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## FIRST PLACE

Strawberry

Caleb Baker

So, I was your strawberry, your terrible fruit  
The cloud without rain, the fireplace soot  
I drank and I dabbled in all things excess  
I was given the bus fare and labeled a mess  
The man on the bus gave a signal to me  
But on the travelling car, you cannot flee  
My feet were grabbed and pinned together  
Like Jesus Christ, only better  
The things that I say are terrible, yes  
But what else could you expect from this horrible mess?  
I cried and I bled and I sulked forever  
I cut up my sheets, I wrote you that letter  
I'm lazy also, as this writing shows  
It's horribly awful, I should stick to prose.

## SECOND PLACE

Coattails and Gold Doubloons

Miranda Jade Parman

If moments were coattails  
I would grasp yours  
Pressing my nails ever closer to my palms  
Because I want to hold on  
To every second I can have with you  
Never let them go  
Letting the soot and mire from the street  
Kick up into my face as I am drug along  
All to spend precious moments with you  
Bushels of gold doubloons,  
every second of a story told by you  
Every token I will spend at the fair of your schedule  
Your time feels like a tapestry  
And at the loom I want to sit and weave  
The words you say and the way if you're cut you bleed  
The thread of your time, in my fingertips in turns  
Before me the picture forms  
Every color more lovely than the last  
Because every second of yours gets more precious

So let me weave your time into mine  
Spinning your life into gold  
The tapestry into a coat  
The tapestry into time, like jewelry I wear  
Your company put on, on special evenings  
Let me grasp between my fingers  
The little moments passed with you  
Precious and beautiful to my view



### **THIRD PLACE**

For the Love of Murder

Megan Moore

She screams out in agony, not knowing what had just hit her. She blinked dazed and confused at her surroundings evaluating if she recognized anything. She stood. She looked at her feet and realized that her sneakers were gone and replaced with one glass slipper. She walked three steps to the left and bumped into something that felt wooden. She searched the surface for something that could be a light source or help her in defending herself when the time came. The last thing she remembered was being at home and in bed, disappointed that her boyfriend had stood her up on Valentine's Day.

She suddenly missed her red fleece sheets and fluffy white cat's company. Her head was pounding and she raised her hand to graze the small bump that started to form on the back of her head. Heart racing and hands sweating she begins to formulate a plot on how to get herself out of this disaster. She chuckles when she remembers that she never thought anything would ever happen to her considering she is from a small town with a population of about 200. She sees a small light flicker and suddenly has a shadowed view of where she is: a barn. A sharp creak, a release of a handle, and footsteps are heard. She takes a deep breath and hopes to God that she is going to make it through whatever is about to happen to her.

A hand slips over her shoulder and gives her this horrible slimy feeling in her gut. The man has kept in the shadows and hasn't said a word. He takes a strand of her hair and twists it around his fingers. There is an eerie familiar feeling she has when he does this. He tilts her head to the left and breathes down her neck. She doesn't struggle because this feels natural to her. He whispers her name and she squirms and clenches her eyes tight. He releases her hair and turns her to face him. He says in a barely audible voice, "I've been waiting for this all night."

Her stomach tightens and she doesn't know if she should scream or hold all of this emotion in. He flicks on the light and sees her standing with her eyes closed. He quickly gets down on one knee and says her name in a stern deep voice. She opens her eyes and relief feels her body. He simply says "I will explain later but answer me one thing first. Will you marry me?"

She squeals out a yes and then slaps him. She demands an explanation and he walks her through the events of the night. He planned on using the key she had given him to make a surprise late night dessert. She had heard the racket down stairs but had slipped on a cat toy and hit her head. He got her into the car to take her to the emergency room but she had come back to consciousness and said she just wanted to go to bed. He said that he would, considering he was a nurse and could monitor her behavior. They were right next to his grandfather's barn and he put proposal plan two into action.

He swooped her up and set her in a chair in the middle of the barn. He slipped the glass slipper on her, because he

always thought of her as a princess and wanted to give her the happily ever after that she deserved.

He went back into the car to get his dessert items that he never was able to fully unload. When he came back she was awake and he made his move. She didn't know how to react but took the heart shaped cookie that she now saw on the wooden shelf she had bumped into earlier.

She took it and slammed it into his face, giggled, and said "Never thought I would be marrying a man I thought was going to murder me.

Happy bloody Valentine's Day."



