Front Cover
Towering
by Shayna O'Bryan

Back Cover
Here It Is
by Rob Sharett
Writers' and Artists' Biographies

Raquel Ball and her husband Wallace are full-time college students and reside in Wooster with their five children. She is a nursing major.

Wallace Ball and his wife Raquel are full-time college students and reside in Wooster with their five children. He is a communications major.

Angela Bases is a freelance writer and social services technology major from Rittman.

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

Brandon Buzzelli is the incorruptible deviant, a nursing major, lives fast and to the fullest. Writing is a past time.

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.

John Calvey is a husband and father changing careers from construction to accounting.

Traci Carmony resides in Wooster with her husband, son, and two St. Bernards. She is an Admissions Counselor at Wayne College.

Cheryl Carroll

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

Krystal Cole is an honors student majoring in political science and minoring in Philosophy of Science and Religion.

Brian Collett, Kelly Collett - Brian is a maintenance worker at Wayne and his wife Kelly is a 3rd grade teacher in the West Holmes school district.

Fred del Guidice is an artist/educator with over 25 years of experience. He is the father of five wonderful children.

Lisa Gallagher of Fredericksburg is a full-time student majoring in physical therapy and a part-time waitress, as well as a math and science tutor in the Smucker Learning Center.

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

Kendy Louanglath is a graphic design major.

Shayna O’Bryan

Jessica Oswald of Orrville is an employee and alumni of Wayne College. She enjoys spending time with her husband Al, walking Amigo (her dog), scrapbooking, and stamping.

Khayree Saeed is a maintenance technician for an Orrville factory on the eastside of town.

Rob Sharetts of Orrville is majoring in economics.

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

Pam Solars of Jeromesville is a graduate of The University of Akron with bachelor's degrees in Fibre Art and Russian Language. She has exhibited her fibre artwork at the OSU Mansfield All-Ohio Juried Exhibition.

Sarah Wise of Doylestown is a freshman majoring in English.

Mike Vamos is the editor-in-chief of Waynessence. He is a communications and French major with a minor in Spanish and theater.

Tiffany Varns lives in Wooster, works at Dairy Queen and hopes to be an author someday.

David Zsoldos is a postsecondary student from Medina, OH.

The Waynessence of
The University of Akron Wayne College
Spring 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.

Corpus
Metamorphosa
by Pam Solars

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.
Special Acknowledgments from the Staff

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

Editor's Note
I am pleased to present this spring semester's issue of Waynessence to Wayne College. As always, I would like to thank the following people: God, Carolyn Freelon, Susanna Horn, John Lorson, all contributors to Waynessence, and the Waynessence Staff for their time and help for the creation of the Spring 2008 Waynessence Literary Magazine.

Co-Advisors' Note
Thanks to all who contributed to Waynessence this semester, and congratulations to our cover contest winners. It is a privilege to watch as our staff and our contributors develop their talents.

Perhaps the greatest thing about being involved in Waynessence is that you never know what to expect as you walk into the editorial meetings. Contributions, both written and artistic, always surprise us in their range and quality. One thing that seems certain is that the staff, led by Editor-in-Chief Mike Vamos, will always come up with a great publication. Thanks everyone. You've done it again!

John C.
Lorson
Waynessence
co-advisor

cuddling up to more than him at times. Yeah, then he takes the covers from me in the night, leaving me cold while he snores with his back to me, so inconsiderate he is of my feelings.

On the other hand, I enjoy our nightly walks, looking at the moon and stars. Sometimes we lie in the grass and wrestle with each other, until we’re worn out and can barely move. Those are restful nights, well deserved for the both of us. I like washing and brushing Deuce's hair, playing with the soap as it suds up on his body while I’m bathing him. Putting oil on his skin afterwards and then rubbing on his chest. It’s relaxing to him, and I enjoy making him feel good. I’m a giving person.

I wouldn’t trade Deuce for anything in the world; no gift is that precious to me. I’ve learned a lot from this friend of mine. And I know he wouldn’t turn his back on me, either. I think the greatest gift that he has given to me is responsibility. That was something that I never truly understood before he came into my life, and now it’s something that I’m good at. What would I do without this best friend of mine? Who would be there for me in my times of sorrow? That’s why I love my dog, Deuce.

by Khayree Saeed

Advisors' Choice
The Gate’s Open
by Rob Sharetts

Quick Study
Home
by John Calvey
Deuce

I don’t know what I’d do without Deuce. It seems like he knows when things go wrong in my life. When I’m feeling sad or upset on those rough days, he comforts me. However, he gets on my nerves too. Snooping through my things, he is always in my business. Sometimes, I want to pack up and leave, but I made this commitment to be there for him. Maybe I shouldn’t have made this situation that complex; now he has to depend on me for everything. I’m around him so much that people say we look alike. Yeah, Deuce and me, I still can’t believe we’re still together after all these years. We don’t look alike; for example, my head isn’t that big, nor my body that defined. He looks so beautiful when he walks, and with grace he struts. He has the well-structured body of a gymnast; beauty-in-motion, I call it. Everyone compliments him, falling head over heels as soon as they see him. As for me, Khayree, left in the shadows of his limelight. Of course I’m jealous; he would not be here if it wasn’t for me. People that don’t know us would think he was a king or something.

Sure, Deuce has his run of things, but I make things happen around our house. He thinks I’m supposed to have something for him every time I come home. I guess that’s why he’s always happy to see me coming through the door. I pay the bills; he’s the loafer, not me. Plus, he shouldn’t look at me like that, either, with those big soft grey eyes of his. It always melts my heart. Maybe if Deuce would just get a job, I would let him have some say around here. All he does is eat all the food and lounge around the house. He doesn’t even help clean up, leaving his belongings all over the floor. I get tired sometimes, always cleaning up behind him, and the more I yell….. It doesn’t help. Talk about picky; everything has to be just right for him. I mean heavy blankets folded just right, his sheets soft and his pillows fluffed. “Turn the heat up! You know how I like it,” he’s thinking. And talk about food, he won’t even try new foods to save his life. If he sees me eating something, here he comes begging for a part of what I got. Nothing but the best for Deuce eating steak, eggs, hamburger and ice cream, that’s what he likes. I can’t stand this love affair I have with him.

I should have never let Deuce sleep with me, especially on the first night. Now he thinks I’m easy, and he can lay with me how he likes. Some nights I don’t want to be bothered and he just keeps pestering me until I give in. Just used I feel sometimes, yet I always give in to his slightest of whims. It’s like he can’t get enough of me at times. I’m satisfied, although he is selfish. There is no one I’d rather be.
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it was only diabetic shock and not spider venom. it got flushed along with someone's thumb. i heard from the graveyard shift that when he came around he couldn't find his spider. he was not the wiser.

i left at 11 leaving the florescent lights behind. i walked out and faced the dark.

by Mike Solars

29

Pieces of Face

by Pam Solars
my shoulders ached from cpr
performed on a 16-year-old raven beauty
who overdosed on drugs.
i tried for an hour
until it was called.
i led the parents to where i had prepared her body
turning my back on their cries.

the morgue was filling up
and the attendant playing solitaire
stopped and stared at me after body number 5.
he left. he didn’t like the odds.

i skipped dinner
in the vacant semi-dark cafeteria
where vending machines
provided
me some light.

by 8 o’clock
i had delivered a baby on an elevator,
sutured a head wound, and
had killed my first tarantula.
a car pulled up at the e.r. entrance and
a man staggered from his chevy, fell,
and passed out.
when i moved his car a spider moved across
the front seat. i smashed it with my shoe.
was that what caused him to faint? a spider bite?
i took the body of the tarantula to the doctors.

