

The
Milligan College



Phoenix

2007

Special thanks to:

Dr. Ruth McDowell Cook

Gary Daught

Emily Banks

B. J. Krug

Megan Bowser

Aaron Jones

Daniel Rogers

Amanda Moore

Danielle Bush

Alyssa Bibler

Kofi Frimpong

Devin Johnson



Iori Harada

"Birth of a New Blaze"

B. J. Krug

The towering inferno falls into itself and begins to fade
the great light is no longer.

Dying down it defers to the dark

But Shadow stakes not the valley, a sliver of light persists
the universe watches to see the small glow die in the valley

Looking about the light laments the languishing flames

It weeps, weeps, weeps

Yet the flame dies not, instead it gathers with other sliver, and
other glow

*The small flicker strikes forth, forging a fire to fly far, forgetting
ashes*

Screaming in life, see creation of a new being within the ashes
returning the light's innate power, and gaining greater glory the
Light soars

despite this birth, will the deep dark be delivered or destroyed?

The Light spreads life

giving way to rescuing cinders, creating new fires

*A phoenix resplendent in flame flies higher and farther, filling the
valley with light*

"I Turned to Face the Sun"

B. J. Krug

I turned to face the sun
and watched it turn from me
though the day had just begun.

Twilight settled far too quickly
for nature, I grew afraid
and no matter how I turned, I could not see.

The Black flew forward and cast me in shade.
But when I thought I could not cope
one prick of light came out to ply it's trade

At last reborn the hope
I had lost in The Light.
Illuminated, I no longer had to grope,

realizing that sometimes the things so trite
are also the most very true.
With soul bolstered, on sped the night

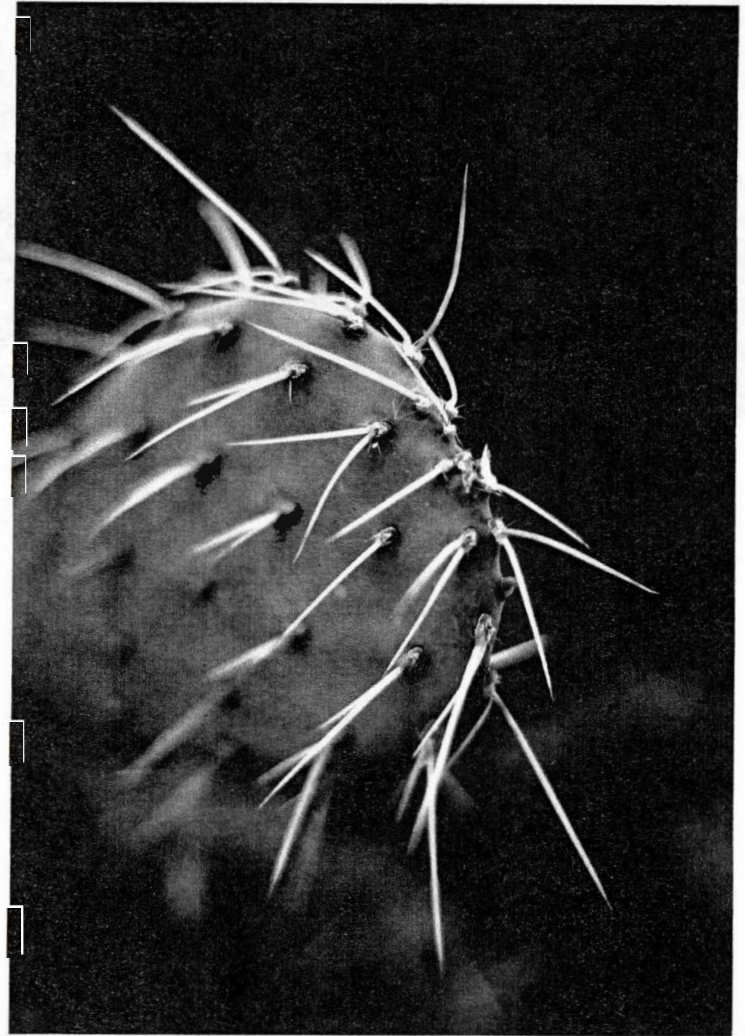
swirling, twirling, pinpricks so few
turning about me the sky seemed torn
light streaking about, making me new.

The Darkness seemed so forlorn,
I knew it could not last--
Now darkness breaks, oh come great morn!

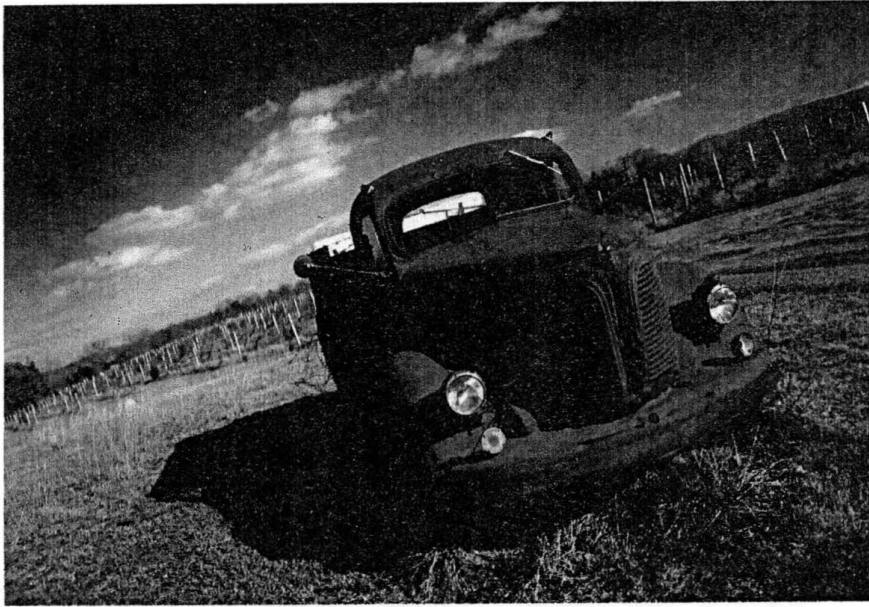
The spinning flickers and flashes sadly passed,
streaks and bolts to lighten my heart
All leave ever so fast.

