

# BYWAYS

JOURNAL OF ARTS & LETTERS  
SPRING 2016



# BYWAYS

Imagination can be a beautiful thing.

Adele Mark, Student Editor.

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JOURNAL OF ARTS & LETTERS

SPRING 2016

Second Edition

## COVER ART

Mantis - PHOTOGRAPH - CURTIS SWALLEY

Second Place Art

## POSTER ART

Sabrina - OIL ON BOARD - RON RICH

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# Aniya Ren'ee

Jarrad Sonny Liston Maryboy



pen and pencil

# Childhood

Honorable Mention Written

Natosha Bielefeld

Freckled face and bare feet

piggy-tails pulled up neat.

I would like to say cute little dresses and shiny shoes,

but anyone who knows me knows that's not true.

Puppy bathed in anything but a tub

puppy not the only one needing a bath now, rub-a-dub.

Long hours playing in the sun

pinecone grenades and a stick for a gun.

Tommy-toe tomatoes straight off the vine

what's a little dirt, it will be fine.

Listening to an angel's voice while being lazy on a swing.

How I loved to hear Mommaw sing.

Her fingers running through my hair

my barefoot swinging in the air.

Going for walks with Poppaw, swung to his shoulders

holding on by his hair in my little fingers.

Learning virtues and the difference between right and wrong

learning to respect others and church songs.

Knowing big trouble was ahead if we heard mamma say,

"Wait 'til we get home today."

Sitting in church listening to the preacher

or in Sunday school with our teacher.

Guidance, respect, and the meaning of work are the things we learned

still having fun never having to yearn.

Dirty toes and muddy clothes

army men stood in rows.

Rocks and mud were our joys  
we didn't need television or expensive toys.  
Simpler times and friendlier folks  
never too busy to laugh at jokes.  
Blowing fluff from dandelions and smelling flowers,  
the magic of a child's imagination had true power.  
Fairytale were true and there were pots of gold beyond a rainbow.  
Love was real and so was a scrape on your elbow.  
There were no limits to things you could do  
climbing trees and wearing no shoes.  
Pools were ponds and spending a day at a lake was the best in the world  
fishing with my dad 'cause I was daddy's little girl.  
Cooking and food brought lots of family fun.  
Not going inside until the street lights were on.  
Family and love go hand in hand.  
Life in the country was always grand.  
Giving directions in minutes instead of miles  
no GPS tracking, only driving and smiles.  
Living on a road where everyone knows you  
and if you were in trouble your parents knew before you.  
Jumping a fence to pick peaches and eating them until you were sick  
or playing in mud digging up worms with a stick.  
Speaking of worms, how many times did I hear  
"don't play in mud barefoot you will get worms, did you hear?"  
Dogs licked your face sometimes your teeth  
but we didn't care, they were kisses you see.  
All the beautiful and innocent things of life gone by  
the thought of it makes me cry.  
Oh, how I wish my kids knew that life like that was good  
because in my time it was the best childhood.

# Desolation Within I's Penchant

First Place Art

Natasha Hettick



acrylic, oil, water

# Silent Tears

Second Place Written

Phyllis D. Smith

Clad in worn khaki's and a black Pea Coat  
He wrestled tirelessly with a huge, metal trunk  
Pulling with strength not used in sometime  
Inside, there were things he had to find  
He tugged and lugged it through the hall  
Backing and bumping into the walls  
Give up? No, not he  
There simply were things he had to see  
Thump, bump, bump, bump  
Sounds continued from the big, heavy trunk  
But he could not yet rest  
Just a little farther he had to go  
To find out what he needed to know  
Around the corner and to a chair  
Then he could explore, what was in there  
Seated and comfortable, he popped the lid  
And bundles of his past from inside, slid  
Books, pictures and a note of adieu  
Silent tears fell as he read it  
Through and through  
Yes... he once, was loved

# Pawns

Sylvia Thompson

We are two different pawns

Light or dark

Who is to decide

For dark could become light

And light could become dark

In just a moment in time

Living in a world full of hate, crimes, lies, and deceit

Hoping for a world full of love and peace

Moving in different directions and at different speeds

Whom is to decide who is right or wrong

Whom is to decide who is light or dark

Whom is to decide who to die or live

For both are trying to control their path

For both are trying to succeed in life

For both are trying to remain alive

Who will the champion be

When they don't even know what path to decide to live

Or they can decide to become one

Instead of continuing to live a separate life

But they will continue to be pawns

Who will continue to sustain a side

Light or dark

# Carry On

Amber Otwell



charcoal, ink and quill

# Our Tomorrow

Sasha Martinez

Give my future its youth back.

