

Byways



CENTRAL TEXAS COLLEGE
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Central Texas College
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MARGARET HARVEY

The Red Bracelet

Sestina

Do not take from me my perfection.
Leave the door closed till I see my bones
And forever more live within the hunger.
Not many know how to live with control,
To be aware that they can manipulate their
thoughts.
Just look at the proof upon my red bracelet.

So rewarding it is to wear the bracelet
That I readily keep to the road of perfection.
I take flight, and forever the thoughts
Of beautiful girls who show bones
Serve as a reminder to maintain control.
In order to be me I must beat the hunger.

**But there are those who want to take the
hunger,
Like you, by first destroying the red bracelet.
Persistence reinforces my control
Because Ana devised a way to hide
perfection.
Ana knows at any moment my bones
Can betray me and manipulate people's
thoughts.**

**Who cares to know your harming thoughts?
I will prove nothing tastes as sweet as
hunger.
Beautiful pictures trigger the innate desire to
reveal my bones,
And help coerce the path just like the
bracelet.
Who isn't consumed with the thought of
perfection?
It's perfectly natural to have this control.**

**Such perfection would be the tiny girl in control,
Who will also claim that these thoughts
Provoke the dramatic want for perfection.
Knowledge can, like beauty, be a hunger.
If you allow a badge for that, I shall wear my
bracelet.
The red upon my wrist proves gluttony is a sin and
beauty is found in bones.**

**So why should I try to bury my bones?
I won't believe you when you say control
Cannot be wound in a red bracelet.
So don't try to halt my thoughts
Or my art of overcoming hunger,
Because the act of perfection**

**Has no right or wrong. But since perfection and
bones
Surrounds an enveloping hunger and control,
You try to dominate my thoughts and burn the
bracelet.**



**EVA
SEPEDA**

Outdoors

**MEDIUM:
PHOTOGRAPHY**

TIMOTHY S. CHAPMAN

Endurance

**Darkness burns away all
consciousness while my
translucent soul is
consumed by the eternal
torment.**

**To endure is but a faint
hope of some unseen
future,
hidden away deep within
that which I am, my
unrealized promise.**

**Chains of torment lashing
at me stripping the flesh
of my dreams,
an Armageddon assault
from which there is no
escape.**

**Still the battle fails as
each wave falls on
unblemished soil.
My will is eternal and will
triumph.**

I AM FOREVER

**EDWARD
ALOMAR**



Horse With Rider

**MEDIUM:
PHOTOGRAPHY**

TAMARA HAWTHORNE LOHMAN

Soliloquy To The Fallen

**In prime of youth, what a
slaughter!**

**Young guys and girls –
son and daughter.**

**Prepared for war – not for
this end.**

**Betrayed by one, who
was a friend.**

**The sirens roared – an
angry blast.**

**How long would this
whole onslaught last?**

**A Fortress strong – Ft.
Hood took pride.**

**Our flag's half- mast – for
those who died.**

**Life's not the same – nor
e'er shall be,**

**-- as 'twas before this
tragedy!**

**We shall support – those
left to live.**

**It is our hearts – to those
we give.**

**We'll think of all – as
young and brave.
May *Old Glory* – forever
wave!**

**I hear the cries beneath
the soil,
-- of those who now, no
longer toil.
I fain would end the
darkest night,
and change the world – to
make things right.
We'll play a song – of
solemn taps,
-- a full salute with all our
caps.**

**So, march amongst the
willowed-grave,
and *Rest-In-Peace* – ye
young and brave!**

JOY SIMON



Three Marys

**MEDIUM:
CERAMICS**

ANDREA LAYNE ADAMS

The Moth

The moth,
large, open winged, still,
almost shimmers, porch-lit,
brown and gray against too-shiny paint.
Through ridged glass,
the glow above
draws his children
whispering from the sky,
passing wires and limbs
that crackle, live, against the cold.
Reluctantly, I blow to rouse him.
He does not move.
The rest light upward
from my breath
like smoke,
like incense,
like a prayer,
like worries,
rising darkly to God.



