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LEGACY

2000

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POETRY

I crucify self upon this page
Wooden cross pulp, the paper made
I've driven nails thru my hands
for ink
to write red words
and save my sinful poetry

Ann Mosher

Lest I

Lest I cast contempt
On Judas
Or take pride in my strength
I remember

Times I have betrayed
For naught
The innocent Lamb
I crucified

Joseph Earl

Stigmata -1

Your bowed head
in silent witness
Thorns plunging deep into your flesh
A stark contrast
to the pride
With which I held my own

Independence
and self-assurance
Causing my eyes not to see
The spear piercing
the spot beside you
I was so eager to vacate

I went proudly walking along
Betraying my own feet
Flayed by sharp sins on the path of destruction
Overlooking yours
that pierced by iron
might have born me safely

I delighted
in my ignorance
Unthinkingly turning my back
on the grace freely given
The love exhibited
by your stripes

Despite your attempts
to bring my soul to repentance
I stood defiantly
My own fist
clenched so tightly
the nails dug into your palms.

Did He
Know
when He created Adam's
hands
out of clay,
that a man's
hands
would pierce His very
hands
that formed them?
Did He wipe away
a tear and whisper
"father, forgive them
and their
tiny
wicked
hands?"

Becky Gerrans

Thick, deep, blazing
Salty, warm with the beating of life
Spilled across a brow, an innocent body
Slipping from a briar crown, from a splintered cross
beam
Liquid like rose petals, plucked from an iron stem
Driven deep, piercing the feet that walked a sea
Reflecting heaven's fire, sinking till tomorrow
Hammered through hands
That gave the cardinal his feathers
The apple its shine
the twilight its light
Thick, deep, blazing
Red.

Christopher R. Granberry

Embrace the Cross?

How does one embrace a cross
Without splinters received?
Surely did our Lord embrace
one such, though already grieved.

Why is it I expect at least
A planed and padded cross to bear,
Full polished and of fashion late,
And mirth of friends to banish care?

Is not this paved and level road
The one that leads to sweeter bliss?
A thorny crown my brow adorn?
Am I to face a Judas' kiss?

May, surely not as to my friends
I say again, "This balsa cross I'll bear.
No hellish hill shall I ascend,
No blood shall mar the robe I wear."

Joseph Earl

The Tree

I pondered the big tree so tall and strong
its branches spread wide with leaves there
on.

Surrounded by many that bent with the wind,
willing to give to the pressure therein.

The big tree's life was told in it's bark,
revealing the hardships in every mark.

I could see it had broken early in life,
by the scar near the top revealing the strife.

The troubles were many, it's life had been
hard,
but from there it grew straight bearing the
scars.

Toward Heaven it grew, strong and steadfast,
yielding no more to the forces that passed.

I pondered the tree and then I knew,
its roots were its strength in soil pure and
true.

Owen Maupin

I thought it would be pretty
To make a Bonsai tree
A little tree to just express
The shadow side of me

Shape and form the branches
every one precisely bent
And in the bending, try to show
Which way my dreams all went

But as I tried to force the tree
I broke it, and I cried
It did the thing my life had done--Relationships had
died

I looked outside and saw a tree
Reaching for the sky
And thought how Nature formed it--More perfectly
than I

Now, instead of forcing
things to be my way
I step back, take a breath
And wait for the brighter day.

Laura Rumsey

Apathetic Pines

The pines are still as stones.
As far as I can see
On hills away from me,
I am alone.

But maybe I am not,
If I personify
These trees that touch the sky.
A little thought

Will have them holding hands
Beneath the violet gray.
I'm sure they must be gay
In all their bands.

But I am not a tree,
And so must care to live.
Pines never care to give
A thought for me.

Milo Hurley

Old Tree

Cross-sectioned cadaver of tree;
Aged one, banded and full of worms.
Renaissance berthed of an oak?
Your father a noble, I presume.

I see stresses have fractured you, too.
With chain-sword in old age run through,
Why is it they murdered you in blood old?
I'll bet more squirrels attended
Your funeral than will be at mine.

Did Crockett climb your branches?
He knew what a politician was.
One hundred seventy-five thousand
seen sunsets ain't bad for a tree.
Wish I could have watched them with you.

Joseph Earl

WOOD

It's amazing how wood changes so quickly...

Seed

Roots

Stem

Trunk

Branches

Leaves

Woodsman

Saws

Axes

Boards

Nails

Chisels

Hammers

Scars

Sandpaper

Hot glue

Staples...

Nothing but a picture frame

Left to hand

and die

On a wall.

Krystal Smith

Reflections on Rwanda

cool breezes cool fan blows my hair dances
on my face my neck is goose-bumped

my pen is making black snakes on the paper

the sea is blurry rain is watering the ocean

bright shiny fuzzy my eyes hurt from watch-
ing it turn it off

the puddles of swirling color are too bright
the muffled buzzing too loud

my friends are dead they are hungry and in
pain they are frightened to death

sadness wells up dark and ferocious

seconds tick by time passing not waiting for
me

scratches on paper the words mean nothing

pain anger rage gnawing at me

the earth is one the brink of darkness shad-
ows are behind every corner

the moon's pale face is shining against the
sky's black back

ghosts of people I know are staring at me
making me remember they are gone

Rob York

from "House of the Dead"

I didn't expect it to rise before me
through mists of exiled memories
in the twilight of a waning double moon.
That rare time when rebirth has drowned
and the neap tides of a soul
sink double heavy
in twin salt water floods
few seek this house
banked on the silent Styx
and though some claim it to be house
like any other
there are no *living* rooms.

Ariel Childers

Mandy

Could you hear my heavy breathing
Across the night death knocked once
Sped in to steal the smiles
In pine box rests on silent rose

Mourners that cry out forget
Why still the sound of labored breath
New, the uncertain whistle and lately
Sounded from ever-smiling lips

Lingering the memories hold
Fast the portals of my mind
The way reflecting eyes were met
With yet another softly said hello

This heart calloused shallow still,
Slow the death of days and sad the morn
Still now before the grave I stand
Forever painful the etching on my mind

Joseph Earl

I saw you suspended
for five seconds in air
in plume of frozen breath
and drone of high pitched scream.

I saw your eyes wide open
as you stepped on ground not there.
Rippling cloth your flag of death
in some slow moving dream

Jesse Rademacher

Dreams

Dreams are palpable things these days.
I can touch them, just in from of me,
I sleep close to them at night,
twirl them around my fingers during the day.
Perhaps I'll find money
 or fame
 or love,
right at my fingertips.

With the others of my generation
I step
into the place my ancestry have left open for me,
into their places, determined
to do better than they.

My mother who once held
my tiny form, counted my transparent toes and
fingers--
which would later curl around her longer ones to be
led
through a busy street, a grown-up world--
now dwarfed by her daughter,
words in my shadow,
behind me.

She, who once in my place held the world stretched
out before her,
now stepping back,
puts away my clothes,
washes my dishes,
putting the life she hasn't finished earning,
toward mine.

And I, ignorant, not knowing, not realizing,
that the dream at her fingertips,
is me.

Jennifer Williams

Becoming

When you dream, what do you become?
Do you fall short of all the glory once bestowed,
to reconcile with a level intrepid, yet unknown?
What would one bestow upon receiving the gift to
what one could see if only one believed in what one
could dream?
You become a dreamer when you experience imagi-
nation through random think or sleeping.
You won these vision made up in your mind
Some will fulfill the greater expectations, the less
valued will shimmer away,
only to fall astray.
Do you become a stranger, an angel, a tree?
Do you become what one would want you to be?
Do you become a lover, an atheist, a plea?
Maybe a promise, a joke a possibility?
So you become an individual, independent, free?
Or a slave a habit...are you perishing?
Do you become what you feel?
Do you become what you are?
Are you yourself when no one is looking?
Are you the same person I see?
What do you become when you dream?

