Shrouded Remains
by Jill Brown

Serrated edges. . . Crimson stains
Visceral wounds. . . Corrugated veins
Glassy eyes. . . Diminutive veil
Droplets of pain too horrible to tell. . .
Pointless epitaph. . . Who will really see
The shrouded remains of what used
To be me?

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
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intentions of authors or artists.
Special Acknowledgments from the Staff

God, for guiding us
Susanna Horn
Carolyn Freelon
Dean Jack Kristofco
Carl Subich
All the Writing Instructors
SOPAC
Tom Reynolds and all of Student Senate
Everyone who submitted to Waynessence

Editor’s Note
As with so many things in life, the best is often saved for last. This semester, my last as the editor of Waynessence, has undoubtedly been the most outstanding. With this edition, I was welcomed with familiar faces, comfortable surroundings, and an enormous amount of positive energy. My experiences as editor have undoubtedly changed my life in a way that I will cherish always. I am both honored and privileged to have been a part of such a wonderful organization.

Advisor’s Note
Many thanks to the Waynessence staff and to all our contributors.

Welcome to Carl Subich, photography instructor and Waynessence supporter.

Congratulations to Amanda Conley, our editor-in-chief, who is graduating from Wayne this summer. She has worked on Waynessence for six semesters. We will miss you!

To Our Readers: Have a great summer – and never stop learning!

Susanna K. Horn
Waynessence Advisor
The Smucker Learning Center

No Guilt For God
by Amanda Conley

God saw all; ardent eyes aware
of hidden scars, forgotten or ignored, they filled your soul, growing weary
from make believe smiles and
Unassuming gestures,
tender moments made bitter
by a torrent of concealed despair;
the death vigil over a grandma
I never knew,
war stories too true to tell
’cause real men shed no tears.
brothers who passed before,
Leaving you alone to carry the name.
pride in your eyes as your own sons
strived to be stoic men.
in your daughters you saw
The glimpse of hope that all had been worth
the pain. my legacy lies in a son
who cries and speaks his pain and
a daughter like you and me.

Pumpkin Patch
by Jeannette Thompson
Baseball vs Chores
by Jackie Hart

I struck the board, and cried, ‘No more!’
‘You drive me insane!’

mind’s a flurry
heartbeat groaning
to grasp a segment
of silence
‘hush your mouth’
let me be

“A full mind is an empty bat”
I’ll do it tomorrow!

Hand is tingling
like tiny pinches
liquid flowing
carpet seeping
as a waterfall to rocks
morsels of popcorn
sprinkled like snowflakes
‘Now, look what you’ve made me do’
heavy stepping
slamming door

Streaks of red
invade my vision
like scenery on a Sunday drive
attention drawn
from the box
and commentator speech

‘Omar hits one out of the park’
a car escapes

‘Honey, are you there’
Silence is vociferous
like protestors
blatantly full of ignominy
head is bowing
hands supporting
shaking

I struck the board, and cried, ‘No more!’
‘I’m sorry’
mind repenting
heart is torrent
for wishes of tolerance
we will be

“Every strike brings me closer to the next home run”
I’ll do it now
Alex Aeschliman is a Postsecondary student in his senior year.

Gordon Beals of Dalton enjoys taking photography and art classes at Wayne College.

John Besancon is a full time student and father of two boys, both Marines.

Jill Brown was recently married and lives in Wooster. Jill is a student in the Social Services Technology step-up program. She and her husband volunteer for Meals on Wheels.

Benjamin Burkholder lives in Barberton and works at Arby's in Akron and wants to major in either art or architecture. He has won various art awards, including a silver key at a national level.

Amanda Conley is a student at Wayne and the editor of Waynessence.

James Detzler of Wooster moved here in the summer of '04 from Tennessee, and is currently pursuing a career in mechanical engineering.

Chris Harris from Canton is a full time student and amateur photographer.

Jackie Hart a business and communication major who currently works for Northeastern Ohio Universities College Medicine and resides in Canal Fulton. She has written poetry since childhood and is currently pursuing her goal of becoming a published writer.

Deborah Kindle, from Lodi, is majoring in English; planning to write feature articles freelance.

Barb Lewis is the mother of four children. She will graduate in May 2005 having completed two associate degrees and two certificate programs, with her primary focus in the area of Health Care Office Management.

Cirsten Moore from West Salem is a student, mother, wife majoring in nursing.

Ashley Rohrer uses her spare time to listen to music, write poetry and play basketball. She uses writing as a way to express how she feels.

