

# Odyssey 2000



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# Odyssey 2000

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# Odyssey 2000

## Table of Contents

### "Thank You" Judges

**Mike Archer**

*Columnist  
Lake Sentinel*

**Denise English**

*Director of Libraries  
Lake-Sumter Community College*

**Bill Everage**

*Photographer  
Image Works Photography*

**Carole Friedmann**

*Art Teacher  
Clermont Elementary School*

**Tamara Rejimbai**

*Art Instructor  
Lake-Sumter Community College*

**Malcolm Yawn**

*Photographer  
Malcolm Yawn Photography*

Odyssey Art Competition 2000 .....	3
In The Eyes by Linda Bramblett .....	4
Harvest Moon by Amy Tinney .....	5
Life by Tamara Futrell .....	6
To Capture Peace by Linda Bramblett .....	7
If Only I Could by Amber D. Enby .....	8
The Beginning by Tamara Futrell .....	9
Anima by Robert Stevens .....	10
pain by Diane Tart .....	10
that man by Diane Tart .....	10
Of wolves, boys and a girl by J. Patrick Makowski .....	10
Reflections by Kristina Hicks .....	11
penance by Robert Stevens .....	11
The Rain Outside My Window Falls by Kristina Hicks .....	12
From The Bar's Dry Side by Laura Tomashek .....	12
A Heart's Sorrow by Kristina Hicks .....	12
Perseverance, per severance by Robert Stevens .....	12
Song One by Nicole Burns .....	12
The Morning Coffee by Melissa A. Cook .....	12
Neptune Forgives by Amy Tinney .....	12
lies by Diane Tart .....	12
Rachel's Sonnet by Laura M. Tomashek .....	12
Insomnia by Leah Mason .....	12
Dances With Skeletons by Amber D. Enby .....	12
Windows to the Soul by Adam Michael Meyer .....	12
Sentinel Tree by Jeanette Blackshire .....	12
Decrepitude's Possession by Lori M. Mitchell .....	12
Chaos by Jeanette Blackshire .....	12
Hibiscus Blossum by John T. James .....	12
Still Life with Basket by Mary Jean Cole .....	12
Mine by Heather Rine .....	12
Old Potato Barn by Tamara Futrell .....	12
Stick Fishing by Tamara Futrell .....	12
Sheila Working by Dennis T Panzik .....	12
Peaceful Dreamer by Tamara Futrell .....	12
Grace by Jennifer Courtney .....	12
Beetle by the Water by Darrell Van Wagner .....	12
Untitled by Dennis T Panzik .....	12
Forever Free by Lori M. Mitchell .....	12
Blind Faith by Leighanne Drury .....	12
Lightening Strikes by Adam Michael Meyer .....	12
Burning Eyes by Adam Michael Meyer .....	12
Garth Brooks by Michael Pierce .....	12
Untitled by Dennis T Panzik .....	12
! by Dennis T Panzik .....	12
Ghost Krates by Rob Mullins .....	12
'53 Chevy by Rob Mullins .....	12
Under Angel's Wing by Adam Michael Meyer .....	12
Boston After Dark by Mary Jean Cole .....	12
Mermaid Dreams by Leighanne Drury .....	12
Elf Man by Jeanette Blackshire .....	12
Summer Weekend by Rob Mullins .....	12
Hound Dog by Heather Rine .....	12
Rookie's Conversation by Lori M. Mitchell .....	12
Shells at Cozumel by Jeanette Blackshire .....	12
Kraken by Rob Mullins .....	12
Skull Life by David Panzik .....	12
All Eyes on You by Mary Jean Cole .....	12



# Odyssey Art Competition 2000

## Color Photography

First Place ..... Tamara Futrell ..... *Stick Fishing*  
Second Place ..... Jeanette Blackshire ..... *Shells of Cozumel*  
Third Place ..... Leah Mason ..... *Beach Comber*  
Honorable Mention ..... Heather Rine ..... *Cat Nap*  
Tamara Futrell ..... *Old Potato Barn*

## B/W Photography

First Place ..... Tamara Futrell ..... *Peaceful Dreamer*  
Second Place ..... Jennifer Courtney ..... *Grace*  
Third Place ..... Lori M. Mitchell ..... *Rookie's Conversation*  
Honorable Mention ..... Leah Mason ..... *Curiosity*  
Jeanette Blackshire ..... *View Across the Lake*

## Painting

First Place ..... Sharon Chicoine ..... *Untitled Still Life Fruit*  
Second Place ..... Jesse Brooks Brown ..... *Four Peaks Dawn*  
Third Place ..... Jennifer Sandlin ..... *Faces*  
Honorable Mention ..... Jesse Brooks Brown ..... *Arizona Sky*  
Adam Michael Meyer ..... *Attack of the Killer Games*

## Drawing

First Place ..... Rob Mullins ..... *Summer Weekend*  
Second Place ..... Lori M. Mitchell ..... *Pride and Prejudice*  
Third Place ..... Leighanne Drury ..... *Mermaid Dreams*  
Honorable Mention ..... Dennis T Panzik ..... *Sheila Working*  
Lori M. Mitchell ..... *Jarred*

## 3 Dimensional

First Place ..... Lori M. Mitchell ..... *Tea for Ten*  
Second Place ..... Heather Rine ..... *Clay Sun Jar*  
Third Place ..... Adam Michael Meyer ..... *Shard*

## Mixed Media

First Place ..... Lori M. Mitchell ..... *Still Life in a Box*  
Second Place ..... Adam Michael Meyer ..... *Windows to the Soul*  
Third Place ..... Jean Cole ..... *Still Life with Basket*  
Honorable Mention ..... Jeanette Blackshire ..... *Sentinel Tree*  
Rob Mullins ..... *Ghost Crate*

## Computer Graphics

First Place ..... Heather Rine ..... *VolksWagon Ad*  
Second Place ..... Darrell Van Wagner .... *Technicolor Hard Drives*  
Third Place ..... Darrell Van Wagner ..... *Beetle by the Water*  
Honorable Mention ..... Mary Jean Cole ..... *All Eyes on You*  
Darrell Van Wagner ..... *Software Pirates*

## Poetry

First Place ..... Amy Tinney ..... *Harvest Moon*  
Second Place ..... Leah Mason ..... *Insomnia*  
Third Place ..... Diane Tart ..... *that man*  
Honorable Mention ..... J. Patrick Makowski . *Of wolves, boys and a girl*  
Amy Tinney ..... *Neptune Forgives*  
Linda Bramblet ..... *In the Eyes*

## Fiction

First Place ..... Linda Bramblett ..... *To Capture Peace*  
Second Place ..... Melissa Cook ..... *Coffee*

