

Trillium 2020



Trillium

Issue 41, 2020

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

Brianna Deel, Art Editor
Abigail Mayle, Literary Editor
Sadie Murphy, Literary Editor
Randa Anderson, Literary Editor
Leslee Coffman, Copy Editor
Dr. Jonathan Minton, Faculty Advisor
Faculty Advisory Board: Dr. Marjorie Stewart, Professor Duane Chapman, Professor Christopher Cosner
Cover Artwork by Sarah Normant

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

Trillium

Department of Language and Literature
Glennville State College
200 High Street | Glennville, WV 26351
Trillium@glennville.edu
<https://www.glennville.edu/departments/language-literature/trillium>

The *Trillium* acquires printing rights for all accepted materials for the annual issue of the *Trillium*. The
contents of the *Trillium* will be digitally archived. The *Trillium* may also use published work for
promotional materials, including cover designs, flyers, and posters.
All other rights revert to the authors and artists.

The *Trillium* would like to extend a special thank you to the Department of Fine Arts for their support for
the third annual *Trillium* Art Show. The *Trillium* would also like to thank its brilliant contributors,
without whom the *Trillium* would be irrelevant.



The *Trillium* is honored to dedicate the 2020 issue to **Professor Dennis Wemm**. Since 1986, Professor Wemm has taught communications and theater at Glenville State College, and has provided leadership in nearly every aspect of the college. In addition, he has directed or guided more than 100 plays on campus. He has been a steadfast, inspiring, and central part of GSC's creative community for over thirty years. The *Trillium* wishes Professor Wemm all the best in his retirement from GSC, as he exits one stage, and enters another.

If we shadows have offended,
Think but this, and all is mended,
That you have but slumber'd here
While these visions did appear.
And this weak and idle theme,
No more yielding but a dream,
Gentles, do not reprehend:
If you pardon, we will mend:
And, as I am an honest Puck,
If we have unearned luck
Now to 'scape the serpent's tongue,
We will make amends ere long;
Else the Puck a liar call;
So, good night unto you all.
Give me your hands, if we be friends,
And Robin shall restore amends.

--Epilogue, Shakespeare's *A Midsummer Night's Dream*

Table of Contents

Poetry

Kari Gunter-Seymour.....	5
Kerri Swiger.....	6
Lisa Hayes-Minney.....	7
Matthew Thiele.....	8
Jonathan Minton.....	9
Wayne de Rosset.....	10
George S. Lilly.....	12
Anna Childers.....	13
Brooke Storm.....	14
Cassie Hyre.....	15
Randa Anderson.....	16
Eva O'Sullivan.....	17
Gavin McCord.....	19
Mazie Elliott.....	21
Max Lake.....	22
Sherri Greenlief.....	23
Michael Lee Johnson.....	24
Lloyd E. Bone, Jr.	25

Prose

Abigail Mayle.....	26
Johnny O'Hara.....	28
Elaine Ferry.....	29
Samantha Lamb.....	31
D.A. Becher.....	35

Art

Brianna Deel.....	41
Marjorie Stewart.....	42
Duane Chapman.....	43
Sarah Normant.....	44
Jeff Bryson.....	45
Charlie Adams.....	46

Charles Gordon.....	47
Daydra Page.....	48
Melissa Gish.....	49
Chesney Brown.....	50
Hayden Brown.....	51
Kristen Tanner.....	52
Linda Jones.....	53
Wesley Swain.....	54
Mary Bever.....	55
Nora Taylor.....	56
Larissa Henry.....	57
Carla Bowman.....	58
Taylor Brumfield.....	59
Kylie Cosner.....	60
Mazie Elliott.....	61
Gavin McCord.....	62
Zoe Yates.....	63
Contributors' Notes	64

Kari Gunter-Seymour

My Friend Loraine Asks Will I Go With Her to a Drag Show

Loraine walks in wide strides and jumpy
mountain rhythms. Heart of a star,
rain-water rustic, she once painted a cardboard
cutout of a cloud and that cloud's sister,
sent to me as a postcard.

That night the bourbon tasted like Kool-Aid.
We drank five each, together a twisted mirror
of becoming better selves. During the finale,
we hiked up our skirts, shimmied
like a mash of malted barley in wild yeast.

A rainbow of zinnias swayed the sidewalk,
moonlit, as Loraine and I tittered homeward,
holding fast to one another. She reminds me
how a seed case splits, exposes backbone
but also vulnerability. *Shit fire*, Loraine says,

we should all throw ourselves like seed.
Most nights I pray standing, worry
about weather when it presses hard
from the south, walk beneath lightning
to gather up chickens.

First print: *Rascal*

Kerri Swiger

Shattered Porcelain

Pale white shards upon the ground
Dress torn, ripped, stained tossed away
Hair knotted, wringed, and mangled still

Porcelain doll shattered, forgotten, thrown down
Still doll quiet no more play
Play time done, now the pill

Other dolls with the perfect crown
Other dolls play in the day
She sits feeling eyes of ill

She longs of the past found
Unbroken as before she wishes stay
Or wishes of herself long kill

Porcelain shattered now quiet still bound
Porcelain doll once beautiful now astray
Porcelain on the shelf alone until...

Porcelain glued together for the hound
New dress placed, hide the fray
Play time again, shattered at will

Lisa Hayes-Minney

Rachel

I simply long
to return to last Sunday
after the matinee'
so someone (not me)
could tell you –
Don't take it.

Don't take whatever
took you from us,
flattened you
into a statistic --
another Appalachian ghost.

I know
you would have
chosen differently
if you were aware
it was the end.

Matthew Thiele

Bury Me on the Hill at St. Boniface

It is fitting for a team of men to toil
At picking out the stubborn stones within the ancient hill
To make a grave.

It is fitting for the women
To lay in salt tears and sighs
And cries of woe.

It is natural for those who strain to bear the coffin up the hill
To lay the dead to rest and then descend,
Plotting careful steps and contemplating death.

It is right for the hill to face the valley to the west.
Never a proper sunset to be seen from there,
But at least the pleasing orange blush of dusk
To dye the writing on the stones
Before the silver twilight and the black.

Jonathan Minton

from *Letters*

The world is heat and thunder in the narrows.
But it is not immaculate, and little of it will endure.
A beautiful fruit once filled our tongues, a knowledge of splendor,
a stimulant on the tired places of our lives. The thought of creating,
of centuries of plants and animals, their pleasure and pain,
they say how terribly heavy it is, they say our inherited memories would vanish
as cruel ghosts if given to just one night in this majesty. I will not tell you
if this is true. I will pass it on in a sealed letter,
and marvel at the names that force their way through as if from an egg.
Don't be confused by such surfaces; in the depths everything becomes law.
Perhaps, beneath all of it, there is a great motherhood.
Irony will either fall away from you like dead skin, or else it will thicken,
and your very hands will become as tools, too hardened to ever caress.

