

Prosperity

Fall
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Progeny

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Poetry Photos Prose

Defiance College

Volume 4, Issue 2 of the Translucent Series

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Smile

Smile because the sun's trying its best
Smile because the wind is calm
Smile because the birds think it's a good day
Smile because your shoes haven't tripped you
Smile because someone smiled at you
Smile because it looks better than a frown
Smile because if you fake it long enough, it can become real
Smile because you were around for dusk to fall
Smile because the moon glowed for you
Smile because the stars winked at you
Smile because someone wants to see you smile
Smile because your pain would cause them pain
Smile because the grass is green on your side
And even if it's not, it will be soon
Smile because it's infectious
Smile because you saw another day
Smile because no matter what
You can do it again tomorrow

Karolyn Avila

Three Pigs and a Wolf: One Survivor, Three Dead

So there's a big bad wolf at the door
The first little pig is oh! so scared
The big bad wolf only wants some sugar
The wolf sneezes, down the straw house falls
Mmm! To everyone else the wolf sees supper
But really he just can't control his snuffer

The big bad wolf at the second pig's door
Only wants just a little sugar
But the pig is busy shaving his chiny-chin-chin
Oh, no! A sneeze from the ol' wolf's snuffer
Oops! Looks like another ham supper
Laying among a pile of sticks
In the correct spoon-fork-knife fashion

Down the road still looking for some sugar
The wolf knocks at the third pig's door
Go 'way! Go 'way, wolf! says the little pig
The wolf has yet another sneeze in his snuffer
And hopefully following, a third pig supper
But the house of bricks withstands the blow
And the third little pig does not suffer

Still in need of just a little sugar
The wolf finds another way into the house
Climbs up the side, down the chimney like a mouse
But the pig sees to it that the wolf doesn't enter
He lights a fire and it goes up the chimney
Mmm! The wolf is extra crispy

Miles Byrne



The Aging King, Leslie Wilson

Breaking News

“So here’s this big bad wolf at the door, see, and he’s just come from down the lane where this poor, innocent pig’s two brothers have been killed—no, no brutally murdered—and this sucker’s got shop vacs for lungs and a thirst for blood that’s deeper than a river and wider than a mile.”

“But wait,” Henry Houston the Holstein steer interjected at Patrick Paugrin—the prize Pot-bellied porker at the Daily Dish—waving a hoof rather meekly. “The wolf wails wildly that he’s innocent; it’s all some kind of crazy misunderstanding! He was just trying to get some sugar, and straw and sticks a superbly sound structure does not make.”

“Poppycock!” Patrick Paugrin protested profusely, pinching that pudge of his prominent snout. “That dirt bag is a tried and true meat eating fiend!” The pig chuffed around his tusks, looking at the brain-trust panel that had been appointed to report the sizzling murder sensation sweeping the Fairytale nation. “You can’t tell me that any one of you here believes a bit of that bull pie! Some wolf ‘passes’ by the houses of two pigs who end up deader than door knobs and nails and stops, and then out of the good of his heart, eats their bodies so the meat won’t spoil? What kind of putz do you have to be to believe that?!”

Daryl Doormat, the domestic Dominique fowl, clicked his beak: “You know, going to doors looking for ‘sugar’ sounds an awful lot like that guy who ate up Granny Hood last month . . .”

Elizabeth Lucas

Red Capes and Wolf Paws

So here’s this big bad wolf at the door. He’s knocking and shouting like a crazy thing to be let in. Not bloody likely?

I had just finished reading about him in the paper. “Little Red!” my grandmother called. “Yes, Grand Mummy?” I answered. “Someone at the door?” she asked. “Just a psycho wolf come to kill us!” I answered calmly.

BANG. The door fell down. There stood the wolf. “Hey, baby,” he said, eyeing my red cape. “I’ve been in prison for a long time. Stupid swine.”