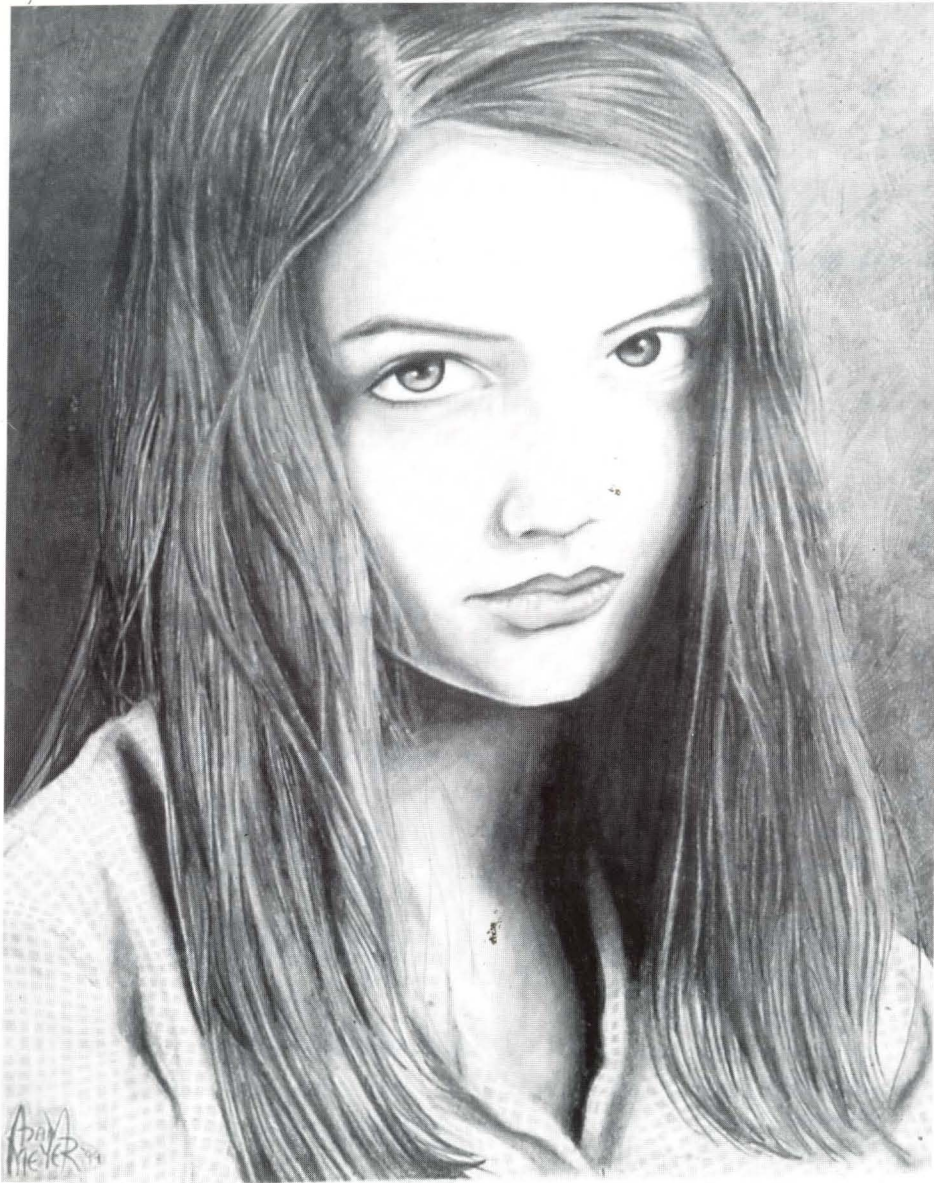
## Pop/Jazz

First Place ..... Amber D. Enbey ..... *Dance With Skeletons*  
Second Place ..... Amber D. Enbey ..... *If Only I Could*

## Classical Music

First Place ..... Nicole Burns ..... *Song One*  
Second Place ..... Darrell Van Wagner ..... *The Front Line*





## *Windows to the Soul*

*Mixed Media by Adam Michael Meyer*

## *In The Eyes*

*by Linda Bramblett*

Something in the eyes there was  
That captivated – held me –  
It seemed so rare that such a thing  
So forcefully compelled me ...

Alight with mirth, cornflower pools,  
With distant passions burning,  
That cast their webs about my heart  
And set the soul to yearning;

Perhaps it was the ready smile,  
Or perfect face that framed them,  
Mistrustful heart yet seeks the flaw  
Though eyes have rightly named them.

The gentle hand that touched my cheek  
Where careless locks were straying –  
That breathless moment locked in time  
Insistent scene, replaying ...

Perhaps it is enfolding arms  
Or beating heart, that taunts me:  
Or poet's soul, so like my own  
Whose promise nightly haunts me ...

But though a glance might find so much  
Within that sight to treasure,  
It still was something in the eyes  
That sired this aching pleasure.





## *Sentinel Tree*

*Mixed Media by Jeanette  
Blackshire*

## *Harvest Moon*

*by Amy Tinney*

The Harvest Moon crept in on my sore-ridden seed,  
splitting it open.

I spilled my bliss on the white plateau, bathed in the orange light of a moon  
that was so close-I could rub it against my palm.

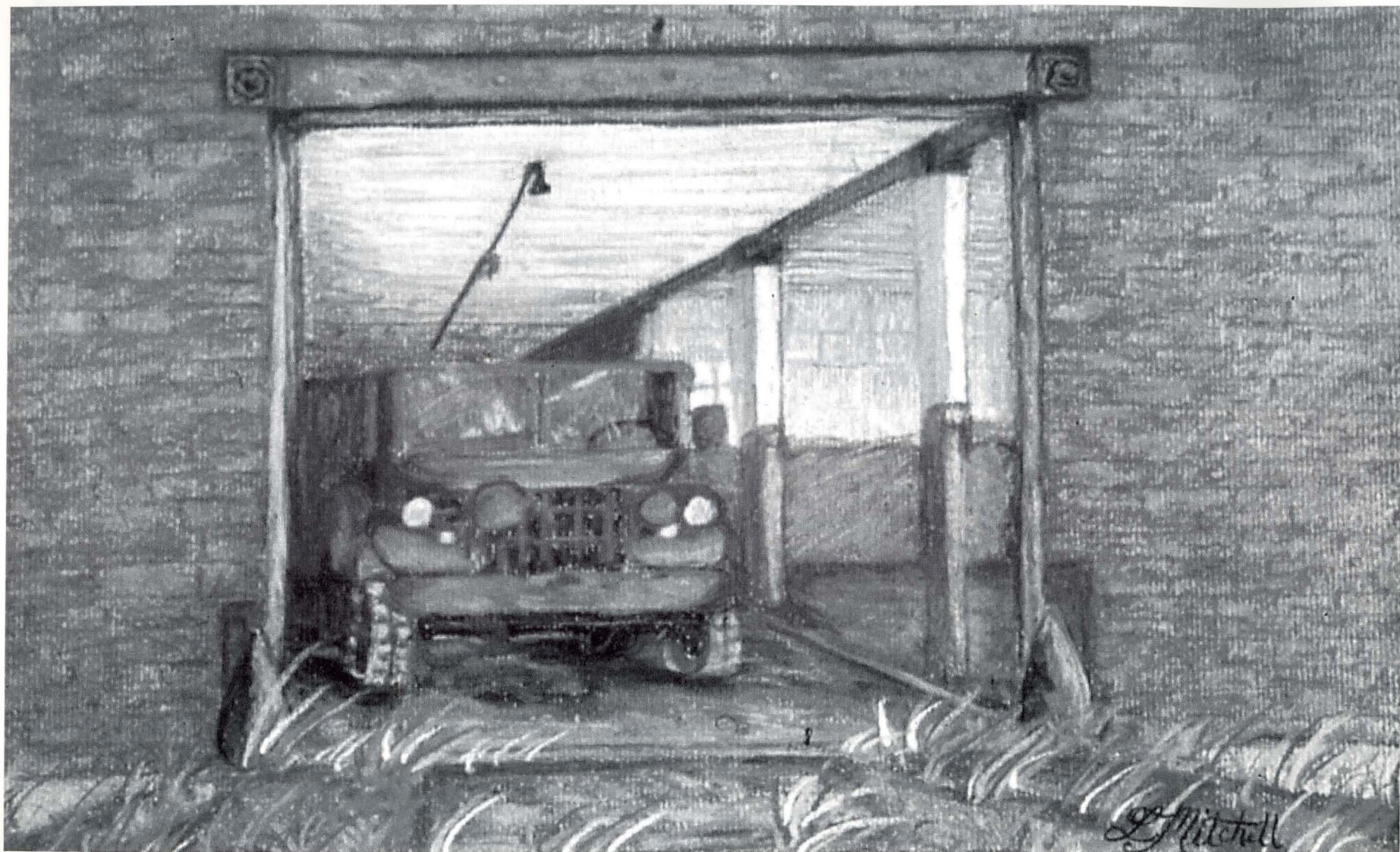
You can see my printes left on the moon-from the night my heart stopped beating  
-the night I had enough of breathing

And I race to the highest plateau, the calmest plateau-and I scream

"Would you catch me, if I fell?"  
my echo, echoes-and echoes back again "I will!"

and I look to see my life line scraped in the pumpkin faced moon-  
but I thought it was you.