** Adapted from Rainer Maria Rilke's letters to Franz Kappus, 1903, translated by Stephen Mitchell*

Wayne de Rosset

Flying Back

(A Song)

Many times she thought she would write him a letter
But the words would fail, she never made a start
Corporate business is bringing her to a place she thought she'd never return
And she feels a sad old shadow fall across her heart

Refrain:

Now she's flying back home on an Airbus
On a Cessna years ago she would leave
Success and sometimes happiness have followed her through life
But she can't let go of a long ago dream

At times at work, in meetings or in the lonely hours of night
She thinks of a country airport in the evening fog
How the runway lights sped by her, then they drifted down into the dark
She flew on, he walked lonely to his car

Refrain

Still recalls goodbyes over bitter coffee
Sad words echo down her heart after all these years
Confident, so self-assured, securing million dollar deals
Yet the love she finds always seems to disappear

Flying on an Airbus back home
Left on a Cessna, she's so alone

Clearing customs, lonely suitcase, she feels a long ago chill
An emptiness as her driver helps her to the car
As her limo leaves in the fading light, she pours a glass of wine
And thinks of what's been lost to have come this far

Refrain

She wonders why she wants to stop at that old airport in the growing gloom
Re-live the aching joy and pain of a long past life
She lets the exit pass on by, she knows that she must move on
With a sad sweet smile, she rides on into the night

Refrain

George S. Lilly

Save Someone Else

(A Song)

Time: 4/4

Key: D

There's nothing left to say
Or maybe I'm just too drunk to say it
And there's no one left to save
And I'm too drunk to hear you pray
So why can't you just let me be
And go and try to save someone else
There's nothing that your tears can do to me
I've not already done to myself
My worst and yet best friend
Made of glass I keep here by my side
Is calling me again
To give up hope he'll ever let it end
So why can't you just let me be
And go and try to save someone else
There's nothing that your tears can do to me
I've not already done to myself
I want that old me back as much as you
But there's nothing you or God or I can do
Now
So why can't you just let me be
And go and try to save someone else
There's nothing that your tears can do to me (x3)
I've not already done to myself

Home

When the skies unfold their wings I feel the wind in my bones
I live to breathe in suffocating heat and steal through the long shadows.
In the summer I slip down to cool water just to dip in my bare toes
And there I tilt back my head, overburdened with thoughts, and let my eyes close
The waxy red apples from sterile store shelves don't fill me.
Give me the sweet wild apple with its bitterest worm,
Plucked by my own climbing feet and reaching hand.
Give me the deer my father killed fried in an iron skillet,
Wild dandelions fried in cornmeal we ground under our roof,
A blackberry cobbler and elderberries fresh from the bank –
Not from the bank where dead trees are piled up,
But from the shady grove by the creek, and its green hill full of life.
When the violets spring up my shoes fly off to kiss the ground
And by purple twilight my feet have two new black soles,
Remade of earth and bone and flesh and grass.
When leaves turn their silver bellies up like minnows in the stream,
I spin in the rain like a child, a wild thing without debt or responsibility
For where I walk now is but stone-covered earth
And man-made mountains and rows of black and white numbers.
The ground isn't healthy to step on, and cars and loud voices silence the birds –
The birds that touch their wings to the ceiling of the sky, as I once did, when I was a child.
Gods curse the cold land where plastic screens steal our eyes,
And give our broken souls back to the nearness of earth, to mend them.

Brooke Storm

I'm Not 21

There is something almost poetic about filling your lungs with smoke.
Your lover standing beside you, the cold chill of night, breathing out fog
That in the moment seems like a dense cloud destined to disappear from sight.
Left with the night, the cold, the emptiness of some lost self-smothering,
You are free from the constraints of society.

Gift to me my attire, an earth-bound angel whose home is in Satan's bosom.
Slowly stitch on my ash wings scraped from the smoker's den.
Be quick to laugh as I shake, and cigarette butts fall from the halo upon my head.
In return, I will grace you with my coat, my only armor from the blistering cold.

"You only think you're free because your constraints are tied to your wings."
Is it so? The gift society has graced me with, made my identity, has taken-
No! Ash is far too fragile to hold such a heavy load; it cannot be so.

When I find myself suffering winter snows, I breath in fire and feel the warmth
Of being filled with smoke.

It almost makes me forget that I used to own a coat.

Cassie Hyre

Post-Traumatic Stress Disorder

Before you ask, no, I did not fight in any wars.

Well, actually I take that back. I fought a daily war with myself every day since that day. I tried not to live on my island. My island of grief, blame, unforgiveness, and depression. Alone and Secluded.

I built boats; they sank. Every savior I saw in the distance passed by with no notice to my starving suffering loneliness. It was a vicious cycle.

And as you might have heard, I used the word “was,” as to signify a past tense situation. Almost to signal to you that I have moved from that island and escaped my cycle of depression, which in this case I have.

I met this...wonder. My so called “knight in shining armor” if you will. He felt different, and I mean that literally.

Because I didn't cry, when he touched me. I didn't cry, when I touched him. I didn't dread the thought of being alone in his presence. I didn't build up my walls higher and higher each time he reached for my hand. I didn't writhe in disgust when he held me through the night. He felt different.

I loved the feeling of his chest rising and falling with every sleeping breath he took. I loved admiring him talking about the many things he was passionate about for hours. I loved our arguments, because they felt different. Not filled with lust and hate, but with love and growth.

But just because something feels different, doesn't mean it will last. I don't hate myself for loving him though. I don't hate him for loving me, for the brief time he did. And well...I don't hate myself for loving me, because now it feels different.

Randa Anderson

the art of being alone

my heart trembled at the thought of walking this world alone,
living in a state where it hurt to be.

young girl, sometimes it hurts to become
but if we've learned anything from the
big bang is that sometimes disaster can create beautiful beginnings.

you were made to move mountains single handedly, paper and pen in hand.
you were made to turn your tears into gold, and your fears into solitude.

don't let life tell you that you aren't capable for going about this world alone, because the things you
need are not within every person you meet,
but within you.

use your words as a paintbrush, let the art of being alone speak volumes.

Just as it should be

Death is a harbinger
of pain, a loss of hope
For future
Conversations
Regret for things
Still left to say
A sudden blow and
the hearts light fades away

It announces itself quietly
silencing each beat
Slowly in the end
It becomes a roar
Full of denials
Like a raging wind
Against feelings
That can't be released
It devours
Everything in its path

A foolish thought
that forgetting is easier
Told healing's inevitable
though seems impossible

Looks easy for some, letting go
But how do we let them
go at all?
Only time brings us
Acceptance
Some sort of peace

Yet for the rest
of our lives
our hearts call
out to them
Our souls have
Pieces missing
As it should be

Just as it should be

You can't lose someone
Without losing
A piece of your soul
Without losing
Your compass for a while

Gavin McCord

An Angel and Her Keys

In memory of an Angel I once knew.

It was a white winter morning, a younger me did stare.
Under my tree an angel lay, bearing beautiful golden hair.

My eyes did grow in excitement and glee.
As did her own as she pounced upon me.

Her kisses were warm with a boundless love.
She was a miracle of god sent from above.

My sweetest Nevaeh, a palindrome of your birth.
You are the first lock, your descent to the mortal Earth.

It felt like a lifetime ago when you were so small.
When I'd hold you in my arms and play with your paws.

You'd grown up so fast when compared to me.
Yet you were still a child at heart and sweet as can be.

It was amazing how you could grow, yet be so young at heart.
The exact opposite of me, as the realization would eventually start.

My sweetest Nevaeh, my baby sister from the Christmas Star
This was the second lock, we were destined to be torn apart

Time did fly once again, faster than I could blink.
My baby sister was changing faster than I could think.

Her eyes were dreary and hung like tattered rags.
She would rarely run or play, even when her tail wags.

When I notice her sleeping I can't help but remember.
That one day her tail will not wag, and she will sleep forever.

My sweetest Nevaeh, I love you with all my heart to this very day.
The third lock hurt so much, but no tears would fall while you were awake.

It was a hot summer, only a few years ago.
It was a miracle and a curse when she came home.

My poor angel limped through the door and into mother's room
Her paw was swollen, bleeding; a sight so heart-wrenchingly cruel.

She'd been bitten by fate in the slithering form of copper scales.
Her survival was a miracle, but the Pale Horseman would not fail.