Richard R. Smith is a retired disabled veteran who is returning to college to further his education and is majoring in computer science.

Valerie Starkey is from Creston. She loves art and writing and plans to go into communications.

Jennette Thompson

Unconditional
by Barbara Lewis

What is love?
Self Sacrifice
Accepting all
Blind faith
Understanding smiles
History and future trials
Forgiving without knowing
Knowing without judgment
Growing into more
More than before
Constantly learning
Learning how to love
No guarantees
Just you and me
Family
Eternity

Committed beyond understanding
Cords of connection
Between two souls
Forever holding

God’s precious love
Our example
True love
Unconditional

"As practice makes perfect, I cannot but make progress; each drawing one makes, each study one paints, is a step forward." Van Gogh
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My father was born on Independence Day 1929; he did not know that in his journey through life he would end up being a patriot, loving husband, and father. The patriot that my father was, and still is even to this day, I found in a shoebox one day when I was eleven. The box was tucked away, high in a hallway closet that had three brown oak drawers on the bottom and two matching oak doors at the top. I opened up the heavy drawers and used them like a step ladder so I could make my way up to the doors. I opened them up, and it was as if I lifted the top off a treasure chest. Inside were an old olive drab army helmet, 1970’s bright orange wallpaper with yellow flowers, homemade patch quilts, and a shoe box with my dad’s name written on it, “Paul Besancon- Korea.” I lifted the lid off and found a wealth of information about my dad. As I looked through it, I found a medal with red, white, and blue colors in the shape of a pennant, with a bronze star attached to the bottom; on the top was a little gold rectangle that read “Heroism in Combat.” I also came across a very bright purple medal that was in the shape of a heart with George Washington’s head on it.

I continued my journey into my dad’s past life and found an old faded yellow newspaper clipping. On this brittle piece of paper I read “On October 8th 1951, Corporal Besancon braved the murderous bombardment to make sure that all men had plenty of ammunition. Then, seeing a number of attackers massing fire on a key machine gun, he moved between the gun crew and the enemy, firing his rifle with murderous effect. As the Reds moved closer to the defense perimeter, Corporal Besancon charged an enemy machine gun with grenades and knocked it out.” I had found my hero that I was searching for; my heart began to pound with excitement as if I was running a race. The tears swelled up in my eyes and fell to my cheek. I found a picture of dad standing on top of a bunker; he looked to be six feet tall, no shirt with a dark brown tan. The dirt on his face did not hide the high cheek bones and brown eyes that he got from his mother; nor did it complement his crew cut style hair of the 1950s. His shoulders, arms, chest, and stomach appeared to have the muscle tone of a well trained athlete. Later on in life through my Uncle Quentin, I found out that my dad served 17 months in Korea, 14 of that in combat. My Uncle told of the time when dad came home and he ended up in Michigan for six weeks, where he went on a drunken binge trying to sort out his experience with the war.

I always remember my dad going off to work at 7:00 a.m. and sometimes not coming home well after sunset. He was a furnace repairman for Pyrafix Gas Company. One time he came home and was covered in soot from a chimney, and his hair was the color of coal; his face and hands looked to have been burned in an explosion. I still have that picture in my toolbox today, and it reminds me of hard work. Paul provided us kids— all seven of us— with the things we needed on an income of 70 dollars a week. At times the items, I learned, were not new. The clothes, shoes, and sometimes Christmas toys came from the Goodwill. When we did receive new clothes and toys, we took good care of them. Dad also taught my sisters and me how to garden; every spring dad and I would plow and work up the two gardens that were rectangular in shape. Then dad showed us how to plant and tend a vegetable garden, the plants consisting of yellow corn, green beans, green peas, red and yellow tomatoes, yellow squash, and potatoes. My six sisters and I would have the job of pulling weeds in the long rows during the summer. We would spend two to three hours hoeing in the hot sun as sweat trickled off our bodies. At the end of the day when we would water the garden, the relief came in the form of water fights with the garden hose.