## Decrepitude's Possession

*Pastel by Lori M. Mitchell*



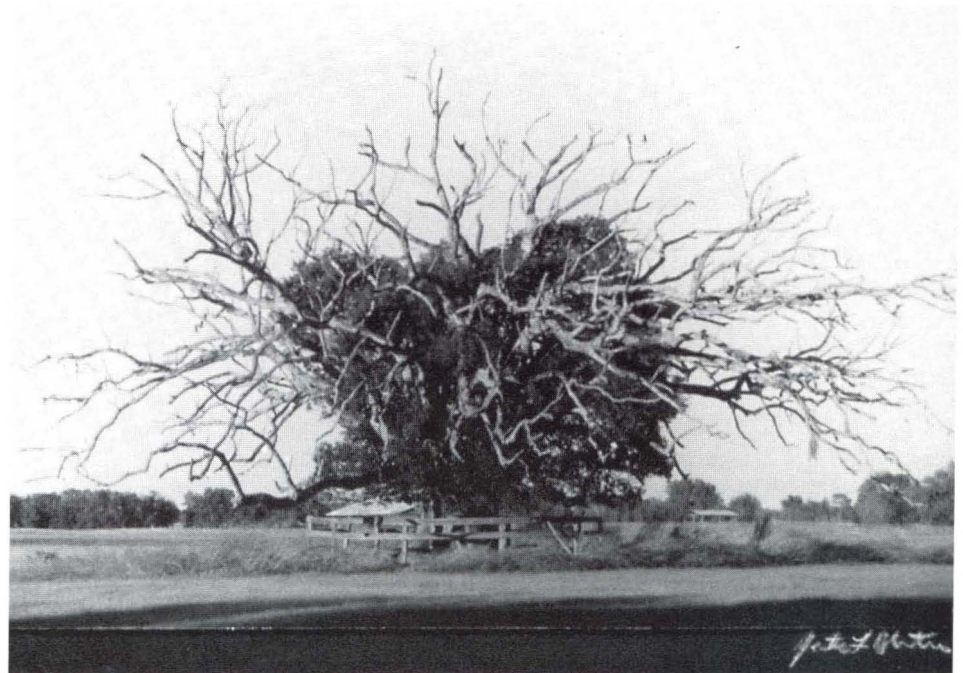
## *Life*

*by Tamara Futrell*

Some people in life, live  
Others merely exist  
Some change and grow  
While others only assist

And like the mighty oak  
So sound, strong, and certain  
Existing, nevertheless existing

And like that same oak tree  
Demanding us to take notice of its livelihood  
Reminding us through seasons  
That when we fall we can spring back  
And only through being snowed under  
Will we one-day glow as the sun



## *Chaos*

*Black and White Photo by Jeanette Blackshire*

# To Capture Peace

by Linda Bramblett

If comfort had a fragrance, it would be hers.

She smelled of clean clothes, freshly pressed; of tea brewing and cookies warm from the oven. On gardening days, she wore the perfume of fragrant roses and fertile earth.

You would never find her without a rosary, nor would a day pass that she did not spend at least two hours in prayer. Her ritual became mine; at precisely the same time every afternoon, when the Florida sun was too warm for her gardening, the house would fall silent as though in reverence. Unfailingly, I would find her seated in her accustomed spot in the darkened living room, rosary in hand, holding a hushed conversation with God.

She spoke little, but when she did, her voice was always quiet, always kind – she never spoke in anger. In fact, on those rare occasions when she was upset, she barely spoke at all. Though hers was a passive anger, when it arose, the child I was had never wanted anything more than to be back in her good graces. She had that effect on us all; a frown from her was like an angel's disapproval.

Thankfully, it was not in her nature to frown, and she seldom did so. Her spirit was one of joy and peace; to me, she was an icon that represented everything that was good about home and family. Being a child whose family life was perpetually in turmoil, it seemed to me that there was nothing more precious. Though the world be in chaos, I knew that I could sit at her feet and listen to stories of my mother's childhood, or my grandmother's, or her own – or perhaps just gather some pearls of wisdom as they fell quietly from her lips. So long as there was her, there was refuge.

Her name was Elizabeth, but to be truthful, I never knew it until I was well into my teens. The name I knew her by embodied everything she was, and everything I loved her for: we called her "Baba," which was literally "Grandmother" in her native Slovak. She had been eighty-six when I was born, the first of

many great-grandchildren.

I grew up and older, as did my many cousins – but she was timeless, unchanging. Her large hands were ever soft, bearing no evidence of many years of housework; her smile was always gentle, and her pleasant accent and broken English were like priceless relics of a bygone past. She was a piece of living history, carefully wrapped in a warm, beloved container.

When we celebrated her hundredth birthday, I thought nothing of the implications of her great age. Though I was fourteen, and wiser in the ways of the world than I should have been at that age (or so I thought), where Baba was concerned I was still a young child, sitting at her feet and begging stories. There was something about her that made her seem eternal, and that quality kept at least that one fragment of my youth frozen in time. It never occurred to me that she was mortal.

A few weeks after her hundredth birthday in mid-November, she fell ill. I was perplexed at what seemed to be an excess of concern on the part of my family members; it was just a little cold, I thought, it would pass. She was a vibrant, healthy woman, despite her years: she still cooked and cleaned with the very best of them. She'd not stay sick for long, I joked, else my grandmother's house would fall to ruin.

A mere week later, she was hospitalized with pneumonia. My grandmother was on the verge of a nervous breakdown; the whole family addled about with grim faces or barely-contained tears. They looked like a company of mourners, as though she were already dead. Their hopelessness was infectious; the illusions of my childhood were quickly eroding, and I began to consider the possibility that Baba might not go on forever. It was the most sobering thought

I had ever had. My grandmother's house had never seemed more empty.

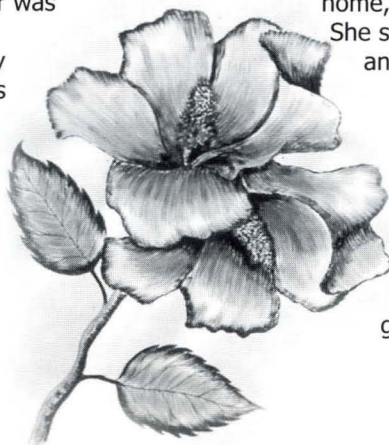
The woman who had once seemed larger than life was small and frail in the stark whiteness of the hospital bed. The air of quietude she had always exuded still clung to her, but it only served to make her seem more out-of-place in these sterile halls of human infirmity. She was a delicate flower, fighting for her life in a field made bare by winter. And she was losing.

"Please, Dorka," she pleaded with her daughter, "I don't want to die here. Tek me home, please. I want to go home." Her skin was covered with bruises and tears from the IV needles; her eyes were misted, her breath was shallow and her voice a mere whisper. She complained of the "beatings" for which the staff woke her up in the middle of the night, which were part of her respiratory therapy. She was frightened, and in pain, and all she wanted was to go back to the only place she had ever known as home for the last 32 years, and die with some measure of dignity among those who loved her.

Finally, her condition improved enough that the doctors allowed her to go home, trusting the family to keep up with her therapy and care. It was the first smile I had seen on her face in weeks. Leaving the impartial sobriety of the hospital behind, we carried Baba home just in time for Christmas decorating.

The house bent to embrace her as soon as she arrived home, and a spark of her former brightness returned. She sank into her bed with a sigh of contentment, and slept peacefully for the first time since her illness began. It seemed that things would be as they were once again. Baba was forever.

That night, my younger cousin and I decorated the Christmas tree with tender care. It was truly beautiful: a portrait of perfection in silver and blue, hung with strings of pearls, silver angels, and frosted-glass icicles. Suffused with pride, we watched as



*Hibiscus Blossom*  
Ink Drawing by John T. James



my grandfather helped Baba from her room to view our creation. She smiled and gasped when she saw it, and tears formed in the corner of her soft brown eyes. She sat in her prayer-seat gazing at the tree, which was reflected threefold in mirrored corner. With occasional pauses for breath, she told us all about childhood Christmases in Hungary, where the ornaments were cookies baked by mother and decorated by children. It was almost magical, watching this earthbound angel speaking quiet tales of peace, her face softly lit by the twinkling Christmas lights.

She was still ill, and so was easily tired; soon we helped her back to bed to rest. As she made her way back down the hall to her room, she paused to do her "exercises:" stretching her arms and legs slowly, as though to assure us that all was well. Still basking in the lingering warmth of her presence, I took to my bed as well.

I was awakened by the panicked wailing of my grandmother, who burst into my room in tears, shouting, "Oh God we're going to lose her, we're going to lose her!" Still addled by sleep, it took a moment for me to discern exactly what she was referring to — then, I was instantly awake. With my heart in my throat, I covered the distance between my room and Baba's in three steps. What I saw there will forever remain burned into my memory.

