



BYWAYS

***JOURNAL OF
ART & LETTERS***

SPRING 2008

Byways
Central Texas College
Journal of Art and Letters
Spring 2008

COVER ART
“Purple Sky,” By Sharelyn Santos

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BYWAYS LITERARY PRIZE WINNERS

1st Place; "Only Skin Deep," Written by Kat Battreal

2nd Place; "Killing Trees," Written by William Bowers

3rd Place; "Betrayal," Written by Floyd Spiller

Honorable mention; "Unveiling the Mask," Written by Katryna Harvey

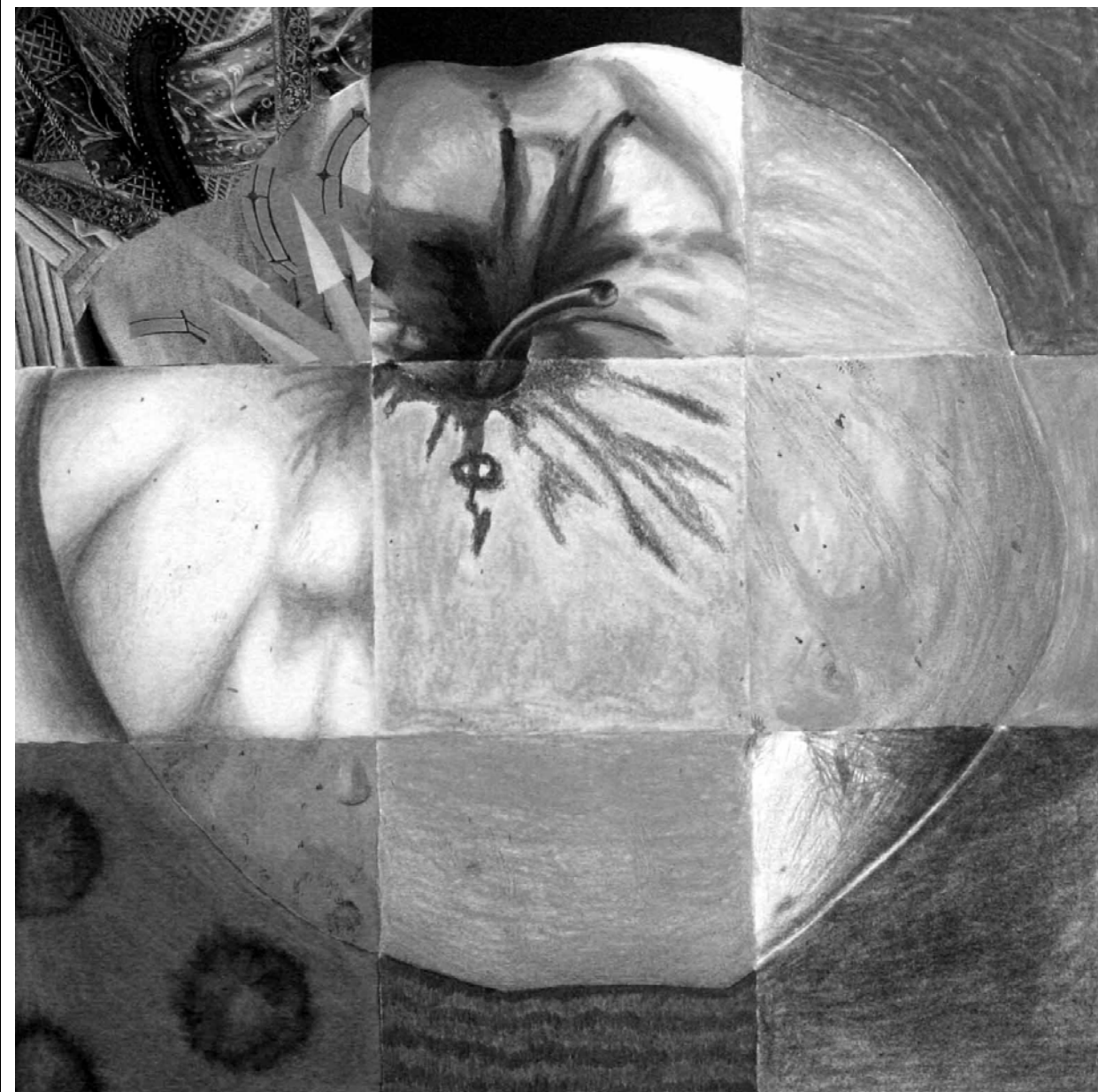
BYWAYS ARTIST PRIZE WINNERS

1st Place; "Ceremonial Woman," By Joy Simon

2nd Place; "A Day in the Life of Bob," By Kyndra Burnsworth

3rd Place; "Untilled," By Audrea Rackley

Honorable mention; "There's Pee on the Floor," By Kyndra Burnsworth



Apple Pieces
Erin Smith

Mix media

3rd Place Literacy Award

Betrayal

Floyd Spiller

Two met by happenstance,
Neither seeking romance.
Friendship blossomed over time,
Turned to love so sublime.
Candlelight dinners under the stars,
Watching moonlight from our cars.
Many adventures did we partake
Did all others we forsake?
Hidden preference for another,
After promising to forsake all others.
Mysteries began to unfold.
Countless lies were told.

Confrontation would prove futile,
As feelings were exiled.
Very few words to exchange
When two hearts are estranged.
Silence golden, it's been said.
Sadly mistaken, I'm afraid.
House becoming not a home.
Errant heart soon to roam.
Foretold it would not last.
Prediction soon to come to pass.
Will remain forever in my heart.
Will miss deeply when we part.
Promised to love as long as let.
Being a part of, no regrets.
Although giving my heart a shove,
Will know they received love.

