The Waynessence of  
The University of Akron Wayne College  
Fall 2011

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. In the spring, awards are given to the artwork or photographs that appear on the Spring Waynessence front and back covers.

Plentiful Pumpkins  
by Kevin Engle
(see page 21)
From the Staff

Special Acknowledgments

- God, for guiding us
- Susanna Horn
- John Lorson
- Carolyn Freelon
- Interim Dean Paulette Popovich
- All the Writing Instructors
- Mary Tohill
- SOPAC
- Everyone who submitted to Waynessence

From the Editor

I remember back to a time before I sent my first poem to the Waynessence and not knowing if it was pronounced like “renaissance” or like “essence” to find it was the latter, but to also find the appropriateness of the former. As a writer, I find that what I spill onto paper is the essence of me, so the melting of contributions from all of the writers and artists would aptly portray the essence of Wayne. “Wayne-aissance” because of the awakening I gained here as a non-traditional student and the transformation of concepts into art.

A special thank you to all of the contributors! I thoroughly enjoyed reading and viewing your work. Such diversity of thought! And a very special thank you goes to my staff. I really appreciate all of your help and I could not have put this magazine together without you. One last thank you goes to Carolyn Freelon for all of the hard work she put into this magazine behind the scenes like a silent partner that brings all the magic together. Without each and every one of you, the Waynessence would not exist – and neither would a Wayne-aissance. Thank you!

All the best,
Nicole “Niki” Hall

Co-Advisors’ Notes

This fall, Niki Hall, former Waynessence staff member and award-winning writer, took on the responsibility of editor-in-chief. Her energy and professional demeanor gave this semester’s staff a solid foundation upon which to build another fine edition. It has been a pleasure to work with Niki!

Once again, the skill and creativity of Wayne College students, faculty, and staff shine, even through the wettest autumn in Ohio history. Writers and artists submitted more quality work than we could include within our pages. Our dedicated staff hope you enjoy their selections. Please consider contributing your own work to Waynessence next semester.

Susanna K. Horn
Waynessence co-adviser

You never know what wonderful ideas might flow from the minds of truly creative people if given a bit of inspiration. Waynessence is just such an inspiration for the folks around here. Each semester the best of the Wayne College community’s art, writing and photography end up on the table in front of an editorial staff that does its best to assemble all of it into a publication capable of capturing the thoughts, feelings and mood of our campus. This time around Waynessence has benefitted greatly under the guidance of Editor-In-Chief Nicole Hall—a tireless leader, and a nationally published poet! Thanks, too, are shared with an equally enthusiastic staff and each of the artists and writers who make this publication possible!

John C. Lorson
Waynessence co-adviser
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.
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*Fall Blue Skies*  
by Theresa Rabbitts  
see page 21
He was thin and weathered, a mere twig of a man at five-foot, nine-inches and one hundred twenty pounds. He walked with purpose draped in his tattered light blue terry cloth bathrobe, not unlike a royal monarch about to sit upon his throne overlooking a vast kingdom. Underneath, he sported an old stained white tee-shirt that bore the scars of the years he spent slaving over a hot grill. His plaid polyester pants hung off his hips like the holster of an old western gun fighter who had ridden into Dodge looking for trouble. He looked toward me with a devious grin and a glint in his soft hazel eyes, and I knew he was once again about to fire the first shot. “What’s for dinner, Irene?” He bellowed in a gravelly whisper. Everyone in our family knew a battle of wits with my mother was a losing prospect. He fumbled in the pocket of the tee-shirt that bore the labors of his life’s work, and emerging from it was the shiny silver Zippo lighter that he had earned by.

As he appeared to sit and ponder the significance of this less than ancient discovery, I myself was transported back to the crisp air of a clear November night when I was seven years old and my mother and I had been living with my grandparents. The air of the Kansas night was fresh and a delight to the nose of a little boy trying to fall asleep next to an open window. The yard was plush and green with pristinely manicured rose bushes on all sides of the two-story white house that was our home. Growing up there, I often expected to hear the call of “Good night, John Boy.” But this night on our quiet little block of 12th Street there was the sound of a rumbling engine and the whining squeal of worn-out brakes. I excitedly waited for what was next to come.

