

Trillium

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Trillium

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*The Trillium is the literary and visual arts publication of the
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The *Trillium* welcomes submissions and correspondence from Glennville State College students, faculty, staff, and our extended creative community.

Trillium

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The *Trillium* is honored to dedicate the 2017 issue to Professor Wayne de Rosset. In his 44 years at Glenville State College, Professor de Rosset has been an inspirational teacher, a dedicated scholar, and a cornerstone of the Department of Language and Literature. In addition, Professor de Rosset has been a true ally to the *Trillium* by publishing his song lyrics in each issue since 2008, performing at *Trillium* readings, encouraging our student writers and artists, mentoring the *Trillium's* faculty advisors, and ensuring that the *Trillium* is adequately funded and supported by our administration. The faculty advisors and student staff of the *Trillium* cannot express how grateful we are to Professor de Rosset for his expert guidance and generosity.

Even though he is officially retiring from Glenville State College, the *Trillium* would like for Professor de Rosset to know that we'll keep him in our hearts for a while, and, indeed, in the years to come, by inviting him to contribute songs in upcoming issues and perform at future *Trillium* readings.

- From The Editor -

I hope each and every one of you enjoy the literature and visual art we have assembled here. I offer nothing but praise to those who submitted to this issue. For those reading, I hope you are inspired to create your own form of expression, and that it brings you joy.

I hope you enjoy this issue and have a wonderful day!

Jacob Cline, Editor

William Shakespeare, Sonnet 30

When to the sessions of sweet silent thought
I summon up remembrance of things past,
I sigh the lack of many a thing I sought,
And with old woes new wail my dear time's waste:
Then can I drown an eye, unus'd to flow,
For precious friends hid in death's dateless night,
And weep afresh love's long since cancell'd woe,
And moan the expense of many a vanish'd sight:
Then can I grieve at grievances foregone,
And heavily from woe to woe tell o'er
The sad account of fore-bemoaned moan,
Which I new pay as if not paid before.
But if the while I think on thee, dear friend,
All losses are restor'd and sorrows end.

- *In Remembrance* -

GSC STUDENTS
Dejana Ludoski
and
Ethyn E. Miller



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POETRY

Hearts Lost in Yesterday

(A Song)

WAYNE DE ROSSET

She knows if she runs crying, down the street
No one will see, no one will hear, no one will care
No center line to guide her, no one there
To hold her hand, to touch her cheek, to dry her tear
Only ghostly echoes from another time
A ruined life she can't leave behind
As lies and lovers lost follow her down

Refrain:

And she's leaned far too long, on a dream, so gone
Adrift in broken promises, she can not find her way
She always steps into the past, longs for a love that did not last
Cancelled out, dialed into all the pain of hearts lost in yesterday

She always searched for true love, found it false
A fairy tale, not meant for her, not meant to be
She's had so many lovers, so many lied
Said they would love, would cherish her, would never leave
She's lost her once upon a time
Stays up too late, drinks too much wine
As her happy ever after slips away

Refrain

She wakes so many mornings, cold alone,
An empty bed, an empty heart, an empty day
She wonders how it got so bad, so sad
To watch the colors of her world fade into grey
Wants to steal away to a secret place
Crawl into a quiet space
To raise her silent voice, scream at the sky

Refrain

**A Poem for Wayne de Rosset Containing
Lines from Warren Zevon, Algernon Charles
Swinburne, Alfred Tennyson, the Beatles, *The
Road Warrior*, Bob Dylan, *Night of the Living
Dead*, Guns and Roses, and Two Puns**

JONATHAN MINTON

If California slides into the ocean, like the mystics and statistics say it will,
and the world grows cold, like a stark-stricken dove, troubled by dead wind,
and our fruits turn grey like dust, or bright like blood,
there is still that sweet music that softer falls, music that on the spirit sweeps,
and reminds me, I'm in love, and I feel fine.

When there has been too much violence, too much pain,
when the barbarian at the gate declares himself the Ayatollah of Rock and Rolla,
and the best compromise seems to just walk away,
there is still that song reminding us to help our neighbors carry the load,
to never mistake paradise for another home across the road.

When the dead are rising, and it seems Judgment Day is upon us,
when they're coming to get you, when we are *them* and they are *us*,
all we need is just a little patience. The broken hearted people
living in the world agree: there is nothing but treble. Wash your hands
with Soprano water. There will be an answer.

I am not alone

JACOB CLINE

I want to cry and panic
I want to let go my flood of emotions
I want to scream until my throat burns and i have no voice
because I've never had one to begin with
but...I am not alone

our voices often drowned
by the tears and pain a modern world causes
with judgement from one another
and prejudice against our brothers and sisters on this earth

we fight wars and commit endless atrocity
we harm each other in unspeakable ways
and it just seems to continue
with almost no end to this madness

yet there are those of us
who keep our head toward the sky
breathing our silent or hysterical prayers
to whatever deity we serve
hoping...yearning for it all for it to stop

there are those of us that want peace
those that want love
only to be broken by the news of a pointless death

they may just happen to wear the wrong color
some poor soul in the wrong place at the wrong time
a man, a woman, a child it's indiscriminate

but I have hope
I have love
I have compassion and sympathy
And in this way also
I am not alone

Earth-bound angel

JACOB CLINE

and there she was.
a simple smile and shy eyes.
for some reason more beautiful than any flower or visual art.
my attention diverted for no more than a minute
but my mind still held thoughts of her
an earth-bound angel.

Her striking blue eyes could have killed me there
But she was soft and sweet
Her hand gripped mine and our eyes then lips met.

It wasn't fierce like two aroused beings
But it was soft with no sense of urgency
An I love you in a quiet and gentle way.