Missy Marburger

Insomnia

eyes shut tightly
mind in turmoil
A thousand thoughts running through my head
tossing, turning
heartbeat pounding
Can't find comfort in my bed
body exhausted
still can't sleep
What will make this whirlwind cease?
tear off the covers
run outside
Scream at the world and leave it behind
run to a place
i think i can hid
Silence the voices inside of my mind
losing control
all alone
Who will from my pain give lease?

i must find
the thing i need
What it is i still don't know
i must find the one i love
Who it is i still don't know
running, stumbling
ever searching
For my only source of peace...

Dannon Rampton

its amazing what transpires - When to love the heart aspires
Always searching, never finding - the ties we always wish were binding
can you feel just what I'm thinking? Across the miles, our psyches linking
All the things I had to say - But never did, before the day
You left, and now you'll never hear - The things I never said, for fear
You'd laugh, then dart away - Another friend who could not stay
So now I stand here in the rain - A smile can cover lots of pain
I think of when I had a choice - But listened to my inner voice
I smile once more, and think of you - And yearn to love a heart so true

Tres Wood

Melting

Your hand has just reached out for mine.
Delicate in strong
Short fingers in long
Pale in tan
I grasp your hand.
Smooth in tough
Tender in tough
Melting together in time.
Such a contrasting blend,
But I can no longer feel where my fingertips end.

Laura Rumsey

We've shared much, you and I
Even though physically we're often
worlds apart
The good times, the bad --
Laughter and tears, all the desires of the
heart

So far away sometimes --
Bodily separated, yet together our spirits
soar
through sunny meadows, fields of tears
Your touch reaches to my very beings
core . . .

. . .The memory of your kiss haunts me .

..

Tres Wood

You let him taste the salt of your lips
I am denied this seasoning of life

You long for his touch
I stand inches away

You tell me of him
I listen

You this
I that

You
I

Why
not

U
S
?

Carrie Zoch

TEN SECONDS

Our love can be counted in 10 seconds
Which was more than I could spare
but I gave them as
-one, we looked up
and two our eyes met
three, we smiled
and four, you came
five, you spoke
and six, your words
were seven, so wrong
and eight I frowned
and nine I stood
then ten I left and
thus ended our love affair.

Ann Mosher

Nobody's Pawn

How'd you like to be a pawn
You're not worth much, one point
compared to bishops and knights,
rooks and queens. You're the lowest.
But no matter, there are plenty of you.
One pawn, your blood oozing into a
square--
just one soldier from a regiment.
Two of you for one knight or bishop,
four of you in exchange for a rook--
that's a fair deal. You're used to distract
the enemy from more valuable pieces,
from queen and king. After many
battles,
you might rise to a higher rank--
from wielding sword and shield on foot
to aiming a lance from a snorting horse.
But that's if you survive the knight's
charge
and his horse's hooves, trampling bod-
ies.
No, you wouldn't want to be a pawn,
step down into my shoes, would you?
Well, king of women, I'm out of your
game.
I've been your pawn long enough.

Milo Hurley

I was kidnapped
by a poet
Swept off mental feet
By winsome arms
Taken captive by his metaphor
Held by lyric eyes.
Fed by chocolate nonsense
Filled with strawberry lines,
Sweet nothings cram my mind.
Bound by his simile
I'm bathed in glib liquid
Dried with rainbow sunset.
Dancing all the while,
Smoothed by his lullaby
Hummed to change my mind.
My heart drowned in his oath
But now I know he was
Speaking cotton candy tiff,
All lies.

Tressa Carmichael

Intent

Your words stand thick within my head.
Within my heart they sit and stare. The
are numb, deprived, and dead.

I remember those flattery lines once read,
so falsely written, so naive but
believed.

Your hope was based upon me. A prayer
sent out that I would see a friend in you
and you in me.

"You know much you mean to me".

Well what is much and what is mean?
What you speak I will never see, and I do
not believe.

The picture so beautiful as you are, yet a
different aspect of how it used to
be and what it should be.

How I mourn and lament and grieve.
Not for the dead, but for one who doesn't
care for me.

Was this a mistake? I thought my feelings
were mannerly.

What was your intent supposed to be?
Life as it turns out will never allow
perfect harmony.

Your words within my heart, your picture
never another hung upon my wall; you
alone, so precious and dear will always be
loved by me with great sincerity.

Joseph Earl

I am held with wings
Of strawberry feather
Lightly, as the wind
On which we fly
yet strongly as any
Other cage's door
The fuzzy down
Pressed against my skin
comforts and warms me
yet suffocates my spirit.
The chirping of his lullaby
Turns me liquid.
He does not know,
Inside I cry.
It is by his limbs
I am supported
And his claws
That grip the branch
Where we sit.
How can I take so much
Yet give so little?
How can my soul soar
Higher into the sky
Searching for the nest
From which I fell?

Tressa Carmichael

I was held by your beauty
By your amber eyes
Caught in a trench of my vice
and your lies
 Darkness came knocking

As I watched you face
watching me watching you
There was a searing eternity
and nothing I could do
 Darkness came knocking

I found beauty in you
Rhyme by no reason
You left me suspended
for one undue season
 Darkness came knocking

Darkness came knocking
tried to make me stay
Selling something I wanted
With a price I could not pay
go away, merchant peddler
I will not leave, nor will I stray
Darkness came knocking
...and I looked away

Jesse Rademacher

Innocence

I look young they say, for my age
Not twenty-one at all but just a babe
Too innocent for drinks and smokes
and love
But though I do not drink I have been
drunk
And though I do not smoke I have
lit fires
And though I have not loved
I've learned to
touch
So while I may be young for twenty-
one
I am too old to be called
innocent

Ann Mosher

Transformation

rose
blood red
with thorny stem
that pricked rough hands
until blood trickled downward
from two sensitive palms
forming a smooth
blood white
rose

Milo Hurley

SLEEPING SAFE

I am Sleeping Beauty
and that wicked fairy God Mother
bound in one
I've grown these thorns
around myself
to stab you if you come too close
so I can sleep for eternity
and keep myself from being kissed

Ann Mosher

To you, My Habit

My breath still catches
when you come upon me unex-
pected.
Did you know that?
Didn't you ever catch the flash
of my lightning love
restrained
in the perfect orb of it's prison
and (if I asked you) would you
deny it?
Even in that one moment
when your smile tasted of mischief,
tongue, poised like a needle
over the bubble of my hopes,
that same bubble blown from
the breath of your lungs
from the words of your lips?
But I suppose it doesn't matter now
whether you were clumsy or ruth-
less
the soapsuds are still sticky in my
hands,
either way.
Perhaps I'll pretend I like their
slick bitter feel,
perhaps I'll hold them awhile
longer
to drive away any for whom
my breath may catch
if they came upon me unexpected.

Sometimes I get so tired

Sometimes I get so tired

Sometimes I get so tired
of being me,
and I wonder what it would be like
to be you for awhile.

How would it feel?
Walking around in your skin,
looking out from behind your eyes,
past your nose,
at your world.

I guess I'd miss me
after awhile.
Miss my fingerprints,
miss my elbows,
miss the hair growing on the backs
of my toes.

The view just couldn't be quite the
same
from your height,
Or quite the same color
tinted by your eyes.

Jennifer Williams

I woke up frustrated
to find myself in skin.
I had dreamed of someplace other
than this body that I'm in.

I am always trapped by something
whether trial, whether sin.
But when I woke this morning
my prison walls were skin.

Jesse Rademacher

In Contrast

What's hiding in the shadows there?

Why does the dark allure?

Ash on pure white, clinging to the recesses
Where light has not the dexterity to reach.

Lying in repose
witting with such ease
shadow
while light lacks the flexibility to bend.