But they have done their part,
and now all I can do is surmise
that in the end when Shadow shall depart

The Sun will also rise



Saguaro Cactus by Ryan Harris



Ryan Harris

"Fall, 2003"

Caitlin Smith

I remember him
And his contagious smile
He let it loose
And it spread for miles
Mud puddles for eyes
And a contagious smile
I remember him.
He made me laugh
And then he left
He made me laugh
And then he made me cry
And now I wish he could make me die
Crooked smiles chased by tear drops
The salt tasted on my tongue
It was bitter
But that kiss was sweet
His contagious smile knocked me off of my feet
Off of my feet and onto my ass
No one ever said he had class
His smile is like the plague
It will be the death of me

"Confessions"

Caitlin Smith

Empty handed I stand beside you
With nothing to hold but my tears
And even those fall to the ground
I've learned to cry in silence now

A blanket of insecurities covers me whole
I lay my head at the foot of your bed

If only you knew how I long for your touch
If only you knew this scares me so much

If you knew, you'd be scared too

Confessions from depression
Memoirs of a suicidal girl
Sea-sick on the tilt-a-whirl
My life is a carnival
And I'm on display
People pay admission to gawk at me
I'm reminded I'm ugly every day
The funhouse mirror shows me for what I am
My head I wish I could slam
Through the mirror
Through the world
Relieving the pain
Of a suicidal girl

I am ugly
I am fat
I am human
And that's a fact
The cold, hard truth
Proof
That there are more of "me's"
Than there are of "you's"
Words are abuse
Prayer is of no use

If you knew how many times I've lied
If you knew how many tears I've cried
If you knew how many times I've tried
To end it

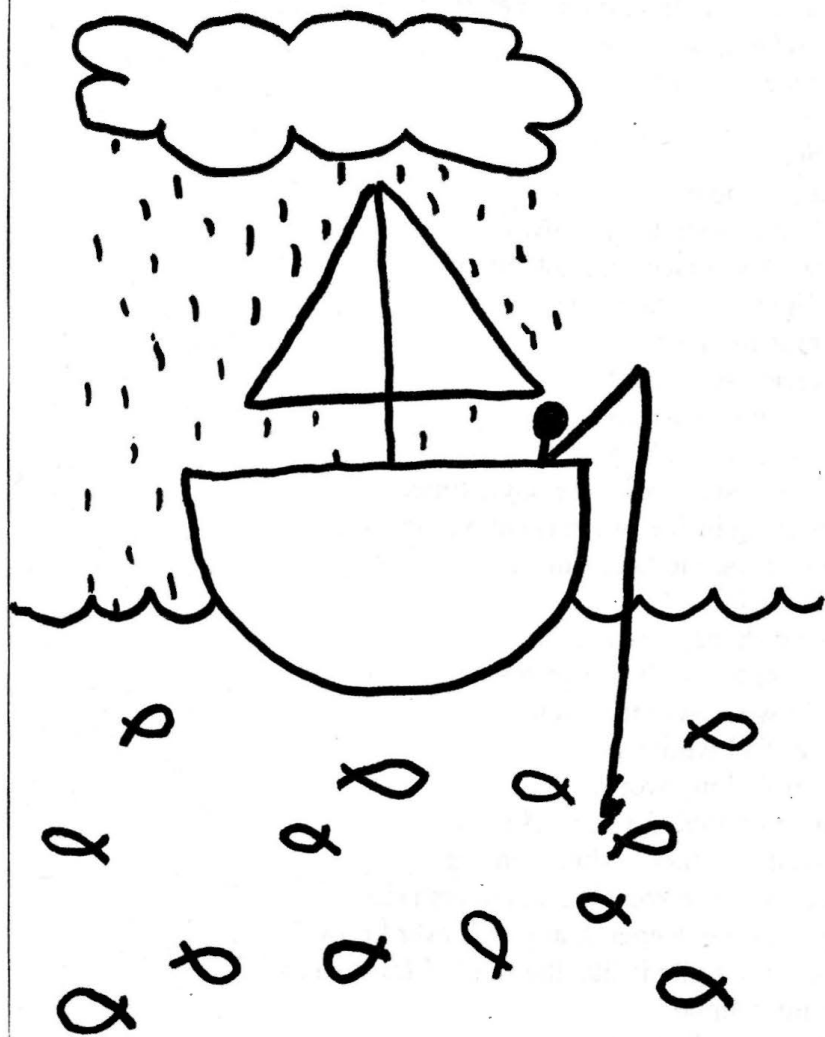
If you knew, you'd try too

Confessions of depression
These are the memoirs of a suicidal girl

"Untitled"

Caitlin Smith

I asked the stars to shine tonight
To shed some light on my never ending plight
To find a hand to hold
A shape to mold
A lover
A friend
And then again
I told the moon to stay away
Save his sad face for another day
Starlight is bright enough
To hide my face
To create some space
Between you and me
Because what I have to say
Cannot be uttered in the day...time
This thing inside of me is eating me alive
Do you want to take a drive?
Take a trip?
Take a chance? On me?
Because the truth is, I'm scared as hell
And I will never feel well
Never feel whole
Never feel my worth
But I'm thinking you might help
I asked the stars to shine tonight
To let you see what the sun overshadows
My eyes are deeper than you'll ever know
And your smile is like the taste of fresh snow
On my tongue
Who cares if we're young?
This soul of mine feels so old
And there's a space beside me that is empty and cold
And it's oddly shaped like you...