I heard the irregular rhythm of cowboy boots clacking on the sidewalk and a gentle knock on the metal screen door. My mother came up the stairs. “Your dad is here; do you want to see him?” It had been months since I had seen him and was relieved to know he was still alive. Walking out the backdoor, I saw the old dilapidated, dirty white Chevy across the street parked at a peculiar angle, with one tire unceremoniously propped up on the curb. As I stood there in amazement at how out of place this mechanical monstrosity looked against the backdrop of cookie cutter houses and sea of green grass, there stood the pilot of this misbegotten craft.

He was tall and lean with a handsome face, one that would make any boy proud to call him Dad. As he stumbled and swayed down the concrete path toward me, I took a long look at the spectacle that was unfolding before my eyes. The glasses placed on his brow were broken and held gently together by a thick wrapping of masking tape around the ear piece. The tail of his white western shirt was half untucked and lay crinkled against the thigh of those trademark polyester pants that he sported without care. His boots were imitation gator hide (no man of this sort could afford the real thing) with one pant leg partially tucked ever so hazardously in the top of his slick grey footwear. Wrapping my arms around his thin waist, I held on for dear life, hoping that he would never slip from my grasp. But I knew that he would be gone in just a moment. The smell of bad
whiskey and cheap cologne filled the air around us, as he gently brushed my hair with his trembling hand. We both wished this moment could last forever, but knew it never could. We lived in two different worlds, and only a power as great as a father’s love could ever bridge that daunting gap between them.

As I looked upward, his nervous half smile gave me reason to hope that one day he could be the great man that my mother and I knew him to be. Then from behind his back, he produced a thin colorful box that he proudly presented to my outstretched hands. The eyes of the little brown dog on the front were so sad, yet I had no time to wonder why as our moment together was growing short. “I knew you liked art, so I hope this was okay?” My heart swelled with pride over the little paint by numbers set, because my Dad had remembered I liked to draw. He bent down and I hugged the scruffy slender neck that had been presented to me with reckless abandon. As our cheeks met, he spoke softly in my left ear. “You know I would get you anything you wanted if I could afford it.” Without hesitation or thought of any other grand prize, I replied, “I only want you to quit drinking!” As tears streamed down both of our faces, we knew it was time for him to go.

As my memory faded, reality closed back in around me and I thought of the date printed on his lighter that he had received for being ten years sober. October 28, 1978, the date of my tenth birthday. I did not know that day the cancer inside him would take him from my mother and me just a short few months later. We had him back with us for seventeen years and each fleeting day had traveled by too fast. I know he thought he had not been much of a father or role model to me. Yet I hope that he could understand that he was not just a great dad, my best friend, and the strongest person I had ever known. But because of him, I knew God was real and that he loved me.

Cross
by David Battle
The Old Shed
by Judith Bridger
I wish
I couldn’t see,
what I see,
through these eyes.

My eyes.
My artistic,
caring,
sympathetic,
over critical,
analytical
Eyes.

So much
Hurt.
So much
Pain.
So much
Hatred.

When will this
Way of living
This way of thinking
Become prehistoric
Never practiced again - History.

When will
The world see
Things through
The eyes of the
People they
Feel they need
To judge.

Is it possible
A resolution
Will ever be
Reached?

Please, tell me.
Iced Tree
by Kevin Engle
I keep all of my memories in a cigar box. My papa used to smoke a lot and one night let me keep one of the empty boxes and told me to hold my belongings for safe keeping. Without question I took the box and started filling it. The box smelled of cedar, and it was designed to hold 40 cigars. It didn’t take Papa long to polish off the box with his excessive habit. Ever since Mama passed, he needed to pacify his depression.

Inside of the box I keep everything I’ve ever felt, for inside the box lies a small journal with a lock, a few notes, and a dried out corsage. At least it’s everything a young lady could feel at the time.

Years later I open the box and begin reading and discover answers to questions I never had at the time, such as hopes and dreams. Some of which came true, others never will.

It has also helped me reconnect with myself, reminding me where I started and where I am now. Looking back I realize how smart Papa was to tell me to put my belongings in that box, because looking back helps me reassure my future.

I realize now that the cigars helped Papa cope with the loss; it was hard for me to understand at the time. Besides, since then I’ve built my own affinities to things I probably shouldn’t.
Far below the mud, clay, and sand you sleep. Gently nestled with your cohort, you push upward for air, light, and space. I wait patiently for your presence, but do not see you in my field of vision. I wait, and wait, and wait.

