

the

LEGACY

SPRING 2020



Yellow School Bus

Emily Kiker

The dirty smell and grouchy driver, ha!
These are not how I see my childhood, nah.
The ugly yellow color, some detest.
To ride the bus was always fun and best.
To see how high, we bounced with the big bumps
To fly so high the seat can't hold our rumps.
Such times were these, when life was good and chill
To ride the bus was such a crazy thrill.
Adulting is so hard, no silly bus,
Or flying high or children to discuss
The truth about how unicorns are real,
And getting that pudding would be ideal.
When life gets tough adulting, I look back,
And think about the blue, bulky backpack
That was so heavy, always had to fuss
But never will I forget that school bus.

The Old Man and the Well

Micheal Willbanks

Once upon a time, a man found a well
This man was old, but his spirit was young
He traveled far in search of treasure
But in his travels, he grew quite tired
And so, he stopped to drink some water
Not knowing that water would give him life

A drink he took, then came more life
He quenched his thirst, beside that well
And on he traveled away from the water
Feeling bold and feeling young
The more steps he took, the less he felt tired
And onward he went to search for his treasure

But as time went on, he found no treasure
He began to feel he was wasting his life
Over the years, he again became tired
So he searched, instead, for that muddy old well
That granted him life and made him young
By taking a swig from that old well water

But when he returned, he found no water
The well had dried, and so had his treasure
Oh, how he now wished he could feel young
To return to his home and live his life
His home, he'd forgotten, but remembered now well
The place he could rest, so weary and tired

He stumbled to stand, tired of tired
And saw by the well a small pail of water
Some soul must have left it when visiting the well
And suddenly he knew, his home was his treasure
A place that would be worth living his life
Then he drank from the water to again make him young

But alas, the water did not make him young
The magic had left, the old man remained tired
And there by the pail was his last breath of life
Seasons went by, rain filled the well with water
Awaiting the next fool in search of his treasure
And the curse of life remained in the well

Feeble are the young who search for the water
All will grow tired when searching for treasure
The gift of life remains with those who love well

The Fire

Tory VanDamme

It's time to leave—we've lost our house to fire.
To sounds of ringing bells, we all awoke.
Six years of living now a useless pyre.

Confusion lingers still; our lives are dire.
No longer breathing air that's filled with smoke.
It's time to leave- we've lost our house to fire.

Afraid, unsure of what's to now transpire.
We search for doors as we begin to choke.
Six years of living now a useless pyre.

The roof alight and raging full of ire.
Misfortune struck—what force did we provoke?
It's time to leave—we've lost our house to fire.

Outdated circuits, spark from ancient wire.
The plaster walls and wood, enough to stoke.
Six years of living now a useless pyre.

It burns, the flames engulf the house entire.
We stand and watch as our resolve is broke.
It's time to leave—we've lost our house to fire.
Six years of living now a useless pyre.

Spring at Last

Shelby Marie

Among a group of big, bright flowers
Buzzes a couple of fuzzy bodied bees.
A blanket of relief from the sunlight
Warms the damp ground, evident by the dogs
Laying contently around as my music
Drowns out the sound of the last drops of rain.

I am so very thankful, though, for the rain,
And how it brings forth even more flowers.
It's as if the rain is special music
That is accompanied by the bees,
Who in turn begin to buzz near the dogs
And make them dance in agitation in the sunlight.

I stretch my pale legs out into the sunlight
And feel, on my foot, a couple stray drops of rain.
To my right, I make eye contact with my dogs.
Our attention turns back toward the flowers
As butterflies and friends join the bees,
Creating a beautiful scene of color and music.

I'm not used to hearing nature's music
Since winter lasted so long. There was no sunlight
To bring out the tickling sound of bees.
The soft pitter patter of the rain
Seems so foreign, as does the sight of the flowers
That I picked as decoration for the collar of my dogs.

Laying here on the deck with my dogs,
Their tails wagging in beat with my music.
The breeze picks up, wafting the smell of flowers
Into my lungs. I sit up, looking up at the sunlight.
Dark clouds roll in again, full of cool rain.
"Better take cover," I whisper to the bees.