1st Place Art

CHARLES WILSON

Thoughtfully Yours

**MEDIUM:
PHOTOGRAPHY**

*I Go Daubed
In Ashes*

I go daubed in ashes
To the dog kennel, the supermarket
The low-rent halls of learning
Empty handed, hearted, headed
Empty kennels, markets, classrooms
To everyone and thing
Person, priest, or parasite
Past the alter of The Living God
To suck the teeth of poets
To extort praise from lackeys
Prose from the spleen
Gibberish from the abdomen.
I go daubed in ashes
In softest worn-down sweaters and
Thickest soled shoes
To fleece my inheritance from freezing
addicts

**And calamine-eyed indigents
To beg the preachers collapse my
pup-tent
So that I must live in their churches
To pocket their figs,
Pocket their olives
And haunt their deep dry wells which
Run clear to the center of the Earth
w/out returns any
I go daubed in ashes
Plundering the temple for the
cornerstone
I'll assume the fierce posturing of
ownership
And eat from tables at all
Holding the knife and spoon just so
And polishing my guilt-stare in a
clear-pained window.**



ASHLEE NEWHOF

Child's View

**MEDIUM:
PHOTOGRAPHY**

CHONDIE

Like Mother Like Son

This play is for my oldest son, Alek, who was the first who asked, 'plain, colors, or characters'.

CHARACTERS

MOTHER: Regular mom, not too old or young

SON: Teenager, at least as big as mom, or bigger

SARAH: Friend from school, works at the store

SETTING

A local store's clothing department with circular clothing racks, shelves, displays, etc. Stage left is men's clothes and shoes. Stage right is women's clothes and shoes, but should be unobtrusive and not in your face 'girlie'. A pair of women's knee boots is visible in displays. Center stage is the dressing room, work counter, and return rack and shelf, and has a visible light switch. The dressing room should go all the way to the floor, but the top should be open. There is a chair or bench just to the side. Curtain opens on lighted stage. As SARAH enters from stage right, her cell phone rings.)

SARAH: Hello? (several pauses)
Are you sure? (pause) I will - good luck!

(SARAH looks, spots knee boots, gets them, and places them visibly on the dressing room counter. SARAH quickly exits from where she came. Mother and SON are heard arguing off stage, and then enter from stage left.)

MOTHER: I really don't understand what the big deal is.

SON: Why can't you do it without me?

MOTHER: We come here all the time.

(MOTHER and SON walk over into men's section. MOTHER immediately starts looking through clothes. SON is trying to look like they aren't really together. Both pick out a few items.)

SON: Can't you just let me do it by myself?

MOTHER: How else can I see how they fit? Besides, I know you like the clothes here.

(MOTHER does a double take looking out into the audience.)

MOTHER: Hey, isn't that Richard?

(SON immediately ducks and hides in clothes.)

MOTHER: You know, the one on your football team?

(MOTHER starts to wave, and turns to verify with SON at the same time.

MOTHER turns around. SON doesn't move.)

MOTHER: Hey, where'd you go?

(MOTHER starts looking around for SON and notices his shoes sticking out.

MOTHER parts the clothes. SON should now be visible to the audience even though he has not stepped out yet.)

MOTHER: Honestly... *(rhetorical)*

How old are you?

SON: Is he gone?

MOTHER: Who?

SON: Richard!

MOTHER: Of course, you missed him!

SON: Good!

MOTHER: Wow, what is it with you?

SON: Nothing! It's just... never mind!

(MOTHER and SON continue to look at men's clothes and choose a few more.)

MOTHER: Did you find what you were looking for?

SON: Yeah.

MOTHER: Me, too. Now let's find a dressing room so you can try them on.

SON: I don't need to.

MOTHER: *(sing-song rhetorical)* How else can we make sure they fit?