My grandfather was at Baba's bedside, her head cradled in his arm. He held an oxygen mask over her mouth and nose, tears streaming down his face as he begged her to breathe. My grandmother was in the corner, her hands covering her mouth, sobbing "Oh Mom, oh Mom ... " — her eyes pleaded, imploring her mother to live. I stood at the doorway, looking on in shocked disbelief. My grandfather saw me then, and ordered me to take my grandmother and leave the

room, his face grim. I could not comprehend his words; I was riveted to the spot, my eyes fixed on Baba's beloved face.

*She is going to die.*

The voice came from nowhere and everywhere, nearly stopping my heart with the finality of the words. Baba's eyes were watching a blank corner, almost as

punctuated by the hysterical wails of my grandmother, to whom Baba had meant everything. The EMT's had arrived much too late, and their resuscitation attempts seemed sacreligious as fragile bones broke under the pressure of CPR. I could not bring myself to believe that the colorless husk on the floor was my Baba, who had always been so full of life. It was that, I think, that kept me from crying as I watched their fruitless efforts.



## Still Life with Basket

*Mixed Media by Mary Jean Cole*

though she saw something there. Her eyes then met my gaze for a moment, turning at last to my grandmother. It seemed that she smiled behind the plastic mask. Raising a trembling hand, she waved goodbye.

\*\*\*\*\*

The rest of that night was steeped in nightmare,

The funeral went by in a blur; she was buried in Pittsburgh, beside her husband and eldest daughter, both of which had died many years earlier. The only time I cried was when they closed the casket, and I knew I would never again see her face. I was numb as they lowered her into the ground, watching the snowflakes settling on the silver casket. Gazing around at the massive gathering of mourners, I thought of how she once said that she hoped it would not snow when she was buried, for she feared no one would come.

Smiling, I wondered if she could see how wrong she was.

\*\*\*\*\*

Every year at Christmas, I remember her. Not in her death, as I know she would not want to be remembered that way; instead, I remember her life in all its blessed richness. I remember a woman who was a mother and grandmother before all else; who was a fountain of wisdom and of peace, and a pillar of goodness and grace. I remember a soul equally versed in labor and in laughter, in toil and in tenderness. And closing my eyes, I can still hear her whispered prayers.

Merry Christmas, Baba.





## Mine

*Color Photo by Heather Rine*



## Stick Fishing

*Color Photo by Tamara Futrell*



## Old Potato Barn

*Color Photo by Tamara Futrell*



## If Only I Could

by Amber

Esus4 DM7 A Am

One we-ry night The phone rang I'd hoped it was you.

Esus4 DM7 A Am

The Win-ter chill ran down my spine. When I got the news

Esus4 DM7 A

A cloud of gloom blew in with the cold frost.

12 Am Esus4 DM7 A

It howls in the wind No-one was rea-dy to let you go.

16 Am C#m A C#m

And now I la-ment If on-ly I could tell you how

20 A E B A

I feel. I think you knew I cared.

24 Esus4 DM7 A

Last time we spoke you said I was spec-ial

28 Am Esus4 DM7

and with just a smile you lit up the room and stopped the

## If Only I Could

Pop/Jazz by Amber D. Enbey

## Sheila Working

Pencil Drawing  
by Dennis T Panzik



C#m A C#m

could see that spark

tule If on-ly I A B

your eyes A a - gain

C#m E

could blow the breath of life back in your soul

B F# G# C#m

I would Last night I dreamed of you ly-ing there.

E G#

I want-ed to wake

to see you sleep. Esus4 B Esus4

hear A Esus4

I do was stand there and weep. Esus4

A Am

Still can't be-

he phonerings A Am Esus4 DM7

live in our

It won't be, you

We miss you

DM7 A

harts now, but it's not the same

Esus4 Am

Ah

A C#m A

could see the light

I A B C#m

a - gain B If on-ly

E

back in your soul

B A B

repeat and fade



# The Beginning

*by Tamara Futrell*

She woke up early, eager to go  
"See mom, I'm not afraid, I told you so"  
She put on her dress and combed her hair  
All by herself, as if I wasn't there

She ate her breakfast and brushed her teeth  
Pretty soon we were walking down the street  
She listened to my instructions along the way  
"Obey your teacher and don't forget to pray"

The further we walked the tighter she held my hand  
I asked if she was afraid, and told her I understand  
We entered her class and found her place  
As she searched the room for a familiar face

I told her to remember all the things I said  
I told her I loved her and kissed the top of her head  
I walked away quickly, desperately trying not to cry  
But the tears uncontrollably swelled within my eyes

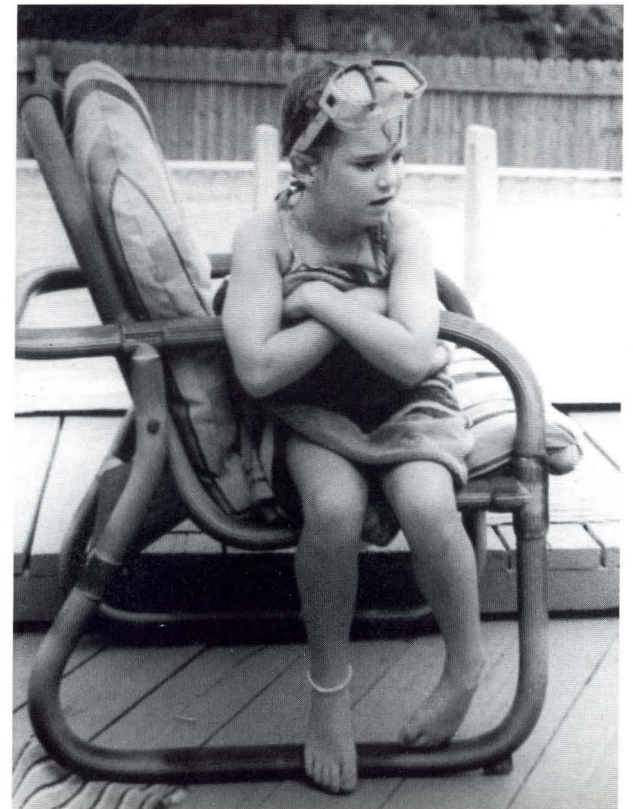
"Dear Lord I know you hear me when I pray,  
Please keep your hand of mercy upon my child this day  
Let her feel you're always there  
She's safe within your arms of love and care

I can hardly wait for the day to end  
So I can see my sweet little friend  
To listen to her tell me all about her day  
I'll squeeze her hand; "I love you," I'll say



# Peaceful Dreamer

*Black and White Photo by  
Tamara Futrell*



# Grace

*Black and White Photo by  
Jennifer Courtney*



## *Anima*

by Robert Stevens

where there are windows  
I can see  
if the world snows  
she forgets me

if the rain comes  
I'll hold her tight  
and hope the glass  
lasts the night

when fire burns  
rages war  
stand clear  
let them resolve

sometimes shine like emeralds  
from wet caves on sea shores  
maybe hope and life  
a reflection of what's inside of me