One day dad said to us that we were going to go see my Uncle Bob, which always meant to us kids that we were going to ride horses. On that particular day, there were two Quarter horses there that were not Uncle Bob’s. One was all white with blue eyes; he was named Silver. The other one was all black with brown eyes, and his name was Shadow. Dad told each of us to get on one and ride it for a while to see if we like them. If we did, then he would lead them up in the trailer, and we would take them home. The look on our faces was one of joy and surprise; my sisters’ eyes swelled up with tears. As they ran down their faces, I ran over to my dad and leaped through the air, landing on him. I grasped his shoulders, wrapped my tiny arms around him, and squeezed as hard as my skinny 70 pound body would let me. When the horses arrived home, dad then taught us the rules of taking care of them. He said, “After riding a horse, walk it for a half hour, which will cool it down, and it will be easier to brush the hair.” For me this meant I had to get a 5 gallon
How many days must it be
Til I feel that fiery sensation
Til I feel the power
To lead a nation

While I lie here and ponder
And wonder why must I wait
And wonder why the world
Must decide this, my fate

Sometimes I sit and brew
Am I really not good enough
Am I really such a bane
Is it supposed to be this tough

My heart lies here withering yet,
It doesn’t want to let its dreams go
Watching them all pour out like water from a cup

I can’t give up yet
I’ve got to let my love grow
I’ve got to let hope keep my fire alive
I will not let my soul bow

Emerging the victor in love
Will cause a face to glow
Will cause a feeling like no other
For love, that tough, my heart I owe

How many days must it be
Til I feel that fiery sensation
Til I feel the power
To lead a nation

Although he was patient with his teachings, Paul at times let his anger come out, and I can remember two times in my life that I saw it and will never forget. I was fifteen and it was six o’clock in the morning on a cold winter day in December. I spent an hour before that doing my chores in the barn. I had to break through the ice in the watering trough, reach in the freezing water, and remove the floating chunks. Then I filled it up for the cows and horses, as they needed to have fresh water for the day. Then I climbed the ladder to the hay and straw loft, threw two bales down, fed the animals and bedded the stalls. Then I fed and watered the chickens, and then went in to eat breakfast. When I got back to the house that morning, dad was also up and eating; I set my muck boots by the door and took off my overalls. I headed straight for the wood burner where I jumped up on it like I always did to warm up. Well a couple minutes go by, and mom had told me two or three times that my food was ready, and before I had a chance to think, I spoke, “Oh quit your bitching.” My dad pushed his chair back, got up without a word, and came over and backhanded me off the stove; I was lying on the floor trembling with fear, seeing this mass of a man standing over me with a cold look in his eyes he gently said, “Do not ever speak to your mother that way again.” The second time, I was sixteen, and I had Black Sabbath playing on the record player at two in the morning. All of a sudden my door was being kicked opened. Someone flipped on the light, which blinded me at first, but when my eyes adjusted, I knew dad had come to pay a visit; he was in a full rage and cursing. I saw him go over to the record player, take the needle, and let it scratch over the whole length of the record.

I have learned over the years through him and his thinking how to be a good husband, dad, and person. My mom came down with a crippling disease in her late fifties, a disease that has turned her fingers from pointing north, to east and west. I watched dad grow into a caretaker over those years, and he has learned how to curl mom’s hair, style it, and do her makeup. Dad still stays active today by putting out a vegetable garden and also has taken up rose gardening. His favorite colors are yellow and white. Often through the years as I was raising my own children, I would call him when a problem would arise. I would explain the problem, like the time my oldest son had a temperature of a 104 degrees; he told me put him in a bath of lukewarm water and that should lower it. Dad was right. I have helped him fix furnaces late at night for friends and strangers in our home town of Fredericksburg, with dad only charging for the parts, never for labor.

Recently, he was awarded the Citizen of the Year of Fredericksburg for his community service for the Ruratin Club, Waynedale School Board, The American Legion, and service to his country. Although Dad and I are each individuals, the greatest man to me was found through a big heart and a tiny shoebox.
Emotional Prison
by Barbara Delaine Lewis

Another night
Banging my head against the wall
Who am I talking to?
Why the dead silence?
Frustration, Reaching, Screaming
Why? It’s dark in here
This shadow that surrounds me
Where do my cries go?
Who can hear me?
Can YOU hear me?
I will shout with all my might
Did YOU hear that?... Silence
Dark, Alone, Trapped...I must break out!
Kicking, Screaming, Crying
My words only disregarded air
My feelings ignored
Inside myself, Beside myself
Alone, Dark, Quiet... too quiet
Emotions trapped inside
I retreat to my prison again
First deciding to go back to college, I had no idea what to expect. Little did I know just how unprepared I was for the following days in college. Needless to say, it was an eye opener. It reminded me of those first few days at Air Force boot camp.