I forget about your daily struggle and suddenly find you sprawling in the sunlight. You have grown so fast and have a certain glow about you with your wonderful yellow hats and green wings.

Hidden by your wraps, some of you are very large but some remain dainty and follow a straight path. Oh, what a wondrous miracle to find you resting comfortably in your home of mud, clay, and sand.
Hide and Seek
by Jane Fink

Peace in the Country
by Gordon R. Beals
A Show of Colors
by Judith Bridger
Fountain Nook
by John C. Lorson
Sometimes our greatest physical challenges can come from the most unexpected places. Mine came from a petite five-foot, nine-inch blonde with eyes as blue as the wide-open Kansas skies. Yet little did I ever imagine she was as much drill sergeant as super model. She had taken me to the local police academy where she was an up and coming young cadet. We arrived under the pretense of showing me how she was preparing for her new life in law enforcement.

Upon entering the building, I could not help but notice the septic white walls and the invitingly soft orange mat. We prepared ourselves with a good stretch and exchanged verbal barbs usually reserved for men’s locker room bravado. How could this demure little thing think of challenging me to a contest of strength and endurance? She stood up and with a wicked little smile asked, “Are you ready?” To which I replied, “Sure, let’s hit it, kiddo!” She took the lead and in one minute pumped out 38 pushups, a daunting challenge indeed. I assumed the position, arms erect, back straight, legs together and head up. I could feel the plush inviting surface of the mat squish between my fingers as the weight of my body caused me to sink deep into its padding. “Go!” rang out forcefully. I lowered myself to just an inch off the floor and then with a mighty upward thrust, absolutely nothing happened. I was frozen, my shoulders strained, my pectoral muscles seized, and my arms quaked like palm trees in a gale force wind!

With a thundering crash, my face was planted flat into the not so forgiving orange mat that had become a symbol of my shame. “Come on, I know you can do this!” So again I tried over and over as we did drill after drill for the next two hours. Her ease at accomplishing them made my failure loom even larger. At the end I hung my head as the sweat dripped from the tip of my nose to the mat below, mocking me with its rhythmic song of failure at my feet.

Then an ever so gentle touch on my shoulder made me turn my head only to see those loving blue eyes staring back at me. “I know you can do this.” Then I understood we were not there to prove she was the better man, but to save me from myself. After that day I embarked on a journey that has seen me lose one hundred pounds. The struggle continues, but with my friend at my side this time, I know I can win.

The Better Man
by Dale Edwards
I’m Wrong
by Chase M. Miller

I am wrong, wrong, and wrong once more
It seems as though my throat should sore
From being wrong much more and more

I can’t work out how I can end
My wronging streak that just won’t bend
So I can mouth a truth to send

Maybe it’s just ‘cause I’m a man
Or possibly arrogance can
Let others know I’m wrong again

I understand words can thunder
Sometimes, although, I just wonder
Why my wrongness makes asunder

My wife alone attempts to know
Why I cannot speak truth and grow
Without wrongness feeding my flow

She says, “Don’t fear, I see your plot
And have discerned what you have sought
Its quite simple: A woman you’re not.

And that alone is why you’re wrong.”

Time to Rest at the Zoo
by Gordon R. Beals
STORM
by Eric Mountel

Scary
Treacherous
Outrageous
Ruckus
Miserable

Thunderstorm
by Melissa Naumann
First Place

Foreclosure
by Darlene Mullett

Under a rolled rock
silverfish stood
stunned by sudden light;
earthworms abandoned
cast-filled trails
to crawl in tunnels;
in their haste,
pillbugs rolled
like croquet balls;
earwigs scurried
in a desperate race
to sanctuary.
A household disrupted.
But, small shoots of
chlorophyll-cleansed grass
gloried in sun.
All others
evicted.

Roots
by Carissa Engle
Second Place

**Synonym Toast**
*by Theresa Rabbitts*

Morning travel...journey...trek
Time of clearness...clarity... lucidity
Masterpieces are created...produced... fashioned
Problems are solved...addressed... resolved
Vocals are harmonious... tuneful... melodious
The day has potential... possibilities... promise

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**Missing Sammy**
*by Darlene Mullett*

Grief moves like a limpet adhered to an algae covered rock at low tide.
Suction centers it, movement slight.