Color
If the color of my eyes determined what’s inside
A cruel place this world would be
Browns are clever
A bright Blue? Never!
Greens are just greedy
Hazels are far too needy
How foolish this may sound
But take a look around
A color coded world indeed
But don’t we all have the same needs?
Live, love, and grow
A soaring high and a deep low
If the shade of the eye
Can’t possibly tell a truth or lie
Then why must the skin?
Dark browns, milky whites
Yellows, tans, darks, and lights
Beneath the skin you’ll find the same in all
Heart, lungs, throat, and skull
But it’s in the heart that you’ll truly find
A character that’s been shaped and defined
So leave color as a color
For it’s nothing but a coat
But dig deep and far
Toss racism to the stars
And maybe you will find something new
Something that’s the same in me and you

by Angela Bases
the young man
was wheeled in with a self-inflicted gunshot -
at 3:05 fatally wounded.
i waited by his bedside until his pulse died
behind a curtain in the dark.
his organs promised for patients needing transplants
lined up in the o.r. where i took his body next.
i never saw him again.
a train vs. car collision
brought three screaming youths
and the blood so thick on the floor
that my shoes would stick to the e.r. hallways
for two days.
two died, one barely lived.
across the hall a man
called out, and blood burst from his rectum,
a river of dark black blood flowing over the mattress
onto the floor.
it was a slow death
that could not be turned back,
and he would never make it home
that night to see his children
he bragged about.
a celebration for
a wedding anniversary dinner
brought the husband who choked on some steak.
in the e.r. we x-rayed his throat
and found advanced cancer.
i saw the friendly smile evaporate –
the corners of his mouth turned down.
then i watched the doctor tell his wife,
and it was lucky that i caught her when she fainted.
Auld Lang Syne

The wind whistled up and under my tweed overcoat, caressing the back of my legs—the way you did, way back when the Christmas lights were beacons of hope for the future—snowy darkness a deep comforter over our love; basking sweaty in the quiet storm after our lovemaking.

Oh, the strange brightness of the orange that’s spilled out of the brown grocery bag, rolling down the hard, wet steps of our brownstone—juicy sweetness that would mix with the soot darkened snow-sludge of the busy streets.

Turning the key in the lock—I caught my breath, cold fingers of air on the back of my neck—the curl of my ear.

Is that you?

The ghosts of Christmas past haunt my dreams, crying when I see the blender.

Isn’t that stupid of me?

The first Christmas and the blender joke when you said,

“Doesn’t this make you feel like a real woman, having a new kitchen appliance.”

I playfully slapped you and we circled each other like panthers homing in for the kill, the bedroom our last stop in the hunt.

The snowflakes swirl under the streetlight as I step inside the cocoon of love, now a catacomb without you. I raise a mock salute to the blender and all that has been, was lost and what will never be. I too, will become a ghost someday and join you—shall I bring the blender and the oranges, my love?

Raising my hands in silent supplication, to myself and any ghosts that could be present, to the ghost in

the blender, I chant, “I love you, I loved us, I love.”

by Jean L. Calvert

Deadweight

Damn, this was pissing her off. It was drop-dead hot in the attic and a filthy mess on top of everything else. Why did her jerk of a husband Joey ask her to do this every year? Get the Christmas ornaments down from this closet...’special’ as these chintzy, homemade pieces of junk we hang up every year. I’m just a pack mule: a house slave, a sacrificial lamb for the holiday feast.

The wine slid down her throat; it burned a little going down, but tasted oh so good, a tiny, slithering pleasure of alcoholic flavor. Chloe had been drinking all day, just to grease the squeaky wheels of her obsessive thinking about that cheating bastard getting caught last Christmas in their bed!

Good grief, couldn’t Joey have shown a little more panache? She expected better; he was so high class and all. Chloe took another sip; red, red wine—she wiped the cobwebs and dust across her face—bitter, salty tears mixing with the grime on her cheeks. The attic was not too dark and she found the chest easily. Holding the bottle to her lips, Chloe sat down on the floor of the attic, crying a little, and slowly opened the chest. Nestled in the sparkly tissue paper was the culmination of their life together: bells—Playdough ornaments made by the kids—tiny felt stockings with the babies’ pictures—their first Christmas...where did it all go so wrong?

The bottle is empty. “I’ll get more from the fridge. Wait, were you supposed to chill red wine or white wine? She could never remember.

The snowflakes swirl under the streetlight as I step inside the cocoon of love, now a catacomb without you. I raise a mock salute to the blender and all that has been, was lost and what will never be. I too, will become a ghost someday and join you—shall I bring the blender and the oranges, my love?

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by Jean L. Calvert

2007-08 Student Writing Award Winner
1st Place – Short Story
her low-class breeding showing. "Once trailer trash, always trailer trash," Joey’s mom would whisper at the family gatherings—oh boy! Wasn’t there wine up here in the attic?

Chloe staggered around the attic, the heat roiling up in clouds of dirty warmth. There it was, their tiny wine cabinet—oooooh—and we’re upper-class now? Baby, we’re on a roll-still wine in there? Good, Joey’s little tart hasn’t drunk it all. Chloe grabbed a bottle and walked back to the chest. She looked down the fold-up stairs, the light spilling down into the living room. Every year, when she tugs on the chord to pull down the attic door all of the bitter regrets come flooding back—like an abscessed tooth; throbbing pain that goes away for a little while but floods back into existence—slamming into your brain—the pain overwhelming and oh so real.

It hurts so bad—Chloe dropped the bottle of wine across the chest—look—its spilling all over, so red, so red, dragging the chest to the top of the stairs—so heavy—deadweight—wiping off the wetness with the back of her hand—red mixing with the tears. She heaved the chest towards the steps one last time…pushing, pulling, tugging on the handles—heave ho…right over the edge! The chest falls down the attic stairs…bang-thump-rattle and roll…it came to grinding thump at the bottom of the stairs…hot damn! Chloe thought.” It’s open and down there with no muss and fuss…what a good, little trailer trash, obedient wifey I am”…Look, what’s falling out, what’s that? The light spills over the chest and its contents—a special Christmas surprise! Oh the red, the dust, the heat, the dirt, the anger, the sorrow, the regret, the pain, the rage, Merry Christmas…and to all a good night.

by Jean L. Calvert

Background
Beauty
by Traci Carmony

Proud
Cowboy
by Cheryl Carroll

Dog Tired
by Brian and Kelly Collett
Jake

It has been 13 years since you were a puppy. I remember the day I picked you up, as your little head and paws fit so comfortably in my arms. When you and I arrived at your new home, you would become my new best friend. I was only 19 years old the day I bought you, but once you were mine, I was like a little kid all over again. I could not find the correct name for you, but you reminded me of a dog in a country video and looked just like he did. Therefore, I decided to name you after that beautiful golden puppy—Jake.

Through the years, you became very smart. Of all the other dogs I owned growing up, I never had a dog to fight the craziest things, like (the biggest) a water hose. Another thing that was the most fun was watching you snatch my hat off my head. I taught you how to do that, yet every time I was in a hurry to feed you and leave for work, you always found a way to snatch my hat clean off my head and run to the end of the Earth, or at least that is what it seemed because you made me late for work. When my nieces and nephews came over, you became a huge yellow teddy bear. Yeah, you hurt them, but it was only because you were so big and they were so tiny.

Here it is 13 years later, you have not moved in a couple of days, so I take you to the same man that has cared for you every time you were sick. He has run his tests and has X-rayed every part of your body. The news I dreaded to hear has come to reality. Your organs are shutting down, your kidneys have quit working, and so what am I to do? I could pay to get them replaced; however, there is a higher chance of your not surviving than the alternative. On the other hand, I could make the wisest, yet hardest decision in the world: let the doctor put you to sleep, and let you spend the rest of eternity in doggy heaven.

You are now gone to doggy heaven, and playing like a new puppy. You are new on the block, so at first you may be a little shy. However, that will only last about 15 minutes. You have found many companions and will never be sick again. I will miss you and will always love you. In addition, just so you know, there will never be another dog in the world that can replace the great times we had.

by Wallace Ball

Miss Kitty
by Gordon R. Beals

You’ve worked your arses off all day and night, sweating blood and tears for so long. Now, the time has come, and a performance needs attended to, you know! Hell, I shut my fat mouth up! We’ll begin in seven!”