The day of my first class, I arrived at the front of the college with my book bag over my shoulder, self-confidence wavered. It was a crisp, cool, early fall morning, adding to the nervous chill I felt. I was sure I would be at least stared at, if not giggled at behind my back that first morning. I was surprised to find other students with the same lost look on their faces. At that very instant, I had a flashback to another time in my life. I was a fresh young man, straight from high school, stepping off the bus onto a concrete entry way. Above it the sign read “Gateway to the Air Force.” I was a fresh-faced young recruit, my first day in the service of my country. I was so lost and alone, looking for where I should be, along with everyone else just milling around murmuring, “Where do we go?”

Unlike that first day at boot camp, there was no drill sergeant to scream at us, making us feel insignificant. Nonetheless, I still felt that way. As it was then, I wanted to turn around, go home, and hide. New learning experiences are hard to handle, even for a middle-aged man like myself, who has been around the world so to speak. I was intimidated by all the young students straight from high school, all their studies fresh in their minds, looking forward to their next few years in college. In talking to some of them, I found them to be as frightened and intimidated as I was, just like the recruits in boot camp were scared and second-guessing their decisions to be there. In getting past the first few days of class, the nervousness went away as the class work piled upon us. So we forgot our troubled first days as we began to function as classes and as a student body. In boot camp, once we got past those first few days, everyone started to settle down to the business of learning the military way of life. We forgot our fears and trepidations and became soldiers.

The first few days of college were so similar to the beginning of boot camp; I reverted to the yes ma’am and no sir in my speech pattern. My classmates in college were just like the intimidated recruits; the first few days there we followed the directions of the instructors. We tried to find our classes on time. In boot camp, we followed the drill sergeant’s orders and marched where we were told. In class we followed the instructor’s suggestions on how to succeed.

As the semester progressed, the student body started to relax and our true personalities started to emerge again. In boot camp after we felt secure, we started to relax, but there, unlike college, when we relaxed, we made simple mistakes. In boot camp, when recruits make those simple mistakes, that brings the attention of the drill sergeant upon the recruit; this is not a good thing. The recruits just want to stay invisible inside the unit. Unlike boot camp, in college you want to shine on your individual accomplishments and be a part of the class.

As in all things, the first semester came to a close. We went on to other classes, we see each other in the hall, and speak of this teacher or that class and remember how we struggled at first and became friends. In boot camp, once the eight weeks were over, we graduated and went on to other air bases and squadrons. I will remember my first days of Air Force boot camp, as I will remember my first semester in college. It was fun, exciting, and a memorable time. But, God, I never want to relive those first few days in either situation again.

I remember when you were made
I remember how you grew
Inside of me there was this life
How precious and so new
I touched my tummy everyday
To know I carried this miracle
My love so infinite
The day you wanted to be born
Seems only yesterday
To look at you for the first time
Your tiny little frame
Oh, my precious baby boy
You are my shining star
Your smile makes me laugh
And your tears can break my heart
I hope you know how much you’re loved
I’ve loved you from the start
Each of us leaves a legacy
Of what we’ve been or meant to be.
Our life, our actions, and our words
Leave an impression on all we meet.

Our words have greater impact
Than we shall ever know.
A heart mended or broken
By but a single word.

A single word is all it takes
To mend a heart
Or cause to break.
To launch a dream
Or send it burning to the ground.

A friendship made,
An enemy created.
A life…
made lush and wonderful,
or ruined and despised.
All by a single word;
All by a single action.

How we live today
Affects all those around us.
Each person we meet –
Young, elderly, somewhere in-between –
Will be affected
By our each and every action.

They, in turn,
Will react accordingly.
They, as a result,
Will meet others.
They, directly in response
To our actions toward them,
Will influence others
Will affect others
Will benefit, encourage, uplift others
Will hurt, ruin, destroy others.
And these will go on
And carry our actions
To countless others…
The cause little known,
The result seen by many.

When we leave this life,
What will be said of us?
How will we be seen, remembered,
When we finally depart?

Friendly,
Kind,
Thoughtful,
Grateful,
Respectful,
Encouraging?

Angry,
Frustrated,
Hateful,
Discouraging,
Backbiting,
Rude, rough, or cruel?

Will thoughts of us bring
Gladness, joy, and love?
Or will the very mention
Of our name,
Bring hatred, fear,
And endless pain?

How do we live?
How do we act?
Do we endeavor to be kind,
And think long before we act?
Or do we simply go through time
Caring not whose lives we mar?

The Legacy
by Alex Aeschliman

There was a moment when duty, obligation, and mercy made the final decision. This last act of love had always been nearby, but hid in the shadows and waited until all other choices were eliminated. She was my friend, yet I made the ultimate call. I had her put to sleep.

