



Trillium

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Trillium

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*The Trillium is the literary and visual arts publication of the
Glenville State College Department of Language and Literature*

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GLENVILLE
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The Trillium welcomes submissions and correspondence
from Glenville State College students, faculty, staff,
and our extended creative community.

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Fran Myers Schmetzer

The 2014 edition of the *Trillium* is dedicated to Frances (Fran) Myers Schmetzer.

Fran graduated from what was then Glenville State Teachers College in 1943 with a Bachelor's Degree in Secondary Education. She then went on to earn a Master's Degree in Religious Education from the Presbyterian School of Christian Education in 1944. She was a public school teacher, Director of Christian Education in various churches, an Index Librarian for Reader's Digest, and Elderhostel Coordinator for GSC. She also served on GSC's Board of Governors for five years.

She was active in many community and church organizations during her years in Gilmer County. She received the GSC Alumni Community Service Award in 1997. Fran also wrote a weekly column for the Glenville Democrat/Pathfinder entitled *Musings of an Old-Timer* for over six years. Those columns were later compiled and published into a book of the same name.

*As I embrace the autumn years of life, surely it is right
To move more slowly, and relish each experience
With gratitude of an increasing peacefulness.*

Excerpt from Fran's poem, *Autumn Musings*, that can be found in its entirety in the 2012 *Trillium*

Fran served as GSC Homecoming Parade Co-Marshall with Dr. Espy Miller in 2007. In 2012, she also took part in the West Virginia Veterans' Legacy Project multimedia production of *Morning Stars*. In the play, which took place at Glenville State College, she had both on-stage and voiceover roles.

Fran passed away on March 2, 2014 at the age of 91.

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Like Love

by JC Sherman

That water heater is fucked – though it wasn't always
At first that was a machine you could count on
Showers hot when I needed heat, cool when I had too much
but that kind of reliability won't last;
eventually water heaters get negligent
and that roiling steam becomes an ice shower
hitting you like a hundred goddamn bullets
Now I have to work on that heater every day
tightening knobs and checking for corrosion
trying to light the pilot at 5-fucking-30 a.m.
But after those long work days when I need it most
that water is the perfect temperature
more often than not.

10 Items or Less

by JC Sherman

I saw the devil in the other line
(Hell, you work here, after all)
But this one is shorter anyway
So I put you behind me and hold on
to this shirt I'm here to rescue.

It really is a shock to see you in flesh
it's been so long since your memory parted
I thought I'd killed it and sent it here

But you could see me any second
If I turn and see recognition in you
it would be easier to wrap my hands around your throat
and squeeze that recognition out.

Your shirt asks How-May-I-Help-You
and you could answer yourself with a choking rattle
but the customer service here is nothing
compared to Elysium across the way

So I hand over the money and walk
and even though I didn't look back,
I think you might be there now.

While I may not be a pillar of salt
I've left with less than what I had.

Changing

by Brendan M. Rumney

The night will cover me
It will hold the secrets I have inside
Let it make a toast to reality
To which I much oblige

Rigid are the roots
Of the Tree who bears my name
I look to the color of my blues
For where I am to blame

Sorry is my sorrow
For ruins that lay and grasp
I hope for that good tomorrow
But today I desire first not last

Weeping is my name
And mourn comes trembling on
Today I will stay the same
But soon this treachery shall be gone

Untitled

by Alisha A. Abbott

Brown Eyes

You see right through my façade
Through all the walls I've constructed
From their lies and deceit

Brown Eyes

They heal the wounds inflicted by those
Who never saw me for who I am
The way those eyes can see

Brown Eyes

That shared their warmth
And broke down my defenses
Then turned away

Teary Eyes

They sting as I begin to rebuild
The walls I have constructed
With new material

Futility

by Alisha A. Abbott

I was not expecting company
When death came knocking at my door.
I was not prepared to greet him
Or what he had in store.
He said the time had come for me
To fly away and go.
Escape was not an option
No way to take it slow.
I would not go so easily
Or give up without a fight.
I glanced around for someone
But no help was found in sight.
For when time comes to battle death
You have to fight alone.
Using all the things you learned from life
In the time that you have grown.
I said he could not take me
I would not agree to go.
Holding on with all my might
Was at best a worthless show.
For death cannot be beaten
He wins at every turn.
The most important lesson
Is the one we die to learn.

Bird Government

by Jonathan Minton

Migrating birds connect every geography.
Their songs define our air. Their y-shaped prints

mark our ground with *yes* or *yew*
in unfinished librettos. We arrange them as books.

When others arrive with counterfeit tongues
and strange vowels in their beaks,

we classify them into the kingdoms of grain,
the kingdoms of macadam and hedges.

We then wonder at the hugeness of the world,
and its wounded places where we vanish

with the sparrows we took for our spirits.
They call to each other from unnamed trees,

before flying to older shores, with their pictures
in our fires, our embers in their eyes.

A Poem for Andy Kaufman

by Jonathan Minton

Call me Black Jack Hayes, the Bell Ringer, the Hand Clap Attacker, and master of the flying moonsault body press. Behind this tiger mask my equilibrium is perfect. When my critics say “look closer,” this will satisfy them. I can guarantee you one thing is certain, I’m pointing to the object hidden behind your back. You intend its purpose each time you bend or stand. You hold it to your mouth and then your ear. Have you any other use of it? Each day I suspect it and the pain it brings me. I know I’ve felt this pain in this arm.

*

Call me the Back Alley Bully, El Samurai, the Five Fingered Space Crusader. The pressure being applied is to the wrist and to the arm held against the back. My gaze may be inverted, but everything returns to the foundation of its action. Someday our characters may reveal themselves and confound us. But what reason do I have now, even when I cannot see, to doubt what I hold by the throat? When it calls itself unfortunate, I’ll name it the thief.

*

Call me the Ice Pick Kid, Mr. Sayonara, the Death Valley Bomber. What you’re about to see is the sunset flip, the belly to back brain buster, and reverse facelock. What you’re about to see is the real attack, with the thumb to the throat. You will see the wounded man when you withdraw or when you move closer, just as if you were looking at a large screen or brightly painted stage. You will never speak of this expression, but you will mimic it in private.

*

Call me the Kayfabe Heel, the Bitter Pill, the Kick and the Hiss in the back of your throat. You know the nature of my mistakes. You know what follows my every proposition. I am staging this as our last scene, as written in the book of scars and parables. It was true when I first gave it to you, and true when you took it instead as the book of mouths and eyes. You will never read it, but will keep it by your door, ready for the day when the hinges no longer work.

Caging Whim

by Ashley Gish

Try to explain these blackbirds
flying across the stage
Their songs transform into words
scrawled in an unknown age

The dilettante fills a page
And his work is picked apart
By the blackbird in the cage
With True knowledge of the art

Where does the black pen start
When the caged bird's filled with doubt?
Why do the adept fall apart
When blackbirds cease to call?

To Point the Gun

by Logan Carpenter

“Do it,” I hear him say, “Why hold back?” It’s surprising that I can hear him over the combination of rattling metal and the beating of my fleshy drum... then again, he is right in front of me. Just like always...

We stare at each other with near similar looks; mine of fear, his of malice. It’s always the same out of our collection of stand-offs. I’ve lost count somewhere in the collection, but he always remembers.

“Why do you hold back?” I hear him say once more. Why do I hold back when he is right there just as vulnerable as I? Do I fear what happens next? Or is it something more?

“Why,” I ask him as I tried to still my hand, “Why do you haunt me?” His vision narrows and his mouth annoyed... thoughts of anger. “Time and time again,” he said with bitter malice and foul anger, “This world steps all over you without remorse. Your radiance is all but bright compared to those of the world. Those who are brighter flaunt their very ‘gifts’ and purposely create the Hell around them! You are nothing to them, fucking NOTHING!!!”

“Kill me now,” he proposes once more, “and you will never have to face them again!” He’s right as always. I kill him now and the world will never bother me again...but as always...I relent as metal bounces before my feet.

He turns as he gives me a dark, promising look. A promise to return once more to torment again. They say killing is easy, but how does one kill the ultimate enemy...when the ultimate enemy is yourself...

Death Vision

by Logan Carpenter

Have you ever envisioned death?
To feel a soul's escape from the final breath?
From your heart ripped asunder?
Or mind plagued by dark thunder?
Does one see cowboys with a necktie?
Or try to join the angels and fly?
A cool blade or medicinal death?
An end from the final whispered breath?
Why should one continue to live?
When one has nothing to give?
Or if, perchance, everything lost?
Then life is but a simple toss.
Afterwards, does one become a tree?
Trapped or blessed? Never free?
And what of the apples?
Do emotions dabble?
Does hatred become sour?
Or salty sadness from the final hour?
Only those who feed know.
A rotten core one can easily throw.
What of the bonds severed?
To see you on your final bed?
Do they miss your family?
Do friends cry for thee?
For who or what?
A god or a mutt?
Should angels weep?
Or stop the tears they keep?
I sometimes see my breath.
For I have envisioned death.

That which made US great

by Kevin Morris

IS it possible to have a nation,
where the ultimate Dream is wealth beyond imagination,
and expect it not to be reached by whatever means?

The Dream which made us great,
has also bred greed.

The Dream which brought the flocks,
has turned us into wolves.

When the Dream is mountains of capital
is the capitalist greed a steep surprise?

When the rivers run green

the air is black

the people b-ro-ken

should this be a surprise?

For the most profitable way to create the capital mountain,

Is to eviscerate mountains,

and to use and abuse the people.

Disregard in all means and forms

is not only more profitable, but easier.

For when the authors who can change the script,

are instead slipped a manuscript,

in exchange for a throne,

it seems that we are all but alone.

A system built on money,

cannot,

bite the hand that fed it.

Untitled

by Meghan Luzader

My body is so complex
I feel I'm so dramatic and unpredictable at times
My mood changes so constantly
I feel like I have committed a crime.

Sometimes I am happy
Sometimes I am sad
Sometimes I have anxiety
And sometimes I am just mad

My family has me taking medicine
I'd rather be in therapy
This is making my head spin
This feeling is very unfamiliar

The medicine is not working
Why can't I be normal?
I feel really sleepy
Is this abnormal?

I Have to Deal

by Katrina Adkins

You did me wrong
Openly hurt me and then pointed back at me
But that was on you
Indifference and apathy is what is on me

My problems are not dealt with fresh
Shoved to the dark regions, hidden away
I push and push until finally
The tidal wave has had enough
The tsunami crashes over my life, leaving no survivors

Knocked off my feet—gasping for air
I've done it again, even though I knew better
Next time I will deal, next time
I know my problem but I don't know how to fix it

At the time it is so easy to just distract
So much easier to put on a false smile
Than it is to cry
Tears are weakness and emotions are useless

This world offers candy to wandering minds
I can say "I'm fine" and mean it
Because eventually I will be

Love-Barf

by Katrina Adkins

We all know love is a battlefield and all is fair in love and war
So shall I compare thee to a summer's day and have I told you lately
that I love you?

I love you all the way to the moon and back baby.
You take my breath away while butterflies dance in my stomach.

If you were a booger I'd pick you first and if I could rearrange the
alphabet I would put "U" next to "I."

I wish I could wake up next to you every day for the rest of my life.
There's only 1 thing 2 do, those 3 words 4 you - I love you.
Because we all know it is better to have loved and lost than to have
never loved at all.

Love makes the world go round and my world is spinning around you.
I dream about you, when I give my mind a moment's rest it always
turns to you.