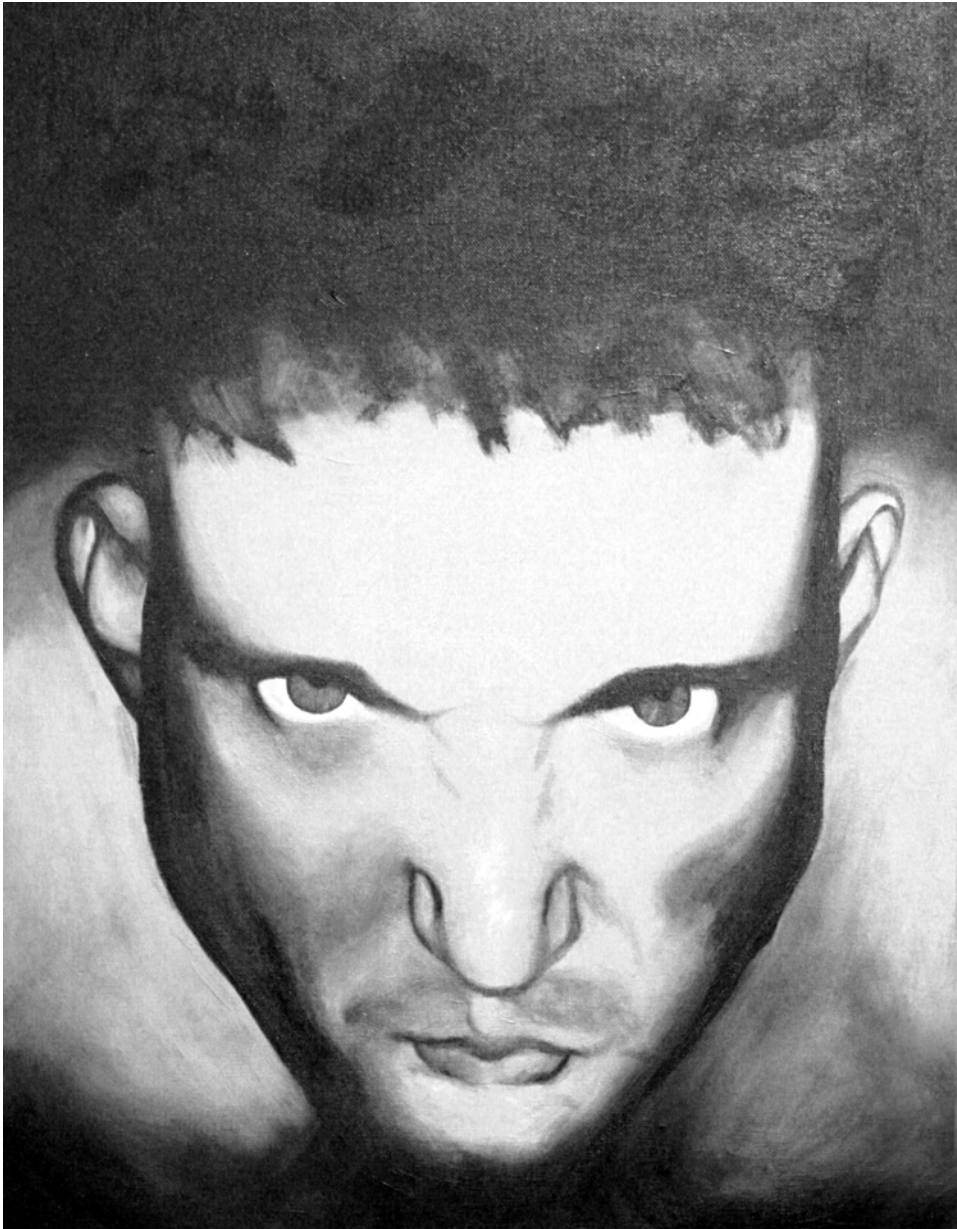
3rd Place Art Winner

Untitled

Audrea Rackley



Photography



Honorable Mention

There's Pee on the Floor

Kyndra Burnsworth

Photography

Cascade

Jeremy Heenan

I stand before you, looking
down

into the arena of your
deep set eyes.

A bead of sweat caught
between your long soft
eyelashes.

You blink, as the bead
leaps from it's
perch
and

Begins cascading
down

your still flush face.

Swiftly running the
length of your
cheek.



Presentation
Dalesa Traylor

Charcoal

Winter Wonder

Gyoung Lencz



Photography

Out House Dinah Novy



Photography



Passion Sky
Sarah Elkins

Acrylic

Fine Wine

Floyd Spiller

Born

Protected

Nurtured

Learned

School time

New lessons

Individuality forms

Too smart

New friends met

Different directions taken

Bad influences experienced

Common sense escapes

Career choice now pursued.

Role models carefully conveyed

Family matters skillfully orchestrated.

Best possible future cogitated.

Children grown and gone,

Raising families of their own.

Time to rest a weary mind and

Contemplate, plan for demise.

Defensive Wounds

Kyndra Burnsworth



Charcoal

Amigos

Meagan Ezzel



Photography

Arms

Katryna Harvey

Arms
Relentless might
Exasperated
Strangled and oppressed
Weight unbearable
Friend, a casual arm 'round my
shoulder
Family, a gentle embrace
Stranger, a friendly handshake,
Or even the brush when we pass
Your touch:

Soft, caring, but deceiving
In time, a death-grip
Circulation waning
Life stolen
Self-deprivation
Voluntary self-confinement
Brink of suicide
Sanity compromised
Hypocrisy
Arm upon fraudulent arm
Piling 'round my neck
Dead weight
Body immobilized