let her be  
everything I love and see



## *Beetle by the Water*

*Computer Graphics by Darrell Van Wagner*



## Untitled

Drawing  
by Dennis T Panzik



## Blind Faith

Color Pencil Drawing  
by Leighanne Drury



## Forever Free

Pastel  
by Lori M. Mitchell







## *Lightening Strikes*

*Mixed Media by Adam Michael Meyer*

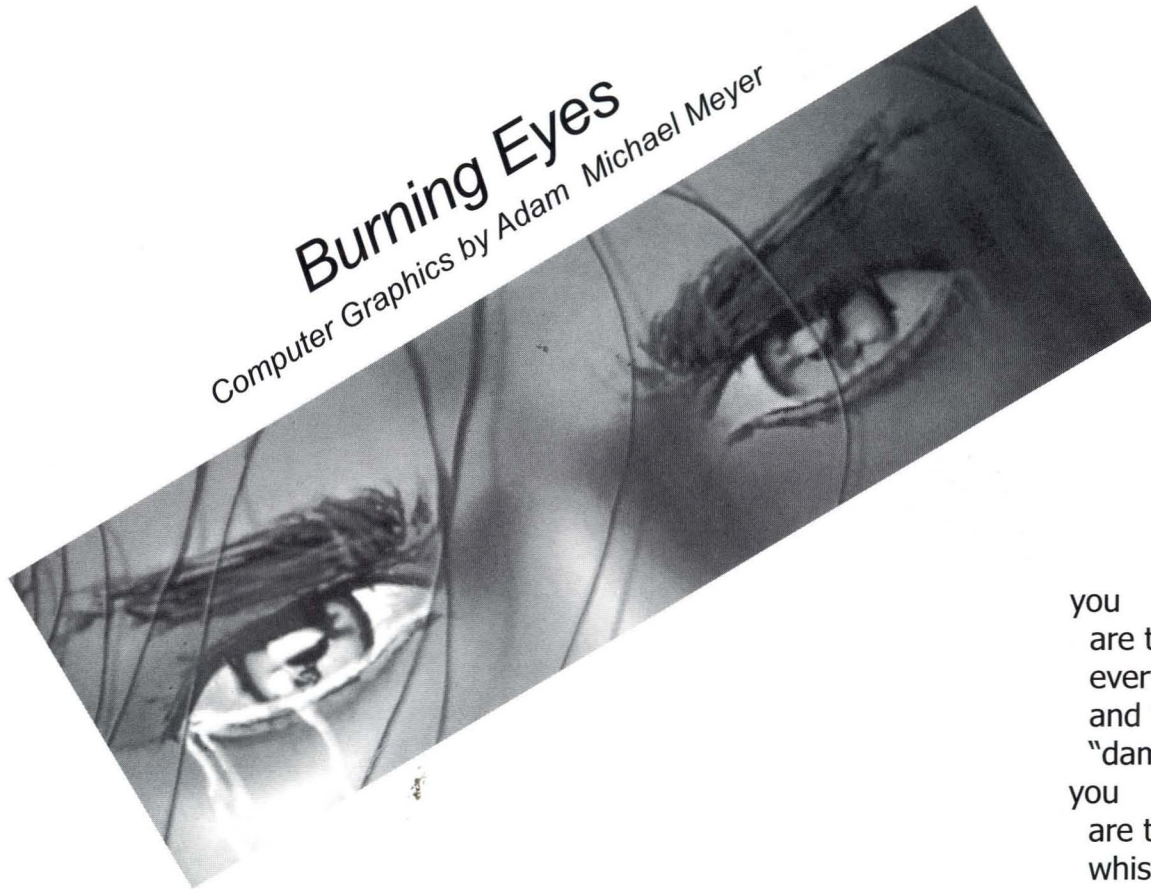
## *pain*

by diane tart

pain,  
agonizing,  
controlling,  
defeating my every move,  
defining me as one who cannot  
torturing to the brink  
and just when i think it's tolerable  
it strikes again with more force,  
breaking me down  
but i can hold out  
until the end  
because i must  
because i have no other choice

# Burning Eyes

Computer Graphics by Adam Michael Meyer



## *that man*

*by diane tart*

you  
are that man that's around  
every corner waiting to pounce  
and tell us exactly how  
"damn fine" we are  
you  
are that man who yells and  
whistles and howls  
as we walk by  
you  
are that man women have  
come to despise  
so if you'll excuse me....  
i have another corner to round



# *Of wolves, boys and a girl*

*by J. Patrick Makowski*

We are a semi-circle of nervous,  
panting wolves  
tongues hung loosely in our mouths,  
saliva pooling in the carpet.

Oh, she has hypnotized us all  
with the toss of a blonde mane,  
a teasing tongue across her lips.

The younger of our pack move  
like nervous pups,  
bellies to the ground,  
paws outstretched,  
groans deep in their throats.  
Their sounds barely audible above  
the wind chimes of her voice.

We older wolves move  
in the shadows,  
our eyes cautious  
our hearts racing,  
pacing stops suddenly. Tails swing low.

She knows she holds this pack at bay.  
Locking into each canine pupil,  
as she crosses her leg of lamb,  
and the scent of her flesh slices the room  
like a Japanese fan.

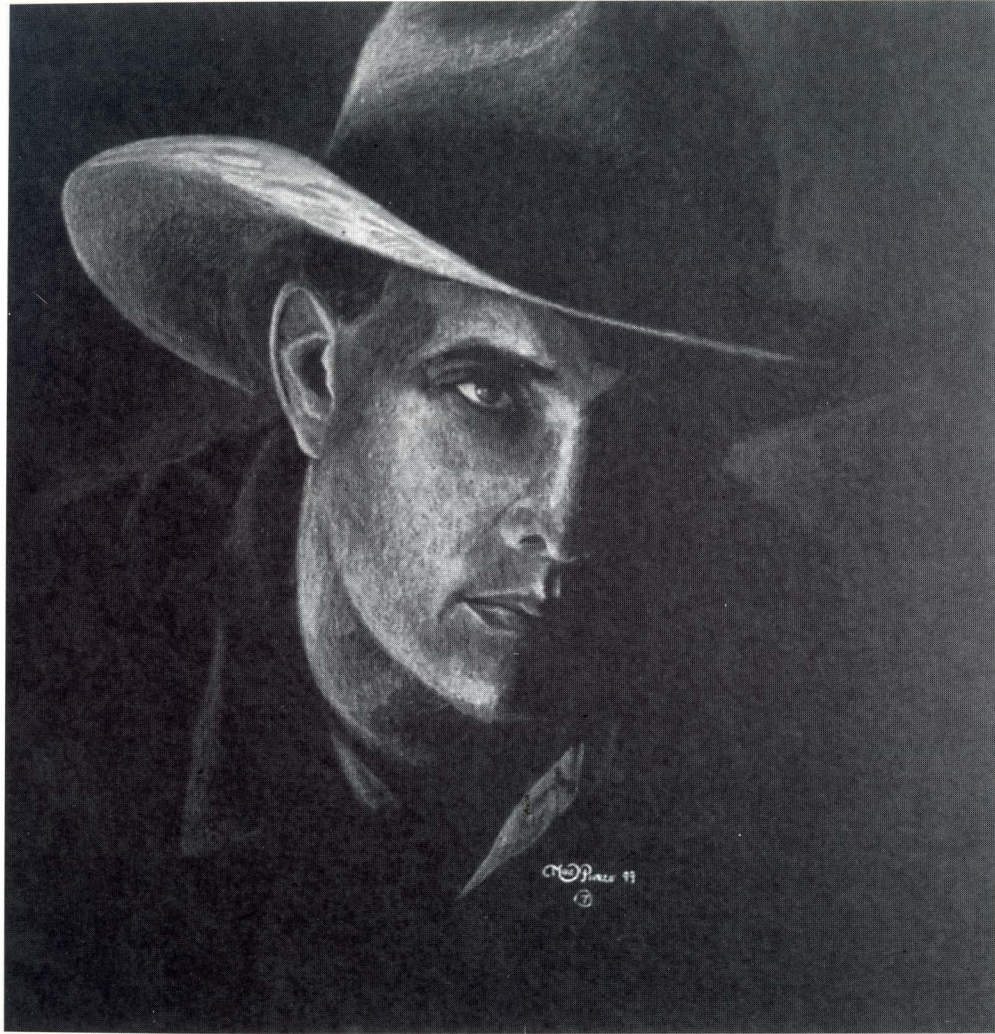
Our nostrils flare,  
as the pups begin to whine uncontrollably.  
Their chins push into the floor  
as they try to inch into her shadow.

Older ones have turned to face her,  
thoughts shifting  
with the muscles in our shoulders,  
from fancy to fight.  
Ears lay back,  
as snarls wait behind tight lips.

The room spins dizzily as she moves toward the moon.  
"Oh my, look at the time,"  
she speaks to the fat, white clock hung on the night  
sky,  
"I really must be going."  
She bounds from the room past each of us,  
paying these wolves no more mind  
than she would boulders in her mountain home.

The sudden closing of the door,  
a noisy exclamation point to her graceful departure.  
Her exit, the unexpected antithesis  
to this question mark of  
wide-eyed,  
silent wolves  
tongues hanging dryly in our minds.





**Garth Brooks**

*Drawing by Michael Pierce*

## *Reflections*

*by Kristina Hicks*

You see me everyday,  
Pass me along your way.  
But do you really see me there,  
Or is that just an empty stare?  
For hours we sit and talk,  
Sometimes we take long walks.  
Do you really hear,  
Or am I speaking to deaf ears?  
You know who I am, call me a friend.  
But do you really know me, my friend?  
When you look into my eyes  
Tell me what do you see?  
Is it a reflection of you...or one of me?



