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2015

The Phoenix

A Magazine for the Creative Arts

Thiel College, Spring 2015

Sigma Tau Delta

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Welcome to *The Phoenix*, Thiel College's creative literary and artistic publication!

This edition marks the 15th anniversary of the re-emergence of *The Phoenix* on Thiel's campus (it had a brief "landing" earlier in Thiel's history) and the initiation of the Alpha Iota Kappa Chapter of Sigma Tau Delta on our campus (established on March 15, 2000). 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 the poetry, fiction, artwork, and photography submitted by our students, faculty, and alumni. The variety of literary and artistic contributions we receive each year makes the editorial board's selection a wonderfully challenging and enjoyable endeavor. This year, we had the privilege of reading and evaluating approximately 150 submissions and of working with dedicated and conscientious editors and the editorial board. I am especially grateful to each member. This year, the editorial board, in its good judgment, features the "best Phoenix drawing" on the cover and the "best poem" on the back cover.

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 (308 Greenville Hall) or any member of the editorial board any time throughout the year. Previous editions of *The Phoenix* are also posted electronically and may be found by going to the home page and clicking on Academics, English Department, Sigma Tau Delta, and *Phoenix* issues. Please take some time to browse through our creative collections!

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

"When I am consumed in the fire/Give me new phoenix wings to fly at my desire."

--John Keats, "On Sitting Down to Read *King Lear* Once Again"

"The best thing for being sad," replied Merlin, "is to learn something. That's the only thing that never fails. You may grow old and trembling in your anatomies. . .; you may miss your only love, you may see the world about you devastated by evil lunatics, or know your honour trampled in the sewers of baser minds. There is only one thing for it then—to learn. Learn why the world wags and what wags it. That is the only thing which the mind can never exhaust, never alienate, never be tortured by, never fear or distrust, and never dread of regretting. Learning is the only thing for you. Look what a lot of things there are to learn."

--T.H White, *The Once and Future King*



First Snow of the Year Crystal Durachko

Happy, Healthy, and Pain Free

Dana DePaulo

Not a day goes by
That I will forget you
You sit up there in the sky
My love for you will forever stay true

Since the day I was born
A forever connection was made
Now I have to allow myself to mourn
A life from my memory that will never fade

You made me feel wanted
Something that is hard to come by
By your death I feel haunted
And all that's left is to wonder why

Why was it your time to go?
Why'd you leave when I needed you most?
God called your name, it was hard to know
You're now living with the holy host.

I miss you more everyday
It gets easier, that's what I'm told
But nothing gets easier when you're away
That lie is getting old

I talk to you every night
And I pray somehow, someday I'll hear you talk back
You are my shining light
And you keep me going on the right track.

I think of you often when I feel alone
With your arms around me telling me I'll be okay
I wish I could just call you on my phone
But instead I'll be reunited with you one day

You'll be in heaven dancing like no other
Happy, healthy, and pain free

Relaying Hope

Sean Oros

Walk on, my friends, walk on,
As hours pass and fade.
The road is long, the day is short,
But on we run, and on we live.

We relay hope to others,
Who look to our example;
We shall not tire soon,
The race is ours to win.

Our cause for joy is those before us,
The ones we love who have gone on.
But we rejoice for those who live
Among us, walking by our sides.

We are a mighty crowd,
Diverse survivors of this fight.
Supporting all those hurting,
And all those touched by this disease.

Rememb'ring those we've lost,
Upon this long, hard road.
The fallen heroes still call out
Encouraging us to walk, walk on.

We shall not lose this fight,
However long it takes.
Take heart in those around you,
Remember those before.

Walk on, my friends, walk on,
And fight against despair.
Together, we are strong;
We shall yet win this race.

The day is short, the road is long,
But on we walk, and on we live.

I believe that music plays all night long

Joe Disch

I believe that music plays all night long.
Music from the crickets,
Beauty in the evening air and the
Remembrance of the day.
Or maybe it's the art of the sky
Knitted and woven by the clouds painted with the light of setting sun,
Each stroke of the brush adding to the masterpiece.
Now the sky grows dark, the symphony begins while the artwork dies,
And bells add to the harmony with their loud ding dongs.
Never have I seen the musicians past the thickets.
Downhill they sing in the note of E.
In each note beings made of dust can hear the world say,
“Don't ever let me lie
Or else your life, my work, will soon be done.”
Now the sun begins to rise, and the music must cease.
The rays bring the illusion of the night back down to its proper size.
Knowing that the truth, that the day can never hear the song.
Now kids run around with sticks making drums out of fence pickets
Over the neighborhood, being free
With the possessions that have the power to slay.
While forcing the memory of sweeter music to die,
Hoping for the evening to come with the silent embrace of another setting sun.
Yet here I am, just an older version of those little beasts.

I cannot sing without dancing as well

Bess Onegow

I cannot sing without dancing as well—
a shoulder shimmy or a hip wiggle—
even the slightest motion, you can tell;
with toe tapping, my heart starts to giggle.

I dance to write a story on the air—
emotions betrayed more than on paper—
twitch my finger without seeming to care,
as though to write the notes while I caper.

My head bobs, body weaves, almost in time;
rhythm means little when you sing your soul—
flinging your heart out with a simple rhyme—
explaining how to pay life's hellish toll
by spelling out praise with a simple wave—
gratitude that, for a while, will behave.

Riddles

Crystal Carradine

I let things in and keep things out

I groan and squeak, but cannot shout

I can be found far and wide

Yet I do not work when I am on my side?

What am I?

In the light I live

In the dark I die

I follow all and am rather shy

What am I?

I am a door guarded by many knives

Once things enter they lose their lives

I lead to a place that is dark and wet

Have you guessed what I am yet?

I am a wide eye that never blinks

That moves and follows yet never thinks

While icy cold, I still burn bright

Always there, but often out of sight

What am I?

Everything Happens in the Fall

Deanna Shaw

Everything happens in the Fall

Nature brings with it a splendid sight

A new feeling arises in us all.

Squirrels scurry to find their winter haul,

Birds begin to take their flight

Everything happens in the Fall.

A dazzling display of leaves does not look so small,

Flying through the air like a kite

A new feeling arises in us all.

School, Sports, and festivals excite one and all

Swiping and carving pumpkins through the night

Everything happens in the Fall.

Family and friends gather with memories to recall

Hot chocolate around the fire brings delight

A new feeling arises in us all.

Crisp cool air is a wakeup call

The harvest moon gives reason to stay awake tonight

Everything happens in the fall

A new feeling arises in us all.

Blackberry Eating

Derek Runge

I love to go out in late July warmth
Among veiling, vascular vines of
Tomatoes
To taste tomatoes at ten to twelve
Or later, when the sun sinks down
Under the horizon far from
The thin threads trickling the tomatoes to the tough
Dirt
I lift the stalks to my mouth, the ripest
Of fruits
Fall almost unbidden to my tongue,
As letters sometimes do, light lively letters
Like “t” and “b,”
Simple strikes across the page that trip
My tongue that would work them wide and well
In the stuttering, searching sounds of action
Of tomato- eating in late July warmth.

I love to go out in cool October
Among the last of the tiny ripe
Cherries
To eat dark cherries for breakfast
The hearts very dense, a tough challenge
They earn for knowing the dark art
Of cherry-making; and as I stand just below
Them
Reaching up to them my hands feel the ripe
Cherries
Fall almost unbidden to my hands,
As words sometimes do, certain peculiar words
Like “They” and “True”
The lesser-lettered true and tough words
Which I slice open, bite, and enjoy
In the silent, shuttering dark language
Of cherry-eating out in cool October.

I love to go out in early August
Among the leaf laden trees in the
Old orchard
To harvest heavy apples of gold,
Which lie beyond a half-willed reach
And wait to meet the tongue and lips
Of those prepared to stretch; and as I stand among
Them
Reaching for each golden orb the readiest
Fruits
Beckon my hand to their loose stems
As themes sometimes do, those certain artful themes
Like “hope” or “hate”
Precious many-seeded products of life,
Which I chomp, chew, and churn over well
In the cool, calm, heavy, golden-red parlance
Of apple-eating out in early August.

I love to go out in a June morning
Among an audience of raw reddening
Strawberries
To pick the berries slightly I
Stoop to pull the sweetest of them up
Adding their harvested sunlight
To my basket already crammed up to
Overflow
Until some fall far outside of the woven
Bowl
And roll all around the garden’s roots
As sounds sometimes do, certain softly round sounds
Like “bite” or “bore”
Open-mouthed, tongue strengthening sweets
Which I bite into heartily then,
In the wet, earthy, order of the red world
Of strawberry eating in a June morning.



Ocean Breeze

Deanna Shaw

I Don't Care If You're Contagious

Kristina Cotton

With new, plastic id's, her birthday was 3 weeks ago, mine 4 months; we stand in a rundown club, general admission. We bump elbows and share hesitant smiles. The opening act had just jumped off stage and fluttered past the crowds to the bar. I glance at her and her eyes light up in the dimly lit corner we have claimed for ourselves.

I ask her if she wants to move closer for the main act; some punk band, ink still drying from their contract signing. She slides out of the booth and tip-toes around the tables and chairs. She almost appears to dance across the velvety red carpeted floor. We jump to the heavy drums and slightly whining voice of the wide-eyed singer, "And I don't care if you're sick. I don't care if you're contagious. I would kiss you even if you were dead," and her lipstick smile is intoxicating. Her animated features contrast the night's disposition.

