were on the key rack
The kids are each one in the sack
Elsewhere gallivanting, happy
But I believe the one has Apnea
A frightful un-sticking of boards—
But let us agonize no more
Maria is most proficient
So shall we at last take our exit?
Palms trace balustrade, taking the steps one by one
Have we not subsidized a doorstep devoid of gum?
I demand to know where all of our dollars go
From EMG and Anderson and Co
To pay for Cirrhosis, dear
And dangling bright from your ear
When you were plastered to Providence
Expiating in some vulgar sense
Oh! This town is going to the dogs! To hell!
And just speaking of the devil!

Un perro errante
Shoo, you! Get! Go away!
Don’t so much as touch it! Fleas, ticks, vermin
Don’t dare feed an ungracious return
Give him a needle concealed in bun (He-he! How despicable!)

by Julia Dunster
Looking back on rushed decisions, people often have regrets. That was not the case for me a couple months ago as I was flying a Cessna 150. I was a stemming private pilot with the ink still wet on my pilot’s license, and I was eager to show fellow pilots my maturing skill level in a plane.

It was a tasteless day for flying, but a friend of mine had been persistent in asking for a ride, and on that fateful day our schedules coincided and made a flight possible. As we climbed into the plane, my trusting passenger was all confidence while I, however, was warily eyeing distant lighting. The sound of the light rain pattering on the plane was smothered as we put on our headsets and prepared ourselves to slip out of the holdings of earth that bound common men to the ground.

The engine start was magnificent, with all 100 horses roaring under the engine cowling. After a system check I taxied to the runway with a practiced hand. The plane was behaving like it was a part of my body; I felt in complete control as we lifted free of the wet asphalt. Any confidence I had disintegrated at 50 feet off the ground. For no reason, the RPM suddenly dropped to below idling speed. I was clawing the air to gain altitude, my speed was slow, and my engine just decided to not participate in this dance we call flying.

I was faced with two options. I could do this by the books and get the plane ready for an emergency landing straight ahead, or I could attempt to turn around and make it back to the landing strip, and yet there we were with our tires kissing the ground and my passenger and I remembering how to breathe.

As I recall that day, I am sure that if my decision had gone the other way it would have resulted in disaster. However, the day ended leaving my friend and me to reflect on our adventure, and how life goes on. I am sure that God was responsible for getting that plane back on the ground; it was surely no reflection on my skill, for even the best of pilots cannot make a dead plane fly.

by Seth Wilkerson

Flying Adventure

Flying High in Thin Cold Air
by Seth Wilkerson

Looking back on rushed decisions, people often have regrets. That was not the case for me a couple months ago as I was flying a Cessna 150. I was a stemming private pilot with the ink still wet on my pilot’s license, and I was eager to show fellow pilots my maturing skill level in a plane.

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I was faced with two options. I could do this by the books and get the plane ready for an emergency landing straight ahead, or I could attempt to turn around and make it back to the safety of the runway. The problem was there were power lines straight ahead, and to turn 180 degrees while 50 feet off the ground required more speed than the mere 70 MPH I was currently employing.

My mind worked quickly, and I thought that attempting to get back to the landing strip presented better odds than landing an all metal plane in power lines during a rain shower. I started to bank the plane and descend at the same time to try to conserve speed. While all this was going on, I was trying to find the problem. I checked all the instruments and ran through all of the emergency checklists my instructor had drilled into my head. The plane was flirting with a stall, and I was still a quarter mile out from the runway. There was a lot of praying going on in that plane as my frozen passenger and I stared at our goal. Logically speaking, that plane had no right to make it back to the landing strip, and yet there we were with our tires kissing the ground and my passenger and I remembering how to breathe.

As I recall that day, I am sure that if my decision had gone the other way it would have resulted in disaster. However, the day ended leaving my friend and me to dwell in our thoughts of life, what is important to us, and how life goes on. I am sure that God was responsible for getting that plane back on the ground; it was surely no reflection on my skill, for even the best of pilots cannot make a dead plane fly.

by Seth Wilkerson

Flying High in Thin Cold Air
by Seth Wilkerson
What inspires me to write.

I am most often inspired by the little things that happen in life. I love to tell stories. Not crazy, made-up, bullshit stories; but rather the goofy, quirky things that happen to real people in real situations every single day. I think I have a pretty good knack for recognizing a good story, or a tiny thread that has the potential to become a good story.

I can’t say for sure exactly where my “reporter’s ear” came from, but I can tell you without a doubt where my love of telling a good story was born: right at the foot of my father’s bed. And my dad’s only brother, my Uncle Howard, was the midwife that helped deliver it!

Some of the happiest moments of my childhood were spent listening to Dad and Uncle Howard as they recalled their youth in the tiny town of Burton City, Ohio. A pair of ornery little fellows to begin with, their potential for mischief was elevated to an even more dangerous level by the fact that each of them was smart as a whip. Some of the things they got into…

Those two would actually laugh so hard as they spoke that often times their words would trail off into red-faced, tear-dripping gasps of laughter. I could write a book on their adventures alone, but the effect that all of this merriment had on the future “me” was this: I saw in those stories the potential for folks to transcend every sadness with laughter. My dad, who had been confined to a bed and wheelchair by a terrible industrial accident years earlier, and his brother, a fellow veteran of WWII, who had experienced unspeakable horrors as a battlefield medic in the South Pacific, could absolutely leave this earth on the billowing clouds of laughter.

That’s what inspires me. That’s what I like to do. I like to write to make people forget their cares. Then again, I guess sometimes I like to write to remember why that’s important.

by Alysa Musselman

See Thee More Clearly
by John C. Lorson
Watching The Stars Watch Us

I often wonder how we might look
To the thousands of burning eyes
Dreamily painted upon the vibrant, night sky
Do they, too, hold us in curious glances
Wondering what might be hiding behind our shine?
   Do they make wishes
As they see us pass from this life to the next
In whispers hidden under breath?
All the while holding faith that we may bring them peace
And fill their nights with dreams
And as we burn then fade then die
We will fall to the Earth and renounce our shine
For how funny and fragile we must appear
   To a thousand burning eyes
Painted upon the vibrant, night sky

by Clint Hale

Midnight Mass

by Jean L. Calvert

Being Babe Ruth

I awoke at League Park
In Cleveland
Having dreamed someone else’s dream.
It was May 1, 1891,
And I was Cy Young
Pitching before 9,000 fans.
I was Addie Joss tossing the first perfect game,
I was Babe Ruth hitting #499 and #500 onto Lexington Ave.
Over a 60 foot fence -
Just a typical weekend,
I made the first unassisted triple play
In series history,
I won the 1920 World Series,
I tagged out Ty Cobb
Taking a throw from LaJoie,
I played the outfield with Tris Speaker.
He played shallow, and I played deeper.
Burleigh Grimes had a nasty spitter
When it wasn’t too cold,
Joe Sewell was the second baseman,
Ray Chapman played the infield
Here before he was killed
And he was old.
It was the end of the dead ball era.
I played with Shoeless Joe, Gehrig, DiMaggio, Williams, and Feller
On dirt and grass
With
Leather to leather and a brown ball.
Lay bare hands on
A 32” wooden bat.
Give me one to drive
At the belt and outside.
It goes deep to right
Over the heads of so many ghosts alive.
I can hear the roar of the crowd,
I am alive,
And I can dream.
Life in HD

