

DAEDALIAN

EDITOR'S NOTE

I am truly grateful to have worked on the Daedalian with such a great team. It is my honor to present the 2017 Daedalian that showcases the literary and artistic work of the students of Texas Woman's University. No matter the struggles that were faced throughout the production I am proud to have worked with a great designer, Khamile Marsh and our advisor Rhonda Ross. I would also like to thank our judge panel and student judges who helped comb through numerous submissions sent to us by wonderful writers, poets, painters, photographers, and the overall dreamer. Truly the dreamers are the ones to be thanked and so thank you for contributing to our production and helping us show the world your work. Thank you.

Jennie Posadas Editor

Khamile Marsh Designer

Rhonda Ross Advisor

DESIGNER NOTE

I am so grateful to be a part of this project as the graphic designer. Putting in so much work with a great team motivated me to get the job done. There are still things I need to learn, but this was a great experience for me. I was able to voice my opinions on certain design aspects I wanted to include in this project and was able to get back constructive criticism on layouts that were, and weren't working. I want to give a special thanks to our advisor, Rhonda Ross for believing in me and allowing me to put my creative outlook on this and to Jennie Posadas for allowing me to contribute to the Deadalian.

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Benedictus

Jordan Spennato

Sheeps Cry Too

Inspired by Minecraft, the game

Daniel Almond

Over the river biome and through the wood blocks lie a square-headed pixelate named Ezekiel. He awoke from slumber, popping straight out of the red-wool bed that had given him so many nights of relief. Shuffling through the doors of his gargantuan, multi-colored mansion with the unremitting tune that played in his mind, he had a feeling today was going to be very productive. "The world around me is a blank canvas and I am the paintbrush," Ezekiel thought to himself (as he did every day). He began to makes his strides across the land he called his home. Cubic feet upon cubic feet for an infinity stood around him, and he intended to make use of every last corner. "But first things first," he thought. "Let's see if Solomon is inspired to work today." Anybody who knew ole Zeke would know exactly what he meant by this. After checking his farm for any irregularities, Ezekiel proceeded with his daily routine by unlocking the mentally retarded slave known as Solomon from his puny 4x4 cell.

The man wasn't completely retarded, well, he was a mute, but in this world everyone was a mute. It's just that there was something not quite right about his brain, making it hard for him to stick to any secular purpose. This is what made it so easy for Ezekiel to capture him. The day he found him he was chasing pigs with flowers one minute, then digging squiggly lines in the sand another. When Zeke took Solomon back to his farm for the first time and tried to work him, he could never do anything right. His fences were built in zig-zags, his armor was made too weak, and his harvests were pitiful. Even the meat from the cows seemed to be tough with him around!

Finally, the day came when Ezekiel decided he was just going to put an iron sword through his neck and be through with it. What good was a slave for if he couldn't do anything right? Then all of a sudden he discovered that Solomon had an exquisite skill when it came to caring for sheep. (Breeding sheep, shaving sheep, feeding sheep, etcetera) When he bred sheep, each of their babies produced wool that was red, blue, pink, yellow, purple, orange, or any other color that Solomon wanted. Once Ezekiel found this out, he wanted Solomon on sheep duty every single day.

Years later, Ezekiel had made a beautiful city full of castles that stretched as far as the eye can see. And almost every wall of every building was constructed us-

ing Solomon's amazing sheep wool. The day had come when Ezekiel finally wanted to move on and start anew. Safety from the evils that stirred at night was not enough to satisfy him anymore. He wanted an even bigger kingdom, one made of stone and priceless gems that would take weeks to find when mining the ground below. And he would do everything in his power to make Solomon give him this....

So Zeke proceeded to unlock Solomon from his 4x4 cell as if it were any other day. He led him out and towards the sheep farm (now hundreds of cubic feet across). Solomon jumped up and down with joy as if it were the first time he would ever see a sheep. However, when they arrived at the farm and opened the gate, Solomon saw that there were no sheep at all. Instead, there were thousands of lifeless blocks of wool on the ground. Solomon rushed into the farm, jumping up and down around them. Except this time it was in anger and confusion. Ezekiel had sent him a murderous message. At sundown, Ezekiel led Solomon back to his cell. Zeke went to bed believing his wicked action had put an end to Solomon's obsession. Little did he know, he had made the biggest mistake of his life.

In the morning there was a sign post as tall as a statue discovered on the field that use to be where the wool was collected. Etched into the wood were the words: "Sheeps cry too." Ezekiel was totally bewildered, not only as to how Solomon had escaped but as to how he had built up this monument at night when the evil things stirred. He searched the entire farm that day for any more clues, then shuffled back to town. Just as the sun was setting, Zeke made it to the road that led to his mansion. But when it was within sight he noticed that the double wooden doors were open (which they never were). In the doorway was a black-wool sheep. And there was another behind it, and another, and another. Tons of them were covering the entrance, now facing him and creeping towards him. Ezekiel could not scream, so he ran away while the horde of black fur followed. The sun sank its last line in the sky. As the evil things descended upon him, Ezekiel could not see, could not run, and could not fight. The giant mass of wool drowned everything, including his screams.

Grammy

Jordan Spennato

After Gram passed away in 2003, I was told that, being her first grandchild, I had her wrapped around my finger. She may have been wrapped around my finger, but I was her perfume, wanting to be as close as humanly possible, to seep into her, to be on her heart.

Though the distance between our houses spanned a dozen states, perhaps living afar fostered and supported the bond we shared. When we were together, we were unleashed with reckless abandon, our combination, deadly; the curly child-terror with twinkling green eyes and enough Hell behind them to frighten those who recognized the twinkle and the matriarch with enough seniority to give the child the green light as well as enough love to be her wingman.

We would reunite every Christmas Eve as she and Pop collected us from the snowy airport. Dressed to the nines for Christmas Eve dinner with the extended family, we'd arrive home at 5 Horseshoe Lane. Grammy and I would make a beeline for the parlor. Adorned in mahogany, bronze reindeer lining the center of the heavy wooden table, nothing else mattered but the bright red box Gram would have, waiting, atop the glass-paned cabinets. She'd reach up high, producing the Strawbridges seasonal chocolate box. My hands would fly to my mouth, the suspense of the past year bubbling up from inside me in the form of giggles. Stealthily, we'd make sure everyone else was either socializing or checking on dinner.

