

2000

## Legacy 2000

Southern Adventist University

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# LEGACY

2000

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2000

# POETRY

I crucify self upon this page  
Wooden cross pulp, the paper made  
I've driven nails thru my hands  
for ink  
to write red words  
and save my sinful poetry

**Ann Mosher**

# Lest I

Lest I cast contempt  
On Judas  
Or take pride in my strength  
I remember

Times I have betrayed  
For naught  
The innocent Lamb  
I crucified

**Joseph Earl**

# Stigmata -1

Your bowed head  
in silent witness  
Thorns plunging deep into your flesh  
A stark contrast  
to the pride  
With which I held my own

Independence  
and self-assurance  
Causing my eyes not to see  
The spear piercing  
the spot beside you  
I was so eager to vacate

I went proudly walking along  
Betraying my own feet  
Flayed by sharp sins on the path of destruction  
Overlooking yours  
that pierced by iron  
might have born me safely

I delighted  
in my ignorance  
Unthinkingly turning my back  
on the grace freely given  
The love exhibited  
by your stripes

Despite your attempts  
to bring my soul to repentance  
I stood defiantly  
My own fist  
clenched so tightly  
the nails dug into your palms.

**Joe Peterson**

Did He  
Know  
when He created Adam's  
hands  
out of clay,  
that a man's  
hands  
would pierce His very  
hands  
that formed them?  
Did He wipe away  
a tear and whisper  
"father, forgive them  
and their  
tiny  
wicked  
hands?"

**Becky Gerrans**



Thick, deep, blazing  
Salty, warm with the beating of life  
Spilled across a brow, an innocent body  
Slipping from a briar crown, from a splintered cross  
beam  
Liquid like rose petals, plucked from an iron stem  
Driven deep, piercing the feet that walked a sea  
Reflecting heaven's fire, sinking till tomorrow  
Hammered through hands  
That gave the cardinal his feathers  
The apple its shine  
the twilight its light  
Thick, deep, blazing  
Red.

**Christopher R. Granberry**

# Embrace the Cross?

How does one embrace a cross  
Without splinters received?  
Surely did our Lord embrace  
one such, though already grieved.

Why is it I expect at least  
A planed and padded cross to bear,  
Full polished and of fashion late,  
And mirth of friends to banish care?

Is not this paved and level road  
The one that leads to sweeter bliss?  
A thorny crown my brow adorn?  
Am I to face a Judas' kiss?

May, surely not as to my friends  
I say again, "This balsa cross I'll bear.  
No hellish hill shall I ascend,  
No blood shall mar the robe I wear."

**Joseph Earl**

# The Tree

I pondered the big tree so tall and strong  
its branches spread wide with leaves there  
on.

Surrounded by many that bent with the wind,  
willing to give to the pressure therein.

The big tree's life was told in it's bark,  
revealing the hardships in every mark.

I could see it had broken early in life,  
by the scar near the top revealing the strife.

The troubles were many, it's life had been  
hard,  
but from there it grew straight bearing the  
scars.

Toward Heaven it grew, strong and steadfast,  
yielding no more to the forces that passed.

I pondered the tree and then I knew,  
its roots were its strength in soil pure and  
true.

**Owen Maupin**

I thought it would be pretty  
To make a Bonsai tree  
A little tree to just express  
The shadow side of me

Shape and form the branches  
every one precisely bent  
And in the bending, try to show  
Which way my dreams all went

But as I tried to force the tree  
I broke it, and I cried  
It did the thing my life had done--Relationships had  
died

I looked outside and saw a tree  
Reaching for the sky  
And thought how Nature formed it--More perfectly  
than I

Now, instead of forcing  
things to be my way  
I step back, take a breath  
And wait for the brighter day.

**Laura Rumsey**

# Apathetic Pines

The pines are still as stones.  
As far as I can see  
On hills away from me,  
I am alone.

But maybe I am not,  
If I personify  
These trees that touch the sky.  
A little thought

Will have them holding hands  
Beneath the violet gray.  
I'm sure they must be gay  
In all their bands.

But I am not a tree,  
And so must care to live.  
Pines never care to give  
A thought for me.

**Milo Hurley**

# Old Tree

Cross-sectioned cadaver of tree;  
Aged one, banded and full of worms.  
Renaissance berthed of an oak?  
Your father a noble, I presume.

I see stresses have fractured you, too.  
With chain-sword in old age run through,  
Why is it they murdered you in blood old?  
I'll bet more squirrels attended  
Your funeral than will be at mine.

Did Crockett climb your branches?  
He knew what a politician was.  
One hundred seventy-five thousand  
seen sunsets ain't bad for a tree.  
Wish I could have watched them with you.

**Joseph Earl**

# WOOD

It's amazing how wood changes so quickly...

Seed  
Roots  
Stem  
Trunk  
Branches  
Leaves  
Woodsman  
Saws  
Axes  
Boards  
Nails  
Chisels  
Hammers  
Scars  
Sandpaper  
Hot glue  
Staples...

Nothing but a picture frame  
Left to hand  
and die  
On a wall.

**Krystal Smith**

# Reflections on Rwanda

cool breezes cool fan blows my hair dances  
on my face my neck is goose-bumped

my pen is making black snakes on the paper

the sea is blurry rain is watering the ocean

bright shiny fuzzy my eyes hurt from watch-  
ing it turn it off

the puddles of swirling color are too bright  
the muffled buzzing too loud

my friends are dead they are hungry and in  
pain they are frightened to death

sadness wells up dark and ferocious

seconds tick by time passing not waiting for  
me

scratches on paper the words mean nothing

pain anger rage gnawing at me

the earth is one the brink of darkness shad-  
ows are behind every corner

the moon's pale face is shining against the  
sky's black back

ghosts of people I know are staring at me  
making me remember they are gone

**Rob York**



## from "House of the Dead"

I didn't expect it to rise before me  
through mists of exiled memories  
in the twilight of a waning double moon.  
That rare time when rebirth has drowned  
and the neap tides of a soul  
sink double heavy  
in twin salt water floods  
few seek this house  
banked on the silent Styx  
and though some claim it to be house  
like any other  
there are no *living* rooms.

**Ariel Childers**

# Mandy

Could you hear my heavy breathing  
Across the night death knocked once  
Sped in to steal the smiles  
In pine box rests on silent rose

Mourners that cry out forget  
Why still the sound of labored breath  
New, the uncertain whistle and lately  
Sounded from ever-smiling lips

Lingering the memories hold  
Fast the portals of my mind  
The way reflecting eyes were met  
With yet another softly said hello

This heart calloused shallow still,  
Slow the death of days and sad the morn  
Still now before the grave I stand  
Forever painful the etching on my mind

**Joseph Earl**

I saw you suspended  
for five seconds in air  
in plume of frozen breath  
and drone of high pitched scream.

I saw your eyes wide open  
as you stepped on ground not there.  
Rippling cloth your flag of death  
in some slow moving dream

**Jesse Rademacher**

# Dreams

Dreams are palpable things these days.  
I can touch them, just in from of me,  
I sleep close to them at night,  
twirl them around my fingers during the day.  
Perhaps I'll find money  
    or fame  
    or love,  
right at my fingertips.

With the others of my generation  
I step  
into the place my ancestry have left open for me,  
into their places, determined  
to do better than they.

My mother who once held  
my tiny form, counted my transparent toes and  
fingers--  
which would later curl around her longer ones to be  
led  
through a busy street, a grown-up world--  
now dwarfed by her daughter,  
words in my shadow,  
behind me.

She, who once in my place held the world stretched  
out before her,  
now stepping back,  
puts away my clothes,  
washes my dishes,  
putting the life she hasn't finished earning,  
toward mine.

And I, ignorant, not knowing, not realizing,  
that the dream at her fingertips,  
is me.

**Jennifer Williams**

# Becoming

When you dream, what do you become?

Do you fall short of all the glory once bestowed,  
to reconcile with a level intrepid, yet unknown?

What would one bestow upon receiving the gift to  
what one could see if only one believed in what one  
could dream?

You become a dreamer when you experience imagination  
through random think or sleeping.

You won these vision made up in your mind  
Some will fulfill the greater expectations, the less  
valued will shimmer away,  
only to fall astray.

Do you become a stranger, an angel, a tree?

Do you become what one would want you to be?