Looking down,
with a solitary point of view,
how narrow-minded
reflecting but he surface
seeing only a fraction of the spectrum.

Darkness is so much more experienced
so deep
sharing secrets and dreams that light will never know.

Holding the other worlds
the universe of the unseen.

The twist of light and shadow
the kaleidoscope of brilliance and darkness
the swirl of white and black
vortex-like
a pattern that traps the eye and gathers the rest in
into a lattice work of gradients and variations
thrilling
numbing
with extremes.

Pale sun light falls on me, but I gaze at that one vein of
shade.

Milo Hurley

Realize

I woke up
At 7 am
And walk a path
already laid

I go to class
at 8 am
and write
Repeat
Rote memory
And I receive a number
I am Good or Bad
My worth is scored
on a scale
1-5, 1-10, 1-20
I say nothing
because I believe them

I do my job at 5 pm
or 2 pm
or 11 am
Whenever I am beckoned
Strings of beautiful days
Pass outside of windows
As I earn my keep
In this world

In my head
Is a small revolution
Brilliance is realized
Time spent traveled
Learned
Productive
Not someone else's Nelly
my own mistress

I wake up
And I know
That I will again
Waste my day
And inside she cries
Know she will never
Come out.

Rachel Arruda

Think About It

Think about your conversation
And the words you have said
Do they sound different in a sentence
Than they sound inside your head?

Think about the people
All the people that you know
The way they feel about you
May be stronger than they show

Think about the gifts
The things given to you
Think of what you could give back
And yet you choose not to

Think about someone next to you
Stare deep into their eyes
The way they feel about you
Deep inside them, it may surprise

Think about your words
and the emotions you have felt
The way that you are living
Maybe killing someone else

Rob York

TEA

Why is it that I'm only useful
When you're in hot water?
Like I am your healer
When you get a head cold.
Originally, I unfolded my petals
To please the eye-
Not your insides.
Plucked because I was chamomile
or red raspberry.
Maybe if I was daisy
You would have left me alone.
All I wanted to do was grow,
Not float in some small square,
A cup,
Just my luck,
I had to be a flavor you liked.

KRYSTAL SMITH
1ST PLACE POETRY WINNER

Animal Crackers at Midnight

12:17. Bright green lights blurt out the
time--

It's dark outside
but warm and calm in here,
with the glow of life still softly stirring,
and it begins slowly at first . . .

The mind, mindless munching,
The constant, cringing crunching,
The sweet and salty, steady scrunching

of the tiny, tan crumbs
of little elephants and rhinos
spilling softly onto the bed.

I say nothing--
ears throbbing
teeth crunching,
mouth watering--
I say nothing
And observe that she is eating crackers.

She's eating *my* animal crackers.

Laura Rumsey

Well, I've finally done it; I've reached the ragged edge
Standing on a razor blade, cold wind blowing through my soul
Naked against the elements, wondering just how
I made it here and whether this is a healthy place to be

It's scary out here, thousands of feet straight down
To the unknown at the bottom of the abyss, and no way out
But up, and my flying skills are long neglected, antiquated
The constant pull of my humanity pulling me against the cold
steel edge
Or past it if I'm not careful of how and when I step
How can you step out in faith when you've forgotten what it
means?

But now the contemplation of how things used to be
Pulls me back to reality, and I find
That aloneness is only as bad as you conceive it to be
You're never on the edge of sanity unless you want to be
And all it takes to bring you back
Is a word, a touch; simple caring gestures
But so often never seen until the flowers lie on the casket
instead of in the grasp of the one they were meant for.

Tres Wood

Midsummer Storm

I stood on the cliff,
sidled up to the ledge
and emptied myself of ash and dredge

then I tapped my soul of its shadows and sin
which fell sheer from the edge and took flight in the wind

I stood on the cliff
and dug out my dirt
emptied myself of the pain and the hurt

they fell sheer from the ledge
lost shape and lost form
and flowed west on the winds of this midsummer storm

Jesse Rademacher

Weather Beaten

It was cool.
The sun shone straight through your shades -
you were cool,
But I am cold - bitterly.

It was live.
The snow was powder under your board - you
were alive,
But living too bold - carelessly.

It was perfect.
The wind whipped smartly, the air was crisp - I
am perfect.
Were not you told? - incredibly.

You were young.
Ha! I take one breath in fourteen years - oh so
young!
But I am old - eternally.

You got lost.
Direction is governed by the senses - this you
lost,
And could not hold - tragically.

It was luck.
To end up in the wrong place at the wrong time -
your bad luck.
This luck I scold - wisely.

You were tried.
By frostbite, hunger, dehydration, broken bones
- and you tried,
But you, I sold - outrageously.

There was hope.
On six they found you by a creek - drained of
hope.
The rescue, gold - prematurely.

Then you died.
Your body couldn't take my ailments - so you
died.
I carry on - indifferently.

Kristen Meyer

Pulp

My bones are wet--
So soggy, so soaked
That they cannot absorb another drop
of fluid from my body.
They float heavily under my skin
so that each step I take
jostles the waterlogged marrow;
I'm as heavy as a dripping sponge.
My bones are drenched,
they're weighing me down,
and I think I'm starting to leak . . .

My eyes are lead.
Too heavy to smile,
too tired to try, they droop, then fall from exhaustion,
from too many acid floods.
They crave cool darkness
to block out images I cannot bear to see.
They crave dreams.
My eyes, once brown, are smokey and dull--
gray, and heavy with lead . . .

My muscles are cold spaghetti.
After boiling and draining all my strength,
I cannot offer anything solid, anything warm,
nothing but slippery, wet mush.
Limp as a leftover noodle, every fiber of muscle slides down
and down
into a hole at the back of my chest . . .

The storm cascades in torrents
as every inch of my waterlogged bones
collapses inside of me.
I am too heavy to move,
to even lift my lead-filled eyes.
Thoughts hurt.
Dreams hurt.
Everything hurts.

My heart is pure pulp.

Laura Rumsey

Racism

White Rain, Black Rain.
Falling from the same sky
Which is always changing,
But is still the same.
White Rain falling
Supposedly
Slightly slower
than Black Rain,
Which seems eager to reach the earth.
White Rain, Black Rain.
All Rain falling from
The same Sky.
So why is it
All we see is
White Rain
and
Black Puddles?

Krystal Smith

DONATION

Warm and Rich Dark Red,
it gushes from a Steal pierced vein,
through the gleaming Sharpie,
then the pale and plastic worm,
to the Squishy holding Sac.

Liquid tissue, liquid me,
is off to blend into another;
to Course Within a stranger's
Heart, and Brain and Hands and Feet -
an eerie Awesome gift.

Josh Korson

Winter

I've always liked winter best
its always been my favorite time of year
I love to feel the cold in the air

And watch the leaves change
color

I wait for the holidays to start
to wear my winter clothes

I sit outside and not feel hot

As I feel the cool breeze brush my skin
And make fires and roast marshmallows
And cuddle up underneath my sheets
late at night

and dream of the morning frost
on the ground covering the earth
a world of silver and

white

And the snow in the air so silent and
graceful

I watch it fall to the ground

I've always liked winter best.

Chuck Marshall

Light Snow

It may be said that I
Haven't lately been bothered
Much by burdens of thinking
'Bout snowflakes and love.

Still wondering, though,
How instances and coincidences
Could somehow lead
To a reconciliation of both.

Said it may be that
Lonely I'm, excepting
divergence and convergence
Of my shadows under street lamps.

But cold it's, flakes a few--
Faintly falling six
Star point perfection.
Oblivious they're to me.

Joseph Earl

SOFTLY SHE'S HOME

Spring has sprung
Arbitrarily today
on our moth'o'meter.
Yet Unsuddenly has she wandered
Home,
Really,
Tossing dandelions o'er her shoulder
and beaming sun Smiles
as Warm as
her gentle breath
Soothing Winter's gray away.