Christie “lived” death like she lived her life
hard-core, large-bore, full-tilt boogie
small black-haired explosion of activity
chemo angel of heavy metal
exclusive club, members all glittering eyes, matchstick limbs, toothy grins for the
dating service, cookie-bringing, tiny walking encyclopedia of dirty jokes
daughter, sister, friend, cousin, lover, defender of the animals, protector of her hospice homies
hands-on, right-on, straight shooter
advice shot from the hip, tongue-in-cheek, dispensed from a former goth geek
final Christmas Eve, candlelit service, high, clear soprano brought with a cane
peace with the anger, peace with the pain, peace with the betrayal
bittersweet acceptance, ceasefire of the war of denial
life and death in high definition
full-speed ahead, throttle open, pedal-to-the-metal, down to the wire to the final hour
rock-on Christie, rock-on

by Jean L. Calvert
Shakin’ and a Stirrin’

Could it be she was just tired of standin’- achin’ bones, swollen feet, longing for a place to rest-just wishin’ for a seat and wantin’ to go home-an everyday hero of a moment in time-did Rosa know what she did that day?

Shakin’ and a stirrin’ the pot of civil liberties-an unsuspecting instigator, so far reaching- a generational trickle-down effect or did she get above her raisings ’not knowing and keeping to her place.

Uppity Negroid, triple-whammy- southern, black woman no better than an imbecile, a criminal-even poor white trash shades better-barely human to some- a juggernaut of tiny stature-powerful nature.

Little Rosa- a giant for her time-for any time- one tired, frustrated, bone-weary person- like the rest of us-some days – don’t wanna take no more, startin’ something, shakin’ and a stirrin’ the pot that still boils today and feeds a hungry nation.

by Jean L. Calvert

God Bless America

by Gordon R. Beals

He Loves Me

by Carissa Engle
Sometimes the weather is irresistible. Although January is characterized by cold and snow, two weeks into the month spring was in the air. I decided to seize the moment and go for a run; not a long run, just a short one to get the blood moving again.

I struck out for the crossroads. “If I run to the stop sign and back, I could be done in ten minutes,” I told myself. The whole way to the intersection I felt like falling over. Yet a funny thing happened, as bad as I felt, the thought of stopping only made me want to run harder. So I turned right and kept going. Firestone Road has three hills and none of them are easy, but I promised myself I would make it to the church before quitting.

By the time I arrived at the church, my muscles had relaxed and I was on top of the world. “Why not go to the top of the hill on Myers Road?” I asked myself. “After all, it’s just around the corner.” At the apex, I thought to myself, “You’ve already gone this far, just go ahead and coast to the bottom of the hill.” And so I did.

By now I had gone so far, I found the idea of stopping revolting. “Why not accomplish the unthinkable,” I said to myself, “and run all the way to Aunt Betty’s house?” About the same time I got this great inspiration, my legs and lungs voted they had enough. I ignored them and continued to pound out a rhythm on the asphalt. Cedar Valley Road is scenic with a million hills. A fact I never before fully realized.

After the second hill, I started to feel like an asthmatic, half-dead race horse. Life was not good; the day was not beautiful; and running was definitely not enjoyable. Two miles from my goal, and I thought I was going to puke. The only thing sustaining me was my determination to reach my Aunt Betty’s.

Then I beheld the silo; not just any silo, mind you, the silo attached to Aunt Betty’s barn. My feet acquired wings, and I flew. I was still hot and tired, but I had real tangible proof that I could make it to her house. I did. Then I broke the run and tried to walk. It was as if I had run my whole life. I have rarely felt so fulfilled.

by Grace Martin
Never Before
The flowers have grown past the window sill; they’ve never been that tall before.

Today I shielded my eyes from the sun; it’s never been that bright before.

After dinner last night, I was full; the food never tasted that good before.

I slept well last night; the bed has never been that comfortable before.

I sang out loud in the car this morning; the music never sounded that good before.

I wrote this for you; I’ve never been so inspired before.

by Theresa Mountel

Forgiven
by Carissa Engle

White Fish Point
by Shayna O’Bryan
at Kara, I sensed that she felt the same. Finally, the card fell open. He skimmed the inside, and a short “thank you” was said. There was nothing more, and we quickly left. Even though the card originally upset him, I hoped he appreciated it later.

Once in the hallway, we took a deep breath. Our confidence had disappeared, yet we had one last card to give away. In the doorway of the next room, a woman sat in her wheelchair, mumbling at an old man rolling by in his. The wheelchair seemed to engulf her frail body, her shoulders enveloped in a purple shawl. Faded, thin, and wiry red hair sprang out from the top of her head. Our time was almost up, so we approached the woman.

“Happy Valentine’s Day! May we give this to you?” There was no response; not even an ounce of acknowledgement came from her pale, sagging face. “Excuse me, ma’am? Here, this is for you,” Kara said as she thrust the card forward into the woman’s hands. She opened it, glanced at the words, and proceeded to hand it back. “No,” I said. “We made this for you!”

“We made this for you,” the woman repeated, and so began a long game of copycat. The woman repeated everything we said while intertwining her own critiques and ideas about the card; thrown into the mix were many inaudible words and phrases. I still do not have an understanding of what exactly happened; however, judging by the looks some of the staff gave us, it happened a lot. After half an hour of holding back giggles, frustration, and feeling sorry at the same time, Kara and I finally convinced the old woman to keep the card, and we dashed out before she could change her mind.

The attitude within the car on our way back to the school was quite a contrast to the original journey. With exuberance, we each told our stories.