SON: *(mumbles to self, then)* All right, you go ahead. There are just a couple more things I'd like to try on.

MOTHER: Sure, I'll just be over there.

(points to dressing room)

(MOTHER, not watching SON, walks over to the dressing room, puts the items she has in the dressing room, and then sits and waits. SON, waits for MOTHER to walk away, then hurries over to women's section, grabs short skirt, top, heels, etc, and stuffs them between his earlier picks. The audience should not see the type of clothes or the shoes, just that he doesn't want them to be seen. SON goes back to men's section and then rejoins MOTHER waiting at the dressing room.)

MOTHER: Good, you're back. I already put the clothes in there for you. Don't forget I need you to try on both sizes so I can see which ones fit better.

SON: *(resigned and eyes rolling)*
Whatever.

(SON enters the dressing room with the clothes he picked. At the same time, SARAH enters from stage right. SARAH is carrying some returns, which she puts back, and then continues over to the dressing room. SARAH arrives while SON is in the dressing room, and addresses MOTHER.)

SARAH: Hello, are you finding everything all right today, ma'am?

MOTHER: Yes, thank you. I'm just here with my son.

SARAH: Well, if you need any help with anything, please let me know.
(MOTHER nods, distracted because SON steps out still in original clothes. SARAH stays near and works.)

MOTHER: Where are the clothes?

SON: What clothes?

MOTHER: The clothes you were supposed to try on.

SON: I did.

MOTHER: Did what?

SON: Tried them all on.

MOTHER: So that's what was taking so long.

SON: I could see if they fit myself.

MOTHER: Yes, but you were asked to come out. *(sigh)* You'll just have to go back in there, and try them all on again.

SON: *(exaggerated and drawn out, not yelling)* Fine!

(SON comes back out quickly with a different shirt, at least. SARAH is now slightly working, but also paying attention to what's going on with MOTHER and SON. MOTHER steps over and fusses a bit, checking out the fit of the clothes.)

MOTHER: Ooh, that looks nice. That color really brings out your eyes.

(SON is resigned. MOTHER steps back and SON returns to dressing room.)

MOTHER: Oh! I almost forgot. Do you want plain, colors, or characters!

SON: *(absolute disbelief, from behind the door)* **What!**

MOTHER: *(oblivious and slightly louder)* **I said, plain, colors, or characters...**

SON: *(rushing out of the dressing room, different clothes slightly askew)*
No!

MOTHER: *(finishes)* ... **on your underwear. I know you used to like Pok mon** *(pronounced [p  k   mon])*, **but I just don't really see them anymore.**

SON: *(looks over to SARAH, then back to MOTHER, says deadpan)*
Plain.

MOTHER: *(conversationally)* **Really? I thought you'd at least want colors. Oh, and boxers, briefs, or the ones with those legs...**

SON: *(embarrassed and annoyed but not yelling)* **Stop! This is why I don't want to shop with you!**

MOTHER: *(still not convinced)* **What? How will I ever know if I don't ask?**
(SON glances over at SARAH who tries to look busy, and then he deliberately steps back into the dressing room. SON changes. MOTHER waits and notices SARAH.)

MOTHER: **Excuse me, miss. But, do you go to school here?**

SARAH: **Yes, ma'am. I'll graduate next year.**

MOTHER: **Oh, my son's a junior, too. Maybe you know him.**

SARAH: **Yes, I think so...** *(looks towards the dressing room, astonished)*
(SON has stepped out in drag – miniskirt, tank top, heels, etc. Accessories are optional.)

SARAH: **Is that him?**

MOTHER: **Why, ye... uh... no! I've never seen him before!**

SON: **Aww, come on Mom, you know me! Tell me, what do you think?**

MOTHER: **I, uh...**

SON: Do you like it? *(flutters eyes)*
Does it match my eyes?