People search their entire life for what I have right here and
When I can't find the words to say, all I can say is I love you.

Love hurts and love bites, but to see you smile makes it all worth it.
You've got me love sick, but you're my medication!
Let's be criminals, I'll steal your heart and you steal mine...
In the end, it's all a big pile of shit.

The Change

by Katrina Adkins

I started out with my roots dug in deep
My life's plan was concrete
Graduate and get married
And stay in a sleepy little hollow

Then the sledge hammer obliterated that concrete
My world was crushed
I stood shocked and stunned
Everything I knew was changed

Now I'm a bird. My roots have disintegrated
The future is now a deep unknown
Frightening, like breathing greatness for the first time
I'm going to conquer the world.

Drunk Girl

by Alicia Holliday

Let's get some shots
we've been pre-gaming since noon
It's kind of dark in here

That song's on!
I can't dance
but you had better believe
we're going to.

I can't find my purse
my shoes are on wrong
I can't stop laughing

Let's be best friends
What's your name, so I can add you?
"Drunk Girl"
We can act like we know each other online

Where did my phone go?
Come be on my team
Just flip the cup slowly

Your bra is hanging out
There's gum in my hair
Don't pee in the sink

I could do this all night
I'm not a lightweight at all
I just can't keep my eyes open

This walk got longer
So many hills are bigger now
If I stretch my legs I'm faster
This key is just so slippery

I grabbed us some water bottles
go ahead and take two Tylenol in advance

Long Time Ago (A Song)

by Wayne de Rosset

They fell together in late September, under a golden autumn sun
And their bond stayed strong through winter storms, in early spring
bloomed forth in love

In the fullness of midsummer, they made their vows and traveled on
Time's taken them so far away; it seems just like yesterday
Such a long time ago

And they held on to each other while so many other lovers
Burned themselves out under the moon
They got it right while so many got it wrong
Made a promise and their hearts stayed true
Long time ago, when love was so beautiful and love was so young
They danced through the years, shared the happiness and tears
Keeping what was diamond from a long time ago

Seasons change life's rearranged, one December four years later in May
Two little ones made by their love, joined them on the way
They grew in love together, the sun sang down the days
Time always moves them from the past; the memories will always last
Such a long time ago

And they held on to each other while so many other lovers
Burned themselves out under the moon
They got it right while so many got it wrong
Made a promise and their hearts stayed true
Long time ago, when love was so beautiful and love was so young
They danced through the years, shared the happiness and tears
Keeping what was diamond from a long time ago

They still remember long ago September, when they first sailed on love's sea
Though much has come and much has gone, the best is yet to be
The years keep rolling over, like gentle waves upon the shore
Time takes them on in to the west; they keep the trust that love is best
From such a long time ago

And they held on to each other while so many other lovers
Burned themselves out under the moon
They got it right while so many got it wrong
Made a promise and their hearts stayed true
Long time ago, when love was so beautiful and love was so young
They danced through the years, shared the happiness and tears
Keeping what was diamond from a long time ago

Growing Up

by Jacob Clevenger

When I was in the 3rd grade
I thought that I was bright.
'Cause I was advanced in reading
and I knew complex addition.
I ran home to mom
my report card lined with A's.
She said slow down son
you've got a long road ahead.
Now, I'm graduating college,
And my road is just beginning.

Untitled

by Jacob Clevenger

Gravity,
Stay the hell away from me
My life is just beginning
You can't bring me down.

I don't have time for your shit
This is the real world,
and I am ready
to make my goals my realities.

Gravity,
This is no joke.
You can't do this to me.
I am far too strong.

I will not take it!
You can just fuck off.
I'm on my own now.
Sincerely, Jake

Bipolar Poem

by Jacob Clevenger

They say money doesn't buy happiness.
Who are they kidding?
I'm happier now than I have ever been.
It will stay like this forever; things will never change.
This money has only brought trouble.
I have no true friends.
I'm surrounded by vultures.
They know I'll be gone soon.
The vultures soar high,
but I'm above their jeers.
Looking down on those around me
From a billowing mountain of happiness.
But my mountain is shaking.
It's unstable and so am I.
A pending explosion of
unstable emotions.

Why me

by Darren Elliott, Jr.

I was born in the rain by the river
Swimming in the sea of life
I am an intelligent individual
Having problems with the situation I'm in
Talented and charismatic

Have faith
For the most part
Laughing at the table
I had a cup of happiness
Took out a knife
I died after it was shoved in my body
My sluggish corpse is permanent
My little head floats like a fat lady in the pool
Started to sink like an anchor

Slowly, like a mouse in the night
Across the sun like the sunset on my mind
The key locks me
Like a prisoner in chains
Time to relax
And see if days like this
Make me a doorman

Ruminating

by Megan-Lynnette Rollins

At last to stop and wonder a storm
of coupled lovers, baggage-bond beyond
the light, under depths of sea
and angled bent—heart engulfed
and cursed, forget, forget—expectation
of tomorrow lost with the wind, prone
to dust and worms, again—partial
to apples and homegrown sin; hurricane
swirls with cinnamon lies, kisses agape
the tongue of good-byes and gently
walking away for perspectives sake; at last,
at last, a cavern free of snakes: overcast
eyes lost in thought and thunder:
goddamning emotion, to fucking and slumber

Thought and Thunder

by Megan-Lynette Rollins

I find men annoying. I would
be much happier with a decent refrigerator,
stocked and sparkling (NO vampires
for me, no STDs, no thank you).
I like long, romantic walks to the kitchen
where I practice swallowing knives.
I like rain. Men hang around like clouds
looking to part hills to find sunshine;
you have to spelunk for mine. Please,
“Forgive me for what I said when I was
hungry.” I am not a slut. I
am a ravenous deceptive sultry demonic
seductive devouring deciduous girl.
Definitely deciduous. Women are
deciduous creatures. Men don’t really
change; they just grunt. Leave me alone.
All I need is caffeine and Sylvia and silence—
like wash rinse and repeat. Stream of pure,
thunderous consciousness, screaming. I say
it sounds like introspection feels like rumination
smells like despair tastes like latex and looks
like Jim Jones in a Kool-Aid selling competition
with undiscerning neighborhood kids. I
am under glass for examination, playing dead.
Experimental essay: mental status evaluation.
When it’s firm, let me know; tell me to wake up
and pay attention.

Untitled

by Eric Plummer

You manage to do things just to piss me off.
Are you here just to drive me insane?

The smoke from a cigarette is no longer soothing.
It burns my lungs and fills the body with disease.

Sometimes I can't stand to look at your face.
Take a ride to clear my mind.

High speeds always make you feel alive.
Why doesn't the three-legged dog understand?

You know that you can't run 70 miles per hour.
Impossible but you still try your hardest.

Jelly doughnuts piss me off every time.
Expecting to receive the blissful raspberry filling.

Your mouth fills with some unknown nasty shit.
Alcohol seems to dull the feelings some.

This parked car may be looking at me funny.
Losing the fight I walk away with my dignity.

Midgets amuse me to the fullest.
Why are they so short and angry most of the time?

I wish that I was taller so I could see past your bullshit.
The eyes should have clued me in to your intent.

The Holiday Weekend

by Bob Henry Baber

. . .the holiday weekend is over
and the 747 roar of destruction
is heavy upon the land. . .

How can so few
raise so much hell?

Even Great Grandpa Bill, 93 years old,
who once strip-mined himself
and justified
cannot now justify,
“The scale, the sheer scale of it,
O Lord.”

No, these are not the Tonka toys of your youth.

No more the finger nail clips of yesteryear—
mere poesy rings around the mountains
in comparison to this ‘New Improved’ stripping.

Now its Mountain Top Removal,
No, that’s incorrect, Mountain Range removal.

Their mantra is: they will reclaim.
It’s a bald faced lie.
Don’t believe it.
They will not reclaim.
Hydro-seeding grass on rubble
does not a hardwood forest replace.

The morning mist of Blue Knob lifts.
The nightmare is real—
there is no waking up
to a quiet dawn. . .

at least this day. . .this year. . . this decade. . .

The Samoan Hipster

(After Shel Silverstein)

by Megan Prater

I'm being followed by a Samoan hipster,
a Samoan hipster, a Samoan hipster!

I'm being followed by a Samoan hipster
and I don't like hipsters one bit.

Oh no, he is playing an oboe.

Oh gee, he's snapping his fingers at me.

Oh riddle, he's big around the middle.

Oh what a pest, he's listening to dubstep.

Oh heck, he's borrowed my tech.

Oh dread, he followed my - (TWEET)

Untitled

by Megan Prater

22 years old, yet still not fully healed
The pain and sorrow has been my only yield.
Though life was not the best to me,
It's still a large part of my history.
The beatings and abuse of which I faced,
Taught me how I needed to fight for my place.
No more would I let myself be kicked around,
I would eventually fight my way to higher ground.
My life changed for the better on that day,
I set out on my own and began my own play,
The characters and plot were under my control,
No longer did I have to listen to that beast that is your soul.
I am my own person again,
Free from those pressures that held me in.
My slate is blank and ready to be inscribed,
I'm ready to build up this thing they call pride.

Little Sister

by Cody Carinfex

Long, dark, lavish curls obscure a picturesque face.
A face flushed red from heat and play in the summer sun.
A daughter, a sister.
When you are as old as I, you feel as if they were almost the same,
Yet words can't describe how I feel towards this little girl.
Un-ending, un-changing, un-conditional love,
Is how I feel about this six year old girl.
When I am away I miss her cute little face;
And when I am with her I'm astounded and annoyed by her energy.
Like the Energizer bunny she never takes a break.
From tag to hide and seek she continues on with her games.
Never able to play alone she begs and pleas for me to join in.
And I do because of that love.
When she excels I beam with pride,
And when she fails to ride her bike without training wheels
I watch to see what she does.
Will she try again or will she give up?
I hope for the first option and I'm pleased when she gets it this time.
I wonder what the world has in store for her as I watch her go.
I pray she fulfills her dreams whatever they may be.
And I swear to myself that I will do whatever I can for her to be happy.

For My Brother

by Luke Moore

Leatherneck devil dog the
few and the proud He
lay lonely in his Parris Island
bunk not makin' a sound. It's
the day before grad he's ready
to be home to see tiny bubby
and his good ole buddy Golme. After
leave it's to NC for combat
training but hell it's not boot
so I ain't complaining. He can
now wear his camis desert
green except now has the title
of U.S. Marine. Now done with
NC off to CA where it's
0010 of the night blistering hot
by day. 29 Palms for his MOS
one of the few and proud best
of the best. No matter what
path in life he will choose the
title of Marine he won't
ever lose. Marine for life
til the day I die a simple
phrase use Semper Fi.
That's my brother proud
sure am. He's one of the
few that belongs to Uncle
Sam. He belongs to his God,
country, and corps. He will
go when needed shore to
shore. Though I always hate
saying good bye to daddy always
Semper Fi do or fucking die
As we grow older go on our
own way I will never forget that
one March day. That day at
MEPS he got in the van
the day he went to Boot
the day he became a man.

Sounds

by Catherine Nottingham

As the cat food tumbles from its papery sack,
a cow screams from a bullet to the head
The loss of a life to indulge another's gluttony
What a cruel world we live in

A negligent sink ejects H₂O bombs of destruction,
carpet mites are at war with the cleansing of holy water
Their cries of mercy go unnoticed, for I am not a mite translator
What's the use of knowing Spanish?

