

Odyssey 2000



Odyssey 2000

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The opinions expressed herein are those of our contributors and do not necessarily represent those of the editor, faculty, staff, administration, or trustees of the College.

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Odyssey 2000

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Lake Sentinel*

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*Director of Libraries
Lake-Sumter Community College*

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*Photographer
Image Works Photography*

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Clermont Elementary School*

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*Art Instructor
Lake-Sumter Community College*

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*Photographer
Malcolm Yawn Photography*

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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 Bramblett *In the Eyes*

Fiction

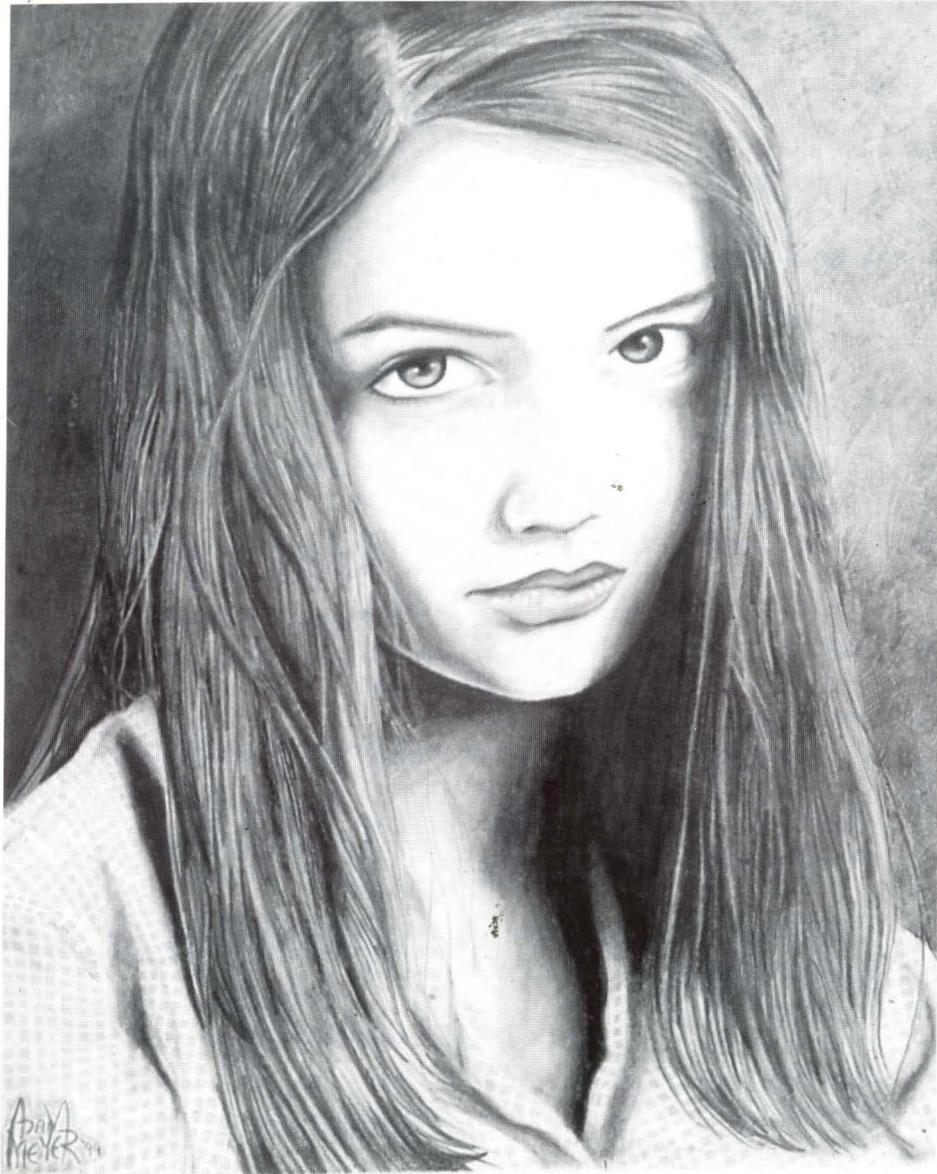
First Place Linda Bramblett *To Capture Peace*
Second Place Melissa Cook *Coffee*

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 creeped in on my sore-ridden seed,
splitting it open.

