The Waynessence of
The University of Akron Wayne College
Spring 2009

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.

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 publicsations, 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

This magazine is comprised of several stories, experiences, artwork, and photos made of other stories, experiences, artwork, and photos. Continuing, each story is made of paragraphs, paragraphs made of sentences, sentences comprised of words, and words created for meaning, and meaning made of one's intended motive for expression, thus producing a picture and/or artwork as an end product. Let's not forget the pictures and photos, which reflect the inner viewpoint and some of the true characteristics of a person, for pictures and artwork depict a story, prose and/or poem in 1,000 words. Hence, one needs reciprocal relations in order to bring about an authentic masterpiece built on a solid foundation.

Mike Vamos, Waynessence, editor-in-chief

Co-Advisors' Notes

Thanks to all who contributed to Waynessence this semester, and congratulations to our cover contest winners. It is a privilege to watch our staff develop unity and our contributors develop their talents. Special thanks to Mike Vamos, whose dedication to Waynessence keeps him coming back to the Wayne campus. We truly appreciate your commitment!

Susanna K. Horn, Waynessence co-advisor

We reached a new high-water mark with written contributions to Waynessence this spring. I’m the kind of person who always wonders what drives numbers up and down, whether it is student enrollment, gas prices or the number of stars in the sky on any given night. My theory on the Waynessence uptick is this: These are crazy, difficult times, and folks have a lot to say. We are proud that through the hard work of Editor-in-Chief Mike Vamos and his fine staff, Waynessence offers a venue for people to vent, to muse, or perhaps most important of all, to escape!

John C. Lorson, Waynessence co-advisor
by Chelsea Nicholls

Untitled

Staff

Editor-In-Chief
Mike Vamos

Editorial Staff
Emily Curie
Theresa Mountel
Corinda Putt
Mark Tickton

Note: The Waynessence staff reserves the right to choose and edit written submissions as well as art and photography based on length, technical accuracy, and audience considerations.
# Table of Contents