“Oh, God!” whispered the boy to himself.

For the remainder of the time before it was time to perform, the boy kept worrying whether he was going to do a good job or not. All eyes would be on him since he was the lead character of the musical. However, he doubted that the eyes that would watch him tonight would be pleased by his unsatisfactory performance.

A boy with such a lack of confidence wasn’t predestined in the beginning. Born on a beautiful hot day on June 7th, Manuel wasn’t your ordinary American. Born in Madrid, he and his parents immigrated to the states in the 1990’s. His green eyes, shaded as the beautiful green grasslands on a spring day, reflected the timid, yet beautiful soul of an angel to be. Sadly, such an awesome creation would undergo living nightmares of a broken childhood.

A serial killer broke into Manuel’s home one evening, grabbing both of his parents. The young boy agonizingly watched while tied up in a chair, the killer massacring his beloved parents. Before the killer laid hands upon Manuel, a white Siamese Persian cat jumped from the middle of nowhere and

Manuel

“Oh, God! I’ll be up soon, and I am nervous as hell!” uttered the boy to himself. “I’ve rehearsed for so long, know what I ought to do, yet I now have forgotten every word! Damn you, Judas, good for nothing patron saint of Hopelessness!”

As the boy nervously paced back and forth behind the curtains, a stout, portly figure walked into the corridor.

“Alrighty, then, kids!” cried the fat man. “Tonight is your night to shine. You’ve worked your arses off all day and night, sweating blood and tears for so long. Now, the time has come, and a performance needs attended to, you know! Hell, I shut my fat mouth up! We’ll begin in seven!”

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bit out the eye sockets of the killer. Then, with her enormous and deadly paws, scratched to death the serial killer, in a similar manner as he had killed the parents.

Just as the Persian cat was growling away, an old woman had heard the horrid manifestation and phoned authorities. In the click of a heartbeat, the police arrived, although very late, for the disastrous damage had been performed. As the police officers went inside, they found little Manuel tied down to a wooden kitchen chair. Next to him was the serial killer, wanted for the deaths of 253 children, 200 men, and 199 women across the U.S. Terrified, Manuel began to cry and shriek, for he had lost his best friends - his loving parents.

After the massacre, the police took Manuel and the white Siamese Persian cat down to the police station. They tried their best to calm the kid, but it was of no use. Then, they called down the elderly lady who had dialed 911. As she was testifying to what had occurred, she decided herself then to adopt little Manuel and the cat, since the two knew of nobody else in the states.

*M * *

“Mama, Papa, I miss you both so much! Why did you guys have to go so soon?! Why me!” He cried to himself.

“Well, I hope my little sonny boy is ready because I surely do know that he’ll do a fine job!” yelled the elderly lady. “I don’t know where little Manuel is, but if he hears me, then I wish the best of luck to him! Hell, he doesn’t need luck. And you know why he doesn’t need luck? Because he was born with it. That’s why, I tell you! Now, let’s hurry the hell up because we won’t find any seats in the auditorium.”

As the elderly lady and her lady friends sat themselves down in the school auditorium, Manuel’s heart began to leap with hope. The 18-year-old lost all of his nervousness and began to do what he knew best - act!

“Lights, camera, action!” yelled the fat man! “It’s showtime, guys, so let’s do!” and Manuel opened his mouth and began to sing his first number. As he was singing it, all eyes were fixed upon him with awesome admiration for his natural talent.

* * *

Metanoia
(by Mike Vamos)

(wife laying on couch sleeping)

by Fred delGuidice
Never Underestimate...

Never underestimate the power of a child’s dream
For their dream may help the world someday.

Never underestimate the power of a child’s logic,
For it may help solve the problems with which we are faced today.

Never underestimate the power of a child’s touch,
For such may touch the lives of others, even yours.

Never underestimate the power of a child’s speech,
For their words may soften the bite of a monster and mellow the heart of a hurt soul.

Never underestimate the power of a child’s will to live,
For they are the leaders of tomorrow.

Never underestimate the power of a child’s love,
For their love mirrors that of God’s in Heaven
Which can change the hardened hearts of millions in a heartbeat.

Get real and other toxic messages of love as recollected so succinctly by me

Please show me the way, oh enlightened one—the one true path—
don’t talk with your mouth full,
sit like a lady, don’t slouch, don’t make that ugly face (it will freeze that way)
venerable words of wisdom.

Play nice, share, don’t steal (only the little things—white class privilege, you know) don’t lie (don’t hurt anyone’s feelings, tell your boss what he wants to hear)
please your husband (oh wise one, who pleases me?)
know your place in the scheme of things, God will provide (what if I don’t believe?)
will I please and provide for myself?
beret and alone.

Eat your vegetables (do vegetables have souls?)
will I become a bereft, veggie-eating hermit that chews slowly and sits up straight?
because I didn’t apologize when I really didn’t need to and because I didn’t please my husband,
will I be bereft of reason—non compus mentis—an unfinished compendium consisting of breaches of
etiquette, good shoes, straight, white teeth, good posture?

Venerable parental mentor—what happens if I speak up, speak my mind, skip my turn, don’t finish my vegetables, sits like a man, legs crossed across my knees—who will want a sloucher that makes faces, has broccoli in her teeth, thinks that animals have souls and
blurs strange statements of opinion out at inappropriate moments?

Get real! She exclaimed.
Grow up.
Never—I replied...
I am me…who I am…someone will want me—heck if they don’t—who cares!
Retreating to my cave, growing vegetables and not brushing and flossing I will flourish from within.

by Jean L. Calvert

by Mike Vamos

by Krystal Cole
I’m Acquainted With the Night

My dark past stains my path of enlightenment
Blood fury and despair stain my soul from being free from my dark prison...
My hunger only hurts me when I see the fear I bring to my victim’s eyes
My hunger that I want to but cannot control...
Day after day, century after century
I sit in the darkness, asking myself over and over again...
Why?
Why was I chosen to be this horrid creature of the night?
Alas I cannot ask the one who turned me,
For I ripped out his heart when he decided to kill the ones that I loved
Depriving me of my only happiness...
I’m prone to plummet into darkness
And forever walk the ever so lonely streets of Hell...
Until I get up enough nerve to finally watch my last sunrise
To feel the warmth of the sun on my soft and mellow skin, before I’m gone
And be only someone’s horrid memory.

by Tiffany Varns

Tapestry of the Fates

Rolling out a ball of motherly twine,
I would reel in my children,
Bunches of branching threads in the intersecting fabric of my heart.

Spinning my maternal string around their...

Hope (so close)...
Despair (so sad)...
Guilt (so sorry)...
Rage (so angry)...

Plaiting them back into the braided tapestry of my love for them,
undoing the unraveling,
reweaving the torn and dirty fabric of the family bond.

My ball of twine would be shining with the multi-colored threads of my children’s souls,
Linking the textile of mother-child-grown child-adult,
The fates and I rethreading our destinies on the loom of en famille

Finally, together, one bolt of cloth-

Mother (so guilty)...
Child (so angry)...
Adult child (so sad)
Family (forgiven)...

by Jean L. Calvert

One Tree Standing Tall

by Raquel Ball

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by Tiffany Varns

Hot Wired

by Pam Solars

8 21
I am a house, true, a mansion. Stan Hywet is my name; and in my Tudor glory, I stand proudly, bearing the weight of my 64,500 square feet. My medieval façade faces a circular drive with a wide, green lawn beyond. As I peer out from my wings’ many windows, I adore most of all the garden views and the terraces.

