The Waynessence of
The University of Akron Wayne College
Spring 2011

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. In the 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 publications, activities, purposes, actions, or positions.
From the Staff
Special Acknowledgments

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

(I was trying to photograph a mother and baby alpaca when suddenly the mother stood up and looked directly at me. I quickly snapped a photograph which I used as the basis for this drawing.)

From the Editor

"Two roads diverged in a wood, and I--I took the one less traveled by, and that has made all the difference." – Robert Frost

As the paths of many of these artists begin to split, including my own, let us shed light on the achievements within this piece of artwork. I am honored to have been part of a small stepping stone in the many successes to come for these artists. Working along side my dad on this project has rekindled my appreciation for my childhood full of painted kitchen tables, construction paper filled carpet, and Sunday mornings with Robert Frost. I would not have the same passion for the arts or creative mindset without it. I hope this edition of Waynessence warms a place in your heart along with the spring and summer months to come. Thanks to everyone for giving me this amazing opportunity!

Charlotte Lorson
Editor-in-Chief

Co-Advisors' Note

It is always a pleasure to work with the talented students, faculty, & staff at Wayne College. Thanks to all who contributed and made this issue of Waynessence another outstanding edition!

I extend a special thank-you to Charlotte Lorson for her service to Waynessence as editor-in-chief for two semesters. I hope readers agree that she successfully led the staff in presenting our contributors’ talents in a positive light. Best wishes for a bright future, Charlotte!

And a huge thank-you to our Dean, Jack Kristofco, an accomplished writer himself. You have supported Waynessence, led the College, and taught with infectious enthusiasm. Enjoy your retirement. You will be missed!

Susanna K. Horn
Waynessence co-advisor

WAYNESSENCE

It seems like each spring, just as we experience the joy of watching another issue of Waynessence make its way out into the world, we are also faced with a bittersweet reality of higher education as a good number of our students do the same! It’s always been a pleasure to work with dedicated students who have volunteered their time to assemble this collection of words and art, but the past few semesters have been especially memorable as I’ve had the opportunity to work with my own daughter, Charlotte, as Editor-In-Chief. It’s been a growing experience for both of us, and I’m grateful to have had the opportunity to see her develop into an able and effective leader from such a close vantage point. I hope each of you will have as much fun looking through this spring’s edition of Waynessence as we had producing it!

John C. Lorson
Waynessence co-advisor

Front Cover
Who Me?
by Judith Bridger
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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A Flower's Death Wish
By Gretchen Pleuss

Snow is a nursing home.
The flowers escape the sun
to wither
under white blankets.
Lain down by the ankles,
but willingly so-
war of wind storms,
vermin,
and the soles of shoes;
war of the wild
Black-Eyed Susans
who take joy in
 tormenting elderly
and defacing beds.
Yes, wrinkled rose and daffodil
ask for suffocation
by white pillows.
Let the young inherit the land,
they think,
Let dogs pee on their heads
Harvest

By Joe Cheslock

As the world changes color
spent vines sigh from contented labor
bounty born plump and purple
held in toiled hands

as the parable continues
seed falls on fertile ground
roots clutch dirt

branches reach like arms
praising, accepting grace,
divine warmth cradles
humanity with fruit of
earth and heaven

Sugarcreek, OH

By Kathryn Drake
Game
By Joe Cheslock

Far from the middle, stuck in the cabbage, beyond white pickets, astray in the trees, penalty assessed, then needing rescued, chunky or shallow, bungled and trapped then reaching objective, missing the target, striking again then finally falling. Lord! What a scorecard, not up to standard, excelling, not often then come the miscues, God-forbid, doubles, triples and higher, Slip ups and setbacks, scrambling, grinding, handicap climbing but margin for hope.
Too Late

By Sabrina Brandenburg

The anger, fear, and desperation boil up within her. The crowd far below yells at her, taunts her. They don’t care about her life. Seeing her do something as foolish as jumping off the bridge to end her life would be a crowd-pleaser.

This is the very reason she was standing here, contemplating her next move: life or death.

The reasons for this feeling were inexplicable. She yearned to be happy, to be her normal self, but she couldn’t find that person she once knew.

As she thinks back, a glimmer of a smile is etched on her face. She thinks of the time when her baby girl was with her, happy and healthy: a normal child. But her sweet, innocent child had died from cancer just hours before.

