

THE Legacy

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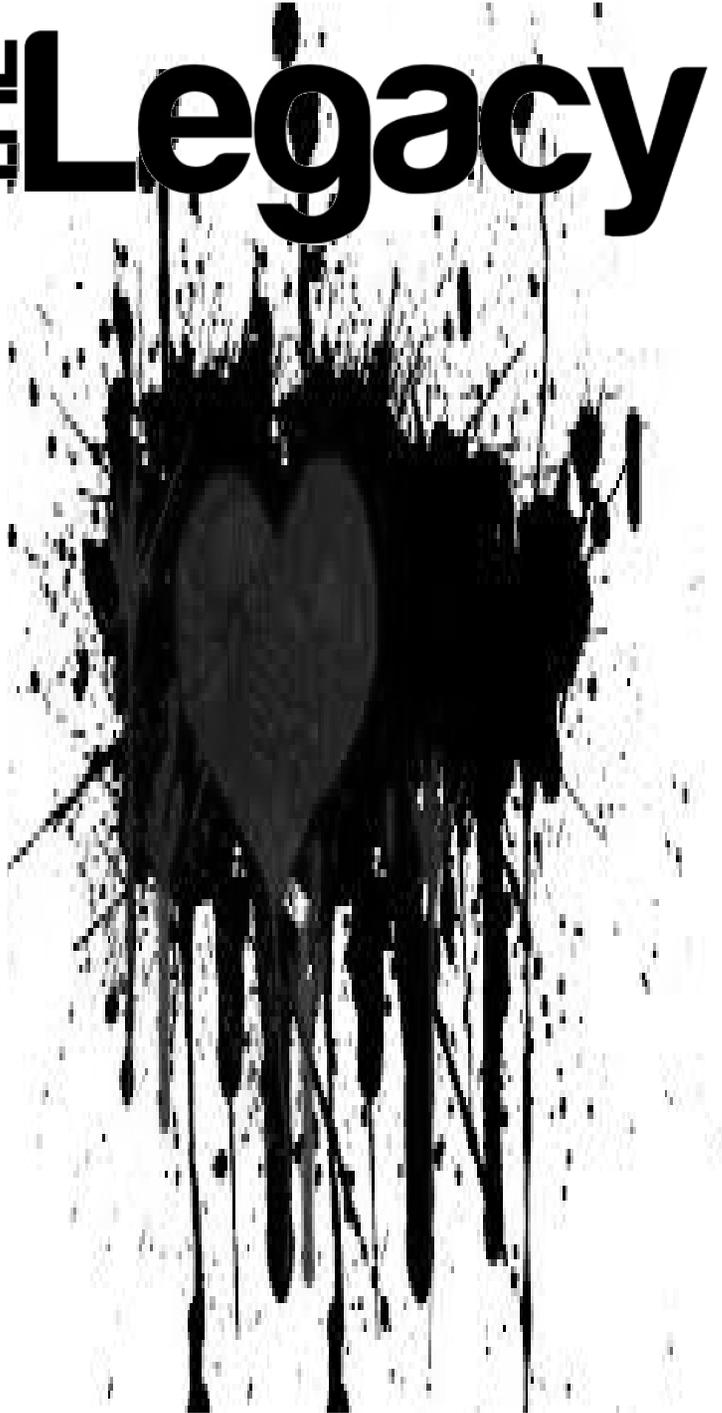
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Bloody or Beloved Valentines 2015



FIRST PLACE

It Shouldn't Be

by Brent Klein

Marvin walked into the Center for Community Activities with his arms piled high with folders and documents. He shuffled past the reception desk and walked toward the office of the Deputy Director of Programs and Fun. Behind him, papers fell and wafted off the great stack in a twisting wake. He didn't mind dropping a few. He had everything in quadruplicate.

He went down the eggshell white hallway and past the water fountain and the sterile unisex bathrooms. He came to an intersection. On the left wall was a poster that read:

No Jesus. No Peace.
Know Jesus. Know Peace.

A sunrise was below the text. The sun was setting behind a little hill with a little cross on top of it. Marvin looked at it for a moment, then went right.

The Center for Community Activities was unscrupulously proud of its bureaucratic process. They were considered most efficiently regulated and nothing was done without the proper consideration and consent. Task forces were created to appoint joint-task forces. It was rumored that the position of Master Filer was only given to someone with ten years of professional service. As a result of this efficiency, Marvin was regularly expected to meet with the Deputy Director of Programs and Fun to discuss various aspects of the project he had submitted.

This hall, Marvin was sure, did not conform to the laws of physics. Once he turned the corner from the Sunset Poster, the hallway seemed to stretch on ad infinitum. The walls squeezed in as the perspective stretched on and on into a tiny dot in the distance. He felt as if he were stuck between two mirrors facing each other. The walls were efficient.