*(MOTHER's mouth is open,
speechless.)*

SARAH: *(pause)* If you don't need
me, I'll just return these clothes!
*(SARAH grabs nearest clothes, and
then hurries away, back the way she
came in. SARAH looks back just
before exiting.)*

SON: *(pauses, admiring his outfit,
then matter of fact)* You always said
you wanted me to grow up to be
like you.

MOTHER: Yes, but...

SON: *(dreamily)* I feel closer to you
already. *(several pauses, reflecting)*
Can you pass me those knee
boots? *(thoughtfully)* I'm just not
feeling these heels.

MOTHER: *(incredulous)* Are you
serious?

SON: Of course... *(drawn out pause)*
not! I'm just trying to get you to
understand how it feels to have to try
on clothes with my mother.

MOTHER: *(loud, confused and hurt)*
You didn't mind before! *(winding
down)* I just want to get you what you
want. Spend time with you. *(subdued)* I
hardly see you any more.

SON: I'm not a kid anymore. I don't
need you to help me pick out my
clothes.

MOTHER: *(resigned)* I know.

SON: It's not that I don't want to be
seen with you. *(emphatically)* Just not
clothes shopping!

MOTHER: Okay, so how about you
help me find clothes for your little
brothers...

SON: *(warning)* Mom...

MOTHER: While I go look for clothes
for your little sister.

SON: That's better. What do they
need?

•**MOTHER:** Two long-sleeved shirts and two pairs of pants each.

•**SON:** What sizes?

•**MOTHER:** 3T and 5T.

•**SON:** Okay, what about...

•**MOTHER:** *(teasing)* Feel free to change first, unless those are what you want?

•**SON:** *(laughing)* No, definitely not!

•**MOTHER:** *(laughing)* Then pick out what you need, too.

•**SON:** Meet you up front in an hour?

•**MOTHER:** Are you kidding? You can meet me at the games when you're done because you're going to take so much longer than me!

•**SON:** Ha! You're on!

•*(MOTHER hurries off stage right, and SON runs off the stage in opposite direction. Pause three seconds. SON rushes back onstage.)*

•**SON:** *(while hurrying)* **Crap!**

(SON enters dressing room, and clothes start flying. SON comes back out in his original clothes and carrying a few others, glances in the direction MOTHER and SARAH went, and then runs back off stage. Pause. SARAH enters from stage right, walks to dressing room, picks up dressing room area – don't take too long - her cell phone rings.)

SARAH: Did it work? *(pause)* I knew it!

(several pauses) Don't worry about it.

See you at school! *(pause)* G'bye.

(SARAH turns to audience, smiles, and turns off the lights – stage goes dark, curtain closes.)

THE END



**SONYA
OVERSTREET**

Spring

**MEDIUM:
PHOTOGRAPHY**



EVA SEPEDA

Bright Flower

**MEDIUM:
PHOTOGRAPHY**

RASHENA JACKSON

Fly Away

Dedicated to Emma Franklin

**A golden thread
That is so small
Can shine so bright
Amongst it all
A feather so light
Can go so far
It floats with the wind
Far Away...
Like a star
A love one gone
But here in our hearts
Is where they will stay**

**Even though
They are gone away
So I say this...
We will always love and miss
you
Cause now you're gone
With the Lord
That's your new home
But to know
Everything is O.K.
Fly...Fly...Fly Away**



EVA SEPEDA

Rain

MEDIUM:

PHOTOGRAPHY

CHONDIE

Modern Love

A Series Of Haiku

Infatuation

Lighting storm sparks

Lying kindling

Lust

Burning fires consume

Reason

Love

Waterways bleed

Red banks

Hate

Flood waters rage

Dam breaks

Indifference

Receding waters

Walk away

Honorable Mention Literary



LINDA KNICELY

Threesome

**MEDIUM:
CERAMICS**



LAURA TATUM

Photogram

**MEDIUM:
PHOTOGRAPHY**



**BRITTANEY
DePASQUALE**

***Cow Skull And
Yellow Flower***

**MEDIUM:
PASTELS**

CHONDIE

Love's Battlefield

**When love begins so true and starts to grow,
Excitement overflows and knows no bounds.
In ways unseen, your beating heart will know.
It shouts its happiness with ev'ry pound.**