Lightening flashed dangerously close and ended the reminiscence as the sound of the spade grew silent. Gently she was wrapped in her soft blanket and put to rest. The storm had moved ominously close, and the precursor of intermittent drops colored the fresh earth yet to be moved back to the grave. The barnyard chatter was hushed as each member rushed for cover. The silence that had hung between us was broken as Richard picked up her favorite toys.

Softly he murmured, “She’ll need these,” and placed them beside her.

The garage looked empty after that. By silent, mutual agreement, we left her cow bell by the door. As for Charlie, he had no reason to stay and decided to live somewhere that didn’t have people. He occasionally returned, passed through the barnyard on his way to or from some urgent matter, lingered momentarily beneath the Osage orange trees, and scanned the barnyard. Charlie never stayed long and left as nondescriptly as he came.

Charlie and I really miss our friend.

Lost Soul
by Cirsten Moore

Crystal
by Benjamin Burkholder
Lacey
by Deborah Kindle

The distant thunder grumbled out a promise of rain. Heat and humidity had combined to make the air thick, and breathing was accomplished only with effort. If it had been other circumstances, the much needed moisture and even the storm itself would have been a welcome event. That day it merely added to the solemnity of the task. A summer drought had turned the dirt into a cracked, rigid armor that yielded only in bits and pieces. The sound of the spade as it stabbed into the baked clay was interrupted sporadically by chicken clucks. They searched the parched grass for bugs and seeds, unaware of the drama they were bystanders to. Richard, my husband, frequently stopped digging and wiped the sweat from his forehead. The Osage orange trees offered some shade, but hardly enough compensation for the relentless sun. There were no words spoken; no manner of expression would have rationalized the loss of this dear friend, our boxer dog Lacey.

I reached for one last stroke of her brown coat and felt the warmth. Foolishly, for a brief heartbeat, hope welled inside but instantly gave way to reality. The sun’s warmth was no substitute for the life that was no longer there. Memories flooded the moment and brought waves of emotion upon emotion.

Our children had grown up and moved away, which left an empty spot in our lives. Lacey gave us someone to spoil. She sat on Richard’s lap and shared the football games that only he liked. She never seemed to mind that he slept through most of the action. She slept too. He bought her ice cream cones on hot summer days and let her eat them in the car, regardless of the spills. When he talked to her, she gave him her full attention, and for confirmation, occasional wet kisses.

There was something different about my Lacey from the first day she joined the family. With droopy lips and smashed nose pointed at the ceiling, she howled with sorrow at the separation from siblings. She was my birthday present; only the best would do for her. Since she was the runt of the runt of the litter, she was fed the finest food mixed with cottage cheese. When this wasn’t enough to entice her appetite, she was hand fed with a spoon. Against all the rules, she slept in the bed. As she grew, she owned it, leaving only the leftover spaces for the other occupants. For a time, she had to wear a Styrofoam cup on her head to help her ears stand up. She looked like she belonged to one of those men’s clubs with animal names. An old cow bell was hung by the back door and Lacey would ring it with her paw when she wanted in. She wanted in if the sun was too hot, the air was too cold, the humidity was too high, or that is where we happened to be.

A few years after Lacey became part of us, a poor injured cat was carted home. Ordinary, yellow, tabby and not very pretty, he overcame his injuries and healed completely. For this accomplishment, he was named Lucky Charlie. Lucky Charlie never liked people very well, but he loved Lacey. They were the best of friends. They played together, slept together, and even ate together. When Lacey and Lucky Charlie played, it was Charlie that looked the worse for wear, wet, bedraggled, hair pointed every which way, and yet, he enjoyed it.

By her seventh birthday, many grey hairs had made their appearance in her black flopply muzzle. I realized that the span of years allotted to Lacey would be much less than my own, but my heart was not prepared for what lurked ahead. With very little warning, the verdict was announced; I would not have her much longer. She was a most trusted friend to me, but this carried no weight. It didn’t have a bearing that I counted on her ear that always listened, her antics performed to cheer, or the love she freely gave. Nothing could have been altered to change the dreadful edict. She struggled with the fiend growing inside her with all the strength I could give her. Because of her illness, it became a necessity for Lacey to sleep in the garage instead of the house. Charlie cat stayed by her side night and day. Lacey had always been afraid of storms, and when the thunder rolled and snapped, Charlie Cat and I knew she needed the friends she relied on. I slept in the car while Charlie tolerated my intrusion and allowed a temporary, though distant, truce between us. Lacey was
The Rose
by Jackie Hart