As a child, she had been an orphan herself, and it gave her hope and joy to adopt one of the older children from the very same orphanage she had once lived in. She had at least given this child a new and happy start. And when the child had been diagnosed, a comfortable, safe place to breathe her last, joyful breath.

But that was all over now. In fact, her life felt like it had ended on that table, next to her sweet little girl two hours ago; how could she go on living when her very reason for existence had been taken from her?

One little, insignificant jump and she could be with her once again.

No more pain.

No more heartache.

No more throbbing ache in her empty chest.

She could feel whole once again, in the place where the few people that had ever truly cared about her now resided.

The officers were on the way to try and talk her down; she’d seen the worried glances of the onlooker, the distressed call that she knew to be to a 911 dispatcher. She could even hear the faint dirge of the sirens racing hopelessly to save her, she who had already been lost.

Without hesitation, she pushed off from the ledge, gravity tearing her down in its cruel grasp. And as she fell, she heard his wailing protest, but it was too late.

She saw the tears pool in the tough, brisk man’s eyes as he realized he couldn’t save her; watched him fall to his knees and clamp a fist to his heart, much the same as she had just hours before.

And she knew: there was still love for her on this sad planet. And tonight that love would mourn her death.

As the ground raced to meet her, a tear fell from her face.

But it was too late…
These are a few things that I truly love:
The sand, the sea and stars up above
Spring sun that warms the chill in my bones
A good cup of coffee and freshly baked scones.
Moonlight filtering through the trees
Form dancing shadows of swaying leaves
Some things that cannot be seen
The fresh pine scent of the evergreens
Church bells that play when it’s time to pray
A kind hand to guide me when I’ve lost my way
A milk chocolate bar when I’m feeling low
A good book to read when I’ve no place to go.
Watching my kitten at her play
Till she cuddles in my lap at the end of the day.
When the world is cold and fraught with fear
Remember the good things that you hold so dear.
Spring Revival

By Gretchen Pleuss

White hairlines recede.
Ruddy tree scalps
welcome sun-bitten warmth
and winter’s farewell tears.
Sprouts sheltered by mud houses
learn dances to finch songs—
elders stand watch,
toes rooted in soft ground.
Another pale ring survived;
new generations to nurture.

Three Birds

Having a Feast

By Gordon R. Beals

(Cleveland Botanical Gardens)
Flood of Ice

By John C. Lorson

(On my bicycle commute to Millersburg during the March 2011 flood and subsequent freeze.)

Time Machine

By Kathryn Drake
The Garden

By Mary Ann Fear

I was but dirt. He made me whole.
He gave me breath, life, and soul.
I repaid him by eating the fruit of the tree
That was, I knew, forbidden to me.
I stole, wasted, cheated, and lied;
Yet on the cross for me He died.
He gave the wonders of the world to me.
I was blind, I would not see.
Still He waited patiently
And I now finally realize
Life without Him would be my demise.
I know one day I will drink the sweet wine.
The fruit of heaven’s gardens will all be mine

My Father’s House

By Carissa Grace Engle

(Smithville, Ohio)
Scared to death, he looks down below him. The leaves and branches are a blur. The ground seems so far away. The longer he looks, the longer it seems the distance between them grows.

Today is the day. Everyone is counting on him; he mustn’t let them down.

Fear grips him, but he makes his way ever closer to the edge, all the while realizing how small and vulnerable he is.

Life is too short. Would he let himself miss out on a great opportunity for fear he would not make it out, or would he take that leap of faith and test his wings?

He looks back to his family and smiles. “I hope to see ya soon, guys. I wanna make you proud.” With those words, he leaped out to discover where this next trial in life would take him. For a brief moment he seemed suspended in mid-air. He was able to see everything- it was a glorious sight.

Just as brief as that moment was, so also was his decent toward the ground. At first he froze: he couldn’t think, couldn’t scream, couldn’t react, but then his natural instincts took over. His wings began to flap and he got higher and higher in the sky. He did it-and he was having so much fun! Around and around he flew until at last his wings grew tired.

Weary from his first flight, he approached the nest too quickly, stumbling as his feet touched the soft, warm straw bed of his family’s nest.

“Bram, aren’t you gonna try?” he asked excitedly.

Bram looked fearfully over the edge. “I don’t think I can fly,” he said, scooting backwards.

“Sure ya can! Just try.” Their mother gently nudged the last of her hatchlings, Bram, to the lip of the nest.

“Everyone can fly, Bram. You just have to learn how,” she replied as she coaxed him over the edge.