When the night came to a close, and we had become inebriated by laughter and gin, her hand had found its way to mine and I smiled. Staring down at our intertwined fingers, I nervously lean against the yellow exterior of the cab we were sharing. With the hint of alcohol and a night well spent on our lips and her head pressed to my shoulder, drinking in a street light drive home, we converse with the cab driver.

"Hey, do you want something?" I look up to a tired but inviting glance from Amelie. We're rolling into a small town in Illinois that is nestled around an interstate route. The place looks run down and decrepit. As if the people that pass through have taken something from it every time. Like they smudged the drawing, the graphite of what was once a perfect sketch. The gas station we pull into has 2 pumps and a slim boy leans against the first. When the car is finally thrown into park he is at the window. He has a young face and slim shoulders. 'Jeremy', his name tag informs, appears out right irritated. It's 8:16 am, I would be too. Kudos man. He pumps the gas for us and waits almost impatiently for his tip. Then he is back to his post, slim shoulders set in an angled line and chicken wings crossed over his chest. I see a small tattoo peeking out from his sleeve and suddenly want to ask him what it means to him. I want to stand here and talk to this a-few-leagues-from-James-Dean, hormone hyped up, seventeen year old stranger about what his tattoo means to him. I make up a story. Jeremy's father passed away when he was 4 from a car accident, a drunk driver swerved and hit him- the car tail spun and slammed into a tree. The clichéd skull with hearts weaving and wrapping is a matching tattoo to what he saw in old, bent at the corners, sepia, toothy grinned photos. Jeremy's mother wrapped around his father under his arm, the tattoo flashing the camera like the once upon a time look in their young eyes, before the world caught up to them. Before Jeremy. I decide that he has the picture in his wallet so on thunder storm days he can look back at the moments he wishes he had witnessed. He looks in the mirror and he sees his dad's nose and his mother's cheekbones, and he sees the tattoo and he knows home is only where you find love. Of course, I romanticize everything. I think I belong in the past, or future, or something. Or somewhere I can put meaning.

We walk into the convenience store. And the shelves are stocked with price tags that are entirely too expensive. I see ho-hos and my mouth waters. That is what I want and a cappuccino except half-French vanilla and half-black coffee. 16 oz. cup. We are packed back up in the car and I am saying good bye to Jeremy, silently. I say good bye to his still mourning mother, for the loss of her soul mate and goodbye to the small town that wraps around a highway. I was sure not to take anything, I was sure not to smudge the graphite, the finger prints left behind on the edges and corners aren't mine. Amelie smiles at me and sips from her Styrofoam cup, nude lipstick staining the rim.

There is a road that curves around, winds and twists, a forgotten highway. The only companion it has at dawn is the dew that has settled on the over grown wildflowers and barley. These faux flowers and sun dried grass follow the path of this long stretch, diligently hugging the pavements edges. At dusk we drive in, our tires roll over the hot pavement and the faithful dandelions have slightly curled away from the midnight black heat. We stare at the house that sits at the end of this road. The last house before this concrete path slightly dips and comes back up. The last house before several miles of open grassy fields that look like the reminisce of the American dream, overgrown and abandoned.

The Pennsylvania skyline is a magenta shade with pirouetting streaks of light baby blue and off in the distance the ambiguous shapes that litter the horizon for miles resemble houses and individuals who are breathing in the same summer air. People who might lie out on the lawn and stare at the country sky, ignoring the mosquitos that buzz around for a feast or ones that might have shallow swimming pools, with vibrant fish that adorn the rounded sides, in which they splash around in until the late summer air becomes too nippy and towels are wrapped around shivering shoulders. There might be people who are running from something or people who are running to something, those who are searching for something to settle for or some that are refusing to settle for what they have found.

For myself, I am content, I am sitting on the wooden floor of a hollow house that will soon be a home. Amelie presses her palm into mine and her eyes shine, her green eyes that spark with golden hues. We sit there and remember the whining voice of the fresh-faced singer and cracking pleather of the booth we first sat in so many years ago, we whisper into each other lips the moments we hold so dear until the moon has crawled across the sky and casts iridescent beams through the large window at the front of the house.

She shakes my shoulder and I roll over to stare up at her through half lidded, sleepy eyes. She whispers to me as if not to wake the quiet world around us, not to wake up the heat of summer that will soon grace us with its presence. She coaxes me out of bed; although I want just five more minutes, I climb out just like every other morning. I have heard people, in passing; say the average person only uses thirty percent of their lungs. I am not an average person. I expand my lungs out and down, in the extra 70 percent to where I expel my doubts and negative thoughts. They are carried by the morning air to sweep across the bottom, and then at unmeasurable speeds they vacate my body. Like carbon dioxide. Respire in rhythm. Aspire in the morning; while my shoe laces are tying themselves and my feet are shuffling to the freedom of measured strides. Conspire with the careless and ceaseless landscape by the time the sun adorns the east coast horizon.

I like the way the rain gives a road a shine, not because it's picturesque, that is cliché; I just like the shine and reflection of the 5:30am streetlights. There is a curve on the rarely frequented highway my feet have become accustomed to running. The cracks and faults on the smooth midnight pavement do not trip me up. I glance over at Amelie and she appears to be so light on her toes as if she were dancing across the boulevard, as if each street light were a spot light where most perform Grand jetés, she pushes off the ground and never stops. An object in motion stays in motion.

A bright, beam cuts through the dim dusk with immense precision at one point and catches me off guard, my heart jumps, and I slow to a walk. Amelie notices and follows suit. She turns on her heels and looks back at me. My heart jumps, she appears angelic in that moment and in that moment I pause. A street light flickers in the distance, and the sun is steadily rising, stretching its beams out like an old man stretches his work-married arms in the morning after a dreamless night, as the moon divorces the sky; however, even with all this happening I cannot remove my eyes from her. She smiles and motions for us to continue, and as soon as she is there she is gone.

We, with wine-stained lips, stand in the kitchen quarreling. I tell her we should just sleep on the matter. I tell her that we can talk about in the morning. I tell her the alcohol is just making it seem worse. She is furious and won't have it, she is tearing through the house, our home, ripping through the closet, and pressing her fingers into her temples, to rub away the dull head ache and calm the blurriness of her vision. She repeats under her breath, "I'm just going to a motel for the night."

I am following behind her. "I won't let you drive when you're like this," I say, as the statement sobers me slightly. She ignores me and is moving around me. I am whiplash, this much I know and I may do stupid things that upset her, but I will not let her leave like this. I coax her away from the keys. I convince her that she just needs some sleep, she needs to let the alcohol leave her system and then the anger may follow also. I stare out at the darkness that settles in the living room. She is asleep upstairs. I am just thankful that she is safe.

The summer bleeds into fall. And our morning runs become colder. We both bundle up, not being accustomed to the what-feels-like-artic Pennsylvania mornings. Thanksgiving finally rolls around, and we have family out. Her family colliding with mine causes for quite the hectic vacation. Our house, at the end of the long stretch of vacant highway, bursts at the seams. We smile and get drunk off the memories that ricochet from one person to another in the house. The walls echo the chatter, catching every syllable and maybe at a later date the words will fall out into a shattered pile, to be swept up and pieced together as if to be used as testaments of when we were so young and happy. And when we finally drop off our last uncle at the airport, we are back to the orange and red warmth of our home. We tuck ourselves away, under the covers and hidden from the world.

She shakes my shoulder and smiles down at me. I sniff and look at her with drowsy begging eyes. She chuckles and nods with understanding. She throws an extra blanket over me and places a glass of hot tea next to the bed; it will leave a ring, but I don't mind. She laces up her shoes and hugs me through the covers. "Feel better." she breathes softly before disappearing out of the doorway, and just as soon as she was there, she was gone.

Is it weird to say that you can see silence? I ask myself because this is the only way I can describe the landscape and endless midnight pavement, that curves and twists. It's quiet, the epitome. It's like the feeling you get when you walk outside after it snowed 5 inches, the fluffy kind. It's muffled and it feels so cozy. It makes me want to lay down in it. To make angels? No. I don't want to be near angels; they remind me of death. No. Just to cover up with it so that I can be that muffled and quiet.

For the most part, I feel like whiplash. I feel too loud. Though, there have been moments that I don't feel noisy. I feel voiceless. I think these moments are the ones that I hate to recall. Maybe it's a good thing that I'm too loud, between the boisterous laughter shared over the short life I have lived, the music we kissed in cars to and words so quiet I swear only she could hear; I can remember the noise and not the ringing silence of the situations of life that thrash around my body, deconstructing the atoms that build me up from the ground. The situations that move in slow motion behind my eye lids at midnight. Like the way she used to glance down when she was nervous, sweeping the hair behind her ear habitually or the way her fingers traced the lines of my hands and she'd go on about how my life line was long which meant I was going to practically live forever. The moments that photo's couldn't capture with an ounce of accuracy. Or the times we fought like flames and the way we made up like the moon does every night with the sky.