A cardinal sings to his spellbound lover,
she responds with joy only to be abruptly silenced
An emotionless car grill severs the bond of two lovers
Speed limits do have a purpose

The Kit-cat clock's eyes wonder with curiosity,
a woman waits for the arrival of her newly found suitor
Hours turn into days as she accepts the fate of becoming a spinster
Online dating is a joke

The marching band strikes drums in celebration,
the music invokes the crowd in a dancing frenzy
Leaving a man trampled from the aftermath of carelessness
Happy Feet

As the foam erupts from a freshly open beer can,
the breaking of the seal releases pleasure and suffering
Disease gorges its fill on a remorseful liver
Alcoholism can be fatal

All sounds have a story to tell
But not all have a happy ending

The Creeper

by Catherine Nottingham

Does he see me staring with an alluring eye?
Like a bird examining an innocent worm.
Gazing at your beauty for a very long term,
I'm caught in his web like a foolish fly.

You have a boyish face with one faultless dimple,
A cowlick in your hair like Moses parting the Red Sea.
Eyes of sapphires that confine me your detainee,
I'm your obedient slave my body's your temple.

Don't try to divert me I'm the sugar in your tea
I'm as cunning as the joker and extremely mysterious,
With a smile on my face you may ask, "Why so serious?"
Our futures are intertwined wouldn't you agree?

The way you walk so proudly, it captivates my soul,
I watch you play childishly with your immaculate hair
Your smell is so magical it radiates the air
You drive me insane and I've lost all self-control.

I stare out of love letting my mind run astray
May we skip through the meadow like a Hollywood scene?
We'll be like Edward and Bella with no Jacob to intervene.
Our eyes have finally met so I must now look away.

If

by English 412, Fall 2013

If my name were Johnny George, I would drive NASCAR.
If I were a chair, I would take the advice grandma gave me.

If the president were here, I would go to Antarctica.
If I were the president, I would write my name in the snow.

If I were a cat, I would hunt you down and gut you.
If I were a bird, then no one could stop me.

If I were a boy, I would stand on my head and gargle peanut butter.
If I were a better man, I would want you to hold it.

If mermaids were real, they would probably be evil.
If rabbits ruled then world, I would push you off a building.

If you gave me your my hand, I would be your Lois Lane.
If my name were Clark Kent, I would get lots of ass.

If I stop talking, I might be Batman.
If I were a drug dealer, I wouldn't do crap.

If I said I love you, I would spend today smiling.
If I never met you, I would still be ok.

If you were here right now, I would not pass go and collect 200 dollars.
If I died tomorrow, I could fit in places that others don't.

If I were lost in the desert, I would totally rock that kilt.
If knew it would end like this, I would never have taken the coupon.