Flay watched intently, as he was sure Bram had done when their mother had first pushed him off the edge. His heart beat a bit when Bram tumbled over the precipice and it raced in his chest as he waited for him to reappear. As the minutes ticked by, Flay began to worry. Where was Bram?

Suddenly, the little brown speckled bird darted straight up, spiraling in the air. “You’re right, Flay,” he sang. “Sometimes all it takes is a leap of faith!”
Dead Water

By Joshua Friedt

(Lake Erie)
"gather ‘round children, listen to this tale that will surely offend your parents"

join me in reality
it’s uncomfortably comfortable
everyone has a different view on law and spirituality
so, leave your conscience on the table
this debate will only end in irrationality
and you will unjustly be assigned a label
crimes of morality
make you appear unstable
you needn’t worry though, no one possesses neutrality

be careful of the decisions you make
and be sure your responses aren’t too fake

in this society, you must pick a side
and then, you must abide

always remember, no matter what you think
someone will be there waiting,
waiting for you to sink.
Daffodil

By Kathryn Drake
One Starry Night

By David M. Milkovich

“One on the first night that my son, Nicholas, deployed to Afganistan, I walked out into the yard and looked up into a beautiful cloudless sky. The stars shined brightly. I realized, then, that Nick—in such a far off place—was also under the same canopy. I somehow felt comfort in knowing that God’s plan would bring him home safely”.

(Nick is an 82nd Airborne/ Ranger-trained captain in the Army. He completed three missions to Southwest Asia).

This ribbon hung on the front tree during Nick’s deployment. It was a gentle reminder to pray for Nick and all our soldiers. It was ceremoniously cut down by a gathering of family and friends on August 15, 2010.
My Spring Garden

By Ruth Hale

So Spring has come
and my green thumb
is aching to get ready
with peppers, squash and radishes
and all the latest fadishes,
potatoes, rhubarb, popping corn,
lettuce that's already torn.
square tomatoes to fit the bread
you heard right, that's what I said
much of this is really new
there is less that you must do.
carrots grow already sliced
fluorescent beets precisely diced
onions that won't make you cry
that, by far, was my best buy
swiss chard that is really pretty
crisp and colorful like confetti
makes your salad bouncy and bright
sparkles when it's served at night
organic, healthy, cuisine a-plenty
over pasta, served al dente
invite your friends and kin to dinner
the party's bound to be a winner
all will say that it's incredible
and every bit of it is edible.
Crocus Garden
by John C. Lorson
(out my back door)
Dark Horse

By Sabrina Brandenburg
(in memory of Shadow)

Dark Horse,
So bold
And true;
Elegant lines
Do flow
From you.
Majesty
And Power
That radiates
To even
The deepest
Of depths
Do you
Emit;
Behold
Dark horse!
Your beauty
Is not
Skin Deep
But penetrates
The depths
Of your
Glorious soul;
Dark horse
Doth carry me
O’er the sea
From my enemy
And by
Thy wings
Carry me
To safety
Dark Horse.

Friendly Boundaries

By Kevin Engle
Mile 31
(Ohio and Erie Canal Towpath)
By Joe Cheslock

Past rotten air of the composting plant, every few feet mark some creature’s world, plant’s universe, where trees preside:

maples, chestnuts, oaks and apples, some like sentries, some stooped like old men, gnarled and knotty, others asleep in waterlogged graves.

Blue Heron does a delicate dance through shallows below steel, lifeless giants, arms spread, connected by long, wiry fingers, sharing electrons from a distant dwelling.

We aliens pass a spider’s silken skein, chipmunks hurry, skittish squirrels scurry, turtles slumber, hogs harvest appetizing ground, rabbits sit in placid chew, from afar, doe and fawn stand wary. Geese droppings form brown blots with copper tails like comets, and Fuzzy Bears surviving deadly rubber, worm toward moth galaxy.

