The Waynessence of
The University of Akron Wayne College
Spring 2010

*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.

*Summer Joy* by Gordon R. Beals
Special Acknowledgments From the Staff

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

From the Editor

What can really be expressed and said truly can rely without words. Does it not suffice to say that one picture is more than 1,000 words? Furthermore, is it not enough to declare that a particular word has no meaning unless it is supported by other words/sentences, thus rendering it to be the context? Sometimes, the actual meaning of any picture and of any piece of written work changes meaning with other people, but the true intention of the artwork at hand stems from the author himself/herself.

As a final bow, I thank everyone for helping us make this possible. I extend my sincere gratitude to God for the wonderful Waynessence family that he has given to me. Thank you Sue, Carolyn, John, Charlotte, Emily and Robin for both your time, effort and dedication to this Spring semester edition of Waynessence! Neither words nor pictures can express my sincere joy and thanks for everything!

John Michael Vamos, Waynessence editor-in-chief

Co-Advisors' Notes

This is Mike Vamos’ final semester as Waynessence editor-in-chief. We are grateful for his dedication and leadership over the years. And what a great publication! Waynessence contributors seem to get more and more talented! Congratulations to our authors and artists – and to Mike – for another fine issue. Mike, may your future be bright and joyful!

Everyone, please share Waynessence with your family and friends. You have a right to be proud!

Susanna K. Horn, Waynessence co-advisor

Spring has sprung, and with it, the creativity level at Wayne College has taken a decidedly upward swing. Along with the fun and enthusiasm we’ve always shared while putting together an issue of Waynessence, this season there was a bittersweet undertone in knowing this will be the last go-round for our faithful Editor-in-Chief Mike Vamos. As he moves on toward all the things that great lives are made of, he should do so knowing that his work has been infinitely appreciated! Thanks Mike. Thanks also to my co-advisor Dr. Sue Horn, and another fantastic staff. It was a pleasure working with every one of you!

John C. Lorson, Waynessence co-advisor
Staff

Editor-In-Chief
Mike Vamos

Editorial Staff
Emily Curie
Robin H. Frazier
Charlotte Lorson

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.
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time traveler

on my wall is a calendar.
this month it is an october scene
with a new england village tucked in a
brilliant gold, crimson, and russet autumn
interspersed with white pines and a white church
among tranquil houses.
the village is silent from this distance,
but it is not a far walk.

when we descend the hills
these kind folk tell about the joys and struggles
of their lives.
close up
i have been coveting the dodge pickup truck
parked off the corner from the bookstore.
i can hear mrs. emmons in the red house with the tin roof
tell me of her husband’s hard drinking habits.
her neighbor, mrs. parker, in the white 18th century home
will complain that her son eloped with the minister’s daughter,
and the couple that live on bennington street
are celebrating their 50th wedding anniversary on the day
i turn the calendar to november 1st.
unfortunately, i will miss the occasion.
the people of the village do not seem to take notice of me,
I am just another traveler passing through
like so many others.
the woodcutters are laying up their store for winter,
carefree children are preparing for halloween,
the teenage boys and girls are busy with homecoming plans,
and dads and sons and daughters are carving jack o’ lanterns.
on porches on this clear sunlit day.

i pass my days at the top of the hill
reading, grading papers,
and gazing as far in the distance
as my angle permits.
i have spent nearly a month here
and must leave on the 31st of october.
i must turn another page in my life.
in november i am heading to cape hatteras
and fish for a month
with the man near the lighthouse
who has cast his line into the surf.

by mark solars
Black Ice

I drive an ice paved road
frequented by bandit snow,
avoided by salty lawmen.
Rumors flew like my speedometer
But invincible with my
armored steed I ignored them all. With every stop light red
I surged ahead, into the ambush,
out of control. Safety, security,
stolen in the second it took to
plunge into the jaws of the ditch.
Wondering how this ever happened to me.

by Nathan Self
The Three Bears

As I came tripping down the stairs
What caught my eye were these three bears
Sitting in my brand new chartreuse chairs
One bear was large, really quite tall
The second one, smaller, wore an apron, that’s all.
The third was real fuzzy, definitely small.
As I stared at my wide-open door
It seemed I’d seen this group before
I asked, politely, “are you just resting?”
They replied they were here to do the testing
“We were the chairs too soft or perhaps too hard
And would I please fill out this card.”
I stretched and closed my eyes to yawn
When I opened them, the bears were gone
I noticed the door was now ajar.
They couldn’t have gotten very far.
They weren’t in the house,
I didn’t see them in the yard.
And I couldn’t find that stupid card
It must have been my imagination.
The whole scenario, my own creation.
Relieved, I sat down for a breakfast treat
And discovered there was nothing left to eat.

And now I spend sleepless nights
This crazy idea in my head. . .
That this trio has not completed their task
They have yet to test my bed

Ruth Hale
On the Road: 2010

On Ohio 39
October flickers by
Midwest in full flame
Backseat Chloe and Colton
sit mesmerized, speechless.