Serenity

Audrea Rackley



Photography

A Friendship Never Rekindled

Katryna Harvey

In youth, you and I were told
Our creation must be of one mold.
Parting would be a devastating notion.
In absence, we'd both be in need of a potion,
One to fill the vacant hole and mend
The pain and longing from a departed friend.
There was some truth to their fun;
Life's race together we vowed to run.
Indeed our kindred bond was rare,
The thought of being apart was hard to bear.
Your voice had softness just like mine,
And together our eyes did so brightly shine.
Time unfolded lies, betrayal, and pain.
And I must say some scars still do remain.
My eyes flood when I think of you,
For the loss of a friendship I thought was true.
Other relationships have walking into my life.
Yet, no other has caused my heart such strife

Best Friends
Charles Wilson



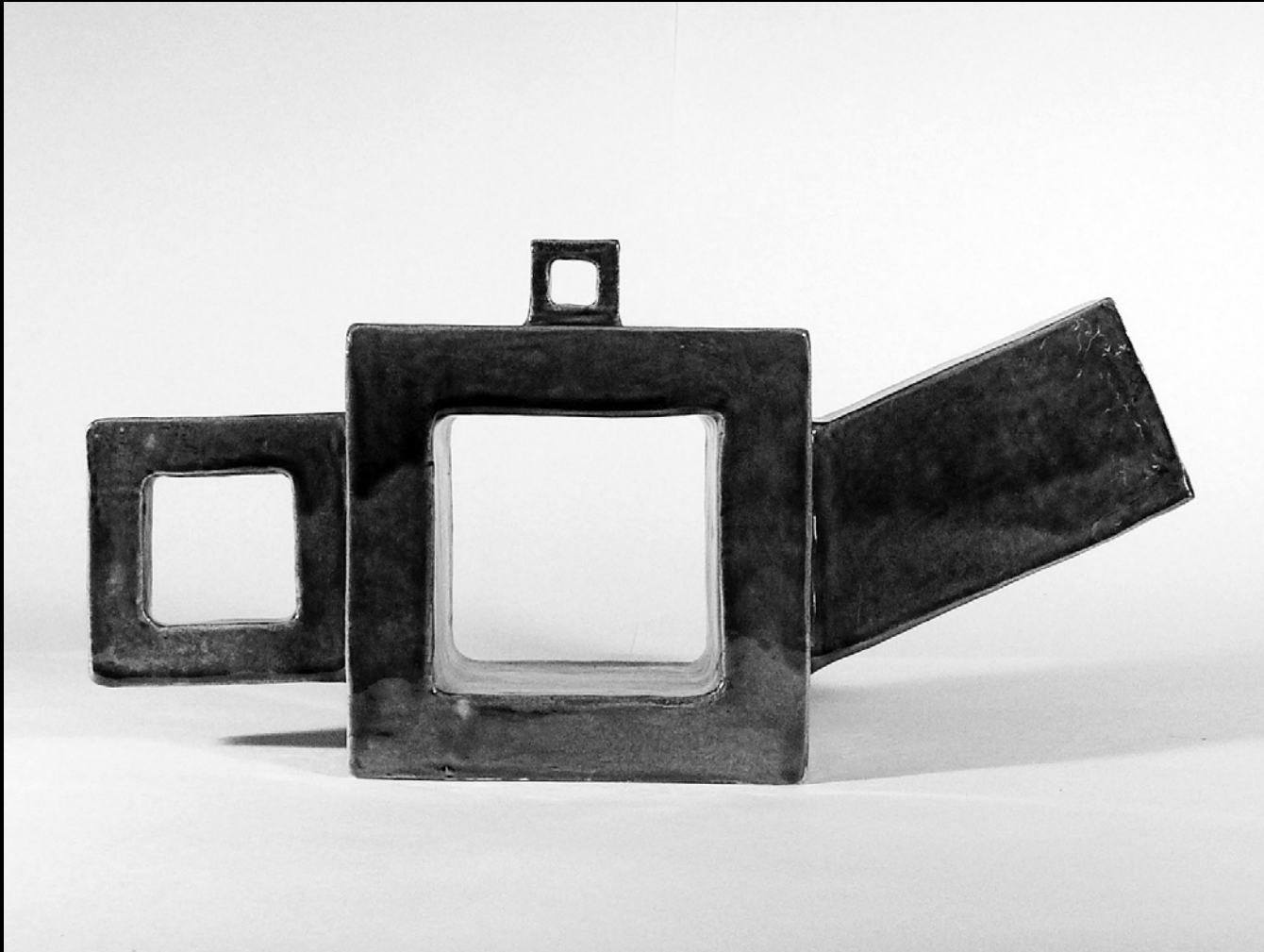
Photography

Randy's Horse
Dinah Novy



Photography

Square Tea Pot
James Colon



Clay

Open
Kyndra Burnsworth



Photography



Face Me
Linda Knicely

Pottery

Honorable Mention

Unveiling the Mask

Katryna Harvey

Dark narrow paths stream down her face,
Thoughts swirl, tangled and broken.
From her reflection they abound.
Despite the blackness of melted cosmetics,
Her eyes are a tunnel,
Descending to her soul—her heart.
Life summed up in the smeared reflection.
It is rejection on a seeking heart
That reveals the desperation suppressed
In the mundane functionality of life.
Pain and sadness,
Disguised and concealed,
Release with every tear.
At dusk she painted her face,

The mask of deception.

Her intension:

In a crowd to shine

And be the regal beauty of her lover's desire.

Hopeful but defeated.

Winsome to most,

She wonders why this man

Denies her existence like a ghost.

Inadequate,

Insecurities reaffirmed.

Tomorrow, the world will see

The girl that they know.

All made up,

No tears to show,

Tarring with this mask,

Living this facade.