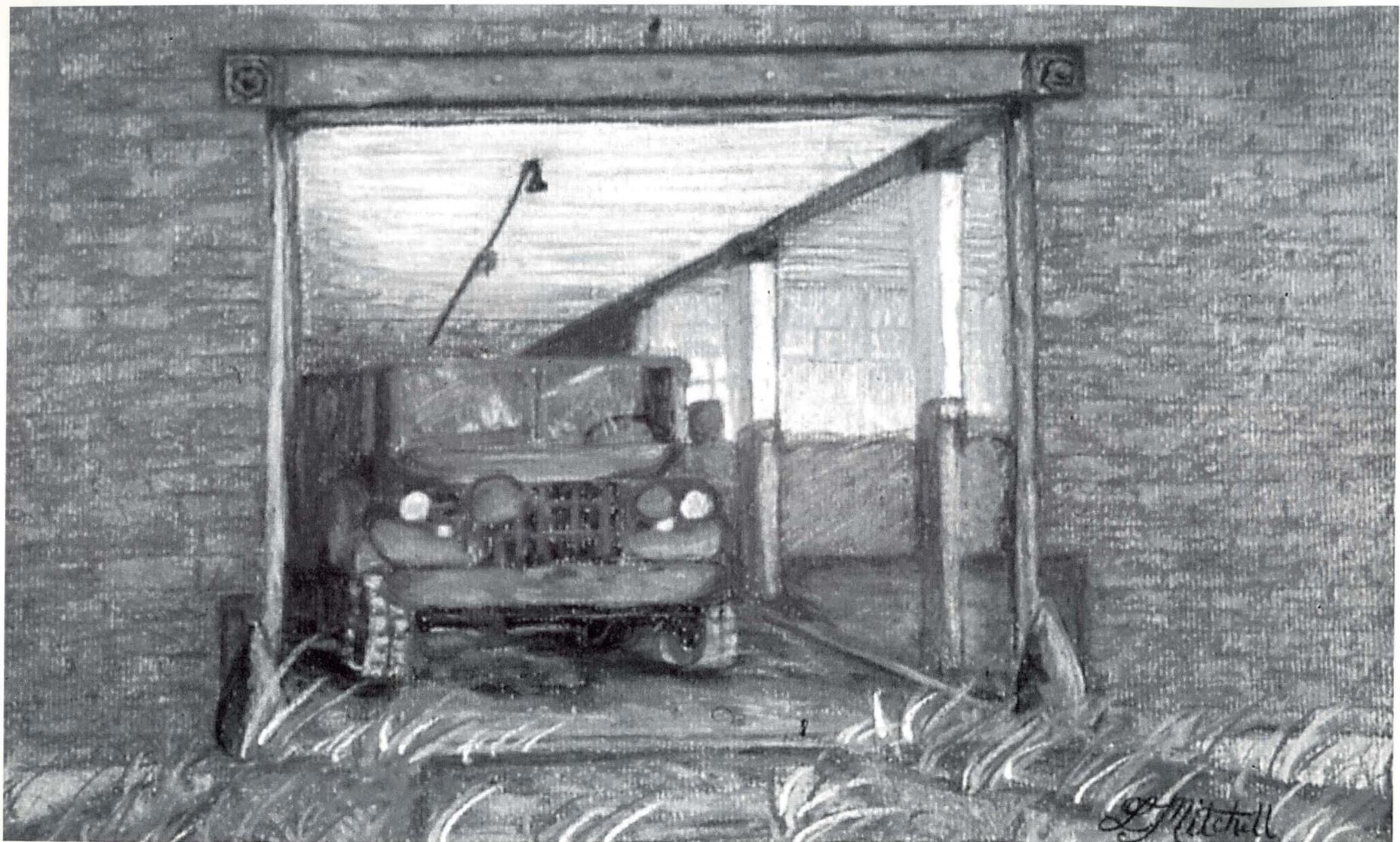
I spilled my bliss on the white plateau, bathed in the orange light of a moon
that was so close-I could rub it against my palm.

