Purple Galaxy, Samantha Schabitzer
Waynessence is a registered student organization at The University of Akron Wayne College. Registration shall not be construed as approval, endorsement, or sponsorship by The University of Akron Wayne College, of the student organizations, publications, activities, purposes, actions, or positions.
CO-ADVISOR’S NOTE
After taking a semester off, Waynessence is back! Although the submission window was shorter than usual during autumn, the quality of material received again demonstrates the broad talents of students, faculty, staff, and community members. Thanks to all the artists and writers who have submitted works of visual art, photography, poetry, and prose. Going forward, I am privileged to serve as faculty co-advisor of Waynessence along with Sarah Mullins. Not only has our unique publication become a well-known creative venue for the University of Akron-Wayne College family, it is now firmly established as a tradition.

— Scot Long, Ph.D.

CO-ADVISOR’S NOTE
I am excited for this new opportunity to help lead the Waynessence group as an advisor. I look forward to working to create a great publication each semester. I would like to thank everyone who submitted items for this edition, you have made this publication possible.

— Sarah Mullins

EDITOR’S NOTE
I am very excited for this new edition of the Waynessence for this long-standing tradition at Wayne College has been given new life with talented and involved advisors and a great staff of students and faculty who are wonderful to work with. Thank you to all the contributors from all over! Without you, there would be no Waynessence!

— Theresa Rabbitts
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## STAFF
Theresa Rabbitts / Shannon Clark / Kayla Covington / Cassidy Petric / Otis Whitmore / Savannah Black

## SPECIAL THANKS
A special thank you to everyone who submitted to the Fall 2016 Waynessence.

*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.*
Time to Relax, Gordon Beals
THE MILITARY LOVE
Alyssa Croskey & Roger Palm

I wanna get lost in you,
Deep inside your eyes,
Down to a level I’ve never been to before.
We could talk for hours,
Or just fall asleep,
Nothing really matters as long as you’re here.
We could travel the roads,
Or walk the fields,
Or just simply stare into each other.
If I had to choose,
Between this life or another,
The choice would be obvious,
That it would be with you.
You and I,
Me and you,
There’s nothing between us but a few thousand miles.
But where in love,
Do you see distance,
Or time?
All I see is our love.
Through hardships,
Trying times,
And the worst of life,
All we have is each other,
And that’s what we hold on to.
It’s not too late for broken hearts,
‘Cause a love like this is once in a lifetime.
Love is nostalgic,
Love is quiet,
But it’s louder than silence.
Through the years people change,
And the love adapts,
But that’s what it’s all about.
If there were visible paths in life,
And I couldn’t see you,
I wouldn’t make my choice.
I would just wither away,
And leave the rest,
Because a life without you,
Is something I couldn’t bear.
There would be no point,
No reason to keep going,
Because a life without this love,
Is something I couldn’t handle.
So hold on to me tight,
And rest your eyes,
Forever will come eventually.
Mendenhall Glacier – Juneau, Arthur Stear

Skagway Alaska, Arthur Stear
Shall I stay on land, or go to sea? I ponder as I stroll this beach. I hear what seagulls call to me, with one foot walking here in each.

I ponder as I stroll this beach. The sea is my home, but on these sands, with one foot walking here in each, I walk both the oceans and the lands.

The sea is my home, but on these sands I wonder which I like the best. I walk both the oceans and the lands. The sea? My journey. The land? My rest.

I wonder which I like the best, walking shell-in-hand held up to ear: the sea my journey; the land my rest. Far from these sands my feet touch here,

walking shell-in-hand held up to ear, I hear songs of reckless seas and fishes. Far from these sands my feet touch here, I hear longings of my heart’s true wishes.

I hear songs of restless seas and fishes; sea touches sea, and we are one. I hear longings of my heart’s true wishes far from this beach these sands stay on.

Sea touches sea, and we are one. I hear what seagulls call to me far from this beach these sands stay on. Shall I stay on land, or go to see?
Stella, the old Chevy pickup, sat in the driveway looking very sad indeed as a shiny new pickup came to a stop behind her.

“Hi, my name is Sophie,” said the new truck. “You must be the old one.” Stella thought she could sense laughter in Sophie’s voice.

“I may be old and rusted, but I’m comfortable on the inside and run reliably,” she responded, thinking, “Newbies, what do they know?”

“That may be,” replied Sophie, “but I’m definitely the one that the owners will pick to ride in style, not you.”

Shuddering slightly, Stella knew this to be true. Ohio winters had taken a terrible toll on her body. And her mileage? Well, let’s just say she’d been around some, with fond memories of lots of family trips skiing and camping, along with frequent visits to dog parks. With six sandbags in her bed, she could still get through deep snow.

