The Phoenix
A Magazine for the Creative Arts
Thiel College, Spring 2013
Sigma Tau Delta

Editor:
Emily Whipple

Layout Editor:
Leanna Yeager

Publicity Editors:
Caitlin Ferry
Alison Lange

Editorial Board:
Caitlin Ferry
Dr. Mary Theresa Hall
Dr. Jared Johnson
Alison Lange
Lisa Leonhard
Kayla Ohlin
Bess Onegow
Sean Oros
Keisha Shaw
Tim Taylor
Emily Whipple
Leanna Yeager

Front and Back Cover Artwork:
Chris Pouliot

Advisor:
Dr. Mary Theresa Hall,
Chair of Faculty and
Professor of English

Printed By:
Copyland
2035 East State Street
Hermitage, PA 16148

*All works in this publication are the sole property of their authors and are not to be reproduced in any manner. These works do not reflect the opinions or Mission Statement of Thiel College.
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Work</th>
<th>Author</th>
<th>Page</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>[Photograph]</td>
<td>Amy Jane Matchett ‘12</td>
<td>5</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A Special Dedication</td>
<td>Sean Oros</td>
<td>6</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>This I Believe</td>
<td>Ryan Murphy</td>
<td>7</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>May the Truth be Slow?</td>
<td>Here lies GAAP (1942-2016)</td>
<td>8</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Hay Wagon</td>
<td>Sean Oros</td>
<td>8</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>[Photograph] A New Beginning</td>
<td>Maryanne Elder</td>
<td>8</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Of Teaching Chemistry</td>
<td>Ryan Pepper</td>
<td>9</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>“Love” is Like the Wind</td>
<td>Erika Leonhard</td>
<td>9</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Untitled</td>
<td>Stephanie Flask ‘11</td>
<td>9</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Harlem 2012</td>
<td>DJ Martino</td>
<td>9</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A Great Picksburgh Journey</td>
<td>Shane J. Martin</td>
<td>10</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lay of the Brown King</td>
<td>Sean Oros</td>
<td>11</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Love Always Fails</td>
<td>Chelsea Meister</td>
<td>12</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Biology Divide</td>
<td>John Amorose</td>
<td>12</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Inside View</td>
<td>Amy Matchett ‘12</td>
<td>12</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>[Photograph] Flower</td>
<td>Kaylin Vickinovac</td>
<td>12</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Farmwife</td>
<td>Lisa Leonhard</td>
<td>15</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A Valentine’s Poem</td>
<td>Sean Oros</td>
<td>15</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Perfect Technique</td>
<td>McKenzie Harry</td>
<td>15</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>[Photograph] Taking Stage</td>
<td>Maryanne Elder</td>
<td>15</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Identity</td>
<td>Jaclyn Watkins</td>
<td>16</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Stars</td>
<td>Seul-GI Lee</td>
<td>17</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Dirt of the Dustbowl</td>
<td>Sean Oros</td>
<td>16</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cannot Thank You Enough</td>
<td>Meghan Paine</td>
<td>17</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>[Photograph] Water Droplets</td>
<td>Maryanne Elder</td>
<td>17</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Haikus of the Four Season</td>
<td>Shane J. Martin</td>
<td>18</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Quicksand</td>
<td>Brenden Lowry ‘12</td>
<td>18</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A Tidal Wave of Art and Revolution</td>
<td>Dr. Mary Theresa Hall</td>
<td>18</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>[Photograph]</td>
<td>Amy Matchett ‘12</td>
<td>18</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Discovering the Heart of a Nobody</td>
<td>Leslie Myrick</td>
<td>19</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Guy and Friend</td>
<td>Sean Oros</td>
<td>19</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>[Photograph] Heart</td>
<td>Kaylin Vickinovac</td>
<td>19</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>[Photograph] Peace</td>
<td>Maryanne Elder</td>
<td>20</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Friend</td>
<td>Amy Matchett ‘12</td>
<td>20</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A Dirge to “A History of the Western Humanities</td>
<td>Sean Oros</td>
<td>20</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A Moment of Silence</td>
<td>Lisa Leonhard</td>
<td>20</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Calling?</td>
<td>Bess Onegow</td>
<td>21</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Speak to me in a Voice that is Kind -</td>
<td>Erica Ricola ‘12</td>
<td>21</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
Welcome to Thiel College’s creative publication, The Phoenix!

With this edition, we sponsors of The Phoenix—Sigma Tau Delta, the English Department, and the English Club—are pleased again to share with you, for the 13th consecutive year, the literary and artistic works submitted by our students, faculty, and alumni. The variety of literary and artistic contributions we receive each year makes the editorial board’s selection an increasingly challenging and enjoyable endeavor. This year, we had the privilege of reading and evaluating approximately 200 submissions and of working with an extremely dedicated editorial board. I am especially grateful to them. In the spirit of the motto of Sigma Tau Delta—Sincerity, Truth, and Design—we dedicate this issue to Dr. Bill Robinson, whose professional life at Thiel for 38 years has borne witness to these three virtues and who has enriched the lives of our faculty and staff, his students and thespians by evoking and encouraging their creativity and imagination.

In Egyptian mythology, the Phoenix was a beautiful, lone red bird that lived in the Arabian desert for 500 or 600 years and then consumed itself in fire, rising renewed from the ashes to start another long life. A symbol of regeneration, immortality, and hope, it is an appropriate symbol of Thiel College and of a liberal arts education. Our publication The Phoenix testifies to the courage of the Thiel community to use our intellects and imagination, and to share the power and wisdom of the creative process in the selections you are about to read and in the visual pieces you are about to behold.

We hope you enjoy the literary and artistic selections that follow. We invite you to contribute to The Phoenix by submitting your own creative or artistic pieces to Dr. Hall (305 Greenville Hall) or any member of the Editorial Board any time throughout the year.

Dr. Mary Theresa Hall
Chair of the Faculty and Professor of English; Advisor of Sigma Tau Delta and The Phoenix

“Creativity takes courage.” ~ Henri Matisse

“Curiosity about life in all of its aspects, I think, is still the secret of great creative people.” ~ Leo Burnett

“You can't use up creativity. The more you use, the more you have.” ~ Maya Angelou
A Special Dedication for Excellent Service:
Dr. William “Bill” Robinson

Dr. William “Bill” Robinson will be retiring after many years of service to Thiel. During that time, Robinson forged a legacy at Thiel that is renowned in the local area. The Thiel Players, which he founded, will continue in his absence, as will the theatre named after him, but there will be many students and faculty alike who will be deeply saddened by his departure.

Robinson has earned much respect during his time at Thiel. “Everyone who meets Bill knows that he’s extremely dedicated and very pleasant—all day, every day,” said Leah Kook, a Thiel student who has worked with Robinson on multiple plays. “Because he can bring out the best in people, everyone’s always giving 150%, especially him. Thanks to him, theatre is one of the best things Thiel has to offer. I’ll miss him. He always gives you a chance to shine.”

Professor Nancy Katz has also worked with Robinson in the Greenville Community Theatre, which Robinson also directs. “You’re just seeing Bill from Thiel,” Katz said, referring to campus. “The community has great respect for him. The caliber of our community theatre in Greenville is superior, period. I had lived in Houston, Texas; the community theatre here is on par with big cities. Bill Robinson pulls talent out of anyone. He’s excellent for his eye for casting. He’s excellent for his eye for chemistry. He’s more than a legacy; he’s a legend.”

Joey Hertzog has worked closely with Robinson over the course of Hertzog’s time at Thiel, leading the theatre office staff. "Dr. Robinson has brought Theater to Thiel Campus,” Hertzog commented. “Not just entertaining shows, but actual theater. Theater that makes people think. Theater that transports people to another time. Theater that educates the audience. He has helmed a diversity of shows and has truly made a conscious effort to show a range of theater.... He has brought the art of theater to Thiel campus."

Thiel will not be quite the same without Robinson. But he will leave for his well-earned retirement knowing that, thanks to his efforts, it is a better place than it was when he first arrived.

Dedication Written by Sean Oros
The mythological phoenix sets fire to itself and from within the remaining ashes, a new bird arises; in this rebirth, I believe. Throughout my short twenty years, a significant amount of growing has occurred as inches and pounds add to my frame and maturity levels reach greater heights. Following the footsteps of the phoenix, it became time for rebirth.

Unfortunately, some people reach a point in their lives when they realize they are not happy with who they have become. I had reached one such point. Battling with depression, reaching the lowest of lows, and spiraling into the abyss better known as my mind, I became someone I did not like. Stumbling through life in a zombie-like trance, especially without her, was not a life I was willing to live. It was time for the only constant thing in life: change.

Life is all about one's outlook. A positive outlook can greatly affect how the day passes. Rays of sunshine and that special scent in the air always follow dark clouds and rain. The fires of a harsh and unexpected break up had ravished the person I thought I was and left a clean slate to build the person I wanted to become. No longer would someone else control my mood or determine my happiness. I held the keys to my future.

Life had gone from focusing on one person to rebuilding, not only myself, but also the broken relationships held with friends and family. It had become about making myself happy again, and confident with what I brought to the table. It was not easy, but repetition inspires familiarity, which inspires confidence. This constant soul-searching led to the realization that life is made up of the little things: laughing so hard with someone until tears trickle down your cheeks, seeing younger siblings practically grow before your eyes, or watching the sunset on a sultry, sticky summer night.

However, unlike the phoenix, human life does not come with a literal second chance. As a result, one cannot take anything for granted. Tell mom and dad that you love them, appreciate those little things, and live your life as if you will never die.

The old adage says, “If it’s not broke, don’t fix it,” but maybe that is incorrect. Maybe it should be, “If it’s not broke, break it, and then make it better.” As the new bird emerges from the remains of the previous phoenix, one thing is certain: when all else is gone, there is still hope.
May the Truth be Slow?
Katelyn Downey

Gently be your words so kind
A tender heart I keep
Even thoughts that cross my mind
Unable me to sleep

The truth, yes, but take it slow
I need it gradually
Some want the truth fast, I know
But that’s just not for me

Here lies GAAP (1942-2016)
Yosief Woldegebriel

I was Generally Accepted Accounting Principles
The U.S loved using me for financial Reporting
But then I was put to rest
And Replaced by the IFRS (International Financial Reporting Standards)

The Hay-Wagon
Sean Oros

Sweat and hay dust in your eyes
Scratches, welts upon your arms.
Sun beats down without relent.
Steady rhythm of bailer at farm,
Shaking wagon traversing field,
Sweating hands grabbing twine.

Soon the dew will fall again
So we must work to bring bails in.
Steady feet for twisting wagons,
Sturdy arms for throwing bails.
Slowly we move down the rows.
Surely we’ll ache before we’re through.

A New Beginning by Maryanne Elder
Of Teaching Chemistry
Ryan Pepper

The teacher knows the information well.
“Combining Hydrogen and Carbon makes Organics, metals Inorganics.” Tell
The students well or else their heads get aches.

Procedures clear, the teacher should convey,
Or students will make egregious mistakes
Precipitating much confusion, din,
And chaos, until logic reigns supreme.

About assessment there is much debate:
A formative or summative approach?
To guess from diff’rent options they equate
Proficiency; skill sets, they neglect to broach.

Of course, no matter what we may demand,
The students always need to understand.

Untitled
Stephanie Flask ‘11

He/I scarlet-tongued
Tied in the knots of passion:
Lust’s paranoia.