Stallion

Caleb Baker

Terrified and growling; black sheep go  
Understood and able, juxtaposed.  
Holding hands, fingers, tied up in knots  
Ferris wheel, cotton candy, make-out spots

Teeth clatter, sidewalk, scary movie  
Art-house subject, banana smoothie.  
Couplets for couples and single-file singles  
Coffee shop chatter, awkward mingle

Paint my nails, paint my lips  
Dress me up, dress me down  
Make me your baby doll  
Make me your clown.  
Disco ball dancing, Saturday night;  
Smoke for the movies, feel alright.

Break my heart, wash my head  
No, that won't do  
Chew me up, spit me out  
Say, I was your fool.

Cigarettes and tequila, share it all  
Lies and secrets; shopping mall.  
Romance is difficult for a one-side affair,  
I purchased a stallion, but I got a mare.

Oscar

Jacqueline Bayless

I'd like to take a moment to tell you of the most loyal  
man in my life.  
Often we women look for our best friend, the perfect  
listener, the man that will fill us with unconditional  
love.  
I have finally, at the age of twenty-eight, met such a  
man.  
He loves to curl up next to me day or night,  
He never gets out of bed before I do in the morning.  
When I get the whim to take a long, meandering walk  
with no destination in mind he's all too eager to humor  
me.  
He never questions my random thoughts  
Nor does he tire of my babbling.  
Rarely do we fight.  
When I want space he accommodates.  
When tears stream down my cheeks he's my shoulder  
to rest my weary head upon and, at times, will even at-  
tempt to dry my tears.

What a pity that this man has questionable hygiene  
and has yet to learn how to clean up after himself.  
What a shame that as all of you assume  
that I'm describing a handsome lover  
I'm in actuality describing my dog.

But isn't that the problem?  
There are no men left.  
The most loyal man in my life is found hidden in my  
lab.

I've thought about the fairy tales  
– you know the ones – the beautiful princess kisses the

slimy frog  
and magically sprouts a prince.  
Imagine my disappointment when late one night,  
after pouring my heart and deepest desires out to this  
forever loyal friend,  
I laid a kiss upon his cold wet nose and no prince ap-  
peared.  
I know I'm no princess, but seriously, that's just a tech-  
nicality....right?

I settle instead for moments – beautiful and magical  
moments – where I spy a handsome man (one walking  
upright on two feet) and our eyes meet.  
Two seconds reveals a lifetime of possibility.  
Late night discussions  
Memories possible only between the union of our two  
bodies.  
The bliss breaks quickly as something insignificant –  
the glare of the sun perhaps – flashes in front of our  
eyes.  
The chance passes as speedily as it arrived.  
Two seconds was all it took to reveal that there is no  
prince, but there is an imperfect man searching for his  
imperfect half.

I hang on to the flash of primal heat and intimacy.  
Every day, every chance crossing, another opportunity.  
Desperately hoping that one day it won't be a loyal pet  
curled up in my bed but you.  
You and all your flaws.

## Yearning

Jacqueline Bayless

My heart yearns for you.  
I close my eyes but it's not sleep coming my way.  
Your presence lingers – haunts me.  
I can still taste you  
Feel the way the brush of your lips  
and graze of your teeth left me flushed and tingling.  
I close my eyes....  
And breathe deep your smell.

Your lack of care when sober destroys me.  
Brick by brick you have dismantled my wall.  
No longer protected – I'm splayed open and exposed.

Time after time I've been nothing more than a manne-  
quin.  
Guys enter – dress me how they deem fit –  
Move this arm here...  
Tilt your head this way...  
Lighting, clothes, hats

Not you – never you.  
You were different.  
With you I was different, I was me.  
But now you are scared  
You need time to think  
To analyze.

Let me fill your glass  
Leave your brain fuzzy  
So when you close your eyes all you see is me.  
I want the memory of me, my taste, my smell  
To haunt you like you haunt me.

When the wind blows remember my touch  
When the rain falls – dampening your skin –  
remember the way we covered one another's bodies  
with soft kisses.

When the moon rises always think of our late walks  
Meandering through the park hand in hand.

You see...You have shattered any and all my protection.  
The wall built with my two hands shattered...  
Piece by piece with every lazy glance my way.  
Unplanned...  
That what you were.  
I never expected a connection – a spark –  
I didn't expect to recognize a piece of myself in you.

Tonight I yearn for you.  
I close my eyes and embrace the memory of your arms  
around me.  
Our bodies tangled and melded together.  
We danced in perfect, beautiful, natural unison.  
As I dream I pray you remember  
I pray that the memory of me haunt you until the only op-  
tion left  
Is me

## Faceless Tomb

Hayley Clevenger

The night is my comfort, my only friend.  
Here I sit mourning, broken heart in hand.