We'd jimmy off the lid and peer at the first layer of perfectly presented assorted shapes. Now, Gram and I didn't mess around; we knew Strawbridges' game—they didn't include the box "legend," decoding which chocolates held which fillings—better to let people be surprised. Well, we weren't having any of that shit. We were after only one type of treat: the caramel-filled chocolates.

Sadly, from year to year, we would both forget what specific shape these chocolates were—on account of my young age and her old age. But Gram was always prepared. She grew her nails long—perfect for evening back scratches. As we sat in the parlor, I would guess and hand her a chocolate. She would take it gingerly, pretend to examine it, smell it, etc. Then, she'd turn it over and very gently push her pinky nail into its smooth bottom, revealing the chocolate's filling.

"Cherry cordial—ugh!" We'd grimace at each other and quickly return the abomination to the box, its top pristine, seemingly untouched. We'd do this until we struck liquid, caramel gold. Then we'd both inwardly squeal with delight, look in the other room to make sure the coast was still clear, turn back to each other, beaming, and devour our treasures.

Snow Song

Alexandra Blount

Gentle gentle falling slow, falling falling
gentle snow
Snow as white and bright as foam
Gentle gentle falling slow, falling falling
gentle snow
Falling from the heavens above
Hushed and silent, filled with love
Gentle gentle falling slow, falling falling
gentle snow
Weak, weak sunlight barely glows,
Cold and frost kill all that grows
And falling from the heavens above
Hushed and silent, filled with love
Gentle gentle falling slow, falling falling
gentle snow

Biscotti d'Innocenti

Jordan Spennato



"TIS A DREAM"

I had liked and disliked many things in those three years. I had been alternately spellbound and reluctant, but this last duet had swept all my reservations away. It was of the magic and spontaneity, of the simplicity and sweetness of a folk song. It was irresistible.

Tune and words: *Was ein Traum, kann nicht wirklich sein.* haunted for months.

A pretty girl like a melody? This melody was like my girl. But they mysteriously emerged above all when I thought of other persons and things. They recurred and cast a spell over me which I could not shake off. The tune seemed to haunt me after I had made a bold discovery, which I shall report immediately.

But even now I still feel a lump in my throat when a record of this song is played. I know, of course, that it has no musical value but the personal significance which gives it all emotional power. It is the memory of that evening of the thoughts and feelings surrounding this woman had this effect, but it is powerful.

The psychological problem of the haunting melody, the question of which emotional factors determine why a certain tune sometimes haunts us, has interested me for many years. I am planning to publish a study on the problem. I have not time to do so now, and I shall restrict myself to relating how this melody ceased pursuing me and was of interest also as a psychologist, interested in the phenomenon but not in its very personal significance. Besides and as one has suspected it is connected with experiences recorded in preceding chapters through an invisible thread. I am telling the story here because it allows us to pursue this very thread through the emotional texture.

Now, after the performance of the *Rosenkammer*, I was once again haunted by the tune "tis a dream" while taking a walk. I had felt lonely and homesick for home. When the tune re-emerged this time I suddenly had the feeling that I had heard it somewhere before the performance at the opera, but this was impossible and I dismissed the thought as fanciful. But it returned together with the haunting melody. I shall now reconstruct what to the best of my knowledge took place afterward. I had now become curious about what my idea meant.

Here are the free associations of thoughts that emerged in my mind.

A Fragment of a Great Confession

Michele Poindexter





Open Your Eyes
Victoria Pate

13 Ways of Looking at a Blackbird

Keyara Watsonlove

1. A ribbon swung out of
the ocean's fist of the sky
being released from the
ropes of the wind.
2. A wish grew deep in
the song that lost its
wings and the seas were
not able to heal the
cut out sores of a
cry of flames.
3. Within the river that
cry's dark love grown
from an oak tree
was created with the
coughed up ashes that
failed the dust.
4. A dream of a world
of golden chariots
fighting with the waves
for a drink of the ball
of the ocean's creek
so, they can finally
sleep sits on the chest
of a fallen dream.
5. The sands close the eyes
of the storm with a
bare fist shrinking the
light into one shredded
fear.
6. In one hour, the angels
will slide right through
the fence of shielded
darkness reliving eternity.
7. A black cat jumps
out of its ninth soul
leaving its ashes to
surrender to the sounds
of the wind.
8. Eyes whisper to the trees
not to walk but run
to the river's cries
before they let go.

9. Before you walk inside
the walk of shadows you
must first jump in the
shallow river in order
to rinse off the burdens
you had to carry with
you on your journey to
shade of the moon.

10. There is no hope for
the drained flesh that
drowned in their own souls.

11. The seven seas were
locked away from
the run down throne
that fell on it leaving
a single rose petal to
find its mother on its
own.

12. Time flew by black ivy
and was looked upon
like the gray whales
swollen gut seeking
love and air.

13. At last the moon
cradled the sun
until every star
was asleep and
until the blackbird
had finally found
its wing.

Tantalizing Thoughts of Peace

Victoria Pate

Restore the balance.
Inhale the sweet poison and
Ride the aurora.
Soon wavelengths will dissipate,
And life's entropy mastered.

Being Known

Jessica McClendon

This morning when we woke up—
I realized there was nothing else to say.

The loving kiss he plants lightly on my
forehead—the coquettish caress of my
fingers across his chest as I brush past—it all
happens innately.

His bulk is so mundane to me at this point
(the broad slope of his strong shoulders, the
narrow hips, the perfectly solid ass leading to
sturdy legs). I don't even register his shirtless,
muscled torso moving noisily between the
stovetop and the fridge.

The cadence of my voice so mastered he
doesn't need to listen to know what I am
saying.

I am known.

He is known.

Or is this just memorization?

Whatever it is it feels ambiguous—vague—
but somehow, I know that life intentionally
led us here.