"Lots of Fish in the Sea...but there's none on my Hook" -
Anonymous

"Question of Creation"

Sarah Sereno

Brilliant orange, deep red, and hot pink
A glowing ball of fire
It captures your mind, no need to think
Just stop and stare and admire

Perfectly fading to dark blue
Blending with the ocean
Presents a breathtaking milieu
All quiet, no commotion

Enormous, grand, vast, and immense
A stretch of water beyond where the eyes can see
Just the thought of it is so intense
It makes you wonder its history

Crystal clear blue reveals the dark ocean floor
To think there's a world underneath
Seahorses, crabs, and much, much more
Including fish with razor sharp teeth

A rushing wave brings dolphins to its surface
The smartest of all sea creatures
Ability to train and perform in a circus
Dazzling audiences with its striking features

Waves pouring in methodically
One right after the other
Rearranging ocean floor chaotically
Peace and serenity on the surface above her

Seashells scatter onto the warm, soft sand
What a matchless wonder sand is
Rough and silky join hand in hand

Drawing attention to the work of genius
Out of the night sky lands a bird with grace
Boney feet, flittering feathers, strong wings
A pointy, orange beak on a tiny, white face
Reminds me, the best things in life aren't things
 A simple yet curious stare
 Draws me to its focus
I turn around, ocean breeze blows my hair
 Million dollar condos, I notice

Flawlessly built, the dream house for most
Perfectly impractical and ornate to boot
 Less than a block from the coast
 If it cost a dead body, I'd shoot

The work it must have called for
Hours of labor spent right here
 Electrician, painter, contractor
 Architect, plumber, and engineer

Thought, skill, and brute force
Not to mention much intelligence
 Not a worker off his course
None average, incompetent, or dense

Pretty spectacular humans are
 The things that we can do
 Achieve much and go so far
Everyday making dreams come true

Standing in amazement and awe
Calling to mind the beauty of the day
 The magnificent sights that I saw
Leaving me speechless, nothing to say

I look to my left, see those houses at night

The men and complex thought involved
 The end result, though out of sight
Brings a question to mind, still unsolved

All this beauty made with human might
 Gorgeous without a doubt
 But this, all this, looking to the right
 I suppose just came about

"Spinster's Sonnet"

Danielle Thomas

*Her love unrequested, faithful and deep;
 Unrelenting, a truly mournful state.
Clenching roses too tight, the blood doth seep;
 She pursues a heart which scorns her fate.*

*Young and obvious, a hook without bait,
Mockingly the prey laughs, hunted in vain.
 Amuses her hope, and spirits elate,
 Teases her heart, letting love be her bane.*

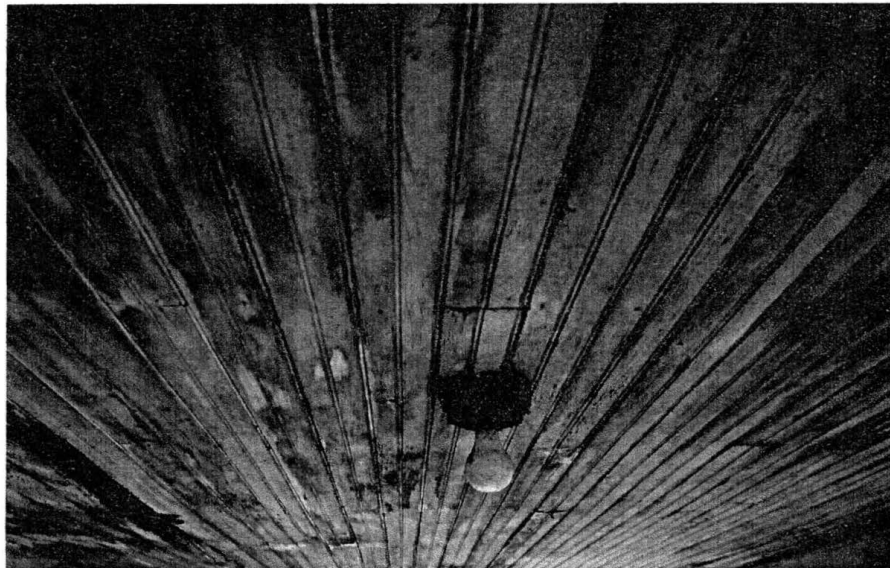
*Sacrifices scoffed at, bitter like Cain,
 She vows it's done, of her will it's a test.
Commencing the chase, eyes clouded do rain,
 Addicted to this love, she cannot rest.*

*A tir'd old woman cursed with persistence,
 Filled with regret, lacking love's existence.*

"The simplest stroke of pen"

Mary Stephens

The simplest stroke of pen is hardest to let dry--
I would let it *lie*, but here I've spun this Cocoon residence,
And hung it next to Poetry's side. They say that she is Charity,
But truly keeps no company with humble mortal types.



Lightbulb by Ryan Harris

"America the Pretentious" – Daniel Rogers

Here we are in our parterre
Amazed at our flowers
Fertilized by our thoughts
And designed by us,

Oh, how we are pretentious

Oh, how we are pretentious
Our little flower beds
Of roses and lilies
Orchids straining towards the sky

Oh, how we are pretentious

We wear our robes
While we redistribute
Our wealth among our very selves
Refusing to wait for heaven
We will build our castles on earth
And stow away like the plague
Wearing masks, having balls,
And Following the Disrobing
We do it all again

We think our filth is treasure

Oh, how we are pretentious

Oh lets gown down to the river
Bring our thoughts and theology
Our words and GNP throw them down

We will see our filth poison the river
We will see our reflections in the river

Our hard hearts fill and dam the lake
Flood the earth, and eventually drown our selve

“Legal Tender” - Daniel Rogers

We write polite words with astronaut's pens
Complimenting our use of the pen
Like raging alcoholics drink ourselves in black ink
Then spew out polite and touching paragraphs
Calling our hands to heaven,
Casting ourselves as our own muses
We are beautiful and spontaneous
We are emotional but balanced.