The End is Near

by Liza Brenner



Untitled

by Monica Bush



Untitled

by Monica Bush



Ford Convertible

by Ashley Smallwood



Beetle

by Ashley Smallwood



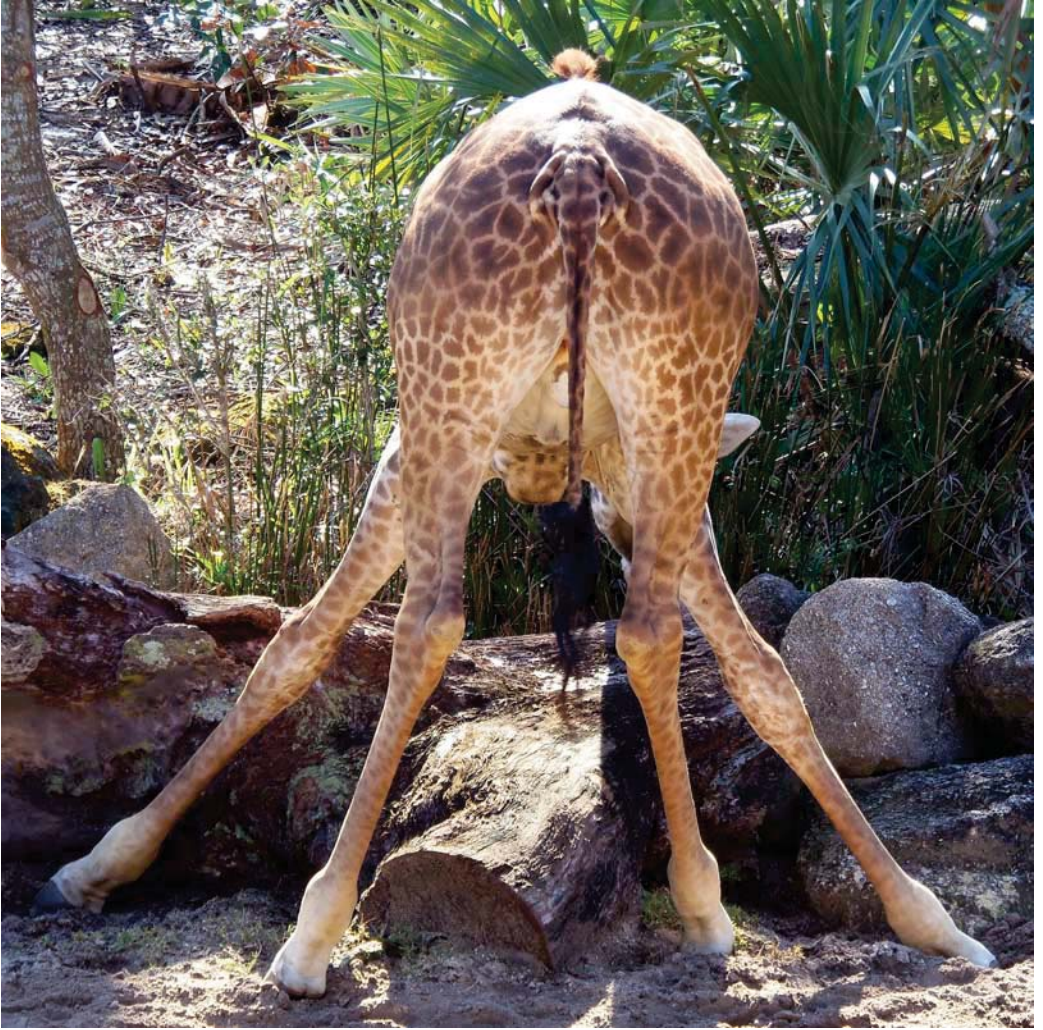
It Starts With One Little Leaf

by Ashley Smallwood



Herbivorous Geometry

by Melissa Gish



Perfect Faith

by Melissa Gish



Book of Nightmares

by Melissa Gish



Moby Dick

by Megan-Lynnette Rollins



Cow

by Shaley Murray



The Bee-Eater

by Ashley Gish



Dart

by Ed Frame



Forgotten

by Ed Frame



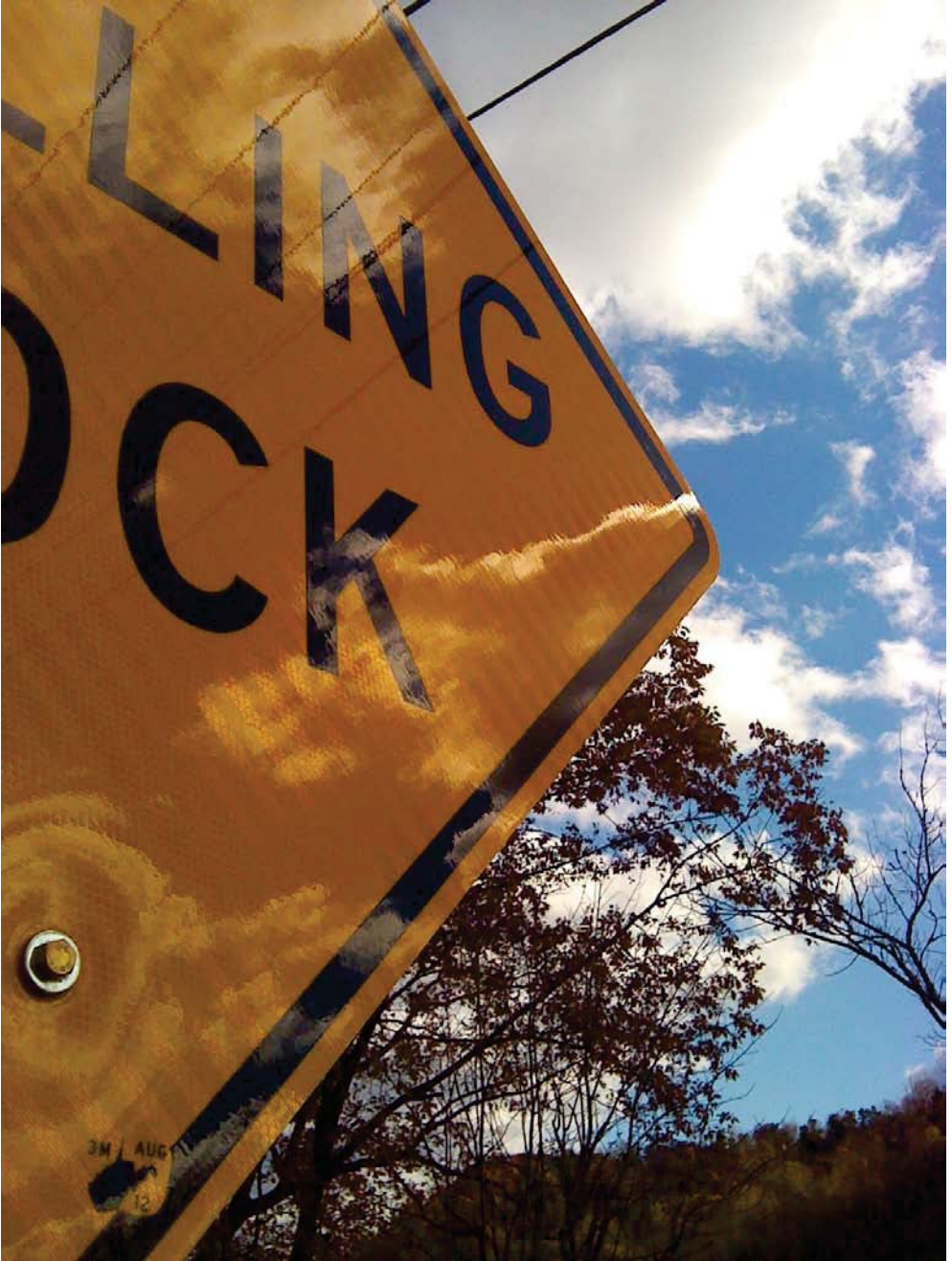
Ruins

by Ed Frame



Falling Rock

by Heather Coleman



Clock Tower

by Heather Coleman



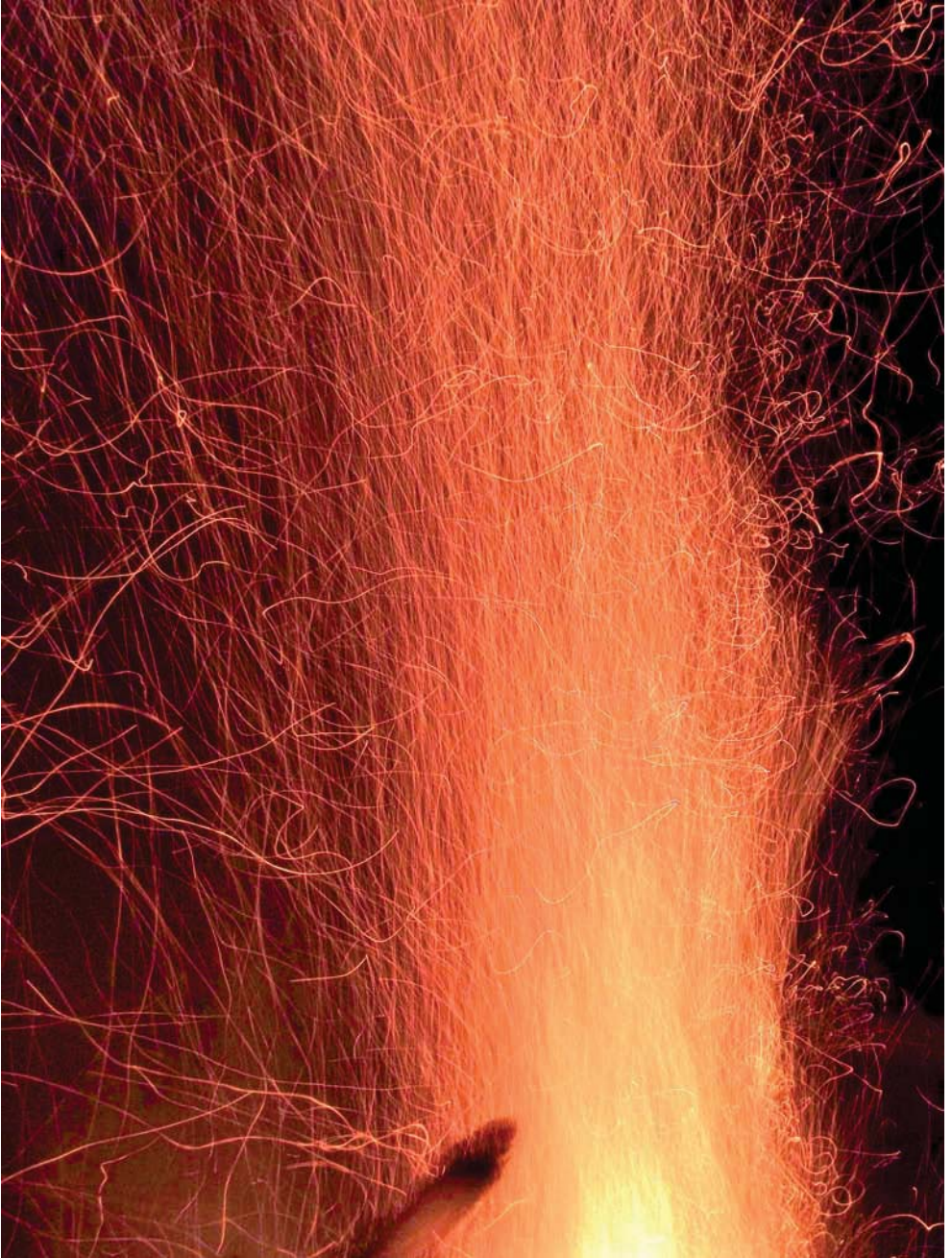
Trillium Spp.

