



Winner: Poetry

## Red Socks

Standing before us... chalk raised,  
He attacked the dark places in our minds,  
delicious accent,  
tourist guide to the beauty in humanity

We travelled, learned, grew,  
"Hedonists!" he graded us... Day One,

The world unfolded from his lectern,  
Depth overcame shallow eyes,  
His exams were treacherous,  
His response to our entreaties

philosophical,

Semester's End,  
"Lovers of Hamlet, Beethoven and Titian."

We had steeped in his passion-  
embracing a humanity lost on us before.

He smiled as we left,  
educated,  
his job well done,  
pondering the definition of

"Classic"

-by Melody Wilson

## Behind My Back

You're not my friend!  
You can't be trusted!

You bring me pain  
behind my back

I treat you good  
take you for long walks

thru the woods  
in summer's rain

I can't put my faith  
in such glib talks

You say you're supportive  
behind me all the way

But when I lean on you  
you give way like you're busted

You go out more than I do  
leave me flat, crying in pain

I call my doctor  
"Doctor, help me!"

My damned old back's  
gone out on me again!"

-by Lyhn Baker

## Tree

Silent  
Patient  
Thoughtful

Forever reaching upward  
Forever sitting still

Shelterer of lovers

Shroud for devilry

Do you watch us  
and laugh?

We, the impatient  
loud  
and heedless?

Do you smile at our  
irrational activity?

Movements that mean  
Nothing?

Or

Do you  
just sit  
and think?

Will I ever get an answer, Si-  
lent Tree?

-by Alison Gildersleeve

## And Then I Cried

I SAID I KNEW YOU  
I EVEN TOLD MY FRIENDS  
IT FELT SO GOOD- 'CAUSE I WAS FREE  
BUT THE ENEMY WAS THERE STALKING ME  
TRYING TO CUT ME DOWN AS IF I WERE A TREE  
I KNEW IT TOO, BUT AS THAT TREE STANDING ALONE  
WITHOUT PROTECTION SO I WAS JUST THE SAME  
OUT IN THE WORLD STANDING ALONE I FELL  
FELL TO MY OLD WAYS  
I SAID I'M SORRY I WANT TO CHANGE  
I TRIED BUT I LASTED JUST A FEW DAYS  
WHAT WAS WRONG? I DIDN'T EVEN CRY  
I SEARCHED- I WANTED TO KNOW- WHAT WAS WRONG?  
WHY DIDN'T I CRY?  
I ASKED MY FRIENDS- THEY DIDN'T REALLY CARE  
THERE WAS NO ONE AROUND JUST TO SHARE  
TO SHARE MY HURT, SHARE MY PAIN, SHARE MY LONELINESS  
BUT I WASN'T ALONE- JESUS WAS THERE  
STILL MY FRIEND- MY TRUE FRIEND  
HE TOOK MY HAND- SAID FOLLOW ME  
AND I WILL SHOW YOU THE WAY  
AND THEN I CRIED

-by Charles Jeff Gates

## Simple

Morning sun and luscious dew  
make a fine feast for the eyes of a  
beauty-starved world. As the Robin  
preens his bright red breast and  
the squirrel fluffs his tail, the simple  
beauty of nature reveals God's  
magnificence.

-by Stephanie Stokes

Edited by: Michelle Walch  
Moral Support: Caree Hussey  
Advisor: Linda Vogt  
Photos by Jillian Porter

