


# Byways

Journal of Arts & Letters  
Spring 2013



CENTRAL TEXAS  COLLEGE.

# Forward

Amanda Coleman

Byways is a path with very few footprints. It's a path that only those few dare to take. The ones who want to venture out in order to explore their new ideas of creativity, wonder, and imagination, byways is a piece of mind, an outlet of one's vision. This journal is one of those byways. It brings the originality out of each one of us to show others what we can do with our imagination.

# Forward

Amanda Coleman

What is fate doing to society?  
Are all our lives chosen for us before  
birth?  
Can't we write our own future?

Someone is always telling us what we  
should write  
Making us break away from creation  
Tearing down our imaginations  
Stopping at the crossroads to decide  
fate

Why is fate forced upon each of us?  
Made to walk down a path all too  
familiar.

The same path that has thousands of  
foot prints.  
Why can we not make our own way?  
To adventure into the unknown and  
create a new path.

I don't care what anyone says!  
I'll continue to write no matter what  
No other person can control my hand  
That's my job!

There is nothing left to go by.  
We all have the success  
We are the writers of the future.

# **Byways**

Central Texas College

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# Warriors Inner Beauty

Jennifer  
Walters

Primsacolor



Honorable Mention  
Art Award

# I Fell In Love With The Sea

Danielle Omordia

First Place Written Award

I notice you first in the morning-time, as everyone does. You stand across a vast distance, perhaps three feet away, and keep brown diamonds for eyes. I think how a single word could shrink the gap between us. But you wear discs of charcoal in your ears and coral on your lips and we don't speak that day.

You trade your eyes in for weighted fishing nets by the after-noon time and I am caught the moment you look my way. Across this wide expanse we are close and I still. The seconds run parallel to the stutter of my heart. You wear quicksilver on your fingers and ginseng in your hair. When you avert your eyes first, I am left embarrassed second. I wonder how many stares you pull between sunrises, and try to hush the roaring in my veins. We don't speak that day.

# I Fell In Love With The Sea

Danielle Omordia

I spy you among the authors of classic literature. You wear broken sea-glass in the evening time and move like sand in a desert storm. I am wary when you settle beside me, child of wind and tempest. I imagine how easy it would be to bridge this gaping chasm between us, but you are the restless wind. You pull from the shelves romance, and mystery, and we don't speak that day.



# I Fell In Love With The Sea

Danielle Omordia

You spirit me away in the night-time when the breeze whispers secrets to the sea. We have never been this close—perhaps a breath between us—and you take my hand in yours. You speak to the ocean in its mother tongue and the brine obeys your magic. You follow the receding blue to its inky depths, but I stop short of the riptide. The ocean builds at your ankles; the breeze urges gentle at my back. Your lips form Come with me and I ponder how easy it would be to let go of your hand. But instead I say I will follow you into the unknown because there's magic in your words. And when we walk into the deep there is magic in the waves and the salt and the way you squeeze my hand. I smile and we become the sea.

# Dragonfly

Curt Swalley

Photography

First Place Art  
Award



Fluid

Andrea  
Hostetter

Oil Paint



# Little Wolf and Bird

Danielle Omordia

Little Wolf is seven years old when she discovers the trees. She thinks they are strange creatures, sticking out of the ground like so many nails waiting to be hammered.

She does not fear them.

The trees, she reasons, are perfect places for the birds and the squirrels and all the other things she cannot reach. The trees provide shade and dancing light that filters through and past the leaves.

Little Wolf enjoys dreaming under trees.

She likes the sound they make in the wind, creaking trunks and whispering leaves. Often she dreams of shore lines, and tiny wooden boats—the likes of which her father used to make. She dreams of him and of her on a tiny boat sailing through the sky while the trees sway ever so around them. She dreams of him and wonders where he has gone.

A bird caw wakes her up.

# Little Wolf and Bird

Danielle Omordia

Little Wolf opens her eyes to a man crouched beside her. His legs point out to either side of his body and he tilts his masked head from side to side.

“Who are you?” Little Wolf says.

“Bird,” the man says. “What are you doing under this tree?”

“I was dreaming. You woke me, sir, with your caw.”

“My apologies.”

Little Wolf sits up and yawns widely. She’s missing one tooth so she imagines Bird is not afraid of a little wolf like her.

“Do you live in this tree, Bird?”

“No. I live in another.”

“You should worry that I don’t eat you, Bird,” Little Wolf says, now confident that he is a long way from home. “I am a wolf, you see.”

“Is that so?”

# Little Wolf and Bird

Danielle Omordia

Bird pinches her wolf costume and smiles.