by Darrin Martin



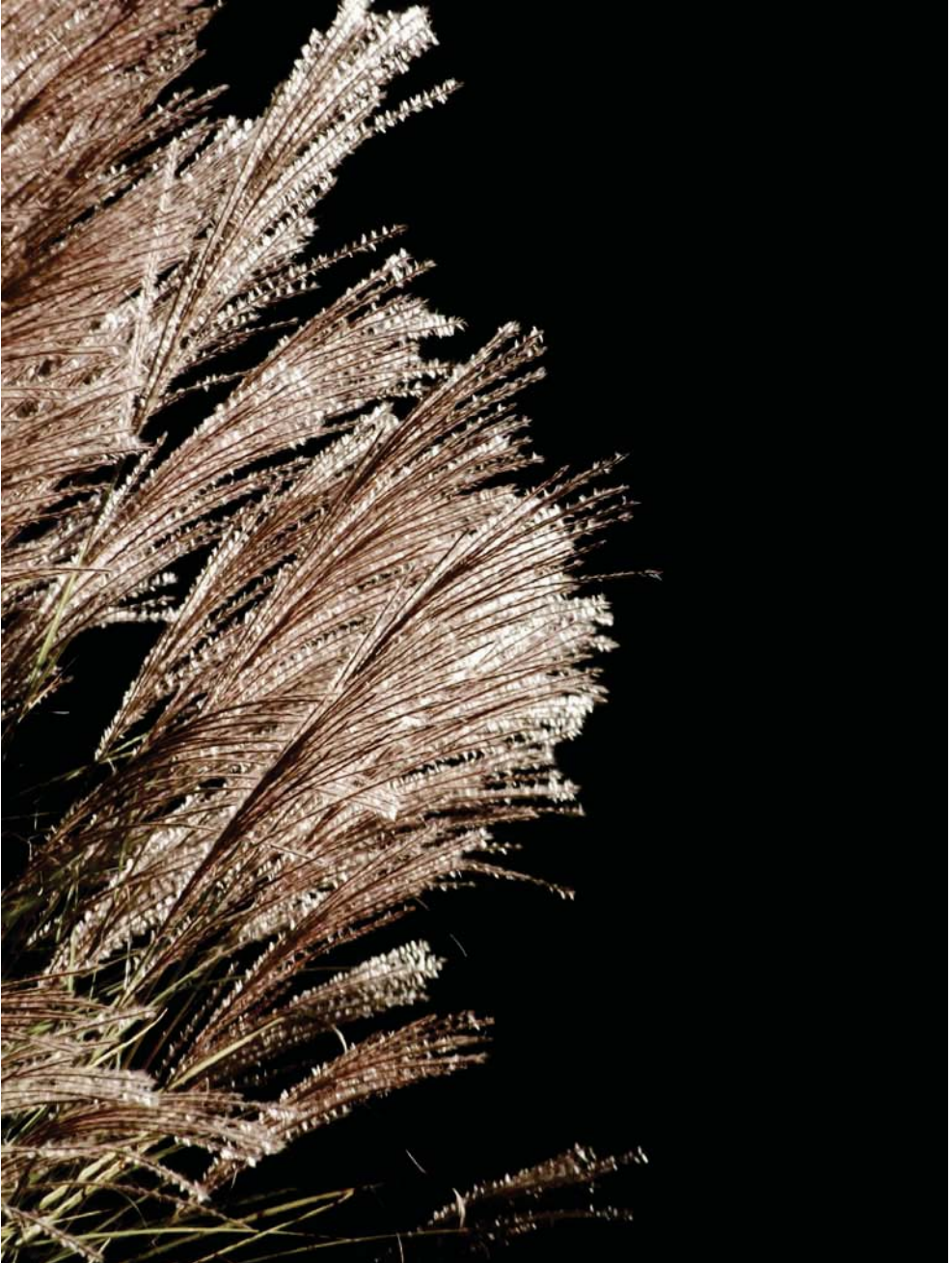
Chaos

by Darrin Martin



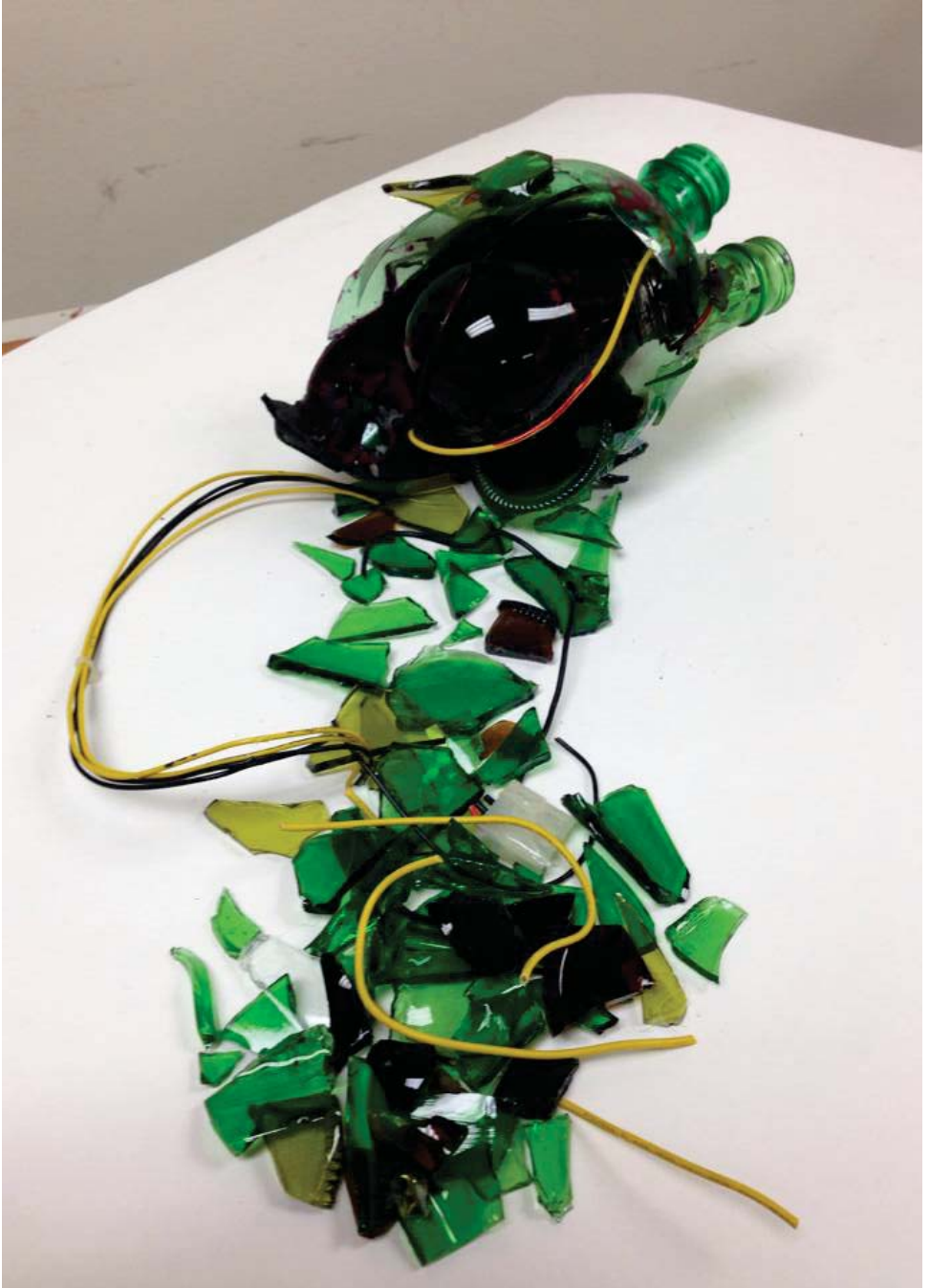
Contrast

by Darrin Martin



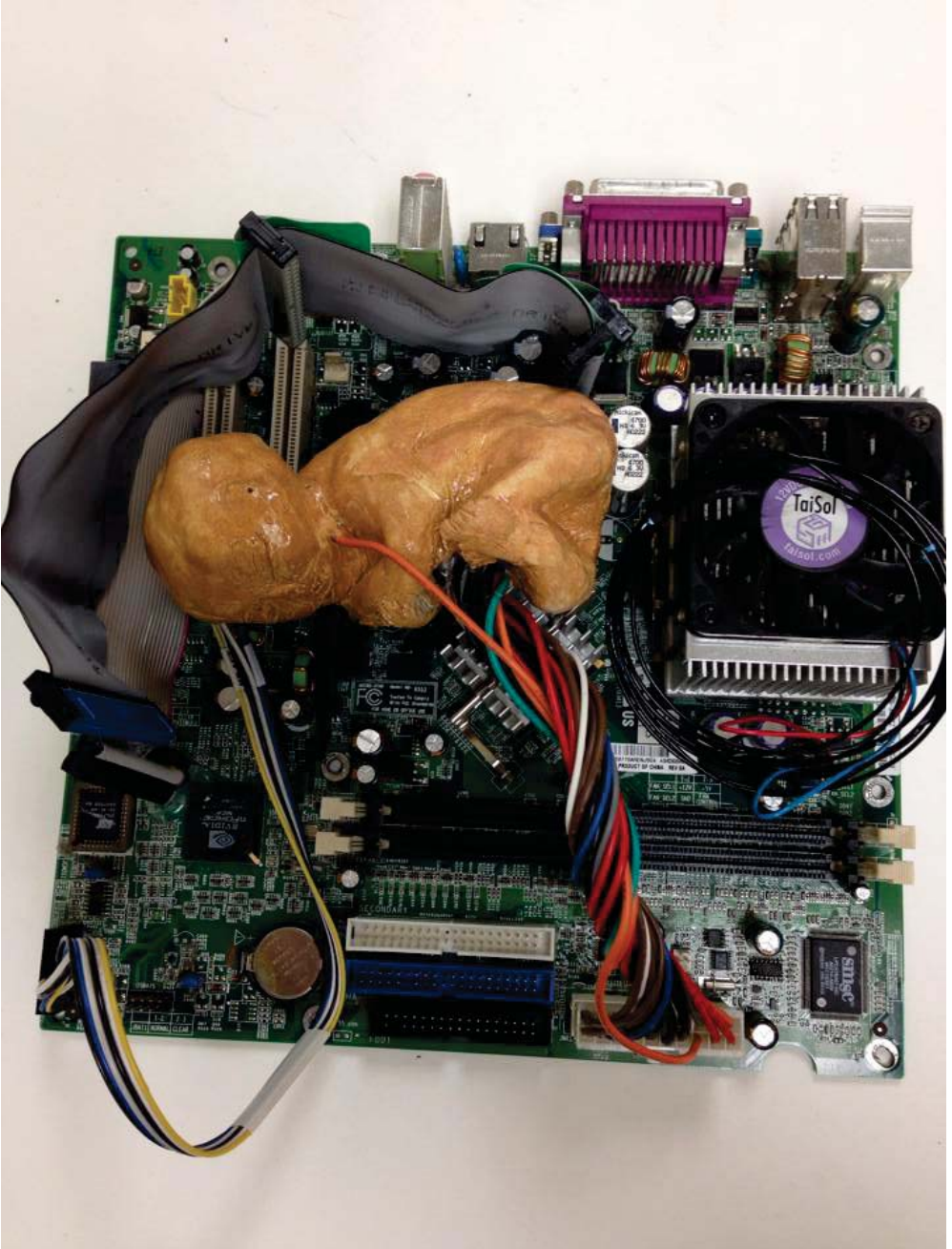
Heart of Glass

by Sarah Normant



Motherboard

by Sarah Normant



Normant Motors

by Sarah Normant



El Yunque, Puerto Rico

by Athena Morris



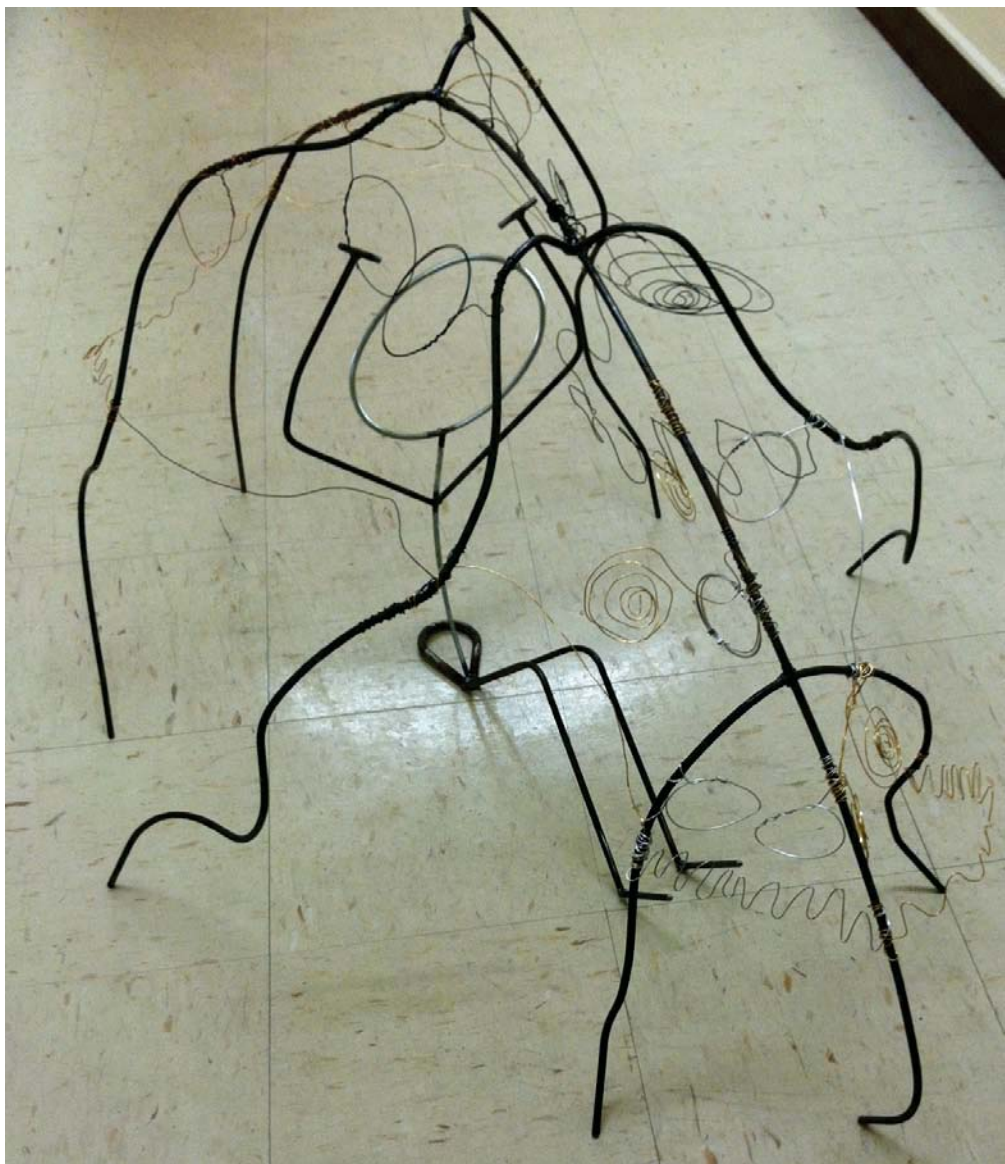
Birds, Rainbow and Ocean

by Athena Morris



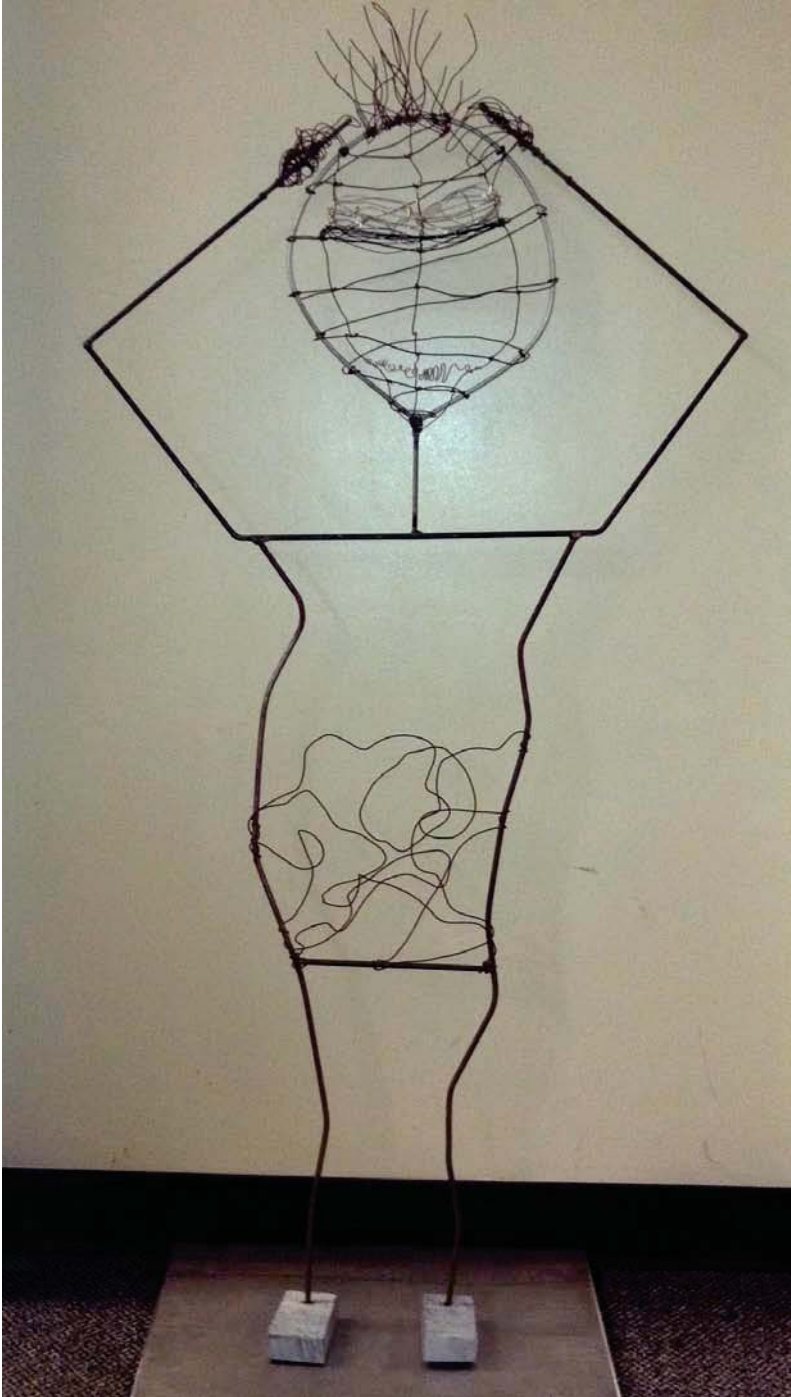
Untitled

by Zeke Bonnet



Untitled

by Zeke Bonnet

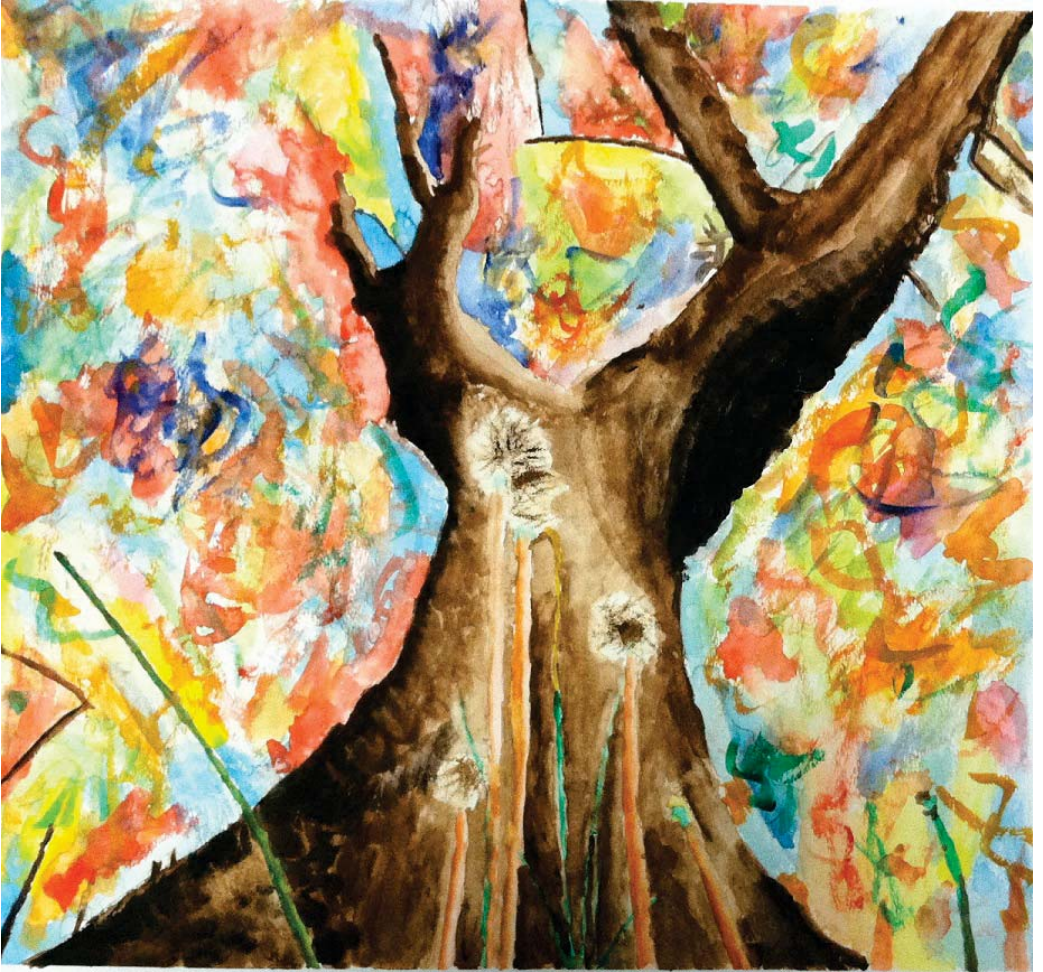


FIFTY-NINE

• trillium

Untitled

by Zeke Bonnet



The Goat

by JC Sherman

“This pathetic little goat,” Francine says at dinner, “a beautiful black thing, all tied up, of course, lying on his side, looking up at me, the whites of his eyes showing, terrified.”

It’s not the strangest comment she’s made over dinner. If I’m honest, it probably isn’t even the strangest comment she’s made this evening. But Francine’s little comments are a lot like those little spicy empanadas that you didn’t expect to see on the menu, and before you know it you’ve indulged in slightly more than your bleeding stomach ulcer is comfortable with so it spends the rest of the night reminding you.

“Fran,” I say, knowing full well she despises it, “there are no living goats in this room that I can discern. Granted, I haven’t studied every ladies’ handbag but I can’t figure at how you would be able to see into one from there anyway. So can you—” and here I had to stop, because our waiter had come by to ask if everything was alright. Of course it’s not, I don’t tell him, because a man undisciplined in the methodology of spending an evening with Francine will only become a danger to himself and others shortly into his trial. Instead I assure him the goat is excellent, but neither of us ordered any, but he doesn’t even notice and I make a mental note to tip him a little less.

Francine, for her part, has reinvested herself in her \$45 dollar salad, because she really must start watching her figure, and after all they don’t make high fashion in anything larger than an 8, and after all she’s been meaning to wear designer labels her whole life. None of these little notions is never really after all though, because there’s always another one after that, and I’ve been of the opinion for a while now that she’ll have mastered speaking past death before her time comes, and so I’ll probably have to bribe the mortician to sew her lips shut so that her mourners can have a moment’s peace before she gets an eternity’s worth. Though I think I speak that last part aloud because she chokes a little bit, sets down what I’m sure isn’t a salad fork, and stares at me with deep luminous eyes that are trying to convince me they’re not brown.

“I only meant that this black truffle was the greatest of all time,” she says, as if that should be considered a proper and reasonable response to my prior

inquiry. Of course I have a multitude of questions I'm smarter than to ask, but my sweet disarms me immediately by continuing: "I'm doing poetic status updates this month."

I've asked how she could be updating her status over dinner without touching her phone before I could steer the conversation back to the much sunnier and less frustrating topic of her inevitable death. "Why Randolph," she answers, and I am almost certain she's not aware that my middle name is Randolph, and as such, am willing to answer as such, "With my Google Glass."

Francine does not own a Google Glass. Nor does she own glasses, nor goggles, nor monocles, because any of these have been known to give her chronic headaches despite her failing vision. I recall a doctor told me that it was the contacts that were causing the problem, or rather her eyes, because they are altogether unsuited for the wearing of contacts, and why does she insist on wearing them anyway. "Because otherwise they would be brown," was all the answer I had to give him.

That was more or less my 33rd dinner with Francine. It was in no way altogether different from our 32nd dinner and I should think our next will follow our established routine.

The irony of that routine bothers me if I think about it too much, which I do most every night I haven't worked myself into an unsatisfying coma. It's just that Francine doesn't "do" routines. I've known that as long as I've known her because it was the first sentence she ever said to me.

I had just noticed a slight figure skipping away from our tour group, swinging her headphones in erratic circles before dumping the little recorder in a recycling bin (designated for glass bottles only). Normally I would have considered myself far too 24 to give a shit about someone skipping out on a class tour of the MoMA, but her ass was entirely too 22 for me to ignore.

I'd just caught up to her and was a little more than halfway through deciding on the introduction that would strike the perfect balance of cool and detached when she turned around and blinked three times with more determination than I'd ever ascribed to blinking. Stopped me right in my tracks.

“I don’t ‘do’ routines,” she declared, as if that was all the justification she needed. And that moment of desperately asserted determination coupled with the palpable aura of not giving a fuck she’d been giving off just prior brought forth a feeling that 24 year olds are experts at thinking they’re experiencing. Luckily I was pretty cool under pressure.

