

Trillium

SPRING 2016



Trillium

Issue 37, 2016

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

Editor:
Travis Hammack

Faculty Advisors: Dr. Jonathan Minton & Dr. Marjorie Stewart

Designer: Dustin Crutchfield

Cover Artwork:
“The System vs Art Frog” by John Selburg



GLENVILLE
STATE COLLEGE

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

Trillium
Department of Language and Literature
Glenville State College
200 High Street
Glenville, WV 26351

Trillium@glenville.edu
<http://www.glenville.edu/life/trillium.php>

We are proud to dedicate the 2016 *Trillium* to Professor Nancy Zane.
Professor Zane began teaching at Glenville State College in 1984.
In that time, she has been a terrific mentor, colleague, and friend.
We wish her the very best in her retirement.

“I know not all that may be coming, but be it what it will, I’ll go to it laughing.”
– Herman Melville, from *Moby Dick*

COMMENTS
COMMENTS
COMMENTS
COMMENTS
COMMENTS

POETRY

- 1 Jonathan Minton**
Why We Need American Literature: A Poem for Nancy Zane
- 3 GSC's 2015 Creative Writing Class**
Bring Sally Up, Bring Sally Down
- 4 GSC's 2015 Advanced Grammar Class**
Whale Flew Sick Kevin Bacon Banana
- 5 Jake Harper**
Bubblegum on the Bottom of the Desk
- 6 Brien Winston**
Photographic Memory (A Song)
- 7 Marjorie Stewart**
Pickle Street
- 8 David Finley**
Blackened Desire
- 10 Don Narkevic**
Out the Road Where that Boy was Murdered
- 11 Bob Henry Baber**
Silver Plated Hearts
- 12 Sable Herrod**
Why Are We Here
- 13 Katie Hines**
End of Everything
- 14 Carissa Wood**
Reflection
- 15 Samuel Canfield**
The Crows and the Quite Rainy Day
- 16 Larissa DeLuca**
Social Media Life
- 17 Jacob Cline**
The Eyes of a Child
- 18 Sue Herwat**
Still Seeking

- 19 Presley Turner**
Explosive
- 20 Skyeline Hewitt**
Family
- 21 Haley Lamb**
Alphabiography – A “Anxiety”
- 22 Sam Edsall**
Ode to the Insane
- 23 Mazie Elliott**
Counting Down
- 24 Wayne de Rosset**
The Heart Beats Alone (A Song)
- 25 Samantha Osborne**
And Now
- 27 Jordan M. Sandifer**
A Wretch Like Me
- 28 Stephanie Curry**
Silent Screams
- 29 Desiree Hewitt**
I Am From
- 30 Amber King**
Black and White
- 31 Emilee Spangler**
Zealous
- 32 Austin Tenney**
My Apologies
- 33 Kaytely Carpenter**
Woods and Wildfires
- 34 Beatriz De Melo**
Untitled
- 35 Susan Bame**
now that Thunder has arrived, the New Year can begin

VISUAL ART

- 39 John Selburg**
I walk the corner to the rubble that used to be a library. Wake up to the mind cemetery. What we don't know keeps the contracts alive and moving. They don't burn the books they just remove them.
- 40 Kristen Cosner**
Untitled
- 41 George Garton**
Sidewalk Sliders
- 42 Hannah Barron**
Hands
- 43 Sarah Normant**
Untitled
- 44 Marjorie Stewart**
Graffiti di Firenze
- 45 Melissa Gish**
Homestead, New Mexico
- 46 Christopher Owen Cunningham**
Untitled
- 47 Matthew Welch**
Untitled
- 48 Heather Chambers**
Still Life
- 49 Larissa DeLuca**
Bridge to Heaven
- 50 Quentin J. Murphy**
Mind over Mind
- 51 Stephanie Curry**
Untitled
- 52 Ezekiel Bonnett**
Nobility of War
- 53 Serenity Black**
Untitled

54 Bob Henry Baber

For us...Forest

55 Joanna DiStefano

Untitled

56 Amber Foster

Untitled

57 Catherine Tamlyn

Untitled

58 Danielle Shepherd

Untitled

59 Mazie Elliott

Senior Starts Here

60 Kristen Heffner

Untitled

PROSE

63 David Moss

Writers Block

64 Skylar Fullton

I Lied

66 William Chaise Robertson

Prologue

71 Lauren Lawson

A Little Sweeter

76 Logan Saho

But What of the Heart?

81 Jared Brock

The Sound Of Nothing

84 Hannah Seckman

Death of a Blues Player

CONTRIBUTORS' NOTES

Why We Need American Literature: A Poem for Nancy Zane

JONATHAN MINTON

We need Mary Rowlandson's journals
in which she recalls her trials as a woman held captive
in an American wilderness she can barely comprehend.
She feeds on parched wheat and bear grease,
learns to ravel and knit clothes for her captors,
and suffers in her sickness and wounds.
She returns to her trials as a woman in Massachusetts
and its houses with strange, bare walls.
She tell us of the vanities in this world,
and the depths of its secret recesses.
*They are but shadow, a blast, a bubble,
and things of no continuance.*

We need Melville's sea-borne visions of home.
Take any path through his book,
and it will carry you and confront you,
as a river emptying back into its mouth,
or a gull plunging into wave.
If any of us stand on our legs and set our feet going,
we will infallibly lead to water and its sundry creatures,
unrecking, unworshipping as they seek and give,
painted brilliant under the sun.
We will find them as monsters, or gods,
or kindred things. There is magic in it.
There is our home, there lies our business.

We need Whitman to contradict us into searching for ourselves in the stuff
beneath our boot-heals.

We need Allen Ginsberg to sing us his hysterical raving howls until we use
the cellphones pressed to our heads to sing back to each other in fevered
cadences that we love his grimy, sun-starved flowers, his angel-headed, down-
trodden, radiant cool American saints, and we agree that we should be able to
buy what we need with only our good looks. America, you don't really want to
go to war. America, we are addressing you.

We need Sylvia Plath to tell us the truth,
to lay bare her skin and bone until we see
the valuable, pure gold baby
that melts to defiant shriek.

We need William
Carlos Williams and the promises
of imagination.

We need spring ruggedly returning
in the crags and dead branches
where we do not think
to look. There is music
in our speech. The world is outlined
in the letters we form,
in the caress of fingers
across the chin's
cleft and curl.

*So much depends
upon what is
at hand. This is
always enough.*

Bring Sally Up, Bring Sally Down

GSC'S 2015 CREATIVE WRITING CLASS

1.

If superman were real,
I would be the happiest girl in the world.

If aliens didn't fly spaceships,
I could have some fun.

If it rained cats and dogs,
I would adopt so many dogs.

If ants came to my picnic,
I would just laugh.

If I had a hundred bunnies,
that would be cool.

If Indiana Jones were really the bad guy,
I'd have even more bunnies.

If only the world was flat,
it would solve all of my problems.

If I could walk the Earth,
then imagine that.

2.

If I were superman,
I would pass out in a ditch.

If I could fly,
people would bow down to me.

If I saw a piano fall on someone,
I would fight crime with my fists.

If I had superpowers,
I would need a different umbrella.

If I had a real car,
then museums might be fun.

If you came home tomorrow,
I would get out of there.

If I won the lottery,
it would ruin my day.

If only the rain would stop,
my day would be more pleasant.

Whale Flew Sick Kevin Bacon Banana

GSC'S 2015 ADVANCED GRAMMAR CLASS

Over the water blue
A seagull flew
Towards banana trees

Kevin Bacon movies
Make me happy
But not as happy as the whale
In the water blue

Whales also enjoy Kevin Bacon
Seamlessly they flew
Through the ocean listening to his voice
Dolphins sick of hearing it throw bananas

The bananas were swallowed by the whales
And coughed up the peels
When they became sick
And well they did not feel

Poor Kevin ate his bacon
Big as a whale
He flew sick with bananas to hell.

Bubblegum on the Bottom of the Desk

JAKE HARPER

Come on out.

A cesspool of lost and found personalities amalgamating,
Give it the old college try! There is no time for patience.
Weighing down the balance, the *good* side up
The devil is in your ear, he is in your cup.

Come on straight.

Scandalous scallywags slobber up the streets,
Window shopping for woman too coward to meet.
Suave of the approach has turned to mere shit-show
Stand up straight, smile, eyes straight. Speak.

Come get it.

Piles of papers said to have stoked the fires that ate Constantinople,
Theories, Tests, Experiments, one consuming the other.
Broken maps set to point you in the right direction. Yet, it is the thinking, testing
Expressing, that brings you to some distant understanding.

Carrion of dreams ditched reek with regret.

The next step seems pivotal, thrive on your vision and intuition
Beget the satisfaction of swimming into denser waters. Fearful of a dream failing
Most resort to the live burial of it.
Plans change they exclaim, sweating as they hear it scream.

Photographic Memory (A Song)

BRIEN WINSTON

I seen piss in the hallways blood on the street
A gang of niggas tried to rob me for the kicks on my feet
I ain't to proud to run if it ain't a one on one
July 4th I hear sounds of glock's and machine guns, bustin
My people kept in school it wasn't no discussion
I'm getting sicker no liquor Ma get the robitussin
And when my parents leave its straight to the PlayStation 2
Budokai Gohan vs Super Buu
Progress reports is the worst when you gift with the curse
Of a huge imagination learning bout alliteration
Last minutes of the school days got me fucking pacing
Waiting on the bell to ring so I can do better things
Kicking it with the homies my neighborhood brothers
We all family I could get whooped by their mothers
And if we actin out we getting beat without a doubt
Mommy cooking good enough to make a mute man shout

Sippin on this Hennessy, Catchin positive energy
No enemies, Wishin I had a Photographic Memory
Wishin my family had money longer than a center be
But Praying to the Lord an evil spirit never enters me

Pickle Street

MARJORIE STEWART

I want to live
where strong kosher pillars
hold up a bread-and-butter
shingle roof

Where I build
my gherkin-sided farmhouse
on the banks of the briny Brine

Spicing life with pepperoncini
smuggling kimchi
pickling peppers just like Peter
pickling by the peck

I want to live in Pickle Street
unincorporated though it be.

I want to live in Pickle Street
out on Highway 33.

I want to live in Pickle Street
it's Pickle Street for me.

Blackened Desire

DAVID FINLEY

On a golden field was planted enough for everyone to eat,
The people quite contented roamed around on dusty feet.
They lived upon the bounty given to them from this field,
Yet from evil in the county whose jealousy concealed,
Grew desire to acquire all the beauty they could take,
Grew desire to put fire and leave destruction in its wake.

With dark elaborate attention,
While under false pretention
Using dirty schemed invention,
Grows an evil sown intention
To covet the golden land, to steal the golden field.

In the blackness of the night they set out on their steeds,
To conquer with THEIR might, to conquer for THEIR needs.
For in this golden county where all were quite content,
Exists no standing army of which it could have sent.
The people of the golden land still clad in dusty feet,
Had no weapon in their hand when evilness to meet.

Evil born from preparation
Blackened death their occupation
Sown sans of provocation
Erupts a vile exclamation
To steal this golden land, to plunder this golden field.

These bastard sons of Hades who smother out the light
Arrive in black Mercedes exhaling ochre in the night
This sable colored brute, bearing darkness of the soul
Has desire to transmute, blackened rock now into gold.
A wrenching operation they are bringing forth the dark
This racking occupation driving blades into the heart.

Greed forced false application
Gluttons eating not forsaking
Gobble land with devastation
Garbage left the beauty taken
Gold is plundered from this land, shattered memories their yields.

Under a smothering noxious steeple where once there lay a town
Lies remembrance of a people whose innocence they'd drown
With siren calls of greater glory yet granting profit for the few
Gambled lives that lay buried underneath this toxic stew
Greed grows in its intensity thrusting grafts into the mind
Stealing lives with great ferocity black wasteland left behind.

Love and family is shaken
Native innocence they're breakin'
Ruined land now left forsaken
For the gold...it has been taken
Leaving heartache on the mountains and destruction in the fields
the love and human kindness, this inner glow of men
Laughing memories
And one who is the wisest could not even comprehend

Brightness born of beauty
Beating blackened fury

With a harsh gnashing and gnawing,
Black horses come calling
Leaving dead bodies sprawling,
While the blood that is falling
Soaks deep in black soil, soaking deep in this field.