Oh, crucifixion that saved us, our sins no more
But what did we do to deserve this
No safety at home any more
Red white and blue gone all black

Wild electric night sky turned grey and orange
The cities' bugles blow through the busy night
Every man hears the notes, angry men, homeless men
Every flower bed is man's bed,
Every street is
Shakedown St.
And every man looks to mug, rape, and kill
For the Almighty, the Allah of America: Legal Tenders.

OH crucifixion, that saved us, our sins have grown more
But you saved us, so we will still sin more,
Oars through waters and bullets through bodies,
We sift through the bible, scanning to feel warmth,

But a bible can only bring warmth if burned.

Cast our hands, High America, become shapeless and ugly as sin,
Sing Amazing Grace and consummate every false marriage.

We finally figured God out, Taken him out of the box and dressed
Christ on the Cross with condoms, contracts, and Legal Tenders.

“Hurt” - Tina Radtke

I know it's been a month
since we were here together
but I do believe my heart
will go on breaking forever.

With everything, I trusted you,
and as usual, you let me down.
A beautiful smile once, I wore
now.... Replaced with a frown

“Do me a favor never text or call”
those are the words you said,
and OH what crazy thoughts
that message sent crashing through my head!

I told you that night “you scare me”
and you dared to ask me why!
It was because I knew, in my heart of hearts
that you would break it..... and make me cry
And I was right
Time you say is something you don't have
and I understand that you are busy.
I never asked you to stop your life
just to share some of it with me.

I've always defended you
when others showed their care.
After all, when I needed help
you were always there.

So many memories
go flying through my head
and all of them good
... the bad ones
... lay dead

"Little Child Dream"

Little Child Dream,
Dream that one day your wings
Will carry you as far
As the eagle flies among the mountains.
Dream that one day
Your legs will sprint to the well,
As fast as the cheetah
Pounces on its prey.

Little Child Dream,
Dream that one day,
Your strength will cause
The mountains to tremble,
Just as dominoes fall.

Little Child Dream,
Dream that one day,
Your voice will cloud,
Bodies with shivery,
Just as the sparrow sings.

Little Child Dream,
Dream! Dream! Dream!
And never stop Dreaming,
For one day you will
Have enough strength
To stand straight in your crib,
And shout "Mama!Mama"
Little Child Dream!

KAF

"Lyrics"

In the absence of light,
you stand out.
you are the identification,
of those who do not usually fit.
you are the blemish
attached to people's names.
you are identified with
the day when everything went wrong.
you are called when
the friends of Red and Blue
are far gone.
But you are always present
in the absence of light.
you are a true beauty.

KAF

Mary rode the donkey Joseph led to Bethlehem
She was great with child and needed to lie down
"Oh, Joseph we must find a place... soon..., Mary cried,
For we must find a place to rest... and I think... that it is time."

The innkeeper who heard her said, "I have no room,
But there is a stable just outside, and that's the best that I can do."
No room in all of Bethlehem, no room in the inn
Only a lowly stable for His life to begin

Wise men and shepherds came to find the babe
Wrapped in swaddling clothing in a manger where He lay
No crown, no royal palace, not a lovely baby's bed
Only a manger filled with hay for the King to lay His head

But when He comes back the second time He'll come as a mighty king
He'll bring a heavenly host of angels when He comes back again
And when He comes back the second time every eye shall see
And every knee will bow before Jesus Christ the King!

Ann Easter

Peace – can it truly exist?

In this brokenness where nations fight nations, brother fights brother,

This creation full of hatred, violence, resentment,
Can peace exist? Does it exist?

Is it hidden under the rock called capitalism; Communism
Democracy?

Is it handed out by the do-good churches; Inner-city missions?

Is it found in soup kitchens; Homeless shelters; Ghettos?

In all the shit, is it possible to find a peace-producing love?

Yes, although minuscule, it is found in all these places –

In the food give out by the do-good churches;

The programs that keep kids off the inner-city streets;

The friendly, broken smiles of friends at the soup kitchens;

The warmth of blankets at the homeless shelters;

The community that exists among the poorest of the ghettos;

In all this shit it is possible to see the faint light of peace.

But if all you look for, if all you expect is the dark, you snuff out
the light of peace.

- Amanda Moore

Life – Amanda Moore

Life is like tumultuous water, always going, never stopping
Roaming where'er it may go, never careful of direction
Always rushing, never slowing, free to go wherever, whenever
Never thoughtful of the time, not a worry on the mind
Always caring, but never showing, never seeming scared or timid
Life is like tumultuous water.

Life is like a gust of wind – short simple and to the point
Flowing from the heavens above to Earth below
Free of motion, full of matter, faster than the speed of light
Never halting, always going, never ending, always continuing
Free of any destination, an exception to all the rules
Life is like a gust of wind.

Life is like a flying bird, flying high above the sky
Roaming here and there without a care
Always in danger, but never in a heightened frenzy
Flying about wherever it may go, never scared of any foes
Soaring above clouds so high and mountains so tall
Life is like a flying bird.

Life is like a blooming flower-beautiful, small, and fragile
Growing swiftly in the sun's warm touch
Fading so quickly on the darkest of days
Needing love, requiring attention, and sensitive as can be
More gorgeous than a priceless diamond, more important than
money
Life is like a blooming flower

Life, in short, can be so simple and so brief.
It comes and goes with each passing wind.
The most awesome thing yet to be created
It can be vivacious or just plain.
You choose the course of your life, so live it to the fullest.
Make every day include what you want, and be who you want to
be.