Sheer excitement and the warmth of kindness filled our hearts, all from a few simple construction paper cards. It was then that we realized what we had done: we took an opportunity that was given to us to brighten a complete stranger’s day. Although a little apprehensive at first, we ended by making a large impact in just about each and every life we encountered that day, including our own. Those few hours wandering the halls of a nursing home certainly made me feel better about myself because now I know that even the smallest act of kindness, even one made of pink construction paper, will be appreciated.

by Erica Stewart

Canyon Wall
by Julia Dunster

Hibiscus
by Joshua Friedt
As members of the Smithville High School National Honor Society, a few friends and I piled into the car, and a shroud of nervousness seemed to enclose our excitement. Distributing handmade cards to the residents of the Smithville Western Care Center was our next service project in a series of projects in which we took part during my senior year. Sadly, not all the residents receive visits from friends and family. We felt that this small act of kindness would be all that they needed to feel happy, and know that someone does care about them. We talked, laughed, and worried about what it would be like; after all, it is not easy to talk to strangers, especially the elderly. What started out simply as an assigned service project ended with a whole new perspective.

Our small group traveled about five minutes down the road from the high school to our destination. It was a relatively warm day for February, and we paused to soak up the sun. Ducks waddled through puddles of melted snow in the parking lot, and what remained of icicles dripped from the brown rooftop. Slowly, we made our way to the front doors, and congregated just inside with one of our advisors. She explained the lay-out of the building and our time limit, and dividing into pairs, we began our community service.

I decided to go with my friend Kara, a short but sturdy red-head who absolutely loves to talk to anyone who is willing to listen. With six cards between us, we cautiously walked down the first hallway. The residents seemed to be everywhere; some shuffled to their rooms, while others just sat there. All had a shade of loneliness in their wrinkled faces. Slightly intimidated, we chose our first recipient carefully: a sweet petite woman sitting in a chair in a recreation room. Her inquisitive eyes were carefully focused on our approach. Kara spoke first.

“Happy Valentine’s Day! Here this is for you!” Kara exclaimed happily as she handed the pink and white card to the old woman. Hesitantly, the woman took the card, and a moment of silence passed as she read. Her reluctance turned into a wide smile. A woman I had first taken to be very quiet immediately turned into an older version of Kara, and an enthusiastic and delightfully entertaining conversation took place between the two. The woman asked where we were from and then proceeded to tell us about how she grew up on a farm in the area. I think that perhaps this woman just wanted someone new to talk to and even share a snippet of her life. The encounter was almost comforting, and we bid her good-bye as we continued our mission to give out the rest of the cards.

No longer were we fearful as we passed out a few more cards to some of the other residents in the hallway. On every face a grand amount of gratitude was seen, and with it, I felt as though my heart just grew bigger. The recipients seemed to cherish the small gift made from construction paper, markers, and sticker hearts, and I felt honored to be able to brighten their day.

Next, Kara and I ventured into one of the rooms where a skinny, withered man sat by himself. He was propped up by his pillow on his bed and stared at the blank television screen before him. I took one of the cards and smiled as I looked into his blue eyes. “Happy Valentine’s Day, sir! We’re from Smithville High School, and we made this for you,” I explained as I handed it to him. Slowly, he took the card as his other hand came up to help open it. Shaking violently and putting forth every effort to do so, the man tried to open the flimsy paper card. I saw his frustration growing.

“What can I do it for you?” I asked.

“No!” The short, intense outburst made me jump. “I can do it!”

Patiently, we waited. My heart pitied him, and I felt ashamed for causing him anger from what was supposed to be an act of kindness. Glancing
The Field

It appeared peaceful, and maybe a little lonely, as I gazed upon a battlefield of the Revolutionary War. The day was perfect for the setting. A few wispy clouds were scattered throughout the blue sky, and the sun shone brightly over the field. In the distance, there was a tree line (in which my imagination was certain) that soldiers would come storming out of any minute. The high weeds, tossed around by the breeze, seemed to cover the scars from the past. I wondered how many men are buried underneath this historic soil.

What was this piece of land before the battle raged? Had animals grazed in its pasture, or children played in its grasses? Had it produced crops for its owner, and had been relied on for strength?

Its legacy will never end. For as long as man lives on earth, it will be. It has yielded fruit, it has held its own, it cradles the bones of brave men, and is a bridge from the past to the present. A memorial of a tragedy yet a treasure, the cost of freedom began with a field.

by Nathanael Pritt

Sunday June 29, 2008
Dear Dad:

I am sorry that I am not able to read this aloud myself, but as you know I am not one to handle these kinds of circumstances. I am probably the weakest link right now. It's all too overwhelming for me, so someone else is being respectful enough to do so.

I just wanted everyone here this evening to know and realize that I have many great memories with you dad. For example, I was up every morning with you before you would go off to work, and I'd stand on the sofa and wave and wave because I didn’t want you to go. I remember going to work with you at The Army National Guard; that was exciting! I love the Cleveland Browns because of you also; we'd watch games every Sunday together. Our trip to Colorado in 1992 we had to compromise on what radio stations to listen to; you always wanted the country station, and I wanted to hear ROCK-N-ROLL. Well, I had to deal with it and ended up actually enjoying that era of music; I love country music to this day!

Dad, you were always there for me in my time of need, and I have always appreciated everything you have ever done! I know that you already know this, but I wanted to say it again. You helped me when I needed a roof over my head more than once; bought my first standard vehicle, and then when I graduated from high school, you helped me buy a Ford Escort. I had many clunkers, and you helped me fix them when you were able to do so. I tried to pay you back when I had the money, but you wouldn’t take it from me.

Dad, the last time I was able to spend with you was Father’s Day, June 15, 2008. I really enjoyed our visit. It meant a lot to both of us, and you had told me similar words in an e-mail. I check my e-mail looking for one from you, knowing there will not be any more sent. I will always cherish you, and I know you are still with me in spirit & always in my heart!

All the grandkids are hanging in there as well as Grandma and Aunt Donna, Paula, Paul Gary, John Rick & Lisa, but it’s never easy to deal with a tragedy like this. We all grieve in our own way, and this will take much time for me to overcome. I will tell your “Little Irish Rose” (Cierra) when she is old enough to understand what kind of man her grandpa was. We all know that you loved us so very much from the bottom of your heart, and no one can take that away from us!

I have always loved you, dad, from the bottom of my heart, and I WILL KEEP ON LOVING YOU FOREVER AND EVER!!

Thank you for being who you are, dad! Thank you for serving our country!!

I WILL ALWAYS BE PROUD OF YOU!!!!

I SALUTE YOU!!!!

– MAY YOU REST IN PEACE –

Lord, Jesus, please take precious care of our father/grandfather/son/brother. . .we know he is in heaven and watching over all of us and is now our guardian angel. One more thing, Lord, please let dad know that when I graduate from college, it will be in his honor.