From beneath my chocolate-brown awning, I can look out the immense, screened back door, onto the grand, three-tiered, flagstone terrace. The first tier contains two square, overgrown flowerbeds nestled comfortably against my sides and a concrete viewing bench. A flight of shallow flag steps leads to the grand terrace, which is dominated by a large, rectangular pool, with two fountains, where myriad purple water lilies bloom. Four fucus trees dot the pool’s corners, and more stone paths lead between grassy turves to the final, lowest level. A semicircular railing encloses the tier from a straight drop onto the grass far below. When I look out past the gardens and terraces, I never tire of the breath-taking vista set forever before my windows between a break in the tall, mature trees.

To the right of my terraces, a beech tree-canopied avenue separates the large informal gardens on one side from the Japanese gardens on the other and leads to a second observation platform.

Pleasantly overgrown and rotting, the Japanese garden meanders down the hillside. Great stone pavers lead past large bonsai trees and Japanese statuary. Petite bridges arch over the dry creek bed, and a man-made waterfall no longer gushes down the smooth rock face. An abandoned tennis court lies down the hill, beside a scum-covered waterway.

To my left is the English garden, whose gothic arch leads into a paradise. Vibrant pink and lemon yellow flowers bloom along the base of the eight-foot brick-and-stone wall enclosing the garden. In the center is a dark reflecting pool bordered by fuzzy lavender flowers and a rectangular walk. An adjacent square path, edged with boxwood, surrounds a bronze fountain entitled “The Garden of the Water Goddess.” When I gaze at this garden, most of all I am drawn to the little niche that pushes out the left wall. Guarded by two crumbling cherubs, this cozy nook contains the garden’s only windows, pane-less, and looking out upon the untamed woods. A semicircular, blue wooden bench runs along the niche’s interior; its corners are formed in the shape of roaring lions.

These are my lands, my gardens, and my terraces; and they have been invaded. Today, people have parked a thousand automobiles on my manicured front lawn, trampled my side lawns and dirtied my...
terraces. They have lifted ugly, white tents and booths, and brought in food and loud music and bullhorns to break my solitude. More people than ever have shuffled through my halls, and poked and prodded in my rooms. Anger swells in me at the sound of yet another child’s tantrum and the continual cackle of old women’s laughter.

Be silent, Stan Hywet, and understand. Do not be angry. Think not so highly of yourself, for you, built in 1912, are a mere copy of the masters of another era. You care for nature? Listen to those within the ugly white booths. A certain potter with curly brown hair and a frank smile, for example, who continues to use age-old techniques to create first-rate products. “I still use a wax stick to tell whether or not the kiln is ready. It is a computerized kiln, but computers can malfunction. Newer ways are not always better.”

See the plump woman with close-cropped grey hair sitting on a tall, wooden stool weaving a wicker basket as she has for twenty years. What about Mary Boyle, the middle-aged, cotton-clad tailor, whose seamstresses painstakingly stitch garments from organic material? You, Stan Hywet, with your love of tradition and history, must be impressed by the visitor who exclaimed, “I want to live here!”

What about Debra Wise, the slim woman with silver-flecked dark brown hair and large brown eyes, the avid gardener, who commented, “The house and grounds were beautiful and historically captivating. The manicured gardens and lawns were wonderful, and I could feel the history inside the house”? Her words must touch you.

Also remember why these people swarm you like paparazzi around a retired movie star. They are here to save you. Without their funds, you would be an empty shell, your beloved gardens and lawns untended and moldering away.

So remember, Stan Hywet, while you endure an uncomfortable weekend, that there are artists within those booths who are akin to you, that there are visitors who honestly admire you, and that you benefit from the hordes that pass within your boundaries.

Standing Alone

I am standing alone in the dark. The moon is hidden behind the clouds, just slightly peeking out. The trees are swaying left and right, and the sounds of screeching wolves, hooting of owls, the rustling of the leaves as the wind blows.

I stand alone in the middle of confusion, asking myself, Do I believe what I hear? Do I believe what I see? Is it my imagination, or is my mind playing tricks on me? Should I trust my eyes, my heart or my ears? All these sounds and shadows. “Wait shhhhh, what was that?” I am standing alone, out in the middle of nowhere.

I am standing alone; I am frightened. Is there someone really out there? “Hellooooo,” I yelled. “Is there someone out there? Are you real or are you my conscience?” I am so afraid. Tears are now running down my face; I can’t seem to control them.

I am standing alone. Fear has taken me. I feel like I can’t move; I am frozen where I stand. All of a sudden I hear a voice, telling me not to be afraid. Should I trust this voice? Who is this voice telling not to be afraid? Should I or can I trust this voice?

I am standing alone, “Please, oh voice of wonder. Please help me. I am standing alone, scared, and confused, frozen where I stand.” The voice tells me again, “Child of mine, don’t be scared, or frightened. Put your trust in me. My child, I am the light that will lead you out of your fear and give the knowledge and understanding you need.”

The voice is calming and trustworthy. I now feel safe, like I can take the first step in not feeling afraid, and confused. I am no longer standing alone.

by Raquel Ball

Sancho Panza

by David Zsoldos
What Is One To Do?

What is one to do?
When one's heart is broken, smashed to pieces?
What is one to do?
When one cries till their eyes swell, till they are gasping for air; however, the air seems not to be there. When one begins to feel the walls closing in on them, they feel like their life should not continue to be.
What is one to do?
When they are lied to, cursed at, and judged, not only for what they say but for what they do. Should they walk away and let it be or stand their ground and show who they really are?
What is one to do?
When an ex shows up? Should they pick up from where they left off?
Or should they say to each other “it was nice to see you.” And send them on their merry way.
What is one to do?
A question with so many answers

by Raquel Ball

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A Road to Nowhere
by Raquel Ball

then walked over to my brother. She tried to hold back her true feelings that suffocated her to keep them withdrawn.

Once she believed that I was out of sight, she ran back to her black, beat-up Pontiac as I continued to rip apart the engine in my pure white Camaro, knowing in my heart and my mind that I had reciprocated the same hurt and pain that I now feel. I still sometimes wonder if I would have acted differently that day, if that would have shaped her into a different person. But I then remember that her being an only child with wealthy parents probably is a factor in her sorry plight. The ones who have everything get bored easily.

Whenever I would see her in the past, she would always have extravagantly priced clothes caressing her flawless form. When I had seen her before with her parents, they seemed just to be a source of funds, for she was never showed any affection.

When we were together, she would always want to pay for everything. One of her most memorable traits was that she always wanted to hugged and kissed on the forehead, which is probably why I miss her embrace the most.

Our most recent encounter was one I initiated. I needed another Nikki fix, as I call it–she is my favorite drug. I, somehow, luckily got in touch with her and arranged to meet up with her at Borders Books.

This resulted in my expressing my true feelings about her. Then she responded back with how she was not ready to change. This was hard for her to say. I saw it in the one tear that quickly was wiped away. She apologized for any hurt that she caused me and said that someday maybe she will be able to accept me, for she fears that she will corrupt me with all her bad habits. She just hopes that when that day comes, I feel the same about her.

This was not expected for I had gotten off work early so I could go home and shower and change into something nice to impress her. And she felt nothing for me other than a weird friendship, I was eaten inside. But I feel I had somewhat succeeded, for I infected her with reason. We both got up and walked outside to talk some more.

There sat the same black beat Pontiac I had seen two years ago. We shared a quick embrace that was interrupted by Marilyn Manson’s “If I Was Her Vampire” from her cell phone. I looked into her eyes and saw nothing but lies. She stepped back from me and told whoever was on the phone she was on her way, got in her black beat Pontiac and was quickly shrouded by darkness.

by Brandon Buzzelli

by Raquel Ball
Nocturnal Neglect

Neglect and I go back to our youth when we first met. Then, it did not take much longer for us to hook up. The best way I can describe her is with fine raven black hair, not ever a curl or knot, perfect shoulder length. She had a toned body, not butch at all. Yes, this girl could kick some ass if she wanted to, and her form drew me to her. Neglect was and still is one of those rare girls that I’m visually bitten by, and her presence is always what I long for the most.