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Title</th>
<th>Author</th>
<th>Email</th>
<th>Page</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Tranquility</td>
<td>Kristina Smucker</td>
<td><a href="mailto:soulfulstudio@yahoo.com">soulfulstudio@yahoo.com</a></td>
<td>front cover</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Spring!</td>
<td>Judith Bridger</td>
<td><a href="mailto:rsharetts@zoominternet.net">rsharetts@zoominternet.net</a></td>
<td>Introduction page</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cascade</td>
<td>Rob Sharetts</td>
<td><a href="mailto:gbeals99@yahoo.com">gbeals99@yahoo.com</a></td>
<td>1</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Untitled</td>
<td>Chelsea Nicholls</td>
<td><a href="mailto:fixturedaisyed@aim.com">fixturedaisyed@aim.com</a></td>
<td>2</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Weathering Heights</td>
<td>Kevin Engle</td>
<td><a href="mailto:kengle@uakron.edu">kengle@uakron.edu</a></td>
<td>3</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Balmy Summer Night</td>
<td>Ruth Hale</td>
<td></td>
<td>4</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Solitude and Reflections</td>
<td>Gordon R. Beals</td>
<td><a href="mailto:gbeals99@yahoo.com">gbeals99@yahoo.com</a></td>
<td>5</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The View From the Window</td>
<td>Nathanael Pritt</td>
<td><a href="mailto:np21@uakron.edu">np21@uakron.edu</a></td>
<td>6</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Untitled</td>
<td>Corinda Putt</td>
<td><a href="mailto:corindadp@yahoo.com">corindadp@yahoo.com</a></td>
<td>7</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Thirteen Ways of Looking At Love</td>
<td>Kathleen Gallagher</td>
<td><a href="mailto:kathleengal@hotmail.com">kathleengal@hotmail.com</a></td>
<td>8</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Untitled</td>
<td>Bethany Marcum</td>
<td><a href="mailto:bethany10@msn.com">bethany10@msn.com</a></td>
<td>9</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Machiavelli Nation</td>
<td>Autumn Alsip</td>
<td></td>
<td>10</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Final Jeopardy!</td>
<td>Krystal Williams</td>
<td><a href="mailto:kdc23@uakron.edu">kdc23@uakron.edu</a></td>
<td>11</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Together We're Alone</td>
<td>Rachel Egle</td>
<td><a href="mailto:chabird12@aol.com">chabird12@aol.com</a></td>
<td>12</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>New York City</td>
<td>Kristina Smucker</td>
<td><a href="mailto:soulfulstudio@yahoo.com">soulfulstudio@yahoo.com</a></td>
<td>13</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>florida haikus</td>
<td>Mark Solars</td>
<td><a href="mailto:traveldad@ohio.net">traveldad@ohio.net</a></td>
<td>14</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Shadows</td>
<td>Judith Bridger</td>
<td></td>
<td>15</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>My Daughter's Cat Lives With Me</td>
<td>Judith Bridger</td>
<td></td>
<td>16</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cat On Window Ledge</td>
<td>Judith Bridger</td>
<td></td>
<td>17</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Heritage of An American Dream</td>
<td>Katherine Schweitzer</td>
<td><a href="mailto:ks29@uakron.edu">ks29@uakron.edu</a></td>
<td>18</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lazy Lane Hill</td>
<td>Kevin Engle</td>
<td><a href="mailto:kengle@uakron.edu">kengle@uakron.edu</a></td>
<td>19</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Chagrin Falls</td>
<td>Theresa Mountel</td>
<td><a href="mailto:tm37@uakron.edu">tm37@uakron.edu</a></td>
<td>20</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Untitled</td>
<td>Corinda Putt</td>
<td><a href="mailto:corindadp@yahoo.com">corindadp@yahoo.com</a></td>
<td>21</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Out Of the Box</td>
<td>Jean L. Calvert</td>
<td><a href="mailto:jlc97@uakron.edu">jlc97@uakron.edu</a></td>
<td>22</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>My Affair</td>
<td>Angie Lilley</td>
<td><a href="mailto:arl15@uakron.edu">arl15@uakron.edu</a></td>
<td>23</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Rockside Station</td>
<td>Theresa Mountel</td>
<td><a href="mailto:tm37@uakron.edu">tm37@uakron.edu</a></td>
<td>24</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>tear drops and icicles</td>
<td>Joshua Friedt</td>
<td><a href="mailto:jpf9@uakron.edu">jpf9@uakron.edu</a></td>
<td>25</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Untitled</td>
<td>Bethany Marcum</td>
<td><a href="mailto:bethany10@msn.com">bethany10@msn.com</a></td>
<td>26</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>anthropology 101</td>
<td>Mark Solars</td>
<td><a href="mailto:traveldad@ohio.net">traveldad@ohio.net</a></td>
<td>27</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>buteo</td>
<td>Pam Solars</td>
<td></td>
<td>28</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Fresh As Spring, White Magnolia</td>
<td>Gordon R. Beals</td>
<td><a href="mailto:gbeals99@yahoo.com">gbeals99@yahoo.com</a></td>
<td>29</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>If Only</td>
<td>Mike Vamos</td>
<td><a href="mailto:helpmenowplessz@yahoo.com">helpmenowplessz@yahoo.com</a></td>
<td>30</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Millionaires</td>
<td>Theresa Gottli</td>
<td><a href="mailto:tmgottli@buffalozef.net">tmgottli@buffalozef.net</a></td>
<td>31</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Night Lights For a Lonely City</td>
<td>Kristina Smucker</td>
<td><a href="mailto:soulfulstudio@yahoo.com">soulfulstudio@yahoo.com</a></td>
<td>32</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Tale of a Broken Heart</td>
<td>Joy M. Winstead</td>
<td><a href="mailto:j_m_winstead@hotmail.com">j_m_winstead@hotmail.com</a></td>
<td>33</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>In the Spotlight</td>
<td>Rob Sharettts</td>
<td><a href="mailto:rsharettts@zoominternet.net">rsharettts@zoominternet.net</a></td>
<td>34</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Under Construction (Pardon my dust!)</td>
<td>Sara Greathouse</td>
<td><a href="mailto:sag50@uakron.edu">sag50@uakron.edu</a></td>
<td>35</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Soldier</td>
<td>MaryAnn Fear</td>
<td></td>
<td>36</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cape Cod</td>
<td>Judith Bridger</td>
<td></td>
<td>37</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>In-Flight Meal</td>
<td>Judith Bridger</td>
<td></td>
<td>38</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Untitled</td>
<td>Corinda Putt</td>
<td><a href="mailto:corindadp@yahoo.com">corindadp@yahoo.com</a></td>
<td>39</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Acid Rain</td>
<td>Joshua Friedt</td>
<td><a href="mailto:jpf9@uakron.edu">jpf9@uakron.edu</a></td>
<td>40</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>First Sign of Spring</td>
<td>Gordon R. Beals</td>
<td><a href="mailto:gbeals99@yahoo.com">gbeals99@yahoo.com</a></td>
<td>41</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Canning Jar</td>
<td>Mark Hersman</td>
<td><a href="mailto:turtleGuy99@aol.com">turtleGuy99@aol.com</a></td>
<td>42</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Climate Cycles</td>
<td>George Rufener</td>
<td><a href="mailto:gbr1@uakron.edu">gbr1@uakron.edu</a></td>
<td>43</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Daylights Shadows</td>
<td>Rob Sharetts</td>
<td><a href="mailto:rsharettts@zoominternet.net">rsharettts@zoominternet.net</a></td>
<td>44</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Fresh As Spring, White Magnolia</td>
<td>Gordon R. Beals</td>
<td><a href="mailto:gbeals99@yahoo.com">gbeals99@yahoo.com</a></td>
<td>45</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Writers' and Artists' Biographies</td>
<td>Joshua Friedt</td>
<td><a href="mailto:jpf9@uakron.edu">jpf9@uakron.edu</a></td>
<td>back cover</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
by Kevin Engle