At the stoplight in Millersburg,
drawn up to the bumper,
I’m second row at
the picture show.

Reds, yellows and greens
flash through the glass;
tickle dendrites, fire neurons.
Burn a memory of Bikini Bottom
On just another buff-blue day.

Country Peace

by Gordon R. Beals

I watched the Rockies rise from the pan-flat prairie
like a dream, or a cloud, or a hymn

Watched the Mississippi wander under
a breathless mile of concrete and steel

Watched a million miles of corn
from seed to stalk to stubble

Watched glass towers shine a thousand suns
above the ragged shadows of Gary Indiana

Watched a run-down river town smolder
like spent ash at the foot of a rusting iron mill

I still see seasons change, lands roll, life unfold
out the window of a ’71 Impala

As the future’s poets
weave words around memory
of sponge, plankton and crusty crab,
we will long for the world they missed.

by John C. Lorson
Screams of a Mother

I thought announcing “last call” was a relief, but the screech of the grinding metal was a wonderful sound. When the lock snapped into place as I turned the key in the door of the Ramada Inn Lounge, the night was finally over. I just wanted to go home and take a long hot bath. My back and legs were throbbing as if begging my body not to take another step. If I could just make it to my car, the worn and tattered seat would be oh-so-inviting; the shredded foam rubber would surround my hips with all the luxury of a throne. At least it was my throne. Being a single mother of four children was a struggle, and I felt to have a car was a blessing. So, when my friend Tisha asked me for a ride home after work, I postponed my hot bath because I knew how hard it was to raise children alone, and Tisha and I shared a bond, an alliance that only single mothers can understand. We loved our children more than life itself, we would do anything for them, we would die for them. Anyway, tomorrow was Sunday, and we had the day off to spend with our children. And, it was wasn’t that far out of my way to drop her off.

It was typical South Georgia weather. The heat of the day had slipped through the night into the early morning hours and mixed with the thick moisture in the air, forming a humidity that made it hard to breathe. As we first stepped out of the bar, beads of sweat began to form on our skin instantly. Our clothes clung to us like shrink wrap. As we reached my car, the stench of our clothes began to overwhelm our nostrils. The smell of stale cigarette smoke mixed with splattered and spilled alcohol was a disgusting reminder of what we did for a living. Working in the biggest country bar in town until three in the morning was not a glorious job, but it was a job and that allowed us to feed our children.

The streets of Valdosta were quiet. The only sound during our drive was the pounding beat that remained in our heads from the band we had listened to all night. Suddenly, out of nowhere, a siren interrupted the beat in my head and a blur of red and blue lights flashed as the police car flew past me. My heart skipped a beat, my body shuddered, and my knees started shaking, a familiar reaction when something startles me when I am driving. I wondered where they were going in such a hurry. It was such a peaceful night, it seemed as if all the world were sleeping. As we turned off the main drag and headed east, there was a light in the horizon, but it was only three in the morning. It was too early for the sun to be coming up. We drove towards Tisha’s house, and the light only became brighter. The dark quiet night was being invaded by a brilliant red and yellow glow that only grew larger as we approached. The police car that had passed us, like we were sitting still a few minutes earlier was sitting sideways, blocking the end of Tisha’s street. Confused, we parked and sat there, trying to grasp what we were seeing.

There was a house on fire, Tisha’s house! We fumbled with our car doors, trying to free ourselves of the seat belts and get out of the car. We both ran past the police officer who was guarding the street. He was yelling something, but his words made no sense, and we kept running. Her children were in that house. A crowd had gathered in the street, and we pushed our way through the curious neighbors. The house was surrounded by firemen, and their fire trucks were blocking the front yard. As we scrambled to find our continued on page 6
way around the fire trucks, we saw several police officers in the yard. Relief flooded our bodies when we recognized Tisha’s babysitter, and by her side, wrapped in a blanket, was her six-year-old daughter. My friend grabbed her daughter and was sobbing in relief, but where was her son Keith and the family dog? Tisha whirled around and screamed, “Where is my son?” She dropped her daughter and bolted towards the burning house. Three police officers grabbed her. She was scratching, hitting and kicking like a wild animal trying to free itself from a trap. The officers couldn’t reason with her. It was all they could do to hold on to her. The house was being swallowed in flames when a fireman emerged from the front door.

They must have found the child; they were coming out. Soon he would be in his mother’s arms and this nightmare would be over. A second fireman emerged, then a third, but where was Keith? They weren’t carrying him. The third fireman took a few steps into the front yard and looked at the police officers who were holding my friend. He slightly shook his head back and forth, as if to say no. No what? Where was the child, where was the dog? Where were his words? There were no words. Hot silent tears ran down my face as the reality of this horror hit me. The smell of burning flesh filled the air. Everything was standing still except the flames that were reaching up into the heavens. I watched the life seep from my friend’s body. Her arms and legs went limp, and the police officers who had struggled to control her were now lowering her to the ground. She lay crumpled in a pile like a rag doll that had been cast away.