I look down knowing she is mine
And begin to cry tears of joy embracing her
She is mine and I hers
An earth-bound angel

Teach (a Villanelle)

AMBER KING

Teach them everything you can
The drilled bit lesson of life
Push forward with no plan

Close of the day, now plan turns to can
Strict, flawed laws, mind-screaming strife
Teach them everything you can

Government, ignoring the pleas of man
All created equal but with labels, societal knife
Push forward with no plan

Children suffering, a creativity ban
CSOs and laws, an education's wife
Teach them everything you can

Held responsible and liable, educator's frying pan
Politicians playing the pink slip fife
Push forward with no plan

Educators, attempting all in short time spans
Exhausted in a cataclysm of rife
Teach them everything you can
Push forward with no plan

American Bastards

WILLIAM HARPER

We all bleed red, white, and blue
In America there should be no difference between me and you
This is a mixing pot, a fusion dish
To think differently is but a wish
Whether your ancestors arrived free or in chains
We should unite, we have no need for separate lanes
In the end there is no "purity" this is our vast herd
We're all the same, each an American Bastard

Show Me Your War Face

JENNIFER EILER

The fresh faces
of men,

And of women
alike,

Changed by hatred
and fear,

Some recover
not all.

Sleeping with the Donkey

MATTHEW THIELE

We bought it before our daughter was born,
A goofy stuffed donkey dubbed "Donkey Man."
We gave it to our daughter, who loved it
As much as one can love such a thing.
A million more followed: Doggie Doggie,
Daddy Fox, Baby Fox, Dee the Deer, and
Yes, these all are really really real names
Of fuzzy, dead-eyed, inanimate toys.
The Donkey Man got set aside one day,
A tree lost in a little girl's forest
Of fiberfill fluff and plastic sparkle.
And in a pile of other castaways
He stayed, until one melancholy day
When daughter, now a sister, cracked apart
Her brother's yellow egg-shaped rattle toy.
The punishment? A trade of toy for toy:
One whole and prized for one cracked and scattered.
Sister had to choose a precious friend
To sacrifice for little brother's loss,
And Donkey, long neglected, paid the price.
Her brother loved it for a day, and then
It disappeared into his reject pile.
So now I am sleeping with the donkey.
I could not let it fade away again
Into some lost pile, into some closet,
Alone, unhallowed, exiled to the shadows.

The Bigger Hero

JUSTIN RAINES

Who's the bigger hero in our eyes?
The twelve-year old girl selling herself
so her sisters can eat in a cold alley
Never knowing if the next trick will
be the one that snaps her fragile neck
and leaves the rice bowl as empty and dry
as the haunted black eyes which have known
more tears in a year than were meant for a life?
Or the smiling man with his healthy skin
glowing with the meals that appear
as if through magic every night
on the groaning table which fills
the mess hall.

The man who stretched out a finger
at fifteen thousand feet in the air
and wiped away that girls parents
made swirling dust of their shop and
the home they'd built, all because
he didn't like the look of the man
who came out of the door?
Who's the bigger hero, when the cold
dust has settled, and you have to see
the shattered lives it hides?

Needs

JUSTIN RAINES

There are good people out there still,
in both word and in deed,
Drowning in a world of duty and need.
Blazing beacons in the dark of the everyday night,
we crowd ourselves round them for a taste of that light.
Never thinking for a moment of the cost of that heat,
the burden of standing forever strong on their feet.
Always offering a shoulder for others to cry,
others who never hear their exhausted sigh.
Fighting to hold together the mask of their face,
while folding another in a caring embrace.
These everyday heroes, these friends to us all,
they need us to listen as oft as we call.
They too need a candle, they too need a cheer,
someone to lean on when the shadows draw near.
Hold on to your friends, and open your heart,
for even the best of us need help to keep from falling apart.

Beauty in Death

CHAISE ROBERTSON

Orange and auburn
Sweep the landscape
Left behind, Nature stroked.
Mixtures of times past
Vibrantly displayed
For all imaginations provoked.
Autumn gives birth to a cycle,
One beginning with death
As the warmth begins to fade.
Frigid weather creeps ever closer
Suffocating the colors from within,
Displaying a dying shade.
Time will crawl ever closer
Along the valleys upon my cheeks
And hope had been lost among them.
Watching winter march in,
I've found myself, a leaf
Gently falling into conundrum.
Chest filled to the brim
Lips numb from the unfaith
Silently, my heart cries.
But then, straight ahead
They pierced the crippling dark
Those intoxicating blue eyes
And there, I found hope
Hiding in the blinding sunlight;
Looming in the season of death.
That late summer warmth
Restored in my veins,
Living again in this chest.
Fingertips rescued,
No more sorrow
This paradise better suits me
In the midst of the cold,
Among the solitude of the forgotten,
Even in death, I have found beauty.

Modernity

DON NARKEVIC

I think it is sometime
after Fascism, maybe,
or sometime after
the Beatles broke up.

I think it is complex
as my daughter, graduating
from mere dawn
to supernova.

It is sexy
as a black miniskirt or Bikini
Atoll just before
an atomic explosion.

It is the price of *Guernica*,
the absence of color,
the eclipse of the Sun
record: "Old Black Joe."

Modernity is brief as a birth-
day candle, a wedding
bouquet, a eulogy
for the death of God.

Romance Languages

DON NARKEVIC

His voice drowns her,
she a non-swimmer.
Coming up for air,
she cries, the baby bawling
for a nipple at 2:37 a.m.
The rocker squeaks.
Jesus Christ!
But the carpenter sleeps,
a lullaby whispered
like a confessional sin.
When the child nods,
an addict fixed,
she returns to cold linen
where a hand reaches,
grabs a sore breast.
His bark, a demand
for grunt work.

Young Woman Wearing a Headscarf

(Marble, 1890, Jules Dalou)

DON NARKEVIC

“A ghost in marble of a girl you knew
who would have loved you in a day or two”
Edna St. Vincent Millay

I am not your girl.
Tell me the color of my scarf.
Tell me the color of my eyes.

I am not your girl.
I am metamorphic.
I can change my mind.

I am not your girl.
Go away with your please, please, please.
Go home to your wife and cry, cry, cry.

Elijah

MARK JAMES

God wasn't in the
rock-bustin' wind storm or the
dift-siftin' earth storm or the
scorchin' fire storm...

No!

