

# 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

Bess Onegow

Dr. Mary Theresa Hall

Sean Oros

Dr. Jared Johnson

Keisha Shaw

Alison Lange

Tim Taylor

Lisa Leonhard

Emily Whipple

Kayla Ohlin

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 of Contents

Work	Author	Page
[Photograph]	Amy Jane Matchett '12	5
A Special Dedication	Sean Oros	6
This I Believe	Ryan Murphy	7
May the Truth be Slow?	Here lies GAAP (1942-2016)	8
The Hay Wagon	Sean Oros	8
[Photograph] A New Beginning	Maryanne Elder	8
Of Teaching Chemistry	Ryan Pepper	9
"Love" is Like the Wind	Erika Leonhard	9
Untitled	Stephanie Flask '11	9
Harlem 2012	DJ Martino	9
A Great Picksburgh Journey	Shane J. Martin	10
Lay of the Brown King	Sean Oros	11
Love Always Fails	Chelsea Meister	12
The Biology Divide	John Amorose	12
The Inside View	Amy Matchett '12	12
[Photograph] Flower	Kaylin Vickinovac	12
An Excerpt from the forthcoming book ' <i>And the Band Played On: The Tragedy of the Loss of the S.S. Titanic</i>	Hans G. Meyers	13
The Farmwife	Lisa Leonhard	15
A Valentine's Poem	Sean Oros	15
Perfect Technique	McKenzie Harry	15
[Photograph] Taking Stage	Maryanne Elder	15
Identity	Jaclyn Watkins	16
The Stars	Seul-GI Lee	17
Dirt of the Dustbowl	Sean Oros	16
Cannot Thank You Enough	Meghan Paine	17
[Photograph] Water Droplets	Maryanne Elder	17
Haikus of the Four Season	Shane J. Martin	18
Quicksand	Brenden Lowry '12	18
A Tidal Wave of Art and Revolution	Dr. Mary Theresa Hall	18
[Photograph]	Amy Matchett '12	18
Discovering the Heart of a Nobody	Leslie Myrick	19
Guy and Friend	Sean Oros	19
[Photograph] Heart	Kaylin Vickinovac	19
[Photograph] Peace	Maryanne Elder	20
Friend	Amy Matchett '12	20
A Dirge to "A History of the Western Humanities"	Sean Oros	20
A Moment of Silence	Lisa Leonhard	20
Calling?	Bess Onegow	21
Speak to me in a Voice that is Kind -	Erica Ricola '12	21

[Photograph]	Kristen Fleming	21
Life Journey	Sean Oros	22
Ode to a Doctor	Kate Young	22
On the Road	Seul- Gi Lee	22
Futuristic Fugitive	Sean Oros	23
Jessica M. Piggins	Kayla Ohlin	24
An Ode to Psychology	Kevin Walkup	24
Don't Miss me	Dodge of Hodge	25
The Business Man	Keisha Shaw	25
To be a Funeral Director	Joy Tubero	25
Journey by the Clock	Bess Onegow	25
Untitled	Kourtney Polvinale	26
Diamante Poem: Accounting	Samantha Hoffman	26
Composed on Top of a Country Hill	Keisha Shaw	26
[Photograph] Live-Life-Love	Maryanne Elder	26
Life Journey	Sean Oros	27
[Photograph] Jasper	Maryanne Elder	27
Enveloped in the Night	Vincent Kuzinski	27
Ode to People Who Gathered	Seul-Gi Lee	28
[Photograph]	Amy Matchett '12	28
Life Reflection	Sean Oros	28
Redemption	Amy Matchett '12	28
Esther's Books	Dr. Chris Moinet	29
What If?	Chelsea Meister	33
Overcoming Depression	Sean Oros	33
[Photograph] Life	Maryanne Elder	33
To My Dear and Loving Fiancee	John Snowden	34
Welcome Back	Leanna Yeager	34
Forest's Calm	Sean Oros	34
The Stone of Temptation	Sean Oros	35
Accounting Headstone Poetry	Prof. Gary Witoski	36
I Sat To Write You A Poem	Bess Onegow	37
American West	Sean Oros	37
[Photograph]	Amy Matchett '12	37
Long Journey to Happiness	Seul-Gi Lee	38
The Changing opf the Guard	DJ Martino	38
Soliloquy of the Hadley Strangler	Dr. Jared Johnson	39
Telemarketing Special	Sean Oros	39
[Photograph] Building Foundations	Maryanne Elder	39
I'm Sorry	Ashley Reynolds	40