Weathering Heights
A Balmy Summer Night

I sit in my swing, gently rocking to and fro
The hour is late, I should go in, I know.

A pale moon is pasted just above the trees.
Leaves whisper on cue to a faintly stirring breeze
The nesting twitters of birds has ceased:
Perhaps a distant bark is all you hear;
the yard, velvety and dark
And, my,… the night is soft and warm
And oh, so very, very…

I’d like to put it in a jar
And open it in January

by Ruth Hale

by Gordon R. Beals
Solitude and Reflections
The View From the Window

The view from the ground floor window of the library is a typical town view. The leaves on the trees sag from the weight of the raindrops, and the grass sparkles like an undistorted picture. The sidewalks shine as if they're covered by a sheet of glass. Traffic is steady as a small afternoon rush fills the downtown streets. People are strolling down the sidewalks and peeking through store windows. Some are trying to stay dry, and others seem to care less. One man, on break from the pizza shop, lights a cigarette and enjoys the cool sprinkle. It is a relaxing feeling to watch. People are heading somewhere, but don't seem to be in a hurry. The peacefulness of this moment seems to be saying something, "Perhaps life would be more fulfilling if we all looked at the view from the window."

by Nathanael Pritt

Untitled

by Corinda Putt
Thirteen Ways of Looking at Love
(After reading “Thirteen Ways of Looking at a Blackbird” by Wallace Stevens)

I
In a lifetime of loving,
the only way to live
is to be in the eye of the moment.

II
I see love in three ways:
Today, tomorrow, the past.
A season, a reason, or a lifetime.

III
Love whirls in like a storm—
and reality only a small part of its fury.

IV
Reality and illusion in love
are one.
A man and a woman
are one.

V
It is difficult to know which to prefer:
The heat of the sun,
the brisk cold awakening me,
or the memory of both.

VI
The sun shines in the window
through the ice on the glass.
A shadow
crossing through,
a picture that is fleeting.

VII
Oh you lovers of life,
why do you imagine golden days?
Do you not see how the sun melts the coldness—
But remember the cold
that comes again?

VIII
I know love
and its waves of promises to keep.
But I know too,
that sun and rain and storms
come in and out of what I know.

IX
When I think of this storm,
it marks the edge
of many places in my heart.

X
And the sight of my love
roaring in on thunder. . .
The orchestra of my imagination
does not cry out so loudly.

XI
He flew in on a cloud
visited the sun,
And once, the heat and wind alarmed him
in that he mistook his fear—
the passion of another storm,
for the sunshine of today.

XII
Love is moving,
The sun and storms fly in and out.

XIII
It rained all afternoon.
It rained,
and it would continue to rain. . .
And love waited
in the memory of the warm sun
that would return again.

by Kathleen Gallagher
by Bethany Marcum

Untitled
Machiavelli Nation

America the Great, where have thou gone?
Why have we forsaken you, what have we done?
We once pledged our allegiance while uniting as we stood, all together and under god.
Was god our stand point, our reason to unite? OR
Was it our illusion that gave us strength to fight?
Did our liberty bell not ring when Kennedy stood and said?
Our country can’t do for us but for her we must do instead.
Don’t you remember how we made her our own, or how we fought to make her our home?
Who are our heroes, or have we forgotten?
Has any war in history ever been conquered by morals and ethics?
Didn’t even Washington win by machination?
Indeed, this is our Machiavelli Nation!

by Autumn Alsip
Final Jeopardy!