As a limpet waits for high tide, a flood to loosen bonds, I must wait for salty tears before moving on.

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**Sammy**
*by Darlene Mullett*

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**Honorable Mention**
The blaze happened before my family moved into the neighborhood. The house sat up on the hill, between ours and the funny lady with the grumpy white cat. I don’t know why the place was left standing there so long, scorched and condemned, except maybe for the fact that the only way to get to it was to climb the city steps. I presume the crews would have difficulties getting the machinery and equipment up there to demolish it; probably the same plight the firefighters experienced or else it might have been saved.

The sight of the place was enough to deter me from ever going near it. No outside wall was without holes. Soot and charred wood extended above the window frames like the shadows of awnings that never existed. Several of the windows still had partial panes of glass remaining in the corners. The door, warped and melted, hung from one hinge. The roof was half gone, and sometime through the years, the chimney disappeared all together.

Even though the building itself frightened me deeply, I became enthralled in it. Incredible scenarios would play out from my imagination, and often, dreams would add the visuals. Eventually I would create the memory of how the house was before the fire, the people who lived there and even what was grown in the flower garden that was planted each early spring in the little fenced-in area beside the front door.

I sat in our tree house one warm summer evening and named the children that lived in that house. There were four boys and one girl, the exact opposite of my own family. Andrew was the oldest; he was smart but quiet. He loved to spend time at his grandmother’s house. Thomas was second; he loved music and making people laugh. The only girl, Gina, was in the middle. Gina took on the responsibility of guarding her siblings; often this concern was misunderstood by her siblings who felt she was being controlling. Kevin had beautiful red hair, and although his siblings teased him, he would never know it was because they were envious of this distinction. Samuel was the youngest; therefore, he would be closest to their mother.

As the sun went down, I noticed the unusually bright, red-yellow sun reflecting in the windows. With a light breeze blowing the loose glass slightly at that moment, it was easy to conjure the images of the house while it was engulfed. I was mesmerized, staring at the house as it burned and watching the smoke swirl toward the sky. Horrified, I thought of the children and their toys and the pink rug in the girl’s room and the train wallpaper in the boys’ room. I jumped up, crying, and screamed for someone to help them. I wiped my eyes and looked back to the house. It was no longer in flames.

I immediately ran to my door, scared and confused. I tried to stop myself from looking back but felt compelled to take one more glance. I did not see fire, but instead, noticed birds sitting on the small portion of roof that remained. I watched them until they flew off, counting one, two, three, four, five.
Autumn Harvest
by Judith Bridger
I’m the author and main character...
I’m not an easy read,
but keep trying
keep prying...
these pages of mine.
Pick me up and read me
it’s the only way to truly see me.
Get to know me, don’t try to revise me
each chapter within has been written slowly.

If some of my pages are missing, no worries
these are things that have been “edited”
things that are much too personal
much too embarrassing to share
Though these pages will appear only to those who qualify
...trustworthy and true.

Pages of anger,
pages of passion,
pages of happiness,
pages of sadness,
pages of weakness...
they’re all here.
Just be honest and don’t read only good parts,
I’m worth the time it takes to read me.

If you’re lucky
you’ll appear on my pages
as part of my story.
Band of Gold
by Jacqueline Ranallo

La Tour Eiffel
by Millie Pejnovic
Today She Will
by Jane Fink

Today she will stop and pause with reflection instead of judgments.

Her thoughts are so scattered that she finds it difficult to breathe. She sees the beautiful birds and their soaring grounds her.

Today she will let go of time and wait, the angels will lead her to where she needs to be. They are ever patient as she constantly tests, regardless of the signs they send; they push her to trust.

For her, trust has always gone hand in hand with letting go of fear.

Fear that she will be ok, fear that the right thing will happen, and fear that she will not offend someone, anyone, and fear that everyone will be all right if only for today.

If she does not have control or ease the tension and struggles, everything will fall apart, and there will be anger; lots and lots of anger.

She is never clear what the anger is all about, yet she is sure that she can fix it somehow.

Having distance from the situation makes her unsure what she needs to do at all times. The role of silent sentient, always aware of everything, the atmosphere, life, is a very strenuous job.