LOVE ALWAYS & FOREVER FROM YOUR LOVING DAUGHTER,
ANDREA MARIE TRACEY
XOXOXOXOXOXOXOXOXOXO

Letter to My Father

by Andrea Marie Tracey

They Belong to God

by Gordon R. Beals

Tribute to James Tracey

by Andrea Marie Tracey

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quinn and i
had hitchhiked all day
up the alcan highway.
the dark came late.
we made our way
into and through an indian cemetery
in the yukon territory.
a log cabin was placed in the middle
with windows with no glass and a door with no door.
we stretched out
and slept on the plank floor.
the sun hardly set before it rose.
awaking in the morning,
we admired fresh flowers on a grave
placed by a silent visitor
that came with the midnight sun.

an indian woman
in skagway
later told me,
“the cabin in the tribal graveyard
has no windows
or door
so the spirits of the recent dead
can come and go
as they please.”

we were quiet,
and the dead welcomed us
to walk among them.
we slept
and found sanctuary
away from the highway.

whitehorse, yukon
july, ’72

by mark solars
My Bed

I’ve dreaded it, I’ve fought it, I’ve loved it, I’ve left it, I’ve cried on it, I’ve dreamed on it. Sometimes, I couldn’t even get out of it.

My bed.

I dreaded it, when I was struggling with insomnia. My bed and I were at odds. I didn’t even want to see it. Hour after hour, with sleep playing at every corner of my mind.

Damn Bed.

I’ve loved it. I loved it so much I couldn’t leave it. I’ve fell on it after some of the longest days of my life and it received me with open comfort. I’ve been so tired I didn’t even get under its blankets.

Lovely bed.

I’ve left it, I’ve gotten so frustrated that I just left it. Left it alone in the dark corner of my room. It never held it against me.

Forgiving bed.

I’ve cried on it. I’ve cried so many times on my bed. I’ve cried because I couldn’t leave it, because it was the only place in the world I felt safe. I’ve cried because I was sick and tired and angry and sometimes because I just needed to.

Understanding bed.

I’ve dreamed on it. When I was awake, when I was asleep, when I was somewhere in between, I’ve dreamed on my bed. My bed knows my dreams.

Dreamy bed.

I’ve had friends in it. I’ve had so many friends my bed cringed under the giddy night of sugar-crazed girls in pajamas. My poor bed prayed for our sleep.

Sleepy bed.

I’ve laughed on it. I’ve watched comedies, told stories, heard stories, e-mailed and texted jokes. My bed thinks I’m funny.

Hilarious bed.

I’ve found myself on my bed. I’ve studied my soul in my bed, I’ve read about my God in my bed, I’ve fought with philosophy in my bed.

Smart bed.

My bed, loves when I sleep. This is natural for my bed. This is how my bed and I bond. My bed and I have an understanding.

MY BED.

by Bethany Marcum
My Bed

I’ve dreaded it, I’ve fought it, I’ve loved it, I’ve left it, I’ve cried on it, I’ve dreamed on it. Sometimes, I couldn’t even get out of it.

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~by Bethany Marcum~

Winter Crossing

busy Christmas season traffic snarled six lanes wide
walk light comes on tempting crossers waiting there on foot
past three lanes, “Don’t Walk” insisting hurry on, or scurry back
cycles through, once, twice, again
an elder woman watches bent over against snow-filled wind she eases to the curb
“Walk” light comes on, she stands erect steps off the curb, into the street
and moves with dignity and grace “Don’t Walk” comes on she holds her pace
and to her presence all around defer, no horns are blown though more than one lane width she passes under green
and then steps up onto the curb relaxes, slouches ever so slightly from royalty to the quiet dignity of everywoman

~by George Rufener~

Runner Up

by Bethany Marcum
quinn and i
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up the alcan highway.
the dark came late.
we made our way
into and through an indian cemetery
in the yukon territory.
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The Field

It appeared peaceful, and maybe a little lonely, as I gazed upon a battlefield of the Revolutionary War. The day was perfect for the setting. A few wispy clouds were scattered throughout the blue sky, and the sun shone brightly over the field. In the distance, there was a tree line (in which my imagination was certain) that soldiers would come storming out of any minute. The high weeds, tossed around by the breeze, seemed to cover the scars from the past. I wondered how many men are buried underneath this historic soil.

What was this piece of land before the battle raged? Had animals grazed in its pasture, or children played in its grasses? Had it produced crops for its owner, and had been relied on for strength?

Its legacy will never end. For as long as man lives on earth, it will be. It has yielded fruit, it has held its own, it cradles the bones of brave men, and is a bridge from the past to the present. A memorial of a tragedy yet a treasure, the cost of freedom began with a field.

by Nathanael Pritt

Sunday June 29, 2008

Dear Dad:

I am sorry that I am not able to read this aloud myself, but as you know I am not one to handle these kinds of circumstances. I am probably the weakest link right now. It’s all too overwhelming for me, so someone else is being respectful enough to do so.

I just wanted everyone here this evening to know and realize that I have many great memories with you dad. For example, I was up every morning with you before you would go off to work, and I’d stand on the sofa and wave and wave because I didn’t want you to go. I remember going to work with you at The Army National Guard; that was exciting! I love the Cleveland Browns because of you also; we’d watch games every Sunday together. Our trip to Colorado in 1992 we had to compromise on what radio stations to listen to; you always wanted the country station, and I wanted to hear ROCK-N-ROLL. Well, I had to deal with it and ended up actually enjoying that era of music; I love country music to this day!

Dad, you were always there for me in my time of need, and I have always appreciated everything you have ever done! I know that you already know this, but I wanted to say it again. You helped me when I needed a roof over my head more than once; bought my first standard vehicle, and then when I graduated from high school, you helped me buy a Ford Escort. I had many clunkers, and you helped me fix them when you were able to do so. I tried to pay you back when I had the money, but you wouldn’t take it from me.

Dad, the last time I was able to spend with you was Father’s Day, June 15, 2008. I really enjoyed our visit. It meant a lot to both of us, and you had told me similar words in an e-mail. I check my e-mail looking for one from you, knowing there will not be any more sent. I will always cherish you, and I know you are still with me in spirit & always in my heart!

All the grandkids are hanging in there as well as Grandma and Aunt Donna, Paula, Paul Gary, John Rick & Lisa, but it’s never easy to deal with a tragedy like this. We all grieve in our own way, and this will take much time for me to overcome. I will tell your “Little Irish Rose” (Cierra) when she is old enough to understand what kind of man her grandpa was. We all know that you loved us so very much from the bottom of your heart, and no one can take that away from us!