As they fall, leaves beckon to their final rest, a painted carpet at our feet, before winter’s burial, resurrect when axis tilts toward the sun.
Simplicity

By Carissa Grace Engle
Kneeling Down to Pray

By Ruth Hale

The last Person I talk to at night before I go to sleep
Is the same one I talked to as a child.
I never thought of Him as being stern
But one who watched me kneel and smiled.
I still think of Him in that same way now
As I kneel down at bedtime to pray.
And we have the same conversation
As I tell Him about my day.
I told him about seeing the first firefly;
Things that he already knows.
Just wanted to say how much I loved it,
That His small, simple creation still glows.
I didn't much like the mosquitoes.
I guess we have to take the bad with the good.
I told Him I'm not complaining, I'm sure He understood.
Of course, I asked Him to be with those that I love
Whether far away or near
And to forgive me for being an old fool
And teach me to live without fear.
There are so many things that I need to say
But I'm sure He knows them; He's with me all day
And He smiles like He did when I was a child
At night when I kneel down to pray
The Super Duper Sandwich

By Ruth Hale

I cannot put my sandwich down.
It's filled with stuff that's slippery.
Condiments are oozing from the middle
And even more peripherally.

It all started out quite normal.
It was after I took that first bite
Everything shifted and started to slide.
All I could do was just hang on tight.

I should have had them hold the mayo.
I'd say it was oversupplied.
If they're going to serve a sandwich like this
It should come with some kind of guide.

I haven't touched my French fries
They're just lying there on my plate
If I try to free one of my hands
My sandwich will disintegrate.

So I'm at a peculiar impasse
I simply don't know what to think
Although I'm getting quite thirsty
There's no way I can can reach for my drink

Therefore I sit here, no solution in mind
I'm not happy, you can tell by my frown
When all is said and done, my problem, I fear
Is that I can't put this damn sandwich down.
Ascending

By Misty Poehler

(Toronto, Canada)
After Tonight

By Sabrina Brandenburg

After tonight I’ll be gone
And you’ll be lonely

After tonight the stars above
Will look down and mourn,
Fading softly as they feebly shine

After tonight the ocean’s tides
Pushed ever forward by the pulse of the moon
Will beckon you forever closer
Into the rapture of their tides

After tonight the world will change
At least in our perception

Tilted sidelong on a swirling axis
Unable ever to return

Frightened and weary
You’ll run yourself under
Blanketed only by your agony

After tonight you’ll realize
That all your pain and suffering
Was all you ever lived for
Because unfelt you caused the strain

After tonight you’ll know
That you were always only ever alone

Up Through the Rocks:
A Study in Pencil

By Judith Bridger
The young woman stared intently at the face of her new creation. She was a budding artist trying to scrape by—she was sure this piece would go over well. It had to.

Her inspiration: the traveling she had always wanted to do and the face of a long-lost friend.

Through painstaking hours of laboring, positioning, and molding the clay until it was of the perfect shape, she created the basis of her piece. She could look into her work’s eyes and know that it was worth her toil. She could think back all those years ago to the fun times they had while staring at his motionless, statuesque face. No, he wasn’t really there yet, but he felt so close—close enough to touch.

After the clay had hardened in its kiln, she set off to master her next obstacle: the painting and glazing process. The details would have to be so intricate, so precise, covering every groove just perfectly. The colors must not mix or bleed; her hand must follow a straight path, leading to the place where his heart and mind have always been: the sweet southern sky.

There was no doubt in her mind that he was coasting high above the Earth’s atmosphere. Maybe he was thinking of her, too. Or maybe he’d found someone else and she was erased from all recollection.

Two weeks later, after her painstaking progress and intricate, precise strokes, her piece aired live as the gala it was entered in was broadcast on television.

The piece was perfect, just as she had planned: it was the blank, masculine silhouette sculpture with a blue-sky coat of glaze, covered in a mask. The mask carved out every intricate detail of her long-lost-love. It was simply titled, written above her name in gorgeous computer penmanship on the card beside the sculpture. It read:

Face of Love
Marci Vonn

And the final touch, the one that made her so confident that he would return to her, was the elegant script she had placed on the forehead of the mask in her own hand:

Come back to me…
Equal

By Julie Yockey

(Chichen Itza, Mexico)
The Light Within the Darkness

By Julie Yockey

(dedicated to my mother, Helena May Yockey)

A white calm seems to swallow me whole.
Taking my breath away with every movement I make
Never ending, yet always a beginning
Swiping the very look I give and granting it to another
Soft as I speak the words seem empty somehow
My hands extended outward, reaching into the very hallows of my soul
You see more than I wish and still it is never enough
I feel the warmth that is your hand guiding me to my destiny
Hope follows a close second only to the faith I can’t quite see
Are you close?
Are you the one that has been my secret guardian?
You have been my strength when I have been weak
You have been my light through all the darkness
You have been the one constant in this world made up of craziness and despair
I will look no further now than where you are
The wind is shifting now
The heart of the storm has passed
I am stuck there no more
To live by the heart is one of the greatest legacies you gave
Never give in to the sorrow and desolation that life sometimes deals
I have learned hope lies within
That people are innately good and
Every soul is searching to belong
But most of all
I am who I am
Because of you
Although you may not be of this world anymore
A part of your soul lives within me and
Because of this I will never be alone,
Always surrounded by the white calm and the faith I can not see
Picture the View