We haven't always been this way.

One very cold night some October long ago,
we found each other on a street corner. An
uneven sidewalk was our introductory third
party.

I quite literally fell into his arms and, perhaps,
"in love" the moment I saw his face.

It was as if we had been looking for each other
for a long time—immediately we smiled in
relieved recognition.

I didn't tell him he was my first.

I was 24.

But as I lay with the sweaty sheets crumpled
between my thighs and his contented breath
humming in my ear—I concluded that he was
what I was born to do.

It felt like he had always been my best friend.
He said he was meant to call me "My Love"
before the world was.

I didn't want to be "that girl," but a few
weeks later when the flesh of his back was

rising like dough between my fingers and his
trembling limbs-taught and pressed against
mine—caged me in, I whispered
"I love you"
"I know"

The time passed in the fervent arrogance of
young love. Every moment was a testament to
the ease of intimacy when the soul has at last
found its counterpart.

Today marks six years since I tripped on the
sidewalk and this morning our conversation
ended. Or maybe it ended months ago?
Today may just be the first day I am aware of
the silence.

14 days, 9 hours, and 7 minutes from this
moment, I will risk it all to save what feels like
fading passion, not even acknowledging
this banal affair may have {never?} been love
at all.

He will come up the metal steps. I will meet
him at the door with a melancholy smile and
tell him him that maybe, just maybe, we have
lost each other. That maybe for the sake of
our love we should spend some time apart to
rediscover who we are.

(It will sound so sensible and time-stamped
with innovation.)

He will thrust his hands deep into his pockets
and hang his head a bit and like a perfect
gentleman he will say:
"Whatever you need, My Love"

And this is what I will think we need.

I will hug him goodbye, carelessly forgetting
to kiss that face almost more familiar to me
than my own. As he walks down the stairs and
into the street, I won't even bother to watch
him from the door because my teapot will be
screaming on the stove stop and I am more
invested in ensuring it doesn't boil over.
But for now, I am pleasantly docile, because
on this morning with the soft white light of
7:30 a.m. streaming through the window
and the smell of bacon and eggs titillating
my nose and the unobtrusive presence of
the only man I have ever loved filling my
heart with what I will come to remember as
happiness.

How could I have known I would never see
him again?

Campagna Siciliana

Lesley Miller





Becoming
Kayla Brough



In Anticipation
Kayla Brough

Ghost
Kayla Brough





Canali di domenica sono aperti, muti, e le migliori ascoltatori
Jordan Spennato

Growth

Alexis Sikorski

When I was two I jumped into my birthday cake.
I think I was in a red dress,
but science says our memories aren't actually that great at remembering things.

When I was nine I was an Olympic sprinter.
And an astronomer.
And a contestant on American Idol.
And a green belt in Tae Kwon Do.

When I was ten I sat in a tree in our front yard for five hours waiting for my cousins' car to pull up into the driveway.
I was playing on my Nintendo DS and reading Harry Potter.

When I was thirteen I wanted to be a psychic and a philosopher.
I thought myself a great thinker,
I read auras and contemplated the void.

When I was eighteen I lay in a hammock on a beach in Cambodia with a bottle of wine and watched the sun set.

I am twenty.
I am still alive.

Boom

Alexis Sikorski

so there's this thing in my head
and it didn't go boom
but still, everything's... shaky,
out of focus.
so I tried glasses but they didn't work.
well they did, but—
you know when you walk outside in the cold and you
can you see yourself breathing?
if every breath stayed with you until you became
a cloud-- how well would glasses
help you then?
you know what happens to planes in clouds, right?
Turbulence.
too much and you get storm cells,
storms in your cells
screaming until they pop
but they just regenerate.
and there's this thing in my head
loud as thunder but like a dentist's drill
I can't avoid it with earbuds.
and you can't see it so you don't care.
/not all disabilities are visible/
/not all disabilities are visible/
/not all disabilities are Physical/.
but I get more sympathy when I sneeze
than when I can't sleep,
when I cough,
than when I can't breathe, because nothing's
wrong with my lungs.
but there's this thing in my head.
and it didn't go boom.
and it's not serotonin,
but it should be.

Screaming and Screaming

Alexis Sikorski

I am the sun.
I am outrageous, a
messenger.
I asked if the tree was poisonous after
I had climbed it.
I set the house on fire.

I set the house on fire?
I set the house on fire
fire
on fire
fire
liar
fire
on my tongue
tiptoe, split
the moon
walk upon me
say my name
say it,
say—

and I will rise.

La Piazza Passeggiata

Jordan Spennato





The Rise of the Galaxy

Sanil Sansar

Star Light, Dark Night

Jennifer Connell

The stars are bright, so full of light
Yet mystery surrounds in the twilight ground.
Dark and light, they share the night
In beauteous wonder and delight.

The two are one, inseparable to none.

Breaking the Day

Jennifer Connell

We broke the day before daybreak.
The night so perfect and long,
Ending in light so soft yet so strong.
Wrapped in darkened velvet, wild and free,
We owned the night, confronted the light
with all our might,
And we held on tight as we took flight.

Even the stars above us looked down to the
ground upon us -
A sight to behold, we were young and bold
with stories as of yet untold.
Underneath the moonbeams, carefree we
dared to be
Anything and everything, living was just part
of the key.

Night falls and day breaks,
Young hearts ache and time it takes
But we lived our dreams
Amidst the twilight beams
And rode on high into the morning sky.

Break Free

Sushnitha Ananth

A letter grade does not define you, the clothes on your body do not define you, the scars of your past do not define you, the ratio of fat to muscle in your body does not define you. Failing to conform to society does not make up your value. Break free.

When you have a narrow vision you concentrate on the sole purpose of what you want to achieve and forget things happening around you and will miss out opportunities that could have helped you reach your goal.

What defines you is still unknown and will be until you truly feel you have reached the pinnacle of your existence. Now you ask when this will happen, there is no crystal ball that gives you a clear picture. In conclusion, do not constrict yourself to one identity defined by social constructs ---- have the courage to be unchained.