Take away the stress of what we hold for them.

Let's teach them the pain of our past, our struggles of today, but

let's not strap it upon their backs to hold with us now, and for their time to come. It is not about shielding them, but let's give them their chance to create their own minds, and find their own aspirations behind their own struggles that are to push them to where they are meant to be. Give my future its youth back. Let's take back the sight of these child mothers, not because it's wrong, but it's because they should not have to figure out the future two times ahead of them. Take these boys who stand with a man's shadow, away from these attributes that no man should have to hold at such age. We are holding death of innocence in our arms, cradling them not to long after the birth, to just to an early death. No life lived, if they did not live what our present lives have seen. Their judgment should be minuscule to ours. They should not see through the hate eyes, but the impartial eyes. Give my future its youth back. My future should not be scared, or feel fear of tomorrow because of the truths that we have lived, because their truths might not be theirs tomorrow. I want the joy of simple understanding to fill the hearts of our future. I need them to be the honest future that we need, not the pain of past that ours felt, or that we have seen. But we must change today, while they are living happily, with no care of the deck we have been dealt. I just want the future to have its youth back.

# The Future of Me

Stormee Wood

Today is the day that I hoped it would be,  
A new adventure, the plan I so valiantly stood by.  
My heart is full and beating rhythmically,  
To that girl, to that woman, to the future of me.

Now the skies are painted blue as you can see,  
The grey rain clouds may have parted as well,  
Emerald leaves reappeared on the old withered oak tree.  
The mirror holds no lies, to the future of me.

The waves in the ocean, and the bluest of seas  
Calmed after the reckless, merciless storm,  
I am there in my boat, begging "Oh please!"  
But nothing can rattle the future of me.

Now the sun is out shining so brightly on thee  
The warm glow is undoubtedly comforting me,  
The azaleas so full of life, swarmed by angry bees  
Resilient as nature, that's the future of me.

# Call of the Lion

Jarrad Sonny Liston Maryboy



pen and pencil

# Poor Mama Screamed

Phyllis D. Smith

In the dark of night, from a bar he took flight  
Stumbling and barely finding his way home  
Away from the place he'd previously roamed  
One thing on his mind as he looked to find  
The daily poison that renders him blind  
He tied the rubber hose into a loop  
And searched from the vein he planned to shoot  
Giving no thought, care or concern  
To the lives he would obviously ruin  
He pushed the needle in deep  
And crimson, hot fluid began to seep  
His mama walked through the door and yelled  
Boy! Do you really want to go to Hell?  
Slowly, his eyes rolled back into his head  
Possibly, he was already dead  
The tainted needle tumbled on to his clothes  
He stirred and managed to loosen the splattered hose  
His body slumped forward and he appeared to doze  
The very next day, he repeated the scene  
And again, his poor mama screamed

# Flower

Madison Critchfield



photograph

# Leaves

Curtis Swalley



photograph

# Daily Enemy

Third Place Written  
Angelica Concepcion

I've made enemies with my every nerve,  
Or perhaps they have made one of me.  
In any case, for suffering I have a developed high reserve.  
It's early and the chills settle, seeping through my bones,  
Heavy and stubborn like boulders.  
By now, I imagine my limbs must be made up of stones.  
Glass cracks along the more precious point of my spine.  
Like a leafy branch in the wind,  
I bend and sway with no clear, straight line.  
By the afternoon, my arms are sore from carrying the norm  
And, bruising like apple skins,  
They twitch and tremble in no neat form.  
Tonight, Rest is elusive and chills continue creeping  
Like icicles to the knees  
They jab and prick to keep me from sleeping  
Still  
Yesterday, Today, Tomorrow- no difference!  
A mess of nerves,  
I am older than I am in the cruelest sense.