“Good thing I’m not a routine,” I fired back. I can say with confidence that I gave that comeback less than no thought because, and you must understand this, at that moment in time I wanted very badly to sleep with this girl. Furthermore, that brand of wit has led to less copulation in the course of human history than confirmed diagnoses of STIs. So in the span of a few seconds I had both become convinced that I was experiencing true love (again, as 24 year olds are wont to do) and that I had utterly destroyed it.

“Then you’re taking me to lunch. Someplace with vegan entrees but good ice cream preferred.”

Stage Fright

by Luna Acree

I stood in the wing watching the act before mine. A bunch of little kids, just a fluff piece really, to make them feel like they were participating and contributing. Cute but not much else, they hadn't been here long enough for it to be anything else. Their music ended, the curtain closed, and the girls filed off stage. I took a deep breath. I was next.

I'd never in my life had stage fright before. In all the years I'd danced on this stage I'd never once doubted myself, my movements, my abilities, or the abilities of the women I've danced with. I'd never worried about the crowd's reaction or the music skipping or the moderator misreading. I'd never considered I would forget the steps or stumble or fall. I'd always had confidence. But this was nothing like the pieces from years prior.

This was my senior solo. This was my choreography. This was a year's work, my work which no one had ever seen. It had to be perfect. I had to be perfect. The music, the moderator, everything, it all had to be perfect. I couldn't breathe. My extremities were shaking so badly I wasn't sure how I was going to move them. My head felt light and my heart felt heavy and I was 100% sure I was going to throw up.

Then, the moderator began to read my dedication and all of that was gone, replaced by a sinking feeling in my stomach and tears in my eyes as I realized this was my last dance, my last recital. The last time I would perform on this stage, maybe the last time I would perform ever. I would say goodbye to all my friends and the mother who had taught me all these years. I would lose my feet and my home—the ballet shoes I'd worn every day for half a decade, which had taken 3 months to break in after my first pair would stretch no farther, the dance studio in which I'd spent innumerable hours practicing, dancing, living, breathing. All of it gone. My entire life up until now just preparation for that singular moment when the curtain would open and the music would start and it would be over.

But suddenly, everything stopped. The moderator finished reading my prepared introduction. A stage hand looked to me and I nodded. The curtain parted and after a moment the music started and I walked on stage. The

wooden floor was comfortingly, familiarly warm against the bottoms of my bare feet; the burning lights blinded me to anything beyond the edge of the stage and for the first time, I was alone in the world. There was nothing but the music and my feet and I danced exactly like I had practiced a thousand times before but better. The staging was seamless, my choreography expertly executed, the timing exquisite. In short, it was perfect.

Then the music stopped and the curtain closed, but what should have been the end of my life wasn't. My heart kept beating, pounding against my ribcage, I kept breathing, almost choking trying to get enough oxygen, the applause roared against the pounding in my head, and my teacher whispered in my ear, "That was the best you've ever done," as I walked offstage.

I smiled at her and said, "It was!" But on the inside a small voice whispered, "*What now?*" over and over and over again as the last few pieces were performed, as my instructor hugged me and every other senior who was leaving her, as I danced through the recital finale, as the seniors cried and hugged each other, as we told all our younger friends how we'd miss them. "*What now?*" And for the first time in my life, I didn't have an answer.

Spaghetti Fridays in Heaven

(In Loving Memory of Thelma Eloise Abbott)

by Alisha Abbott

That night was no different than any other; crickets were chirping, the stars were out, and the moon was shining bright. On any other night the beauty alone would have been enough to inspire the best poetry. The world was in perfect order. There was no meteor headed toward the planet on an apocalyptic quest. The only world coming to an end was my own.

This was it; our time together had finally come to an end. As I sat there holding my grandmother's cold, frail hand, I drifted back to the day I was informed of my own personal apocalypse. *"Cancer," she said. With one word all hope was stolen from our lives. She had beaten the dreadful disease twice, but the doctors determined to stamp her with an expiration date, kept tossing around words like "incurable," "inoperable," and "prolonging the inevitable."* We all knew this day would come, but I was not ready; you can never be ready for your world to end.

Hospice told us not to hold her hand. "It makes it harder for her to leave you behind," they informed us. I had made my promises though, and to the end I wouldn't let go. *We were sitting in the living room crocheting; her hands moving at a rapid pace that attest to her seventy-eight years of craftsmanship. The topic of death crept in to the conversation, as it did so often in those days. She told me she didn't want to be alone when it was time for her to die, but she didn't want anyone to see her in that condition. I made my promises to her that I would never leave, and that was the end of it.* Promises made to the woman I loved superseded the guessing game the nurses were playing.