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

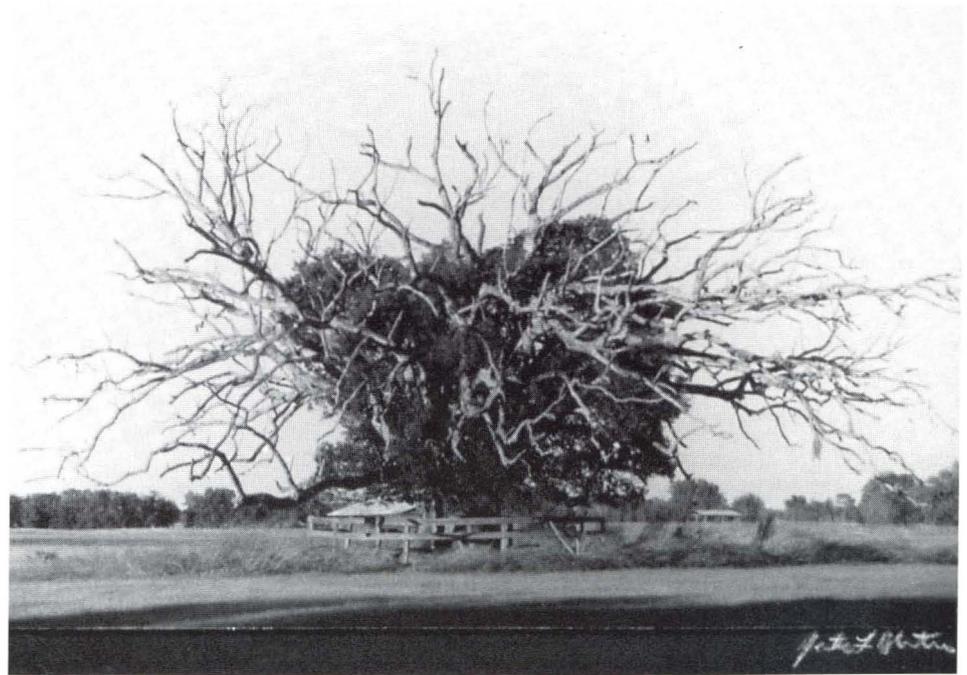
Life

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.

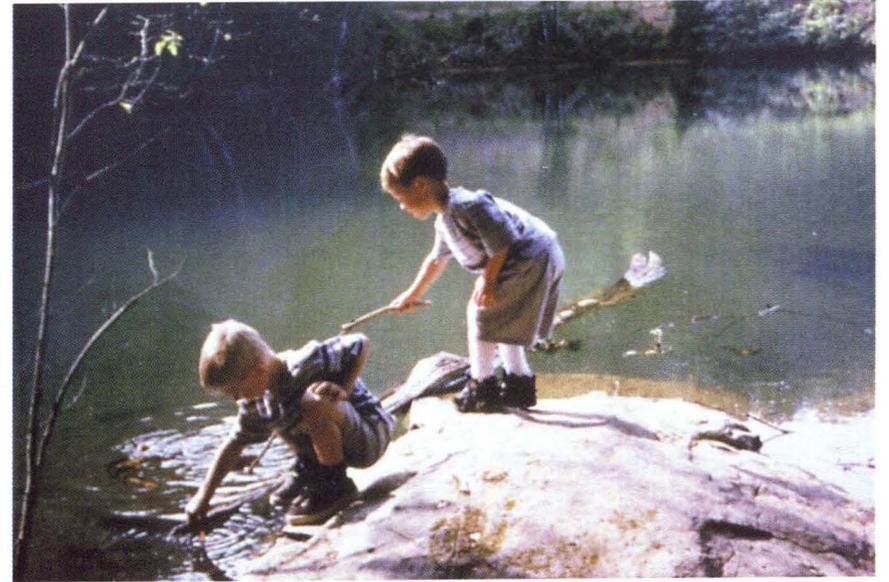
Every year at Christmas, I remember her. Not in her death, as I know she would not want to be remembered that way; instead, I remember her life in all its blessed richness. I remember a woman who was a mother and grandmother before all else; who was a fountain of wisdom and of peace, and a pillar of 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 wa-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 front.

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 I B A

I feel. I think I knew I cared.

24 Esus4 DM7 3 A

Last time we spoke you said I was spec-ial

26 Am Esus4 DM7

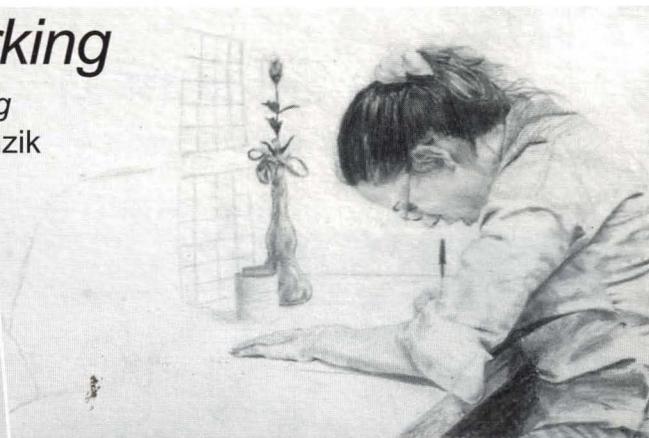
and with just a smile you lit up the room and stopped the

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

1 B A B

tile. If on-ly I could

4 C#m A E

your eyes a - gain

8 C#m A E

could blow the breath of life back in your soul

12 B F# G# C#m

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

16 E G#

bear to see you sleep. I want-ed to wake

20 A B Esus4

I do was stand there and weep. Still can't be-

24 A Am Esus4

he phonerings It won't be. you live in our

28 DM7 A

love hearts now, but it's not the same We miss you. We miss you.