Out the Road Where that Boy was Murdered

DON NARKEVIC

I go blackberrying,
a one-gallon galvanized
calf feeding bucket,
the loop on the inside
of the leather and canvas
luggage strap grandpa
wore through the Depression,
now holding up my work trousers.

Among briars, I search,
the body years gone,
replaced by vine wisteria,
that mother in a shoebox church,
Trinity Episcopal, in need of paint,
how tears drowned consolation,
the smell of dirt at the grave, an odor
farmers relate to growth.

As a rain-wind rises,
I look over my shoulder,
the speck of Father
pulling stumps, me,
a prodigal from the milk barn
escaping to this sacred place,
wild blackberries best
after a harsh winter,
maybe twenty-five cents a quart.

When I hear a newborn cry,
I know I must leave,
the bucket half full,
my fingers stained
the color of wisteria.
Stopping by the house
I offer Mother the berries,
her favorite,
but she scolds me,
says not to wander off,
says to look after my chores,
says ain't no berries worth it.

Silver Plated Hearts

BOB HENRY BABER

How quickly love can turn
to resentment and regret;
we bruise and are bruised—
abuse with words unintended.

The bright colors of sunrise,
yellows and oranges, turn to darker hues—
reds and deep purples by sunset
on the shortest day of the year.

We attempt to make amends,
but get tangled in our own worlds and histories;
we're like fine silver necklaces
that hold symbols of love too tightly in their ends:

Little silver plated hearts, tarnished,
and choking for air--
seeking to be cut,
and set instantly free.

We're hopelessly entangled.
Is this what love is?
Gratefully accepting knots that bind—
Sometimes ecstatically so. . .but sometimes not?

Why Are We Here

SABLE HERROD

This question,
It burns and bleeds
With histories,
Long ago forgotten.

People may say:
Parents, or chance, or
Some divine dance,
Long ago forgotten.

Conversely, I think,
We're not dishes in sinks,
Or pens without inks,
Long ago forgotten.

By some great lord,
We should be led.
That's what was said
Long ago. Forgotten?

Forgotten because—
Why of course! Choice:
A powerful force,
Yet to be forgotten.

Why are we here?

It burns, (but not
Enough to turn away,
Compels us all to stay;
We've chosen those forgotten.
We've chosen what to say.

End of Everything

KATIE HINES

The end of my childhood,
So sad to see it go.
The end of my childhood,
Don't say it's so.

The end of high school,
It's approaching too fast.
The end of high school,
It's not going to last.

The end of free time,
I'm not ready.
The end of free time,
I'll never be steady.

The end of home cooked meals,
And mom taking care of me.
The end of home cooked meals,
And being carefree.

The end of everything,
It's not fair.
The end of everything,
I need some air.

Reflection

CARISSA WOOD

I look outside and see a reflection
It's a reflection of what's looming inside me
The woods are dark and ghosts hide
There's not a hint of green upon the trees

The dark and barren landscape
No warmth can be found
The winter moves on, dark and endless
I scream but no one hears a sound

I'm a boat upon the ocean
My anchor cut off and left me
Now I'm left to my own devices
All alone, floating on the sea

It's true that there are many fish
But a fish cannot replace an anchor
A fish cannot hold me in a storm
A fish cannot hold down my sadness and anger

The Crows and the Quite Rainy Day

SAMUEL CANFIELD

Four black crows perched on a tree
On a miserable and quite rainy day
Cackling and squawking their heads away
But what were they trying to say?

One may have said,
The DOW is down to his dismay
So he flew away, leaving only three birds of prey
On that dreadful and quite rainy day

The next was wise, due to his display of grey
He said, "I cannot stand you kids with your different ways"
So he too flew away
Hoping for a future with a not so much dreary and quite rainy day

The next bird was such a catch
She could have flew any day, but she stayed
Until she realized, "Oh wait these boys are just in my way"
And she bolted that day
To find a more pleasant and not so awful and quite rainy day

There was one bird still perched upon the tree
He stood there throughout the day
Finally it hit him and he found his way
He said, "Hey, it is raining and he flew away"
To return on a not so quite rainy day

The moral of the story, I must say
Is utmostly displayed in grey
As the birds of prey may relay
"Squawk! The mind maybe starting to fray. Squawk!"

Social Media Life

LARISSA DELUCA

“Be anyone you want,”
But you’d better be cool.
“Why fit in when you were born to stand out?”
But you’d better conform
to the unattainable and ever changing
standards we set for you.
“Who are we?” you ask.
Well, who are you? Do you even know?
No, of course you don’t
because we haven’t told you yet.
Smart, dumb, pretty, ugly, fat, skinny,
whore, prude, worthy, useless...
In here it’s a world of absolutes.
There are no shades of grades to hide in.
So put on your best face,
show us your best smile,
post the best moments of your life
(not your real life),
because it’s the only one you get.

And just in case you forget,
the delete button is at the top left.

The Eyes of a Child

JACOB CLINE

To have the eyes of a child
To see beauty full fledged
And unsullied by disease and death
And the scars left by the human hand

Still Seeking

SUE HERWAT

Still seeking what I seek with joy.
A stranger's smile,
leaves swirling through the air,
misty rain on my window pane.
The sweet sound of my children's voices,
rhapsody of the songs
of many brilliant, beautiful birds...
causing the stillness of the morn
to come vibrantly alive.
Excellence of these treasures
help create a breathtaking
woven tapestry to always be enjoyed.
Friends are so kind.
Occasionally seeking peace of mind.
You can give me a piece of you your mind.
I may need that in time.
Stumbling blocks
are my steppin' stones.
Times as these
help fuel my spirit,
heart and soul.

Explosive

PRESLEY TURNER

She was electric.
Frantic,
Panic,
She was expansive and vast.
Her mind was concave
And her heart convex.
She danced through the night
Striking matches with the soles of her feet.
Setting the world, and the people she touched ablaze with her scorching heat.
She was an earthquake,
And swallowed up everything in her wake.
No one dared to touch her,
Because she was dangerous.
Built with an exterior guarded by barbed-wire,
And an interior consisting of fragile glass.
She was explosive,
Angry,
And oh so beautiful.

Family

SKYELINE HEWITT

Forced eternity
Bound and yet bonded, by blood
Blood, not always loved.
Acceptance brings love.
Mutual understanding is
The language for trust.
Touch of loyalty.
Souls read each other's hearts, deeming them worthy.
They embrace their deaths
To ensure there life.
They choose misery.
Disguised by true strength
Their sorrows and pain unknown
To the ones they shield.
Shared blood sacrificed,
The same blood as the protected
Whom they shed blood for.

Alphabiography – A “Anxiety”

HALEY LAMB

Anxiety is one thing. Anxiety is many things.

Anxiety is not being shy. Being shy is having a shell to come out of;
something to grow from.

Anxiety is terrifying. Anxiety is strange.

Tasks deemed simple for others and cripple those who suffer.

Words fall out of your mouth like crushed ice and your brain is
constantly running a marathon.

It never stops, and it's always eager to give the worst case scenario.

It is in your head.

You can try to treat it, sure. You can swallow colored tablets and talk
to a therapist for an hour a week.

You can convince yourself that is nothing. You can tell yourself that
it's just a phase.

You'll get over it like you got over the monsters in your closet.

It can be buried, but it never really goes away.

I wish I had a better brain.

Ode to the Insane

SAM EDSALL

White walls cracked with age
A boy swoons with rage
Flowers bloom outside
Outside of this cage

This beautiful cage
Just on the surface
Does not really change
Does not serve purpose

They can't get away
Boys trapped forever
Flowers then die, too
Happiness, never

Death comes in capsules
Ever so slowly
Not in sanity
Always controlling

Counting Down

MAZIE ELLIOTT

I can't sleep at night.
All these thoughts and dreams are keeping me up
I feel tortured at night then sad and abandoned throughout my days.....
I count the hours 'til you call
I count Every second for God
But when that phone finally rings all my thoughts cease to exist and
 leave me with nothing.
It just makes me feel worse...
Makes me think of hearing your voice every night that you're not feeling
 as you once were for me
I Love You too much to let this be.
I hurt more knowing that time is running out and I don't want to go.

The Heart Beats Alone (A Song)

WAYNE DE ROSSET

Two hearts beating together,
A sweet, sacred rhythm as two lovers share the night
One heart beating lonely
A lover lost and gone in a sad and lonely life

But no one's counting the heartbeats
When in the spring a young man falls far into love
And he chants her name each day like a holy prayer
Her image is always before him, he pledges to love and adore her
And when he holds her close, his life is revealed in her eyes
But it may be weeks, months, or more than a year
Their world will stop turning, and there will be tears
Sooner or later harsh words will be spoken
And all too often one or both hearts will be broken
And love will turn cold as on a bleak winter day

The heart some say is so fragile, yet as lovely as a butterfly in flight
While others say it's like iron or made of stone
But when the deal goes down and the love is made
The heart often beats alone

But no one's counting the heartbeats
When a young girl is swept into a summer laced with love
And her eyes shine like diamond stars in the night summer sky
White satin dreams swirl about her, she can't imagine her life without him
And in the morning sun, she finds endless love in his eyes
But it may be weeks, months, or more than a year
Their world will stop turning, and there will be tears
Sooner or later harsh words will be spoken
And all too often one or both hearts will be broken
And love will fade beneath sad November trees

The heart some say is so fragile, yet as lovely as a butterfly in flight
While others say it's like iron or made of stone
But when the deal goes down and the love is made
The heart often beats alone

And Now

SAMANTHA OSBORNE

And the leaves are brown now; they will be for a long time.

And there's a bite in the breeze now, cutting through my thick coat like an iron blade.

And the light is fading quickly now.

I know I shouldn't be out here – I shouldn't have left.

But my collar was suffocating and the chain too tight. My skin burns in agonizing remembrance of the confinement.

I know I shouldn't be out here.

Wet twigs snap, muffled under the soft pads of my feet.

It had rained all day; I am soaked. The last of the drops fall to my back from leaves overhead. It's always a shock when they make contact.

The breeze soothes the irritated, angry skin of my neck with its cooling embrace, wrapping chilly fingers around the flames of chaffed hide.

Wet twigs snap, and this time they're not muffled under *my* feet.

Tuned to the silence, I can hear for what seems like miles.

The birds have stopped chirping. Instead, they are watching, a silent audience, from the perch of nests safely above, packed tight between thick branches. The intricate networks of leaves usually adorned upon them have long since fallen, leaving a straggling few to cling desperately, capturing fallen raindrops – the culprits responsible for my momentary shock as their liquid captees find a home along my bony spine.

Tuned to the silence, the soft breaking blares.

I look toward the sound, ears perked and sensitive.

I remember the last time I heard this noise. I warned the intruder, trying to protect my family from the malevolence of the unknown. The sounds had been strangled as they escaped my throat, squeezed tight with a strip of leather. My valiance was awarded with a bruising kick to the ribs and smothered curses as shaky hands forced my jaws together with a sticky roll of paper.

I guess they didn't need my protection.

I swallowed briefly, my throat contracting freely now.

I look toward the sound, but I see nothing.

All of a sudden, he makes himself known – like a grey ghost come from the shadows.

Piercing yellow eyes reflect the last of dying sunbeams, set perfectly in a massive skull – deep and mesmerizing and filled with something I could not sense. He is still as a statue, barring the slight wisps that move like meadow grass in the breeze. But it's not

meadow grass – it's thick, steel fur.

All of a sudden, he breaks into motion.

My limbs stay planted like trees to earth, unseen networks of roots holding me in place.

I want so terribly to cut the roots and run, fast, as a hunted hare. I stand though, eyes locked with this approaching stranger. I feel it scarce safe to breath, but I need to.

The air, thick and icy, as is custom of autumn evenings, freezes in my throat. The ice spreads throughout as I realize.

My limbs stay planted like trees to earth; I've taken too long and it's too late.

Before I know it, sharp teeth rip through my skin and ravenous claws rake my body.