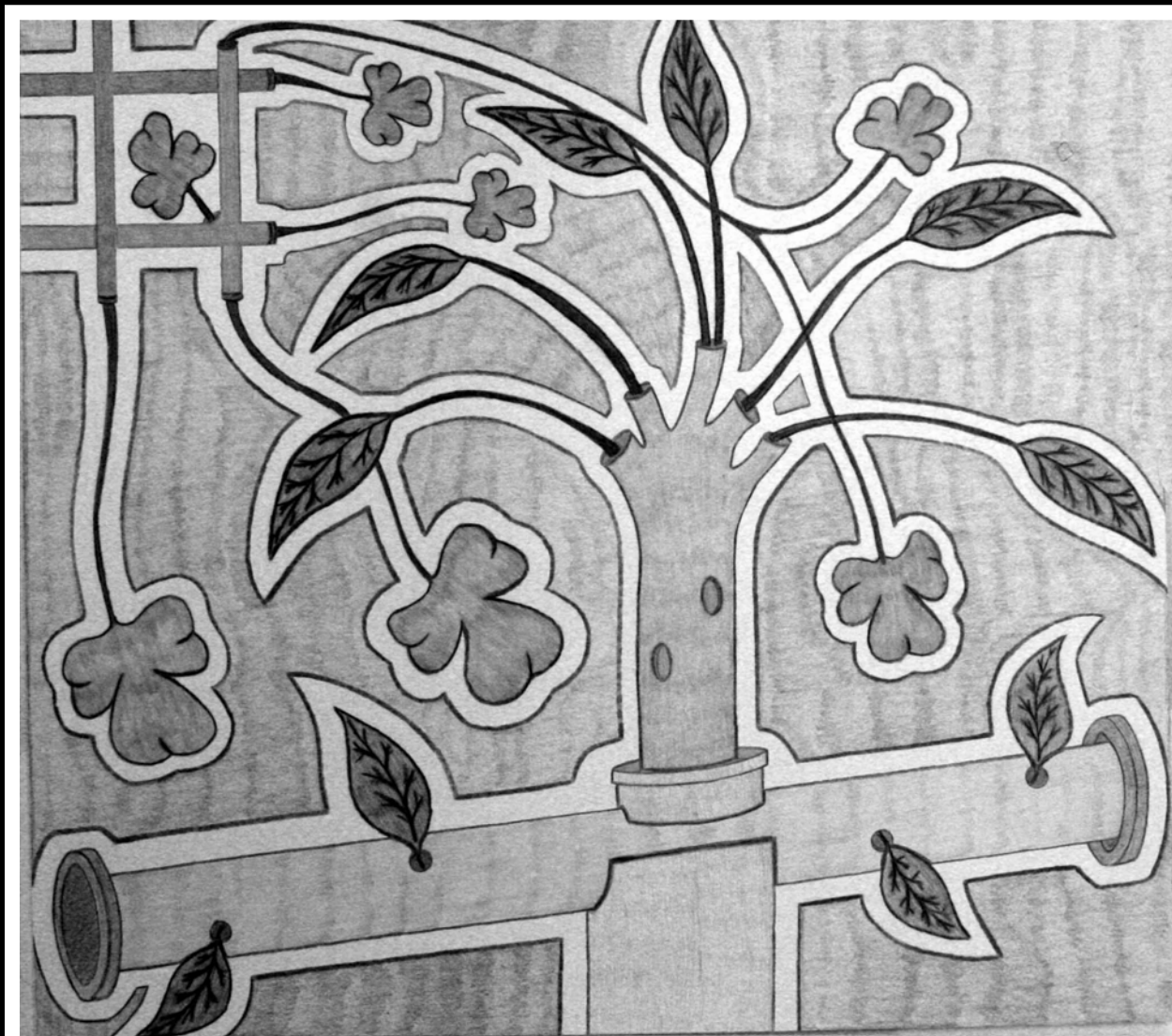
Elemental Rings

Erin Smith



Metal Working

Industrial Hall
Johnathan Hall



Drawing

Through the Fabric
Audrea Rackley



Photography

Lúne vilya

Korey Rohlack

Imagine hearing a melody. The one thing in your mind that you cannot let go. It burrows into your inner consciousness and forms the bridge to your subconscious being. Nothing else but the music. You are alone, flirting with the sky. Skirting clouds. Getting almost intimately close to them. Lost in them. Seeing the fleeting wisps of their lives and knowing that the filaments are short lived, yet enduring. Divining the blue sky above yet close enough to the green earth and the yellow flowers of the fields of spring. You are in the sky and of the sky but yet bound to the earth. Lost in the moment. Wide awake. Neither mortal nor immortal.

Laiqua salque. Lúne vilya.

Cuivafíra, Fírilfirin.

(Green earth. Blue sky.)

(Awaken mortal, Die immortal.)

