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Fall 2010

Miscellany

Lisa Ragsdale

Georgia Southern University

Haley Johnson

Georgia Southern University

Amy Dexter

Georgia Southern University

Danielle Schudder

Georgia Southern University

Jessie Frary

Georgia Southern University

See next page for additional authors

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Contributing Creators

Lisa Ragsdale, Haley Johnson, Amy Dexter, Danielle Schudder, Jessie Frary, Laura Williamson, Kaylee Landress, Sydney Chapman, John Pope, Anna Ford, Ryan Caronongan, Lee Guentert, Jacob Riley King, Kate Felzien, Chad Cleand, Michael Carter, Kayla Hurley, Ben Mitchell, Philip Clements, Robby Hurd, Zachary Pullen, Latoya Davis, Xavier Best, Jennifer Maldonado, Jason Newton, Brandon Giuella, Thomas Akins, Benjamin Easterwood, Megan Sutherland, Michael Sapp, Stella Oloyede, Matthew Lane, Neeka Burns, Heath Harrington, Patrick Schuler, Patrick Lewis, Christina Lyn Riley, Gracie Kessenich, Victoria Evans, and Gerrard Davis

Fall 2010

Miscellany

Magazine of the Arts



Georgia Southern University

Miscellany

--Magazine of the Arts--

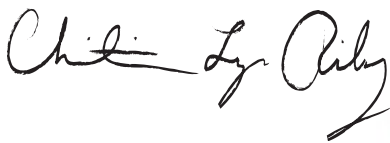
Notes from the Editors:

Hi Readers,

Thanks for reading the Miscellany! In this issue I really wanted to explore our childhood-like freedom and innocence of mind. When I first received our cover art picture, I immediately knew I want to use this as the cover and as the theme for this edition.

In college, we're all transitioning from that stage of being a child to being an adult. And while most of our childhood will remain distant memories, there are some things we should carry with us---our belief in absolute freedom and that life is full of endless possibilities. That said, I just want to encourage you to never stop believing that anything is possible! Do what you love and love what you do. Keep being awesome and keep doing good stuff!

All the Best,



Christina Lyn Riley
Editor-in-Chief

Hey Guys,

I am the new Managing Editor for the Miscellany. I've been on a magazine three years prior, and I could not be more excited to be on a magazine again. I could not be happier to be back in the swing of things.

On a completely different note, this semester's magazine has been a total blast to create for you. I have been a fan of childhood and childlike behavior for years. Not too many people remember their younger days. If they do though, however briefly, it's usually a fond memory. This magazine, I hope, brings those memories back. I remember playing Pretend with my friends in the backyard, running in the rain, making mud pies for our make-believe guests in our make-believe restaurant, and hoping that it rained enough so those make-believe guests can have drinks. I want people to remember what they were like as kids. We thought anything was possible - we could fly to countries across the globe and be back at home in time for mac 'n' cheese and a Yoohoo. We all need to lighten up a bit, laugh more and enjoy. Just for a moment, stop worrying about grown up stuff and smile.

Make it a Great Day,



Gracie Kessenich
Managing Editor



Submissions:

The Miscellany Magazine of the Arts is the student literary arts magazine of Georgia Southern University, published once a semester by Student Media. Each semester students submit writings and artwork that is judged by faculty, staff, and students for publication.

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Mirror Image
Chad Cleand, Junior

"Freedom is that which can never be obtained.
Wars have been waged at the cost of millions, but
the status of freelance never altered."

Blank stares coincide with
Reflections of my broken promises.

Refusing to relent in
Battles of screams overtaking silence.

Desperate cries endlessly gain strength
As the clock clicks.

A shattered mirror litters the floor
Gathering fragments of truth.

Images then reveal,
The problem never resided in me.
Only in you.

My Ray of Sunshine
Kayla Hurley, Junior

"Freedom is making my own mistakes"

Without my ray of sunshine, my world won't be as bright
My dreams won't be as big as I fall asleep tonight

My grandma was my number one, and still to me will be
The most brilliant ray of sunshine for everyone to see

She gave me memories of shopping trips, laughter with no end
Her love for me was so much more than I could comprehend

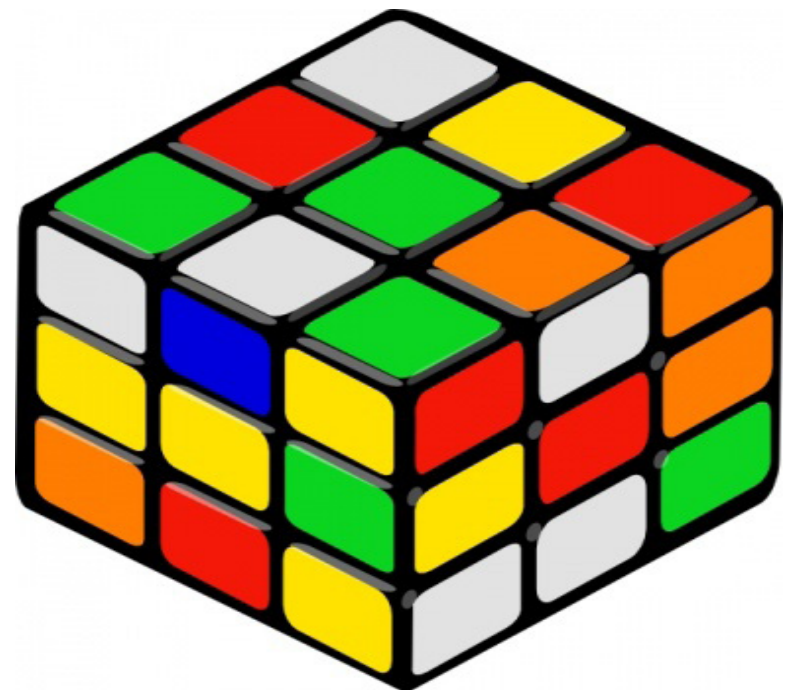
No matter what it was, or what I did, grandma always wanted
part
From graduation to gymnastics meets, or all my scribbled art

Although those days are over now, great memories still remain
Those brilliant rays of sunshine, gleaming through this rain

Ms. Pavement Preacher
Michael Carter, Senior

"Freedom is the ability we all have to express
ourselves creatively through any and all mediums.
I do not think people understand how important it
is to find something that inspires them. Once we
find ourselves creatively, everything else about us
will fall into place."

You stood on the corner of 85 and Stewart Street
Preaching the jagged edges of Jesus
In tattered blue jeans and a t-shirt.
Your headphones drowned out
The morning traffic and crooning sirens.
Back and forth on the sidewalk,
I saw your sermon every morning.
I waved and you called me a savior
Without even knowing my name.
Close your windows and lock your doors
Some whispered while slowing to a stop
Four feet from your pulpit,
They prayed for the green light
Their bothered glances pierced only air.
But your voice still poured each morning
And I always waved to you
To know how it felt to be a savior.



Things Fall Apart

John Pope, Grad Student

"Freedom is being able to pursue any activity and participate in anything that makes one feel good. I feel one should be able to do something as long as it is not hurting other people."