Ogre Hunting	Sean Oros	40
For Ruth	Alyssa Ginnis	40
Ode to the Sun	Anonymous	41
I Should Be Dead	Sean Oros	41
Golden Dawn	Sean Oros	41
[Photograph] Spring	Maryanne Elder	41
Introduction to Literature	Lisa Leonhard	42
Recovery	Meghan Paine	42
Birthing Poems	Sean Oros	42
An Elegy for Used Fire Extinguishers	Bess Onegow	43
Ethereal	Lisa Leonhard	43
The Fourth	Sean Oros	44
Ode to Psychology, Counseling	Kelsey Robertson	44
Woes of a Sales Rep	Sean Oros	44
The Simplest Thinks	Kristen Fleming	44
[Photograph] A New Year	Maryanne Elder	44
Battle of Tours	Sean Oros	45
Ant	Dr. Michael Balas	45
[Photograph] Forever Thiel	Maryanne Elder	45
The Triumph of Batman	Shane J. Martin	46
The Words Won't Come (Alphabet Soup)	Ashley Reynolds	47
Relationship with ED	Meghan Paine	47
View of a Car-Detailer	Sean Oros	47
My Best Friend Jack	Dodge of Hodge	48
Byzantium's Fall	Sean Oros	48
Midnight Oil	DJ Martino	49
Never Enough Time	Erica Ricola '12	50
The Road of Life	Meghan Paine	50
[Photograph]	Amy Matchett '12	50
The Ballad of Lawrence Upbold	Bess Onegow	51
The Teutonic Nights	Sean Oros	51
Time	Sean Oros	51
Silent Voice	Sean Oros	52
We Built, We Destroyed	Erica Ricola '12	52
[Photograph]	Amy Matchett '12	52
Profane Child	DJ Martino	53
1066	Sean Oros	53
Tides of Time	Sean Oros	53
What Happens To Love After Marriage?	Emily Trunzo	53
The Stones My Grandfather Gave Me	Bess Onegow	54
In Defense of Chivalry	Sean Oros	54
Stick Picker's Dream	Sean Oros	54

## Table of Contents Cont.

On the Hero's Return to his Childhood Love	Conor King	55
Durthan, Dragon-Bane	Sean Oros	57
Untitled	Chris Pouliot	58

### 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*

*Untitled* by Amy Jane Matchett '12

*"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

# **This I Believe**

Ryan Murphy

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



*A New Beginning* by Maryanne Elder

## 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.

## 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 deferred?**

**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 driving 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 40<sup>th</sup> 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.

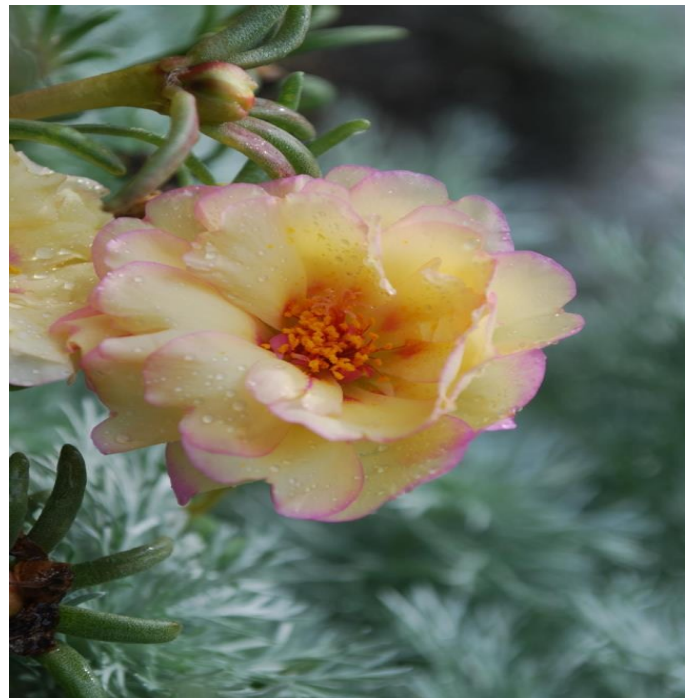
Like a raging beast, I look to feast  
On nothing more than love—to say the least.  
But darkness controls my every move,  
I know not happiness is meant for me.

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 Biology Divide

John Amorose

Botany and Zoology,  
Study you study me.  
Separated, let us be,  
We are one, but must live free.



*Flower* by Kaylin Vickinovac

## 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.

---

**An excerpt from the forthcoming book ‘*And the Band Played On: The Tragedy of the Loss of the S.S. Titanic*’**

**by Hans G. Myers  
Thiel College Class of 2016**

11:41 p.m.  
April 14, 1912  
The Bridge, *R.M.S. Titanic*

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 ship’s wheel.

“Amidships, aye sir.” Hichens responded, starting to clumsily 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 mustashoed Irishman courteously.