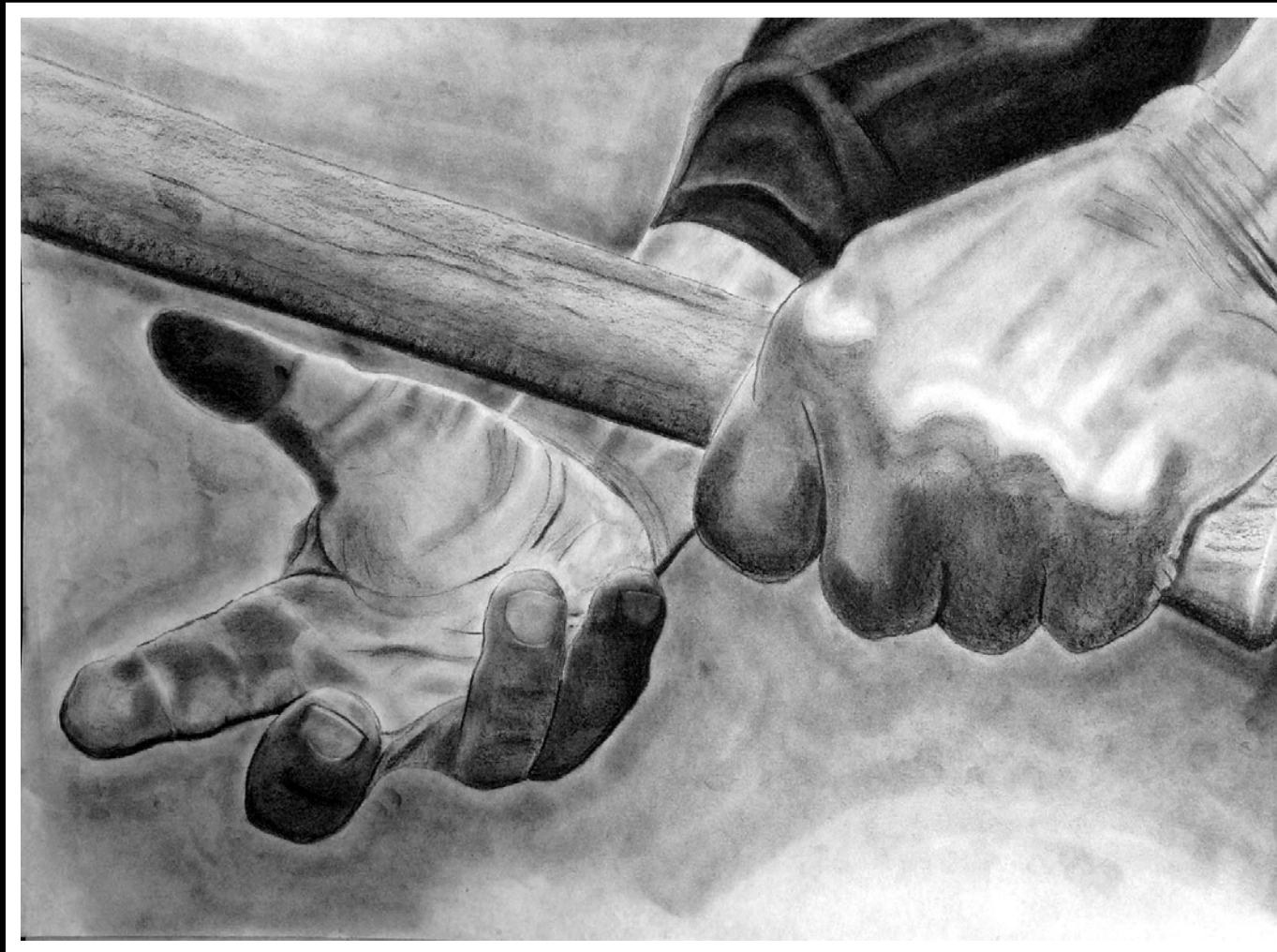
Flowers

Beverly Benavida



Photography

Hands
Phillip Johnson



Charcoal



Boss Lady
Cathy Voltaw

Photography

Don't Forget To Stay Within the Lines

J.D. Edwards

**From the day of our birth I wonder
What's the lesson instantly understood
The greatest teaching gained on day one
Never to forget, though never to remember
A part of us all, we'll never surrender
Tell me, what other than the "Golden Rule"
To stay between the lines, NEVER stray
Blasphemy! Have you forgotten till today
A fateful decision, certainly misunderstood
Independence as in Anthems code, forbidden
Think... Have the rules of coloring learned
Granted us, damned us, to conformity
Roads, lines, limits, an eternal list surely
A varying list, unhindered by life, by time
Still, an unwavering lesson, to be sure
Yet why are we not to explore elsewhere
Has our existence become so fragile,
These lines, these boundaries by others set**

**Boundaries, never to “cross”, laid for us
Think with me now as “a free man might”
Could this possibly be our greatest loss
An idea realized at the beginning of time
Or am I mad at having such a thought
Tell me what I’m meant to know
Else I’ll find my answer tomorrow
Guide me now, is it fate, or destiny
You, they, tell me what am I to know
What was decided for me long ago**

Liles Hands
Anne Raffine



Charcoal

Slain Words

Jeremy Heenan

Brandished swords on the battlefield
poised for lethal strikes
arced at a life not worthy
to protect a life
to acquire freedom
to kill

Words that failed
their greater purpose
to simplify
to accomplish
to agree
to amend

Bodies dead on the battlefield
dead for honor
dead for pride
dead for loyalty
dead for ignorance
With no chance to speak