32 A Am Esus4 DM7 A

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

A C#m A

could see the light

1 A B C#m

a - gain If on-ly

4 E B

back in your soul

8 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

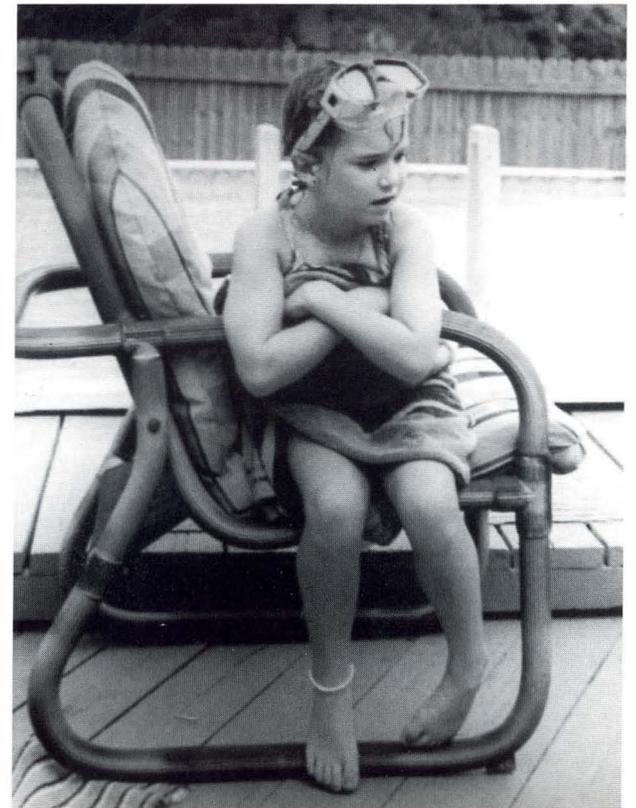
"Dear Lord I know you hear me when I pray,
Please keep your hand of mercy upon my child this day
Let her feel you're always there
She's safe within your arms of love and care

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

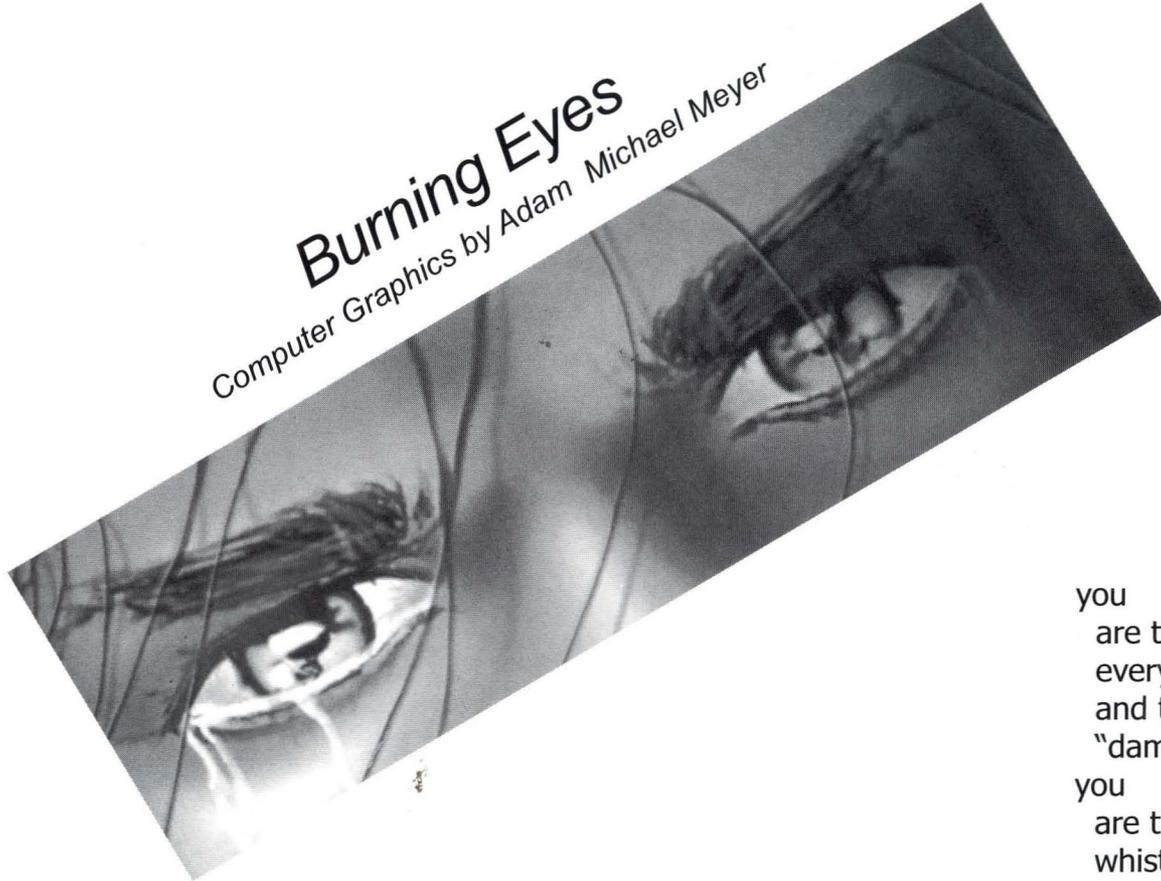
Mixed Media by Adam Michael Meyer

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.