“Are you sure I might not eat you, Little Wolf?”

Little Wolf gasps. “How do you know my name? I did not tell it to you.”

“Well, what else should such a little wolf be called? Come, child. We will go to my nest and partake in Easter eggs.”

Bird stands to unfold extraordinarily long legs and begins to lead the way. He flits from tree to tree with such long legs that Little Wolf must run to keep up.

The further they travel, the more Little Wolf becomes unsure. She does not know these trees, these trees that look like so many gnarled hands just waiting to snatch sky-ships from the air.



# Little Wolf and Bird

Danielle Omordia

Little Wolf is afraid.

“I don’t like this place, Bird.”

“But my nest is up ahead.”

“I want to go back.”

Bird says nothing for a while, but then he stops walking.

“You cannot go back. If you try, I will have to eat you.”

“You can’t eat me! I am a wolf and you are a bird!”

Bird smiles and his dark eyes twinkle. “A bigger said the same thing, but I ate him. I swallowed him and his tiny sky-ship whole.”

“You ate my father!”

# Little Wolf and Bird

Danielle Omordia

Little Wolf growls and sets her teeth to one of Bird's long, long legs. He yells aloud, the caw of a crow, and hops on one foot.

"You shouldn't have done that, Little Wolf," he says.

"You shouldn't have eaten my father!"

She kicks him in the shin and he tumbles down like a felled tree. With a final caw, he hits the ground and bursts into a hundred crows.

Little Wolf covers her head as they take off around her, but through and past the flapping wings a tail wagging sight filters through to her.

"Papa Wolf!"

"Little Wolf!" her father says and sweeps her up in a hug. "My brave Little Wolf."

# Little Wolf and Bird

Danielle Omordia

“Oh, Papa, I’m so glad I found you. We must never be apart again.”

“And we won’t.”

He holds her hand and together they board his sky-ship: a tiny wooden boat with fluttering sails and steaming engine pipes. He puts her at the hull and flips a switch. Turbines hum into life and the ship lifts itself off the ground.

Crows clear the air for them and Little Wolf smiles up at her father.

“Papa Wolf?”

“Yes, Little Wolf?” he says, smiling back at her.

“Nothing!”

He play growls and wraps her up in a big wolf hug and they laugh and play as they sail far away on her father’s sky-ship.

Little Wolf is seven years old when she discovers the trees. She thinks they are strange creatures for sticking out of the ground like so many nails waiting to be hammered, but she does not fear them.

# Collage Rose

Suzette  
Clements

Paper



# Mommy Plath

## Chondie

You should not do, you should not do  
Any more, bare naked foot  
Which has been smothered and shaped  
Until it no longer resembles a toe.  
Your waist cinched tight, just so.

Mommy, I had to watch you.  
Why didn't you die before I had time –  
To see you bow down to God  
And his gargantuan boots wiped clean  
Against the throat of your apron.

And your face drowned in the freakish fire  
Off the Pacific jelly bean blue  
Waters simultaneously cold and yet hot.  
I swore someday not to be you  
And so learned a foreign language.

But what to speak? Not the King's English.  
And, God forbid – American! then I knew  
Ego imus latius.  
Because they already bled dead red.  
Et tu

Always accepting your due  
Kissing hands and boots  
Bludgeoned mute with mottled bands, you  
Say, only a dozen or two.  
But not enough to cut loose your tongue

It's snared with a barb wire noose.  
Yes, no, no, yes  
I can hardly think!  
Make a decision, you  
Or choose to die in your captivity.

# Mommy Plath

## Chondie

Repetition, repetition.  
Cuffing me, stabbing me, too  
A slave to daggered Brutus who knew  
Exactly where the blade would do  
But he was not through.

In the ash of Vesuvius, he drew  
A bloody foot, to remind him of you  
And your inferior ancestors  
Which would make them mine, too.  
That makes me a slave like you

I have never understood you,  
What attracts and binds you like glue  
Under the empirical boots  
Worn thin with stomping on you.  
Perhaps you're tougher than I knew.

But does it make a difference? No!  
So you continue to worship your God  
His clay feet, showing through  
And I learned to emulate you  
Love the pain and agony I'm due

You taught in the kitchen, Mommy,  
Left me watching you  
A boot in the chin, a vise on your mind  
And still your adoration grew  
Offered the devil his stew.

No heart to split in two  
I buried it next to my memory of you.  
The first time I tried to die  
And get away, away, away from you  
Better dead than to live as you do.