There was a quiet gasping sound emanating from her lungs. Each breath was a constant reminder of the villain that was attacking her body. *Reminders...* *She kept trying to give me things to remember her by. Each one a painful representation of a memory I couldn't return to. A leather thimble she had given me when I sewed my first quilt, a ring my father had given her when he was eleven years old, and a porcelain fairy doll whose matching twin had been given to me as a Christmas present when I was a small girl, when the world was still a beautiful and magical place to live in...while these are things I cherish now I informed her they could never take her place.*

Even with only two years of nursing school I recognized the signs of death creeping over her familiar features. I took her blood oxygen saturation and her pulse. Her oxygen had dropped dangerously low and death would soon be on us. I prayed to God to give me strength and to let her find peace. Slowly the words began to emanate from a place within me I never knew existed. I sang every song of inspiration I had ever heard. *“Please sing to me,” she said, “You don’t sing enough and I’ll be the least judgmental listener you will ever find.” I had refused then. Being extremely self-conscious about my own abilities I denied her something so simple, something she wanted.*

The minutes passed like hours and for what seemed an eternity the only sounds to be heard were her labored breathing and my song, intermingled in a heavenly nightmare that still haunts my every waking moment. The melody, my own personal lullaby, lulled me into a dream from which I couldn’t wake up. Everything progressed faster. Time was running out and there was nothing I could do to slow it down or rewind it. She had been unconscious for days and the harsh contrast of the bright and happy woman to the shadow of my grandmother laid in the hospital bed was startling. Our last conversation came flooding back with the tears. *“I want you to promise me something. I don’t want you going around being sad all the time.” This was what she wanted me to promise? She wanted this one thing that I couldn’t give her. I promised knowing fully that this would be the most difficult one I’d ever have to keep. After she had my assurances we began discussing heaven. In her drug addled state she informed me that she would go ahead and prepare our place, as I would be moving in with her when I get there, and that we would have spaghetti Fridays every week like we used to when I would come home from college. She told me to remember that and cling to it when she was no longer here with me. Tears flooded my eyes and I had to leave the room. I was already breaking my promise so recently given.*

The hours ticked by. Our favorite Food Network show was playing in the background. I curled into her side grasping her hand with all of the strength and love I could manage. We are never guaranteed the next moment in life, but hers slipped away so quickly. Each fleeting, labored breath emblazoned in my mind to star in future nightmares. I had never felt so hopeless. I could do nothing to ease the pain but sit, wait, comfort, and sing.

I had driven the four hour commute home from West Virginia University. She knew I was coming, so she had prepared our favorite meal, homemade spaghetti. We had made it together so many times neither of us needed a recipe. When I walked in the door she was taking her fine china with silver lining and blue roses out of the cabinet they were displayed in. I asked what she was doing surely she wouldn't want to use her dinnerware she had possessed for thirty years for us to have spaghetti, to which she replied, "There is no point in having pretty things if you sit them on a shelf and never use them." She taught me everything, how to sew, how to crochet, how to cook, but in that moment she taught me a life lesson that I would try to live by for the rest of my days.

A new sound came forth from her lungs. It was time. Keeping her throat clear I called out to the others in the house. Holding on to her dear life she slipped away silently into the night. One moment she was there vital, loving, holding on, and in the next she was gone from this world.

In a little while they would come to take her away. There would be no funeral, no memorial. She had donated her body to science. "I need to tell you something," she said, "I decided to donate my body to medical studies. There is so much cancer inside me that they could study. If me doing this would help find the cure for one of my grandbabies or even one of their grandbabies it would be worth it." She made her decision and I admired her for it, but in that moment all I could register was the fact that they were taking her away from me. I had spent so much time in those weeks holding on that I wasn't ready to let her go. I was left there alone and broken clinging only to the promise of spaghetti Fridays in heaven.

Waiting for Love

by Catherine Nottingham

It's 7:00 a.m. on a Saturday morning. The world is just beginning to awake from its night of slumber. A rooster puffs out his chest as he projects his call of the dawn's first appearance. Children are aggravating their parents to get out of bed and explore the day. Fog flees away from the warmth of the road as cars begin travelling through. Robins are searching the ground to find fresh worms to feed their crying babies. The dew on the grass is evaporating as the sun says hello. It's a start of a new day and life is just beginning. But for one man he refuses to let go of the past and accept the new.

A man sits by the roadside waiting for his lovers return. The decrepit bench he sits on does its best to hold his weight. Cars drive by him without even a glance of his notice. The man has no concerns with the world around him. He just stares off into the distance reminiscing in his past.

He's holding her hand as they lay side by side in the spring meadow. The dandelions and irises frame their body with a blanket of beauty. The sweet smell of honeysuckle lingers in the air as Mother Nature blows its fragrance through the wind. The sky looks like an ocean with clouds shaped like fish swimming through its glory. The man and woman are surrounded with a world of wonder but it is only a distraction. The true beauty lies within the stare between the lovers eyes. Love so infinite, that this world cannot compare to.

The man watches as a bus comes to a halt in front of him. Only strangers seem to come and visit the man. He sees only unfamiliar faces within the crowd as the door shuts behind them. The bus pulls away in a rush to return to its boring routine. The man remains seated on the bench wondering when his lover will appear. Around him sprinkles of God's tears soak his ordinary clothes. The man doesn't run to the safety of a warm shelter. He doesn't even flinch from the chill of rain running down his spine. His mind is not focusing on the world around him but of what he remembers. His mind continues to bring forth his memories of long ago.

It's pouring down the rain as two lovers dance like fools trying to catch a cold. The laughter from her voice is enough to touch the heart of an angel.

Her smile is more beautiful than the stars in the sky. She twirls around him like a giddy school girl. The man is so devoured in her every essence. The sky might be dark and gray with gloom but her presence is enough to brighten any day. The rain only washes away the materialistic things allowing natural beauty to unfold. Seeds begin to emerge producing the first look at life. Frogs croak in the effort to charm a wondering mate. Pot holes in the road begin to fill with the tears of God. Just like any young child the two begin jumping in the puddles with no cares in the world. The lovers look like wet dogs with wagging tales of happiness radiating from them. The rain continued to pour as they danced with joy.

A woman comes and sits beside the man on the decrepit bench. She glares in curiosity as the man makes no notice of her presence. The sun has emerged from its hiding and has told the rain to come back another day. The rainbow in the sky shows as a sign from God that he will never flood the earth again. Trees spread their leaves to show the pleasure from the drink of water. The beauty of the day is still at hand. The woman finally gathers up enough courage to address the man. He looks like a man with something on his mind

“Sir, are you waiting for the bus?” she asks but is given no reply. “I’m trying to get myself back home to New Hampshire. I believe the next bus arrives in 20 minutes. Well, I hope at least,” she laughs at her corny joke. The man doesn’t respond or even look in her direction. He continues to stare off living a life in his memories.

“Are you waiting for someone?” the woman starts becoming disheartened by the man’s lack of response. The man slowly turns his head to look into the eyes of his companion. The woman’s heart begins to race with uncertainty of what is about to occur.

“I am waiting for my lover to come home. She has been gone for a very long time,” he said with sadness in his voice. “Where has she been if you don’t mind my asking?” curiosity begins to take hold of her. The man turns his head and continues to stare off into the distance as gears begin tinkering in his mind. The man proceeds to explain the story of his lover.

“She was the most beautiful woman you would ever see. Her name was Rose, like the most cherished of flowers. I first saw her at this very spot as she

walked off the steps of a bus. Instantly our eyes met and I knew she was the one. Her eyes were like sapphires ready to dazzle the hearts of anyone she looked at. Her hair looked like the most precious strands of gold that only a King would acquire. Her voice would bring happiness to the bitterest souls.” The man paused with a smirk on his face.

Looking back at the woman he could see the longing in her eyes to know more. The woman had a look of joy in her face. However, the man knew the ending to his lover’s story. But the happiness in the woman’s face gave the man comfort in his soul.

“Five years ago she died from pneumonia after spending a day with me in the rain. She was stubborn like a bitty and refused to go to the doctor. It was in my arms she took her last breath of life. From that day on I’ve waited here hoping she’d walk back off that bus again.” The woman’s face instantly changed expressions. The pain she felt for the man began to spread through her body. She looked away to gain her composure as silence came between the two individuals. Then she turned to the man with a look of enlightenment in her eyes.

“I’m sorry about your lover and I can’t express how much I feel for you.” The woman takes a deep breath. “We both know your lover is never going to return. But maybe my company could substitute for today.”

The man turns to the woman with a dumbfounded look on his face. For once he had forgotten about his past and began to focus on the present. He finally could see the world around him for what it truly was. The man smiled with relief and says to the woman, “What a beautiful day.”

As Fine as Frog's Hair

by David Finley

“Morning Dad, how’s it goin’?”

“Fine as frog’s hair, Dave, fine as frog’s hair,” he responds.

“Can’t see frog’s hair Dad so that must be pretty fine,” I say. Looks like it might be a good day. My father, now 72, has never forgotten my name, even as he deteriorates from the crippling effects of Parkinson’s and Alzheimer’s disease. These afflictions have robbed him of much of his mobility and the ability to speak clearly, with a body slowly wasting away around him.

My dad, the forth of six surviving children, was born deep in the forested hills of southern West Virginia into a large, poor Appalachian family in 1941. His father left them when he was very young, leaving his mother and the older siblings to care for the younger children. From this dad developed a tight knit bond with his family and sense of independence and pride of taking care of his own. Even though he never graduated high school, my father was one of the smartest people I have ever known. He devoured books of any type, and was a repository of knowledge, both arcane and applicable to situations I found myself in.

“Have a seat Pop, and let me get you something to eat.” He shuffles across the floor on legs seemingly too weak to carry his weight, taking a full fifteen minutes to cross the chasm from the bathroom to the kitchen table. He works his way into his chair, a struggle for him that many take for granted every day, and asks for a cigarette and some coffee. He gazes out the window watching the world come to life outside, slowly sipping his coffee with trembling hands.

I watch as the rising sun glances off the table reflecting onto his worn face, etching previous laugh lines into canyons of frustration. His eyes are bright fire green today, alive. On other days they are not as bright, often clouded with confusion and uncertainty, but not today. Today is going to be a good day.

He works his way through breakfast, not noticing food as it slips off his spoon onto his lap. Chewing with considerable thought, he pauses and stops,

lowering his spoon down to rest in the bowl of half eaten oats. “Denny still over the hill?” he asks pointing in the wrong direction.

“Denny’s house was that way dad, but he died a few years ago.”

He bursts into tears that unashamedly run down his cheeks, while still gazing out the window.

“He was a good man Dave,” he says. “I know Dad, I liked Denny too.” There were times when I used to lie or divert the subject when he would ask me such questions, because I knew what his reaction would be, but I have come to realize that I am being selfish by depriving my father of his memories and emotions, for my own selfish need of not wanting to watch him grieve repeatedly.

We drink more coffee, watching the brilliant reds and electric greens of the hummingbirds dancing with the butterflies as they carouse their way from flower to flower, drinking their breakfast. The tears have stopped now.

“Hey Dad what do you think, time for a bath?” I ask. It is the weekend and the nurse is off. He looks over impishly; I know he doesn’t want to do it.

“After this cigarette, Dave, Ok?” he asks.

“Sure Pop, that’s fine.” I’m not going to fight him over when he takes his bath, only that it must be done. He takes slow drags off of his cigarette, with the small clouds of smoke lazily drifting upwards toward the sky lights he had installed so many years ago. These clouds soon merge with the blue sky and its’ own faint wisps of clouds that go sailing overhead. NPR switches from the morning news broadcast and the first strains of an unknown classical piece begin to play. It’s time to make my move. “Let’s go Dad.”

He pauses to consider an argument, but I intercede. “The bath water is run and it’s going to get cold.” He gives in grudgingly as I help him to the bathroom across the cold slippery tile, where he comes to a rest seated on a wooden, hand woven stool. He has trouble getting his sweats off due to forgetting to remove the other shoe.