I am hurting; my reaction time is slow. This doesn't feel real. I can't comprehend what is happening. And all at once, as though a switch was flipped and an engine roared to life, instincts kick in; my conscious mind flees and the berserk animal consumes me.

Blood pumps fast and hot through my veins. Fight or flight, fight or flight. Flight.

Before I know it, my legs are carrying me far, far away.

I am burning.

Sweat from the unwelcomed exertion soaks my sides, or maybe it was blood. Perhaps both. Puncture wounds in my already scorched neck sting with every turn and twitch of my head. My back leg is completely useless – broken or sprained, as well as shredded by knife-like teeth. My ribs ache with every breath of freezing air I take, so cold it actually burns – as though my throat is being engulfed by white hot flames.

I am burning.

And I know I can't go on much longer, and I know I shouldn't have left.

But my collar was suffocating, and the freedom was sweet. I lay down on weary limbs, aching. I've felt this way before. And I just wonder, why they would get so angry at unconditional love. Thoughts consume my mind as I flatten onto the cool earth, the prickly embrace of dried grass comforting. I watch as the stars reveal themselves through dark masses in a dark sky, and feel as the liquid pools underneath my body. I've long since lost feeling in my leg. And I wonder, how do the trees feel when their leaves die in the fall? Is it quite like this? The silent audience has grown even more so, nestled warmly in their nests above, leaving me in complete solitary.

And I know I can't go on much longer, and I know I shouldn't have left.

And the leaves are brown now; they will be for a long time.

And there's a bite in the breeze now, cutting through my thick coat like an iron blade.

And the light is fading quickly now.

A Wretch Like Me

JORDAN M. SANDIFER

Once upon a time, in a kingdom closer than you think,
There was a wretched little boy with a wretched sort of stink.
In this beautiful loving kingdom, the boy was quite unseen
He had not many friends in this kingdom so serene.

In this kingdom, twice a week, or so it usually when,
The royals, priests and nobles held a ceremonial event.
They fluffed up their biggest wigs and painted up their faces,
Filed in, shook hands, smiled and took their places.

Now what happened after that depended on where you went,
For different congregations had their ways to host the event.
And what happened at these events many did not know-
Just because you got invited didn't mean you were welcome to go.

And most that were not welcome didn't go or did not stay
The door was kindly pointed to, for them to be on their way.
And for those still at the party, many knew not what they'd done
For removing just a stinky boy, was removing a father's son.

And who would have thought the boy's father was the King
In fact He was the King in the songs they'd often sing.
All these ritualist ceremonies were said to be for His glory
While many tried dismissing His own child from the story.

But when the performance concluded, the actors went on their way
Some barely able to bare the weight of the stones that were cast that day.
Now what happens to all the characters, this we haven't a clue
But any change you want to see, always begins with you

Silent Screams

STEPHANIE CURRY

Who are you that you cannot see
through the fog that you create
Who are you that you cannot see beyond
Who are you but a mere shadow in the dim light
Devouring your prey so you can once again
sit high upon your throne
Your time there is gone in an instant
Because you know not who you are
You know not the beauty that surrounds you
For in you it does not dwell
Yet who can see in total darkness-not caring to see
A stranger to the shimmering light of life
and all that has meaning
So bright not even to be looked upon with disbelief
Only acceptance by the soul
Yet surely you know-but...do you truly
Then do enlighten the weary
For is it I that is blinded by this light that dwells within
to be shared with all that seek
I cannot hide my eyes
For I myself will not allow such denial
Though you would have me to roam and wonder
Safe behind the shadow in fear of knowing
Knowing and seeing you
Seeing you stripped naked
Is it why the light burns
Burns your very flesh
I know who you are
For I have looked beyond and do know
You are not my shield
You are merely a shadow in the dim light

I Am From

DESIREE HEWITT

I am from procrastination and last minute decisions
Because why not wait?

I am from unknown outcomes and unclear futures
Because not everyone can predict their own fate.

I am from weird glasses and backwards books
Because I choose who I want to be.

I am from obnoxious friends and a caring family
Because they have such a positive effect on me.

I am from small words with large meanings
Because not everything needs to be big

I am from sarcastic remarks and offensive names
Because I can't help it if you act like an ignorant pig.

I am from myself and only myself
Because why not be cheesy?

Black and White

AMBER KING



Eyes like windows into the soul
Young, pure innocence
Gazing softly at me
How could she know the evils of this world
Unblemished, sweet little face

Zealous

EMILEE SPANGLER

Always eager to go,
Always ready to start,
Ambition in her mind,
And zeal in her heart.

She has faith in herself,
It doesn't matter the cause,
She will look right through,
Every one of its flaws.

Nobody will understand,
She doesn't need them to,
Once she sets her heart on it,
She won't even need you.

Know that she loved you,
Once she starts, she can't stop,
She fell in love with the process,
On her climb to the top.

She realized all she needed,
From the very start,
Was the ambition in her mind,
And zeal in her heart.

My Apologies

AUSTIN TENNEY

"No, I am not he, but if you ask again tomorrow I will tell you that he is me.

You look confused, I think I know why." The man sat beside me, I sat down and sighed.

"Sir, as you can see, I am not the man you're looking for, but he is now me.

You search for a man, your long lost friend? But that person you seek met a long, slow end.

His death occurred over a period of years, so in the end he drowned in his fears.

You could have saved him, but now you're to blame. Do you think of him now, do you remember his name?"

The man could only wonder, he was clearly ashamed, but still the man couldn't even remember my name.

"I see now," said the "stranger" "that you are not he, but do you have it in your heart to forgive the I that is still me?"

"I hold no ill will toward you," I said "But forgive you, I cannot. Only he, who you betrayed, can save you now, but now he rots."

"Is there a part of him inside of you, can he forgive me?" A desperate plea from a pitiful man...

"Didn't you listen? I am not him, and he will always be me."

Woods and Wildfires

KAYTELY CARPENTER

Trees breathe

Inhale,
Exhale.

Stillness hovers over woods.

Fires start

Inhale,
Exhale.

Only a spark.

Flames Spread.

Still breathing

Inhale,
Exhale.

These woods are no more.

Wait, listen again!

Inhale,
Exhale.

Untitled

BEATRIZ DE MELO

I am from the words
The letters, comma
Period
Question mark, exclamation point

I am from the roses with thorns
From rolled eyes
I don't care
But

I do

I am to born to be brave
Raised to be bright
I am from "I miss you"
"I'll be okay"

I am from that subtle place
Between
Light

And dark
Where fear and hope meet
Don't move
Don't open your eyes

I am from
Am I from?
I am

I

now that Thunder has arrived, the New Year can begin

SUSAN BAME

wind stirred up gray dust
lightning at 12:21
then rain, pounding rain
sleeping with windows open
I felt thunder's vibration

VISUAL ART
VISUAL ART
VISUAL ART
VISUAL ART
VISUAL ART

I walk the corner to the rubble that used to be a library. Wake up to the mind cemetery. What we don't know keeps the contracts alive and moving. They don't burn the books they just remove them.