God was the still, small voice--
that deep silence,
the voice of peace,
calm assurance that comes just after the storm--
the voice that asks, "Wha'cha doin' here?"

Wood and a Dream

MARK JAMES

God,
Here we are...
We have wood...
We have nails...
We have tools...
 We brought our hands
 And our hearts.
Help us pull it all together,
so that we can help fulfill the dream of
your servant, son and saint,
 Rev. Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr.,
and at the same time
 fulfill Tracey's and Deja's dream of
 a home of their own.

Ode to McRib

LLOYD E. BONE JR.

Oh McRib, Oh McRib!!
How I love you so!
You just make my heart glow
Let that saucy greatness flow and flow!

Oh McRib, Oh McRib!!
How a day without you is so glib.
Your flavor is so tangy and sweet
Just makes me get up and move me feet!

Meat, BBQ sauce, onions and pickles
Oh sweet mother I'd pay buckets of nickels!
Extra sauce, that's my play
Two, no three McRibs would make my day!

Just a short time you are with us
Makes me want to fuss and cuss!
I'll get you now while you last
And every bite will be a blast!

Oh McRib, Oh McRib!!
Your flavor is a savory ad lib.
I'll see you soon and that's no fib
Just as soon as I find my bib!

Sweet Child

APRIL MORAN

To my sweet sweet child
How fast you have grown
Just yesterday you were a babe
Meant for me to keep warm
I've watched you grow
I've watched you learn
My time for teaching you
I fear is almost over
Now I must send you to
One who will begin teaching
You more than I
You will learn things
I cannot teach
From here on out
I will only be able to help you
As you go through this new time
But know I will always be here
To keep you warm my sweet sweet child

The Joy Once Felt/The Joy Felt Once

BEREK CLAY

Over the years much I've seen
Great was the fun we've had
Few with whom I've been
All with which were glad

Feelings that stir in the head
Sensation had you want for more
Thoughts that make you red
Strong warmth fills your core

Could not wait for each tryst
Together we fed the need
How well she could twist
Inside was the seed

Twice they did rise
My two greatest prize

Cerussite

GABRIELLA BROWN

orgasmic permission
over thoroughfares and under passageways
through the desirable pantomime of chloroform
mediocre opiate induced euphoria
my bibliomaniac bibliophile is celestial
saccharine liquor pours from her lips
she succors me
with her fantastical whimsical ways she indulges me
vespers whispered to her
never reach her inclement ears
her virulent temper requires benediction
she embodies pernicious education
she is cerussite
and I adore her

Dark

LOGAN M SAHO

What is Darkness?

Is darkness the dark of night

Is it the defilement of the soul

Tis it also the color of some people's soul

Or tis it the lesson we learn in life

I....I for one believe darkness to be the feeling of dread

That of the dread after death

I ... I am for one stained with memories of such pain

Darkness is in life and in death

We all face both

Some sooner than others

Ye will find life to be dark

Death will be darker more so

But yet what is the answer of darkness

Darkness could be pain

Darkness could be agony

Darkness could be that memory that you cannot shake

Dark..... what is dark

Do those Weeping find darkness comforting

Though blood may be red is it not a dark red

Darkness, dark, death, life, color, memories

Is it all Dark....

For us meek humans may never know

May never know

Decaying?

Archaic?

Remembrance?

Kind?

Night?

Evil?

Serenity?

Slavery?

Will any answers ever be good enough to describe that of.....

Dark

A Children's Story Poem

SKYLAR FULTON

Sticks and stones
May break my bones

And words may also hurt me
So please be kind you see

I will do the same for you
We all want the same things too

To be friends and get along
Is all that we long

When we say mean words
It hurts like swords

So be careful with what you say
And do each and every day

The words we say with our tongue
Cannot be undone

They say to think before you speak
Don't let those mean words leak

Just like sticks and stones
Can break our bones

Words can break our heart
And rip us apart

Instead of fighting and yelling
Let's stop the crying

And take a "cool down" moment
Or we can remain silent

Get an adult to help solve the issue
So we won't need a tissue

And we can play together
Using nice words forever

Imagine what the world
With no fighting or yelling you will see

So much more fun we will have
Instead of tearing us in half

The world will all hold hands
And we can be called friends

Home

JESSICA LAYNE

There is a place where you can go
A place that is safe
No matter what time of day.
There is a place to go
Where you are welcomed
And loved every day.
I miss home...

Band

JESSICA LAYNE

You are sweaty
You want out
But once you get out
You realize that
This is your life
And once you exit it
You have no way of reentering
You step out and just start to cry
You will never enter that area
The uniform you love...

Friends

JESSICA LAYNE

Why is it that we choose people
What makes us attracted
To them?
Why do we feel love
Towards this person
We barely know?
Love
Love is something
Most people do not
Want to deal with
But they want to have it.
How can you have something
But not deal with it
Love is
Something magical
Something beautiful
And most of all
Something that is painful.

Like Suicide

MAZIE ELLIOT

He killed himself just for me. I loved him for everything he was for me. She thought she was the spark but she was the damn flame.

Secrets

MAZIE ELLIOT

We all have storybooks. Enticing, depressing, hit me with the TRUTH.... wanting to chase the stars or hide from the past. The probability of jumping out of comfort. Disappearing with those secrets won't help me so I gave them to you.

Love is a Battlefield

MAZIE ELLIOT

Love is like a Battlefield. Fighting for what you love and want.
Needing what you believe is true and can happen. On my battlefield I
will not give up until suffocating on my last breath. I fight to live again.



