

THE INDIGO

LITERARY JOURNAL OF WILLIAM CAREY UNIVERSITY

2017



THE INDIGO
2017

WILLIAM CAREY UNIVERSITY

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Editor's Note

Edgar Allan Poe once wrote, "Never to suffer would never to have been blessed." Our university and community have experienced suffering unlike that perhaps any of us have known. However, because of our suffering we have been greatly blessed, and *The Indigo* is one of those blessings. Between the covers of this magazine the reader will find the joys, the sorrows, and the simple expressions of everyday life embodied in the poetry, prose, and art of students, staff, and faculty alike. The nuances of faith, love, and grace, and the attestations of humor, drama, and mystery approach just a fraction of the spectrum represented herein. It is not the circumstance of life that defines who we are, but rather, it is the circumstance of choice – that is, how we press forward in the face of adversity. This publication represents the highest form of choice, the choice to make a difference. I truly believe that this edition of *The Indigo* will indeed make a difference, because it already has. Sincerely,
Ian Pittman, Editor-in-Chief

Acknowledgements

We are forever grateful to those who have contributed to this edition of *The Indigo*. In light of our circumstances, our faithful Carey community never fails to produce the finest, and most poignant creations of art in word and image. To you, we are grateful. *The Indigo* staff would also like to offer special thanks and gratitude to Dr. Ed Ford. He has provided a beautiful layout and design for our publication. This certainly would not have been possible without you. We would also like to offer our thanks to the Department of Language and Literature, particularly Mrs. Dolores O'Mary, our administrative assistant, and Dr. Tom Richardson, our department chair. This publication would not have happened without the support, creativity, and willingness of William Carey University. It is our hope and prayer that the reader enjoys this edition of *The Indigo* as much as we have.

Sincerely,

The Indigo Editors

Ian Pittman, Editor-in-Chief

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MY BOOKS SLEEP UNDER THE STARS TONIGHT

By Lorie Massey

My books sleep under the stars tonight, their pages rifled by the January-mild Mississippi breeze as they grow fat with weather, instead of knowledge.

Fifteen seconds of nature's indifferent fury opened my mind to the sky, flinging Faulkner atop Hemingway and Fitzgerald, now seen only by Toni Morrison's eyes, *Beloved* perched precariously one shelf closer to the heavens.

Twenty years of notes jotted in the margins slowly thicken with a coat of my mildewed prayers for their safe return. My books sleep under the stars tonight, but I'm restless in this calm.

A World Away Sharon Howard

CONTENT MORNING POEM

by Linda Faye McGee

Understand. Yes, it's morning. I know you see me reaching for your watch, and you'll hear the kettle I put on for your morning coffee, please understand. Noise. I hate these nightmares. It comforts me when you embrace me.

Please. Let's sleep in. I hate having to leave you because my work wants to call me in. Massage my head.

I still love you the same as the night before. I want this kind of future, though our circumstances are foggy; your body is that gust of wind that blows it all away. Let me hold you near my heart. Time is untrustworthy. I know you only keep me from certain experiences, but only because you fear losing me.

The reality starts to set, but that's not surprising. We know how bodies start to lose momentum and strife.

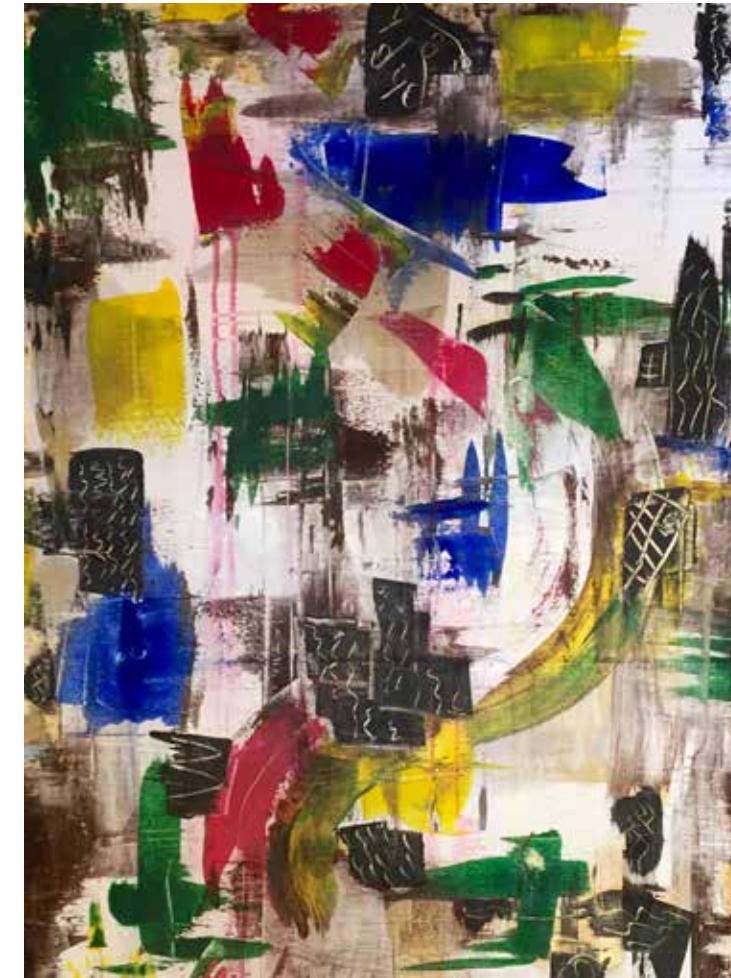
I would never ask from you what you can't give. I'm sorry I lied... But, it's morning.