JOHN SELBURG



Untitled

KRISTEN COSNER



Sidewalk Sliders

GEORGE GARTON



Hands

HANNAH BARRON



Untitled
SARAH NORMANT



Graffiti di Firenze

MARJORIE STEWART



Homestead, New Mexico

MELISSA GISH



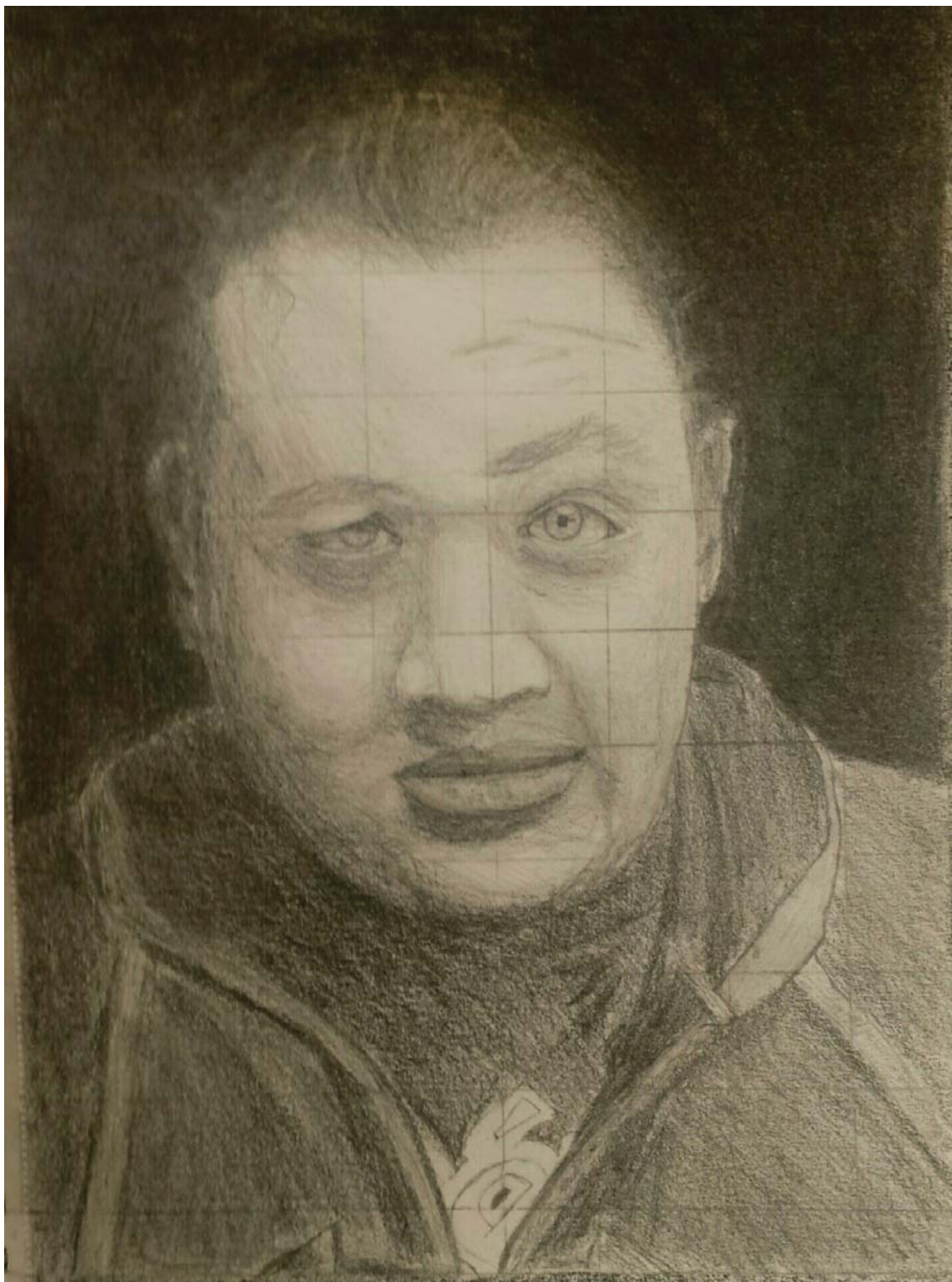
Untitled

CHRISTOPHER OWEN CUNNINGHAM



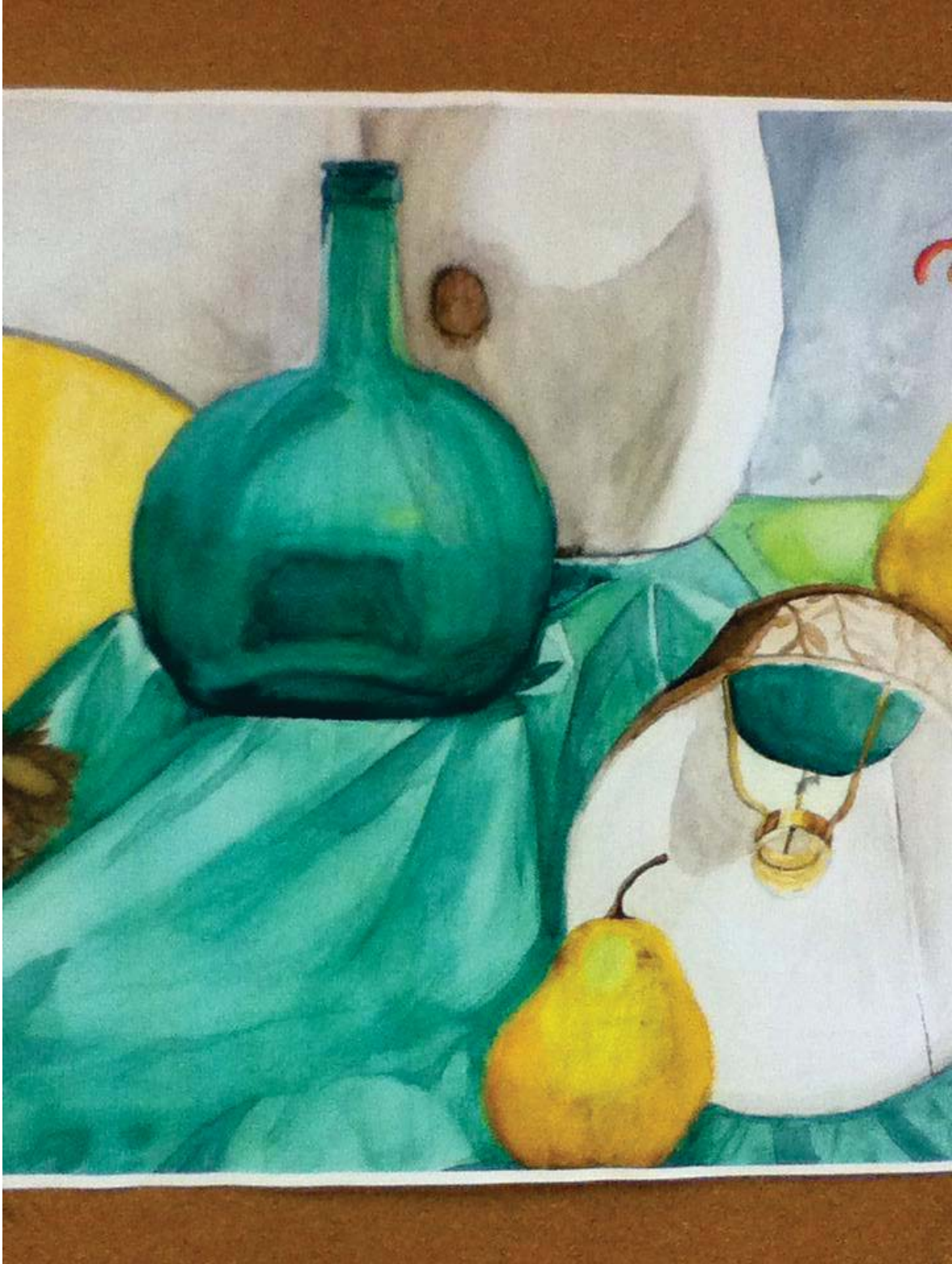
Untitled

MATTHEW WELCH



Still Life

HEATHER CHAMBERS



Bridge to Heaven

LARISSA DELUCA



Mind over Mind

QUENTIN J. MURPHY



Untitled

STEPHANIE CURRY



Nobility of War

EZEKIEL BONNETT



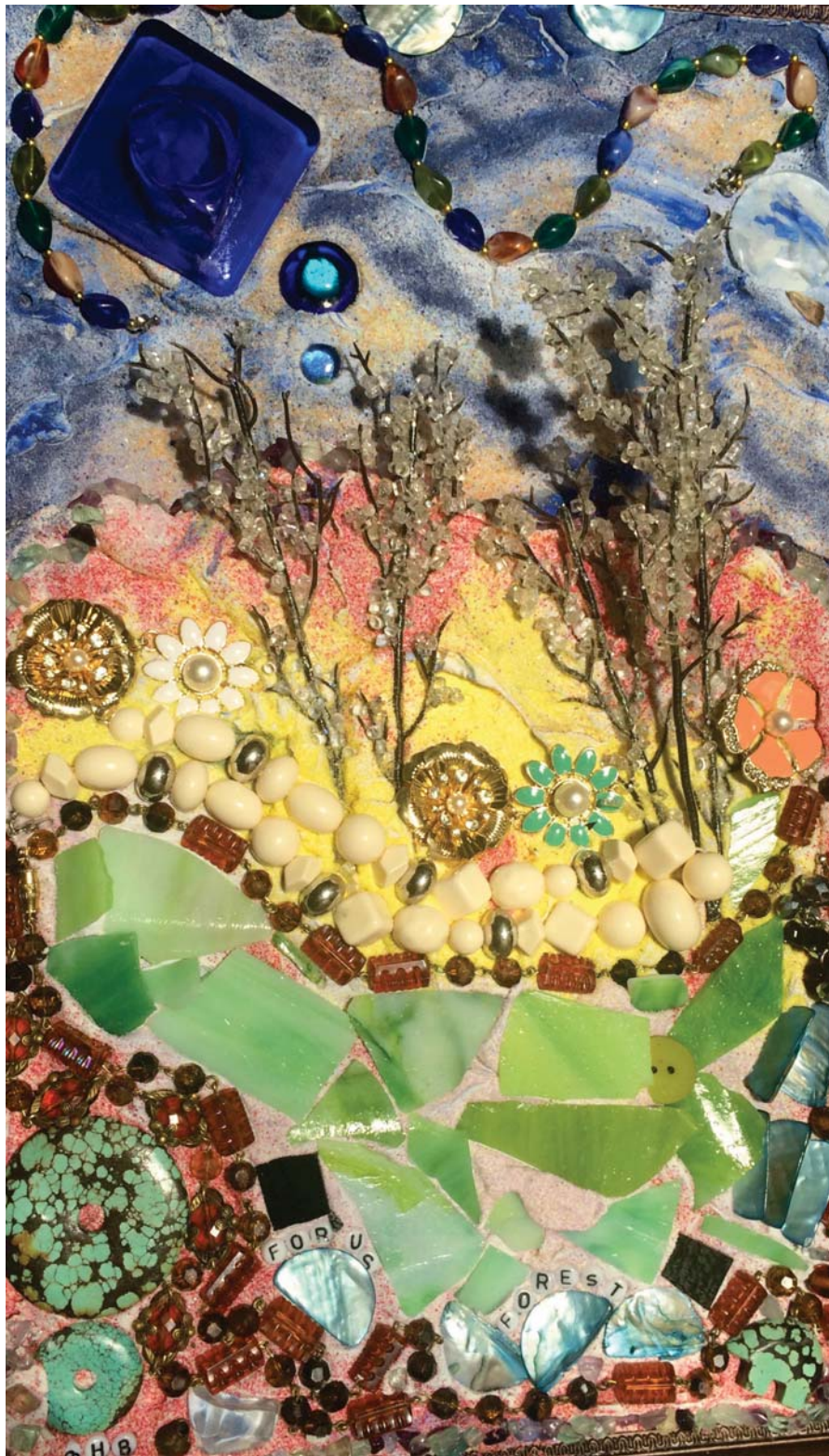
Untitled

SERENITY BLACK



For us...Forest

BOB HENRY BABER



Untitled

JOANNA DISTEFANO



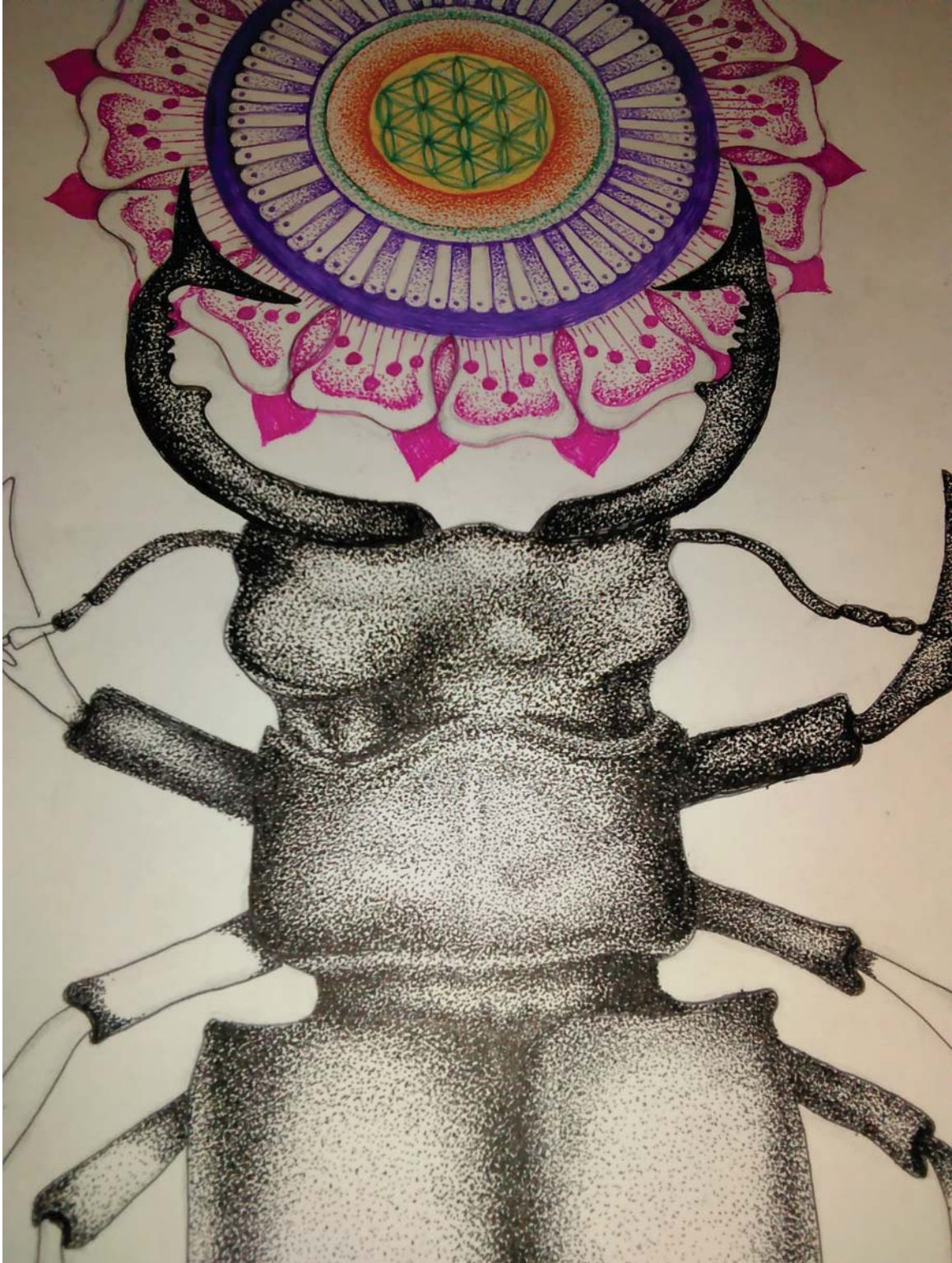
Untitled

AMBER FOSTER



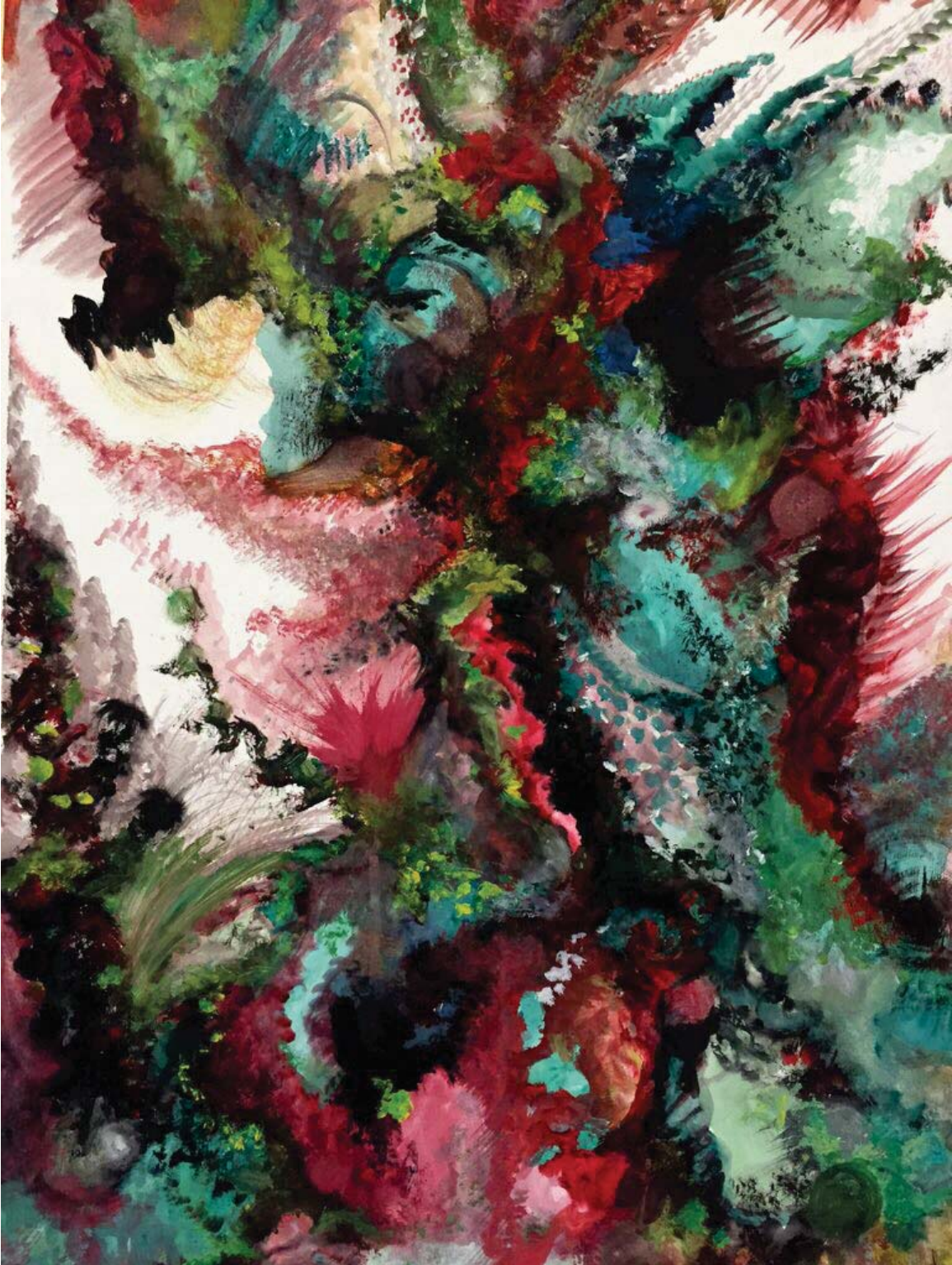
Untitled

CATHERINE TAMLYN



Untitled

DANIELLE SHEPHERD



Senior Starts Here

MAZIE ELLIOTT



Untitled

KRISTEN HEFFNER



Writers Block

DAVID MOSS

It was 3 AM and I could not sleep. I toss and I turn trying every way to find a place that was comfortable enough to go back to sleep for at least two more hours. Oh how I want to go back to sleep. I tried my usual counting backwards from a 1,000. Works like people who count sheep but going backwards. 1,000-999-998-997-996. Stop, I think about what I should write about for the *Trillium*. Jonathan Minton stopped me in the hallway at the end of September and asked if I was going to submit anything in the *Trillium* this year? I jokingly told him I had writers block and I just might write something about writers block. I was just kidding around however he said Stephen King already wrote about that. 3:20 AM. Where was I when I quit counting? I think 1,000-999-998- I had to start over again because I forgot where I had stopped counting. I still can't sleep. What is writers block? It's when I can't think of anything to put on paper. Most people don't use pen and paper any more, they type on the computer. I think everyone has a story in them. They just never get the time to actually put it on paper. Steve Hartman on the Friday evening news says, "Everyone has a Story". He travels around the country talking to strangers to hear their stories. 3:35 AM 1,000-999-998-997-.....4:00 AM I look at the clock, Could I have slept for 20 minutes? I don't know how I could have been asleep. Oh well I was counting backwards. 998-997-996-995 Wide awake, still can't sleep. Less than an hour and the alarm will go off. Well I will start counting backwards once again. Just can't seem to get to sleep. 999-998-997-995 I look at the clock and it is now 4:17, Back to writers block. I have always heard "Just write about things you know". Who would want to know about my boring life? Still awake 1,000-999-998- 4:45 I look at the clock on the wall. Must have dozed off for a few seconds. 15 minutes till the alarm should go off. Maybe I can sleep until then. 1,000-999-998- I wake up thinking I had been a sleep for a few minutes and look at the clock on the wall. 6:15 I am supposed to be at work at 6 AM I forgot to set the alarm. Writer's block, who has anything worth writing about?

I Lied

SKYLAR FULLTON

I have been perched on a cold flat rock for what seems like hours. Darkness surrounds me. The silence is deafening, but I am not afraid. All senses are weakened by the darkness except smell. The rich, deep, and dampened scent of earth is all I have in the darkness. Nevertheless, I welcome the still darkness, for it is nature. Besides, I know the darkness will not survive forever. Although my little eyes cannot detect the light, my heart can sense the light lingering through the darkness.

I blink once, and suddenly hazy shapes loom in the darkness. I blink again. The hazy shapes become trees, grass, and leaves that embrace me, while in the distance, the darkness hovers. Another blink, and my surroundings are filled with light. Dew lingers on the ground. I can see the light reflecting off of the picture-perfect drops, and a misty fog swirls above the ground. Lifting my head towards the sky, I can see the source of the light ripping through the clouds with awe. There is nothing more stunning than watching the sun rise in the wilderness.

I lied.

The events after the sunrise are even more flawless than the sunrise. The light serves as a cue for all the woodland creatures to stir. As if summoned by the light, a wiry squirrel leaps by, crunching on the fallen leaves and destroys the curse of the silence. Then, the sweetest song by a flock of birds is heard. A whippoorwill joins in to add harmony. I close my eyes and sway back and forth. Abruptly, the song is cut off by the croak of a crow. Then, as if to reprimand the crow for its rudeness, a loud gobble burst through the forest, echoing off the ridge. Something beside me jumps. No, not something, someone.

“Did you hear that?” My father whispers. His cold breath tickles my ear. I nod with a grin. He pulls out the turkey call and makes a few strokes, varying the lengths. To most people, the sound is strange and harsh, but to me, the call is familiar and soothing. It is the sound I long to hear.

I lied.

The sound I long to hear is that of a huge gobbler. We call again, but no gobblers

are heard. After sometime of calling with empty replies, there is finally an answer. The turkey is far off. Most likely on the ridge. My dad carefully stands and motions me to follow. Quietly, I pick up my gun, slinging it across my shoulder, and follow his lead. Oh how good it feels to stretch my body. As much as I ache to trample through the forest, I must take soft, silent steps. When I first began to hunt with my father, several years ago, I would pretend I was an Indian; creeping across the countryside, one with nature.

Following the path, we head towards the other ridge. We continue to call as a means to ensure we are going in the right direction. That is when we heard the sound of several different turkeys from different locations gobble. I freeze mid-step. The thrill of hearing all of those gobbles hits me. Adrenaline fills my body. I slowly spin around searching the distance in wonderment. Now alert, I listen again to the gobbles that appear to be all around me. Being able to hear the gobblers on all sides of me was uncanny; however, my father's humor vanquished the eerie spell.