## *penance*

*by Robert Stevens*

where did you come from?  
behind the wall of freedom  
on the other side the grass is green  
you have to let it be

traveled the ocean  
not wanting to  
they took you  
a long time ago

here we are in our homes  
in our land in our time  
no one wants to take it from us  
no one cares

no one finds ways to make us pay  
for the indignities we make  
in our own minds  
from redemption.



## *Untitled*

*Painting by Dennis T Panzik*





## Ghost Krate

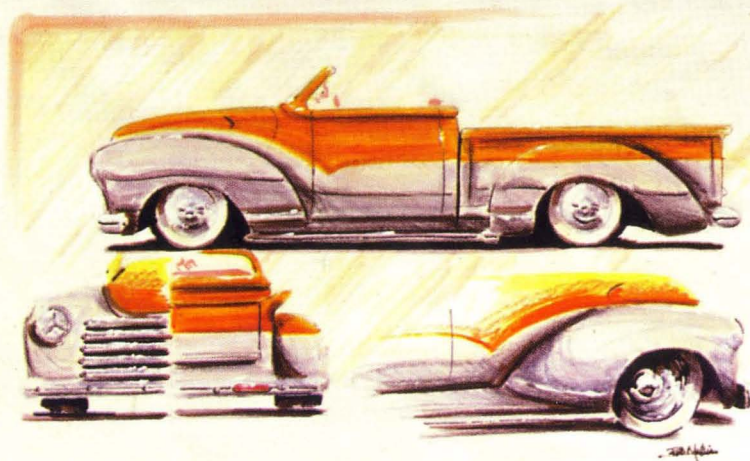
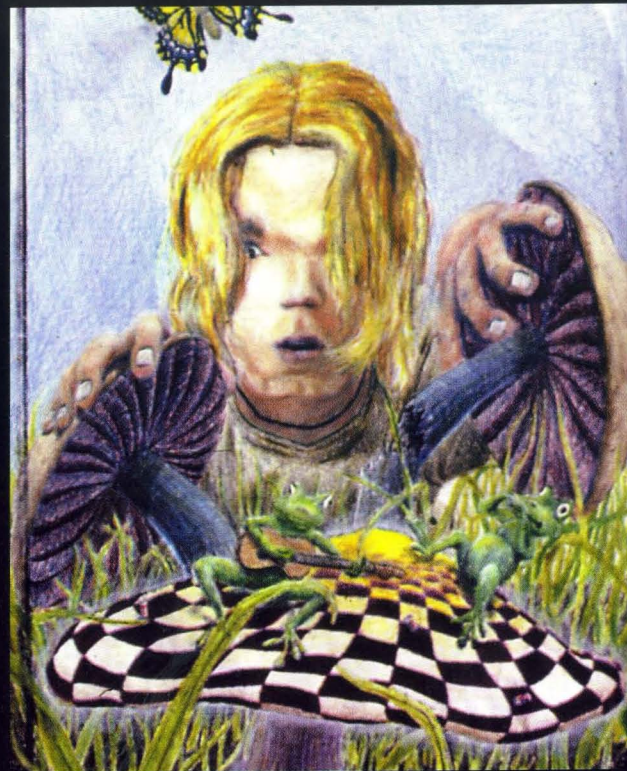
*Mixed Media by Rob Mullins*

## '53 Chevy

*Mixed Media by Rob Mullins*

!

*Mixed Media  
by Dennis T Panzik*





## *The Rain Outside My Window Falls*

*by Kristina Hicks*

As the rain outside my window falls  
My thoughts walk through unseen halls.

Behind the doors within my mind  
Unimaginable fears churn and grind.

Fears of love lost and gone  
Fears of waking alone in the dawn.

My thoughts turn down another corridor  
I can feel myself held in your arms once more.

You hold me tight and kiss my lips  
My eyes closed tight but one tear slips.

I wake from this dream, staining my cheeks  
are tears

I gasp for breath as my hope is choked away  
by fears.

In the darkness silence calls  
As the rain outside my window falls.



## *Under Angel's Wing*

*Pen and Ink Drawing by Adam Michael Meyer*



# *From The Bar's Dry Side*

*by Laura Tomashek*

Who are these night people?  
Darkness settles and they shuffle in.  
For what are they searching?  
A sip of courage, companionship? Perhaps.  
Their habits routine — a sublime tribute to their own loneliness.

These night people, finding comfort in darkness and the camaraderie that is shared from the same cup.

Here I stand before them, offering my time for a price. In their sadness I comfort them; their celebration I rejoice.

My ears — their stories — I hear them. For the night is their solace — these night people.

The bell tolls and their cups are drained. Until the uncertainty of the day folds once again to night only then will I see them — these night people.

## *Boston After Dark*

*Computer Graphics by Mary Jean Cole*





# *A Heart's Sorrow*

*by Kristina Hicks*

My heart hangs heavy with a sorrow  
That won't fade even with a million tomorrow's

I talk to you and know you hear  
Even though you're no longer here

We had a bond you and I  
Now with love I look up at the sky

I know some how, way up there  
You smile down as you watch me stare

I wonder why you're no longer near  
I have not the words of wisdom I wish to hear

Too soon it seems you were taken away  
I know your life you lived to the fullest each day

I know you loved me, it was in your touch  
I don't remember if I told you, but I love you this much

I was so young when God called you home  
I can still remember the dream where you told me to roam

'Twas that night I said good-bye  
The night six years after you died, it was the last time I let  
myself cry

I love you and miss you so  
This much I just wanted you to know



## *Mermaid Dreams*

*Drawing by Leighanne Drury*



## *Perseverance, per severance*

*by Robert Stevens*

time moves on.  
the clock stops for no one  
hearts beat and death reaps  
the sun dials' broken bones  
the big hand swings faster  
round the dooms day disaster  
feel it a wastin'?  
your life it's erasing  
shadows move regardless  
as out skin drops off us

I'm going to see an old friend  
he's ninety



## **Elf Man**

Mixed Media by Jeanette Blackshire

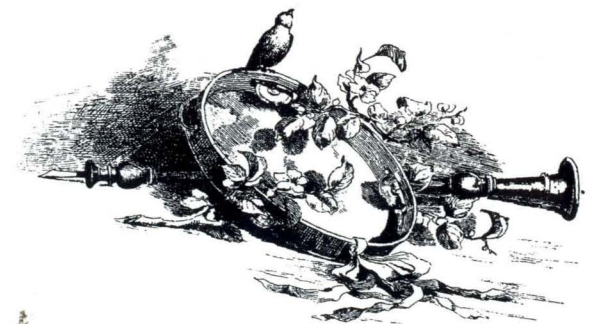




## SONG ONE

by Nikki Burns

A musical score for a piano piece titled "Song One" by Nikki Burns. The score is written in treble and bass clefs with a key signature of one sharp (F#). It consists of four systems of music. The first system has a treble staff with a melody and a bass staff with a harmonic accompaniment. The second system continues the melody and accompaniment. The third system features a more complex bass line with triplets and asterisks. The fourth system concludes the piece with a final chord in the bass staff. The score is framed by a double-line border.



*Music*  
Classical by Nicole Burns



# The Morning Coffee

by Melissa A. Cook

In the beginning there was coffee. He learned early in their life that if he got up twenty minutes ahead of her, he could brighten her whole day with a cup of coffee. He did not drink coffee, but had learned how she made hers by watching her. He would take her oversized ceramic mug, filled with four spoons of sugar, a liberal dose of half and half, French vanilla coffee and a trace of cinnamon, into their room every morning and wait for her to wake up.

He would sit across the bedroom in her favorite reading chair, which was as oversized as the coffee mug, and watch her waking up. It was a process; her awakening. She would turn once, in towards the bed, looking for him in her sleep. Then she would stretch languorously, still searching him out in the huge bed, still not awake or aware of her actions. She would turn again, this time back toward the edge of the bed, pushing one leg out from under the comforter. A few moments would pass and she would begin to smell the cinnamon in the coffee, the lure of which would bring a smile to her beautiful lips. He knew that it was at this point that she would soon look to the chair and see him. He waited with her steaming mug of life cradled in his hand, his hand resting on the coffee stained arm of the chair. Everything he knew about her could in some way be traced back to the routine of morning.