There were no more sirens, the chatter from the gathered crowd had been silenced, and all that was left were the screams of a mother who had just lost her child. After the burning inferno turned to embers and the embers turned to ash, the fireman found the child under what was left of his bed, where he had hidden from the flames with his dog. Arms wrapped around the dog, they snuggled in their slumber for eternity.

by Vickie Koster

Love and Joy

by Gordon R. Beals
MacArthur’s Park Revisited

mad queen wanted our heads-
    folks might think that Nana had left her cake out in the rain or some damn thing
4 year old despot with ringlets contorted
    constantly complaining over smeared icing and party favors
the birthday girl dug greedily into the pink tower of flowers with vicious glee
    gnashing natives gathered and clawed at the trashing of the wrapping
savage, sugary faces glowing with a sugar high
pernicious preschoolers aching to instigate a suburban riot they swarmed-
tangles of heads and legs and feet ducked, spun and twisted
daycare heathens camouflaged and basted with a palette of sherbet
    and playdough warpaint.

Summer's Blush
By Carissa Engle

Grandma blew up one more blasted balloon
    falling exhausted onto the park bench :
    precariously balanced
    breathlessly waiting...
    much meat ripe for the slaughter.

by Jean L. Alberts
The Last Dance

I am not yet ready for the fall of the year
Springtime still whispers in my ear
The joy and rapture that fills my heart
When a fresh new Season is about to start.
Coaxing me to come and be one
With the sun and wind; to laugh and to run.
No thought of the morrow; no care for the night.
There is only right now – hold on to it tight.
It is hard to give up the carefree things
But life persists on fleeting wings.
Soon the Summer songs abound
A cotillion that whirls me round and round.

When that great symphony starts to wane.
Painted leaves rustle and call my name –
Hurry, hurry before it’s too late
Savor one last dance
Autumn is ending and Winter won’t wait.

Old Time Cemetery

by Mary Ann Fear

by Gordon R. Beals
The Railing

For many decades, my father and I had walked the hills in our county, and enjoyed the closeness and private times of a father and son. I will always cherish the memories of this time shared and the stories he told me of his father and grandfather from years gone by. The secrets of the mountains are handed down from generation to generation; the wisdom of the woods continues to grow, as one generation teaches the next, and will continue on for decades hence.

He taught his knowledge of the plants and how they were used for medicinal purposes, how some are edible and others, though beautiful, are quite poisonous, how to walk through the thick growth of the forest and not become lost. Things or people can be hidden in the woods never to be seen or found again unless you know the woods as I do. I had a great teacher; he was wise and true, true to his convictions and true to the mountains.

During our walks I learned about the trees and the wonderful lumber that would some day be harvested for furniture and clocks. The majestic oaks gave their hardwood, hickory for canes and cabinets, and my favorite, black walnut, with the richness of its dark wood. My father chose to use cherry for many of the fine pieces of furniture he made. He believed cherry wood warmed a home more than any other wood.

Samuel Anderson had grown up in the dense mountains of the Appalachian range. Educated at the University of Virginia, he received his master's degree in history. He taught history at the local high school for 20 years, until retiring to become a cabinet maker following in the footsteps of his grandfather and great-grandfather. He often remarked, “The feel of the wood as you are working it will tell you a story. The oils from your hand enrich the wood as you touch it.” Once as a young man I asked questions about the objects in his workshop. He would talk about the tools once used by his great-grandfather in the 1850’s and how the same tool had helped to make the small table my sister used for her tea parties, treasures both touched and loved by people who used them.

There was an old handrail placed with care on hooks along the back wall of the wood shop. I asked Dad why he had such a odd item and why he was keeping it. He smiled, and his deep blues eyes looked far away as he went to the rail and took it down. "Come here, son," he said as he carefully, and with gentleness, took the rail from the wall. He told me to feel the smoothness of the grain and to look at the different colors along the length. As I did, I noticed how small cuts into the wood had become smooth. Yet, they showed the scars of days gone by how the richness of the oak had changed the color of the grain in some areas to a deep brown. It was, in its own remarkable way, a beautiful work of art telling the story of time and use. Then in that moment of time which I will treasure for the rest of my life, I learned how deeply my father’s love of life and people extended beyond our home. He said to me, “Son, this railing came from the grade school my grandfather, my mother and father attended. My brothers and sisters went to school there, as did your mom and myself. Your sisters and you, also, began your education there. When the town decided to build a new school they sold it off by bits and pieces. Everyone clamored for the old school desks, the

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books, and tables. When I walked through the halls and looked about, I decided this was the only item I would want to keep.” As I watched him, he stroked the rail with weathered hands that showed age and strength at the same time I asked, “But, why?”

