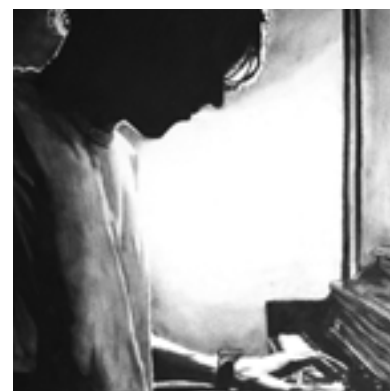
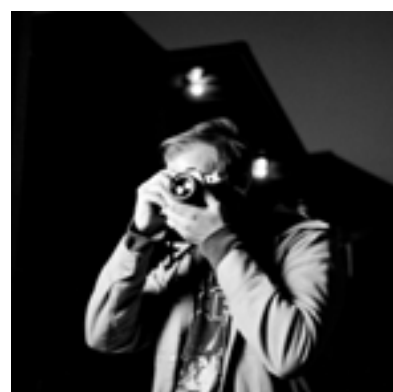




*A diverse collection of short narratives, poetry, photographs & illustrations,
courtesy of the creative minds that attend Auburn University at Montgomery*



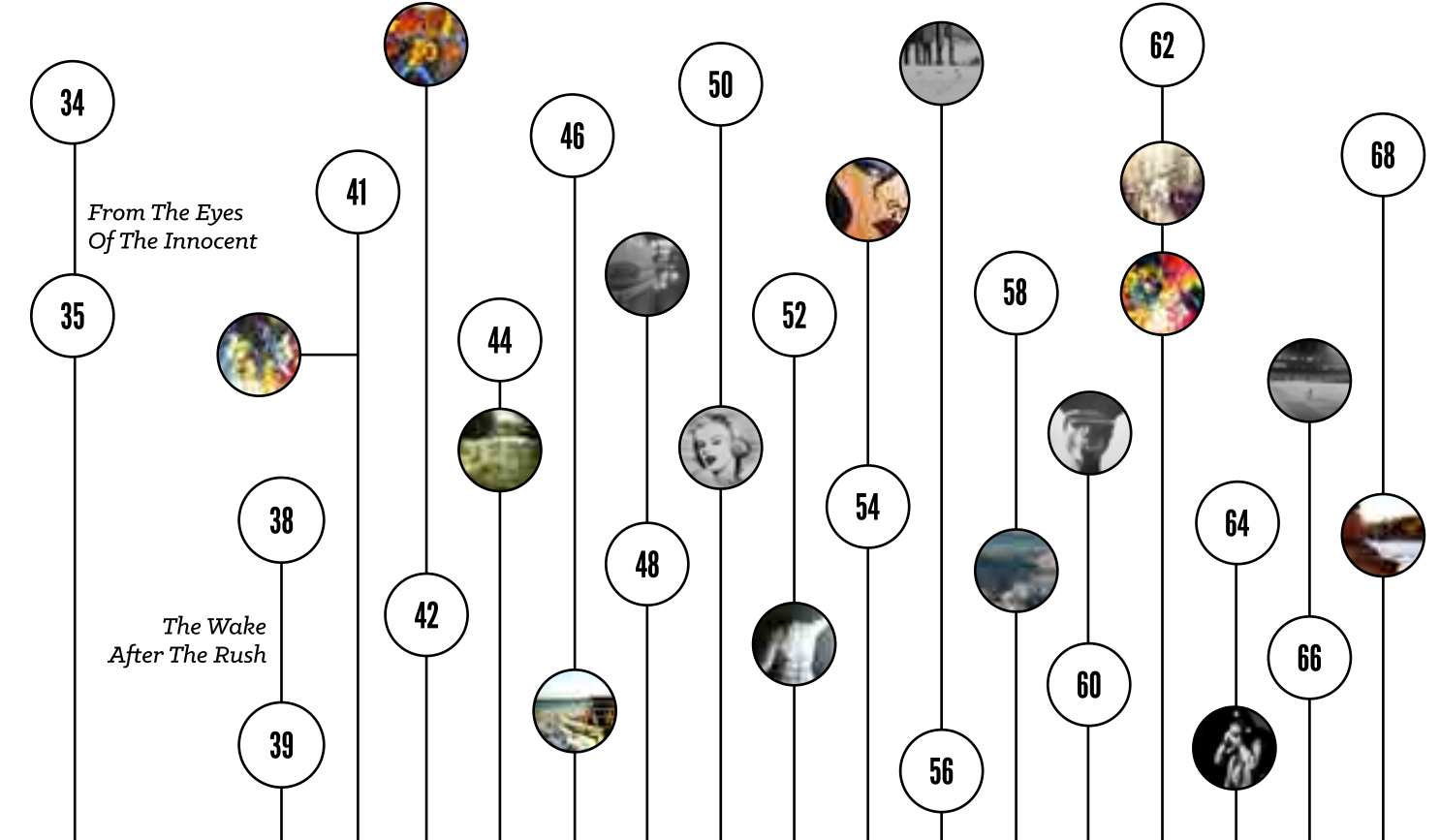
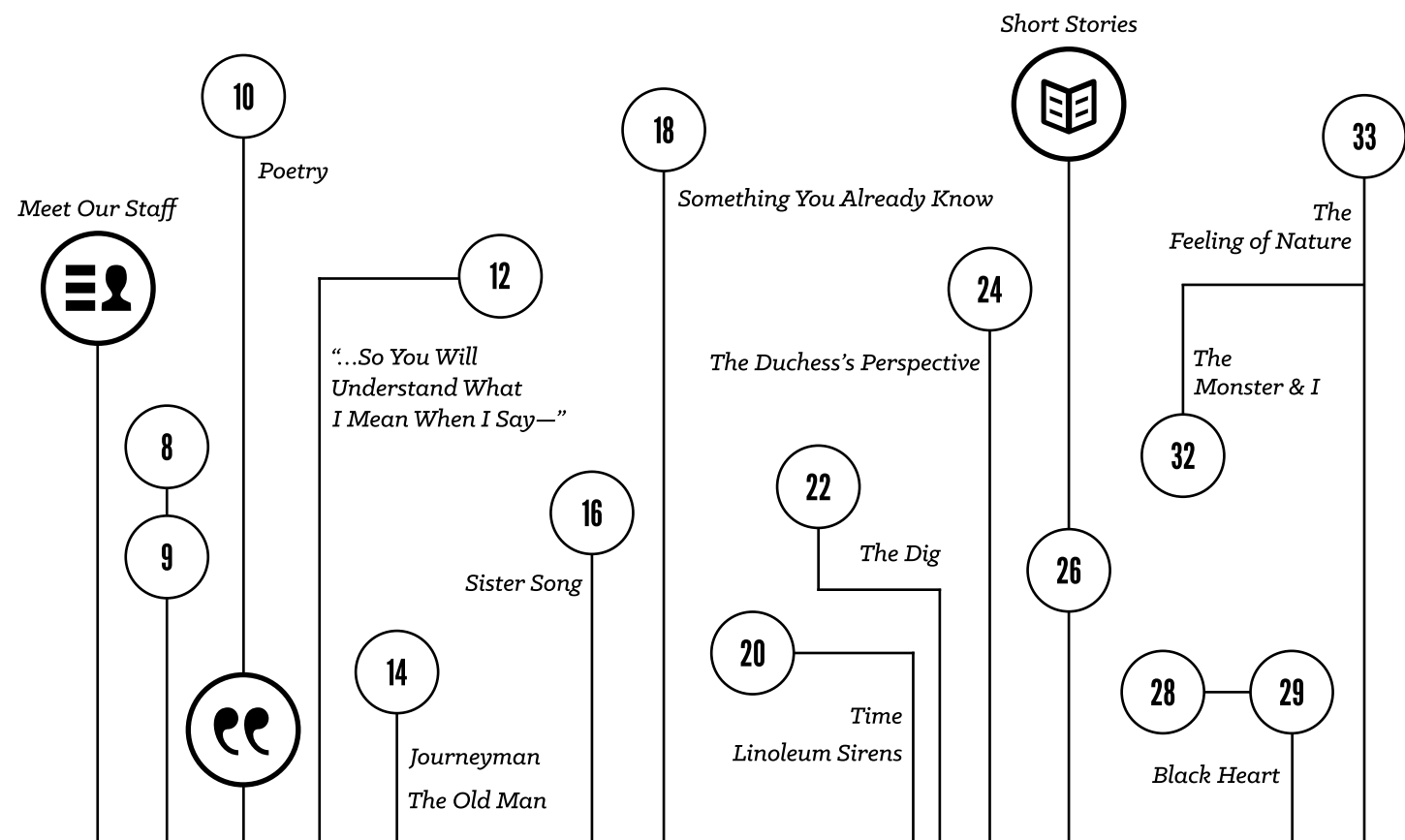
FEAST YOUR EYES ON THE