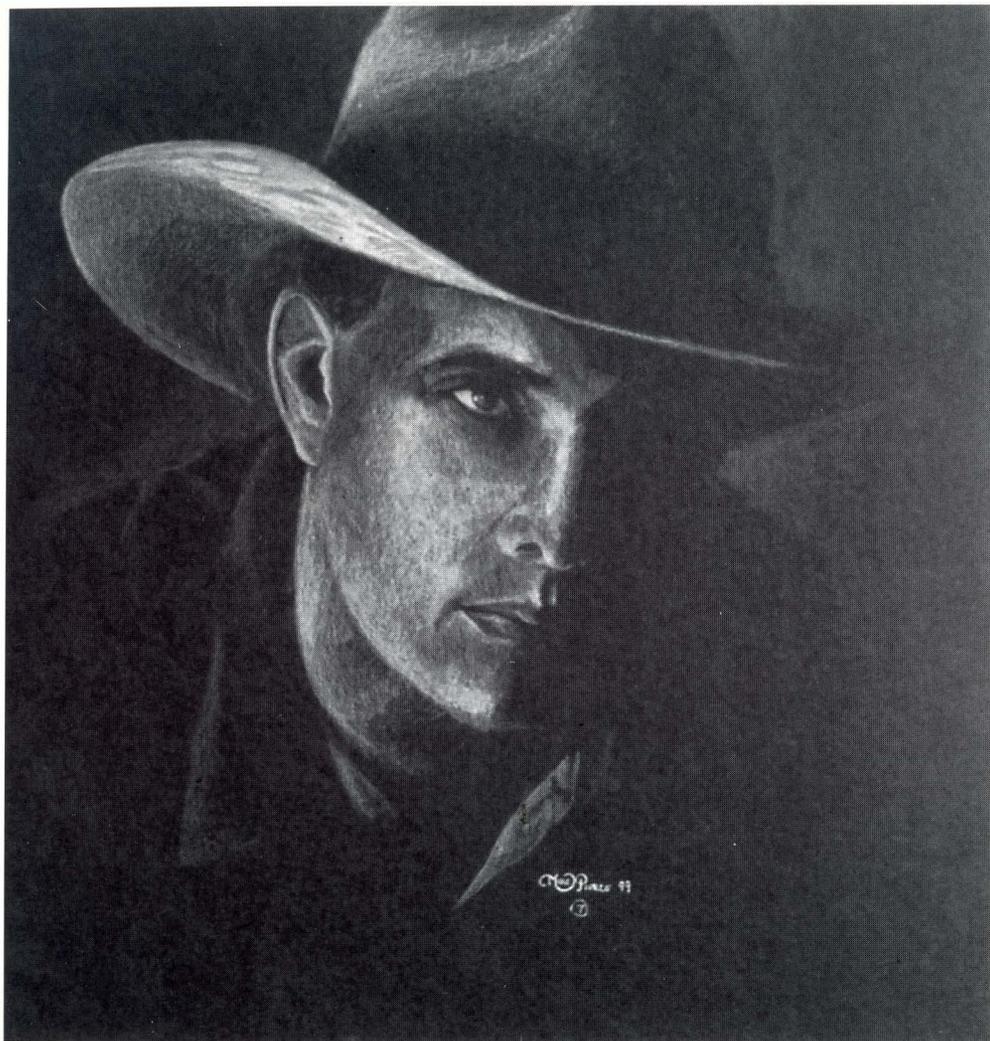
She knows she holds this pack at bay.
Locking into each canine pupil,
as she crosses her leg of lamb,
and the scent of her flesh slices the room
like a Japanese fan.