Round one commences, 
Three of us settle in, 
Shouting out answers; 
   A 
falsified 
din.

The TV plays host 
To our private game, 
While he keeps the score, 
I 
   play 
   the 
   lame.

Impersonating family, 
I pose the daughter, 
We smile and laugh, 
But he’s 
   not 
   my 
   father.

Mom falls asleep; 
An over-worked plume, 
I turn my life fake, 
Force my mind 
   from 
   this 
   room.

TV clicks off 
Final Jeopardy! begins; 
Mentally I hear 
The theme 
   song 
   chime 
in.

But he doesn’t hear 
And neither does Mom, 
As he does things to me 
That have 
   always 
   seemed 
wrong.

Time slips away 
And she doesn’t wake, 
This nightly soiree 
I can 
   no 
   longer 
take.

Now I lie here in hush 
And I hum the song, 
Reassuring myself 
I have 
   always 
   been 
strong.

by Krystal Williams
Together We're Alone

The following poem was written a few months after the passing of my boyfriend and best friend who were killed in a car crash. This poem is about me and a close friend of the boys. Rest in Peace Travis Latka and Brian Sicz -

all the same, nothing alike
just a bunch of kids,
lost in the night
we know what’s going on,
yet so very lost..
expecting all happiness
without any cost

I’m alone,
You’re alone,
We’re alone together.
Misery next to misery
seems to make it better

Let’s share our thoughts
pour out all feelings
rip off your mask,
it’s already peeling
all this is easier said than done
I’m realizing now, we’re not the only ones

I’m alone,
You’re alone,
We’re alone together.
Misery next to misery
seems to make it better

In a world of confusion
is the reality of living
we gotta take and deal with what we are given
we have no choice, no way to choose
so let’s be alone together, me and you

by Kristina Smucker

New York City

by Rachel Egle
florida haikus

yelp!
gators in canals—
who lost their little doggy
when it got too close?

speedway

a lizard driving,
weaving through rows of traffic
dodging speeding snakes.

bluehairs

come the retired
from the snowy north to new
air conditioned homes.

by Mark Solars

by Judith Bridger
Shadows
My Daughter's Cat Lives With Me

Back turned and eyes closed.
She smugly sits where I long to be.
Indifferent, she turns her head to study me.
What must she be thinking?
"I've paid my dues in the alleyways and fields.
You rescued me. Now live with it."
I nudge her aside.
She slowly stretches each leg until her highness is ready.
A leap and she is across the floor and settled once again,
Now in a ray of sunshine on the window ledge.
She smugly sits where I long to be.

by Judith Bridger

Cat on Window Ledge
Heritage of an American Dreamer

My house was white with a stone front facing the road. A bungalow. Upstairs was the place I shared with my younger sister. Its walls began curving about three-feet from the ground and arced themselves into the ceiling. There was a half-bath up there, in addition to a dresser and large closet for our clothes. We each had a twin bed; a place to sleep.

The driveway curved around the house and spread from single to double wide on its backside. A large maple tree stopped the drive from going any further by standing at the end of the wider section, which was used as a turn-around.

We had a two car garage, but only one car. The garage was white with a slanted roof and had a separate door for each bay. The car was always parked on the right side. Bicycles, the lawn mower, flower pots and other standard garage junk held residence on the left. The drive separated the garage from house. “Detached” is how a realtor might describe it.

Directions to my childhood home are easy from here. Start at the house. Cross the driveway and make a left turn around the garage and past the flower gardens lining its side. Diagonal from its corner is where I lived.

A person with an untrained eye might mistake my home for an apple tree, or more specifically, a Yellow Delicious apple tree. I can’t really fault anyone for their ignorance in this capacity since, before now, no one has ever entered its doors besides me.

First, put your right foot in the crook and reach around the branches on either side to hoist yourself up. By twisting to the left a tad, you can lay back and recline quite nicely on the branch just used for leverage. Sun filters through the leaves above, sometimes in rays of dust. And when wind stirs them, it is possible to see fluttering fairy wings. There have always been tons of them living up there.

If you choose not to recline and watch fairies on that first step, you can put your left foot on the arched branch recliner, grab the branch above it, twist and sit back. It’s a perfect-made bench Mother Nature created out of an upward growing branch turned horizontal like an elbow. This was the main living quarters. The heart of my home.