My sweetest Nevaeh, your time with me I cannot repay.
The fourth lock hurts so much, the agony of watching you fade.

It was Christmas Day, a muddy white afternoon
My heart hung pitifully like a lead balloon

The doctor had come and the news struck like a gong
You were going away soon, going back to where you belong.

Angels sang aloud and the heavenly bells tolled
Yet I cried, holding her the whole way home

My sweetest Nevaeh, you licked up all my tears
The final lock pierced my heart, my screams so silent that angels could hear

The day you flew away I could not close my eyes
I sobbed with the moon as hollowness plagued my mind

With the rising sun I finally dreamed, and she returned to me on angelic wings.
In her mouth were five golden keys, held together by a shimmering silver ring.

The locks of despair were finally shed, my heart was free!
As I watched you depart one last time, a thought did occur to me...

If you're watching me Nevaeh, fly high and be free.
I'll return one day and repay everything you've done for me.

Mazie Elliott

Cerulean

Deep down into the abyss of life, there lies a cerulean heart.
Its beat is slow but untamed, it weeps for a time when it will warm up inside the cage it sits behind.
It needs a scarf and snow boots for the snowstorm it treads through.

Deep down inside the bottom of a darkened cave, there lies a cerulean heart.
Its beat can heighten in speed, it steams like a freight train with urgent deliverance.
It can spark but it can't stay lit to start living in a bright red world.

Deep down in the back of my thoughts, the light is escaping to believe anymore.
Its beat sees memories too far to feel love, enjoyment, hope, life again.
It wishes for time to wash pain and anger away and calm waves brush the sand in the morning.

This cerulean heart is like the bottom of the ocean, a dark cave, a sad thought, but mostly.....empty.
Cerulean does not even describe the top layer of annoyance.
The color is fading into darker shades of not existing.
It's close to being so unrecognizable that only an emerald heart would notice.

Deep down in a cerulean heart, there lies a pair of disappointed eyes that is losing hope.
What was once a bright candy red, is now rotting and peeling away.

Max Lake

A Flame

She's like a fire.
She burns vibrant,
Like Barium
Or Potassium.
It would take eons
To put her out.
At times though,
Her flame dims
Ever so slightly.
But she comes back,
And she burns brighter than before.

Sherri Greenlief

Death's Final Blow

She sits alone as the rivers of change flow across her face,
they spring forth from her dark and broken place.
She wears her sadness as a heavy cloak,
its weight can be unbearable at times
as the many memories run across her mind.

She relives ever moment with every event coming back to life,
the loudest are the ones who condemn and leave guilt in their place.
These are the ones that have fractured her joy and shattered her peace.

Here in this dark and barren place is where who she once was
and who she has become are to meet.
This is where she is to reside,
trapped forever in the memories of those broken and battered times,
where all her dreams have died.

She realizes now that she hasn't taken a full breath since death took yours,
her life has been forever changed because of that one last breath.
Hard to believe that death's silence has left her in such a tragic state,

Life's final chapter is over leaving deep guilt in its place.
It isn't what death's final blow has taken, but all that it has left behind.
It has destroyed her mind leaving only a husk of who she once was
to wither away and die.

Death's final blow reaches out destroying more than the one whose time it is to go.
Death's blow is an all-consuming foe, leaving the battle hardest fought
to be the one within, for death's final blow will forever win..

For Life is Grand, but Death is Final,
Joy is Great, but Grief is Grueling,
And Death's Final Blow Is Always Looming.

Michael Lee Johnson

Waltz, Footprints in Snow

December 24th, I find footprints in this snow, yours frozen, our broken dreams.
Will your lawyer Grinch my wallet, fleece me while I pray to Jesus Christ tonight?
Even the devil stoked in flames has standards, jukebox baby.
Even Jesus suffers with the poor, feels lonely on winter moon distant planets.
Don't torture me, let me drive you home in our old Mack dump truck.
Hear these sounds, new records on this old radio.
Care to dance a new waltz
renew, no mirages just free no chains—
or drift back to those old vintage footprints—
fog covering over old snow?

Lloyd E. Bone, Jr.

25 and Counting (an Ode to Mrs. Susan Bone)

December 16, 2019 marked 25 years of marriage for Susan Bone and I
There is no doubt that our marriage has shown that time truly does fly
So after 25 years of marriage one may suppose
What would I highlight about my wife that would elicit this prose?
As we grow older together the list of affectionate attributes grows
For example, she is a passionate woman as everyone around her knows
She is also a most caring mother, and has a vibrant personality that glows and glows
And, she loves me to massage her feet and toes!
To me her soul is the real deal
As her honesty is as strong as steel
Without trying, and oftentimes without knowing, she keeps our kids and me on an even keel
And, I truly think that she does enjoy it when, the boys and I scare her and make her squeal!
I am constantly in awe of how she is so cute and pretty
And, how she is so clever and witty
I love how she enjoys searching for new places to eat and spending time in the city
I just fervently pray, on bended knee to the Lord, she doesn't become a crusty old bitty!
It has been most challenging to limit the reasons of my love for her
As she is special in so, so many ways, as her friends and family will concur
We have experienced so, so much in life, but it has gone by in a blur
Young love is wonderful, but we have grown immensely, so I would never want us to be as we were
Over all these years she has helped our family get through numerous variations of strife
While together learning to enjoy life's more simple moments, like our yard's variety of birdlife
As far as spouses go, she is without a doubt, a dream of a wife
I love her so, so much, and knowing that someday in death we must part, just cuts me like a knife
Here's to 25 years! And HEY! Mrs. Susan Bone, don't EVER forget, that you are truly the love of my life

Something in the Snowfall

In the courtyard, under the big oak tree, on the rickety little wooden bench, is where I spent a large portion of my days. That morning was no different despite the frigid air drifting through the city. I sat on the bench, the snow piling up around me, as I watched my breath turn to steam. I never liked the winter much as a kid. The cold numbing my fingertips and the end of my nose were enough to keep me inside while the other kids were playing back then. Now I was reaching out to catch snowflakes with my worn fingerless gloves. I watched the small shape land in my palm and melt, almost instantly.

“Hey, Andy,” Theo called, waving his arms as he ran over to me. He wasn’t dressed fit for the weather. All he was wearing was a long sleeve shirt, slacks and black pom pom hat. Although, he is always complaining that he’s “too hot”; maybe this is better for him.

“What do you want?” I asked as he stood in front of me, panting.

“I wanted to talk you,” he said as he took a seat next to me. “You doing ok? You sound funny?” I suppose he couldn’t see my scowl beneath my large puffy scarf my sister gave me a few weeks ago when she came to visit. It was a nice shade of green even though the scarf itself was kind of falling apart. My sister told me she only started knitting a few weeks ago so, the pieces of it that were falling off were nothing but her signature to me.

“I’m not in the best mood right now,” I told him. “Maybe you should go back inside. Aren’t you cold?”

“I never get cold,” he insisted. “What’s got you in such a bad mood?”

“They extended my stay,” I told him, “I was supposed to go home next week.”

“I’m sorry to hear that,” he told me, placing his hand on my shoulder. “Did they tell you why?”

“Something about my medication not working properly,” I mumbled. “It’s a load of bullshit.”

“Well, you know,” Theo leaned back on the bench, his arms and shoulders brushing snow off the edge, “I’ve been thinking about trying to break out some time. Wanna come with me?”

“How are we gonna manage that?” I asked. Theo never gets caught doing anything so I understand why the scheme would work for him. I, on the other hand, always seem to get caught. I would only drag him down.