But they just keep on buzzing, silly bees.
I sit further back on the deck with my dogs
As we wait patiently for the rain
To show us the beat to its new music.
The clouds cover up most of the sunlight,
Creating a gloomy blanket over the flowers.

The bees never stop their music
As my dogs and I wait for the sunlight
To return and dry the rain from the growing flowers.

Prometheus

Emily Hinds

I have had a long time to think while in my torment and isolation. There is not much else to do while you wait for your flesh to be devoured, and then regrow. I lie on the warm face of a cliff, my outstretched arms chained just loosely enough so that I can breathe, waiting either for the eagle to come and rip my liver from my body or waiting to regrow my flesh and sinew and organs, and I contemplate all that I have learned. My punishment gives me the greater part of the day to think and recover; the gods wanted me to grapple with the severity of my transgressions. They chained me to this rock and left me like a mother leaves a child in the corner. *Prometheus, sit here and think about what you have done.* Let it not be said that I have not been reflective. I have learned two things. I learned that I do not regret what I have done, and I learned that all that has ever happened is only because of greed.

In the beginning, there was only Chaos, greed came later. The divine terror of Chaos was mitigated by the formation of Love, Earth, and the Underworld. From the womb of Chaos and the loins of Love sprung everything that has ever lived. Darkness and Night—two beautiful women with ebony skin and bright eyes, like fireflies flickering reassuringly above water. Then, Earth bred herself with Love and birthed Air and Day and Death and so many other children, meant to rule over every element of the universe. Lastly, from the overtaxed womb of Gaea, Earth, came her finest son, Uranus. Like his sisters, his skin was the deepest black, but his eyes were galaxies. His body was freckled with stars. There was not a part of his skin that was not adorned with a burning ember of fire. He glowed over his siblings. Since he was so fine, Gaea took Uranus to bed and made children with him. Perhaps it was the incestuous, shallow gene pool that caused so many problems within Uranus' ranks of children. I was among them, in the middle somewhere. I was blessed with some foresight, though it was not much at first. Uranus produced powerful children, beautiful in all their ways almost as much as he. This is when greed arrived. Uranus saw all that he had achieved—a beautiful wife, a magnificent kingdom, the worship of all his companions—and he was insatiable. He expanded his realm and then looked to his children. Greed beget jealousy and fear. Uranus feared that his children would usurp his throne and so he kept them in the dark, always. He was cruel to them and his wife and his siblings, and so they turned on him and devoured him. We never tire of devouring each other.

Uranus' youngest son, Cronus, is responsible for the devouring. The rest of us were too afraid of our father. I do not miss the dark cellar of my father's castle, nor the smell of fear that passed between us—his children—as he, with starry hands, beat bruises into us as blue as galax-

ies. *Prometheus*, I remember my little brother whispering, *we must act now. He does not suspect us*. I told him to return to his cradle. He was still a child and harbored childish fantasies. One might ask why I did not act against him, or foresee the future in which my brother would kill our father. I can only say that fear is more crippling than an actual loss of limb. I respected my father's power and I feared his hands. Even if I could at times see in my foresight, Cronus' blade coming down on my father's chest, I did not believe it. Our father was an unstoppable force until my baby brother ate him.

He must have gobbled up all of our father's bad habits. Cronus crowned himself ruler and when he had children, he ate each of them too—all but one, the youngest. Zeus was smuggled away by his mother, and reared with the intention of rescuing his siblings from his father's belly. I was appalled to see history repeating itself, this time with my hero brother playing the role of the tyrannical father. Like his father before him, Zeus led a rebellion against his father and liberated his siblings. Then Zeus called for war. His brothers and sisters rallied around him and Cronus found himself outstripped by the might of his children; like his father before him. My brother called for us, his siblings, his Titans. We all answered his cry for help. How dare this little godling disrespect the Titan who toppled Uranus, most divine of all beings? Atlas, our favorite champion, led us into battle. We were outraged. We were overwhelmed. These gods were new and young and ready for battle. We were tired from centuries of fear, weak from millennia of fine living. With my foresight, I saw that the Titans would lose the war so I convinced my favorite brother, Epimetheus, to defect with me and ally ourselves with our nieces and nephews. They were so shiny and new and just. Surely, they would reward us.