OBSCURITY AND THE SACRED

By Allison Chestnut

At the appointed Sunday service, solemn women dressed me for immersion. White robes, braced by sin-weight ballast, recalled Ophelia's watery weeds. From baptistery wings I bobbed to preacher's outstretched arm and held both hands and breath. With garbled words, like mermaids' voices heard at Silver Springs, he thrust me underwater. At service end, believers lined to shake my hand and speak, but my ears, deaf from sacramental water, did not hear.



STAINED-GLASS LIPS

by Jared Best

Those words of higher places
Fill the pews on scattered days.
But at any other point of time
Those words are built on sands and clays.
That pulpit high,
Is safety wide...
Or so it surely was.

And so begins the fall of man,
A paradox of sin.
To lay out Scripture thick
Only to be stretched out thin.
That Dusty Book,
In its hidden nook,
Was not just written "just because."

Those stained-glass lips shut tightly
And form into a smile.
But not a grin of joy or love,
But altogether something vile.
That steeple tall,
So loft' - shall fall,
And greatly when it does.

Enlightenment
Rick Wilemon



Black-eyed Susan Brittany Pierce

SERENITY WAITS

By Shar Drennan

The fire roared with an intensity that was almost deafening. As the flames rose higher, clouds of dark smoke enveloped the old building. An acrid smell filled the air and the neighborhood residents stood, hands clasped over their faces, or silently clinging to each other. Despite the efforts of the fire crew, the fire finally reached the top floor and a different sound was heard. In horror the crowd watched as the building slowly collapsed into a mass of burning timber. A man near the front of the crowd let out an agonized cry and tried to run toward the building but was stopped by two firefighters. Their strong arms held him as he sank to the ground, the darkness closing around him in a blessed respite from the pain...

CHAPTER 1

Two blocks away, Jack Wilkerson, producer of the early news program on the city's second largest TV station, barked out an order to his top reporter Allison Young. "Fire over on Pritchard Street," he yelled. "Family home destroyed, possibly with mother and kids – get over there, play it up. TV crews will be all over it!" Allison scrambled from her desk and nudged the dozing young cameraman as she grabbed her keys.

"Come on, Sleepyhead," she said quickly to Dave Stennis, "the news is waiting!"

He grabbed the bag with his camera gear, muttering, "Why does news always happen at 3am, like babies?" His wife, LeAnn, had just produced their third child two weeks earlier, and he stayed perpetually exhausted.

They raced through the darkened streets in the station's van along with the guys who would hook up the feed, and she briefed him on what their producer had told her. "Interview any survivors, witnesses, get in close, capture the tears, etc. Ratings are down, Allison; knock yourself out on this one. You know the drill, now get going!"

Allison did indeed know the drill. In the three years she'd worked for the Ohio TV station, she had risen in the ranks fast. Fresh out of Ohio State University, clutching a Journalism and Communications degree, she had approached all the major stations within a 300 mile radius. The answer was the same – no star reporters wanted unless they came with credentials. Finally, a small station in Benton, Ohio called in reply to her resume. She interviewed and

was hired. She began by covering small community events. But her sympathetic tone and gentle voice led to confidences denied to others. She began covering larger stories and finally was told she would soon become anchor of the early show. So began Ali's new life in the world of journalism.

"But we need a catchier name for you, something classy and upscale," the burly producer told her, stroking his stubbled jaw and thinking hard.

"What's wrong with my own name?" she replied slightly mystified. "Isn't it the reporting that counts, not the name?"

"Honey," he said, "even John Wayne changed his name! He was Marion Morrison. Now how far would that have gotten him? Why should you be any different? Trust me. I know what I'm talkin' about!"

So Ali Rebekah Yoder, daughter of an Amish father and an Englischer mother,

became Allison Young, anchor and reporter. She learned how to apply makeup, style her hair, and answer to Allison or Ms. Young. She learned how to act under pressure and deliver the news with a calm assurance she was far from feeling. She had never looked back even when dreams of her beloved father crowded her sleep and she would wake with tears on her cheeks. If there were times when she felt distanced from the sophisticated, brittle world she worked in, she refused to admit it. As Allison and Dave came closer to the fire scene, their nostrils began to sting from the odor of smoke. They pulled over to the curb about a block from the blaze, close to other local television vehicles that

had managed to arrive just before them. As they hurried to the cordoned off area, Allison knew this would be a tough story to cover. The words Jack had flung at her, "possibly mother and kids," rang in her ears.

Ali Yoder – in her pre-Allison days – was no stranger to death and heartache. Born in a small frame house in Cincinnati to an "English" (non-Amish) mother and her young Amish husband, money had been tight. Her father, Eli, had fallen hard for the pretty girl who had walked into his father's store one hot summer day in Serenity, Ohio. The brief meeting began a love affair that would take Eli away from his family and faith and cause him to set out into an unknown world. But they married and began new lives far away from family and friends. When Ali – so named for Eli's mother, Alice – came along, Kathy cared for their baby daughter but became increasingly critical and unhappy. Eli worked long hours at a grocery store but it wasn't enough. Their tiny house, which at first had seemed so perfect when Eli was able to buy it, now made Kathy feel trapped.

Both of their parents had turned their backs on their wayward children, but for different reasons. Kathy's parents had adored their only daughter, and her decision to marry a young Amish boy devastated them. She was told she would be welcomed back only if she "regained her senses" and came alone. Eli's family, in keeping with Amish rules, were forced to disassociate themselves from their son when he married outside their faith. Although it broke their hearts, to disobey would result in the entire family being shunned in their community.