Marvin walked for miles passing more water fountains and unisex bathrooms at even committee designated intervals, until he stood in front of the Deputy Director of Programs and Fun's door.

He looked over his shoulder at the hall that stretched forever. A trail of papers, haphazardly strewn about, lay on the floor as if a great bureaucratic slug had oozed its way down that long stretch. Marvin nodded and thought it looked most efficient. His decision to make copies in quadruplicate, instead of the normal triplicate, had paid off today.

The door opened and in the doorway stood a severe woman in a neat black dress. A silver necklace lay tastefully on her chest. A little cross.

"Oh yes, Marvin. Right on schedule. Very important, punctuality you know?" Her voice was hardly a whisper. There was something condescending in its softness and in those still eyes - eyes that seemed always lost in thought, never quite seeing what was right in front of them.

"Quickly, sit," she said. "We have only a few minutes to speak. I have many meetings today. Very important, you know?"

Marvin sat. The Deputy Director of Programs and Fun sat behind her efficient desk. She folded her hands and smiled. Marvin looked into her eyes, but wasn't sure if she was looking back.

"Yes, well," he said. "As you know, I have proposed a community advancement project. Since I am sitting here you know that I have been approved by the lower committees, the Circle of Decision, *both* Houses of Trust, and I have collected and completed all necessary paperwork to be contemplated by the Elder Board. In the interim of a decision from them, I have been instructed to detail the findings of my research and run scenarios considering the positive and negative outcomes if this project were to be approved. All of this is required by Section 1.a-3 of the Community Enrichment Protocol Manual. *Therefore*," he said with an air of positively magnificent efficiency, "I have brought all the necessary paperwork to be considered and approved by you, Ms. Deputy Director of Programs and Fun." He gestured toward the tower of papers and folders perched upon the desk.

The Deputy Director of Programs and Fun did not blink while Marvin spoke. She sat perfectly still. So still, Marvin wasn't sure if her chest was rising and falling with breath.

"Yes, of course. I remember your project well, Marvin." She blinked and an anxiety that had been building in Marvin's chest loosened and released. "If you don't mind, please remind me of the specifics. As you must know, I am very busy. Very important *indeed*."

"Yes ma'am," he said. "I wanted to take a small

number of children to a local public park for a day of recreation and socialization."

She stared back with those blank sightless eyes, like a china doll, like a machine. "Yes of course. If I remember correctly, and I make no legal claim to without my notes-" (she paused and gave a quick grin as if she had made a joke. Marvin thought she had.) "-there was insufficient information supporting whether such an activity would have an overall net positive effect on a child's growing mind and body. As you must know Marvin, children are the future. Very important *indeed* that we do what is best for them."

"Yes ma'am," he said. "I believe you will find my current research to have been quite thorough. I think that there is a chance you may even be inclined to, after weighing all the information of course, recommend to expedite requests similar to this one in the future." Marvin glowed with pride.

The Deputy Director of Programs and Fun gave a small cough and Marvin saw her eyes come into sharp focus. She looked dead into Marvin's eyes and gave a full toothy smile. Somehow, the air of condescension increased the more teeth she bared.

"Oh, Marvin. You must remember why we do all this. We are here for the children. They are so very *complicated* you know?"

Marvin sat back into the chair. He thought about his daughter in the backyard all those months ago. A pill bug crawled over her hand. She sat so still and so quiet and looked upon all the magnificent delicacies of that

creature in a state of perfect awe. He thought of her placing it on the pedal of a fresh dandelion, and watched as her face came closer and closer to the petals, so close that she could see the little balls of yellow pollen building up on its legs. He saw in her eyes, as she watched the bug crawl upon the flower, something poetic. He saw something so familiar, something so distinctly human, something that had once been in him and had long ago dried up. He saw a little cross on top of a hill, and someone pulling it down so that it could never be used again. He saw all the world as wonderful in those eyes. Everything new and beautiful and precious.

He thought of her climbing high in the sycamore, perching on a branch with the wind waving through her hair as she looked at the world in perfect curiosity. Her eyes told him that she was far away. He hoped she would stay there forever.

“Marvin?” The Deputy Director of Programs and Fun’s voice brought Marvin back to the present, and he looked at the terrible tower of efficiency sitting on the desk.

“Yes ma’am,” he said. “Complicated.”

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.”