Back at the hotel, the room smelled like stale beer and traces of dank tobacco. The floor was wet from the leaking cooler. As we shuffled into the room, I found the balcony and sat in a chair. There were no stars shining tonight. We couldn't see them even if they were. Everything was dark. I faced my chair halfway between the rails of the balcony opposite the sliding glass door so I could watch her walk around the room. I loved watching her; I hated watching them.

They were talking about something only they knew about and were trying to relate it to everyone else. I turned my chair towards the black night and took another drink. I smoked some more and thought about her. The smoke slid through the cracks of the rail. The rail felt cold and weak like old prison bars. I took another drink.

"Remember that time..." she said. I tuned out and looked away. Taking another drink, I looked up and noticed a crack in the glass.

"What about the time..." he said. I stood up, the first time in half an hour, and slowly pulled the door along its track, careful not to disturb the party. I smoked some more and took another drink.

It had begun to rain. The clouds had been

slowly creeping for some time now, like desire welling up inside a virgin's thighs. I watched her. I watched her watching me. Her gray eyes pierced through the drunken haze and late night laughter, stabbing my heart with a clumsy dagger. It was the same one we used to cut the tension of two years past. And the same one we used to penetrate the backs of those we loved and those we knew would never love us again. It rained harder. Harder and harder it came down and lightning flashed in her eyes and released her loving stare. I turned to the black and took another drink.

Sitting on the bed, she drank her drink and forced a smile. Standing alone, he opened a beer and held back a frown. The crack in the glass door ran from the ceiling to the green carpet, cutting the room in half. Opposites only attract sometimes and eventually everything must fall apart. They were divided and the crack ran straight through me. It was still raining as I finished my drink. I needed another one.

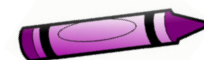
"I'm going down to the lobby," he said. I carefully slid open the cracked glass door and peeled away the green lace curtains. The peach colored walls turned a bright pink and seemed to sweat with my every move. She let herself go and started to cry.

Tanka

Ben Mitchell, Senior

"Freedom is a funny secret dripping off your toast.
Today, too much. Tomorrow, too little"

an orange dawn ripens
light cloaking night in red shade
wind curves sand in puffs
salt hugging cool, naked skin
crabs dawdle past us in pairs



The Wind
Philip Clements, Senior

"Freedom is not a word but a feeling, one of complete submission to the ways of the world and the chaos that affects us daily."

picks up
and runs across
calm waters
in western Missoula.
I stand on the edge
and marvel at the
dust in the air, dancing
and awakening every molecule
that clings to the surface
like lint on a black wool coat.
Drops from the sky plummet down
as ripples meld into one another
over the clouds,
creating a heavenly web
for whatever is watching.
A single leaf, fresh and green,
bursts across the view and into
the water, where it screams and squirms
for the freedom to fly again
before giving up to surf the ripples
until the water breaks it down to dust.



Spred Out, Last Night In Florida
Robby Hurd, Senior

"Freedom is being delivered from addiction, guilt and hell itself. It is knowing you can breath easily and rest in peace. I believe complete freedom only comes through a relationship with Jesus Christ."

Roaring summer sunsets
whisper inspirations—
worms, crabs,
pinching, dangling,
wash offshore.
Mystery is an able bodied mistress—
scaled fish weigh more than time
and I miss you terribly,
with crowded room and closed lips
your stare ignites a fever;
I once heard it
rough the seashells,
smooth the sand.

Best Places
Kate Felzien, Grad Student

"Freedom from making art from life and life from art."

The best always the last
place
grey green Burghers Rodin
rattan rick rack, stack-rolled pastels
Bourgeois.
Silted side streets, smooth chip-edged tiles—pocketed
washed up wafers
Communion.
Goats—street shorn, coffee colored; bleeting
traffic-Patois through wealthy windshields
blue mountain green
long-leafed birds beat music
so unclean
I could live here.





"Freedom means so many things to so many different people. At some point I realized freedom comes down to choice. Sometimes it's as simple as choosing to die rather than give up that choice, but choice is the key."

Paladin's Might
Zachary Pullen, Sophomore

Take up your sword, and take up your shield.
In the darkness it's light that I wield.
Vampires, demons, and zombies in sight,
Will find no sanctum from righteous might.

No shadows will manage to outlast,
The blinding glory of spells I cast.
Undead will turn at the break of light.
Be gone foul minions of evil's might.

Leave this place, and leave this mortal plane.
Those who don't heed me may not be sane.
Any fiend called fear best fear for life.
My footsteps cleanse all evil and strife.

Armies of Darkness and evils blight,
Surround me in mass because I fight.
Mercy is for the innocent heart.
Punishment for evil is my art.

Lantern of Love, Paragon of Peace,
Protector of good, evil will cease.
I must be strong and I must be just,
Against blackened hearts and evil's lust.

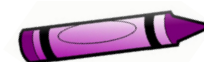
I am endowed with a righteous urge,
To remove all taint with holy purge.
Necromancers and mages of black,
Hear me and give up your moral lack.

Paladins are supposed to be kind,
But zombies just make me lose my mind.
Death should be a permanent affair,
Or at least it is when I get there.

Zombies will flee and demons will shriek.
The sight of me makes all evil meek.
All those plagues spawned of villainous thought,
Stand no chance against what I've been taught.

I obtain great justice in one hand,
With the other, turn undead to sand.
Smiting evil and defending hope,
Evil's to me what dirt is to soap.

Those who make doom a daily affair,
Take caution in where you make your lair.
If you are not careful you will see,
What fear and death are supposed to be.



Dirt

Danielle Scudder, Post Baccalaureate

"Freedom is what lets us decide who we are. It lets us truly discover ourselves. Without it, we would all be machines in the dark."

And while I pull the ghosts
from their grave, it sits simply
on my skin, mixing with
my shiny sweat; an unholy
mixture. Rubbing it in like
sandpaper, the rough lumps
smooth out; Mother
Earth's exfoliant. Drops of
raw rusty gold fall flinging
around me, landing amongst
my freckles, hiding in
the camouflage, stealthily
blending into my
pores. Cooling pieces
of Earth giving themselves
to me, calling out, beckoning
for me to fall early so they can
take me home. But I
feel strong and true and
human.

Give me back.
Cover me with
dirt when I'm dead.
Our Mother's old and conquered
clothing covers these
ghosts, the pieces
of Pearlware, the shards
of shattered glass, the
buttons and beads of the broken.
Her russet colored skirt
transfer-printed its
pattern onto me, and finally
it will one day camouflage
me in my eternal
brown and pallid home,
and I'll be just like them.

Reese's

Latoya Davis, Senior

"Freedom is spinning in circles while catching
snowflakes on your tongue."

I picked you up at the store,
a late night snack.
As we cuddled in bed,
I unwrapped your hard
chocolate ridges.
You started to soften in my hand so
I sunk my teeth into your
yielding, creamy center and your

nutty filling exploded
onto my tongue, melted
into my buds. Chocolate drizzled down
my lips and I licked it
away. Your crumbs nestled in
my breasts, I sighed.
You're headed straight
to my thighs.