"Love" is like the wind
Erika Leonhard

"Love" is like the wind –
That blows through your heart –
And whistles all your secrets –
Until you almost fall apart –
……
And everything that mattered –
Doesn't anymore –
For the wind works your mind –
Like it's never worked before –
……
I feel it – by the open sea –
And underneath the leaves – of the old oak tree –
But never have I felt it –
In a person like – me

Harlem 2012
DJ Martino

What happens to a dream deterred?

Does it sink into darkness
like a raisin in the mud?
Or fester like a sore—
Clotted with blood?
Does it blink like a dying light?
Or dim and flicker out—
like the moon on a cloudy night?

Maybe it just cracks
like a lonesome road.

Or does it implode?
A Great Picksburgh Journey

Shane J. Martin

Ben had just graduated from Agony College and was ready to celebrate Pittsburgh-style. When the dean handed Ben his diploma, Ben questioned, “Furill?” When the dean said that Ben had, indeed, graduated, Ben looked over at his parents and friends and shouted, “Didya see at?” When his friends came to congratulate him, Ben zoomed away shouting, “I hafta get to da buffet for the free food!”

After they cleaned out the buffet, Ben and his friends said that they were going to drive up to Erie for some partying. All Ben’s parents had to say was, “Yinz chawt for da cops when driv-ing up to Erie!” Before Ben and his friends left for Erie, Ben asked his parents for s’umuny for the road. Ben’s mom asked Ben and his friends, “Jeet jet?” and when they said, “No,” she prepared some sammitches and sgetti for them. Then, Ben and his buddies embarked on the journey of a lifetime.

On their way up to Erie, they passed many businesses. First, they stopped by Bess Buys to pick up a stireo system for their car. Then, they went to Jine Iggle to do some food shoppin’ for a pitnic they wanted to have (see, these guys were wild and sensible at the same time). There, the group picked up some chipped chopped ham along with some of Heinz’s kitch-ip and a court of milk. Later, they stopped by Permanees for some of their good ol’ coleslaw sandwiches. Before they left, the boys had to go the baffroom since the next car ride was going to be a two-hour non-stop drive.

When they arrived in Erie, they ran into their long-lost college friend, Joe Stiller. Ben asked, “Hah ya doone?” Joe said that he got thrown out of college because he cheated on the midterm in his freshman year. He said that everyone was doing it. Ben angrily chastised, “If your friends jumped off the 40th Street Bridge, would you?” Ben told Joe that lassnite him and his friends were out having a fun time getting ready for this trip of a lifetime. After meeting up with Joe, Ben and his wild friends went to go to see a Pahrts Game. Unfortunately, the Buccos lost, but that did not put a rain cloud over Ben’s parade. Out of nowhere, Da Bus approaches them and asks if he can have $20! After getting Da Bus’s autograph, Ben exclaimed, “Fer cryin in da sink! I got Da Bus’s autograph!” All things considered, Ben’s journey of a lifetime turned out to be great. So, airyago, a story of a man’s quest for fun and excitement…all told in Pittsburghese!
Lay of the Brown King

Sean Oros

Dark the day, dark the hour,
When tyranny took the throne.
None dared to face the crown’s new power,
Save one brave man who stood alone.

Called the Brown Knight, protector lone;
Called faithless, pledge-breaker, bereft of home;
He was an outcast prince, a rebel brand.
He was a leader of faithful war-band.

Bandit lord but poor man’s guardian,
Foe of emperor, the crown obsidian.
Against the darkness he rides to fight;
Bearing his standard, broken land’s last light.

Roamer, homeless, always in flight;
But faithful and quick to aid peasant’s plight.
Raider of king’s man, savior of rebel;
In tyranny’s downfall his one last revel.

Once he dwelt in courts of women and men;
Now he hides in hill lands and woodland fen.
But the time will come when he returns,
And grants to all the freedom they yearn.

He loved a lady in service of his lord;
Homeless refugees, they earned room and board.
In service of lord he rode to the fight;
In service of lord she raised standard bright.

Betrayed they were by hubris’ grasping;
Their lord seized the crown, their fate-cords clasping.
Her hand seized lord in binding wed-lock;
Her child’s an heir, her love a mock.

The lord did rise to betray all good.
The crown he seized with deceitful hood.
Arlin, the knight, did flee for his life.
Against the lord did he vow to raise strife.

Called the Brown Knight, protector lone;
Called faithless, pledge-breaker, bereft of home;
He was an outcast prince, a rebel brand.
He was a leader of faithful war-band.

To him did gather desperate followers,
Risking their lives, roaming vast forest acres.
Swordsmen and farmers, children and old:
Both just and outlaw, rebel heroes bold.

To battle he rides, to reclaim his land,
With tyranny to struggle, freedom his people to hand.
Long the fight, but longer still his resolve,
His people behind him, their troubles to solve.

His lady he hopes to someday see again,
Freed from the Emperor’s hand.
Only by death shall she be set free—
Shared is her fate with the land.
Love Always Fails
Chelsea Meister

They say what’s past is past,
I know now that nothing in this world lasts.
As I watch the candle light flicker like the soul inside of me,
The joy in my heart not even I can see.

Like a raging beast, I look to feast
On nothing more than love—to say the least.
But darkness controls my every move,
I know not happiness is meant for me.

The knife in my hand, I study every groove,
Only to see the moments I wish there still to be.
Reflections are useless, ‘cause what good is there to see?
If two could be, then still maybe I’ll find something prove or—but,

Until I die, like a child I will silently cry,
Until I know why, until the end of time.

The Inside View
Amy Matchett ’12

People judge; they don’t understand.
If only they could feel the pain
That tore me apart inside...
Maybe they wouldn’t mock
With scowls of disappointment
And words of ignorance.
Is this regret that I feel?
I can’t be sure.
My mind is a web –
Of personal reassessment
And extraneous opinions.
My thoughts are tangled –
My strength is gone.
At this moment,
I know no direction.
Tossed among the mighty sea
In a riptide of emotion.

The Biology Divide
John Amorose

Botany and Zoology,
Study you study me.
Separated, let us be,
We are one, but must live free.
First Officer Murdoch stared in a sort of muted shock at the hunks of ice littering the forward well deck of the ship. The distant thrumming of the engines still struggling to halt the ship’s forward movement and reverse it seemed to reverberate through the now eerily quiet night. The Scottish First Officer stuffed his hands into the pockets of his woolen overcoat, and exhaled slowly. He was broken from his reverie, however, by the sound of a door banging open. Captain Smith came onto the bridge, his hair visibly mussed up, having just been awoken. The sleeves of his shirt were rolled up, and his vest was hanging open as he rubbed his hand through his thick beard.

“Mister Murdoch, what have we hit?” The captain asked with no perfunctory courtesies. Fourth Officer Boxhall entered the bridge at a sprint at the moment the first officer began to speak.

“An iceberg, sir. I tried to port around it, sir, but she was too close. We hit her just abaft of the fo’c’sle.” Smith’s jaw tensed slightly as the captain surveyed his first officer.

“Seal the watertight doors.” he ordered.

“They’re already closed, sir.” Murdoch answered at once. Smith glanced at the clock on the wall of the wheelhouse, and stepped out of the heated room onto the frigid and icily cold open deck, strolling to the starboard bridge cab, which hung 18 inches over the side of the ship. Grasping the window frame tightly, the Captain leaned out, peering past the emergency cutter that hung out from the lifeboat davits directly in his field of vision. After a few moments, he pulled himself back in the window, and crossed the bridge back to the wheelhouse, Boxhall and Murdoch following.

“All stop.” Smith ordered.

“All stop, aye sir.” The two officers scrambled to obey, running to yank the levers on the engine telegraphs.

“Rudder amidships, Mister Hichens,” the captain ordered the quartermaster handling the gargantuan ships wheel.

“Amidships, aye sir.” Hichens responded, starting to cumbersomely swing the wheel to the right, the little arrow on the helm indicator swinging back to zero as he did so. Smith exhaled, stepping to the starboard wall of the wheelhouse, examining a pair of brass indicators, and biting his lower lip slightly.

“Not even five minutes, and we’ve developed a five point list to starboard and we’re
down three at the head. Mister Boxhall, note the time and position in the ship’s log, then I want you to find the carpenter and tell him to sound the ship.” The fourth officer nodded his orders, and immediately snatched the sextant from its perch on a shelf in the chart room, stepping into the frigid night to take the ship’s position. The captain’s eyes, however, were still fixed on the inclinometers, the two little brass dials.

“I don’t like this, Mister Murdoch.” He spoke at last. “Any normal collision, we’d be leveling off by now, but look, we’re still down to starboard and the head.”

“You think we’re taking on water, sir?” Murdoch asked, prompting a nod from Captain Smith.

“Almost certain of it. Question is, how much and where?”

Boxhall came back onto the bridge, scribbling a couple notes in the ship’s informal log book before moving towards the emergency stairs from the boat deck into the very depths of the ship. His footsteps hadn’t even faded away before a panicked voice echoed up the stairs, past Boxhall, and onto the bridge.

“Water in the squash courts, and flooding the mailroom! Ten feet above the keel in the cargo holds!” A pair of footsteps were racing loudly up the stairs, and John Maxwell, one of the ship’s carpenters, burst onto the bridge.

“Mister Maxwell, report,” Smith said to the mustashioed Irishman courteously.

“We’re taking water something fierce, sir.” He reported gruffly, sounding alarmed. “The mailroom’s flooding if the clerks are to be believed, and there’s water in First Class cargo at least ten feet up the keel. Had a hell of a time getting up here past the watertight doors, sir.”

Captain Smith exhaled slowly, his hands absently moving to button up his vest as his eyes moved from the carpenter back to the inclinometers.

“Thank you, Mister Maxwell, you may go.” He bit his lower lip slightly, before turning to Sixth Officer Moody, who had been standing in the background for awhile. “Mister Moody, go and fetch Mr. Andrews for me. Be calm about it, there’s no need to cause panic. Bring him to the bridge at once.”

“Yes, sir.” The twenty-six year old officer nodded as he sprinted off the bridge. Captain Smith walked back to the door of his cabin to get himself properly dressed, closing it with a snap as Murdoch turned his gaze back to the hunks of ice on the forward well deck. Several third class passengers had emerged onto the deck, and were talking among themselves, pointing at the hunks of ice and talking excitedly. Some men had begun playing a game of what looked like football with the hunks of ice, kicking them back and forth to each other. No one noticed the inclinometer inch another point towards the bow, the ship slowly starting to take on water.
The Farmwife
Lisa Leonhard

Awake before the sun,
a new day has begun.  
Cows to be milked, men to feed
by good example she must lead.

The children cry, so she must care. 
A quiet morning is something rare.
Off to work all the men go,
like the water-ebb and flow.

In the yard the children play,
while chickens sit amongst the hay.
Sun shines down on a dew-kissed field,
perhaps this year there'll be a good yield.

Evening comes, all grows still.
Nocturnals come to have their fill.
Crickets chirp and bull frogs croak
from the chimney drifts a fire’s smoke.

A Valentine’s Poem
Sean Oros

There is one I love, a soul strong and kind.  
This one I love is special, strong and true; 
Through all the world her equal I’d not find.

To this woman I pledge my heart to bind,
For rare is fate so kind in love, to few.
There is one I love, a soul strong and kind.

I do hold dear a heart, a soul, a mind;
Dear Olivia is the one so true —
Through all the world her equal I’d not find.

She is my love; to her my heart’s consigned.
If but the warmth for her I feel she knew.
There is one I love, a soul strong and kind.

To be so close to her is love defined;
To even hear her voice is bliss so true.
Through all the world her equal I’d not find.