Tyes Ride
Margie Morales

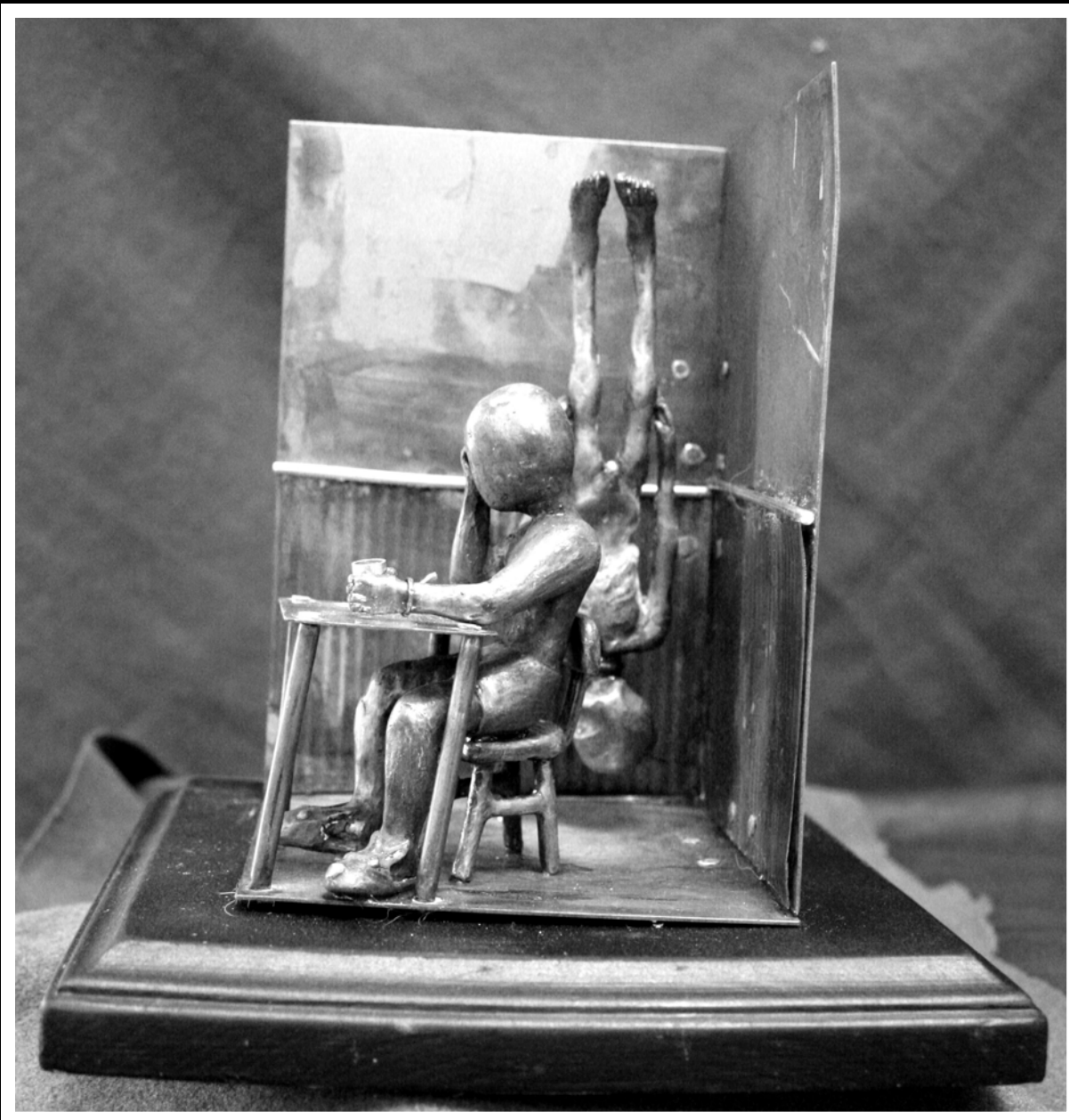


Photography

SOLDIERS

Geraldine Denise Valencia

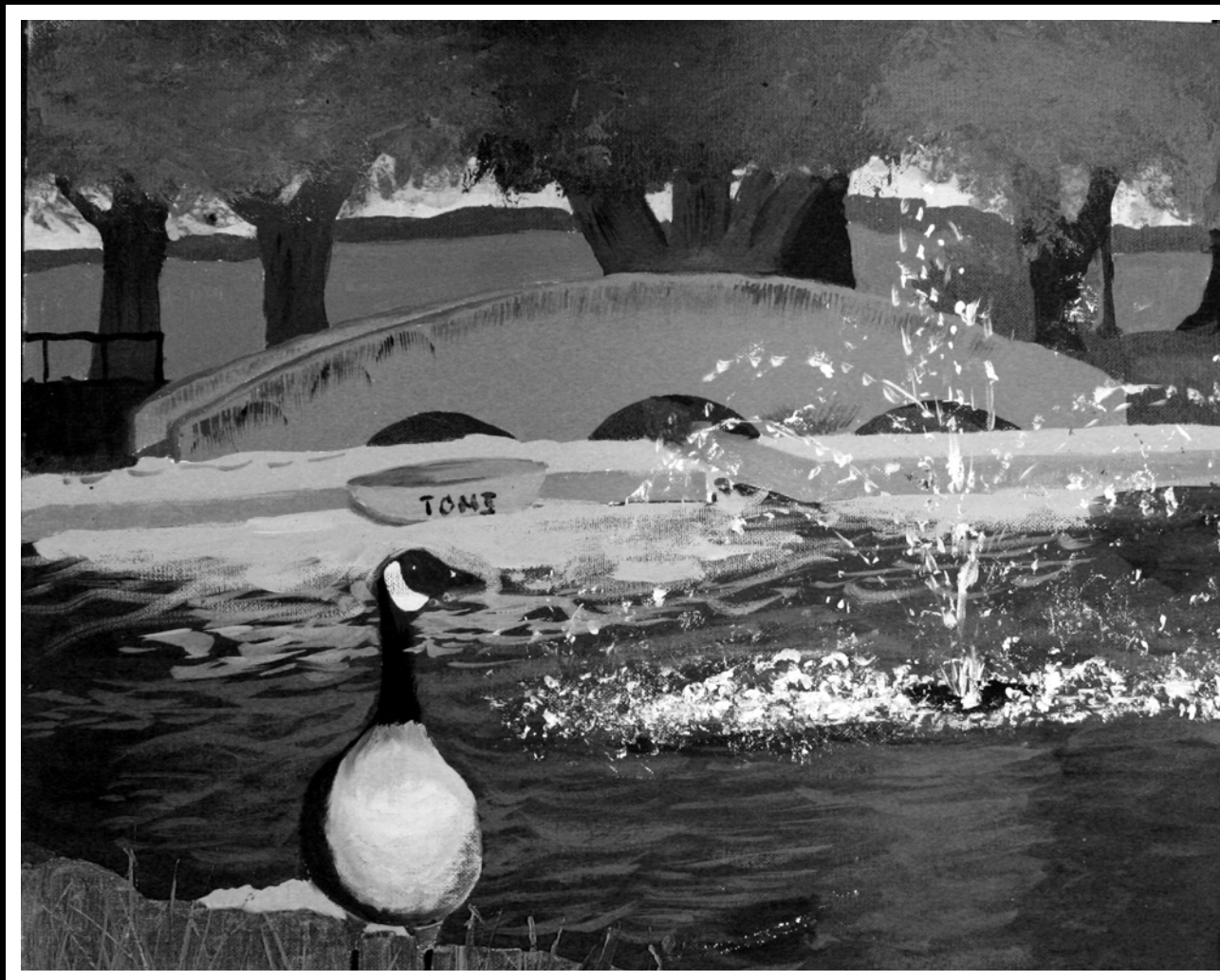
Sacrifice loved ones so all can be free
On deployments afar be on land or at sea
Lost in time.....with nowhere to go
Dedicated to missions that only they know
Insecurities, assumptions you must try to refrain
Enduring such physical and mental pain
Reminders of those who gave their lives for all
So we could be a great nation that will never fall