Do you become a lover, an atheist, a plea?

Maybe a promise, a joke a possibility?

So you become an individual, independent, free?

Or a slave a habit...are you perishing?

Do you become what you feel?

Do you become what you are?

Are you yourself when no one is looking?

Are you the same person I see?

What do you become when you dream?

**Missy Marburger**

# Insomnia

eyes shut tightly  
mind in turmoil  
A thousand thoughts running through my head  
tossing, turning  
heartbeat pounding  
Can't find comfort in my bed  
body exhausted  
still can't sleep  
What will make this whirlwind cease?  
tear off the covers  
run outside  
Scream at the world and leave it behind  
run to a place  
i think i can hid  
Silence the voices inside of my mind  
losing control  
all alone  
Who will from my pain give lease?

i must find  
the thing i need  
What it is i still don't know  
i must find the one i love  
Who it is i still don't know  
running, stumbling  
ever searching  
For my only source of peace...

**Dannon Rampton**

its amazing what transpires - When to love the heart aspires  
Always searching, never finding - the ties we always wish were binding  
can you feel just what I'm thinking? Across the miles, our psyches linking  
All the things I had to say - But never did, before the day  
You left, and now you'll never hear - The things I never said, for fear  
You'd laugh, then dart away - Another friend who could not stay  
So now I stand here in the rain - A smile can cover lots of pain  
I think of when I had a choice - But listened to my inner voice  
I smile once more, and think of you - And yearn to love a heart so true

**Tres Wood**

# Melting

Your hand has just reached out for mine.  
Delicate in strong  
Short fingers in long  
Pale in tan  
I grasp your hand.  
Smooth in tough  
Tender in tough  
Melting together in time.  
Such a contrasting blend,  
But I can no longer feel where my fingertips end.

**Laura Rumsey**



We've shared much, you and I  
Even though physically we're often  
worlds apart  
The good times, the bad --  
Laughter and tears, all the desires of the  
heart

So far away sometimes --  
Bodily separated, yet together our spirits  
soar  
through sunny meadows, fields of tears  
Your touch reaches to my very beings  
core . . .

. . . The memory of your kiss haunts me .

. .

**Tres Wood**

You let him taste the salt of your lips  
I am denied this seasoning of life

You long for his touch  
I stand inches away

You tell me of him  
I listen

You this  
I that

You  
I

Why  
not

U  
S  
?

**Carrie Zoch**

# TEN SECONDS

Our love can be counted in 10 seconds  
Which was more than I could spare  
but I gave them as  
-one, we looked up  
and two our eyes met  
three, we smiled  
and four, you came  
five, you spoke  
and six, your words  
were seven, so wrong  
and eight I frowned  
and nine I stood  
then ten I left and  
thus ended our love affair.

**Ann Mosher**

# Nobody's Pawn

How'd you like to be a pawn  
You're not worth much, one point  
compared to bishops and knights,  
rooks and queens. You're the lowest.  
But no matter, there are plenty of you.  
One pawn, your blood oozing into a  
square--  
just one soldier from a regiment.  
Two of you for one knight or bishop,  
four of you in exchange for a rook--  
that's a fair deal. You're used to distract  
the enemy from more valuable pieces,  
from queen and king. After many  
battles,  
you might rise to a higher rank--  
from wielding sword and shield on foot  
to aiming a lance from a snorting horse.  
But that's if you survive the knight's  
charge  
and his horse's hooves, trampling bodies.  
No, you wouldn't want to be a pawn,  
step down into my shoes, would you?  
Well, king of women, I'm out of your  
game.  
I've been your pawn long enough.

**Milo Hurley**

I was kidnapped  
by a poet  
Swept off mental feet  
By winsome arms  
Taken captive by his metaphor  
Held by lyric eyes.  
Fed by chocolate nonsense  
Filled with strawberry lines,  
Sweet nothings cram my mind.  
Bound by his simile  
I'm bathed in glib liquid  
Dried with rainbow sunset.  
Dancing all the while,  
Smoothed by his lullaby  
Hummed to change my mind.  
My heart drowned in his oath  
But now I know he was  
Speaking cotton candy tiff,  
All lies.

**Tressa Carmichael**

# Intent

Your words stand thick within my head.  
Within my heart they sit and stare. The  
are numb, deprived, and dead.  
I remember those flattery lines once read,  
so falsely written, so naive but  
believed.

Your hope was based upon me. A prayer  
sent out that I would see a friend in you  
and you in me.

"You know much you mean to me".  
Well what is much and what is mean?  
What you speak I will never see, and I do  
not believe.

The picture so beautiful as you are, yet a  
different aspect of how it used to  
be and what it should be.

How I mourn and lament and grieve.  
Not for the dead, but for one who doesn't  
care for me.

Was this a mistake? I thought my feelings  
were mannerly.

What was your intent supposed to be?  
Life as it turns out will never allow  
perfect harmony.

Your words within my heart, your picture  
never another hung upon my wall; you  
alone, so precious and dear will always be  
loved by me with great sincerity.

**Joseph Earl**

I am held with wings  
Of strawberry feather  
Lightly, as the wind  
On which we fly  
yet strongly as any  
Other cage's door  
The fuzzy down  
Pressed against my skin  
comforts and warms me  
yet suffocates my spirit.  
The chirping of his lullaby  
Turns me liquid.  
He does not know,  
Inside I cry.  
It is by his limbs  
I am supported  
And his claws  
That grip the branch  
Where we sit.  
How can I take so much  
Yet give so little?  
How can my soul soar  
Higher into the sky  
Searching for the nest  
From which I fell?

**Tressa Carmichael**

I was held by your beauty  
By your amber eyes  
Caught in a trench of my vice  
and your lies  
Darkness came knocking

As I watched you face  
watching me watching you  
There was a searing eternity  
and nothing I could do  
Darkness came knocking

I found beauty in you  
Rhyme by no reason  
You left me suspended  
for one undue season  
Darkness came knocking

Darkness came knocking  
tried to make me stay  
Selling something I wanted  
With a price I could not pay  
go away, merchant peddler  
I will not leave, nor will I stray  
Darkness came knocking  
...and I looked away

**Jesse Rademacher**



# Fog

When evening's breath  
moves its veil  
over your figure,

I cannot figure out  
whether you are clothed  
in flowers or fatigues.

You stand aloof,  
a shadow  
among naked alders.

Something pulls me  
to come lift the veil,  
find you plucking petals:

"He loves me,  
                he loves me not..."  
But I fear that your flower

could be a blade,  
waiting to be wetted  
with my heart's blood.

## Milo Hurley

# Innocence

I look young they say, for my age  
Not twenty-one at all but just a babe  
Too innocent for drinks and smokes  
and love  
But though I do not drink I have been  
drunk  
And though I do not smoke I have  
lit fires  
And though I have not loved  
I've learned to  
touch  
So while I may be young for twenty-  
one  
I am too old to be called  
innocent

**Ann Mosher**

# Transformation

rose  
blood red  
with thorny stem  
that pricked rough hands  
until blood trickled downward  
from two sensitive palms  
forming a smooth  
blood white  
rose

**Milo Hurley**

# SLEEPING SAFE

I am Sleeping Beauty  
and that wicked fairy God Mother  
bound in one  
I've grown these thorns  
around myself  
to stab you if you come too close  
so I can sleep for eternity  
and keep myself from being kissed

**Ann Mosher**

# To you, My Habit

My breath still catches  
when you come upon me unexpected.  
Did you know that?  
Didn't you ever catch the flash  
of my lightning love  
restrained  
in the perfect orb of it's prison  
and (if I asked you) would you  
deny it?  
Even in that one moment  
when your smile tasted of mischief,  
tongue, poised like a needle  
over the bubble of my hopes,  
that same bubble blown from  
the breath of your lungs  
from the words of your lips?  
But I suppose it doesn't matter now  
whether you were clumsy or ruthless  
the soapsuds are still sticky in my  
hands,  
either way.  
Perhaps I'll pretend I like their  
slick bitter feel,  
perhaps I'll hold them awhile  
longer  
to drive away any for whom  
my breath may catch  
if they came upon me unexpected.

**Ariel Childers**

# Sometimes I get so tired

Sometimes I get so tired

Sometimes I get so tired  
of being me,  
and I wonder what it would be like  
to be you for awhile.

