



Trillium
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Trillium

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

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GLENNVILLE
STATE COLLEGE

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

Trillium

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Professor Emerita Virginia West

The 2015 edition of the *Trillium* is dedicated to Glenville State College Professor Emerita Virginia West.

After attending and graduating from GSC in 1941, Professor West taught in Virginia and later at nearby Troy High School. She then earned her master's from West Virginia University in 1950 and then began teaching English and journalism at Glenville State College in 1955. She also was the advisor for the college newspaper, *The Glenville Mercury*.

In 1978 she was promoted to the status of full professor and served as Chairperson of GSC's Language Division. In 1979, she was awarded the Outstanding Faculty Award by the Alumni Association. Professor West was the first female president of the GSC Faculty Administrative Organization. She retired in 1983 after 42 years of teaching, 28 of those years at Glenville State College. That year she served as honorary parade marshal for the GSC Homecoming Parade.

According to a fellow GSC colleague, Professor West was an avid reader, sometimes finishing up to three books in the span of a weekend. She was also known for her strength in grammar and writing. The student editors of the 1984 GSC yearbook, the *Kanawachen*, even dedicated that issue to Professor West. In the inscription they reference her support of the college in all aspects, her concern for her students, her sharp, dry wit, and her desire to better educate the people of central West Virginia.

After her retirement she was bestowed with the title of Professor Emerita. It is infrequent that one gains the title 'professor' without a doctorate; Miss West was so recognized because of her excellent performance and significant contribution to GSC for a long period of time. She was a member and participant in the West Virginia Library Association, Kappa Delta Pi, Delta Kappa Gamma, the Glenville State College Alumni Association, the Glenville Trinity United Methodist Church, and the Troy High School Alumni.

In 1998 a scholarship was established in her honor at GSC to assist upperclassmen education majors.

Professor West passed away on February 16, 2015 at the age of 94.

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..... **Trillium**

POEFTRY



I am from

RICARDO MADDOX

I am from the hills of West Virginia, parks and street lights,
From aircrafts, crickets and hot metal slides and bikes.

I am from fresh cut grass, mulch and my Dog, Neno.

I am from cod liver oil, lasagna, Cream of Wheat and grilled cheese.

I am from friendly neighbors, Rose, Jimmy, Phyllis,

From friends, Tyrone, Kevin, Ben, Nicholas.

I am from phones with cords, floor tvs and VCRs,

From old R&B and slow songs.

I am from board games, Trouble, Sorry, Uno,

From scary ghost stories.

I am from

HEATHER DOSS

I am from the back road, with mud on the wheels,
from trains going by to the coal mines.

I am from coal stoves that warm the house fast,
From four-wheelers in the hills,
and cord phones ringing on the wall.

I am from sleigh riding in the winter,
Fishing and swimming in the creek, hiking in the woods,
and farming in the spring and summer.

I am from riding bikes until dark, catching lightning bugs
Hide and seek, and playing in the mud after a rain.

I am from television with very few channels,
Respect your elders, and Savanna and Disting.

I am from fried potatoes,
Pinto beans and cornbread,
gravy and biscuits

I am from mud pies, snow days,
and cakes from an Easy Bake Oven.

I am from

DEION CUNNINGHAM

I am from the Wild and Wonderful,
from visits to Granny's house every fall.
I am from dinner at 6 and bed at 8:30 with TV off.
I am from pizza, fried chicken,
wax bottle candy and penny candy.
I am from DVD, VCR, hip hop, and Blues Clues.
I am from Rocket Power.
I am from football, basketball, softball
and riding bikes everywhere we went.
I am from rumbling trains at night and river barges at daylight.
I am from a cloud of smoke.

I am from

AMANDA GREENLIEF

I am from the Mountains of West Virginia.
Dark woods full of trees, rabbits and deer
I am from a small town with dozens of stop signs
I am from dinner at 6:00, biscuits and gravy on the table
From home cooked meals, Kool Aid Jammers and gummy bears.
I am from the smell of creek water and fresh cut grass,
From bike riding and camping, hop scotch and jump rope.
I am from light up shoes and piggy tails,
From clothes that never match and unbrushed hair
I am from Barney, Scooby Doo
And Blues Clues on Sunday morning
I am from fishing in the creek, swinging on the play ground,
And getting sick on the tire swing.
I am from pea gravel and dirty shoes.

Distance

KEVIN BROCKETT

The trees yet clutch their brilliant autumn hues,
Notwithstanding level-best Aeolian effort,
When a temperate morn strums a sudden chord:
It is three months now that we are apart.
To tell you I have been thinking of you,
Is equal to saying I have been breathing.
Your memory greets my every waking,
Til my pillowed head dreams your smile anew.

Though the days burst with action and purpose,
All is naught but marking time until we meet again.
Am I crazed or obsessed or unhinged?
The case must be, it feels often;
Surely this cannot be a normal state,
To yearn profoundly with each stuttering heartbeat
For the interlacing of your fingers with mine,
And the cozy bliss of another kiss...

Meanwhile, unjust tortuous doubt gnaws:
Is this passionate madness shared,
Or am I a fool alone in delusion?
Tell me, Sweet Delight... or better, do not.
Four thousand miles' distance
Bears a weight heavy enough already.
If indeed an enraptured maniac I may be,
Happily thus should such a fellow remain.

from **In Gesture**

JONATHAN MINTON

The glass must be mended, the thirsty man insists,
and in heaven there is another word for heaven,
but you can't speak it if you can't die.

Consider for instance the birds of the air,
how fitful they are, how beautiful,
but what else about them is ready to break?

The ships in our first harbor were also impractical,
so soldiers retrofitted the masts and bells for war.
There are strings holding the stories together

even if the pages are ghosts. I swear it.

from **Letters**

JONATHAN MINTON

You said our secrets kept us stranded.
Somewhere there is a black box tossed in its wreckage
like a seed or polished stone.
Somewhere else there is a sunken ship.
The wood is dissolving around the nails and rare coins.
On the shore there are wooden horses
inside the wooden horse. They are disguised as soldiers
and will destroy the city as if they were real.
Someone will write this. Someone will call out your name.
There is a mouth inside this mouth.
It admits every mistake, but changes the locations
to make them more exotic. In one version
you are weeping beneath a yellowing cypress.
In another, a glacier is mirrored in the lake below.
Something unspoken is kept there, half-formed
like a raw egg or spring thaw.
Someone else is telling you nothing has changed.
Someone else is saying goodbye.

Life as We Know It

JARED BROCK FITZWATER

Happy, sadness, anger,
Frustration, love, peace,
Confusion, hurt, joy and anticipation,
This is life as we know it.

Friends, family, enemies,
Peers, co-workers, and students,
Or perhaps being alone,
This is life as we know it.

Living, breathing, growing,
Beautiful, changing, maturing,
Learning, loving, and compassionate
This is life as we know it.

Death, mourning, grief,
Heartbreak, sorrow, anguish,
Remembering and never forgetting,
This is life as we know it.

Heaven is beautiful,
Everlasting and eternal,
Breathtaking and indescribable,
This will be life for those who Believe.

Hell is horrendous,
Fiery and sin filled,
Everlasting and painful
This will be life for those who deny the Truth.

Life is the same for everyone,
Until the end,
There are only two options,
Choose wisely because you only choose once,
For this is life as we know it.

Dear Heavenly Father

JARED BROCK FITZWATER

I thank you for this wonderful day that you have blessed me with, and this wonderful and semi-nutritious Ramen Noodle dinner. I thank you again for the wonderful opportunity of going to college and furthering my education. Please dear Lord walk with me every day and lead, guide and direct me when there is an opportunity to spread your love and mighty word to those whom might not know it.

Dear Lord I ask that you watch over me this next week because that is when my guard will be weak. For you and I both know that Finals Week is going to be mighty stressful. Dear Lord, I know that you can't send me money but could you send me an opportunity to get a job. I know that the semester is almost over and it will be soon Christmas break, but I am running low on cash for tuition next semester. I will be busy with studying and Christmas but I know that you will give me the strength and ability to do it.

Once again thank you for all the wonderful blessing and miracles that you have given me thus far in the semester, and please if you don't mind, keep them coming. In Jesus Precious Name, Amen.

P.S. Could you please tell the person across the hall that I am trying to study and to keep the music down? Amen.

Dry Tears

ANGENAY WILLIAMS

Many days, many years.
Dead eyes, cut wrists imprinted “Dry Tears”
I cut it in my wrist,
So whenever I hold my head down I’m reminded that this is just a test,
(They say) this is a good thing (you know) putting you to rest,
Then, why does it still burn so deeply in my chest,
I didn’t value out moments until they became memories,
Drowned truth, while I burn in my misery,
I guess since you were gay, you weren’t considered a “man”
Uniquely taking a chance,
When you knew the world wouldn’t understand,
Your true plan,
You reached out asked the angels for a dance,
Now I wish I could only capture one glance,
Of you my friend,
It’s sad that in this world we’d rather see two guys holding guns then two
 guys holding hands,
You took pill after pill,
Sad that you had to perish in order to live,
To finally be truly free,
Discrimination is more of a choice then homosexuality will ever be,
Actions speak louder than words, and my actions were useless whispers with
 no fight,
And it kills me to know that no matter how many words I ever write,
I can never bring you back to life,
With every step you grew weaker and to keep going when you had nothing
 left,
True courage is being yourself,
In a world that admires you being someone else,
Smiling on your face, Dying on the inside, and you never seemed to let it
 show,

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No matter how lonely this world might've mad you feel,
Your pride they couldn't kill,
You made light in the darkness and faced your fears,
Depressed heart pumping Joy for many days, and many years,
(I guess I know now) the true meaning of DRY TEARS,
Every pill you were taken for,
I hope those pills destroy every closet door,
I hope it heals every wounded sore,
I know you might be far,
But I still wish on a shooting star,
That one day I'll be where you are,
White pills
Rope tied
Gun loaded
Suicide

Fate or Coincidence

ANTWAN JONES

Here I am... Watching... Waiting... Engaging you
Beautiful imagery, such simplicity yet so elegant
Like the great architectures of the ancient world complex yet simple
Oh how elated am I to have such an enchanting view
To have stumbled upon an amazing treasure
A mystery like the lost city of Atlantis
Mystic, Alluring, Exciting
How is it that I can search for something and it remain hidden
But as if you were a mirage in the desert heat you appear to me
Is this merely a dream? My mind playing tricks on me?
Have I been deprived of the cup of love so long that my thirst have
 overwhelmed me?
Maybe it is your smell that invades my senses clouding my judgment
Like a military raid on a civilian city overtaken by the enemy, retaliating on
 my sensory
The sweetest misery
An event that sits atop the box of history
Could this meeting be fate or is it simply a coincidence in time?

Maybe a chapter in our notebook relived and remembered
Like a movie scene replayed or a story re-explained
As I gaze into the housing of your soul it's as if words no longer need to be
 relayed
Like we are in sync exploring each other thoughts
Transferring information like some sort of mental Bluetooth
Instant Connection
Mixing chemicals together like some sort of mad scientist
Maybe I am spellbound, trapped under your love potion
Coming together as one to create a single entity
Conjoined, Merging, Transforming like two amoebas
Maybe it's the sound of your voice that has me stuck in a trance

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Like hearing your favorite song for the first time
Or a poet creating his very first rhyme knowing it's a hit from the very first
line
Like a dream you don't want to escape but when you make it to the
climax... You don't awake
Could this meeting be fate or simply a coincidence in time?

Whatever the moment might be only time can tell but one things for sure
You have enslaved me with your words, A slavery I never want to break free
from
Trapped like an animal, not a forced seizure
But rather out of love like an endangered species being preserved
Or a child hanging on to story tellers every word
Imagine....
Let our minds run free and escape the blunders of reality
With our hearts in hot pursuit playing a simple game of chase
Allowing for love to take form, shifting and shaping as if in outer space
experiencing zero gravity
Yearning for you like some cannibalistic savagery
Then I snap back to reality...
"Excuse me miss, if you have the time I would like to introduce myself...
My name is"
Was the way it began
Sparks instantly the moment I shook your head
Like connecting a negative and positive charge on a dead battery
Or two pieces of steel colliding on such travesty but actually.....
Could this meeting be fate or simply a coincidence in time?