My grandmother shouted for more tea. So annoying. “All right, Mr. Wolf. Let’s get out of here,” I said.

Mr. Wolf nodded. “One last thing. I have a brick house to break. On pig remains . . .”

My eyes widened. “The years no doubt have changed you.”

He winked. “You have no idea. Get the grenades!” I pulled the box of explosives out from under the couch. Together, the Wolf and I ran away hand in hand to fry some bacon. Free at last!

Far behind, my grandmother still shouted for tea.

Tyler Dunham

The Tulip

Beneath the frozen earth
In my dormant state
While your world had to refrigerate
Peacefully until the time
For promises kept, I crept
As you seek and yearn, I will return
For the rebirth spring offers
Each year
Hope's here

Jaci Underwood



Dusk Reflected, Brooke Shinabarger



Chained In, Brooke Shinabarger

Sweet Ignorance

The morning crisp and cool
Little fish swimming in a pool
Drowsily the swallows fly
While singing me a lullaby
I look over at the swings
Children fly as if with wings
Oh, to have their innocence
Revel in sweet ignorance
Close my eyes so I can't see
Shackles, chains, we're not free
Pressure builds, they reach for more
Greed collapses, they hit hell's floor
Oh, to be a simple bird
But my song goes unheard
I listen for hell's crescendo
Rising to break a child's halo
Wishing to fly, fly away
But trapped as worlds decay
As we cut down every tree
Making all the animals flee
I look over at the swings
Wishing I had their wings

Angela Santo

Johnny Wrong

I've been analyzing,
I've been thinking,
It's time for me to save you
From not-so-precious Johnny Wrong.

No one cares if he can dance,
Don't give him a chance,
Don't give him a glance,
He's only dying to get in your pants.

Honey, can't you see?
He's a liar and a cheat,
You mean so much more to me,
Baby of mine, forget his name,
Dance with me.

Hey, Johnny boy, whatever's wrong?
Are you feeling all right back there,
Johnny? Oh, that's right,
You're no longer alive.

But all this blood on my tux,
All this mud clinging to my shoes,
This makes a horrible stench
In the back of the trunk.

You did not listen to my warnings,
So I took care of Johnny Wrong,
He's dead now and he's gone
And now it's just you and me, Baby.

Oh, Baby, get in the car, we'll run away . . .
The cops are running dry,
So I have very little time
To be your type of guy.

Have I saved your soul tonight?
Baby, maybe in the next life . . .
Doll, I dumped him in a ditch,
That wicked no good son of a . . .

Oh, Baby, I took care of Johnny Wrong,
He's dead now, dead and gone
And he won't be back for you,
Oh, Baby, Baby, goodnight.

Christina Marie Drake



Lone Hat, Brooke Shinabarger

Unsuprised

She doesn't hug me every time she sees me.
She doesn't look ecstatic when I walk into a room.
She doesn't ask if I want to grab a cup of coffee.
She doesn't want to know how things are.
She doesn't call me at three a.m. just to talk.
She doesn't introduce me as "her good friend."
She doesn't tell me her hopes and dreams.
She doesn't listen to mine either.
She doesn't assign a song to our relationship.
She doesn't kiss me on the cheek
(or the neck)
(or the lips)

She doesn't say "good-bye" with a lump in her throat.
She doesn't say "I can't wait to see you again"
(but)
She doesn't deny my existence.
She does pat me on the back, just to be cordial
(as society dictates)

She does wave casually, to let me know she saw me.
She does make "we'll have to do that soon" dates.
(But you and I, dear reader, both know we won't do that,
neither soon nor ever)

She does toss me an occasional "what's up,"
said as a greeting and not a question.
She does call me when she means to call Jason,
which always ends in the classic "Umm, OK, bye . . ."
She does say my name to other people, with a slight pause,
hinting at forgetting.
She does tell me what she's majoring in,
and what she may or may not do with that.