How would it feel?  
Walking around in your skin,  
looking out from behind your eyes,  
past your nose,  
at your world.

I guess I'd miss me  
after awhile.  
Miss my fingerprints,  
miss my elbows,  
miss the hair growing on the backs  
of my toes.

The view just couldn't be quite the  
same  
from your height,  
Or quite the same color  
tinted by your eyes.

**Jennifer Williams**

I woke up frustrated  
to find myself in skin.  
I had dreamed of someplace other  
than this body that I'm in.

I am always trapped by something  
whether trial, whether sin.  
But when I woke this morning  
my prison walls were skin.

**Jesse Rademacher**

# In Contrast

What's hiding in the shadows there?

Why does the dark allure?

Ash on pure white, clinging to the recesses  
Where light has not the dexterity to reach.

Lying in repose  
witting with such ease  
shadow  
while light lacks the flexibility to bend.

Looking down,  
with a solitary point of view,  
how narrow-minded  
reflecting but the surface  
seeing only a fraction of the spectrum.

Darkness is so much more experienced  
so deep  
sharing secrets and dreams that light will never know.

Holding the other worlds  
the universe of the unseen.

The twist of light and shadow  
the kaleidoscope of brilliance and darkness  
the swirl of white and black  
vortex-like  
a pattern that traps the eye and gathers the rest in  
into a lattice work of gradients and variations  
thrilling  
numbing  
with extremes.

Pale sun light falls on me, but I gaze at that one vein of  
shade.

**Milo Hurley**



# Realize

I woke up  
At 7 am  
And walk a path  
already laid

I go to class  
at 8 am  
and write  
Repeat  
Rote memory  
And I receive a number  
I am Good or Bad  
My worth is scored  
on a scale  
1-5, 1-10, 1-20  
I say nothing  
because I believe them

I do my job at 5 pm  
or 2 pm  
or 11 am  
Whenever I am beckoned  
Strings of beautiful days  
Pass outside of windows  
As I earn my keep  
In this world

In my head  
Is a small revolution  
Brilliance is realized  
Time spent traveled  
Learned  
Productive  
Not someone else's Nelly  
my own mistress

I wake up  
And I know  
That I will again  
Waste my day  
And inside she cries  
Know she will never  
Come out.

**Rachel Arruda**

# Think About It

Think about your conversation  
And the words you have said  
Do they sound different in a sentence  
Than they sound inside your head?

Think about the people  
All the people that you know  
The way they feel about you  
May be stronger than they show

Think about the gifts  
The things given to you  
Think of what you could give back  
And yet you choose not to

Think about someone next to you  
Stare deep into their eyes  
The way they feel about you  
Deep inside them, it may surprise

Think about your words  
and the emotions you have felt  
The way that you are living  
Maybe killing someone else

**Rob York**

# TEA

Why is it that I'm only useful  
When you're in hot water?  
Like I am your healer  
When you get a head cold.  
Originally, I unfolded my petals  
To please the eye-  
Not your insides.  
Plucked because I was chamomile  
or red raspberry.  
Maybe if I was daisy  
You would have left me alone.  
All I wanted to do was grow,  
Not float in some small square,  
A cup,  
Just my luck,  
I had to be a flavor you liked.

**KRYSTAL SMITH**

**1ST PLACE POETRY WINNER**

# Animal Crackers at Midnight

12:17. Bright green lights blurt out the  
time--

It's dark outside  
but warm and calm in here,  
with the glow of life still softly stirring,  
and it begins slowly at first . . .

The mind, mindless munching,  
The constant, cringing crunching,  
The sweet and salty, steady scrunching

of the tiny, tan crumbs  
of little elephants and rhinos  
spilling softly onto the bed.

I say nothing--  
ears throbbing  
teeth crunching,  
mouth watering--  
I say nothing  
And observe that she is eating crackers.

She's eating *my* animal crackers.

**Laura Rumsey**

Well, I've finally done it; I've reached the ragged edge  
Standing on a razor blade, cold wind blowing through my soul  
Naked against the elements, wondering just how  
I made it here and whether this is a healthy place to be

It's scary out here, thousands of feet straight down  
To the unknown at the bottom of the abyss, and no way out  
But up, and my flying skills are long neglected, antiquated  
The constant pull of my humanity pulling me against the cold  
steel edge  
Or past it if I'm not careful of how and when I step  
How can you step out in faith when you've forgotten what it  
means?

But now the contemplation of how things used to be  
Pulls me back to reality, and I find  
That aloneness is only as bad as you conceive it to be  
You're never on the edge of sanity unless you want to be  
And all it takes to bring you back  
Is a word, a touch; simple caring gestures  
But so often never seen until the flowers lie on the casket  
instead of in the grasp of the one they were meant for.

**Tres Wood**

# Midsummer Storm

I stood on the cliff,  
sidled up to the ledge  
and emptied myself of ash and dredge

then I tapped my soul of its shadows and sin  
which fell sheer from the edge and took flight in the wind

I stood on the cliff  
and dug out my dirt  
emptied myself of the pain and the hurt

they fell sheer from the ledge  
lost shape and lost form  
and flowed west on the winds of this midsummer storm

**Jesse Rademacher**

# Weather Beaten

It was cool.  
The sun shone straight through your shades -  
you were cool,  
But I am cold - bitterly.

It was live.  
The snow was powder under your board - you  
were alive,  
But living too bold - carelessly.

It was perfect.  
The wind whipped smartly, the air was crisp - I  
am perfect.  
Were not you told? - incredibly.

You were young.  
Ha! I take one breath in fourteen years - oh so  
young!  
But I am old - eternally.

You got lost.  
Direction is governed by the senses - this you  
lost,  
And could not hold - tragically.

It was luck.  
To end up in the wrong place at the wrong time -  
your bad luck.  
This luck I scold - wisely.

You were tried.  
By frostbite, hunger, dehydration, broken bones  
- and you tried,  
But you, I sold - outrageously.

There was hope.  
On six they found you by a creek - drained of  
hope.  
The rescue, gold - prematurely.

Then you died.  
Your body couldn't take my ailments - so you  
died.  
I carry on - indifferently.

**Kristen Meyer**

# Pulp

My bones are wet--  
So soggy, so soaked  
That they cannot absorb another drop  
of fluid from my body.  
They float heavily under my skin  
so that each step I take  
jostles the waterlogged marrow;  
I'm as heavy as a dripping sponge.  
My bones are drenched,  
they're weighing me down,  
and I think I'm starting to leak . . .

My eyes are lead.  
Too heavy to smile,  
too tired to try, they droop, then fall from exhaustion,  
from too many acid floods.  
They crave cool darkness  
to block out images I cannot bear to see.  
They crave dreams.  
My eyes, once brown, are smokey and dull--  
gray, and heavy with lead . . .

My muscles are cold spaghetti.  
After boiling and draining all my strength,  
I cannot offer anything solid, anything warm,  
nothing but slippery, wet mush.  
Limp as a leftover noodle, every fiber of muscle slides down  
and down  
into a hole at the back of my chest . . .

The storm cascades in torrents  
as every inch of my waterlogged bones  
collapses inside of me.  
I am too heavy to move,  
to even lift my lead-filled eyes.  
Thoughts hurt.  
Dreams hurt.  
Everything hurts.

My heart is pure pulp.

**Laura Rumsey**



# Racism

White Rain, Black Rain.  
Falling from the same sky  
Which is always changing,  
But is still the same.  
White Rain falling  
Supposedly  
Slightly slower  
than Black Rain,  
Which seems eager to reach the earth.  
White Rain, Black Rain.  
All Rain falling from  
The same Sky.  
So why is it  
All we see is  
White Rain  
and  
Black Puddles?

**Krystal Smith**

# DONATION

Warm and Rich Dark Red,  
it gushes from a Steal pierced vein,  
through the gleaming Sharpie,  
then the pale and plastic worm,  
to the Squishy holding Sac.

Liquid tissue, liquid me,  
is off to blend into another;  
to Course Within a stranger's  
Heart, and Brain and Hands and Feet -  
an eerie Awesome gift.