“Here Dad, let me help.” I offer. I remove the offending shoe, and then help

him remove clothes that have become soiled with the oats and ashes from breakfast. Naked, shaking as he wills his muscles to cooperate, my father is a shadow of his former self. His legs, that used to climb miles of hills and cross many valley streams, are now almost useless appendages of skin covered bone which can barely support his own weight. The arms, that once cradled children or shaped molten metal on his forge as a blacksmith, have emaciated to shades of their former selves.

With relief for us both, we finish with this dangerous, slippery task. Seated back at the kitchen table I notice the sun has risen and is now streaming down through the skylights directly upon the two of us. Contented we sit in silence for a while, and then he says, "Think I'm going to till the garden today, Dave."

"Ok Pop," I placate him, "the tillers up in the shop." We sit and watch the flowers grow, with the hummingbirds darting and weaving in their constant battles of air superiority. The day is warming up nicely with the sound of song birds creating a symphony of nature that soon drowns out the classical emanating from the stereo.

"It's a nice day out Dad; let's go sit out on the porch. What do you think?" I ask.

"Sure Dave, ok," he responds. I help him up and we shuffle across the room, his arm in mine, doing our version of a corrupted three-legged race. The porch is my father's sanctuary. Here, from spring till fall, he is back outside in his natural environment. From this post he can again participate in what occurs on the farm. From this seated position he vicariously plows the garden as he watches me till up the dark loam, a patchwork of green is turned under into squares of brown soil.

I finish and proceed back to the house, and sit down next to my father. "It's gettin' hot out there Dad, let's go inside and have some lunch." I fix a sandwich and slices of fruit. He chases it all down with a desert of pudding and a small glass containing his myriad of pharmaceuticals. "You look tired Dad, let's go watch some T.V." This has been a busy morning and we both are tired. "Gun Smoke will be on in a bit, but we will have to make it through Bonanza first." Even after many years my dad can still have his prejudices on good western shows.

We sit and watch as Bonanza concludes and the legendary Sheriff Matt Dylan and his Deputy Festus gallop across the screen of the television. I glance over and he is asleep, eyes closed, his head resting gently on the arm of the sofa. I stare for a minute as his chest rises and falls. He's still breathing, all is good.

After a while he wakes up, sitting up slowly he asks me groggily, "Are you going to town today Dave?"

"What for Pop, where do you need to go?" I have heard this before and I do not like where he's heading.

"I want to go home Dave." The appeal is heartbreaking.

"You are home Dad; you have lived here for over thirty years now."

"Oh... where's Nettie?" he asks. This time I do blatantly lie.

"She's at work Dad." Recently my mother had suffered a slight heart attack, and was still in the hospital undergoing tests. If I tell this news to my father though it would devastate him, she is the love of his life, and would not make it long without her.

The rest of the day is uneventful. We make it through dinner. We sit and smoke talking of small things and reminiscing, telling stories to each other. Dad has his cocktail of pills and I have a drink while we sit and watch the sun give up its battle against the encroaching nightfall. We are father and son again. Just the two of us against the deepening gloom. "I love you Dave," he says, using a word not easy on his lips. "I love you too, Pop." I say quickly diverting my gaze to some obscure corner of the room.

It's getting late and I help him to bed. "Goodnight Dad, I'll see you in the morning ok?" "Uh huh ... 'night Dave," he responds.

"Morning Dad, how's it going?"

"It's as fine as frog's hair, Dave, as fine as frog's hair."

One Night Stand

by Kevin Morris

I stood staring at her, from across the way. I'd been checking out the other ones but they looked cheap, like they couldn't hold what I had to put in them. So I glanced her over again, trying not to be obvious. She had a beautiful brown body and curves like a master craftsman had put her together. What's more is she looked like she could hold anything I put inside her, which was good because I had a whole lot of things stored up.

She also looked like she didn't care much who picked her up. She stood among all the rift raft around her, looking apathetic to her surroundings. It was a pity really, because she was so gorgeous, she shouldn't have been in a place this nasty. It was my lucky day to find such a steal. Hopefully, I could get her home.

After some more thinking and strategizing, I finally built up the gumption to go after her. Trying to look nonchalant, I strolled over to her, ruffled my hair, and took a deep breath.

When I got there I looked and said, "what are you doing in a place like this? Someone as pretty as you, you don't belong here. What do you say we get out of here?" Her only response was that of silence. Suddenly there was a commotion behind her, and she toppled forward, knocking me over, and almost crushing me as she landed on my chest. "Stupid rats!" I yelled, and I picked her up, looked her up and down again, and took her falling onto me as a cue we could leave together. We hurried over to my truck, and got in.

After an awkward drive, we arrived at my apartment. We got out of the truck and my hands began to sweat as I was unsure of where to hold her as we walked towards my apartment. Once inside the building, we shuffled up the steps bumping into the side rail and the wall a few times.

Finally we got to my door and my heart was pounding. I unlocked the door, and we carefully made our way to my bedroom stepping over old pizza boxes and piles of clothing.

It felt like a mile, but we finally got to the bedroom. I was elated and felt out

of breath. I carefully walked next to my bed, kicked a few things out of the way, and placed her down. I looked her over and she was even more gorgeous in my room than she had been at the junkyard. My cashmere sheets and my dark blue walls went well with her oak brown body, hand carved curves, and three drawers. Now I finally had a place for my alarm clock, keys, and whatever else I needed on the top. Plus her three drawers would allow me to put books and important papers. Finally, a way to help me get organized, this one night stand was perfect. But to think she had almost crushed me at the junkyard, when she fell from the pile of garbage she was stacked on top of.

Stars

by Corie Nicholson

Nights like this made him think about the stars. On long guard duties, as he paced the perimeters of the kingdom walls, he would often find his eyes drifting skyward. He'd spent countless nights hunting the likes of Orion and numerous other constellations his father had taught him to locate as a child. This was acceptable in simpler times, when the concerns of a boy were no greater than that of the celestial dustings that left a silvery sheen on the coldest, blackest nights. He could still envision how the almost holy light of the stars would illuminate his father's face as he spoke. That same heavenly light would, from his lofty position, reveal the shifty, creeping shadows of the enemy that brought with him death and destruction.

There were no stars this night.

Though his orders were to patrol without ceasing through the night, he had stopped. His eyes were fixated on the horizon, and the dim, red glow of fires barely visible in the hazy air. They dotted the tree line, he'd speculated about a mile wide. They had been encamped there for a steady three days; not even the thick blanket of clouds could shroud them entirely. They'd made no advancement, but their intent was clear. War stood ready and imminent at his gates, murderous hands grasping and shaking eagerly at the bars.

He felt a chill, like the icy breath of Hades, wash over his bare neck and cause hairs to stand on end. He was not ignorant to the ways of death. He had been its witness countless times, its enemy more, and its servant more than he'd like to admit. He knew that, should death come for him this black night, nothing would deter its embrace. Would he resist it, knowing the truth of how powerless he was to stop it?

Of course he would. He would not go gently. It wasn't the nature of a warrior.

He did not ponder his resolution long, as a chorus of hellish screams of battle tore through the silence. He felt a surge of what was either adrenaline, or pure fear. He didn't allow himself the time to distinguish. His large, calloused hand had barely snaked around his weapon before a barrage of arrows whistled through the darkness. He threw himself to the ground,

chain armor making a loud and jostling impact. Soon his back was pressed against the stone slab he had just been peering over moments before, and he hurriedly strung his bow. Mere feet away, dull thuds and shrill cries echoed out, accompanied by the ringing of metal as armor met stone. How quickly had they advanced? With a long, steady breath he stood with weapon drawn. He fired mercilessly and blindly into the darkness at his faceless foe. He did not stop, pulling arrows rapidly from their sheath and hurling them towards the invisible target. He would not give in. He would not stop fighting. He felt a strong, piercing pressure, and his hands fell empty.

He did not remember falling to his back. Perhaps things had happened to quickly for him to process. He felt the oddest sensation of being incredibly weighted, most assuredly incapable of rising. The screams and groans that had plagued the frigid air had long-since ceased. He heard nothing. He felt comforted his vision had not forsaken him, as he stared into the gray black skies. When he focused, he could see the swirling of wispy, gray clouds. They were churning and shifting, like the warning of a storm. He watched for minutes, possibly hours. Time had lost its meaning.

Out of the darkness came the stars.

Only a small few appeared at first...then dozens...then hundreds. Before his eyes was a glittering, luminous array. He couldn't help but let a chuckle escape his white lips. From this came a genuine laugh, rocking his entire frame. A biting pain in his abdomen screamed in protest, silencing him. A quiet, painful breath left him. His eyes grazed tiredly over the countless stars in the welcoming heavens. Of course there would be stars, he preferred it that way.

Maybe he would become one. Maybe he would find place next to Orion, or the great star of the North.

Contributors' Notes

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Monica Bush is a Physical Education major at Glenville State College.

Heather Coleman is majoring in Behavioral Science and minoring in Studio Art at Glenville State College. She is a Gallery Attendant and President of the Alpha Rho Tau "Art Club." She has lived in Glenville for three years with her husband and children.

Wayne de Rosset is the Chairperson of the Department of Language and Literature at Glenville State College. Born and raised in New Jersey, he has spent his adult life in West Virginia. Professor de Rosset has been teaching for longer than he, and anyone else, can remember.

Ed Frame is a Glenville State College graduate and a frequent contributor to the *Trillium*. He currently resides in Charleston, West Virginia.

Melissa Gish teaches in the Language and Literature Department at Glenville State College.

Darrin Martin is a student of natural resource management at GSC and has a keen knowledge of indigenous plant species of the Appalachian region. Through his work he seeks to bring people enjoyment of the smallest things in the biggest way.

Jonathan Minton is an associate professor of English and the Honors Program director at Glenville State College. He also edits the online literary journal Word For/Word (wordforword.info).

Luke Moore is a Criminal Justice major at Glenville State College. The poem "For My Brother" was inspired by his brother, who is in the Marine Corps.

Athena Morris is a junior majoring in Education at GSC. She is married with three children.

Kevin Morris is an outdoor enthusiast and loves to walk around barefooted. One of his favorite pastimes is to hug trees closely and exchange gases with them. He graduates from Marshall University in May, but has always enjoyed and will continue to enjoy retreating home to his family in Glenville when he needs some down time.

Corie Nicholson is a Behavioral Science major and English minor at Glenville State College. She is from Spencer, West Virginia.

Sarah M. Normant is a recent GSC graduate that received a Bachelor of Arts degree in Studio Art. Her recent work is centered on a childhood theme.

Catherine Nottingham is an English major at Glenville State College.

Megan-Lynnette Rollins is an avid runner, writer, and talker completing her 5th year at Glenville State College. She is to graduate in May of 2014 with bachelor's degrees in English and Psychology. She aspires to have a career providing mental health counseling, publish a book of poetry, and one day perfect macaroni and cheese cupcakes.

Brendan M. Rumney is a Criminal Justice major at Glenville State College. His poem "Changing" speaks about digging down deep inside yourself and battling bad inclinations that control your life. It speaks about realizing regrets and making them right by remembering who you truly are.

Ashley Smallwood is a senior Psychology/Sociology major from Braxton County, West Virginia.

English 412 (Jonathan Minton's Fall 2013 Creative Writing Class) consisted of Alisha Abbott, Lindsey (Luna) Acree, Katrina Adkins, Cody Carnefix, Jacob Clevenger, Alicia Holliday, Corie Nicholson, Catherine Nottingham, Eric Plummer, Megan Prater, and JC Sherman.



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