# From Time to Time

Sylvia Thompson

As we stare into each other's eyes  
I sense the fire that drives us to fuck each other  
From time to time

Our secret casual encounters  
Ignite my desire to want you and need you  
From time to time

Every time I am with you  
I want to kiss you and embrace you  
From time to time

I like hearing you moan loudly  
As you interlock your fingers with mine  
As you penetrate me deeply  
From time to time

From time to time will become days, weeks, months, years  
Until from time to time becomes our secret other lives.

**Sabrina**  
Third Place Art  
Ron Rich



oil on board

# The Smooth and Soft Sound

Madison Critchfield

The smooth and soft sound of a violin can play a melody of forgotten dreams. Dreams of battle and survival, dreams of adventure.

Running through the woods as you are chased by the police. Starting a rebellion for those who are unable to fight.

A snowy landscape washed in the orange light of a setting sun.

The beginning of an adventure that will take you to exotic places.

A chant of war, called through the alpine trees dressed in white and black. With nothing but the clothes on your back and a sword you set out to find a place to belong. A place of wonder.

The smooth and soft sound of a violin can play a melody of emotions.

The smooth and quiet melody of a broken heart. They gently cry of someone who has been broken by the one they gave everything to. A gentle cry of love.

A symphony of electric notes composed into sections of strong emotions. First a strong and fiery composition of power and life flowed by the smooth and softness of a cool and gentle breeze. A majestic and beautiful coordination of note follows like a beautiful flower. All tied into a bunch by the notes of a day of dancing in the rain.

The smooth and soft sound of a violin can play a melody of dreams and emotions unlike any other.

# Night

Jessica Appelman

Sit and stay into the night,  
It is safe with the sun and day,  
Before you know it everything will be all right.

There are things at night that look for a fight,  
The sun's rays and morning dew keep them at bay,  
Sit and stay into the night.

You must wait for the hour when everything is bright,  
It will not be long now,  
Before you know it everything will be all right.

If you leave now your dreams will be filled with fright,  
Come and sit down, Stay,  
Sit and stay into the night.

The creatures of the night are filled with might,  
When the moon shows its face,  
Before you know it everything will be all right.

And you, when you are out at night you will be in a plight,  
Do not leave just yet, wait for the day,  
Sit and stay into the night,  
Before you know it everything will be all right.

# Too Horse to Play

Honorable Mention Art

Jarrad Sonny Liston Maryboy



pen and pencil

# The Artist

Natosha Bielefeld

Beautiful paintings and works made of clay,  
I would sit and watch him all day.  
Vivid blues and many hues,  
seemingly hundreds of paints in tubes.  
Silent man with steel blue eyes  
a stormy sea or clear summer skies.  
Always teaching and loving to show.  
My love for art with him did grow.  
All because of the artist you see  
but this artist was a lot like me.  
Sometimes quiet, sometimes loud,  
sometimes quietly observing the crowd.  
So many things from him one could learn  
if one took the time to listen, his stories you would earn.  
Brilliant mind, gentle hands  
weaving magic with his plans.  
A deer crossing a stream.  
Mighty boats ran by steam.  
All coming to life on his canvas what ever it may be  
clay, boards, hats, plates, and anything he could see.  
Visionary and wise,  
watching him breathe life.  
Old Cherokee with his pipe.  
Plate of fruit that was ripe.  
Happy trees and bubbling brooks  
more beautiful than anything in books.  
He was indeed like me this artist you see  
for he was my grandfather and he was me.  
His art flowed through clay, paint, and various works  
my art flowing from me in words.  
How I would have loved to work by his side  
my words and his pictures bringing things to life.  
But alas he is gone now to heaven above  
never again to grace us with the colors that he loved.  
One day again I will see him way above the sky  
staring back at me with his steel blue eyes.  
Until then grandpa you will be  
painting angels in heaven and watching over me.

# Siren

First Place Written  
Tyler Tenorio

The heart is a storm. The mind is a sea.  
The siren song leads along the breeze, though  
The heart is blinded where the mind would see.