In his best dramatic narration voice my father leans in and whispers, "They were surrounded; and outnumbered five to two!" A quiet giggle escapes my lips.

I lied again.

Being with my dad is more memorable and awe-striking than the sunrise and the events that follow. Our stories and memories together are the lyrics to the sweet melody the birds resonate. The darkness may not last forever, the light may not last forever, but the song will live throughout eternity.

Prologue

WILLIAM CHAISE ROBERTSON

There was a chill in the air. It swiftly made its way through the sleepy little shack. The autumn air was much thicker than normal this time of year and possessed a ghostly grasp upon those who dared to venture out into it. It was hard to inhale but manifested when exhaled. The haunting steam that escaped from his lips was the first thing he saw as he managed to widen his eyes for the first time in what felt like years. A hard, steady and loud throbbing housed inside his head like a group of teenagers cutting loose. The desire to stop the constant pounding became overwhelming and as he began to reach for the source of the pain, he was astounded he could not. His hands were tightly strapped to what felt like the arms of an old wooden table chair. Quick jerks and frustrations then followed but soon so did the realization he was bound too well to be freed, unless it was from another person. Slowly he began to panic. He felt it in his veins, crawling up his body as if a legion of spiders covered him, carrying the crippling emotion into every crevice of his ever-throbbing mind. As a natural reaction, screams and pleas of help escaped his mouth ever so quickly and in an untimely rhythm. This was accompanied by violent shaking and rocking back and forth in the chair, making any effort to escape or even draw the attention of someone near. With the efforts proving to be futile, he stopped to catch his breath. Cool shivers rushed down his spine as a breeze of the night air made its way in through a window and encased him like a blanket of ice.

His eyes darted into the darkness surrounding him, using only the miniscule amount of light provided by the moon. With the limited use of his eyes, his hearing ability heightened which quickly became more useless than helpful. Outside, the sound of the wind and rustling of leaves didn't bother him. At first, they sounded like they were footsteps but the inconsistency ruled out that possibility. However, the amount of leaves rustling outside along with the pine scent and occasional hooting from an owl, he began to wonder if he was in the woods somewhere. Thoughts started to swirl inside his throbbing head, trying to piece together this twisted puzzle in which he found himself. Screams poured from the depths of his lungs once again in hopes someone might hear him. After two terror-filled bellows, the world grew quiet; much more silent than previously. No wind rattling the loose tin on the roof or whistling through the windows, no hooting in the distance or the rustling of the leaves. The only sound that could be heard was the growing rhythm of the pounding heart in that chair. It felt as if God walked into the little shack and calmed the storm all around him. However, the storms building up inside his mind and chest were still raging, only making his panicking more severe. His heartbeat was like someone in a heavy metal band, kicking the double bass as fast as one possibly could. Not only had it doubled in rhythm but its volume rose

until that was all he could hear. Like a torture device, it was eating at him and his sanity, pushing him closer and closer to his breaking point. His fingernails began to ache and bleed as a result of the ferocious grip he possessed on the chair. He held it almost like he was going to lift up out of it if he had let go. With eyes wide open and mental state about to snap, his attention was averted to the closing of a door inside the shack.

Hinges creaking, tumblers of the doorknob turning, the metal-on-metal grinding sound as the knob scraped the guard and the clicking noise to verify the door was closed. Those noises were coming from deeper within the shack, like someone had been there the whole time he was awake and pleading for his life. *How long had they been there?* He thought. A better question came to mind though, *who was it?* Strangely, there were no follow-up noises. No footsteps, no keys hitting a counter, no clearing of one's throat, no anything. His mind began to run through the possibilities of what that noise might have been, producing nothing worth trying to investigate.

"Maybe I am just going crazy," he said out loud to break the ever-menacing silence.

"Maybe, you are."

Eyes wide and frantically scanning the dark, he didn't make a move. He was no longer alone and didn't want to give anyone the chance to find him in the dark. Soon, however, he started to wonder if he was crazy or if he really wasn't alone in the dark. The more time that passed, the more his curiosity got the best of him. He had to be sure.

"Hello?" A shaken tone projected throughout the house but provoked no response.

No answer. Maybe he didn't say it loud enough.

Silence filled the house as evenly as the darkness did. Out of the corner of his eye, he captured a mere glimpse of a moving shadow cast against a nearby wall.

"Hello!?" He screamed with all his might, almost tipping over the chair he was in. His panic became stronger as the possibility of his sanity slipping slowly from his grasp.

"No need to yell. I am right here," said the voice.

A chill ran down his spine and to his legs. His body was covered in goose bumps that were not from the chilly air. It felt like someone ran their fingers down his back. The whisper in the dark was just to his right and was close enough that he felt a breath fall upon his bare neck. He convinced himself he was not crazy but now in retrospect, being crazy seemed to be the better choice.