2nd Place Art Award
A day in the Life of Bob
Kyndra Burnsworth

Metal Working

CTC Pond
Antoinette Harris



Acrylic

Zebra Dreams
Tamra Langley



Photography

2nd Place Literacy Award

Killing Trees

William Bowers

The page, ever patient, sits

Seemingly inanimate

And ready to receive

Make me a living work

It screams

Make me a great tale of lovers denied

Make me a poem that teaches through tears

Or

A declaration that smashes walls with the force

Of a bomb

Make me famous

It screams

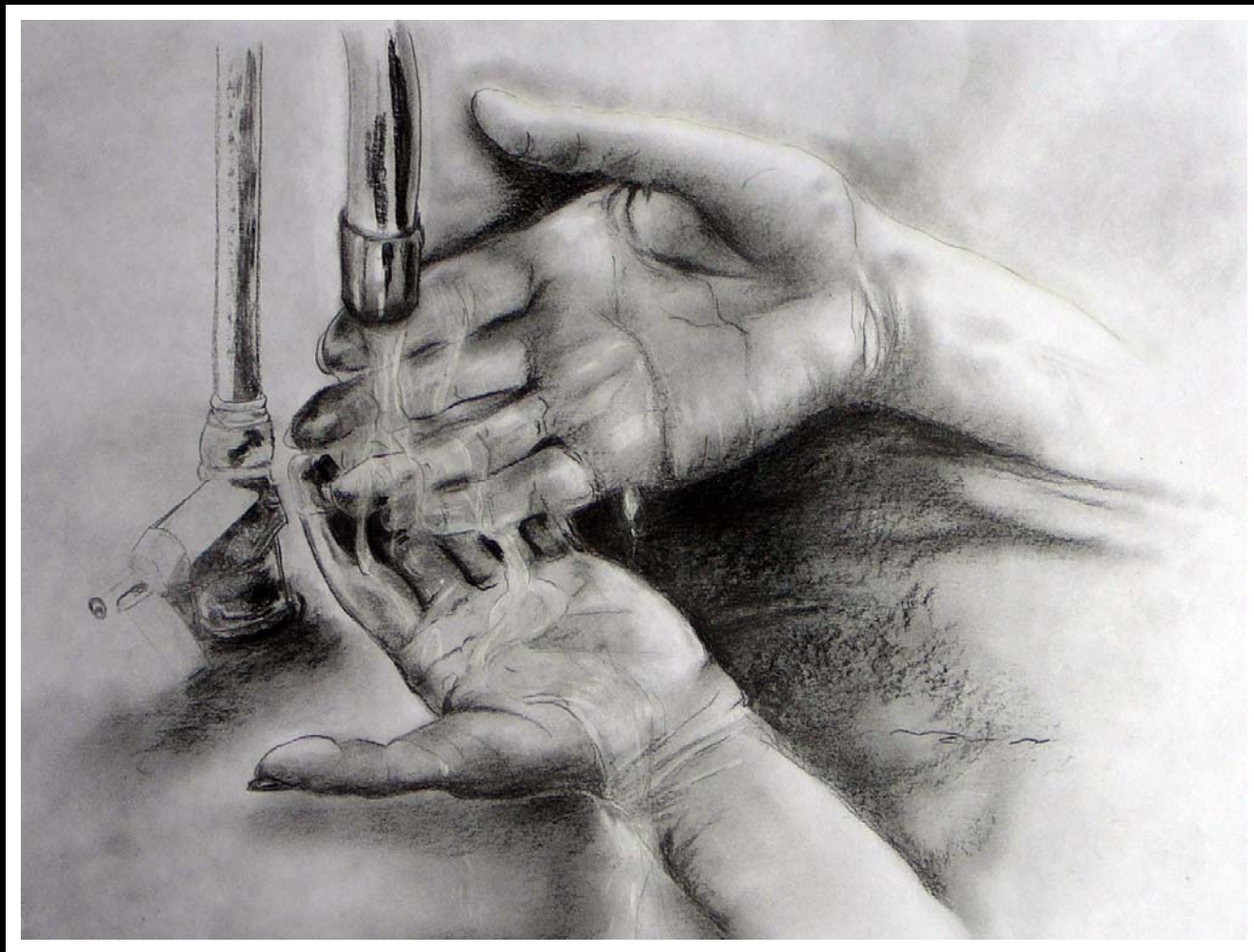
Though after hours of sweat

It has become nothing more than an itemized list

Of daily routine and business and mediocrity

And it says
That's ok
As long as you take me with you
Give me purpose and make not my
Past incarnation's death in vein
And remember to take me out of your pocket
Before you start the washer.