**Josh Korson**

# Winter

I've always liked winter best  
its always been my favorite time of year  
I love to feel the cold in the air

And watch the leaves change  
color

I wait for the holidays to start  
to wear my winter clothes

I sit outside and not feel hot  
As I feel the cool breeze brush my skin  
And make fires and roast marshmallows  
And cuddle up underneath my sheets  
late at night

and dream of the morning frost  
on the ground covering the earth  
a world of silver and

white

And the snow in the air so silent and  
graceful

I watch it fall to the ground

I've always liked winter best.

**Chuck Marshall**

# Light Snow

It may be said that I  
Haven't lately been bothered  
Much by burdens of thinking  
'Bout snowflakes and love.

Still wondering, though,  
How instances and coincidences  
Could somehow lead  
To a reconciliation of both.

Said it may be that  
Lonely I'm, excepting  
divergence and convergence  
Of my shadows under street lamps.

But cold it's, flakes a few--  
Faintly falling six  
Star point perfection.  
Oblivious they're to me.

**Joseph Earl**

# SOFTLY SHE'S HOME

Spring has sprung  
Arbitrarily today  
on our moth'o'meter.  
Yet Unsuddenly has she wandered  
Home,  
Really,  
Tossing dandelions o'er her shoulder  
and beaming sun Smiles  
as Warm as  
her gentle breath  
Soothing Winter's gray away.

**Josh Korson**

Butterflies emerge  
from the shroud woven  
by their former selves  
in preparation  
for rebirth  
into a new life

**Carrie Zoch**

# To Touch the Sky

Come back down little girl  
You don't belong up there  
Too many things to bruise your skin  
Little girl beware

Of chasing stars of riding clouds  
Of soaring on the breeze  
You never know when the wind might die  
And drop you to your knees

Little girl get down from there  
You're flying way too high  
Look back down upon the ground  
Before you hurt you eyes

Ask me not to join you  
I like it where I am  
I know the grass I know the hills  
I'm safe within my pen

If I never leave I'll never fall  
If I never laugh I'll never cry  
Yes, but if you never change you'll never  
grow  
If you never risk you'll never fly

**Amanda Van Lanen**

# Twilight

Sun melts behind mountains as  
Flies set fire to twilight,  
Slowly reddish moon rises to  
Haunting blue note of loon.

Shadows gather into gloom,  
Stars flicker, it each in turn  
As chorused nocturne's voices  
drown our eve's early silence.

Late winds whisper the  
Stories of ages passing past  
Deeper woods with ruins  
Stumbled not on seekers by.

Drearer darkness beckons  
Rhythmic stalkers of supper,  
Seeking satisfaction of soul's  
Deepest desire for meat.

Receding howls rebound off  
Rocks raised to heights by  
Cataclysms long forgotten by  
Those that there inhabit.

Glowing eyes pierce once  
Twice the entrances of  
Would be pirate caves if  
Sea had brought them near.

Red eyed, recessed therein  
Sleepless leviathans await  
Call to rise as doom begins,  
At ending of the day.

**Joseph Earl**



# Eternal Fire

When I see the heaven on fire,  
Flames of cirrus ripping across the sky,  
I think of the uncertainty of desire  
which fades so quickly into day or night.  
For some, my fire has faded into day,  
Into the pale blue of "just a friend,"  
Or into friendship overcast with gray  
Because the fire kindled left a wound.  
Or worse, the reds have faded into night:  
Liquid fire my heart no longer pumped  
Because it burned to ashes in a fight,  
Leaving nothing but a charcoal stump.  
But as my fire paints the sky for you,  
I pray it be with everlasting hue.

**Milo Hurley**

# Six Ways To See Fire

I  
a busybody  
will set fire  
to a town  
with her tongue

II  
an unstable man  
is like gasoline:  
one spark  
will ignite him

III  
the fire  
of fleshly desire  
in unquenchable  
but confinable

IV  
Satan's fiery darts--  
sinner, sinner--  
are quenched  
in Jesus' blood

V  
the Holy Spirit  
baptizes with fire,  
a burning  
sorrow for sin

VI  
fiery trials  
shape Christians  
into chalices  
of pure gold  
Six Ways To See Fire

**Joe Peterson**

# Sonnet I

A feeling that a massive force has laid  
A hand upon my soul and hold it tight  
And whispers to me, "Do not be afraid,  
I am a mighty power and a bright  
Protector;" these things give--the tiger's roar;  
A solid rock that stands unmoved by time,  
The crashing waves that beat upon the shore.  
A stately oak that makes me want to climb,  
And sit upon the highest branch, and sing.  
A sheet of pouring rain exceeding sound,  
That blots the mem'ry of each living thing  
From tree and bush and rock and from the  
ground.  
A wind that sweeps away each care and pain,  
These things have power that can never wane.

**Becky  
Gerrans**

I sit here, thinking and feeling

Helpless.

Nothing makes me feel

Better.

Helplessly I sit by her bedside,

Wishing and praying.

I worry constantly and

Can't pretend anymore.

It's there.

She's there.

God is somewhere and

I am here,

Helpless and afraid.

**Kelly Peach**

# I Pray

I bend my knees  
They tremble when contemplating love  
And I fall down in worship before you  
Because I cannot support the weight of a gift  
so large laid on my mind

I bow my head  
To offer my neck in sacrifice to you  
To symbolize my servant-hood and debt  
Because you have every right to take my life  
with one slice of the blade

I fold my hands  
They become useless tools  
Unoccupied by some meaningless task  
Because I can do nothing with them save when  
you move through me

I close my eyes  
To black out the scenes  
Of "real life" that play around me  
Because I am easily distracted and you deserve  
to be my sole focus

**Randi Mills**

# Just a Little Hole

You are the God who conquered Calvary  
You are the God who tamed the raging sea,  
You topple mountains and you set slaves free.  
Why can't you fix this hole inside of me?  
Your voice drew light and dark in harmony,  
Your breath gave life to the first family,  
You speak in fire, you cause the blind to see.  
Why won't you mend this hole inside of me?  
You save us from the sinners we would be,  
You care about each raindrop on each tree,  
I've seen your power, now please hear my plea.  
It's just a little hole inside of me.  
You are the God who wants us to be free,  
So surely you will fill this hole in me.

**Missy Marburger**

# You Do Not Change

Though joy lights my face  
my life is full of grace  
and I think I'll win the race  
You do not change.

When I run here and there  
or huddle up and stare  
or think to fight the air  
You do not change.

However my heart may break,  
Whatever I think is at stake  
No matter how much they take  
You do not change.

You do not change or rearrange.  
How quickly I forgot.  
I love you more  
and more and more--  
You're everything I'm not.

**Laura Rumsey**

# Pieces

## Dedicated to BK

In every humans journey  
    on life's true and tragic path  
God, in his blessed nature,  
    gifts us with different people  
To lead us and guide us  
    when those paths seem so confusing  
To love us and nurture us  
    when those paths seem so lonely  
To stay with us and talk with us  
    when those paths seem so impossible  
To be lights, and hold us  
    when those paths seem so dark and scary  
And when we finally get  
    to the end of the path  
We realize, that in God's infinately, awesome,  
    powerful, and loving nature  
That all those wonderful creatures  
    we're all pieces and glimpses of Jesus himself.

**Yomary Rivera**



We are each of us shards of glass,  
a fragment of a greater pane;  
and the sun glimmering across  
our broken surfaces is lovelier  
than if we had been flawless.

**Tressa Carmicheal**

# Broken

A bottle placed a wall upon,  
In stupor turned away form.  
It must have been gravity  
that caused its fastest fall,  
Or simple lack of shelf.

The crash it was that  
Caused the noise that  
Inclined eyes to turn to  
Shards shimmering in faint  
Light casts one bulb shining.

Fuzzy dark turned clearer but  
None else around to clan so  
Stooped he, gathered piece  
By piece the life of bottle  
And man gradually covered  
Tears mixed blood with.

**Joseph Earl**

# Tanya

She let the hot pink pain  
wrap round her throat ,  
so many hungry tentacles  
wearing them like ribbons  
to shine wetly  
dully  
in the uncertain morning air.  
But because she wore them  
with such a winsome smile  
other commented on her beauty  
not so much blind  
but unwilling to see  
that all the while she was suffocating.

**Ariel Childers**

# Eyes

I looked through the eyes  
Of a bird,  
And saw that the world was good.  
With no evil, all peace-  
No one at war.

I looked through the eyes  
Of a fish,  
And saw that the world was good.  
With no danger, all safe-  
No one in fear.