The moments I run over in my head that make my feet hurt. The imagines I had never even seen press to the lids of my eyes. The way the head lights must have engulfed her or the way she couldn't move fast enough. I try to not think about the man who was so drunk he couldn't recall that morning. I try to disregard the way that car probably barreled down the road. I try to forget how that man had so many other options. I try so hard to overlook how he climbed in behind the wheel of his jeep with doubled vision and gallivanted the roads that night as the darkness kissed the light of dawn like Romeo and Juliet's fatal kiss. I avoid the thought that that man is still alive.

There are places and people that feel like they can only be described as seasons. Like the weather, they occur naturally and come and go. We manifest the idea that we can hold onto them. I press my finger into the cool glass and smear a random design. I stare out the window disregarding the dust that has settled on the pain. She was a season. I would love to say a California summer but no. She was a Pennsylvania fall. She was five feet and seven inches of almost perfection. I use the word almost to humor society, although she was the perfect version of herself. She was never running from something, when the air expanded her lungs down and out she was sprinting for the feeling of freedom that comes with looking ahead at a road that stretched for miles. For myself, my running shoes lie abandoned like the untamed fields and I am not running to or away from anything. I can't stand the sight of the long, midnight pavement that curves and dips, that the wilted frozen wild flowers hug; I can't stand the thought of running it alone.

A Far-Off Hope

Nate Flory

Should a promise made long ago
be remembered or forgotten?
Passionate when time was short; though
haunting, not truly begotten.

Unfulfilled:

Discordant notes, desolate years,
a moving on much overdue.
A crushed dream, unspoken tears,
so let despondency ensue.

Who would think that thorn in my side:
piercing, prodding, ever-present,
is the sole star in my dark sky:
graceful, guiding, glimpse of heaven.

Fulfilled:

To 'Wait and Hope,' the Count did say;
That glorious eternal day.
'Never worry, I'll always stay:'
The perfect verse to end the play.

Crystal Durachko



Little Guy in Thought

The Rose

Austin Hall

I was once told the story of the rose,
The beautiful delicacy of which
I had believed to be mysterious.

To me the rose was no more than a mere
Flower, destined to bring happiness to
All who were blessed enough to receive one.

I was wrong. The rose was much, much more
than
I had ever realized. The rose breathes life
Into those who hold it close to the heart.

Never before had I seen the rose like
This, as if this flower had a spirit
Whose entity was entering my soul.

The rose's spirit embodies the meaning
Of a feeling which only the very
Fortunate ever have the chance to sense.

Holding the blossom of a soft, sweet rose,
I see the rose crying out for a hand
To hold, a heart to swathe, a soul to embrace.

In short, the rose epitomizes the
Sensation of life: thick thorns, our walls, to
Be smoothed, bright petals, our love, to be giv'n.

An Elegy for Innocence

Sean Oros

When we were young we lived to play,
Not knowing half our elders say.
To our young minds the world was free,
And through its fields we ran with glee.
Untroubled minds that questioned none,
And slept in peace when day was done.

The world did mirror youthful bliss
When we would ask for mother's kiss,
Too young to fear what others thought,
Too young to ask why grown ones fought.
The world was simple, trees and grass,
But changed that world as years did pass.

Grown men and women, young or old,
No longer children and grown too bold.
In love of self our world is ruled,
For our own gain are others fooled.
We lift ourselves on top of you
So we may rise as strong lords do.

So aged the world as humans grew
To tame the woods and land we knew.
We strove to master all we saw,
To turn our every word to law.
To rule, to win, to make our past;
From victor's mouth come words that last.

And now we lay us down to sleep,
Our tainted minds our schemes to keep.
Now dead is innocence, so "nice,"
For we are old and live with vice.
Perhaps someday we'll change our ways,
But not till death, at end of days.

A grandmother's tears

Bess Onegow

A grandmother's tears
I've shed for thee;
A grandmother's tears
I've cried,
But not because of
a wasted life,
because we're
still alive.

A grandmother's tears
I've shed for thee;
A grandmother's tears
I've cried,
And when at last
my time has come,
I shan't be afraid
to die.

A grandmother's tears
I've shed for thee;
A grandmother's tears
no more,
for when I reach
the Kingdom come,
I'll see thy face
once more.

A grandmother's tears
I've shed for thee;
A grandmother's tears
no more,
but do not shed
a tear for me,
for thee I'll
still adore.

The Grey Lady

Hans Myers

Towering tall above the quay she stands proud,
This old and graceful queen of the seas now
Lies, awaiting her fate, sternly unbowed.
A generation the waves has she plowed,

Strove forth 'cross the world, seas and lands distant,
Earning her name "Reliable" acclaim'd.
Eldest of three, she proved most resistant
To tragedy, which her sisters all famed.

Her voice calls out to those who come to see
This ocean queen of twenty-seven years.
Three times does she raise the supplicant's plea,
Though her voice gains 'naught but yells and loud cheers.

So passes *Olympic*, mighty sea queen,
Never shall we let any her name demean.

Yeonok Kim (My Mother)

Soyoung Lim

Fragile as a flower, but
Strong as a steel,
Which does not easily kneel.

Weak as a glass, but
Powerful as the Sun,
Which makes the earth run.

Spreading seeds from her breast,
She made a wood where I can rest.
Cutting her flesh without pain,
She cooked suppers that did my life sustain.
How can I follow this endless love
That I cannot even think of.

Open your eyes wide

DJ Martino '12

Open your eyes wide,
See the frightful truth,
Close your eyes and hide.



Gathering Storms

Sean Oros

Hidden Memories

Ryan J. Calderone

This thing... It sits in my drawer. It haunts me; and as happy as it makes me when I open the drawer to look at it, I become twice as miserable when I do. So I leave it out of sight until I build up the courage to sit and stare at it. I try to resist the temptation, for it only brings me grief when it used to bring me nothing but happiness. It brings back memories that I hide in the back of my mind because I'm not strong enough to face them. But, when I can't fight the temptation and I open the drawer, it kills me little by little. It makes me hate myself when I look at it. This thing in my drawer; it's a remembrance of what I had, what I did, and what I lost. And what I lost was a part of me; something that could never be replaced. Gone. Maybe just for now, but each moment without it feels like an eternity. The regret, the guilt, the pain... They all weigh me down as I try to go on without it. I try to shed the weight but it's persistent. It won't let go of me. This is why I no longer display this thing for the world to see. This thing in my drawer; it haunts me, but I love it.

My Son

Austin Hall

My Son

I walk into the room and find her in
The chair, waiting to ask where I had been.
Rushing across the room to where she sat,
I fell onto my knees to tell her that
We lost our only child to the great
Struggle which children overestimate.
Our son had succumbed to the deep, dark hole
Which enveloped his mind, body and soul.
Tears streamed from my eyes as I cried out to
My wife, though she did not stir. The pain, too
New for her heart to handle, had locked her
Emotions away 'til she could confer
With me about his reasoning. At last,
She, slumping into her chair, screamed, aghast
At the news I had brought her. I wanted
To help, wanted to act, but I, daunted
By the sight of my son on the stained floor,
Crumpled into a heap while my wife mourned.

The Son

I walked into my room and fell onto my bed as I had done every day of my miserable life. I had failed at my goals in life. I had not solved the problems which have crippled our world for generations. I had been left alone. I had not been able to find a way out. My grandfather had left me, my best friend. As I lay on the bed, I had felt the pangs of the day's struggles begin to envelop my mind. My mind had begun to spin, swirling around from the pain of my papa, the incredible loss which I could not get passed.

Maddeningly upset, I began to write. I wrote this note which I left my parents for I needed to escape:

Dear Mom and Dad,

I am sorry that I have failed you. I am sorry that I cannot continue on. My mind has begun to fail me and my body is decaying like my emotional state. I have gone into a state of anarchy with my emotions warring against my conscience. I cannot continue to live this life I have been given and I will fail in my attempt to do so. There is nothing more for me here on this earth. Maybe, just maybe, I'll get some peace in Heaven if I am even able to get there. I will see you again someday I hope and I will always be with you in spirit. I love you so much.

Your Son

I then took the gun out from under my bed, slipped the bullet in, and placed the gun in my mouth. One last flash of sunlight burst in the room, but I never saw it. Rising out of myself, I watched as my mother came home and sat in her chair. My father came in my room. My spirit watched over him as he came into my room and saw the floor soaked in his son's blood. My heart, my soul broke into pieces as I watched him crumple over my lifeless body. I never did see my parents again.

Sometimes the world needs monsters

Kayla Crame and Kyley Raskob

The world has good. The world has evil. In order for one to survive the other must exist.

Heroes will always raise and defend as it has been since the beginning of time.

Although if not for creatures of the night, the beings of fright, what good would heroes be?

They would be useless if not for the frightening, the bloody, the shadows in the dark.

If there is nothing to haunt nothing to fear what would our purpose be?

How can we know Joy and Love without Pain and Hate?

These beasts show us the darkness needed to see the light.

The animals who denied humanity allow us to be the humans we were meant to be.

They exist. They are needed not only for heroes but to teach common man.

This is why the world needs monsters.