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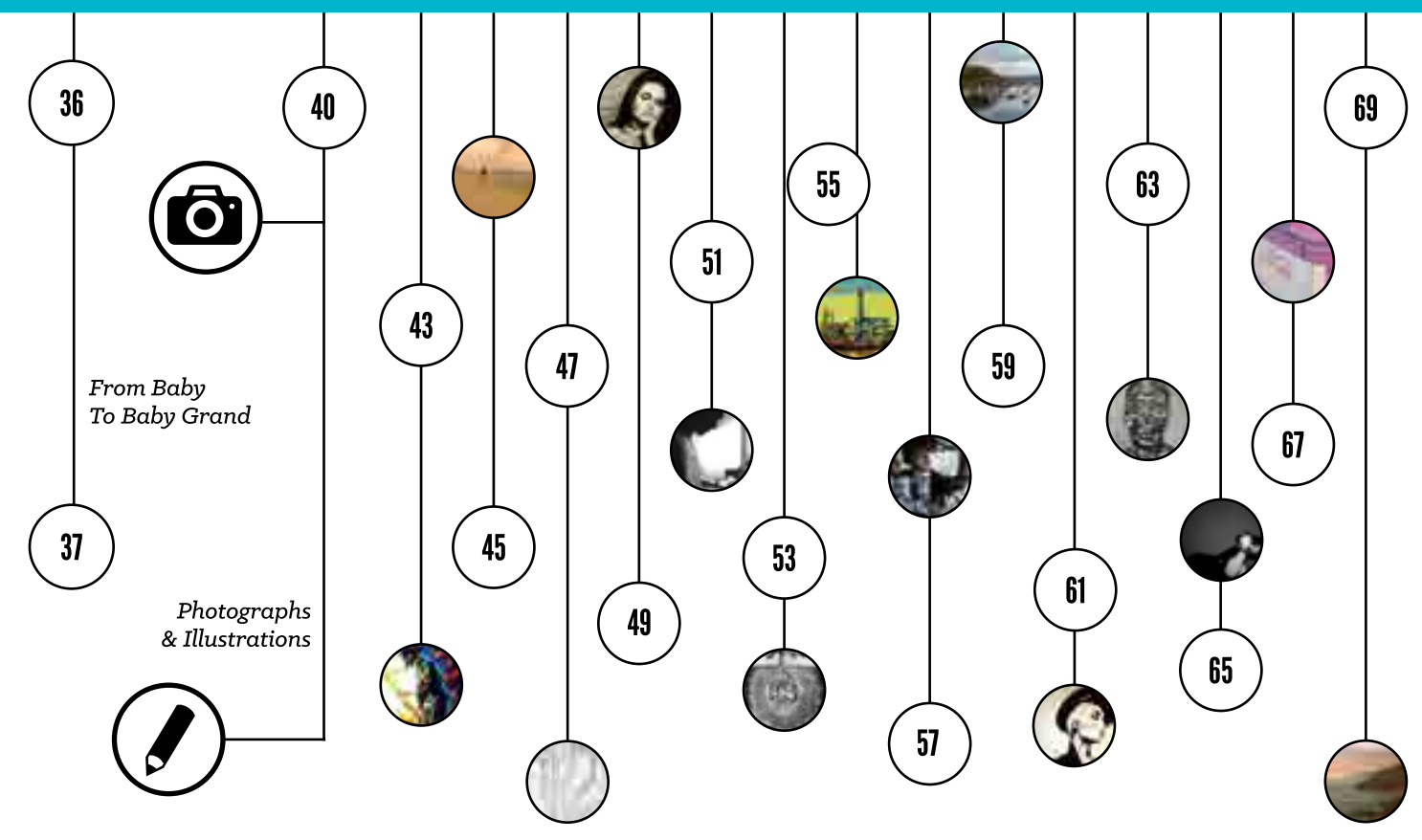
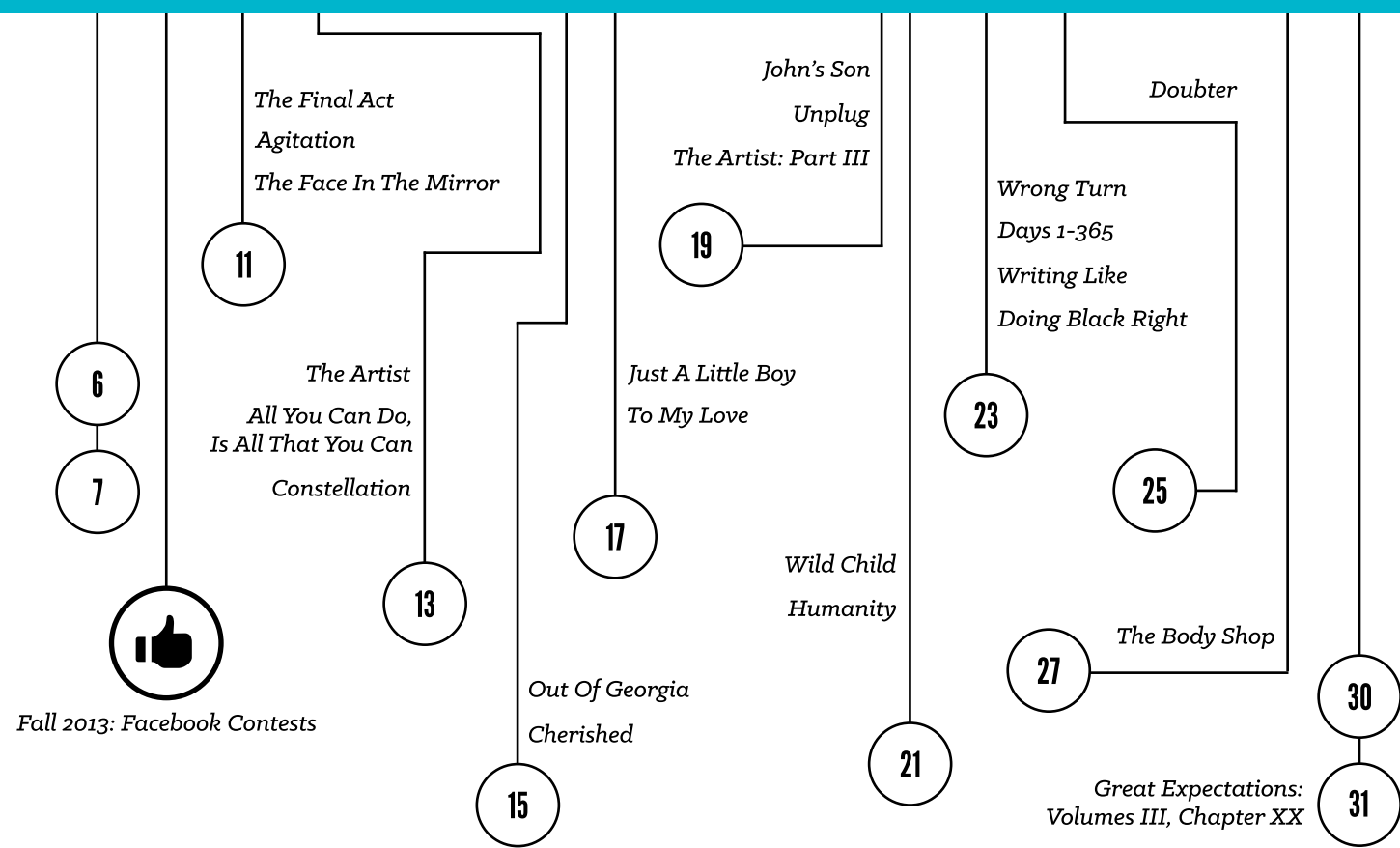
FILIBUSTER

AUM'S OFFICIAL LITERARY JOURNAL





CALLING ALL CREATIVE MINDS



“ I HAVE TAKEN UPON MYSELF AN OCCUPATION FOR THE DELIGHT OF THE WORLD AND FOR THE COMFORT OF NOBLE HEARTS ”
 –GOTTFRIED VON STRASSBURG, *TRISTAN*



ASHLEY STANALAND

Though Ashley loves to edit, read amazing fiction, and occasionally write her own, she also loves to craft, throw themed parties, and can jams and jellies. When Ashley is not reading, writing, or running around frantically with a grandé Starbucks, she enjoys spending time with her son, Evan; her fiancé, Michael; her English bulldog, Willie; and her cat, Edward. Ashley received her undergraduate dual degree in English and Secondary Education/Language Arts with a minor in Theatre from AUM; she is now working towards her MLA with a concentration in English. She is the President of the Omicron Psi Chapter of Sigma Tau Delta, and the Vice President of the Pi Pi Chapter of Kappa Delta Pi.

A

With best regards,
 Ashley Stanaland

Dear Readers,

My vision for this year’s publication was not only an outlet for the creative minds of AUM, but also a look into their identities, into the pieces that come together to form a strong community of educated minds. My commitment to this edition, as well as my overall goal, was to highlight the unique lives and passions of our writers and artists. In addition, I have strived to show the evolution of the journal’s identity. With each new year comes a new editor, and each editor has contributed to the journal’s amazing growth. This year, I am proud to say that we have added several new features; we have designed the first *Filibuster* t-shirts, conducted the first *Filibuster* Facebook Contest, held the first *Filibuster* Poetica, and, as a result, have had a greater variety of submissions than ever before.

I could not have produced such an outstanding publication without our graphic designer, Rachel Odom. She has an amazing eye for design and extraordinary patience for withstanding a bombardment of emails from me. Our co-editors, Katie Lindgren, Tori Boyd, and Eden Arsenault, were also invaluable for their support, knowledge, and creativity. Lastly, but certainly not least, our faculty advisor, Dr. Klevay, supplied us with superb wisdom and illimitable support.

The *Filibuster* 2014 is indeed a labor of love. Our commitment to the journal required long nights, countless emails, tough decisions, and many, many cups of coffee. In return, we ask that you delve into this year’s issue with a thirst for imagination and discover the unique creative minds that call AUM home.

K

KATIE LINDGREN

Katie is a senior at AUM. She’s majoring in English Secondary Education with a minor in Theater. When she isn’t studying she spends time cooking, sewing, or gardening. Her favorite authors include Charlotte Bronte, Jane Austen, Lord Tennyson, Harper Lee, and Kathryn Stockett.



EDEN ARSENAULT

Eden is a senior majoring in English. She is the mother of four four-legged fur babies and is a proud crazy cat lady. In her spare time, Eden loves to read and spend time with her neice and nephew. Some of her favorite authors includes Harper Lee, F. Scott Fitzgerald, the Bronté Sisters, and Kate Chopin.

E

T

TORI BOYD

Victoria Boyd, formerly Spencer, started her own magically perfect fairytale life March 16, 2013. She will be graduating in May of 2014 with a degree in Secondary Education/ Language Arts. She has a life that is busy no matter how much she tries to slow it down. She has two small pups that are the love of her life, aside from the husband. She has an obsessive fondness for antiques and turns into a stunt driver when she sees an estate sale sign on the side of the road. She crochets, decorates, bakes, and reads, all in excess because she has no internal gauge to make her do things in moderation.



RACHEL ODOM

Rachel Odom is a graduating senior. She has earned a Graphic Design degree with a minor in Photography. Her hobbies include collecting inspiring art prints and singing while driving. Her biggest dream includes working for a major, magazine firm. After graduating, she hopes to travel somewhere she has never been. She is constantly inspired by the quote: “Never let success get to your head and never let failure get to your heart.”

R



FALL 2013: FACEBOOK CONTESTS

As the Internet begins to take over the literary world, many journals now publish completely online. While we still love our paper copies of the *Filibuster*, this year we wanted to see what would happen if we used social media to further promote the magazine. Consequently, we held our first *Filibuster* Facebook Contest. Contestants posted their writing and artwork on the *Filibuster* Facebook page in hopes of getting the greatest number of "Likes." To stay true to the

philosophy that AUM students make our publications possible, we encouraged everyone to become involved in the selection process. The winners not only won a \$50 gift card to Starbucks (Awesome!), but they also were the first entries chosen for this year's publication! Our winners this year included Meggy-Kate Gutermuth with her poem, "I. Am. Woman." and Amy Osgoode with her drawing, "Narcissus." Congratulations!