“Do you know where you are, my friend?” the voice calmly uttered.

Still shivering, he honestly did not know if he should even communicate with whomever or whatever this voice was. Also, he found himself unable to respond as he sat in shock. Trembling so hard, the chair he was sitting in began to rattle and click across the floor, like an ecstatic tap dancer. The inconsistent tapping echoed through the hollow broken down house and was only response he could provide for the ghastly voice nestling inside his head.

“You shake like a desperate leaf in a storm, hanging on for dear life. Are you truly afraid of me?”

This voice possessed a calming, almost soothing aspect to it. A comforting tone, like that of one’s mother when a child is being coddled and swayed in hopes to rock them to sleep; which made him feel a sense of safety despite the fact it was the source of his fear. It was certainly the last kind of voice he thought he would hear in a place such as this.

“I don’t know who you are or where I am. Please just let me go...please,” he pleaded.

“This place, you are unfamiliar with I am sure. No lights, no power, no people, just solitude. This is the type of place a man can visit and map out his entire life without the constant dragging of society and interruptions of the unnecessary. This place, my friend, is a place of wonder. Only to be inhabited by the pure and peaceful.”

Footsteps had become slightly audible in the same room as the voice speaking. Slowly and in a stalking rhythm, the boards creaked and moaned in response to the weight they were supporting. They circled him like buzzards after a carcass lay rotting in the desert sun, waiting for that moment of when death finally creeps into the lungs and possesses every breath.

“Please, I don’t know you so please let me go...I’ve done nothing to you but if I have, I am so sorry. Please let me make it up to you, just let me go. I have no money or anything to offer you...please I don’t want to be here anymore..”

His pleas were followed by more silence.

“Hello?” he softly whispered.

His voice was choked up as tears streamed down his face, two waterfalls careening towards the floor as a slight puddle began to form. Never had he been so scared or

feared for his life like this. His mind was all over the place and he couldn't control his thoughts. He didn't know anything anymore except for the fact that he wanted to go home.

"Money?" the voice scoffed, almost sounding disgusted. "I don't want your money nor do I want anything you may or may not possess. No, this is about far more than your possessions, money or what money can buy. No, this is about something much more devious; much more painful, emotionally, and physically. What I want from you, my dear friend, is simply this: revenge."

"Who are you?! I don't know who you are and I am tired of these games! Let me go!" he demanded as his patience wore thin.

The fear that flooded his mind and filled his veins quickly turned to rage, coursing like a river throughout his body. Cold sweat became hot as a fever and boiled to the surface of his forehead. His grip on the arms of the chair became tighter, straining every muscle in his wrists and forearms. The mind games that were being played pushed him to the point of insanity. He wanted answers and he wanted them now.

"Who am I?...who am I?" The question rang out through the house like a never-ending echo. A dead silence soon followed, causing an eerie presence inside the room. It felt ghostly, like a real human being wasn't in the room with him but instead the spirit of what's left of someone. His rage quickly turned cold as what felt like a hand rested upon his shoulder and a gentle squeeze came from it. Perhaps his state of delusion began to mix his imagination with the world around him.

"I am someone you know very well; someone who has been under your thumb like a miserable ant for far too long."

The growing sound of footsteps indicated the mysterious voice was moving closer until its presence was felt directly behind him. The gentle brushing of its passing breath hinted at a little bit of seriousness accompanied by a stronger sense of hatred. It circled around his neck and clouded his senses like a cotton pillowcase, dulling his perception of the situation and pushing him deeper into the fear that nearly crippled him already.

"Please, just tell me who you are..." he said in a bated whimper.

The voice remained silent for a few seconds. The moonlight shined through the cracks of the walls like sunlight through the clouds on a beautiful summer's day. Winds slithered into the room that resembled a jail cell and pierced the chair-bound man like bullets penetrating a target. Suddenly he felt something crawl around his neck, so carefully

and quiet. It felt and smelled dry and bore a rigid, fibrous texture. It began to constrict slightly around his neck just on top of his Adam's apple, causing breathing to become a challenge rather than instinct. He shivered. Not because of the wind or foreign object around his neck but instead the breath that again fell upon the nape of his neck as the voice quietly answered his simple request.

"My name is Nathaniel, my friend."

The pressure began mounting around his neck, strangling him as his life started to escape from his eyes. His lungs were fighting a battle for air, but they were rapidly losing the fight. He sensed the rope being tied as he felt a quick jerk along the back of his neck. Outside the pounding of his heartbeat, the evidence of footsteps flooded his ears. The room began to fade into a deeper darkness and before him, a figure stood in the dim moonlight. The shadow slowly squatted in front of him, becoming eye-level. Its dark arms moved behind his head, grazing his chin, and pulled tighter on the rope. With eyes fluttering and mouth fallen agape, he knew death was imminent. His life began flashing before his eyes, reminding him of every mistake he ever made but nothing he saw in his memories haunted him more than the last thing he would ever see: the face of his killer.

"But as far as who I am goes," the voice whispered darkly with a grin. "I am just a man who has been pushed too far."

A Little Sweeter

LAUREN LAWSON

I was sitting in back corner booth of The Chocolate Shop, drinking a cup of their famous hot chocolate on a very rainy day. Steam from the warm liquid fogged my glasses with every sip I took. I was reading my book as usual.

I marked my book and set it down next to my plate. It used to have a brownie on it; only crumbs remained. The coffee shop was filled with light conversations and the occasional ringing of the shop's bell, signaling when people would enter and leave.

Ding

I scooted over to the window. Rain drops slowly made their way down it.

'It's always raining here.'

I stared outside. The coffee shop had an awning; hanging from it were different kinds of ferns and flowers. The shop had a tiny flower garden with pots right outside the windows. One of the women who worked at the shop was tending the plants.

I pulled my red scarf up to my mouth and took in the smell of the shop. The aroma of brewing coffee beans and sweet pastries filled the air. I sat there, gazing out the window. Couples walked closely together under umbrellas. Some took shelter under the Chocolate Shop's awning. I sat back and looked around the shop. Even more couples sat sharing warm drinks and baked treats together. It appeared to me that a lot of love was in the air, and I was singled out.

I turned away from the window and grabbed my book bag. I removed my glasses, put them in my bag, and got up out of my seat. I stuck my novel under my arm, opened my wallet and left a tip under the mug like I always did.

I walked towards the cash register and stood third in line. It started to pour a little harder outside.

'Great, it looks like I'll be drenched by the time I reach home...'

Ding

I clutched my wallet and book in my hand as another person stepped out of line. I stepped forward and slipped on the floor. I squeezed my eyes shut. Everything seemed to slow down. I was prepared for the slight pain of my butt hitting the floor, but it never came. Two arms were wrapped around me and held me mere inches away from the floor.

I opened my eyes to see two brown ones staring back at me. Brown curls hung in between our gazes and I felt my face flush, but the thing that set my face aflame was what he said.

"I think you just fell for me," said a nervous voice.

I quickly gained my footing, grabbed my book off the floor and wiped it off. I didn't look in his direction as I said,

"Thank you."

I walked up to the cashier who had witnessed what happened and paid my bill. The boy stepped up beside me and ordered a cappuccino to go.

"You should be more careful next time," he taunted with a gorgeous smile.

"Yea, and I'll try to remember that the next time my body is flailing towards the ground," I sassed.

He chuckled, stuck his hands in his pockets and leaned against the counter.

While I waited to receive my change, I glanced at him. He had a bunch of brown curls on his head. He was skinny. He carried a black umbrella, and wore gray skinny jeans with a sweater, and scarf.

The cashier gave me my change, and the waitress behind the counter handed the boy his order. I turned to walk out of the shop when he tapped my shoulder.

"Do you have an umbrella?" he asked.

'Does it look like I have one?'

That is what I wanted to say, but I humored him.

"Um, no?" I asked, trying to be polite.

'I shouldn't be so mean to people.'

"As you most likely know, it's raining outside, and I was wondering if you'd want to share mine?" he said as he gestured to his umbrella.

He made me nervous. I didn't like people. I looked outside at the rain and back to him.

"Sure."

We walked out of the shop, and he opened his umbrella.

"Which way do you live?"

I pointed left, and we started off. A few moments later, he spoke again.

"You know, when I asked if you wanted to share my umbrella, I was hoping that you'd actually use it?" he said with a chuckle.

I looked up and saw that I was to the right of, not under, his umbrella. I hadn't noticed.... I felt stupid. I looked at him, and he gave me a reassuring smile. I clutched my novel tightly to my chest and stared at him.

"Come on, I don't bite." He put the umbrella over my head.

We started walking again, and I listened as the rain pattered against the umbrella. The silence grew awkward; I spoke up.

"So, what's your name?"

"Chris, Christopher, no, it's just Chris. I'm sorry... What's your name?"

"Lauren."

He looked down at my book.

"Where are you in your book?"

When I stopped reading in the shop, it had been just after Jack died.

"I'm at the worst part in the book so far; they killed off my favorite character," I said irritated. He grinned.

"Jack, right?"

"Yes, so you've read the books?"

"Yea."

I smiled at his response and looked around at the couples who too were walking the streets. Some were holding hands and others looped arms together. I had to admit they were all cute. I looked back at Chris to see that he'd been looking at me too.

"What are you staring at?"

"Sorry. I just, I've seen you at the cafe a lot, for about six months? Not to sound creepy, I've just always gotten coffee there, and you're always there reading."

'No matter how he put that, it's creepy. But he actually noticed me?'

"Oh, well yea... I like their hot chocolate" I said.

He looked at me again, making eye contact with a puzzled expression.

"Why is that? Like, why do you do the same routine? Why not try something different?"

My body kind of panicked at that moment, because, well, I didn't have an answer for him.

"I don't know."

"Do you not like change?"

"Well, I guess I don't. I always seem to do the same thing. I like being in my comfort zone. I like knowing what to do next."

"Don't you get bored with it?"

"Well, I've never thought of it that way."

"Hmmm, last question," he looked at his watch, "It's four o'clock; would you want to try something different?"

"What do you mean?"

He smiled and locked arms with me.

"Let's go off of your same old path and do something risky," he said.

I smirked at him.

"Like what?"

"Whatever you want, but it has to be something you don't normally do," he said smiling.

"Okay." I said smiling into his eyes.

Chris, a random stranger, walked into my boring, same routine life, and changed it. I would have to say, he also made it a little sweeter.

But What of the Heart?

LOGAN SAHO

Kate stood there staring back at the bear; fear crept onto her body like frost bite creeps onto one's flesh. She watched the bear as it rose to its hind legs and roared with a depth so evil that even Satan himself would cringe. Joey was trying to say something, but Kate was becoming drowsy and she swayed back and forth. The world went black, and she saw nothing, and couldn't hear anything. She felt good when she was like this. It helped her escaped from everything that had hurt her in life. She felt like God had put her in these states of mind to rid her fear of the outside world. This was her comfort spot, but the images of darkness shifted, and she fell down, down, down which seemed to be into nothingness.

She awoke in her bed, and the world was still spinning and it wouldn't stop. She shook her head violently and the world slowly came into focus. It was a dark and dreary night outside, and the rain was violently coming down. She realized she was having another flashback, which commonly happened in her life. Kate believed that these flashbacks were a tool of Satan to remind her of her sick past. Her life sucked to put it blatantly, because her mother was dead, and sadly her father was an abusive drunk that beat her and her brother Joey. Joey was a good brother, but sometimes when she had nightmares he came into her room at night and slept with her not in a bad way but he just slept in the same bed with her which in fact made her feel feelings that she shouldn't feel for her brother. On this night she remembered that she told her brother about the feelings that she had come to realize from his late night visits to sleep in bed with her.

"Joey we need to talk!" Kate said.

"What, Kate? Just go back to sleep," Joey answered.

"I have to tell you about how I feel!"

"What do you mean Kate I come in here to sleep with you so that your nightmares don't bother you!"

"I have grown feelings that I can't explain Joey!"

"Kate just goes to sleep!"

"Joey kiss me!"

“NO! What are you crazy; you’re my sister?” Joey loudly whispered getting up to leave the room.