I have always loved you, dad, from the bottom of my heart, and I WILL KEEP ON LOVING YOU FOREVER AND EVER!!

Thank you for being who you are, dad! Thank you for serving our country!!

I WILL ALWAYS BE PROUD OF YOU!!!

I SALUTE YOU!!!
– MAY YOU REST IN PEACE –

Lord, Jesus, please take precious care of our father/grandfather/son/brother... we know he is in heaven and watching over all of us and is now our guardian angel. One more thing, Lord, please let dad know that when I graduate from college, it will be in his honor.

LOVE ALWAYS & FOREVER FROM YOUR LOVING DAUGHTER,
ANDREA MARIE TRACEY
XOXOXOXOXOXOXO
As members of the Smithville High School National Honor Society, a few friends and I piled into the car, and a shroud of nervousness seemed to enclose our excitement. Distributing handmade cards to the residents of the Smithville Western Care Center was our next service project in a series of projects in which we took part during my senior year. Sadly, not all the residents receive visits from friends and family. We felt that this small act of kindness would be all that they needed to feel happy, and know that someone does care about them. We talked, laughed, and worried about what it would be like; after all, it is not easy to talk to strangers, especially the elderly. What started out simply as an assigned service project ended with a whole new perspective.

Our small group traveled about five minutes down the road from the high school to our destination. It was a relatively warm day for February, and we paused to soak up the sun. Ducks waddled through puddles of melted snow in the parking lot, and what remained of icicles dripped from the brown rooftop. Slowly, we made our way to the front doors, and congregated just inside with one of our advisors. She explained the lay-out of the building and our time limit, and dividing into pairs, we began our community service.

I decided to go with my friend Kara, a short but sturdy red-head who absolutely loves to talk to anyone who is willing to listen. With six cards between us, we cautiously walked down the first hallway. The residents seemed to be everywhere; some shuffled to their rooms, while others just sat there. All had a shade of loneliness in their wrinkled faces. Slightly intimidated, we chose our first recipient carefully: a sweet petite woman sitting in a chair in a recreation room. Her inquisitive eyes were carefully focused on our approach. Kara spoke first.

“Happy Valentine’s Day! Here this is for you!” Kara exclaimed happily as she handed the pink and white card to the old woman. Hesitantly, the woman took the card, and a moment of silence passed as she read. Her reluctance turned into a wide smile. A woman I had first taken to be very quiet immediately turned into an older version of Kara, and an enthusiastic and delightfully entertaining conversation took place between the two. The woman asked where we were from and then proceeded to tell us about how she grew up on a farm in the area. I think that perhaps this woman just wanted someone new to talk to and even share a snippet of her life. The encounter was almost comforting, and we bid her good-bye as we continued our mission to give out the rest of the cards.

No longer were we fearful as we passed out a few more cards to some of the other residents in the hallway. On every face a grand amount of gratitude was seen, and with it, I felt as though my heart just grew bigger. The recipients seemed to cherish the small gift made from construction paper, markers, and sticker hearts, and I felt honored to be able to brighten their day.

Next, Kara and I ventured into one of the rooms where a skinny, withered man sat by himself. He was propped up by his pillow on his bed and stared at the blank television screen before him. I took one of the cards and smiled as I looked into his blue eyes. “Happy Valentine’s Day, sir! We’re from Smithville High School, and we made this for you,” I explained as I handed it to him. Slowly, he took the card as his other hand came up to help open it. Shaking violently and putting forth every effort to do so, the man tried to open the flimsy paper card. I saw his frustration growing.

“Can I open it for you?” I asked.

“No!” The short, intense outburst made me jump. “I can do it!”

Patiently, we waited. My heart pitied him, and I felt ashamed for causing him anger from what was supposed to be an act of kindness. Glancing
at Kara, I sensed that she felt the same. Finally, the card fell open. He skimmed the inside, and a short “thank you” was said. There was nothing more, and we quickly left. Even though the card originally upset him, I hoped he appreciated it later.

Once in the hallway, we took a deep breath. Our confidence had disappeared, yet we had one last card to give away. In the doorway of the next room, a woman sat in her wheelchair, mumbling at an old man rolling by in his. The wheelchair seemed to engulf her frail body, her shoulders enveloped in a purple shawl. Faded, thin, and wiry red hair sprang out from the top of her head. Our time was almost up, so we approached the woman.

“Happy Valentine’s Day! May we give this to you?” There was no response; not even an ounce of acknowledgement came from her pale, sagging face. “Excuse me, ma’am? Here, this is for you,” Kara said as she thrust the card forward into the woman’s hands. She opened it, glanced at the words, and proceeded to hand it back. “No,” I said. “We made this for you!”

“We made this for you,” the woman repeated, and so began a long game of copycat. The woman repeated everything we said while intertwining her own critiques and ideas about the card; thrown into the mix were many inaudible words and phrases. I still do not have an understanding of what exactly happened; however, judging by the looks some of the staff gave us, it happened a lot. After half an hour of holding back giggles, frustration, and feeling sorry at the same time, Kara and I finally convinced the old woman to keep the card, and we dashed out before she could change her mind.

The attitude within the car on our way back to the school was quite a contrast to the original journey. With exuberance, we each told our stories.

Sheer excitement and the warmth of kindness filled our hearts, all from a few simple construction paper cards. It was then that we realized what we had done: we took an opportunity that was given to us to brighten a complete stranger’s day. Although a little apprehensive at first, we ended by making a large impact in just about each and every life we encountered that day, including our own. Those few hours wandering the halls of a nursing home certainly made me feel better about myself because now I know that even the smallest act of kindness, even one made of pink construction paper, will be appreciated.

by Erica Stewart
Never Before
The flowers have grown past the window sill; they’ve never been that tall before.
Today I shielded my eyes from the sun; it’s never been that bright before.
After dinner last night, I was full; the food never tasted that good before.
I slept well last night; the bed has never been that comfortable before.
I sang out loud in the car this morning; the music never sounded that good before.
I wrote this for you; I’ve never been so inspired before.

by Theresa Mountel

Forgiven
by Carissa Engle

White Fish Point
by Shayna O’Bryan
Sometimes the weather is irresistible. Although January is characterized by cold and snow, two weeks into the month spring was in the air. I decided to seize the moment and go for a run; not a long run, just a short one to get the blood moving again.

I struck out for the crossroads. “If I run to the stop sign and back, I could be done in ten minutes,” I told myself. The whole way to the intersection I felt like falling over. Yet a funny thing happened, as bad as I felt, the thought of stopping only made me want to run harder. So I turned right and kept going. Firestone Road has three hills and none of them are easy, but I promised myself I would make it to the church before quitting.