AMY OSGOODE

"Narcissus"

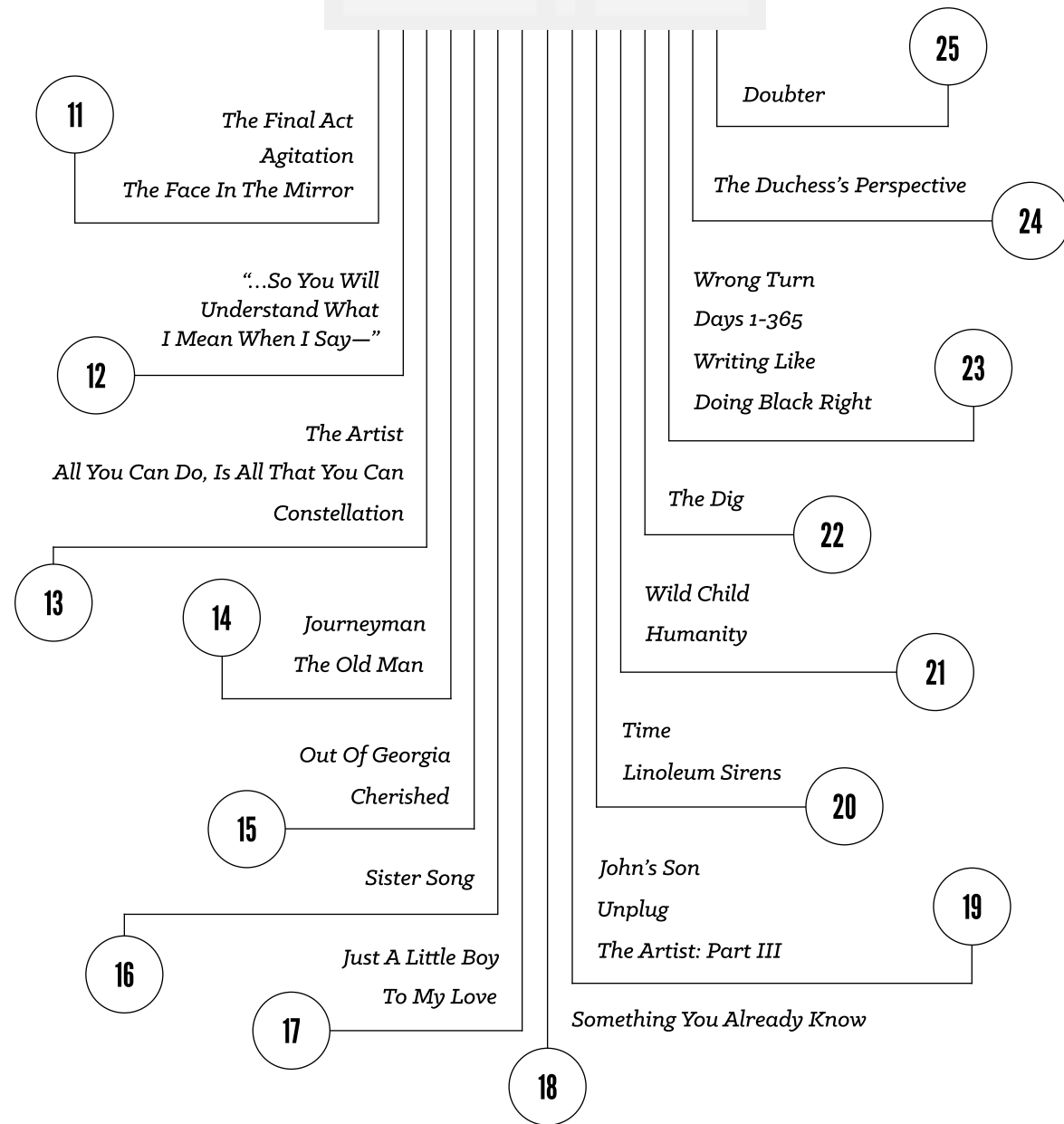
"I. AM. WOMAN."

Meggy-Kate Gutermuth

I am not a disciple of Nefertiti but I am a disciple of Willendorf
 I am the ugly
 I am the anti-art
 I am anti-convention
 I am my own grand design
 I am a child of Venus
 Venus is in my blood, in my bones, in my pregnant flesh
 In the blood I excrete, precious and holy and blessed
 I am ever bearing fruit
 The fruit of labors
 The labors, the second class death sentence being a woman
 Being a nigger
 Being devoured by man
 The mud under his shoe
 Yet I am the gum that will always stick to you
 Yes, I am the guilt, the guilt you will always carry in you
 The guilt from the first monk who damned woman in Genesis
 It had to be a man; it had to be a snake
 It was my own wisdom I ate
 In Catholic books I am not allowed to grow
 But baby, I create
 Two thousand years later since the first written word of God
 and I am still branching
 I am the tribal warrior forever kicking
 All that women have endured and baby we're still peaking
 The eternal prime of our youth
 Our youth, our curves, our lips, our vulva, our heavenly nodes
 and divine motherly love
 It never disintegrates, ever it blooms
 The egg, it creates
 In nature, in the trees
 In the seas of possibilities
 In the trees that make the paper, that made the scrolls
 Wisdom is ours, words aren't forgotten
 Mary Magdalene is still a prophet, a heroine, and as long as
 her name is alive her Gospels are thriving
 And I am a derivative of her
 Her pain is my pain
 Her discrimination is my discrimination
 When they call her a "whore" they call me a "whore"
 And through the wars we rage on
 We will never stop giving you hell
 Our tribe doesn't disintegrate, baby it swells
 Marching on
 Past the rape
 Hanging you by the nape...of your neck
 In Egypt female officers arrest you
 They live through the circle of hell
 Karma snaps back
 What do you expect?

There will come a day my daughter and her daughter can
 lie peacefully
 Lie peacefully beside a man and not expect him to have
 the upper hand
 Benazir Bhutto grew up in a home where she didn't have
 to eat the leftovers of a man
 Of her brothers, of her fathers
 Why should she? Why should we?
 There's two of us in this town and baby we can get along
 There will come a day
 Women are respected more for their minds
 Than they are their flesh
 Than their skirt size
 The moisture between their thighs
 Baby we are more
 We are more than babymakers and heartbreakers
 We are soul takers and earth shakers
 There's more to me
 Than what you see
 There's more to the land
 Than the green under your feet
 There are the roots
 Underneath
 I am the blood
 In the roots
 In the sea
 Of possibilities
 I am the heart
 Ever the beat
 Of Mama Gaia
 I am the womb
 Where it starts
 And when we're together
 With your seed and my egg
 We are one
 We are equal
 Remember that
 When you see me
 On the street
 We are equal
 When we speak
 Remember that
 I am more than what you see
 Remember that unlike a man
 I wasn't born free
 But I set myself free
 I am woman
 I am you and I. Am. Me.





THE FINAL ACT

Deidra Allen

Deidra is a senior majoring in English. Her addictions include Facebook and sitcoms.

I tried to get the love of you from inside of me
 The tears wouldn't drain it and the screams didn't release it
 So I searched for freedom from you in the form of blood
 And as the blade traced my arm and my vein burst open
 I felt the captive feelings of you explode from the trap of my mind and flow freely down my wrist
 I felt my soul thanking me for no longer forcing it to act prison to those feelings
 I felt my body tire from the celebration and fall limp onto the floor
 I felt my heart give me applause
 Slow and steady
 Slower
 Lighter
 As the curtains that were my eyes drew closed

AGITATION

LeeAnna Bonner

He squirms in his seat,
 toes tapping in time with his
 fingers that drum the tabletop.
 He wrinkles his nose,
 scratches his left knee
 then his right shoulder.
 He tugs at his shirt collar
 while recrossing his legs
 in the opposite direction.
 He glances at the door,
 then his wrist watch and
 finally gives the waiter a nod.

THE FACE IN THE MIRROR

Phyllis Burton

Phyllis is a MLA student. She loves the beauty of the changing seasons and vacationing in the Smokies.

The face in the mirror looking back at me
 is someone I find difficult to know.
 Some days are easy and I think we are friends
 my buddy from long—long ago.

Other days aren't so easy, I must admit
 for me and that someone I don't know.
 The look on her face of loss and defeat
 leaves pain and hurt in my soul.

Her eyes are my father's, I remember well—
 his look of kindness and care.
 The smile is my mother's, full of mercy and grace—
 her love will always be there.

If I look deep enough—I see them all there
 my family looking back at me.
 That girl in the mirror— I know very well
 is loved—so unselfishly.

**“...SO YOU WILL UNDERSTAND
WHAT I MEAN WHEN I SAY—”**

Shannon E. Capps

Shannon received her bachelor's degree in English and Religious Studies from Auburn University. She is currently a graduate student in AUM's School of Education.

All agreed that she was looking well that
Sunday morning: a simple, red dress
that provided for a slight swing of her hips,
without a compromise to dignity.
Her hair was lifted in gentle waves,
allowing me to notice the back of her dress
as she kneeled for prayers.
There was no hook at the top of her dress.
I then realized why.

He was not there.

He was not there
to assist with dresses with sly hooks
as she put her earrings in—
before they rushed the boys
to the car on early Sunday mornings.
She did not have him to help with hooks.
If she could not do it herself,
it could not be done.

Of all the difficulties she faces,
the frayed, uneasy feeling
as she must ruthlessly scan
bank statements...
the complications that breed
more complications...
the carefully pleasant face that
she must maintain for all the prurient eyes...
Of all that,
it was the lack of a hook
that made me ache for her.
No small moment where
she leaned into the warmth
of his hands and breath
along her back,
knowing she did not have
to take care of

everything.
I cannot tell her I notice
the lack of a hook.
Composure is a necessity
for her.
She cannot afford to fall apart,
not knowing for sure how
to put back all
her pieces

into a recognizable shape.

I tell you all of this so you will understand
what I mean when I say—
She wears her courage
like a red dress
that bares her lonely place
for all to see

and admire.

THE ARTIST

Brandon Burrell

*Brandon enjoys photography and
writing fiction in his spare time.*

Inspired by Robert Frost's "Two Tramps in Mud Time"

With hands working as quick as they can,
Giving life and meaning to new ideas as they land,
Squats, sits, stands a creator!
Deciding whether to tilt it, lift it, or make it straighter.
He jumps into gear any time his ideas come about,
Without a huff, without a sigh, with anything but a pout!
For he is passionate about what he does in his life,
Fueled by coals of emotions like happiness and confusion, and sometimes strife.
Unlike the lions that do their work in the night and play in the light,
The artist does both simultaneously, as both are one in his sight.