"Being Poor"

Some know
Others don't
The pain, agony, bitterness
That comes with being poor.
It's looking into an empty fridge,
Opening an empty cabinet.
Telling your child no,
To go to something cheaper.
It's always having less,
But wanting more.
It's looking at another,
Longing for their wealth.
Not to have the money,
But to have things.
To be secure,
To know you're okay.
All of the questions
You'll never have the answer to.
All the questions
You don't want an answer to.
To everything you have
IT seems so little,
But to one poorer than thee,
It's called wealth.

-Amanda Moore



Tatum Binford

"Feed the Fire"

Things I can't control, still stuck inside my head.
The outcome of my problems are already done and said.
If I could take control and win this losing fight,
Then by all means, I'd take up arms and charge with all my might.
To die may be my fate, yet death is worth the cause.
For in my death, blind eyes may see. They take a look and pause.
There may be times in life; I'm overwhelmed with doubt.
It's times like these, I face the world forced to scream and shout.
If the only difference made is but the smallest spark,
The flame that lights the fire burns; burns on against the dark.
So spread the news of others, and beliefs of your own,
Or the fire you could have set ablaze is but a spark...

Alone.

--Brett Andrews

Part 1 (Happy Ever After Tragedy) - Brett Andrews

Which one of you hasn't made a fool
out of the paths you've chosen
Taken for a fool in the night of last
Passion grew into the fall of man
Me against every word every step
every proposition received
Given permanently out of the stage of
restless repetition into a black hole of remnants
Taken by force to call upon me to the Holy Ghost
Haven't you figured it out yet?
Hopelessly blowing in the breeze into
a happy ever after tragedy
Killing thoughts riding on the waves
in the sea of darkness she has created
Passing by taking pictures the
photographs evident of my right hand being
cut off and thrown into the pit
Fake and plastic melting down into
what it wants me to be
Holding on holding onto the kiss that
I remember to this day
You left me love or were it that I left you?
I'm coming back I'm searching only to
find that it has pointed me towards another cave
No light no candle to lead me home
Justified by you yet haven't found
what I'm looking for
Yet longing
Help me stake the claim
Requesting everything
I never knew to be inside of haste
in what is worth nothing worth saving worth
fighting for
Placed planted grown into the man I
never wanted to be
Without you I'm nothing.

"Drowning"

I watched from a distance as you struggled
to keep your head above water.
I wanted desperately to pull you out
But how can one who cannot swim save another
from drowning?
I stood paralyzed not knowing where to turn
Only standing, with nothing but a blank stare
Watching as your sinking deeper into the sea
of Alcohol
I couldn't save you,
And you couldn't save yourself,
We were both too drunk to have a clue...
Is this your idea of a good time?
"Dive in headfirst" you said/
You never realized how shallow it could be.
The parties, they were all fun and games.
And now that you have sold yourself to this,
so called, way of life,
I've lost a dear friend.
I used to hope that I'd wake up.
You can't wake up from reality.
We used to share our secrets.
We used to help each other out.
Less is more? I must have it all.
Nothing to lose, Nothing to gain.
Rest in peace.
I hope we meet again.

--Brett Andrews

Ugly Duckling – Richard Riddle

You inspire me
Not by your valor
Or integrity.
But by this so-called “ugliness”
That brings fear to many
Yet shines brighter
Than all other light
That many try so hard
To bring out on display.

I can't explain
exactly what element
I find so appealing
There is beauty in something so brash

Indeed, so refreshing
to drink something unfiltered
to eat something not processed
knowing very well
this isn't healthy nor FDA approved
but I would never dare
to give you the label of “junk”

You give me courage
To break free
To sing off-key
To know that my mistakes
Are real attempts
And that by falling
It means that at some point
I must have been standing

The reflection may not be shiny
The collection may not gather many
Yet in each moment
I never question

Whether it's only my imagination
I know there are no tricks
No gimmicks, nothing hidden

So I thank you
For you teach me
That my measurement
Does not lie
In where I need to be
Yet in a place
Where short comings
Speak of real grace
That my life is a journey
And judgments of ugly
Will never overshadow
The value of authenticity.



One Eye by Bob Tolliver



The Tree by Karen A. Tolliver

It covers me, clinging to my cloak,
As I stand under the empty boughs.
The mist, it caresses my face and drips from my curls,
As I stare at the words carved into the tree.
My mind wanders to the moment,
We had played idyllic in this field.
Our laughter echoing over the lush green hills.
You beat me to the tree, wrapping your arms around it.
Your hair tousled and your eyes bright,
I think...,no – I know, that... is when I fell in love with you.
My eyes focus again on the words.
And I can see your lips as they melt towards me,
Touching mine with a gentle whisper.
It was just you and me in the world that day.

The mist mingles with my tears.
And I know if I look down,
This moment in time will be shattered.
The words you gently etched out,
In the living bark of the tree, will mean nothing.
But I am not strong enough,
A force I can not see draws me down.
Down to kneel at the cold stone at my feet.

It isn't living - there is no life in the stone.
It reminds me of my heart, cold and departed.
I focus on the words chiseled there.
My breath catches in my throat,
As I caress the words,
"Beloved husband".