When Ali was two, Kathy decided she wanted more out of life than a husband and small child. She asked her parents for help and was told to come home... by herself. One winter day Eli returned home from work to find Ali at a neighbor's and a note on the

table saying Kathy was gone – for good. Although crushed by the news, Eli knew he had to remain calm and be a steady, loving influence on little Ali. He arranged for a neighbor to care for her during the day, but he was always anxious to get home to her in the evenings. Ali missed her mother, but was happy to be with Eli and continued to thrive. Six months after Kathy left, Eli received a letter from Kathy's brother Joseph, who had kept in touch with them occasionally. Kathy had been killed in a car wreck coming home from a party. He was the only family member who thought Eli should know. Grief-stricken, Eli vowed to be both father and mother to his little girl. He thought about going back to his Amish family, asking for help, but he knew the "ban" had been imposed on him when he left the Amish community. He didn't want his family to be forced to choose between him and their faith. But he thought often of his father Reuben, his mother Alice, and his two brothers. He would have liked to introduce little Ali to his Amish faith but also wanted the little girl to get as much education as possible. So they stayed where they were.

The years flew by and Eli was always there, encouraging her, and helping her achieve her goals. She loved to write and Eli supported her. She applied for scholarships in her senior year of high school and received a full ride at a nearby college. Just before her senior year of college Eli died suddenly from a heart attack. Ali was devastated and felt she couldn't go on, but knew Eli would have wanted her to. She packed boxes and emptied drawers without even looking at the contents. When a folded and dog-eared map fell out of one of the boxes she realized he must have looked at the route back to his old home many times over the years. She put it into her nightstand. Maybe someday...

Eli had left her a modest life insurance policy, so she knew she could make it through graduation

if she were careful. She stashed the boxes in her dad's old room – along with her grief – and went on. Her senior year began and she threw herself into it feverishly. She needed to forget how much she missed his presence and constant love. After graduation she had stood beside her father's grave, hoping he would be proud of her. She had graduated with honors as she had vowed to do. She was a tall, rather shy young woman, with a gentle demeanor. She wore no makeup, and her clothes were simple and plain. As a serious and dedicated journalism student, she focused on a future doing what she did best: writing and reporting and making a living.

CHAPTER 2

They were standing as close to the fire as the crews would allow and the heat seemed to scorch their faces and turn the night warm. Dave had begun filming and Ali, in her reporting mode, had interviewed several eyewitnesses. In a brief moment of silence she heard heartbreaking sobs. She looked in the direction of the sound and saw several people clustered around a man sitting at the back door of an ambulance. A paramedic was crouched in front of him, taking vital signs and speaking quietly. Her naturally tender heart went out to the man, but her training took over and she rushed over to try to speak to him. Arms tried to hold her back, but she pushed forward until she was within touching distance of him. She said, "Excuse me, sir, do you live here? Can you tell me what happened?" She was never comfortable doing this sort of thing; her expertise lay in writing and speaking about the details, using the gift of words that lay within her grasp. The man looked at her then, and she flinched from the raw pain in his eyes. He was young, probably no more than thirty-five, but his eyes were red-rimmed and he

appeared old. Thinking he was in shock, she probed further, even though she could feel hands tugging at her jacket. Somewhere in her mind she wished they'd stop doing that. The coat was an expensive one, bought after her last promotion. She brushed them off and said firmly, "Sir, I'm sure you're happy to have escaped this inferno. How are you feeling – what is going through your mind right now?" The man jumped to his feet, throwing off the blanket that had been around his shoulders. "How do I feel?" he shouted, "am I HAPPY to have escaped this inferno? NO, I'm not happy! I just lost my wife and four beautiful children. How do you think I feel, you stupid, heartless..." He lunged for her and arms pulled him back, eyeing Ali with disgust.

The paramedic grabbed the man as he collapsed, his face buried in his hands. "Lady," the paramedic said with ill-disguised contempt, "get out of here, you've done enough."

Stunned, Ali let her microphone fall to the ground unheeded. She stepped back, ashamed and saddened. What was she doing here? Her cameraman was still filming. She gave the "cut" gesture and picked up her microphone. Dave said, "Great footage, Allison – Wow, I thought he was gonna..." She shoved past him, running blindly back to the van. As she pushed through people she heard snatches of hushed conversation – "the baby was only six months old," "adorable twin boys," "taught the oldest in Sunday School" – on and on, the jumble of words running through her head. Dear God, why hadn't she realized what might have happened to him? How could she rush so blindly into these interviews? She leaned against the van, pressing her hot forehead against the driver's window, feeling sick.

Dave and the rest of the crew came up behind her. "Hey Allison, what's up? You ok?" She gritted her teeth and fought to control the tears that threatened to fall. Where was the control, the polish she had

struggled to achieve? She turned to Dave, her voice shaking, "Didn't you hear what he said? Dave, you're a father; didn't that bother you? He lost four children AND his wife!" By now she was crying hard and Dave stared at her.

"Yes," he said slowly, rubbing his face with his hand, suddenly exhausted, "but, we're paid to deliver the news. This, unfortunately, is news."

Allison just shook her head and climbed in the van minus her story. She was silent on the drive back to the station.

They walked in and Jack yelled out, "Hey, Allison, glad you're back. We're gonna have to hustle to get that footage ready for the beginning of the Early Show. We can do a big lead-in teaser and you can do that sad-eyed thing you do..." he trailed off as he looked at her standing silently in front of him, tears still staining her cheeks, making paths through her perfectly applied makeup.

"What's going on Allison? You sick or something?" He looked genuinely puzzled as he stared at her. She looked at him, slowly shaking her head. "I can't do this Jack."

"Can't do what, sweetheart? Come on, tell Papa Jack what's going on," he said, leading her to a chair. She sat down heavily, blue eyes on his face. "But first let's get that raw footage processed." Dave spoke in the awkward silence that followed. "Uhhh, we only have a few eyewitness quotes; Allison, um, didn't feel up to a report," he said, glancing at her, trying to spare her, yet unwilling to anger their boss.

