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 consent of the contributors, who accept full credit for their work. All rights to the writing and artwork presented here are retained by the author/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 writing submitted to Waynessence is entered into our writing contest. In the spring, awards are given for the artwork or photographs that appear on the spring Waynessence front and back covers.
NOTES

CO-ADVISOR’S NOTE
Our spring issue of Waynessence continues a rich tradition of lively poetry and intriguing stories along with another impressive collection of visual art and photography. As the calendar cycles into warmer months, interests among members of The University of Akron Wayne College academic community turn toward our obsession over lawns, our devotion to baseball, our love of pets, and our fascination with nature. It is also worth mentioning the dedicated, behind-the-scenes hard work of our talented word processing staff of Susan, Sharon, and Luke. So, take a journey through the wonder and creativity of our newest Waynessence issue and enjoy!

— Scot Long, Ph.D.

CO-ADVISOR’S NOTE
This spring edition is packed full of great pieces. I love that we can offer a way for people to show off their creativity and our dedicated staff works hard to make sure everyone’s items are highlighted in the best possible way.

— Sarah Mullins

EDITOR’S NOTE
This has been my first year with Waynessence, and I have enjoyed it thoroughly. It’s been a great honor to be a part of such a creative community and to help allow so many people to put their work into published form. I encourage everyone to keep up the great work, including our wonderful team, and I hope that we can inspire more people to take part in this creative outlet.

— Kayla Covington

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To have tasted what happiness feels like is a fascinating moment in your life.

When you can breathe, even if it’s only for a finite moment, and you understand that your idiosyncrasies are a beautiful part of who you are as a person, and happiness is embracing them.

I imagine that when you meet the person who doesn’t allow that feeling to dissipate, you feel it deep within your bones. And you know, they are more than another lesson. They are your home no matter where you go, and when home ceases to be a place, but a person who at the end of the day you return to. They are the person that loves you even through the darkest parts, and wakes up with you during the happy ones. They are who makes you better simply because you want what’s best for them.

And for those of us, who are wandering this earth alone, there is a certain happiness in growing as person, as a whole, while making a home within yourself. To learn how to grow strong, and sturdy by yourself is an amalgamation of everything we have been ever been taught. The fight is a tough one, but a beautiful adventure in patience, and the understanding sometimes sharing your life with someone isn’t always what you need, or will get right now.

Happiness is going through struggles knowing that while it’s hard now, you will wake up. Embracing the chaos, and learning how to weather storms. While, growing and changing, and waking up to fight again. It is falling in love, with someone else and yourself. Happiness is in everything we do.
RELAXATION
By Michael Schafer

A gentle rain
An old freight train

Tender spoken words
Singing song birds

The sweet smell of flowers
Warm summer showers

Soft music played low
Soft falling snow

A country drive in a car
Eating a chocolate candy bar

A spider’s web thick with dew
Any shade of the color blue

Relax...
Relaxing...
Relaxation
A long time ago,
For reasons unknown,
Rather than eat his treat,
A dog decided to bury a bone.

Where the bone was buried,
Was a magical space,
And over time,
Something magical took place.

The bone began,
To shine and glow.
Then the bone took root,
And began to grow.

The bone grew and grew,
Into a mighty Bone Tree,
With more bones on its branches,
Than the eye could see.

There were bones of every flavor.
Every shape and size.
Picked fresh from the tree,
Every bone was a prize.

Tales of the Bone Tree,
Spread far and wide
There were bones to pick,
All puns aside.

The Bone Tree became famous.
And its legend grew.
Now every dog wants,
A Bone Tree bone to chew.

Every dog loves a bone,
Bones are meant to be chewed
And Bone Tree bones,
Are good roasted or stewed.

If you visit the Bone Tree,
Be sure to get a doggy bag,
Because a bag full of bones,
Is guaranteed to make tails wag.

So if you happen to see a dog,
Walking down a tree lined street,
Chances are he’s looking for the Bone Tree,
And a good bone to eat.
Broken open
like the geode, exposing beauty that was hidden;
like the one who finally learns to cry, so can laugh;
like the sedimentary rock, displaying a fossil trilobite.

Broken in
like the meek horse, who goes where its Master leads;
like the comfy shoes who fit, and make both feet smile;
like the wise husband who’s glad when his wife is right.