Neglect is the name I have given her, for recently that’s how she feels, neglected. She still to this day has no idea the trance that she inflicted on many. Thinking that her flesh is consumed with fat inhibits her from looking at her own reflection, which she believes holds other faults. I, like her, have the belief that I have faults, visual and internal. One of her faults, you could say, is her drinking habit. Because of that, I must pity her and also thank her, for as with a woman’s obsession to party hard and drink in excess, I have learned that this sickeningly repetitive act that ends the same every night, no matter where it takes place, it takes its victim down with it.

She is now infected with this habit of staying awake to all hours of the night consuming the seductive in vast amounts. She would awake the following day with no memory of what she did or what took place the night before. It is because of this addiction that I left her. She continues this habit because, unfortunately, it’s all she has ever known for so long. Her words to me were that it makes the pain go away. She told me this on the phone at 12 a.m. on a Saturday night. At first I had trouble understanding what she was saying because of the slurred speech and the music in the background.

She also claims to have true feeling for me, which I feel for her when seeing her in despair. Letting go was hard for me, but what I take from this experience, most of all, is that there is not true happiness in the substance-abuse lifestyle. When I have visited a few bars and nightclubs, I have had glances of her beautiful but rotten form in the abyss of others that crowd the area and share the same thoughts and desires.

My last attempt to meet up with her just to catch up and check on her, which must be done more and more as time goes on, resulted in me calling her phone and her not answering because of the knowledge it was me. She is her own worst enemy, always thinking the negative before the positive. One of the biggest changes in Neglect is that she now lets others make her decisions. I believe that she has gotten so caught up in trying to make everyone else happy that she has forgotten how to make herself happy.

The summer before her final year of high school she drove to my dad’s house to surprisingly visit me, but to her surprise I cared not. She had spent three hours getting ready to visit me and came over hoping for my warm embrace. The warmth was not there, and the empty look in her watered eyes is burned in my mind, the black eye shadow slowly gracing her angelic face with tears of sorrow. And there I was, watching and not caring at all. I was cold, morbid, and unaffected by her grief. She

Unnamed Emotions

My sorrow, your pain
I feel remorse, you feel agony
I have lust, you envy
We both have love, our joy
Light may be our torment
But our beauty is the dark
Our locked memories may be self-hating with despair
Our faith gives us closure
With our fate being intertwined
Trust may make us vulnerable
But hate would be stupidity
Our idiocy may be lost
But not deprived
Our beliefs in taking chances
Will soon give us our Renewal into enlightenment

by Tiffany Varns
Through My Eyes

I see what I see
I see what I want to see
I see what I need to see
I see love
And I want it
I see hate and betrayal
But I don’t want despair
I see what I see
I see what I want to see
I see what I need to see
I see love that will
Never be lost
I see love that sometime
Cannot always be found
I see what I see
I see what I want to see
I see what I need to see
I see the world
In different colors
I see faith and trust
That people will betray
I see what I see
I see what I want to see
I see what I need to see
I see second chances
That everyone deserves
But hardly ever gets
I see through my eyes the world
And what it is to me

by Tiffany Varns
Summer Has Come
by Gordon R. Beals

Niagra
by Gordon R. Beals

Glow
by Shayna O'Bryan
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A Road to Nowhere

by Raquel Ball
terraces. They have lifted ugly, white tents and booths, and brought in food and loud music and bullhorns to break my solitude. More people than ever have shuffled through my halls, and poked and prodded in my rooms. Anger swells in me at the sound of yet another child’s tantrum and the continual cackle of old women’s laughter.

Be silent, Stan Hywat, and understand. Do not be angry. Think not so highly of yourself, for you, built in 1912, are a mere copy of the masters of another era. You care for nature? Listen to those within the ugly white booths. A certain potter with curly brown hair and a frank smile, for example, who continues to use age-old techniques to create first-rate products. “I still use a wax stick to tell whether or not the kiln is ready. It is a computerized kiln, but computers can malfunction. Newer ways are not always better.”

See the plump woman with close-cropped grey hair sitting on a tall, wooden stool weaving a wicker basket as she has for twenty years. What about Mary Boyle, the middle-aged, cotton-clad tailor, whose seamstresses painstakingly stitch garments from organic material? You, Stan Hywat, with your love of tradition and history, must be impressed by the visitor who exclaimed, “I want to live here!”

What about Debra Wise, the slim woman with silver-flecked dark brown hair and large brown eyes, the avid gardener, who commented, “The house and grounds were beautiful and historically captivating. The manicured gardens and lawns were wonderful, and I could feel the history inside the house”? Her words must touch you.

Also remember why these people swarm you like paparazzi around a retired movie star. They are here to save you. Without their funds, you would be an empty shell, your beloved gardens and lawns untended and moldering away.

So remember, Stan Hywat, while you endure an uncomfortable weekend, that there are artists within those booths who are akin to you, that there are visitors who honestly admire you, and that you benefit from the hordes that pass within your boundaries.

*Standing Alone*

I am standing alone in the dark. The moon is hidden behind the clouds, just slightly peeking out. The trees are swaying left and right, and the sounds of screeching wolves, hooting of owls, the rustling of the leaves as the wind blows.

I stand alone in the middle of confusion, asking myself, Do I believe what I hear? Do I believe what I see? Is it my imagination, or is my mind playing tricks on me? Should I trust my eyes, my heart or my ears? All these sounds and shadows. “Wait shhhhh, what was that?” I am standing alone, out in the middle of nowhere.

I am standing alone; I am frightened. Is there someone really out there? “Hellooooo,” I yelled. “Is there someone out there? Are you real or are you my conscience?” I am so afraid. Tears are now running down my face; I can’t seem to control them.

I am standing alone. Fear has taken me. I feel like I can’t move; I am frozen where I stand. All of a sudden I hear a voice, telling me not to be afraid. Should I trust this voice? Who is this voice telling not to be afraid? Should I or can I trust this voice?

I am standing alone, “Please, oh voice of wonder. Please help me. I am standing alone, scared, and confused, frozen where I stand.” The voice tells me again, “Child of mine, don’t be scared, or frightened. Put your trust in me. My child, I am the light that will lead you out of your fear and give the knowledge and understanding you need.”

The voice is calming and trustworthy. I now feel safe, like I can take the first step in not feeling afraid, and confused. I am no longer standing alone.

*Sancho Panza*

by **David Zsoldos**

**Sarah Wise**

by **Raquel Ball**
Saving Face

I am a house, true, a mansion. Stan Hywet is my name; and in my Tudor glory, I stand proudly, bearing the weight of my 64,500 square feet. My medieval façade faces a circular drive with a wide, green lawn beyond. As I peer out from my wings’ many windows, I adore most of all the garden views and the terraces.

From beneath my chocolate-brown awning, I can look out the immense, screened back door, onto the grand, three-tiered, flagstone terrace. The first tier contains two square, overgrown flowerbeds nestled comfortably against my sides and a concrete viewing bench. A flight of shallow flag steps leads to the grand terrace, which is dominated by a large, rectangular pool, with two fountains, where myriad purple water lilies bloom. Four fuchsias dot the pool’s corners, and more stone paths lead between grassy turves to the final, lowest level. A semicircular railing encloses the tier from a straight drop onto the grass far below. When I look out past the gardens and terraces, I never tire of the breath-taking vista set forever before my windows between a break in the tall, mature trees.

To the right of my terraces, a beech tree-canopied avenue separates the large informal gardens on one side from the Japanese gardens on the other and leads to a second observation platform.

Pleasantly overgrown and rotting, the Japanese garden meanders down the hillside. Great stone pavers lead past large bonsai trees and Japanese statuary. Petite bridges arch over the dry creek bed, and a man-made waterfall no longer gushes down the smooth rock face. An abandoned tennis court lies down the hill, beside a scum-covered waterway.