When the air is clear, she is fearful again that something is not right, missing, and empty.

What is her purpose and role if not to stand guard and protect the wind?
She prays and prays to set the souls free but is not addressing her own fears and needs.

The angels stand by waiting patiently for her to let go of everyone’s problems and sit with her own soul.

She is thankful for the glimpse of the sunset and silence to help ground her.

She will work on letting go again today, ever ready for the new tomorrow.
A Simple Touch
by Chase M. Miller

Isn’t it incredible,
The power of a touch?
To gently brush another’s skin,
One wouldn’t think it much.

The idea seems so bittersweet
To step upon the edge of lust,
Breaking that simple barrier
And bending all that trust.

A thought so deeply tempting,
To be with one combined.
Why else would we walk palm to palm,
Fingers intertwined

The rush to touch a hand
The feel of a heartbeat
The urge to, with lips, connect
And together be complete.

I dare not speak a word
In fear that I would stutter.
So hold my hand tight my dear
And send my heart a flutter.

Looking Ahead
by Josh Friedt
Thank You
by C.A.W.

You believed in me when I didn’t believe in myself.
You encouraged me to express my true thoughts and emotions.
Through my writings – I have started to release my secrets and not feel guilty.
Through your comments – soft hand on my shoulder – and sincere smile.

I felt safe and unafraid.

Although most took the class as a joke or a playground,
I looked forward to seeing what I could learn next.
I want to take this time to say, “Thank you!”
You have helped me open my eyes – mind – and heart.
I now look forward – not always backwards.
I need to. . . NO, I want to say, “Thank you!”
Sign of Grace I
by Sarah Herman

Stand Out
by Jane Fink
Where I’ve Always Wanted to Be
by Skyler Palmer

I wish I could put into words how thankful I am. I realize how ironic that statement is, but this is something I’ve meant to write for a while. It’s something I feel I need to convey to you somehow, even if I can’t find the right words. Maybe someday I’ll finally figure out just the right way to say it to you, but for now, this will just have to do.

My one and only regret in knowing you is that I didn’t meet you sooner. When I think about what it could have been like if we had met each other even a year earlier, I realize it would have been so much grander. There are so many memories that could have been and that will never be, and the worst part that we could have passed each other a thousand times, clueless.

I wasted my time with people who never cared, people who never really wanted me around anyway. Deep down, I knew they couldn’t have cared less about me. Their comments were laced with venom I could detect all too easily, but I subjected myself to it anyway. I just assumed that it was as good as I was ever going to get.

To say your arrival into my life was a breath of fresh air is an understatement. You were patient and interesting, and just so infectiously nice. For that whole next year we talked, we mingled, we were friendly with one another, but we were more acquaintances than anything else. It was a respectable distance, but you were a supportive pillar that I needed.

The social circle that I had belonged to for so long was fading. Friends drifted away, or turned their backs on me entirely; one by one they were leaving. The precious few times we were able to talk were the most comforting parts of my day.

After I graduated, we lost touch for a while. Honestly, I didn’t think we’d speak again, but your birthday pushed us together. Even I’m not sure what possessed me to say anything. I guess maybe I just wanted to repay you in some small way for being nice to me when I needed it, but just one simple wish for a happy birthday was enough, and suddenly, like a spark igniting a gas tank, we were talking every night. I didn’t even realize it until months later, but eventually it dawned on me. I realized how much more you meant to me, how integrated you were into my daily life. Now, sometimes there are nights where you’re too busy, or too tired to talk, and suddenly it’s like I’m living a different life entirely.

It’s like, “Who is this person, and why does his day feel so much less complete?” Every conversation we have is special to me, even if we have nothing to say; we find reasons to laugh. With you, there is always a reason to laugh.

Every chance I have to see you never fails to excite me and make my adrenaline pump. Maybe it’s because I know I’ll get to see you smile, or hear you laugh, or hold your hand for just a second, or something, anything. Just being around you is enough to make me ecstatic.

You fill me with so much joy just by going about
your day, and I can’t help but feel guilty. I could never make you as happy as you’ve made me, even though I wish to the stars that I could. Every bad day, every low point and disheartening moment, even the ones I don’t tell you about because I don’t want to bog you down with my problems, you’ve made to seem miniscule. You’re the Rays of God that break through all the storm clouds over my head, my personal messiah coming down from heaven to pick me up, even when you don’t realize you’re doing it. I just wish I could be half of that to you in return.