"If I could cry"

Bethany Barton

Rain is falling from the sky – Tonight
A thunderstorm is here
Wiping away what the earth wants to forget
Cleansing itself with the flood of tears

Everything is soaked
No one is safe from the storm's anger
This built up sadness turned to anger
Cleansing the earth with a flood of tears

I want to be the storm
Able to release emotions like it
Able to feel - anything at all – but pain
Cleansing myself with a flood from the heart

My sadness is the rain
I have bottled it
And thrown it into the sky – now it
Cleanses the earth with a flood of my tears

I would like to end this storm in my life
Sadly I am not the one who started it
I am the one who is trapped in the storm
Cleansing my soul of what I do not want

“La Muneca” - Danielle Bush

Sarita y Emilia son hermanas. Sarita es un año mayor de Emilia.

La semana pasada ellas tuvieron una gran aventura.

Un noche Emilia estaba riendo en su cuarto muy ruidosamente. Sarita vivía en el cuarto a lado de el de su hermana. Sarita oía a su hermana hablando con un otra persona. Ella pensaba:

Qué estás haciendo? Es muy tarde de anoche.

Sarita entró en el cuarto de Emilia y le buscó, pero ella estaba en su cama con los ojos cerrados.

El próximo día Sarita le preguntó:

Que estuviste haciendo anoche? Yo te oí su con un otra persona y Uds. estuvieron riendo.”

“No sé. No recuerdo nada de anoche.”

La noche siguiente Sarita oyó la misma risa. Y ella fue al cuarto de Emilia, pero igual que antes, Emilia estaba durmiendo sólo en su cuarto con los ojos cerrados.

En este momento Sarita pensaba que ella estaría loca. Pero cuando ella regresó a su cuarto ella oyó la misma risa. En su

cuarto ella oyó una persona hablando debajo de la cama. Sarita vió

debajo de la cama y encontró una muneca.

"fathers gone pome"

Aaron Jones

I keep raving bout the future
Got my head out of the now
But if I forget the present
I could lose what I'm about

I keep diggin on the beards
Of the crazy old poet men
But if I forget my scraggly face
I'll never grow one out like them

I keep raving on the words
Of this song writer I used to know
He puts his life into his music
He puts his freedom in the notes

His words are full of sorrow
About a life of tears and love
Bout a mother he knows still
But a father who has gone

I'm always wanting what he has
And all that jazz

we became wrong or the end – Megan Bowser

i first saw you by a tree and
by another i met your eyes
with seeds and
squirrels
i first heard you voice sinking
into some part of my face
or chest here
on the edge of morning
without words of space

then it continued
not much like echoes do
but with memory or
a track on repeat
and i thought highly of everything...
of you

you closed your eyes once
which i did not see
in some room down the hall lit by one solitary wick
and we moved too close
you closed your mouth
to me and regarded much less my
waiting

we became wrong or the end
far ahead of any
choosing i would have marked out

yet now
i, though not waiting, hope to find or be
found
by that same
those same trees

after the snow that has yet appeared melts
and
the sun calls down to the grass
to grow upward
after spring is felt in my chest and
seen through your eyes

then i will think of this
of you
again
but until then i will find my own home and food.

"BO Revelation" – Megan Bowser

we come over toil and
frozen earth not held in arms
but eyes we see our image in
not ours but dark shapes of familiar
contour like lovers lips in conversation or sleep

we come alive with dusk as
in daybreak some new form is found
not resistant of tears which
hold back arms

that smell of grass containing human
quality found laced and
gross perceived under our arms covered

not with green or
brown or
black not even white
in response still detached from thin paper
strong adding up coins

quick to counter we come to cover
what is ours and ours alone as sensual
as smell

amongst flower bloom
with no vision of the dirt from up they grow

yet I stand be and for you
not coming nor over came for
under these arms extending
is a silent proclamation of hope.

now come poor as we could be together

"Romance"

Megan Bowser

With your eyes I can see
And we will navigate the grass
Roots and whispers of thunder will be heard
With some other ears
Connected as one

Communing as one with words and hearts
Meshed together

Veined together as tender as leaves
My love, my friend, let us not grow dry like
Winter hands but with warmth transcending

Hold each other
And dream as one breath of life
Not fear the end.



Purple Flower by Bob Tolliver

"Broken Cisterns"

Jacob Ramsey

Ever searching
Ever trying
Often failing
Instead of flying
Ever hoping
Ever seeking
Broken cisterns
Ever leaking

Ever failing
But never quitting
A gospel that is
Ever fitting
Ever growing
Ever needing
Broken cisterns
Ever bleeding

Ever wanting
Ever gain
Fountains of love
Puddles of pain
Ever wounded
Ever healed
Broken cisterns
By love are sealed



Rusty Cans by Ryan Harris

“Chafer beetles upon warm Spring air”

Easter Sunday, 2001

By Gary F. Daught

It is Easter morning,
the Creator’s gift
of a new day.
But it is still too early –
too chilly for the likings of
this particular insect clan.
They need the heat of the sun
to coax them
from their slumbers.
By midday I know I will see them.
Outside my second story window,
atop the neighbor’s cypress tree.
The pleasant honey brown whirring
of giant chafer beetles.
Their winged lumbering agility among the branches
takes me by surprise
so that I must review again in my mind
the physics on flight.
I watch them from the vantage point,
the place where I sit to write my sermons.
They seem so intent on an errand,
the purpose arrived at
with neither my knowledge or consultation.
Maybe they’re not *going* any place at all.
Would you accuse me of anthropomorphizing
if I supposed theirs was a flight made of pure joy –
a maiden voyage in praise of Resurrection?
Where did they come from
that they should now make such
an exuberant appearance
upon the warm Spring air?
I remember.
It was in the autumn,
accidentally disturbing

a potted spider plant on the patio,
embarrassed as I exposed the naked milky white grub
digging a grave for itself in the cool moist soil,
anticipation Winter’s Death.
I return to confirm my suspicion.
Gingerly lifting the pot
I see the hole piercing the earth.
But the grub is no longer there.
The tomb is empty.
I believe I have chanced upon a miracle.
Not only the transformation –
the death after a fashion into a new kind of life.
But the exuberant flight of pure joy –
chafer beetles upon warm Spring air.
This also is resurrection to me.