To my left is the English garden, whose gothic arch leads into a paradise. Vibrant pink and lemon yellow flowers bloom along the base of the eight-foot brick-and-stone wall enclosing the garden. In the center is a dark reflecting pool bordered by fuzzy lavender flowers and a rectangular walk. An adjacent square path, edged with boxwood, surrounds a bronze fountain entitled “The Garden of the Water Goddess.” When I gaze at this garden, most of all I am drawn to the little niche that pushes out the left wall. Guarded by two crumbling cherubs, this cozy nook contains the garden’s only windows, pane-less, and looking out upon the untamed woods. A semicircular, blue wooden bench runs along the niche’s interior; its corners are formed in the shape of roaring lions.

These are my lands, my gardens, and my terraces; and they have been invaded. Today, people have parked a thousand automobiles on my manicured front lawn, trampled my side lawns and dirtied my
**I’m Acquainted With the Night**

My dark past stains my path of enlightenment
Blood fury and despair stain my soul from being free from my dark prison...
My hunger only hurts me when I see the severe I bring to my victim’s eyes
My hunger that I want to but cannot control...
Day after day, century after century
I sit in the darkness, asking myself over and over again...
Why?
Why was I chosen to be this horrid creature of the night?
Alas I cannot ask the one who turned me.
For I ripped out his heart when he decided to kill the ones that I loved
Depriving me of my only happiness...
I’m prone to plummet into darkness
And forever walk the ever so lonely streets of Hell...
Until I get up enough nerve to finally watch my last sunrise
To feel the warmth of the sun on my soft and mellow skin, before I’m gone.
And be only someone’s horrid memory.

*by Tiffany Varns*

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**Tapestry of the Fates**

Rolling out a ball of motherly twine,
I would reel in my children,
Bunches of branching threads in the intersecting fabric of my heart.

Spinning my maternal string around their...
Hope (so close)...
Despair (so sad)...
Guilt (so sorry)...
Rage (so angry)...

Plaiting them back into the braided tapestry of my love for them,
undoing the unraveling,
reweaving the torn and dirty fabric of the family bond.

My ball of twine would be shining with the multi-colored threads of my children’s souls,
Linking the textile of mother-child-grown child-adult,
The fates and I rethreading our destinies on the loom of *en famille*

Finally, together, one bolt of cloth-
Mother (so guilty)...
Child (so angry)...
Adult child (so sad)
Family (forgiven)...

*by Jean L. Calvert*

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**One Tree Standing Tall**

*by Raquel Ball*

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**Hot Wired**

*by Pam Solars*
‘Get real’ and other toxic messages of love as recollected so succinctly by me

Please show me the way, oh enlightened one–the one true path–
don’t talk with your mouth full, 
sit like a lady, don’t slouch, don’t make that ugly face (it will freeze that way)
venerable words of wisdom.

Play nice, share, don’t steal (only the little things–white class privilege, you know) don’t lie (don’t hurt 
anyone’s feelings, tell your boss what he wants to hear) 
please your husband (oh wise one, who pleases me?) 
know your place in the scheme of things, God will provide (what if I don’t believe?) 
will I please and provide for myself? 
berief and alone.

Eat your vegetables (do vegetables have souls?)
will I become a bereft, veggie-eating hermit that chews slowly and sits up straight? 
because I didn’t apologize when I really didn’t need to and because I didn’t please my husband, 
will I be bereft of reason–non compos mentis–an unfinished compendium consisting of breaches of 
etiquette, good shoes, straight, white teeth, good posture?

Venerable parental mentor–what happens if I speak up, speak my mind, skip my turn, don’t finish my 
vegetables, sits like a man, legs crossed across my knees–
who will want a sloucher that makes faces, has broccoli in her teeth, thinks that animals have souls and
blurs strange statements of opinion out at inappropriate moments?

Get real! She exclaimed. 
Grow up. 
Never–I replied…
I am me…who I am…someone will want me–heck if they don’t–who cares! 
Retreating to my cave, growing vegetables and not brushing and flossing I will flourish from within.

by Jean L. Calvert

Never Underestimate. . .

Never underestimate the power of a child’s dream
For their dream may help the world someday.

Never underestimate the power of a child’s logic, 
For it may help solve the problems with which we are faced today.

Never underestimate the power of a child’s touch, 
For such may touch the lives of others, even yours.

Never underestimate the power of a child’s speech, 
For their words may soften the bite of a monster and mellow the heart of a hurt soul.

Never underestimate the power of a child’s will to live, 
For they are the leaders of tomorrow.

Never underestimate the power of a child’s love, 
For their love mirrors that of God’s in Heaven 
Which can change the hardened hearts of millions in a heartbeat.

by Mike Vamos

Canvas Confetti
by Krystal Cole
bit out the eye sockets of the killer. Then, with her enormous and deadly paws, scratched to death the serial killer, in a similar manner as he had killed the parents.

Just as the Persian cat was growling away, an old woman had heard the horrid manifestation and phoned authorities. In the click of a heartbeat, the police arrived, although very late, for the disastrous damage had been performed. As the police officers went inside, they found little Manuel tied down to a wooden kitchen chair. Next to him was the serial killer, wanted for the deaths of 253 children, 200 men, and 199 women across the U.S. Terrified, Manuel began to cry and shriek, for he had lost his best friends - his loving parents.

After the massacre, the police took Manuel and the white Siamese Persian cat down to the police station. They tried their best to calm the kid, but it was of no use. Then, they called down the elderly lady who had dialed 911. As she was testifying to what had occurred, she decided herself then to adopt little Manuel and the cat, since the two knew of nobody else in the states.

* * *

“Mama, Papa, I miss you both so much! Why did you guys have to go so soon?! Why me!” He cried to himself.

“Well, I hope my little sonny boy is ready because I surely do know that he’ll do a fine job!” yelled the elderly lady. “I don’t know where little Manuel is, but if he hears me, then I wish the best of luck to him! Hell, he doesn’t need luck. And you know why he doesn’t need luck? Because he was born with it. That’s why, I tell you! Now, let’s hurry the hell up because we won’t find any seats in the auditorium.”

As the elderly lady and her lady friends sat themselves down in the school auditorium, Manuel’s heart began to leap with hope. The 18-year-old lost all of his nervousness and began to do what he knew best - act!

“Lights, camera, action!” yelled the fat man! “It’s showtime, guys, so let’s do!” and Manuel opened his mouth and began to sing his first number. As he was singing it, all eyes were fixed upon him with awesome admiration for his natural talent.

by Mike Vamos

Metanoia
(wife laying on couch sleeping)
by Fred delGuidice
It has been 13 years since you were a puppy. I remember the day I picked you up, as your little head and paws fit so comfortably in my arms. When you and I arrived at your new home, you would become my new best friend. I was only 19 years old the day I bought you, but once you were mine, I was like a little kid all over again. I could not find the correct name for you, but you reminded me of a dog in a country video and looked just like he did. Therefore, I decided to name you after that beautiful golden puppy—Jake.

Through the years, you became very smart. Of all the other dogs I owned growing up, I never had a dog to fight the craziest things, like (the biggest) a water hose. Another thing that was the most fun was watching you snatch my hat off my head. I taught you how to do that, yet every time I was in a hurry to feed you and leave for work, you always found a way to snatch my hat clean off my head and run to the end of the Earth, or at least that is what it seemed because you made me late for work. When my nieces and nephews came over, you became a huge yellow teddy bear. Yeah, you hurt them, but it was only because you were so big and they were so tiny.

Here it is 13 years later, you have not moved in a couple of days, so I take you to the same man that has cared for you every time you were sick. He has run his tests and has X-rayed every part of your body. The news I dreaded to hear has come to reality. Your organs are shutting down, your kidneys have quit working, and so what am I to do? I could pay to get them replaced; however, there is a higher chance of your not surviving than the alternative. On the other hand, I could make the wisest, yet hardest decision in the world: let the doctor put you to sleep, and let you spend the rest of eternity in doggy heaven.