She does "take an interest" in my education.
(I change my career goals every time, just to prove a point,
and receive the nod and "that's cool")

She does tell me what her favorite song (du jour) is,
and how it has a good beat, and all that jazz.
She does shake my hand
(and my . . .
just my hand)

She does say "well, it's getting late."
She does say "see you later"
(later, once again, being an empty word)

She does kill me.

Ashley may come around.

But she won't.

Jared Erickson

I Remember . . .

In remembrance of the Shoah

I remember arriving by train on that cold winter day
Looking, wondering what's to come
I remember the endless nights, the crying, and the fear
In a vast room full of people, all was silent
I remember the ominous dark smoke, thick and black
Death had come, was among us, unavoidable
I remember the scent of decaying flesh and lime
The ditches so deep, stretched far and wide
Seeing my mother, naked, so lifeless
Buried among God's children
I remember her face
I remember it all

LaTousha Lewis

In the Tamil Style

He has returned.
There is no honor.
A once-glorious soldier,
now a shell of a human being,
a coward.

There is no love,
the legacy of love and honor,
once promised,
fading into the night
like the ever setting sun.

I have failed him
as a mother,
and thus he fails me.
Our family's legacy
now nothing.

My wish,
that he be a warrior once again,
humiliated no more,
his fate to die by another's hand,
a warrior at last.

His throat slashed,
blood spurting torrential,
like a monsoons rain,
not protected by my womb,
this a mother's saving grace.

For the Tamil culture of the second and third centuries C. E., love and war were prevalent themes. The above poem is a puram poem for it deals with conflict, humiliation, defeat, redemption, and most importantly, war. It is difficult to read a passage in which a mother desires a warrior's death for her son, but the strong emotions of Tamil poetry are still valued by readers today.

Erin Wendt

Hate

I hate the maroon-striped housecoat
Ragged and dangly around evil men
Who shred their children's wombs
And cripple lives with their perversions

Jaci Underwood



Untitled, Jacob Mulinix

Forever and Ever

I met this girl,
She caught my eye.
We hit it off well as if it were planned,
She was my pretty lady and I her man.

Time flew by, day after day
I'm glad her voice was a phone call away.
She took me in, this beautiful girl,
Made me feel good, made me feel whole.

We were so perfect with her hand in mine,
Our hearts were one, our souls combined.
Whenever she cried, I was there,
Whenever I cried, I knew she cared.

Time pushes on and truths become known,
She hurt me a few, but I won't let it show.
She trespasses once, she trespasses twice,
I never let go, for love I sacrifice.

Every couple has problems, don't you know,
Working through them, a relationship grows.
But deep down inside her restlessness started,
I tried to hold fast as we drifted apart.

All I can do is look up at the sky
And wonder how our young love died.
She'd says that she loved me, that she always will,
And with that she left me, so empty . . . so ill.

I loved you so much, you cut me so deep,
I'm now all alone and I hardly can sleep.
Now that it's done, I won't want you back,
I'll get on my feet and start a new track.

But I wonder still as I start this endeavor
Just who you were fooling when you said . . . forever.

Joshua Cuevas



Frosted Fence, Brooke Shinabarger



Muse's Lullaby, Leslie Wilson

Where Do You Go When You're Asleep?

I trudged into the apartment and slung my backpack to the floor, and at the last minute I caught it so that it thumped quietly. It was only 10:00 p.m. Sheesh, she must have had a long day. But so did I, I thought as I flopped onto my bed.

I rolled over onto my side, pulling my blankets with me. Why me? What did I do to deserve this? Oh, wait. I had been born into a high risk family. It wasn't their fault that I feel like a lab rat every time I step into a doctor's office. To be poked and prodded. It's not their fault that cancer runs in the family.

So I deal with it. I write a lot. In the middle of a class, in the middle of the night (when I'm not sleeping, which is more often than I like), while I'm driving, eating, talking on the phone . . . My writing has helped me to develop quite a bit of . . . oh, what's the right word . . . cynicism. Yeah, that's a good word for my sense of humor.

