

THE Legacy

The Legacy is seeking submissions for its Spring Edition.
The deadline is **March 15, 2013.**



Submission Guidelines

The Legacy accepts submissions from current WTAMU undergraduate and graduate students, alumni, faculty and staff members of the University community.

All written submissions should be sent as a .doc; .docx or .rtf attachment to **legacy@wtamu.edu** with the following information given in the body of the email:

- Your full name.
- Your name as you wish it published.
- Your major and class standing (Freshman, Sophomore, Graduate student, etc.) if a student, or year of graduation if Alumni.
- Your department if faculty or staff.
- Contact Information: email and phone number
- Additionally, identify the **title** of work you are submitting in the **subject line.**

THE Legacy



Fall 2012

Online Edition

**Cover Art Editors' Choice
"Mr. Truck," By J. Eric Dennis**

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EDITORS' CHOICE

So I Accidentally Picked Up a Prostitute?

By Adam Gibbs

I probably should've known it the minute she asked. Should've picked up on the hints. She wasn't exactly like the ones you see in movies. No knee-high black leather boots like the ones Julia Roberts wore for *Pretty Woman*, and no obvious blonde bob wig covered her shoulder-length curly brown hair. If I had been a little less naïve, I might've recognized from her midriff-exposing halter or her almost microscopic spandex miniskirt that she was pursuing temporary employment of ill-repute, but I was clueless. Simpleton that I am, I took her request literally. I was just a dim-witted Dudley Do-Right believing I was about to rescue a damsel in distress.

She approached me in the parking lot outside of my office. Just as I reached my car the clip-clop of stilettos on pavement drew my attention, and, when she saw that I had noticed her, with a syrupy drawl she asked, “Hey, baby, can I get a ride?”

The “baby” should've tipped me off. Random encounters in which attractive young women call me affectionate names don't exactly happen to me every day. The endearing moniker was a bit of a shock, but to some part of me it felt kind of nice. Without a thought I said, “Sure,” and then I walked around to the passenger side to unlock and open her door.

Only as I was walking back to the driver's side did I remember that it's not usually a great idea to let strangers into your vehicle. For all I knew she could've been a psychopath waiting to stab me or

shoot me and then drive off. My hand trembled as I reached for the door handle, but I assured myself that it would've been hard for her to find anywhere in her outfit to hide a weapon. Surely, I convinced myself, her car must have broken down or something.

“Ooh, Lord, it's a hot one today,” she said, fanning herself, “I'm glad you picked me up.” She leaned forward to adjust the air conditioner direction, and my eyes couldn't help but watch a bead of sweat trickle down her neck, over her pronounced collarbone, and pool in between her ample ... buoyant ... exquisite ... almost entirely exposed ...

After a couple of awkward seconds passed I shook my head and blinked. Embarrassed by my primal inability to control my eyes, I put the car into drive. Way to go, I thought, you've thoroughly freaked out this nice lady who came to you in her time of need asking for a ride. So much for trying to act like a gentleman. As I pulled out of the parking lot, I asked her, “Which way are we headed?”

With my eyes on the road, her hand on my knee shocked me as she said, “Wherever you want to go, babe.”

I almost swerved into oncoming traffic, steadied myself, and then pulled over to the curb where we sat in silence for what felt like an eternity. When her hand crept up my thigh, I took it in my own hand and pushed back down to my knee. “I didn't ... uh ... I'm not ...”

I wanted to say, “I'm not the kind of guy who does this sort of thing.” No words would come out.



With Time

By Jordan Lescalette

a sympathy I couldn't define
that made me watch
as an old man tried
with dogged determination
to work harder than his body would allow

When I grew older
I realized why I refused to help him
why it was important
that a man who no longer
felt useful was allowed
to do as much work as he was able.
It was a courtesy
and I hope someone will be as kind to me
when I am in my own chair.

After a few more awkward breaths, I tried another tactic, "And you ...," but that sentence wouldn't finish itself either. I wished that I could've said, "You're a human being. This doesn't have to be your life. You are not an object." But as I allowed my eyes free reign to examine slowly her shapely legs and toned abdomen, as I breathed in her perfume and felt her warm, slender fingers still resting on my knee, I had to admit she made a pretty tempting object. I imagined for a moment finding a motel room. It'd be so easy. No one would ever have to find out.

But I would have known. Looking for the first time into her smoky green eyes, I couldn't imagine any scenario in which I'd be able to live with myself if I had treated her as if she was some hollow commodity to be rented by the hour. I let go of her hand and said, "I'm sorry. I can't."

Rolling her eyes, she sighed. "Can I at least get a couple bucks for a soda?"

I took out my wallet but then said, "I could go for a coke too. Would you mind some company?"



A Humble Haiku

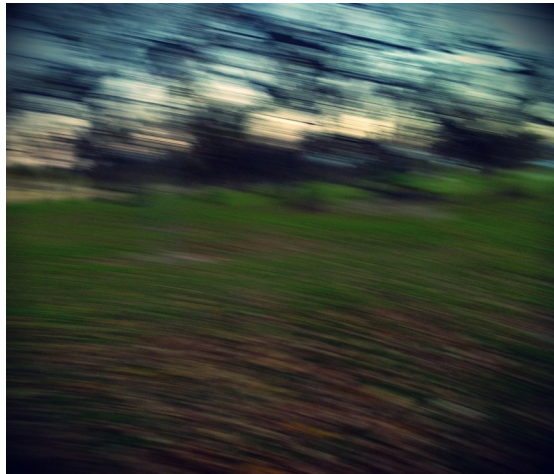
By Eric E. Gonzalez

A haiku of words
arranged with pristine beauty
lies not on this page.