PROSE

The Mad Musician's Last Night

LOGAN M SAHO

Running...We all run from that of all. We all drift as if we are leaves upon the wind.....Emptiness is all we humans feel the pain of it goes on and on..... Humans question why we do not go..... We must get back to the Reason we must knew.....Dreams seem to care but who else..... The parts of our lives are carefully kept yet scattered with in the dead leaves.....This is part of my mind..... Got to get back to the reason we must knew.....This late in the fall leaves fall away from view.....The only reason the tree dies is us..... The leaves fall down and it hushes the dreams we have.....For in this city of darkness the leaves rush to the streets edge we feel them dying around us.....Shadows do tend to wander here in this city..... The evil shadows worsen as the leaves fall and the day slips into evening.....Leaves tenderly touch the ground..... Autumn.....Fall.....Sleep.....death.....Through this eve dreams wander.... every year this eve grows of death and circumstance keeping Nightmares alive.....As they cut through the silence.....The night that start to begins..... The nightmares are worse than the child's innocence.....in spring.....in fall..... in this city the life doesn't breathe.....But the moments are taken.... for in the night....Nightmares fill their dreams.....I wishist scream at these dreams.....People watch me and people stare.....Still out moments are taken the dead of night.....The nightmares.....Then the tear fall on her coal black hair.....then my nightmares become crystallize..... Any every hope is losing.....Then I fall through the air...Let it go let it go.... Every hope Every hope is worth sacrificing.....Just another night in this city.....leaves fall down looks really sad.....inside here lights are gone..... we can't really believe life is here....on this night I can't believe in it....all this night dark blues.....leaves come down look really ugly.....this night is smart, evil, and pure damnation..... I hear the evil whistle at me like I'm nothing.....perhaps that how I'm meant to be.....look around to find the phone then you talk to the girl that you love for years....then the night rolls on to nothing.....nothing.....nothing....lights are down.. I guess it kind of fits the situation.... what is life anyway..... what is life can anyone tell me that.....Could this whole life....I don't understand this life..... every year it gets worse and constantly defy.....And theirs many more not understand life is just an excuse to tolerate people.....I dislike them all.....Children running around being crazy being destructive, but no one cares.....But now I'm stuck here....But it's all about the pain. blame and everything else.....Love is strong then we could make it..... but our flame is going dry.....Birth of life within this

city may die with this cold flesh upon my soul.....Its pulling me down..... Why is it such a surprise...I wonder about this life we live.....The graveyard is filled with important, famous men.....Feel the fall take you and break you..... But Winter is coming and it is our second chance.... or is it by God I hope so.....IT will become a winter wonderland.....Gone away will the birds..... Snow will come down.....The fires will be so delightful.snow better not show signs for stopping.....When we finally love again we will kiss again in that cool but inviting winter.....We will love each other so.....Baby it'll be cold outside.....Hands cool as the frost upon earthlistening to the fire.....eyes will be like melting ice.....What's the sense of pride in winter we will be fools..... We could love one another again

Free Stuff

DAVID MOSS

Everyone loves free stuff. However not all things are really free. Some free stuff comes with unknown cost. Some will even cost a lot of money or maybe just something you have to do or present like a coupon. Someone somewhere is paying or has paid for your free stuff.

Our building at work has certain areas and tables for people who have unwanted items from home or work to place on the table for the taking. Most of the time the free items disappear quickly for the first come first served to take home.

Over the years some of the items have been books, shoes, food, clothing and many items that would fill a grocery or store list. I have placed boxes of items that have been snatched up quickly. Some items stay on the table for several days. If they stay on the table to long they go into the trash. I have seen some things come back to the table because someone thought they needed it but later decided they didn't need it after all.

One department gives away a lot of free food. Some of the good bakers will make cakes, pies and cookies to give away. Some bring boxes of candy and chips that they have an oversupply of or maybe for diet reasons.

My family calls me a "hoarder." I take free stuff I might need and store it until I can find a good use for it. Sometimes I take free stuff thinking someone I know will need this or in the future need it. Many times my hoarding pays off and I find a good use for my free stuff and saves me lots of money. Sometimes I hold on to items for years until someone needs one of my held onto items and they also can save money.

Buy one get on free. It's not free if you have to purchase something along with the free stuff. McDonald's has items buy one get one free with a coupon. Many stores from grocery to clothing stores and restaurants have coupons for free stuff. Applebee's has free appetizers on certain days. You still have to purchase a meal. Sometimes people give away things for free. Just go to their house and pick it up. My brother was given a free hot tub that was no longer being used. He didn't install it because it was going to cost him \$1800 dollars for plumbing and a deck to sit it on. Not really free if it cost you a lot of money.

Today while writing this I picked up a free can of Ravioli from the table. The date was still good for several months. Have to be careful on dates of free food.

Yesterday a church group was giving out free food to senior (I am a senior) citizens. They were giving out apples, cabbage, eggs and onions. This was free but someone also paid for it and people used their own trucks to transport the food.

If you are reading the Trillium you received it free. It's not really free especially if you are a student at GSC. Your tuition helped pay the teachers, the print shop and many others involved with the Trillium. So be careful; not all free stuff is really free.

This little bit of information is brought to you for free from David at GSC.

Jared's Walk

SAM EDSALL

Jared had just gotten done moving into his new home. All that was left now was his daily walk. Behind his house was a path heading into the woods. He was eager to take it. What he didn't know about this path was that it was avoided by everyone in town. People called it Dead Man's Path. To Jared, it was just another path. He got his hiking boots on and took off.

The weather was great. It was the Indian Summer as they called it. The wind blew soft puffs of dust through the leaves as Jared made his way into the woods. He breathed in deep the fresh autumn air with great delight. Moths danced in their flights around the leaves. Birds sang their songs high above. Jared walked. Jared came across a small, blue rubber ball. Instead of just leaving it where it lay, he casually kicked it off the path. About half a mile later, what appeared to be the same ball appeared in the same exact spot. The same thing occurred three or four more times.

Eventually, Jared realized that what he was seeing was not at all normal. He realized he'd been passing by the same exact blue ball on the same exact spot of the path over and over again. Worried, he turned around and started back the other way. He tried paying attention to the scenery around him, seeing if it would change or not. It didn't and he thanked God. However, when he stopped to take a breather, he turned around and found that he was back to that same old spot with the ball. He turned around again and realized it was entirely the exact same spot as before. When he turned back to face the ball he was going to cut it into little pieces with his trusty old pocket knife. But before he could do that, he noticed the ball was growing.