Bob Tolliver

"Woman"

A response to *Breath, Eyes, Memory* by Edwidge Danticat

Woman,
I weep
for you
and the thousands like you.
The thousands,

Woman,
who like you
have known the pain
of the matriarchy.

Woman,
you were tested.
You were tested,
and your purity was found wanting,
and you were not the Virgin—
the ideal

Woman.
No longer the Angel,
the Mother
the Doer-of-Men's-Wills
You were, and are,

Woman,
the Other
the Female.

Woman,
you were in search

of Goodness,
of Healing,
and you found it in

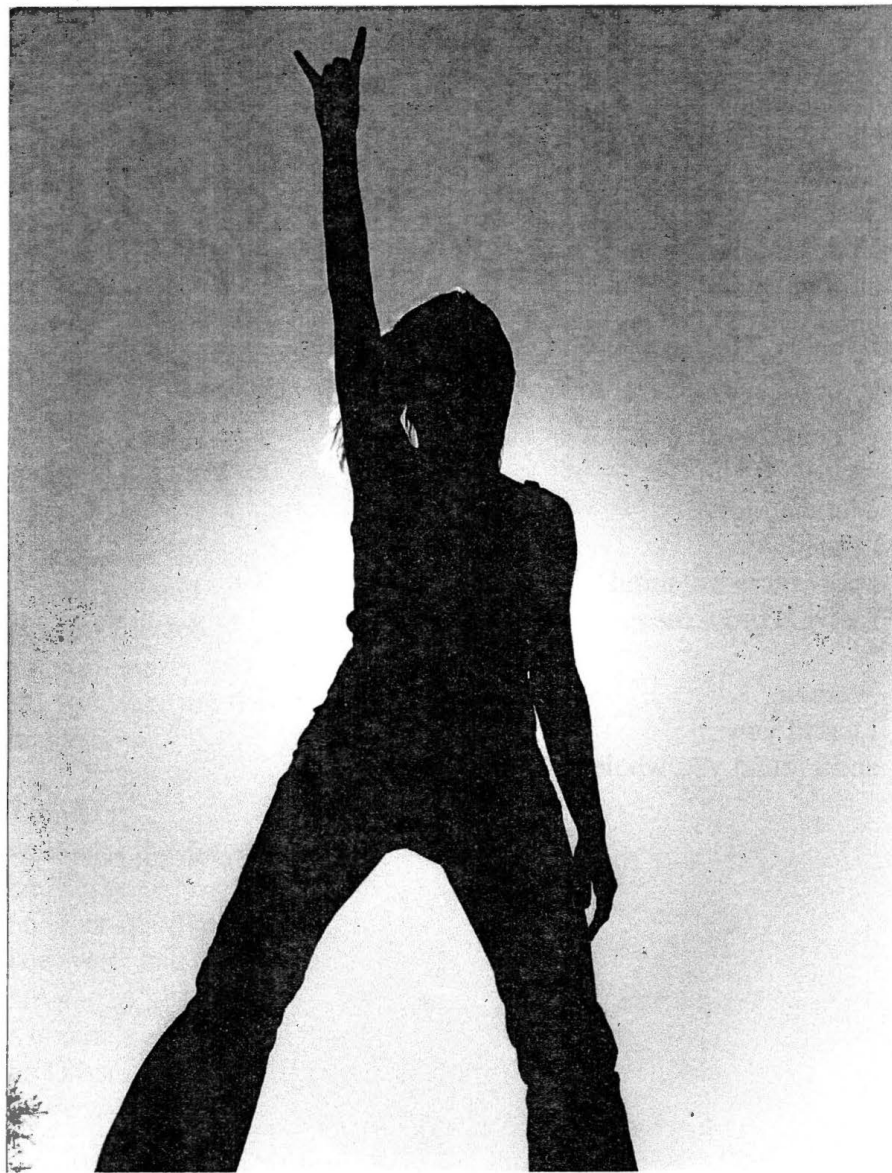
Woman.
You were the Servant,
humble, meek—
but now,

Woman,
you are strong, bold.

Woman,
I tested you.
I put you in my mind.
I let you grow there.

Woman,
I tested you
and I found you whole.

-Emily Banks



Tatum Binford

*Where's your life
Frail gray friend,
Where's your rosy glow?
Each day you grow more fragile;
less a reality, more a ghost,
- are you Hope?*

-Erin Testerman <><

"Recess"

Maria Sturgill

Morgan wears a messy ponytail, has skinned knees, bony elbows and freckles all over her face. Today is her first day at a new school. So far, school has been good, she drew a fantastic picture in art class and loved the story Ms. Greenwater read after lunch but now it is time for recess. Every school has its own set of rules and most kids seem to know them instinctively, but Morgan is about to shake things up.