Ode to a Dissident Xavier Best, Senior

"Freedom is that which animates the world. Freedom is the realization that space and time has granted us infinite possibilities. Freedom is alienation and the fear that characterizes ones alienation. Freedom is everywhere and nowhere. It's everywhere in that it surrounds us, it's nowhere in that it can never be localized. "

Whence come our edicts when Emperor's die
And the cries of the poor awaken the West?
What fledgling sparrow they'll forbid to fly,
What garlanded sins they'll forbid to un-
dress?

A brow-beaten horse abandons his sleigh
In search for relief, a warm spot to lay,
Ventures on down the untrammelled path
Removed from the sting of the "noble man's"
wrath.

Trappings of war fill up the dirt road,
Cannons, bombs, and sharp bayonets.
Rust-colored bullets blow 'round in the cold,
Derived from old fighters who fell un-con-
fessed.

In what they live on but anthems and dust
A corroded statue, a bronze-tinted bust?
The tears of the world couldn't water their
graves.

O seeds of the past don't shrivel away!
Yet seeds dare not wither 'neath sounds of
their names,
For active protest does reanimate
the plough-driven soil that no law hath claim,
Owned not by the wealthy nor high magis-
trate.

Ah, bold dissident with tightly clenched
hands,
Where art thou reverence for laws of the
land?

Why must you question the splendorous
throne
Depart from the mob, and go at it alone?
"Don't follow the blind," the rebel replied.
A simple response with haunting repose,
His eyes brimmed of grief, his voice a mere
sigh,
His narration bleak, a story of woes.
He claimed that sweet Justice was meanly
abridged.

I asked him "What's Justice?" and what the
night bids.

The rebel was baffled by the question I
asked.

"Justice moves all from the spheres, to the
grass!"

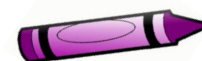
War was unfurling outside as I slept.
I heard a man praying over the guns.
"Our Father," lockstep! "Who art in," lock-
step!

A thousand people died, ne'er mind who won.
What hath we wrought to inherit this end,
This black tragedy that nature hath lend?
As Saturn devoured the innocent skin,
Our passions devour the peace deep within.

The horse-driver wakes, his countenance
red,
Cursing the heavens with infinite rage.
The dissident horse strayed far from the
shed,
All on his own in an enlightened age.
"Damn the dissenter!" He angrily barked.
As the emblazon'd sun began to depart,
And there the sleigh lay, an incomplete pair,
the glimmering stone of a rich man's despair.

So whence come our edicts when Emperor's
die
And the cries of the poor awaken the West?
What fledgling sparrow they'll forbid to fly,
What garlanded sins they'll forbid to un-
dress?

A brow-beaten horse abandoned his sleigh,
In search for relief, a warm spot to lay.
Ventured on down the untrammelled path,
Removed from the sting of the "noble man's"
wrath.



Back Into Gravity
Jennifer Maldonado, Sophomore

"Freedom primarily resides in the mind and soul, not necessarily the body as an individual continues on with life, it is solely up to that person if they choose to be blinded by boundaries and limitations."

I want to go back.

It's as simple as that. As simple as saying how much I miss everything we had. The love, the pain, the excitement, the predictability, the denial, the awareness. We were as hypocritical and contradicting as we were right, yet wrong, to be together.

But I want to go back.

When it comes to you, I'd like to be as intelligent with emotion as I am with words. At one point I could twist, mold, and bend my emotions as easily as I do context, symbolism, and diction. But I was inept, constantly fumbling with the masks of deception and the lines of ...insanity. Because it was what it was: Insanity. I was trying to trust in a place where trepidation was simply set off by your absence. So I trapped you. Enclosed and smothered you. And by doing so, I cut off our freedom. Because in turn, I was immobilizing and suffocating myself with fear. All the while you were unable to choose between your present and your future; caught in mid-stride of what you desired then and what you wanted in a different time frame, essentially a different lifetime. Pretending and covering your inability at readiness...for love, at least, my love. Insanity...

Why would I want to go back?

For the sake of relating to dramatic poeticism, what we had was gravity. It kept us down to Earth, but did exactly that... It weighed us down. And as much as I want to separate these next thoughts from my mind, they are constant reverberating echoes, and I know myself well enough to know they are now a part of me. We were just children in adult clothing and ideas, toying with something we had no control over. We were a mess with no solution or disruption of grief in sight. The hope of change a silly little lie of distraction...because it would never come...and it would never happen.

And yet with that knowledge, do I still want to go back?

Visions
Jason Newton, Senior

"Freedom is the ability to do what you love doing and feel good about it."

Revelations of the heart
Of love and loss and longing
An embrace between friends
Speaks the words that neither could
Her lips part and his ears open
The alliance they once shared
Now in so much disrepair
As an old machine
Not been oiled for some time
Falling apart on a dirty floor
Visions seen in dreams
Showing things not to be spoken
Destroying old facades
All that was known at once dissolves
Many a sleepless night since then
The pillow is a traitor
Eyes open far too long
The future will surely be
A wreckage of what once was
There is no end in sight
Their roads go on forever
Together or apart



Blazing Desire
Brandon Giella, Junior

"Freedom is peace. It is a separation of hindrances. It is liberation from worry. Freedom is enlightenment on contentment. A prisoner can be free, if only his mind is free; if he is at peace in his should, he is free. Freedom is the ability to cope with the fears and worries of this world, the ability to maintain a peace in suffering."

a heaviness builds
as the rays weighs upon
the shoulders of my heart;
the blaze rages on.

if it were not for
the blood from the Son,
my life would be worry
from the heat of the sun.

to whomsoever shall
the shame seek next,
i pray for the plate of righteousness
to cover their breast.

"do not awaken love
until it so desires."
for preceding the appointed time,
you will burn in its fires.

even battle-hardened men
futility fight the heart,
as an unrequited love
tears them apart.

so the sun begins to fall;
the night grows cold as ice.
thank God for the warmth
of His Son,

Jesus Christ.



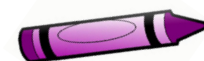
Nativity
Thomas Akins, Senior

"Freedom is light as the powder on moth's wings
an we ran into the room screaming, gasping and
shitting ourselves, chasing it with spade shovels
and tire irons."

In a rocking chair sits the old man. He rocks back and forth to the tune humming behind his lips that crack and flake like the white lead paint of the door behind him. The land is flat and empty but the sky boils over with black clouds. His fingers are dead roots pale with dust and they crawl across steel strings like wrinkled spider legs wrapping round his low slung hymn with unseen silk.

Take my last breath Lord
Take my last breath
Take my water and my dust Lord
Take my last breath
When the evening come falling
Take my last breath
When the tempest come squallin', Lord
Please take my last breath
There's a hunter in my heart Lord
'gone catch my last breath
Got a snare laid up fast, Lord
'gone trap my last breath
Got darts dipped in fire, Lord
'gone do me a death
save this heart in my chest, Lord
Please take my last breath

His mother had told him that a song was the only gift worthy of God, that a harmony was the only offering a man could lay at the feet of creation. He didn't know if that was true, but it was all that was in him, so he gave it.





Self Portrait 2
Oil Pastels

Lisa Ragsdale, Senior

"Freedom is the opportunity to make art."