He sat down, still looking at the rail; a smile crossed his gentle face and he answered my question with a pureness of a kind spirit, wise in age, filled with love. He spoke these words, “This rail was placed there when the school was built. The history of each day is lost forever, but the tiny hands that held it as they traveled up and down the steps daily left part of each student in the wood. The oils and sweat of each hand is embedded in the soul of this piece of wood. The railing was fashioned from trees harvested from the surrounding woods. Four generations of your family and four generations of children from this town touched this and left their mark upon it. How great is that, four generations? The school is gone; many of the people are only memories, but I have this piece of wood and it sings quietly to me as I touch it.”

by Joyce M. Craddock

Prairie Township

by John C. Lorson
Another Please?

The friable mess of my new life tastes like a
  Green tomato.
Dredged in cornmeal.
   Sputtering in hot grease.
I eat fast.
   Seeds squirt between my teeth.
Corncrunch coats my tongue.
   Soulmaking good.
I gulp with the burn of it,
   Swallowing with relish.

by Jean L. Alberts
The Crazy Old Man

I learned that every conversation with someone new is an experience that is worth your time. I was talking to my friend Matt who was in the Army and had recently come back from Iraq. He had called me and asked if I’d like to stop by and hang out for awhile. I told him I would stop by and visit.

We were standing in front of the army recruiter’s office, and catching up on what we had been doing since we last saw each other. During our conversation we noticed an unusual looking old man walking towards us. I looked at Matt, who was staring at the man and seemed to already know that this man would have something amusing to say. The old man wore a Navy hat and had a beard similar to what a homeless man would have. The dark brown beard was about a foot long and stretched from ear to ear. The hairs seemed to be wild, untamed, and dirty. His jacket was a sky blue windbreaker which was left unzipped so that his large gut could hang out. The old man’s tennis shoes were torn in several places, and his white socks were visible in some parts.

As he walked up to us, his smile revealed that his front few teeth were missing. I was sort of disgusted, but at the same time I thought it was funny. I assumed that he possibly had a mental disorder. Also, I was very curious about what had happened throughout his life. I wondered how a man could possibly end up looking like this.

The old man began to tell us about how he had always wanted to join the military and that he respected everyone who was in it. He told us that if he could have joined any armed force, it would have been the Navy. He thought the Navy was the best choice because when you fight an enemy it’s because you are trying to protect your house, the ship. Another reason he picked the Navy was because he said you were least likely to be shot. I initially felt sorry for him since he wanted to join the Navy but wasn’t allowed.

After a short amount of time I realized why he wasn’t allowed to join, and it was because he was crazy. The more he told us about things in his life, the less and less I believed him. Matt soon got out of the conversation and went back into the office since he had realized that this man was just talking nonsense. In my mind I was thinking, “Matt, don’t leave me with this crazy guy!” but I stayed there and listened to the old man because I didn’t want to be rude. He told me all about how he used to be a bounty hunter. I pictured the old man as the bounty hunter Dog and smiled. Also, he said that if another country invaded America he could single handedly defeat fifty enemy soldiers. This was hard to imagine since the man was at least sixty and seemed like he could move no faster than a sloth. The most amusing thing that he talked about was that he had shot a man’s scope off his rifle from five miles away. I almost laughed but managed to hold it in.

Eventually his wife came by. I could tell it was his wife because of the way that they acted towards each other. She looked just as dirty as he and she wore big thick glasses that magnified her eyes. The lady said, “You telling this boy your crazy stories too?” The old man looked at her with a disgusted look on his face. He said his goodbyes, and then walked away with her. During our thirty-minute conversation I heard some of the funniest things I’d ever heard. From then on I’ve looked at each new conversation as a new opportunity for a story to tell, but overall I hope that I never end up like that man.

by Nick Winstead
O Captain!

by Joshua Friedt
Obsolete

I’m obsolete
It’s hard to admit
I should have seen it coming
But it happened bit by bit

My children speak a language now
I no longer comprehend
Technology goes on and on
Will it never end?

The terminology leaves me speechless
In a group I cannot converse
If I try, I end up sounding stupid
Which only makes matters much worse.

And oh, how I hate to call on the phone
I never get a person whose real
Instead its “press 1,2,3,4,5,or 6”
It really is an ordeal

My computer has developed an attitude
And the cell phone has long passed me by
Now it’s all bells and whistles
Instead of “hello”, then talk, and “goodbye”

All of this seems to be normal to some
But what makes their lives complete
Simply goes over my muddled old head
As I said, “I’m obsolete”

by Ruth Hale

why must [you] torture [us]?

hello my friend,
I see you’re at it again
forcing us to choose a side
chewing up the strong
and spewing out the weak
everywhere you step
you leave us in awe
we can’t believe
the words you speak
they tumble off your lips
like boulders
down a mountain
can you not see the destruction and hurt?
one more, it comes
the heartless, empty apology
we won’t be fooled
we are no virgins to your tricks
…such fruitless words
from a “savior”
gone astray.