By the time I arrived at the church, my muscles had relaxed and I was on top of the world. “Why not go to the top of the hill on Myers Road?” I asked myself. “After all, it’s just around the corner.” At the apex, I thought to myself, “You’ve already gone this far, just go ahead and coast to the bottom of the hill.” And so I did.

By now I had gone so far, I found the idea of stopping revolting. “Why not accomplish the unthinkable,” I said to myself, “and run all the way to Aunt Betty’s house?” About the same time I got this great inspiration, my legs and lungs voted they had enough. I ignored them and continued to pound out a rhythm on the asphalt. Cedar Valley Road is scenic with a million hills. A fact I never before fully realized.

After the second hill, I started to feel like an asthmatic, half-dead race horse. Life was not good; the day was not beautiful; and running was definitely not enjoyable. Two miles from my goal, and I thought I was going to puke. The only thing sustaining me was my determination to reach my Aunt Betty’s.

Then I beheld the silo; not just any silo, mind you, the silo attached to Aunt Betty’s barn. My feet acquired wings, and I flew. I was still hot and tired, but I had real tangible proof that I could make it to her house. I did. Then I broke the run and tried to walk. It was as if I had run my whole life. I have rarely felt so fulfilled.

by Grace Martin
Shakin’ and a Stirrin’

Could it be she was just tired of standin’- achin’ bones, swollen feet, longing for a place to rest-just wishin’ for a seat and wantin’ to go home-an everyday hero of a moment in time-did Rosa know what she did that day?

Shakin’ and a stirrin’ the pot of civil liberties-an unsuspecting instigator, so far reaching- a generational trickle-down effect or did she get above her raisings’ not knowing and keeping to her place.

Uppity Negroid, triple-whammy- southern, black woman no better than an imbecile, a criminal-even poor white trash shades better- barely human to some- a juggernaut of tiny stature-powerful nature.

Little Rosa- a giant for her time-for any time- one tired, frustrated, bone-weary person- like the rest of us-some days – don’t wanna take no more, startin’ something, shakin’ and a stirrin’ the pot that still boils today and feeds a hungry nation.

by Jean L. Calvert

God Bless America

by Gordon R. Beals

He Loves Me

by Carissa Engle
Life in HD

Christie “lived” death like she lived her life
hard-core, large-bore, full-tilt boogie
small black-haired explosion of activity
chemo angel of heavy metal
exclusive club, members all glittering eyes, matchstick limbs, toothy grins for the
dating service, cookie-bringing, tiny walking encyclopedia of dirty jokes
daughter, sister, friend, cousin, lover, defender of the animals, protector of her hospice homies
hands-on, right-on, straight shooter
advice shot from the hip, tongue-in-cheek, dispensed from a former goth geek
final Christmas Eve, candlelit service, high, clear soprano brought with a cane
peace with the anger, peace with the pain, peace with the betrayal
bittersweet acceptance, ceasefire of the war of denial
life and death in high definition
full-speed ahead, throttle open, pedal-to-the-metal, down to the wire to the final hour
rock-on Christie, rock-on

by Jean L. Calvert

Stairway to Safety

by James Lawrence

Knowledge Is a Window

by Emily Swartzentruber

Artwork 1

by Alysa Musselman
Watching The Stars Watch Us

I often wonder how we might look
To the thousands of burning eyes
Dreamily painted upon the vibrant, night sky
Do they, too, hold us in curious glances
Wondering what might be hiding behind our shine?
Do they make wishes
As they see us pass from this life to the next
In whispers hidden under breath?
All the while holding faith that we may bring them peace
And fill their nights with dreams
And as we burn then fade then die
We will fall to the Earth and renounce our shine
For how funny and fragile we must appear
To a thousand burning eyes
Painted upon the vibrant, night sky

by Clint Hale

Midnight Mass
by Jean L. Calvert

being babe ruth

i awoke at league park
in cleveland
having dreamed someone else’s dream.
it was may 1, 1891,
and i was cy young
pitching before 9,000 fans.
i was addie joss tossing the first perfect game,
i was babe ruth hitting #499 and #500 onto lexington ave.
over a 60 foot fence -
just a typical weekend,
i made the first unassisted triple play
in series history,
i won the 1920 world series,
i tagged out ty cobb
taking a throw from lajoie,
i played the outfield with tris speaker.
he played shallow, and i played deeper.
burleigh grimes had a nasty spitter
when it wasn’t too cold,
joe sewell was the second baseman,
ray chapman played the infield
here before he was killed
and he was old.
it was the end of the dead ball era.
i played with shoeless joe, gehrig, dimaggio, williams, and feller
on dirt and grass
with
leather to leather and a brown ball.
lay bare hands on
a 32” wooden bat.
give me one to drive
at the belt and outside.
it goes deep to right
over the heads of so many ghosts alive.
i can hear the roar of the crowd,
i am alive,
and i can dream.
See Thee More Clearly
by Alysa Musselman

I am most often inspired by the little things that happen in life. I love to tell stories. Not crazy, made-up, bullshit stories; but rather the goofy, quirky things that happen to real people in real situations every single day. I think I have a pretty good knack for recognizing a good story, or a tiny thread that has the potential to become a good story.

I can’t say for sure exactly where my “reporter’s ear” came from, but I can tell you without a doubt where my love of telling a good story was born: right at the foot of my father’s bed. And my dad’s only brother, my Uncle Howard, was the midwife that helped deliver it!

Some of the happiest moments of my childhood were spent listening to Dad and Uncle Howard as they recalled their youth in the tiny town of Burton City, Ohio. A pair of ornery little fellows to begin with, their potential for mischief was elevated to an even more dangerous level by the fact that each of them was smart as a whip. Some of the things they got into…

Those two would actually laugh so hard as they spoke that often times their words would trail off into red-faced, tear-dripping gasps of laughter. I could write a book on their adventures alone, but the effect that all of this merriment had on the future “me” was this: I saw in those stories the potential for folks to transcend every sadness with laughter. My dad, who had been confined to a bed and wheelchair by a terrible industrial accident years earlier, and his brother, a fellow veteran of WWII, who had experienced unspeakable horrors as a battlefield medic in the South Pacific, could absolutely leave this earth on the billowing clouds of laughter.

That’s what inspires me. That’s what I like to do. I like to write to make people forget their cares. Then again, I guess sometimes I like to write to remember why that’s important.

by John C. Lorson

My Tree
Entangled in limbs
The bark, it bites
Beautiful protector by day
Thrilling scariness by night

Your roots are deep
You dare not move
Someday your surroundings will change
And your location will too

Travel will no longer be necessary
To visit and peer
The excitement of spring
Will be with me all year.