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

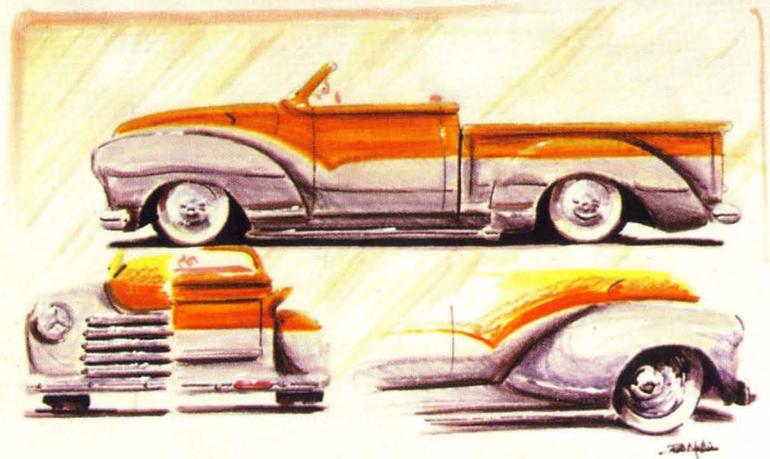
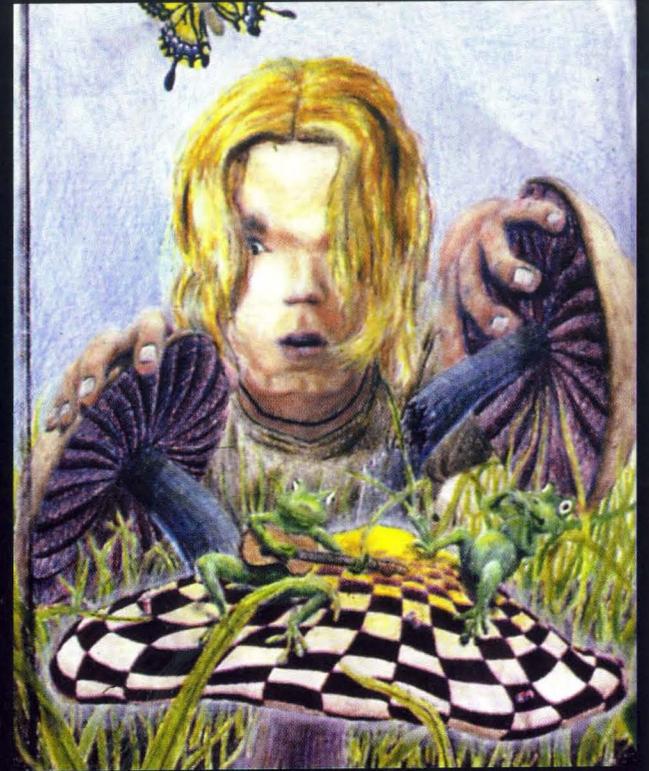
Mixed Media by Rob Mullins

'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

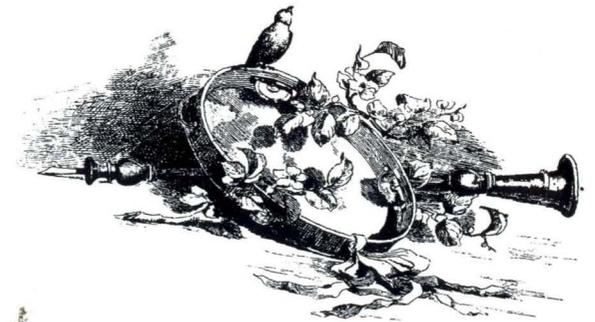
Mixed Media by Jeanette Blackshire



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#) and a common time signature (C). It consists of four systems of music. The first system has a treble staff with a melody and a bass staff with 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 melodic phrase in the treble and a supporting bass line. The score includes various musical notations such as notes, rests, and dynamic markings.



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 over sized 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 over sized 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



