The *Waynessence* of The University of Akron Wayne College

Spring 2014

*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.

**Wayne College’s Literary Magazine**

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**End of Summer**

by Hannah E. Adams
From the Editor

What an amazing experience to be so directly involved with the *Waynessence* this semester! The group of contributors, with their diversity and enthusiasm, came through with shining colors – mostly the color of sunsets and nature. Thank you to all of you who shared your work to make *Waynessence* the success it continues to be each year. Thank you to the advisers, Dr. Sue Horn and Mr. John Lorson for your guidance and input. Staff members Ashley Weimer and Otis Whitmore, it was so much fun working with you, great job! As noted throughout many previous issues of *Waynessence*, the assistance of Carolyn Freelon continues to be a crucial part of the success of this wonderful publication, thank you again, Carolyn.

Theresa Rabbitts
Editor

Co-Advisers’ Notes

*Waynessence* has long been known for showcasing outstanding photography and artwork by members of the Wayne College community. This semester, our former contributors’ efforts spilled out of the pages of *Waynessence*, into the Gallery of the Student Life Building. This exhibition of works from 2000 to 2013 “opened” during the February 2014 “Poetry, Prose, and Acoustical Jam” – a long-time annual *Waynessence* event that links the College and surrounding community. Many thanks to the Community Relations department, *Waynessence* staff, and Carolyn Freelon, whose efforts made the exhibit possible!

May those of you who read this semester’s *Waynessence* and who visit the Gallery enjoy our contributors’ depictions!

Dr. Susanna K. Horn
Co-adviser

An explosion of photography. That’s the best way to describe the submissions for this edition of *Waynessence*. From semester to semester and year to year we never know what we’ll get when we put out the call to the Wayne College community for their creative contributions. It would seem, perhaps in a struggle to escape from this year’s epic winter, that our collective eye is turned toward beauty—and capturing that beauty to share. We hope you’ll enjoy this photo-packed edition of *Waynessence* as much as we enjoyed assembling it. Thanks as always to co-adviser, Dr. Susanna Horn, and a dedicated staff for producing a wonderful snapshot of our world.

John C. Lorson
Co-adviser
On a clear night at Mohican State Park.

Milky Way at Mohican
by Preston Seran
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**Starry Night • by Preston Seran**
Mendocino Morning
by Brian Collett

appalachian trail hiker
by mark solars

The view from up there
of distant hills and dales
has its ups and downs.

Standing among the coastal
redwoods of northern California.

Among Giants
by Brian Collett
The Color of Rubble
by Brandon Tousley

Just Grand
by Theresa Rabbitts
Defying Gravity
by Jane Fink

I ask for your patience as I change my expectations; I know that expectations create my future.

I ask for your support when I fall into the lonely habits of negative repetition that keep me marooned on the surface of my life.

I ask you for clarity as I pierce through the veil of humanness.

I ask for your grace to help me understand the difference between want and need.

I give you my heart, my fears, my life.

I give you my trust, my pain, my spirit.

I give you thanks for the times that are filled with peace that come with a life of gratitude.

I give you thanks for helping me in my attempts to defy gravity.

Eyes Wide Open
by Hannah E. Adams
My Cousin Emma
by Ruth Hale

My great fun summer has become a dilemma
Who’s coming to visit but my cousin Emma
She’s pink and she’s ruffly and smells so darned clean
You have no idea what this will mean.

The guys and me we take our old bikes
Ride to the hillside, take long dusty hikes
Swim bare as crawfish in Cavinaugh’s crick
And eat blackened potatoes cooked on a stick.

I tell my buddies it’s no use to come by
“It will be a long week” I say with a sigh.
“May as well put my bike up on a rack
Counting the days until she goes back”.

I know exactly what my mother will say,
“Now, Emma is visiting, you’ll stay home today.”
If that isn’t enough, comes the dread voice of doom
“While Emma is here, she’ll sleep in your room”

And where will I sleep! - in the den on a cot
Put that all together and what have you got
The worst kind of torture, a dreadful ordeal
Like a prisoner in chains, that’s how I feel

“Put on your shoes and wear a clean shirt.
She’s coming today so it’s nix on the dirt.
Come with me to meet her,” my pleas are in vain.
We watch as Emma steps down from the train.

Emma has changed, she’s wearing jeans that are faded;
Her hair hangs free, it’s no longer braided.
She says “Hi” and offers her hand..
I’m tongue tied, don’t quite understand.