Perfect Technique
McKenzie Harry

A lonely girl just trying to learn the game of basketball,
Learning the right technique to make her shot smooth
Just like writing a poem,
She needs a good base, her starting point,
Tuck the elbow in—she can’t get sloppy,
From there she needs to make sure she shoots the ball in one motion
It has to all flow,
The final touch is the follow through,
Just to make it her perfect technique.

Taking Stage by Maryanne Elder
Who is Jaclyn Watkins, is what the world wanted to know, 
So in search of an answer, they had two places to go. 
They could ask Society, that was an obvious choice, 
Or they could ask Jaclyn herself, hear the answer from HER voice. 
So they had a list of questions, all written and rehearsed, 
And they began their inquiry, asking Jaclyn first: 

#1) What does Jaclyn look like? 
Well, I’m very tall, I call it a confident height, 
And I have a big smile, that I think fits me just right. 
My body is unique, though I’m not extremely thin, 
And I’m perfectly comfortable in my brown, ebony skin. 
So that was her answer, and they said “It will do,” 

But there was another answer, from another point of view: 
Society. They asked him, What does Jaclyn look like? 
The question was the same, but his answer, not quite. 
He said Jaclyn? I know of her, but not all that well, 
All I really can say is that she’s a black female, 
She’s far too tall, and could lose some weight, 
And if she didn’t smile so much, then that would be great. 
So that was his answer, and they said it will do, 
And then they proceeded to question #2 

#2) Where does Jaclyn come from? 
Well, I’m from a small town in western PA, 
I’ve lived there my whole life, from the very first day. 
Just like any other town, there’s negativity you’ll see, 
But there we all stick together, just like a family. 
Although in academics, we are the very last, 
I tried my best to change that, and was at the top of my class. 
And even though my hometown has been filled with pain and hurt, 
Let’s not forget that beautiful flowers started off in dirt. 
Suddenly, Society interrupted, and HER answer they forgot, 
For the things SHE said were true, he said they were not. 

Where does she come from? you ask. A very terrible place, 
A shame to our country and a bad waste of space. 
To the weakest, they are weak. To the poorest, they are poor, 
While I reach for the sky, they just wallow on the floor. 
Drugs, gangs, and criminals, they only birth the worst, 
They call it a depression, but it seems more like a curse. 
If I had a gate, and closed this town together, 
And then set off a bomb, the town would be much better. 
Although this harsh statement would hurt many to the core, 
Jaclyn was not surprised, she had heard it all before. 
THEY ASKED THE VERY LAST QUESTION, Where is Jaclyn going? 

And Society answered this one without even knowing, 
He said NOWHERE, most likely, just look at the statistics, 
For history repeats itself with such a great persistence 
Although she finished high school, and started off at college, 
She’s probably already behind on most required knowledge. 
If she does continue school, while she has some years to go, 
She’ll probably have to drop out; her finances are too low. 
And if, by chance, she finished college, despite her poverty, 
A simple college graduate is probably all she’ll be. 
And yes, all of these statements are unfortunate to say, 
But where Jaclyn came from is probably where she’ll stay. 

BUT Jaclyn stood up, and she said, very loud: 
Where I’ve been and where I’m going, for both I am proud! 
No matter what the past has brought, or what the future brings, 
I am my own person, with my own voice I will sing, 
How dare you try to define me! Tell me who I am, 
How my life will turn out, 
And where my future stands! 
I have goals and I have plans, and though they may be doubted, 
They will all turn out fine, just how God allows it. 
I AM my own person, I have my OWN Identity, 
And it is NOT determined by YOU, Society.
The Stars
Seul-Gi Lee

You and I live in black vagueness
Stand on the flat grounds, only light answers
To me, in the round sky of the midnight brightness

There are seven stars, twinkling in the silences
With worries of tomorrow stare the song of shiners
You and I live in black vagueness

Staying calmly, lying on your shoulder with softness
My mind’s full of broken feeling of you, seven glitters
In the round sky of the midnight brightness

Between the stars, the memory of my happiness,
Fluttering in the sky like a fireflower, shimmers
You and I live in black vagueness

Dirt of the Dustbowl
Sean Oros

Dust did fly and choke the land,
Despair settled from the wind like sand.
Drowning dirt that crushed the west
Driving lives to ruin, crushing farm and house.
Draining strength and livelihoods
Damage causing madness, spread like plague,
Drastic measures taken, families fleeing home,
During Dustbowl, of the thirties grim.

Water Droplets by Maryanne Elder

Cannot Thank You Enough
For Carol Jone
Meghan Paine

I cannot thank you enough
For being there when things were tough.
For the tears you’ve dried
Each time I’ve cried.
For the encouragement you’ve shared
And for how much you’ve cared.
For the support you’ve shown me
In my every victory.
For the times you were around
To take me off the ground
And tell me I’d be okay
When it seemed there was no way.
For all these things and others too
I want to say thank you,
But words alone cannot express
How greatly I feel I have been blessed.
For someone as special as you
A thank you just won’t do.
So as we say our good-byes,
And as tears flood our eyes,
Carol I want you to know…
Through everything you’ve done.
My everlasting love & gratitude you’ve won.
# Haikus of the Four Seasons

**Shane J. Martin**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Season</th>
<th>Haiku</th>
</tr>
</thead>
</table>
| **“Summer”** | Summer is now here—  
Beach balls bouncing, kids playing;  
Oh, what fun we have! |
| **“Autumn”** | Falling leaves off trees  
Have effervescent beauty.  
Death not, but new life! |
| **“Winter”** | The wonders of snow  
Bring about shorter daylight.  
Happy holidays! |
| **“Spring”** | Springtime in the air—  
Bees are buzzing everywhere.  
Flowers are blooming! |

---

**Quicksand**  
Brenden Lowery ‘12

Twisting, Turning, Fighting as I fall in  
There is no escape  
The weight of the sand bears down upon my soul  
Each second increasingly heavier than the last  
The mass of earth rises over my waist  
Screaming, yelling, begging for mercy  
Sand begins to reach my neck and head  
With one last shout I go under  
With one last breath I am swallowed.

---

**A Tidal Wave of Art and Revolution**  
Dr. Mary Theresa Hall

Opulence, chaos, wild hair flaring  
into moon beams that snatch and wave  
blue-black into the sunless sky.  
We live in mid-air and we breathe  
Nothingness into eternity.

---

**Untitled**  
by Amy Jane Matchett ‘12
Discovering the Heart of a Nobody

Leslie Myrick

That night
I remember it as if it happened last night
The air was warm and salty
The breeze was cool and gentle
But wicked as it swept
Metal car after metal train
The loud music and ringing
The machines repeatedly singing
Time never stopping
Our hands were touching for what could've been hours
It felt like a dream
A dream that didn’t rhyme
A dream that can be retold
For ours and hours it can be retold
My heart beating faster and faster as the wheels moved
The warmth of the moment as our lips touched
The happiness I felt as we walked
Side by side
Heart to heart
Hand in hand
This pain in my heart got worse
It grew and expanded
Soon enough my heart was covered
It beat hard and fast
It fought away the bad memories
It severed the pain of my past
And opened a door
In this door I could see light
They beckoned for him inside it
They pulled him inside
Told him it would be alright
He knew what to do
His lips pressed against the walls
And a smile came to my face
This burning inside
The desire
It banished all harm
All fear
All resentment
I felt free
I could see the white light in front of me
They beckoned us inside
And we went
Together
Side by side
Heart to heart
Hand in hand the innocence swallowed us whole
The love
We disappeared inside
Just me and him, him and I
Alone in a world only we could see
Arm in arm
I discovered something that night
I was becoming myself again
I found myself
Almost as if I was nobody
Until he loved me.

Guy and Friend

Sean Oros

When Badguy arose to threaten the land
There needed a hero his will to oppose.
So up arose two men with great will and heart,
This Guy and Friend, brothers, to battle did dart.
Evil opposing, a villain to thwart,
Two brothers, together, their people’s last fort.
Their mission to halt cruel Tyranny’s grasp,
Against odds they struggled, dodging death’s clasp.
With courage they triumphed, with friends ever true,
And raised so their flag of silver and blue.

Heart by Kaylin Vickinovac
Friend
Amy Matchett ‘12

Refreshing - simple,
Honest words from an honest
Tongue – quintessential.

A Moment of Silence
Lisa Leonhard

They call for silence now.
For a moment we all question why.
“Never again,” we together vow.
Buildings burn, we wonder how.
Do we tell the truth or must we lie?
They call for silence now.
No one there, alone they bow.
Human limits they- desperate- defy.
“Never again,” we together vow.
To the sky, a child murmurs, “wow.”
Mother and father glance, then cry.
They call for silence now.
Forgotten? No, we cannot allow.
Memories, emotions must not die.
“Never again,” we together vow.

A Dirge to “A History of the Western Humanities”
Sean Oros

The day has come when Western goes away;
Now gone is thought of ancient deed and day.
“Time too much is spent on what is not today.”
The day has come when Western goes away.

Why spend so much of time on Greece or Rome?
We must not bore students texting on phone.
Why bother learning who we are today?
The day has come when Western goes away.

Condensed like soup, so Western will be sold.
To rush the course before subjects “get old.”
For that will show we value “past” today;
The day has come when Western goes away.

Peace by Maryanne Elder
Calling?
Bess Onegow

Will You dance with me?
Your Word is a home
throughout the Heavens and beyond
the sea.
Let me not alone.

Your Word is a home
when I am sick at heart.
Let me not alone,
come show me my part.

When I am sick at heart
I can hear You call my name.
Come, show me my part.
I am in search of no fame.

I can hear You call my name.
Here I am. Is it I, Lord?
I am in search of no fame,
yet Your voice strikes a chord.

Here I am. Is it I, Lord?
For I am sore afraid,
yet Your voice strikes a chord.
Lead me to Your safe glade.

Speak to me in a Voice that
is Kind-
Erica Ricola ‘12

Speak to me in a Voice that is Kind
Assumptions and Speculations please leave
them behind-
Address me as your Equal, not some injured
being
Tell me with Honesty, but only if it is out of
Love

Your Sincere words may break my Heart-
Yet it is you saying Nothing at all that will
Tear me apart
Speak to me in a voice that is Kind
Open my Eyes or I will be forever Blind-
Life Journey
Sean Oros

Life is a winding road,
And I bear a heavy load.
Rain does pelt my laden back
And thorns their torment never slack.
But the sun still shines so bright
And stars still shed their pristine light.
I hear birds sing and watch forests green
And marvel at the wonders I have seen.

Ode to a Doctor
Kate Young

Oh to be a doctor,
The things a girl can dream
Oh to be a doctor,
Life will be better than it seems

To work with little children
And make the sick healthy;
To use the skills I’m given
Without a care if I’m wealthy.

I want to make kids better
So they can live their lives
Without becoming little fretters
And really, truly survive.

I want to be a hero
To the child without a chance,
To take their odds of zero
And change them into a celebration dance

Oh to be a doctor
And change the world we know
Oh to be a doctor
I’m ready to go!

On the Road
Seul-Gi Lee

Here I am, on the road to find joy
In the bright sunlight upon the meadow.
With fear to the endless road I take,
I stare at you through the narrow window

In the bright sunlight upon the meadow
I keep seeking for the pleasure in the morning.
But when I stare at you through the narrow window
Soon the blue and gold make the sky of evening

I keep seeking pleasure in the morning
That came to my mind and erased vagueness.
But soon the blue and gold make the sky of evening
And shades all lights in the air, the darkness.