“Don’t worry, I have a plan,” he said, boldly. “Tonight when everyone’s asleep we’ll-“

“Andy,” a nurse interrupted him, she was standing on the porch to the hospital with her arms crossed over her chest, “Come inside.”

“Let’s go, Theo,” I said as I slowly stood from my seat. I looked down to see my outline in the snow and flakes float to my feet. I walked through the gently falling snow to the nurse.

“Who were you talking to out there?” she asked me as I approached. I turned around to point out Theo who, up until then, was following me. All I saw was an empty yard full of powder.

“Theo again, right?” she huffed. “Either way you shouldn’t be outside for too long; you’ll get sick. Come on, let’s get you your pills.”

Johnny O'Hara

Decisions

(A Short Story of All)

“What do you want to be when you grow up?” The adult asked the little child.

“When I grow up, I want to be happy” the little girl said.

Pricked at the heart, but with little time to waste, the adult simply laughed—he knew she didn't understand. “That's not what I meant,” he replied. “What do you want to be when you grow up?”

“I already told you,” the little girl answered. “I want to be happy.”

Elaine Ferry

Hidden

I was three years old when I did it, but remember it all quite clearly and I remember why as well.

The night before I did it, I began screaming in the middle of the night and my mother came rushing into my bedroom. She did not turn on the light since my sister slept in the same room, in the twin bed across the room from mine, which was closest to the door and the closet. Mommy crouched down and shushed me so I did not wake Joy. "What's the matter, what's the matter, tell me," she said. I could not. I sobbed and shuddered, sinking down into the covers. She wiped away my tears and said "You're scared, what has you so frightened?" "Gh-Ghosts" I said, still unable to tell her the truth. She stayed with me a bit then returned to her room once I pretended sleep.

I heard, but couldn't see the closet door close a minute later, and then no sound and I did finally drift off to sleep.

The next morning was a flurry of activity as we ate breakfast and my sister got ready for school. My mother walked Joy to the bus stop and I played in the living room. When she returned, she put on the TV tuned to Buffalo Bob and smoked a cigarette while we watched. After a bit, she said, "I'm going over to Mrs. Smith's for a while, you be good," and picked up her cigarettes and went out through the kitchen door.

I watched the TV for a while, played with my doll and eventually came to the coffee table to look at the items lying there. Matches. Matches were magical, just a small pressboard packet with a black stripe on the outside, but, when opened, a bright row of red headed strips that I had seen mom and dad rub on the black stripe and make fire to light a cigarette. I wanted to try. I grabbed the pack and pulled a match loose, turned the packet over and gave it a swipe, but nothing happened. I tried again immediately, but the match broke in half.

Now I was afraid mommy would come back and catch me, and I knew I would get beaten. I moved to my bedroom. I opened the closet door at the end of my bed and this effectively hid me from view if she came home. I struck a match that immediately flared up singeing my fingers and it frightened me; I threw it in the closet. I tried another and it bent in half, so did the next one. I bent the last match and figured out that if I put the red part on the black stripe and pushed it with my thumb, it would light as it hurtled off through the air into the closet.

Oh, goodie! Now I could use all the bent matches. I sent all the sizzling missiles off in flight, one after the other, so thrilling that I did not notice the fire until they were all gone. Some tissue paper in a shoe box on

the floor had ignited and this frightened me too, so I shut the door of the closet and returned to the living room.

I sat down on the floor with my doll but soon saw smoke coming from my room. I went back to my bedroom and opened the closet door just a crack and flames leaped out at me. Slamming the door, I ran straight for the back door and crossed the yard to Mrs. Smith's house. I charged up the back steps and banged on her kitchen door, yelling "Mommy, Mommy!" through the screen door. Mom said, "Stop all that noise, Elaine, haven't I told you not to interrupt adults when they are talking?" "But Mommy!" "Shush" she said. I stood nervously on the steps in silence. "Alright, what is so important that you have to interrupt?" she said. I blurted out, "The house is on fire!" and she opened the door so fast she swept me clear off the steps and raced to our house.

It was many years before I came to terms with the fact that burning the closet was not only a cry for help but a symbolic removal of his hiding place. It did not get me help and I could not tell anyone what was happening, I was too young, did not have the words, but it did remove his hiding place and make it more difficult to take cover. It made him more careful with me, he didn't want me to cry out.

Samantha Lamb

August 4, 2008

When I was eight years old, my grandfather died in a car accident approximately 500 feet away from my house. He'd actually had a heart attack, and the wreck that killed him and one of his best friends was the result of that. When the heart attack started, his body tensed up, and he slammed the gas and couldn't move the wheel. Instead of making the turn he'd made millions of times, he smashed through a wooden bridge and crashed his pickup in the creek. My step-dad and I were sitting on our bridge in his SUV and saw the whole thing first.

The actual experience is kind of a blur. I remember hearing the crunch of wood and metal, seeing a pillar of black smoke rise fifty feet into the air, and hearing my mom scream her lungs out in our front yard. She had been on the phone with my grandmother when it happened, and she threw the phone down and started running. My dad threw the door open to run to my grandfather. I remember just sitting there in the car, looking at the open car door and not being a hundred percent sure what was going on.

Up until that point in my life, I'd spent nearly every day with my grandfather, and I couldn't imagine a life without him. Watching his truck speed past my house was the most devastating moment of my life. When my parents got divorced, my grandfather became my father figure and took care of me every day when my mom went to work. I used to beg to spend the night at his house and cry when my mother said no. My grandfather almost always made her change her mind so I could spend the night with him.

He used to let me ride around on the front of his motorcycle. He taught me to shoot guns and pick berries. He was even the one that potty trained me. I spent more time with him than anyone else in my life, including my mother. I thought he would be the man that eventually walked me down the aisle to my future husband. He was my best friend, and suddenly he was gone.

I didn't cry at the funeral. I'm still not sure if I was trying to be strong for the rest of my family, if I just knew he wouldn't want me to cry, or if I was just in shock. I didn't cry for a few years actually. But the day I finally did cry, it was like the dam had been broken, and the tears wouldn't stop.

I had so many questions, and not a single answer. How in the world could he just leave like that? Didn't he know I was on my way over to spend the night? Didn't he know how devastated I would be without him? Of course, these weren't fair questions to be asking. I know he wouldn't have left if he'd had the choice. But I couldn't grasp why my life was suddenly changing.

At eight years old, I didn't fully understand what had happened. I couldn't figure out what made August 4, 2008 different from any other day. After all, he'd made that turn plenty of times. He should have been able to do it that day. What caused the heart attack? As far as I knew, he was a strong, healthy man; the possibility of a heart attack wasn't something I'd considered. That kind of stuff only happened to people that weren't as healthy. Surely someone would have told me if he hadn't been healthy. Right?

Like many children, I idolized my grandfather. In my eyes, he was the greatest man to ever live. He was the strongest, funniest, smartest, kindest person I'd ever known. Even after his death, nobody else ever came close to reaching the pedestal I'd put him on. Later in my life, I came to realize that while he was still a great man, there were a lot of things that my family kept hidden from me.

When I was about 12 years old, some of these secrets started to slowly come out of the woodwork. As it turns out, my grandfather had been a drug dealer. A pretty notorious drug dealer, actually. He dealt all over West Virginia, Ohio, Pennsylvania, and other states. He sold several different drugs, but he was known mostly for marijuana. From what I've heard, he grew and sold some of the best marijuana on the east side of the United States.

Looking back now, it seems a little more obvious. My grandfather was always travelling long distances, and he always had the money to give me anything I wanted. I knew he didn't have a job, but I never questioned where the money came from. I just accepted it as part of life.