**ALL YOU CAN DO,
IS ALL THAT YOU CAN**

Corey Carr

*In Corey's spare time he enjoys
exercise of all sorts, studying the
Bible, and spending time with family
and friends. He challenges himself
daily to be better, compassionate,
and thankful for life.*

I live and die for the things that I conspire,
And it's drawn a small circle that now seems to be my outlier.
I rise for what flies and falls for what crawls,
Chasing what floats and releasing what draws.
I cannot stand this place,
I cannot love the way of such a deceitful race.
I heard them say, 'someone searched for you,'
Whether they ask or tell, is a certainty I can't conclude.
I don't know what else to say,
Other than to do it too late,
I'm going and I hope the place I'm headed is where I calculate.
Flying in an often abandoned ship,
I feel like oh, oh, oh.
My confidence continues to ruffle like a flag when the wind blows,
Utterly speaking ideas I'm unsure of how to propose.
I try to add meaning without ever really wanting to know.
When you get to a sign that says 'this way closed,'
I truly hope you forget which way to go.
All you can do, is all that you can,
When you hit a wall, step back and hit it again.

CONSTELLATION

Corey Carr

Grab my hand and run with me,
For where we go, we outrun the sea,
Nor boats can sail, nor eyes can see,
We disappear like a twisting funnel that loses feet,
But where we come, we come in peace,
Like the Sun that shines the Moon to sleep,
My grip is strong that secures your reach,
I offer a solace of love where your heart is bleak,
Dispersing an index figure over harsh mouths that speak,
And on all of your pain in confidence you gave to me,
Ecstatic for cornered cheeks you praise at me,
I guide you up steps of clouds that fade to leaps,
Pouncing on darkness, creating bright sparkling lights that greet,
High up, where all who look up at the sky to see,
And curious minds ponder over hearts that meet,
As we shoot across the night confirming hearts that beat.



JOURNEYMAN

Travis Collins

I am Magellan
I move ahead to move ahead
I walk these long forgotten, long ignored roads
in search of something new,
something unique
something grand
I have a folded paper map
it shows me where not to go
it shows me where all of the cannibals live
I have a compass
it is on my hand
it always points ahead

I am Dominic Loricatus
I castigate myself for my sins
I beat myself as a sign of my penitence
as a sign of my humility
as a sign of my suffering
as a sign of my contrition
I scourge myself with invisible whips
invisible barbs drawing invisible blood
invisible chains leaving invisible scars
I break my flesh and my spirit
for want of a new beginning
for want of new memories

I am the Old Gunslinger
I mosey into town with nothing but my name and my tools
I pay no heed to anything around me
what was the name of the town?
anywhere? everywhere?
neverwhere?
I pretend not to see the church and laundromat on the corner
and the coffeeshop
and the park
I ignore the school
and the bar
and the clinic

I am the wanderer
I am the flagellant
I am the faceless one
I am...

THE OLD MAN

Kelhi DePace

In her free time, Kelhi loves to watch Bonanza or read stories about the Scarlet Pimpernel.

When I wake and find him sitting
At the end of my bed, unkempt, shabby
I know he'll stay with me, unremitting.

Those funny, big ears, black and shaggy
Shedding his rough coat all over the quilt
He's lumpy and chubby and downright flabby.

Through his years, as a flower, he has wilt
All he does is lay there, all curled up, snoring
Should I wake him up? I am still filled with guilt.

When he was young, he loved to go exploring
But now, my friend, the Old Man seems to be quitting
I suppose life, when you're an old dog, must be boring.

OUT OF GEORGIA

M. E. Freeman

Molly is a nerdy graduate student who loves wrestling with her dogs and traveling frequently.

I took a ride to Alabama.
It may as well have been to the moon.
I could have gone to Georgia,
but it would have been too soon.

I fight, exhaust my will and might.
But here you still remain.
While I drown, aspirating pain, blinded by your games.
I am aware that something within me has torn,
but I lack the will to survive anymore.

Anger, failure, and somehow glee;
rage and spite and hate.
You clawed them all out of me.
But for what? I can't relate.
And when I thought I could feel nothing more, you are there again to bore and bore.

But when he came, I was brand-new.
His mere months demolish your five years.
You ripped and shred.
He only repairs.
Where you faltered, he steps, steady and aware.
You were a callous cad, and he is nothing but care.

Still, my devil and my angel sit here upon my lap.
The angel beckoning me forward.
The devil pulling me back.
In front of me all love and light--
to the back only regret.

And every day I linger, just a moment, on what could have been.
those stupid thoughts running,
bounding,
wasting,
through my head.
But every day tis the same conclusion (as it was the day before):

You are far and away, without a clue.
And I am grateful for every day that does not include you.

CHERISHED

Kimberly Gray

In open eyes that which I peer
The mask you hide beneath is sheer
Blithe expressions you show to lie
Outside lit aflame, within you die
The hollow bell, your heart, rings
Only for chorused echoing brings
Desperation and tears self-betrayed
Internally, I see, you scream and bray
Why conceal from the world such truths?
For what result shall prove your ruths?
Discern the place true beauty resides!
Pretense is not, in you, where it bides.
Disregard their ill utterances and actions
Heed mine and stride away in satisfaction
New self revealed sparks life in embers
From which, it is you, I will remember

SISTER SONG

Meggy-Kate Gutermuth

Meggy-Kate is a punkstar provocateur, truthwriter, actress, heartdancer, redesigner, gypsypsoul. Co-sibling of the GutermuthGirls, ever conquering the world. GUTERMUTH UP!"

I wish I could've taken you under my wing long ago
When I was your age I graduated from the school of girl power
So many goddesses to choose from – new ones by the hour
A time of inspiration, regeneration and motivation, all was yours to find
In the 90s anything was possible, no limits to the creative mind

Today our world is a crisis of police state
Men kick us down, down to the ground
Men in suits plant hate, and rape abounds
Not the world I want for you
Not the things my generation wanted you to see
Not a world easy for you
It's heartbreaking, disarming and no one knows what to do

All I can say to you, honey dear
Is look inside yourself
Here are my heroes
And here's how to tune in
Here's a book written with you in mind
All the answers are in your heart
I'll be by you every step of the way
Let's work together
Make this world a better day
One day we will be mothers
And as women, we must bond together
Attune to our inner Mother
Let's nurture this world
End the war, farewell to battles
Let's make a new way
So we can go to bed tonight
Proud of yesterday
And more hope is only a day away

If Isak Dinesen could make it out of Africa
And Camille Pagalia become our backbone
And if Jill Stein can plan a better USA
There is a better way

So come here, take my hand
We're in this together
I'm here for you
You're here for me
Let's build a better world
A better way
For you, me, our daughters to come
Beginning today.

JUST A LITTLE BOY

Charisa Hagel

Charisa is a sophomore majoring in English. She enjoys photography and writing short stories.

Once there lived a little boy, who was near the age of four. Now this young child lived out in the country with his family. He had a mom, dad, two brothers, and seven sisters. One day he had fallen off his bed and started to cry. Once the cry was heard, everyone came to his aid. Things like "What happened?", "Are you o.k.?", "Where are you hurt?", "It's all right, don't cry," were said and so on. Anyhow, whenever the "little mister" was, in any way, hurt he had all the sympathy that anyone could wish for. But, best of all was the sympathy from mom. She had just that way of making everything all right. His daily life was very simple. If he wanted something he just said the word please and it was his. He had all the attention he could have ever wanted. If not, he put his chubby little hands on their face and got their attention. He lived practically like a king, only he was shorter. Not only did everything revolve around this little boy, things got even better when he started saying clever little things. At one point, he was sitting at the table playing with some toys, all of the sudden he started mimicking some voices he had heard. He said them in the exact same way; those who heard tried not to laugh. At night, once he was in bed, the story was spread to all who had not heard it. Other things of the same manner continued to happen. Along with mimicking voices, he had two words that he often said, "ashley" and "s'like." His family thought they were, simply adorable. These stood for "actually" and "it's like." He used the words all the time; they would come out like this. It's like, it's like, actually it's like this, and he would give his explanation. That is a part of what his life was like. After all, he was just a little boy.

TO MY LOVE

Charisa Hagel

To my Love, I this do write
That you may remember after this night
Although condemned by Judges decree
And sentenced to die upon a tree

For you to sleep and never wake
Doth plague my soul, my heart to break
If I can but save your life
I will make the sacrifice

Fear not beloved, an exchange is made
With my life the price is paid
The law demands a death to give
I lay down mine so you may live

For you alone, I've signed my name
You no longer must bear the shame
I will go and take your place
I will meet death face to face

Soon I begin, agony to suffer
But have no choice to save another
I weep alone, no rest this night
No friend to join the fearful fight

Alone I struggle, spirit on fire
All I have is one desire
for you to live this life to grace
I plead you not, our love replace

Shouts and cries the sentries make
As they come for me to take
Torches flicker, steel swords shake
I am captive when none do wake

Deep in night and forestry
With spears in hand they come for me
I'm led away, and charged with not
Destined to die by plan and plot

They've tricked the crowd
They bribed the proud
My sentence is said
They call me as dead

My love, my love, for whom I die
Are you safe to weep and cry?

My God, my God, what do I see?
My love involved in revelry
From your lips come mocks and jeers
Betrayed, my heart bleeds with tears

I take your punishment and your shame
But all you do is mock my name
My, love, my love, why do you forsake
My soul is crushed, for you I ache

Yet, plea remains, remember me
I will hang upon this tree
My sacrifice I give to you
Through life, through death, forever true

I end this letter, yours alone
Pray you remember to come home
Come and join, return with me
In time and space, eternity

SOMETHING YOU ALREADY KNOW

Alexandra Jurus

You've willed yourself
to suppress shame and contrition.
Disciplined your mind
to never regret a means to an end.

You think you've risen above
and covered your tracks,
but your glass foundation
will not long bear the accruing falsity.

The early cracks are creeping into view,
soon they will splinter,
and you know you can't
build a life on shards and dust.

You've pieced together
an acceptable shell
to flaunt your false piety
but substituted a blank void for character.

Your creations are vacuous and empty,
evidence only of a trained hand
which receives nothing more than circulation
from your heart.