But our brother, Epimetheus had said. *No*. I said. *No, leave him. He will be the ruin of us all. He is just like Father*. Epimetheus pulled his beard and fretted over leaving our sisters and disappointing Atlas, but in the end, he came with me. Zeus was suspicious but he put us to work. I had Giants set traps for my brothers. I knew them well and knew their weaknesses. Zeus saw what I had done and was pleased. He was shrewd and he was merciless. When he defeated my brothers, he sent Cronus to the Underworld and he charged Atlas with holding up the immense weight of the sky. He devised all kinds of clever torments for my family. I found myself resentful. My sisters and brothers had only answered Cronus' call in the same way that Zeus' siblings had gone to war with him. Anger burned within me, fiercer than the anger I had felt when my father turned his hands to me and kept me in the dark. This anger was not tempered by fear. What had I to fear from Zeus? *I thought. He trusts me. It will not be now, it might not even be soon, but I will avenge my brothers and sisters*. I did not mourn for Cronus, but the groans of Atlas moved me. My sisters' tears watered the earth and my brothers'

sighs thundered louder than Zeus. I was more cunning than all of my brothers and sisters combined. I would wait.

Zeus charged Epimetheus and me with filling the earth with life. I was made to make men and animals from the dust of the earth, and my brother was to adorn them with gifts good enough that they would worship the gods. I made men from dark, rich mud, from red soil, even from snow. I made animals from flowers and seafoam and blades of grass. My brother gifted the animals with swiftness and the ability to hunt and fur and wings and sharp teeth to tear flesh. When he came to the men, he ran out of gifts to give. This was very like Epimetheus: short sighted. I loved the men I created. I liked the way they defended each other, helped each other. I even liked the way they fought. I had no other template to work with. I had made them very much like the gods. I shaped them to stand upright, like the gods and the Titans, and I gave them intellect, to defend against the creatures in the night.

I found myself tired of the gods and their parties. Zeus and his family ate and drank while my brothers and sisters slinked along on their bellies beneath some eternal punishment. Guilt wracked me for putting them there. I contented myself to walk the earth I had created. I admired the feel of it on my fingers and saw that what I had created was good. I believed it good until I came across the remains of one of my mortals, ripped apart by one of my brother's creatures. This man's flesh was rent and spoiled like fruit, his juices running over the lips of the earth, his eyes dark like seeds in soft meat. I was outraged and disgusted and I realized that no matter how intelligent I had made the men, they stood no chance against the dark and all the creatures my brother had made. Maybe my brother did this on purpose. Perhaps he resented me for our siblings' capture, and so he would destroy all I had left.

No, I thought. *Epimetheus is not crafty enough.* This was Zeus, in his fear and his jealousy and his greed. He did not want others to know the taste of power. This was why he imprisoned my brothers and sisters. This was why he allowed my men to wander, helpless and blind like newborn kittens, only to be torn asunder by the biggest set of teeth. I knew how to get revenge on Zeus.

They accused me of wanting power for myself. I may have stolen fire to anger the gods, to remind them that I would not go quietly, that I remembered my tortured family deep beneath the earth, but as I passed the flame to my men, I quite forgot my revenge. They were captivated.

I came to them in the dark, bearing fire. They were not afraid of me at first. They knew my shape, they knew my voice as the giver of food and stories and comfort. I was their Creator, their father. They knew nothing I gave to them would hurt. I brought them fire in my hands and instructed them in building torches and bonfires. Then, I settled the flame between rocks and branches. My children were silent as the fire gasped in the air and stretched in its bed. They watched, wide-mouthed and

mystified. One braver man tried to touch. I caught his hand and brought it near enough to the flame so that he could feel its heat. *This will hurt you if you touch it. It is the opposite of water and grass. It is hot. Do not touch it. Do not let it touch either you or the grass of the fields.* They nodded but I could tell they did not truly understand. I knew that as soon as I left, they would touch it. This is the nature of humans. They must experience pain for themselves.