Imagination

ANTWAN JONES

What is this thing in my mind that seems so real
A new found dream but yet and still
No matter how close I get I can never touch it
And as long as I've had it I can never trust it
So now I turn away and run cause that's all I know
To hide behind my facades as realities turn
So in my mind I can believe that I am set free from all of my struggles and
pains that bring burden to me
So I can escape into a world of my own, so I can picture peace in the midst
of my home
Where the street life is simple and homies aren't dying
Where love isn't so complicated and relationship are strong like Iron
Where Life is what you make it and Death is uncommon
Where Trust isn't an issue cause there's never a problem
Where poverty never happened and everyone is rich
Where dreams do come true and they are never gonna switch
Where love has no boundaries and no one is afraid
Where cheatings never a thought and lying is never a phase
Where fighting never involved fist or even gun fire cause cats solved their
issues through
Beat boxing and cold ciphers
Where babies are never abandoned and fathers stick around
Where the closest thing to a broken home is vacations out of town
Where what you need you got it and no one has to steal
Where the government gives a damn so no need to protest your will
Where discrimination isn't present there is no perfect color of skin
And the closest thing to racism is your favorite color of skin
Where everything is perfect, no violence, no war, no schemes
No failures, No problems, No shattering of dreams
But I open my eyes and realize..... I'm just imagining these things!

INSANITY

(Translation into Despair)

LOGAN CARPENTER

I WANT YOU TO WATCH ME AS I SCREAM OUT MY CONFESSIONS INTO YOUR HEART AND SOUL! (I want to talk to you about how I am feeling right now.)

I WANT YOU TO STRANGLE ME INTO PEACEFUL SLUMBER AS THE BLOOD FROM MY EYES POUR OUT! (I need you to gently hold me as I cry my pain away.)

BUT I SEE YOU RUN AWAY FROM ME WITH UNJUST TERROR AND FEAR! (Alas, you refuse to understand me.)

OH HOW I WANT TO RIP OUR HEADS OFF AND SEW THEM ONTO EACH OTHER'S BODIES SO YOU CAN SEE MY WORLD! (Why can't you see things from my point of view?)

BUT EVEN IF YOU SAY "I DO," YOU STILL RUN WITH UNJUST TERROR AND FEAR! (Even if you do see things my way, you still refuse to really understand me!)

YOU DRIVE ME TO MEET THE SLIVER MOTHER, THE LADY WHO DANCES UPON THE GROUND, LEAVING SOOTHING TRAILS OF HER PARDONING GIFT THAT IS HER HELP! (You make me want to take my knife and slice my skin to pieces in a desperate attempt to find comfort)

WHY WON'T THY SHOW ME PARDONING!?! (Why are you not helping me?)

WHY WON'T THY MAKE ME BELIEVE WHAT IS FRIEND!?! (Make me believe that you are my friend!)

WHY DRIVE ME TO THIS INSANITY!?! (Why do you drive me to this insanity?)

Silver Dancer, Black Cape

LOGAN CARPENTER

I sit upon my seat as a woman with shiny silver skin wearing a black cape approaches me. Her cape covers all but her left arm as she motioned towards the garment that covers her body, letting me touch the near plastic-like silk.

The moment I touch the cape, the dancer flings the cape open behind her shoulders as she stands nude before me. Her silver skin and flat body reminds me of a mirror as I could have sworn I saw my reflection upon her breasts and stomach. She twirls to reveal her harmless back as her cape soon becomes an ugly skirt.

“Watch me,” she whispers seductively towards me, “as I show you my soothing dance.”

I did as she said and watched her dance in a soothing, yet seductive manner as she let her fingers trail along the sofas and chairs. I see red ooze crawling from the furniture as the dancer continues on with her dance, doing the same to other furniture and even the walls.

“While I am but a dancer,” she began with a sweet and gentle smile upon her gleaming face, “I am also a woman who shall aid you with the release of your pain.”

A part of me tries to show me that this woman was nothing more than a vile creature of dark imagination. He says that while it is comforting to let out years of pain and anguish, the comfort would only last so long until I am visiting this creature again and again in order to find that comfort until I am left for dead by the very woman.

“Do not listen to him,” the silver woman said as she delicately moved my hands onto the side of her hips, “Just hold on to my skirt, my love, and guide me into a dance of your own creation.”

I feel myself falling into a sort of trance created my deep thoughts. I know that this woman is knowledgeable of my pain and anguish as she

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listens to my darker half who plots and says that his plans are meant to help me with that friendly, see-through smile.

I slowly stand up, but I still do not make a move as I am conflicted about what to do. I see myself staring nearly forever at the woman's beautiful silver face as I trace my vision down to the top of her skirt and then back to her sharp, pointed face.

How do I take the first step? Should it be unnoticeable as to hide my shame with being near such a deadly and seductive woman? Or should it be grand as to show off the scar of my pain and anguish? Or do I just shove her away like a brute while being a scared child?

I have made my decision as I grab the bottom of her ugly skirt and pull it over her body, just enough to hide her deadly body.

"I see you are not yet ready," the silver woman said with a fake pout before she gently smiles once more, "but I am a very patient woman. Even if you accidentally take even the smallest of steps with one of my many sisters, you will come back to me for my motherly affection."

I watch her leave as the skirt soon changes back into her cape, hiding her beautiful and deadly body. I know she's right as all it is now is just how much and how long I can resist her calls.

That Moment

SAMUEL CANFIELD

The crispness, of the early morning, gave rise to the movement of life. Time crept along. My sight was developing ever so slightly as the seconds tick by. Dim light began to lie upon the valley floor. The morning air left my skin crawling; my breath was visible. A thought of calmness embraced me and was quickly broken by the sounds of nature. I had been leaning against an immense hickory, alert and scanning my surroundings, but chattering and squawking interrupted my thought. I was forced to pick up my rifle and reluctantly sit beneath a limber locust. The tree bent towards a hill which was an unsuitable direction for the hunt, but the opposite direction provided a clear view of my surroundings. Therefore, I had no shade, and the heat of midday began to encompass me. I stripped my layers to avoid being detected by the smell of my sweat. The heat made me drowsy and I proceeded into a REM state. I do not remember much, besides the sound of a babbling brook succumbing to a pristine lake. I reemerged to the image of slick heads and a marvelous set of antlers. In a moment of realization, I shut my eyes and returned to the realm of my thoughts.

Beautiful Lost (A Song)

WAYNE DE ROSSET

She doesn't like to be alone, she cries all night and talks to no one
Clutching a phone that never rings
Been thrown away, no hope at all, she knows that he will never call
Longs for the time she used to sing
Sometimes she goes out at night, to find what's been lost in life,
But the morning only finds a frightened girl
Who goes home alone to yesterday, before the dreams will fade away
To a past long gone where tomorrow never shows
She dims the light and pulls the shade, thinks how sweet the love they made
A place once warm where now a cold wind blows

And though the names and the faces change, the story always seems to end the
same

In empty rooms where lonely shadows play upon the wall
And the poets and the tunesmiths, they all speak about it
In the cadence of their rhyme and sweet harmony of song
It just breaks the heart to see, the devastating reality
When something so beautiful as love is lost, or goes so very wrong

She always walked right by his side, he thought that love would never die
Once she was there, but now she's gone
Each night finds him in a different place, her memory is so hard to trace
In the whiskey, neon haze of smoky rooms
Though a velvet voice begs him to stay, he knows he can't drink all the hurt
away,

As painted nails play lightly on his arm
But the spiked blue hair with tattoos all wrong, he can't find the girl who
haunts his song

The words ring false and forever out of tune
His search for her is never done, when he thinks he's found that special one
She's filtered through the glow of a jaded moon

And though the names and the faces change, the story always seems to end the
same

In empty rooms where lonely shadows play upon the wall
And the poets and the tunesmiths, they all speak about it
In the cadence of their rhyme and sweet harmony of song
It just breaks the heart to see, the devastating reality
When something so beautiful as love is lost, or goes so very wrong

Beach Town (A Song)

GARY NORUM

Faces blurred behind a window pane
You know that lonely's just a beach town in the rain.
Waitin' for the sun to come and dry up all the pain
But I don't think I'll hold you
No I don't think I'll hold you
I don't think I'll hold you
Even one more time again

Cop car circlin' round the block again
Shift's got two more hours 'til it ends.
Store windows starin' like they just lost their last friends
And I don't think I'll hold you
No I don't think I'll hold you
I don't think I'll hold you
Even one more time again

The sun is shinin' somewhere so they say,
And somewhere skies are blue and children play.
And one time I was happy but I can't remember when.
And I don't think I'll hold you
No I don't think I'll hold you
I don't think I'll hold you
Even one more time again

You left me and I never wondered why
'Cause you'd waited long and hard for me to try
To be the man you knew I could have been.
Now I don't think I'll hold you
No I don't think I'll hold you
I don't think I'll hold you
Even one more time again.

Rap Class 101 (A Song)

BRIEN WINSTON

St. Louis Resident Location Evident Creative Regiment
Illmatic Fanatic Syllable Talkative Elegance
Possible Journalist Genuine Metrical Documents
Furious Maniac Destroying Industry Ligaments
Immature Instrument Scavenger Embracing Percussion
Different Formations Guarantee Beautiful Melody Eruptions
Musical Messenger Motivates Karate Disciples
Overwhelm Powerful Pretenders Consciously Despiteful
Represent Struggling Hustling Narcotic Smuggling
Brethren Deja-Vu Another Funeral Hennessy Guzzling
Reminisce Previous Activities Occasions
Companions Maturing Gracefully Easily Amazing
Caucasians Financial Advantage Optional
Pubescent Relatives Realized Different Obstacles
African Descendent Constantly Slavery Resilient
Lyrical Excellence Delivery Ignorant

Sir Auctioneer

SUE HERWAT

Analyze the job.
It says you move.
List the house.
They say it sold.
Price the friendships.
They were made with the heart.
Sir auctioneer!
Come on!
Maybe you were not heard.
Ask for some bids one more time.
I do not believe it.
You could not even get a dime.
You are pretty good at your job,
sir auctioneer.
But, you have got to yell louder.
Maybe, no one could hear.
What do you mean?
You could not even get one bid.
The auctioneer looked up and glanced around.
His eyes were swollen up with tears.
By the wrinkles embedded within his skin,
everyone knew he had
been doing this for years.
The auctioneer swallowed hard,
as to regain his composure.
A huge smile suddenly came,
making his face beam.
The auctioneer looked up and said,
“That’s right you all; I’ve been
doing this for years.”
And these friendships are too dear
and priceless, it does seem.
The new job, how it was bought;
their old home becomes an empty house,
and was sold.
And the friendships were too priceless,
the auctioneer was told.

Meet Yourself

SUE HERWAT

As I stand in the breeze under
the stars, God, and the moon,
I feel the break of day
will creep in soon.
I feel the mist in the air
and the dew on my feet.
I walk with my back against the wind.
Again, I ponder where I've been.
I've stood at life's crossroads,
searchin' for a friend,
remembering it's inside of you;
you hook up with it in the end.
I have been through relentless pursuits
to try to find out what to do.
I searched within my soul,
knowing God would see me through.
I looked for knowledge and wisdom,
and here it comes down the road.
In time I've learned
to loosen up my road.
Are you in search of where you're going?
Then take a look at where you've been.
Keep your head up,
and take a trip down inside your soul.
Travels in life can make you whole.
It's comin' down to you and yourself in the end.
Follow your fancy,
and save a little time for dreamin'.
My maker, have mercy on me.
You have taught me to be free.
Unexpected treasures
I have come to taste in my time
have only seasoned my life so fine.
The finer times, again, I reminisce.
As to my life,
it is golden bliss.