You unwittingly weave your poison
into barren, young minds
which hold you in their trust
and look to you for guidance.

You are a terribly artificial thing
in a world desperate for veracity.
But conscience possesses
its own pressure points.

Deep in the pit of your stomach,
the spot that catches in the back of your throat,
that dull ache behind your eyes,
that's where the sickly pus born of lies is slowly
building.

You've suspected the conclusion,
ignored the whispers in your head
that it will consume you.

But fire spreads.

And you're only the core of the flame.
The heat is racing outwards,
sooner or later everyone around you will bear the
scars.

Are you prepared for the
degree and intensity
at
which
it
will
burn?

JOHN'S SON

Matthew Johnson

*Matt enjoys working with his
dad on the weekends.*

Can I be greater than a spitting image,
Above "his father's temper," too?
After our daily verbal scrimmage,
I know I'm more than you.
We speak with fire on what seems mundane.
Usually, just a misunderstanding.
While we are harsh, quick, and profane,
You handle the reprimanding.
But we share more than shouts.
Though constant, these fade away.
In daily life, I have no doubts,
What you made stick, will stay.
I'm more than you. That's what you wanted.
When life shouts back, I will not be daunted.

UNPLUG

Kimberly Leifer

*youonlygettobehereforafewshorttripsaroundanaveragestarinanaveragesolar
systeminanaveragegalaxy.yourlifeisbeautifulandyouonlyexistin140charact*

THE ARTIST: PART III

Kelsey McFarland

*Kelsey specializes in cheesy author
bylines and studies literature and
philosophy on the side.*

The sun breaks through the clouds,
drying the earth from the passing rainstorm.
My icy, wet skin begins to warm.

I am surrounded by
blooming flowers,
singing birds,
growing grass.

The rain has brought life
to this small park I love.

A smiling mother and her little one
stroll past my bench
hand in hand.
I am reminded.

Does it still hurt?
Always.
Will I ever forget?
Never.

But the time comes
when we gather up
the fragments of our lives
and we find that

life goes on.
I am my own artist.

TIME

Hayley M. Moon

Hayley loves cats and star gazing.

stand still and let my youth live,
stand still and let my memories remain
and everything I love stay the same

LINOLEUM SIRENS

Steffany Moyer

Steffany Moyer is a graduate student in the School of Education. She currently works as a research fellow for Teaching Tolerance.

On the edge of the cold vinyl chair
at the end of my kitchen table,
cigarette twitching in my fingers,
I examined the second hand
in its dizzy spinning
around the clock.

I waited.

When the door opened,

I did not move.

He came to me unprompted.
Through pursed lips, I said,
“You’re late.”

I did not ask.

With fiddling hands,
he stared silently at the floor,
shifting his weight
from one foot to the other,
looking as if he felt an unsteadiness
in the floor beneath him,
as if the thin sheet of linoleum
below our feet
rested on unquiet water.

I thought that I had willed it.

When I told him,
“I know,”
I expected the linoleum
to swallow him whole,
dragging his body down
into the cold, sunless abyss.
In truth, though,

He never looked up.

WILD CHILD

Lashaun Murphy

We grew up young and scared,
Neither father nor mother was there.
The streets, the battles, the fights,
growing up riding bikes.
The struggle, the curfew, the fear,
getting home before the street lights.
The bums, the cops, the gangs,
smelling pot and beer.
The beatings, the crying, the pain,
we always hated when it would rain.
The family, the BBQ's, the fun,
wait who took the last bun?

HUMANITY

Steven Parker

Steven is a poet, writer, procrastinator.

I hear white boy
And I know what you're really saying
Mutt
Pasty skinned dog
Melting pot of Europe
With a spit of ignorance
To forget the unique cultural identities
That all came to churn in my blood

You say Caucasian
A scribbled in dot on a survey
Majority
Oppressive dominant race
Pale devil of the past
A few degrees from a Nazi
Racism only just under the surface
Ready to seize the world in my grasp

Privileged white man
Opportunity everywhere I go
Entitled
No glass ceilings
Velvet ropes moved aside
Old boys' clubs
Secret handshake and societies
One step to Wall Street

The reality of it all
Struggling to survive
White trash
Dying in the same tax bracket
As my parents will
My heritage never great
Only serfdom and obscurity
Poor running in generations

The past clings
Sticking to our shoes
Like shit
Culture is my identity
Belonging only to
What I choose to be in
So that the only race card I ever pull
Is one that says I am human

THE DIG

Steven Parker

Its not complicated
Its not complex
Writing does not mean thesaurus + dictionary
Equals poetry
You spew verbage at me like an existential arsenal
Of pronouns, adjectives, and fragment sentences
This is poetry, its not an arms race
This isn't a showdown, a slam to undercut your repetoire of description
Your flare, your creme de le creme of literary depiction
If you think I'm packing heat, its only the fire from my mouth
The fiery narrative rolling off my tongue, spewing contextual ideas
Visionary pursuits into this illusionary war of mental pursuits
You're rolling up cannons of Frost, Keats, Shelly, and Poe
Decrying my prose of despair, depression and woe

My words are not epic feats to immortalize me in a \$5.00 novella
To rot and rest on a Wal-Mart shelf of modern poetica
I write to give release on the pressure valve of my mind
To toxic spill the thoughts and ideas
We're all writers, all philosophers of paper and pen
Describing the world on Waffle House napkins
In the words of the late Heath Ledger
"Why so serious?"
This is unfiltered, unfettered, uncontrolled word vomit
Nuclear fallout from the atomic bomb of uncensored thought

My prose, my words, my vision of the sonnet and narrative
Pulls not from some attempt for recognition and praise
Its so I don't blow this shit up like its Taihitti with French Manhattan Projects
So while you're still reeling, still weapon dealing your novella
Of counter stroke and tongue flex of venomous malcontenting lines
My mind isn't funnelling your verbage, your attempt to tell me
Its not a pattern...its not meter...its not rhyme
This isn't kindergarten and I don't color in the lines
I live in a world colored by Kool-aid phrases and /4/chan references
Of magical school girls, Gundam oftakes, and Fist of the North Star death scenes
Of boom headshots, Desert Eagles and prayers, with a smattering of calls for 'Medic'
I exist in a realm of 50k minus fucking dkps and Onyxia wipes
Of Brolafs, Demacia, and double dragon jungle camps
With a Busta Wolf and 'Are you OK?' in bad Engrish
Of FAIL trolling, glib comebacks, and suddenly blind saging
And activation of my trap card

For you to try and cordone me off into 'meter and measure'
Here is my diatribe of rebellious heinousity
I'm not here for a showdown or turf war of prolific theorization
I am in this place for the breakdown of static formation
The entropic denial of rudimentary reasoning
I am here to write, to speak
And if you're here to shoot me down
Then come at me with your boomsticks of condemnation
And I'll counter with mediocre procrastination
In the form of the simple words of a layman's Voltaire
Saying "...whatever"

WRONG TURN

Candice C. Pettaway

Candice is a graduate student in the School of Liberal Arts who teaches 8th grade English/ Language Arts in Selma, Alabama.

Step by Step
Hour by Hour
Day by Day
We walked.

Down the yellow brick road
Hands locked
Tight
Hoping to experience the wonderful land of Oz together.

Suddenly, you turn left,
Silence.

DAYS 1-365

Lane Pickett

Lane enjoys hogging the mic during karaoke, and taking jokes too far until they aren't funny anymore.

You will wake up in the morning,
and have a wrestling match with your indecision.
You will win.
(Eventually)
Self-doubt will join you for breakfast,
then follow you to work like a lost puppy.
Ignore him.
(he just needs someone to love)
and he already has a home.
Paralyzing fear will creep into your office around lunchtime,
asking for photocopies.
Tell her to do it herself,
and lock your door.
My ghost will try to crawl into bed with you as you drift off.
I hope you let me stay.

WRITING LIKE

Leslie Rewis

Leslie is an English major who loves to Tumbler.

Writing like dragging my pencil against the paper,
until it tears in small places, my words coming apart.
Writing to get out the little bursts of anger,
the why can't my life be like that.
Writing to make my mind think straight,
it runs in curves and circles until I am dizzy.
Writing to do something other than think,
because if I think too much I don't know what I'll do.

DOING BLACK RIGHT

Mekoi Scott

MeKoi Scott is a graduate student in the MLA program. He believes that one of the greatest frustrations is searching for that precise word or phrase to express exactly what is meant and that one of the greatest joys is finding it.

"A proper negro," he called me
on liquor-laden breath
because I like Faulkner and Shakespeare
because I speak a dialect not blackified.
It all started when he asked
which college I attend.
Not being the black one in town
he implied I was miseducated.
With his reason stated
I may have been inclined to agree
if he didn't go on to tell me
how I should be
with a black wife
in a black church
with the white run out of me.
Heard enough, I hit'em wit a fist
and asked wuz dat black enuff fo' him.

**THE
DUCHESS'S PERSPECTIVE**

Amber Vance

*Amber thinks that to live would
be an awfully big adventure.*

My regards to Robert Browning

Paintings are mere illusions. If one finds the
Right artist, the whole world may be deceived
By a simple smirk or a dainty hand. Fra Pandolf,
We are friends, are we not? Our years
Together go back many. Here, I believe the
Duke will favor me sitting in front of
The window. Quite a beautiful night, is it not?
Immortalize me, sir, for I fear I do not have
Many tomorrows. Oh my dearest, do not flatter
Me so like one of your Apollos or Dionysuses.
Some may wonder why I have the look
Of one of those ladies who frequent the night.
Rouge and powder shall hide his wrathful markings
And in this image, I shall at last please him.
I watch how other men act towards their wives,
A stark contrast to my monster, my master,
My love. I try to be thankful for
Everything I am given, but only a scowl
Graces his handsome face. And when those women
Leave our chamber, I swallow down the blood
From biting my tongue. Only once have I
Wandered, in my days of a careless youth.
The Count gave me but a fleeting passion,
Now a lifetime of regret smothers me. I hear
His daughter is a pretty talented thing, quite
Believable since my blood flows through her veins.
Oh sweet friend, the Duke vexes me like no other.
Often times, I find myself dreaming of a
Rope or a river. You like games! Shall
We bet what will end me first? The illness
Which my husband so graciously shared with me,
The cliff which I fantasize about daily, or
The Duke whose contempt knows no bounds?
Yesterday, I visited an old witch who promised
Me that if another should ever take my place,
A deadly curse will seize them both. I will
Sit sweetly in this painting as vengeance stoops
For me and takes his breath. Darling, you have
Dropped your brush. Tell me, does this smile show
Contentment? Do you find me enchanting in the moonlight?