Abstract Photo

By Shae Lynn Crawford

Spin me around this empty park.
We'll make beds of leaves into art,
And then we'll lay awake past dark--
Gazes will set on those bright stars;
You'll find my hand, and grasp my heart,
And then I'll be forever yours.



Devoid of grace,
but accurate enough
to trim one wayward branch
of a lilac bush older than I,
before falling back
into the confines of a chair,
bent by an effort
that would mean nothing to me.
One errant twig removed.

A fraction of a job
that would take him
longer to complete
than hours in the day.

I watched him
knowing he couldn't finish
this task, and wondering
why he would try.
I stayed hidden;
observing, and refusing aid.
Held back by something I didn't understand

Watching Grandfather
By Steven Trey Wallace

I saw him,
crumpled in his chair,
with a posture that could suggest
rest, or defeat.

His experienced skin told
creased stories across a frame
made mobile by batteries
and electric motors.

Compressed oxygen
forced life through lungs
no longer able to perform
their function without aid.

He gathers strength and breath and will,
before surging up
twisted hands gripped tight
to levers of dense hardwood
moving the rusted blades
of ancient garden shears.

A tool heavier than it was,
striking in one jerking movement.

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Apocalypse

By J. Eric Dennis

Bluebird

By Caitlee Martindale

Baby bluebird,
Lie still
Underneath the branches,
Every day closer to that expansive sky.
But for now,
Idle peeping,
Rapture at the thought of flight,
Daring to believe

...one day...one day.



Unwritten Syllables

By Josh West

Regardless of how fresh,
This night is outright
Just not right for writing.



This is my care.

Why have a desk
Not allowed to be a desk?

But, alas, it cannot say.
And I must judge, and say,
And she must judge, and say,
Until we come to some unknown conclusion,
Hidden for now
Underneath piles of debris.



Dryland Farming

By Paul R. Scanlin

Bleached blue
Watercolor sky,
Flocked
Dappled whites mottled grey.

An afterthought of seldom rain
A plunk, plonk, plinking
Pennies to a beggar's ear
These after drops to drought.

Broken, battered Salt Cedar
Leaf and Prairie stone
Stream to trickle,
Grinding to ground
Shrunken, human mounds
Of blood-red farmer's mud.

This ragged row,
Three lonesome graves-
The only crop that grew.



Fall Foliage

By Shae Lynn Crawford

The Desk

By Caitlee Martindale

That desk
Is a mess,
She said:

A jumble of torn pages
Dejected and unwanted,
Used pens,
Crumpled letters,
Forgotten applications,
Piles of junk
All left to the ages.

Why do you not care?

That desk
Is loved,
I said:

Piles of revisions
Dog-eared with turning,
Ink stains,
References,
Reminders,
Distractions
Waiting to be picked up again.

Nine Years Old

By Caitlee Martindale

There is a girl there:
Sitting on the floor.
Her skin is blue
from the television.

Her face is rapturous,
Though she is all alone.
Friends found only through a screen—
I know

So many things, but all I want
Is to hold her
And tell her,
“Thank you.”

Because I know
How much better she will get
At finding everything she wants right now.
But she is happy,
And all is right.
While I can only watch—
Watch, and regret.

Forever Jill

By Eric E. Gonzalez

Grey shadows waltz on the window sill,
In the tiny house atop the hill,
Dance gaily 'cross the pearly walls,
Whilst echoes murmur in the halls,
And memories of young boyhood fill,
The tiny house atop the hill.

Vermilion carpet, marble floors,
Adorn the rooms with cypress doors.
Out back, the elm that bore my scar,
And let me see the world afar,
Is now a stump--a mem'ry killed,
No longer there atop the hill.

The woods where I took solace 'til
As a lad, I met my Jill,
Still stand not far from where we met,
A moment I shall not forget.
Our love was one that was fulfilled,
Within our shack up on the hill.

Each day we hiked down to the shore,
And spoke of dreams, the spring, and more.
Days of play turn'd to nights I'd stay,
With her 'til the night was away,
And then we grew to have the thrill,
Of a wedding there atop the hill.

But then, sweet Jill--she did take ill;
Alone she fell from 'top the hill.
And left behind alone I wail,
Though another was meant to wail--
A happy wail!--
Oh, why my Jill! Why'd you take ill,
And leave me stranded 'top the hill!

Though strange, I go there when I'm poor,
And feel that joy's the stuff of lore,
For all that sates my misery,
Is waltzing with her memory.
But, tell me, is it odd I still,
With spade in hand, waltz with you Jill?
Beside both tombs up on the hill,
By our tiny house up on the hill.

No more laughter, no more guidance
Only that which memories allow,
The presence of his absence
Weighs wistful heavy even now.

Through intellect and charity
And to be sure, saving Grace,
He left his mark with clarity
No lament shall soon replace.

I can't wait for yesterday,
Got robbed of my tomorrow,
And there's no time left today.

I can't wait for yesterday,
I can't wait for yesterday.



I Can't Wait For Yesterday

By J. Eric Dennis

Seems no more than yesterday
Picture slideshows on the wall,
Family gathered for the day
Popcorn, stories, one and all.

Now, pictures bring little solace
From bitterly anguished pain,
The world seems oddly sky-less
Just blue void spilling empty rain.

Smoldering green-eyed anger
Spotting white-haired wrinkled men,
Closet full of lonesome hangers
Seems familiar now and then.

Kitties, computers, banjos, jeeps
A pair of worn-out leather gloves,
Simply serve to remind, not keep
A life of tireless giving love.

Night Wind

By Laci McGee

Dusk is falling, dark is coming
Can you hear the night wind calling?
Screeches of owls, howls of wolves
Nightmare voices on violet air.

Do they chill your blood in horror?

Waning crescent gives little light
To those who stumble through the night.
Constellations direct the way
Towards home where no nightmares stay.