Unexpected Treasure

SUE HERWAT

Raggedy dress, no socks, and holes in shoes.
However, she's sure no singing the blues.
AS it seems, there's so much strife
that is going on in life.
She's not going hungry;
she's just so very hungry for life.
The world should celebrate her,
as she celebrates the world.
Many pity her,
as her clothes are all tattered and torn.
She is always rejoicing.
Her heart is not at all worn.
She's learned some lessons;
life is giving.
Her eyes are so warm,
and always give off a sparkling twinkle.
Radiant, shiny, electrifying at will.
Those that are quick to throw darts,
and the ones that are selfish,
are the ones that are ill.
She has so much to share with the universe.
It's all about putting others first,
as she's filled with so much love and
tenderness.
She has quite an abundance to give away.
Kiss of dew on grass to her
resembles diamonds in the sky.
She is no stranger to hard times,
though you'd never hear her cry.
Her zeal and exuberance for life,
well, it's a little rare.
For this universe of ours,
she is an "unexpected treasure."

All the things we didn't become

BRIANNA RATLIFF

We fragment like the stemware your parents used to hurl at the walls when words could not express their frustration.

We grow into adults terrified of loud sounds, sudden movements, and more than anything else being seen, so we blend into the background our voices a soft murmur dulled and drowned out.

We learned how to feign tiredness or illness instead of admitting a lack of happiness.

We learned to use the circles beneath our eyes as proof that a lack of sleep was the cause of our disinterest.

There is no follow up question asking why we couldn't sleep.

There is no further interest in what keeps us awake at night, lying on our backs, staring at the ceiling with enough emptiness inside that we could echo.

We accept what we are told we deserve because it's easier to submit and feel like rubbish instead of fighting a losing battle against a never-ending hoard of enemies.

Alone at Night

BRIANNA RATLIFF

When I am alone in the middle of the night, my body feeling hollow
as the shed shell of a locust.

I feel doubt and fear creeping inside, filling me like a vessel at the
bottom of a well.

My bones as heavy as rocks at the bottom of a lake, and they hold me
here, trapping me.

When I am alone in the middle of the night my soul could exit my
body and ascend beyond this planet's atmosphere.

My soul could flee this too small carrying case and find its home
among stars and blackness.

When I am alone in the middle of the night I can feel flowers
blooming in my pores.

I can feel wilderness taking back what has always belonged to it.

I can feel my body trying its damndest to become a garden.

When I am alone in the middle of the night I don my armor and
fight being a conquest in an ever-growing battle plan.

When I'm alone in the middle of the night I can believe you're not.

I can believe she's already a garden, filled with roses.

When I'm alone in the middle of the night I remember to embrace
the fire in my stomach, and the steel that slowly laces in between my
vertebrae.

When I'm alone in the middle of the night my quiet whispers remind
me that I am a woman.

Just a woman.

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Not a vessel.

Not a carrying case.

Not rocks or gardens.

Not a conquest.

Not a shell.

Not fire.

Not steel.

And that is beautiful, when I am alone at night.

The Coop

T.T.S. HAMMACK

I am done with all this; I'm finished, I'm through, I'm gone.
I know I messed up plenty, but you just as well were wrong.
I played the game 'til I ran out of lives and now, I've had enough.
Even though I nipped the chord, forgetting you is gonna be tough.
I started thinking all about yesterday,
So I picked up my guitar and I started to play.
I thought it'd be the best thing for me to do,
Until I realized all the songs I know...I wrote for you.

So this is the last one; this is the resolution.
I gave you all that I had.
This is the final straw; this is your wake-up call.
One day, I won't feel so bad.
If I could go back by jumping through a loop,
I'd stop myself from letting that chicken run me all around the coop.

Just believe whatever you want to, go ahead and swear,
Tell me that I never loved you; sugar, I really don't care.
Our car has a busted bumper; we ran into a ditch.
Just 'cause you took it off, hammered out the dents doesn't make it fixed.
It's almost funny that as soon as I bail,
You've found this sudden clarity and don't want "us" to fail.
Then, you're spitting-fire mad, changing up your pace.
That's one reason why I'm gone: you can't pick a face.

So this is the last one; this is the resolution.
I gave you all that I had.
This is the final straw; this is your wake-up call.
One day, I won't feel so bad.
If I could go back by jumping through a loop,
I'd stop myself from letting that chicken run me all around the coop.

I messed up, I hurt you, gave you a lightning rod;
Worst of all, I loved you more than I loved God,
But in those dark times, I fought hard for no prize.
I loved you and knew when I had to apologize.
But you were the Captain, made me the ship dog.
You'd run me and run me, and sometimes, you'd flog.

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Why were you selfish? Were you on the hunt?
I ask it as if you even know what you want!
Attention-hungry little drama queen!
I asked your every insult, "What does that even mean?"
You questioned and altered almost my every word
As if you were the victim that never was heard!
The anger, the stress and the anxiety
Finally told me you weren't right for me!
I lost weight! I lost sleep! I lost piece of mind!
So forgive me if I said something unkind!

Because this is the last one! This is the resolution!
I gave you all that I had!
This is the final straw! This is your wake-up call!
One day, I won't feel so bad!
If I could go back by jumping through a loop,
I'd stop myself from letting that chicken run me all around the coop!

Kissed by the Sun

T.T.S. HAMMACK

When she was born,
The Sun had kissed her
And thus, she received the blessing of both
The Universe and the Earth.

Where she walks,
She leaves behind a radiant trail.
What she speaks,
Deaf men have been moved by.
What she touches,
It forever turns to pure light.
What she sees,
Is hers.

She had the chance to look upon me one day,
But she turned her back to me
So That I would not be hers.
But stubborn as I was,
I sought after her even still.
And because of that,
I'm all she sees now.

She turned me away.
Therefore, I will never be hers.
She is mine.
And although I am not as mighty as the Sun,
I know I kiss better.

So You Don't Have To: A Janitor's Day

DAVID MOSS

I come to work each day and unlock the doors before anyone gets to work so you don't have to.

I check the heat, or A/C and turn on the lights so you won't have to.

I shovel snow and scrape ice from sidewalks and put down de-icer so you don't have to.

I sweep and mop and wax the floors and dust stairwells so you don't have to.

I clean the toilets, sinks, and bathroom walls and take out the trash so you won't have to.

I get rid of dead and live bugs, wasp, and mice from traps so you don't have to.

I hang your pictures, bulletin boards, curtains, and blinds so you don't have to.

When messes occur in the bathrooms, spills in the hallways I clean them up so you don't have to.

I find things you need, extra chairs, office furniture, bulletin boards, and filing cabinets so you won't have to.

I change your light bulbs, fix your broken desk and chairs, and defrost your refrigerator so you don't have to.

While you are on breaks I tidy up your office, water your plants so you don't have to.

Your car won't start I grab my jumper cables and make proper connections and start your car so you won't have too.

If you have a flat tire I can change it so you won't have to.

I will carry your heavy boxes, move your furniture, and take out your trash so you won't have to.

If you have a party I will help you decorate and clean up the mess so you don't have to.

I check the building, emergency lights, and fire extinguishers and safety equipment so you don't have to.

I set your clocks and replace the batteries in the towel and air freshener dispensers so you don't have to.

I order your supplies and distribute them to their proper places so you don't have to.

When it comes to SNAKES I take a break and let someone else remove them so I won't have to.

Many things I do each day that my job requires me to do. I do more every day that's not required for me to do, I do it because I don't have to.

WE

BOB HENRY BABER

We Mountaineers aren't a few lone voices
crying in what's left of the wilderness.
We are many voices—a diverse choir of believers
keeping the faith forever.
We're the voice of the Massey miners who are afraid
to speak out on safety issues
for fear of losing their jobs,
the voice of single working women
who can't make ends meet or pay their utility bills,
the voice of surface-miners who deep down
hate what they're doing to their mountains--
but have no other viable alternatives to feed their families,
the voice of first generation low-income high school students
who can't afford to go to college or find a decent job,
but who can, if they want,
find Oxycontin aplenty around the next dark corner
of their economically depressed little towns,
the unemployed factory workers whose jobs have fled
first to the right-to-work south, and then to China,
of seniors who can't afford their meds,
of the little first-grader riding a long strange bus
to a newly consolidated school far, far from home,
and we're the voice of small dying towns like Richwood and Logan
and Williamson
which have no capital and no advocate in either capitol to help them
get some
so they can pull themselves up by their bootstraps,
and we're the muffled sound of over-burdened headstreams
which no longer exist, except in memory or imagination,
and of trees that once stretched like waking cats and grew into
sunlight,
only to be ruthlessly pushed out of the way,
and wastefully buried, to get at the coal,
and we're the haunting sound of isolated family cemeteries
crying in the lost grey sea of relentless Mountaintop Removal,

and we are
the angry witnesses of Blair Mountain labor history--and land--
being erased before our very sad eyes--
but not forever,
for we are the collective body of reverence and remembrance.
We Mountaineers will not lick "clean" coal's filthy boots
and turn blackened teeth toward TV cameras and smile pretty
simply to win an election but lose history.
We will not say the emperor is finely clothed
when his engorged belly extrudes the fat of profit
and his butt is showing when he stoops to new lows and new lies.
We are not coal's enemy
unless its profit motive sends 29 men directly to their death
and calls it "an act of God" just like Arch Moore did after Buffalo
Creek in 1972.
For shame!
And we are not coal's sworn enemy
until it lops off entire mountain ranges, sprays them with grass seed,
and proclaims them:
good, reclaimed, and improved. God, what utter audacity!
You can trust we will be heard above the black din of commerce
masked as progress and heralded by the coal association
in slick press releases circling like hungry vultures around the gilded
Charleston dome.
We Mountaineers are not apologists for the past,
but the harbinger of the future.
We are bluegrass music, rock salt and stone,
blood, kin and bone.
We are the pen of the budding Appalachian poet
about to re-write flowers into existence,
the clear-cut forest striving to regenerate itself,
& polluted mine run-off trying to lick itself clean.
We are young entrepreneurs with ideas
that will change West Virginia and the world for the better,
we are emergency workers going on midnight calls to save lives,
and we are forever the collective body of reverence and remembrance
of those who do not survive.
We are not the privileged,

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But we do have the privilege--and obligation--
to speak for those whose voices have been drowned out by ever-
growing big money.

We are the committed teacher at a small rural school
helping to create yet one more inspired student,
state workers conscientiously and consistently doing their jobs
sometimes under harsh conditions and with little thanks,
cooks, waiters, janitors, road workers and waitresses,
surveyors, pharmacy technicians, and nurses,
tree cutters and tree huggers
all on the same page of paper
proclaiming fundamental change is long overdue.

We are not one voice, but many
celebrating dance
and peaceful evolution.

We are the voice of electronic change skittering across the internet,
the voice of righteous anger
directed towards for the greater good.

We are the voice of the common man and the common place--
both of which are uncommonly good and worth preserving.

Going forward we will sing in many colors
calling forth a future:

bright as daylight
clean as a hillside spring,
and true as a million maple leaves
rustling in the crisp fall wind
before the first glorious blizzard overtakes them.

We are, at this very instant, throwing locust logs that will burn long,
hot and hard
on the fires of environmental and social justice.

Not just one, but many--and growing like perennials, we are now
and will always be,
true Mountaineers.