MY WALL

Anonymous

The wall of my childhood, the one I used to look to for strength
Tall and mighty it was, strong and wonderful
Today this once wonderful wall is cracked and broken; many fissures within,
With all the battles this wall has gone through,
It's still standing.
It has been hit hardest and hurt most by its closest allies,
Too much trust has been put into them
This wall is threatening to break, one more hit and it's down
Not built with cement and mortar,
But with love, truth, and trust.
Listen to the sounds of it breaking; lies and hatred are the weapons
To hurt this wall of passion and faith.
This wall isn't of the normal kind; it has no real enemies,
This is a wall of my emotions; my strength
My wall, forever

Naomi and the Waves

Derek Runge

Naomi read the dark waves well as they approached her sloop. She sat on a wooden bench near the stern, gripping the rudder with all her strength. The boat beneath her tossed in the waves as storm clouds rushed overhead. She knew the storm would come when the barometer dropped an hour before. Out of stubbornness or arrogance, she had not returned to shore but instead dropped the masts and donned her life vest.

Lightning cracked off the starboard bow. She was both frightened and impressed by this spectacle of nature. Its crackling, splitting path lit Naomi's world for a moment and she turned back to see a lighthouse: the lighthouse she had left that morning.

Naomi awoke that morning to the sound of birds and the warmth of sunlight against her face. She slid out of bed and hung a white jacket about her shoulders. Crossing through the kitchen, she opened her mother's door. Inside, a tape recorder played back her father's soft snoring. In the bed, beneath a thick patchwork quilt, her mother lay blissfully unaware of the world. Naomi sat down on the bed beside her mother, combing a hand through her silvering hair. "Mum," she whispered, "It's morning."

Her mother rolled onto her back and looked up at Naomi. "You can call me Mary, you know," she huffed in frustration. "It's not like I'm taking care of you anymore."

"What do you want to wear today?" Naomi asked, walking over to the closet.

Her mother sat up before answering, "The turtle neck, the red and brown one."

"Mum," Naomi said before she spotted the look on the older woman's face. "Mary, I know you like that one; it's just that you wore it yesterday and I'm worried that the wool will chafe."

"Nonsense, bring it here," Mary said, beckoning to her child. Naomi walked past the mirror with her father's picture hung over it and brought the jacket over to her mother. She attempted to put her mother's arms into it. The prying hands were batted away. "I can handle a sweater!" Then Mary lowered her gaze and slipped the sweater over her. "Don't you think I can handle a sweater?" She asked in a way that needed no response.

Naomi knew better than to try to help her mother out of bed. Instead, she left the room.

When Mary entered the kitchen, she saw that her place had been set. Her plate was covered by an egg and two pieces of jam-smear toast. Naomi sat on the other side of the small oak table, eating fish with her toast. "Did you wake up so early that you went fishing before waking me up?" Mary asked, making her way to her plate.

"No," Naomi said quietly, "It's from the ice box. I put it there last night." Her mother eyed her, as if not sure she spoke the truth.

"At least I have my egg," Mary said cutting a slice of white from the rest of the egg with her fork. "The chickens don't rely on the waves. They stay put." She chewed the white with a bit of toast before continuing. "I do worry, though. I found that black fungus on another bird yesterday."

"Maybe it's something in the coop." Naomi offered.

"I hope not," her mother replied.

When Mary had finished the meal, she brought the dishes over to the sink. As she ran warm water into the basin, she looked out into her garden. Her daffodils sprouted there. The yellow flowers seemed to prefer the west side of the house. She enjoyed looking out at them now, their orange trumpets pointed proudly to the sky.

"I'm going out again today," her daughter said from the table.

"I wish you wouldn't," Mary said still staring at the garden. "Those waves are perilous. They're how we lost your father. I don't know what I'd do if I lost you."

"Don't worry, Mum," Naomi replied, "I'm a good sailor. I'll leave the fish I've caught for you too."

"Where will you go?" Her mother asked.

From the top of the lighthouse two beams of light protruded into the darkness. Her mother, she knew, had turned the light on to call her to the shore. She held the rudder tight, heading straight for the waves. She was already further from her mother than she'd ever been. She sailed away from the light.

The Thought of an Hour

Jeremy Dalton Heath

The darkness falls upon my furrowed brow.
My world came crashing down all around me.
The sadness tears a schism through my heart.

My Love has left me alone in this world

My life is over. Now what should I do?

This tragedy changes my world,

My husband's love graces me no more.

I must move forward on my own.

I look upon the sky for Hope.

The blue sky above me

Is filled with singing birds

Living without sorrow.

Enlightenment!

I Know For True,

I'm Free.



Shanty Town

Sean Oros

You preach tolerance

DJ Martino '12

You preach tolerance,

With a forked tongue, you teach hate.

You're destined to burn.

Autumn in Ravine

Sean Oros

Falling leaves in stream,

Pebbly banks in autumn garb,

Forest clad ravine

Apology

Audra Franley

I sing a song of days gone by,

And of memories far behind.

Do you ever stop to wonder why?

A scared little girl, distant and shy,
Wondering why the world can't be kind.

I sing a song of days gone by.

A question posed, the answer a lie,
If she forgets, a hand will remind.
Do you ever stop to wonder why?

Relationship lows, and mind flying high,
Pain builds up and never unwinds.
I sing a song of days gone by.

A slamming door, a muffled cry,
About to lose her mind.
Do you ever stop to wonder why?

A figure there, as you look to the sky,
Ready to leave this world behind,
I sing a song of days gone by.
Do you ever stop to wonder why?

The Grey and the White

Kyley Raskob

“You Shall Not Pass!” to him I did declare.
The Beast did growl and swiped at empty air,
As he tumbled down with only a glare.

I turned and focused on our fellowship,
After one moment my foot would then slip.
Balrog pulled me down; the unholy chasm,
Whose darkness and depth I could not fathom.
Dwarven tunnels disappear above me,
Only the fire of Balrog let me see.

I twist in the air and aim with my sword,
Below me, the Shadow, I fall toward.
The lowest dungeon, to the highest peak,
I fought the beast: neither afraid nor weak.
Darkness took me, but it was not the end,
I felt life in me; a will to defend.

Reborn, I shall go back to Aragorn,
“It cannot be...” he then whispers forlorn.
“You fell.” He says. “Through fire and water.”
I reply, my words don’t seem to falter.
“I have returned until my task is done.”
Aragorn smiles as though he has won.

“Gandalf the Grey, that was my name before.
I come back at the turning of this war
Gandalf the White. This I am prepared for.”

Balrog chased us towards the bridge. The light that came from his flames lit up the cavern and danced around the halls. Ahead of me they ran; across the bridge and up the stairs. I stopped in the center of the narrow crossing and turned to face the fiery hell that followed us. His gruesome face scowled down at me. “You Cannot Pass!” I shouted to him and used my staff to protect us from his blow. His whip flew around the room, cracking in my direction time after time. I stood my ground, “I am a servant of the Secret Fire, wielder of the Flame of Anor. The dark fire will not avail you, Flame of Udun!” The Beast thrusts at me with his blade but it shatters upon my shield. “Go back to the shadow,” I command. Again he pulls out his whip and steps forward onto the bridge. “You Shall Not Pass!” I proclaim striking the ground with my staff and sword. The Shadow Flame hesitates for only a moment before lunging forward. The bridge cracks beneath him and he tumbles into the dark abyss.

For a moment I breathe out in relief and turn to the others as they watch from a distance. Around my leg a force pulls me to the ground and I slip off of the bridge. I hold on with the little strength I have and look to my watching brethren. “Fly you fools.” I say before losing my grip and falling after the Shadow and into the dark. Frodo’s cry echoes from the top of the cavern to chasm I am endlessly falling through. Soon I could see the fire of Balrog lighting up the cavern. It glinted off of my sword as it too tumbled with us. I grabbed it and shot downward toward the beast. As I breached the gap between us, I attacked him with my sword. He howled and I shouted as the chasm reached an end. It opened into a gapping room with a lake at the bottom. I fell through the water with the beast.

I don’t remember much after that other than fighting the Shadow atop a mountain. Finally with a thrust of my sword I was able to smite my enemy. After that nothing, for the darkness took me. However, it was not the end for me. I felt life in me again and have now been sent back.

I look to Aragorn and tell him the story of how it is that I am able to stand in front of him now. He smiles “Gandalf,” he says.

“Gandalf? Yes... that was what they used to call me. Gandalf the Grey...” Aragorn nods. I smile. “I am Gandalf the White.” Legolas and Gimli bow. “I come back to you now, at the turning of the tide.”

Song for the Seneca

Sean Oros

A warrior people, a woodland race,
East-door of league, their longhouse peace.
The Seneca people of the Northeast
Ranged far and wide for battle's glory.
Whole tribes would quail at their approach,
A warrior people, a woodland race.

Then came the fur traders, voyageurs,
Who canoed rivers with trade goods.
Then empires battled for land and trade.
They sought to claim the Seneca tribe
As allies in their wars and feuds;
A warrior people, a woodland race.

Though never defeated, they suffered the same
As all tribes in wake of the foundling US.
Land lost in face of false treaties,
Given "reservations" on land that they owned
But still they held fast, fighting through peace;
A warrior people, a woodland race.

The Seneca lasted, forming new laws,
They cast off their chiefs, forged their new Nation.
When Civil War came, they strove to serve
The Union cause, to show their worth.
Through the ages they held their legacy:
A warrior people, a woodland race.

Their culture assaulted, faced with grave plight;
Land loss, addiction, corrupt chiefs and death.
Their tribes in mourning, for gone was their might,
Strong pride alone intact, suffering in silence.
For through it all, they kept a brave face;
A warrior people, a woodland race.