"We're taking water something fierce, sir." He reported gruffly, sounding alarmed. "The mail room'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*

# Identity

## Jaclyn Watkins

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 mid-  
night 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 shoul-  
der 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 fire flow-  
er, 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

### "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!

### "Summer"

Summer is now here—  
Beach balls bouncing, kids playing;  
Oh, what fun we have!

## 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



*Peace* by Maryanne Elder

## **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.

## **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.

# 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



*Untitled* by Kristen Fleming

## **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

---

## Futuristic Fugitive

Sean Oros

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 electrocuted 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 con-  
cern.

## **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

## To be a Funeral Director

Joy Tubero

Guiding those in need  
Taking care of every detail  
Helping say "goodbye"

## 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

## Untitled

Kourtney Polvinale

Withered voices kiss the desert's fountain.  
Webs of fire pursue before sharpe 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.

## Diamante Poem: Accounting

Samantha Hoffman

Accounting  
Numbers, Accounts  
Recording, Journalizing, Posting  
Journals, Ledgers, Balance Sheets, In-  
come Statements  
Informing, Operating, Managing  
Methodical, Dynamic  
Business

## 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.



*Live-Life-Love* by Maryanne Elder

## 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.

*Jasper* by Maryanne Elder



## 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.



*Untitled* by Amy Matchett '12

## 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.

---

## Esther's Books

Dr. Chris Moinet

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!

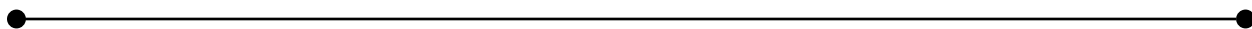
Determined to take advantage of this incredible bargain, Adam dug a quarter from his jeans pocket and went searching the back of the store for Esther, if she existed, or at least her representative, but while he did spot a cluttered roll-top desk and accompanying chair in a dim corner, there was no other 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."





*Life* by Maryanne Elder

## 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.

## 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.

## 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.

## 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.*

## 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."



*Flower by Kaylin Vickinovac*

---

# 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.

# Accounting Headstone Poetry

## Professor Gary Witoski

**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

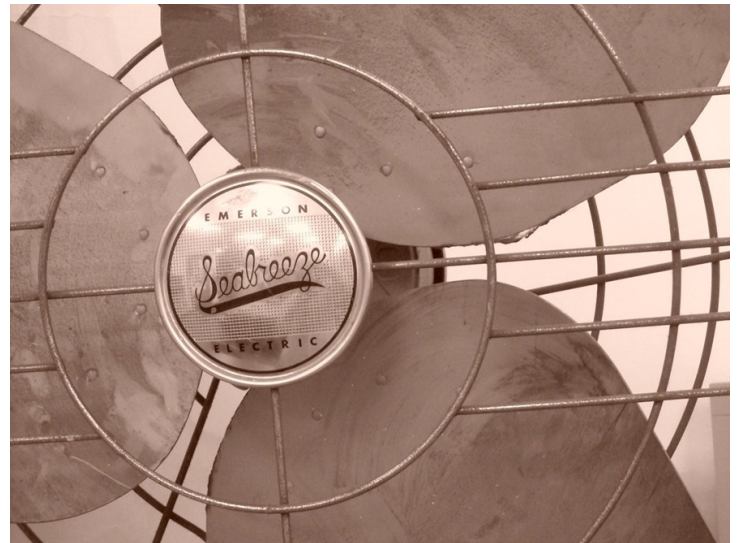
Bess Onegow

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 evening  
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  
guard,

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.

# 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

"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

Tardy? Hardly. Never. No. Not ever!

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,

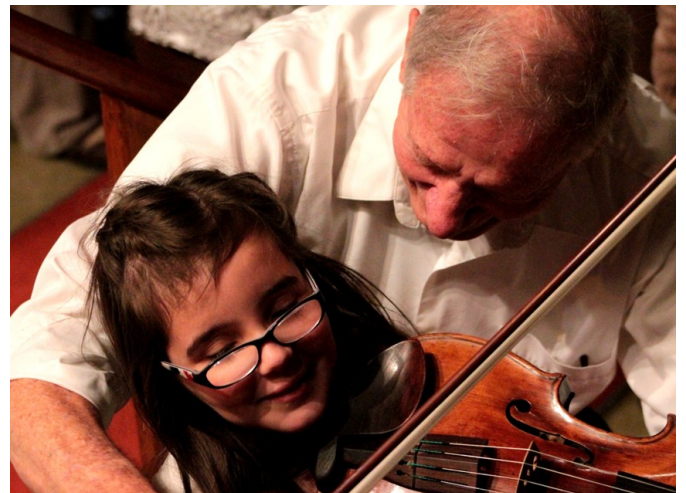
Company services and value "steals"

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?