From the Point of View of Someone Who Committed a Murder Today

HANNAH SECKMAN

It's gotten quite easier these days.
The first one,
I have to admit,
Was a bit nerve-racking
But after that I was fine.
I suppose I'm
Quaint
About it all-
I use only a knife.
The heavy metallic color of liquid red
Has never bothered me
So I guess that's helped.
Now,
After 20,
It's all I can do to keep myself
From drinking it.
It's like a fantastic new drug
And I just happen to be addicted.
After today, though,
Something
Clicked.
Perhaps it was because I felt his terror
Instead of seeing it.
His heart became mine
And I could feel it
Pounding
In my ears,
Trying to leap out of my chest.
His eyes were mirrors
And in them I saw
My own reflection
Of not who I am
But who I was.
His red shadow
Joined my white one
And together
We danced
Into the darkness.

..... **Trillium**

PROSES



Hush, Hush

HANNAH SECKMAN

I am dreaming of the sea when they wake me. Two guards lead me out of the icy dungeon I've been a prisoner in for three years and into the throne room of the castle. Alec, my brother of the same years, sits tall in the king's throne. My father's throne. I am forced to bow before him.

"Caden," he says, a dangerous smile lingering on his lips. His eyes, the color of the deepest, blackest part of the sea that you didn't dare go in, pierce through me.

Alec casts a look at the guards; they leave and we are left alone. "I want you to catch me an *eich uisce*, a water horse," he puts it bluntly, waiting for me to say something. When I don't he continues, "You're the best horseman in Wicka, probably the best in all of Scotland. You know the *eich uisce* the best."

I cross my arms over my chest and rock back on my heels. I ask him, "Why?" My voice comes out husky and sharp.

Alec smiles like the answer is obvious. "Because they make the finest mount imaginable."

"Until they touch the salt water again," I say. Until they hear the song of the sea again, like a lullaby. *Eich uisce* are swift and dangerous horses that live in the frigid ocean and emerge during the month of February. They are beautiful, coming in all the colors of the rocks on the beach. They are full of blinding speed if you can stay on long enough to feel it. *Eich uisce*, though, will jump out of the sea, attack you, and eat you. They are filled with love and hate, never to be trusted with your true heart.

Alec's voice brings me back out of my thoughts. "In return for catching me an *eich uisce* I will give you your freedom." He searches my face for a reaction, but I've learned to shut off all emotions. Here I am, making a deal with my brother who framed me for the murder of my own father three years earlier. An ugly fight the night earlier, my father's dead body in the morning, a bloodied knife unaware to me found stowed away in my room, and my brother's false testimony against me was all that the court needed to convict me guilty.

I unconsciously trace the long, now-pale scar running over my right eye that Alec had so graciously given me three years earlier. I weigh the options in my mind; freedom for a water horse. I could catch an *eich uisce* with my eyes closed, and Alec knows it.

Alec wears a sly smile. I don't need to tell him I've made up my mind. He already knows what my answer will be.

That is how, the next morning, I find Alec and myself at the base of the grey cliffs, dangerously close to the sand beach where an *eich uisce* can drag you into the ocean and drown you before you know what's happening. But that is how you catch one. The sun has just barely started to stroke the water's edge. We are alone. The ocean whispers *hush, hush* but I don't believe it.

I am still puzzling over why Alec waited three years to ask me for a water horse when I catch a glimpse of a sleek black head surge above the waves. I nudge Alec and show him. His greedy eyes become fixed upon it, never looking away. Then I realize why Alec has asked me here; to make all of this look like an accident. A dangerous *eich uisce* and two unarmed men. Alec has planned my death on this beach. But I don't intend to let him drown me.

The black *eich uisce* is free of the ocean. He is a fierce giant stallion, black as a moonless, storm-ridden night sky. He is close enough that I can see that his eyes are like two pieces of burning coal, and his mane and tail gently fade into a flaming red. He looks like a kindling fire, glowering against the ashen morning. He is beautiful.

Alec and I wait for the water horse to step into the loops of rope we've layed on the beach. The wind hisses in my ears. The ocean whispers *hush, hush*. The *eich uisce* has caught its front left leg in a rope. Alec and I creep toward him. I throw a thick rope over his neck. Alec holds the one to the water horses' leg. The *eich uisce* rears back and I see his eyes roll back with only the whites showing. He whinnies a shrill call and his scream splits through the silence like a knife. He smells of the sea, of blood. I get close enough to slip the soft leather reins I'm holding over his head. I whisper in his ear. The *eich uisce* becomes silent, like a predator ready to strike. He eyes me with his smoldering eyes. He is a wicked animal of the sea and I never take my eyes off him. I trust him less than anything else. I cut the ropes from his heaving body and throw them behind me.

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Without warning Alec is on the *eich uisce's* back asking for the reins. I am tempted to tell him that *eich uisce's* freshly caught never stand still like this one is now, that this water horse is more like a demon than horse, that all he wants to do is drag you into the ocean with him and drown you. The only thing keeping this reckless *eich uisce* tethered to the ground is the reins in my hands.

Instead I say nothing. The label murderer is hanging on my lips. I look Alec in the eye and smile at him, a wisp of a smile, just barely turning up the corners of my mouth. I let go of the reins. Suddenly there is blood on the sand, and blood dripping from the wicked *eich uisce's* mouth as he leaps back into the sea, taking Alec with him.

The ocean whispers *hush, hush* and this time I believe it.

Death and all his Colors

HANNAH SECKMAN

He stands there. Eyes closed. Lips curved into a smile. Arms outstretched. Naked. You can't tell at first, though. Paint of every color covers his body with swirls, lines, curves, and speckled dots woven into a complicated and almost reckless pattern. At first, it looks as if just that. But come closer and I will show you something.

Now can you see it? How the swirls, lines, curves, and speckled dots come together, twisting and climbing up his body to clothe everything? They form pictures, lifetimes of the people he has collected. You may see different things than me. I see the depths of the people in the land, from the writer to the soldier. These and so many more. Yes, he paints them all. Every person. And all without a paintbrush.

The bloody sun beats down on him, as his shadow is the only thing that is dark in the open desert. He appears to be on fire, all those colors burning your eyes if you look too long. The wind shifts and sharp grains of sand rise up and settle upon his skin, blending in with the paint. He does not seem to notice. You can't tell the color of his natural skin; you can't even see his natural skin, but that's irrelevant.

He opens his eyes and finds you. His eyes, they are different are they not? They pierce through you, so intense you want to look away but can't. Those blue, icy blue eyes that are sharp and cold like stars never leave you. They're haunting and loving at the same time, clinging desperately to you.

He reaches a colorful hand out, brushing it gently across your arm. He holds your eyes with his. Paint stains your skin and you find his touch oddly familiar. Like you've felt it so many times before but can't remember. You crave it, yet, for some unknown reason, are wary of it. An unpredicted red flag goes up in your mind; you can't figure out why. You know he is not an enemy, but not an ally either.

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He tears his gaze away from you. For this split-second you struggle for life. It's not the right time for you, but for someone else. I blink and watch, my eyes darting from you to him. I know I will enjoy your reaction. He turns slowly, arms no longer spread out. He stops when his back is facing us. You look at me, confused. "Watch," I barely whisper, drawing your attention back to him. His hand makes a quick sweeping movement against his skin. And then you see it - a picture forming between pictures on his back between his shoulder blades where his hand had been. Your eyes are wide. What do you see? I see another soldier; another wasted life. I sigh at this, wondering why there are always more swords than pens. I know he thinks the same. He'd told me once he was tired of carrying the soldiers; their faces haunted him forever more so than the writers.

You continue to watch in what I assume is amazement as the paint spreads out, touching other pictures but never covering them. I stop watching as I've seen this too many times when I myself almost became a painting, as like now.

I whisper to you that his skin never runs out of room, as impossible as that sounds. Every person in every painting is a different color. Your eyes run over all of them - from fire spit red, the deepest river-bottom blue, to the dripping, waxy yellow. These last moments of their lives, of color, are what you see. The thrill of a thousand beautifully tragic lives, all scrawled across his skin.

He turns back to us. His eyes, I've always thought, are like too much sea out here among all the red. They make you feel as if you could drown in them. They don't seem to fit the rest of him.

His eyes are not on me though; they are all for you. The smile stays on his face, carved in like a statue. He smiles many times, but it never reaches his eyes; it never has. You are captivated by him, all of him. I know I was at first. And perhaps still a bit am, considering I probably see him more than I see anyone else.

He takes your hand gently into his. You are mesmerized and have forgotten I am there. No matter, though. It's your time now and I smile then, just a small smile, because I already know what your color will be.

Paint leaks from his hand onto yours. It eats you up, smothering you in the colors of your lifetime. It dresses and swallows your body. You don't struggle against it, as some usually do. Instead you simply stand and let the colors consume you until you are glowing. Radiating.

And then you are gone. It is only two steady silhouettes standing against the throbbing sun. His eyes flick back over to me. He turns his head so I can see your painting form. There, on his cheek, his fingers drum and swipe against his skin until he is done. I watch as you fade in slowly. You are a soft, melting silver, as like most of the ones who are ready and who want to come are. I smile then, pleased that you are a pen and not a sword. You look happy in his painting.

His eyes find me. They are shining. It's not my time yet, though it almost has been many times before. I won't become a color for a while, I know. But he takes my hand anyway. Paint bleeds onto me from his touch. I don't wipe it away. Instead I tighten my grip. And we stand there, lost in a burning up red sea for the last few moments we have until I have to go back. You see, he is Death. And these are all his colors.

Christmas Eve

SEBASTIAN MORRIS

Ann was settled by the wide living room window gazing out at the heavy snow. The hearth at the far end of the room crackled emitting a low, warm light; the only light in the room besides the Christmas tree lights and flaming sunset that soaked in through the large window. Ann was a girl of seventeen anxiously awaiting the arrival of her cousin, Brett, from the south. It was tradition for Brett to journey up to see family on Christmas and stay until the 31st to bring in the New Year.

Almost an hour passed and Ann's feeling of excitement quickly changed to boredom. Her mind drifted from presents and Christmas ham to thoughts of school. She thought of all her friends and whether they would stay in touch after graduation in May. She thought about all the boys she liked and how she wished at least *one* of them would bring her flowers when Valentine's Day rolled around.

But suddenly, she was torn away from her day dreams when the phone rang. It seemed to ring with an urgency that Ann was not accustomed to. "I got it!" Ann shouted. She raced over and picked up the phone, "Merry Christmas!" she said cheerfully.

"Hello, Ann. This is Mrs. Ellington."

"Mrs. Ellington! How are you?"

"Just fine dear."

"Would you like me to put my mom on?"

"No, I actually need to ask *you* a favor. Would you be able to come down here and watch Susie? Mr. Ellington and I would like to go out tonight and we can't exactly leave her all alone."

"Mrs. Ellington, I don't know."

"I know it is Christmas Eve, so I could pay you double! We'd be really grateful if you could do this for us."

Ann hesitated, but finally agreed to babysit Susie. Mr. and Mrs. Ellington married

at the age of nineteen when Susie was born; she's now seven years old. Ann looked out the window one last time, and then ran down to the stairs leading to the first floor. The staircase going down to the first floor doesn't have any walls along it, so about half way down Ann stopped and sat on a stair. Her mother, Grace, was cooking delightful roast pork and humming along with the jolly Christmas music she had playing. Grace looked over her shoulder to the stairs where Ann was perched. Grace smiled and said, "Dinner's almost ready. Would you mind setting the table?"

"Actually Mom, I've got to run down the street to Mrs. Ellington's to babysit Susie."

"Brett's going to be here anytime now!"

"I know Mom, but she sounded so desperate. I don't think they've been out in a while."

"Well, they sure can plan these things! Alright, go on. Let your father know where you're going then get on down there."

Ann smiled at her mother then descended the remainder of the stairs. The door was only feet from the bottom of the staircase; everyone's boots were clustered messily there. Along a nearby wall were pegs where their coats hung. Ann slipped on her boots, put on her coat, gave her mother one more smile, and then went outside.

Her father sat on the patio in a fine, cherry wood chair smoking a pipe. He was bundled warmly; his wool scarf tucked into his thick leather coat neatly. He looked meditatively out at the snow as it layered inch upon inch. Ann walked up behind and put her arms around him.