I Am Free

Meagan Daughtery

**I couldn't deal with the pain anymore.
It took so long, but I'm walking out the door
With the bruise on my face.
I can never erase
The images in my head
While lying awake in bed.
When finally it came;
No more bruises to tame.
Am I finally free?
Is this history?
I still watch my back,
Afraid of a random smack;
But never will I be
The belonging of he.
Yes, I am free!**



Campus Wildlife

Crystal Durachko

Abyss

Austin Hall

The irregularity of my place

Allows the mind to wander into space.

Intellectuality is needed

And educational learning heeded.

Clarity, the divinity of life,

The necessity of which, will bar strife.

The expedition for enlightenment

Finds a spot that prohibits contentment.

Sans rage, inspiration cannot transpire;

Stagnant intellectuals have no fire.

The seriousness of education,

Often overlooked, needs explanation.

The minimum is required of all;

Allows for idleness: the world's downfall

Without drive, lacking passion, sans desire,

The world is an interminable mire.

The oddity of stagnantism;

Not odd in lackadaisicalism.

Without Knowledge, there are no great authors:

No Milton, Shakespeare, not even Chaucer.

Sans Knowledge, there are no innovators:

No Newton, Curie, Einstein, or Pasteur.

Lacking Knowledge, there are no great athletes:

No Owens, Ali, Gibraltar in Cleats.

Without Knowledge what, truly, do we have?

A dark world without its true better half.

The Dark in the Light

Nate Flory

Scratching the surface, it begins

Leaving behind a jagged mark;

Hundreds of crisscrossed lines wherein

Substance is found and light turns dark.

A simple youth, upbringing kind,

Discov'ring life is worth a try.

Questions plague his unsettled mind

Seeking but naught may satisfy.

The complex marks rise to action,

Dictating trials overcome,

Failures and times of reflection;

Providence one cannot fathom.

The youth struggles to rise from bed;

Inquiries still burden his heart,

He knows the answer in his head:

Substance is found where light turns dark.

These carefully made streaks, he learns,

Do not form characters, but friends:

The nearest to for what he yearns.

Here all is well, but not the end

Because something still is not there.

He, searchingly questing on, eyes

Riveted to the spot, with care,

Turns the page for a last surprise:

A blank white expanse lies upstream,

Boundless potential to darken.

The pages which he always dreams

Are as of yet left unwritten

Dark Night of the Soul

DJ Martino '12

Don't turn off the light. Leave it on, leave it bright.

In the Dark, I see things, things that shouldn't be seen,
Shadows of my dismal past, rainy days and falling leaves.

Don't turn off the light. Let it burn warm and white.

The voices. Oh, the voices, murmuring in the Dark,
They mock me, they mourn me, they rejoice in my lament.

Don't turn off the light. Allow it to stave off my fright.

In the right un-light, I can see them without using my eyes,
Ceaseless tossing and turning, rumbling and despair.

Don't turn off the light. You cannot understand my plight.

Success forlorn, a love forgone, happiness forbidden,
I've earned their scorn, I live in guilt, with trials unending.

Don't turn off the light. While it glows, I have my sight.

A tattered dress, a moldy book, only shadows remain.

Perhaps, in this Dark, there truly is a chance to be saved.

Would you please turn off the light? I welcome the cold death of night.

House of Memories

Sean Oros

The house with memories has gone away,
The yard where her children used to play
Lies vacant, cold and bare,
The hill now home to wild hare.
Now passed are days of olden life,
Now past is all tale of bliss or strife.
So gone is the legacy of love
The walls now vacant as rooms above.
The time has come for moving on,
For source of memories is now all gone.

Ode to the Struggles of the Mind

Kourtney Polvinale

Oh! What satiating perplexities come when
one ponders the state of existence!

What is this world that I belong to?

Who is in charge, and why is there hate?

But thus, how much further one can think...

Where do "I" begin and cease to exist?

Who even am "I", and what are thoughts?

Am "I" a universe, or simply, just a part of one?

Is there ever a true answer to any of these questions?

No!

But isn't half the fun sprouting ideas to and fro?

Always presented knowledge, but rarely wisdom

those who think they have the secrets to the story

have never even opened the book...

For it is those who continue to be unsettled and seek wisdom,
they will discover peace in ambiguity and humility!

Ode to the struggles of the mind, for they may never

Be settled but always celebrated!



Mustache Crystal Durachko

Freeze

Kyley Raskob

Cold,
Like ice.
Nail-biting cold.
Air chilly like needles,
Nipping at the bareness of skin.
Wind howling at night.
The monster roars,
Its voice,
Harsh.

Winter,
Like death.
A severe winter.
Beautiful and white,
A swirl of snowflakes twisting,
Falling, and dusting
The earth with
A gentle
Caress.

Silver,
And pure.
Shining silver.
Twinkles like stars,
Shimmering in the sunlight.
The fresh powder,
Crunching soft
And light.
Frigid.

Breath,
Like Steam.
A warm Breath,
Breaking through cold.
Visible in the frosty atmosphere.
The rapid breathing,
Harder, faster
In the angry
Storm.

Fairytale

Kayla Cramer

Little girls dream of being beautiful
Little boys dream of great adventures

Little girls grow up forgetting ball gowns
Little boys grow up forgetting dragons

But the glass slipper no longer fits
But the sword can no longer be pulled

Now girls exchange crowns for make up
Now boys exchange swords for rifles

The Fateful Trip

Sean Oros

We thought it simple, miles-eight to boat,
When we embarked from shore, kayaks afloat.
The river calm and peaceful, trees all bright
With Autumn's ardent foliage, such a sight.
From Pymatuning's dam to Greenville's park
We paddled hard till sky was almost dark.
The start was grand and full of mirthful song,
We struck out boldly, straining paddles long.
From two till six we strained with nature's shade;
When time did pass, we felt our mirth so fade.
Our hearts so leapt when "mid-way" bridge we saw!
But how hearts fell when doubts began to gnaw!
Two hours in, we found the bridge we sought;
One hour past had raised our hopes for naught.
Then nature struck and heart of mine did frown,
When kayak tipped and mood was plunged to drown,
But on we rowed through bends and rocky drifts
And bailed I out my boat with countless lifts.
At last we saw the final bridge ahead!
At last we saw where current strong had led!
When put we in at shore our hearts did sing,
We traipsed back to our car; we came full ring.

A Letter to My Hero

Austin Hall

Papa,

I miss you dearly, and I wish you never would have left this earth.
I lost my best friend that day, my buddy.
You never thought ill of me, though I had many faults.
Coming to my baseball games were some of the best memories that I will cherish.
I do have a confession to make, however:
I am not strong and I still struggle with your loss.
Every day I think of you in some fashion or another.
Whether it is something that reminds me of you,
Or actually vocalizing my inner thoughts to someone who I know won't even care,
I always have a part of you in my soul.

I know that the reason that I am not dead right now is because of you.
You stopped that bullet.
You held my head that half inch away from the board
So that I could journey on and continue to fight this incessant thing we call life.
So often people seek out the things which I deem useless to modern society—
Those things which *we* did not need in order to have a good time.
You and I are bonded for the entirety of my life.
I cannot wait until I see you again;
Although, I do not know if I will even get to where you are.
Heaven, I believe, is a fickle thing, something that perishes over time.
The idea of God and the company of angels in Heaven seems boring to me.
Our Heaven would be a place that would have you, grandma, the rest of our family, baseball, and a
hot, juicy cheeseburger.
That, to me, would be Heaven.
I confess that I have shortcomings, most of which I cannot overcome,
But I strongly believe that you saved me and that you are always with me,
Causing those shortcomings to evaporate and my true soul to become exposed.

I have yet another confession.
I feel that I let you down because I did not continue baseball after my senior year of high school.
Would you be proud that I stood up for myself?
Or should I have just stuck it out and proven myself?
Would you be proud that I enveloped myself so intently in the blanket which is theatre?
Or should I have tried harder to make it onto the baseball team?
I guess I will never know.
But someday I truly will.
When I meet you in Heaven, our Heaven.
I'll see you in my dreams, Papa.

Love,
H

How Dark?

Christopher Moinet

How dark are the depths of the forest?

How dark the deeps of the sea?

How dark the hole in the mountain?

How dark the pit of me?

How cold the midnight of winter?

How hard the heart of the tree?

How stony that same solemn mountain?

How dark the pit of me?

How empty the fog of the morning?

How tiny the soul of the bee?

How lonely that sole, ice-bound mountain?

How dark the pit of me?

The chill black pit of me?

Emotions

Austin Hall

I walked away from my fears;

Had the night of my life.

I held her close, wiped 'way her tears

Caused from years of strife.

Had the night of my life

Holding her close to my heart.

Caused by years of strife,

Her soul needed a new start.

Holding her close to my heart,

I looked into her sweet eyes

Her soul needed a new start,

All I could do was try.

I looked into her sweet eyes,

Holding her heart in my soul,

All I could do was try.

To make her heart whole.

Holding her heart in my soul,

I held her close, wiped 'way her tears.

To make her heart whole,

I walked away from my fears.