**Too bad they're blind and cannot look to see
Our future battle lines carved into stone.
When you and I no longer are a we,
The only weapons needed, words alone.**

**You sight the enemy while taking aim.
To win this war, there is no turning back.
With deadly calm, I shoot to kill, not maim.
All lose for there is nothing left intact.**

**Remaining field of victory is set,
With withered hearts, long silent with regret.**



RENEE ANKROM

Quilted Angel

**MEDIUM:
CERAMICS**

Honorable Mention Art



BETHANY CROSBY

Summer Showers

**MEDIUM:
PHOTOGRAPHY**

ANDREA LAYNE ADAMS

The Trees

While Helen changed into her work uniform in a dressing room, Alice set down their bags by a potted plant and dug for receipts. It was dizzying how much the girls cost. She had been lucky to find a seven a.m. to four p.m. shift at the airport but even working full time, she was never sure at the end of the month how she'd made it through, or at the beginning of the month, whether she'd be able to do it again. Child support covered most of the mortgage and the girls were too big now to need daycare but too often to admit, driving home late at night after picking Helen up from work, she imagined what it would be like to keep going, past their street and

onto the highway, and to just drive until she ran out of gas or thought of a better plan.

When the girls were little, Helen in second grade and Kate in diapers, she had driven innumerable hours with them, after dark, in a Dodge Omni. On summer nights when they would not go to sleep or she could not stand another evening with Gerry, she would take the girls out for snow cones and on the way home, she would fold down the back seat and let the girls lie together in the hatchback, staring out the big rectangular window at the stars. She rolled down the windows to let the breeze in and just drove and drove. She hadn't had a radio then so she

listened to Kate fuss and Helen whine over the sound of the wind coming from the road and the noise of passing traffic. Eventually the girls grew quieter and then silent and all that was left were sleeping residential streets and the knowledge that the girls were within arm's reach, sticky with colored syrup and breathing softly, wearing the matching sundresses she had sewn for them, now stained, and sturdy brown sandals. Eventually even her dread of the silence at home and the words that would have to be said and heard sooner or later would dissolve, and she would ease the car up the driveway, lift the hatchback, and carry Kate into the house. Gerry's face would have softened by then and the silence would become companionable as he came in from the car carrying Helen's long limp form. They would each tuck in one girl and then meet in the hallway, overcome by

the beauty of their sleeping children, too full of love and guilt to discuss the inevitable for another night. This had continued for four summers. Every time she had turned the key in the ignition, she had told herself that this couldn't last, that the divorce had to come, and running out of the house with a handful of quarters for snow cones might postpone the conversation for a night but it wouldn't make it go away.

The summers had been intolerable. Gerry, a high school history teacher, had been at home, unbearably decent, playing with the girls, doing small repairs and improvements, and generally acting the part of an enviably good husband and father. In fact, friends did envy her. Sometimes she just wanted to strangle the next woman at a church fellowship or kid's birthday party who told her how much she envied the way Gerry was with his kids.

Yes, he was a good dad and she was lucky to have him. She did feel lucky that her daughters were growing up so loved, but at the end of every day, they tucked them in together and spent the next few hours in separate rooms until the sound of the crickets and the oscillating fans drew them dutifully to opposite sides of the bed.