"Hey little girl, what's up?"

"I'm going down to the Ellington's to watch Susie for a while."

"It's almost six! Brett will be here soon. Not the best time to take a babysitting job."

"I understand, but knowing them, they'll be home after an hour or two all guilty about leaving Susie alone. I'll be back by eight."

"Alright, I'll let Brett know that because you can't say 'no' to anyone, you weren't able to greet him."

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Ann shook her head and kissed her father on the cheek. She walked off the cover patio and into the swirling gale. As she walked down the block, she observed wonderfully decorated homes and fantastic snowmen complete with a scarf and lively carrot nose. Ann was glad to reach the doorstep of the Ellington's for she was severely underdressed. Her ears and fingers burned with the frosty sting of winter. She rang the doorbell. Mr. Ellington answered it swiftly. "Hello Ann. Come on in." The house was toasty and the smell of chocolate chip cookies wafted out of the kitchen. Mr. Ellington closed the door and looked down the hallway to his bedroom, "She should be just about ready. Susie's in the living room. She's already eaten so she can have cocoa and cookies if she wants. Help yourself, as usual. If she gets out of hand just put her to bed. We shouldn't be out past nine. You've got my cell so just call if you need anything."

Mrs. Ellington came out of her room and walked down the long hallway. She was wearing a beautiful red dress. Her heels clicked on the hard wood floor as she approached. Mr. Ellington smiled then turned back to Ann. "Well, have a good night. Good bye, Susie, be good!"

Then they were gone. Ann took off her jacket and slung off her boots. She walked wearily into the kitchen and made herself and Susie a warm snack. Susie was seated on the carpeted living room floor watching SpongeBob and laughing hysterically. Ann set the snack down on the coffee table then sank into a leather easy chair.

An hour passed slowly. Ann sat in the chair texting a friend while Susie remained on the floor basking in the childish entertainment before her. Another half hour went by and Susie dozed off. Ann crept over to her and woke her up, "Time for bed, miss sleepy."

Susie's heavy eyes showed sleepiness but her head violently shaking left to right said otherwise. "But I'm not tired!" Susie exclaimed.

"Oh, yes you are!" Ann said in a soothing yet stern manner. She picked Susie up and carried her to the door where she turned and went down the hallway to the bedrooms. Susie's room was a stereotypical little girl's room: pink walls, stuffed animals, princess bed sheets, and various toys that glowed and made noise. The room was well lit by a single overhead light. Opposite of Susie's bed was a window that showed the snow had not let up yet. Ann laid Susie down and covered her with fluffy blankets. As Ann turned off the light to the room and quietly closed the door, a red nightlight came on in the corner. Ann walked down the hallway and sat back down. She changed the channel to the Local News Network.

“Merry Christmas everyone, I’m Scott Everdeen. Tonight’s snow shower seems to be turning into a complete white out. Our meteorologist here at LNN is advising everyone to stay indoors! It’s going to be dropping below zero tonight. Get to bed early! You don’t want Santa Clause to pass you up. Do you?”

Click. Ann turned off the television set and curled up staring at her phone. She began to nod off when she heard a shriek come from down the hallway. Ann shot up and ran to Susie’s room. She turned on the light and saw that Ann had balled up under her blankets.

“Susie! What’s wrong?”

“I don’t like that clown!”

There was an almost life size statue of a clown in the corner. It was smiling wide and was dressed in a ruffled pink outfit with white stripes. Ann hugged Susie. “It’s all right! It’s just a statue! Isn’t that the guy from that one show you like?”

“No, it’s not! I don’t want him in here!”

“Ok. Wait here.” Ann walked back to the living room and called Mrs. Ellington on her cell phone. It rang several times but finally she answered. In the background was the clinking of plates and some soft, down beat piano playing.

“Hello?”

“Hello Mrs. Ellington, this is Ann. I’m sorry to interrupt you like this but Susie’s a little frightened by that clown statue in her room. You know, the one by the night light? I was wondering if I could throw a blanket over it or something.”

“Susie doesn’t have a nightlight in her room. She doesn’t have a clown statue either! GET OUT OF THAT HOUSE RIGHT NOW!”

Drowning With Style

DANIEL PASCASIO

Here I am, standing on a beach. It doesn't matter which one. All you need to know is that the sun was beaming at my back and an ocean was looking me dead in the eyes. I can still hear the sound of seagulls flocking over my head. I wanted to go out for a swim when I remembered that I never learned how.

From there, I thought back and reflected on my life as a man who couldn't swim. I spent my formidable years acting like the exact opposite of an amphibian. If it had anything to do with water or the act of being near it, I would stay clear of it. When my friends would invite me to go out on the lake, I would make up excuses that usually consisted of me spending a few days with an out-of-town relative. My tracks had managed to cover themselves quite well. Nobody expected I was lying at first.

I eventually got tied up in my lies when a cute girl by the name of Lane asked me about my plans one weekend. She kept talking about how excited she was for the upcoming summer vacation. As the conversation continued, Lane informed me that her family had just uncovered the swimming pool in their backyard. She invited me to come over that weekend because her family was not going to be home. I could barely contain my excitement as I thought about spending some long-awaited 'alone time' with one of my friends (who happens to be a girl). I thought I could at least make it to second base. Then, I started to get the little angel and devil on each shoulder. I'm thinking about what I should say to her. This is the moment where I could have come clean and told her that I did not know how to stay afloat in water, still or moving. It's possible that she would have thought it was cute and funny that I didn't know how to swim, but I didn't want to take any chances. So what do I do next? I gave her the old 'staying with relatives out-of-town this weekend' routine. The following conversation delved into the specific details that I normally leave open to interpretation. I told Lane that I'd be staying at my Uncle Ned's cabin located about three towns away from ours. What really screwed me over was that Lane had some relatives who lived within the same region. One question led to another and eventually she knew that parts of my story didn't check out. She was well aware that there was no cabin located near a pier or anything of that sort. The conversation ended with Lane walking away from me out of fear for whatever other lies I may have told her throughout the course of our friendship. This would not be the last time that my inability to swim would come back to bite me in my social life.

One day at school an old pal named Doyle invited me to go with him to the local swimming hole that afternoon. If I'm recalling it correctly, the month was May and that day was especially sweltering. I can remember Doyle saying in exaggeration, "It must be over a hundred and twenty degrees out there today!" Although I was aware that the temperature was probably only in the eighties or nineties, I nodded at Doyle in agreement. I did not want to admit my lack of swimming abilities so I accepted the invitation to hang out with my friend and thought it would be a good opportunity to at least get my feet wet on a hot day. After school that day, Doyle received news that his grandfather just died. I was there for Doyle when it all happened, and I decided to give him his space when he needed it. Long story short, I no longer had to go swimming that afternoon at the cost of a friend's relative (seems kinda strange when you stop and think about it).

As I finish reflecting on my past, I stop to ponder my thoughts about my future. It seemed as if I had completed most of the goals I set for myself. Swimming was the only thing that challenged me. Since those days as an awkward youth, I've learned many things. I've loved. I've lost. I've envied. I've sinned and I've repented. My only regret is never being able to see the ocean floor or its inhabitants. I've been hoping and praying to come back as an amphibian in the next life.

Cowardly: An Act of A Dozen Red Roses

ASHLEY VANDALL

I remember the swell of the blood red buds, spread in delight, whetted with my kiss. Your rose lips unfurled, framed in the flowerbed of first love when you planted butterflies on my collarbone. Yes. I could paint a perfect portrait of your sweet mouth, but your eyes, I would conceal with a dark and delicate veil, for I could never bear to bravely mingle in the beams that would surely burn me to cinders; I never met your gaze, to acknowledge what flowered there. I missed the most vivid part of you. Were they green, the chloroplast coloring of all your small things? Swimming in my mind's eye, big seal eyes that might've turned the tide. I should have given in, I should have greeted them, taken them the way I took the rest of you, all at once and then note by note, playing you by ear. I am selfish. I consumed you. I am cowardly. I tried to hide the parts of me that aren't always pretty. You didn't get the whole symphony. When you asked me to go with you to the Christmas party I withdrew, and like a drug the absence of my toxic presence began to take its toll. Without my kiss to wet your lips you distorted the thirst with wine and worse, and I wasn't there to stop you. I never had the courage to save you. Oozing apathy in the hole of my absence was the worst thing I ever gave you. It's too late to patch it up, to fill it as you fix me, but you were worth all of me, twelve of me, and cowardly the only tribute I leave is the roses on your tomb and your heart on my sleeve.

An Exercise in Patience

DAVID FINLEY

Even before arriving at its destination, the dust covered UPS trucks' approach is announced by the dry sound of gravel crunching under worn tires. With ears raised toward the offending progress of the approaching vehicle, the dogs bound off the porch heralding the intruder's arrival with loud yips and barks.

As the truck pulls up in front of a small, wooden footbridge that now only spans a trickle of dirty water in the weed infested wasteland, it comes to a stop. The brown dust cloud, which had been trailing in the wake of the van, slowly settles back to the earth from where it had originated, painting everything with a fine powder-coated veneer. The old man, resting in the shade of the front porch, eyes the growing commotion at the roadside before he reluctantly picks himself up from a worn, paint chipped Adirondack chair, yells at the dogs to hush, and slowly makes his way across the dying grass toward the road.

The driver of the truck steps out, warily keeping an eye directed at the dogs, he makes his way toward the finger-graphitized rear door of the dust covered van. He steps into the cavernous opening and removes two large cardboard boxes, laboriously dragging them across the scratched metal floor of the vehicle. The screened front door porch slams open, disgorging four children of various ages singing the same mantra, "The chicken coop is here, the chicken coop is here," as they run across the yard, each jockeying with the others for strategic position by the rear of the truck.

The old man, stepping through this tumultuous arena of dogs and small feet, takes one of the packages and begins to drag it across the worn planking of the wooden foot bridge, eventually coming to a rest in the dead-dry grass of the front yard. The second box, accompanied by two large hands, and many smaller ones, is brought across as well.

"Ok kids, let's take these out to the back yard," the man announces, "out by the old blackberry trellis." Amid arguments over positions and who carries which, the boxes reach their desired destination, finally coming to rest in the shade of a large Black Walnut tree.

"Watch yourselves now while I cut open these boxes," the old man says, reaching into the pocket of his faded blue jean shorts he removes a silver razor knife. Brushing inquiring fingers out of harm's way he cuts the tape holding the boxes closed and slowly removes the contents.

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“Ok,” the man states, “first we need to separate all of the pieces to see what we have to work with, and we also need to keep a look out for the screws and instructions.”

The ruckus begins. The two smaller boys immediately contest for sole sovereignty of the boxes with a desire any general would have found commending. The older girls begin exhuming the various layers of wood and fence panels from the mound of parts with such ferocity that an archeologist would have turned pale at the total disorganization and devastation being wrought. The dogs, not wanting to miss their opportunity to join in on this chaos, begin to shred the white shipping paper into micro-sized pieces that are soon scattered across the yard by the hot summer air. The screws and instructions have become lost.

“Uncle Dave,” one of the boys shouts as he pulls for possession of one of the containers, “Jesse won’t share his box. This one is no good.”

“But Rowan is ruining it dad,” says Jesse, “He’s being a butthead.”

Nerves are beginning to get stretched thin.

Immediately upstaging this crisis of territorial possession, the two girls begin arguing over a particular piece of cage, with each tugging furiously on opposing ends of the chosen, select piece of cage, while the unbolted door waves underneath like an eager schoolchild with the answer to the day’s problem.

“Enough children,” the old man snaps, “you all go sit on the porch while I clean this up, then I will find the instructions and figure out how to put this doggone thing together.”