Once it came to my mind and erased vagueness
But it easily disappears, like a huge storm blows
And shades all lights in the air, the darkness
Makes me confused and I lost my way to you.

It easily disappears, like a huge storm blows.
With the fear to the endless road I take,
I am confused to find the right way to you.
Here I am, on the way to find the joy.
It was dark. There was nowhere to hide. Katalina knelt with her back against the concrete wall, hoping against hope that the trestle she was cowering under would conceal her for just a few more moments. The law would be upon her soon.

Her feet sunk in the grimy drainage about her. She pressed harder against the wall as another spotlight sped past her shelter. Debris fell from the bridge above as another armored convoy went overhead. Again, the loudspeakers sounded, calling deliberately for her surrender.

“There is no escape! Give yourself up, before we press any more charges!”

It had begun so long ago. There was nothing left for anyone. The government controlled everything. The Grand Officer had begun the movement so subtly. He had argued that doing away with the military would increase funding for research and humanitarian work. A smaller, more elite, “security force” had been put into effect instead, emphasizing the Galactacy’s more peaceful intentions.

The illusion had not lasted long. Every job available had been grouped into tightly controlled and regulated institutions; supervisors were placed at every level. The military had retained its officer system, and now it was gone. The government was no longer the governance of the nation. It was the nation.

No one dared help a convict like her. Everyone was tracked. Crime, it was true, had been nearly eliminated, even in major cities. Everyone needed their card to buy groceries, travel, simply open a door: everything. And each time was reported to the central network. What was left to her?
Katalina knew there was no escape. She had known there would be no hope for her when she first spoke out. She had violated the law. And she would be found.

dressed in clothes not fit for the woman she was; however, the plain clothes suited her. Azrael’s breath was taken from him in this manner and he found it hard to keep breathing in her radiant presence. Though her dark aura didn’t affect him, he could sense her loneliness as if it mirrored his own.

The two stood shell-shocked as they stared at each other, neither letting it show on their faces, though it was useless because both could already see past the façade that was their only key to survival.

Suddenly, as if out of nowhere, Lilith wanted to touch his hair and as simple-minded and determined as she was, she marched forward and asked him directly, “May I touch your hair?” she asked nearly turning red if not for her useless stony expression that he could so easily peer past.

“Uh... yes,” Azrael said, losing composure for a split second, though his voice didn’t betray him.

As she reached out her hand, eyes never once wavering from his, she touched his hair coming from a ponytail laid on the right side of his head; the length of it reached near his forearm. It was soft to the touch, well cared for and brushed often, like silk in her fingers.

Azrael was mesmerized by the sensations he was feeling. Even if it was only a small part of his hair that she touched, he felt electric, as if by her very closeness he was being electrocut-ed from the inside out. At first, it was unpleasant, a distant unwarranted feeling, until on instinct he raised his hand to stop her fingers that had begun to disconnect from his hair.

---

**Jessica M. Piggins**  
Kayla Ohlin  
b. 1982 d. 2012  
Jess had a cough – it was mid tax season,  
To go to the doctor - surely this was not enough of a reason.  
Jess wound up expiring while completing a return,  
As it turned out, that cough was more of a going concern.

---

**An Ode to Psychology**  
Kevin Walkup  
The brain, my master  
Determining my life’s plan  
Against all the odds.
Don’t Miss Me
Dodge of Hodge

Don’t miss me
I’m only a dream
Don’t say you miss me
I won’t be there to hear
This love was only a dream
It is a love that will never be
These three words
“I love you”
Are a curse to many people
Too many say it
When they don’t mean it
The end result is the same
A heart is broken
Into pieces the heart will crumble
It should be a sin to love
For it has the power to devastate
The power to obliterate
The lives of the innocent
So I was only a dream
Dreams come and go
And they don’t come back
I will not come back
For I am only a dream
Don’t miss me
Don’t say you miss me
I will not be able to hear
For this dream has come to pass
Don’t miss me

The Businessman
Keisha Shaw

Every interview and meeting drags
His coworkers’ talk of success and brag
While the leather skin beneath his eyes sags.

Grabbing his black briefcase with tired hands,
Leaves the glass prison of a lonely land.
Alone in the corporate world of law he stands.

Journey by the Clock
Bess Onegow

He did little before he could walk.
Holding his mother’s hands he took his first steps,
then life flew by, an ever-ticking clock.

At first he ran into tables and would squawk,
then got into everything, even cobwebs.
His parents learned fast to run and not walk.

He played ball with his friends from down the block.
For twenty years, off to school he would schlep
to tap his foot nervously and glance at the clock.

After graduation, accompanied by Bach,
his girl came to join him, holding stems,
eager to join and make theirs one walk.

A teacher he was, all covered in chalk,
at home, a child on each knee, he would prep.
He was everything for them—their alarm clock.

At fifty-two he heard death’s dark knock
though he fought hard, he sank into its depths.
He did little before he could walk,
then life flew by, an ever-ticking clock.

To be a Funeral Director
Joy Tubero

Guiding those in need
Taking care of every detail
Helping say “goodbye”
Composed on Top of a Country Hill
Keisha Shaw

Sitting on top of this Country hill,
My life, for a moment, sits very still
While animals slowly graze upon grass
And the wind causes the wheat fields to dance.
Steady as the farmhand’s heart beat,
Water trickles from a nearby creek.
The sound of a tractor and the smell of manure
Is discomfort for any newcomer.
This is my home and where I’m meant to be.
My only wish is for your eyes to see.

Diamante Poem: Accounting
Samantha Hoffman

Accounting

Numbers, Accounts
Recording, Journalizing, Posting
Journals, Ledgers, Balance Sheets, Income Statements
Informing, Operating, Managing
Methodical, Dynamic
Business

Live-Life-Love by Maryanne Elder

Untitled
Kourtney Polvinale

Withered voices kiss the desert's fountain.
Webs of fire pursue before sharp e's stares,
And love rose as the strange sun dreamt.
A Heaven of bleary reality is born, the
Gripped Pathways fade, and slippery pleasures
Of the the unknown rarely prowl.
Prowl, my Love.

Composed on Top of a Country Hill
Keisha Shaw

Sitting on top of this Country hill,
My life, for a moment, sits very still
While animals slowly graze upon grass
And the wind causes the wheat fields to dance.
Steady as the farmhand’s heart beat,
Water trickles from a nearby creek.
The sound of a tractor and the smell of manure
Is discomfort for any newcomer.
This is my home and where I’m meant to be.
My only wish is for your eyes to see.
Heart That’s Been Cracked
Meghan Paine

Saw a girl the other day
She’d been jumped while walking home
Don’t understand why things have to be this way
Why was this girl all alone?
Questions running through my head
I listened to her story
Made me cry that night in bed
Now I wonder who, doing that, could feel any glory?
Crying hard as she spoke
Her cheeks were wet with tears
Sounded as if her heart had been broke
She’d just lived out her worst fears.
Said she was certain to have a black eye
From being punched by her peer
Feeling hopeless, I question why
Why did this happen to a girl so sincere?
Wish I could have helped her out
Wish I could have been there
To stop the little round-a-bout
Or at least end it in a way that was fair.
Since I could not now I pray
For the girl who got attacked
Lord please hear these words today
Be with the girl and help to heal a heart that’s been cracked.

Life Journey
Sean Oros

Life is a winding road,
And I bear a heavy load.
Rain does pelt my laden back
And thorns their torment never slack.
But the sun still shines so bright
And stars still shed their pristine light
I hear birds sing and watch forests green
And marvel at the wonders I have seen.

Enveloped in the Night
Vincent Kuzinski

I am one still enveloped in the night.
I am one with the rain – it is my friend.
I am one who has never seen the light.
I do not look down the dark country bend.
I do not see others sharing my fears.
All by myself despite what I pretend.
I have let my footsteps ring in my ears
To stave off the incredible silence
That has pursued me throughout all my years,
But not to comfort or soothe what is tense;
And as I continue my chest feels tight,
I turn to look back at my testaments,
My once-solid hopes have all taken flight.
I am one still enveloped in the night.
Ode to People Who Gathered
Seul-Gi Lee

The weather is nice, sun smiles to us
I wish for all, this would be a great day
Ready for making ‘one’, by different thoughts

Busy at mixing up what we are most proud
Of, for everyone at the same time, picked out
What we hold in old memories and finally found.

All sounds of making one complete dish
Fill the air with hopeful anticipation.
We are waiting for the time when our wish comes true. Soon people are gathering
And we greet them with pouring out our own hearts.
They’re wandering, on the way of figuring.

One by one, we respond to bright eyes of wonder
That soon will be filled by great satisfaction
Here is the cheerful end of what we ponder

Someday, they will remember our efforts
And smile at us, with happy moods
So we are finally together in every mind.

Life Reflection
Sean Oros

Flowers are pretty, but easily stomped.
A dog may be ugly, but bites back.
Me? I’m just awesome.

Redemption
Amy Matchett ‘12

Darkness surrounded me.
Clouded thoughts and an aching body.
Cold, inept – I waited.
Letting go, losing touch.
The tears they fell...
Alone – unwanted.
The touch of a hand –
Meant nothing.
The promise of tomorrow –
Hopeless.
Still I waited.
Into the silence, I ran.
Adam had been a reader—not “someone who reads” but one mesmerized by the written word, besotted by print, an inhaler of texts, a swimmer in libraries—since that day his parents had attached a reading lamp to his headboard and allowed him to postpone bed-time an extra half hour as long as he was holding a book in front of his tiny, six-year old face. It had led to glasses, of course, and a somewhat withdrawn nature, a less-than-active social life, and now, the inevitable English major he was pursuing at a small, liberal arts college about an hour from his parents’ home. It was, in short, from Adam’s perspective, an ideal life.

A junior now, he had worked his way through the obligatory lab science course and other core requirements with success, if not enthusiasm, and through the survey classes in his own major, allowing him to revel this spring semester in the extended wonders of the nineteenth-century novel and the magic of a Chaucer seminar. He had been busy, so busy, in fact, that he hadn’t stood where he was now standing--on the sidewalks of the two-block main street of Springdale, looking at the late nineteenth-century commercial buildings--for weeks. The fifteen-minute stroll from his campus dorm room had been a reward of sorts, a clearing of the head and a celebration of the just-completed essay on David Copperfield. The fresh air had done him good, and he felt like extending this well-deserved break a while longer; suddenly, he knew exactly how.

“Esther’s Books” was painted in large, faded red letters on the street-level plate-glass display window of the building before which Adam now stood. Nothing much could be seen through the window, partly because of the dust and cobwebs which had accumulated on its interior surface but more importantly because massive bookshelves had been pushed back to within a few inches of it, revealing only their equally filthy unfinished backs. Adam had noticed the bookshop on earlier off-campus hikes.
and had always been strongly tempted to explore—it was a bookstore, after all—but the appearance of the place, together with the ever-present pressure of academic obligations, had always pushed him past the peeling reddish door before he tried the tarnished knob. But today … today was perfect.