Towards the outer part of the bench in my living quarters, the branch splits itself off into two lesser branches, one a wee bit higher than the other. A can of pop fits nicely when set on the lower one with its back resting on the higher.

From all angles, I watched the tree perform its magic. It started out with buds, then blossoms, then

Continued on page 12
Continued from page 11

little nubs of fruit that grew larger every day. In their green phase, the apples began tasting good. Sour. And if I ate too many, I’d end up trekking back to the house with a belly ache.

The apples’ transformation from green to yellow had to be tasted in order to understand the tree’s enchantment. By the time the fruit made it to golden, they were filled with juice as sweet as candy that dripped through my lips and trickled from my chin. When the apples were yellow, Mrs. Larsen always showed up at my window with a bushel basket. We talked while filling it with magic yellow goodness, and later, she’d bring back a pie.

The garden alongside the garage was thrilling, too. Purple crocuses sprouted while icy crystal remnants of snow fought the inevitable spring melt. Then came daffodils, tulips and grape hyacinths. Then peonies—“Bowl of Beauty” they were called—my grandmother’s favorite. Then shasta daisies, purple coneflowers, and black-eyed-susans. Then mums whose buds we began pinching off in July in order to save their blooms for autumn.

Several larger stones lined the garage’s back side. Headstones. Two marked the graves of my rabbits. Lucy was a New Zealand White, and April a California Gray. Another marked the shared grave of my goldfish. I had won the pair at a church carnival, but my cat pulled them from their bowl one day while I was gone. I found a dead squirrel once, and buried him beneath one of my hand-painted tombstones, too. It seemed like the right thing to do. Dead birds I found were given popsicle stick crosses as their markers.

The maple tree at the driveway’s end sometimes rained seed-pod propellers doing their whirlbybird thing, and the drive would become littered with them. Any car parked in the turnaround wound up blanketed, as well. If a good wind caught hold of raining propellers, a few would end up sticking to the blankets Mrs. Larsen had hanging on the clothes line and collect themselves in her clothespin bag.

Squirrels never visited me. Perhaps they knew this tree was my home and respected me as kind of being like them. But they did dance and leap between our driveway maple and Mrs. Larsen’s maple doing whatever it is that squirrels do.

Continued on page 13

by Kevin Engle

Lazy Lane Hill
For the most part, the same held true for birds. I think with them, though, they liked the driveway maple better because that’s where my mother hung her bird feeders.

Bring a book and the magic tree will take you places: I traveled with Ralph, a mouse on a motorcycle. It was my first time on a bike, and it felt good. Young Laura Ingalls took me through time on all of her prairie journeys. Poetry sang to me. National Geographic took me to places where lions lived and black women ran around with no shirts and plates in their lips. I sailed on pirate ships, sped in boats and flew in airplanes. I became friends with cats and dogs who could talk. I expanded my word power through Reader’s Digest and was a key player in every story of tragedy and heroism from cover to cover. I fell in love and journeyed through puberty long before my mind or body actually figured out what either was...

These were just things a person normally experienced at home while growing up in a Yellow Delicious magic tree, I guessed.

Some people thought I should spend more time in the house with my family. “It isn’t good to be such a loner,” they’d say. Others expressed concern over my lack of socializing and engaging with other people. “It’s not healthy for a girl your age to be alone all the time,” they’d say. Other kids in the area ran around in gangs, rode bikes, played tag, or whatever it is that those other kids did, and I’d be told, “You really need to go play with them.”

I didn’t want to.

Some people, Others and They didn’t understand, but I couldn’t fault them for this. If a person doesn’t realize the difference between a home and an apple tree, how could they possibly see I wasn’t a loner?

Inside my current glider swing home; the one I have tucked under my silver-leaf maple out back, I watch gardens on the back and side of my house. Tall grasses, wild roses and weeds grow on the other side of the fence. The birds love this. They love perching on my clothesline, too, while waiting for an opening at a feeder. There’s a big fat groundhog who waddles through sometimes. His path can be seen in the trampled-down grasses. Crickets sing, hummingbirds squeak, and in the lone tree standing in the midst of a cornfield, a red tail hawk waits...

I recline and I rock myself and I think about those people who don’t know the difference—the ones who can’t see. Those same ones who wanted me to engage in the world because they engaged in the world. Most people do, I suppose.