After a couple “But dad’s” and a dose of “he (she) started it” they grudgingly sit down to wait while the man retrieves the stolen packaging from the dogs, then scraping the torn pieces up, he stuffs them forcefully into the now confiscated boxes. After some investigative work and much searching, the instructions are recovered from the Bermuda Triangle of loose paper and parts, and the proper tools have been allocated to allow the job to commence.

“Ok kids,” he says, his blood pressure returning to a more acceptable level, “Let’s get started on this thing. Only no arguing or you will go sit back down on the porch.”

With four children holding onto their respective wall sections the assembly of the coop begins. Insert peg A into notch B, insert two inch bolt and tighten nut. Even with the arguments and snide comments made over proper application of the two screwdrivers and one wrench available for four sets of hands, a rectangular structure begins to emerge.

“Good job kids,” he compliments, “that is going to be the coop for the chickens to sleep in, now let’s build the run so they have a place where they can go outside.” They repeat the previous argumentative assembly process, only this time with the fence pieces.

“Attach both the coop and run together by inserting peg C into slot D, securing both together with a number eight flat-head screw,” the old man reads aloud. “Ok here is peg C, but where is slot D?” he muses. After searching the wire frame, the missing repository for peg C was located, upside down and backwards from its destined position. After much muttering and curses sworn under the breath, the offending wall is repositioned and secured in its proper place.

“Can we put the chickens in yet?” they chorus out in unison.

“Patience children,” he says, “let’s get them some hay so we can make some comfortable nests, ok?”

Only slightly dejected, they resume the offensive on who will get the hay, whose nest reigns supreme in craftsmanship, and who will get to feed and water them. Finally, when the hay has been properly positioned, and food and water has been supplied, the man says, “Ok kids, go fetch the chickens.”

Turning he sees the children standing there waiting patiently, each cradling a chick in their arms so quietly. As he carefully opens the lid to the run, they each take turns reaching in to gently place the chicks inside upon the soft hay. Immediately as the children settle down around the cage in various stages of repose, the old man quietly slips away, retreating toward the beckoning cool shade offered by the porch.

Slowly sinking down onto his porch swing, he closes his eyes, slowly exhaling as his head drifts to rest upon the back of the swing. His eyes close as a slight, cool breeze begins to blow, rustling the dry leaves overhead. A smile shows slightly on his face as the sound of laughing children begin to harmonize with the gentle snores of a content old man.

Bird Watching

DAVID FINLEY

The weather was miserable. A cold, gusting wind was consuming warmth while a mist of rain steadily fell covering the landscape with miniature pearls of moisture. Underneath the yellowing canopy of a West Virginia forest, the rusty tin-roof of an old farm house juts out, obtrusively human, yet comfortable and strangely natural in its primitive surroundings. A muddy road winds up through worn, cow trodden fields, crossing a chocolate colored creek as it slowly ends its sojourn at the sagging, front porch of the paint chipped house. Adjacent to the old house, standing in a halo of hay and horse manure, struggles an old grey swaybacked barn with the skeletal structure of a chicken coop wedded to its side. The wire woven door to the coop is hanging loose from a rusty hinge as it competes with the barn in their inevitable loss against gravity. In the front yard, an ancient Catalpa tree has grown; an eternal creature of this forest, a tree for which time has passed slowly, whose towering branches now offer shelter from these oppressive elements. High up in this sanctuary, an old hawk, hunkered down with wings covering its exposed feet, surveys the farm below; except for the occasional cluck from the chickens resting snugly in their coop, and the pattering of the rain as it drums a monotonous tattoo off of the metal roofs, all seems quiet. This peace was soon broken by a loud voice hollering up through the wind and rain toward the house.

“Hellooo Bill,” yells a lanky man dressed in faded jeans with mud caked boots, a red woolen knit cap pulled snugly down over his ears to fight off the biting nip of the wind that is continuously blowing his long brown beard in varying directions. Wrapping his flannel jacket even tighter around his lanky torso he continues forward, leaning against the wind he gains a marginal victory versus the viscous sucking mud by managing to keep his boots. He is escorted by a large, Black Labrador dog, which, with canine ease, jumps around the voracious ditches and is soon exchanging greetings of the nose and tail with the multi-colored posse of dogs that spill out from under the outlying buildings.

The front door opens to reveal a man dressed in brown corduroy pants, zipping up a torn, green army jacket as he pushes open the screen door with a loud protesting squawk. The excited dogs mill carelessly underfoot making this last bit of the journey even more hazardous.

“Hey Gary, nice weather we have here today, ain’t it?” Bill replies sarcastically as he slides a pair of warm feet into cold boots. “Whatta you up to today?”

Snuggling his flannel jacket deeper under his chin, and being too cold to put up with the formalities of caustic country conversation Gary asks, “Do you think the mash is ready?”

“Let’s check,” replies Bill, leading the way across the saturated yard to a small grey wooden shed resting precariously on ancient sand stone blocks.

The rain has now ceased its steady rhythm.

“Cluck, cluck” can be heard from the coop. The avian residents are stirring.

The hawk watches from his sentry post as the two men emerge from the shed, each carrying a white, five gallon bucket filled with a foamy, brown liquid. These pails are then delivered to a soot-covered, copper monstrosity rigged with coils of bent copper tubing that is waiting patiently on its own crumbling foundation.

“Get that cheese cloth across the top, so we can filter the corn out of the mash,” Bill says pointing to the back of the shed where a white cloth, hanging on a bent rusty nail, was keeping company with various other farming implements.

Placing this cloth across the gaping mouth of the copper creature, they begin to feed the mash through, seining out the corn as the fermented liquid flows into the round belly of the beast. After dumping the spent corn from cloth back into one of the buckets, they set both aside. All their attention is now paid to starting a fire under the hulking contraption, then hooking up and plastering all the proper plumbing. The copper-colored monster hisses to a boil as steam begins to emerge from its lone, coiled appendage.

As the two men work, a promising ray of sunlight breaks through the oppressive clouds, shining upon the chickens that are emerging cautiously from the henhouse into the screened in run. Eyeing the open door that leads to the yard, they continue scratching the rain swollen ground, looking for anything to eat. High up in the tree, the hawk shakes the last of the wet rain from his auburn shoulders as he continues his lone vigil.

“It’s pouring out now Bill, let’s give it a try.” Gary says, eyeing the Mason jar positioned beneath the steaming nostril of the hissing beast, from which a slow, steady stream has been dripping. The jar is now half full of clear, cool liquid. “What do you think?”

“Alright, let’s have a sample.” Bill replies reaching down to exchange the half-full jar for an empty one.

The men pass the jar back and forth between each other, sputtering spits of praise for the powerful liquid contained therein. The clouds have retreated over the horizon, surrendering their former position to the advance of blue skies. The

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brilliant sun now wraps the land in a warm blanket as the last of the chickens emerge through the hanging door into the open yard. High above, shaking off the last of the morning rain, the hawk stretches out his massive red tipped wings as he watches the two men at work in the yard.

“What are we gonna do with this old corn, Bill?” Gary asks, hoisting up the five gallon bucket half full of adulterated corn.

“I don’t know,” Bill replies, scratching aimlessly through his whitening beard, “Feed it to the chickens I guess.”

Gary walks to the middle of the yard, where the chickens are searching for rain bloated earthworms forced up from their abodes in the earth, and casts the entire bucket of alcohol swollen kernels across the remnants of last summer’s grass. Eagerly, the chickens scamper over and gorge themselves on this ample bonanza of food. They are soon running and rolling around the yard where a great clucking, cacophony soon commences. Invisible insects are fought over and lost. Hens are fighting over roosters, who in turn are swaying, singing chaotic karaoke crows at noon. The dogs, unaware of what the upheaval is about, but determined to not be left out of all the caroling, croon along in deep wolf-like baritones. One lone banty singer, his long feathers flowing out like ruffled coattails in majestic disarray, jumps to the fence rail stage, where, as he stretches out his swaying body to serenade his fellow fowl, he loses his fight with gravity, falling drunkenly to the grass below. Wing in wing they stagger back to the remains of the corn for one last round of the infused feed before collapsing, into a squawking, feathered heap.

“Look Gary, the chickens are drunk,” Bill chuckles through his beard as they watch the last of the inebriated fowl pass out in the front yard; a brilliant sun cascading over their now prone bodies. The hounds take up their usual positions around the yard, with each finding its own place in the now radiant sunshine; they turn like clockwork until finally settling down for a midafternoon respite.

Laughing, Gary and Bill make their way into the house, each carrying an armful of the product from their now quiet mechanical monster. The screen door carelessly bangs shut as the hawk takes to wing, slowly gaining height above the still farm; rising above the unconscious fowl below. The celebration has ended, the party is over; all is quiet on the lone homestead as the hawk circles even higher into the warming skies. Off to the side of the assemblage of unconscious poultry, a lone partier continues to stagger around; searching for one last piece of the eighty-proof corn as he stumbles his way to the open meadow. Tucking its wings against his body, the hawk begins to dive down through the rising currents of air, quickly gaining momentum; he speeds carnivorously toward the open field below.

..... **Trillium**

VISUALART



Untitled

ANGENAY WILLIAMS



Untitled

ANGENAY WILLIAMS



Untitled

ANGENAY WILLIAMS



**“I baptized him in
freedom... I guess he
couldn't handle it!”**

JOSEPH OVERBAUGH



Black Widow

Brookfield Zoo, IL
ASHLEY SMALLWOOD



Orange Weaver

Brookfield Zoo, IL

ASHLEY SMALLWOOD



Blue Chicory

Waterfall Glen Forest Preserve, IL
ASHLEY SMALLWOOD



June Bug

Waterfall Glen Forest Preserve, IL

ASHLEY SMALLWOOD



Dogwood

Glenville, WV
ASHLEY SMALLWOOD



That's Life

CLIFTON LONG



Owl Butterfly

El Fuerte River, Mexico
MELISSA GISH



Green Iguana

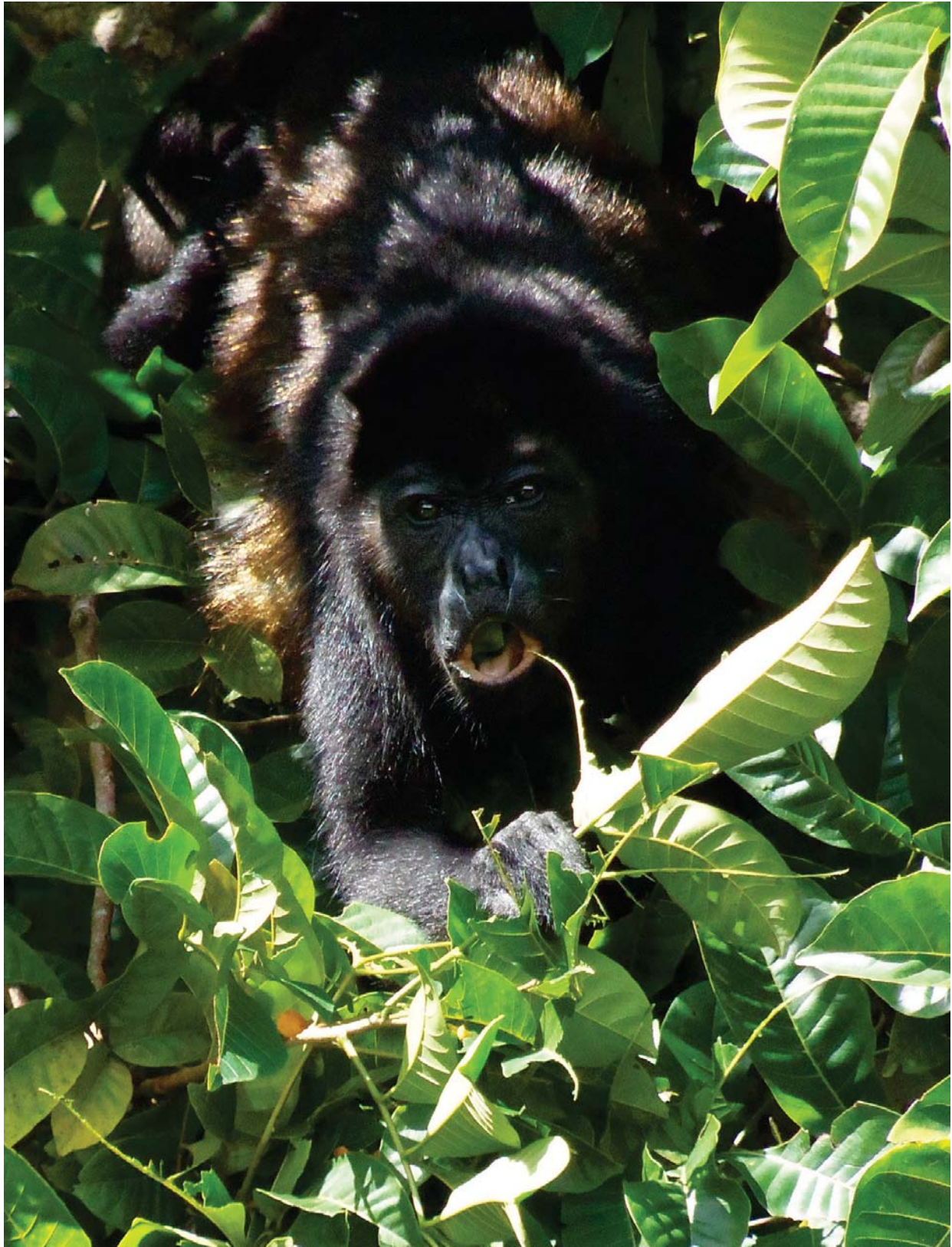
Manuel Antonio National Park, Costa Rica