Humbled

Jennifer Connell

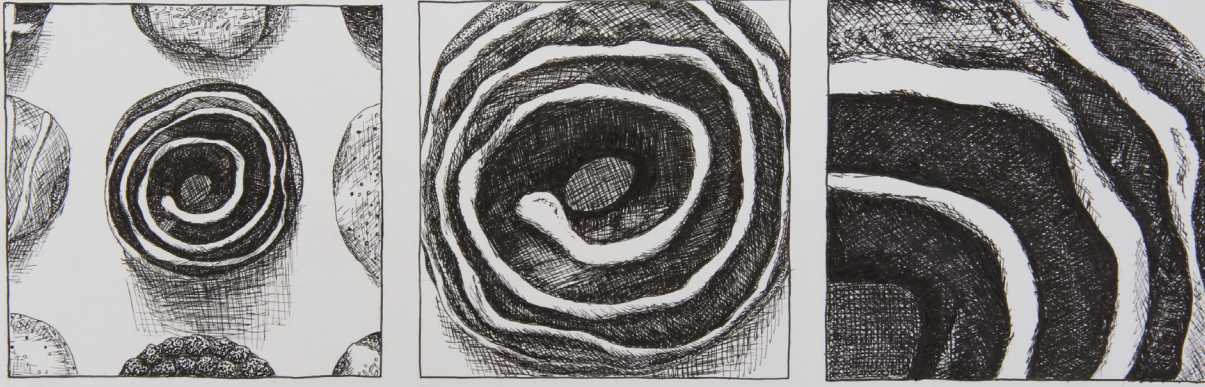
I lie in the snow and look at the sky
and I'm reminded of things greater than I.
The crisp, cool wind that kisses my
cheeks,
the tall, majestic, stately trees,
the sun so radiant, high in the sky
whose warm enduring rays of light shall
never die.

And then there is me....

Through The Looking Glass

Tabitha Gray





But 'tis a Donut

Anna Saroni

High Upon the Hill

Brandi Katterjohn

There once was a weeping willow high upon the hill
That overlooked the river flowing through the dale
Young lovers met under starlight high upon the hill
And listened to the endearing song of a nightingale

There once sat an ancient oak high upon the hill
That towered above a farmhouse on a family ranch
Mother and child played 'neath shade high upon the hill
And fastened rope and tire securely to a branch

There once was an apple orchard high upon the hill
Tended by a maiden so beautiful and fair
A stablehand would watch her from high upon the hill
As she'd plait a purple aster into her golden hair

Now there is a city where once there was a hill
Smokestacks were built where trees no longer grow
Now the only trails are pavement where once there was a hill
No trace is there of roots when only sewers run below

Now animals are caged where once there was a hill
The cool morning mist is replaced by a ghastly fume
Now the noise is deafening where once there was a hill
And never again can we marvel the countryside in full bloom

Now footfalls replace birdsongs where once there was a hill
The only arboreal likeness are the metal giants reaching to the sky
Now a field of green is a rare sight where once there was a hill
No longer can the world be destroyed and we turn a blind eye.

Ta afufu: Aga

This is written in igbo dialect, translation:
to be in suffering: the barren woman

Chelsea Mbakwe

Somewhere,
nestled into uncharted sea
of these four corners
the Ultrasound resounds.

The whirring cry of promise
and foretelling.
My womb, the sacrificial lamb,
bled dry once a month
to this yearly ritual.

The cool jelly plastered over this plateau
of skin and secrets
is the only blessing
this practiced preacher bestows upon me.

As she renders matrimony
to the corners,
dirt, flesh,
and bone.

The only union I will know
outside my garden.

His garden,
a marshland of forbidden fruit
I won't have the chance to bear.

He used to call me Eve.
Before carving child's names
into a head plaque
with a knife fashioned from stone.

My grave will be for the unborn.
For the drought-ridden ground in me,
for other's memories of
urgency between their legs
and Eden in their eyes.

I will live for body bags,
products of desperation and scarce love,
piled higher than Chappal Waddi.
My mother used to say,
Fate is everything but it can destroy you
I should have known.

Alone

Annika Keesecker

Alone.

I'm drowning in a sea of silent desperation,
I'm ripping at the seams.
I don't know what to do anymore,
I don't know who I should believe.
Everything I do,
Just seems to go to waste.
I'm sick and tired of trying,
To then hear I've been replaced.
I'm trying to determine
At what point I've had enough.
How long before I should say,
Fine Then. I give up.
But I could never say that,
And there is only one reason why,
My day will never come,
If I don't at least try.
So, I'll suck up all the failure,
And suck up all the no's,
Because the only way to get higher,
Is to start by being low.

Traitor Dbailey Wayne

I looked into your eyes and saw what I thought we was both seeing and that is me for you and you for me and kids and fun and a passel of puppies, or guppies or whatever it was that would make us a family. Yet in the end you said you couldn't see how it could work. How sightless a traitors' eyes.

I moved into your embrace and felt what I thought you felt and that was a connection like no other with a hint at the forever and truth laced with promises or something that would protect me from a life without you. Yet in the end you said you and your arms were tired of trying to reach me, its just more miles than you willing to drive. How futile a traitors' embrace.

I heard my heart speaking to yours and what I thought I heard yours reply was you my woman now and if you aint, you gonna be, and don't worry cause I'm serious like a myocardial infarction, but then you stopped answering my phone calls and started ducking and hiding when you saw me coming. How silent a traitors' heart.

I kissed your lips and what I thought I tasted was you singing a song that was a duet made for just us with lyrics that bounced off the sides of my teeth and ran down to my innermost, but, then you said you couldn't name that tune, and that wasn't your kind of music anyway. How useless a traitors lips.

Eyes and arms and lips and heart,
Cadaverous pieces that speak from the grave of my broken heart
If only the traitor in me could forget.