Fairy wings flutter above me and I know I’d much rather engage with the world rather than in it. It’s my heritage.

by Katherine Schweitzer
by Theresa Mountel

Chagrin Falls
by Corinda Putt

*Untitled*
Out of the Box

‘Human Remains’, Dorothy, R.T.
unwelcome keepsake
lifetime crammed in a square, unwrapped present on a
shelf
tucked away, neat and clean, tidy disposal.

365 at the funeral home
lost & found, dead-letter bin
unclaimed baggage, address unknown even to your only
child
my husband denying last rites
despised mother drinking buddy, dying nuisance.

Brittle, old body asking for relief
“You’re a good shot–get the shotgun and just kill me for Gods sake!”

Amazing
how that tiny person-shriveled sacs for lungs
can scream so loud and so
long
nasty smells, pleading eyes, whispering air.

Before the burning, I washed your sparse hair
mother-in-law who never cared for me
problem behind the bedroom door
apologetic for the burdensome task of daily
watering,
turning,
pruning.

Last time I saw you Dottie, chunky chalk
flying with the wind-seeding the land you loved so much-into the shimmering sunshine
out-of-the-box
warm, painless, floating
free.

by Jean L. Calvert
My Affair

I must confess I am having an affair. Something warm and wonderful that actually makes my life easier. Before you react or judge me, please let me explain.

My husband and I have been married for eight and a half years and rarely have enough time to sit down and eat together anymore. With work, school, children, parents, and three whiny sisters, it is very hard to find time. This affair helps to keep me calm and to appreciate the time involved and enjoy the outcome.

When I get home from work, remember I work third and my husband first, I enjoy looking at those dark blues and knowing this is going to be time well spent. Although there is very little foreplay and things heat up slowly, it can take up to two hours (once almost ten), but I can snuggle in bed and let someone else take control. I know I will be pleased with the outcome. The work involved on my part is minimal and the rewards are very simple: hot, steamy and very, very enjoyable. I can enjoy this affair during the morning, before school, and time allowing, even before work! Most of my friends know of my planned rendezvous, and encourage it.

But like I said, don’t judge me. You see, the affair is with my crock-pot. I received a new cookbook for Christmas and have fallen in love all over again.

by Angie Lilley

by Theresa Mountel

Rockside Station
“tear drops and icicles”

like hanging from a string

we trail so freely,

dancing in the sun

among the unfair sorrow

by Joshua Friedt

by Bethany Marcum

Untitled
anthropology 101

what separates humans from other life forms is our ability to use tools.

i remember when
she pulled a carving knife
from the kitchen drawer
and threatened her lover.

“i’ll slit your damn throat
if you cheat on me.”

he threw a skillet
in her direction.
plates and dishes followed
utensils, and flatware.

she reached for the bottle
of Johnny red
but thought better of it.
instead, she hurled his coffee mug
with black coffee…
no crème or sugar.

there were gunshots.

by Mark Solars
buteo

aloft in the sky world
drawing circles with feather
red tail
leaves no trail
i look up
you look down
search the ground
i wish we were brothers
yellow legs
black talons
rusty tail feathers
white breast
good lookin'
in the black pine you rest
i climb to your nest
you fly away
meet the wind by day
mate for life
i can 't see that far in the distance
do i hear your wife?

feather on the ground
mine to imagine where it has been
feathers go to heaven
as prayers
have caught myself
tracing your trail across the sky
with my finger
i like your screech
mimicked by jays
and mockingbirds
would trade my life for yours

you artist
poet
dancer
hunter
how many have you eaten?
you have consumed my heart too

found your warm body
on the high way
tuesday
violated a federal law
buried you under
the black pine
i feel alone
and empty like the sky,

only cold wind lately
and that coward red squirrel
comes out from hiding
his courage large
until the jay.
mimics red tail
squirrel retreats
from the cedars
staying hidden
cold wind and quiet again
i laugh
but i hold back my cry.

by Pam Solars

(background) by Gordon R. Beals
Fresh As Spring, White Magnolia
If Only

If only you could understand fully well
How much Your Heavenly Father loves you
You would change your heart and the life
That you are living.

If only you could see how worthwhile your life is,
You would live each day to the fullest
Rather than complaining about
The single item that was nagging you.

If only you could imagine
That you have your own star in the sky
With your own name on it
And that star is your rightful place, no one else’s.
It will never be replaced by another being
If you do not dwell within it
When your time comes.