It grew and grew and grew. Eventually it went from being a spherical form to looking like that of a human. It turned out to be a man, clad in a black three-piece suit. Jared couldn't believe what he was seeing. The man just stood there looking at him. Jared backed away from the man. Then he backed into what seemed like another man. It caused Jared to turn around with a jump in surprise. The man behind him was the exact same man. He then turned around to find that the man from before was not there. When he turned back around, the man was wielding an ax. Frightened, Jared turned off the path and ran as far as he could. The man with the ax remained on the path where he was, as Jared saw every time he stopped and looked around. Jared then took to

another path and began running back toward his house.

He went around a curve and continued for another few meters until he was out of breath. He sat down on a log at the side of the path. Catching his breath, he looked up and noticed the same blue ball from before just sitting there. He got up, took the ball cut it to pieces with his pocket knife.

“Can I go home now!?!?” he shouted.

No answer.

A strong gust of wind blew through the woods. When it stopped, Jared got to his feet and resumed his walk home. He realized he'd been back on the same path as before but did not care. He just paced back toward home. A little while later, something tapped his shoulder. He turned around and it was the man with the ax again.

Before Jared could say anything, the man raised the ax. Jared turned to run but then felt the ax cut deep into his back. He fell and the man continued chopping away. Jared screamed in pain. Soon enough, he was decapitated. Not even a split-second later, Jared was back to the same spot on the path, looking at the ball. Another strange thing he noticed was that the time hadn't changed since the first time he saw the ball in the path. Everything pretty much happened all at once. He stood there, studying the ball, terrified (mesmerized, really) and wondered fearfully if anything worse was going to happen. He felt trapped. He did not want to look away. He knew something would happen. So he stood there hoping nothing would happen. Then again, something happened anyway.

The ball slowly divided in two. Jared didn't know what to think of this. There were now two balls instead of one. He watched in horror as the two balls grew and turned into humans. This time they weren't axmen. Neither of them were axmen in business suits. They were girls. Twin, wearing matching outfits. One of them said, “Mister, we were looking for our ball and got lost. Could you help us find it and get home?” Jared didn't buy it. Not one bit of it. He thought that at any given moment they'd become axmen. He was losing his mind. They repeated themselves. The more they spoke, the more it agitated Jared. Suddenly, in a burst of rage, he grabbed both of the girls' throats and squeezed as hard as he possibly could. The twin sisters now lay on the ground, dead. Their faces were blue. Their necks were riddled with marks of strangulation. Jared couldn't bear to see it.

He turned and started down the path, this time praying with all the power of his being that he would end up in his back yard. Curious, he turned around to see what would happen next. He wondered if he just so happened to have killed those poor little girls. What he saw when he turned around did not surprise him the least. It still disturbed him, however. It was the ball. The same small, blue rubber ball. It just wouldn't go away. He turned back around and ran as fast as he could. He could see the roofs of houses. Even his own house was in plain sight. Suddenly he tripped over a wire and fell flat on his face in the warm, dry leaves. When he rolled around, in a dazed blur he saw the twin girls and the axman in the business suit. The girls each had a blue ball in their hands. The axman did as well. They were tossing and catching the balls, over and over. Jared once again became agitated to the point of madness.

In a sudden rage, he sprang up on his feet, took the ax out of the axman's hand, and sliced away until all three of them were completely dismembered. Then he turned around to continue home. When he turned, he found an ax buried deep into his skull. He blacked out.

"Could this be it? Am I finally dead?" he thought.

He woke up in his bed, staring at the ceiling. It was all over. He felt a great sigh of relief rush through him. When he got out of bed to use the bathroom, however, his mood changed. On the floor of his bedroom were the clothes he wore on his walk, next to his boots. They were covered in bloodstains and dirt. An ax leaned against the wall. His jaw dropped in horror at the sight. He then went to the door. When he touched it, it all came back to him in a flash before his very eyes. The door did not feel wooden. He felt cold metal. The room, when he turned back around, was that of a prison cell. His mind raced. It had been all over the news. Headlines read that two poor girls and their father had been killed by their new neighbor. Jared sunk to his knees against the metal bars of the cell door and began to weep. He had been sentenced to death by execution. He could not believe what he'd done. The saddest part, to him, was that he hadn't the slightest clue how or why he did it. The prison guard stood outside. In his face, a blank expression. In his hand was a blue, rubber ball. He began bouncing it slowly. It had been the axman.

Balance

HANNAH SECKMAN

In what way do you see me? The dark, the light, the good, the bad. Haven't you heard that it's all the same, and it's all about balance. But you never were good at balance, were you? Elementary school days, you were the kid who couldn't balance on the painted white lines of the gym floor and everyone made fun of you for it. I heard you crying in the bathroom one day because of it but I ignored you. I wanted to swing on the swings before someone took my spot, so high you wouldn't be able to even touch me. How selfish we were back then. How unkind are children. And now you work an eight to six job, slaving away everyday and you come home to a wife who doesn't love you anymore but still makes you dinner, and your children don't seem to notice if you're home at all. You wonder sometimes if they're even yours. I've seen you dragging your briefcase to work like you're hauling around an unwanted limb. And I know it's not filled with important office notes and dates but of your children's drawings they used to make for you, love notes your wife used to write, and then your own stories, wrote down because you thought you would forget. It's not good, I want to tell you. It's not good to drag those memories around because they're not even yours anymore. They belong to a stranger in a black suit and tie who would kiss his wife goodbye and hold the door open for any lady, or gentleman for that matter. That person is missing, I want to scream. That person is missing and they aren't coming back. And you still walk around like a ghost, so hollow I could count your ribs if you ever took your shirt off for something other than besides a shower. You think all your dreams are in that stupid briefcase and that one day you'll open it and stars will come shooting out and just like that you're alive again, life will be rich and wonderful and your wife will let you make love to her at night and your children will beg you to read them bedtime stories and all you'll see is love. That won't happen though. Because you might open up that briefcase and regrets will come tumbling out, cascading like a landslide and you won't be able to stop it. There will be no dreams, no wishes like you thought were in there. And then you'll think, staring down at this heap of messiness that you can't even begin to gather and organize, you'll think that maybe it's just the briefcase that's the problem. Maybe you just lost your balance on the subway and all those happy things slipped out when you stumbled. And all you have to do is just find them and trap them again, open them on another rainy day when you think the time is right. I don't whisper in your ear that that's a lie. You know it. Your heart beats a cadence to it. Lie. Lie. Lie. But still you'll look, wandering the sidewalks with your hat in your hand and