It is a sunny, bright afternoon, the lush green grass just beckons to be played on, and the name of the game is kickball. The bell has rung and all of the students rush the playground to enjoy their half hour of freedom. Morgan stays back to see where the kickball game is played. Ah, there it is at the back of the playground towards the fence. The kickball field is a neglected old baseball field with barely any brick dust left and only worn grass for bases. Morgan runs to the field, but when she reaches it, she notices a

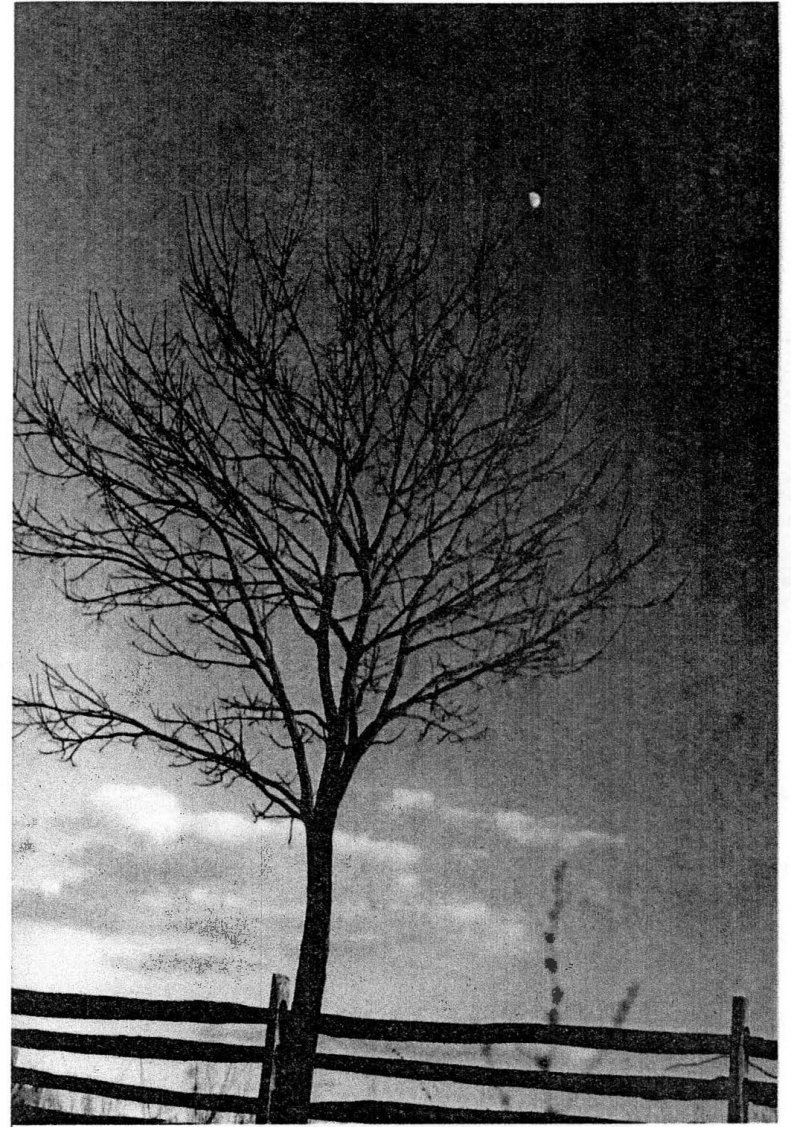
peculiar absence of girls. "Hey, can I play?" Morgan calls to the huddled boys. The shortest boy of the group, Arnold, emerged. Arnold is small for his age and looks younger too, but he makes up for it in personality and when I say personality I mean a bad attitude. "You can't play, you're a girl!" Arnold says practically spitting the words at Morgan. "Well, no kidding," Morgan fires back. She was not going to back down, especially just because she was a girl. There was no way Morgan was going to swing or play house. Nathan, the most popular boy in class, chimes in, "Let's give her a chance, besides we have an odd number and she'll make it even." Nathan is popular for two reasons, one, his Mom always packs him two snack pack puddings and two he's a nice enough guy to share. Arnold relents but says, "No girl is gonna be on my team." Arnold and Nathan are team captains. She is picked last on Nathan's team.

Morgan starts to feel a butterfly in the pit of her stomach. If she doesn't play well today the fight to play tomorrow will be even harder and Arnold will have more reasons to not let her play. Morgan has been standing in left field for a while now and nothing has come her way. Arnold's team has had 3 runs, the bases are loaded with two outs. Dusty come up to kick and immediately everyone starts stepping back. Dusty is the biggest kid in class. He's the tallest third grader Morgan has ever seen. He's as tall as a fifth grader! Nathan rolls the ball and Dusty kicks it with ease. The ball flies through the air straight toward Morgan. Time slows

down. Will she catch it? The question is on everyone's mind, even Morgan's. The ball hits her in the chest. It bounces around in her arms, she tries to hold on but it looks like it's hot. Then she pulls it tight and Dusty is out! Everyone is stunned. Her team cheers, she's now officially a member of the team. She runs to the dugout to wait her turn to kick. She passes Arnold on the way and she gives him a triumphant look. "You just got lucky," Arnold sneers.

"That was awesome, Morgan", Kevin says. Kevin is a somewhat chubby kid, but super enthusiastic about everything. "Ok, here's the line up," Nathan says. "I'll kick first, then Kevin, then Cody, then Morgan." Arnold pitches the ball to Nathan, he kicks a line drive past Dusty and makes it to second base. Kevin is up to kick next, he kicks high and far and lands somewhere in center field. Nathan is now on third and Kevin is on second. Cody's kick is straight to third base. Larry grabs the ball to throw to first base but Cody, being a string bean of a kid, was already there. The pressure is on Morgan now; all the bases are loaded. Arnold, with a smirk on his face, rolls the ball. Morgan aims for an empty spot in left field and kicks it with all her might. The ball flies straight and long like it was shot out of a cannon. Non one is waiting in left field. Nathan, Kevin, and Cody make it home and Morgan is rounding third base. Larry gets the ball, throws it to Arnold, and in a desperate attempt, Arnold heaves the ball towards home plate, just as Morgan's foot lands on the base. She has kicked a home

run! They win four to three. The bell rings and they all slowly make their way towards the school. Morgan walks up to Arnold, offers him her hand, and says, "Good game." Arnold's head is down as he shakes her hand and says, "Good game." Then he looks up, "Hey, tomorrow you wanna be one my team?" "Sure," Morgan says, "I just love to play."



Bob Tolliver

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