Broken up
like the eggs stirred with a fork to make French toast;
like the waves on the beach as they rejoin and return;
like the people who laugh so hard together they cry.

Broken out
like the bird now freed from its egg to grow and fly;
like the chain now cast aside, holding no prisoner;
like the promise that our love is not just for now.

Broken
like the dark is broken by dawn;
like anger is broken by forgiveness;
like confusion is broken by understanding.
Broken open, broken in, broken up, broken out: Broken.
The break becomes the breakthrough.
**RED DOG**  
By Scott Gold

Red dog drags a carcass through a field of standing corn

Corn lays down, a road through standing rows

Rows stand by, a vigil to those fallen

Fallen stalks point to where the red dog lays

Lays her pup into a grave of dirt

Dirt she scratched and scraped and dug alone

Dirt that turned a white dog into red
Taking a Break, Marla Neiss

Bridge in the Mountain, Mohican Train, Mass., Shannon Clark

Wilderness Center, Vada Watson
As I grew up my mother gradually explained to me the circumstances of my birth and parentage suitable to my level of understanding. Though perhaps unusual, they were not unheard of. She explained that consequently I was special, her special child, all hers. Later, when I had become educated I realized this was a manifestation of her strong feminism and pride in matriarchal descent, that we—mother and daughter—should carry the same name. During the course of her education she had decided she wanted to have a child of her own, on her own terms without the encumbrance of a husband. When the time was right as a young professional, she decided on a suitable donor, and it was all done quite clinically, just like inseminating a cow. She told me not to wonder about who he was or try to find out anything about him. He had simply been their favorite and more especially closest college friends, an ethics class that quite strangely to me was, the knowledge just the same as being aware of myself in the way that we all carry our family histories.

This plan had had a curious origin, as it grew out of a group research project carried out with her closest college friends, an ethics class that quite simply had been their favorite and more especially the favorite professor of their educational careers. To understand the past as prologue, he had said, they would consider the ethics of creating would be “super babies” made possible by the ever expanding technology of genetic manipulation and explore the history of previous incarnations of this ideal. It began with Steven J. Gould’s The Mismeasure of Man, examining the racist origins of 19th century anthropology, then the experiments with reproductive technology in Aldus Huxley’s seminal novel Brave New World, chillingly and ironically mirrored in the contemporaneous project initiated by the SS to ensure the survival of the “Master Race” called the Lebensborn. The Repository for Germinal Choice, an experiment with similar goals that existed shortly before my own birth, offered women the chance to have a child by choosing from a large “menu” of extremely successful donors, e.g. Nobel laureates, wealthy businessmen, famous athletes. My mother joked as she remembered her classmates using their laptops to check out potential donors on websites that offered similar services but not the cachet and for a substantial fee. These men were not donors; they were working for a living. She assured me, though, that this had been just “the germ” of the idea, to use an oddly appropriate phrase, but had no relevance for me, then refused any further information about my origins. I honored her wishes, but, possessing an inquiring mind, I poured over her class materials trying to find some clue to my existence.

As a young adult, I have started to feel an ever-greater disconnection with the people around me. I look at my face in the mirror and compare it with a picture of my mother at the same age and find no connection. What part of me is from her and what from him, this total stranger? Likewise, I live with an affect whose description would sound like the copy of an ad for an antidepressant in a medical journal. I am as always, the odd lot out, with my passion for music, especially singing, and my love of the humanities, just a sideshow to those who in their educations value the practical. I, however, am the last romantic, experiencing tidal waves of emotion, a loner wanting always to be by myself except for the musical organizations with which I perform, retaining my own voice within a group, loving Beethoven’s Missa Solemnis, Brahms’ Ein Deutches Requiem, or Handel’s Messiah, even though I am an atheist. I form a part rather than feeling apart, independent, yet not alone, connected through making beautiful music. For what is music but black dots on a page until the performers transform it into a living presence, a wonderful opportunity for shared time and human relationships, that ends with the last echo of the music and out the door?

I am not beautiful, too tall, a perpetual and usually losing struggle with weight, and a personality that well may put people off, at once smug, superior while trying to hide my need to be taken aside and ask, “With me, you’ve go be kidding?” And sometimes they are, I try to remain aloof knowing that if I open up, I will cling. My mother is affable, rotund, and gregarious, at ease in all situations and highly competent. I am haughty, intellectually arrogant, aloof, and yet at the slightest kindness I melt. Freudian and even behavioral psychology tended more toward the Rousseau’s tabula rasa, the imprint of experience on character and personality and yet I have read accounts of twins separated at birth either due to adoption or hospital mishaps who upon finally meeting their other selves find an uncanny connection that can only be explained by genetics.