SECOND PLACE

Photograph

Campus Sunset

By Rachel Hodges



THIRD PLACE

Untitled

by Cierra Lewis

Roses are red,
Violets are blue,
You said that you loved me,
But that can't possibly be true.
You see, my darling,
I follow where ever you go.
Don't worry, my dearest,
I just like to know.
But I watched you smile
At the girl you work with.
She looked like a good girl,
But I know those are just a myth.
So I cut her up in tiny pieces,
And I fed her to friends down the street.
Oh my lovely, did you know,
I'm just so terribly sweet.
Then there are our neighbors,
Who you wave to morning and night.
Well, I can't say what happened to them,
But I hope they enjoy their flight.
Oh so many people
try to steal you from me.
Aren't you glad, my sunshine,
That I protect you so devoutly?
I was so sad,
At the start of these rhymes,
But now I remember,
All those beautiful times.
You are my darling,
And I'll keep you forever.
laughs you thought you could run?!
This love will never sever!
You are mine!

Try to run if you must!
I'll break both your legs,
Until you again deserve trust...
Sleep well my darling,
I'll be by you in sleep.
Don't bother to resist,
Your already in too deep.



Thawed Heart

by Rachel Hodges

Frozen in time,
A heart searches for its soul;
Clinging to hope for its love to know.

Clinging to the hope of finding a love
That will burn brighter than the star we gaze upon.
For this heart remains frozen in time.

A spark has lit the soul aflame,
But first glance makes the mind refrain.
Thus keeping frozen the heart in time.

The darkness between two souls fades.
The others selflessness sets this heart a blaze.
It was worth the wait for chancing to hope for a love to
know.

If time permits our love to grow,
I am happy patience and hope found a love to know.
My life is no longer sour as the lime.
For this heart will never again be frozen in time.

A Writer's Pain

by Delinda King

Princess Maria sat in the middle of ancient and magic forest. She wiped away a drop of blood from a terrible scratch on her knee. It hurt fiercely and she had ruined her sparkling ball gown. Now she was lost in the woods because she had been running from the ugly witch with the wart on her big nose.

Princess Maria lifted her arms in the air, trying to catch the hope winging through the air on the song of a nightingale. If only her Prince could hear her cries of anguish and come to her rescue their perfect love would destroy the dark witch and they could live in the glorious castle forever and ever until the end of time.

The princess cried out to the silent forest and through the darkness they reached the ears of her prince. . .

“Jill? Are you makin’ stories again?”

Startled, Jill jumped to her feet, angrily facing her unwanted visitor.

“Jack Hanson, you just ruined *everything!*”

Smoldering blue eyes stared at the little boy until he could stand it no longer. He bowed his head and dug his hands into the pockets of his coveralls. A worn sneaker rubbed a circle in the dirt.

“I’m sorry Jill. I just had to come and find you, it being Valentine’s Day and all.”

“Jack Hanson, I was thinking up the very best sto-

ry, and I was just about to get the part where the most amazing thing was going to happen. Don't you know I come out to the forest to be ALONE!"

"But this ain't a forest, Jill. It's just the tree in your back yard."

Jill flipped her long red hair over her shoulder, closed her eyes, and stuck her nose in the air, wondering why there had to be boys.

"You don't know anything Jack. You are only ten years old and you don't know what it's like to be thirteen and nearly grown AND be destined to greatness."

A chubby hand lifted a wrinkled red card from a faded coverall pocket. Timidly, Jack held the card out to Jill, withdrawing the other hand to wipe his nose on the sleeve of his blue flannel shirt.

"I wanted to give you a card, Jill. It says will you be my Valentine."

Jill covered her face with her hands, silently wishing Jack would roll down the hill and disappear. She shook her head slowly side to side and heaved a great and ponderous sigh.

"Jack. You just have to go away. I have to be alone. Don't you understand? I'm writing!"

Jack left Jill and went away.

His heart a bit unsteady.

A vow he made and will not sway -
though it seem a little petty.

On Valentine's or any day -

He won't ask, with heart so ready,

Ol' Jill to come out and play.

He'll climb the hill - with Betty.

Time

by E. Pecoraro

Time keeps going forward

it never goes back.

The hands keep on turning

never veering off track.

Though it makes life seem

a little more black,

to know that we all

can never turn back.

Park

by E. Pecoraro

You walk through the park and I just watch you pass by,

I don't know if I should give approaching you a try.

Sitter here every day makes me feel a little shy.

I'm not strange and I promise I'm a good guy,

But watching you go to work makes me seem like a spy.

So I guess I'll speak up and just hope you reply.

Bravo

by Abby Chisum

The first time that I met you, you were dressed
Like Amos Slade. Your dog was Hound. I smiled.
The second time I met you, you were dark and tall.
And handsome. Oh, my God, I can't do this. Marine. Af-
ghanistan. Red flag.
I dumped you outside Waffle House. You said, "Just wait.
I bet you'll see."
The next Tuesday, your car pulled up. Passenger side
bouquet.
Oh, boy.