by Joshua Friedt
Waiting  by Misty Poehler
The Wanderers

I traveled the world far and wide with only Hobo by my side.
I found him, a starving pup with no visible pedigree.
He became my only friend, a loner just like me.
We started on a journey to find our destiny.
After many years of searching and tired to the bone
We came upon a windy hill, a place that felt like home.
We had the eerie feeling that we were not alone.
Before us lay a resting place of a family long ago
The years had grown around them, I felt I had to know.
Upon the markers of crumbling stone I found my family name.
So many miles I wandered, I had (at last) come home again.
In the corner of the plot where the wild grasses grow
One more stone was found…it read “our faithful friend, Hobo”
I fell humbly to my knees and said a grateful prayer
Through all the years of roaming, God had finally led us there.

by Mary Ann Fear
Am I My Father's Son?

“E"verything you kids call new, and modern, and healthy, and happy, we used to do way back when it was still called nasty.” I literally heard that saying thousands of times when I was growing up. It was one of my father’s many quotes, evidently his favorite due to the number of times he repeated it over my childhood. My dad, following family tradition, failed in most of his endeavors in life. Extreme alcoholism, fueled by crippling rheumatoid arthritis, was his master. I never dreamed that one day I would be able to look beyond the pain of alcoholism to see the man underneath.

I revered my father with both awe and fear when I was young. Just the sound of his rough, whiskey-raw voice was enough to terrify most children. He had a deep, resonating growl when he called my name; it always left me wondering if I had absentmindedly done something wrong. Raising me with Southern manners and Texas tradition into what he considered to be a “Texas Gentleman.” I was literally expected to snap to attention when addressed by my parents. If Mom called my name, I better come running to see what she wanted and respond with a respectful, “Yes Ma’am.” Strict manners and courtesy towards everyone was the rule, but disrespect of any kind towards women, especially my mom, was not tolerated. Dad believed in chivalry; he opened doors, pulled out chairs, and was always full of compliments for the ladies. “Even on the worst day of their life tell them how beautiful and special they are,” he instructed. During many late night talks Dad explained that women were to be treated with an extra-special reverence. They were to be treasured, loved and adored. In his own words, “Son, there is no justifiable reason for you to ever place your hands upon a woman!”

I was startled into consciousness late one night when I was thirteen. The door to my parents’ bedroom, normally closed, was left open. I could see them down the long, dark, narrow hallway; they were having a vicious argument. Apparently, my dad had come home late, extremely drunk, and was demanding sex. My mother, refusing to cooperate, was standing her ground when the unthinkable happened! I heard a loud, sharp crack as I watched Dad slap my mom not once but twice and pushed her towards the bed. Wanting to go and help Mom, I was held in place by an invisible grip of fear, fear of Dad.

From a very early age my dad impressed upon me the importance of reading. He grew up in a pre-television era in which a major form of entertainment came from books. Dad truly believed, as I heard him quote on several occasions, “… comic books taught more kids to read in my day than schools ever did!” Just about any time I asked for some new comic books he would suddenly appear with a fresh stack, although they were not always new. From the X-Men to the Defenders, Donald Duck to Superman and Batman, The Archie’s, Spiderman, and Richie Rich, we didn’t discriminate, we read them all. Right after dinner we would sit for hours each reading our own book. I was twelve when Dad introduced me to my first adult novel, continued on page 19.
Jaws by Peter Benchley. Six hours after turning to the opening page I finished the book.

My father was the ultimate outdoorsman; my fondest memories came from our hunting and fishing excursions. He had this unique connection with nature, and sometimes I believed he could actually read the animals’ thoughts. In this way he was one of the most amazing people I have ever known. Combine Daniel Boone with Steve Irwin, and that was Dad. I can remember walking through the woods at six years old, watching him track and harvest a beautiful ten-point buck. Following behind with a .410 gauge shotgun myself, I was taught from birth about guns. Treating them with great respect, we never considered them to be a danger in our home.

He was also amazing with any type of gun. On one hunting trip when I was fourteen, we were tracking a large buck through the woods. I was in the lead carrying a .308 Winchester deer rifle with my dad following close behind. Moving silently through the woods, the deathly quiet was shattered by a light snap from behind. As I turned to investigate the noise, I witnessed my dad quickly draw his .22 caliber revolver from his holster. In one fluid motion he drew his gun, fired one shot into a tree, spun the gun on his finger gunslinger style, and dropped it back into its holster as a quail fell from the tree to the ground. Mouth open, frozen in amazement, I could not utter a word as I watched in awe.

Fishing trips were no different; Dad knew how to read a lake or river. One day he decided that we were going to go try a little fishing on Lake Livingston just one hour north of Houston. Driving to the far side of the lake we pulled into a closed down marina. The ramp for launching boats was still intact, and we could put our boat into the water here without paying a fee.