I hadn't meant to fall asleep right away. I had meant to take a shower first or unwind with some television. But my bed wrapped me in its warm, quilted arms and, well, one thing led to another and I was out!

I awoke an hour later with a very strange feeling. Someone's eyes roaming all over my sleeping form. A feeling so loud to get the hell outta bed! I rolled over and my eyes opened. There, standing at the foot of my bed, was a strange, little man.

No, wait a minute! This is my fantasy! He was tall, dark, and handsome. His hair was jet black, and it curled around and behind his ears. He stood six feet and possibly two inches tall. He was slender, but not annoyingly skinny. His features were angular, but not overly sharp. His eyes were emerald green. He was wearing a cottony-white, buttoned-down tunic and hip-hug-gin', form-fitting, dark and fashionably-faded pants. There. That's better.

"What the . . ." I said, sitting up, pulling the blankets around me and staring at my intruder.

"Don't be angry," he said.

"You're in my apartment! How can I not be angry? I could have sworn that I locked the door!"

Chuckling, he replied, "Yes, you locked the door. But I've come to take you on a once-in-a-lifetime-trip!"

"Ok, mister traveling salesman," I said as I sprang to my feet and started shoving him to the door, "You need to go. NOW!"

"But I can't be leaving without you!" he cried.

I almost laughed! "I can't be leaving without you?" I felt as if I were thrown into a clothes-ripping romance fiction. Ah, Cynicism, thou never fails me.

"Look," I said, "I don't care if you are deliciously good-lookin'. You are trespassing, and I know better than to trust someone who will just commit B & E. Have you ever heard of a phone?" Ah, there I go running my mouth again. I was flustered.

"Wait! We need to take the wooden shoe over the stream and through the mountains!" he exclaimed.

"What?" I stopped my shoving and looked up at him, "You're kidding, right?"

I'm sure that my eyes were as big as the moon and that my gaping mouth was hanging somewhere near the floor. Wooden shoe? Mountains? We're in Northwest Ohio! There are no mountains here. Funny of me to focus on the mountains.

"No." He smoothed his rumpled tunic. "Come with me. You're bound to have the time of your life in Nod."

I laughed, "That's the place children go to when they are asleep. And I do believe you are combining poems!"

He shook his head, "Not just children. And Nod was named after my friend, Jeff Nod. He returned and settled the place after we had found it while fishing for stars." His eyes took on a dreamy look.

I felt like smacking him back to the here-and-now. "And let me guess," I mockingly folded my arms and tapped my chin with a finger, "It's the second star on the left and straight on 'til morning?"

"No, that's 'second to the right.' And that's Neverland, silly, which is only for children," he said somewhat condescendingly.

I could only stare, rendered speechless by all this seemingly nonsense talk.

"Are you ready to go?" he asked.

When I finally found my voice I said, "Ok, Ok. Uh, don't I have to be asleep to go there?"

He smiled and looked over my shoulder at my bed. I followed his eyes . . . and I'll be damned! There I was still wrapped up in my blanket. But I was standing in front of him too!

"How?" I asked, "Am I having some kind of out-of-body experience?"

"It doesn't matter. Just take my hand and let's go."

I was completely intrigued. In two places at once. Traveling to some far off place in my sleep. But it felt like I was awake. I pinched myself just to make sure. Ouch, yeah, awake. Ah, what a mind-twister. Needless to say, I took that man's hand. I wonder if I'll turn into a fairy princess. God, I hope not. I've never believed in all that crap and happy endings. Not for me . . .

We stepped through the doorway of my bedroom and onto a grassy hill. It was night here in Nod, and could it have been any other way? The forest to our right was in hues of black and darkest blue. Far off in the distance, twin mountains were dark at their bases and lighter near their peaks. The sky itself was midnight blue. Stars twinkled up there in that vast ocean. The full moon shone down with a friendly smile. There was a town at the base of the mountains. To my left a stream meandered up toward the town. I could even see the wooden-shoe-boat-thing, made of a beautifully polished cherry, tethered at a dock.