The Path Less Travelled

Sean Oros

Peace

Audra Franley

From one generation to the next,
We see judgment in everyone's eyes.
They judge what they don't understand,
They choose hate instead of love,
They take what is not deserved,
And they believe they are superior.

If we all believe we are superior,
I ask you, what comes next?
Violence is employed, though not deserved,
Tears silently fill our eyes,
And the heart holds no more love.
The way of the world, I do not understand.

When people judge what they don't understand,
And act as though they are superior,
I admit I find them hard to love.
And next
I see the same judgment in my eyes,
That even for them is not deserved.

But who can decide what is deserved?
Who can begin to understand
Beyond what they see with their eyes?
Who can admit they are not superior,
And set their hate down next
To their judgment, instead filling their hearts with love?

Even I do not always choose love,
Even I pass judgment not deserved,
And because of me, whoever comes next
To this Earth will not understand
That they are not superior --
There will be judgment in their eyes.

You can see a reflection in each generation's eyes
That seems like a longing for love,
A need to make it superior,
To stop passing judgment not deserved,
To finally try and understand,
And make this world better for the next.

There is not only hate and love in the eyes of all,
But hope that the next might understand better than the last,
That no one is superior and no judgment is deserved.



Thin Horses
Sean Oros

I Need a New Hope

Sean Oros

A rumor I heard, not believing it true;
How Disney bought Star Wars I'll never quite know.
I'll give it a chance, and just hope for the best,
But how this turns out, only time will quite show.

Disturbance I sense, and not just in Force;
How can this rich world be now owned by the Mouse?
Did Lucas go Binks? Did he give up all Hope?
Why sell out Darth Vader to Walt's grasping house?

The makers of *Dumbo* now calling the shots
Of wookies and X-Wings; it's driving me mad!
What sin have we done to so earn such a fate?
My thoughts are like Luke's when he first met his dad!

Aladdin and Belle joined by Leia and Luke;
We're cursed, this sad news so much more than bad luck.
How Tangled this mess and how restless I sleep,
Still knowing Han Solo's new partner's a duck!

They've murdered already the Narnian lore;
Why can't they just stick to some princessy tale?
How's Disney own Star Wars to do what they please;
To film it like Carter, like that turned out well!

This news left me reeling like a Bolt from the blue;
I Marvel how Disney has bought such good stock,
And hope that they treat it with care for our trust,
But wonder if I should just crawl in a rock.

Reaching

Nate Flory

It was a Tuesday. The cold had set in for the winter, freezing the lake as well as the ground. Amidst the white sheet, there were a few scattered houses, and among the houses, some shrubbery.

In all of this, there was a lone rosebush. It was a rosebush in the cold of winter, much healthier than it should be.

The rosebush reached toward the stars. The petals curled softly upwards, grasping at the night sky. It was the rosebush's desire to be like the stars one day. Its buds would emerge into radiant blossoms that illuminated the world. For now, the rosebush sustained itself on that dream. The dream was like the water that the bush's roots absorbed, giving it the nutrients required for survival.

Unfortunately, the bush's enemy remained. It made its attacks on the darkest, starless nights. Piercing and destructive, it opposed the rosebush's dream.

Clouds suddenly appeared, covering the stars. The rosebush knew it was coming. Of course, the bush was right. The small, furry beast with piercing teeth appeared.

The hare assaulted the rosebush again and again. The bush was harassed relentlessly; petals and branches fell to the ground, leaves drooped, and a dream was crushed.

Luckily, the hare's attack was late. The sun soon shone forth and the enemy disappeared. The rosebush sagged to the ground, nearly defeated. Its previous growth and blossoming had all been for nothing. The weight of the world dragged down the bush.

The glorious sun shone forth and cast the snow from the ground, unaware of the rosebush's suffering. Although the sun had appeared to be a hero, it was more like a simple passerby whose presence frightened away an assailant. The landscape was now a mixture of green and brown. In the distance, the lake slowly thawed. The few scattered houses were still there, untouched. All was as it should be.

In all of this, there remained, almost unnoticeable to the eye, one rosebush. It was a soggy, downtrodden, tattered rosebush. Yet one lone rosebud remained. Tiny and insignificant, it still reached upward.



Night Walk



Crystal Durachko

The Darkness

Austin Hall

The decrepit night strikes fear in the mind
The Darkness surrounds them, overwhelming
The senses, cracking down on intellect;
My mind, the Darkness all-encompassing
Everything is lost until it is found;
Strength to grasp the Darkness, to leap, to sleep...

The Darkness, human nature, hand-in-hand;
Pushing me down, crushing my very soul.
I yearn for the Darkness, persecution;
Torment is the delight of the Darkness
This everlasting night, the omniscience
Cordially inviting everybody

Everywhere I turn I fight the Darkness
That which drags me down, down to the layers;
I climb and I struggle to no avail
It clings to my senses unyieldingly
I rip and claw and tear at the Darkness
But the Darkness envelopes me wholly

The Darkness hides behind a veil and holds
The key, dangling it above my head.
The Darkness haunts me like my own shadow.
It laughs at me, taunting me, whispering
In my ear that I will never break free.
I, like Hamlet, pose the fearful question.

Darkness all 'round me, falling deep within
My very veins until they turn black like
The solar eclipse. Hope is gone, but wait!
There is a Light. The darkness moves disturbed,
Writhing at the pangs of radiation
Which are now overcoming the Darkness.

The Darkness clings to me tighter because
The Light is burning right through it. At last,
Hope, carrying the torch of Life, takes me
In her arms and kisses me lovingly.
Liberation, the Darkness is no more.
Free at last; I am truly free, at last.

The Monster

Audra Franley

She thinks there is something
Hiding in the darkness.
Can't you see it? she calls,
So sure it is there,
Stalking her, wanting her.
But no.
No one can see it,
No one believes her.
This monster is not real
To anyone but her.
She can see it in the shadows,
Lurking, Waiting
For her.
It hides in the light of the day,
But when she goes home
(Alone)
It overtakes her.
She is its prey.
And yet no one believes her.
This monster is not real.

The White Lady

Lines on the Execution of Marie Antoinette, 16 October 1793

Hans Myers

Far has she fallen and much has she lost
This dainty woman of high grace and charm;
Around her loud and madly they accost
All of them who wish her naught but cruel harm,
Little do they know her death will foes arm.
Bravely she stands, unbowed by mad foes' call
Even as ropes tighten cruelly at her arms
Bravely will they say she died, often recall'd.
Up the steps she climbs, 'nary flinching now
Greeting death like her husband gone before.
Never to her foes shall she willfully bow,
Though their lips blaspheme her "Austrian Whore."
She stands proud, ignoring the crowd's loud roar
For a moment she stumbles, but is caught
Held tightly in his arms, he whose life's gore;
Bravely will they say she died, often recall'd.
She looks him in the eye and begs pardon
For by mistake had she trod on his shoe.
He helps her to the scaffold, dread Garçon,
And 'round crowd watchers and his ghastly crew
She is laid flat, and her head is brought to
Rest under the dreadful iron blade of doom,
Its blade shining a fierce and cold steel blue.
Bravely will they say she died, often recall'd.
O queen whence you now sleep forevermore?
And did you think to hear your children cry?
Resquiescat in pace, Antoinette, for
Bravely will they say you died, often recall'd.



A Study in Architecture *Crystal Durachko*

Cast out ignorance

DJ Martino '12

Cast out ignorance

Wherever it is hidden.

Where, then, is the truth?

The Bridge of Xerses

Sean Oros

The bridge that held the Persian army's might
Was built of humble wood and bireme posts.
To see it caused a panic, just the sight
Of road that crossed the sea to serve the hosts.

'Twas built of humble wood and bireme posts,
The line of ships beneath supported beams
Of road that crossed the sea to ford the hosts,
To open path to vict'ry, conquest's dreams.

The line of ships beneath supported beams
To steady tramp of hooves and feet, the key
To open path to vict'ry, conquest's dreams,
A pontoon bridge across the salty sea.

To steady tramp of hooves and feet, the key
For conquering Persian hosts to storm the states.
A pontoon bridge across the salty sea,
The path Immortal comrades sought their fates:

For conquering Persian hosts to storm the states.
The Greeks did tremble, crying shouts of loss.
The path Immortal comrades sought their fates
When Xerses crossed the sea to Greece across.

The Greeks did tremble, crying shouts of loss;
To see it caused a panic, just the sight,
When Xerses crossed the sea to Greece across
The bridge that held the Persian army's might.

An Old Friend

DJ Martino '12

You know me, though you may not know my name. I am everywhere, yet you may argue otherwise. It matters not to something like me. Your kind is rebellious by nature, refusing to believe what your eyes cannot see, what your ears cannot hear, what your hands cannot grasp. To some, I am an old friend; to others, a passing acquaintance. However, make no mistake. You have known me, regardless of the pitiful ability of your senses to provide tangible proof. You doubt me? This comes as no surprise. I suspect this is merely because you have yet to discern exactly what I am. Don't bother. The longer you dwell on the intricacies of my existence, the more you will extend an invitation for me to be your friend. I like friends.