The old boat was not much to look at. A weird shade of gold with black stains, but it was good for fishing. We had only gone about 200 yards from the marina when Dad slowed the boat to a snail’s pace. Taking out a pair of binoculars he began searching the surface of the water. I could not imagine what he was looking for; it was just flat open water. Nothing to distinguish one spot from another, we kept putting around for a few minutes without any discernible pattern. Suddenly without warning he stopped the engine and exclaimed! “Do you smell it?” “Smell what?” I replied with a puzzled look. “You can’t smell that? Smells like watermelon!” Cussing his mangled hands under his breath, he began moving purposely around the boat, getting poles and lures ready. “They’re here! They’re here!” He said with hushed excitement. “They’re feeding right below us.” Looking out across the water all I could see was the reflection of the bright blue Texas sky. As far as smell, the boat always smelled of oily gas but watermelon? In light of this neurotic behavior I had just witnessed, I went along. He always seemed to know what he was doing.

It was unbelievable. As soon as we started casting our lures, we began getting bites. For the next two hours we were catching striped bass as fast as we could cast our lines out; then suddenly it just stopped. Nothing, the feeding frenzy was over. We started up the boat and headed for home with seventy-five keepers iced down. continued on page 20
Dad and I had many amazing adventures together. Eventually, his lifestyle caught up with him. After a four-year battle with lung cancer, Dad died quietly in a hospital on his forty-eighth birthday. Over his lifetime he became an extreme alcoholic; he drank himself into oblivion daily. Age and experience have allowed me to look past his drunken rages, incoherent babble, and many failures. I am proud of my Texas heritage, consider myself a gentleman, and have never “placed my hands upon a woman.” Deep rooted with a passion for reading, I love and respect the outdoors and have spent many hours hunting and fishing. Dad even taught me chess, a game I’ve grown to love. Like it or not, in many different ways, I am my father’s son.

by Robin H. Frazier

Boat By the Sea – Sweden
by Regina Gingerich
Godsong

I hear the things he says to you when he thinks no one's around.
I hear the harshness in his voice; I hear the angry sounds.
Does he think that he can treat you bad and expect you to be good?

Does he think your heart and soul are made of wood?
He's going to ruin you.
He's going to break your heart and throw your love away.
He's going to ruin you.
He'll abuse and rage and make you do whatever he'll say.
If he tells you that he loves you
How can you believe it's true,
When the very words he speaks cry out inside of you
"He's going to ruin you!"
He thinks that you're a psychopath with baggage left to spare.
He thinks there's nothing wrong with him, but he's not playing fair.

Does he think that no one notices the sadness in your eyes?
And you pray that maybe one day he'll get wise.
He's going to ruin you.
He'll never see the truth that's bound to set you free.
He's going to ruin you,
But you are stronger than the ocean, deeper than the sea.

If you tell him that you're leaving
How can he believe it's true,
Til the very words he says cry out inside of you
"He's going to ruin you!"
But he can't ruin you
'Cause I came to set your heart and soul and body free.
No, he can't ruin you
'Cause to get to you, he's going to have to go through Me.
If I tell you that I love you,
You will know that it's all true
For the very words I speak will heal the pain in you,
So he can't ruin you.

by Pam Solars
Glug

to the author of this poem

how can you describe
the fragrance of a tangerine,
the sensation of a kiss
by her parted sanguine lips,
or
heat and light from
a candle in a dark cave of a man’s heart?
is a great poet
like a great work of art
to be hung on display
or lodged in a library?

do you know it when you see it,
hear it, read it, or caress it?
does your heart beat like a tribal drum,
march in locked metered steps,
or spread apart like the stars
in a g a l a x y?

is it written on your walls?
does it ooze from your pores
and spill on library floors?
will it stain the pages of your book?
can you tie it to a rock?
does your romanian woman
curl up in your lap or lap up your curls?

ah, poetry.
does she press against you
and ask the one most important question,
“will you touch me there again and again?”

by mark solars
Springtime in Copenhagen, Denmark

by Regina Gingerich
This Private Place

The wicked moonlight
Her sweet perfume
Two bodies pressed so tight
One might be tempted to presume
They share a rendezvous,
A sweet embrace.
And push the world aside, and hide
This private place.
They might be tempted
To question Fate;
To make one last attempt to quell
The swell of passion's weight.
Drawn by a gravity
From time and space,
They push the world aside inside
This private place.
One dream that lasts forever,
One dream that never wakes,
One soul that shares two bodies,
That gives, and never takes.
Be mine forever-
Do not delay.
And wanting this to be
Of me and you and passion's play,
We'll share a rendezvous,
A sweet embrace,
We'll push the world aside inside
This private place.

by Pam Solars

Joint Pain

Like a rocket to California
Blow cares to Smoke. Old
Life for rainbows, hearing
Tasting waves of color. Life
After dull, black, white.
This Technicolor need
Grows. The wicked witch
In an otherwise perfect
Oz. Under her spell I
Cling to my rocket,
Faster and faster
Till crash.