It was heavier than he expected, that door, and a bell, an honest-to-God little gold bell, not some electronic buzzer, accompanied a creak as he pushed into the gloom. Books, books of all sorts, of all imaginable sizes, colors, and ages crammed shelves covering every square inch of wall space. The ceiling was high, twelve feet at least, but the shelves stretched to the very top of the walls, all of them packed with texts. More crowded bookcases filled the floor space between the walls, with only the narrowest of aisles in between. The light, supplied by a few bare, dirty bulbs dangling near the ceiling, barely allowed him to read a line or two from the dusty volumes he pulled almost at random from a few of the lower shelves as he wandered by. Under a hand-printed sign labeled “literary classics,” he checked the availability of *Copperfield*. Yes, seven copies, three hardback, four paper, including one copy of the edition he had recently finished using for class. He suddenly craved more of that wonderful Dickens; no, not *Oliver Twist*, which he had read in high school, but how about this: *Bleak House*, which the professor had mentioned positively in class, hardback, part of an ancient collected works series now separated from its brethren, about as meaty as *Copperfield* for (according to the sticker on the inside cover), 25 cents! Good God! Given the heft of the volume and his experience earlier this semester, that meant about one penny per hour of delicious enjoyment this upcoming summer—Wow!

Determined to take advantage of this incredible bargain, Adam dug a quarter from his jeans pocket and went searching the back of the store for Esther, if she existed, or at least her representative, but while he did spot a cluttered roll-top desk and accompanying chair in a dim corner, there was no other human in the room. Near the desk, however, a wooden stairway lifted toward a landing while at its base a hand-lettered sign on a four-foot pole read “Esther’s Books: More” with a pointing finger, tilted up.
Adam climbed the twelve steps to the landing, turned 180 degrees, and went up another dozen steps to the second floor; no doubt he’d find the clerk here. This room was somewhat smaller than the one below, as if he were ascending a pyramid, and the ceilings were noticeably lower. If anything, it was even more dim, but otherwise there was more of the same: floor to ceiling bookshelves, cramped aisles, and the dry, woody smell of old paper and older words. The shelves seemed slightly less well-organized to Adam; at any rate, there were fewer signs to identify textual genres, and more volumes stacked at odd angles or in the process of slipping from their places. He didn’t stop to browse now, but looked up and down each row for someone to pay, again without success. He did discover, however, another set of stairs, narrow and twisting this time, seemingly an ascent to an attic room, and another pointing hand: “Esther’s Books: More.”

It was an attic, cramped and so low he had to duck his head beneath each of the exposed timbers, so poorly lit he had to squint to read the spines of the books, books, books that now seemed to make up the very architecture of the space. In fact, all the light in the room seemed to emanate from behind a particularly intimidating wall of leather-bound monstrosities. Adam was drawn in that direction, the proverbial moth, and circling the impressive stack, he stopped, stunned by a vision so magically appealing to any inveterate reader that he could only utter a soft, contented sigh. On a small wooden table over an elaborately embroidered cloth sat a large, hurricane-style lamp, radiating a yellow pool of light. Beneath the lamp lay a thick, leather-bound volume with an elegantly tooled cover, gilded pages, and a red ribbon book mark peeking
from its heart. It was the most beautiful book Adam had ever seen. Next to the table, also bathed by the circle of light, sat a huge, overstuffed armchair, greenish in color, though whether that was the original hue of the fabric or instead the result of long years of wear and the accumulation of various molds and fungi, Adam couldn’t tell. The heavy, swollen arms reached for him, like those of a beloved grandmother asking for a hug, and Adam, the life-long lover of reading in all its tactile and emotional, as well as intellectual, manifestations, tried momentarily to resist—“Should I? Do I dare?”—before surrendering: “Oh, after all, why not?” Lovingly lifting and stroking the wondrous book, he sank with it cradled in his hands deeper and deeper between those inviting, soft, well-stuffed arms, deeper and ever deeper into that warm world of magic and contentment he had cherished since the age of six. So Amy had twenty minutes to waste before her small pizza, pepperoni and mushroom, extra cheese, would be ready. The wait would have been unnecessary, of course, had she known the phone number for Luigi’s, or even remembered the name, back in her dorm room, but she had only been in Springdale a little over three weeks, since her parents dropped her off for orientation in early September, and she was just beginning to master campus lore, let alone details about the surrounding community. In fact, the only time she had even seen the small restaurant before today was from the back seat of her parents’ car as they drove her to campus, but she was tired of cafeteria food and, besides, was determined to make this evening, with her two roommates gone home and a weekend looming, her very first as an independent, adult woman. She had loved spending time with her new friends, but this was equally exhilarating; she was thrillingly on her own. She had walked from the campus alone, found the spot and ordered her pizza alone, would pay for it, carry it back to her room, and eat it alone, before digging into those long reading assignments, alone.

But first, of course, she had to wait, and she had just begun to do so by exploring downtown Springdale when she had a wonderful change of plans. For there, just a few steps from the pizza parlor, was an incredibly inviting shop, a book shop, old, run-down, perhaps even a bit spooky, but undeniably interesting. After glancing at the faded lettering in the window, Amy pushed open the heavy door, thinking with deep pleasure, “I’m sure I’ll have no trouble frittering away at least twenty minutes here in “Adam’s Books.”
What If?

Chelsea Meister

You know I’ve always wondered what if.
What if there were life without the fight
Could even then we make things right?
What if I wasn’t stuck in the middle?
It’s almost like solving a never ending riddle.

For me to see what I have seen or not have seen,
Makes my love for either—at times—hard to deem.

What if I had known two that love?
If they had loved once, I’ll never know.

What if there were promise?
I do not know the meaning of this.

It is hard to see you hurt because I, then, hurt too.

Sometimes we change and it’s because of you.
But you’re too caught up to notice us too.

Damaged we are, inside and out and then
From house to house I go, I go,
But to never a house that is a home.

What if I want a house that is home?
Even if there isn’t one I’ve ever come to know.

Alone I won’t be, this I am determined to show.

What if I close my eyes and count to three?
Then just maybe for a minute, from this I will be free.

Overcoming Depression

Sean Oros

Broken hopes and rusty dreams,
Vacant homes and wasted efforts.
Fallen stocks and crashing country—
So did fall the Great Depression.
Black Tuesday saw the fall of faith
In rising stocks and loaning banks.
A rift tore Wall Street to scattered pieces,
Lives left ruined in the wake.
The poor did suffer most of all
Losing pittance they had held.
City innards ravaged by dollar’s disease,
Ruining hopes and crushing lives.
Suicide, panic stalked the stunned
Who saw the plunge of Yankee wealth.
Industry collapsed in stinking waste
Countless masses lost their jobs.
Cold and broken lay the country
During the darkness of the Depression.
But out of night there rose a generation
That would win a war and save the world.
Rebuild their country and honor their flag—
Great and dark was the Depression,
But greater still the Generation.
To My Dear and Loving Fiancée
John Snowden

If ever you were the one, surely be.
If ever one that is loved, let thee.
If ever a fiancée was perfect for a man,
Compare you to her, you know you can.
I prize your love more than all the others,
I wouldn’t trade you for two more brothers.
My love for you is not able to be measured,
For it’s your love that I adore and treasure.
Marry me, my sweet amazing baby girl,
Together we can take on the whole world.

Welcome Back
Leanna Yeager

The past few years I just shrugged it off,
Swept the dirt under a rug.
I simply did not want to believe.
I felt betrayed, hopeless, and alone at times.
I never found a reason to believe,
Until someone showed me the light.
A friend had a feeling I needed this,
Little did I know that I needed it too.
It took a little push, but eventually I gave in.
After eight years of nothing at all,
I noticed that I have been living life all wrong,
I only focused on the negatives of fear, loss, and rejection;
I barely noticed that what I needed was always there,
I needed that guiding light towards the right direction.
Now I’m in the right state, all I can say is, “Welcome Back, God.”

Forest’s Calm
Sean Oros

In forest calm I ease my mind
Where in the shade true peace I find.
Escape your cares in foliage’s shelter.
The woods do beckon, waving branches kind.
Though flies may bite and heat may swelter,
It is where ancient humans made their shelter,
Where myths and legends formed in human thought,
Where tribes and hunters walked and fought.
It spoke to them, it speaks to me,
It bares its soul for all to see.
The Stone of Temptation

Sean Oros

Sleep would not be MacDougal’s that night. He rested alone out on the desolate moors. The wind whipped mournfully through his meager campsite. His fire cast a small, defiant sphere of light in the mists about him. MacDougal himself sat twitching, clasping his knees tightly, feeling an old and familiar chill run up and down his spine.

His old demon had found him again. His mighty claymore, with which he had cleaved so many people who stood before him, lay useless a few feet away. What use was it against the supernatural? What use was it against his own troubled spirit? It was only a further reminder of his iniquity.

Before him lay a small, flashing stone, fashioned into an oval. It was a deep emerald that caught and reflected the light of the fire. All he had to do was take it up in his hand and his mind would open to all he desired: fame, power, riches, victory, women. All would be his as long as he held it clasped in one of his fists. He knew it well, for how many times before had he used it? The cursed thing. It had seemed a godsend at first, but he quickly realized it was devouring him; his thoughts were dominated by it at all times. He felt cold and clammy with temptation if he resisted the urge. And when did he truly resist?

He had taken it from an old man in exchange for his life. If only he had honored the arrangement! Indeed, it was his reckless desires that had led him to where he was now—overcome by a stone that so manipulated his weaknesses. What relief it would be to give in, to quit fighting, to give himself up to the stone. Fool! What use was a man who could not control his own mind? Life had become a battleground revolving around the stone. He could not get rid of it. He could not destroy it. He could not resist it. Oh God! What had he done?

MacDougal sat, staring into the depths of the stone, as his fire slowly died.
JOHN J. JOHNSON  
b. 1940 d. 2001  
Here lies Johnson the accountant,  
his life a tragedy.  
He spent his way to L > A,  
and died in poverty.

BRADFORD Q. SMEDLEY  
b. 1932 d. 2012  
Husband, Father & C.E.O,  
had unfinished business when it was his time to go.  
So he lies here quietly awaiting his wife,  
for unlike his corporation, he lacked unlimited life.

THOMAS P. TURLEY  
b. 1972 d. 2001 age 29  
Here lies the body of Thomas P. Turley,  
a fixed asset accountant who left far too early.  
In his short life he was loved & appreciated,  
but alas, his creator deemed him fully depreciated.

JONATHON B. JONES  
b. 1945 d. 1999  
Under this stone lies the sinew & bones,  
of corporate accountant Jonnie B. Jones.  
Before departing this world he lost his job, income, and 
wife;  
you might say he died at the end of his economic useful 
life.

GINA AMY ANNE PARKER, CPA  
b. 1965 d. 2011  
Gina Parker, C-P-A,  
over-imbibed and drowned in the bay.  
Since she owned only cash there can be no debate,  
that on multiple levels she died in a highly liquid state.

Ralph A. Simpson, CMA  
b. 1938 d. 1995  
Ralph Simpson, C-M-A,  
died at the hands of his co-workers one day.  
He was no team player, the agreement was tacit,  
In fact they called him the company contra-asset.
I Sat To Write You

A Poem

Bess Onegow

I sat to write you a poem,
nothing beautiful,
nothing worth sharing,
just something to show how
deeply I care.
But distraction overcame
whatever poem I sought
when your smile
lit my memory,
your laugh my thoughts.
I closed my eyes
to walk beside you
through the woods,
the leaves our stained-glass
windows to Heaven.
Hand-in-hand we wandered,
teasing for stumbling
over roots and rocks,
but catching anyway.
We stopped on a boulder
to dance in the music
of the wind.
I reached up
to plant a kiss on your cheek,
but your lips stole
mine instead.