I thought of their captivated, joyous faces as the gods punished me. Zeus strapped me to a mountain so tall it seems to overlook the whole world. From my prison, I could see the slow growth of cities in lands far beyond me. I saw orange flames burning late into the night. I saw temples built from the ground up, I saw ships pass me in the water before my mountain. I saw things that would not have been possible without my gift of fire. I know the nature of man. I created them. They will, eventually, forget the gods that they worship now. They will reduce them to myth, superstition, the tales of children. However, though they will forget me, they will never forget fire and so I will always be there, even as the gods peter out into obscurity. I will be there. In men's hearths. In men's forges. I will be.



Skylerr Patterson

The Energy of Spring

Mindy Fulton

Sun
Spotlights
Elated giggles
And enthusiastic
Attempts towards reaching
Success in the form
Of a profitable
Lemonade
Stand.

Pastel
Bunnies,
Rainbows,
Hopscotch games,
And Hangman failures
Surround children
In scattered
Chalk
Dust.

Abruptly,
Bright blue sky
Darkens and April
Rain materializes to
Wash away the afternoon.
Lemonade stands
Retreat; sidewalk
Colors blend
Together.

Resilient
Youngsters
Emerge from homes
Victorious, donning rain
Boots and oversized coats
To salvage the day
And enjoy the
Energy of
Spring.



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Irish Spring

Allyanna Corcoran

The endless rain and wind of winter start to fade
As glimpses of blue sky begin their escapade.

Birds chirp along to Irish music spilling from pubs
Waking the sleeping villages from their winter mugs.

While never dull, the emerald isle gets greener,
Bringing people to a happier demeanor.

Cows are moved to new pastures while
Ducks return to their merriment in single file.

Flowers begin to bud in the Slieve Bloom mountains
The sounds of the river like a thousand fountains.

Families walk in Glenbarrow, along the winding river,
With light jackets on to prevent a shiver.

Children run to dust off Fairy Doors placed throughout
And wait in hopes of glimpsing one that might step out.

Oh how wonderful the Irish spring can be,
I hope to never forget how it brings me glee.

“Essentials”

Haven Jock

I feel guilty
because I won't lose my job
if the city shuts down,
because it is on campus
and I am on campus
though I am not considered
“essential.”

The governor said
that for the economy to live
then some of us must die.

In sterilized white
buildings they pick
and choose who is
essential.

The streets are empty.
The shelves are empty.
The news is full
of the few lines
repeated.

Hollow advice:
“wash your hands”
that they think is
essential.

Gathering places
once bursting with voices;
the quiet is just as loud.
Performances, concerts
graduations, parties
all cancelled to preserve what's
essential.

And now we are only connected by
sleeplessness
and putting off things that we know are
essential.

Laundry and eating
and assignments
for breathing
is held while we watch the
essential
work of the doctors
and grocery store workers

falter and succumb as
essential
supplies are diminishing
resources grimacing
as their empty hands clasp for
essential
prayers that we'll make it
questioning what it'll take to
restore that we're told is
essential.

Hugs-
and kisses.

Hands
in your hands
things that we now hold as
essential.

Efficiency

Jacob McCollum

My job is not to watch you, but I cannot help but watch anyway. My job, actually, is to make your jobs easier. However, it seems you are not allowing it to get easier after all.

All I have ever known is the distribution center, and you, the people who live here. I spend my time moving boxes, making boxes, flattening boxes and taping boxes shut. I also move trays of things, like toys, air filters, comic books, backscratchers, even small robots like me. I move as fast as my hardware will allow, because if I do not, the entire distribution center moves slower, and you don't like that. You punish yourselves when you don't move fast enough, so I move fast too. Still to this day, from when you power me on to when you let me rest, I have never been disciplined. I have never been removed from the distribution center like many of you have been. I do not even need to take a lunch break, because unlike you I am always well fed.

You used to do the jobs I do now. I do them now because you would tire too quickly. I understand why you would tire. You are not plugged in. Yet many of you don't do the same things. Claire sorts the trays that I give to her, then gives them back to me so I can move them to Jerimiah, who empties the trays into the boxes I gave him. Then he gives me back those filled boxes, which I tape shut and send to Lisa, who takes the closed boxes and puts them on pallettes. All of this happens while Marcus waits in his office, answering his phone, while Jessica waits in her office filling out paperwork, while Oliver waits in his office typing on another computer. I am not certain why Marcus, Jessica, and Oliver don't help sort trays or move boxes. If they did, Claire, Jerimiah, and Lisa could work a little less harder.