Sensuous
Susan Powel

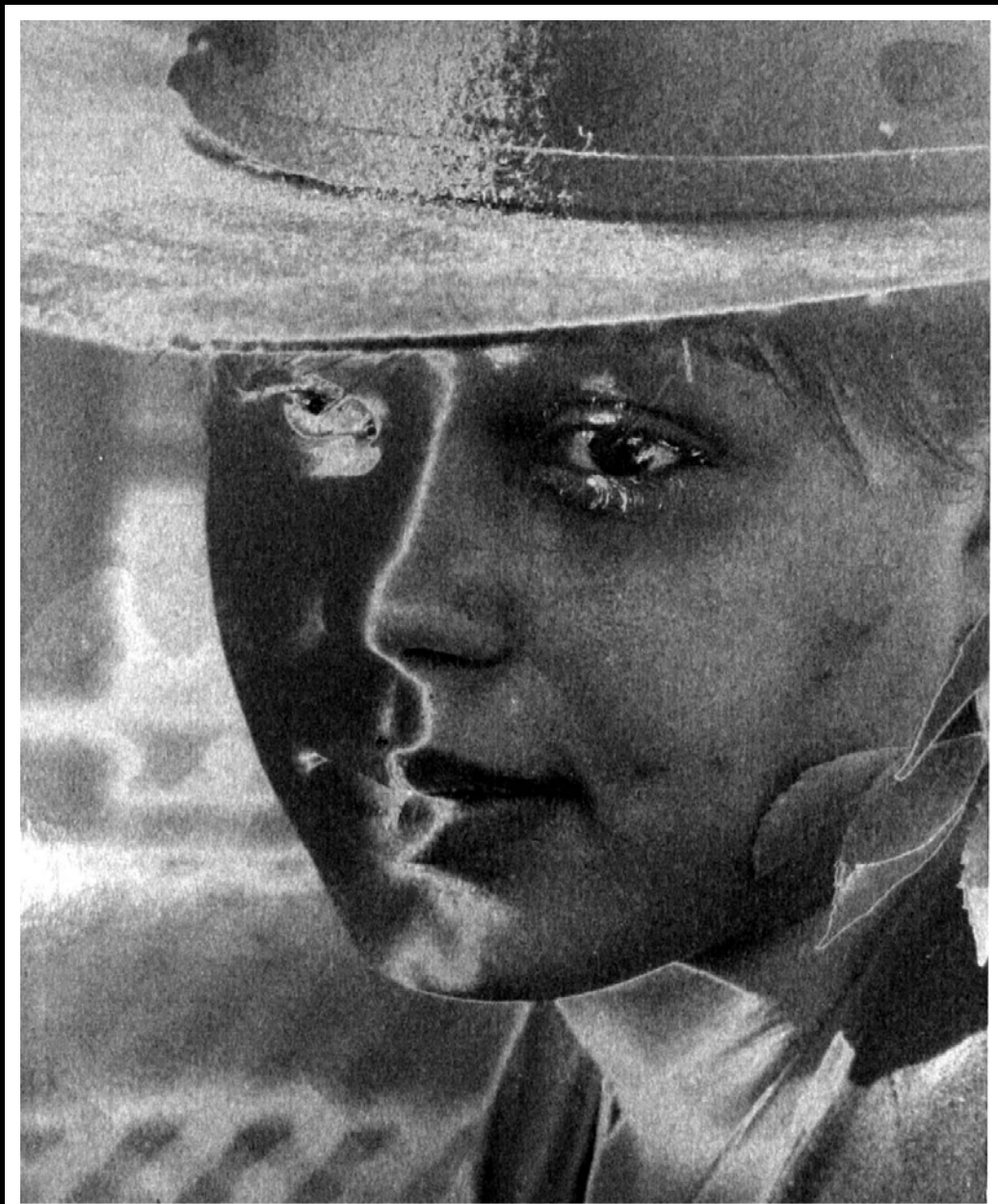


Charcoal



Band Aids
Meagan Ezzel

Photography



Gentle Woman
Lorete Hardy

Photography

Dive Right in Dusty Dalton



Photography

Commotion
Erin Smith



Charcoal

Widow's Room

Jessica L. Matthews

There's a room I live in
The walls and floor are gray
Everything is dark and silent
Smudges of yellow on the wall
Show a friendship remembered
Vague red dusts the ceiling
For a passion which is no more
I live in this room all the time
Someone knocks on the door
I answer--do they want to come in?
They do not
They want me to come out
Through the crack in the door the light blinds my eyes
The discordant noises confuse and overwhelm me
I shut the door to escape
I lay on the bed, curled up in misery

This room holds my secrets, my tears, and dreams unfulfilled
My rage and confusion have scarred the walls
My desolation has scratched the floor
I drag myself around the room, wandering, aimless
Where can I go—
There is *nowhere* for me
But wait...
Is that another door over there?
I am cautious—
The first door brings pain.
I open this new door and peek out...
It is another room!
This room has muted colors my eyes can accept
Softly lit and quietly inviting
I sit down and look around
There are many other doors adjoining this room
Where do those doors go?
They are opening....
In stumbles widow after widower
An endless parade of sorrowful mirrors



Vase 1
Heike Ybarra

Pottery

Blinking in the soft light, rubbing our eyes
We look at each other, uncertain and shy
Then something amazing happens....
We begin to talk about what no other will *hear*
and we cry with each other.
And we laugh.
And we understand.
Now I have just a bit more hope than before
And I feel like I am not so very alone anymore
I am a Widow, and I *am* healing
As my love lives on, so must I.
And so I shall.



Once Upon a Toad
Kristen Arena

Metal Working

Tree of Eternity
Heather Rodriguez



Metal Working

1st Place Art Award
Ceremonial Woman
Joy Simon



Clay