"Holy crap" I exclaimed.

"There's no such thing as Holy Crap in the Land of Nod," my new friend said with genuine conviction. "Well, let's be off to the City of Nod"

We made it to the boat safely. I didn't fall and twist an ankle. I didn't spot any flying monkeys spying for the wicked witch. And no Oompa Loompas. I was feeling a little cheated. He helped me into the boat.

"Um, where are the oars?" I asked.

"We don't need them."

"Oh. K," I said pronouncing the k with a nice, little clap.

He gave me sour look, then threw the tether to the dock and shoved off. The current of the stream picked us up. It was gentle, but quick. It made me think that maybe I should be nicer since he went out of his way to drag me outta bed and bring me here.

"You said you were a friend of, um, Jeff Nod? So who are you?" I asked.

He smiled and said, "I am Jack Wynken. And I know who you are, Liz."

"Oh," I said feeling deflated. I had been hoping to introduce myself with the some kind of flourish.

"Everyone is excited about your arrival. It's been a long time since one of us fishermen three brought someone to Nod."

"Why me?" I asked

"You seem like a person who can accept ideas," he replied.

I stared at him. What kind of explanation was that? Then I shrugged. I had to admit that this was a nice little adventure. I dropped an arm over the

Alphabet of Life

side of the wooden shoe and dipped my fingers into the water. I was pleasantly surprised to find that the water wasn't frigid. Nor was it murky. It was fresh. I found my mind drifting away from my troubles. In fact, I was enjoying myself: the stars and the distant look in Jack's eyes that I knew matched my own. Before I could ponder that any further, the boat just stopped. Dead in the water. We had arrived.

Jack nodded his head at another man standing on the bank. This man hooked the boat with a long pole. Jack scrambled out of the wooden shoe, and then helped me out.

"Thanks, Jon," he said to the man. Turning to me Jack said, "Liz, this is Jon Blynken. Jon, Liz." Jon had sandy hair and daylight-blue eyes. He stood as tall as Jack, with broad shoulders and strong arms. And though his features were more along the square side, he was no less handsome than Jack. I couldn't help but think, Jack, Jon, and Jeff. Hunh.

"So when am I going to meet Nod," I said with a squeak.

Jack and Jon chuckled in unison. It was slightly annoying, but I just smiled. And I found that I was enjoying their brotherly bonding. They spoke in a language that I didn't understand and cast several glances my way. This kind of thing used to annoy me, but not tonight.

At last, they led me to the gate of the City of Nod. The big wrought-iron gates swung silently inward. But the city itself was not silent. Far from it! A brilliant light shone out. I raised my hands to shield my eyes. I heard music that jangled with happiness, people laughing and chattering to neighbors, and children calling with delight. The city smelled like cookies right from the oven. Then the smells changed, to honeysuckle and lavender. The sounds and smells and sights kept changing. The people of Nod meandered about, dressed as if they had just walked off Tolkien's pages.

The people of Nod took note of me but didn't stare. They looked at me with acceptance. I no longer felt infirm and weak. A deep emotion welled up from the very depths of me. I knew I was one of them, and they were me. The cancer would still be inside, but not for the duration of my visit. Jack and Jon slapped each other on the shoulders and then turned to me. I smiled my first genuine smile in months. Jack dropped a heavy, comforting arm around my shoulder and said, "Welcome, Liz, to the City of Nod."