It's Better Together
Oil Pastel

Haley Johnson, Freshman

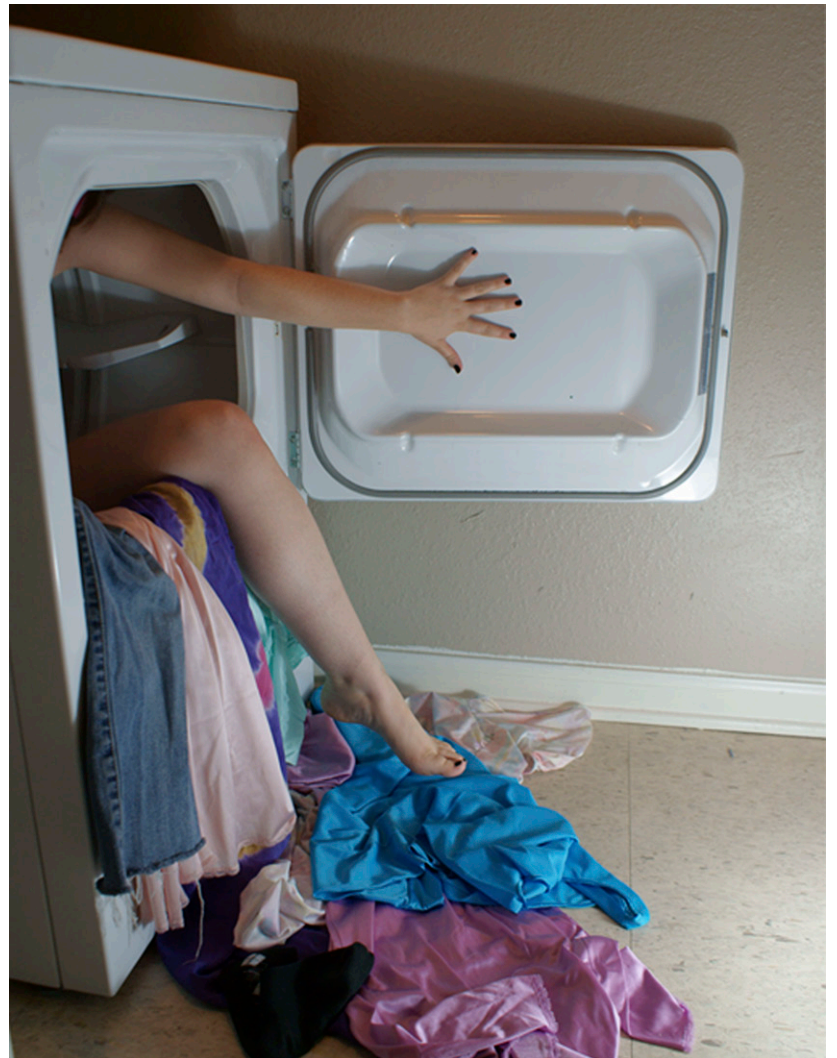
"Freedom is the ability to do what you want when you want to, or go where you want, when you want to. It is the ability to dress, talk, say how you feel with the respect of others to allow one to voice their opinion."



The Portal
Digital Photography

Amy Dexter, Senior

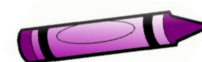
"Freedom is an illusion in which we believe that we have complete control over everything we do as individuals, when, in reality we are dependant upon our own human nature and instincts in order to survive."



Aoede
Digital Photography

Danielle Scudder, Post-Baccalaureate

"Freedom is what lets us decide who we are. It lets us truly discover ourselves. Without it, we would all be machines in the dark."



My Surfer
Digital Photography

Jessie Frary, Sophomore

"Freedom is the ability to create, speak, think and learn. It's not something to be taken for granted, or taken advantage of. It's your right to do whatever motivates you."



Women's Work
Digital Photography

Laura Williamson, Junior

"Freedom is expensive."

Blue Ridge Reservoir
Digital Photography

Kaylee Landress, Sophomore

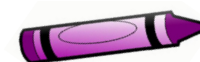
"Freedom is as Kris Kristofferson said, 'Freedom's just another word for nothing left to lose.' It is the right and power to choose despite the limitations set upon us."



Mama's Song
Digital Photography

Sydney Chapman, Sophomore

"Freedom is a name, a name in which we live and move and breathe. With this name we live a life abundant with potential talent, purpose and personality. This name makes love more loving, kindness more kind, beauty more beautiful, life more precious and you more YOU! The name? Jesus. If the son has set us free, we are free. Indeed."





Out West
Digital Photography

John Pope, Graduate Student

"Freedom is being able to pursue any activity and participate in anything that makes one feel good. I feel one should be able to do something as long as it is not hurting other people."



Simplistic
Sand, Chalk and Paint

Anna Ford, Freshman

"Freedom to me means the right to do as you please. To act on an impulse and not have rules confining you and what you have to do."





Toxic
Multimedia

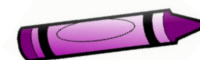
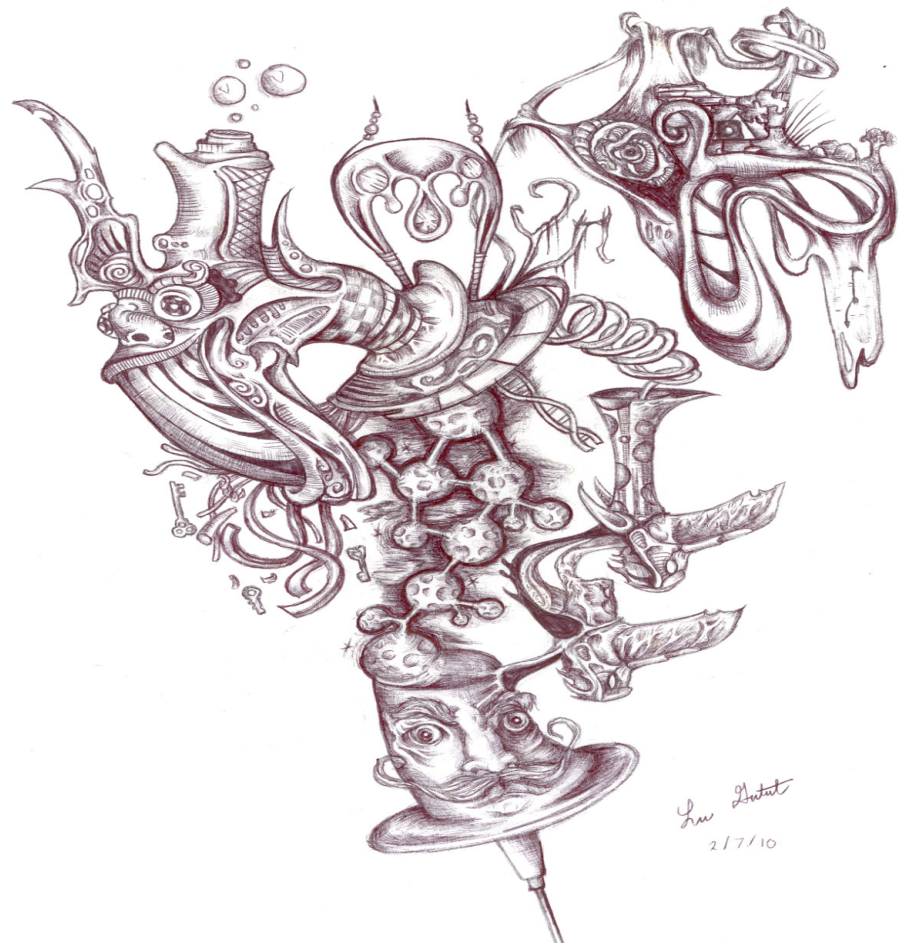
Ryan Caronongan, Junior

"Freedom is the option to create what you want. Freedom allows for the creation of true art in all forms of the imagination."