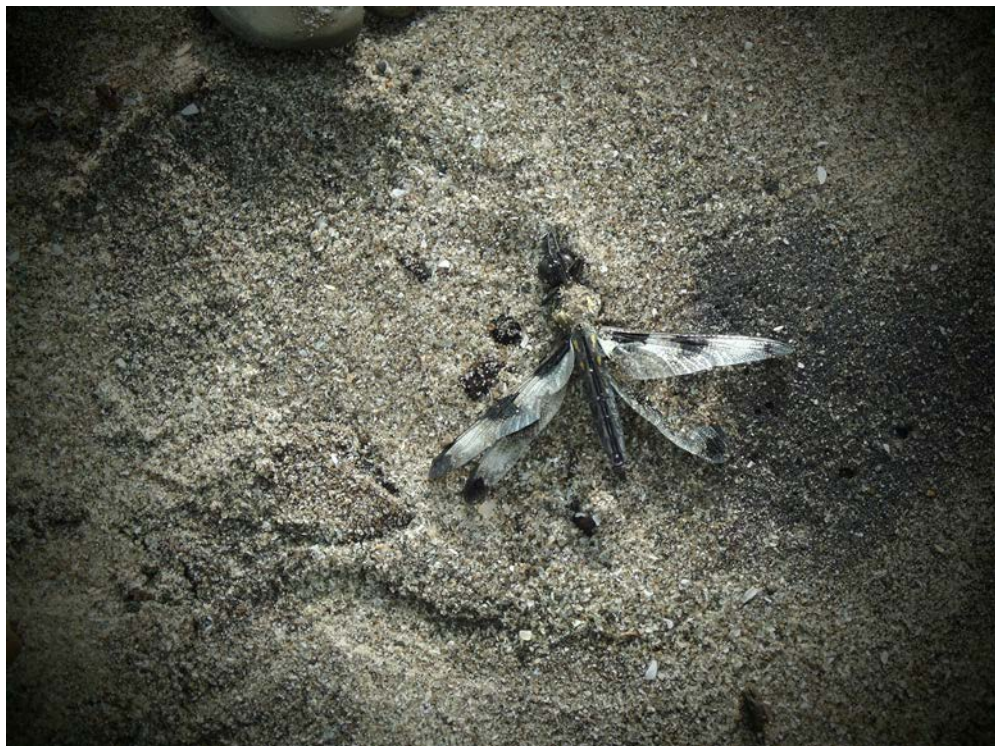
your eyes peeled open as if those dead memories and dreams will be waiting on the corner for a good man to stop and pick them up, tuck them safely in his pocket and take them home. You'll believe that everyday for the rest of your life. Lie. Lie. Lie. And you won't ever get your balance back even though I keep looking at you, begging you to look back, to just step out of your own manmade light for a moment and try and see in the dark. You can't run on false light alone, I'll say. You can't pretend your desk lamp is the sun and that you get the good kind of goosebumps when you think of your wife in bed. You can't make everything good, you can't keep picking up the pieces if you don't even know where they are. You can't find your balance if you lost it in elementary school. We can do so many things with time but we can't time travel, I'll say. And you can't wish on a star if you locked your wishes in a briefcase and then let them accidentally slip away. It doesn't work like that, I'll say. It'll never work like that. And maybe, maybe one day after tripping over stones and scuffing your own hands and knees so that they bleed, you'll look at me for help. But I'll ignore you because I'll be on the swings, so high you won't even think to touch me. And you'll be on the ground, forever trying to get your balance back.



ARTWORK

Lake Geneva
(at Geneva on the Lake; Ashtabula, Ohio)