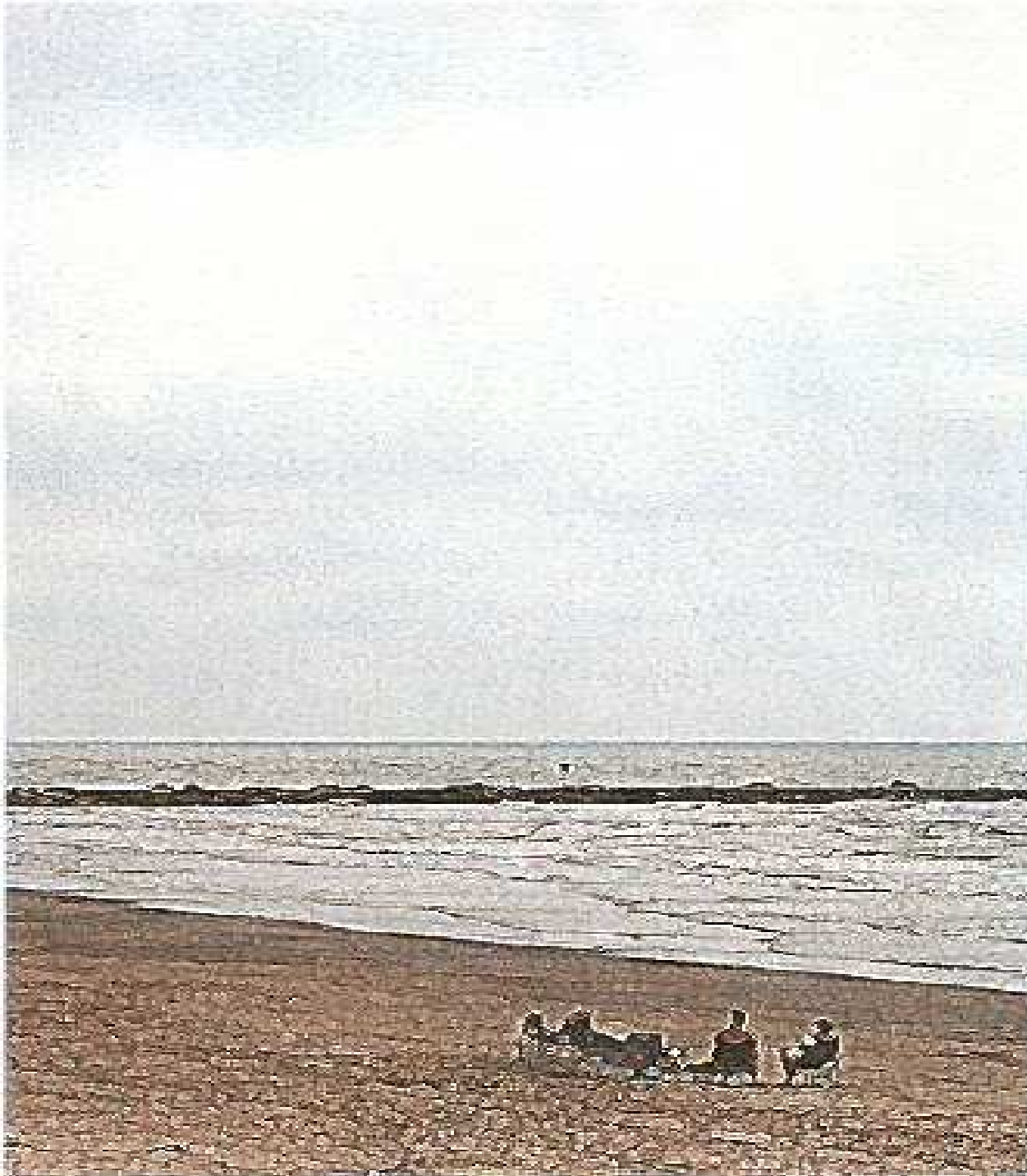
The school years were not so bad. By October, Alice had convinced herself that it was nothing or that it had just been a bad spell. Gerry came home from work exhausted, told anecdotes about his students and colleagues at dinner, complimented Alice's cooking, and was generally the same conscientious man he had been all summer but after the girls went to bed he would grade papers except on M*A*S*H nights and then he often stayed up to watch Johnny Carson before coming to bed and by that time Alice was either asleep or pretending

to be, exhausted from a day of walking the girls to and from school, scraping Play-Doh out of the wood grain of the kitchen table, and the million other tasks that went into running the household. They sometimes hired a babysitter so they could go out with another couple from church or the school on a Friday night but for the most part they avoided each other so successfully through the entire school year that it came as a surprise the next summer when it happened again: the long, uncomfortable silences, the three hour snow cone outings, and the petty late night arguments.