American West

Sean Oros

Go West, young man, said Horace Greenley,
Where fortune awaits, it’s the American way.
In westward expansion our country was forged,
With vast rolling acres our state was land-gorged.
Pioneers, adventurers, led the way in,
Sod busters, railroads, our realm did extend.
From crossing Appalachians to climbing Pike’s Peak,
Many souls in the west their fortunes did seek.
Natives conquered with relentless approach,
Old Rome would bless republic’s encroach.
The west did define Yankee life and image;
Our mythos forged by long-lasting frontier,
American toughness, shown in steel and steers.
So many paid dearly for America’s advance,
But without the west we’d never a chance.

Untitled

by Amy Matchett ‘12
Long Journey to Happiness
Seul-Gi Lee

I.
After straying in the puzzled roads we took,
After taking some breaks in the endless journey,
After long-hours waiting to reach for the sweet home,
We finally get into a warm place of gathering.
Whispers of waiting “Long time no see” and
Cheerful voices of “Happy Thanksgiving”
Fill the house with their own coziness.

After hugging for a long time,
We start to make various kinds of foods for Merry-day
That will be remembered as the most delicious memory
ever had.
There comes another delight, with sweet cookies in
hands
Giving blessing and thanks for the truth that we are
together,
We share well-cooked turkey and mashed potatoes,
Each dish fills with special cares for food and our loved
people.

II.
Again, we are on the endless roads with heavy winds
But this time, it feels shorter and closer than before
Because I’m going with you and your family, happily.
Soon we come to the town where gold, green and red
lights
Greet us with their joyful welcome in the shining even-
ing
He turns lights for the fronts of the door in a second
and
We head into a small, snug room for kids,
Relieving our burdensome packs and fatigues at once.

In the next morning with sunshine,
Open our new merry day with warm bacon and eggs
Saying “Good morning” instead a greeting for holiday
In the early afternoon,
Singing of joy and laughing of young hearts
Echo through the house. Longing for a long, long time
Now erased like a fog, just deep comforts and funny
talk
Fill the air like sweet melodies, until we leave.

III.
We are on the roads, again and again
With the changing of weather from sunny to snowy
Soon there come the snow showers on the way back
But we are fine, because our hearts already fill with
Beautiful memories with beautiful people in the world
Their faces were always happy with smiles for each
Now long ways of holiday will be end but we are
Hopefully ready to start our busy days
By keeping valuable memories in our hearts.

The Changing of the Guard
D.J. Martino

To be held to a higher standard, a weighty,
burdensome chore.
Heavy lies the head that wears a crown,
And every Caesar must learn to fear the
knives of his fellows.

It’s easy to complain to a king, as a peasant
would call up to Olympus.
Yet, when the Master Bolt is passed to the dis-
senter,
It is more devastating than the Titans un-
leashed.

Order becomes chaos, truths become lies,
A hell-borne, cacophonous changing of the

And the world shudders in the new king’s
wake.

The dissenter, the rebel, Judas incarnate,
He demanded the old king admit his faults,
Claiming he failed to live up to his expected
standard.

His supporters were trapped in a web of lies.
For when this fiend found himself in power,
He simply lowered the standard.

Now, things fall apart, but the fool fails to see
it.
And the old king smiles sadly, tears cast in
crimson light,
Merely watching while Rome burns.
“Late. Too late…”

His allegation thunders in my head.

My son, my one, my pride, my joy, my own
Slandered by this boy, this puerile
Unprincipled principal.

On principle I wait outside his door

Though my boy,
May wake late and move with some delay,
He is punctual! This punchable principal—

Spied now, though this glass, this office, his castle,
Receiver in hand, tucked gently under his chin

Fingers extended, reaching to some report
Another picaresque child perhaps
Moved not by the rhythm of clocks and time
But by adventure. Mounting monkey bars
And swings, he swings higher and higher before
The leap that o’erleaps time and rules and bells—
Punished now, his parents on the line.

Down, heart, down! I must discipline my wrath
Or him, the preening object of my hate.

He stands up, silk tie gliding o’er the page
Late, all too late, now he will taste my rage!

---

Telemarketing Special
Sean Oros

Hello! Welcome to Blair!
My name’s Sean, it’s my job to make you pull out your hair!
How may I help you? Just one item?
Bosh! You won’t escape so lightly, Ms. Heighten.
I’ll throw you offers and deals,
Company services and value “steals”
Leaving you gasping for air and begging for peace!
How would you like our popular jacket of fleece?
I’m a sales rep, ma’am, and that means trouble.
And while we’re at it, why not make it double?

---

Soliloquy of the Hadley Strangler

Dr. Jared Johnson

HADLEY, Pa. (AP) — Pennsylvania State Police say they plan to charge a 44-year-old western Pennsylvania man for allegedly grabbing a high school principal by his shirt and tie after the principal accused the man’s son of being late for class.

-Youngstown Vindicator 10/18/12

---

Building Foundations
by Maryanne Elder
For Ruth

Alyssa Ginnis

You did not go gentle into that good night,
At the very least, you most certainly fought
to stay;
You made life worthwhile with every first
light

While you lost the most ultimate fight,
Everyone will always say,
You did not go gentle into that good night

Even though our house seems empty
throughout our plight,
Your loving soul will never cease to fade
away,
You made life worthwhile with every first
light

We will not lose our sight
Despite our dismay;
You did not go gentle into that good night

Our family bond will forever be tight,
Something that will never dissolve or decay
You made life worthwhile with every first
light

Our love for you is eternal and will never
cease, not even in the bleakest of twilight,
Although it seems as though as you were
taken from us just today,
You did not go gentle into that good night
You made life worthwhile with every first
light

Ogre Hunting

Sean Oros

We hunted ogres in the woods
Atop an old grey charger.
Traversing forest trails and creeks
And seeking villains in their dens.
We saw the colored ogres dread
In hues of red or yellow bold.
We sought the magic of the woods;
We fought and caught them as they came.
Never was each fight the same,
But always eluded us their leader,
The Ogre Blue of magic skill.
My grandfather and I did often ride
Atop his old grey tractor.
Ode to the Sun
Anonymous

Oh, how I am jealous of your vivacious rays,
even those fiery eyes, as invisible as they stay.
You have glared at every instance since the begin-
ing of time
from the creation of man, to the murderer of every
unsolved crime.
You know.
The biting of the apple, the confederacy’s fall
the assassination of Kennedy, the signing at Inde-
pendency Hall.
You know the reason for those planes on Nine/
One One
And the Beatles private sessions, and Wood-
stock’s fun.
You Know.
How does it feel, though, beautiful sun?
To not be able to speak the knowledge which you
have become?
You can’t tell those parents who raped and killed
their daughter.
You can’t tell those children why suicide took
their father.
You can’t.
Oh, how I don’t think I’m so jealous anymore,
For you, sun, can’t express the knowledge, to
those outside your core.
It must pain you to know but to never express,
to those people in such deep distress.
You can’t.
So, here’s to you, misunderstood Sun,
the all-knowing never-to-Kingdom come.
Hold your secrets; they are only yours.
You know. You can’t.

“I Should be Dead”
Sean Oros

To tell the truth, I should be dead.
I should be deep within an earthen bed.
Four times now have I danced with death,
And I but mortal like Cain and Seth.
Once I drove straight through a fence;
Aboard a snowmobile, cold dulled my
sense.
Once on a farm a forklift dropped its
load
Where my head had been, as cattle
lowed.
Another time I fell through ice of lake,
But caught the edge, my thirst not to
slake.
One last time a heavy window
Shattered as I lifted it, glass showering
me woe.
Four times now I escaped unhurt;
Four times now I have avoided a grave of
dirt.
To tell the truth, I should be dead.
I should be deep within an earthen bed.

Spring by Maryanne Elder

Golden Dawn
Sean Oros

The morning cools the broken spirit’s plight,
The sun does rise with golden glory bright.
The day begins with new and shining dawn,
The world does rise and stretch, for night is
gone.
As golden light does flood the rolling fields
So does the day begin its fruitful yield.
Recovery
Meghan Paine

It isn't something you earn
It can't be bought in a store
It doesn't happen overnight
This, you have to work for

It may take all your courage
It may take all your strength
It's a path you'll have to forge
If you want to live your life

There is no medication
There is no quick fix
Sometimes, in order to win
You have to put up a fight

You have to climb the mountain
You have to do what's right
You have to want it for yourself

Birthing Poems
Sean Oros

Oh why must a poem be so hard to birth?
Why, must I say, it drain all my mirth?
The product is fine but the process is hell
When blocked is my mind, no wisdom to tell.
I try and try to break through this wall
To write a gem that critics will maul.
Although I do love when I lay down my pen,
I have many long hours to go until then.

Untitled by Amy Matchett

Lost in the words of a time of the past
I felt their harsh, oppressing stares.
Without their presence I would
savor the words like a sweet dream.
If only they could let go
of the idea that there must be
only one way to read the words he wrote.
But all they want to do
is determine the meaning no matter
what they will destroy with their disrespect.

Introduction to Literature
Lisa Leonhard

They gave me a story to read
and told me to tell them what
the true meaning was
as if there were only one meaning.
Lost in the words of a time of the past
I felt their harsh, oppressing stares.
Without their presence I would
savor the words like a sweet dream.
If only they could let go
of the idea that there must be
only one way to read the words he wrote.
But all they want to do
is determine the meaning no matter
what they will destroy with their disrespect.
An Elegy for Used Fire Extinguishers
Bess Onegow

Whilst walking down my hallway,

I chanced to

spy

a red canister that gleamed through

the glass door of a box in the wall.

I remembered one such canister, which saved my life on a summer’s morning not too long past.

My mischievous waffle decided it would rather stay in the toaster.

The toaster agreed
to this rather devilish plan,

and

burst into flames rather than yield my now burned breakfast. Lucky was I that there, sitting calmly in the corner, was a similar rosy cylinder ready to answer my command and douse the fire before it spread.

I seized it from its nested nook and remembered the lesson I learned in school: PASS.

I Pulled the pin

I seized it from its nested nook and remembered the lesson I learned in school: PASS.

I Pulled the pin

from its safety hole, Aimed the hose at the fire just starting its roar, Squeezed the handle to shoot the stuff out, and Swept from side to side along the base.

This extinguisher did my house and home save yet by doing so it sacrificed itself for my sake. I wonder now, in times of grief, is there a heaven for such heroes as these? These silent watchers who keep our fates safe—who, once they’re done, can be replaced?

An Elegy for Used Fire Extinguishers
Bess Onegow

Ethereal
Lisa Leonhard

Ethereal, she stands within the trees, a beautiful dreamer lost in the past.

When one draws near, she turns and flees, escaping the present, on feet so fast.

A beautiful dreamer lost in the past, wishing she was in another land, escaping the present, on feet so fast, unable to face a life that's planned. Wishing she was in another land, she remains in her untouchable place, unable to face a life that's planned, running at the slightest glimpse of a face.

She remains in her untouchable place.
Her fortress though, is a lonely world, running at the slightest glimpse of a face.
Lying alone, her figure curled.
Her fortress though, is a lonely world, silver tears she cries at night.
Lying alone, her figure curled, wishing she could make it right.
Silver tears she cries at night, moving forward means a land unknown.
Wishing she could make it right, but she stays, her memories forever her own.
Moving forward means a land unknown, ethereal, she stands within the trees, and she stays, her memories forever her own.
When one draws near, she turns and flees.
Ode to Psychology, Counseling

Kelsey Robertson

Research and Data
Revealing the Mind’s Function

Helping More People

Helping with Problems

My Knowledge can Change the World

A Helper, Counselor

The Fourth
Sean Oros

Let freedom ring as rockets spring,
Their leap to sky straight as eagles fly!
Large cheering crowds take up the cry
“Long live USA!” on joyful Fourth of July!
With heritage back to colonial pride
When brave men sailed and many died
To forge a nation free from empire’s grasp,
A union of states who together did clasp.