Waiting for Spring
by Hannah E. Adams
Holmesbrook Park,
Wadsworth

cont. on page 5
It’s been a few years since I’ve seen cousin Emma.
She’s a different girl and a different dilemma
For now I take showers without being told
Mom says she thinks I’ve finally broken the mold

Emma laughs merrily; she’s loads of fun.
We swim at the beach, lay on towels in the sun
I want her to be happy while she’s here.
Why, I don’t know, that’s not quite clear

Then, all of a sudden it’s her last day
And for some reason, it seemed a short stay
She’s all packed. Again, she offers her hand
And says like a grown-up “My visit was grand”

I stammer something about I was glad she had come
Said some other things, I’m sure they were dumb
She offered her cheek and that’s when I kissed her.
Then she was gone and oh, how I’ve missed her

Is It Spring Yet?
by Betty Rogge

Taken at Johnson Woods Preserve in Wayne County.
He was a bit camera shy so I had to be very patient.
Ten Little Toes
by Sarah Mullins

Chesapeake Bay Retriever
by Marieca LeJeune
Memories
by MaryAnn Fear

Down at the end of the garden path, around the old oak tree
There is a secret doorway known to only me.
When I am tired and weary and life becomes a chore
I go down that path, around the tree, and through the secret door.
There is a world awaiting me that brings me joy and peace.
I am a little girl again and all my troubles cease.
I am a happy six-year old with nothing on my mind
Except the carefree memories that I had left behind.
I get up in the dawning while the day is new;
Go out and smell the fragrant flowers still wet with morning dew.
I see my friends and family and pets I had back then.
I feel a bit of sorrow for I must go back again;
Back to the life that I have now, as good as it can be.
Back through the door and up the path away from the old oak tree.
Some day when I am old and feeble and my mind just tends to roam,
I'll take one last walk down the garden path
Through the door that will take me home.
End of Summer
by Hannah E. Adams

This patch of sunflowers was located just off Rt. 57 in Wayne County.

From the Museum of Musical Instruments
by Theresa Rabbitts
The Marketplace
by Ruth Hale

I saw her in the marketplace
Summer’s sun had bleached her hair
Peasant blouse on suntanned skin
One shoulder brown and bare

And when she turned to weigh her find
I saw the freckles on her nose
A plain gold band on her finger
Sandals showing sunburned toes

Nature’s child, she hadn’t changed
And I had loved her so
A misfit in my structured world
I sadly let her go

I thought I had forgotten
The happiness of young love’s glow,
The intervening years have passed
It was so long ago

I’ve more than met my goal in life
My journey clear and straight
Choices made, you can’t go back
For it is far too late.

I saw her in the marketplace... .
How carefree youth was then
A wistful tugging in my heart
Those days can never come again

We happened in the marketplace.
My lovely wife and I
On the way to dine with friends
A last minute gift to buy

Italia
by Sarah Jane Morrow

Taken on a dream vacation to Italy with my brother.
The Rose
by MaryAnn Fear

He gave to me a single rose on the first day we did meet.
I kept that rose for many a year between pages safe and neat.
Now time has gone and so has he. The rose remains the same.
It brings back memories sweet and haunting; I feel I’m young again.

When life was full and happy, not a care in the world we took.
We thought we would live forever, like the rose still in that book.
Now I look in the mirror and see a face sadly old and humbled.
And opening the book I find the rose, faded, dried and crumbled.

Matt Smith
by Cady Courtright
Done in pencil and Sharpie.
it’s a good day when
by mark solars

it’s a good day when
i awake and feel my toes
ever so lightly stroking her foot and heel
with the grace of an artist’s stroke.
i work my brush to the canvas
of her calf knowing a masterpiece is in the making.
is there a george inness, kiefer, or wyeth landscape
in the national gallery
that captures each day just before eight
when the sun peers into our room
waiting for the eye to adjust
knowing there is just enough morning before
toast and juice?

This is Living!
by Traci Carmony

Taken at Prairie Lane Lake in Wooster on a sunny Friday afternoon. Thank you comp. time!
i am spring cleaning
early this year.
i noticed a single cobweb that
led me to a window ledge,
that led me to a pot rack,
that led me to the bookshelves.
as a dustologist trying to narrow down the source,
i would ask where does it come from?
maybe the dust on the bookshelves came from
the top of the Tombstone Blues book my wife got me
several christmases ago that i haven’t yet read
whose dust came from the skies
above clear lake, iowa,
that belonged to the body of buddy holly
or even robert johnson  or john lennon
(nobody knows for sure where those two are buried.).
so the dust to dust could be theirs.
every week I suck it up in a vacuum
and deposit it outside
only to rediscover it in the house the very next week.
does it come down in particles surrounded by a rain drop
on my umbrella,
or a flake of snow clinging to my coat
from the fearful and the brave of persians having died
at the battle of thermopylae in 480 B.C.,
or famous dust
from pompeii, herculaneum, or mt. st. helens
still clinging to the sides of my plaid bedroom curtain?
could a fiber from lincoln’s top hat, a crumb from his beard
the day he visited gettysburg, or a flake from a fin of a plesiosaur
have found its way to my bedside stand?
i haven’t even begun a diatribe
about cosmic or radioactive dust.
I could open a dust museum, as chief curator
i can hear myself leading the way to a miniature display
that reads “here is the dust from the undiscovered writings
of richard brautigan.”  and here is the dust, or what’s left of it,
from the hanging gardens of babylon.
of course, i would need to dust the dust every week,
and, when I’m done with that,
go outside and remove the dust from the world.
Floating in a hot air balloon over the fairy chimneys formed by an ancient volcanic eruption in the Cappadocia region of Turkey. One of the most thrilling experiences of my life... 2013 Packlite trip to Turkey.
Over one hundred of these northerly visitors were documented in Ohio alone – an area that rarely sees these dwellers of the northern tundra. Taken just a few miles east of Wayne College.