With the current availability of less expensive DNA testing, I seek knowledge of what genetic predispositions I might have to illnesses, physical or mental, but even more to solve the riddle of my existence. Consequently, I am surreptitiously searching for information about companies with huge collections of data that might also provide links to unknown and probably distant relatives. But would I instead learn the dangers of The Faustian Quest: to be in the pursuit of knowledge, yet gain no understanding from it?
Citizens heed this warning,
The MAD MOONER is on the loose,
Quick as a wink, his pants are down,
And he shows you his caboose.

The MAD MOONER is out there,
Filling people with dread and fright.
He’s got lots of junk in his trunk,
And it’s not a pretty sight.

No one knows who he is,
Or who his next victim will be.
Every day he drops his drawers
And goes on a mooning spree

He’s made old women faint,
And children cry.
Seven men went blind,
And that’s no lie.

The police scratch their bottoms,
Trying to find this mooning maniac.
They’ve searched every derriere.
They’ve examined every crack.

They get behind every clue,
Looking for this backside malcontent.
They even brought in the butt hounds,
Hoping to pick up his scent.

So beware of the MAD MOONER,
Look away if his end is in sight.
Lock your windows and your doors,
There’s a full moon out tonight.
**SHED HAPPENS**

By Michael Shafer

Dieting advice is a word to the wide,  
And I’ve had more than I can stand.  
For me a balanced diet,  
Is a cookie in each hand.

Some things are worth the weight,  
Although I have pounds to shed.  
It seems I’m going the wrong weigh,  
And my problem’s become widespread.

I bought a refrigerator that says, “Oink Oink,”  
And the oinking never stops.  
But all that did for me,  
Was make me hungry for pork chops.

I tried being a vegetarian,  
Until I started leaning towards sunlight.  
Low carb diets go against the grain,  
When you’ve got a healthy appetite.

If I want to dye-it,  
I’ll change the color of my food.  
I never take the path of feast resistance.  
Diet talk just leaves me stewed.

I might be at my widths end,  
But I won’t diet anymore.  
It might be mind over platter,  
But I can get thinner at the paint store.
The creation of the interstate had cut the town off. Motorists passed it as just another unknown, unexplored exit visible from the highway, a set of church spires, a hospital, a court house topped by trumpeting angels, and a celebrated football stadium. Closer attention would reveal a row of low slung, flat roofed buildings whose original hue like autumn leaves had been rendered tawny by time, neglect, and the accumulated grime of the long defunct steel mill. Bricks used for building the town were quarried from the abundant local yellow clay and fired by one of the town’s most successful businesses that had made a family rich whose name emblazoned streets, schools, and the now abandoned shopping mall.

On that kind of January day whose brightness offers a hope of warmth that never comes, a tug at the makeshift door of one of these structures, inadequate as protection from the wind for the sole occupant and the items for sale inside, revealed in a blur the chaos of the contents without focusing in on any specific item. It was as if a gang of robbers had sorted through the lot and then decided wisely that it wasn’t worth the trouble to haul any of it away. Then the eye would find, for rest or repose, the one clear spot illuminated by the bare 60 watt bulb hanging from a crossbeam along with a bit of light coming in through the smudged window, a desk originally oak, or cherry, or some other local wood whose surface had been deeply etched, the integrity of the wood grain pattern marred by a palimpsest of conscious carvings, accidental scratches, careless stains, and the initials of strangers.

Two arms concealed in a brown working man’s winter jacket seemed to be holding up or at least steadying another man whose garment tented over his corpulent torso. These together with the ovoid face punctuated by eyebrows arched as if in perpetual surprise and the ‘O’ of rounded lips were all that was visible of him. He seemed to have no chin. Around him in every conceivable form of boxes, or shelves were the items collected in the store that claimed to sell antiques.