Jack looked bewildered, then annoyed. "What? Did we have a malfunction with equipment or

something? The other stations will eat us alive!" Ali spoke up, her voice stronger now. "It's all wrong, Jack," she said, leaning forward in her chair, "standing there shoving a mic and a camera in the face of a man who just lost his entire family. I can't do it anymore, any of it, the tragedies, the drama. It's all capitalizing on someone's grief. For the sake of ratings?" Her voice rose and again she felt the tears, the sadness that lingered. "What was wrong with her?" she wondered vaguely. This was what she'd studied and worked for. Many reporters would love to be in her expensive, designer shoes, standing in the spotlight. But would her gentle, loving father be happy with the path she had chosen? The answer came, silently, but it almost stunned her with its clarity.

"If you're happy Ali-Girl, I'm happy." She knew then, with a certainty, that she wasn't, and hadn't been for quite a while; not happy - or serene. Serene...She found herself thinking of that dog-eared map of long ago, path clearly marked to a little town called Serenity, Ohio.

Jack was still staring at her, beginning to look angry. "Now look, Allison..." he began, but Allison rose, handing him the keys to the station's mobile van. "I'm done," she said simply, and began to walk from the room.

As he sputtered and asked, "Where do you think you're going, Allison? Not a soul will hire you after this; you can't walk out on a great job like this and just go somewhere else."

She turned back and said quietly, "Yes, I can. And by the way, the name is Ali...Ali Yoder - I forgot that for a while. And I'm going home." She walked out, closing the door softly behind her.



Haiku

A SMALL WHITE FLURRY
BLOWS OVER THE HARDENED GROUND –
WINTER IS COMING.

BY CALVIN BRODIE

A TICK TOCK, TICK TOCK –
ONLY THE SOUND OF A CLOCK
AS I SIT AND WAIT.

BY COOPER HERRINGTON

HOMER
SUDDEN WINTER CHILLS,
LATE UNEXPECTED PHONE CALLS,
CRYING, SHAKING, GONE.

BY LUKE MILLENDER

THROUGH THE COLD, DARK NIGHT
THE ONE WHO MAKES MY HEART SING
STILL WHISPERS, "BE STILL"

BY CASSIDY MONK

Balance Cara Larsen

SINFUL MAN

by Jared Best

The closer one gets to the light,
The darker he becomes.
Even the shadows have shadows
In the light of the sun.

I have treacherous thoughts;
Deceptive to the core.
My mind is a blasphemer.
My silhouette is darker than ever before.

My part in flesh rings out,
Echoing of mutiny against my soul.
The chilling sound of civil war
Edges me on to some treasonous goal.

These roses I called my thoughts,
I found them with thorns in my head.
I picked 'til my hands were bloodied,
And painted all the roses red.

They used to be a solid white,
Pleasant sights for eyes so sore,
But crimson matches my eyes.
My pupils are darker than ever before.

I have windows to a shallow soul-
A soul ankle-deep in salvation.
Even the shallows have shallows
In the depths of the Son.

Sailboat Read Diket



A PRAYER FOR FATHER'S DAY

by Garry Breland

Dear God, whom we are taught to call Father,
On this day when we honor dads you gave us,
I, a dad for more than two-score years now,
And blessed with both a daughter and son,
Who are good parents to their own children,
And having rich memories of my own father
Whose life spanned four-score years—
In awe of fatherness I raise this prayer.

I pray for dads to love and serve their families
Packaging in their children gifts for generations
Yet to come, gifts of love and faithfulness.
May sons and daughters see them strive to do
What's right, as best they can, whatever the cost.
And may they forgive their imperfections,
Knowing each dad is only human and burdened
With all the common failings of the human race.
And may special love of fathers be shared with all
So that justice, mercy, and peace
Might guard all men's sons and daughters
From the ravages of want and war.

TRAVELING IN THE DARK

by Linda Faye McGee

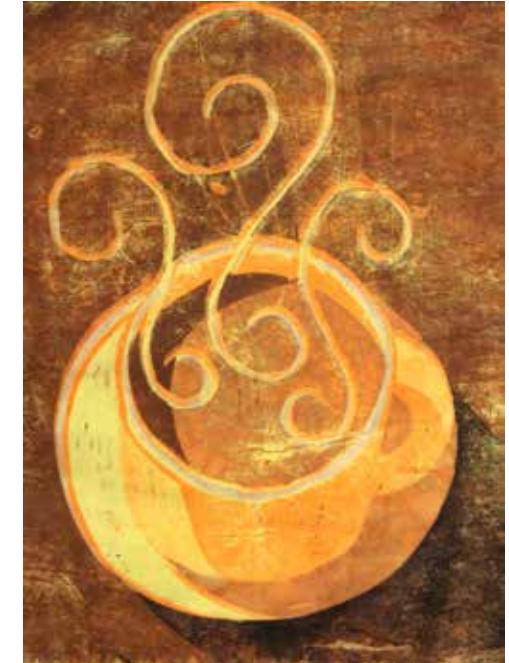
Traveling through the dark I saw this man
Staring at a deer at the edge of Wilson River road.
I guess this is where all the road kill goes:
The road is small; so swerving around it was dangerous.

He wobbled back to his car and looked down
At the deer, looked like a doe, that had just been killed;
The body looked stiff, and it was pretty cold that night.
He dragged the carcass off; she was pregnant.

I think he figured that out when he touched her belly-
He shook his hand as if it's stomach was hot; her baby's inside her,
Alive, but never to be born.
He froze beside the mountain.

His car headlights were lowered toward him;
The car was still running.
He stood near the exhaust that started to turn red;
My windows were rolled down, but all I could hear was nothingness.

He was still frozen as if he were thinking- I would have gone around-
Then I saw him push her over the edge into the frigid river.



Coffee Laken Britt

A DREAM ENCOURAGED

by Madison Polk

What happens to a dream encouraged? Does it fly – like a bird
on a journey? Or amaze people like the rose that grew from the
concrete?

Does it smell like sweet honey? Or moistens and melts in your
mouth – like a well-known delicacy?