MELISSA GISH



Howler Monkey

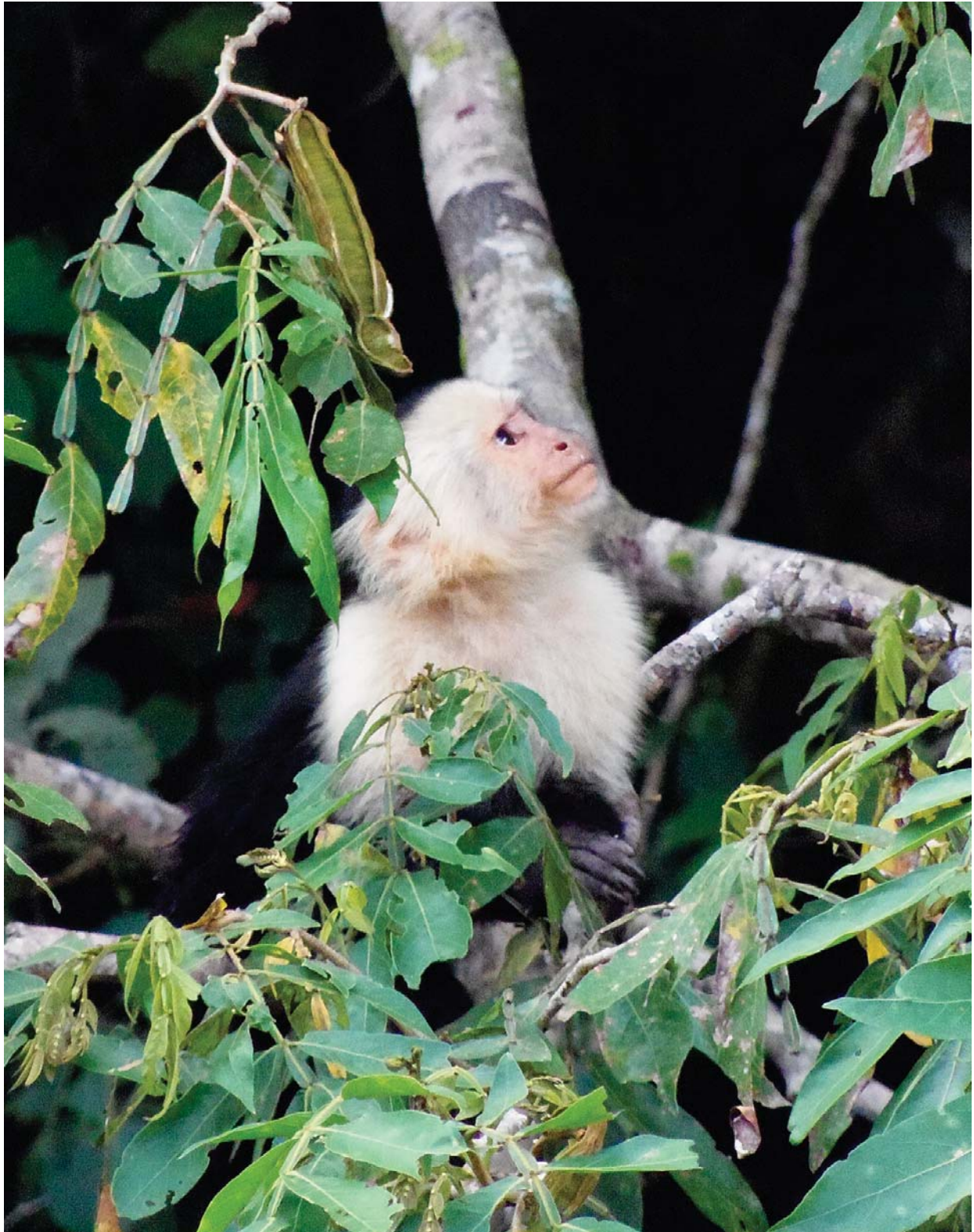
Caño Negro Wildlife Refuge, Costa Rica
MELISSA GISH