You are now gone to doggy heaven, and playing like a new puppy. You are new on the block, so at first you may be a little shy. However, that will only last about 15 minutes. You have found many companions and will never be sick again. I will miss you and will always love you. In addition, just so you know, there will never be another dog in the world that can replace the great times we had.

by Wallace Ball

You’ve worked your arses off all day and night, sweating blood and tears for so long. Now, the time has come, and a performance needs attended to, you know! Hell, I shut my fat mouth up! We’ll begin in seven!"

“Oh, God!” whispered the boy to himself. For the remainder of the time before it was time to perform, the boy kept worrying whether he was going to do a good job or not. All eyes would be on him since he was the lead character of the musical. However, he doubted that the eyes that would watch him tonight would be pleased by his unsatisfactory performance.

A boy with such a lack of confidence wasn’t predestined in the beginning. Born on a beautiful hot day on June 7th, Manuel wasn’t your ordinary American. Born in Madrid, he and his parents immigrated to the states in the 1990’s. His green eyes, shaded as the beautiful green grasslands on a spring day, reflected the timid, yet beautiful soul of an angel to be. Sadly, such an awesome creation would undergo living nightmares of a broken childhood.

A serial killer broke into Manuel’s home one evening, grabbing both of his parents. The young boy agonizingly watched while tied up in a chair, the killer massacring his beloved parents. Before the killer laid hands upon Manuel, a white Siamese Persian cat jumped from the middle of nowhere and
her low-class breeding showing. "Once trailer trash, always trailer trash," Joey’s mom would whisper at the family gatherings—oh boy! Wasn’t there wine up here in the attic?

Chloe staggered around the attic, the heat roiling up in clouds of dirty warmth. There it was, their tiny wine cabinet—ooohh—are we upper-class now? Baby, we’re on a roll-still wine in there? Good, Joey’s little tart hasn’t drunk it all. Chloe grabbed a bottle and walked back to the chest. She looked down the fold-up stairs, the light spilling down into the living room. Every year, when she tugs on the chord to pull down the attic door all of the bitter regrets come flooding back—like an abscessed tooth; throbbing pain that goes away for a little while but floods back into existence—slamming into your brain—the pain overwhelming and oh so real.

It hurts so bad—Chloe dropped the bottle of wine across the chest—look…it’s spilling all over, so red, so red, dragging the chest to the top of the stairs…so heavy…deadweight…wiping off the wetness with the back of her hand…red mixing with the tears. She heaved the chest towards the steps one last time…pushing, pulling, tugging on the handles…heave ho…right over the edge! The chest falls down the attic stairs…bang-thump-rattle and roll…it came to grinding thump at the bottom of the stairs…hot damn! Chloe thought.” It’s open and down there with no muss and fuss…what a good, little trailer trash, obedient wifey I am”…Look, what’s falling out, what’s that? The light spills over the chest and its contents—what a special Christmas surprise! Oh the red, the dust, the heat, the dirt, the anger, the sorrow, the regret, the pain, the rage, Merry Christmas…and to all a good night.

by Jean L. Calvert

Background Beauty
by Traci Carmony

Proud Cowboy
by Cheryl Carroll

Dog Tired
by Brian and Kelly Collett
Auld Lang Syne

The wind whistled up and under my tweed overcoat, caressing the back of my legs—the way you did, way back when the Christmas lights were beacons of hope for the future—snowy darkness a deep comforter over our love; basking sweaty in the quiet storm after our lovemaking.

Oh, the strange brightness of the orange that’s spilled out of the brown grocery bag, rolling down the hard, wet steps of our brownstone—juicy sweetness that would mix with the soot darkened snow-sludge of the busy streets.

Turning the key in the lock—I caught my breath, cold fingers of air on the back of my neck—the curl of my ear.

Is that you?
The ghosts of Christmas past haunt my dreams, crying when I see the blender.
Isn’t that stupid of me?
The first Christmas and the blender joke when you said,
“Doesn’t this make you feel like a real woman, having a new kitchen appliance.”
I playfully slapped you and we circled each other like panthers homing in for the kill, the bedroom our last stop in the hunt.

The snowflakes swirl under the streetlight as I step inside the cocoon of love, now a catacomb without you. I raise a mock salute to the blender and all that has been, was lost and what will never be.
I too, will become a ghost someday and join you—shall I bring the blender and the oranges, my love?

Raising my hands in silent supplication, to myself and any ghosts that could be present, to the ghost in the blender, I chant, “I love you, I loved us, I love.”

by Jean L. Calvert

Deadweight

Damn, this was pissing her off. It was drop-dead hot in the attic and a filthy mess on top of everything else. Why did her jerk of a husband Joey ask her to do this every year? Get the Christmas ornaments down from this closet ‘special’ as these chintzy, homemade pieces of junk we hang up every year. I’m just a pack mule: a house slave, a sacrificial lamb for the holiday feast.

The wine slid down her throat; it burned a little going down, but tasted oh so good, a tiny, slithering pleasure of alcoholic flavor. Chloe had been drinking all day, just to grease the squeaky wheels of her obsessive thinking about that cheating bastard getting caught last Christmas in their bed!

Good grief, couldn’t Joey have shown a little more panache? She expected better; he was so high class and all. Chloe took another sip; red, red wine—she wiped the cobwebs and dust across her face—bitter, salty tears mixing with the grime on her cheeks. The attic was not too dark and she found the chest easily. Holding the bottle to her lips, Chloe sat down on the floor of the attic, crying a little, and slowly opened the chest. Nestled in the sparkly tissue paper was the culmination of their life together: bells–Playdough ornaments made by the kids–tiny felt stockings with the babies’ pictures— their first Christmas...where did it all go so wrong?

She held in the sobs, holding in the pain, holding in the anger. Well, time to stop crying and get this thing downstairs. Chloe took one last swig and starting dragging the chest by the rope handles on each side. It was covered in travel stickers from all of their trips, honeymoon, vacations and their first anniversary. What about the kids, what about the kids?

Raising my hands in silent supplication, to myself and any ghosts that could be present, to the ghost in the blender, I chant, “I love you, I loved us, I love.”

by Jean L. Calvert
Nightshift

the young man
was wheeled in with a self-inflicted gunshot -
at 3:05 fatally wounded.
i waited by his bedside until his pulse died
behind a curtain in the dark.
his organs promised for patients needing transplants
lined up in the o.r. where i took his body next.
i never saw him again.

a train vs. car collision
brought three screaming youths
and the blood so thick on the floor
that my shoes would stick to the e.r. hallways
for two days.
two died, one barely lived.

across the hall a man
called out, and blood burst from his rectum,
a river of dark black blood flowing over the mattress
onto the floor.
it was a slow death
that could not be turned back,
and he would never make it home
that night to see his children
he bragged about.
a celebration for
a wedding anniversary dinner
brought the husband who choked on some steak.
in the e.r. we x-rayed his throat
and found advanced cancer.
i saw the friendly smile evaporate –
the corners of his mouth turned down.
then i watched the doctor tell his wife,
and it was lucky that i caught her when she fainted.

Winter Wonder
by Jessica Oswald
my shoulders ached from cpr
performed on a 16-year-old raven beauty
who overdosed on drugs.
i tried for an hour
until it was called.

i led the parents to where i had prepared her body
turning my back on their cries.

the morgue was filling up
and the attendant playing solitaire
stopped and stared at me after body number 5.
he left. he didn’t like the odds.

i skipped dinner
in the vacant semi-dark cafeteria
where vending machines
provided
me some light.

by 8 o’clock
i had delivered a baby on an elevator,
sutured a head wound, and
had killed my first tarantula.
a car pulled up at the e.r. entrance and
a man staggered from his chevy, fell,
and passed out.

when i moved his car a spider moved across
the front seat. i smashed it with my shoe.
was that what caused him to faint? a spider bite?
i took the body of the tarantula to the doctors.