*Building Foundations* by Maryanne Elder

# I'm Sorry

Ashley Reynolds

Two simple words  
Yet so powerful  
They turn the pool of tears in my eyes into a river  
Raging with emotion  
Crashing down on the shores of my sanity  
Every time I blink my life changes  
I am changing, you are changing  
Some people would say we're evolving  
Learning how to give and accept apologies  
I guess that means that both of our evolutions have been hampered  
What does it say about a man who apologizes to the one who loves  
him  
For loving another?  
Is he evolving or has he digressed?  
Something tells me that this wasn't in the instruction book.  
And what does it say about a girl  
Who sees those words and cries?  
Is she evolving or has she digressed?  
And what does the future hold for these two creatures?  
Will her love remain forever, through constant evolution?  
Or will the flame die out, and another take its place?  
And will he love his love forever?  
Or see those words at night, enshrouded in a cloud of regret.  
Will they ever meet again, besides in their dreams, walking side by  
side, explaining life, enjoying love?

I think not.

They are destined to be apart  
Forever separated by a river of tears and a forest of dreadful possibili-  
ties.

# 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.

# *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**

## 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 be-  
ginning 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-  
pendence 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.

## 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.

## "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



# 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.

## 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

## *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*

## 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?

## 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.



*A New Year* by Maryanne Elder

## 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

## 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.

## 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...

# 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

---

## 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?

# 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, 5  
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. 10

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: 15  
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! 20  
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, 25  
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. 30  
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 35  
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.

## **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.

## **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

## My Best Friend Jack

Dodge of Hodge

I was never good at	Fall in love again because
Making new friends	He has seen the pain of
I was shy and never a	Seeing a loved one die
Very social person	While he lives an immortal life
Then I met Jack	But he still loves
He is from Tennessee	He loves the fact
And has been around since 1866	That he still has a purpose
He has seen the problems people	In life and that is
Go through in touch times	To help those who need someone
And has always been there to help	To lean on going through tough times
I can honestly say he has	So I propose a toast
Helped me a lot and I'm thankful	To Mr. Jack Daniels
Jack is the best wing man to have around	For being wise, supportive,
He's wise, sharp, and always	And a wonderful friend
Smooth with the ladies	May all our worries go away
He fell in love once	With a whiskey lullaby
But she passed on	
And he can never	

## 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?

# Midnight Oil

D.J. Martino

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.

*Untitled* by Amy Matchett '12

## *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 wast-  
ed.  
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.



---

## 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.



*Untitled* by Amy Matchett '12

## **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 learned 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.

## 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.

## *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*

## 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  
crackled 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.

---

## On the Hero's Return to his Childhood Love

### Conor King

He sped over the grassy hills that night  
To return to his most beautiful sight  
Lovely and o'er in a land he quit  
Of her in his true own memory bit

Her name, Deirdre, but not of the sorrows  
She brings with her smiles of all, borrows  
The blame for all of broken hearts of men  
Dropped to their knees and said amen, amen!

Her figure wrapped in white cloth and in silk  
Her skin as white as pearl or its rich milk  
Hair black as coal and eyes as blue as sea  
And here he thinks of her as "true for me"

As youth, she led the lad around the twist  
He fell, she laugh, and found his tries amiss  
For she was a vision of life and all wonder  
And he would try his best but still blunder

As they grew up it became more than games  
Something new as her beauty did claim fame  
And suitors tried to pry the two apart  
But something else did prove to lose her heart

For he was of the Pope and she was not  
And religion tore what love had all begot

In youth one finds all things quite at risk  
When it was sacrilege for just one kiss

Now years later and he returns to home  
Out of the army and his life of roam  
To see his village burned before his eyes  
And though he tries, the tears are not to hide

One house remains on top an old green hill  
Brown now, much like the grain in old brick mills  
That once did sit in his home Mayo of old  
Rust red and black replaced his home of gold

The house did fly a Union Jack up high  
Allegiance to a king he did deny  
For the damn fool stripped the land of its crops  
The workers sat hungry, beaten by cops

The door was answered by long hair of grey  
Short and broken no smile left, to say  
And her eyes were dull, oh so dull were they  
Only three years, if exact to the day

She looked at him with such a wistful glance  
A reminder of the feeling of pure romance  
And her youth, too cruel, taken by the crown  
When her beauty did bring her much renown

“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

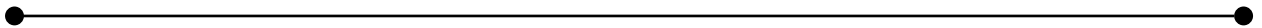
But she rebuked his feelings and his love  
For he was against what her family won  
When the crown did give her man ill gained land

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.



# Durthan, Dragon-Bane

Sean Oros

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?

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 lauds?  
What did they gain by unchecked greed?  
Why wisdom's warning did they not heed?

"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.

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.

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.

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!"

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.

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.

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.

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.



目力(十)

*Untitled by Chris Pouliot*