The stupid sniper movie was your fault.
I squeezed your hand hard enough to leave marks.
"Biologists make lots of money, too."
A golden chuckle from the passenger.
You ask me later if I'm scared, and all that I can think is,
'Only when a door across the street can slam you up from
sleep.
When you lose another brother to a packed plane headed
to God only knows where.
When we have to have 'the talk' about what might come.
I'm scared to watch you break.
And also, we have to stop watching *Army Wives*. Forget
that show.'

You still have dreams about the day you'll leave
And I will always shake the bullets off.

Dedicated to A.N.E simply because I love you.

Untitled

By A.H. Martinez

Shall I compare thee to a summer's day?
No, I will not; you're better in every way.
No words in all the history of languages on earth
Can substitute how I feel, my happiness, my mirth.
I love you.

I love you more than words describe,
You want me more, why do you hide?
Then I ask why, you still say no
And I still cry, because we know
I am better.

Remember the day I wrote on your receipt?
Too shy to say hey, but now my heart is complete.
I write you these poems and hope that you will see
How much I truly love you; it is endlessly.
It's meant to be.

I am patient, I've been so kind.
Love is patient, but also blind.
That last line was so cliché,
It's just impossible to say
How I feel.
Our hearts have spoken, so let's make this true,
Because my life is empty without you.
So hear these words; let's have tomorrow,
Be happy together without this sorrow,
And be all mine.

What we have is greater than a fantasy,
We care for one another ineffably,

I said one day, you can be my Juliet.
So I end this poem with this couplet;

You are all I smell, hear, touch, taste and see,
So long lives this and this gives life to thee.



Old Love from Young

by Molly Bertrand

She was his friend before the age of ten
Two people destined till the end of time.
Toiling the land is how he passed the day
She baked and sewed for family and friends.

The trials given them were tough at times
The loss of children through the years of life
The droughts, the dust do cause a strain on hope
The faith and love upheld and grew in strength.

The day did come for God to call her home
He lived on making sure all was complete
At ninety-four he said bye heading high.
Old love from young to never come undone.

Perennial

by Erin Webster

Mother just won't let me go
She knows how I look down to the grass
She sees us wave to one another
And still she keeps me here

She holds firmer to my hand, in fact
The more whispering she hears between us
"You hush now. You'll stay with me."
Her grip grows so tight that I turn a darker green

She gives me gifts she thinks might make me stay
Fruits and flowers, the sun on my back
But the grass still beams up at me
The closest we come to touching happens when our shadows cross

The season of our love slumps to its end
Though I cannot imagine a day without stolen glances
The grass forgets to look up at me
It browns with age and cold

In the midst of my budding tragedy
Mother chokes me to a deep red
Until I too am brown and brittle
She drops me in disgust, "Fine. Leave."

I flutter down toward my love
Dancing and spinning, waiting to be caught up
We embrace at last, both tired to the core
A gust parts us and I am swept into November

Mirror

by Erin Webster

There is a time you lovingly forget,
And even when my eyes go black in your
Direction, you look back at me with just
A sense of hope in what's to come for us.

I sometimes struggle with the prospect of
Continuing to fall in love with you.
I know your habits – all your quirks and flaws.
Disgust and disappointment build their walls.

The world pulls me to see you as my fight.
I should not strive for you to breathe content,
But force you just to fit the box they've built.
I'm sorry for the scars I gave you then.

We'll be together through each night and day;
I'll cease to see you through the blotted lens
Of expectations meant to fill a starving world.
Look back at me through shining glass and smile,
Forget the world and dry our tears today.

Don't Tell the World You Love Me

by Nessa Locke

Don't tell the world you love me.
Don't carve it in a tree.
Don't paint it on a bulletin board
in the middle of town
for all the world to see.
Don't sing it or yell it
from the highest mountain top.
Don't let it
ECHO
Echo
echo
and fade.
Don't be boastful.
Don't be proud.
Don't be loud.
It was never between
you and the world
anyway.

Vanquished

by Kaitlyn Johnson

Tragedy freezes the fluttering heart.
What was once warm and loving
Becomes a weighted bitter stone.
A rock left to be carved, cracked,
Manipulated by chilled claws,
That hook into the soul.
Gripping tightly to steer,
They drive the heavy crystal
To distress and confusion.

But, hopeful words dance from refined lips:
Words of redemption and promise.
Zinged from ears to frozen soul,
Heat burst forth from within
Battling the frigid clutches of the wicked.

Strength forged by love and truth,
Doused the ice with flame
Causing steam to rise from the front line.
Only one remained,
And a steady beat could be heard.

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THE Legacy

The Legacy is seeking submissions for its Spring Edition.
The deadline is **March 20, 2015**



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