by Nathan Self
“It was the apple of our eye,”
the people exclaimed with a heart felt sigh.
The nation felt the world gone mad
for what happened this morning was very sad.
Fire and Thunder roared from the sky!
Lives were lost in the blink of an eye.
“The sky is falling! Run for your lives!”
“Revelation’s calling,” another surmised.
“The Towers are falling,” from one I heard,
from others came not a single word.
Panic erupted out in the streets.
Firemen, Policemen died at their beats.
Concrete and steel rained from the skies
as people ran with fear in their eyes.
This tragedy was broadcast for the whole world to see,
thanks to the miracle of live TV.
The President says,”We will catch this man!”
While his brothers-in-arms plan to do it again.
The Experts said, “We had it on paper”
“We knew this would happen, sooner or later”
So here I ask this one simple question
as my mind was filled with sad frustration.
“How can this happen and how can this be,
don’t we live in the land of the brave and the free?”

by Robin H. Frazier
**Wellspring**

Deep in my heart a quiet stream flows  
And from it I refresh my soul  
When life becomes wearisome, I drink of it deeply  
It’s waters once more make me whole

I know not the source of this strength-giving fount  
I only know it is there  
A wellspring that eases the heartache  
When we’re handed more than we think we can bear

Sometimes there aren’t any answers  
And life doesn’t always seem fair  
This amazing gift that sustains me, when needed  
Can only be an answer to prayer

_by Ruth Hale_

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**Come To My Chamber My Bride**

Let me place a crown of  
Jewels upon your head  
I will clothe you in the finest robe.  
Come sit with me in the garden  
As I sing my love song to you.  
I long for you to come.  
My heart can’t let go of you.  
I weep when you are away from me.  
How I love you.  
Come to my chamber my bride

_by Faith Elizabeth Snyder_

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**Little One**

Little One who so small  
Fear so great  
Do not fret for I, your Father,  
will watch over you

Now Little One lay your head down  
For I have come to rock you  
Open your heart to my words

Little One with these words  
You shall find peace of mind  
Little One your cares are mine

Little One when you stray away  
Oh Little One don’t you cry  
For I will pick you up and  
Carry you home  
I your Father shall tuck  
Little One in my heart

For Little One all I, your Father,  
Want to do is to love you

_by Darlene Mullett_

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**Flamingo**

_by Faith Elizabeth Snyder_

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Painted Lips

Tears fall from painted lips
Streaming red in the fading moonlit night
As words braced against them
Struggle to break free
To find a wave of breath to ride on
To enter the stream of agony
Flowing down her face
Over her tear-stained cheeks
And painted scarlet lips
But breath is lost to her
Fighting against her will
Broken.
Tangled strands of silken cord
Adhere as rope in crimson flood
Through which her eyes strain to see
Her haunting, agonized eyes
Straining to cut through the veil of pain
Fighting the scenes
Flashing in the glaze of vibrant blue
Blurred to all but her
Straining to escape the moment
When her life shattered to the ground
Merging with the fragments of the splintered crystal
Snow globe
That once had held her heart’s desire

The taste of painted lips
Brimming on his
He wiped away their only memory
Hatred, repulsion held like a beacon in his hands
He thieved her breath
For another day
A laugh left
A game to play
Locked her heart in an air-tight seal
Buried too far from her stretching reach
Too deep for her feeble strength
A quiet lingering torment
Snatched up her dignity
As her knees shattered on the ground
And the once strong heels of her hands
Splintered like glass under heavy weight
Anything let over
He snatched up just in case
Hooked them to a hot air balloon
For she had no air
He’d clipped her wings of flight
Stolen her heart of light
Stripped her down to nothing
Not even able to stand above the sinking sand
He engulfed all of her

But an empty shell another found her
And though broken
He saw a vase of beauty
He glued her back together
In hope that one day
Her light may shine again
And her painted lips
May someday sing
Echoing her porcelain beauty
To everyone around

by Sabrina Brandenburg
Life Before

We stood soundless on cold cobblestone streets, waiting to see what would become of us, waiting to see who we were to be. Some stood with eyes open wide, hands in front, palms to the sky. Some stood in fear, forgetting to breathe, wiping their eyes with colorless cloths. Still, others seemed lost in the silence of the quiet day, shambling forward, faces never lifting far from the ground.

I stood with my mother, clutching her hand. She smiled at me, lines of worry lifted high upon her cheeks. I watched her take sleepy breaths, and I saw tears fall from her eyes. Life had not been kind to her, yet she did her best not to show it. She leaned down and whispered to me, telling me not to worry, that it wouldn’t be much longer.

She always said that, but each time felt like a lifetime.

One-by-one they handed out lives to those at the front of the line; small, gray envelopes holding new thoughts and dreams and heartaches. Some opened them hurriedly; others tried to hand them back.

I watched as two old men traded words, a mixture of laughter and tears. They held their opened envelopes close to their dimming eyes, reading, deliberating.