# Mommy Plath

Chondie

But I failed, and the doctors  
Stuck me back in that coliseum with  
you.

Then it hit me, over the head with a  
shoe,

Get my own devil-god, too.

You had shown me what to do.

Taught me to love the rack and screw  
I couldn't wait to say I do, I do!

So mommy, when you're through,  
Pick up your phone, release me too

But, of course, you never do

Better to kill one man... or two –

And be called a shrew

Than to die shriven blue

Savaged empty by vampires

Never satisfied with you.

But never did submission refuse

I only saw acceptance from you

So when my turn came, I new

What I was expected to do!

Mommy, Mommy, you bitch – I'm  
you!

# Forgiveness Offered

James Harper

It is possible to lose what you never had  
To sense the sting that loss can have  
To see, hear and touch what has already passed

Since 1992 you've been the past, so I ask  
Can you speak to wind now, as it passes through the grass?  
Do the roots know the seeds? Do the leaves remember the roots,  
Or the water or sun that through them grew?

I have. I do.

It is possible to view your face on the Polaroid  
And to see our resemblance.  
But do the picture's still eyes see me?

# Forgiveness Offered

James Harper

Do you, as you look back with the eternal smile?

Does the wind know that by bending the blades back  
When he leaves, the blades will straighten and say,  
“You bent me but I’m not broken;  
You bent me but I will not break.”  
At least the blades feel the touch of the gust.

But what of the ones,  
Like me  
Who yearn for just one thing, even a punch?  
I’ll take such over the truth,  
That while you rest easy in your tomb,  
Your empty nest, causes emptiness  
And leaves me gleaning the gloom.

# Forgiveness Offered

James Harper

As a seed I grew in spite of your shade,  
But will your cold breeze still slice my day?  
Turn it chill? My fears betray.

You and I may never face each other but,  
Unlike your grave, I'll not keep you buried.  
I won't not type my name  
Write my name  
LIKE MY NAME!

# Forgiveness Offered

James Harper

I LOVE the face you left behind,  
For its MINE, as is MY name!  
They, once, may have been yours,  
But I own them true.

So when the wind blows over you.  
When the roots grow from you,  
Your soul can know  
JAMES ABSOLVES, ACQUITS, EXONERATES.

# Amber Stippling

April Johnson

Ink





# The Things I Do To Make Friends

James Harper

Third Place Written Award

What a joke, this is my dare? To go into a house abandoned for years?  
So what if they got killed, what do I care? A double-murder-suicide, why  
should I fear?

Besides these kids was lying, and just playing a prank on the new kid,  
That's me, who just arrived here today.

So I walk thru the gate, it's broken and battered  
And stare at the windows, some open most shattered.  
The paint's faded away, chipped and blank. The color never mattered.  
The sky around the two-story home is filled with birds and some clouds are  
scattered.  
But above where I stand is bare. I get a nervous tick; my teeth nearly chatter  
And I look back at my friends to help with this matter.  
No words of wisdom but they weren't smiling either.  
They look right scared. I nearly lose my bladder.

# The Things I Do To Make Friends

James Harper

I give a brave smile and step to the porch, the wood gives a scream as I next reach the door.

If there was a moment to quit this deed this is it. But I'm ten years old and being skittish is kiddish.

The door opens slowly with some yells from its hinges

I walk across the threshold and scan the room with quickness.

I enter the den and look out the window to them, to show the young men that I'm in the home.

That's when I heard a sound of pain; someone screaming from their very soul.

No, I'm hearing things, this place is empty – I'm alone.

It's nerves I guess, they tend to stress when there's ghosts.

NO!

I mean they stress when they're, um, when they're cold.

# The Things I Do To Make Friends

James Harper

I shake the incident in an instant and sprint to the stairs.  
I have to look out the bedroom window that is my dare.  
I appear at the top of the stairs and the site makes my stomach churn,  
A blood stain on the wall, from that Fall, forever burned.  
It's just paint I think as I look out the window.

They're still there, I'm still here but then a breath on my neck stood up my hair.  
A weep, a sigh not more than a whisper, tickles my neck and I let out a whimper.  
My blood runs cold, what did I expect? Two young kids got hacked and attacked  
By their father who then put a bullet in his chest.  
Yes. A family got killed; this house ain't much I said way tough besides I've got an iron will.

# The Things I Do To Make Friends

James Harper

Just when I gain my heart it drops to the floor, cuz there's the son staring,  
standing in the door.

The whole world stands still, what should I do; I look at the boy and say,  
"Bill?"