The bantering went on for a few days until one afternoon about 3:30, Stella saw her owner, Mrs. Thomas, rush quickly down the icy steps and head toward HER, yanking the rusted door open to get in. Mrs. Thomas, an RN and member of the regional Disaster Response Team, was on the cellphone and Stella could tell there was an emergency.

“How many are injured? Who is there to help?” Soon, Stella was moving rapidly through snow to somewhere.

They drove through blowing winds and snowdrifts until they came upon the accident scene above a ravine. Several children were huddled together in a cluster by the edge of the roadway. Some were covered by blankets and although shaken, seemed okay. Mrs. Thomas slid Stella to a stop at the top of the ravine, grabbed her med kit and hastened down the hill. Stella sat, wondering what was next.

Mrs. Thomas saw that two school buses had apparently collided and both hurtled down the gulley, coming to rest partially submerged in a pond that locals knew was actually a deep quarry. If either bus moved, sinking into deeper water would put the lives of children in great danger. Nevertheless, she climbed aboard the nearest bus to triage the injured, hearing in the background the screech of sirens of other first responders.

She saw an ambulance stopping close to the edge. The nurse then turned her attention to the task, when she heard a great shout and looked up toward the ambulance. Slowly and aimlessly, the vehicle was sliding down the slope of the ravine.

“If it hits a bus, we’ll surely get pushed into the deep water,” she thought. “Kids may drown.”

Just then, a fireman who saw what was happening jumped into Stella. All the response-team volunteers had been trained to leave their keys in the ignition so vehicles could be quickly moved. Starting the pickup, Stella careened downward. If the fireman could drive between the ambulance and the buses, he could deflect the...
ambulance to avoid a collision with the buses. Stella picked up speed and at the last second before impact, the man jumped free of the truck. Stella was on her own.

A moment later, a resounding crash jarred Stella. “Oh,” she thought, “I’m going to be terribly damaged!”

People around the buses scattered, but the kids in the buses looked on in astonishment.

The pickup slowed the descent of the ambulance, and momentarily, both vehicles came to steaming halt. Stella’s frame sustained major damage, but the truck had saved everyone from further injury, even death. But Stella the Chevy would never be driven again.

A month later the new pickup was in the driveway with a newly-placed decal depicting Stella in all her rusted glory adorning the tailgate. Sophie thought Stella would be proud.
**My Bone, Maverick**, Laura Wolf

**One Man Band**, Kiwi Pittman

**Autumn Skies**, Jose Javier Corrales-Castaneda
Broken open

like the geode, exposing beauty that was hidden; like the one who finally learns to cry, so can laugh; like the sedimentary rock, displaying a fossil trilobite.

Broken in

like the meek horse, who goes where its Master leads; like the comfy shoes who fit, and make both feet smile; like the wise husband who’s glad when his wife is right.

Broken up

like the eggs stirred with a fork to make French toast; like the waves on the beach as they rejoin and return; like the people who laugh so hard together they cry.

Broken out

like the bird now freed from its egg to grow and fly; like the chain now cast aside, holding no prisoner; like the promise that our love is not just for now.

Broken

like the dark is broken by dawn; like anger is broken by forgiveness;

like confusion is broken by understanding.

Broken open, broken in, broken up, broken out: Broken.

The break becomes the breakthrough.
Out of all the damn things that could be requested, Benjamin was certainly caught off guard by being asked out on a coffee date at two in the morning. He had never heard of a coffee date at such an hour; this type of event was saved for the middle of the day. On a normal evening Benjamin would expect being invited out for a few rounds of bar hopping or out to a club.

Moving his palm from the steering wheel to the left side of his face, Benjamin made a small circling motion on his temple. A migraine had started to fester a few hours earlier after he began consuming a few energy drinks just to stay up late. Benjamin was exhausted and yet a certain amount of excitement could be seen on his facial features. A small smile seemed to be plastered on Benjamin’s face along with a slight bouncing in his leg. Well, it could be excitement or just some of the previously consumed sugar starting to hype him up a bit.

Benjamin was on his way to meet up with Orpheus who was a long-time friend in the Navy. Both were attending the same college, with Orpheus majoring in law while Benjamin was in business management. Being close in the Navy was a good thing, resulting in the two men also becoming close friends in school. It was only a matter of time before Orpheus actually gathered the courage to ask Benjamin out on a few dates. This coffee date was the weirdest by far. Benjamin pulled into the parking lot and went through his normal routine in turning off the car. Lights first, windshield wipers second, then the radio, and finally he turned the key. Quickly pulling the hood up on his rain jacket, Benjamin pushed open the car door and quickly darted out to the coffee shop entrance to escape the light drizzle outside.