It Comes With the Needle
Ballpoint Pen and Pencil on Paper

Lee Guentert, Freshman

"Freedom is accepting yourself and others around you. It is being who you want to be and living how you choose to."





Ideal Form
Prisma Color

Jacob Riley King, Senior

"Freedom is the feeling one gets when viewing wide open spaces."

Basilique Sainte Clotilde
Watercolor

Kate Felzien, Graduate

"Freedom is making art from life and life from art."



Political Party
Benjamin Easterwood, Senior

"Freedom is to choose without constraint from within or without."

How about we take one more scoop
out of the world's punch bowl,
and ladle all the ingredients
into our own personal roles,
until they all overflow and turn
the whole floor orange.
Keep drinking
past the particles of spiked conformity
to the bottom of the glass with the
ice that's been frozen by the majority.

Let's look through the keyhole
and find the path to unlock the night,
and the things that can block out
the terror, all through the night.
The face of a baby wearing bombs
may look back at you, but keep going
and fight for everything you don't
ever really need to do.

We can play chicken with a tractor trailer
and Russian roulette with a robot,
until finally one of us ends up dead.
Next we'll nail strawberries to metal
and grenade bunkers of baby-cribs.
When we slip on the orange
we will fall in the red.

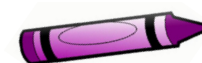
We can use murder as dips for our fatty foods
and put medicine on all of those self-inflicted
wounds.
A medicine of apologies, not warfare.
With expensive words, not expensive health care.

While the cops are reciting their required speech
to our freedom of mind and freedom to teach,
I'll be here saying my words to a broken mirror
and looking into the eyes of your empty interior.

Mouth-Guard
Meagan Sutherland, Senior

"Freedom is being able to present a powerpoint
dressed as batman, telling people your fish is on PCP,
and displaying short bouts of road rage."

I grind my teeth at night, the
dentists tell me. I can taste
it in the morning like spurts
of sawdust. They've told me
to stop. How can I control
a problem while I sleep? I
look in the mirror at the
sharp shields of my two front teeth.
Not bleached, but off-white, thinning,
and lined. A lack of flossing
so that pieces of food stay
between gaps. But I don't
wear the plastic mouth-guard at
night like the one they gave me
as a child. The band was tight,
neon pink and wrapped around
my head with a metallic
spider forcing it's way in
to my mouth. So that I could
not roll over at night, bend
my knees toward my stomach, and
wedge my hands under my face.



Ashes of American Buffets Michael Sapp, Senior

"Freedom is fucking up in spite of good advice."

For a long time now, the businesses at 410 Northside Drive East have been periodically and quite sporadically bursting into flames. They have all been, for some reason or another, so completely unsuccessful that they have taken to the habit of burning themselves out into a pile of ashes.

After the original Golden Corral dipped sometime near the end of the 20th century, the property has been host to a half a dozen off-brand buffet joints, each fresh stab rooted in the ashes of the former. A new one opens and traffic is steady for a while, but once the whole "I'll-try-it-once" crowd has made its way through, the novelty, along with the restaurant, inevitably dies. And so, 410 Northside returns to its now familiar "For Lease" limbo, waiting patiently for the next investor willing to take on the odds.

Chow Time Buffet is the latest incarnation to rise from the ashes, and Lord knows it has done so in decadence. The main entryway is dominated by a six foot monument of a fountain, complete with koi and a gilded smiling Buddha to match the Asian inspired theme of the décor. Above the fountain hangs a gaudy chandelier of intricately arranged faux-crystal spheres. Made in China, sure, but definitely not adding any authenticity. For me, this obviously expensive display could have been replaced by a large cardboard box with "Upscale" written on it, to similar effect.

Beyond the lobby, the building splits into two dining rooms, in which the Asian theme is all but abandoned. In the middle of this stand six narrow islands of heat lamps and entrees, surrounded largely by the usual buffet demographic of construction workers, potheads, and senior citizens.

The selection at Chow Time is impressive after the initial pass between the balmy aisles, almost disconcertingly so. My friend Yeager described it as a "genre-mixing orgy of styles, and everyone's trying to get in on that money shot." On my first run through, I erred on the side of caution and stuck to the "Asian" dishes - mainly breaded chicken dipped in one of the variety of sauces and stamped with an exotic label. Again, I found the authenticity questionable at best. The many varieties of chicken were hit and miss for me and the rest of the party. The General Tso's was as faithfully reproduced as any strip-mall variety of Chinese, and the subtle kick of the Sweet Honey Chicken was also a favorite.

Of all the dishes my group had, the unanimous favorite was the grilled chicken teriyaki, by chance the only thing served on a stick. The glaze was thick and slightly sweet, a slight char caramelizing it onto the outside of the meat. Sadly, the dish's frail wooden spine was simply not enough to support the remainder of the unimaginative selection. The rest of the Asian-inspired choices were run of the mill buffet staples: egg rolls, fried rice, lo mein, cheese wantons, spring rolls, egg drop soup, et cetera.

Chow Time is a self-described "international buffet", which translates to a thinly veiled excuse to serve any type of food the owners can obtain cheaply. Next to a vat of chicken Alfredo audaciously sat a tray of spicy hot wings, the two complementing each other in the same way a blouse sets off a football helmet. I even spied a stray pizza tucked neatly onto the corners of the French fries, macaroni and cheese, banana pudding, and the aptly titled "Seafood Bread." Talk about an identity crisis.

I will say Chow Time is decent for what it is: a mediocre buffet joint that serves mediocre food in a cheesy bordering on offensive setting. Try it once, but this restaurant demands no return visits. I did not leave Chow Time feeling fed; I had just nibbled around on fifteen different dishes trying to find a foothold. I would not be surprised to see this place once again empty and ablaze in six months, purging itself in preparation for its next ill-fated rebirth.

"...The glaze was thick and slightly sweet, a slight char caramelizing it onto the outside of the meat..."



Beloved
Stella Oloyede, Junior

"Freedom is the fresh air you breathe in when surrounded by nothing but smoke."