Josh Korson

Butterflies emerge
from the shroud woven
by their former selves
in preparation
for rebirth
into a new life

Carrie Zoch

To Touch the Sky

Come back down little girl
You don't belong up there
Too many things to bruise your skin
Little girl beware

Of chasing stars of riding clouds
Of soaring on the breeze
You never know when the wind might die
And drop you to your knees

Little girl get down from there
You're flying way too high
Look back down upon the ground
Before you hurt you eyes

Ask me not to join you
I like it where I am
I know the grass I know the hills
I'm safe within my pen

If I never leave I'll never fall
If I never laugh I'll never cry
Yes, but if you never change you'll never
grow
If you never risk you'll never fly

Amanda Van Lanen

Twilight

Sun melts behind mountains as
Flies set fire to twilight,
Slowly reddish moon rises to
Haunting blue note of loon.

Shadows gather into gloom,
Stars flicker, it each in turn
As chorused nocturne's voices
drown our eve's early silence.

Late winds whisper the
Stories of ages passing past
Deeper woods with ruins
Stumbled not on seekers by.

Drearer darkness beckons
Rhythmic stalkers of supper,
Seeking satisfaction of soul's
Deepest desire for meat.

Receding howls rebound off
Rocks raised to heights by
Cataclysms long forgotten by
Those that there inhabit.

Glowing eyes pierce once
Twice the entrances of
Would be pirate caves if
Sea had brought them near.

Red eyed, recessed therein
Sleepless leviathans await
Call to rise as doom begins,
At ending of the day.

Eternal Fire

When I see the heaven on fire,
Flames of cirrus ripping across the sky,
I think of the uncertainty of desire
which fades so quickly into day or night.
For some, my fire has faded into day,
Into the pale blue of "just a friend,"
Or into friendship overcast with gray
Because the fire kindled left a wound.
Or worse, the reds have faded into night:
Liquid fire my heart no longer pumped
Because it burned to ashes in a fight,
Leaving nothing but a charcoal stump.
 But as my fire paints the sky for you,
 I pray it be with everlasting hue.

Milo Hurley

Six Ways To See Fire

I
a busybody
will set fire
to a town
with her tongue

II
an unstable man
is like gasoline:
one spark
will ignite him

III
the fire
of fleshly desire
in unquenchable
but confinable

IV
Satan's fiery darts--
sinner, sinner--
are quenched
in Jesus' blood

V
the Holy Spirit
baptizes with fire,
a burning
sorrow for sin

VI
fiery trials
shape Christians
into chalices
of pure gold
Six Ways To See Fire

Joe Peterson

Sonnet I

A feeling that a massive force has laid
A hand upon my soul and hold it tight
And whispers to me, "Do not be afraid,
I am a mighty power and a bright
Protector;" these things give--the tiger's roar;
A solid rock that stands unmoved by time,
The crashing waves that beat upon the shore.
A stately oak that makes me want to climb,
And sit upon the highest branch, and sing.
A sheet of pouring rain exceeding sound,
That blots the mem'ry of each living thing
From tree and bush and rock and from the
ground.
A wind that sweeps away each care and pain,
These things have power that can never wane.

**Becky
Gerrans**

I sit here, thinking and feeling

Helpless.

Nothing makes me feel

Better.

Helplessly I sit by her bedside,

Wishing and praying.

I worry constantly and

Can't pretend anymore.

It's there.

She's there.

God is somewhere and

I am here,

Helpless and afraid.

Kelly Peach

I Pray

I bend my knees
They tremble when contemplating love
And I fall down in worship before you
Because I cannot support the weight of a gift
so large laid on my mind

I bow my head
To offer my neck in sacrifice to you
To symbolize my servant-hood and debt
Because you have every right to take my life
with one slice of the blade

I fold my hands
They become useless tools
Unoccupied by some meaningless task
Because I can do nothing with them save when
you move through me

I close my eyes
To black out the scenes
Of "real life" that play around me
Because I am easily distracted and you deserve
to be my sole focus

Randi Mills

Just a Little Hole

You are the God who conquered Calvary
You are the God who tamed the raging sea,
You topple mountains and you set slaves free.
Why can't you fix this hole inside of me?
Your voice drew light and dark in harmony,
Your breath gave life to the first family,
You speak in fire, you cause the blind to see.
Why won't you mend this hole inside of me?
You save us from the sinners we would be,
You care about each raindrop on each tree,
I've seen your power, now please hear my plea.
It's just a little hole inside of me.
You are the God who wants us to be free,
So surely you will fill this hole in me.

Missy Marburger

You Do Not Change

Though joy lights my face
my life is full of grace
and I think I'll win the race
You do not change.

When I run here and there
or huddle up and stare
or think to fight the air
You do not change.

However my heart may break,
Whatever I think is at stake
No matter how much they take
You do not change.

You do not change or rearrange.
How quickly I forgot.
I love you more
and more and more--
You're everything I'm not.

Laura Rumsey

Pieces

Dedicated to BK

In every humans journey
 on life's true and tragic path
God, in his blessed nature,
 gifts us with different people
To lead us and guide us
 when those paths seem so confusing
To love us and nurture us
 when those paths seem so lonely
To stay with us and talk with us
 when those paths seem so impossible
To be lights, and hold us
 when those paths seem so dark and scary
And when we finally get
 to the end of the path
We realize, that in God's infinitely, awesome,
 powerful, and loving nature
That all those wonderful creatures
 we're all pieces and glimpses of Jesus himself.

Yomary Rivera

We are each of us shards of glass,
a fragment of a greater pane;
and the sun glimmering across
our broken surfaces is lovelier
than if we had been flawless.

Tressa Carmicheal

Broken

A bottle placed a wall upon,
In stupor turned away form.
It must have been gravity
that caused its fastest fall,
Or simple lack of shelf.

The crash it was that
Caused the noise that
Inclined eyes to turn to
Shards shimmering in faint
Light casts one bulb shining.

Fuzzy dark turned clearer but
None else around to clan so
Stooped he, gathered piece
By piece the life of bottle
And man gradually covered
Tears mixed blood with.

Joseph Earl

Tanya

She let the hot pink pain
wrap round her throat ,
so many hungry tentacles
wearing them like ribbons
to shine wetly
dully
in the uncertain morning air.
But because she wore them
with such a winsome smile
other commented on her beauty
not so much blind
but unwilling to see
that all the while she was suffocating.

Ariel Childers

Eyes

I looked through the eyes
Of a bird,
And saw that the world was good.
With no evil, all peace-
No one at war.

I looked through the eyes
Of a fish,
And saw that the world was good.
With no danger, all safe-
No one in fear.

I looked through the eyes
Of a snake,
And saw that the world was good.
With no poverty, all equal-
No one was poor.

I looked through the eyes
Of a human,
And saw that the world was not good.
With the bird in a cage, the fish in a
tank,
And the snake in captivity.

Krystal Smith

Photograph

City scene and sky
Two eyes that cry
Smile not bitter
This man no quitter

Clothes worn to rags
In each hand bags
Sign that said stop
One bolt, about to drop
Four corners, three cars
Along a row of bars

Stopped tower clock
Three on the dock
Out for a long walk
With child he talks
Potholes in road
Don't hop, poor toad

Overflowing trash can
who is that man?
Sealed still sentence
Fingerprinted eloquence
Photograph

Joseph Earl

Alone he sits
3x5 moment before him
Like candy coated poison

Should he taste them
Only to suffer afresh
The agony of her loss?

Happy moments
Now tarnished with the thought
Of never sharing again

Her memory
In vibrant living color
Stolen from her lifeless form

A picture is worth a thousand tears

Joe Peterson

Blind Ears

Deaf ones listen to the
Painfully perfect music emulating
from stringed instruments;
Converse vociferously together
On thoughts of flow of
Tones notes melody harmony.