My grandfather was also a little bit crazy. The police knew what was going on, but they wouldn't ever bust him. They knew he was big enough and strong enough to take anything they threw at him, and that he had enough friends that would have his back if the time ever came. Before I was born, he was a lot more violent.

Since learning the truth about my grandfather, I've heard plenty of stories about how violent and reckless my grandfather was before I was born. He did some crazy things in his life. He didn't have any fear of dying, and constantly did things that put him in danger. According to my mother, he would intentionally tilt his motorcycle until the kickstand touched the pavement and made sparks fly, and for him, this was a tame activity. He only ever laid it down once, and my mother spent hours picking all the individual rocks out of his flesh and treating his wounds so they wouldn't become infected.

Some of the stories I've heard are kind of comical. Once, in Texas, my grandfather went to a rattlesnake farm. This particular farm usually sold to pet stores or zoos, but they would occasionally sell to individuals. They allowed my grandfather to climb into a pit with hundreds of rattlesnakes to choose which one he wanted to buy. I can just imagine my grandfather standing in the middle of this pit, laughing and having the time of his life, to pick out a poisonous snake to keep as a pet.

Apparently, he wasn't the only crazy one in the family either. He and my grandmother used to fight on a daily basis. They would hit each other and scream and cuss until they couldn't talk the next morning. They would shoot at each other over the smallest issues. Most people probably wonder why they ever stayed together, but they truly did love each other. They just didn't know any other way to be around each other.

My stepdad told me one time he was at their house to see my grandfather, and they were sitting on the back porch together. My grandmother started yelling about something so insignificant that my stepdad couldn't even remember what it was. Suddenly, my grandfather slapped my grandmother across the face. My grandmother grabbed her 9 Millimeter pistol and her car keys and tore out of the driveway. She drove two hundred feet and pulled over in a wide spot.

My grandmother got out of her car, used the hood as a rest, and started shooting at my grandfather. He just casually started shooting back at her while still holding a full conversation with my stepdad. While my stepdad was used to this sort of behavior from the two of them, he didn't particularly like being caught in the middle of all the crossfire. When he tried to stand up and leave, my grandfather pushed him back down in his chair. "You're my guest, and you're going to sit there and talk to me, John Boy," he said.

For all the bad stories I've heard about my grandfather, I've heard just as many good stories. He had a particular soft spot for children and would give his life to make sure a child was safe and happy. Every year on Christmas Eve, he would dress up as Santa Claus and drive down our street to deliver a bag full of gifts to every single child. He loved to make children happy.

My neighbor says he would frequently stop and pick up her young daughter and their yellow lab to take them fishing. He would usually only give a very short explanation of where they were going before leaving, but she never worried about her daughter. She knew she was safe with my grandfather.

One of my favorite stories about my grandfather is from when he spent seven years in Moundville Penitentiary for a crime he didn't commit. Nobody ever told me what the crime was, just that it was pretty serious. A friend of his had actually committed the crime. This friend, however, had a wife and newborn baby that depended on him to bring home an income. Knowing that if his friend went to jail this baby would suffer as well, he decided to take the blame. The only stipulation was that his friend had to stay out of trouble and get his act together.

Everyone says my grandfather changed after I was born. My mother told him that he had to keep the violence and the drugs away from me, or he wouldn't be allowed in my life. He became substantially less violent, and everyone that knew him says his entire demeanor changed. He was still reckless and crazy, and he still sold drugs. But he never did anything that would put me in danger.

Everyone that knew my grandfather says that I was his entire world. He loved me more than anything, and all he ever wanted was for me to be happy, healthy, and loved. While my grandpa didn't have the best past, he made my life and my entire future as good as he possibly could. And even now, knowing everything I know about him, I still think he is one of the best men to ever live. Sure, he'd done a lot of terrible things. But he did a lot of wonderful things too. And he will always be the man I love most.

I don't know why God chose to make that August day different from every other day. I don't know why that was the day my entire life changed. But I do know that I will never forget it.

I wish my grandfather could have been there for my first game as a varsity cheerleader. I wish he could have seen me sign my NCAA letter of intent, or watch me graduate from high school. I wish he could have seen me compete at my first acrobatics and tumbling meet, and seen the woman I would become. And I wish more than anything that he could be the man that walks me down the aisle on my wedding day. But God had other plans, and I know my grandfather is still looking down on me. I know he's proud of who I am.

Brothers Under the Skin

Ezekiel “Zeke” Moore was a Colored, was a Negro, was a Black, was an African American. He normally took no offense whatever descriptor of his race was used so long as the one using it appeared to be attempting to inoffensively describe his heritage. “Boy” was grossly offensive and anything worse simply not tolerated.

After work one Friday, Zeke drove to Anna, West Virginia from his home near Montgomery, West Virginia. He had seen an ad in a regional trader publication for a used rotary tiller being sold by an Anna resident. The gardening device was invented in Germany in the 1930s and copied for the American market by Rototiller, Inc. Zeke fought the Germans in World War II and spent a bit of time with American occupation forces there. From what he saw of German inventiveness, he was not surprised that they had first designed this affordable little turner-of-backyard-garden-soil.

After a bit of haggling, the Caucasian seller appeared happy to receive nearly his asking price for the machine. “A great little piece of equipment for somebody with a vegetable garden. I think you’ll be pleased with it.”

“Yeah, I got maybe an eighth of an acre that I’ve been turning with a spade,” Zeke answered. “I’m hoping this saves a lot of time, as well as my back.”

Zeke was wearing the old army jacket he had kept after being mustered out at the end of the war about five years before. “See any combat?” the seller asked.

“Battle of the Bulge. I was a driver in a Colored support unit, but when things weren’t going so well, they asked for volunteers to serve at the front. Hell, I had joined the army to fight, so I jumped at the chance. Those of us that volunteered must have impressed the brass, because they kept us in fighting units all the way into Germany.”

“Yeah, I was with Patton. We went without sleep for three days to get into that fight to stop the Germans from overrunning the trapped Americans troops. Guess you were one of them. Look,” the man continued after a long pause, “I hate to tell you this, but this is a sundown town, and it’s getting pretty late.”

“A what?” asked Zeke.

“A sundown town—you know, where you folk aren’t supposed to be after dark. Anna is one of those New Deal towns the Roosevelt administration created to move folk from depressed areas to start small towns for cooperative industries and farming. It was set up by FDR’s Resettlement Administration for self-rule. Community government was a town-hall meeting kinda system—majority rule on every goddamn issue.

Despite the fact this whole frickin' state resulted from a war to free Colored folk, the original inhabitants of the town voted to make it for white Christians only.

"Eleanor Roosevelt, who took an interest in these towns and whose daughter this town was named after, was pissed. But the decision had been made to turn these places over to be run by the original residents and the bigots prevailed.

"I am ashamed to say it, but they even erected signs at both entrances to the town, 'Whites only within city limits after dark.' I didn't move here until a couple years after the war and a bunch of us just tore down the signs one night. I don't even know if there is any ordinance related to that still on the books, but there are some ignorant fools who take it upon themselves to enforce it. Anyway, just best to shake the dust of this place off your feet, as the Bible says, and leave it for the Lord to mete out justice."

Zeke fought to control his tone. "Mister, I know you mean well and think you're looking out after my interest. I gotta wonder though why you stay in such a town. I didn't run from Hitler's boys and I am not runnin' from here. I do appreciate the heads up."

Zeke got into his truck with the rotary tiller in the back and sat for a bit to calm himself. The sun had already set. He drove into the heart of Anna and pulled in front of a small store. He went inside and purchased a cola and a moon pie, came out, lowered the tailgate of his truck and sat on it while he slowly ate and drank his purchases.