I know his face from the picture the kids saved from the newspaper that day.  
I'm too scared to move, too scared to sway, though I know I should run away.  
Something's strange I start to say but the words just stay  
Because where his hair and brain should be is only empty space.

I look at him and he at me, not a movement made  
And then suddenly he starts to dim and then completely fades away.  
That's it! I've got to go. I've just seen a ghost. Who cares if they laugh my  
sanity matters most.

But wait, that voice inside my head said before I could argue,  
You're not a kid; you're not scared, are you?

# The Things I Do To Make Friends

James Harper

But I'm frozen stiff because death I whiff my feet won't let me leave.  
Standing right behind me is the daughter who got cleaved.  
Her pretty face is pale and thin. One full one missing sleeve  
She seemed to have several more important missing pieces.  
She got hacked to chunks by her dad, that sick man needed Jesus.

She stares at me opened mouth and lets out the cry of cry's.  
It pierces my heart and stabs my soul; a tear falls from my eye.  
She beckons me with her one good arm; I follow. I don't know why.  
She takes me to her room I assume it's where she died  
Because she turned and looked at me and then waved me good bye.  
And now I think, wait I know, who might be here next.  
No sooner did I think the thought that thought just happened.

# The Things I Do To Make Friends

James Harper

The ghost of that killing man shows up for his guest.

The room goes shade, the sun runs away, there no light that I can see.

All I hear is sadness all I feel is creeped.

Then I smell his anger and I know what he will do.

I've got to leave this house! I have to leave this ro...



# Nightmare Horse

April Johnson

Charcoal



# The Spark

Sestina  
Chondie

A spark is an ember,  
Longing impatiently for love,  
Unwaiting, always seeking burning  
fires  
Hot with death –  
Yearning for the sweet breath  
Of together.

Just the thought of together  
Sparks a flickering ember,  
Remembering in one breath  
It was born to seek love –  
Conquering death  
From the ashes of fires.

Without the fires  
Circling together,  
There would be no death  
To spark an everlasting ember,  
Strong enough for love  
To give its last breath.

Holding its breath,  
Braving savage fires,  
Gives love  
Its together –  
That spark of an ember  
Unblicking, outlasting death.

# The Spark

Sestina  
Chondie

How easily death  
Steals breath,  
Smothering sparks of ember,  
Banking fires.  
Forever lost to together  
They have forgotten their love.

Remembering love  
Just moments from death,  
Two souls together,  
One breath,  
Infinite fires  
Spark an eternal ember.

Where there is the smallest ember of love,  
Hope will cage fires to defy a sure death.  
Until the last breath sighs, we are together.

# Number Nine

Villanell

Kori Cowart

One large number nine  
Please move up  
Sir, you're holding up the line

No, the meat here is fine  
No I cannot throw away your cup  
Please get your large number nine

Yes we do open at half 'til nine  
Do we serve breakfast, yup  
Can't you see the line?

I may strangle you with twine  
If you do not move on up  
One large number nine

Can't you hear them behind you  
whine,  
"Hey idiot, move up!"  
Sir, please, you're holding up the line

I always get one like this every time  
There is always one who won't shut  
up  
One large number nine  
Sir you're holding up the line

# Three Jugs

Suzette  
Clements

Pencil and  
Sharpie



# The Days Are Lost

Jen Ball

Second Place Written Award

Tuesday, January 29, 2013

- Lion King show in Austin
- We fight on the way home
- I cry, he apologizes.

•

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Wednesday, January 30, 2013

- Before school, he asks for divorce
- I skip ALL my classes and cry all day

•

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Thursday, January 31, 2013

- We talk
- He wants to stay friends
- I say no
- Now he's not so sure...



# The Days Are Lost

Jen Ball

Friday, February 1, 2013

- I am becoming distant
  - He suggests we start separating things and says he needs time to think
  - I leave for my speech tournament
  - He leaves for his gig
- 
- 

Saturday, February 2, 2013

- I text him asking if he's thought any more about us. He says no.
  - My heart is in limbo
- 
-

# The Days Are Lost

Jen Ball

Me shutting down becomes completely obvious and I'm trying to avoid it all.  
But my thoughts are running and the tears are coming and there is  
no  
escape.

F o c u s is a straying goal and I am empty-heartedly offering my involvement,  
hoping no one wonders why my eyes are sad. What can I tell them? I am  
hurting and embarrassed because the man I promised everything to is  
breaking  
all  
the  
promises  
he  
gave  
to  
me.

# The Days Are Lost

Jen Ball

What did I do to make leaving me seem like a viable option?  
What made me become unwanted? It would be easier if he  
was able to make a decision.

waiting is Hell.

waiting is a trap.

waiting is...

hope dwindling..