The Simplest Things
Kristen Fleming

Keeping calm and certain ground,
Resting high upon the clouds
I can't imagine being without...
The simplest things astound me
The way your silence speaks,
The way you bend the light around the music you make
Heal me from the heights I’ve fallen
Hold me to the words I’ve spoken,
Keeping calm and keeping certain...
The simplest things astound me
The way your silence speaks,
The way you bend the light around the music you make
And I am falling; I am falling; I am
Not allowed to say so soon
It feels different when I breathe
God, I want you just for me
You let me catch you looking,
Leaving me barely breathing
Not even silence left to speak
I am falling, I am falling, I am not allowed to say so soon
And a chill slides down my back like fire down a match...

A New Year by Maryanne Elder

Woes of a Sales Rep
Sean Oros

Call center orders can wear a man down;
Call after call, it’s enough to make women frown.
Breaks never last long, lunch is but a reprieve
Before we answer the phones to talk about sleeves.
Ant
Dr. Michael Balas

It’s a bug.
It’s a pest.
It’s a nuisance.
It’s in my cupboards (how do I get them out?).
It’s a six-legged arthropod.
It’s an insect of the Order Hymenoptera.
It’s a modified wasp, some with stings and some with sprays.
It’s a social animal, with a reproducing mother queen and thousands of helper daughters (or are the daughters in charge?).
The male is a pin-headed idiot (literally—the head is quite small), consuming resources for months for the sole purpose of inseminating one female. One time.
The workers are navigation masters, meandering far from their nest hole in a peripatetic journey to food, followed by an immediate bee-line (why does the relative get the name?) back to the hole to recruit the masses.
They can detect their nestmates by sense of smell, tap-tap-tapping them with their antennae. Non-nestmates are cause for alarm or attack; an intruder may soon become a disarticulated pile of scapes, head capsules, alitrunks, petioles, gasters, femurs, tibiae, and tarsi.
They are ecological wonders. They, along with their behavioral kin the termites, account for about one-third of the animal biomass of a rainforest. They can turn more soil than earthworms, fertilize the earth by moving collected vegetation, and reduce the abundance of spiders and beetles in the neighborhood.
They dominated my time in graduate school, having become my daily obsession for four years of my young adult life. I watched them, videotaped them (and watched them again), aspirated them, painted them, weighed them, counted them, analyzed them, and wrote about them.
I both endured and enjoyed many experiences with them: hot humid days, painful stings, and demanding committee members; but also wonderful discussions and the exhilaration of original discovery.
I may have been a pin-headed idiot for studying them (I am a male, after all), but I don’t believe that such endeavors are futile.
I have both contributed to the rapidly expanding body of knowledge of humanity as well as my own personal repertoire.
I think of this animal as my research collaborator.
I think of it as my companion.

How could I ever return
To consider my friend
Just a nuisance,
A pest,
A bug?

Battle of Tours
Sean Oros

Before the Crusades, the Jihad struck Europe
When Spain fell to Moors and in France Arabs did sup.
The Franks were alarmed, holding their breath;
From Iberia marched Arabs to spread zealous faith,
Loud crying in battle: “Glory to Islam!”
To Christian Tours they marched, high in élan.
But ready, defending, marched Charles Martel “The Hammer,” King’s steward, with valiant war-band.
In battle that followed France was preserved,
A Christian king still lord to rule fair land.

Forever Thiel by Maryanne Elder
The Triumph of Batman
Shane J. Martin

In New York’s good Gotham City,
the Caped Crusader saves the day in a hurry.
He captured the Crook of Ducks
who robbed the city bank of many bucks.
This terrific titan of justice, a mystery to all,
was none other than Batman, the brave hero at nightfall.  

Though private to the public as the civilian Bruce Wayne,
Batman is always there to reign.
He protects the people and saves the day
when danger lurks and crime is at a crossway.  

Just when justice had been served once again,
another terrible turn of events is going to begin.
The Joker has returned with a revengeful plan
that will ruin the dainty days of the common man.
He is devising his most daring attempt yet:
Sabotaging the sanctity of the city—a very huge threat!
This time, the vile villain has a solid-proof strategy
that involves hacking into the city’s control center with glee.
Once there, the jester will gain all-access pass
to super-secret documents, not even available to the high class!
With these, the court jester can now do what all criminals envy:
Take over the Gotham City and rule relentlessly.

The Dark Knight, however, will not let this clumsy comedian
triumph with his evil tricks to become a powerful villain.
He flies into the Bat Cave and, with Robin as his sideman,
develops a counter scheme to The Joker’s sinister plan.

Batman hid in the City’s Control Center all eared
and waited until The Joker aimlessly appeared.
When the clueless clown made his entrance,
Batman fearlessly flew into action, taking a chance.
BAM! POW! PUNCH! SLAP!
The Joker was now under an aerial attack!
The Gotham City Police came and apprehended their foe,
while thanking Batman for doing this all without any ammo.

This powerful crime fighter has been a prominent figure
in keeping the great city of Gotham free from horror.
He will continue to be the heroic helmsman
that keeps Gotham’s citizens safe and sound from villains.
Who is this mighty and mysterious wingman?
The Words Won’t Come (Alphabet Soup)
Ashley Reynolds

Anytime I try to speak my mouth opens
But the words won’t
Come. The silence
Drops out of my mouth like
Every word I have ever taken is suddenly a
Falling boulder. Now is no different.
Getting up from my seat I ask myself,
“How come it always goes like this?”
“Is there something wrong with me?”
Just when I think I have regained control of my
voice I feel his
Keen eyes on me again.
Love.
Mouths may not be moving, but I am
Not stupid; I know what he’s thinking. If
Only I could tell him. I find myself thinking,
“Pretend it never happened; go back to the way
things were,
Quarreling over
Ratty old t-shirts and forgotten laundry.”
Someday maybe I will forget.
They say time heals these things, but I know that
Ultimately it is my choice. My
Voice can end this.
Wavering slightly, I move closer. I try so hard to
stay upright but I fall to the floor
Yelling, screaming any words that will
come. Amidst all the
Zaredoks and Sorgletees he finally hears me. And
his arms close around another rape victim, another
statistic, another survivor.

Relationship with ED
Meghan Paine

It takes over your body
It takes over your brain
It controls all your actions
It controls all your pain

It treats you like royalty
It treats you like trash
You think you're recovered
It throws you into relapse

If you give it an inch
It will wiggle in a mile
You're nothing but a puppet
It has you in denial

It tells you you're fine
You don't need help
It says it's your friend
But can you trust it in the end?

It's the voice in your head
It says you don't need to be fed
It's the fear of your feelings
And its name is ED

View of a Car-Detailer
Sean Oros

Rushing on, never stopping,
Keep it moving, wax that topping.
Detail cars if you feel brave—
You’ll get a workout, on gym you’ll save.
Byzantium’s Fall
Sean Oros

Justinian, Justinian, where are you now?
Gone is the empire; Rome’s last gasp is now!
Turks at the gates, with bombards and hordes
To pummel the walls Theodosius did build!
Our glorious city, Constantine’s jewel,
A center of learning and culture, now locked in a duel
With conquering Turks, rising Ottomans.
The Greeks will now fall, Byzantium lost to the sands.
We are outnumbered, outgunned and surrounded.
Walls that held Huns, Bulgars and Turks now crumble
When this city will fall, its people will be victim
To vicious judgment, blades of conqueror’s wrath.
Justinian, Justinian, where are you now?
And so, I burned the midnight oil.

Into the deepest hours of the night,
The deepest dark, the deepest cold,
The darkest heart, the coldest soul,
Deeper than I ever dared to go.

The ink blurred before my eyes,
The letters doing a macabre waltz,
The words, an endless bestial bleat,
Written with care, written…by her.

A plethora of letters, a variety of dates,
A record of the past in romanticized form,
Laden with memories, a record of sadness,
Heated with passion, a sensation forgotten,

A cold wind beckons…is he calling me too?

The penultimate undertaker, his voice on the air,
In the dead of night, an appropriate time,
A barter of angels, and uneven exchange.
She was taken from me. I saw the light leave her eyes,
A heart-rending reality, given her innocent guise.

Again, the wind calls. I pray for release.
Her perfume fills the air. Her voice fills my head.

The words are illegible as tears cloud my eyes.
I am broken, destroyed, utterly defeated,
No feeling but anguish, all hope long-forgotten,
Nothing to do but wait for his arrival.

And so, I burned the midnight oil.
**Never Enough Time to Tell**  
*Erica Ricola ’12*

I could never explain it in just fourteen lines-
Never explain the memories or even the Transformation to took place in me.

It’s a magical thing when strangers’ paths seem to align.
Spend a year, a month, a week, or just a day and you too will agree,
A place that is nowhere at first glance
Turned out to be my Paradise, my escape, my Heart, and my Home.

Reflecting, I know I would do anything to have it back, given just one chance.
When I stare into space, it is there my mind most likes to roam
There, where I found Friendship and I found my saving grace-
There, I learned to trust and to obey
It was there I continue to find my Faith in that special Loving place,

And it is there my Heart finds peace when it is led astray
If you’re looking for me, never hesitate
Here in Bliss, my heart will forever wait.

---

**The Road of Life**  
*Meghan Paine*

Life is a road that never ends.
Life is a maze full of twists and bends.
Life is a ride with bumps and hills.
Life is feeling sorrow and enjoying thrills.

Life is dreams and wishes together.
Life is work to get something better.

Life is memories that we make.
Life is learning from our mistakes.

Life seems long, but is too short to be wasted.
Life is many flavors waiting to be tasted.
Life is time with those we hold close.

Life is a tide that ebbs and flows.

Life is love for someone with whom we’ll grow old.
Life is a story just waiting to be told.
Life is a million-step journey awaiting its start.

Life is living from the heart.

---

*Untitled* by Amy Matchett ’12
The Ballad of Lawrence Upbold
Bess Onegow

There once was a dragon named Lawrence Upbold;
a fearsome creature was he.
He was feared throughout the land,
but his only foe was a bee.
  But his only foe was a bee, it was
  but his only foe was a bee

And in the spring, down he’d fly
from his mountains above
to see the valley far and wide
and visit with his love.
  And visit with his love, he would,
  and visit with his love.

He loved the flowers there, he did,
and of them he would rave,
but they were hard for him to plant,
because he lived in a cave.
  Because he lived in a cave, he did,
  because he lived in a cave.

But when he bent to sniff the flowers,
a bee went up his nose.
It stung him there so painfully
he could not blow his nose.
  He could not blow his nose, it’s true,
  he could not blow his nose.

His belly started rumbling;
he startled away a mouse,
and when he opened up his mouth,
blue flames spurted out.
  Blue flames spurted out, they did,
  blue flames spurted out.

A spark, it caught some brush on fire;
the field was soon ablaze,
and when the villagers came about
they saw him through the haze.
  They saw him through the haze, they did,
  they saw him through the haze.

“A dragon!” They cried and ran back home
to hide their gold and young.
Poor Lawrence, meanwhile, began to swell
where he had been stung.
  Where he had been stung, that’s where,
  where he had been stung.

Lawrence flew back to his dank cave
to nurse his swollen nose.
The villagers came back to the fire,
and doused it with a hose.
  And doused it with a hose, they did,
  and doused it with a hose.