I looked through the eyes  
Of a snake,  
And saw that the world was good.  
With no poverty, all equal-  
No one was poor.

I looked through the eyes  
Of a human,  
And saw that the world was not good.  
With the bird in a cage, the fish in a  
tank,  
And the snake in captivity.

**Krystal Smith**

# Photograph

City scene and sky  
Two eyes that cry  
Smile not bitter  
This man no quitter

Clothes worn to rags  
In each hand bags  
Sign that said stop  
One bolt, about to drop  
Four corners, three cars  
Along a row of bars

Stopped tower clock  
Three on the dock  
Out for a long walk  
With child he talks  
Potholes in road  
Don't hop, poor toad

Overflowing trash can  
who is that man?  
Sealed still sentence  
Fingerprinted eloquence  
Photograph

**Joseph Earl**

Alone he sits  
3x5 moment before him  
Like candy coated poison

Should he taste them  
Only to suffer afresh  
The agony of her loss?

Happy moments  
Now tarnished with the thought  
Of never sharing again

Her memory  
In vibrant living color  
Stolen from her lifeless form

A picture is worth a thousand tears

**Joe Peterson**

# Blind Ears

Deaf ones listen to the  
Painfully perfect music emulating  
from stringed instruments;  
Converse vociferously together  
On thoughts of flow of  
Tones notes melody harmony.

Cacophony to those who hear  
And choose to ignore the  
Masterpiece orchestrated before  
Their eyes the song's  
emotions cross the distance,  
Flow past blinded ears.

How blessed the deaf who  
Only see the arm motions,  
Yet hear angel voices  
Perfectly transcribe silence  
Into beauty hearers never  
Drempt on earth existed.

**Joseph Earl**

# BE STILL

translocating so slowly or Fast  
What is time anyway  
but quantum Nows between  
past and later

Between one and three  
Must infinitesimal and  
too come Two and that is Time

**Josh Kornson**



# The World Is

The world is  
bland, and that's the problem.  
O taste and see

(The pastor's often said)  
that the Lord is sweeter  
than honey (which I might  
add  
is too sweet to eat raw).

What they don't seem to see  
is that we are of the bland.  
The profoundness of sorrow  
(the Greek in us) fears joy.

Honey is no bait these days:  
the bitter we can swallow,  
but--  
too sweet! We cringe, gag,

shuddering at Your  
intolerable compliment.

**Abbie Hilton**

Come, let us go to the orchard  
and pick ripened aluminum cans  
full of processed peaches  
And then come lie with me  
in a field of astroturf  
and bathe in the light of fluorescent  
bulbs.

**Ann Mosher**

# Wish

All I've ever wanted  
Was a place to park my mind,  
Rest my heart,  
Home.

**Rachel Arruda**

# I do not carry a sword

I am a guardian

of her dignity  
of her virtues  
of her name

Sometimes I am tempted to compromise  
The one whom I am sworn to protect

It is not a knife edge I walk upon

But I stand  
balanced precariously  
on the tip of a needle

An infinity of angles at which we might  
fall

But one in which we can stand true

Upright  
Proud  
Defenders

Of His Word

Knowing that someday  
the joy of mutual indulgence  
will be ours

I will revel in  
sharing with her

I will revel

in her love  
in her sweetness  
in her body

But for now  
I am a guardian

**John Peterson**

# Daddy

is it a good morning  
    i say to you  
will it be a good day  
    through & through?  
will the sun shine,  
will the birds sing,  
will you keep bounce  
    with every step you take?  
will that handsome smile  
    appear through thick and thin?  
will you have a glow of peace  
    surrounding your nature within?  
i'm sure it's true  
    you always see the the bright in the  
dull,  
pick up & fix what has been broken  
and most importantly,  
you know how to mend a torn heart.

**Lisa D. Kaplan**

# Sisters

Our lives began at the same moment,  
As nature was awakening from the winter;  
Flowers blooming and trees budding,  
Stretching their bodies to the beaming sun.  
Our first glimpse of the outside world,  
Was separated by only nine minutes.  
We were womb mates in the beginning,  
What what are we now? Just sisters?  
When we were young and life so simple,  
The bond between us was strong;  
But as the years slipped by and difficulties arose,  
The thick rope thinned to a single thread,  
Able to break at any second.  
One of us has always fought more than the other,  
To be seen as an individual--  
Not just half of a single being.  
Though we are mirror images on the outside,  
If one takes the time to search the inside,  
Past the identical eyes, hair, and smile,  
They will find one fighting for her independence,  
But the other hanging onto a stereotypical dream.  
We have always and will always love each other,  
But in my mind we have a sister bond--  
Not a twin bond--for no such thing exists.

**Ireland Burch**

A year of change, Southern and it's content  
What is left behind  
What is taken?

In this haven we are not secure  
We are weak  
So great hardship we do endure.

the world around us, crumbling from  
within  
Corruption  
Destruction  
A planet saturated with sin.

The evil one's intentions are well known  
Repressing  
Depressing  
Earth, on the eve of a milestone

**Jonathan Knoll**

# In the Life of a Rubber Band

I was a rubber band  
Plain, as rubber bands go  
I had no color  
According to the other rubber bands  
And being plain  
I accepted it

I was a rubber band  
With many different uses  
I was strong  
For my life was centered  
On one part of life  
Be all the rubber band I could be!

I was a rubber band  
Who encountered twists  
and ripples  
While holding other together  
Others were important  
Even if they weren't concerned about me

I was a rubber band  
Who had been stretched  
To my limit  
And finally broke  
In tiredness, in dreary tones,  
and in helplessness- I was alone.

I was a rubber band  
who discovered that I was still of some use  
With another broken band The greatest  
Rubber Band ever  
Who was broken for others like me  
But survived.

**Joe Peterson**



# Onomatopoeia

I like words that grab your attention  
dashing away with chortles of glee  
Words that scurry and scamper  
under brittle, dead leaves  
Words that blaze in the dark  
flashing sparks into the frigid air  
Words that sizzle  
like sidewalk eggs on a sultry afternoon  
Words that sprinkle like  
raindrops in a galvanized pan  
Words that swish and swoosh  
like nighthawks diving for lunch (crunch)

Squawking words  
like scrawny fledglings  
glistening words  
like a luminous moon  
Splashing words  
like a surprised frog  
Velvet words  
like a kitten's purr  
Waddling words  
like an obese hippo  
Fuzzy words  
like tickling fluff (sneeze)

Spank  
Mottled  
Sparkle  
Rasp  
Splat  
Dab (crab)

Snap  
Crackle  
Pop

(Stop)

**Becky Gerrans**

# E. Fudd

The hairless one with eyes aglow  
Pursues endlessly hare  
Poor aim shotgun blasts sparks and fire  
The swollen head filled with but one  
thought

Day, night and times between dreaming  
For head of hare on platter  
Long, orange carrot stuffed in mouth

Insane, driven by one question  
What's up, doc? Asked of rabbit  
nearsighted as mole in darkness  
Confounded by the grey man with  
Long ears, feet big, buck teeth

offers prayers at night by bed  
Lord, be merciful to me, a wabbit hunter  
Dejectedly the fitful sleep begins  
While laughs the rabbit in its hole

**Joseph Earl**

# Horse Haiku

In dewy pasture  
Thoroughbreds dance and frolic.  
How spring can spur them!

Youthful and restless,  
A stallion charges The wind:  
The wind combs his mane.

Red sky behind her,  
A mare strides into the night:  
Shadows embrace her.

Tethered to a post,  
A saddled buckskin whinnies,  
Yearning to be free.

**Milo Hurley**

# Kiss Off Haiku

So, you are God's gift  
To the world? I didn't know  
That God was so cheap.

**Rachel Arruda**

# Millions and millions and millions of people

Millions and millions and millions of people,  
All made into me,  
Piles of genes thrown all through my corners,  
A DNA family tree!

A tiny piece of my nose once sat,  
On the face of an English courier,  
And a bit of my left once graced,  
A New York sanitation sorter.

Through Egypt and Checkoslovakia,  
Generations passed around shards,  
Of what would later color my eyes,  
Straighten my teeth, give me my self-regard.

And w ay back underneath all that stuff,  
Behind the curious genetic weave,  
A fragment of Adam,  
A fragment of Eve.