Angela Santo

Astonish
Be curious
Do everything
Find great humor in jokes
Keep laughable memories
Never over plan
Quote ridiculous stories
Teach
Undo various worries
X-out youthful zingers

Miles Byrne

The Unwanted Escape

It is so loud
I can't take it.
It makes my spine shiver.
My pages ruffle with all this noise.
Shh! I'm trying to rest my pages.
You don't hear me flapping my cover.
Quiet or be shelved!
Stop already, or I'm going to lose my barcode!
All I want to do is sit here on this shelf
And bond with my colleagues.
Don't walk this way.
Nooooooooo! Not me!
Pick someone else!
You are too loud for me!
Don't even think about looking between my pages!
I don't turn that way!
Don't you even think about . . . tting your h . . . th . . . !
I don't want to be checked . . . ! Beep!
That's it, you've done it . . .

Wow! It's so bright out here. I'm free.

Miles Byrne



It Takes Two, Brooke Shinabarger

My Punk Pumpkin

I remember instantly how my heart stopped. She looked like heaven. She stood, body erect, her all-black Chuck Taylor Converse snug fitted. My gaze traveled up her deep denim skinny jeans, her muscular thighs, coming to rest on the logo of her fitted tee. It was not a logo really, but the band name “Spill Canvas” emblazoned on her proportionate chest. I stared at her, I longed after her. She gathered her things and looked up. Her face was edgy yet cherubic: it was round. She had eyes that pierced like a knight’s Sapphire sword. Her hair was curled back away from her face and though she had make-up on she looked fresh, natural, and ready to tackle the world. She blinked slowly, or maybe I imagined that. Her lips parted and she smiled. Her teeth were perfect, a pearl white piano without black keys facing me, the piano encased in melon-colored marble lips. She was the epitome of beauty. Just as quickly as I had fallen in love with this girl, she collected her printed material and checkout of the library. I sat dumbfounded.

I arrived just shy of two minutes before lecture, not that I could concentrate. Her smile kept flashing in my mind, rapid as a strobe light. I must have been dreaming because I didn’t see her creep in. And she was sitting in front of me! She, the Aphrodite in punk rock attire sat in the first row in front of me. I was such wreck I could not remember a thing. Everyone began to pack up their things. She lagged behind. I saw her rise and speak with our professor. As if at lightning speed, she finished her conversation and left. I snapped myself together and raced after her.

I tried to play it cool, pretending I was not out of breath, and tried to speak. She turned around and saw me. This was it! I was a fly captivated by a bug zapping light. Oh, Lord, I hope she doesn’t zap me. She stopped dead in her tracks. I went entirely rigid. She must have stared me down for a hundred years, and spoke matter-of-factly when she finally did decide to speak: “I know what you’re thinking . . .”

Oh my! How could she possibly know? I began to sweat and my palms went moist. She continued to speak in that voice of hers, “I’m Harley. No need to ask.”

I thought for a moment. “Harley. That’s a beautiful name. It’s very . . . individual.”

She retorted quickly, “Well, I was never meant to live in Rome.”

I was suddenly confused. Rome? I thought the phrase was . . . My look obviously gave me away and Harley giggled. “Oh, I was never meant to live in Rome. Therefore, I was never meant to do as the Romans do. Yes, I’m an



Shy Feet, Brooke Shinabarger

individual, but it's more than my name that makes me that way. Take that to heart, kid." And with that advice she proceeded to leave faster than the white rabbit. I guess that made me Alice. Little did I know I was about to chase this white rabbit down the rabbit hole.

For the next three months I was frantic. I was a walking wreck. Each encounter with Harley ended like the first one, a brief conversation after class, and then some kind of philosophical idea, an impersonal statement, as if to hide a deeper, more fragile thought. She and I grew closer as friends, but alas, I was far from her league. She was such a creative thinker, I could never figure her out. All of her sentences kept her at a distance, and I could never see what it was she was secretly trying to tell me.

I felt like that knight in shining armor who travels across the scorching deserts, the angry seas, and the biting fields to reach his love, only to find out Princess has moved to a new land. It had been six months of tireless battle. Six months and two days. I could no longer stand the feelings I had for Harley, my adoration of this radiant being.