Cacophony to those who hear
And choose to ignore the
Masterpiece orchestrated before
Their eyes the song's
emotions cross the distance,
Flow past blinded ears.

How blessed the deaf who
Only see the arm motions,
Yet hear angel voices
Perfectly transcribe silence
Into beauty hearers never
Drempt on earth existed.

Joseph Earl

BE STILL

translocating so slowly or Fast
What is time anyway
but quantum Nows between
past and later

Between one and three
Must infinitesimal and
too come Two and that is Time

Josh Kornson

The World Is

The world is
bland, and that's the problem.
O taste and see

(The pastor's often said)
that the Lord is sweeter
than honey (which I might
add
is too sweet to eat raw).

What they don't seem to see
is that we are of the bland.
The profoundness of sorrow
(the Greek in us) fears joy.

Honey is no bait these days:
the bitter we can swallow,
but--
too sweet! We cringe, gag,

shuddering at Your
intolerable compliment.

Abbie Hilton

Come, let us go to the orchard
and pick ripened aluminum cans
full of processed peaches
And then come lie with me
in a field of astroturf
and bathe in the light of fluorescent
bulbs.

Ann Mosher

Wish

All I've ever wanted
Was a place to park my mind,
Rest my heart,
Home.

Rachel Arruda

I do not carry a sword

I am a guardian

of her dignity
of her virtues
of her name

Sometimes I am tempted to compromise
The one whom I am sworn to protect

It is not a knife edge I walk upon

But I stand
balanced precariously
on the tip of a needle

An infinity of angles at which we might
fall
But one in which we can stand true

Upright
Proud
Defenders

Of His Word

Knowing that someday
the joy of mutual indulgence
will be ours

I will revel in
sharing with her

I will revel

in her love
in her sweetness
in her body

But for now
I am a guardian

John Peterson

Daddy

is it a good morning
 i say to you
will it be a good day
 through & through?
will the sun shine,
will the birds sing,
will you keep bounce
 with every step you take?
will that handsome smile
 appear through thick and thin?
will you have a glow of peace
 surrounding your nature within?
i'm sure it's true
 you always see the the bright in the
dull,
pick up & fix what has been broken
and most importantly,
you know how to mend a torn heart.

Lisa D. Kaplan

Sisters

Our lives began at the same moment,
As nature was awakening from the winter;
Flowers blooming and trees budding,
Stretching their bodies to the beaming sun.
Our first glimpse of the outside world,
Was separated by only nine minutes.
We were womb mates in the beginning,
What what are we now? Just sisters?
When we were young and life so simple,
The bond between us was strong;
But as the years slipped by and difficulties arose,
The thick rope thinned to a single thread,
Able to break at any second.
One of us has always fought more than the other,
To be seen as an individual--
Not just half of a single being.
Though we are mirror images on the outside,
If one takes the time to search the inside,
Past the identical eyes, hair, and smile,
They will find one fighting for her independence,
But the other hanging onto a stereotypical dream.
We have always and will always love each other,
But in my mind we have a sister bond--
Not a twin bond--for no such thing exists.

Ireland Burch

A year of change, Southern and it's content
What is left behind
What is taken?

In this haven we are not secure
We are weak
So great hardship we do endure.

the world around us, crumbling from
within
Corruption
Destruction
A planet saturated with sin.

The evil one's intentions are well known
Repressing
Depressing
Earth, on the eve of a milestone

Jonathan Knoll

In the Life of a Rubber Band

I was a rubber band
Plain, as rubber bands go
I had no color
According to the other rubber bands
And being plain
I accepted it

I was a rubber band
With many different uses
I was strong
For my life was centered
On one part of life
Be all the rubber band I could be!

I was a rubber band
Who encountered twists
and ripples
While holding other together
Others were important
Even if they weren't concerned about me

I was a rubber band
Who had been stretched
To my limit
And finally broke
In tiredness, in dreary tones,
and in helplessness- I was alone.

I was a rubber band
who discovered that I was still of some use
With another broken band The greatest
Rubber Band ever
Who was broken for others like me
But survived.

Joe Peterson

Onomatopoeia

I like words that grab your attention
dashing away with chortles of glee
Words that scurry and scamper
under brittle, dead leaves
Words that blaze in the dark
flashing sparks into the frigid air
Words that sizzle
like sidewalk eggs on a sultry afternoon
Words that sprinkle like
raindrops in a galvanized pan
Words that swish and swoosh
like nighthawks diving for lunch (crunch)

Squawking words
like scrawny fledglings
glistening words
like a luminous moon
Splashing words
like a surprised frog
Velvet words
like a kitten's purr
Waddling words
like an obese hippo
Fuzzy words
like tickling fluff (sneeze)

Spank
Mottled
Sparkle
Rasp
Splat
Dab (crab)

Snap
Crackle
Pop

(Stop)

Becky Gerrans

E. Fudd

The hairless one with eyes aglow
Pursues endlessly hare
Poor aim shotgun blasts sparks and fire
The swollen head filled with but one
thought

Day, night and times between dreaming
For head of hare on platter
Long, orange carrot stuffed in mouth

Insane, driven by one question
What's up, doc? Asked of rabbit
nearsighted as mole in darkness
Confounded by the grey man with
Long ears, feet big, buck teeth

offers prayers at night by bed
Lord, be merciful to me, a wabbit hunter
Dejectedly the fitful sleep begins
While laughs the rabbit in its hole

Joseph Earl

Horse Haiku

In dewy pasture
Thoroughbreds dance and frolic.
How spring can spur them!

Youthful and restless,
A stallion charges The wind:
The wind combs his mane.

Red sky behind her,
A mare strides into the night:
Shadows embrace her.

Tethered to a post,
A saddled buckskin whinnies,
Yearning to be free.

Milo Hurley

Kiss Off Haiku

So, you are God's gift
To the world? I didn't know
That God was so cheap.

Rachel Arruda

Millions and millions and millions of people

Millions and millions and millions of people,
All made into me,
Piles of genes thrown all through my corners,
A DNA family tree!

A tiny piece of my nose once sat,
On the face of an English courier,
And a bit of my left once graced,
A New York sanitation sorter.

Through Egypt and Checkoslovakia,
Generations passed around shards,
Of what would later color my eyes,
Straighen my teeth, give me my self-regard.

And w ay back underneath all that stuff,
Behind the curious genetic weave,
A fragment of Adam,
A fragment of Eve.

From only two came millions,
and from millions came me,
all different, all the same,
a DNA family tree

Jennifer Williams

Jungle Temple

The seed planted in you must have been
caught
From its infancy between wedge-leaf stone.
How many times thwarted finger roots
bought
Water from the rock? Licked sacrificial
bones?

Shackled, restless, pushing, it rose atom by
atom,
quiet through empires' ages. Soft roots
locked in frozen battle with pagan
mineral. And now no priest to pull the
shoots.

Trunks widen: see how the crouch like old
warriors
on your carcass! Fallen, fallen--arches,
ceilings, secret rooms. Fear, Vishnu! The
full grown fig with sickle-time will slice
your stone.

Abbie Hilton

It was wrong.

I awoke just now from score years sleep
dust in my hair, tears on my cheek
I walked waist-deep in caustic memory
from which animals hide and boat-men flee

I awoke with the taste of your mouth on my lips
somewhat singed by the slide of your fingertips
and your smoke still stings my glassy eyes
as I tromp through this wood and wade through
your lies

I awoke just now from score years sleep
a great deal wiser and free from your keep
you sense I have left as I flee through your glen
your hounds of memory pursue me and then?