Garden Lane is vigorous today
As if a symphony of productive performers
Lead by Maestro Sunny Rayz
Melodic gestures warm our ovaries
Blooming simultaneously
Upward toward the sky,
we bask
Petals singing
‘hallelujah’
But wait…

Hammering percussions permeate
Pausing on a cymballic crash
The Lane becomes statuesque
As if preserved in time without roots
A serpent draws near,
scoop
Hybrid tea is plucked away
Droplets of blood chime a resounding gong
Engulfiing our plot like an orchestra
The guards have succeeded,
solace
Yet…

Elle is gone
Floral rights demand Maestro Mizzle
As the serpent’s impingement cease
Echoes of an aromatic ensemble weep melodiously

Car Trips... "Just For Fun"
by Alex Aeschliman

Where are we? It doesn’t look like we’re going the right way. “I think I know where we are. We’re in Ohio.” That was helpful. “We have a piano recital at two o’clock, and it’s one-twenty right now,” I said. The response was not what I wanted to hear - especially in the middle of a corn field. “We’ll get there in time. Don’t worry - be happy.”

“Why don’t we turn into this driveway up ahead, and turn around? We didn’t pass this place coming here,” I told him. His reply, “But we’ve already come this far. We’d be backtracking and wasting gas if we turn around.” Whoosh. The mailbox and driveway zipped out of sight as we flew down the empty country road. That was the last sign of civilization I could see for miles.

One-thirty. “Can we please turn around and go back? You don’t want us to be late and miss our last recital with Miss Laura before she leaves for college, do you?” “Do you want to drive? Here’s a nice big stretch of road where we can switch seats.” “You know I don’t have my permit yet. It wouldn’t be legal. Besides, how can I drive when nobody tells me where I’m supposed to go?” I asked. “Well, then. That settles that: I’ll drive, and you quit complaining.”

One-thirty-five. Gotta love those country roads. “Aha! Here it is. See there? I told you we’d make it. There’s the highway right ahead,” my dad said. Good. We’ll get home in just enough time to change and run out of the house. This sure seems like way too much trouble for some cheap ice-cream and popsicles. Although, these sour ones are pretty good, I thought. Apparently I groan when I think. “Quit your whining - we found the road. …Here, eat another popsicle.”

At one-fifty, I rushed into the house, eager to wash up and eat lunch. We hadn’t had any lunch, so I was grateful for all those popsicles. It’s a pity we didn’t leave any to eat later. We rushed out the door, minutes before the recital, and ran to the car. We got to the recital just in time, and all in all it went pretty well.

This incident was not an isolated one: It happens nearly every time we go somewhere “just for fun,” which is more or less a very cruel irony. Dad loves to go on car trips, but doesn’t apparently care what time we get to our destination. I am quite the opposite: I prefer to be there about ten minutes early, or at least on time.

Another odd thing is that the only time he will use a road atlas is when I am in the front passenger seat (sometimes my brother sits there). He gives us one street and expects us to find it instantly. He then calls out every road we pass, asking if we have it yet. It is a most frustrating time, especially when I haven’t even found the first street he mentioned. There is an added difficulty in that he never told us how to properly use this atlas (that is, not until after the incident). If we found the road, he expects us to know which way we are traveling, and - this will seem childish - when to turn the page (and which page to turn to).

In his defense, I will add what he said while I was writing this: “I always knew the general direction I needed to go. …You can quote that.” I will also add that his annoyance came from my constant pestering. While I think I had a good reason, I didn’t always convey it in the best manner possible. Despite our differences in opinion when it comes to driving, we both love each other very much, and I can laugh with him at these escapades.
Momma Please
by Jill Brown

Sharp as a sword drawn from its sheath
More vicious than a hungry lion holding its prey
between clenched teeth
burled in anger piercing my soul
cruel taunting words that hurt more than you’ll ever know
wakened at midnight by their brutal refrain
please Momma stop yelling long enough to see my pain
Look into the dark brown eyes of the daughter you bore
and tell me at least this once it won’t happen anymore
For just one night Momma when I turn my face to the wall
it would be so good to feel no pain at all
No tender bruises on my five year old face
no splatters of blood on my pillowcase
For just once Momma could you and Daddy please not fight?
And just this once maybe you could kiss me goodnight?
Maybe you could even read me a story or two?
Please try Momma because I really love you.

Puddle Fun With Jazz
by Jeannette Thompson
Tunnel Vision
by Kirsten Moore

A Day on the Pier
by Jeannette Thompson