After about 30 minutes, a rusting pickup truck pulled up and parked near Zeke. It had a Confederate battle flag plate on its front bumper. Two men got out of the truck. A small, wiry man with a growth of dark stubble and a clean-shaven, blond-haired, bloated-looking behemoth with a buzz cut walked over.

"You got some work you doin' in town?" the smaller man asked.

"Nope, I work at Bakersfield Coal's #7 mine, quite a ways from here near Montgomery."

The smaller man was carrying a baseball bat. "Well I hate to tell you this boy, but since you ain't doin' any work for any white folk that needs to be finished up, you gonna have to leave now. You're welcome to come back here tomorrow and lollygag as much as you want in the daylight when we can keep an eye on you, but we got a rule in this town that Coloreds can't hang around after dark unless they got a job they's doin' needs to be finished up."

"Rule? Is there a law or sumthin' says I can't sit here?"

"Well, yeah; I'm pretty sure there is," the small man answered.

“You police or sheriff’s deputies?” Zeke asked.

“Well no. Can’t get the damn sheriff to do nothin’ in this town, so we citizens pitch in.”

“If you don’t have the authority to arrest me, then I think I’ll sit here a bit longer,” Zeke responded.

“Maybe we can’t arrest you, but we can sure make certain you git,” the scrawny man said raising the bat.

Zeke dodged the downward trajectory of the bat and struck a well-placed blow to the man’s throat who went down coughing and gasping for breath. The blond Pillsbury Doughboy moved menacingly towards Zeke. A kick to the man’s groin stopped his advance and left him puking on the ground.

“I suppose it is gittin’ late,” Zeke said standing over them, “so I’ll just mosey along now.” He casually walked to the door of his truck, got in, and drove off.

#

Zeke’s father had moved with his wife and three young sons to West Virginia from Alabama in 1930 to work on The Union Carbide and Carbon Corp.’s construction of a 3-mile tunnel through Gauley Mountain. The tunnel was being constructed to divert water from the New River to a plant downstream to generate power for iron smelting. Nearly 3,000 men worked on the project—the majority of them African Americans; most of these from southern states.

Gauley Mountain is a sandstone formation. Workers drilled holes and packed them with dynamite to blast through the rock. This process kicked up so much dust men could barely breathe. Workers came out of the tunnel looking like ghosts covered with white silica dust.

Zeke’s mother told him that she had met his father outside the tunnel one day after work and she could not tell who he was among the throng of men—could not even tell who might be a Negro and who might be a White man. She told him it was exhilarating to see men stripped of what separated one race from another—like the brothers she was certain all mankind would be when Jesus returned.

Silica dust slices the lung like shards of glass. One thing these men of both races had in common well before Christ’s second coming was that hundreds developed silicosis and died within a few years—Zeke’s father was one of them.

Zeke’s mother also died relatively young. His two brothers returned to live with family in Alabama. Zeke was 15—the oldest. He managed to get a job doing janitorial work at the main office of Bakersfield Coal in

Montgomery and stayed in the area. When he was 19, he asked about work in the mines. He was thought of as a good, dependable worker and so was hired as a miner in one of Bakerfield's mines where he worked until enlisting in the Army during WW II. When that was over, his Bakerfield bosses were happy to have him back.

#

Zeke always parked his truck in an informal gravel parking lot at a crossroads on the way to work. He met up with two other miners, one of whom also parked his vehicle. All three rode to the mine in the pickup cab of the third, splitting gas expenses. He followed the same routine the Monday after his trip to Anna.

"What the hell happened last Friday up in Anna?" his fellow passenger, Lester Justice, asked when they had settled in the cab.

"Whatever do you mean?" Zeke responded with a fake upscale accent.

My cousin lives up there. I saw him over the weekend at our grandpa's birthday party and he said that there was a Negro miner supposedly from Bakersfield Mine # 7 did some damage to a couple lowlife locals looking to hurry him out of town. My cousin said that if I happen to know such a miner to tell him to look out, because those two imbeciles said they were going to wait outside the mine and teach him a lesson he wouldn't forget when he left work.

"To my knowledge, you are the only possible match for that description. We don't exactly have a lot of what you might call 'diversity' among our workforce," Lester said using air quotes.

Bobby Kilmer, the driver chimed in, "What kinda trouble you brought down on yourself Zeke?"

Zeke related what had happened in Anna.

"Don't worry," Bobby said. "You may be a little darker than us, but we be brothers underground. And I suppose friends above ground—at least I hope that's how you count me. The other guys feel the same. Hell, we elected you local union president after you helped organize the mine for the United Mine Workers."

#

Mid-shift the miners on Zeke's shift were eating underground at the dinner hole. Zeke was not present since he had been called to the mine superintendent's office to deal with a union matter. Bobby and Lester related what they knew of Zeke's situation.

"My cousin says that the two guys plan to wait outside the gate to the mine parking lot for Zeke to get off work," Lester related.

"We may have our differences—different religions, different politics—but we face danger every day together, look out for each other underground and have each other's back," Bobby said. "Zeke took the risk to help the UMW organize us. We got more pay, a pension, a safety committee out of it."

"Well why don't we just escort Zeke out every day for a while?" a miner named Carl Nester suggested. "I figure these bastards will settle down after a couple weeks. They certainly must have lives of their own to lead."

"They'd just follow him all the way home and figure out where he lives to hit him when we aren't around," Bobby said.

"We could advise them that if they did that, they might be subject to some physical discomfort," Carl mused.

"And if they have guns, we gonna' start somethin' pretty nasty," Lester interjected.

"Well we should do somethin'," another miner chimed in. "I know some of you was raised that the races shouldn't mix—I was, but knowing Zeke, I just don't feel that way anymore. Hell, he got the company to build us this table we're eatin' on and drag it along on a sledge as the face of the mine advances. We used to just have to squat on the ground with our lunch pails."

"And what about the bathhouse? yet another miner mentioned. "We used to go home black as the ace of spades—could not tell one of us from the other. Zeke negotiated that for us and now we can shower here instead of waitin' till we get home. Our wives actually recognize us when we get out of our trucks, not to mention that they don't have to deal with all that coal dust gettin' into the house."

"Yeah," Bobby said. "If we'd showed up in Anna after work without using the bathhouse, those assholes would have tried to run us off."

The men became quiet as wheels slowly turned in their collective heads. They looked at each other with conspiratorial grins and nodded.

#

That evening the two Anna vigilantes sat in their truck outside the Mine #7 gate, shotguns on their laps.

“You able to eyeball folk in the lot?” the scrawny one asked the fat one.

“Yeah, I’ll be able to spot him easy,” his portly companion responded. “Besides, I understand he’s the only colored that works there.”

At the end of the shift, the miners, each coated with coal dust, walked to their vehicles from the mine, got in their cars, and drove off.

The two Anna residents sat in their truck at first with quizzical, and then enraged, looks on their faces. They spun gravel as they headed back down the road in the direction that they had come. Although the two did not return, out of an abundance of caution, members of the subterranean brotherhood at #7 mine continued their unwashed routine for several days.