Inside Starbucks the air is warm with an aroma of cinnamon along with the fragrance of coffee beans being crushed in a machine. The roasted coffee mixed with other ingredients made the sweet, sugary substance most people live on. Moving off to the side, Benjamin looked around in an attempt to find Orpheus. It does not take him long, spotting the huge male off in a corner booth in the very back of the shop next to one of the windows. Benjamin lets a small smile return to his face at the sight.

Orpheus was sitting comfortably and wearing his reading glasses. He had a coffee cup in one hand while the other hand held a purple Pilot G-2 pen. Orpheus was working on one of those daily crossword booklets available at Wal-Mart for only a few dollars. Ben walked over to the booth. Orpheus raised his head upon hearing the movement; right in that second a smile grew on the seated man’s face. Quickly he stood up, taking a step closer to pull Benjamin into a tight hug.
Almost two-hours later, the two men could be seen sitting at the booth just chatting. Without the two men knowing, one of the baristas had taken a few pictures of them, two men holding hands just enjoying themselves over a cup of coffee during idle hours of the morning.
Now I see the secret of the making of the best persons. It is to grow in the open air, and to eat and sleep with the earth.

— Walt Whitman
* A Hunter’s Sunrise, Nate Mullins
Fall Tracks, Marla Neiss

All Aboard, Gordon Beals
RESERVOIR
PARK CROSSING

by Maureen Lerch

Wing broken,

Lame leg limping,

Feathers in disarray.

My eyes sting as busy travelers pass –

Not for the inevitable pathetic end,

But for the two valiant companions,

Flanking and ferrying an injured friend

Out of further harm’s way.
Morning Watch, Marla Neiss
* Put a Lid on It, Kiwi Pittman

* Hoar Frost Oklahoma City, Laura Wolf
You are the God I cannot understand and I am living in this cold, strange land
where You seem to let people get away with sin like putting carrots and celery in
molded, fruit-flavored wiggling gelatin that I recoil in horror from.

I’ve got questions.

Like: If You’re so good, which I sometimes doubt, then why do You let sauerkraut
exist in any form?

And, although You’re the Almighty God above You let someone write that song
“Muskrat Love” about rodents jitterbugging in the Spring.

Just how do I trust in a being like You who allows such things, when I can’t even
trust in there being buffalo in buffalo wings?

And sauerkraut exists, in so many forms.

God would likely say that I’m complaining and ironically ask forgiveness for not
explaining

what I can’t claim I ever could understand, much, at all, anyway. The “Fisherman’s
Prayer” I now recall: “The sea is so wide, and my boat is so small.”

And, no doubt, loaded down with sauerkraut.

Still, as I wonder about what You have planned

as I spiritually sail with my cargo of questions about this land

and merciless sea, it seems those questions somehow collide and swarm and form
supernatural hurricanes, sharks and thunderstorms,

and I simply go on. Forward: More with the God I cannot understand.
Pennsylvania Ice Cave, Shannon Clark

Frozen Drops, Marla Neiss
CREATORS IN PROCESS
by Susanna Horn

Writer with brain worm

Yields – no thinking, no judging –

Lest the moment pass.

A captured moment,

Expanded understanding

Marvel, embrace, launch.

The page, the screen blink,

Startling the psyche – delight –

Horror? Contentment?
Our CONTRIBUTORS

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Gordon Beals of Dalton is a student at The University of Akron Wayne College taking a variety of courses of interest. pg. 4, 13, 21

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Alyssa Croskey of Orrville is a lead staff at the Orrville Area Boys and Girls Club, and is majoring in Education. pg. 5

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Cindy Duffy of Wooster is a mother of three and grandmother of five. She earned an Associate’s Degree from Wayne College in 2001. pg. 24

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Scott Hartman teaches political science at Wayne College. pg. 10

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Jim Lawrence is an academic advisor at Wayne College. Front Cover

MAUREEN LERCH
Maureen Lerch lives in Massillon and is the Library Director at Wayne College. She is an animal lover and brakes for geese. pg. 22

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Brenda Miller lives in Orrville and enjoys writing poetry. pg. 9, 15, 28

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Nate Mullins of Marshallville enjoys riding his motorcycle and the outdoors. pg. 18, 25

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Sarah Mullins of Marshallville is a graduate of Wayne College and works in the library. pg. 7

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Marla Neiss, a mother of two, resides in Wayne County with her husband John. They are self-employed. pg. 11, 23, 21, 30

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Roger Palm is an infantryman in the United States Army. pg. 5

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Kiwi Pittman is currently a high school senior at Wooster High School and participates in College Credit Plus at Wayne College. pg. 12, 17, 27

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Samantha Schabitzer is a Starbucks barista, and planning on majoring in illustration. pg. Inside Front Cover, 6, 20

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Arthur Stear of Canton is retired and enjoys traveling. pg. 8, 29

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