

Beloved or **B**loody

a

Legacy

Special Edition

1st Place—**S**ummer **F**enwick
“**C**antor”

2nd Place—**J**onathan **B**aker
“**S**nowmen”

3rd Place—**S**arah **S**tone
“**M**ilwaukee **A**venue”

Contributors

Dominick **C**armino **M**iller

Corey **W**ood

Kendra **M**cClure

Jere **E**llison

Michael **B**oyles

Brandy **P**erez

Angelica **P**allares

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Our Contest Judges

Pat Tyrer, Ph. D.
Amanda Bales, M.F.A.

And to all who submitted

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Cantor

All deaths I could endure would you sing me
a song, dear nightingale. I have long yearned
to hear the rubato alto melody
at the stroke of midnight... just once more.
Awake, I thought I had been dreaming
when the first somber **F** minor refrain
swept over my psyche. Outward peering
through the window, I sang into the fog
a gentle countermelody; if I
could only ease your sorrow! **Dolce**
rondo for hours-days!- on end, I cry...
“All night. All night” ... the lament goes on
With aching bloody throat, I sing no more
and lost forever that which shook my core.

Summer **F**enwick

Snowmen

Remember a couple of days after the blizzard
When you and I went tramping around town
And we counted thirteen snowmen?
You said, "Snowmen are like republicans,
They smile, but inside they are made of ice."
And I thought you were so clever and enchanting
With red cheeks and a crooked, foggy smirk.
It's April now, and the snow has melted away,
But the spring rain doesn't feel clean
Like it used to. It stinks of soil.
We could go for a walk again today.
We would return, wet, stamping feet,
Cold, bitching about our itchy socks.
You haven't said anything clever lately.

Jonathan Baker

Milwaukee **A**venue

“**C**areful,
we just might fall in love
in a place like this.”
I meant it as a joke,
a way to diffuse ourselves
from the sorcery of
the **E**l train,
city lights,
too much wine,
and **T**helonius **M**onk on the jukebox.
You only smirked,
paid the tab,
and kissed me on the forehead
as I closed my eyes.

Sarah **S**tone

Contemplating **J**azz
(from a theme
by Coltrane)

Inside the plumes of viscous smoke that cover us with scents of dope
 We found each other 'neath the sheets. I lay my hand upon your chest
To see at rest above your breast the pale and plastic colored Christ,
Mourning, silent, in its nest.

And floating clearly through the air, the groaning of a saxophone,
 The mantra dancing through hashish, “a love supreme... a love supreme”
Courting, softly, our hushed peace.

Allowing smoke to pummel me and sting my eyes with bayonets;
 Your face obscured inside the plumes, and still there looms the hushed regrets,
Until we are consumed in fog, and time will start over again;
Silent killer of our love.

And floating clearly through the air, the groaning of a saxophone,
 The stinging mantra mocking me, “a love supreme... a love supreme”
Courting, softly; my only peace.

Dominick **C**armine **M**iller

the **p**ainting

sincerely soft, a whisper begins to paint
delicate strokes, applying appropriate pressure
speaking honest words with genuine touch
dusty vaults unlock, releasing little secrets

vibrant stripes of light within his fingertip
the silent air breaks easily as sweet words disperse
hands that create music words struggle to define
reciprocal conversation courts exploration

the picture's vocabulary multiplies
communication understood only through tactility
courteous fingers memorize flesh
publishing flames along this canvas
memorized expression of this moment never duplicates
the earnestness and fervency of the beauty made

Kendra McClure

Unmet

For you, my **D**ear, is my devoted love,
To seal within the confines of your chest.
I only ask when pushing comes to shove
We'll meet the challenge hand-in-hand, abreast.
With you, I'm **M**e; my **S**elf is unoppressed.
My doubts disband beneath your loving gaze,
And in those eyes I'll put my trust, always.

The strangest, oddest part with all of this
Is how we yet have had the chance to meet.
But when we do and open gates of bliss,
Our souls, as one, will stand: whole, firm, complete.
And when I find you, **L**over **M**ost **D**iscrete,
Your **L**ight will shine revealing unto me—
Not who I am—who I can learn to be.

Jere **E**llison

the **S**inner's **P**rayer

(ashlie's sonnet)

When you sing songs about true love I smile
wishing some day they might be sung to me
a blank shirt and torn jeans always in style
and there's nothing my eyes would rather see
then your hand in mine and those big brown eyes
piercing through me with your vacuous stare
you take this dead heart and give it new life
if I was a sinner you'd be my prayer
my redemption, my never-ending grace
your beauty seems surreal as a dream
but if a dream I pray to never wake
from this dreamer's dream, from this conscious sleep
where your voice resonates songs through my mind
and when our hands touch it might just freeze time.

Corey Wood

Statue

What was of once my love so dear,
But now no more your voice I hear.
How far you've gone without your leave.
How far I've gone without reprieve.
What once I'd sought for peace of heart
Has now become tormenting pain.
I tear myself in angst apart,
I heal, and then I tear again.
And all the scars become as stone
Until a sculpture I've become.
But now you've gone for nigh a year;
My love, it comes only in pangs,
Just as the tide comes from the sea,
And with the moon it wanes.

Michael **B**oyles

the **n**ight I first **s**aw you

The night I saw your face, the way you moved your style, your grace.
You touched my soul like a piercing blade, my feelings for you will never fade.
We are as one together in-twined, the love we share is the strongest bond.
I have never felt this way before, it hurts so much I fall to the floor,
Wishing and praying for our minds to connect so you can come help me resurrect.
I have fallen fast and I cannot get up, this thing that hurts the most is this thing called love.
What can I do when it comes to an end, do I move on and just pretend
that what we had was never there. **B**ut that bond we had was never scared
to show its face in an open crowd. I stood out in the open and screamed out loud
how much I loved you and always will, that day you left my body stood still.
What did I do to deserve such a fate, was it the things I said that made you hesitate
on what our love was really about well I am sorry for the words that did not come
to make you happy and make you see, that you are the only one on this earth that was made for me.
Love does what it will no matter what we think and if we do not move fast it will be gone in a blink.

Brandy **P**erez

Say Goodbye

I won't leave but I don't know why I stay...I can't make up my mind, just tryn'
to pray.

Just as I'm fixing to walk out the door that traps me in, it closes on me.

Fighting the tears, don't wanna be here no more, please set me free.

But I turn around to see your face light up again
and for awhile I forget the pain, and from this so-called fairytale, I can't refrain.

I don't complain, I take what little I get,
and all that I deserve, I seem to forget.

Just another kiss, just another smile, whisper you love me,
and I'm back to where I started, can't argue with the stubborn heart.

It can't handle our bittersweet love being set far apart.

Blinded by my dreams, I deny all of reality.

As I get lost in my thoughts, all I ask is for some morality.

I ignore your faults, but I try to fix mine. In your cold heart, I always gotta be the one.
to shine.

They say that I live nothing but a lie, but it's beyond my control to let go and say goodbye.

Angelica Pallares