Maybe it just blooms like a flower.

Or does it empower?

(Inspired by "Harlem," by Langston Hughes)

THE PHILOSOPHER'S LAMENT

By Houston Saxon

The stars, in Heaven's empyreal height,
Well, I mistook her eye for stellar shine,
And felt myself adrift on salty brine,
With wave's slow undulations 'neath my feet,
And cool refreshing calm on passion's heat;
Yet burned it still the more, that conjured flame,
Which oft had failed to light, though at her name,
The mere mention, this leaguered man of dust,
Himself a scoffer once, would fain have trust
The woman with the darkish hair, and eye
Of almond-brown, for one sweet kiss on high.
"My blush betrays my heart, O lady please
Presume not bookish men are ill-at-ease
With love's familiar anguish, but are stayed
By Reason's lofty tower, wondrous made,
Though Ilium's strong belfries were low brought,
Nor Reason match in wit my heart distraught,
Nor Plato's Forms, nor Descartes' mind, content;
The Stagyrite to love himself once went.
I bade the ox of Aquin silent sleep:

My heart, my thought, my mind are for thy keep."
Thus spoke I honeyed words at breathless pace,
In hopes to quell the anxious flitt'ring race
Of blood with blood, in vessels swell'n with fright
At grim mischance of word, or injured might.
Then her reply which, measured and long paused,
Evinced reluctant answer, and had caused
A melancholic sigh to 'scape her frame,
Which presaged hopes embarrassed, and my
shame.
She turned aside and spoke one empty sound,
Her shuttered eyes, transfixed upon the ground,
They shunned my knowledge, curst my eloquence.
That Epicurus sage, who wrote long hence,
Full knew the troublous pangs of love unwise,
As when he told disciples how devise
The means whereby this passion is contained;
Though knave myself ignored and am now stained,
And stained with bitt'rest grief, and mournful doubt:
For all I ever held as true is out.
What parlous choice had brought such cruel estate?
When, wroth with worthless rage, I mocked my fate,
And sought a thing that was not mine to own

For then my reason spoke a weakish moan.
I fled the rugged comfort of the Schools,
As thinking of those thinking things for fools
Compared with Beauty, finding then my queen,
Who sundered past reflection of the seen,
Became a creature born anew for her,
And triumphed over wicked thoughts which were.
She, keeper of a heart unknown, unlocked,
With keys more sure than Peter's, what had blocked
The circulation of my wizened heart,
And freed my shackled love from prison's smart.
My mind became a temple to herself,
And scorned then learning's riches as mere pelf.
Had I but courage equal to desire,
And not the coward's ways, to voice this fire;
Except she flew before my valour reared,
In validation of what I had feared.
Somewhere from hence, far from my mothersoil,
When I had trodden long in weary toil,
I found her, as an angel from the wave:
With hair of night as black as Plato's cave,
With skin kissed by the sun till swarthy brown,
Aback her sank that sun itself her crown.

Her pinkish lips of bright deigned that we walk
A little way, and hear the silence talk.
My thought then drifted to the Stoic's Fate,
Of her they say her fury won't abate,
But drags unwilling man unto his course,
Which by his will is done, or by her force.
What I had dreaded as the owl the day
She spoke in tones luxurious as May,
Wherewith she praised a man of native clime
As one for whom her love would thrive with time.
What grievous smart had her assertion born
I wished to speak, but found my tongue was torn
From speech; now jealous of a worthless man,
In mute disdain and sullen, I began,
With mind beclouded and with sense obscured,
My last emprise with love to see me cured.
So must I end where first I had commenced,
On foreign shore with love I wrongly sensed.
What next? All told, the tale has been rehearsed,
The wise was made a fool for love and cursed.
Thus am I for my yielding to her eyes,
In wisdom foolish, and in folly wise.

Little Blue Haden Hinton



Afternoon Ashore Haden Hinton



MY WIFE SAYS I CAN'T BE A COWBOY POET

by Garry Breland

But you're not a cowboy, so how can you write
About the wide lonesome, and star-studded night?
You never trailed critters, through dust, mud, and rain
You want to be a cowboy poet? You must be insane.

I think you must have read so much Zane Grey
That now you want to be a writer of the purple sage
Maybe when you were just a little buckaroo
You watched more westerns than were good for you.

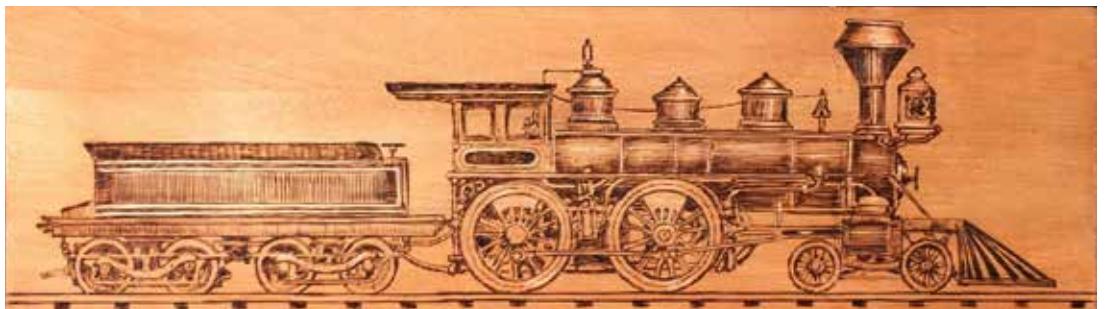
Sure, that's a fine looking hat, but where are your cattle?
And that noise you call yodeling sounds like a death rattle.

Now don't be offended, and don't look so glum
But, you don't have a horse, saddle, spurs, or six-gun.

Now you're telling me a man doesn't have to go west
Or wear Tony Lamas, gingham shirt, and a vest
It matters more how much West is in the man—
Okay, if you put that way, I'll try to understand.