To the outsider looking in, it looks like a rag, but it is way more than that to me. The rips, tears, and holes all tell their own detailed story. Individually, they have their own beginnings, origins, geneses; the long fingernail that punctured the fabric at its seams; the tug-of-war with the bedding to give my Beloved back to me; infantile legs swaddled completely in it (except for that one tiny hole, that was just large enough to fit in a baby toe, which in turn was made bigger). They all show the dynamic character of my Beloved's fabric in its folds and seams,

while its flower pattern emphasizes its beauty. The purple and red and blue and yellow tiny tulips with long green stems dance throughout the fabric, looking like a

mosaic of a colorful garden that one feels as though she has visited, yet knows that she never truly has. The mosaic is neatly stitched onto a white background that has, through the multiple years, turned dingy. Never to be mistaken that it came as the eggshell color it is now, the faded whiteness exhibits a certain sense of innocence lost and corruption received through the ages. Yet, it doesn't make the material old, filthy or dirty as that of a rag one throws away once she has finished cleaning the floor with it. No, the dinginess provides evidence that wisdom, knowledge, and understanding have passed through its ridges and just as the hair on an old wise woman turns grey, my Beloved's fabric turns dingy.

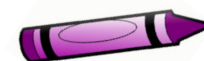
That tattered, chaotic ball that cannot come undone, (or else it be met and then left as shards of strung-out cotton) has become symbolic of its journey and the life that it has lived with me. Its constant presence has left me at odds about handing it down to my sisters after me as a "good older sister" would do to articles of clothing in which she no longer has any use for. Instead, I have wrestled and fought two and five year-olds for the continued possession of my Beloved. Hiding my Beloved countless numbers of times from confused parentals threatening to throw it away into the nearest trashcan or dumpster. For, they are confused and ignorant about the significance that surrounds my relationship with my Beloved. Thus, I would constantly be fighting for my Beloved's continued existence in my life. Stuffing it into my pillowcase in preparation for roadtrips, sleepovers, and moves to maintain the sanity and security that it brings me; never leaving it behind for fear of suffering the consequence of sleepless nights. Inhaling its sweet, familiar fragrance of Gain detergent, dried up drool, sweat and stale air to calm my nerves or to aid in my

"It's the only thing that came with me on our journey from Nigeria to America that I still have, mommy!"

thinking process. The feeling of nostalgia that tenderly overwhelms my senses when I walk into my room after a long, hard day and see in resting peacefully in the same place I left it that morning. The steady justification of why I am of older age still clinging onto my Beloved; fabricating a sympathetic story of its origin in my head and verbalizing it as an empathetic plea... "It's the only thing that came with me on our journey from Nigeria to America that I still have, mommy!" Just to be disproven and told that it was picked up a year after our arrival in Georgia at the

Family Dollar down the street from our Fulton County townhouse. Never ashamed to proclaim my love for my Beloved or show it as being a part of my life, character...of my being, for within that tattered cotton ball

holds tight my childhood memories treasured and remembered. Always keeping the fabric of memories, or a wimpy piece of it, near me for fear of losing the only thing left from my infantile years. For my Beloved baby blanket is as old as I am, and my Beloved baby blanket shall stay with me until I am old and gray.



Sweet Dreamer
Matthew Lane, Junior

"Freedom is living through your mind and letting it effect how you live your life."

Sophie got up and looked around. She was in a small hallway with soft carpeting as she lifted herself onto her feet and knocked the dirt off her pants. She brushed her hair out of her eyes and became even more puzzled. It looked as if she was in some sort of building, the kind of building that she took all her science classes in and the only thing that she saw were three doors. One right in front of her and two on the side walls. The one of the left had a thumbtack in the center with a sign dangling from it reading: Out of Order. The door on the right had no door handle and with yet another thumbtack which read: Please, come in.

Oh my God, Sophie thought to herself. What the hell is this? But the door in front of her looked normal, no thumbtack, no signs dangling from string, no problem. She walked over to it and opened the door. There was a cool breeze coming from within, and to her surprise there was a man inside, behind a desk in what appeared to be one of the biggest offices she had ever seen.

"About damn time you showed up Sophie!" The man said. He was wearing a blue shirt, tucked into his khakis pants and a black tie. "Can I get an amen!" He shouted as he pressed a red button on the corner of his desk. The ceiling tiles started to vanish as balloons and confetti poured all over Sophie and the entire front of the office.

She jumped, "What, what is this? Where am I? Hey! What the-" She pointed at what appeared to be a balloon shaped figure of her floating out of the ceiling like the ones you would see during Macy's Thanksgiving Day Parade.

"Do you like it?" The man asked, now standing up with his hands held in the air. "I personally think they got your face wrong, but that's just me."

"What the hell are you doing with a balloon that looks like me?" Sophie asked. "And where am I?"

"Ha, figures you don't remember. Lighten up girl, everything's gonna be all right. And by the way," He pointed at the balloon, "don't worry, you're not

really that fat."

Sophie gazed at this wonderful room. There was a pool in the far back with a fountain spitting water from the center and stairs to her left that zigzagged their way up the second floor with a couple of cycles and a 52' Plasma TV and a small kitchenette to the side, ready to make smoothies and coffee with packets from Starbucks. Right behind the pool were two thick glass walls that showed a grassy hill in the back. All the grass outside was covered in white flowers and violets, which happen to be her favorite flower.

"Please, sit." The man said. His hair and shoulders were covered in confetti, but he took his seat and waited for Sophie, not even attempting to brush the confetti off of his shirt or tie.

"...You know when you have those nights where you sleep so good that you don't remember dreaming about anything..."

Sophie sat down, but she was still confused. In fact, she didn't know whether to laugh or scream. "Okay, this has been fun and all, but right now I would really like to know where I am, sir." "You're so funny," The man said, "You're asleep."

Sophie tilted her head, "I'm a-what?" "Asleep. Every time you come back it's always the same question that comes out of that pretty, little mouth of yours. I find it a little insulting really. You create this beautiful place just for me and then you don't even remember it."

"I created this place?" Sophie asked as she looked around once more. Besides the wonderful pool and cycling with a Plasma TV, there was a small coffee table with a rack underneath with all her favorite magazines spread out. And surrounding it was a large green couch that looked so comfy, that she could go to sleep right now (although, since she was already asleep, it may defeat the purpose). Behind one of the couches was a dresser with pictures of her family on top and a large refrigerator.

"Sure did," the man said, "and check this out..." he snapped his fingers and the refrigerator door opened. There was nothing inside but bottles of Michelob and Coke.

"Holy mess!" Sophie said. "I created all of



this? But I still want to know who you are."

The man fixed his tie and starting to lean back in his chair, "I'm the Sweet Dreamer. You know when you have those nights where you sleep so good that you don't remember dreaming about anything? That's because you come here to your own little paradise, created by you, for you, for another great moment of your life. Whoever said we waste a third of our life sleeping was a jerk.

You see all this crap you have here? Wasting life my ass!"

Sophie laughed and noticed the red button. "Does confetti always shoot from the ceiling when you push that?"

"No way! Last time you were here we pushed it and an ice cream cake popped out of the floor."

"Shoot," Sophie said. She looked at The Sweet Dreamer's desk and noticed another button. It was white and had a sad face on it, like the ones you see in texts with one tear drop in the center, "what's that button?" She reached over and stuck her hand out.

"No wait that's-"

Sophie pushed it and a gust of wind yanked her and the Sweet Dreamer into the sky. Her skin was being pressed back as the wind picked up.

"Holy Shiiiiit!" Sophie shouted.

"Oh Sophie," The Sweet Dreamer said, "Only you would push a button with a sad face on it."

"I'm sorry."