I've been all over the world, you know. Many of your kind have known me, and they all try to define me, contain me, and even cure me. Long ago, I knew some very unique people. Today, you would call them witch doctors, but they were very creative. Every day brought a new amusement. Magic, herbs, magical herbs, all manner of what you might call folk medicines, were used to encourage me to stop making friends. They thought me some kind of evil spirit, possessing their friends and family. This is where you should be careful not to make the same mistake. I am not some supernatural entity to be controlled and eradicated. The nature of my existence is more...complicated. Their feeble attempts didn't work, of course. As I said, I like friends. In Greece, they believed I was merely the result of an imbalance of bodily humors. This was a particularly enjoyable time for me, as I faced little resistance. However, I can assure you that I am much more than an excess of black bile.

The Romans believed the explanation for my existence was much simpler. According to them, prideful as they were, an abundance of powerful emotions could cause me to take root. I must admit, they were right, in a sense. I don't mind my friends to be very emotional. They make for better conversation. Rome was a great deal of fun, especially when the empire fell. Oh, the friends I made that day. It was like finding thousands of fragile, emotional, little toys under the tree on Christmas morning, just begging to be played with, to be shattered.

In France and Britain, they adapted their approach, believing me some malady in need of treatment, something to be cured. Oh, how I laughed when some arrogant doctor suggested that I could be treated. They erected great structures, monuments to my greatness, claiming they were sites of hope and healing. I was overjoyed. Instead of having to travel all over the country, all my friends were in one place! Your foolish doctors believed they were in control, that they were learning something about me, but the screams that reverberated off the stone walls were my voice. The rattling chains were my music, setting the stage for my friends, making them feel welcome. The blood that stained the walls was an array of creative art, dedicated to my power. In your time, it would be more than 300 years before I decided to seek greener pastures.

America was the great land of opportunity, and as it turned out, this didn't just apply to the people. I found an entirely new group of friends, and the Americans were even kind enough to borrow the idea of great buildings of healing, erecting houses for me and my friends. Even better, they sent their own people into my houses and forgot about them. These people, your fellow men and women, were tied down, experimented on, all in the pursuit of science. But society forgot. Maybe...they didn't want to remember. My friends were too frightening, unsettling, or abnormal to fit into your notions of average society. This was another age of progress for me, as every jolt of electroshock "therapy" invigorated me. Every lobotomy brought me closer to my friends. I would thank you, but of course, you would *never* do something like that to another person. I've heard that before.

Eventually, many people, possibly some like you, decided it wasn't "right" to just forget about these people. My friends deserved better treatment, they said. It was an era of sadness, as my massive monuments of stone were shut down or remodeled to be more presentable places of healing. I thought I would have to find another home, new friends. I was mistaken. Your legal system provided me with much needed inspiration. You see, your criminals began to learn that they could take shelter under my wing if they pretended to be my friend. This was a way to avoid harsh punishment, and I'm grateful. Without the acceptance of society, I wouldn't have gained so many new friends. They entered these refurbished places of healing, thinking they would put on an act and be pampered. However, I like my friends to be honest, and my home, no matter how pretty, is a place that makes people honest. They feigned being my friend, as I slowly whittled away their resolve. As I said, I know everyone sooner or later, and the mind is merely a puzzle: it can be disassembled.

You may think you know me, dear reader, but you are mistaken. You know a concept, a preconceived notion of what I am. You assign an arbitrary word to my existence, accompanied by a meaningless definition. You feign understanding as surely as some have feigned being my friend. This is where you are mistaken. I cannot be defined. You may call me "madness" or "insanity," but this is merely to distance yourself from me. You don't want to accept how close you and I have been. It doesn't take complete derangement to welcome me into your life. It may be a moment of extreme grief after the passing of a loved one. Perhaps it's a less-than-reputable thought in a moment of anger. It may even be as simple as extreme stress after a rough day. You know me, and your kind will always know me. Someday, you too will be my friend. When your body is frail and your mind is weak, we will meet in person. I'm looking forward to it.



Lost...

Austin Hall

I have never felt in this way before
As if a peace has fallen over me.
And if I say that I will fall again
Tis too late, for I fell graciously for thee.

Do you even realize what all this is?
Do you know that I'm lost, so very lost,
Yet do you know what I truly mean?
Do you see the outcome and know the cost?

Have you the power to harbor one's soul.
Have you the power to conquer my fears
And the strength to stay beside me, holding
My mind in your hands, wiping 'way my tears.

And as I kiss your tender lips, I feel
Nothingness and everything all at once.
My thoughts, washed, yet my core melts into your
Being. All pain, anguish, and fear dispersed.

I fall into oblivion, waiting
For you to discern every little thing
I feel to be true: happiness is a
Wonderful, blissful, and peaceful thing.

I continue to lose self-awareness
As my lips press against your smooth forehead.
I descend into madness as I hold
You. You finish my thoughts with words unsaid.

The hours pass, leaves fall, and so do I,
Into a realm of affection which I
Have never known. As I hold your soft hands,
Your eyes caress my soul as you move nigh.

This may be too daring, but quite frankly
I don't care. I feel something amazing
When I just express my feelings to you.
For the first time ever, I am living.

The Fabled Pteracuda

Nate Floryy

Half pterodactyl, half barracuda,
It was quite a fearsome sight.
The fabled Pteracuda
Spawned in the middle of a summer night.

It was quite a fearsome sight;
Gaping jagged jaws glistening with the moon,
Spawned in the middle of a summer night,
Would tear through humanity all too soon.

Gaping jagged jaws glistening with the moon,
Plunged lithely into the waves,
Would tear through humanity all too soon.
The Pteracuda's attack lasted for days.

Plunged lithely into the waves,
Resurfaced and chomped off a surfer's blond head,
The Pteracuda's attack lasted for days:
Three thousand two hundred fifty-one counted dead.

Resurfaced and chomped off a surfer's bloodied head,
It unleashed a screech to announce its assault.
Three thousand two hundred fifty-one counted dead;
So many casualties, was no one at fault?

It unleashed a screech to announce its assault
And impaled a man with its spiky tail.
So many casualties, was no one at fault?
The world seemed to be doomed to fail.

The Pteracuda impaled a man with its spiky tail,
And ascended into the sky.
The world seemed to be doomed to fail,
But from the ocean came another battle cry.

Pteracuda ascended into the sky
Poising itself to devour a bus,
But from the ocean came another battle cry:
From the sea rose Sharktopus.

Poising itself to devour a bus,
Pteracuda nose-dived down
As from the sea rose Sharktopus,
Its cavernous mouth open, with teeth all 'round.

Pteracuda nose-dived down
Towards Sharktopus and the waves,
Its cavernous mouth open, with teeth all 'round,
Was chomping in two halves.

On reaching Sharktopus and the waves,
The fabled Pteracuda
Was chomped in two halves:
Half pterodactyl, half barracuda.



Ferocious Scale

Bess Onegow

Quaerō

Austin Hall

What?

What is the problem
Within our *great* world?
The problem is
Technology
And our institution
Bureaucracy.

What?

Why?

Why are there problems
In this decrepit world?
We focus on
Technology
And we permit
Bureaucracy.

Why?

How?

How can we allow
Such horrid things to occur?
We must forget
Technology
And disallow
Bureaucracy.

How?

Who?

Who is to blame
For all of the wrongs?
Is it we who allow
Technology
And we who create
Bureaucracy

Who?

When?

When did all of
This corruptness transpire?
The Age of
Technology
Gave rise to the
Bureaucracy.

When?

Where?

Where are the
Leaders of old?
The ones who fought
Technology
And struck down
Bureaucracy?
Where?

“The time is now
The day is here,”
Say the French.

Time to overcome
Bureaucracy.
Today, it is also time,
Time to overcome
The Bureaucracy of

Technology.
Technology destroys more
Than it creates.

Bureaucracy allows this
Genocide to continue.
Both are hand-in-hand,
Both must be destroyed.

Technology.
Bureaucracy.

Song of the Hay-Hand

Sean Oros

Never is better, the end of the day,
After the toil of hard work and sweat,
Out on the wagon bed, working on hay.

Straining through rows, stacking bails for your pay,
Striving with nature, a crop-full your bet.
Never is better, the end of day.

Friendship and laughter at jokes we all say
Working and bonding with hay-hands you've met
Out on the wagon bed, working on hay.

Scratches and muscle your farmer's array,
Uneven tanning your arms does beset.
Never is better, the end of day.

Hay clinging thick as we make our foray,
Sweating till evening, until the sunset.
Out on the wagon bed, working on hay.

Hard work but binding, farm twine of our stay,
Grueling yet fun, good exhaustion our debt;
Never is better the end of the day,
Out on the wagon bed, working on hay.

The Rain

Austin Hall

As I stand at the windowpane,
The two rain droplets race one another.
I watch as they battle for the glory
Till they crash, morphing into each other.

I continue to stare, longing, pleading,
Yearning for the hazy rainfall to stop.
The sky ignores my plea for an ending;
The rainfall continues, drop after drop.

The rain is much like the mind, I do think;
For the strange mind is a hazy rainfall.
As I look at the rain droplets now merged,
My mind wanders, wishing to hear birds call.

It falls much harder now, slamming the pane
But my mind has changed, I now like the rain
Because the rain is the essence of life,
Nourishing my mind without any pain.

My mind, now clear on its very presence,
Yearns, not for halt, but for the outpouring
Of rain that will continue to feed me.
My own thirsty mind will finally sing.

The rain begins to pour, my mind—a sponge—
Soaks up the breath of life that the great rain
Has given to me. The water flows down
Liquefying my being, my own brain.