You deserve so much more from me than I can give you; sometimes I don’t feel like I’ve ever been good enough for you. You always find a way to make me laugh and forget my fears— to keep my head on straight. I count myself among the luckiest, most blessed in the world to have you around.

I love even the little things you do. I love the way you bounce around when you’re excited, or when you insist on eating pizza without the cheese, and especially that embarrassed laugh when you realize you’ve just accidentally used the wrong word; it’s all part of what makes you who you are, and who you are means the world to me.

I wouldn’t change a thing about you even if I could. To me, there isn’t anyone on this planet Earth that I would rather spend my day with. To me, you might as well be perfect.

And the best part of it all is the thought that we’ve only just begun. Where will you and I be ten years from now, or twenty? What tales will we have spun together? What will we have accomplished? All I can hope for is that someday I’ll find a better way to show my gratitude.

Until then, when that day finally comes and I can give you just what you deserve from me, I’ll be by your side, right where I’ve always wanted to be.

Wish
by Jennifer Naumann
The Good Year Has Come
by Gordon R. Beals

Anchors Aweigh
by Josh Friedt

Where’s the Runway?
by Millie Pejnovic
Ode to My Family
by Chase M. Miller

An ode to my father:
Oh, what would he say?
“Son you should go pray
‘Cause you know someday
When you turn as gray
You won’t get to play
And just work all day
To keep food on the tay--ble,“

All ode to my mother:
A compassionate girl,
Her knowledge knows no bounds,
So fragile she seems, yet
Her strength always astounds,
She loves things imperfect,
That’s a God given gift;
Her passions give her life,
She’s never in a rift

An ode to my half-brothers:
Two always in a fight
For what’s wrong or what’s right;
They claim that they are strong
But never get along.

Now one’s quick on riposte
And one seems like a ghost
One’s near and now one’s far
Our relations bizarre.

Never idealized,
Their task unrealized.
A mission, they will find,
To together be bind.

They know that I demand
That they must understand,
Just like one full brother
They complete each other.

Paradise
by Millie Pejnovic

An ode to myself:
I have found it my plight,
I must openly write
How I became a knight
And in battles I fight

All my sins that connect
As one might oft’ expect
My kin is not perfect
So I won’t be either
Mirrors Don’t Lie
by C.A.W.

Who is that person staring back at me when I look into a mirror?
I just don’t recognize her anymore.
Blood shot eyes – runny nose – no makeup – hair a mess
Oh my God, is that what I really look like?
Or is it just one of those circus mirrors playing a trick on me?
Now I see why people stare – point – sometimes laugh
Where is that woman that loved to look good?
The lady that couldn’t pass by a mirror or window
Without checking the reflection and saying
“Damn, I look good!”
Whose voice do I hear when I open my mouth?
It sounds a lot like me – but so sad – angry – tired.
What happened to that sweet – soft sound?
Whose kids are these?
They call me “mommy” and tell me they love me
Maybe they have mistaken me for someone else – someone who cares.
They don’t want to be seen with me –
I can’t and don’t blame them
Cuz I’m not that loving person I used to be.
How are they supposed to know and love me?
If I am a stranger to myself and don’t know how to love.

Dee!
by Dale Edwards
Foggy Haikus
by Brendan Mountel

Cotton from Heaven,
fluffy white cotton candy...
what’s it doing here?

Ships sailing at night,
light house leads them to safety...
leaving damp droplets

Mystic glow surrounds,
its seemingly unending...
mother nature’s veil

Bubble of silence,
ghost-like smoke pulls me away...
mysterious sounds

City By the Bay
by Carissa Engle
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Melissa Naumann is a graphic design major with a penchant for things of the geeky variety.

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C.A.W. is a freshman at Wayne College and the mother of two.
Weeds
by Nicole "Niki" Hall

Pesky weeds
Refuse! O death.
Bladed back to back.
Misplaced thorn,
Hacked purple crown.
Torn, twisted stem
Of sinew shreds
Once imported,
Now distorted.
Lying limp,
   Nearly dead!
Roots. Offshoots.
   Flourish! Garden of me.