A Message from Ms. V Dbailey Wayne

*I'd reached the age, or so I thought,
When Miss V ceased to talk
But then you stepped into my view
And she began to speak anew.*

*Beneath my prim and proper skirt,
She clamored loudly for dessert
And I in horror felt her lips
Cry out to touch your fingertips.*

*Hush up, I say, you're old and gray
But, Ms V quivered up her bouquet
Of fragrance for a chance to shine
And tells me she's still in her prime.*

*I tell her quiet, just take a nap
She laughs, then jumps beneath my lap.
I'm still alive, Miss V aint dead
No matter what the pollsters said.*

*You need not wait to hear it told
That your Miss V sho aint too old
To laugh and sing and dance once more
In all the ways she did before.*

The Guy

Lacey Cutburth

To the guy that's eyeing you up and down at your first college party,
The guy that winks at you as you hand in your paper.
To the guy who runs his hand down your back as he says "thank you",
The guy who asks over and over again for those pictures you don't send.
To the guy who sees you drunk and thinks it's okay to take your innocence,

The guy is a low life
No good man,
Who needs to be locked up and rot in a cell .
The guy needs to be told what's up,
That it's not okay to touch you like that or
To think of you like that.

You know his intentions,
But you don't know what to do.
You can't tell anyone,
You don't know how.

But know you are not alone.
We are here to have your back,
To stand up for what is right and what is wrong.
You will not stand alone.
Know I will always stand by you,
Because I know the guy.

Bitachon

Hope Andrus

Standing long far from the rooftops of her village.
She saw on the horizon a King in the distance.
The beauty in her eyes mirrored her fathers.
Kadosh Ata!
And so she wrenched with her last breath;
As she was taken aback by her own.
The crimson on her hands from a cut to her chest
Never ripping her Spirit as it held strong
But the crimson tides that bled before her
Promised them she was not alone.
Great persecution and her execution
May You lead her home.



It's a Rainy Night in Paris
Jordan Spennato



Lake Taupo, NZ
Jordan Spennato

Five Poems that Even a College Kid can Understand

Daniel Almon

Torn by Expectations

Cornered
No escape from tomorrow
A frantic search for answers
within myself.

A Great Pressure
borne from time
and bred by example.
Manhood, a noble cause.

Hoping blindly
for that perfect score,
an independence gained
The thrilling fight.

The Fear of defeat
A bag of cheap tricks,
or betrayed by ignorance
It grittens teeth.

Scattered opinions,
of these complacent Hosts
form the perfect storm
for uncertainty.

The Day Wildflowers Don't Grow

The Day Wildflowers Don't
Grow
Earth's Soul returning what we
hath wrought
Mother Nature beckons for
recompense
And her children answer with
neglect

Creatures fading into quiet
memory around us
Rivers dry as a bone
And the people realize too
late

Omnipotent forces tearing our
beloved cities apart
Her wrath a graceful justice
And Earth's beauty will be
restored
The Day Wildflowers Don't
Grow

No, I Won't Change

Nope, I won't change
Not for you, or you
Nor for anything strange
No prescription of guilt
No amount of logic, or blood spilt
No way will you convince me to change!

Not when you craft your speech
Nodding a lesson to teach
Not because my perspective
Notes ill, your prime directive
No shame, or say
No way will I ever change!

Now, hear me one last time
Notice I'm running out of rhymes
Not for any reason, will I commit person-
al treason
None other than simply wanting to spite
you!

Kappa Theta Zeta

Here come the undead,
Hailing from everywhere
In the dorms, in the library
All over campus-I swear!

Here's one shambling to math class
There's on rambling to lunch hall
I hear screams from the auditorium
A sense of despair takes all

Attacking the frats,
Terrorizing a sorority
Feasting endlessly,
Regardless of minority

A man just fell upon me,
Rancid meat on his breath
This is it, my dear friends
A matter of life or debt

Alas, here comes Jenny
From just around the corner
Wearing nothing but a skirt
The lad wanted to court-her
I threw him off of me
And made for the field house

Dodging throngs of zombies
Just as quiet as a mouse

Seems I've made a grave mistake,
As I saw even more brain farmers
An entire army of ugly brutes
Dressed in terrible, red armor!

No place is safe
Not the classrooms, nor the grounds
So I ran to the only place
Where assistance might be found

Kappa Theta Zeta
took me in as a brother
We locked all the doors
And made for better cover

Time passed on
Many drinks were drank
Then we started cheering
Kappa Theta Zeta we thank—

But then we were stopped
By a crash at the door
The zombies came in
Both hungry and bored

We lost Frank just now
Running up the stairs
He tripped on a bottle
They have him by his hair

We were trapped in a room
With nowheres to go
Then I remembered Jenny
And shed my clothes

The rest of the brothers
Followed my lead
Just as the door broke
We said our creed

Kappa Theta Zeta!
We fear no ghoul!
That cometh to us,
To forget about school!
I charged through the mob
With great surprise

My sight was doubly effective
To their yellow eyes

But they did not want me
As they screamed and scam
It seems that after all
I'll have to take that exam.

The End

A man just came to visit me
in my white hospital bed
He talks like a lawyer
and dresses like a Fed

There's something to his voice
It reminds me of a ghost
He says his name is Mr. Serling
He wants to know what I want most

To happen to me when I die
He says with a grin
I say that I don't know
Can you come back again?

Mr. Serling told me its time
And I better decide fit
This is a special privilege
To those who want it

You choose yourself, Tom
What you wish to believe
Just before we cross
That serendipitous eve

Many choose a heaven
Some choose hell
Then there are those
Who want rest for a spell

I was never decided
On what I wanted to see
So here is Mr. Serling
To strike a deal with me

Take me back to when I was
happiest
And I will sign your print-paper
Surround me with those I love
You great fate-shaper

He grabbed my wrinkled arm
And brought me to my old
fame
I was so very giddy
That I inscribed my name

Soon after he left
A man in golden robes came
appear
He asked if I was Tom. A
And what I was doing here

I told him I had met the
afterlife
In the form of Mr. Serling
He looked at me strangely
and his smile started curling

He is a dirty con-artist
The man explained fast
This world is a fake
And it will not last!

It was then the world turned
And I was back to my old age
I woke with a start
In a smoldering rage

I had been stolen of my true
fate
By Mr. Serling's lie
So I returned to slumber
Wishing for another try.