You say you want supper out by the campfire
Where you'll take your bedroll and sleep 'neath the stars
Out there, on the ground, in the flickering firelight
You can write cowboy poems, in the still of the night.

So go ahead and write western, in meter and rhyme
Spin yarns about rivers to cross, hills to climb
And, maybe sometimes, as your verses unfurl
You can write a line or two about your favorite cowgirl.



Train Ed Ford

FOR WHOM THE NOTIFICATION CHIMES

by Garry Breland

No person is an IP address,
Entire of itself,
Every person is a piece of the cloud,
A part of the domain.
If a link be broken by the system,
The web is the less.
As well as if a blog site were.
As well as if the digital footprint of thy friend's
Or of thine own were:
Any one's file corruption diminishes me,
Because I am involved in the network,
And therefore never send to know for whom the notification chimes;
It chimes for thee.



Phone Laken Britt

Haiku

WATER IN MY SHOE,
DYING SLUG ON THE SIDEWALK,
RUNNING LATE TO CLASS.

BY ALYSSA BUSSOLATI

GRAPHITE GRINDS SLOWLY,
DISAPPEARING BEFORE EYES.
THOUGHTS SLOWLY TASTE LIFE.

BY KAITLYN HAM

I See You Manatee Cara Larsen



Hello, Manatee Cara Larsen

DARKNESS FALLS ON EARTH,
ONCE-SLEEPING CREATURES TAKE FLIGHT;
THEIR TIME HAS NOW COME.

BY JEREMIAH SMITH

WATCHING THE RAIN FALL,
I SIT, COFFEE CUP IN HAND.
SOFT SMILE – I AM HOME.

BY JEWEL LYNNE SHIRLEY



Water Lily Brittany Pierce

MY ANGEL

by Maia Yoon

Part 1: Blue

Maddox and Sinclair were not the most stable boys in the world, but at least they had each other. They lived together basically keeping an eye on the other. It was Maddox's job to make sure Sinclair stayed happy, and it was Sinclair's job to make sure Maddox stayed as one person. Maddox had issues much larger than Sinclair's. He had a split personality that would tear him from the inside out, but that's what Sinclair was for. He silenced his demons. Every time Maddox had a spell, Sinclair was there stroking his hair. He would do this because it was the only thing that could calm him. Sinclair's depression was minuscule compared to the hell that went through Maddox's mind.

Maddox was aware of his issues, and he was forever in debt to Sinclair. He loved him almost more than family. He owed Sinclair everything. If he did not have him in his life, The Other would have won him over and destroyed him. Maddox

often referred to the other personality as The Other because he felt it deserved nothing more than that. It was nothing close to nice, but Sinclair balanced out his insanity. All Maddox needed was Sinclair and he could make it.

"Brother...Thank you."

"Maddox, you tell me 'thank you' every day. How many times do I have to tell you that you don't have to thank me for being here? I should be the one thanking you. I needed happiness, and here you are." He closed the book he was reading. He read lines from the book to help calm Maddox during his spells.

Maddox walked over to Sinclair and hugged him. Sinclair could feel Maddox's heartbeat increase. But he knew this was a sign of only one thing.

Tears welled up in Maddox's eyes. Sinclair broke their embrace and could almost hear the screams from within Maddox's head. He knew what to do before it got too bad. He sat down on the bed, and he laid Maddox's head down on his lap. Maddox was still for few seconds with his hands covering his ears, the sleeves of his shirt acting as a barrier to him. He believed that the sleeves kept anything from leaving his head, shielding Sinclair from the terror in his mind. Sinclair sat and ran his fingers through Maddox's hair. His heartbeat quickened, and Sinclair braced himself.

Maddox stood up suddenly. He began to stalk the perimeter of their room. His arms were crossed, and his eyes were hooded. Every time he had an episode with The Other he took on this dark figure. Everything about him became brooding. His eyes were darker, his shoulders were raised,

and his steps were heavy. In a snap he hit one of the white walls. He yelled and fell to his knees. With tears streaming from his eyes, he looked up at Sinclair. He got to his feet and approached Sinclair.

"Maddox listen to me." He said as he grabbed Maddox's face. "Come on, come back to me, Maddox. You don't want to hurt me. Think of the sky. Find it in your mind and tell me what it looks like."

He stilled for a second. He could feel his mind being ripped to shreds. He searched his mind for the sky. The Other was giving him a headache, and he felt the light slip away. He lifted his arm up to strike Sinclair, but he was one step ahead of Maddox. They had fallen to the ground, and Sinclair was pressed against the wall with Maddox's hands behind his back.

Maddox quit fighting Sinclair and focused his mind. He found the sky. It was clear. Completely blue, and in this picture there was a tree and Sinclair. He watched as Sinclair picked an apple from the tree and handed it to him.



"What's the color of the sky, Maddox?"

"Red."

"Keep looking. You're not there yet. Pay attention to everything around you."

He tried to turn away from Sinclair and the apple tree. He focused on the apple and Sinclair who was oddly smirking at him. He refused to look at the apple, and he fell backwards. He felt the soft grass on his neck and his arms. Then, he opened his eyes and looked up.

"Blue."

"There he is." Sinclair said releasing one of Maddox hands.

Sinclair had his back against the wall, and

Maddox was resting between his legs. He reached for the book he had thrown to the floor during the fight, and he opened it up to the marked page. He began to read to Maddox.

"My parents' house made up one realm, yet its boundaries were even narrower, actually embracing only my parents themselves. This realm was familiar to me in almost every way – mother and father, love and strictness, model behavior, and school."

He felt Maddox's breath slow down, and he could see him drifting into unconsciousness. He picked Maddox up and walked him to his bed. He made sure he was completely covered by blankets, and he began to stroke his hair again. Maddox woke for a few seconds and looked into Sinclair's eyes.