If only you could see
The dignity of another human life
No person, or even you,
Would ever experience any grave suffering,
Yet rest with the knowledge that
Yes, people really are good.

If only you could comprehend with an open heart
How much the Little One
Yearns to offer to you His Sacred Heart,
And, most especially, to have you reside within His Heart
And Him in Yours.
Oh, you would never experience loneliness ever again!

Continued on page 22
If only you could understand
What I am saying to you right now
And take into consideration my message to you
In this moment of time during the most desperate
Of our times
Not only would you touch the heart
Of another person,
But you would bring peace to the world
Because you have begun with you!

Oh, how He longs for you to say hello,
For you to come back to Him.
Regardless of how many serious errors
You have committed,
He will take you on angels’ wings
And lock you away in a safe, loving place,
The place many call: His Sacred Heart.
Oh, my Friend, if only you could open you heart
To Him,
The Heavenly choirs would rejoice
For you were dead
And now you are alive.

If only you would run to him
As if you had not seen a loved one for ages
With a child-like affection
He would make you anew
And never allow anything to
Separate you from Him.

by Mike Vamos
Millionaires

Dressed in his piebald king’s jacket,
he died while jumping from the circus,
falling past a kettle of charcoal fire
and the silhouette of a brass trumpet,
draped in silks.

They said he was pushed.
But maybe he just let go.

She lay sleeping, wrapped
in a chrysalis of stained notebook paper.
After she lost her shoes, she woke up,
holding a weathervane in one hand
and a black flame in the other.

He knocked on the door, and a hurricane of moths,
a thousand sheets on a clothesline,
flew from the walls and
fluttered to her bed.

They said he was pushed.
But maybe he jumped.

When she reached up to wipe
the shadows off her face,
prison bars blocked out squares of
the red colonnade, leading back,
behind her fictional eyes.

Charging down the spiral staircase
and loosening the wooden spindles,
he kicked at the angel-tar—the slough
of magpied freaks—collecting on every step.

They said he was pushed.
I don’t believe them.

He had to dodge camera smoke and bullwhips.
The lion-tamers pelted him with those Greek coins

Continued on page 24
needed to pay the boatman,
while the acrobats tied their skirts and leotards
around his neck.
And they were millionaires, all.

Millionaires... Until she fell, slumped,
against the bathroom door. Until the
dogfighters decided to pull steel from leather.
Until the tissue paper guardsmen scattered
electric lights and pentane through the hallways.

Until he ran across the flat edge of the roof,
wings open, receiving the embrace of the clouds.

They said that he was pushed.
But maybe he just gave up.

by Theresa Gottl

Night Lights For a Lonely City

by Kristina Smucker
Tale of a Broken Heart

A young woman waits,
the computer screen blank.
She misses him very much.

Questions fill her heart;
Why did he leave her?
What did she do wrong?

She sits depressed…
without him.

Everything around her suffers
Her schoolwork, her garden,
her life.
Tears form in her eyes as she types.
He tells her there is nothing.
Nothing but a friendship.
Neither of them realizes
until it is too late
the girl did care for the man,
deep down in her heart.

She tries to tell him this
but he won’t listen.
I have a girlfriend, he types
and it’s not you!

by Joy M. Winstead

by Rob Sharetts

In the Spotlight
Under Construction
(Pardon my dust!)

You cannot see, but there’s a construction sign on me.
It hangs on my forehead,
Bright orange and black.
If you could only look,
There it would be.
Step carefully through the door,
And I’ll give you a tour.
Yes, I know the Dumpster out back
Is an eyesore.

Here we are in the grand foyer;
See it now overlay
The small entranceway.
See the majestic chandelier –
All those diamonds used to be tears.
Don’t mind the plaster crack’d,
Nor the wall holes gaping back.
I just completed a refit, rewire, and full repipe.

Here’s the room I’m working in today:
I think I’ll turn it into a place just to play.
This window is too small, there’s too little light.
Now I must decide what will bring me delight.
Should I move it here or there?
Leave it round, or make it square?
No, don’t tell me, for you see:
If you tell me what to do,
Then this room will belong to you.
It’s my room, don’t you see?
This decision must be up to me.

I do this every day:
I choose one room along the way.
When I finish, you clap and say
How proud you are.
Yet I see drywall dust in my hair
And how I still have to go so very far.

by Sara Greathouse
The Soldier

The handsome young soldier who went off to war.  
He left his family, his friends and more.  
He thought he'd be back and go on as before.  
The handsome young soldier who went off to war.