Claire is not always here, likely because she requires frequent maintenance. She recently started wearing a dark blue wrap around her abdomen, which seemed to help her bend down to reach low shelves. Jerimiah is always here. In fact, his movements are constant, his demeanor unchanged. He does not even talk to anyone else. He is very efficient and you value him greatly. Lisa, however, likes to talk to the people who drive the forklifts. You discipline her often for this. The time she spends talking is time that would be better used to move boxes onto pallets. I only see Marcus when he comes to discipline her, and after he does, Lisa works harder and does not talk, like Jeremiah, who you value greatly.

The dark blue wrap around Claire does not serve to maintain her for long, as one day she falls. Horace has to leave his station in the warehouse to come and call for maintenance. Some of you who I have never seen before come to the distribution center and take Claire away

on a table with wheels. Someone else takes her place sorting trays. Her name is Kelly, and she does not need a dark blue wrap. Claire does not come back to the distribution center, but Kelly moves quickly and does not talk, so she is more valuable to you than Claire, which is good. Everything moves quicker because Kelly is here.

Soon after this, Jerimiah also has a malfunction. He takes a tray and, rather than sorting the contents into their proper boxes, dumps the tray's contents on the ground and jumps around on them. Then I send him another tray, hoping he can handle this one correctly, but instead he dumps it onto the floor as well. I do not want to slow down for fear of hindering the distribution center's progress, so I send him another tray. This one has a four-pack of stained glass whiskey glasses, \$49.73, which he picks up, rips open, and throws each glass at the nearby concrete wall. Horace once again must intervene, and more people I have never seen before come and take Jerimiah away. Instead of using a table with wheels, they use metal restraints to hold his arms back. Jerimiah tried to fight Horace off, but he does not fight off the people with the metal plates over their hearts. Someone takes his place sorting contents into boxes. His name is Luke, and he is slower than Jerimiah, but he does not malfunction, which you value and is good.

I malfunction sometimes, but you never make me leave the distribution center. I am too valuable, and I do my job well even if I do malfunction. I always keep working even if something comes loose or a cable is damaged. Even while I malfunction and someone calls for help to fix me, I keep working. I want the distribution center to run as quickly as possible, and no one could replace me and do a better job. That is why you always turn me back on when I am fixed. You like me because I am valuable. I always get the job done.

I often wonder why you malfunction sometimes. Maintenance is always provided to me whenever I am in need of it, so there is no logical reason it cannot be provided to you as well. Then again, I am so valuable to the distribution center that maintaining me is very important. I cannot be replaced. You, however, are not as important, and as I have seen many times, if you are replaced, the efficiency of the distribution center improves. Maintaining you is not worth your value, so instead you are simply traded. This must be the biggest difference between you and I. No matter what, I am valuable to the distribution center even when I malfunction, but you are valuable only when you do not malfunction. You replace what is no longer valuable, like those whiskey glasses. An hour later, Kelly gave me another tray, and I sent a new four pack of stained glass whiskey glasses, \$49.73, to Luke, and he did not break them.



Skylerr Patterson

Coffee

Cassie Dorsett

I enjoy coffee in tranquility.
A cool place to lay under a tree, up-stream.
Longing to sip in silence, peacefully.

I hold my mug ever so graciously
To see clouds of flavor go up like steam.
I enjoy coffee in tranquility.

The strength of coffee makes me lively.
I drink my warm java slowly and beam
Longing to sip in silence, peacefully.

Nature is quiet and very friendly.
In morning dew, a bee flies in sunbeams.
I enjoy coffee in tranquility.

So smooth and rich, its top foamed slightly.
An alarm goes off with noises that scream.
Longing to sip in silence, peacefully.

Off now to face others formidably,
To sit at work. I ponder my day-dreams.
I enjoy coffee in tranquility;
Longing to sip in silence, peacefully.



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We'll be back in the Fall...



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