Kate pleads “I am so sorry I am confused, my body wants it not me!”

Joey rushed out of the room, hitting his father in mid-run out the door. His father yelled something at him in his drunken state, and he beats Joey for running into him.

Kate thought to herself, ‘I have to leave before my father finds out what I asked Joey.’

She threw her covers off, and she slid on some jeans and a tank-top. She runs to the window throwing it open. She only turns to grab her coat, and only to see too much of what happened to her brother. He is being beaten with a beer bottle, and then Kate’s father picked up a baseball bat that Joey left outside his room after baseball practice. Kate turned her head sadly she heard the sounds of a bat and the crunch of Joey’s flesh being beaten by the bat.

She whispers through the rain, “I love you Joey, and I am sorry for what Dad did……… again.”

Leaping onto the greenery outside her window she took one last look at Joey’s bruised limp body, and blows a kiss. Two hours and three miles later she is at her hideout in the middle of the woods. It is a little log hut that she and Joey built when she was thirteen years old. Joey at the time was fifteen, now she is fifteen, and Joey is seventeen. It was a beautifully built log hut; the log hut took them a whole summer to build. She eventually arrived, soaking wet and drenched to the bone. She went inside of the hut where she kept her secret trunk, when she opened it, she shifted through the items that were kept there. Eventually, she found her knife, pills, and a picture of Joey. In the picture Joey was shirtless and barefoot working on the hut. The knife was given to her by the only relative that cared for her. The knife was from her grandfather; it was his knife that he brought back from World War II. While looking at the picture, Kate imagined Joey walking over to her and kissing her so passionately that she fell to the ground and panted for breath, when reality came back to her she realized that she had done it again.

Her arms oozed blood from the cuts that she and just applied to them. Her arms ached of pain, and her blood pored; the thick red liquid flowed and she felt good. She felt like nothing else would ever feel this good, because she would have to go back soon to the horrible place that she called home. She looked at the pills that she had left; there were five pills left in the bottle. Within seconds they were in her mouth and she was swallowing them dry, and in less than ten minutes felt the “high” coming on. She felt good.

She thought to herself, 'If only I could feel like this all the time.'

At that point she felt lonely, more lonely than she had ever in her life. Above all else she wanted Joey to be there to help her. She moved from the floor only to move into her cot and lay down to sleep away the "high." She made her way to the cot that was nestled just above her treasure box. She laid down and slept. She dreamt that she and Joey walked through a field of flowers him laughing at a joke and her giggling. She awoke with a start for no reason at all only for to cry once again at the shame upon her arms. At this point the "high" wasn't doing much for her, but making her more depressed. If only Joey could lay with her until his warmth filled her, and to take all of her pain away. She then thought of the one and only item hid away in one of the floor boards of the log hut. It was an item that hadn't seen the light of day since the poor shack had been built.

She moved from the cot ever so slightly hoping not to make the cuts bleed any more than they already had. She went to the far left corner of the log hut which was the darkest part of the within the little hut. Kate then dropped to the floor sobbing in pain and desperation for some person to care for her. She slowly moved the floor board to find the family bible. The bible had been torn ripped and even had only half the cover on it, but it was still a good bible. Most of all it was still readable, and truly that was all that mattered to Kate at this point.

Kate then prayed, "Oh dear God Please help me in this time, and help me find a verse in this old bible that will help me go on with life. Oh father please please please oh father I beg you!"

Then, Kate flipped to a random page and she read, "I can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me. Philippians 4:13."

All of a sudden she heard a terrible roar the echoed through the valley; the roar was so loud that it shook the hut. Kate jerked up from the floor and saw a bear had broken down the door of the hut. The great Grizzly bear was breathing heavily as it stared into her soul. The bear ran toward her and stood above her it stood over ten-feet tall. The bear roared with a roar that could be heard through time and space itself. The Grizzly bear then brought down his paw which was the size of her face. The paw struck her and it sliced her on the head. The power of death crept upon her like a cold that leaves a hint frost upon the ground in mid-winter.

"Wake up my child!" a booming voice came from her darkness.

Joey stood above Kate on the hiking path looking down at her.

“Kate! Hey Kate wake up!” Joey yelled.

Kate did not move; Joey applied his hand to Kate’s neck to feel for a pulse. Kate was dead, Joey didn’t know what to do. The only thing he felt he could do was to lay next to her and weep.

Kate awoke with a start with a man with a long beard, and flowing hair that cascaded down his back as if he were a king.

“Hello Kate I am Jesus King of Nazareth son of the most high God,” the man said in an elegant noble voice.

“Hello...um... Hi I’m Kate where am I, sir?” Kate asked.

“Oh please, don’t call me sir I work for a living,” Jesus said.

“Okay....um... Sorry?” Kate looked at the man, puzzled.

“Have you never heard that God tends to have a sense of humor young one?” Jesus replied.

“Um....no I never really got to church....” Kate trailed off.

“I know Kate I have been watching you for a long time.”

“Where am I?” Kate asked again.

“You Kate are dead, and I am here to take you to heaven,” Jesus responded.

“But but I am alive I just had a flashback..... How could I have died in a flashback?”

“My child, sadly, your heart has stopped due to the amount of stress on your body during your flashback,” Jesus said.

“I can’t be dead.”

“A good heart is better to have died than for a bad heart to have died in its place,” Jesus said.

“But...Bu....”

Jesus Interrupted, “Child, your brother will take your death, and save millions with your stories.”

Then Jesus took Kate by the shoulder, and they walked off into the great white light.

Five years later Joey stands before a youth group in Wilderville Church of God.

“Hello, my name is Joey Greenwood and I’m going to tell you the life of Kate Greenwood.”

The Sound Of Nothing

JARED BROCK

Looking back through my life I realize that I have made many mistakes. But the one that has troubled me the most is not letting go of those who are gone. Someone once said that, "People come and people go. That's life. Stop holding on to those who have let go of you long ago." I didn't realize this until the day I died.

I can honestly say that I wish I could delete this memory from my brain, but I can't. This day replays through my head constantly. Why? I guess because it was the last thing I saw before my spirit ascended into Heaven. Don't ask me how I know where it went because that itself will take longer than my story itself. It was July 4th, 1987, a rather brisk day for July. The town-children were running amicably around without a care in the world. Unlike me, I was 73 years old, and I was ready to be reunited with my family.

I began the day as usual, waking up to the sound of nothing, which in all honesty is pretty loud. I start down the old worn steps to the first floor, following the permanent grooves of the past. When I reach the old, white screen door it greets me with a familiar screech. As I walk out onto the rugged old porch, my feet sink into the cool morning dew. I make my way to the well-worn chair that resides close to the other chair adjacent to it. As I sit down I realize that it has been over six years since that chair has felt the impression of another person. Not just any person. Sylvia.

The sun has risen, and it lights up the radiant blue sky. I look up and notice how picturesque these clouds are. Why do clouds look this way? They come so irregular, yet so alluring. Sylvia and I loved to cloud gaze whenever we first were together. I find myself looking into the town where it seems everyone is in a hurry. Why? Why race off to your next destination? Don't rush today; savor every sweet second of it. Sylvia always had the saying, "Yesterday is history, tomorrow is a mystery, but today is a gift. That's why it is called a present." Unfortunately, I find that today isn't a gift, but a time of sorrow. Sylvia made me beautiful, more inside than out. Without her, I feel... alone. It's worse than any feeling that I have felt before. As time passes, children run through the courtyard in town screaming and playing with Frisbees. Sylvia and I had children, but over the years they have become unknown to me. They haven't called in four years and haven't shown their presence in six.

After an hour or so, I stand up and grab the railing. My legs begin to falter, and I feel as if I may fall. How long would it be before someone would find me lying here, limp on my own porch? As I work my way inside I realize how quiet the house really is. The stillness

of the house might be thought of as unhealthy to an old soul like mine, but with I think of Sylvia and the kids, all I can think about is their voices and the sound of their laughter. When I get to the kitchen I stretch to reach the top cabinet where the oatmeal is and begin preparing breakfast. Once the bowl is in the microwave and the timer is set, I step away.

I walk into the living room where I find the old wooden piano, still as beautiful as the day Sylvia bought it. I lift the rounded cover from the keys, and pull the bench out and take a seat. I take my forefinger and press into one of the white keys, admiring its beautiful sound. During Christmas time Sylvia would play the piano and we would sit together and sing carols. I still remember how angelic her voice was. She and I would sing all night with the fireplace still roaring behind us. I find myself playing one of the songs that Sylvia and I wrote together. After we wrote the song, I would play and she would sing and there would be times when I would stop and just stare. She would smile and then hug me from behind and I would begin to play again. Whenever the microwave goes off, I realize that there are tears rolling down my cheek.

After breakfast, I sit down onto my plastic covered recliner. In fact all of the furniture in the house is covered in a plastic sheet. Sylvia was the kind of person that loved to clean as little as possible. Once fully reclined, I rest my eyes for what seems like twenty minutes, but when I awake I realize that I missed lunch and almost missed supper. Tonight the town is having their annual Fourth of July celebration in the big meadow, which means fireworks, fried chicken, and watermelon. Sylvia always loved to attend these gatherings, but it was never my kind of thing. But anything that brings Sylvia back into my life for a few seconds, I will do. I get out of my chair and head towards the door.

I walk out onto the porch, retrieve my shoes and walk out into the cool evening. I find my foldable chair in the garage, and then head down into the big meadow. Since there is usually a lot of people there, I set up my chair in the back of the meadow. If Sylvia were here she would take off her shoes and dig her feet into the grass. I sit in that chair for another hour before the feast begins. Children find their way to the front of the line, followed by the parents. I find my way to the back of the line.

After everyone has found their way back to their seats and the sun begins to fade away, the stars begin to shine. Thousands of elegant stars hover above the crowd, and the evening begins to cool down. The first CRACK, and BOOM causes the crowd to awe in amazement, but seem to have the opposite effect on me. There is a couple who are sitting a few feet to the right of me who are holding hands and leaning on each other. Even though I found showing our affection in public too much for me, Sylvia and I always did that when we came to these events. When I look back to the stars I realize that it seems that every star has a partner star. BOOM! Another firework explodes into

the night. So why is it that every star does have a partner star? Where is my partner star? Wait, Sylvia was my everything. CRACK! SNAP! CRACK! Even though Sylvia did die, should I grieve about it for the rest of my life? BOOM! My chest begins to have this weird feeling. POW! I shouldn't be sad that Sylvia's gone, I should be happy that I had spent 54 great years with her. FLASH! She was my partner star, sometimes stars just fall. BOOM! FLASH! CRACK! CRACK! The pain in my chest increases. I loved Sylvia with all of my heart. I loved her since the first day I met her. I meant it when I said 'til death do us part. BAM!

Like a rewinding VHS tape, my story runs at a rapid pace toward the beginning. Unlike all the other times my memory "pauses" at the old screen door. Maybe this is me. Like the screen door, I do the same things every day. Without a seconds warning, my story's back at the beginning.

I began the day as usual, waking up to the sound of nothing, which in all honesty is pretty loud.

Death of a Blues Player

HANNAH SECKMAN

A cigarette dangles from his lips like the harmonica from his fingers. The remnants of blues fade out the doors of the club, clouding around to settle on the brim of the hat pulled low over his eyes. When the music finally dies out, the last notes wrapping around his tie as if wanting to pull him closer, he shifts off the building, dress shoes scuffing against the pavement.

With his suit jacket thrown over his shoulder, and white sleeves unbuttoned to roll up around his elbows, he walks away from the Roaring 20's - from the bright lights that sway like a woman's hips, the pulse of the saxophone, trumpet, and piano that make your chest thrum with vibrations, with colors that are so bold they don't seem to be real - and he doesn't look back.

The tips from that evening jangle in his pocket, and while one hand grips the harmonica and the other lingers around his mouth to check the cigarette, he whistles a tune, lips barely curved into a wisp of a smile.

It's one he's borrowed from Pops that leaves his lungs, notes sweet and sorrowful that match his long strides. He's long forgotten the words - only the melody has stuck in his head. He checks his pocket watch, dimly noting that he's missed the eleven o'clock train that would take his leave of the city. Yet he says nothing at the realization of being late - just tucks the watch back into his pocket, pausing first to grind the remains of the cigarette under his heel, specks of blood on the end of the filter.