Bob always told himself he needed to clear the space in front and he would get Raymond, his hired help, to unpack the items stored in the back, some day. Bob had no idea how long those boxes had been there or what they contained. He had started as a clerk years before, doing just what he was doing now, sitting and waiting, his face mild but imperturbable and seemingly indifferent as to whether any customers came or not. The owner, an heirless, left him the business out of indifference as much as anything. With no computer and no conception of eBay, Bob sat pricing a load that Raymond, who did the hauling, had just brought in. Bob couldn’t do the hauling and never had, although he used to go along, sweating profusely, trying to maneuver his bulk among the items. Now he just sends “the kid” (Raymond was approaching 45) out to whatever address where an estate sale had been announced, or to farm houses for odds and ends.

Sometimes people would call and say, “Hey, Bob, I have an oddball piece. Think you might be interested?” And Bob would shrug, even though there was no one there to read his gesture, and send Raymond out to investigate. Quite often, the kid would bring the proffered object back with him to join the company of the multitude of items bathed in a timeless dust at his feet.

The arrival of a customer spurred Bob into what for him amounted to exertion. She was one of those people who lived in the closest large city and whom he depended on for business.

Bob, “I need a bird cage.”

“For how big a bird?”

“Just a bird cage; I don’t have a bird.” The irony of this request totally escaped Bob, as he started puttering around and found some ancient ghastly gilded remnant of the Gilded Age. “Bob, why don’t you have a TV or even a radio in here?”

“Too distracting. The ticket says $35, but how about you just give me $10? Already looks like it’s going to be a hard winter. Some of these old farmers are sure to catch the flu and die, which means Raymond will be busy hauling their stuff. I really got to get this place cleared out.”

The blast of cold from the door was the only reply.
As I range along the shelves of the library, walking up and down the rows of books, scanning titles and grasping at the spines as a starving man who would wish to devour a well-appointed banquet, I think of the great twentieth-century Argentine writer (and foe of Juan Peron) Borges who imagined that Paradise would be a kind of library. But the physical appetite can be soon sated and lead to slumber, and as for Faust also, the desire for intellectual attainment never ceases. What joyous, peaceful lives I might have spent here were I like the fabled cat with nine lives. Yet tempus fugit. Ars longa vita brevis. Time flies. Art is long but life is short. Like Keats' “Grecian Urn,” these volumes can live on, “Thou shalt remain, in midst of other woe/ Than ours, a friend to man, to whom thou say'st,/ Beauty is truth, truth beauty,” but for how long?

Completely digitalized libraries are not just a prediction but indeed a fact. Call me a Luddite, but a screen cannot delight the eye or engage the tactile sense like a book that can be held, possessed, treasured, and passed on. When I take up the German language books passed down from the grandmother's sister, I wonder where she was when she turned the pages, read the lines, or underlined a phrase or sentence. When she looked up, what was the landscape in Mannheim, and of whom did she see, what voices, what music did she hear? These are my magic windows into a vanished world. When I take up a well-used volume I can ponder: Who has been here before me, and who were this book's past lovers? Gutenberg's invention ignited a revolution far greater than the electronic one of our own times.

Will the future have inquiring minds joyous in solitary contemplation and engaging discussion or will there be only a collective consciousness determined by some faceless Orwellian electronic media? Or will the books I have learned from, the books I have loved be consigned the same fate as those in Ray Bradbury's "Fahrenheit 451"?
**SPIRITUAL MARINER’S CHALLENGE**

a Pantoum by Brenda Miller

Shall I stay on land, or go to sea?  
I ponder as I stroll this beach.  
I hear what seagulls call to me,  
with one foot walking here in each.

far from this beach these sands stay on.  
Sea touches sea, and we are one.  
I hear what seagulls call to me  
far from this beach these sands stay on.  
Shall I stay on land, or go to sea?

I ponder as I stroll this beach.  
The sea is my home, but on these sands,  
with one foot walking here in each,  
I walk both the oceans and the lands.

The sea is my home, but on these sands  
I wonder which I like the best.  
I walk both the oceans and the lands.  

I wonder which I like the best,  
walking shell-in-hand held up to ear:  
the sea my journey; the land my rest.  
Far from these sands my feet touch here,

walking shell-in-hand held up to ear,  
I hear songs of reckless seas and fishes.  
Far from these sands my feet touch here,  
I hear longings of my heart’s true wishes.

I hear songs of restless seas and fishes;  
sea touches sea, and we are one.  
I hear longings of my heart’s true wishes
An aura of complacency crept over the crowd during the triple-A minor league baseball game on that muggy midsummer evening. It seemed that only the most ardent fans would be very bothered if the home team lost, even though cheering echoed throughout the stands each time the Columbus Clippers eked out a base hit.