I'm considering giving up...I can't make him stay.

Why is my life going in this direction? Why can't I seem to  
break through? What the fuck am I doing wrong? Did I not  
make enough sacrifices? Or too many? Did I give him too  
much support and as a consequence he's seen how it can be  
without me? Did I give him too much freedom?

# The Days Are Lost

Jen Ball

The answer is yelling so LOUDLY IN MY HEAD but it's a paradox.

I dedicated myself to being better every day and it's leading to the demise of a relationship that had false pretenses. What part of all of this dedicated itself to the beginning of the end?

He's talking to me just the same as before. Which doesn't do anything to improve the clarity or gravity of the situation. But I know why. He's hoping I'll realize his cordiality and become disassociated with his true emotions.

He wants to

be

f r e e.

# The Days Are Lost

Jen Ball

I'm his trap. I am his "waiting". But I have been fighting.

And what for? For him to leave me? It's not fair that he won't decide. The fact that he's even considering it lends itself to further destruction.

My heart was once a strong piece of architecture that I had built with all the disappointments of my other relationships.

This one was  
supposed  
to be  
the glue.

I've been staring a lot. Trying to fade my thoughts into nothingness. But then I realize that that's the best way to show others my pain. So I try to look at...

instead of ~~stare through~~.

Can I continue? Will I be O K?

# The Days Are Lost

Jen Ball

Tuesday, February 5, 2013

- I beg him to make a decision
- I tell him I've made a backup plan...hoping that will make the idea of being without me become more real and scary.
- It backfires..
- At 8:30 PM he says he wants to go through with the divorce.
- The end has come to life.

# Flight

Andrea  
Hostetter

Oil Paint



# Innocent Green Eyes

Kathryne Mattingly

A mother lays silent with her daughter, trembling hand still lying on the phone receiver, the phone call that will change their lives forever. “Mommy, when is daddy coming home? Doesn’t he love us anymore?” It was the question she could never answer. Anyway, the truth-the hopes for a better life for herself and her daughter- was something she wouldn’t understand for a long time. The phone call from the hospital didn’t come as a shock to the woman who had loved a man who didn’t deserve what she had given him, a beautiful little girl; she sadly had always expected this to happen. The day he finally learned his lesson he had no more mistakes to make.



# Innocent Green Eyes

Kathryne Mattingly

Alcohol's harsh side-effects would never be near the little girl again. She promised herself every day that the toll that had been taken on her daughter's youth would go nowhere but up after she left the only man she ever loved. The band aids placed by an innocent child on her mother's foot the night the glass pan was thrown across the room was the evidence for a need of change; change that might save both their lives. Every second that passed after each flashback of a moment of useless abuse made her hate herself that much more for not leaving sooner.

# Innocent Green Eyes

Kathryne Mattingly

At the hospital she sits with the loved ones that sat speechless. He had the habits of an intoxicated driver since anyone had known him, and at age 26 his lifestyle had done more than ruin his life. The look on his little girl's face when her mother told her that her daddy was never coming back was the worst thing that had ever happened because of that man's life, and he wasn't even there to catch the sudden streams of tears that fell from his baby girl's innocent green eyes.

# Innocent Green Eyes

Kathryne Mattingly

The man who had broken the only heart that mattered was now a paraplegic. To the girl he was much like one of her baby dolls that had to be fed and changed. She would have a conversation with her daddy but have to speak both parts. Even in her four year old mind she kept asking “Why? Why did this happen to Daddy?” Over the next couple of years there would be arguments and other unimportant disagreements that put the little girl in the middle. She would watch her father sit in his wheelchair and wonder why they were both being forced to suffer. She matured faster than she was ever supposed to and still so young in other ways. A child should never be forced to carry around such a sad burden. The choices of her favorite man had now made him the stupidest man.

# Innocent Green Eyes

Kathryne Mattingly

She only wishes he would have made choices for her.

Nine years and eleven days after her father wrecked his truck along with the life of the little girl, he died. The girl is sad and relieved, relieved that her father no longer has to suffer but sad because now there is no miracle that can heal him. She sits in the pew watching much of the same people that came to the hospital and listened to the great things people had to say about her father. Sure funerals are for celebrating a life and everyone is supposed to say great things about a person, but what about the truth? What about him leaving a family behind because he was so selfish?