Color

If the color of my eyes determined what’s inside
A cruel place this world would be
Browns are clever
A bright Blue? Never!
Greens are just greedy
Hazels are far too needy
How foolish this may sound
But take a look around
A color coded world indeed
But don’t we all have the same needs?
Live, love, and grow
A soaring high and a deep low
If the shade of the eye
Can’t possibly tell a truth or lie
Then why must the skin?
Dark browns, milky whites
Yellows, tans, darks, and lights
Beneath the skin you’ll find the same in all
Heart, lungs, throat, and skull
But it’s in the heart that you’ll truly find
A character that’s been shaped and defined
So leave color as a color
For it’s nothing but a coat
But dig deep and far
Toss racism to the stars
And maybe you will find something new
Something that’s the same in me and you

by Angela Bases

Kim & Matt:
Portrait of Us
by Kim Coffey
it was only diabetic shock and not spider venom.
it got flushed along with someone’s thumb.
i heard from the graveyard shift that when he came
around
he couldn’t find his spider.
he was not the wiser.
i left at 11
leaving the fluorescent lights behind.
i walked out
and faced the dark.

by Mike Solars
Deuce

I don’t know what I’d do without Deuce. It seems like he knows when things go wrong in my life. When I’m feeling sad or upset on those rough days, he comforts me. However, he gets on my nerves too. Snooping through my things, he is always in my business. Sometimes, I want to pack up and leave, but I made this commitment to be there for him. Maybe I shouldn’t have made this situation that complex; now he has to depend on me for everything. I’m around him so much that people say we look alike. Yeah, Deuce and me, I still can’t believe we’re still together after all these years. We don’t look alike; for example, my head isn’t that big, nor my body that defined. He looks so beautiful when he walks, and with grace he struts. He has the well-structured body of a gymnast; beauty-in-motion, I call it. Everyone compliments him, falling head over heels as soon as they see him. As for me, Khayree, left in the shadows of his limelight. Of course I’m jealous; he would not be here if it wasn’t for me. People that don’t know us would think he was a king or something.

Sure, Deuce has his run of things, but I make things happen around our house. He thinks I’m supposed to have something for him every time I come home. I guess that’s why he’s always happy to see me coming through the door. I pay the bills; he’s the loafer, not me. Plus, he shouldn’t look at me like that, either, with those big soft grey eyes of his. It always melts my heart. Maybe if Deuce would just get a job, I would let him have some say around here. All he does is eat all the food and lounge around the house. He doesn’t even help clean up, leaving his belongings all over the floor. I get tired sometimes, always cleaning up behind him, and the more I yell…. It doesn’t help. Talk about picky; everything has to be just right for him. I mean heavy blankets folded just right, his sheets soft and his pillows fluffed. “Turn the heat up! You know how I like it,” he’s thinking. And talk about food, he won’t even try new foods to save his life. If he sees me eating something, here he comes begging for a part of what I got. Nothing but the best for Deuce eating steak, eggs, hamburger and ice cream, that’s what he likes. I can’t stand this love affair I have with him.

I should have never let Deuce sleep with me, especially on the first night. Now he thinks I’m easy, and he can lay with me how he likes. Some nights I don’t want to be bothered and he just keeps pestering me until I give in. Just used I feel sometimes, yet I always give in to his slightest of whims. It’s like he can’t get enough of me at times. I’m satisfied, although he is selfish. There is no one I’d rather be
Special Acknowledgments from the Staff

God, for guiding us
Susanna Horn
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Carl Subich
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Everyone who submitted to Waynessence

Editor's Note
I am pleased to present this spring semester's issue of Waynessence to Wayne College. As always, I would like to thank the following people: God, Carolyn Freelon, Susanna Horn, John Lorson, all contributors to Waynessence, and the Waynessence Staff for their time and help for the creation of the Spring 2008 Waynessence Literary Magazine.

Co-Advisors' Note
Thanks to all who contributed to Waynessence this semester, and congratulations to our cover contest winners. It is a privilege to watch as our staff and our contributors develop their talents.

Special thanks and best wishes, Mike Vamos, as you go on to study in Akron. Wayne College is richer for your having spent time with us!
Susanna K. Horn, Waynessence co-advisor

Perhaps the greatest thing about being involved in Waynessence is that you never know what to expect as you walk into the editorial meetings. Contributions, both written and artistic, always surprise us in their range and quality. One thing that seems certain is that the staff, led by Editor-in-Chief Mike Vamos, will always come up with a great publication. Thanks everyone. You've done it again!
John C. Lorson
Waynessence co-advisor

cuddling up to more than him at times. Yeah, then he takes the covers from me in the night, leaving me cold while he snores with his back to me, so inconsiderate he is of my feelings.

On the other hand, I enjoy our nightly walks, looking at the moon and stars. Sometimes we lie in the grass and wrestle with each other, until we're worn out and can barely move. Those are restful nights, well deserved for the both of us. I like washing and brushing Deuce's hair, playing with the soap as it suds up on his body while I'm bathing him. Putting oil on his skin afterwards and then rubbing on his chest. It's relaxing to him, and I enjoy making him feel good. I'm a giving person.

I wouldn't trade Deuce for anything in the world; no gift is that precious to me. I've learned a lot from this friend of mine. And I know he wouldn't turn his back on me, either. I think the greatest gift that he has given to me is responsibility. That was something that I never truly understood before he came into my life, and now it's something that I'm good at. What would I do without this best friend of mine? Who would be there for me in my times of sorrow? That's why I love my dog, Deuce.

by Khayree Saeed

Quick Study Home by John Calvey
Writers' and Artists' Biographies

Raquel Ball and her husband Wallace are full-time college students and reside in Wooster with their five children. She is a nursing major. Wallace Ball and his wife Raquel are full-time college students and reside in Wooster with their five children. He is a communications major.

Angela Bases is a freelance writer and social services technology major from Rittman.

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

Brandon Buzzelli is the incorruptible deviant, a nursing major, lives fast and to the fullest. Writing is a past time.

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.

John Calvey is a husband and father changing careers from construction to accounting.

Traci Carmony resides in Wooster with her husband, son, and two St. Bernards. She is an Admissions Counselor at Wayne College.

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

Krystal Cole is an honors student majoring in political science and minoring in Philosophy of Science and Religion.

Brian Collett, Kelly Collett - Brian is a maintenance worker at Wayne and his wife Kelly is a 3rd grader teacher in the West Holmes school district.

Fred del Guidice is an artist/educator with over 25 years of experience. He is the father of five wonderful children.

Lisa Gallagher of Fredericksburg is a full-time student majoring in physical therapy and a part-time waitress, as well as a math and science tutor in the Smucker Learning Center.

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

Kendy Louanglath is a graphic design major.

Shayna O’Bryan is a fine arts student, mother of four and wife of one—Matt Coffey.

Jessica Oswald of Orrville is an employee and alumni of Wayne College. She enjoys spending time with her husband Al, walking Amigo (her dog), scrapbooking, and stamping.

Khayree Saeed is a maintenance technician for an Orrville factory on the eastside of town.

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

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

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

Sarah Wise of Doylestown is a freshman majoring in English.

Mike Vamos is the editor-in-chief of Waynessence. He is a communications and French major with a minor in Spanish and theater.

Tiffany Varns lives in Wooster, works at Dairy Queen and hopes to be an author someday.

David Zsoldos is a postsecondary student from Medina, OH.

The Waynessence of The University of Akron Wayne College

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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.

Corpus

Metamorphosa
by Pam Solar

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"As practice makes perfect, I cannot but make progress; each drawing one makes, each study one paints, is a step forward." ~ Van Gogh