Dressed in suits like gangsters in a crime drama, the ushers waved the crowd forward barking out, “General admission this way!” Bargain tickets could be purchased for the bleacher section just beyond third base, which was soon colonized by families swarming with kids. Indeed, all of the stadium’s 15,000 seats would be considered premium in a major league ballpark.

“Peanuts! Popcorn!! Ice cold beer!!!” shouted vendors, even before the first pitch. “Get your hot dogs heeeeeere!” Some fans were already shelling out greenbacks for a bag of peanuts, soda pop, soft pretzel, or a frozen dessert novelty.

Pitchers on both teams threw hard and the action was pretty close to major league stuff, with budding stars hopeful of getting called up to the majors. A few former big leaguers served as mentors, some coaching and others still playing, the majors. Rain threatened play throughout the game with ominous wavy clouds hanging over the downtown skyline like a vibrant Thomas Hart Benton canvas just to the east of the outfield wall. Wet weather, of the unpredictable Midwestern sort, paused long enough so that no tarps were rolled onto the infield; only sprinkles of precipitation here and there came down, and the droplets seemed to evaporate in the latent heat of the sweltering August evening. By the sixth inning twilight slowly faded to darkness beyond the brightly lit ballpark.

Perhaps the most surreal event at the ball game was the sudden appearance of the popcorn philanthropist. A well dressed man approaching middle age purchased an entire tray of popcorn boxes from a hawker. He then turned to face the general admission crowd of mostly kids, including the colorful quintet, and began tossing the boxes high in the air, each one spinning and ejecting fluffy white morsels sparkling like the Fourth of July in the floodlights, while nearly everyone else in the stands roared with laughter. The spectacle ended all too soon when the philanthropic gesture was halted by an overdressed austere usher, who of course, the crowd booted like an ignominious umpire making a bad call.

The visiting Pawtucket Red Sox of the blue-collar Rhode Island town versus the Clippers situated in the capital city of Yankees owner George Steinbrenner’s native Ohio.

Oblivious to the concept of fandom, a group of five youngsters ate peanuts while sitting with their backs to the ball field and staring up at the other people in the stands. They knew intuitively that much of the fun originated in the crowd, with fans chatting and laughing, enjoying ballpark snacks, and ringing those cacophonous cowbells! Metallic and loud, the tumultuous rising of the incessant noise gave the impression that everyone in the park owned one.

During the fourth inning, loudspeakers blasted a corny tune of allegiance to “your hometown favorite team” along with a whimsical sing along dot that bounced as it followed the lyrics across the scoreboard’s amber lights. At the end of each stanza folks were needlessly reminded to “ring your bell,” which they did in earnest while blissfully singing along.

Such frivolity was too much for the otherwise preoccupied group of five youth to ignore and each joined in the vocal amusement, followed by an inadvertent half inning of actually watching the game. The repetition got to be too much, so the youngsters flipped around again toward the stands.

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In the eighth inning, a batter hit a pop fly reaching such towering heights that it took three or four infielders to locate the ball, a “major league pop up” in a minor league park. Regardless of the score, the modestly paid ballplayers continued to slug it out so that each might impress coaches, local sportswriters, and the major league scouts. The game wound itself down to the final out with a chop ground to third and the Clippers defeated Pawtucket by the score of 7 to 4.

Once again facing the stands and elbow-deep in popcorn, the five youngsters sat unaware that the ballgame had ended. Their fascination remained focused on the crowd, which was beginning to file out; yet the quintet remained steadfast in discovering what other surprises might happen at any moment.
Having passed my youth in the remoteness of rural Ohio and several of the stages of adulthood in the anonymity of apartments in varying degrees of disrepair, preferring the college town to the city, I find life now in a residential enclave, fabled as the quintessential American dream, a novelty more honored in the breach than the observance. The inconvenience of windows passersby can peer through, the annoyance of neighbors’ children with intimations of rock star immortality, the charcoal stench of Labor Day frivolity might indeed, all be endured. The lawn, however, is the greatest indignity; or rather, I should say, the obligatory expectation of maintaining one’s lawn in a condition akin to a manicured putting green.