# Innocent Green Eyes

Kathryne Mattingly

To think that a child went through and overcame the obstacles in a childhood like this one created is devastating ,but for this little girl it was mine. The hardest part of this whole thing is watching my little brother, who was one at the time of the accident, sobs because he was never able to meet him. I met him, loved him, and dealt with the aftermath of his life. Maybe my brother is the lucky one, I think from time to time. Although, my brother doesn't even remember my father and still sits in pain because of his mistakes. In all reality, my father is the lucky one. He got to leave this world with all the messes he refused to clean up. He didn't have to sit and watch me cry over him like my mother did. He didn't have to sit and watch his family bury his body like our friends did. He didn't have to pick up the pieces of my broken heart as my mother told me he was never going to get well. Leaving was his biggest mistake.

# Innocent Green Eyes

Kathryne Mattingly

The most evident lesson I have learned from this tragedy is that drinking kills lives beyond the deceased. I refuse to ever let alcohol become a necessity and take over my entire life like he did. Every time I hear about a drunk-driving accident, I cringe. I wonder how people could be so ignorant to the effects this behavior causes, but then I remember that I only know because of my childhood. For that I am thankful, because without this incident I might be just as ignorant as everyone else. I will also work hard to have a handle on my life to where I don't have a reason to run from my mistakes. You could say that my father has made me a better person, but I would never give him that much credit. My father has made an impact on my life that is truly unforgettable, but his mistake does not define me.

# Mountains Beckons Heather

Senada Tola

Photography

Third Place Art  
Award





# China Tea Pots

Sharon  
Clements





# A Care Package of Moon and Stars

James Harper

I see them in pictures – movies on DVDs  
The girls are seen perfectly but they can't see me  
She giggles and squirms – looks just like her mom  
It's obvious to tell she don't know that I'm gone  
So I guess that I'm lucky if you can believe  
At least I can watch them through photos and DVDs

"Enlist today! Protect and serve your country!"  
Looking back on it now, I wish I'd have punched me  
And said,  
"Put down the pen! What are you on?  
They'll take you from them – the ones that you love."

But how was I to know what I know now  
I was oblivious to the plot of events that'd go down  
I never expected my life would be altered  
By two females – SLAM – my wheels got all turned

The happiest moments soon crash to the Earth  
Deployed to a warzone one month after birth  
So who's got it worst? Is it them or I?  
They have to deal with the fact I could die

All I do is miss them and look to the sky  
I guess the moon and the stars are the same for my wife  
So my baby won't know me – it isn't that bad  
Infinite others will never see their dads

# Not For Me

Ashley L. Cobb

She walks and talks like a beauty queen,  
She's a regular from the movie screens,  
She's numb to love and everything in between-  
Oh, but she's not the one for me.  
She's hell with her fire,  
Makes a man feel desire,  
Got a smile to set your flames,  
But she's nothing you can tame.  
She's going to walk a mile and more,

Leave you wanting at the door,  
And as you see her parting figure,  
You know you're going to miss her.  
Oh, but she's not the one for me.  
Point out the next victim-  
God's going to kick him  
For holding his heart out to her,  
Heavenly devil, for sure...  
Oh, but she's not the one for me.

# Swirly Broomstick Pot

Mandey Clark

Ceramic



# A Tribute

## Diane McCloskey

To he who understood the imaginings of  
childhood. We are forevergrateful.  
All he did was rhyme.  
And he made up words, and he made up  
creatures  
And he made up ridiculous scenarios.  
And the more ridiculous, the better.  
And he illustrated some and the  
illustrations were as crazy as the plots.  
Sometimes there were no plots, no  
reason, no rhyme.  
Still his popularity soared.  
Parents cherished him—children adored  
him...  
Over and over and over.  
The Cat in the Hat,  
One Fish, Two Fish, Red Fish, Blue Fish.  
Children understood him,

Parents could read him,  
He most definitely understood children.  
He has resonated through generations,  
As popular now as he was then—  
Timeless.  
May he reign forever in the hearts of  
babes  
And the young at heart as well.  
Our dearest friend  
We love him so  
So many books  
We've come to know  
Dr. Seuss,  
You're our best friend  
We'll always love you,  
Start to end.

# China Bird

Sharon  
Clements



# Jaime's Pottery

Vikki Kern

Mixed Media

Second Place Art  
Award





# Zombie Song

Lee Elder

Honorable Mention Written Award

Blessed Mercy Hospital loomed tall and silent in the night. The halls stood dark, so silent that any sound seemed to echo on forever. There were no patients here, no doctors, and no nurses. The only ones who came to stay were the dead.

The basement of Blessed Mercy was still used. Many bodies laid cold and dark in their refrigerated tombs, awaiting their final fate. Most that ended up at Blessed Mercy were not likely to be missed by loved ones any time soon. They were who he came for.