I will die in your forest before I give in
die in your arms, short of you and short of sin
Take the bloody secret with me to the grave
And no longer slumber in the bed that you gave

It was wrong

Jesse Rademacher

Stillborn

How many silent stillborn stars
Lie awake at night weeping,
Naked lonely friendless--
Dreaming of birth and noise.

Long to lend out streams of
Light and static to the watchers,
never made it on the M-list,
Folded in dimensions warped.

Insignificant as lost eyelashes,
Wonder wandering placeless.
Slaves of push and pull bigger
Glowing behemoths exerting.

Ignore now pestilential cosmic dust,
Absorb-expand-implode-suck--
Beautiful spacial cycles
Haunt me.

Joseph Earl

The Last Heartbeat

was the precise moment when all things became possible, and the sum of all history (mystery, this) was (and is and is to come) clenched like a fist in the second that contained one heartbeat. Held there: infinity, every decision, price, promise of hope not realized. The second that wrote happy endings to every story until the end of time (and beyond) gave truth a capital T. The end (now) can be: happily ever after. Joy is (now) more profound than sorrow (never man spake as this man). Tomorrow is (now) because: it is finished! wrung from the heart of God forever for a finite world.

Abbie Hilton

PROSE

PENMANSHIP

This story began long ago upon my marriage to Ethan. We were a lovely pair, he tall and strong and straight and I was tall as well but slighter of build. And weaker. Years before mother said that it was my hair that took my strength and cut off my long autumn hair into boyish locks which curled about my ears and cheeks and coupled with my slender build she rendered my ten year-old countenance into masculinity. I flourished for a summer and at the first hint of winter she again approached me with the scissors glaring menacingly in her hand threatening to cut it again until I told her consumption be hanged and I'd grow my hair out anyhow. I preferred death to the teasing that had berated me upon my shearing and at nineteen my hair finally restored itself to its former beauty. I hadn't any shape to speak of, as thick as I was, and so it became that my hair was my vanity.

It was in the summer that we married. The June air cooled slightly by a surprise sun shower and turned the air sultry. The town's general consensus said that I was crazy for marrying a poor writer, but after three years of blissful poverty we came into money and lived comfortably. It was also at that time that my health began to deteriorate. For our newlywed years Ethan and I lived in a spare but cozy loft above a bakery. During the day, Ethan would do clerical work, and I would teach English at the young lady's academy a few blocks down the street and always at night I would fall asleep to the sound of Ethan's pen scratching across parchment as he struggled with the book he was writing. It was a lovely time for us together until I began expecting the baby. The expectancy itself was a joy for me. After three years of marriage I had begun to worry that perhaps there wouldn't be any children, but at this one's appearance in my womb, my strength waned, making me weaker and frailer. Finally I resigned my position at the academy for by this time Ethan had begun to make a fair amount of change from his scribblings. I spent days in bed, unable to stand the sight of any food and only a little tea until the doctor was summoned and with a shake of his head

regretfully informed us that there would never be any children. My body simply was not strong enough. It was then that my health truly failed. Grief stricken I refused to leave my bed and ate only shreds enough to stay alive. Alarmed, Ethan sought the advice of every available physician until he concluded that we should move from the city into the country where the air was cleaner. I obliged, and the following spring saw us moving our meager belongings from the loft onto a hired wagon to the small cottage miles out of the city where the air shimmered with vitality.

My room was white with filmy curtains and broad windows that overlooked the backyard into a grove of lofty pine trees. Ethan moved into my room so "as to be near my muse" he murmured, kissing me affectionately on the top of my head then tenderly on my lips. I turned my head away and curled deeper inside my covers. Ethan moved to his desk and began writing.

His writing.

So soothing it was to hear the vigor of his healthy mind control the strength of his hands over the blank parchment. Everyday, from dusk 'til dawn stopping only for food and an occasional rest he'd write and I'd lay there living vicariously through the characters he'd create and the situations he'd form until it became that I was buried beneath the miles of scrawling black characters that traipsed across his pages. I was happiest at the times he wrote, when the occasions arose that he'd read me of the friends he had born from the whirlings of his mind.

Pages, and pages and pages of writing from desktop to stacktop that grew higher and higher with each passing day until one morning I awoke to the sun slanting across my eyes. My glance fell upon the whiteness of my arm that lay stretched out parallel to his brown one. His was long, the muscles well defined and the skin tawny from walks down the lane that passed our house. Mine was thinner, white from the days spent tucked beneath white sheets in the white room that reflected white light so bright that the strain placed on my eyes gave me headaches and made me tired. And the veins. Stretched along the length of my white arm the blue veins criss-crossed and looked positively black

against my skin. Like the ink that twirled over Ethan's manuscripts. How funny it would seem that my blood had turned to ink with all of his scribblings. And yet I thought it had. All morning long and far into the afternoon I could not drag my fascinated eyes from the blackness of my veins until the pen scratching soothed me into sleep.

The pile grew higher, was finished, and mailed out, a publisher found, another book made, another one to start. More scratching. Ethan lived in frenzy, the success of his last book make it difficult to comply with the demands of his publisher's desire for another and he was frantic with the writing and did so for hours into the night.

I grew worse. I attentions grew fainter and no references were made to my muse-ical contributions to his brainstormings. My arms grew thinner, my eyes dimmer, my veins darker, my body hotter until I could taste the bitterness of ink trickling from my brow into my parted lips and my mind screamed with the failure of my lifetime. Ink seeped through my skin to drench my nightgown and the bedclothes and the long pen quills of my hair that splayed across my ink drenched pillow. Nothing marked my life except my witness to other people's pages and none to mark my own existence.

In my head I heard dying babies wailing at me of my failure and lack of strong body and across the room and over the covers Ethan continued to scratch with his pen at the paper. Black ink fell into my eyes blinding me of sunlight, of whiteness. A whimper escapes from my throat and immediately Ethan is up exclaiming dear God how long have you been this way? He clasps me at his chest and I worry at my blackness staining his fresh white shirt and think of Jesus' blood sweat and wonder if I'm Ethan's pen since I'm his muse. Ethan is rocking me and muttering incoherently and the sunrises above his head bathing the room in white brilliance and as I slip from the pages my last thought is of how discouraging it is the be the one black spot in a clean white room

CARRIE ZOCH
FIRST PLACE PROSE WINNER

Stars

Waling out at dusk, I see my star hanging suspended by a thread of time. Here the air is warm, but on that star the night of space is dark and cold. The star twinkles in a friendly way even as its cold light standoffishly shines. Constant, it's there too in the morning, hooked on the spear of the moon as the happy rejoicing of the sun shoots above the hill. The sun burns like a celestial celebration, a coal that kindles the new day. But the star bravely hangs on till it's hook disappears, melting with the fervent hear. Then it falls, spinning stardust into my eyes, giving me a bit of brightness in my cloudy days.

The night-time trek to gather firewood is cold and dark, but I glance up a see a curtain of stars buttoning up the sky. There are so many stars they send all their glittering ice to the earth, and the air is chill with the fervor of their light. Secretly I climb up the ladder of their beams, grasp Orion's' huge cold hand, and pull myself into the bowl of the Dipper that rests on the back of the Bear. The Pleiades chatter around me, and Sirius jumps to lick my face with his cold star-tongue. Cassiopeia asks if I have seen Perseus, as the Bull snorts warm cow breath in my hair. Suddenly the Bear lumbers down the Milky way, taking in light-years with a single step. "Wait, Bear!" I cry, but unheeding he plods on. Planets twirl by, each a partner in a dance centuries long. Galaxies shine like streetlights along the avenue of the Milky Way. Of a sudden, I see a tall gateway. "Where are we, Bear?" I query. "Don't you know?" He replies, pointing with a furry nose.

And in the gateway stand the Lion. The brightness of the universe is condensed and drawn into His eyes. "Come, Daughter of eve," and I am kneeling before Him. Beautiful and terrible, glory is around Him in a tangible presence. I must let the tears of joy fall as I see the scars in His paw. His mane envelops me as he leans down to give me Lion-strength and blessing.