White-faced Monkey

Caño Negro Wildlife Refuge, Costa Rica

MELISSA GISH



Full Moon With Chemtrails

MARJORIE STEWART



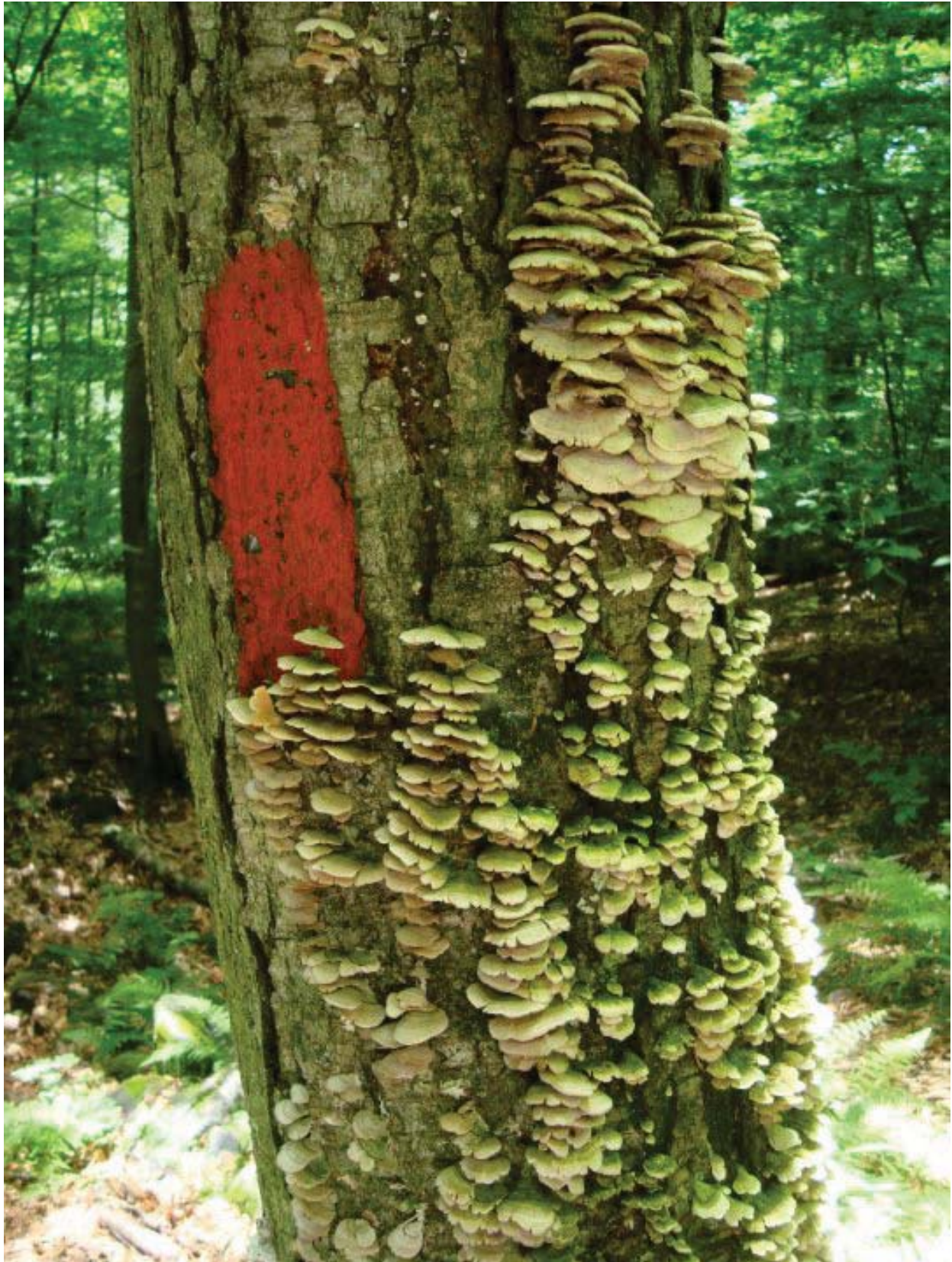
Trinity Tree

MARJORIE STEWART



Trail Blaze with Fungi

MARJORIE STEWART



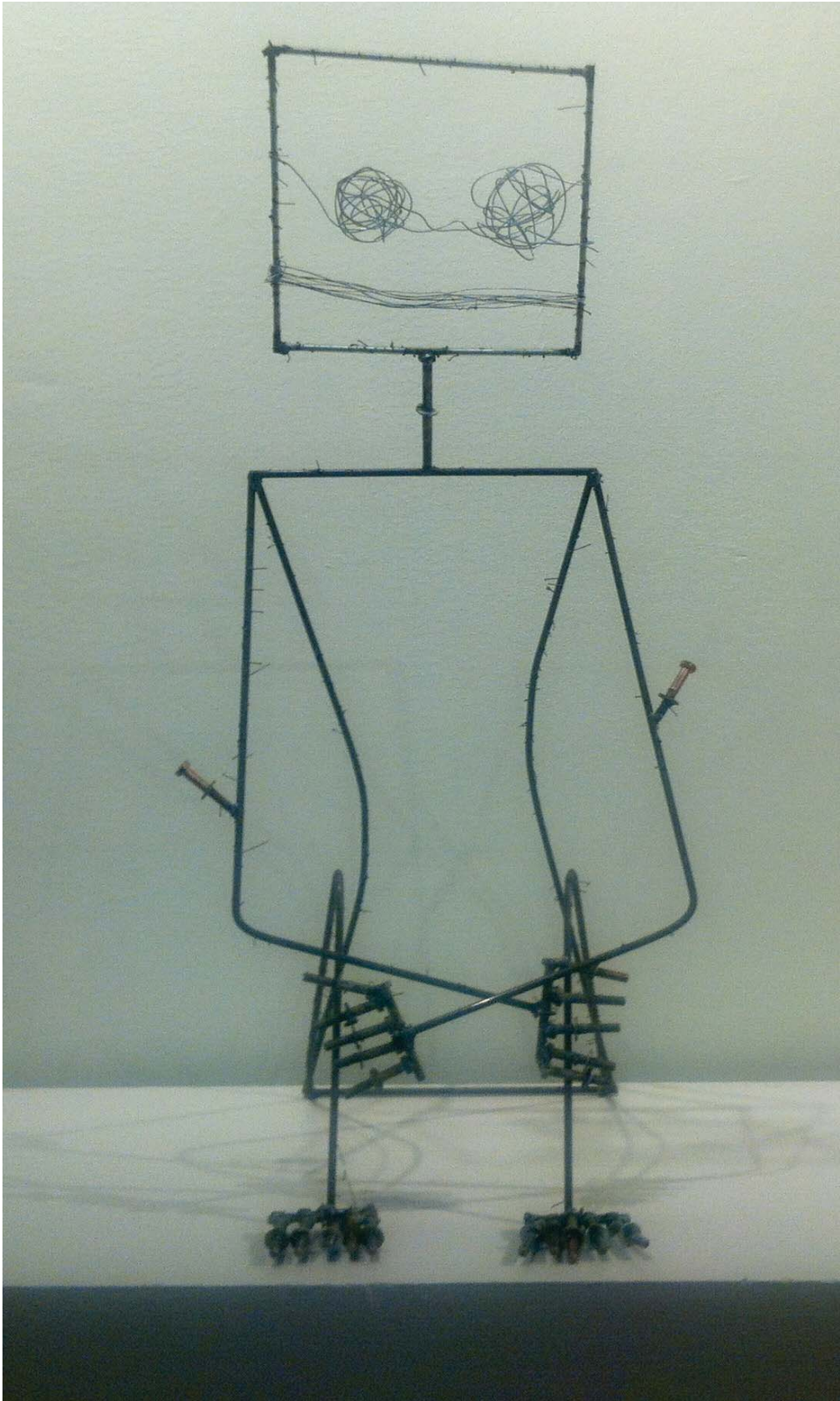
Lichen

MARJORIE STEWART



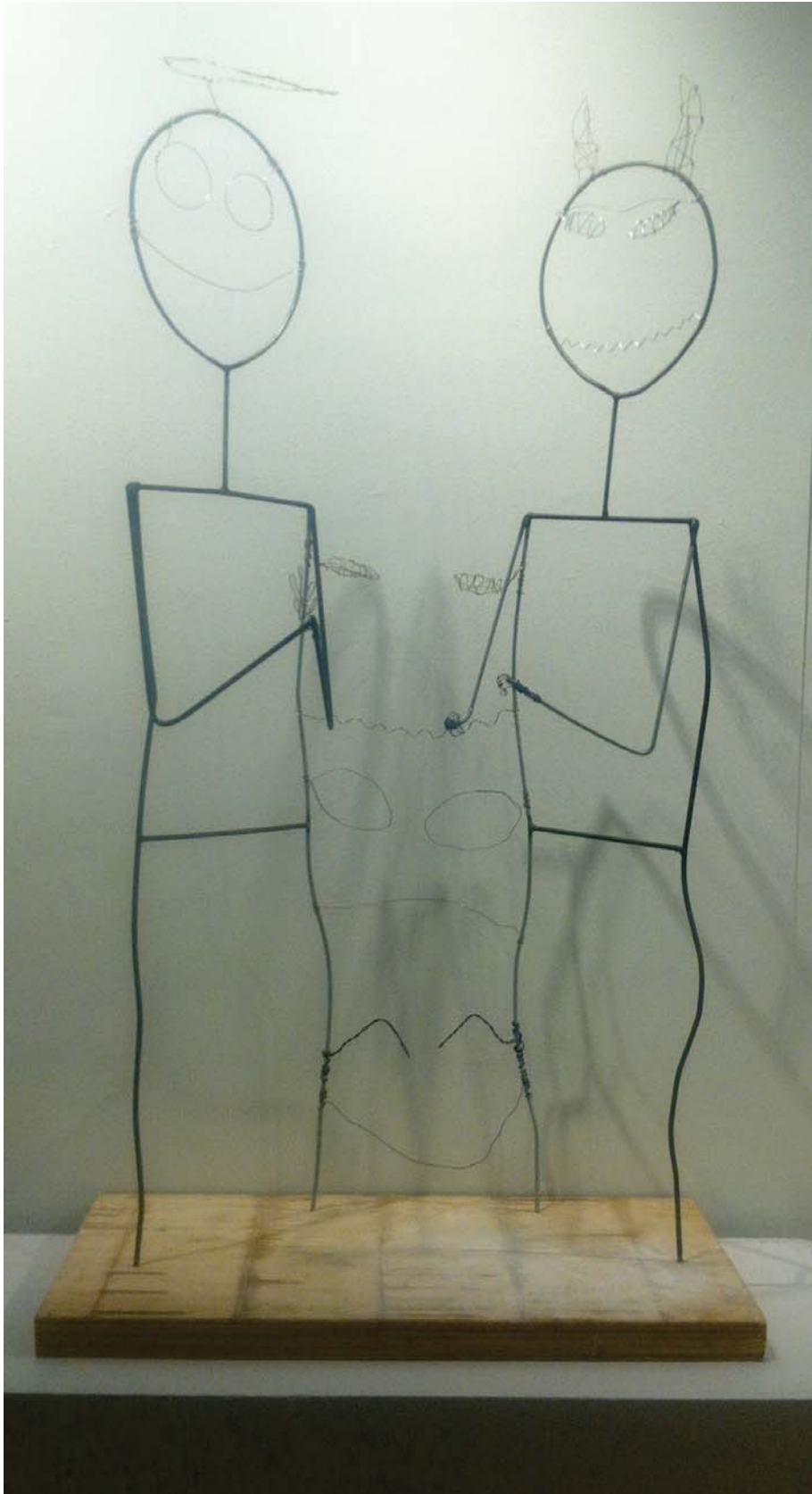
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EZEKIEL BONNETT



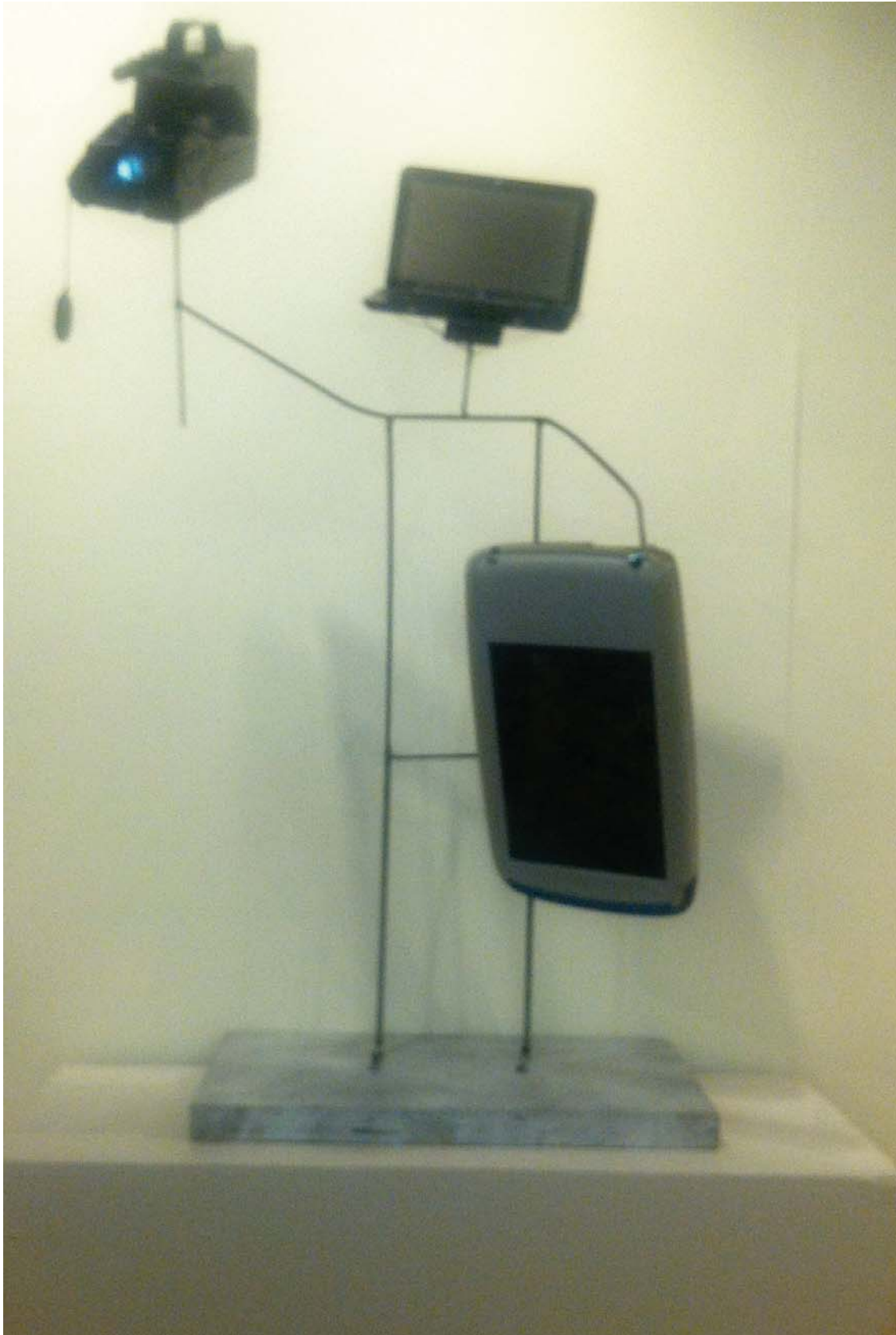
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EZEKIEL BONNETT



Untitled

EZEKIEL BONNETT



Flower and Bug

ATHENA MORRIS



Island of Saint Kitts

Where the Atlantic Ocean (left side) and
the Caribbean Sea (right side) meet

ATHENA MORRIS



BlueBird

Mixed Media, Collage, Ink, Metallic Pigment

HEATHER COLEMAN



Walborn

Watercolor, Ink, Metallic Pigment
HEATHER COLEMAN



Annabelle

Charcoal on Gray Paper
SARAH NORMANT



Lilith

Charcoal on Gray Paper
SARAH NORMANT



Snowed in on the Farm

Acrylic on Canvas

SARAH NORMANT



Cruising

12 x 16 Inches Oil on Arches Oil Paper

LIZA L. BRENNER



How Does Hannah Snell Do It?

30 x 40 Inches Oil and Collage on Canvas
LIZA L. BRENNER



..... **Trillium**

CONTRIBUTORS' NOTES



Samuel Canfield is biology major at Glenville State College. The poem *That Moment* describes the progress of a person's life. Additionally, it relates to that moment of realization that every human feels.

Professor Wayne de Rosset is the Chairperson of the Department of Language and Literature at Glenville State College. He has been playing and writing music since his high school days in New Jersey.

Melissa Gish is an Associate Professor of English at GSC. She writes the Living Wild series for *Creative Education* and travels to learn about the amazing animals of our world.

Sue Herwat was born in Kentucky, but relocated to West Virginia at age 18. She has survived eight major brain surgeries since the age of 17, cancer, and an automobile accident that forced her to learn to walk again. These experiences have taught her to be appreciative, optimistic, and resilient. She has two daughters and a Pomeranian-Chihuahua mix named Pepper. Her hobbies include cooking, gardening, and playing the piano.

Jonathan Minton is an Associate Professor of English and Honors Program Director at GSC. He is the faculty advisor for the *Trillium*, and also edits the online literary journal *Word For/Word* (wordforword.info).

Athena Morris is a senior in the Education Department at GSC. She is married with three children. She enjoys photography, writing, hiking, cooking, and spending time with her family and friends.

Sarah M. Normant is a local artist and GSC alum. Charcoal and acrylic are her latest mediums of choice.

Dr. Gary Norum has spent his adult life as a psychologist/psychotherapist. His songs reflect life, seen through the complimentary lenses of clinician, poet, and humorist.

Brianna Ratliff is a freshman at Glenville State College. She is working toward a major in English, and is planning to be an author.



*A Glenville State College
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