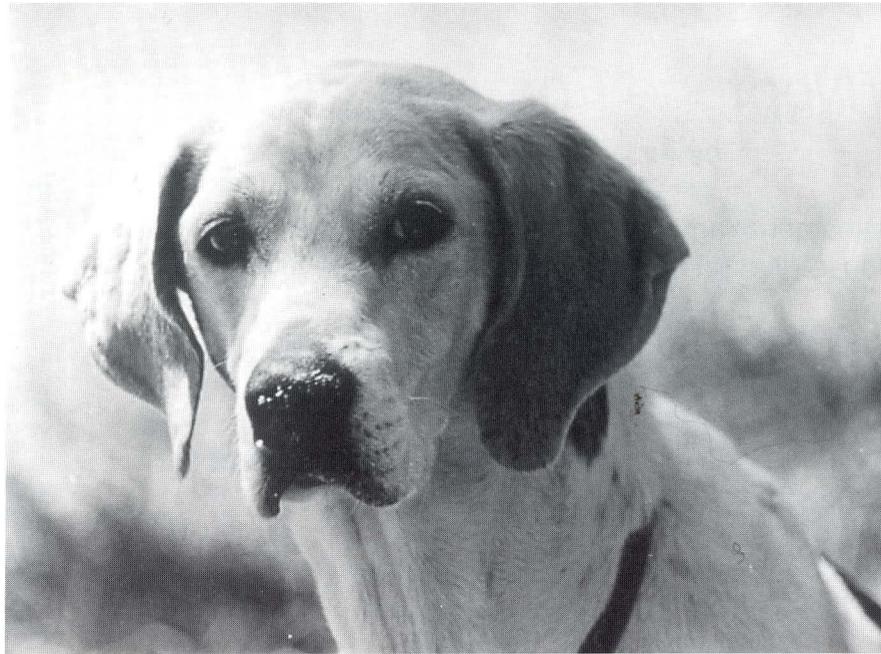
Summer Weekend

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.

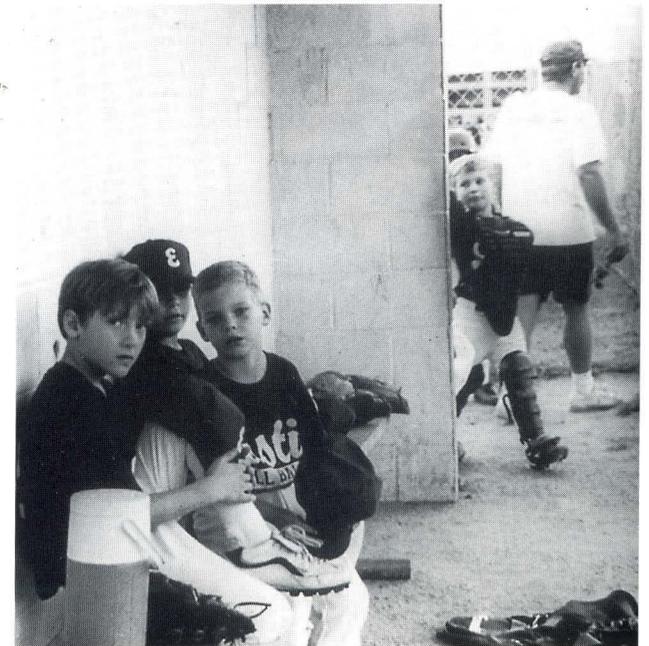


Hound Dog

*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

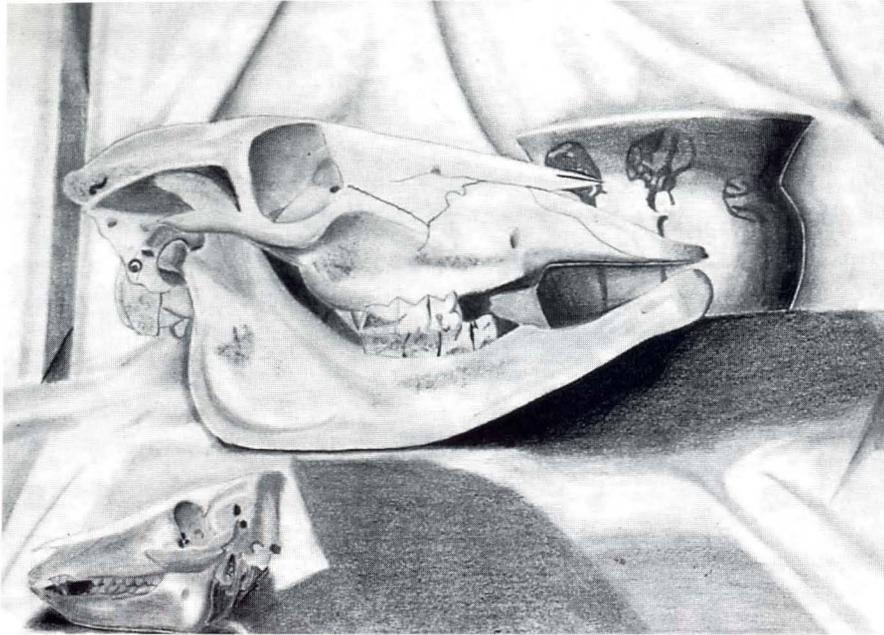
by diane tart

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.
Betrayer 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.