Brianna Deel

Luke



Marjorie Stewart

Seven Wimmin Dancing



Duane Chapman

Cotton Candy Man



Sarah Normant

Stillness



Jeff Bryson

Pianissimo Fortissimo Adagio



Charlie Adams

Untitled Sculpture



Charles Gordon

Nature's Collaboration



Daydra Page

Blackfoot Grandfather



Daydra
Page
June 22, 2018

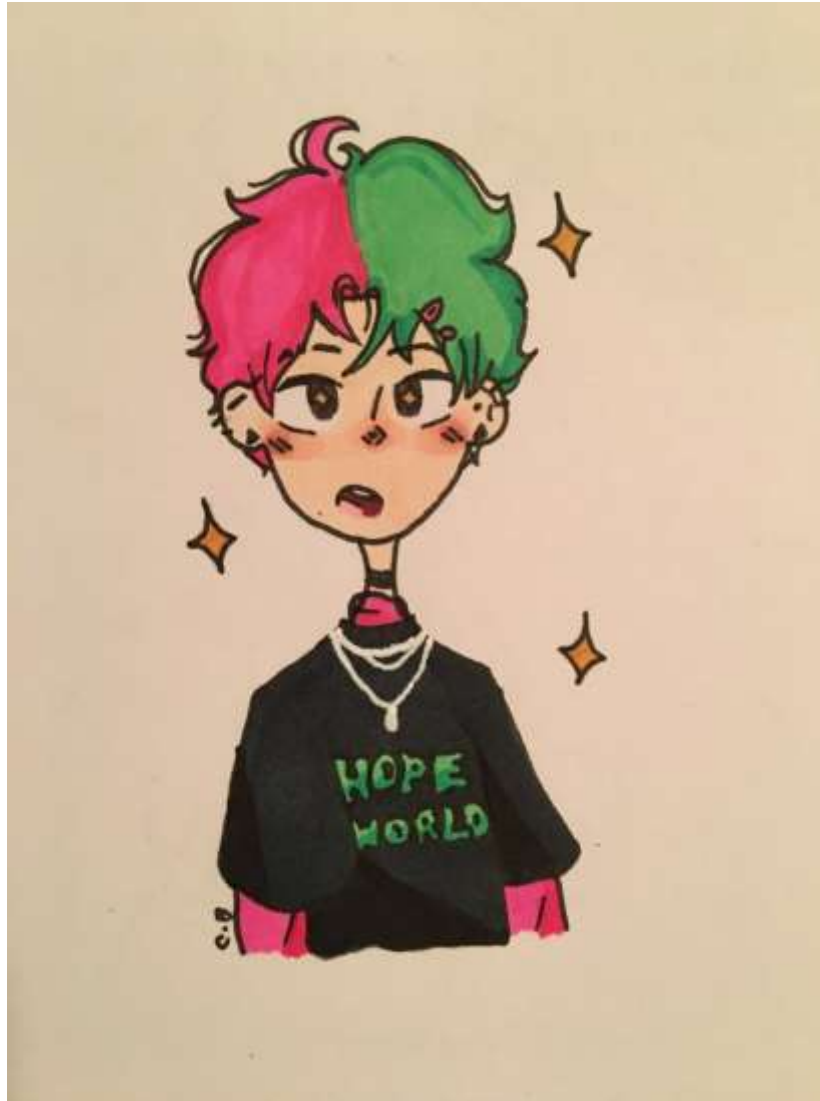
Melissa Gish

Sentinel



Chesney Brown

Hope World



Hayden Brown

Looking Down



Kristen Tanner

Rooster



Linda Jones

Perspectives



Wesley Swain

Fernando Tatis Jr



Mary Bever

Aries



Nora Taylor

A Solitary Sunset



Larissa Henry

Betta Babies



Carla Bowman

Colorful Girl



Taylor Brumfield

Passing Train



Kylie Cosner

Vamp



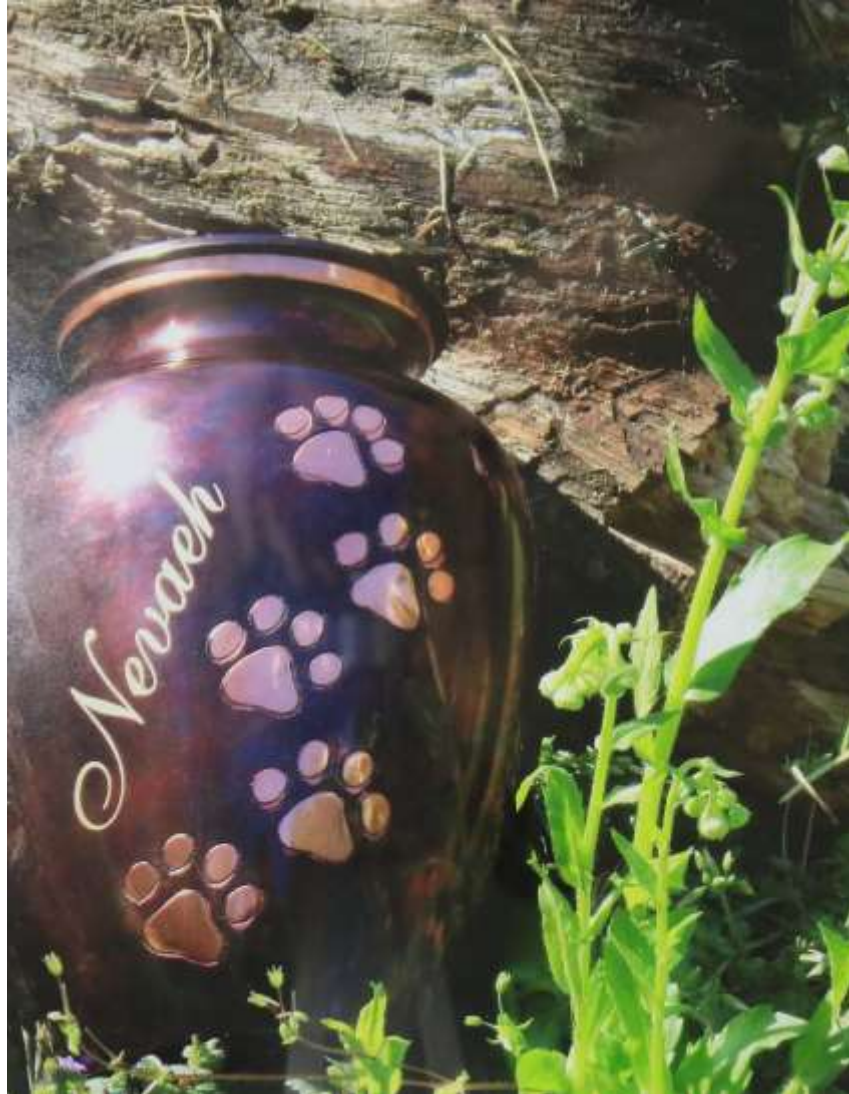
Mazie Elliott

The Mystics



Gavin McCord

My Angel



Zoe Yates

Thinking Hands



Contributors' Notes

D. A. Becher lives in Charleston, West Virginia. His work has garnered awards from West Virginia Writers, Inc. in the Emerging Writers, Mystery and Romance categories. His poetry and short stories have been accepted by such diverse publications as *Suspense Magazine*, *WestWard Quarterly*, *Floyd County Moonshine*, and *Edify Fiction*.

Dr. Lloyd E. Bone Jr. is currently in his 16th year as Associate Professor of Music at Glenville State College. He spent twelve years as the Department of Fine Arts Chairperson and is the marching, pep and concert bands director, brass ensemble conductor and teaches applied low brass and many other music courses. Dr. Bone was the 2017 Glenville State College Faculty Award of Excellence winner and is the Co-Editor of the *Euphonium Source Book*, the world's first definitive text regarding the baritone and euphonium.

Chesney Brown is a freshman at Braxton County High School. She started drawing at a young age and enjoys illustrating characters from many different media.

Hayden Brown is a 5th grader from Braxton County who likes taking photographs of nature and the outdoors.

Anna Childers is an English major from Clay, West Virginia. She spends most of her free hours either writing or procrastinating about writing, and is constantly surrounded by stunted tidbits of ideas she definitely means to get to tomorrow. She has several barn cats, a dog who steals her best writing chair, and a huge family who endlessly supports her, for which is always grateful.