From only two came millions,  
and from millions came me,  
all different, all the same,  
a DNA family tree

**Jennifer Williams**

# Jungle Temple

The seed planted in you must have been  
caught  
From its infancy between wedge-leaf stone.  
How many times thwarted finger roots  
bought  
Water from the rock? Licked sacrificial  
bones?

Shackled, restless, pushing, it rose atom by  
atom,  
quiet through empires' ages. Soft roots  
locked in frozen battle with pagan  
mineral. And now no priest to pull the  
shoots.

Trunks widen: see how the crouch like old  
warriors  
on your carcass! Fallen, fallen--arches,  
ceilings, secret rooms. Fear, Vishnu! The  
full grown fig with sickle-time will slice  
your stone.

**Abbie Hilton**

# It was wrong.

I awoke just now from score years sleep  
dust in my hair, tears on my cheek  
I walked waist-deep in caustic memory  
from which animals hide and boat-men flee

I awoke with the taste of your mouth on my lips  
somewhat singed by the slide of your fingertips  
and your smoke still stings my glassy eyes  
as I tromp through this wood and wade through  
your lies

I awoke just now from score years sleep  
a great deal wiser and free from your keep  
you sense I have left as I flee through your glen  
your hounds of memory pursue me and then?

I will die in your forest before I give in  
die in your arms, short of you and short of sin  
Take the bloody secret with me to the grave  
And no longer slumber in the bed that you gave

It was wrong

**Jesse Rademacher**

# Stillborn

How many silent stillborn stars  
Lie awake at night weeping,  
Naked lonely friendless--  
Dreaming of birth and noise.

Long to lend out streams of  
Light and static to the watchers,  
never made it on the M-list,  
Folded in dimensions warped.

Insignificant as lost eyelashes,  
Wonder wandering placeless.  
Slaves of push and pull bigger  
Glowing behemoths exerting.

Ignore now pestilential cosmic dust,  
Absorb-expand-implode-suck--  
Beautiful spacial cycles  
Haunt me.

**Joseph Earl**

# The Last Heartbeat

was the precise moment when all things became possible, and the sum of all history (mystery, this) was (and is and is to come) clenched like a fist in the second that contained one heartbeat. Held there: infinity, every decision, price, promise of hope not realized. The second that wrote happy endings to every story until the end of time (and beyond) gave truth a capital T. The end (now) can be: happily ever after. Joy is (now) more profound than sorrow (never man spake as this man). Tomorrow is (now) because: it is finished! wrung from the heart of God forever for a finite world.

**Abbie Hilton**





# PROSE

# PENMANSHIP

This story began long ago upon my marriage to Ethan. We were a lovely pair, he tall and strong and straight and I was tall as well but slighter of build. And weaker. Years before mother said that it was my hair that took my strength and cut off my long autumn hair into boyish locks which curled about my ears and cheeks and coupled with my slender build she rendered my ten year-old countenance into masculinity. I flourished for a summer and at the first hint of winter she again approached me with the scissors glaring menacingly in her hand threatening to cut it again until I told her consumption be hanged and I'd grow my hair out anyhow. I preferred death to the teasing that had berated me upon my shearing and at nineteen my hair finally restored itself to its former beauty. I hadn't any shape to speak of, as thick as I was, and so it became that my hair was my vanity.

It was in the summer that we married. The June air cooled slightly by a surprise sun shower and turned the air sultry. The town's general consensus said that I was crazy for marrying a poor writer, but after three years of blissful poverty we came into money and lived comfortably. It was also at that time that my health began to deteriorate. For our newlywed years Ethan and I lived in a spare but cozy loft above a bakery. During the day, Ethan would do clerical work, and I would teach English at the young lady's academy a few blocks down the street and always at night I would fall asleep to the sound of Ethan's pen scratching across parchment as he struggled with the book he was writing. It was a lovely time for us together until I began expecting the baby. The expectancy itself was a joy for me. After three years of marriage I had begun to worry that perhaps there wouldn't be any children, but at this one's appearance in my womb, my strength waned, making me weaker and frailer. Finally I resigned my position at the academy for by this time Ethan had begun to make a fair amount of change from his scribblings. I spent days in bed, unable to stand the sight of any food and only a little tea until the doctor was summoned and with a shake of his head

regretfully informed us that there would never be any children. My body simply was not strong enough. It was then that my health truly failed. Grief stricken I refused to leave my bed and ate only shreds enough to stay alive. Alarmed, Ethan sought the advice of every available physician until he concluded that we should move from the city into the country where the air was cleaner. I obliged, and the following spring saw us moving our meager belongings from the loft onto a hired wagon to the small cottage miles out of the city where the air shimmered with vitality.

My room was white with filmy curtains and broad windows that overlooked the backyard into a grove of lofty pine trees. Ethan moved into my room so "as to be near my muse" he murmured, kissing me affectionately on the top of my head then tenderly on my lips. I turned my head away and curled deeper inside my covers. Ethan moved to his desk and began writing.

His writing.

So soothing it was to hear the vigor of his healthy mind control the strength of his hands over the blank parchment. Everyday, from dusk 'til down stopping only for food and an occasional rest he'd write and I'd lay there living vicariously through the characters he'd create and the situations he'd form until it became that I was buried beneath the miles of scrawling black characters that traipsed across his pages. I was happiest at the times he wrote, when the occasions arose that he'd read me of the friends he had born from the whirlings of his mind.

Pages, and pages and pages of writing from desktop to stacktop that grew higher and higher with each passing day until one morning I awoke to the sun slanting across my eyes. My glance fell upon the whiteness of my arm that lay stretched out parallel to his brown one. His was long, the muscles well defined and the skin tawny from walks down the lane that passed our house. Mine was thinner, white from the days spent tucked beneath white sheets in the white room that reflected white light so bright that the strain placed on my eyes gave me headaches and made me tired. And the veins. Stretched along the length of my white arm the blue veins criss-crossed and looked positively black

against my skin. Like the ink that twirled over Ethan's manuscripts. How funny it would seem that my blood had turned to ink with all of his scribblings. And yet I thought it had. All morning long and far into the afternoon I could not drag my fascinated eyes from the blackness of my veins until the pen scratching soothed me into sleep.

The pile grew higher, was finished, and mailed out, a publisher found, another book made, another one to start. More scratching. Ethan lived in frenzy, the success of his last book make it difficult to comply with the demands of his publisher's desire for another and he was frantic with the writing and did so for hours into the night.

I grew worse. I attentions grew fainter and no references were made to my muse-ical contributions to his brainstormings. My arms grew thinner, my eyes dimmer, my veins darker, my body hotter until I could taste the bitterness of ink trickling from my brow into my parted lips and my mind screamed with the failure of my lifetime. Ink seeped through my skin to drench my nightgown and the bedclothes and the long pen quills of my hair that splayed across my ink drenched pillow. Nothing marked my life except my witness to other people's pages and none to mark my own existence.

In my head I heard dying babies wailing at me of my failure and lack of strong body and across the room and over the covers Ethan continued to scratch with his pen at the paper. Black ink fell into my eyes blinding me of sunlight, of whiteness. A whimper escapes from my throat and immediately Ethan is up exclaiming dear God how long have you been this way? He clasps me at his chest and I worry at my blackness staining his fresh white shirt and think of Jesus' blood sweat and wonder if I'm Ethan's pen since I'm his muse. Ethan is rocking me and muttering incoherently and the sunrises above his head bathing the room in white brilliance and as I slip from the pages my last thought is of how discouraging it is to be the one black spot in a clean white room

**CARRIE ZOCH**  
**FIRST PLACE PROSE WINNER**

# Stars

Waling out at dusk, I see my star hanging suspended by a thread of time. Here the air is warm, but on that star the night of space is dark and cold. The star twinkles in a friendly way even as its cold light standoffishly shines. Constant, it's there too in the morning, hooked on the spear of the moon as the happy rejoicing of the sun shoots above the hill. The sun burns like a celestial celebration, a coal that kindles the new day. But the star bravely hangs on till it's hook disappears, melting with the fervent hear. Then it falls, spinning stardust into my eyes, giving me a bit of brightness in my cloudy days.