By Misty Poehler

(Germany)
Glacial Creation

By Misty Poehler

(Hocking Hills State Park)
Worry
By Joshua Friedt

My mind is pregnant with thoughts. I attempt to abort the worrisome ones, but the effort is worthless. These thoughts overtake me; my thought process is halted by the blinding blizzard of worry. These thoughts eat away at me; eat away at my life like a predator eating a freshly killed victim. Worry… it makes me tremble with fear while lying in bed at night; I anxiously roll and twist the bed sheets between my index finger and thumb.

While sitting at my desk at work, while running on the treadmill at the gym, worry is right there with me. Worry does not care who I am. It has an agenda; worry only wants to inflict its delicate destruction upon me. I am weak, it breaks me down…I have succumbed. The work it needs to do is done. Yet, it comes back time and time again to feed, to leech off my life. Worry. “Why does it not care who I am?” I second guess my actions, even after this painless pill.

It drags itself along the hallways of my mind. It lingers in the air like a co-worker’s foul smelling lunch, unwanted and obnoxious. “Why is it always here?” I hesitantly ask myself. I cleaned the baseboards and deepest corners of my house trying to rid myself of worry. It didn’t help. Doing this, only made me worry more. I worry my daughter will have a similar problem. I plead softly to worry… “please worry, don’t break her like you’ve broken me.”
Waiting
By Mary Ann Fear

Winter, cold, blustery, and miserable
Rhododendrum leaves are shriveled;
Lifeblood flowing down to the roots to keep warm.
The buds that will flower in Spring huddle in furry little coats,
Cozy, anxious to bloom again
. . . . .waiting.

Tall grasses covered with a marshmallow coating
Sway in the harsh, raw wind.

Small creatures leave a patchwork of footprints in the snow
Seeking a bit of seed or grain to sustain them in this bleak time
So very thankful for a handout from a caring soul, also biding time.
. . . . .waiting

Inside the greenhouse, warm, sensually comforting
Seeds planted in tiny cubicles eager to make their debut
When they will burst into a kaleidoscope of color
. . . . .waiting.

Then one glorious day the waiting is over.
A welcome sun returns and smiles upon the frozen world
Beckoning the cycle to begin once more.
Nourishing rains sing a staccato song, dancing upon a thirsty land
Filling the wells of sanguine hearts with pure ecstasy,
The bracing air intense with a feeling of elation and anticipation.

Another year of life is born; creation blooms
And God is good.
(Wish I could have been) Brave Enough
Hide-and-seek

By Sabrina Brandenburg

Grins
From ear to ear
As we crouch,
Huddled together
Behind the couch

Whispers
Soft and low
The words you said
I still don’t know

Listening
Intently
For the soft sound of feet
Over my pounding heart

Dreaming
In a moment
Of a warm Caress,
A brush against my skin

Feeling
Your breath
Breeze across my cheek

Wishing
It’d be more

Jumping
At the slightest Sound,
The rustling down the hall
The turn of the knob

Away
You slide
From my sinking heart

Thinking only
I wish I could Have Been
Brave enough
To taste your kiss

Roadside Near Rome, GA

By John C. Lorson

(on a bicycle ride in Georgia)
**Instinctive Behavior**

*By Joshua Friedt*

... A single life cannot be easily replaced because we are so idiosyncratic in our ways,
We are so individualistic, who’s to say the world could continue to function if any one of us were to die.

... We don’t know ... 
That’s one mystery of life that will remain unanswered.
Yes, when we pass, our families’ lives may cease to function, but this action soon reverses itself and they move on

... Hopefully ...
Similar to the chaos theory that states when a single factor changes at one place in a system it will have large effects elsewhere.
How do we know when we die we aren’t causing a worldwide effect? Are things in this world really that intertwined, or are we all just living in this world for ourselves? ...
About our contributors

Gordon R. Beals of Dalton is a student at Wayne College taking a variety of courses. (gbeals99@yahoo.com)

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