In a flash, I am again standing by the woodpile looking at the stars. I see my star and wonder if it was all a dream. But as I stand gazing up into the heavens, I see a movement--slow, but taking in light-years as the Bear shambles back into place. I look beyond from whence he came and see a spot of light. All the stars, even at a standstill, are racing toward that light. I feel the light of His love and I am content.

Becky Gerrans

Girl

It was Autumn, and love could not wait until spring. All around couples were springing up even as the dying autumn leaves drifted down around them. And yet, despite this great outbreak of coupledom, the masses of high-heeled, dress-coated, single girls making their way with no male arm to lean on, only increased. And the girl was among them.

The meandering train of her thoughts would turn to love sometimes, she seemed to be entirely surrounded by it--couples bidding their tender goodbyes at doorways and front porches before that long nighttime separation, walking together hand-in-hand, a girl melting into arms of her big, strong knight-in-birkenstocks. Does love start small, a tiny spark spreading unnoticed along your veins and through your heart? Or does it hit you one day, shocking you with the force of an earthquake, shaking every fiber in your being? It is not good that the man should be alone. Or it is just that one morning you wake up lying in bed contemplating the dust specks on the ceiling fixture and listening to the sounds of the garbage truck emptying the dumpster outside, and suddenly you know you are in love?

Man was created first, and then woman. But the generation seemed to have procreated a few too many women, and there were leftovers. So if women were the weaker sex, the girl wondered, why was it that they seemed to be more often the ones left alone and single? When she was little she had, like other six-year-old, picked a bouquet of dandelions and draped a curtain over her head and pretended "Wedding" with the reluctant neighbor boy, or the reluctant neighbor's dog, or her teddy bear, or whatever happened to be most available.

And then it was that one Friday afternoon the girl was sitting in a Shoney's with two single friends, sipping a chocolate milkshake and staring out the window. The other two were talking around her, but she was distracted, focused instead on a peculiar situation unfolding in the parking lot.

A very elderly lady was helping her very elderly husband into the car. She was trying to put him into the passenger seat, and he was braced up against the door frame trying to make the transition from a standing position to a sitting position. She held him up, and pushed him and his face got very red and crumpled up, and he fell into the car, slumping across the seat. The old woman leaned in over him, righting him, fixing his seatbelt, working over him. She was juggling a walker

in front of herself, and looked frail herself, like a dying leaf that had clung to the wintery branch as long as possible, brown and paper-thin. She worked over him a long time. Finally she shut the door forcefully and moved around the car to the trunk where she folded up the walker and began arranging it inside.

From inside the restaurant the girl was watching, and she wondered if this woman had once been young and beautiful, and if they had been high school sweethearts, or perhaps had met in college. Had he been a returning G.I. full of the romance of faraway places? Had he once stood, trembling, under the glare of her father, before taking her out for the first time? Did they laugh and talk and dance together? Did he get down on one knee and take her hand and promise to stay by her and take care of her forever?

Had she once melted into the crook of his arm and looked up into his eyes and known she was in love?

And those words, "in sickness and in health, till death do us part" echoed in her ears, and a new meaning to the word, "forever" as the little old lady closed the trunk and got into the driver's seat and drove away, her husband slumped low in his seat beside her. II

The start of a wedding is silent as a funeral. A reverent uncomfortable stillness, thin music stiffly played, to the death of a maid. As she walks up the aisle, pale, trembling, the mothers cry, seeing her in pigtails, freckles, braces. Their daughters rave over the dress, the flowers, the attendants, mentally planning their own weddings. And the youngest sisters fidget, and wait for the pelting of the rice.

When is it that the rose flush infuses color into the pall of the pale bride's cheeks? When he takes her hand . . . when they kneel together . . . at the kiss of her husband's lips? As she is sealed over his heart. Love awakened, when it desires, unquenchable, as strong as death . . .

And I now pronounce you man and wife.

Man and Wife.

And from the watching gathered a sigh.

And they comb birdseed out of each other's hair, and eat cake, and toast and tell stories and laugh. And then they get into their car--Just Married--with the shaving cream and the streamers and the tin cans,
And they ride off
into the sunrise.

She has never been kissed. Never once. Somehow, she had been forgotten while in elementary school the second-graders played kissing tag, and when the sixth-grade Gorgie Porgie was kissing the girls to make them cry, and by the seventh and eighth graders who snuck off behind the gym with their girlfriends. In high school neither the sweating, squeaky-voiced freshmen, not he ardent, love-burning seniors ever seemed to notice her at her desk in the second row, or watching them play soccer, or sharing their lumpy cafeteria soup.

And now, even after, she had still never been kissed. Never once. Never a quick peck on the cheek. Never a somewhat slobbery experimental smack on the lips. Definitely never a deep, burning kiss, two beating hearts suddenly perfectly alone in a world spinning faster and faster of autumn scents summer warmth spring dew and winder moonlight, all at once.

She had never been captured in the embrace of a shining strong knight or even a geeky fourteen-year-old.

She had seen the movies, read the books, heard the country songs. Sometimes she had almost tasted it, her lips had parted, her eyes had closed, though there was nothing there. "Well, you should really try it some time," a girl had told her once, as if it was her fault, her choice. And she felt suddenly too old. Too old for innocence.

There was a time when she had cried herself to sleep at night, thought herself ugly, hated herself. There was a time when she had turned her anger towards men, berated them, bashed them, hated them. There was a time when she had been desperate. But she had outgrown that now.

Sometimes, washing her hair, or smoothing on lotion or powder, she felt completely feminine, and every inch untouched. Every inch waiting.

Jennifer Williams

Cynthia

I was so frustrated with her. Cynthia. Cynthia with the thick plastic eyeglasses. Cynthia with the runny nose. Cynthia with the lisp. Seven-year-old Cynthia who ran away, didn't fit in, and took up more time than my eleven other adventurer campers combined.

And the eleven others were a piece of work in themselves. There was Sarah, who refused to wear anything but a yellow bathing suit and a pair of knee-high rubber boots. Nothing over the bathing suit, nothing under the boots. There was Danielle, who refused to bathe, who hadn't taken a shower except once all week. Emily woke up at night insisting she was sick, or that she had seen a deadly spider in her bed, and only after we had sat up talking for an hour would she feel well enough to go back to bed. Her face floated before me all through the night. And Elizabeth, who was deathly allergic to bees, was in love with every male staff member in the camp, and insisted she had seen head lice in Danielle's head. And then there was Cynthia.

The day before she had run away, leading me on a long goose chase around the cafeteria and lodge. The next half an hour had been a fruitless attempt at helping her call home, only to have her suddenly remember that her parents were in Russia for the week and unreachable. That evening she had wet her pants twice during the program, and finished off by wetting the bed during the night. I was exhausted.

Today had been my day off. It still should have been, technically, but I had returned to my cabin early, only to see Cynthia get into a fight with another girl and take off into the woods. I had followed her. Now, she was sitting next to me, sobbing. She wanted to go home. She wanted to be with friends. Most of all, the other kids were mean to her. The other kids made fun of her. Something was in my throat, and behind my eyes. I put one arm around her trembling, skinny little form. I didn't know what to say. I was so frustrated with her.

Because it was fourteen years ago, and I was a skinny little seven-year-old with big plastic glasses. I was the one blubbering on a hilltop while my friends played without me. "We don't want you to play!" I was the one crying to the teacher who was exhausted and frustrated. I was the one--obnoxious and runny-nosed, hurt and lonely. I'm rubber, you're glue! Whatever you say sticks to you . . .

Cynthia. Cynthia who floated on the edge of the group. Cynthia who ran away. Cynthia who I had forgotten, who I had wanted to forget. Seven-year-old Cynthia. And I had nothing there to say to her.