The night-time trek to gather firewood is cold and dark, but I glance up a see a curtain of stars buttoning up the sky. There are so many stars they send all their glittering ice to the earth, and the air is chill with the fervor of their light. Secretly I climb up the ladder of their beams, grasp Orion's' huge cold hand, and pull myself into the bowl of the Dipper that rests on the back of the Bear. The Pleiades chatter around me, and Sirius jumps to lick my face with his cold star-tongue. Cassiopeia asks if I have seen Perseus, as the Bull snorts warm cow breath in my hair. Suddenly the Bear lumbers down the Milky way, taking in light-years with a single step. "Wait, Bear!" I cry, but unheeding he plods on. Planets twirl by, each a partner in a dance centuries long. Galaxies shine like streetlights along the avenue of the Milky Way. Of a sudden, I see a tall gateway. "Where are we, Bear?" I query. "Don't you know?" He replies, pointing with a furry nose.

And in the gateway stand the Lion. The brightness of the universe is condensed and drawn into His eyes. "Come, Daughter of eve," and I am kneeling before Him. Beautiful and terrible, glory is around Him in a tangible presence. I must let the tears of joy fall as I see the scars in His paw. His mane envelops me as he leans down to give me Lion-strength and blessing.

In a flash, I am again standing by the woodpile looking at the stars. I see my star and wonder if it was all a dream. But as I stand gazing up into the heavens, I see a movement--slow, but taking in light-years as the Bear shambles back into place. I look beyond from whence he came and see a spot of light. All the stars, even at a standstill, are racing toward that light. I feel the light of His love and I am content.

**Becky Gerrans**



# Girl

It was Autumn, and love could not wait until spring. All around couples were springing up even as the dying autumn leaves drifted down around them. And yet, despite this great outbreak of couple-dom, the masses of high-heeled, dress-coated, single girls making their way with no male arm to lean on, only increased. And the girl was among them.

The meandering train of her thoughts would turn to love sometimes, she seemed to be entirely surrounded by it--couples bidding their tender goodbyes at doorways and front porches before that long nighttime separation, walking together hand-in-hand, a girl melting into arms of her big, strong knight-in-birkenstocks. Does love start small, a tiny spark spreading unnoticed along your veins and through your heart? Or does it hit you one day, shocking you with the force of an earthquake, shaking every fiber in your being? It is not good that the man should be alone. Or it is just that one morning you wake up lying in bed contemplating the dust specks on the ceiling fixture and listening to the sounds of the garbage truck emptying the dumpster outside, and suddenly you know you are in love?

Man was created first, and then woman. But the generation seemed to have procreated a few too many women, and there were leftovers. So if women were the weaker sex, the girl wondered, why was it that they seemed to be more often the ones left alone and single? When she was little she had, like other six-year-old, picked a bouquet of dandelions and draped a curtain over her head and pretended "Wedding" with the reluctant neighbor boy, or the reluctant neighbor's dog, or her teddy bear, or whatever happened to be most available.

And then it was that one Friday afternoon the girl was sitting in a Shoney's with two single friends, sipping a chocolate milkshake and staring out the window. The other two were talking around her, but she was distracted, focused instead on a peculiar situation unfolding in the parking lot.

A very elderly lady was helping her very elderly husband into the car. She was trying to put him into the passenger seat, and he was braced up against the door frame trying to make the transition from a standing position to a sitting position. She held him up, and pushed him and his face got very red and crumpled up, and he fell into the car, slumping across the seat. The old woman leaned in over him, righting him, fixing his seatbelt, working over him. She was juggling a walker

in front of herself, and looked frail herself, like a dying leaf that had clung to the wintery branch as long as possible, brown and paper-thin. She worked over him a long time. Finally she shut the door forcefully and moved around the car to the trunk where she folded up the walker and began arranging it inside.

From inside the restaurant the girl was watching, and she wondered if this woman had once been young and beautiful, and if they had been high school sweethearts, or perhaps had met in college. Had he been a returning G.I. full of the romance of faraway places? Had he once stood, trembling, under the glare of her father, before taking her out for the first time? Did they laugh and talk and dance together? Did he get down on one knee and take her hand and promise to stay by her and take care of her forever?

Had she once melted into the crook of his arm and looked up into his eyes and known she was in love?

And those words, "in sickness and in health, till death do us part" echoed in her ears, and a new meaning to the word, "forever" as the little old lady closed the trunk and got into the driver's seat and drove away, her husband slumped low in his seat beside her. II

The start of a wedding is silent as a funeral. A reverent uncomfortable stillness, thin music stiffly played, to the death of a maid. As she walks up the aisle, pale, trembling, the mothers cry, seeing her in pigtails, freckles, braces. Their daughters rave over the dress, the flowers, the attendants, mentally planning their own weddings. And the youngest sisters fidget, and wait for the pelting of the rice.

When is it that the rose flush infuses color into the pall of the pale bride's cheeks? When he takes her hand . . . when they kneel together . . . at the kiss of her husband's lips? As she is sealed over his heart. Love awakened, when it desires, unquenchable, as strong as death . . .

And I now pronounce you man and wife.

Man and Wife.

And from the watching gathered a sigh.

And they comb birdseed out of each other's hair, and eat cake, and toast and tell stories and laugh. And then they get into their car--Just Married--with the shaving cream and the streamers and the tin cans, And they ride off into the sunrise.



### III

She has never been kissed. Never once. Somehow, she had been forgotten while in elementary school the second-graders played kissing tag, and when the sixth-grade Gorgie Porgie was kissing the girls to make them cry, and by the seventh and eighth graders who snuck off behind the gym with their girlfriends. In high school neither the sweating, squeaky-voiced freshmen, not he ardent, love-burning seniors ever seemed to notice her at her desk in the second row, or watching them play soccer, or sharing their lumpy cafeteria soup.

And now, even after, she had still never been kissed. Never once. Never a quick peck on the cheek. Never a somewhat slobbery experimental smack on the lips. Definitely never a deep, burning kiss, two beating hearts suddenly perfectly alone in a world spinning faster and faster of autumn scents summer warmth spring dew and winder moonlight, all at once.

She had never been captured in the embrace of a shining strong knight or even a geeky fourteen-year-old.

She had seen the movies, read the books, heard the country songs. Sometimes she had almost tasted it, her lips had parted, her eyes had closed, though there was nothing there. "Well, you should really try it some time," a girl had told her once, as if it was her fault, her choice. And she felt suddenly too old. Too old for innocence.

There was a time when she had cried herself to sleep at night, thought herself ugly, hated herself. There was a time when she had turned her anger towards men, berated them, bashed them, hated them. There was a time when she had been desperate. But she had outgrown that now.

Sometimes, washing her hair, or smoothing on lotion or powder, she felt completely feminine, and every inch untouched. Every inch waiting.

**Jennifer Williams**

# Cynthia

I was so frustrated with her. Cynthia. Cynthia with the thick plastic eyeglasses. Cynthia with the runny nose. Cynthia with the lisp. Seven-year-old Cynthia who ran away, didn't fit in, and took up more time than my eleven other adventurer campers combined.

And the eleven others were a piece of work in themselves. There was Sarah, who refused to wear anything but a yellow bathing suit and a pair of knee-high rubber boots. Nothing over the bathing suit, nothing under the boots. There was Danielle, who refused to bathe, who hadn't taken a shower except once all week. Emily woke up at night insisting she was sick, or that she had seen a deadly spider in her bed, and only after we had sat up talking for an hour would she feel well enough to go back to bed. Her face floated before me all through the night. And Elizabeth, who was deathly allergic to bees, was in love with every male staff member in the camp, and insisted she had seen head lice in Danielle's head. And then there was Cynthia.

The day before she had run away, leading me on a long goose chase around the cafeteria and lodge. The next half an hour had been a fruitless attempt at helping her call home, only to have her suddenly remember that her parents were in Russia for the week and unreachable. That evening she had wet her pants twice during the program, and finished off by wetting the bed during the night. I was exhausted.

Today had been my day off. It still should have been, technically, but I had returned to my cabin early, only to see Cynthia get into a fight with another girl and take off into the woods. I had followed her. Now, she was sitting next to me, sobbing. She wanted to go home. She wanted to be with friends. Most of all, the other kids were mean to her. The other kids made fun of her. Something was in my throat, and behind my eyes. I put one arm around her trembling, skinny little form. I didn't know what to say. I was so frustrated with her.