"Please guide me. Please stop me. Please let me breathe." He whispered as one tear rolled down his cheek. Sinclair was able to mouth along to this mantra. Maddox recited it after every spell with The Other. Sinclair had heard it too many times.

He sat there watching the angelic boy sleep. This seemed to be the only time he was at peace with himself. The bouts of anger had become too frequent, and Sinclair was getting tired of it being ignored. They weren't trapped here for no reason, and he was close to demanding answers. But he couldn't do anything. He was only a patient, and with that he sat on his bed and slowly drifted to sleep.

Part 2: Red

Sinclair dreamed that night of what it would be like if Maddox didn't have to deal with that hell anymore. He dreamed of pillow fights, nights with friends, and laughter. He dreamed of the simpler times, the days when they all got along perfectly fine, the days where no one worried, the days when

they all were together. For all he knew, Maddox and himself were the only ones left. So he drifted in the dark.

The two of them woke up at the same hour the next day. Maddox sat up in bed smiling at Sinclair when he finally opened his eyes. They were served breakfast, which consisted of porridge and today's fruit, an apple.

"Well at least it's food," Sinclair said smiling at Maddox who didn't look too excited about the food.

"Yeah. I'm not too hungry though."

He took a few bites of his porridge and was done. He saved the apple for later since he wasn't sure when he would be able to eat next. Sinclair slowly ate his porridge as he read some more of his book. He had read this book over 100 times, but he was always searching for the next section to read Maddox.

"Brother,"

"Are you going to thank me again?"

"No. I was just wondering if you believed in soulmates."

Sinclair sat for a second thinking about what Maddox might be hinting at. He stared back at Maddox who began to smile at him. Maddox stood up from his bed and walked over to Sinclair's bed.

"I think you're my soulmate brother."

He stared into Sinclair's eyes. Their bond was not a lover's bond, but something much stronger. Sinclair looked deep into Maddox's eyes and he could see fire. He saw happiness behind his troubled eyes. Finally, Maddox seemed happy and carefree. With that Maddox grabbed his pillow and hit Sinclair with it. This time Maddox struck him with love and not hatred.

They laughed together as feathers covered the floor. Sinclair watched as a sigh of relief left Maddox's mouth. The two of them were both finally happy in this closed off institution. All of the hard

times felt like nothing at this point. They had each other forever and that's all they needed. They could live like this forever for all they cared. Maddox had no sign of a headache at that moment, and it was like everything had just gone back to normal. Sinclair's depression felt like a bad memory as he stared back at Maddox.

"Promise me that you won't leave, brother."

Sinclair smiled at Maddox and reached his hand up to stroke his hair, "I will never leave you Park Maddox. I will always be here to calm you. I will always be here for you."

Maddox looked back at Sinclair and embraced him in a hug. He held him there trying to shake the thought of Sinclair possibly never being there again. He had to keep thinking about the happy times he had with Sinclair, the days they would sit and laugh, the times when Sinclair would run his hand through his hair to calm him. He appreciated every bit of Sinclair, and he didn't want to think about never having him. He needed him, and Sinclair needed Maddox.

They guessed it was around afternoon so Sinclair decided to eat the apple that he saved. They weren't fed regularly, so saving food was their only way of not dying from hunger. He was pretty excited that they were provided apples because they were only given fruit one day out of the week. He tasted how sweet the red apple was, and he savored every bit of it.

Suddenly, Sinclair fell to the ground. Maddox rushed over to him, horror stricken.

"Brother! What's wrong?" He kneeled on the ground and held Sinclair in his arms. "Brother!! Answer me!"

Sinclair opened his eyes slightly, "Maddox, think of the sky. What color is the sky?"

"Blue. Why? What's happening?"

"Think of the sky. Please."

In a matter of seconds, doctors entered

their room. They lifted Sinclair up without a word to Maddox. He frantically looked around in confusion as the doctors started to take Sinclair out of the room.

"No! Where are you taking him?"

"You've done enough!" One of the doctors said to Maddox pushing him. Maddox fell to the floor and watched as Sinclair was rushed out of the room.

He quickly got to his feet and started to pound his fists against the walls. Every time he let out a scream hoping Hoseok could hear him, but nothing. He was now alone in the room. He sat on his bed looking at Hoseok's bed. He saw where he left his book sitting on the table. He walked over to it and opened it. He read through some of the parts that he had marked. He remembered the times when Hoseok would read to him, and he ran his own hands through his hair to stop himself from getting a headache.

That night a doctor came into his room and told him the unfortunate news. Maddox had awakened in the middle of the night unaware of what he was doing because of The Other. He somehow made it out of his room and injected the apples with various drugs the doctors had for them and the other patients. No one knew he had done it until they checked security footage and saw him walking the halls. He was the one that killed Sinclair. He took his own happiness and threw it away. He was alone.

Part 3: Black

Maddox sat in the room staring at the wall. All he could do now was stare and wait for The Other. He tried his hardest to remember Sinclair when he started to get headaches. Every time would start with Maddox screaming at himself as The Other took over his mind leaving Maddox nowhere to run.

He felt the static start in his brain, and he

watched as his world turned from white to black. Everything about him was dark and he felt numb. He tried to think of the last entry Sinclair read to him, but nothing came to his mind. He tried to think of Sinclair's face. Nothing. He was able to hang on to those memories for two days before The Other completely took over his mind. He felt like he was slowly being swallowed.

"Brother! Please save me!" He would scream in his head as his world slowly started to drift away. He searched his mind until he could see a small glimpse of Sinclair. With that he ran. He ran as fast he could, but like every other time, Sinclair disappeared.