"Why on earth would you even want to push a button like that anyway? You would think that somebody who goes to college would know the difference in such things as a frowny face and a smiley one."

"Hey, give me a break. Girls are allowed to make mistakes."

"You always say that, but now it's time to wake up." The wind continued to push them higher and higher in the sky. "Wake up?"

"Yeah, that's what the button means sweetheart. It's been fun, but now it's time to go back to the real world."

"What? No, but I just got here."

"It's okay Soph, there'll always be another time. And I'll be here, waiting."

"But," Sophie didn't want to leave yet. This place looked incredible. This was a place she would love to tell all her friends about. It had been a while since

Sophie had felt so happy. It's not that she didn't enjoy the college life, but it was just so hard to get any time to actually relax without worrying about any tests to study for or any projects that need to be presented to the class. "But, there is so much I wanted to do down there."

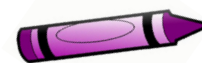
"And you'll get the chance, the last time we both swam in the pool and drank beer until we puked. It was fun stuff Soph, but that's what's so great about this place. It's so great that the human mind can't remember such a thing even happened. And the next time you get a good night's sleep, you'll be here."

"That's all I got to do?"

"You got it sister. It'll happen eventually. It happens to all of us. I'll see ya again soon, I promise."

The clouds started to grow thicker until Sophie couldn't see anymore. The Sweet Dreamer was gone. Well if that's the way you feel about lettuce, then I'd hate to know what you think about asparagus. There is laughter in the background. Hey everyone, you're listening to Crazy G in the Morning on 97.6 and have we got a story for you...

Sophie woke up and turned off her radio. It had been a while since she felt this good in the morning. She could hear her roommate's bed springs moving rapidly, which probably meant that Billy had spent the night in her room again. But right now, she didn't really care. She felt so relaxed and sat there staring at the ceiling. She had no idea what she dreamed about, but it must have been pretty great for her to feel this good. She looked at her alarm clock and hopped out of bed. It was already 8:35 and she needed to get ready for her exam. She put on her khakis from the other day and switched her night shirt with a fresh one. She studied for this thing all week and was ready to get an A. She went into the bathroom and fixed her hair. She didn't have much time to get ready, but she would make it.



Quotes: Meaning of Life

Neeka Burns, Senior

"Freedom is the ability to write whatever comes to mind without stopping. That's the moment when your mind forgets about boundaries and something great is produced."

In my "Obsession Notebook", I found myself writing many quotes. The first quote I wrote down was "He who angers you controls you". I've heard people say this so many times when I was younger, but I didn't get it. But now, I get that they control your next move, your actions. Like that one time, when I was five years old, Robyn (a second grader) was picking on me because I peed my pants in front of my entire daycare class. Luckily, my mom worked there, so I was able to get cleaned up and a change of pants, quickly. I guess, I took "not asking to go to the restroom while the teacher is talking" too literal.

Robyn followed me through the entire snack line, the next day, taunting, prying, and poking. "You're such a baby," she said. I looked her dead in the eyes and responded with a stern, "would a baby do this?" I poured my drink all over her. She was appalled. So appalled, she spit on me. It didn't touch my face, but still she spit all over me. That is the rudest thing you could do to someone. I couldn't help myself. My rage boiled and was spilling over. I pulled my leg back as far as I could and tried my best to kick her knee cap off. She fell down, so I jumped on top of her. I kicked Robyn's ass. I couldn't believe it. I felt accomplished. I was bad, and no one else could mess with me. Later that night, my mom had a long talk with me, but at the end of the conversation, she gave me a high five and told me she was proud I stood up for myself.

My mom always congratulates on the right moments, but also looks down on the wrong ones, which reminds me of a time I didn't go after

this guy I liked. I was seventeen. My mom knew he was a great catch. I thought so too, but he was also my best friend. She looked at me with that motherly look when she disapproves and said, "If you don't get with it, you won't get got." That's her way of saying "make a move already". I had to tell him how I felt because when he told me how he really felt, I laughed, really hard. I remember, he told me earlier that day that he needed to talk. I didn't think anything of it because he's such a jokester. He told me he needed to talk one time and ended up grabbing my right boob. Smooth, right? Anyway, he had something important to tell me. I waited until Mr. Burchfield's sixth period class. That day seemed to drag on more than usual high school days.

I stepped outside to blow my nose (wink, wink) and he popped out right behind me, to supposedly use the bathroom. He asked me if I remembered when he told me he found a new girl he wanted to date. Of course, I remembered. I wondered who this new youngin' was. Well, the new girl ended up being me. So, I laughed. I was waiting for him to say he was just kidding or you're so gullible. That definitely didn't happen. He put his head down and went back to class. I avoided him after that. I didn't walk with him to the buses or even wait for him after class. Later, I realized, I felt the same way and decided to let him know.

I called him up and expressed my love for him. It was surprisingly easy. We set up a date. It was perfect like a movie about best friends that end up together in the end. We both had been waiting for the moment for so long. Well perfect didn't last too long. Boy was my mom wrong.

Yeah, I got the guy, but it definitely didn't work out, so I still didn't technically get got. I didn't regret it because it taught me to make moves. You can't wait for stuff to magically happen to you. There are so many things that would've flown right by, if I didn't do something about it.

Always doing something about... something is probably the reason why I don't have any patience, now. I've always been told to go after what you want. Thanks, mom. No patience, hmmm, makes me think about the quote "patience is a virtue". That's something that I absolutely lack, for the most part. For instance, I'll buy a phone for three hundred dollars, instead of waiting for it to go on sale the next month. My excuse: my old phone just freezes up too much.

Another time I remember when I was lacking in the patience department was when I decided to go after this guy that was already taken. My excuse: they're pretty much over anyway. My excuse was true, so don't judge me. But, I was breaking the code. I was, I guess you can say, a home-wrecker. It wasn't my fault. I liked him first, and I barely knew his ex. Our only connection was that my best friend Porsha did her hair, her boyfriend and Porsha's boyfriend lived together, and we seen each other at a cookout. Big deal. I wasn't her friend. Plus, he came on to me.

The guy ended up leaving Georgia Southern because he's on some program where he has to transfer to Georgia Tech in two years, or something like that. I didn't have his number, so I made up some bogus excuse to have his number. My excuse: we need to be able to keep in touch. He took the bait. We started texting every day, soon every night. We admit-

ted that we liked each other before he got with his girlfriend. I came home for Thanksgiving break, and he took me out on a date. He asked...I only accepted. The whole date, all I could think about was whether or not I was going to kiss him. Yeah, I kissed him, which sealed the deal. He left her and now we've been together for seven months. Not bad for a home-wrecking relationship.

Speaking of kissing, "a kiss may ruin a human life". I can think of a couple times when kissing ruined someone's life. It ruined my boyfriend's ex's life, at least for three months. She was so bitter. She wouldn't speak to me

or any other person she thought was related to the whole snatch her boyfriend operation. Snatching boyfriends reminds me of middle school. Especially, the time my old best friend got caught performing fellatio on this guy in eighth grade, who happened to be my boyfriend, during class. All he said he wanted was a kiss. Ha, that was definitely not all he wanted. Her reputation was undeniably ruined after that.