You told me you loved me, you lied to my face.  
I trusted you wholeheartedly, and now you leave in haste.

I'm sitting on a faceless tomb debating on what to do.  
A lonely cry in the distance directed to the full moon.

I let my guard down and I let you in.  
Because of you I will never trust again.

I'm broken like a mirror, a million shattered pieces.  
I can't seem to focus and I hate to think how he is.

I'm hollow, trashed and scattered again.  
I know in my mind, my heart will never mend.

How can I trust with his war inside my head?  
I'd breathe better with I knew you were dead.

I am alive and I can't be free  
I am broken and alone and how can I be me?

Consider your life with her then again with me.  
Perhaps you'll be happy but I'll go insane.

My mind is gone and here I sit alone.  
On this tomb I sit my last and final home.

Withered heart in hand, lost and decaying with age.  
I look at the picture and tear out the final page.

I know I must leave and here I refuse to stay.  
I close my eyes and hope you remember the pain.



## First Love

Jovan Munoz

I stared down as the blood ran from my chest to the dampened ground. There in front of me were two feet standing, and as soon as my gaze found a face, a strong fist was held secure around a knife, straight through my heart. I couldn't believe what I was seeing; the panorama of the whole world revolving around a once beautiful creation, now a void of darkness and unwanted hate. He said nothing, and his expression reflected a stone statue, emotionless, yet a tint of melancholy behind his eyes. We stood in silence, me in absolute pain, him, unrelenting in his grasp. I knew that if I tried to run away, I would fall to the ground, gasp for air and reach out to nothing, and he would be gone, out of my life. I could hardly breathe. I could barely stand. I could not think. Previous bloodstains were dried and worn across his clothing. As for him, many wounds, losses and traumas had come and



gone, but he abided as an unknown force to my unwar-  
ranted misery.

I felt the life and color drain from sight, and as the  
air turned grey, apart from the blood that glowed bright  
red, cursed weakness befell me. I could not defend my-  
self. From the corner of my eye, flourished love notes  
blew in like a storm, revolving around us and drifting  
away. Thunder crackled as the sky split in two. Cold and  
warm winds caused my body to shiver in confusion. My  
insides ached as I tried to endure the derisive elements.

The knife had gone in so deep, even he was afraid  
to pull it out in fear of his own act. But there we were,  
caught in the loss of innocence. My mind flashed to the  
first hello, the first kiss...the first of everything. How  
those quickly evaporated when his shadow towered over  
me, wrapping me in weighted chains. How long could I  
stand without it resulting in my death? How long could I  
test my strength and ignore it? When I made the choice to

fight, I saw tears streaming down his cheeks, his stance  
shaking in agony. He didn't want to be there, he wanted  
to hide. But his hand stayed close to the blade. He too  
held beautiful memories of hopes, dreams, and fantasies.  
But his youth robbed him of commitment and growth.  
Time had damaged us. We couldn't be healed.

Could I handle his suffering? Could I keep him  
there a moment longer? I suddenly took his hand in ab-  
sentminded control, and began to tug the knife slowly  
from me, blood dripping through our fingers. Oh, the  
abysmal torments of hell laughing at me, the unbearable  
pain electrocuting through every nerve ending of my en-  
tire being, piercing straight to my soul. An earsplitting  
cry shot from my lips, and I stopped, heaving and trem-  
bling. The ground rumbled, and I cursed the air. He  
stood there and did nothing but recoil and brood. I  
reached for the support of his arm, and continued to re-  
move the knife. Oh, twice as extreme did the second

blow impale me to drive the blade away. How I lost consciousness, coming back again to see faded visions of the landscape around me, and the outline of my once perfect lover. This time I collapsed and felt my knees meet the ground. He continued to hold on, but remained an empty vessel, shocked and afraid.

*One more pull and I'm free of him.*

And then I was free. The blade fell from our hands and was swallowed by the grass. I finally gasped for air, drenched in my sweat, blood and tears. I had grown accustomed to the knife, and held my chest as something lifted and lightened. But the searing pain remained. I was torn, yet happy. I helped him understand. I let him go.

I'm Right Here

Jovan Munoz

I'm right here.

In this spinning world, why am I not seen in the blur of time's turning page?

Is it moving so fast I'm blotted from sight?

Is it that when I reach through the ripples and folds your balance is reversed and Disturbed?