He had done this for as long as he could remember and it was more a part of his existence than hers. She had, in her independence, resisted this act of servitude to her the first few times that he had done it. Then one morning, instead of waking up and arguing over her self sufficiency, she merely lay in bed and watched him watching her. That was the first morning of the rest of their lives. It was in that morning, with the pale gold sunshine of first light falling into the awakening room, the smell of cinnamon on the air, and her sleepy face looking so innocent on her pillow, that he removed the last doubt of his future from his mind. He knew in that moment that he would love her for the rest of his life and that there was no other place on earth he would rather be.

So the years went on and he brought her the morning coffee every day. There were a few mornings she had reversed the situation by rising early, making the coffee and waiting for him to rise. On those occasions, he would walk through the day feeling as if he had misplaced some intricate part of his identity. To her, she had merely disrupted a schedule, giving



*Summer Weekend*

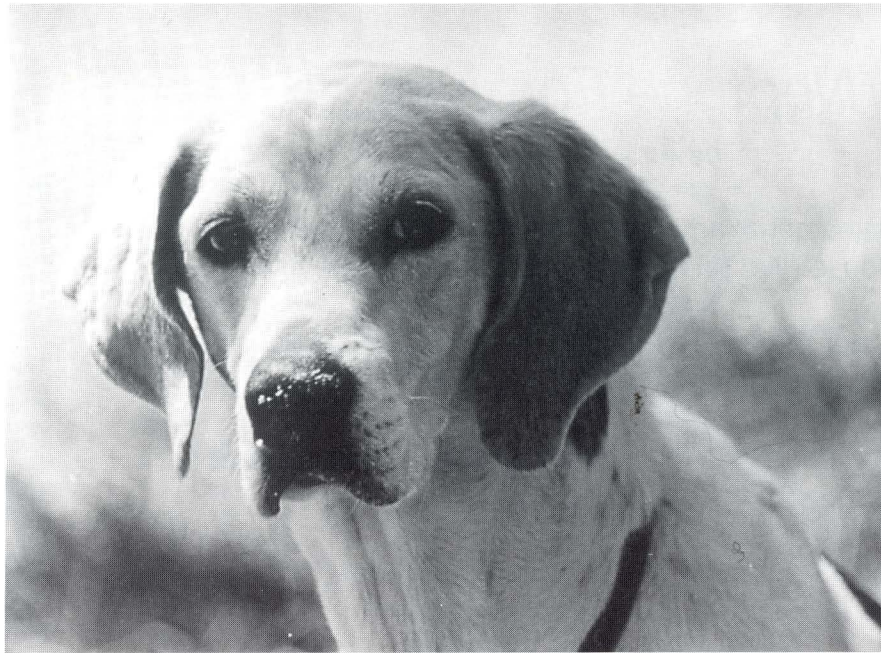
*Drawing by Rob Mullins*



him something special in return for his years of faithful service. Her intentions were the highest of any wife and he loved her for it. Yet to him, it was more than a broken routine.

On those few mornings that he rose to find her waiting in the chair, a look of happiness on her features and coffee in hand, he had felt robbed of his favorite part of her. He wanted to see her first in his morning, to take the first of her, before anyone else had their chance. He knew that over the years he had gotten the best of her in this way, and it pleased him to know that she had the power to deny him this simple pleasure and didn't.

Watching as each level of consciousness unfolded before him each morning, he knew that whatever had been in the night was gone and this span of time was now new. It was this side of her that he knew and loved most, this peaceful and loving and totally vulnerable side that allowed him full access to her self. It was this access, not just between a husband and wife, but between two people who hold no secrets or pretensions, that they alone possessed in each other. As she finally came awake, looking across the rays of sunlight to see him waiting, he would take her coffee to her. After that, the moment somehow dissipated. The allure and attraction and the desire to be there ebbed slightly and the day had begun. He was not disappointed. He had those few precious moments every day when she totally belonged to him, when her schedule was clear, when her watch was more than three feet away, and her face bore no lines of the stresses of life. She was her purest and most innocent form in those moments before dawn, in those seconds before her mind raced to catch the hours of the day. In the beginning of each day there was this time that belonged to them. In the beginning, there was coffee.

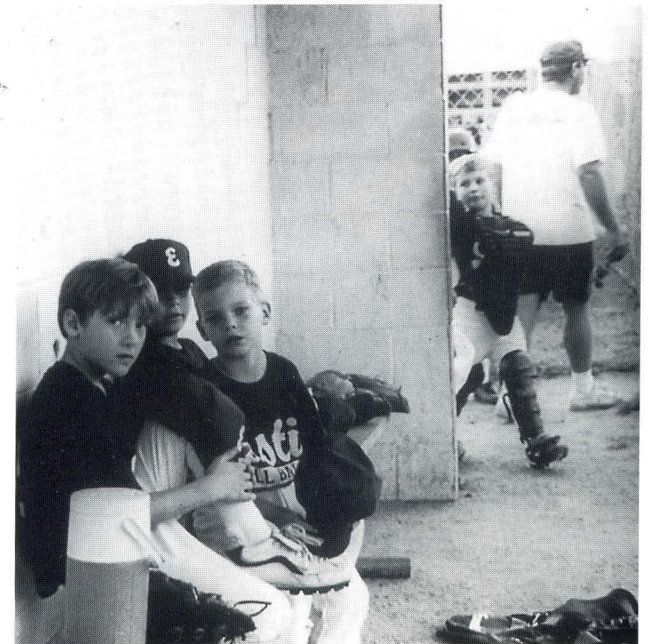


## *Hound Dog*

*Black and White Photo  
by Heather Rine*

## *Rookie's Conversation*

*Black and White Photo  
by Lori M. Mitchell*





# *Neptune Forgives*

*by Amy Tinney*

Lodged within substantial amounts of pain- is a diamond house  
and in such a house (like this) and in such a room (like mine)

I feel little fury, but pay my regards to Neptune's moodswings  
of oceanic movement-

all is well, here in this diamond house- the high tide is a sweet-  
smelling aquamarine

Richer than chocolate, a new man sleeps by my side  
marveling at the shiny gills of my breath

and the bubbling foam of my laughter  
and he leaves in the morning-

only to return with a better version of himself- for me-

like have done for the Zeus, the Jupiter, The "hero" in my life

So I could just have fallen lost again-  
so lost, I find my way- the wrong way

till I come upon that clearing-  
a tall stack of rocks near the seaside- crying whale rage

to fall and see Neptune at my bloody knees- soothing me-

"Come into my diamond house- I will give you the sea-I will give  
you sweet azure and aquamarine-  
forever"



## *Shells at Cozumel*

*Color Photo by Jeanette Blackshire*



# *lies*

*by diane tart*

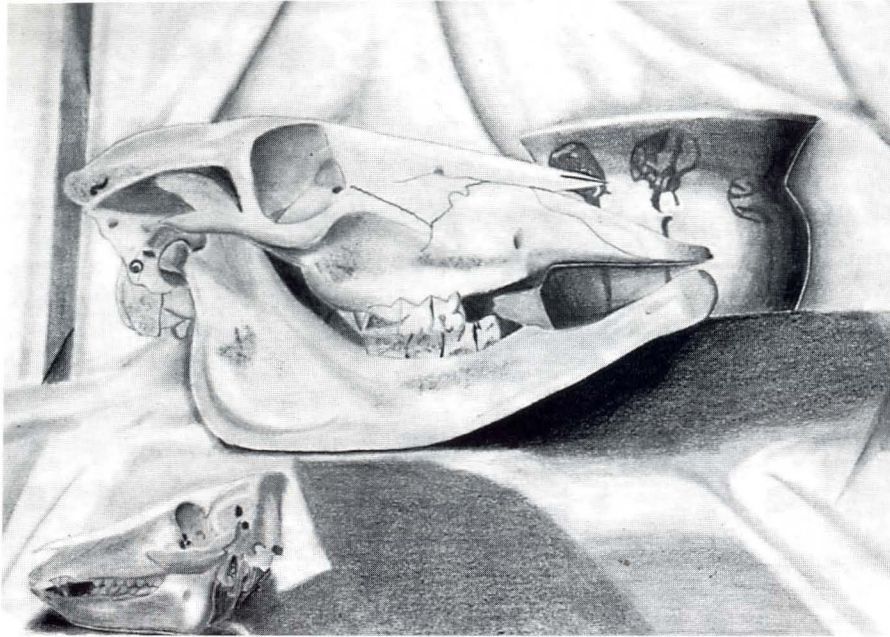
all the lies that you ever told  
is everything you ever were  
and for this i cannot forgive you,  
you,  
face down in a pool of your own lies,  
unable to gain control,  
drowning...