The Teutonic Knights
Sean Oros

Cold blows the wind through forlorn village.
Hot burned the fires so cruel that descended
Under guise of Holy War; Crusade to convert
The Eastern peoples of Europe from heathen ways.
By sword and fire, in name of God,
The Teutonic Order conquered abroad.

Time
Sean Oros

If time does run on and on
With never a stop, ‘tis gone,
Then we must make the most of
time, and learn our lives to love.
Lives are often all too short
And time is sweet and fleeting;
Learn to step outside the fort,
And give the world a greeting.
Silent Voice
Sean Oros

When the sun did set at noon,
I felt my world had come to end.
No more foothold, no more rest,
No more time my wounds to mend.

The time did pass as I did pray
This horrid day would pass,
But never did I hear reply
And now I feel outcast.

I speak my mind but no one hears,
The words I speak fall flat.
And so I bend my head and weep
For all that could have been.

---

WE BUILT, WE DESTROYED

Erica Ricola ‘12

It started out with a single Pact
Simple, honest, and eyes filled with tears,
We promised we’d find ourselves Here in the coming years.
Funny how easy it is to say and how hard it is to truly act
How hard we fought to keep what we so Loved intact.
Funny what the Heart chooses to find sacred and what it endears
Funnier is the difference in what the mouth says and what the ear, in turn, hears.
Simple words are said and destroy what we built, having such an impact
That even the strongest walls break under their weight
They Crumbled and took all we knew along
There was no concern with what was right or what was true
Ironic that we built the same Dreams together that together we helped deflate
Gone is my laughter, our tears, and your song
Though it breaks my heart, I must bid those days, so loved, a somber adieu.
Profane Child
D.J. Martino

Profane, unknowing child...loathsome, cankerous sore,
Inebriate of ignorance, may you haunt this world no more.

Your face, a man’s.
Your mind, un-grown.
Your acts, abominations.

And yet, you have the witless gall to cast a shadow on creation.

In this place of learnèd scholars,
You cast your lot in lies.
You are blinded by mere dollars,
And you’ve damned your plans to die.

Tides of Time
Sean Oros

Silly play and idle talk,
Fishing wharves and loading docks,
Market stalls and wells so deep,
Common greens where graze the sheep.
From wealthy mansion to peasant’s bower,
From wheel of stone to atomic power.
Little hamlets to prospering ports,
Home to all peoples’ wandering sorts.
Scholars, welders, tanners coarse,
Modern cars to olden horse.

What Happens To Love After Marriage?
Emily Trunzo

What happens to love after marriage? 1

Will it disappear?
Like a black bat in the night’s sky?
Like sunshine in the winter?
Or does it fluorescently bloom 5

Like an early spring flower?
Is it better when it’s aged?
Like sweet red wine in the summer time?
Is the love calm?
Or is it wildly untamed?

Like the waves of the ocean during a hurri-
cane? 11

1066
Sean Oros

In 1066 the Normans sea-journeyed
To claim a throne, in England war-harried.
Edward the Confessor was cold and dead,
Died heirless, leaving conflict dread. 
So William “the Bastard” sought a new name, 
Quick sailing to history, earning fame.
Harold the Saxon did rally his men, 
Huskarls on foot with axes long-shafted,
To defend his crown from war well-crafted.
Three claimants now vied to take up a crown,
Before year was out all but two would be down.
The Stones My Grandfather Gave Me
Bess Onegow

Tchotchkes, we call them, those small things,
dusty, no ultimate meanings
but those on their unopened box.
On my shelf sit three handful rocks
I found down an old gravel drive—
these memories while I am alive:

The first: black and smooth, with some hope
to be the well-worn bar of soap
he and I replaced by the sink—
targeting my mother, I think.
I was only six at the time
and this would be my greatest crime.

The second: yet again sketched black;
it reminded him to hold back.
Calcium drew a white rabbit
peering in a cave. With much wit
he would tell rambunctious folklore.
I shall tell my grandchildren more.

The third: coffee with ample milk
cracked with lines of jet black silk,
this is his home. With the smell
of the old kitchen and the spell
of que-be-que*, days idyllic.
Papers covered in Cyrillic

*my family’s slang for the game Rummy-Q

In Defense of Chivalry
Sean Oros

Hope does rise when skies are dark;
    Clouds do pass away.
Pain does fade, brave deeds endure,
    Heroes never stay.
They say that chivalry is dead and gone;
    That it never was ideal,
They say bravery and virtue
    Innocent lives did steal.
But say that to the men who died
    Defending lord and land.
Say that to those who lived a life
    We do not understand.
Because history is full of scoundrels
Does not mean chivalry was a farce.
    It is easy for us in armchairs,
    With cushions and iced-tea,
To pass harsh judgment on those
    Whose lives never shall we see.
Bear in mind, my wise but hasty friend,
    What will history think of
    US?

Stick-Picker’s Dream
Sean Oros

We’re those folks who work your grounds.
We’re those folks who make loud sounds.
Work’n through your mulch and shrubs,
Carrying away the refuse in colored tote-tubs.
You know us for our work so hard:
Landscapers, groundskeepers, artisans of the yard.

Young bucks, old hands, we’ll do you a favor,
Taking care of all your unwanted labor.
We’ll build for ourselves a big ole’ fire,
To clear the land, vagrant stick’s pyre.
We think you think we’re sexy, sweating like dogs,
Work’n our bodies, hauling heavy logs.
Like primal tribesmen clearing the land,
Claiming our territory by our strength of hand.

Pin Oaks galore?
Please, say no more!
We’ll be there in a jiffy,
In our work boots, looking spiffy.
We’ll clear those sticks from your yard,
Mow the lawn and work so hard
You’ll never believe how soon we’re done.
We’ll make it look like we’re having fun!

Hedge-trimmers and chainsaws, work gloves
and boots—
When we go to work we sure as heck don’t
were suits!
We’re tear those thorns up from the ground,
Cry aloud when large snakes we’ve found.
You know us for our work so hard:
Landscapers, groundskeepers, artisans of the yard.
He sped over the grassy hills that night  In youth one finds all things quite at risk
To return to his most beauteous sight  When it was sacrilege for just one kiss
Lovely and o’er in a land he quit  Now years later and he returns to home
Of her in his true own memory bit  Out of the army and his life of roam

Her name, Deirdre, but not of the sorrows  To see his village burned before his eyes
She brings with her smiles of all, borrows  And though he tries, the tears are not to hide
The blame for all of broken hearts of men  One house remains on top an old green hill
Dropped to their knees and said amen, amen!  Brown now, much like the grain in old brick mills

Her figure wrapped in white cloth and in silk  That once did sit in his home Mayo of old
Her skin as white as pearl or its rich milk  Rust red and black replaced his home of gold
Hair black as coal and eyes as blue as sea  The house did fly a Union Jack up high
And here he thinks of her as “true for me”  Allegiance to a king he did deny

As youth, she led the lad around the twist  For the damn fool stripped the land of its crops
He fell, she laugh, and found his tries amiss  The workers sat hungry, beaten by cops
For she was a vision of life and all wonder  The door was answered by long hair of grey
And he would try his best but still blunder  Short and broken no smile left, to say

As they grew up it became more than games  And her eyes were dull, oh so dull were they
Something new as her beauty did claim fame  Only three years, if exact to the day
And suitors tried to pry the two apart  She looked at him with such a wistful glance
But something else did prove to lose her heart  A reminder of the feeling of pure romance

For he was of the Pope and she was not  And her youth, too cruel, taken by the crown
And religion tore what love had all begot  When her beauty did bring her much renown

On the Hero’s Return to his Childhood Love

Conor King
“He is home”, she thought without much glee
“And how he will think so much less of me
For I married a soldier draped in blood’s cruel red
All because I thought my love, this boy, was dead”

He looked her in the eye and he did sigh
The girl he knew he loved who thought he died
Was before him not in death but not in life
And he vowed he would remove all of her strife

Without a word he grabbed her hand and ran
Far away from the cruel abusive Black and Tan
To the hill where they spent most of their nights
To see if he could try and set things right

But she rebuked his feelings and his love
For he was against what her family won
When the crown did give her man ill gained land

For that was the curse of dear Ireland
He left again that night but did look back
Like Sodom, his heart now stone of black
His conflicted feeling for her or his camp
Where still did stay the girl known as the Vamp

His mind made up he left back for Dublin
To wait on the dangers and fight to begin
For Erin’s freedom he would devote his time
And place his childhood far in his mind

When Aphrodite seethes in jealousy
And mortal men did fall at her beauty
“I will return to save her from this curse
So help me God, or do call me a hearse."
Dragon’s fire, mortal’s blood,
Princes’ ire, churning mud.
Battlefields littered with dead,
Broken towers where warriors bled.
Darkened counsels were held at night,
Faltering survivors who had lost their might.
Cloven crown did they show in hand;
O how to save the troubled land?

Leaderless, divided, the people did falter.
Overawed, fearful, like poor beast of halter.
The bravest had died in fruitless ring-war.
The ablest had died by dragon’s furor.
Gathered the survivors to seek their fate;
Gone their world; full of woe their plate.
“Gods forgive us!” did they at last cry.
“By this fiery dragon we all surely will die!”

A plague of intrigue, a murdered king,
A shattered war-league, a dragon’s ring.
O why had heroes sought such treasure?
O why did mortals desire such measure?
To find a ring, made by the gods?
To risk a dragon, questing lands?
What did they gain by unchecked greed?
Why wisdom’s warning did they not heed?

Humbled they were, but much too late;
All champions had died fighting in the gate.
But one remained who had not fought.
One remained whom ring had not sought.
Durthan, hero, warrior wise;
A man who was upright in all gods’ eyes.
Gird in simple scale of darkened hue,
A sword in hand, a dragon to pursue.

“A dragon’s lair is full of gold!”
A cry that seduced so many called bold.
A small band did so find the lair.
A smaller band did exit there.
And with them did they take a ring.
An ancient band of which bards did sing.
Forged by the gods, told of by sages,
Now brought back to end the ages.

The dragon did he face on snowy plain,
And great the arm that was its bane!
Fire enveloped his mighty frame;
Shield guarded him from searing flame.
The dragon did lunge to devour the hero;
Strike did Durthan to ward off his worm-foe.
Roaring in pain, the dragon descended;
One last bold thrust its fiery reign ended.

Jarls did covet the precious circlet,
Pride spurred on the wrath of war’s onset.
Countless died, cities did warriors spoil,
Murdered was king to gain a petty coil.
But the dragon did come to reclaim its prize;
Warriors lost heart when saw they its size.
People were devoured in its blazing rage;
Surely had come the end of the age.

Durthan was slain in that noblest of deeds,
A life freely given to answer direst needs.
The worm set aflame of its own accord;
A fitting pyre for Durthan, dragon-lord.
The survivors did gather in awed respect,
And sang mournful dirges warriors expect.
In cold, lifeless ashes Durthan still lies;
But out of those ashes new life did arise.

Failed had the league that people did hold;
Broken by greed, loyalty for a treasure sold.
Cold as the winter were the hearts of all,
Swift and needless was kingdom’s fall.
Lost was the treasure that started the end,
Deep the wound time only could mend.
But no time was left for warrior thane;
Dragon had come as bravery’s bane.

His final words the people still heed,
“Rebuild the land, change war-ax for seed!”
Lost were the cities ancestors had raised,
Barren the fields where cattle had grazed.
No more would there be need of strife;
For now was the time to rebuild a life.
Avarice had ruined past works in cruel fight,
But sacrifice had risen to restore the light.