DOUBTER

Ashley Warren

engine screaming through curves,
still on the high road
rocketing
by buicks semis hatchbacks toyotas stationwagonsandbuses

cookie cutter coffins carry them
but i'm right behind
and feeling left out
flicking bright lights

in this directionless vehicle with
nothing but fuckin push
-- didn't stop to consider
not breathing
and can't stop now
gotto catch this
and slide into a slip stream
...trade this noose for a necktie,
this piece of shit for a beamer
and a house with a mortgage...

then i'll be them
and the burden of me
is decided

cause i'll be coasting
back here on the coattails
drinking cocktails
clinging like a parasite
to the great white hope

of stuff
and buying and owning and having
being the answer

then i can wear loans like shackles

my credit rating like a purple heart

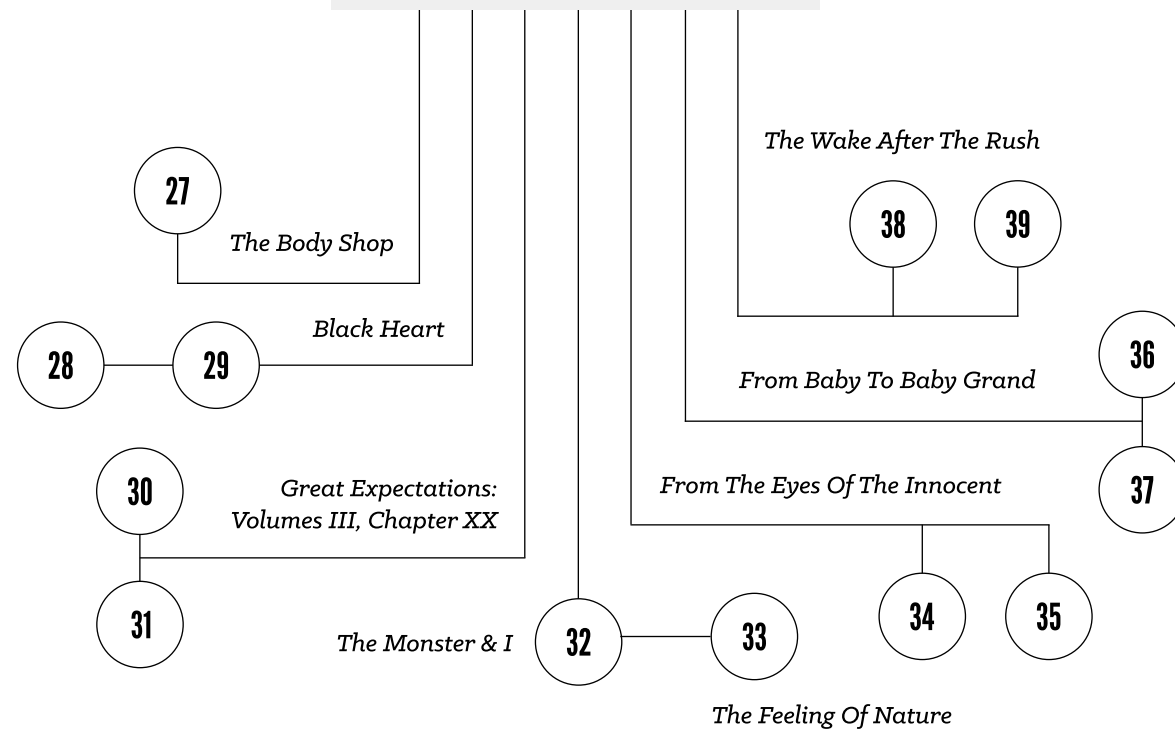
i could demand admiration
by plastering my office with framed receipts

then i can drive this car like a commercial
instead of a fool who can't read her map.

THE BODY SHOP

Julie Barker

Julie Barker, a Sociology major, wishes she lived in Middle earth. Or Narnia. Or Hogwarts. She's not picky.



“Unhappy with your body? Tired of the flab? Want a ‘new you?’ Then come to The Body Shop and trade out that tired, fat body for a new, young, thin version! Happiness is found at the Body Shop.”

Margerie heard the commercial for the thousandth time. “Happiness is found at The Body Shop.” She had been saving the money to go for years now. The Body Shop was her dream. Margerie hated herself, her lank hair, her chubby body, her crooked teeth, her pimply skin. She wanted to be beautiful. She wanted to look like the women on The Body Shop advertisements; tall, thin, blonde, with big bosoms and perfect teeth.

Her sister, Charlotte, was against the idea. She called The Body Shop women fake. Margerie could hear her now: “You know nothing about these women. They could be stupid, dull, mean and nasty. You are kind and thoughtful, brilliant and witty; why risk changing all that for some idealized version of beauty?”

But Margerie didn’t care. Who cared about being smart when you’re wearing a size 22 jean and had bad skin? She didn’t. And as for men, they never looked either. Well, some did, but she knew they could never really love her, looking as terrible as she did. She couldn’t love her, how could anyone else?

So it was settled. She had the money and no one could stop her. She found herself standing at the door of The Body Shop, ready to go in. She took a deep breath and opened the door. “Happiness is found at The Body Shop,” she told herself.

A gorgeous woman opened the door. “Hello. My name is Marina. I can see why you came to us,” she said with a sneer. “Let’s look at the catalog and get you set up. You can’t go around looking

like that anymore,” she said as she laughed.

Margerie laughed too, although she knew that she was the joke. Still, if she could be beautiful it would be worth it. To look like Marina, she would endure it. She looked through thousands of racks and catalogs. Body types and shapes, breast sizes, bottom sizes, hair color, eye color, even skin color. She could be anyone she wanted to be, the choices were endless.

She finally picked out her new body and entered her choices into the computer. Marina led her to the pod where the transformation would finally take place. Margerie lay down and Marina strapped her in. “Now,” said Marina, “you will walk out of this pod a different person. You will look exactly as you wish. All you choose to be you will be. However, sometimes unbidden personality changes take place. We don’t know why, but sometimes, when we change the outside, we also change the inside. You may lose some of who you are. If you do not wish for this to happen, then now is the chance to change your mind. Of course, that means you will also look the way you do now. You must choose.”

Margerie thought. She did not like the idea of losing who she was, but she desperately wanted to be beautiful. She knew her sister, Charlotte, would tell her to get out of there and would tell her that nothing was worth losing herself. But Margerie wanted beauty, not personality. She wanted the ideal, not the real. So she chose.

The pod closed leaving her alone with her old body for the last time. She closed her eyes as the pod filled with bright light. It shimmered and shook, it rocked. The pod got hot, then cold. And

then it stopped. It was over.

Marina opened the pod and a new Margerie stepped out. She was tall, blonde, and gorgeous. Her blonde hair fell in waves to her waist. Her blue eyes were stunning. She had no freckles, moles, or blemishes, her skin was perfect. Her lips were pouty and red and behind them were perfectly straight, white teeth. Her legs were thin, tan and long. Her waist was small, her breasts were big, and her back end was perfect. Everything was perfect.

But she could feel the change within herself as well. She felt duller somehow, less intelligent, less connected to reality. It was like her mind was a dull knife that once was sharp. She felt plastic inside, as if all that was once her was now artificial. Any empathy she had for others, any compassion, or humor or wit, it was all gone. All of it, gone. She was no longer herself. For a moment she felt panic, but then she caught a glimpse of herself in the mirror and it took her breath away. She was beautiful, gorgeous, stunning. There were not words enough to describe her delight in her new look.

It was worth it, she thought. Losing herself was worth it. Who cared about all of those trivial things anyway? Who cared about being smart, or kind, or compassionate when one could be beautiful and thin and physically perfect?

She thanked Marina, paid her bill, and walked out into the world. She did not realize that she had sold her very soul. But if she had realized, she wouldn’t care anyway. She was beautiful and that was all that mattered. “Happiness really is found at The Body Shop,” she said and in her heart, sadly, she believed it.

BLACK HEART

Cassie Daniels

Cassie is a pitcher on the AUM Softball team.

When she looked in the mirror, she barely recognized herself. Deep circles underlined her eyes, making her once beautiful face gaunt. Her eyes, eyes her fiancé had once called striking, were sharp and cold, like she'd seen one too many people killed – and she had. She'd seen more violence than any woman of her era had a right to, but then again, so had many in their small town. Montgomery Valley had once been peaceful, but that era was long gone with the introduction of the railroad. With the sudden burst in business came the criminal activity she'd heard rumors of in other depots, and had her brother still been alive, she might've been justified in saying, "I told you so."

But he wasn't.

That was a kick in the head, for sure. If she could have seen it coming, if she'd been given a chance to say goodbye, there would've been so many things she would've said. "I'm sorry for telling you to leave." That would've been the first thing. "I was wrong, but you were wrong about him." Dierks was the reason they'd been fighting, the reason her brother had stormed out in the first place. The rancher who'd been courting her for the past year now was tall, dark blonde, and incredibly handsome – and according to Hal, he was nothing but bad news. In the mirror, she stuck her chin up almost defiantly. She hadn't shot him – her rancher had told her that many, many times over the course of the last two months in an effort to ease the guilt that threatened to drown her just as surely as a sack of bricks tied about her neck. It wasn't her fault. It was not her fault.

Yet, why couldn't she shake the feeling she'd played a part in it?

Sage shook her head, and tawny locks fell to the edges of her face, framing her stony expression. It was a pity that she barely even recognized the woman she'd become. Dierks Langford, however, seemed to have no qualms with her – as he proved when he stepped into her bedroom. In the reflection she saw him, all hard lines and corded muscle tamed beneath the cotton of his shirt and the denim jeans that were a staple of Texas life. When she'd first met him, Sage had been struck by his vivid, almost purple eyes and the laugh lines that tightened whenever he saw her. Now, when he approached, the only thing that drew her attention was the black of his fingernails.