Jennifer Willaims

Ocean

There is an ocean like crystal sun, an ocean of infinite love.
Once a man stood in its surf and felt its burning wash.
What he wondered, lies in the bright boundless depths?
What would it be to be swallowed and drowned? Sometimes
in the translucent swells there shone ghostly faces
whose silent lips whispered of sweet joy and whose silvery
fingers beacons him. Come, come, they called. The man
waded in. Wave by wave he drowned. The fight for air,
the fight for life was stilled, the questions faded, and life
slipped away. Now his tumbling form sinks forever deeper
while ghostlike I hear his silent lips whisper of sweet joy
and watch his silvery fingers beacon me. And wading in I
feel the burning wash rise.

Thor Haugen

Equation

The kingdom of heaven is like a math tutor who went to help some students with their calculus. They were all arguing over the answer to a certain problem. "Listen everyone!" said the tutor. "I have good news: I have the Solutions Manual. You don't need to find the answer to the problem, because it's already here. All you need to do is work out the equation."

One student was very difficult to convince. He had reasoned it himself, and he was sure that his answer was right, although it differed from the Manual. "I worked for hours on this problem," he said. "I know my answer is right! My experience has taught me."

The tutor only shook her head. "When working out a sample equation, you must keep the goal in mind. I'm glad that you're thinking, but you need to go back and think again. The Solutions Manual is never wrong."

Another student didn't feel that she needed to work out the equation at all. "I believe the answer in the Manual," she said. "I have simple faith that it is correct."

"Yes . . ." said the tutor, "but you don't understand it. And you're an education major? How can you explain the answer to someone else if you don't understand how it was derived? How can you convince someone who doesn't believe in the Solution's Manual?"

"You are implying that I can work out the equation myself!" Exclaimed the student. "I am not the author or an expert!"

"No," said the girl. "But this equation is appropriate to your level of experience. It should be difficult, but not impossible. The authors would not give you problems beyond what you can handle if you're follow in the text book."

The student was not convinced. "You are implying that you do not trust the answer," she said. "You think you cannot trust it unless you can prove it."

The tutor thought a moment. "I will certainly never understand it so well as the author," she said at last. "But I can work out my own equation, and if I get it wrong, I can start over. Or I can work backwards from the answer. The author encourages these techniques. It will help in solving problems for which we do not have an answer."

The students were perplexed. "There are problems with no answer?"

She grinned. "Did you really think the solution's manual could cover everything? Then what would be the point of learning? These problems with answers are supposed to serve as models. Many of your own homework problems will be different, but the method of solving them will be the same."

Therefore, my dear friends . . . continue to work out your own salvation with fear and trembling, for it is God who works in you to will and to act according to his good purpose.

Philippians 2:12

Abbie Hilton

The Blessed and the Cursed

The young woman who stood in front of the church was truly beautiful. Through the cross in the stained glass window above her came a stream of light which highlighted her in soft pastels. At her side she held a violin. I sat in one of the old church's rough wood pews and studied her as she spoke to the congregation. What a perfect picture she is, I thought.

She possessed a captivating, peculiar beauty. When womanhood came to her, it seemed it had been unable to wash all of the girl from her. Her slender form with its supple, springy lightness, along with a happy spark that gleamed in her wide eyes, brought to mind simple delights and childish innocence, but the grace in her movements and the curves of her body were a sharp reminder that she was completely a woman. Her form, however, seemed to merely intensify an internal beauty of soul, a beauty which swelled from deep within her. As she spoke to the congregation the sweet sun of her smile and the ring of joy in her voice seemed an emphatic confirmation to the goodness and purity of her spirit.

As I thought these things, she lifted her violin and began to play. God must have formed her hand to dance upon the strings. It was clear that she had been blessed with the gift of music. I was entranced by the surreal sweet sadness of the plaintive melody. She played with her eyes closed as if she heard music in another world and echoed it.

Then, just as I was being swept away by the music, I caught sight of another woman. She sat alone near the front. She had a dwarfish, dumpish figure, and her back was horribly humped with a great mounded knob of flesh. She wore a heavy pair of thick-lensed glasses, which had a rosy pink tint. It seemed she needed rose-colored glasses for hers could not be an easy life. Nature had formed her as a ghastly goblin who seemed destined to find little but pain. As I scrutinized her I noticed that one side of her misshapen face dragged a corner of her mouth up into a strange gapped leer, and both of her hands were writhed into twisted balls of fingers. Her entire body was so contorted it barely seemed human.

I had seen her earlier as she shuffled into the church. The people there were kind to her in that simple, all-smiling, plastic manner

that seems to come so naturally when dealing with those aberrations of humanity that have been accursed to live a life like that of some circus side show. Children, however, not knowing that an open stare is to be avoided (as if eyes fro behind cannot be felt), regarded her with unmasked curiosity. She seemed indifferent to it all.

But as I gazed on her I saw something that, with a sudden shock, turned all the world silent. From behind the pink distortion of the hunched little figure's glasses fell a bright tear. Why it fell I do not know. Maybe through the song she glimpsed heaven and cried for the joy of it. Maybe she saw herself freed from the cage of her body and given splendid freedom. Who can say?

I do know that with her bright tear a sharp, angry emotion sprang into my own mind. Suddenly, I felt as though I was sucked into her horrid bent body. I saw the world through the window or her reality, not as she felt but as I would feel had such a circumstance been my own. My heart cried out, Unfair! I felt an infuriated, helpless rage at the injustice of it. Often it seems that there is some dullness of mind or cloaking naivete which protects the accursed form reality. Now I saw that it is not always so.

Why could she not have been at least normal? I hissed at God. Why had she been banished to a lonely hell of staring eyes and fake smiles? Surely she longed for a loving husband, and maybe for children too, yet what chance did she have of such things? What kind of "good" God would set desires in the heart then take away the faintest chance of ever having them fulfilled?

I felt a jealous hatred toward the beautiful woman on the platform. Her perfection seemed to mock the poor crumbled creature. And she who was accursed was to feel joy for she who was blessed? I wondered. Then suddenly with a back tingling jolt, I saw the light of the stained glass cross spilling onto the platform and with a new understanding my questions were silenced.

Thor Haugen

CREDITS

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After repeatedly reading all the poetry and prose submitted and included in the Legacy this year, I'm impressed by the amount and quality of talent we have here at SAU. Being the editor of the Legacy this year was a wonderful and especially humbling experience. Perhaps the only part I regret was my inability to publish more writings for lack of space. Thank you to all the writers for making the Legacy what it is. Since it is rather pointless to stand and clap at a book, consider this my paper standing ovation to all of you for poetry/prose well written.

If there was one person I appreciated most for the help with this year's Legacy, it would be Helen Pyke for her endless support. Without her, there wouldn't be a Legacy each year. Her guidance, wisdom and continuing faith has been invaluable. She's the major driving force behind this year's Legacy. Thank you Mrs. Pyke - you're an angel.

I'd also like to thank Jesse Rademacher. Not only did he put alot of time into learning Quark and Pagemaker last minute to create a template so that the Legacy could get printed, but he also provided tons of support, lots of good advice and food for a certain weary Legacy Editor...all without credit...well until now... Thanks Jesse!

I'm beginning to realise how many people there are who deserve thanking for making this year's Legacy what it is. The list is long. Thanks to our judges - especially Dr. Sheppfield who found time to judge the Legacy very last minute. Thanks to several people in Wright Hall who have helped with the money end of the Legacy - it is all very appreciated. Several have volunteered their time and energy and typing skills. More have made this task easier by simply a kind word, or smile - You know who you are. Thank you all!

Sincerely,

ARIEL CHILDERS

Southern Adventist Univ McKee Lib



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DATE DUE

A rectangular box with a red border, intended for writing the due date.