Snowy Owl at Cruising Altitude
by John C. Lorson

Nature’s Morning Cup of Java
by Kevin Engle
The Drive By
by Theresa Rabbitts

The birds took flight as I drove by, and for a few moments my imagination went with them. I floated up there until the geese honking to passers-by turned into the Kia behind me at the stop sign.

The sunlight through the trees flash as I drive by and my imagination challenges me to smirk and flip my hair in my pretend photo shoot until I turn the corner and my visor ends the dream.

The sound made by cars as we drive by each other sounds like waves folding over onto the sand, and I imagine the feeling of the warm grains invading the spaces between my toes.

Eye On It
by Kaitlin Klotzle
I met a man who walked atilt
Indeed he was most oddly built
One stride was long, the other short
a convoluted, lopsided sort
It is not often you will find
a man who is so misaligned
But his eyes were warm, a hearty smile
an honest man, no sign of guile
a firm handshake sincere and true
the while, down deep, somehow I knew
That this strange man came from afar
Across vast ages – an Avatar
A chance encounter, a subtle guide
for love and peace personified
Why he appeared to me, I cannot say
it mystifies me to this very day.
My Last Day
by MaryAnn Fear

My last day on earth will be
My first day in eternity
I’ll be the new kid on the block
From what I’ve heard, this place can rock
I wonder what my job will be
For everything up here is free
They told me, for what it’s worth
God paid my dues down there on earth.
I must owe him a tremendous debt
He’s not come by to collect it yet

I guess I’ll wonder around a bit
To see if there’s some place I fit.
Oh, there’s some folks I think I know
We were friends from down below
They made me feel so much at home
I know I’ll never be alone
I met the big guy finally
He gave a great big hug to me
And told me that I would always be
His child for eternity.

Foggy Dawn
by Amber Ferris
Shame On You
by Theresa Rabbitts

It will take more than blue skies to bring life to the trees,
Sunshine is needed to arouse the birds and the bees,
Depression and impotence banished only by warmed skin,
Mother Nature should repent, for she surely has sinned.
Snowy Morning
by Sarah Mullins

Butterflies Are Free
by Gordon R. Beals
Interlude in Italy
by Sarah Jane Morrow

Gloucester MA
by Jane Fink

The view of the Pacific coast while driving north on California Highway 101.

CA 101
by Brian Collett
Rejoicing Spring
by Tom Hammond

Solitude
by Gordon R. Beals

The Offering
by Tom Hammond
Profound or Profane
by Trevor Edgell

Words can be profound, or they can be profane.
Words can be compound, but they can’t be contained.
Some may seem quite sound, while others sound insane.
In some words, truth is found. In others, merely feigned.

In some words you can drown, yet some words shield the rain.
Some words can bring you down, some words can ease the pain.
Your words might stick around, or they might quickly fade,
but think of who you might astound, simply with what you say.
Expectation of Good
by Brandon Tousley

The Love in My Eyes
by Alexis Christian
Math Pains  
by Michael D. Schafer

Math is a problem for people,  
As they perform mental extractions.  
For instance, five out of four people,  
Will have trouble with fractions.

Math causes anxiety,  
And for reasons they can’t explain,  
All of that anxiety,  
Will cause a person pain.

Call it the wrath of math.  
Arithmetic can make you sick.  
Plus, minus, times and division.  
Will give you a mathematical crick.

Math is a painful affliction.  
A major strain on the brain.  
I suffer from fibromyalgebra,  
And now I’ve got a pi-graine.

A Smashing Appearance  
by Brandon Tousley
Winter’s Beauty
by Traci Carmony

A Splash of Color
by Cady Courtright
Mountain Top Cross
by Jacqueline Ranallo

Taken at Joni and Friends, Jumonville, Pennsylvania, Family Retreat Camp.

The Family
by Jane Fink
Farmhouse Sunrise
by Kevin Engle

The Pond
by Amber Ferris

Photo taken during a walk on the trails at Wayne College.
Great Dane
by Marieca LeJeune

Painted from a photo using acrylics.

Drinking from the tap, this Savanna will also take showers whenever there is an opportunity.

Fearless Drink
by Alan Boettger
Canvas Back: Running Take-off
by John C. Lorson

This Canvas Back drake briefly visited the spring-fed pond at Wayne College during his northward migration.

Above
by Nick Dreher

Outside a plane window on a return trip from Florida.

Sunset at Wayne College
by Amber Ferris

Taken from the parking lot at Wayne College during a beautiful sunset.
Winter Friends
by Marieca LeJeune

Put Out to Pasture
by Kaitlin Klotzle
Mantis on the Gold
by Gordon R. Beals

Sunny Day in the Swamp
by Betty Rogge
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Back cover

The Three Musketeers
by Kaitlin Klotzle

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Front cover

Starry Night
by Preston Seran