A kissed ruined my life, when I was in fourth grade. This guy Donte, the hottest guy ever, said that he liked me. I couldn't believe it. He lived in my neighborhood, but didn't go to my school. So, you could see why I wondered why he liked me. I was sure he had other girls to choose from at his school. One day he told me to meet him at the park. I surely thought we would be alone, but he invited two of my other close friends and his little brothers. He wanted to play spin the bottle. I was so excited because I saw it on TV once, and the girl always gets to kiss the guy she wanted to kiss.

I was definitely the girl who got to kiss the guy she wanted to kiss. I forgot to put on Chap Stick, so I decid-

ed to lick my lips real good. Donte didn't like that idea too much. He told everyone how wet my lips were. The whole group laughed at me. Every time I put on lip gloss, everyone would ask me if I was wetting my lips up for Donte and that I should know by now that he doesn't like that. That was the worst few months of my life. Then, something else dramatic happened in the fourth grade world, the couple that had been together for six months had broken up. That was the longest anyone had ever lasted. It's funny

"...A kissed ruined my life, when I was in fourth grade..."

how insignificant situations or moments seemed like catastrophes then.

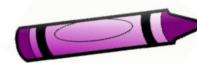
I can say, each disaster I went through in my life built and molded me into the strong person I am today. Like my mom always says, "sometimes you gotta go through hell to get to heaven". Isn't that the truth. Every storm I went through, there was sunshine at the end. Boy, have I been through storms. One storm I'll never forget is growing up in an abusive household. My mom suffered so much. But, what could she do? She didn't have any real skills at the time and her family was being provided for, even me, the child that wasn't his.

My step-dad always had a beer in his hand or to his mouth, and if he didn't, I or my brother would have to fetch him one. It seemed like those beers fueled his energy like Popeye's spinach. He would yell at my mom for not keeping the house clean, for dishes being in the sink, or for simply being her. I never understood how someone could be so angry. Now that I think about it, this may be the reason I've been so angry all my life. I hate to be viewed as weak; I take everything too seriously; and I had to be a bad ass. When I was under the influence, it was worse. I've been thrown out of a few clubs and said some stuff

I didn't mean, so you would hurt more than me.

I never realized, until now, that the very man I despised, I let rub off on me. I'm never going to drink I said. I'm never going to get upset for no reason. I'm going to make sure I think before I act. I didn't do anything of these things for the longest. I'm still struggling to get a hold on my anger. I'm on both ends of extremes. Either I tell you how I feel without sugar coating it, or I hold in how I really feel and wait until you annoy me to let it out and cut you deep. I'm trying to find a medium. I don't want to let my anger control who I am and stop people from getting to know who I really am.

A couple weeks ago, I found the root of my anger. Ironically, it's because I don't have any patience. I expect for people to get what I'm saying the first time around, I expect people to get where I'm coming from, I expect people to see that even though I'm strong I am still human, and I expect people to have the same understanding as I do. It may sound ignorant, but when I'm angry these are my views. Tapping into my inner most layers, made me understand this abusive man. Even though I don't condone his actions, I understand that he's crying out for help just as I am. I still don't know what he's searching for because when my mom left him when I was in the fifth grade, I never looked back. I never had to talk to him again, embrace him as my father, or put up with his irrational emotions. That's my sunshine, my little piece of heaven.



Packing
Heath Harrington, Senior

"Freedom is creation. At the heart of art is freedom, because an artist is creating from his own system of beliefs and choices so, to turn a blank piece of paper into a work of art is the ultimate freedom."

My tears well up blinding me
Then fall thick upon the cardboard.
The box is flecked wet.
It is the last, it's over. The tape screams out
As it speaks for me. I use a black magic
Marker on this, the last of the boxes; its sweet and
sour
Scent fills the air. I mark this one fragile. A weight
Perches upon my chest waiting to devour any breath
That ay be left under my ribs. A burning darkness
Dwells there now, after seven years
Of smiles and laughter. Divorce comes,
Swift and ...silent

I see you bright and shining
flush with fresh infatuation
beaming beautifully as before
chasing rainbows and catching radiance.
Once you were my golden angel glowing
with my adoration. My friend, my goddess, my lover.

Loneliness
Makes the rooms canyons.
Echoes of laughter and passion
Bounce on empty walls where
Smiling aces once hung.
The dust of shattered dreams coats
My parched skin: justice from the gods
to Idealist and Romantics.



The Tower of Talk
Patrick Shuler, Senior

"Freedom is being able to cut the leeches
from my heels with a butter knife."

When Granddaddy was N4CAR,
he erected the radio tower, all ribs
and spine, and casting rigid brows over
the ivied oaks, his
one story house, all
of depleting Lake Lanier.
His chuckling tenor arced
from pinnacle to pinnacle cross the lake's buttery
horizon.
And one score after
is became was
It looms over me,
silent, rivets etched with rust,
that monolith against the sinking surface.

Life
Patrick Lewis, Senior

"Freedom is no pants."

See the boy with his watermelon.
Red sticky juice pours from his chin, so sweetly.

See the soldier lying face-up in the sand.
Red liquid life pours from his gut, so sweetly.

Lovers stare in each other's eyes as the rain falls,
Dripping from their cheeks onto their clothes, so sweetly.

She stares in the mirror, husband drunk on their bed,
Tears drip from her cheeks, past the blue bruise, so
sweetly.

Hear the girl singing her songs in her recital.
She closes her eyes and the notes come, so sweetly.

Hear the woman screaming in the hospital bed.
She close her eyes, the infant cries, so sweetly.



Freedom is...

"Freedom is knowing that my purpose is greater than what I could imagine for myself. Along the journey I will make mistakes, but they are all part of the larger design. I don't have to know where I'm going - I'll get there all the same."
-Joleen Bray, Senior

"Freedom is a ream of paper, a box of sharpie pens, no word limit and a refrigerator full of diet dr. pepper."

- Cassie Beasley, Senior

"Freedom is a beautiful way of setting your own life by your own terms. It's more than running free in the hills or running from your enemies: freedom is a gift that everyone deserves."
- Gary Barton, Sophomore

"Freedom is having no fear from death, no fear of non-acceptance. Because I live with one who accepts and loves me irrationally. He is greater than either fear. Surveys indicate that people fear public speaking above dying. And I believe that Jesus Christ is above that fear, too. I believe freedom is living to serve others, not for selfish or private emotional reasons, but because someone else served me in the ultimate way, which is to die for me. Freedom is also choosing what to believe and who to associate with."

- Katie Brookins, Senior

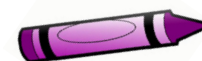
"Freedom is a 64-count box of crayons, sharpened and waiting."
- Kate Beasley, Senior



"Freedom is having the ability to speak out loud about any subject I want, even if it's my horrible jokes. It's having the right to choose anything at any moment, and doing it. Also it's staying up all night playing the new game you just got and then calling in sick to work the next day.."

- Michael Hendley, Junior

"Freedom is a luxury and depending on how you view freedom, and how much you want, it might even be a fantasy. Freedom is a mind state. You are as free as you believe you are."
- Nicholas Harper, Junior





Additional artwork and writings:
gsumiscellany.wordpress.com