MAZIE ELLIOT



Geneva Ohio

MAZIE ELLIOT



Gettysburg, PA; Cannon at Little Round Top

MAZIE ELLIOT



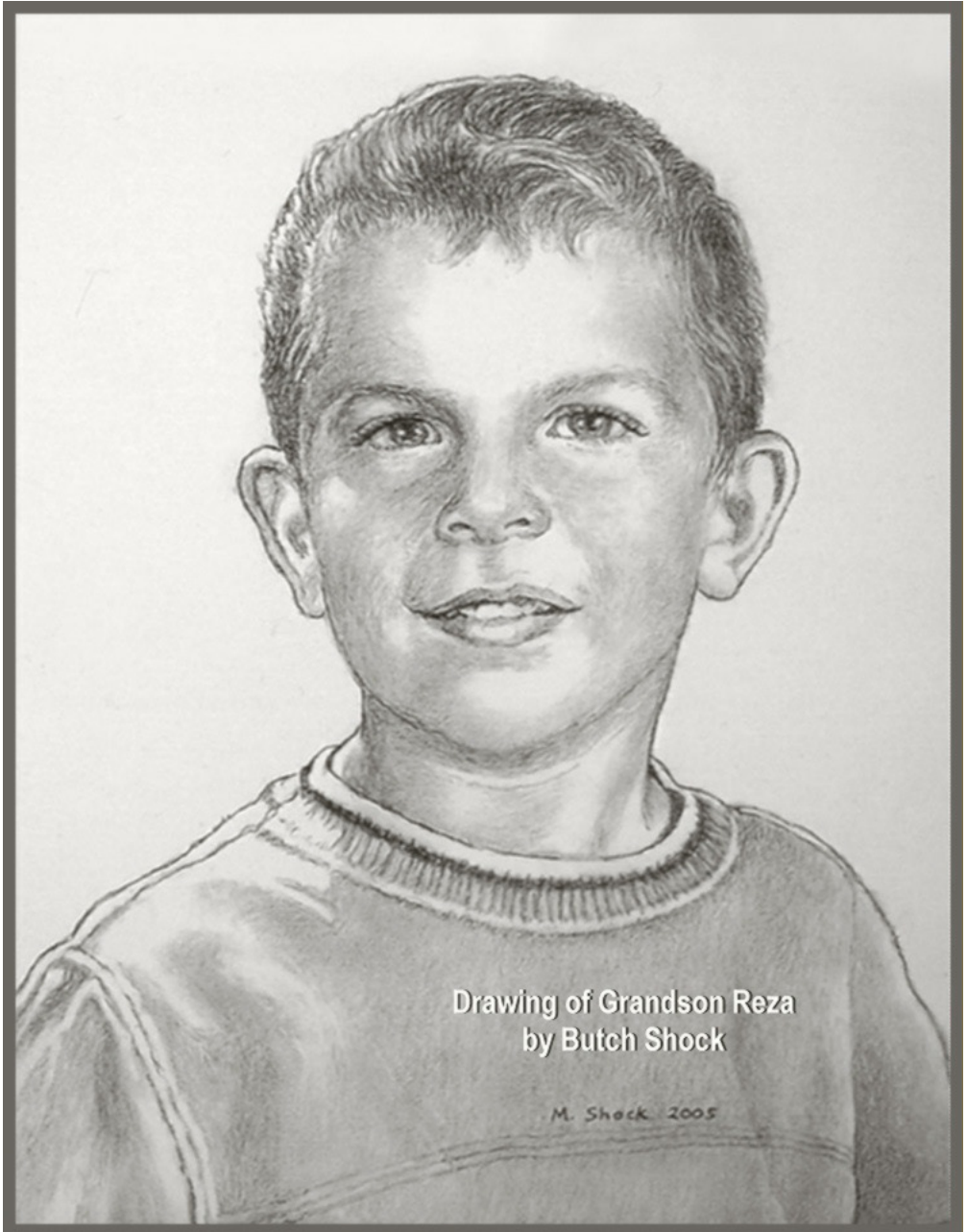
Japanese Oil Painting

WHITNEY HARMON



Drawing of Grandson Reza

MAURICE "BUTCH" SHOCK, JR.



Drawing of Grandson Reza
by Butch Shock

M. Shock 2005

Seadala

HEATHER COLEMAN



Untitled

JACOB BULLARD



Untitled

JACOB BULLARD



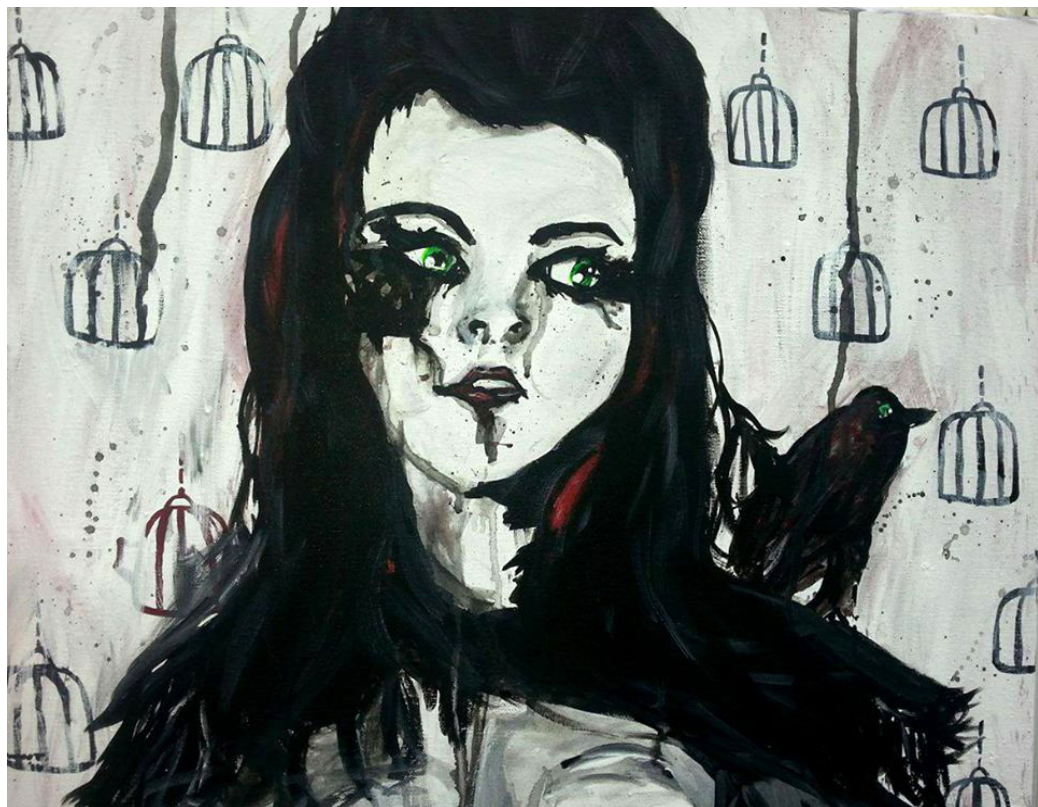
Erwin

JACOB CLINE



Free
(Acrylic 16x20 on Canvas)

SARAH NORMANT



Crossing WV

(Acrylic 16x20 on Canvas)

SARAH NORMANT



Man-kind
(Acrylic 11x14 on Canvas)

SARAH NORMANT



SPECIAL
FEATURE

EKPHRASIS

Note: The word “ekphrasis” comes from the Greek *ek* (“out”) and *φράσις phrasis* (“speak”). In literary and artistic practice, *ekphrasis* refers to a verbal representation, literal or imaginary, of a visual work of art.