He noticed where her gaze fell, and when she reached for his hand he held it up to meet her. Black, black tips, like he'd slammed his hand in a door or been stepped on and instead of starting at the nail bed the blood pooled at the ends, met her scrutiny and when she raised her eyes to his, he shrugged. "Got my fingers caught in the lariat, I guess." His voice, as always, sounded like distant thunder over the open plains. Dangerous, but with the hint of warmth that promised relief – that was her Dierks. They'd met when she and her brother had moved out to Texas from Alabama after the death of her parents. The move seemed odd, she knew, but the only property her parents had ever invested in had been at the behest of a family friend, one who claimed to have ferreted information out about the proposed tracks of the railroad. "Trust me," he'd said. Sage remembered his visit to her parents even now – she'd been a child of about six but the argument that followed between Catherine and Heath Danvers had been extraordinarily explosive and embedded

itself into the girl-child's memory. Sadly enough, her parents never saw the value of the acreage they'd invested in skyrocket like they'd been promised, because they would die when Sage was eighteen, and her brother twenty. The friends and families the Danvers associated with would only call their death "an unfortunate incident," and back in Birmingham, it'd made her rage. Mugged, she'd wanted to scream. They were mugged.

In the aftermath, Montgomery Valley had seemed like a haven to the suddenly orphaned siblings. Birmingham, Alabama only held memories they wanted to outrun, and the small Texas settlement offered an escape from the crime – and the companions – of a life that wasn't so familiar to them anymore. Two years later and they were settled officially. The land and home in Alabama had been sold to pay for the house her brother Hal had built on the property, and with the money left over the Danvers invested in something they knew: horses. Quarter horses, to be specific, and with the stock they brought from Birmingham, Sage and her brother soon had a reputable business built atop a reputation for well bred mounts.

Dierks Langford was the only son of a cattle rancher on the opposite side of the valley, and their first real customer. He'd only visited in passing through the first year of Hal and Sage's settlement in the area, but it was obvious to any who looked that he was smitten with the younger Danvers. When Sage was twenty-one, Langford asked Hal's permission to court her – and at the time, her brother hadn't had many misgivings about him and thus approved.

"You need to be more careful,

Mr. Langford. I prefer you with all ten fingers."

He laughed, and the hand she held raised to caress the side of her face. Here, with him in front of her, she couldn't see whatever her brother had become increasingly incensed over. "He's a snake, Sage, and he'll strangle you when he's good and ready." The argument, even now, chilled her – but she still maintained Dierks was good. He was steady. Hal had no proof to show her, so his accusations were unfounded, obviously.

Even now, his violet eyes were gentle – she knew he loved her. "She speaks and I must obey." In the relative solitude of her empty home, it was scandalous that she'd allowed him into her bedroom with no chaperone – especially when she knew the older women of the town considered it a travesty that she lived alone and unsupervised. But Dierks, ever the gentleman with her, never pressed his advantage even when Sage might've wished he would have. Instead, it was a chaste kiss he pressed to her forehead before he began pulling away. "I'm headed to town, got some business to handle." He must've seen her hesitation in her eyes, must've seen the vulnerability she worked so hard to hide. "Two more weeks and it'll be you I'm coming home to," he added softly, brushing her cheek with the back of his hand before he left as quietly as he'd come. Two more weeks and they'd be married.

Her own words caught in her throat. What would he think of her if he knew what she was preparing herself for? What would her rancher say if he found out she'd been conversing with

prostitutes at the local whorehouse, piecing together the mystery of her brother's killer? When she heard the front door shut, Sage turned back to the mirror and swallowed, studying her eyes. Dierks may have recognized her and loved her still, but the weight of deeds yet done already sat on her chest, suffocating her.

Sage couldn't afford to waver, though. She had a window today at two o'clock, and it was nearing one thirty while she stood and stared at herself, questioning her own gut. With a deep breath to steady herself, the blonde reached into one of the dresser drawers and withdrew her .45 revolver, methodically checked to be sure it was loaded, and placed it solidly under the waistband of her pants – a dress was socially acceptable but impractical in her work with the horses - before readjusting her top to conceal it. Once she'd finished, she met her own eyes once again in the mirror and studied herself for one long, hard minute.

Hal stared back at her.

It didn't take long to get her horse, a sorrel mare, saddled and within ten minutes she was up and astride and galloping into town. "Go in the back door of the saloon," the prostitute had told her, "and he'll be the blonde. Meets every Thursday with his gang of cattle thieves." Under ordinary circumstances, Sage never would've spoken to one of those women, much less have met with one in secret, but to quote the prostitute herself, she was "especially fond of Hal," and frankly, it was the only real promise of vengeance she had. It saved awkwardness all around that Sage didn't reveal Hal to be her own brother. "Hal saw Dee," that was the blonde's name,

"downstairs with some of our girls and they had words over something, and then later on when Hal left Dee met him in the street and shot him clear through the heart." Sage remembered the conversation word for word – since it'd been the only thing she'd promised herself following her brother's death.

Now, racing towards her revenge on the back of a red mare, Sage couldn't help but marvel at her own crystallization. Years ago she'd run from her parents' death. Today, she ran to her brother's.

It was a little past two o'clock when she tied her mount up in front of the saloon and edged around to the back, her wide brim hat pulled down to mask her features. Crime was prevalent in the town, so she doubted the gunshots would draw too much attention. It was her own face she didn't want recognized, her own identity she didn't want tainted – though it was probably too late for that in hindsight. This mission, this justice had consumed her to the core, and even now it ate at her, begged her to take those final steps, open the door, and spill more blood, deserving blood.

As if there were such a thing.

Sage stilled, measuring her breath until she slowed her heartbeat. Couldn't have her adrenaline ruining her nerves and her aim, could she? One, two, an inhale, and she opened the door – and once again her eyes were drawn to those black tipped fingernails. In a sudden daze, she mused idly that the black tips were the remnants of where he'd tried to claw out his black, guilty heart.

"Sage."

The shot she fired might as well have been into her own chest.

GREAT EXPECTATIONS: VOLUMES III, CHAPTER XX

Cassie Daniels

She wasn't quite sure why she'd come back, other than some recently unearthed sense of nostalgia that drug her back to the start. She wasn't sure what she was looking for, either. Closure, maybe? In life, she'd never actually forgiven the eccentric woman who'd molded her into the proud, heartless bitch queen she'd become, but at the word of her death she'd been... stung. Perhaps that was the word. Unsettled was more like it, bothered that the idea of what an ungrateful wretch she'd been warred with the sentiment that she'd paid her dues more than once or twice. She'd become her adoptive mother's creation, all right – but then again, what child wasn't in some way or another? Estella had no doubts about what she'd been made to do – even after she'd known the stories and Miss Havisham's reasoning. She'd be less than honest if she said she hadn't enjoyed it, too, but that memory was now only a relic of a time gone by. Just as the grounds had grown old and disheveled, so had she lost her luster.

Just as she was mulling over the idea of her skin crackling like the dirt that was even now breaking beneath her steps, she caught sight of a figure – and that figure was familiar enough that she flinched. “Pip?”

“Estella!” His voice was genuinely

surprised and warm, warm enough that she had to wonder how he'd forgotten how callous she'd been. After all, she was never one to forget a wrong – not when she could use it to her advantage later. “I am greatly changed. It is a wonder you know me.” She was brutally honest, but to ensure her words did not pierce with the same barbs of her younger years she touched his hand gently – friendly. Together they moved to sit on a nearby bench and she kept her eyes down, away, anywhere but at his face. Was she ashamed? It was doubtful that the emotion was ever in her arsenal. However, she did know just how cruelly she'd once toyed with him and as such she struggled to meet his features. Was he still so hopeful? Did those great expectations he'd once held for the world still keep him afloat? Life had taught her cynicism, but she wondered if his good will had remained unmarred. “After so many years, it is strange that we should thus meet again, Estella, here where our first meeting was! Do you often come back?”

When she replied, her voice was subdued. “I have never been here since.” After her marriage she'd remained with her husband, and though his cruelty was exceeding she would not suffer the words of the woman who'd raised her. Lucky for her, a horse had done what she could not.

“Nor I,” came his reply, and she couldn't decide if she was glad his voice had changed little over the years. Pip, old faithful Pip – and by some mercy he still wanted to talk with her.

The silence between them was pregnant, burdened with countless unasked questions. As ever, it was Estella who broke the quiet that threatened to drown them. “I have very often hoped and intended to come back, but have been prevented by many circumstances. Poor, poor old place!” She could not admit the stories behind such circumstances, couldn't admit all the times that Bentley had made it so that she couldn't go home or the times where she'd been in such a fury over an old memory that she'd sworn never to return. Now, though – sitting here in the ruins of what was once her childhood castle – Estella couldn't swallow the tears that trekked down the refined planes of her cheekbones. She only hoped Pip wouldn't notice and if he did, he wouldn't ask. Surprisingly enough, he remained silent, and the quiet stretched long enough that she felt she was forced to speak. “Were you wondering, as you walked along, how it came to be left in this condition?”

“Yes, Estella.”

Even now, he said her name like it was a physical caress, like just uttering the word alone was enough of a pleasure

for him. It was then she knew he'd never truly forgotten her, and her heart throbbed painfully. “The ground belongs to me. It is the only possession I have not relinquished. Everything else has gone from me, little by little, but I have kept this. It was the subject of the only determined resistance I made in all the wretched years.” The last statement was uttered with as much bitterness as her breeding would allow, the resentment rolling off her tongue in much the way a snake uncoils – cool and slow, but venomous nonetheless.

Pip chose to ignore it. “Is it to be built on?”

“At last it is. I came here to take leave of it before its change. And you,” she paused then, taking the chance to meet his eyes, “you live abroad still?” She half expected his reply. “Still.” “And do well, I am sure?” It was a lie. She was not sure. However, she could hope, and judging by the state of his clothes he was not working in a forge.

“I work pretty hard for a sufficient living, and therefore – Yes, I do well.”

Her next words were not altogether planned, but somehow they fell past her lips without her even registering the admission. “I have often thought of you.” Not a lie, not at all, but vulnerability was not such a pleasant state for Estella Havisham and as of late she'd found

herself in its clutches more than she liked to recall. The experience had served its purpose well, though, and such hardship had shown her the follies of her youth with a clear, brutally honest eye. “Have you?” She supposed he thought she was planning an ambush, planning to entrap and snare him as she'd once spoken of doing to others, but no, she was no longer so cruel.

“Of late, very often. There was a long hard time when I kept far from me, the remembrance of what I had thrown away when I was quite ignorant of its worth. But, since my duty has not been incompatible with the admission of that remembrance, I have given it a place in my heart.”

The pause between her words and his seemed to stretch across the ages, across time itself, but finally he spoke. “You have always held your place in my heart.” The painful throb in her own breast ceased just enough to make it doubly cruel when the pace began again. “I little thought,” she spoke slowly, deliberating on each word, “that I should take leave of you in taking leave of this spot. I am very glad to do so.”