He didn't have a ticket anyway.

Perhaps he didn't really want to leave the city - that was reason, wasn't it, for his staring at the ticket station all yesterday morning, yet not purchasing one? The crowd had jostled around him, but he remained oblivious, content on waiting for his head to make up its mind, his heart still intent on staying.

After all, he thinks, continuing his leisurely pace, skating past the station with tracks that hum of the distant roar of trains, he'd grown up here - had his blood spilled in Harlem from god knows how many fights as a teenager, and grew alongside the tree that grows in Brooklyn that helped him find the soul in ragtime. Why leave?

But he did have a good, honest reason, had he decided to. It's just that he *couldn't*. His

doctor had told him that, a few weeks ago, as he sat on the cold table, having been the subject to multiple tests earlier - that he wouldn't leave because he loved the place too much.

He had disagreed at once, saying that if he was indeed as sick as he was diagnosed to be then *of course* he would leave. After all, he was only 25, and had to be around to experience the new music that'd develop. He was a musician; that's what he thrived on.

He was lying, of course; he could never leave.

The doctor had simply shook his head, seeing straight through him, telling him that when he collapsed in the middle of a show maybe then he would change his mind. He also said it would do him some good to take a stroll through the country, to get some fresh air.

"The country?" he had scoffed, as if offended at the very idea. With nothing but miles of meadow and dirt roads? "No thanks," he had said, "that's not just my kind of taste."

The doctor had shrugged, said it was just simply something to consider, and handed over a bottle of pills that would supposedly prolong his death.

He had thrown the bottle away as soon as he'd left; medicine had never worked with him, and he wouldn't take the chance at becoming an addict again like he had earlier in his life. If his body wanted to betray him, it'd have to get ahold of his mind first.

It didn't take long for that to happen, as it turned out. Picking up his pace to round the corner, he stops briefly at the river. It's where he went after every show to unwind. It was there, incidentally, that the first real episode happened.

It had been two weeks since he'd left the doctor's office; two weeks since he'd hurled the pill bottle out of his sight. It was just after a show, one that was a bit too loud, and colors tainted a little too bright. So he'd left earlier than usual, wondering why for the first time the atmosphere of the club had bothered him so. After all, he played there every night.

He was toying with the notion that maybe it was because of his sickness; maybe the disease that didn't even have a name didn't *like* music, and would crush him unless he left the life he loved behind. But that was absurd, he had thought, pulling out his harmonica to spray a few notes into the air, intent on leaving that awful idea there at the river to wash away.

But it wasn't until he'd pulled away from the harmonica, out of breath, that he'd noticed the blood stained on the mouthpiece. And when he had brought a hand to his lips, it had come back red and wet.

Fear had seized his heart then, had made him drop the harmonica as his hands trembled to pull out the handkerchief stuffed in his pocket, coughing until he was sure he had nothing left to give. Still the cloth had come back crimson, soaked from blood that felt like was filling his lungs. He had panicked, the doctor's words coming back to haunt him, that there was nothing that could be done except to leave the city and die someplace quiet.

Perhaps, he thought, as another coughing fit had wracked his body, the country wouldn't be so bad. He'd heard of the mountain breeze that would rustle your hair, the way the air tasted sweet. But who was he kidding? As beautiful as that sounded, the strings of his heart were tethered to the city, to the harmonica that buzzed on his lips and the music that stole his soul away every night.

Now streetlights throw his shadow beside him, and he raises an unconscious hand to his lips, knowing it'll come back red. He bleeds a lot these days, so much so that one of the trumpet players had begun to joke that he wore lipstick. He'd simply shrugged as the others laughed, never asking them to stop. Better they thought what they wanted than they know he was a dying man. He supposed they would know soon enough anyway.

He comes to the entrance of his apartment, stopping first to lean against the doorway and light another cigarette, hands trembling slightly. He would die on stage, he thought, blowing smoke into the air, making music like any other ordinary night, feeling so alive that he'd get high off the atmosphere alone that gave his soul a reason to keep playing.

And he couldn't think of a better way for a twelve-bar blues player to die.

CONTRIBUTORS' NOTES

CONTRIBUTORS' NOTES

CONTRIBUTORS' NOTES

CONTRIBUTORS' NOTES

CONTRIBUTORS' NOTES

Susan Bame graduated from Glenville State College with a double major in English Education and Secretarial Studies Education in 1978. She became a court reporter and loved hearing the real-live courtroom stories for twenty years, then completed a master's degree in conflict resolution from Antioch University McGregor, Yellow Springs, Ohio in 2001. Susan now lives in Oregon among trees, rivers and mountains, a lifelong dream.

Serenity Black is a local 3rd grader that loves painting, drawing and reading. Her favorite medium is acrylic paint.

Kaytely Carpenter is a sophomore at Lewis County High School. She plays volleyball and attends church and youth group regularly. Kaytely's hobbies include reading, playing piano, eating, and watching Netflix.

Kristen Cosner is currently a senior Graphics and Digital Media major at Glenville State College from Buckhannon, WV. She is the President of the Glenville State College Art Society and a member of the Student Government Association.

Christopher Owen Cunningham, a recent transfer student to the Fine Arts program, has studied and traveled many roads to end up here at the tranquil campus nestled within the heart of mountain and forest known as Glenville State College. Pondering the fabric of reality through expression, Chris often finds his gaze turned outwards toward the stars in contemplation.

Stephanie Curry is a non-traditional student at GSC, majoring in education. She lives in Calhoun County, WV and is the mother of three wonderful daughters and an amazing three-year-old granddaughter. She enjoys writing songs, poetry, playing guitar, and photography.

Larissa DeLuca is a junior at Glenville State College and is involved on campus as a member of Student Government Association and Behavioral Science Club, as well as working as a desk worker and peer tutor at the Academic Center. She lives in Braxton County with her loving partner and two wonderful children. In her spare time (not that she has a whole lot of it) she enjoys traveling, trying out new recipes, taking photographs, writing and doodling in her journal, and reading anything she can get her hands on.

Beatriz De Melo Freitas was born in São Paulo, Brazil. Since she was young, she dreamt about coming to the U.S. to know about the culture and the American life-style. Her greatest passion is literature. She loves to read and write. She has plans to go back to Brazil and graduate in Journalism. Her biggest dream is write for the *New York Times*.

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

Amber Foster was born in Fremont, Nebraska, but moved here when she was young. She is currently a student at Lewis County High School, and she graduates in 2017. Her interests consist of art, anime, books, music, photography, and she loves to draw, read, write, make people laugh and smile, and take pictures.

George Garton graduated from Glenville State College in 1968.

GSC's 2015 Advanced Grammar Class consisted of Anissa Cox, Amber King, Skylar Fulton, Daniel Pascasio, Lauren 'Katie' Stover, Melissa Jones, and Caroline Perkins.

GSC's 2015 Creative Writing Class included Luna Acree, David Finley, Travis Hammack, Kevin Hardbarger, Jacob Harper, Monica Harper, Jonathan Minton, Brittney Nickeson, Daniel Pascasio, and Amy Weiss.

Kristen Heffner was born in Fairmont, West Virginia on October 31, 1997. She enjoys spending time with her pets and listening to music. She is interested in art, being creative, and loves to draw, paint, take pictures, have fun with poems, write medieval and fantasy stories, and art in general. Kristen spends most of her time with friends and trying to make people smile.

Sable Herrod is a junior at Lewis County High School. She's a fiber artist, but she also enjoys time on the stage. When Sable has time, she likes to take long walks and ponder the nature of life. (Or just what's for dinner!) Otherwise, she spends her free time reading, and she'll read literally anything – anything – as long as it's not Dickens.

Sue Herwat lives in Gassaway. Her poem in this issue is from her book *Unexpected Treasures*.

Desiree Hewitt is a junior at Lewis County High School. She's lived in West Virginia for most of her life. Desiree plans on becoming a marine biologist in the future, but she'll still continue to write and draw.

Skyline Hewitt is a 2016 high school senior preparing to soon venture to the next level of life, college. She was born in Massachusetts where she lived until moving to the beautiful state of West Virginia. She is determined and brave and enjoys challenges to overcome. Her motivation is that with hard work

anything is possible. Art is where her future is. She highly enjoys drawing and writing whenever and wherever she can. Her present intentions are to work in animation and art, but has many undecided decisions of where to pursue her further education. Her options range from staying in West Virginia to overseas to Japan. Nonetheless she has a very free soul and is willing to take the risks to fulfill her dreams.

Katie Hines is a senior at Lewis County High School. She is an artist, a photographer, and a great student. She plans on majoring in Business at West Virginia University after graduation.

Amber King is a sophomore at Glenville State College. Her majors of study are Elementary Education (K-6) and English Education (5-9).

Haley Lamb is a sixteen year old student at Lewis County High School. She's been an avid writer for as long as she can remember. She refuses to ride in a vehicle without music and enjoys the sunshine. If she isn't writing, in the car, or outside, she can be found playing video games, working on her graphic design skills, watching television, or avoiding the bigger responsibilities of life in general. She is a dog mom to a Chihuahua-shihtzu mix named Daisy.

Lauren Lawson is a junior at Lewis County High School. She's lived in Lewis County all her life. Lauren is an artist in many forms, but doesn't plan on pursuing it as a career. She plans on going into the medical field, specifically Radiology. Lauren is determined to leave West Virginia and make an impact on many lives.

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

Don Narkevic lives in Weston, WV. He has an MFA from National University. His recent poetry has appeared in *Blue Collar Review*, *Off the Coast*, and *Kentucky Review*. His poetry Chapbooks include *Laundry*, published in 2005 by Main Street Rag. FutureCycle Press published his book of poems, *Admissions*, in 2013.

Sarah Normant is a local artist and GSC alum. She enjoys working on community art projects with local businesses, including the FRN and Gilmer County Public Library.

William Chaise Robertson is a Secondary Math Education major with a minor in English at Glenville State College. His "prologue" included in this issue is from his first book called *The Unearthing*. It is part of a trilogy he is currently finishing.

Jordan M. Sandifer is an Education Major and the Vice President of GSC's BCM Program. He enjoys a wide variety of activities and hobbies, and he loves spending time with his friends and family.

Hannah Seckman would prefer to go by a pen name but she can't think of a good one at the moment. Instead, she spends her idle yet stressful senior year at Lewis County High School reading between teacher's lectures and trying to figure out which college to attend.

John Selburg is an artist and author from the Midwest represented by galleries in NYC, Paris, Prague, Chicago, Saint Louis, Los Angeles, and Leona Vicario. He is Assistant Professor of Art at Glenville State College.

Danielle Shepherd is a sophomore art major at Glenville State College. She focuses on large-scale abstract paintings. Art is her savoir; art is her religion. She hopes to become a known artist and inspire people who are going through a difficult time.

Emilee Spangler is a junior at Lewis County High School. She is a member of the girls soccer and track teams, and she has been to state competition in both sports. She is an active member of the community and enjoys swimming, working out, cooking, and watching movies.

Marjorie Stewart teaches composition and journalism at Glenville. She is a poet and playwright who enjoys exploring cemeteries with her camera and tombstone rubbing equipment. She is currently researching Gilmer County history as recorded in its small cemeteries.

Catherine Tamlyn is a student at Glenville State College studying art with the intention to grow and gain knowledge, experience and abilities to help her grow as an individual, student and mother.

Austin Tenney was born July 9th, in a military hospital. Though he was technically born in Georgia, his earliest memories are his home in West Virginia. If you ask him about it he will tell you that's where he is from. He doesn't consider himself an interesting person, but some people think he is kind, funny, and strange. On some Fridays, he wears a fox tail. Why? "Because it's Friday."

Matthew Welch is a freshman at Glenville State College and is majoring in graphics and digital media. He is from Raleigh County, WV and his hobbies include playing video games, producing art, and having a good laugh with friends

Carrissa Wood is a double major in music and behavioral science with a minor in English at GSC.

*A Glenville State College
Language & Literature
Department Publication*