The skies opened, unleashing the lightning
Which struck my mind, illuminating me.
The thunder followed, rolling over and
Through my body, stinging like a mad bee.

The lightning gave me a sense of new life;
The thunder bequeathed me a newfound fire.
Both combined eliminated all doubt;
My plain mind's straits were no longer dire.

Struck with a new sensation, I looked back
At the dew clinging, clenching to the pane.
It started to fall, near the base, and I
Cried because falling was too great of pain

That rain which enlightened my very soul
And mind tremendously had ceased to be.
I witnessed the beauty and strength of rain.
The beauty and strength knowledge gave to me.



Melody

Kyley Raskob

One Finger: One Note
The keys unlock the melodic sounds
Dancing: Fleeting
Flying through the air

Sharp: Loud
Splashes of black & white
Flat: Soft
Tempo changing; rises and falls

Tune: Pitch
Candy to your ears
Beautiful: Sweet
Music for your soul

Forte: Allegro
Moving swiftly across the keys
Treble: Bass
Two hands move as one

Left: Right
Tone changing; high and low
Melody: Feeling
Life in music: Smiles/Tears



Valley of Delphi

Sean Oros

The Writer

Austin Hall

The memory of the deep setting sun
 Intrigues the mind t'wards a happier time—
 When everyone could laugh and play and run
 And my prison was not a tree of lime.
 The writer is the exemplar of rules,
 But the paradigm of a rule-breaker.
 The poet reveres the pen, the tool
 Of the trade. Allowing the creator
 Of works to garnish the page with letters
 Joined together, making words, making sense;
 Writing in vain to make the world better.
 The writer picks a side, ne'er on the fence.
 A writer ne'er writes for money or fame
 But to convey a message, that's the aim.

C's

Shawn McGowan

Konfusing at times, But not like the C's
 Round like a circle, but look at the tree's,
 M's and L's are the simplest reaction,
 To life's somewhat odd but great rare attractions.
 But as life becomes old;
 Old thoughts become bold
 And C's always work their way in.
 As you try to surrender,
 You seek out an ember
 To burn off those festering wounds you remember.
 But once those wounds leave,
 You work back to threes,
 And you find yourself right back at C's.

A Step

Nate Flory

Days of late I have found my soul lonesome.
 Consumed by thoughts and yet stunningly numb.
 Below, there aches a powerful passion,
 Stirring with hope but spurned by inaction.
 Unable to soothe my greatest longings;
 Not even sure if I am belonging.
 The years ahead full of so many dreams:
 Changes to make and chances to redeem.
 Alas, the time to wait is no longer
 I must make myself stoic and stronger.
 It is a waste to wish the hours away
 Take that first step forward now: seize the day.

The TarTar

Sean Oros

Once I made a fateful error:
I stumbled through the TarTar's lair.
I found a violent, blood-crazed fiend;
Against a dripping wall it leaned,
With heaving sides and grizzly fangs,
A gruesome sight that gave me pangs.
I stumbled back but slid and fell,
The horrid beast gave a hungry yell.
I faced my fate and held my breath;
Expecting now a painful death.
It leaped and howled and charged me straight—
I raised my arms, prepared for fate.
I caught the grisly brute in hand,
And in that moment felt so grand—
Then it bit off my head.
And now, I am quite dead.

Ascension, a Dream Denied

DJ Martino '12

One man's dream, realized in obscurity,
Founded on ideals of hard work and purity,
It was meant to be Utopia, a truly free society.
Now, it crumbles as it slowly loses its piety.

The best of the best, the brightest of minds,
Now, ghosts of the past, as time's cruel hand winds.
Technological wonders, miraculous inventions,
The road to Hell was paved with such good intentions.

Shadows in the halls, anguished screams fill the air.
Visitors are greeted by a cold, gold-plated stare.
Descend, descend, 10,000 Leagues, and, well...
You'll find you've discovered Heaven reborn as Hell.

The Lady

Hans Myers

Through the darkness and 'cross the distance glides:
Her cap of gold, her gown of deepest jet,
Her jewelry caught by the shining lights,
And none can e'er escape her silhouette.
Though I know her not I do wish we met,
She stands astride the oceans pure and great,
And always for her to come will I wait.

She is the embodiment of our pride:
Hailing from Erin's Isle she comes with grace,
Her voice is stern and proud and dignified
She stands above in a hallowed place.
And her I shall never now embrace;
For distance took her e'er I knew her name,
Though she has always set my heart aflame.

On an April morn she was lost to me,
And I cannot go whence she has gone now,
Leaving behind only some slight debris.
Though over the dark waves she ploughs,
Rising sleek above the ocean her prow.
But she is lost to me by distance,
And all searchers did she long outdistance.

But she is not all lost to our new world;
Nor am I the sole lover she abandoned,
Her banner now flies o'er us unfurled.
Together her devotees have banded
To keep alive her graceful old phantom.
Though her life was short, she was Hardy's muse.
And when she died, she was international news.

Fiction has now muddled her legacy:
From Rose and Jack to mummies and curses;
Sherlock Holmes to mystery she reigns centrally,
Least of all these truly awful verses.
But through the distance and abuse of purses,
She comes at last somewhat back to me now:
A Lone strip of jet is mine, I vow.

Salamander

Vincent Kuznicki

Salamander in the fire,
how do you survive your pyre?
Is it from some deep desire,
or is it simply natural?

Flicker flames across your tail,
still you do not twist or flail,
calmly through the burning trail,
you pace as if it's natural.

Out of singing flames emerge,
black and green from orange dirge,
tiny dragon's forward surge,
to prove you're supernatural!

From the fading fire you dash,
scattering the branch and ash,
then it's over in a flash,
you've been reclaimed by nature.

Fire Burning

Hunter Michaelis

The hearth grew stronger and stronger,
Much like the lion's courage or the
cheetah's speed,
It brought warmth to the warm,
Sitting next to it with hot chocolate,
It made the long weekend a beautiful treat.
With the warm glow as a guiding light,
The favorite book was completed,
The children were warm in their beds at
night,
The hardwood was not chilled with bare
feet,
Home is where the heart is with my fireplace
blazing.

The Fall of Trees

Sean Oros

The fall of trees, green bowers tumbling,
As they strike the earth, dryads rumbling,
In death-throes for sake of progress.
Bigger fields, expanded housing sprawl
Where once stood forest, holding me in awe.
Spruces, maples, spreading oaks,
Forest glades and rustling streams;
Now given way to tumbled earth—
Plowed, disked, compacted, planted,
Growing crops, but shrinking woods.
Corn stalks, soybeans, spreading oats,
Deeres at work where once deer did rest.
Whether burnt or logged, the forest's gone,
Verdant groves wiped out for "gain."
Woodland havens now spacious yards,
Houses raised to "make use" of ground
Already well-used by nature's kind.
Progress eats alive nature's havens,
Where once the forest covered land.
It pains my heart, each time I hear
The fall of trees, green bowers tumbling,
As they strike the earth, dryads rumbling.



Corinthian Sunset

Sean Oros

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.

Mission Possible

Hunter Michaelis

Buzzing from flower to flower,
The bees were on their midsummer's
mission,
To pollinate and collect the pollen,
The hive will grow with their effort.
Feeling no qualms or exhaustion,
Feeling no fears or regrets,
Feeling no distractions or achy wings,
The hive will grow for their effort.
Saying hello to their friends as they go by,
Making sure the daisy was pollinated,
Watching the descending sunlight,
The hive will grow for their effort.
The field is pollinated and thriving next
year.



Northern Peace

Bess Onegow

So On

Sean Oros

So on, so on, we march ahead
The trail of life still on will lead.
Through forests deep and woodlands old,
Our courage now, my friends, we'll need.

Deny, deny, I must deny
Myself, my needs, my longing pain.
For we are many, and I but one—
So swallow self, and on again!

March through, march through the thickets nigh
For branch will grasp and thorn will ply.
Together, strong, we must press through
Or here we'll stay, and here we'll die.

Dear friends, dear friends, press on, press on;
The night is near, and fades the light.
The dark is coming, hard and fast,
And soon will pass our use of sight.

Stay strong, stay strong, for night is long
And all too quick to lead astray.
For we could lose ourselves, our friends,
Ere ever more we see the day.

So on, so on; come now, my friends
Ere dark, the night of soul, our ties now rends.

Midnight Oil

DJ Martino '12

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.



Nicaraguan Mountaintop

Sean Oros

Sway

Abby Charsar '12

A frail tree seeded in infertile soil—
the wind bends, but never snaps
the cold chills, but never freezes
the snow burdens, but never breaks.
Winter is not infinite.

Sway, Sway, Sway.

The sun drips through the hazy morning—
subduing the chill, warming the boughs.

Sway.

The rain falls—

an invigorating, glistening dew surging,
surging through its veins.

The morning star screams

Wake up! Wake up!

Dance.

Whole again, friend of water and fire.

Roots pierce the trodden soil.

Indefatigable.

Standing alone on the barren knell,

a victor reaches for the heavens

sturdy as a mountain.

How dare I give thee the power to conquer—
to bend, to break, to chill.

I can sow my fields.

I can bring the rains, the sun.

While it's nice to sing to the clouds,

this brazen beast of bark can yawp by Herself.