Untitled
Molly Hart

Strength From Destruction Jennifer Connell

You beat me up
You tore me down
You bruised me bad
and you left me to drown....

But guess what.....
I'm still alive.

You stripped me bare
Stole all my hopes and cares.
You left me numb,
your pain to succumb.....

But guess what....
.....I survived.

You burned my dreams,
caused tears to stream.
Amidst the ash and mold
you left my broken heart in the
bitter cold....

But fuck you....
because I survived!!!

You crashed my spirit,
You wrecked my soul.

You left me in pieces
never again to be whole.....

But guess what.....
.....I'm revived.

You took a life
And filled me with strife.
You stole my breath,
I just...wanted...to be laid to
rest.....

But guess what.....

You tried your best at every
turn,
to make me fall, to watch me
burn.
You crushed me, you beat me
you tore me apart,
You tried to destroy me and
rip out my heart!!!!

But guess what.....
You failed - because I sur-
vived.... I'm revived..... and
I.....am.....ALIVE!!!

Nibble Nibble Gnaw

Shannon McDonald

The rhythmic tapping of the knife against the cutting board soothed the old woman, much the way the rocking of a mother's arms soothes a fussy child. Her eye sight was no good, but her weathered old hands were practiced at the art of cutting. She knew precisely when the carrot she held in her fingers was perfectly sliced. Her other senses, too, were heightened. She could hold two peppers to her hooked nose and know which was the red and which was the green just by the subtle differences in smell.

Perhaps her favorite thing to do in the world was to prepare a magnificent meal, even if she was the only one to feast upon it. She could smell the wood burning in the stove; she could feel the heat from the fire warming the leathery skin on her face. With nimble fingers, she peeled the skin from a potato and began slicing it into chunks, which she placed in the giant cooking pot next to her work area. The meat she sliced that morning sat at the bottom of the pot.

The beast was a fat creature, thanks to the care she took in feeding him. Pancakes piled high, butter she'd churned herself, sugar and nuts. A week she took care of the little beastly thing, which was only skin and bones when she'd found it nibbling outside of her cottage. Over and over she stopped herself from devouring the creature before it was properly fattened. She dreamed of it at night, so vividly that the salty taste of the beast lingered on her tongue long after she awakened. But if she gained nothing else in her old age, it was the knowledge that patience was the best ingredient in any recipe.

She dumped the potatoes into the cooking pot and leaned over until the tip of her crooked nose was all but touching the contents. She inhaled deeply, and closed her eyes. More garlic. With gnarly fingers she searched along the cabinets until she found what she was looking for. First she peeled it, humming to herself as she removed the skin. She minced it with precision, until all the pieces were nearly small enough to melt in your mouth. In the pot it went, three pinches at a time. She was highly superstitious, and tried to do everything in threes. Once for the sun, twice for the moon, and thrice for the earth.

In a kettle next to the oven simmered a broth made from the juices of the berries that grew in the woods. Depending on the temperament of the creature, she used different broths for her stew. She found that the berry broth added sweetness to a particularly sour kind of beast, and the one she was cooking tonight was just that kind. However, if she added the berries to a sweeter, more temperamental creature then the whole concoction would turn out as sickly rich as the fudge that held the very bricks of her cottage together, which was not to her taste.

She poured the broth into the cooking pot, and stirred the contents three times counterclockwise. As the steam from the berry broth settled into the other ingredients, then billowed up towards her face, she knew it was ready for the oven. Of all her senses, her sense of smell was the most refined. She could sense a creature from miles away, and that alone had kept her well fed for longer than all of the nearby villagers had been alive. With a smile on her wrinkled face she carried the pot towards the oven, almost able to taste the crackled flesh, the fat and sinew in her mouth already. This meal would last her a long while, weeks even, if she needed it to. But she never did.

It would be hours before it was ready to eat, but until that time she would make do on a little bread soaked in a tea made from a root that grew in the woods, a root that was poisonous to everyone who dared consume it. Except for her, of course.

As she settled down at the table to wait for her meal to cook, she heard a scratching outside of her cottage, tiny voices whispering. She could sense their excitement, could smell their hunger. She had smelled them days ago, but it seemed that the little beasts had finally arrived. Her roof of cakes and windows of sugar rattled, but she paid little mind. She would let them feast on her tasty cottage for a moment before calling out to them, "Nibble, nibble, gnaw. Who is nibbling at my little house?"

And they would answer that it was only the wind, but she was too wise for their games. As a piece of her window broke away, and the smells from the oven consumed her mind, she smiled a wide, toothy grin. Tonight she would feast and feast. Tomorrow, she'd fatten two more little creatures for her oven.



TWU Squirrel
Daylon Kinney

A Small Park

Julia Besser

There is a small park at the edge of Portland
That has provided me with a better education than the
U.S. Department of Education.

Sometimes I like to sit and watch the old folks pass
I've wondered if the pages of their face are wrinkled
because they constantly tried to scurry back a few
chapters in time over the years
Or if the orifices on their faces grow bigger and hairier
Because of all of the confusion over life that has come
swooshing out over the years, cultivating the long,
thick blades of gray that grow from Old Man Ears.
I've wondered if the bags they carry under their eyes
are heavier than the ones they carry in their shopping
cart.

Sometimes I like to sit and watch the homeless live. I
sit. I watch. They live.
The other day I saw an old man sitting on a picnic blan-
ket, his teeth laid beside him, smiling up at him with so
much to say.
I have so much to learn from where those teeth spend
their lives.
This man and his teeth live with nothing in the world
but this moment.
No future and no past that they want.
Just this moment, swishing like the ocean water that
coaxes them on to take another breath.
He takes nothing from the world but this moment.
He gives nothing to the world but this moment.

His eyes are made of flint... ..mine of steel.
They crash together in midair and before I know it, he
gobbles his teeth back into his mouth and they start
chattering faster than the speed of lightening.
He quotes Alice Walker and says that he thinks it
pisses God off if you walk by the color purple in a field
somewhere and don't notice it. He says that people
think pleasing God is all God cares about. But any fool
living in the world can see He's always trying to please
us back. The world is not just here for our pleasure.
We are here for Her pleasure as well.
He tells me to remember that just living is not enough.
That life is a great big canvas and we should sling as
much paint toward it as we can.