She wanted to hate him but knew that would be unfair. She was bored of him. She was bored of their life together. And although she knew it was irrational, she resented him for inflicting the boredom on her. His good-natured domesticity in the summers only intensified the boredom and resentment

summer after Kate's first year of school, Alice had fled the house one morning with her admittedly lackluster resume in hand and found herself applying for a secretarial job at the airport. The hours were reasonable enough and she had almost convinced herself that it wasn't because of a divorce that she had gone back to work, but by August he was sleeping on the couch. From then it had taken on a momentum of its own.

That had been the summer Gerry and the girls planted the trees. Whether it had been meant as a farewell gesture to the girls or merely seemed like one, Alice could not remember, but there they stood, too upright, too parallel, to this day. They were almost more like the idea of trees than real ones. They were nothing like the sturdy, coarse barked pecans and live oaks she was used to. They had probably been an attempt to leave a mark on the household, Alice surmised.



CHARLES WILSON

Sea Breeze

**MEDIUM:
PHOTOGRAPHY**



**SANTIAGO
LUNA**

Woodblock Teapot

**MEDIUM:
CERAMICS**

3rd Place Art

LESLIE ROBINSON

Each Stone

**Each stone that turns beneath my shoe
Has proven able enough accomplice
To nudge the pantomime of grief
To short-change solace through my teeth
And embattle my own fortress.**

**This time- worn play has none to offer
But DNA of conflicted romance
Its emptiness is mostly useful
But don't expect it to be neutral
Would do you in, it had the chance.**

**So the Body its own parasite
Does offer itself up for what?
For madness charmed by indolence?
A seahorse straddling the fence
Confounded when it finds it made the cut?**

**The silken cord is tightly sprung
Like a tripwire against escape.
Remember,
The silken cord is tightly sprung
Like a tripwire against escape.**

**No skin-popped addict at this age
Who finds the tourniquet of hope
Could ever only walk way
But pursue then almost mystically
Its ever-contracting scope.**

**One first desires to draw a map
Delineating moist from dry
Lisping cursed-through lists of chores
Historian of made-up wars
With characters made up to die.**

**The silken cord is tightly sprung
Like a tripwire against escape
Remember,
The silken cord is tightly sprung
Like a tripwire against escape.**



VIKKI KERN

Maria Conchita Garcia

**MEDIUM:
JEWELRY**

TAMARA HAWTHORNE LOHMAN

The Saint's Superbowl 2010

**We're rooting for the Saints today.
We said they'd win – some said, “No way!”
We're number 1; we beat the rest.
Today, we'll prove that we're the best,
-- for we are on the winning side.
We've reached the top; we've changed the tide.
The Saints are back – so just believe,
that anything, we can achieve.
We've had rough times; yes, that's for sure.
Our black and gold is polished pure!
Katrina dragged us through the flood,
and we have lost a lot of blood.**

**But now, we rose out of the haze,
and our team has some brand new plays.
Through those hard times, we became strong,
so now we'll sing the "Victor's Song."
For many years, we've fallen down,
but we got up and did not drown.
2010's our year to shine;
so, y'all will have to get in line.
Who Dat strange team we're gonna pound,
and tackle down right to the ground?
Pull up a chair, and take a seat.
The Colts are whom we're going to beat.
So, just sit back; enjoy the game.
We're going to win – the Saints' our name!**