## *Kraken*

*Mixed Media by Rob Mullins*







## *Skull Life*

*Graphite Drawing by David Panzik*

## *Rachel's Sonnet*

*by Laura M. Tomashek*

Little miss Rachel gazes lovingly upon herself,  
the beauty reflected and her dreams — all just out of reach.  
Not within her grasp, all adored on the highest shelf.  
Wanton creator of her own nightmare, this callous leech.

Sublime visions of grandeur, her verbosity rules.  
Betrayers of suitors, the black widow's prize she ensnares.  
Adhering to weakness and unwitting fools.  
For a moment of passion, to the world, news of her conquest she airs.

All she has she destroys with malicious intent.  
Constructor of lies, manipulation, deceit.  
Agonizing over her own destruction, her heart to lament.  
Lovers lost to her game or those with the forethought to retreat.

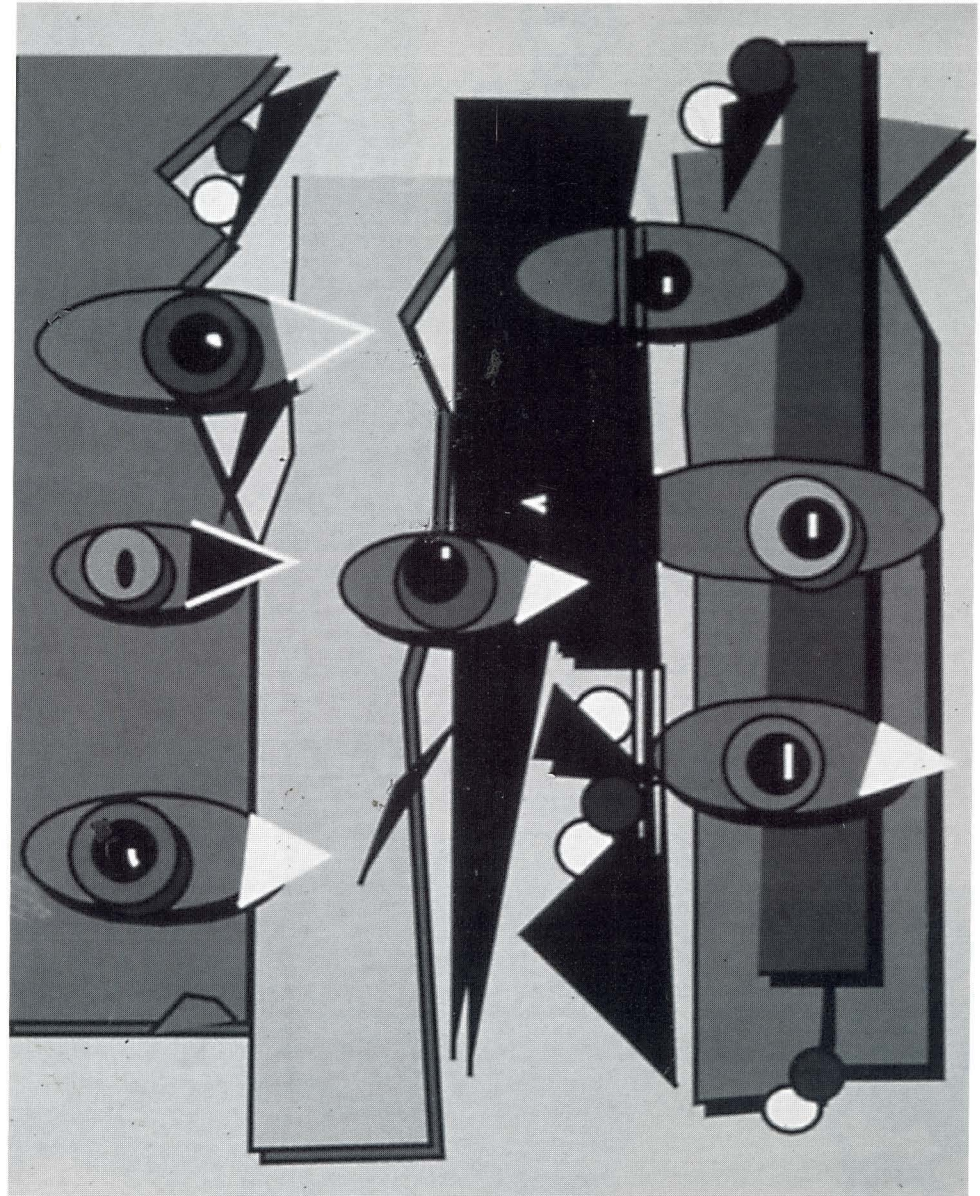
And as she gazed in the mirror, her epiphany came;  
"I am the nuisance abhorred – master of my own pain!"



## *Insomnia*

*by Leah Mason*

Restless legs keep tossing, turning  
eyes blinking in the dark  
mind ablaze, synapses firing  
fighting slumber's dreams.  
How can I doze with things undone  
and promises to fill?  
Only sinners and saints find peace,  
their consciences are clear.  
The comforter gives no relief  
while thoughts disturb these sheets.  
The past stirs up the sediment  
of memories and fears,  
which leaves a sour humor on  
my mood and weary breath.  
Warm milk and herds of bleating sheep  
can't soothe a restless heart.  
The clock strikes off another bell  
to warn all listening ears  
that morning does approach and soon  
the sun will brush away  
the night, like sand in tired eyes  
not ready yet for sleep.



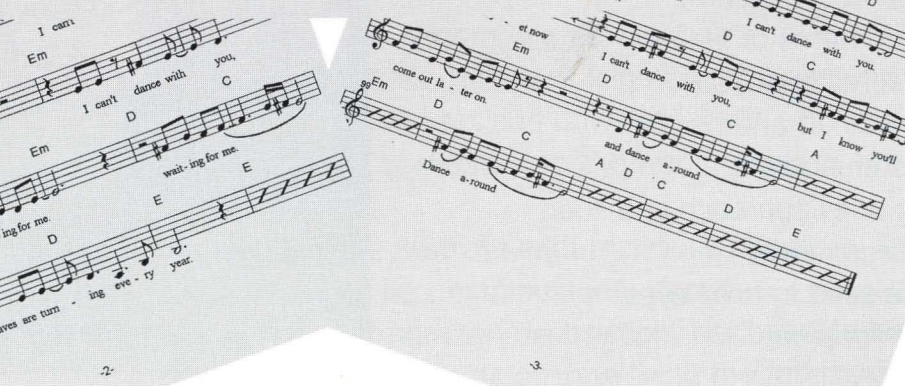
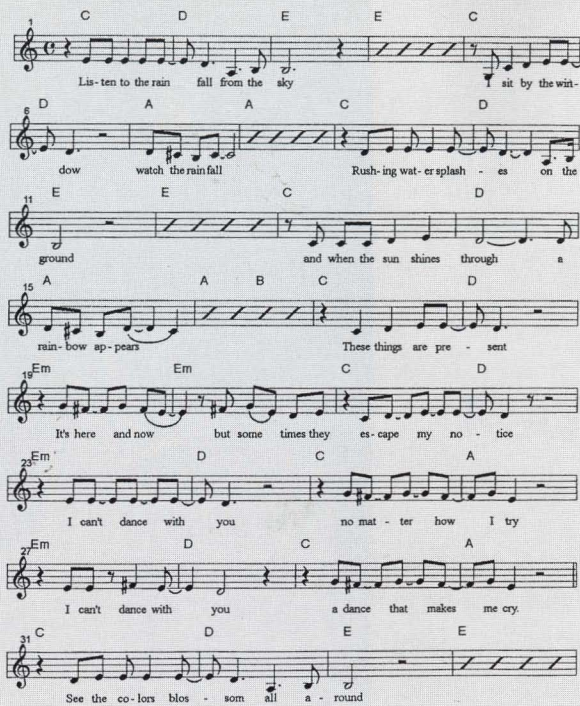
## *All Eyes on You*

*Computer Graphics by Mary Jean Cole*



## by Amber

by Amber



*Pop/Jazz by Amber D. Enbey*