Elaine Ferry is an Author of non-fiction memoir short stories about her life and poems and lyrics. She lives in Calhoun County and works as an Organic Inspector for the state of New Jersey to finance her addiction to writing.

Melissa Gish is an associate professor of English and a faculty advisor to the GSC Science Fiction and Fantasy Guild. She's an editor at *Aji* magazine and writes juvenile nonfiction books.

Sherri Greenlief recently moved back to Gilmer county and joined the Gilmer County Library writing groups, and became a member of the WV Writers. Her poem "Broken Wings" was published in the WV Writers newsletter.

Michael Lee Johnson lived ten years in Canada during the Vietnam era, and is a dual citizen of the United States and Canada. Today he is a poet, freelance writer, amateur photographer, and small business owner in Itasca, DuPage County, Illinois. His poems have appeared in publications around the world. He is the editor of numerous anthology and website projects.

Linda Jones graduated from GSC twice, and holds two degrees, one English and another in Education. She went on to pursue a Masters Degree in Library Science and spent many years as a School Library Media Specialist in South Carolina. Upon returning to West Virginia she became involved in Adult Education and worked in that program until retiring last year. She now plans to spend as much time as possible pursuing her various creative interests.

Max Lake has had two poems published in *Dragon Speak*. He lives in Mason, WV. He enjoys spending time with his grandmother and dog when home from college. He is also a Brother of Alpha Xi Omega at Glenville State College.

Samantha Lamb is an English major at Glenville State College. She is also part of the acrobatics and tumbling team, and spends her free time writing and painting.

George Lilly is a born-and-raised West Virginian, who began his college career at Middle Tennessee State University as a commercial songwriting major, and is now finish

Abigail Mayle is attending her second year at Glenville State College as an English major. She has always loved story telling even if her stories haven't always been the best. She dreams of publishing her own book someday and she hopes you enjoy her writing.

Lisa Hayes-Minney is a small-town librarian who earned her MFA in Creative Writing from West Virginia Wesleyan College and BA in English from Glenville State College. She has received awards from the WV Press Association and WV Writers, Inc. and her writing has appeared in *GreenPrints Magazine*, *Wonderful West Virginia Magazine*, *Memoir Magazine*, *Entropy Magazine*, and other publications. Lisa is a member of West Virginia Writers, Appalachian Writers, the National Association for Nonfiction Writers, and the Friendly Fonts Writer's Group. For more information visit LHayesMinney.net.

Jonathan Minton is an Associate Professor of English at Glenville State College. He is the author of the book *Technical Notes for Bird Government* (Telemetry Press, 2018), and the chapbooks *In Gesture* (Dyad Press, 2009) and *Lost Languages* (Long Leaf Press, 1999). He edits the journal *Word For/Word* (www.wordforword.info), and co-curates the Little Kanawha Reading Series. He is the faculty advisor for the *Trillium*.

Sarah Normant is a local artist that resides in Glenville. Her hobbies include: collecting figurines, drawing and going to conventions.

Johnny O'Hara is a Junior at GSC studying Elementary and Early Childhood Education. A new creation by the grace of God, his greatest ambition in life is to know God and to make Him known. He loves because God first loved him.

Daydra Page is a freshman business management major at GSC. She is a self-taught artist who has been drawing since she was 12 years old. She says, "Art keeps me calm and helps me express my thoughts and ideas."

Wayne de Rosset retired from GSC as Professor Emeritus after forty-three years of teaching in the Department of Language and Literature and serving as Department Chair for the last seventeen years of his tenure. He has been playing and writing music since his high school days in New Jersey.

Kari Gunter-Seymour is a ninth generation Appalachian and editor of six anthologies, "Women Speak," vol.I-5 and "Essentially Athens Ohio." Her poems can be found in many fine journals, anthologies and publications including *Rattle*, *Crab Orchard Review*, *Main Street Rag*, *Lascaux Review*, *Still*, *The American Journal of Poetry* and *The LA Times*, as well as on her website: karigunterseymourpoet.com. Her current chapbook *Serving* (Crisis Chronicles Press 2018) was nominated for an Ohioana Award and in its third printing. Four times a Pushcart Prize nominee, she is the founder/executive director of the Women of Appalachia Project™ (www.womenofappalachia.com), a poetry workshop instructor and Poet Laureate for Athens, Kari Gunter-Seymour will be a featured reader in the Little Kanawha Reading Series at GSC in the Fall of 2020.

Marjorie Stewart teaches English and journalism at Glenville. She has been painting for about four years and goes by the nom de plume (or possibly nom de guerre) Max. Her work has been featured in juried shows in Lewisburg, West Virginia and Philadelphia.

Wesley Swain is a Sophomore Criminal Justice Major, and a pitcher for GSC's baseball team. He is from Ravenswood, West Virginia. He uses drawing in free time as a stress reliever.

Kristin Tanner is a GSC freshman from Elkview, West Virginia. Her hobbies include fishing and drawing. She says, "Growing up, I always found myself doodling. It wasn't until my middle school years that I really got into art. Through art, I am able to express myself."

Nora Taylor is currently fifteen years old and living in Georgia. She has been taking dance for six years and acting for twelve years. Her oil paintings are inspired by Bob Ross, and they often contain bold and bright colors. Nora's other pastimes include hiking, playing the violin and piano, and playing with her dog.

Matthew Thiele is the Chair of the Department of Language and Literature at Glenville State College.

Trillium (Issue 21, Spring 2020): Loraine walks in wide strides and jumpy mountain rhythms. Heart of a star, rain-water rustic, she once painted a cardboard cutout of a cloud and that cloud's sister, sent to me as a postcard. Pale white shards upon the ground, dress torn, ripped, stained, tossed away, hair knotted, wringed, and mangled. I simply long to return to last Sunday after the matinee' so someone (not me) could tell you – Don't take it. It is fitting for a team of men to toil at picking out the stubborn stones within the ancient hill to make a grave. The world is heat and thunder in the narrows. But it is not immaculate, and little of it will endure. Many times she thought she would write him a letter but the words would fail, she never made a start. There's nothing left to say or maybe I'm just too drunk to say it and there's no one left to save and I'm too drunk to hear you pray. When the skies unfold their wings I feel the wind in my bones. I live to breathe in suffocating heat and steal through the long shadows. There is something almost poetic about filling your lungs with smoke. Your lover standing beside you, the cold chill of night, breathing out fog that in the moment seems like a dense cloud destined to disappear from sight. Before you ask, no, I did not fight in any wars. My heart trembled at the thought of walking this world alone, living in a state where it hurt to be. Death is a harbinger of pain, a loss of hope. It was a white winter morning, a younger me did stare. Deep down into the abyss of life, there lies a cerulean heart. She's like a fire. She burns vibrant, like Barium or Potassium. She sits alone as the rivers of change flow across her face, they spring forth from her dark and broken place. December 24th, I find footprints in this snow, yours frozen, our broken dreams. In the courtyard, under the big oak tree, on the rickety little wooden bench, is where I spent a large portion of my days. December 16, 2019 marked 25 years of marriage. That morning was no different despite the frigid air drifting through the city. "What do you want to be when you grow up?" I was three years old when I did it, but remember it all quite clearly and I remember why as well. When I was eight years old, my grandfather died in a car accident approximately 500 feet away from my house. After work one Friday, Zeke drove to Anna, West Virginia from his home near Montgomery, West Virginia. The *Trillium* is the literary and visual arts publication of the Glenville State College Department of Language and Literature.