The fluorescent lights came on as the large man walked underneath, the bulb humming and flickering with energy and shutting back off once he passed. The man held a cane in one hand, the tip clicking in rhythm with his steps. In the other hand he carried a briefcase; gold lettering spelling out “Baron Blues” etched onto the dark leather gleamed in the flickering light.

# Zombie Song

Lee Elder

The Baron stopped as he reached the door, setting the briefcase down. Reaching out, he grabbed the knob. The door was locked. Dark eyes narrowing from under the hat, he let go and ran his thick fingers over the close trimmed hair on his cheek.

Taking a step back, he lifted the cane and pressed the silver tip against the steel lock. The air started to grow warm, the must of dampness and mildew giving away to a faint hint of burning sulfur. The stench mixed with the smell of burning metal as the tip of the cane began to melt the lock. A slight push caused the tip to sink into the melting metal. Baron Blues gave a twist of his wrist to turn the cane. The metal groaned as it was twisted before a crack thundered through the dark hallway.



# Zombie Song

Lee Elder

When the cane pulled away, the knob fell to the ground. The door slowly opened, sliding quietly on the oiled hinges. With a wide grin on his face, Baron Blues picked up his briefcase and strolled into the morgue, flipping the light switch.

The room smelled of disinfectant and air conditioner. When The Baron flipped the switch, icy white light filled the room. The burnished steel and pale surfaces were all visible, but nothing really seemed to shine. Most people would describe the place as cold, clinical, uninviting.

# Zombie Song

Lee Elder

Baron Blues walked over to one of the autopsy table, his shadow shifted and stretched toward the wall of body lockers. The man set the briefcase onto the table, pressing the controls to pop the latches. Lifting the lid and reaching inside, he pulled out a box and opened it. Inside was a harmonica. The top and bottom of the instrument were a dark, rusty red in color, with the mouthpiece and air holes bone white.

Behind him, the shadow continued to stretch and grow, stretching from wall to wall. Its blackness crawled up row after row of the steel doors, climbing its way up toward the ceiling. It did not take long for the shadow to encompass the entire wall, clinging to every refrigerated vault door.

# Zombie Song

Lee Elder

Baron Blues turned around to face the cold storage units. Licking his lips, he brought the harmonica up to his mouth. Closing his eyes, The Baron took a deep breath through his nose. Bring the instrument to his lips, he played. The sound that came out was not a musical note, but an agonized scream.

The fluorescent bulbs shattered, flashing like lightning before going dark as shards of glass rained down. The steel doors ripped from their hinges, clanging as they fell to the floor. Each tray thrusts forward, thumping as the castors reached the end of their rails.

Waiting in the darkness, The Baron stood and stared in the direction of the bodies. The scream slowly faded, echoing off the walls before finally growing silent. Clearing his throat he took a deep breath and brought the harmonica back up to his mouth. Once more, he blew through the instrument.

# Zombie Song

Lee Elder

Wails and screams, moans and groans blended into a macabre melody of agony and suffering. Child and adult, man and woman, the pained cries of all came from the small instrument, mixing into a song of suffering.

From the tables, faint groans arose. Fingers twitched and legs shifted as dead muscles tried to flex and move. Eyelids ripped open to reveal sightless orbs, or empty sockets. Joints popped and cracked as bones were forced to move. The groans grew louder, turning into shrieks of agony that blended with the sounds from the harmonica.

Cold corpses started to move. Grabbing the edges of the table, their bodies started to pull themselves upright. Rancid air escaped from lungs that have gone unused. Spines groaned and creaked as they were forced to rise up from the cold metal surfaces. Turning, the animated dead moved to stand up.

# Zombie Song

Lee Elder

The ones closest to the floor rose first. Their stiff bodies moved to a strange rhythm created by the screams. Lurching forward, they shambled toward the source of the sounds like dogs being called by a whistle. Stopping within arm's reach of The Baron, they waited as more of the dead continued to rise and walk.

Baron Blues continued to play the strange instrument, unleashing a melody of tormented wails. He could feel their presence, lifeless servants awaiting the commands of their creator. The group continued to grow, more of the bodies rising and approaching, seeming to sway in time to the rhythm. The Baron reached the end of his song, pulling the harmonica away from his mouth.

# Zombie Song

Lee Elder

The last of the screams echoed away into silence. The room became still except for the breathing of the only living person there, the smell of the air conditioner mixing with cold, rotting meat. Turning his back to the unmoving forms, The Baron placed the instrument back into its box and returned it to his briefcase. Grabbing the case's handle and his cane, The Baron headed for the door.