His life was just starting. He should have had fun,  
Carefree days with his place in the sun.

He came back to the sound of taps eerie blowing,  
The pain and the tears so silently flowing.  
He lay there so still, his heart beats no more.  
The handsome young soldier who went off to war.

The cold wind is weeping, the sun hides away  
For this is the darkest, the darkest of days.  
The town has all gathered to say their good-byes  
With hearts that are heavy and tears in their eyes.

His sojourn has ended, his life is no more.  
The brave young soldier who went off to war.

by MaryAnn Fear  
September - 2007

by Judith Bridger  
Cape Cod
by Joshua Friedt

Acid Rain
The Canning Jar

She wants a poem
with tiny orbs, glowing lanterns
topped with fire,
iridescent greens and yellows
everywhere, anywhere.

The woman wants light,
thousands of flickering lights
to illuminate her higher sky,
to fill her eyes with childhood sight.
She needs to touch their moon.

But remembrance
never sits still,
rarely stops for anyone
and random count
is difficult to measure.

Still she tries.
Somewhere in Wisconsin,
many years gone by,
a little girl held
an empty Mason jar.

Hungry fingers plucked
Christmas lights from evening sky,
six-legged sequins in flight,
golden bugs from backyard air.

She filled the glass
with lightning,
watched each flicker
and knew without being told
the best of dreams need space
and lots of room
to breathe.
She emptied the jar,
the entire collection
into neighborhood grays and grass.

And now this grandmother wants
to dance once again,
wants to hold that jar
filled with fire.
She needs a poem with wings.
Climate Cycles

Long ago
when my world was young
you were the light
of paradise
and warmed my body and my soul
gave vital warmth
and fertile light
and I loved you

And later
in what should have been
a time of harvest taking
reaping the bounty of our life together
you were instead
the icy wind
an arctic clipper cutting through
all I could do to save our warmth
and I feared and hated you

And now
as on a planet passed from star to star
a new light shines
and brings warmth
and you have become
a distant memory
a childhood tale, now near forgotten
something to scare babes with
but not worth the effort of hating

by Rob Sharetts
Daylights' Shadows

by George Rufener
Writers' and Artists' Biographies

Autumn Alsip

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

Judith Bridger is an adjunct English teacher at Wayne College. Travel, reading, art and photography are among her hobbies. She is the mother of three adult children and "grann" to three-year-old Noah.

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.

Rachel E. Eggle of Lodi attends Akron U, MUC majoring in early childhood education and is a cashier at Miller Brothers.

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Kathleen Gallagher is a senior lecturer of English at Wayne College, an award winning writer (Writer's Digest) and was just accepted into the NEOMFA Program for creative nonfiction at Kent State.

Theresa Gott is a member of the Buffalo ZEF Creative Arts Community and has performed her poetry throughout Ohio. Her first full-length collection of poetry, Stretching The Window, was published in 2008.

Sara Greathouse is a pagan and poet majoring in social work. She writes to honor a creative and cathartic outlet.

Ruth Hale

Mark Hersman pens his work in Mansfield, and he hosts and emcees two monthly coffeehouses; Bellville and Mt. Vern. His is both a writer and archaeologist.

Anna King is a freshman at Wayne College.

Angela Lilley of Wooster is a married mother of seven. She works at Frito Lay and is an education major.

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Theresa Mounte is a sophomore and the financial aid counselor at Wayne College. She lives in Wooster with her three children.

Chelsea Nicholls works two jobs, is a full-time student and a freelance photographer on the side. She is a proud U of A junior.

Nathanael Pritt is a student at Wayne College, majoring in English. He enjoys playing guitar, studying Jazz music, writing songs, and road biking.

Corrina Putt is the Student Senate Representative of Waynessence, mother of one, majoring in history and communications.

George Rufener is a mechanical engineering major, and computer assistant in astronomy and physics; and sometimes I even have time to sleep

Katherine Schweitzer

Rob Sharett of Orrville is majoring in ESOH here at The University of Akron.

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

Pam Solars

Mike Vamos is Editor-in-Chief of Waynessence; education major in Francais et Español.

Krystal Williams is an English major and psych minor, works in Smucker Learning Center and at main campus in the English department.

Joy M. Winstead of Mogadore plays floor hockey, paints and, of course, writes.

by Gordon R. Beals

Fresh As Spring, White Magnolia