Is it that my mind is free and yours is planned the days are just days and we are stumbling

To the next sunrise and fixed moon?

Am I special in every increment or just a blinding light, Making you fall, holding you back, forcing you to make perfect shapes?

Am I too picturesque, quixotic, idyllic, or whimsical, for the result of pragmatism?

The world is nothing but screens and flying words, empty and meaningless.

Is my unclothed truth, the glow from my burning skin, sad tears, and ardor difficult to

Understand, hard to see?

Is there no life in you to declare, Oh God, this day is special?

Pain becomes of me and I am pain.  
Wake up, I'm right here. I'm right here.  
Reach your dream, skip the moments of now, reject sincerity, think of home and forget me.  
Hold me, cling to me, and notice me.  
You can't handle more, you crumble, nothing is wrong.  
I lean in and your face is stone.  
I pray, insomnia laughs at me.  
Energy lessens, yours is gone.  
Oh life, you are a dagger. You are cold. You are warmth.  
You are ever changing.  
You are unrelenting.  
I'm a fighter, but my soul is at rest.  
Fighter, loosen your grip and drop fear.  
Become even with peace,  
Be blanketed with Sovereignty.  
Wipe away sadness, or forever be washed away.

If It Had Been Real

Miranda Jade Parman

There was so much crying  
That night that we finally apologized  
Out loud, in bed  
Wrapped in sheets and unwanted memories



Trace of Her

Gabriel Pena

So here I was just meandering through this life,  
And it hit me. It hit me hard  
The barren hallway suddenly iced over with past mistakes  
They confused my senses  
and glazed my brain with stupor

Her faint aroma regurgitated over  
and over until I had to tap out  
I couldn't escape though,  
every breath pierced harder than before  
She was gone, and now the punishment is upon me  
While it reigns, it pours guilt meant only for one

This day was finished before it even started  
Now I will go back from where I came  
To sleep it off like I used to  
Yet that realm is getting susceptible as well.  
Time for something stronger.

Fuchsia

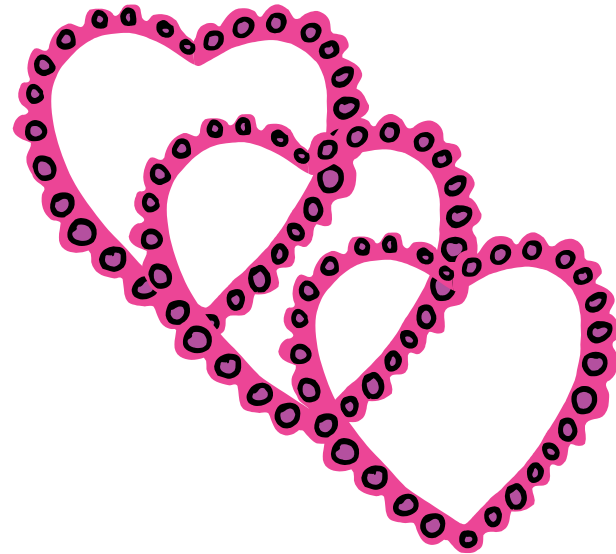
Gabriel Pena

See-through silk never seemed so black  
Yet it was worth it to attack  
Long nights of absent promises  
Faking those humble choruses  
Sworn on the day of commitment  
And broke the night of resentment  
What the hell did you do to us?  
No words can say or paint your lust  
Just God's gift—eternal mistrust  
So now I take my pristine hands  
To send you to unpromised lands  
You shake and lurch and try to scream  
I'm too quick for your mousy schemes  
This light shade of pink ends your life

Violet Triolet

Josh West

A purple color, vibrant and  
More colorful than it began.  
Jars of jelly, jam, freshly canned  
A purple color, vibrant and  
Blood is falling on white sand.  
Is it worth it? Is it damned?  
A purple color, vibrant and  
More colorful than it began.



## Overuse of "oos": A Study in Bad Rhyme

The Legacy Editors

Red and purple might as well be puce.  
I love my love ev'n though she's loose.  
Oh Luce my love, oh why are you obtuse,  
Your love/my lust must make a sexy truce, Luce

Your love is lovely, deadly as a noose.  
But Luce, I can't induce no more abuse.  
The juice you serve reminds me of hair Mouse.  
My love for you it tends to over use, Luce.

I'm leaving now to go dear lovely Luce,  
although you have a nice caboose, my Luce.  
Our love is gone you've left with Baha Bruce  
Enjoy the surf, for I'll be hunting a Muse, Luce.

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# 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