“I’m to be a doctor,” the first man said. “I’ll have a loving wife, and two beautiful children.”

“It says here that I’m to die of cancer,” the second replied. He smiled but there was only sadness in it. “Perhaps I’ll meet you there, old friend.”

The two men shook hands. Together they walked toward the large open doorway at the end of the line. The doorway was where we were all headed, yet each person’s destination would be different. Some would go to places where dreams came true while you were awake, while others would go to places where it was hard to dream at all.

A man and woman clasped hands and walked slowly toward the great doorway. You could see love in their movements; the way she gripped his arm tightly, the way he assured her they’d meet again. She was crying; he looked as if he had no tears left. Together they stepped into the empty black and faded from view.

The line shuffled forward and my mother tugged at my arm, urging me to keep up.

“And what will you be?” a voice spoke from the crowd. A haggard old woman peered down and met my gaze. She wore clothing that looked like rags and smelled faintly of soil.

“You mean when I’m born?” I said.

“Yes, that is why we are here, young man. We are all waiting to be born.” Her gnarled fingers brushed a strand of gray hair from her face, and she smiled at me.

“Everything, eventually,” I told her. “My friend said he knows a man who’s been President three times, though not always for the same country. Another man I know said he’d been in the Hundred Years’ War twice.”

“Impressive,” she said, and pursed her parched lips. Her voice was hollow, as if she were standing miles away. “Perhaps introductions are in order, then.” She steadied herself and lifted her chin to the gray sky. “I was once Queen Elizabeth!” She glanced down to observe my reaction. I stood in silence, waiting. “Of course, this continued on page 29
was after I was a nomad woman who had no name and no concept of death. I’ve learned seven hundred different languages, have died in almost every way imaginable, and even helped build the Eiffel Tower!”

She raised her eyebrows and smirked slightly.

I laughed, and watched her face redden in the cold air. After a moment of silence she spoke again, though this time her words were heavy and she did not look at me while she said them.

“Such a strange fate we all share.” Her lips moved slowly, yet her voice sounded even slower. “…to die only to be reborn.”

I stood watching her, unsure of what to say. My mother urged me forward again, bringing my attention back to the moving line.

“Everyone will eventually be everyone else,” she said aloud to herself. “I have lived many lives, young one, have been born many times. And I expect I have a few more first breaths in me, yet.”

“How come no one can remember who they were while they’re alive?” I asked her, stumbling forward.

Her eyes glossed over and she searched the faces of those around her for an answer. “I suppose…” she began, her voice grave and distant, “it would be too difficult to be more than one person at the same time, dear.” She looked at me then, and I felt the weight of untold years.

“Here,” she said, ruffling a hand through her coat of rags. “I want you to have this.” From an inside pocket she removed a small sprig of leaves and handed it to me.

“What is it?” I asked, bringing it closer to my nose.

“It’s thyme, dear.”

“Time for what?” I asked, cocking my head to the side.

“No,” she said, “Not that kind of time.” Her lips curved slightly and she shook her head. “It’s an herb.”

“What’s it for?”

“That depends on who you ask. The Greeks say it brings you courage when you’re afraid. Others say it makes sure you get where you need to go.”

“Oh,” I said. “Can I have another one?”

She straightened her back, placing her hands on her hips. “You only need one, dear. One will work just as well as two.”

“For my mom, I mean. I want to make sure she’s safe, too.”

She smiled warmly, and for a moment I felt that I was somewhere else; someplace peaceful, someplace without lines, without large black doorways and small gray envelopes.

“Of course,” she said.

She handed me another sprig, which I quickly placed in my mother’s pocket without her knowing. I smiled at the woman and said thank you. She nodded, and turned her attention forward. I looked forward as well. As quickly as our conversation had begun, it had come to an end.

We were next, my mother and I. We were handed our envelopes, but before we opened them she knelt before me and wiped the tears from her eyes. She whispered to me, telling me not to worry, that it wouldn’t be much longer.

She always said that, but each time felt like a lifetime.

by Clint Hale
Zambezi River Sunset  by Darlene Mullett

Final Flight of the Evening  by Kevin Engle
Faces From the Past

Faces from the Past, by Misty Poehler, was incorrectly attributed to another student in the Fall 2009 edition of Waynesse. The Waynesse staff regrets the error.

Night Song

Sometimes words come
Then slowly fade away
To grace us with their presence
Even for just one day
Fleeting thoughts of beauty
Lost in the still night air
Silently sung into the night
To the distant diamonds of night light
Into the stillness of the night
In which the moon sings a lullaby
To the haunted night sky
Hiding behind a curtain of fear
Gems that dwindle in the rising of hope
That glosses the world
When darkness scurries across the land
And hides away
Awaiting the end
Of another day
When it once again bravely ascends
To sing another mute song
That echoes across the darkened sky
A picture only seen by the night’s lullaby

by Sabrina Brandenburg
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