This time was different. Sinclair stayed with him. He smiled back at him. Maddox could feel his pulse race and his body sweat the closer he got to Sinclair. Yet, he never reached him. All he wanted was Sinclair. He needed him back in his life to calm him when he got like this. He needed him to take control of his demons. He felt lost, and it was his own fault.

He took Sinclair away. He made himself unhappy. On one of the happiest days he had ever had; it was all taken away from him. He was destined to live on his own dealing with this hell. Then, he felt the darkness approach.

This time he was fully able to see Sinclair. Unlike the other times, he saw the tree and Sinclair again. He knew that he needed to look for the sky instead of focusing on the other distractions. But he started to walk towards Sinclair. He could see him smiling at him as he walked. He felt joy again as he got closer. This had been the only time he was able to get this close to him.



Sinclair stretched out his hand, and gave Maddox an apple. He stroked Maddox's hair and said, "Maddox, I need you to tell me what color the sky is."

Maddox had no idea that he was having one of the biggest spells of his life in reality. He had no idea that he was lashing out, but he didn't care.

"Brother please come back to me! I need you! I can't live like this! I don't know who I am without you. I'm trapped inside myself, I'm dead, Sinclair. Please!"

He continued to stroke his hair, "What color is the sky?"

Maddox looked up, and to his surprise he saw black. He was confused, but then when he looked back Sinclair was gone. His eyes scanned every inch of the darkness and he was nowhere. Then, he snapped back to his room where he was lying on the floor. In his hand was the apple that Sinclair had given him. He knew what he had to do.

He walked over to where the camera sat in their room, and he took a seat at the table. He slowly picked the apple up to his lips. He paused for a moment, closing his eyes and remembering the color blue. He didn't want to think of red, he wanted blue. He imagined the sky, and he imagined Sinclair smiling at him. He took a bite from the apple, and he opened his eyes. With one last smirk from Maddox he waited for the apple to work his magic. His closed his eyes again and he could see Sinclair. He approached Maddox and ran his hand through his hair again.

"Shh. You're safe now."

Maddox fell to the floor and lost his final battle with his demons.

SONNET

By Ashlyn Stringfellow

I heard a loud knock ten minutes before.
So early in the morning the wind blew.
Slowly I walked downstairs to the first floor.
As the doors rattled, I still had no clue.
Until I walked outside those double doors,
I did not know the extent of the storm.
This plan for William Carey was all Yours.
Thank you, Lord, for our safety in the dorm.
In house slippers and a borrowed sweatshirt,
I looked around at many sad faces.
For weeks to come we were all on alert,
When we returned home and other places.
That dreadful day brought us all together,
That split moment remembered forever.

EYING THE SPARROW

by Allison Chestnut

The bird within the window pane
thrusts its beak into the cup of Christ.
A slender fish with branded scales
spell out the Grecian scar of holiness;
it sideways swims a horizontal stream
within an everlasting tree. See the

light between the boughs? No dangers
lurk there now. Haphazard clump
of sitting sticks survive the wind's
persistent blow. Smart bird to build her
fragile nest within the nurtured
elbow of the litling winter branch.

IN THE HOUSE OF CAIAPHAS

By Marsha Newman

We walked through the house of Caiaphas
In single file down stairs
Where once he led his captive
Into the narrow dark
After the narrow judgment
Of priests and kings who feared
The power of the Word.
Earphones in place, we heard
At a brisk touring pace
The story of this place.
A few of us broke rank
And walked into the gloom
Of history, another
Narrow flight below
And stood with certainty
Where once Jesus had stood,
A dungeon without light,
A simple earthen room.
Caiaphas once had held
The light in this dark cell
Where we together breathed
Dust of another age.
Where He had breathed, we stood
Our feet against the stones,
That point from which he made
His way to Calvary,
And took us with Him then,
And took us with Him now.
When we emerged again
Into the blinding day,
More than a little stunned,
We followed where He led.
Our earphones hung beside
Our empty hands. It didn't
Matter, didn't matter,
What the tour guide said.

DON'T BLINK

by John Vercher

The ocean breeze sweeps over me like a breath from the heavens.
The soft, white sand hugs my feet with every step.
Moonlight reflects from the surface of the rippling waves.
As I step onto the pier I can hear the creaking of the old wood beneath me -
Bending, bowing, but never breaking.
A school of baby catfish swim in perfect unison, together but never touching.
The salty air fills my nostrils with a strange delight.
Couples pass me in their state of perpetual romance, their hands clenched tightly together.
As I reach the gazebo, my view of the vast ocean makes me feel like an ant among giants.
The night fisherman, always friendly, greets me with unparalleled hospitality.
In the distance, a boat stained with age, huge nets like wings on each side,
Poised to swoop in on the unsuspecting shrimp below.
Mullet begin to leap out of the water only to splash back into the depths.
They're fleeing from a monster! Something bigger, meaner, and hungrier.
Another mullet soars up from the water just in time to become a pelican's dinner.
The birds over my head surfing the night air as if they had practiced a thousand times,
Only outshined by the stars above them, each one perched in the sky with perfection.
I am suspended in a state of awe as I am submerged in the overwhelming beauty.
It would only take a blink and I could miss something wonderful.
In all of my life I can only ponder - how many times have I blinked?



Nocturne
Chatham Kemp

MISSISSIPPI WINTER CROWS

by Richard Boada

I'm trying to harness the arrangement
of the cosmos and the new
republic of distant light
that will unlatch you

from this murder of Mississippi
crows drinking leadened city water

in the parking lot of the Metrocenter Mall,
a monument to infidelity and palimpsests

so fragile. I keep trying to see you
against the tundraed cement,

a gravity of cosmos belching pink
sunlight, but instead I miss your hands

on me and the absence of their pressure
like prints engraved forever on my bosom.



Percy Field Morning
Gregory Dearman



Clay mask PaShance Lee

WILLIAM CAREY
UNIVERSITY