For now I will be patient
And prepare the terrain
And when the time is right
With me you will remain.

by Theresa Mountel

Trees
by Sheila Hirt

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What inspires me to write.

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by John C. Lorson
Looking back on rushed decisions, people often have regrets. That was not the case for me a couple months ago as I was flying a Cessna 150. I was a stemming private pilot with the ink still wet on my pilot’s license, and I was eager to show fellow pilots my maturing skill level in a plane.

It was a tasteless day for flying, but a friend of mine had been persistent in asking for a ride, and on that fateful day our schedules coincided and made a flight possible. As we climbed into the plane, my trusting passenger was all confidence while I, however, was warily eyeing distant lighting. The sound of the light rain pattering on the plane was smothered as we put on our headsets and prepared ourselves to slip out of the holdings of earth that bound common men to the ground.

The engine start was magnificent, with all 100 horses roaring under the engine cowling. After a system check I taxied to the runway with a practiced hand. The plane was behaving like it was a part of my body; I felt in complete control as we lifted free of the wet asphalt. Any confidence I had disintegrated at 50 feet off the ground. For no reason, the RPM suddenly dropped to below idling speed. I was clawing the air to gain altitude, my speed was slow, and my engine just decided to not participate in this dance we call flying.

I was faced with two options. I could do this by the books and get the plane ready for an emergency landing straight ahead, or I could attempt to turn around and make it back to the landing strip. I started to bank the plane and descend at the same time to try to conserve speed. While all this was going on, I was trying to find the problem. I checked all the instruments and ran through all of the emergency checklists my instructor had drilled into my head. The plane was flirting with a stall, and I was still a quarter mile out from the runway. There was a lot of praying going on in that plane as my frozen passenger and I stared at our goal. Logically speaking, that plane had no right to make it back to the landing strip, and yet there we were with our tires kissing the ground and my passenger and I remembering how to breathe.

As I recall that day, I am sure that if my decision had gone the other way it would have resulted in disaster. However, the day ended leaving my friend and me to dwell in our thoughts of life, what is important to us, and how life goes on. I am sure that God was responsible for getting that plane back on the ground; it was surely no reflection on my skill, for even the best of pilots cannot make a dead plane fly.

by Seth Wilkerson

Flying High in Thin Cold Air

by Seth Wilkerson
Everyone’s Tomorrow

by Julia Dunster

I don’t remember whether it was hot or cold. I do remember the tears in my six-year-old eyes. We had packed the last of the boxes into our outdated gray mini-van and mom had buckled me into my booster seat. The usual chatter between the family ensued. I turned to look out my window as we backed out of our driveway, and when we paused to shift gears, I got a full glimpse of my childhood home.

The flower bed where I planted M&Ms, thinking that they would grow into M&M bushes, the tree where Dani told Dad he was sexist for not letting her climb a tree, the yard where my sister and I splashed in a puddle when we heard news of a new brother on the way, we thought we would name him Noah.

The gear shifted and my blue sanctuary began to pass by. The thought that shot through my six-year-old mind was that I could never go to college. I couldn’t grow up. If leaving a home is this difficult, how could I ever leave my family?

The song that my sister and I had sung suddenly popped into my mind: “I don’t want to grow up, I’m a Toys-R-Us kid.” And the jingle took on a new meaning for me.

“Mom, Bethey is crying,” Dani, completely fine with the thought of something new was confused. My mom turned with her classic look of reassurance to me and, not being aware of the new phobia which had developed, replied with “don’t worry hunni, we’ll visit sometime.”

by Bethany Marcum

New Phobia

I don’t remember whether it was hot or cold. I do remember the tears in my six-year-old eyes. We had packed the last of the boxes into our outdated gray mini-van and mom had buckled me into my booster seat. The usual chatter between the family ensued. I turned to look out my window as we backed out of our driveway, and when we paused to shift gears, I got a full glimpse of my childhood home.

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by Bethany Marcum

Eight P.M... You Are Cordially Invited

But first permit me the distinction
Of applying hair gelatin
The keys were on the key rack
The kids are each one in the sack
Elsewhere gallivanting, happy
But I believe the one has Apnea
A frightful un-sticking of boards—
But let us agonize no more
Maria is most proficient
So shall we at last take our exit?
Palms trace balustrade, taking the steps one by one
Have we not subsidized a doorstep devoid of gum?
I demand to know where all of our dollars go
From EMG and Anderson and Co
To pay for Cirrhosis, dear
And dangling bright from your ear
When you were plastered to Providence
Expiating in some vulgar sense
Oh! This town is going to the dogs! To hell!
And just speaking of the devil!
Un perro errante
Shoo, you! Get! Go away!
Don’t so much as touch it! Fleas, ticks, vermin
Don’t dare feed an ungracious return
Give him a needle concealed in bun (He-he! How despicable!)
Gutter-lolling with a vagabond
Greasy coverlet articles’ long
Wherein Tax Proposal X belongs
Watch your head—and posthaste, step on it
Across the ribbon gaily split
From Fifth Avenue to Lexington
Where more refined is the lexicon
They take your bowler at the door
Your coat, divested for the floor
To these friends all around, smile
Diamond Eternal

Ensconced by regal dynastic for centuries
Millenniums of folk tale curses and mysteries
Heirloom jewels have been bequeathed by familial royalties

Glimmering facets in earthly sky tones: blue, yellow, clear to smoky brown
Whether given as a token of love or adorned on an illustrious crown

Solitaire or coupled celestial bodies illuminate
Denoted as the month of April’s stone
His true birth date

Unlike fragile transient relationships, unflawed resilience
Symbolic of an anniversary of six decades with undying brilliance

Pure natural carbon by karats and grains, measured
From the commoner to the noble fondly treasured
Original mining of the raw to polished vibrancy incessantly desired

by Ellen G. Saurer

Reflected in every tile
And—
Strong, very strong is the wine
Accenting the mellifluous Ninth
For all well acquainted are we
With aesthetic history
And how smoothly time comes and goes
Astride the gadding allegros
With such alacrity does she halt!
Hobbling onto a staccato waltz
Janice Bernstein! Shall I go greet—
With a smile wide! The black lechery!
Quick! A spoon! patterns straight… curls sleek
Yes, previously did we meet
O’er an insurance policy
He-hem, quite publicly for tea
Behold his sloppy, chest-led gait!
Oh waiter! A glass of Champaign
Stuffy, torrid—Alas! ’Tis getting late
Through vestibule, head hung, will I wait
Against tessellation rubicund
But the night has only begun!
A grin, a giggle, coal-eyed
Placid then flashing ignited
The coterie, shorn of cellophane
Diaphanous and shamelessly vain
Miss Milton, heir from out west
Is bawling, like all of the rest
About those who onerously cleaved her star
When she submit several fortnights to the bars
But fifteen minutes have gone
Still, only I am alone
And certainly whatever I groan
Brow reposed, Don Juan will antiphone
Standing out in the drizzle and the cold
Dearest, that pellucid ploy is so old

by Zach Donahue
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A Romantic Knight

