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.

Wayne College’s Literary Magazine

The University of Akron
Wayne College
1901 Smucker Road • Orrville, OH 44667
www.wayne.uakron.edu

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From the Editor

The great artist, Pablo Picasso, once said, "The purpose of art is washing the dust of daily life off our souls." Does that not remind us of how special and vital art is for us today in a world where we tend to encounter a lot of dust?

Thank you once again to all of the artists who took the time to submit their work for all to enjoy! Dr. Horn, Mr. John Loson, Ms. Carolyn Freelon, and Ms. Theresa Rabbitts, thank you so much for all you do to make Waynessence a reality. Finally, thanks to our readers who give us joy by appreciating Waynessence...we invite you to pass it on to someone else who may benefit from it as well.

All the best,
Rachel del Guidice

Co-Advisers’ Notes

Changes, changes . . .

Wayne campus gets better and better each year. This fall we got new science labs, new road, new lighting, and a great walking path! What a wonderful place to work and study!

Thanks to an amazing editor-in-chief, staff members, contributors, and behind-the-scenes workers, Waynessence gets better and better each year as well.

May all who read enjoy!

Susanna K. Horn
Waynessence co-adviser

Goldenrod Golf Course
Cady Courtright
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.

From the Staff

Special Acknowledgments

• God
• Susanna Horn
• John Lorson
• Carolyn Freelon
• Interim Dean Dan Deckler
• All the Writing Instructors
• Mary Tohill
• SOPAC
• Everyone who submitted to Waynessence

Staff

Rachel del Guidice
Editor-in-Chief

Otis Whitmore, Jr.
Theresa Rabbitts

The Little Sentinel
Cady Courtright
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Why do I look to someone else when I commit the wrongs?
Cuz the blame is heavy on my heart where it really belongs.
It hurts to be responsible, though we know wrong from right,
And sometimes we think that we are just so pure and white.
So to make us to feel better we compare us to the rest
And weirdly, through that logic, it somehow makes us “best”
And even through our evil He’s patient and waiting still
In hopes that once we see the light He can then fulfill.
So how can I just brush it off when a miracle He sends,
And in times of great trouble, when it’s His strength He lends?
How is it that He could give His only begotten Son,
When we turn around and give Him back almost next to none?
How can we look around and say that life just isn’t fair?
We should take a lesson here and maybe learn to share.
And when we trip and then we fall and can’t get off the ground
How beautiful His mercy looks when finally we’re found.
So how can we say we feel alone with one watching from above?
It all comes down to one great thing, but a little word, it’s love.
Beautiful America
Sarah Jane Morrow
Be Still, Dad’s Fishing
Brian Collett

My German Shorthaired Pointer, Maggie is my best fishing buddy. This was taken on the Walhonding river.
Home Sweet Home
Jane Fink
Windmill Energy
Darlene Mullett

Open Field
Sarah Mullins
Dawn awakens a memory as
the sunlight captures
the imagination of a time
that was innocent and pure.

The chirping of various fowls,
a chorus of songs that gives
thanks to the omnipotent one
who brings love to all!

The brightness of the sun rays
lift the spirit to ascend
to a joy never experienced previously.

The trees freshly budding and flowers
displaying their many hues of colors
to the delight the eyes
of all, who may pass by them?

Bring truth to light
and glory to the one
whom no one actually sees
and knows all!

Waiting For Spring
Gordon R. Beals
Both photos taken at OARDC in Wooster.
Dominican Beauty
Alan Boettger

Taken at Punta Cana, Dominican Republic
(Occidental Grand Resort Beach)
The scene was a street in Seville with the stick
Coming to a stoplight that changed all too quick.
As I came to a stop I considered the weather
The snow falling down, as light as a feather.
The problems began when the eye blinked a green
And stared down at me, tall, dark, and mean.
As I readied to meet Goliath, the giant
The clutch was to me, always defiant.
I stalled the car, once, twice, three times
I felt like a felon committing a crime.
The car wouldn’t go, although I was trying
Sister in the backseat, obnoxiously sighing,
The cars were lined up, waiting to go
My face, I’m sure, had a red neon glow.
The ruler of the road returned back to red
“This is so stupid, we’re turning,” I said.
When we finally fled from that evil crossroad
Support from my family sarcastically showed
When Bethany whispered to me with a smile,
“No one will be riding with you for a while”
Spouting Horn
Sarah Carafelli
A view from my house at sunrise.

Goldenrod Golf Course
Cady Courtright
A child is lost
In a sea of lies.
Very scared, white as a ghost,
And all alone, she cries.

Her tears turn into ice
As soon as they fall.
The cold is always cruel, never nice.
The snow is rarely calming, if at all.

Leaves and twigs on the ground
In the dark and dreary woods.
Not knowing where she’s bound,
She walks in every which way she could.

A guardian angel seeks her
And flies down from the sky.
She saw the angel, so sweet and pure,
She could not believe her eyes.

She takes her guardian angel’s hand.
The angel guides her on her way
To a warmer, safer land.
She’s grateful until her dying day.

She smiles while walking through the land.
Her future is paved with gold.
The child is now a woman.
Gone are the lies, the danger, and the cold.
I weep for who I am
I weep for who I was
I weep for who I want to be.

What of that symbol?
Mother and child
Woman transformed
Whole and parts,
Creating one whole.

I weep for the woman I am
I weep for the girl I was
I weep for the woman to be.

Changes being infinite
Bonds forming
Soul bearing, child bearing
Open wounds of vulnerability
Raw emotion exposed.