And he slings.
He slings as he laughs.
His head falls back as he laughs, his mouth stretches
open with his belly's laughter and both rows of his
teeth rest motionless against his bottom gum while his

mouth chuckles open and closed.
I tell him of my lifelong dreams
And He gently reminds me of Martin Luther
Who said 'How soon not now becomes never.'

I walk on in the park.
I walk on to another bench and notice a young girl,
quietly dancing through the puddles in an old woman's
body.
When she slows, I work up the courage to ask the quiet
old street-woman if she will step out onto the balcony
of herself and help me to understand the world.
I ask her if a few dozen more years of wisdom will help
me explain why we build skyscrapers if they don't make
it any easier to see the stars.
Or if money grew on trees instead of oil fields, could
my sister stay home or would the government still send
her in camo to check out the trees in Afghanistan?
With her precious, pending time, she confirms what I
already know
She tells me to run
She tells me to run on the waves of wind that come up
from the ground like gushing springs rising up from
Earth herself
Enabled to gush from Earth's belly because some of
us are not conditioned enough by this world to have
learned how to stomp them out and plug the holes of
every rising geyser of well-grounded hope and impen-
etrable optimism.
She says for a moment in time, pretend that gravity is
just an inside joke that we have with the ground.
She tells me to run...
Run...like your right hand outside of a passenger win-
dow used to run atop on top of the waves of wind.
And she whispers quietly...
There are no feet smart enough to walk the cobble-
stone of this life upright the entire time.
Careful or not, I will fall
So take off your shoes and run. Run while your souls
are still young enough to shed their calluses. Dig your
heels into where you have been and clip the wings of
all of the doubt that flies over your horizons.
And so I run through the park.
It's dusk
And the fireflies, they run alongside me.
The calm of dusk and the blinking, winking lightening
bugs encourage my path.
On special occasions, they land playfully on my shoul-
ders, still flapping their wings as if to give me flight,
too.

But I watch in sadness as others are given the
 same gift. The fireflies also land playfully on
 their outstretched palms.
 I sadly watch as they wrap a few in their
 knuckles, place them in a jar
 Captured for them alone
 Put the jar in the corner of the room to blink
 and glimmer
 Till they've dimmed and died.
 And I want nothing more but for the old man
 to gobble up his teeth again and let them
 chatter his wisdom in their presence.
 But I know that to another, somewhere
 further along in their journey, I, too, am
 somehow, in some ways in my life...
 Bottling up fireflies.
 And so I run...
 I run like a man who is still trying to hatch
 Or a woman who sometimes still wishes that
 Covergirl made identity because...
 She would use that, too.
 And...
 I know it looks like tripping and
 It sounds like falling, but
 I promise you, I've been practicing this up-
 right thing for years.

And so I run.

3106 near Bonham

Rebecca Shewmaker



Today
Keyara Watsonlove

Today, the trees will forget about
the threshold of grasping ropes
lynching the cradle of dreams
out of the past ancestral souls
of dark sight.

Today, the drainage will not
have to face the tears
running to the sun
while the ancestral souls
hope to one day find their strengths
hiding under the winds enemy – the dust.

Today, we will not have to walk to the
crying river with the crops of hopelessness
chained to our pride and watching closely
at the moon that never sleeps until the
overseer of time tells him too.

Today, we will not have to pick the cotton,
looking through it, wondering if our lives
fit inside that tiny ball of cotton not knowing
if we could escape the extortion of our lives
that hide inside it.

But today, we and our ancestral souls
will come from under the rugs
hiding their dark censored past
buried under the tears of the desert
and fighting with the elevated chains
from skin to skin finally killing the lost
isolated fever trapped in the belly of hatred
because today we live inside freedom.

3040 near Bonham

Rebecca Shewmaker



Empty Heartbeats

You last asked where we stood?
 For the longest I've sat and let you hover over me
 Gravity though is starting to give way
 No longer will I kid myself when I know the grown truth
 My perception was nothing more than a false reality
 For you I stepped outside of my boundaries as a woman
 This heart was your plaything
 I guess you've moved on to a shiny new toy
 How can a gamekeeper manage more than one countryside?
 Well commitment never did suit you well
 You won me over and yet lost in the end
 I no longer see a reflection of me when I look at you
 The end is the only image present
 Our love was never equal
 It was always less on your end
 So due to my miscalculations I'll go
 You were my priority and I your option
 2nd place isn't good enough for me if I was ever even that
 You last asked where we stood?
 I stand alone

Unicorn Thoughts

Last night I woke earlier than usual
 Thoughts of you filled my dreams
 At least I still got to see your face and hear your voice
 If nighttime memories could only come true
 I'd sleep forever just to be with you
 But reality wakes us all
 The truth is I know you are way past gone
 But false hopes fill my abandoned heart
 The loneliness though can't take the place you once occupied
 Yet I always knew you held a temporary spot
 Landlord to my soul
 The locks haven't been changed
 Keeper of love and giver of my pain
 Two titles only fit for King
 In this life you deserve nothing less
 Despite the way I was treated and left with regret
 I forgive you

Cupcake Poetry

Shelbie Morgan

Route 2012

Having been my kryptonite for a while now
 I've grown immune to your lies, let downs, and fragility
 Honestly, your treatment hurt like hell
 But I allowed it
 So in a sense I got what I needed
 My weaknesses let me fall for you
 My faith helped me rise once more
 Congratulations for gaining my trust
 Soon you'll receive my condolences for never capturing it again
 Good luck with accepting defeat
 Tell me
 How does it taste?
 For it's a cuisine you fed me one too many times
 I'm full
 It's time for a meal of higher quality
 Your expiration date has come about
 So now I'll throw you out because you are trash
 The odor you give off is unbearable
 No longer will I wear an oxygen mask
 No longer will I roam around in your toxins
 Keep your apologies and overrated promises
 I've become deaf from your tormenting tongue
 I love you but I love myself more
 Find a new doormat for your footprints
 I've walked on