The passionate vibe she’s sending me,
I feel her vibrations from the floor through my knees,
Silky Red her body’s in heat,
I whisper to God, thank you for my Queen,
I set in a sweat, her eyes glued to me,
Oh, just one touch; she’s punishing me,
Women love games, especially Tease,
Dim the lights, three cubes of ice,
A cup of hot fudge, would fulfill the night,
My mind is in a daze, as my heart is taking flight,
I remember when I prayed,
For a strong willed woman to take my life,
Realizing my request had been finally fulfilled,
My thoughts will no longer rest,
And my heart will be revealed,
As I clench during her test,
Like a Knight does his shield,
Feeling the smoothness of her flesh,
Not knowing what is next, my mind is in a chaos,
I could imagine, the tense sex,
Taking deep breaths counting to Ten,
I pulse for a moment, like a Dragon in a Den,
Preparing to face temptation and win,
I reach the Volcano’s peak,
Unleashing words, that only men speak,
I cannot continue for this is no dream,
Your body and flesh are real, and you’re my Queen,
I’m not your Romantic Knight,
You turned the heat up tonight,
I thought, I was prepared to fight,
But at the end, I realized you might,
And, now I give in; like Kite does the Wind.

by LeVesta Stokes, Jr.
Special Acknowledgments from the Staff

God, for guiding us
Susanna Horn
John Lorson
Carolyn Freelon
Dean Jack Kristofco
All the Writing Instructors
Fred del Guidice
SOPAC
Everyone who submitted to Waynessence

Editor’s Note

Wonderful
Amazing
Yearly
Neat
Essential
Sentimental
Surreal
Enchanting
New
Colorful
Excellent

This expresses how much I enjoy my job as editor-in-chief. I extend my gratitude to God, Sue, John, Carolyn, the Waynessence Staff, all those who have submitted and anyone else that I forgot to mention.

Mike Vamos
Waynessence Editor-in-Chief

Co-Advisors’ Note

Waynessence
Art is our heart beat –
Wild, painful, and stunning.
Devoted family.
Thanks to everyone for sharing!
sue
Susanna K. Horn
Waynessence Co-advisor

What a time for creativity! I’m not sure what has precipitated the explosion of artistic thought on our little campus this fall, but whatever it is, it seems to keep on giving! On these pages you’ll find the best of it, with thanks as always directed toward a wonderful staff and their fearless leader, Editor-in-Chief Mike Vamos! Thanks everyone. It’s another great one!

John C. Lorson
Waynessence Co-advisor

Firefly Sky

a happy child runs through
his summer nighttime yard
barefooted and
collecting fireflies in a jar.

after climbing the wooden hill.
with a yawn and sleepy eyes,
he puts the jar next to his bed.
by dawn,
the fireflies are dead,
and early summer has come and gone.

by mark solars

Abbey’s Candle

by Judith Bridger
Writers' and Artists' Biographies

Reneé Baker works at Wayne College in the Continuing Education and Workforce Development department as the office coordinator. She lives in Kent with her husband, three children, two cats and a dog.

Gordon R. Beals of Dalton is a student at Wayne College taking classes in a variety of subjects.

Judith Bridger is an adjunct English teacher at Wayne College, mother of three adult children, and "gran" to three-year-old Noah.

Jean L. Calvert is a social work major, loves to write fiction and non-fiction, essays, etc. She is a Student Ambassador, is a member of the Psych Club, Student Senate, and Wayne Writers' Club; is the mother of six, grandmother of six.

Kim Coffey is a fine arts student, mother of four and wife of one—Matt Coffey.

Zachariah Donahue was born in Akron and graduated from Tuslaw High School.

Julia Dunster

Carissa Engle is a student at Smithville High School.

Charline Engle is a wife and mom of three children.

Kevin Engle is the Assistant to the Dean at Wayne College.

Josh Friedt of Rittman is a desk assistant in the Smucker Learning Center. He is majoring in education with a focus in special needs and high school English.

Clint Hale

Sheila Hirt worked 35 years as a psychiatric nurse and licensed independent social worker. Sheila is using her retirement years to develop her love for art.

Ellen G. Hockenberry is a nursing major, mother of four, and employed as an R.N. and LPN instructor.

Jim Lawrence of Wadsworth is an Academic Advisor at Wayne College.

John C. Lorson is an Admissions Counselor at Wayne College and co-advisor for Waynessence and the Wayne College Writers' Club.

Bethany Marcum is a freshman at Wayne College, majoring in public relations.

Grace Martin

David Milkovich is an adjunct faculty member in the history department.

Theresa Mountel is a student and staff member at Wayne College. She lives in Wooster with her three children.

Alysa Musselman

Shayna O'Bryan

Nathanael Pritt is a student at Wayne College, majoring in English. He enjoys playing guitar, studying Jazz music, and writing.

George Rufener is a mechanical engineering major, and computer assistant in astronomy and physics; and sometimes I even have time to sleep.

Rob Sharrett is an economics student at Wayne College.

Mark Solar is a sixth grade teacher, husband to a very special woman for 30 years, and father of three.

Erica Stewart of Smithville is currently working at The Barn Restaurant, and majoring in Art Education.

LeVesta Stokes, Jr. of Wooster is a leader within his family and community, and a single father of two, majoring in chemical engineering.

Emily Swartzentruber is a freshman at Wayne College. She is employed part time at Marty's Photography Studio. She enjoys singing and headbanging.

Jaime Totten is a homemaker and mother of two, and is majoring in Art Education.

Andrea Marie Tracey of Wooster is the mother of three with one on the way. She is majoring in Healthcare Administrative Assistant Program.

Seth Wilkerson is a private pilot taking classes at Wayne College. His major is business.

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The University of Akron Wayne College
Fall 2008

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. All rights to the writing and artwork presented here are retained by the authors/artists. Artists, photographers, and writers have produced their own work independently. Their proximity in Waynessence does not necessarily reflect the intentions of authors or artists.

Each fall, all poems submitted to Waynessence are entered into our poetry contest. Each spring, awards are given to the artwork or photographs that appear on the Spring Waynessence front and back covers.