I weep for who I am
I weep for the child I was
I weep for the human I aspire to be.

Completeness of soul
Profound love
Found in motherhood
Never the same girl
Completed as a woman.

Celebrate who I am
Remember who I was,
And aspire for the woman to be.
I’m lost
I don’t know what to do.
Into the wind, I feel like I’m being tossed.
Nobody knows what I’m going through.

I’m confused.
I don’t know which path to take.
I feel empty, used,
And I can’t seem to stay awake.

I’m scared
On the inside.
It seems like nobody cares.
A part of me wants to die.

I’m angry.
I’m nervous around strangers.
I don’t like it when people stare at me.
Everywhere I go, I see danger.

I’m sad.
I’m lonely and constantly down.
Even though I know why I feel bad,
It’s oblivious to everyone I’m around.

Everything I’ve had to endure,
People always ask me why I would bother.
There’s only one thing I know for sure,
I miss my father.
Apple Hill Memories
Rachel del Guidice

"Thank you Aunt Sherry for all of the special Apple Hill Memories."
Puppy Named Pacer
Laura Wolf
A white boney hand tilted my side mirror until the full moon came into view. Claws tore the back of my seat and stabbed the headrest just behind my ear. Screams came from the glove box and muffled cries from the trunk. The hem of a sheer cloth spotted with blood lowered in the back window. The voice from the back seat commanded me to continue driving. Severed bones lining the roadway were being dragged underneath. Wet masses of earth and insects dropped in clumps across the dashboard. A greenish-blue light spilled across the floor from under the front seats. Drops of moisture drip from the ceiling above me onto my arms and hands. The darkness hid the terminating road; I continued into the pitch black.
Time for an Afternoon Snooze
Gordon R. Beals

Hey Big Guy, Good to See You Again
Gordon R. Beals
Table Reformed
Theresa Rabbitts
THREE FOR TEA

by
Matt Austin

In a tree the carpenters three
Built a house out of tea

When it rained
With joy they sang
As they felt the effects of caffeine

To everyone’s surprise it opened their eyes
Oh, for the love of caffeine
So, if you are lacking
Don’t bother quacking
Just get yourself some tea

A bit of hot water
Is all you need
Not much of a bother
No need to holler

You can host a tea party
So, if you are down don’t fool around
Make yourself some tea.
Talented Veggie
Jane Fink
Into what night’s eyes do I stare
With longingness and care
I do so yearn to find
The one to me who will be kind
I look and wait and search for thee
In the end it may not be
Why for then do I search to find
The figment of my mind

Reflection

by

Dustin Canterbury

Kazi Contemplating
Darlene Mullett
Ride
Sarah Mullins
Evolve & Love
Laura Wolf
Brugge
Jane Fink
When a person says “Once upon a time”
Whether it be the start of a story or of a rhyme
You grab up your blanket and your pillow too
Sit down on the couch and are then stuck like glue
Because we all know what is coming up next
A beautiful princess who is usually perplexed
In search of a prince who will take her away
Then marry her and make her the queen someday
But first there’s a problem that gets in the way
Like an org or a dragon that the prince has to slay
But magic and spells both have their place
For good or for evil – it makes your heart race
By then it all looks like it will end in a mess
And the hero will be crushed under all the stress
The evil will win and the good will be lost
But lucky for us, it’s at too great a cost
Somehow the bad guys always lose out
Then victory triumphs and makes us all shout
By then, all our eyes are heavy with sleep
And when we’re carried to bed, we don’t make a peep
The story goes on but we don’t even stir
We never can make it to happily ever after
Always Look Up
Laura Wolf
I witness some pretty rough “stuff” coming and going from the county courthouse across the street from my office and most of the time I almost reflexively imagine the backstory of what brought these characters to their day in court. The kid with the sideways ball cap, the teenaged girl with a baby on her hip, the worn-out rocker with the red bandana drug helmet, they all suck that one, last, long drag out of a cigarette that’s already nothing but butt and flick it into the grass. Sometimes, weeks later, I watch the same folks picking up those butts with rubber gloves issued by the county to go along with their sentence of community service.

It’s not all bad, I guess. There’s the occasional shotgun wedding crowd replete with smartphone cameras and ciggins a blazing, freshly laundered hoodies and carefully-sagged blue jeans. Sometimes the bride holds a rose…in the same hand as her cell phone or her cigarette—life is full of choices. (The flower usually ends up with the cigarette, by the way, since you can’t very easily shoot a “selfie” with a thorny stem in your camera hand.) I ponder the life they’ll be going home to and almost invariably imagine them walking back into the courthouse in a year or two from separate directions. This backstory thing…I’ve done it all my life. Maybe that’s just what writers do?

It was business as usual this morning with same cast of characters until a little past the 11:30 siren called the farmers to lunch. Both hands of the courthouse clock were on the upward swing when a couple walked out the door arm-in-arm. A bald head above a sharp black suit coat with a red bow tie, next to a knee-length black dress under a smart, black New York jacket, auburn curls falling to her collar. It wasn’t the clothes, or even the large bouquet of autumn flowers that I noticed first, it was their stride. They moved together, like skaters on an ice rink. Somewhere in their 40’s they had finally figured out the best way to do this thing called life. Strong, confident and overflowing with joy, they were off on their way. I didn’t have to imagine a thing. Sometimes the story is all right there.
Using the card as a guide, I used acrylic paint on a slate.
Kauai, Hawaii – taken on a helicopter tour of the island.

Napali Coast
Sarah Carafelli
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