The best course of action in dealing with a lawn should be to ignore it. Let it be. Ars longa vita brevis. Life is short and the collected wisdom of the ages great. How much better to spend one’s time in serious reading or listening to the world of classical music than attending to the lawn! The denizens of this putative urban utopia cyclically perform the Labors of Hercules: sowing, fertilizing, watering, applying weed killer all oblivious of the warnings of Rachel Carson, and most of all manifesting an obsession with the power mower: spewing noxious fumes, increasing global warming, and creating the incessant roar of a chorus of buzz saws. If you want to trim your lawn, buy a push mower, save the environment, and work off that adipose tissue, the excesses of Super Bowl parties past. When the season turns to fall, the lawn could stand there shaggy and leaf strewn, its imperfections soon covered by the snow of the Ohio six-month winter, while fantasies of an extensive garden take up the intervening time.

The fallen leaf, the needle of the pine should yet remain to nourish next year’s bounty while idle time may soothe the muscle of those past their prime. And yet what folly to rake and bag nature’s mulch, the chief element in building the soil’s rich humus, to demude the very spot we seek to invigorate with growth, only to hire a lawn service to apply some toxic chemicals in the spring in addition to one’s own endeavors. Do law and ordinance decree this wasteful custom or only fear of what the neighbors might think or say? These pervasive pursuers of such plots of pure perfection harken to the harshness of the Raven’s hallowed cry: “Tend the lawn for evermore.”

A pox on it.

Leave the lawn alone. It would be husbandry enough to let it be fallow for a season and then replace it with the flowing beds of roots and greens, sunflowers’ triumphant heads and the vines of climbing beans, to allow the lush harvest of the golden gourd and pungent kale, and finally the broad leaves of cabbage standing yet against the frost.
Our CONTRIBUTORS

GORDON BEALS
Gordon Beals is a student at UA Wayne College taking a variety of courses. Pg. 6, 15, 33, Back Cover

SAVANNAH BLACK
Savannah Black is a student at UA Wayne College and is originally from Irondale, Ohio. Pg. 6, 8, 15

SHANNON CLARK
Shannon Clark is an Army veteran, a social work major, mother of twins, and loves taking pictures. Pg. 9, 17, 26, 35

BRUCE CRISSINGER
Bruce Crissinger has taught writing, literature, and other subjects at various institutions in NE Ohio. Pg. 18, 24, 27, 34

ELIZA GOEBEL
Eliza Goebel of Rittman is a sophomore in Early Childhood Education major. Pg. 3

SCOTT GOLD
Scott Gold of Orrville is a full-time engineer, part-time educator, father or three, and husband of one. Pg. 14

SCOT LONG
Scot Long has enjoyed teaching anthropology and sociology at UA Wayne College since 2005, and has also worked many years in journalism as both a writer and editor. Dr. Long resides in Mount Gilead where he and his wife Cynthia own and operate a bed and breakfast. Pg. 30

BRENDA MILLER
Brenda Miller lives in Orrville and enjoys writing poetry. Pg. 13, 28

TRINA MILLER
Trina Miller of Rittman is an STNA at a nursing home, majoring in nursing. Pg. 7, 19, 31, 35

MARLA NEISS
Marla Neiss, a mother of two, resides in Wayne County with her husband John. They are self-employed. Pg. 11, 16, Inside Back Cover

KIWI PITTMAN
Kiwi Pittman is a CCP student here at Wayne, she’s a senior at Wooster High School. Pg. 8, 33

ASHLEY PRICE
Ashley Price of Massillon. Pg. 5, 23, Inside Front Cover

THERESA RABBITS
Theresa Rabbits is a student services counselor and mother of three, majoring in Early Childhood Education. Pg. 20, 29

MADELINE ROCK
Madeline Rock, 17, of Doylestown, Ohio is a CCP student, High School Senior, and College Sophomore, majoring in Fine Art Photography. Pg. 20, 25, 26, Front Cover

MICHAEL D. SCHAFER
Michael D. Schafer of Wooster is an author of poetry who likes to have fun with his writings. Pg. 8, 10, 21, 22

KATIE TACEY
Katie Tacey is an alumnus of UA Wayne College, now teaching biology. Pg. 32

COLLEEN TEAGUE
Colleen Teague, associate professor and coordinator of Health Care Office Management, enjoys spending time on or near water and frequently captures snapshots with her cell phone. Pg. 23, 28, 29

VADA WATSON
Vada Watson is a junior in the social work cohort with an interest in social justice. Pg. 5, 7, 12, 17, 23