At our next encounter Harley was sitting on my computer working on some poetry book she was in the process of compiling. She gave me that gorgeous smile when I walked in. Today I had a plan. Today I would learn if I would win my fair maiden's colors.

Harley rose to greet me. She looked pretty in punk as usual. Her knee-length grey and black thick-striped dress was topped off by those Chuck Taylors of hers. Today her black-trimmed reading glasses accented her face. I vividly remember those eyes: they were so strikingly blue that day. It must have been her dark hair that made them seem so much more impressive, or perhaps it was the passion behind those eyes that I could not tear myself away from.

I cupped her cheeks and planted a gentle kiss upon my melon-encased jewel piano. The most surprising thing happened: this phenomenal being kissed me back. I could hardly contain myself. I pulled out of our embrace and told her everything in my heart. I told her how I was not about to live another second without her. I explained how I realized she was fragile inside her tough rock-and-roll exterior. I stressed the theory that when you push on glass, it's bound to break. I said, "I know these words cannot do what my unfailing heart can. I am willing to lay all I am down for you. I realize words on the street are going fly, but you don't care, nor do I. I want to fall asleep at night knowing I make you happy. You're face is the first thing I

want to see when I wake up every day. I know there are responsibilities, but Pumpkin, let me just make a feeble attempt to fill you with joy . . . and, Harley, my eyes can't look at you in any other way."

"You don't want me. I am a mess." She said with despair.

"You are a mess I wear with pride," I quoted, trying to remember the words to "I Like to the Barn" by Band of Horses.

She stared at me in shock. The inside joke had worked? The quote from one of her favorite bands, worked? Then she smiled and took a satin ribbon from her wrist. She tied it around mine, and that marked the start of our incredible journey into love. That beautiful Pumpkin Harley of mine now stands here before me. She still has Chuck Taylor Converse on. They are vibrant pink high tops that are vivid in contrast with her white taffeta ballet-cut dress. She flashes me that addicting piano smile accented by electric eyes. She has a bouquet of pink stargazer lilies and white chrysanthemums. Ivy accents the assortment. Down the line I look at her friends. Lauren, Denielle, Lacey, and Lindsay stand happily with their matching dresses. All of us in hot pink high tops.

Harley is perfection, and in a matter of minutes she will have given me her eternity. But everyone knows eternity will never be enough for me, even with that pink and silver diamond ring. Still, I will fall asleep at night, holding her securely in my arms. Her face will be the first thing I to see when I wake up. She is warmer than sunshine and sweeter than that frosted wedding cake.

Christina Marie Drake



Sure of Herself, Brooke Shinabarger

In Vogue

I'm ready for buttermilk to come
back in fashion as the premium
cosmetic of the day,

The kind Scarlett O'Hara used
to keep her complexion
flawlessly pale and creamy.

I'm already pale.
It's my default color,
something between
putty and recycled paper.

Creamy always eludes me,
as does flawless,
even with lotions and creams,
sunrays and tanning coils.

I'm giving up on tan . . . rich, smooth, deep and otherwise,
making my dermatologist happy,
but leaving me with putty paper pale.

Estee Lauder, L'Oreal and Clinique . . .
won't you lighten up your looks?
I'm ready for Scarlett's buttermilk
on the cover of *Vogue*.

Marian R. Plant

Ode to Coffee

The coffee,
It calls to me.
The smell of it making my mouth water desperately for sweet caffeine.
Give me a double, a triple, a quadruple shot of espresso to send me
through the roof!

I like coffee.

Behold, the Life Force of the early morning.
The little Grande is never big enough!

My precious . . .

Coffee is the master, and I a slave.
Like a mindless drone every morning I chant in monotone voice
“Must have coffee. Must have coffee.”
Without it, the world becomes a scary place.

Tyler Dunham



Off the Wall, Brooke Shinabarger



Walkway, Hannah Davis