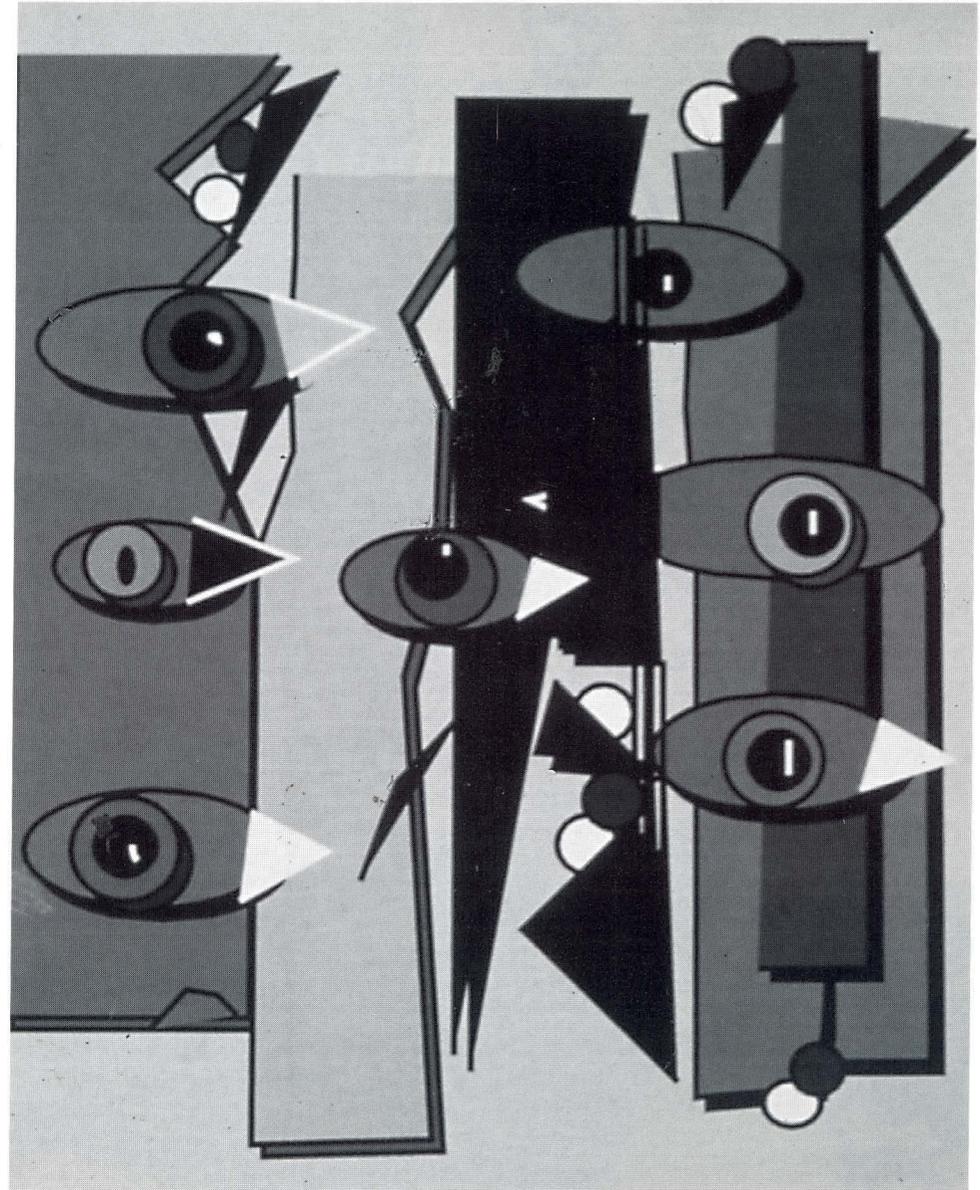
All she has she destroys with malicious intent.
Constructor of lies, manipulation, deceit.
Agonizing over her own destruction, her heart to lament.
Lovers lost to her game or those with the forethought to retreat.

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.



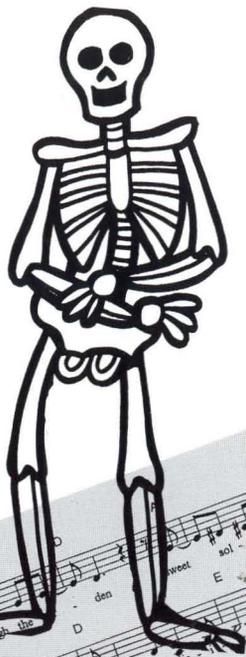
All Eyes on You

Computer Graphics by Mary Jean Cole

DANCE WITH SKELETONS

by Amber

1 C D E E C
Li - ten to the rain fall from the sky sit by the win -
8 D A A C D
dow watch the rain fall Rush - ing wat - er splash - es on the
11 E E C D
ground and when the sun shines through a
15 A B C D
rain - bow ap - pears These things are pre - sent
18 Em Em C D
It's here and now but some times they es - cape my no - tice
23 Em D C A
I can't dance with you no mat - ter how I try
27 Em D C A
I can't dance with you a dance that makes me cry.
31 C D E E
See the co - lours blos - som all a - round



Dance With Skeletons

Pop/Jazz by Amber D. Enbey



Brooks