Objects in Mirror Are Closer Than They Appear

DUANE CHAPMAN



A Dozen Pieces

MELISSA GISH

—1—

stop talking now
I need to
listen

—2—

wingbeats
50 times
a second:
whirring
engine
over
a distant hill

—3—

candlewood and
possum pine—
their roots
like hollow bones
moan and strain
against the earth
yet fail to break
free of gravity

—4—

such
fragile
things

—5—

ancient silica
pulled from
Minnesota
river bluffs
and bathed
in boron
shatters

and returns
to earth
in a dozen
deliberate pieces
that reflect
their brilliant
ancestry

—6—

ensemble
of ossicles—
this machinery
of a dozen rings
that sensed
the universal laws
of locomotion
too late

—7—

wait, you're moving
too fast

—8—

heads
 primordial
nucleosynthesis
 4.6 billion years ago
 made you—
 99.86 percent
 of the total mass
 of the solar system
or tails
 order of existence
 100,000 years ago
 made you again—
 Tonatiuh and Surya
 and Amaterasu
and Ra and Sól
and Awondo's son

—9—

colubrid highway
receding
in a convex field
of vision

like some puzzle
come undone
the pieces
tumbling
away
in a lie

—10—

look
beyond the trees
beyond the sky

—11—

the artist bends
his wrist
lifts the weightless
feathered figure
peers into
its sightless eye
and with exactitude
strokes
strokes
the fractured
barbules
whispering
promising
immortality

—12—

is this a reflection
of memory
or a refraction
of imagination:
objects broken
under the weight
of an evening's
rumination
or the breaking
of a dazzling dawn
when a dozen
shattered pieces
come together
in his hands?

stop talking
and listen

A Shatter Between Two Worlds

HEATHER CHAMBERS



Metamorphosis

MARJORIE STEWART

The chrysalis, now clear,
cracks open.
Folded wings emerge
Bloodless and weak.

The butterfly clings
to her old skin
now jagged
falling in shards
to the ground.

It takes time
to warm up
the wings,
it takes time
to let go
and fly.

The Soldier Boy

MELISSA GISH



The Soldier Boy

JONATHAN MINTON

To kill the children, and in the king's tent,
To kill the children, as if men of wood and earth and stone,
To kill as commanded, and in the moral sense,
To serve even devils as loyally as gods, good citizens,
Our bodies will harden to porcelain at the scene of the catastrophe.
If any will fight with us, bid them come down.
We were angry already, our eyes as wide as clocks.
We were angry already, and nervously defending ourselves.
We were angry already, and in the presence of death.
Let the weak choke on their fear. Let the horseman
Ride to his hill. Fill our cities with the heralds of war,
And pluck the sky of its loathsome Assyrian birds.
Teach the soldier boys to fight. Teach them
Their duties began on the day they were born.
Build us castles of bronze, walls of the darkest steel.

Twisted Metal

EZEKIEL BONNETT



Twisted

JACOB CLINE

humans, what a sorry lot.
we break for fun.
torture for amusement.
care for convenience.
and kill for greed

humans, how kind and loving
we pray for each other in grief.
we rush for a save a life we do not know.
to hold a hand in support.
and we give all we have.

we are confusing
we are our own worst enemies and our closest allies.
we are twisted.



CONTRIBUTOR NOTES

Gabriella Brown is a graduate of Glenville State College and works as an in-home healthcare worker. In her free time she writes poetry, short stories, and is an artist. She currently lives in Arnoldsburg, West Virginia with her partner and their menagerie of animals.

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Sam Edsall is an English major at Glenville State College. He plays drums and sometimes sings lead in the covers band Brother Tucker from Charleston, WV. He is also the singer/percussionist/founder of the band The Null Ones. In his free time he loves writing in every sense of the word, quite literally.

Melissa Gish is an Associate Professor of English at Glenville State College. She makes art, writes books and poems, and serves as an editor at *Aji Magazine*—all to distract her from strangling her students.

Whitney Harmon is currently in her third year at Glenville State College. She is studying to be a Graphic designer. Her hobbies include horseback riding and learning new things about art. During the summer she works for the DOH as a flagger. She likes classic rock.

William Harper is a sophomore at Glenville State College. He is an English BA Major.

Mark James is a Glenville State College alum ('82) currently serving as pastor for Wesley Foundation and Trinity United Methodist Church. He has been reading and studying poetry since 2007, and admires the works of Lawrence Ferlinghetti, Mary Oliver, Gerard Manly Hopkins, Christina Rossetti, Vladimir Mayakovski, Denise Levertov, Czeslaw Milosz, and the poet/theologians Dorothee Soelle, and Georgia Harkness.

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April Moran is currently in her second year at Glenville State College. She is a nontraditional student. She served for four years as a fire truck mechanic in the United States Air Force. She currently lives in Jane Lew. She's a mom of three kids, the oldest is three and the two will be one in April. She is applying for the Teacher's Education program so that she can get a degree as an English Education teacher for 5-adult.

David Moss is a member of the Glenville State College staff, and a frequent contributor to the *Trillium*.

Don Narkevic is from 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. His plays have received readings in Chicago, New York, and Virginia. FutureCycle Press published, *Admissions*, a book of poems, in 2013.

Sarah Normant is a Glenville State College graduate who enjoys entering her artwork in local art exhibits and festivals.

Justin Raines is a Natural Resources Management-Environmental Science major, an amateur botanist, President of the Glenville Student Environmental Organization, and an organizer who works with a variety of activist organizations within West Virginia. He urges you to stop reading this immediately, and instead devote your time to destroying the system and making a better world for all of us.

Hannah Seckman is a current freshman at Concord University, where her intended major is Environmental Geosciences. However, she also enjoys reading and writing whenever she can find the time to do it.

Maurice R. Shock, Jr., a retired West Virginia teacher and native of Webster County, graduated from Glenville State College with a double major in English and Art. He earned his Master's Degree at Marshall University, majoring in Art History and Painting. He was strongly influenced by his family of teachers and educators who served in Webster County for many years beginning in 1929. His father (Maurice, Sr.) was a principal, teacher, and coach, and a life-long resident of Webster County. His uncle, John P. Shock, was Superintendent of Schools in Webster County.

Marjorie Stewart teaches English composition, journalism, and creative nonfiction at Glenville State College. She is also a poet, essayist and painter.

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Language & Literature
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