Because it was fourteen years ago, and I was a skinny little seven-year-old with big plastic glasses. I was the one blubbering on a hilltop while my friends played without me. "We don't want you to play!" I was the one crying to the teacher who was exhausted and frustrated. I was the one--obnoxious and runny-nosed, hurt and lonely. I'm rubber, you're glue! Whatever you say sticks to you . . .

Cynthia. Cynthia who floated on the edge of the group. Cynthia who ran away. Cynthia who I had forgotten, who I had wanted to forget. Seven-year-old Cynthia. And I had nothing there to say to her.

**Jennifer Willaims**

# Ocean

There is an ocean like crystal sun, an ocean of infinite love.  
Once a man stood in its surf and felt its burning wash.  
What he wondered, lies in the bright boundless depths?  
What would it be to be swallowed and drowned? Sometimes in the translucent swells there shone ghostly faces whose silent lips whispered of sweet joy and whose silvery fingers beacons him. Come, come, they called. The man waded in. Wave by wave he drowned. The fight for air, the fight for life was stilled, the questions faded, and life slipped away. Now his tumbling form sinks forever deeper while ghostlike I hear his silent lips whisper of sweet joy and watch his silvery fingers beacon me. And wading in I feel the burning wash rise.

**Thor Haugen**

# Equation

The kingdom of heaven is like a math tutor who went to help some students with their calculus. They were all arguing over the answer to a certain problem. "Listen everyone!" said the tutor. "I have good news: I have the Solutions Manual. You don't need to find the answer to the problem, because it's already here. All you need to do is work out the equation."

One student was very difficult to convince. He had reasoned it himself, and he was sure that his answer was right, although it differed from the Manual. "I worked for hours on this problem," he said. "I know my answer is right! My experience has taught me."

The tutor only shook her head. "When working out a sample equation, you must keep the goal in mind. I'm glad that you're thinking, but you need to go back and think again. The Solutions Manual is never wrong."

Another student didn't feel that she needed to work out the equation at all. "I believe the answer in the Manual," she said. "I have simple faith that it is correct."

"Yes . . ." said the tutor, "but you don't understand it. And you're an education major? How can you explain the answer to someone else if you don't understand how it was derived? How can you convince someone who doesn't believe in the Solution's Manual?"

"You are implying that I can work out the equation myself!" Exclaimed the student. "I am not the author or an expert!"

"No," said the girl. "But this equation is appropriate to your level of experience. It should be difficult, but not impossible. The authors would not give you problems beyond what you can handle if you're follow in the text book."

The student was not convinced. "You are implying that you do not trust the answer," she said. "You think you cannot trust it unless you can prove it."

The tutor thought a moment. "I will certainly never understand it so well as the author," she said at last. "But I can work out my own equation, and if I get it wrong, I can start over. Or I can work backwards from the answer. The author encourages these techniques. It will help in solving problems for which we do not have an answer."

The students were perplexed. "There are problems with no answer?"

She grinned. "Did you really think the solution's manual could cover everything? Then what would be the point of learning? These problems with answers are supposed to serve as models. Many of your own homework problems will be different, but the method of solving them will be the same."

Therefore, my dear friends . . . continue to work out your own salvation with fear and trembling, for it is God who works in you to will and to act according to his good purpose.

Philippians 2:12

**Abbie Hilton**



# The Blessed and the Cursed

The young woman who stood in front of the church was truly beautiful. Through the cross in the stained glass window above her came a stream of light which highlighted her in soft pastels. At her side she held a violin. I sat in one of the old church's rough wood pews and studied her as she spoke to the congregation. What a perfect picture she is, I thought.

She possessed a captivating, peculiar beauty. When womanhood came to her, it seemed it had been unable to wash all of the girl from her. Her slender form with its supple, springy lightness, along with a happy spark that gleamed in her wide eyes, brought to mind simple delights and childish innocence, but the grace in her movements and the curves of her body were a sharp reminder that she was completely a woman. Her form, however, seemed to merely intensify an internal beauty of soul, a beauty which swelled from deep within her. As she spoke to the congregation the sweet sun of her smile and the ring of joy in her voice seemed an emphatic confirmation to the goodness and purity of her spirit.

As I thought these things, she lifted her violin and began to play. God must have formed her hand to dance upon the strings. It was clear that she had been blessed with the gift of music. I was entranced by the surreal sweet sadness of the plaintive melody. She played with her eyes closed as if she heard music in another world and echoed it.

Then, just as I was being swept away by the music, I caught sight of another woman. She sat alone near the front. She had a dwarfish, dumpish figure, and her back was horribly humped with a great mounded knob of flesh. She wore a heavy pair of thick-lensed glasses, which had a rosy pink tint. It seemed she needed rose-colored glasses for hers could not be an easy life. Nature had formed her as a ghastly goblin who seemed destined to find little but pain. As I scrutinized her I noticed that one side of her misshapen face dragged a corner of her mouth

up into a strange gapped leer, and both of her hands were writhed into twisted balls of fingers. Her entire body was so contorted it barely seemed human.

I had seen her earlier as she shuffled into the church. The people there were kind to her in that simple, all-smiling, plastic manner

that seems to come so naturally when dealing with those aberrations of humanity that have been accursed to live a life like that of some circus side show. Children, however, not knowing that an open stare is to be avoided (as if eyes fro behind cannot be felt), regarded her with un-masked curiosity. She seemed indifferent to it all.

But as I gazed on her I saw something that, with a sudden shock, turned all the world silent. From behind the pink distortion of the hunched little figure's glasses fell a bright tear. Why it fell I do not know. Maybe through the song she glimpsed heaven and cried for the joy of it. Maybe she saw herself freed from the cage of her body and given splendid freedom. Who can say?

I do know that with her bright tear a sharp, angry emotion sprang into my own mind. Suddenly, I felt as though I was sucked into her horrid bent body. I saw the world through the window or her reality, not as she felt but as I would feel had such a circumstance been my own. My heart cried out, Unfair! I felt an infuriated, helpless rage at the injustice of it. Often it seems that there is some dullness of mind or cloaking naivete which protects the accursed from reality. Now I saw that it is not always so.

Why could she not have been at least normal? I hissed at God. Why had she been banished to a lonely hell of staring eyes and fake smiles? Surely she longed for a loving husband, and maybe for children too, yet what chance did she have of such things? What kind of "good" God would set desires in the heart then take away the faintest chance of ever having them fulfilled?

I felt a jealous hatred toward the beautiful woman on the platform. Her perfection seemed to mock the poor crumbled creature. And she who was accursed was to feel joy for she who was blessed? I wondered. Then suddenly with a back tingling jolt, I saw the light of the stained glass cross spilling onto the platform and with a new understanding my questions were silenced.

**Thor Haugen**

# CREDITS

EDITOR/LAYOUT: ARIEL CHILDERS

SPONSER: HELEN PYKE

TECH SUPPORT/ADVISOR: JESSE RADEMACHER

After repeatedly reading all the poetry and prose submitted and included in the Legacy this year, I'm impressed by the amount and quality of talent we have here at SAU. Being the editor of the Legacy this year was a wonderful and especially humbling experience. Perhaps the only part I regret was my inability to publish more writings for lack of space. Thank you to all the writers for making the Legacy what it is. Since it is rather pointless to stand and clap at a book, consider this my paper standing ovation to all of you for poetry/prose well written.

If there was one person I appreciated most for the help with this year's Legacy, it would be Helen Pyke for her endless support. Without her, there wouldn't be a Legacy each year. Her guidance, wisdom and continuing faith has been invaluable. She's the major driving force behind this year's Legacy. Thank you Mrs. Pyke - you're an angel.

I'd also like to thank Jesse Rademacher. Not only did he put alot of time into learning Quark and Pagemaker last minute to create a template so that the Legacy could get printed, but he also provided tons of support, lots of good advice and food for a certain weary Legacy Editor...all without credit...well until now... Thanks Jesse!

I'm beginning to realise how many people there are who deserve thanking for making this year's Legacy what it is. The list is long. Thanks to our judges - especially Dr. Sheppfield who found time to judge the Legacy very last minute. Thanks to several people in Wright Hall who have helped with the money end of the Legacy - it is all very appreciated. Several have volunteered their time and energy and typing skills. More have made this task easier by simply a kind word, or smile - You know who you are. Thank you all!

Sincerely,

ARIEL CHILDERS

Southern Adventist Univ McKee Lib



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**DATE DUE**