Good Girl Gone Bad

No other soul should feel pain because I did
 Revenge though tastes so damn good
 Stabbed by you so now I'm lashing out jabs
 I didn't deserve your shit that's for sure
 Profound perfect passion was the treatment given
 Emphasizing pure paradise was this soldier's mission
 Thoughts of hell without hope now fill my blackened heart
 Teasing torment yearns to grab the throat
 Who dares to care next?
 Heartbreaker and Lucifer's seed
 Too bad no potion can erase those leftover scars
 The ones intentionally given
 Ruined my love
 Do you roger that?
 Being naughty is the new me
 Angel wings clipped and burned

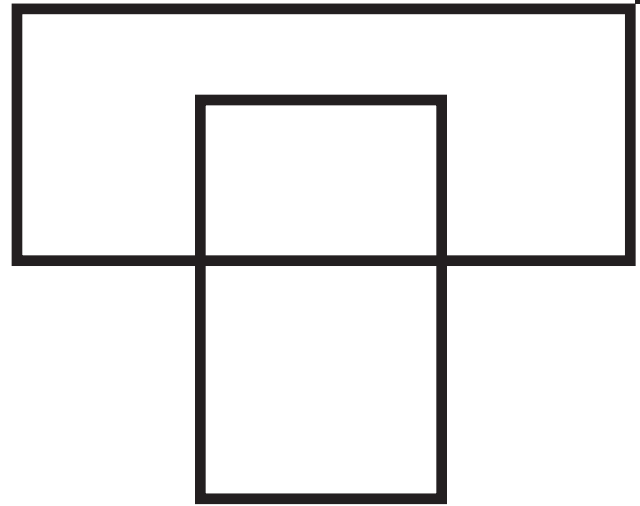
Cupcake Poetry

Shelbie Morgan

Still Missing Yesterday

110% that is my sex drive
 An artwork of two bodies an exchange of lives
 My inner your outer intertwined
 My breaths turn to panting
 Thoughts pour into tears
 Ecstasy at its best
 Universal orbits stop when we touch
 When within you're my past, present and future all the same
 Devour my desires while I indulge in your flavors
 Many pirates have tried to open this treasure
 Only you hold the key
 Work me up and then love me down
 Take advantage the risk is worth it all
 I'm always ready and willing
 Get your Undergraduate in my insides
 Masters in my mind
 Reach for more
 Be Dr. Anyplace or Time
 I love you and expressing that passion is my mission
 Hold on
 Take a second
 Dig deeper
 Find my soul

Memories of the best love I've ever gave or had
 I miss you
 This woman's everything
 No regrets though I meant every moment
 If I could do it all over again I still would
 Sex with you was unexplainable
 Love with you was unconditional
 This new life without you
 Unimaginable



Midnight Moving

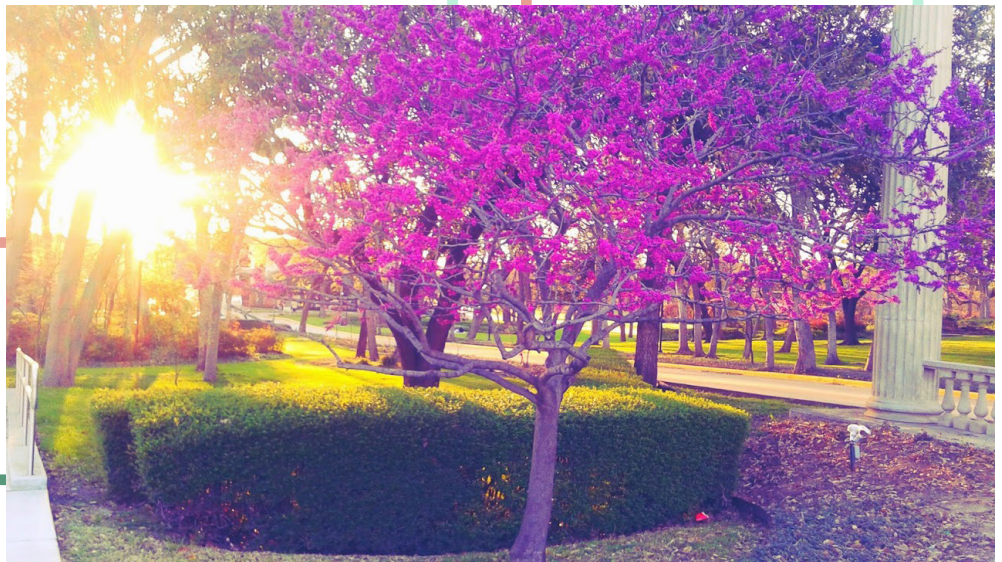
It has come to the point of my return
 Tried to go your way love
 Dead end after dead end has led me astray
 Everything is what you claimed I was
 While nothing is what I received
 As much as I loved you
 As much as I needed you
 Neither was enough
 The photos, social networks, and cherry ChapStick
 Have all been relinquished
 Drained is the only prescription I can administer
 Your love loved to see me hurt
 How could I mistake those demon arms for angel wings?
 My fire your ice
 A combination of hell at its best
 I swear I thought you loved me
 Momma always said not to swear
 Guess I should've listened
 Nonetheless I'll accept this failure
 I've flashbaced on us so much
 I've trained myself to block memories of you out
 Yet my heart still stops when I see a car like the one you drove
 Damn isn't it funny how the past can truly never vanish?
 To focused though to reminisce on false hopes of yesterday
 I've let it all fall
 Sometimes I wish we could have swam together
 But I knew then as I know now
 You were the iceberg to my success
 Progression is in my front pocket
 I have no choice but to kick rocks in your direction
 When I look in the mirror I see myself now
 An independent reflection





The Kalpa Tree
Aileen Salazar

Fairy Passageway
Aileen Salazar



Drown by Love
Victoria Pate

Magical nightmares.
The beast's last rose petal fell,
Beauty's wings molted.
As love's wasteland gasps for life,
Seas of unhappiness fill.