The crowd parted around him, letting him pass through without any trouble. As he passed, the animated bodies moved in behind Baron Blues, following after him. The Baron's cane tapped on the floor, marking the rhythm of his step. His shoes stepped on the glass remnants of the shattered bulbs. Struggling to get through the doorway, the creatures followed him, their bare feet sliding along the linoleum floor as they shambled after him toward the stairs. It would not be long until they left Blessed Mercy Hospital, and were out in the world under the command of Baron Blues.

# It's Cheesy

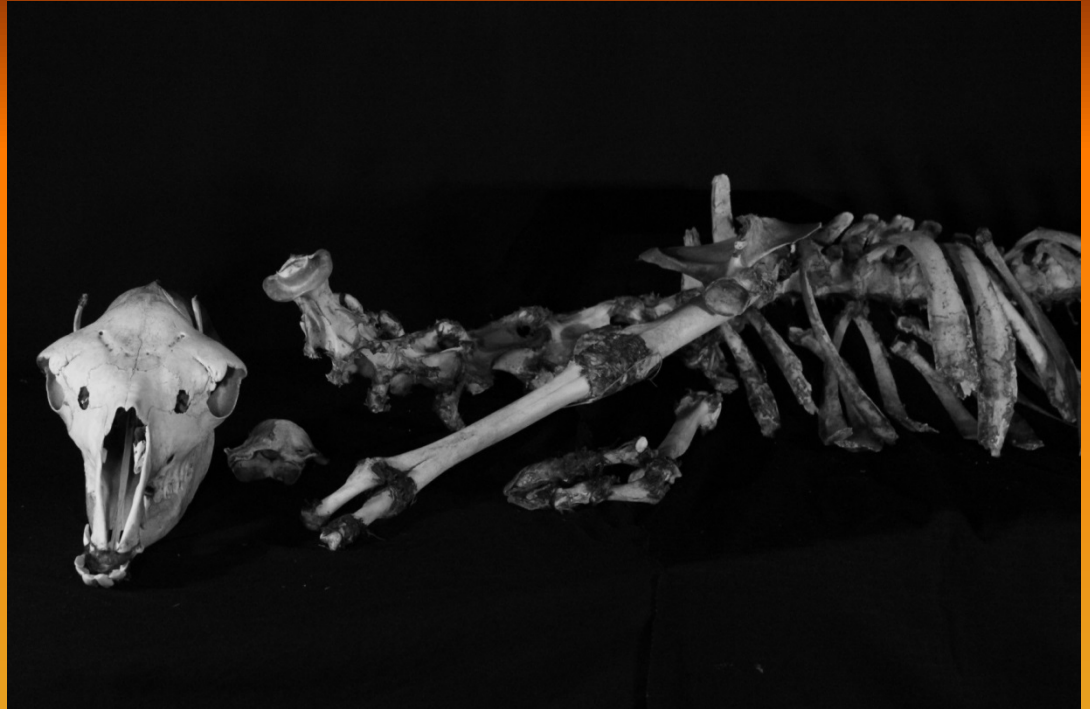
Kaitlyn Milspaw

It's cheesy, I know.  
I've been over it all in my head.  
I've been rehearsing it, I swear.  
But the moment you looked at me,  
The words flew out the backdoor of my mind,  
And cheesy is all I can think of.  
I know what I want to say,  
But then you look at me like this,  
And whisper my name like that.  
All sense is lost and I fall into you.  
Pretty words disappear and speech is useless.  
All I can do is cling to you as you turn my word upside down,  
Yet again.

# Llama Skeleton

Santitos  
“Sandy”  
Rodriguez

Digital  
Photography





# Submission Information

Professor Matthews

In order to submit your work to be considered for publication, send it to my email address:

Mike.Matthews@ctcd.edu

Include your contact information with your submission:

Email address, phone number, and physical mailing address.

I begin taking submissions at the start of each Fall semester. The deadline for submissions is the end of the second week of February.

Sincerely,

Mike Matthews,

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Mike Matthews,

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"My heart is in limbo."

*Ball*

"The last of the screams echoed away into silence."

*Elder*

"No, I'm hearing things, this place is empty."

*Harper*

"I think how a single word could shrink the gap between us."

*Omordia*

"Then it hit me, over the head, with a shoe."

*Chondie*

"The words flew out the backdoor of my mind."

*Milspaw*

"Hey idiot, move up!"

*Cowart*

"I might be just as ignorant as everyone else."

*Mattingly*