**We said we'd win, and we were right.
We beat the Colts right here tonight.
So we will rock, and we will roll,
'cause we just won the Super Bowl!
We'll say our prayers – like all Saints do.
The black and gold just beat the blue.
We're on cloud-9 in skies above,
-- for God touched Saints with hands of love!**

ANDREA LAYNE ADAMS

The Train

**The train speaks
with the tongues of men
and angels
but has not love.
And you alone,
my little orange house,
I love, but
sleep with a hammer
nestled to my cheek
while clanging gongs,
the next shipment of
tanks,**

**screams past my door
on shrieking, metal
wheels
that scream
of kettles, tornadoes,
and bells
and metal, spinning
loudly into sparks
that light,
in silence
cigarette
and fuse.**



**BETHANY
CROSBY**

Old Souls In Love

**MEDIUM:
PHOTOGRAPHY**

MANDY GOMEZ

Math Versus Me

**Your question makes no sense,
but your answer tells no lies.
A simple yes,
or an easy no,
would do more than satisfy!**

**I do not care about the question,
for my answer remains the same.
I do not know.
I do not care.
You are driving me insane!**

**I tell you I do not understand,
still you question me again.
Just shut up
and go away.
I wish this torment would come to an end!**

**Everything is finished
but I still don't have a clue.
Supposedly this is this
and that is that.
But how this became that, I never knew.**



JESSICA PATE

Flower Pendant

**MEDIUM:
JEWELRY**



**DANIEL
BISHOP**

Barstools

**MEDIUM:
PHOTOGRAPHY**

Leaves Of Crimson

My heart has often been inspired,
by autumn leaves of crimson-red.
It's like our young, and bravest men,
so vibrant, in war, 'till they're dead.
It also pictures blood-red stains,
upon our young men's uniforms.
I see the falling crimson leaves,
like waves, which roar in violent storms.
Respected are, these fallen leaves,
-- the men who died to keep us free.
Without these leaves of crimson-red,
we wouldn't have winter's liberty!
Be brave, ye crimson, men-of-war!
Take courage in this simple rhyme.
The crimson falling leaves don't fear,
for they know, that, it is their time.

2nd Place Art

KELLY CARTWRIGHT

Mask

MEDIUM:
JEWELRY



MARGARET HARVEY

Fracture

**These thoughts, unsatisfactory in themselves,
Epitomize the utopia of mind
That may or may not exist
Unlike the resulting silent guilt.
Still, desire to yield its evidence
In the mirror, unfractured and resolute, is overwhelming.
The rest escapes through webs of secretive realities
Hinging before an eyeful of expectations
Not yet tangible like the bones of
Truth that reveal ever so slightly.
One regretful view within provides the tasteless tale
My destruction reflected pointedly in the splintered mirror.**

MARGARET HARVEY

Dislocation

**This comfortable state of mind comes with alarm
Secured not by reality, but imaginations, dark and weary.
Possessing thoughts from an alternative persona are
tempting**

**Though frightening might serve the displacement better.
Am I mad or just a dreamer?**

**Or perhaps, there lingers a balance to such disconnected
words.**

**Unequivocal shifts revoke all sincerity,
Thus, bringing new allegiances to a creature unknown.
Fantastic thoughts from a dangerous perspective
Provide the answer, as the visible self withers.**

**HEATHER
SMITH**



Butterfly

**MEDIUM:
PHOTOGRAPHY**

ANDREA LAYNE ADAMS

The Husk

The aftermath of a cicada
holds tightly to the
screen

with brittle hands and
rigid toes,
and the memory
of a chorus of desire,
unfelt now, and only
envied in the imagined
mocking
of the crickets' drone.
At the hollow end

of union,
the dry ritual
has passed.

The ghost has left this
house

without a groan,
attended only by the
documents
filed softly by the hands
of county workers
drawn like moths
to our closed door.



TAMI RIVERA

The Visitor

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