She sings of the strong man he used to be,  
How with speed he would run and with might he'd throw.  
The heart is blinded where the mind would see.

The siren sings of the proud man he used to be,  
He'd sing of his glory so all would know.  
The heart is a storm. The mind is a sea.

She sings of the love that was once his key,  
Who once brought him peace, whose kindness would glow.  
The heart is blinded where the mind would see.

His love had grown sick. Her soul soon set free.  
How he could continue, he did not know.  
The heart is a storm. The mind is a sea.

The voice of his love echoes from below  
To the depths, she sings, and so he will go  
The heart is a storm. The mind is a sea.  
The heart is blinded where the mind would see.

# Epilogue

Byways, is the Journal of Arts and Letters that has been a road atlas for students of the real world in artistic expressions. These students have made their way through imagination and creativity, challenging themselves in the creative process. It is in this striving to let their better be their best work that we recognize and therefore, reward.

It has been a privileged tour from the sidelines as we watched the braiding and weaving of creativity from students of Central Texas College. Their creative minds have been charged with intensity and vivid imaginations. Long are the memorable paths of their works since the conception and first publication of the Byways, Journal of Arts and Letters in the Spring of 2001.

The Awards Committee, CTC Library Staff, the Faculty Advisors, and the Student Board Editors of the past and present have been proud to be a part of the symbolic standard of some of CTC's best and brightest future artists and literary writers of America.

We are hopeful that students of the real world will continue to enchant and delight our readers and supporters with their submitted works en route to their future accomplishments in pursuit of higher education and professionalism.

On behalf of Central Texas College, your Student Editors for 2016, and our Faculty Advisor, English Professor Mike Matthews and Dean of Library Services, Deba Swan, we again thank all of you for your submitted works to Byways.

Adele Mark  
Student Editor  
Byways 2016

# LETTER FROM PROFESSOR MATTHEWS

Hello to all Central Texas College students,

Byways is a student journal of writing and arts. It is open for all CTC students enrolled in any CTC classes to submit their art work and their creative writing to be considered for publication. The only requirement to be eligible to submit work to Byways is that the artist or writer must be an enrolled CTC student during the time Byways accepts submissions. Byways is only open to CTC students for publication. I would like to encourage all of you to submit your creative written work, short fiction, poetry, creative non-fiction, drama, art work, paintings, sculptures, metal works, etc., to Byways. Make sure that your work is well proofed. To submit artwork, send a digital photo of your work. Send any work as an attachment. Submit writing in either Rich Text Format (.rtf), or as a Word Document (.doc). Digital pictures can be submitted in any of the JPEG (.jpg) formats.

In order to submit your work to be considered for publication, send it to my email address:  
[Mike.Matthews@ctcd.edu](mailto:Mike.Matthews@ctcd.edu)

Include your contact information with your submission in the main body of the email: Email address, phone number, physical mailing address, and student ID number.

I begin taking submissions at the start of each Fall semester. The deadline for submissions is the end of the second week of February. Please limit the number of submissions to three. Choose your best three pieces, any genre, and send them as attachments. Please submit your original art. Reproductions of someone else's artwork may be considered not your original artwork and, therefore, may be omitted from the voting process.

I would also like to invite anyone interested in being a student editor. If you are interested in learning about how to put together a journal and you have interest in creative writing and art, please talk with me.

Sincerely,

A handwritten signature in black ink that reads "Mike Matthews". The signature is written in a cursive style with a long horizontal flourish at the end.

Mike Matthews,

Professor Communications, CTC Central Campus

"...grass cracks along the more precious points of my spine..."  
Daily Enemies (Concepcion)

"...possibly, he's already dead." Poor Mama Screamed (Smith)

"...the heart is blinded where the mind would see." *Siren* (Tenorio)

"...until then grandpa you will be painting angels in heaven..."  
The Artist (Bielefeld)

"...but nothing can rattle the future of me..."  
The Future of Me (Wood)

"...all the beautiful and innocent things of life gone, the thought of  
it makes me cry." Childhood (Bielefeld)

"...we are holding death of innocence in our arms..."  
Our Tomorrow (Martinez)

"...give my future its youth back..." Our Tomorrow (Martinez)