“Glad to part again, Estella? To me, parting is a painful thing. To me, remembrance of our last parting has been ever mournful and painful.”

When she found his eyes again, her

own gaze shone with a remainder of the fire he'd once known. “But you said to me, ‘God bless you, God forgive you!’ And if you could say that to me then, you will not hesitate to say that to me now – now, when suffering has been stronger than all other teaching, and has taught me to understand what your heart used to be.” Oh, did she understand! “I have been bent and broken, but – I hope – into a better shape. Be as considerate and good to me as you were, and tell me we are friends.” At this point there was no looking away, no chance to withdraw her honesty as she watched him.

“We are friends,” he replied, and the sigh of relief that passed her lips was audible. As he stood, she found her legs and followed him up.

“And will continue friends apart.” When he took her hand, she gripped him lightly, but with the same resolute firmness she'd possessed throughout her life. As they left the ruins of the once grand estate, she couldn't help but to wonder that it all began and ended there, with the house and the boy who first found her within.

THE MONSTER AND I

Kelhi DePace

Every night it's the same; we're crammed into adjacent cells, deep in this evil being, this Monster. Every night it's the same: the darkness, followed by the rattling, next the sound of all my companions drowning, and last the burning heat. I wish I could close my eyes and ignore it all -- sinking into the corner -- but how can I? How can I ignore the Monster?

But it always starts calmly enough, as they divide us into groups, smooth or sharp, round or not. Sometimes they throw us in willy-nilly and I have to deal with the barbarisms of those who are not my kind, the smooth and the round. But there we are, huddled together as we are closed into this dark, gaping hole in the wall. At first all is silent, as the Monster has not awoken. There we wait, in his belly, in the darkness.

Suddenly, he rears to life, and the rattling begins. Above us, they are already screaming to be let out, but in our little cages on the bottom floor we are only silent, knowing that our doom is as inevitable this night as it is every night. For soon the water rushes in, and after soaking us all, begins to fill the Monster. Just when we think we can stand no more and that our lives are going to end, the water recedes.

My companions, the fools, shout for joy, thinking that it is all over. But I know better. There is always further terror as the Monster begins to heat up, warming his insides, and us within him. It is as if a great furnace was lit all around us, in the Monster's skin, above and below him.

I remember that once someone fell down to the bottom floor. We all learned that this was a terrible fate, for I can still recall the smell of his flesh burning off.

I am trembling in the morning when light breaks into the Monster's mouth and they take us out. Our tears have been all dried away by the sweltering heat, but I know that after a day filled with servitude, back into the Monster's mouth we will be sent.

Oh, my cowardly heart desires to be left in the drawer, but the love I have for my people causes me to want to fight. They think I am a fool to dream of this, but they don't know who I am; they know not the spirit that dwells within me. Someday I shall drive my shiny metal into the Monster, and drawing out his white blood, I shall slay him! For this Monster -- the dishwasher -- will never defeat me.

I am the almighty spoon.

THE FEELING OF NATURE

Feodosia Rosca

Even though her official name is Feodosia Rosca, everyone calls her Dasa. She grew up in Eastern Europe in a country called Moldova. She speaks Romanian, Russian, and English. She is a Communications major at AUM, and she loves traveling, photography, creative writing, reading and playing sports.

It is that moment when you feel that you have stepped into an entirely different world, where everything works together to create a true sense of nature. It is a world where most of us would feel like strangers; yet, others have entered this world so many times that they feel they belong there.

The wind, the birds, and the water almost seem as if they all know just the right songs to sing for the flowers, the trees, and the grass to start dancing along, losing themselves in it. Nature is the sound of water washing the shores away, so free of worries, or even the sound of leaves falling down one by one. It can be a silent, sad sound that fills your spirit with the fear of time.

Growing up in Eastern Europe in the countryside, I have learned to love what I call nature. Nature is not only what we can see through our eyes. It is also what we can hear, smell, and feel deep inside us.

I fell in love with the rain. I love the way it makes me feel when the raindrops touch my skin. I fell in love with the rain because of how it made the world look. Sometimes it was sad and silent; other times, the sun would shine

through every drop of rain, making it colorful and warm. It was like a call that I could never resist. I would run in the garden with my bare feet letting the dark soil kiss my small feet. The rain would wash away every one of my worries and give the sun the chance to make me free.

I remember the smell, oh that smell of rain mixed with dirt. I would sit outside soaked to my skin, and covered in drops of dirt that splashed all over the back of my legs, arms, and neck. I would sit there and take huge breaths of air, trying to inhale as much of that fresh smell as possible.

Every time I wanted to get away from the world, I would take a book and climb a tree. I would read and get lost in the story, or more likely, find myself in a story. Being in a tree gave me a sense of inner peace and a sense of safety. I knew that someone bigger than any human being was in control. The nature belonged to Him. In the summer time I would sleep outside, and I would spend hours looking at the sky and the stars. I would let the moon shine through me, taking me into the deepest sleep and the sweetest dreams until the cold breeze woke me up in the early morning.

FROM THE EYES OF THE INNOCENT

Jacob Lambert

Jacob M. Lambert lives in Montgomery, Alabama, where he teaches music and is an editorial assistant for The Scriblerian and the Kit-Cats, an academic journal pertaining to English literature of the late seventeenth and early eighteenth-century. When not writing, he enjoys time with his wife Stephanie and daughter Annabelle.

Falling through what felt like an infinite loop of darkness, which even my own light could not illuminate, consciousness seemed to drift into a separate state of being—offering me a painless death or punishment for my curiosities, but of which end I would suffer eluded me. My past life always remained visible behind—regardless of the increasing depth—not only tormenting with illusions of my once eloquent and distinguished existence, but also to bring remembrance of the embarrassment I suffered at his decision. For because of his anger, I now fall eternally to some unknown destination, wading through the abyss, condemned to the fates and bereft of any form of peace.

I, at some point in my agony, became aware of a light ahead, which, as I saw the one, millions of these fiery spheres began to appear all around, surrounding me in strange warmth.

While I marveled at their presence, suddenly, in a flash of crystalline white light, I stood in a barren wasteland—no longer bound to the darkness but allowed to gaze above, yet instead of just the smaller spheres there was a colossal glowing light separating the chasms of where I stood and where its family shimmered around it. I felt peace of mind for the first time in what felt like a millennium. Therefore, I decided to rest from my journey under this new beacon of light, hoping that when I woke it would still be there hanging above, so, laying down on the cool surface beneath me, I closed my lids and passed into the space between.

2

I awakened by an invisible warmth so soothing that I could have sworn I was back in the illustriousness of my former kingdom and as I opened my eyes, the light above had changed completely. What I saw before I slumbered had been replaced by an even more intense and glorious sphere. Though it lit the landscapes in my every direction rather perfectly, I felt an almost ominous presence from its heat, as if it might consume me entirely, and when I tried to look at its shape, my eyes averted from its gaze. Fire seemed to burn away at my eyes every time I tried to grasp it. When I turned away, I felt something I have never felt on my immaculate features before: sweat and sediment.

3

Drawling my attention away from the mysteries above and back to the new world around me, I realized that it had also drastically changed, for the once desolate landscapes had reconfigured into something unimaginable. It appeared to shift and unfold before my very eyes. A dream materializing itself into some physical manifestation of want or need. I revered its grandeur, which, in truth, could only rival my own. Starting to walk, I felt a massive stretch of land shake the ground, forming a cone shaped tower made of stone, reaching all the way up to the blue canvas above—disappearing into the white structures covering them. The trenches

that remained began to fill with water so clear that it reflected the vastness of the creature above it, which was also ever changing and growing. Looking at my own reflection in the waters, the ground behind me began unraveling into a blanket of green textures, sprouting enormous cylinder shapes, blocking the heat from the sphere above, and allowing me some small comfort from the elements in which I have found myself a stranger. I then took refuge by one of the new giants and rested, watching the enigma develop around me.

4

The silvery sphere above was there to greet me when I woke, but this time something was different: I saw the last remnants of my race falling in its deceptive light and, before I could identify who they were, they disappeared into the inner caverns of the oasis that I now occupied. Watching this travesty, I began to ruminate on my former life and all that I left behind.

I was a beautiful and powerful leader over many legions of warriors, having no one as my equal, and, like most of my race, served the one at the throne, fulfilling his every request. Although my allegiance to the master remained unchallenged since the beginning, there was a battle among the armies, ending with my master siding with the opposing force, leaving me to blame for the uprising and banishing me from my dominion. Consequently, here I stand in a strange world, but for some reason

I feel compelled to explore, compelled to know—to understand. And even if I have to search an eternity for answers, I will find the reasons behind my master's design, whatever the cost.

5

Darkness began to fade as the light drowned it out, giving view to something in the distance that, from where I stood, seemed to distort and lack complete definition due to the over encumbering heat that had begun to develop from the blazing sphere. My eyes fixated on the illusion as my body began to feel almost pulled in its direction, and when I began to walk out of the shaded area and into the heat, I saw multitudes of creatures running and moving through the water. Some of them resembled forms from the old kingdom while others were completely new to me, yet as I continued to walk toward the vision in the distance, more and more of these beasts began to materialize to my left and right, causing me to stop and watch them in utter bemusement.

The sheer size of these monstrosities was something to behold, even for myself. Of what race of beast they were, I could not know nor guess, and as they became aware of my presence, I knew their nature was benign. Their speed and agility was of something that had no bound or limit. I admired their existence in wonder of their purpose, for simple word couldn't describe the entirety of their immensity and splendor.

6

The path ahead began to solidify to the point that I realized it had been no delusion, for about half a mile away, I could see movement coming from its mammoth cylinder like green towers that resembled the ones I slept under, but larger in scale. In that instant, I felt a wave of remembrance spread throughout my entire body, as though I had seen this place before but couldn't quite remember when and where. The sudden feeling brought me to my knees, causing the landscape to spin and sweat to pour over my face in an almost never-ending fashion. Dropping to my back, I stared up at the sphere above, covering my eyes from its fire—trying to organize the assortment of thoughts that were flashing through my mind like fragmented memories looking for order and placement. With each thing that bombarded my mind came more and more unwanted realities. And just as quickly as they began, they ceased, leaving me laying on my back dumbfounded by the truths that suddenly breathed new revelation to my existence. Beginning to pick myself up and come out of my stupor, I finally realized where I was, but the true reason of why I was here couldn't be more oblique. No longer was I ignorant to the world in which I now stood; but its conception and function still evaded me, leaving only frustration in its wake.

The sky was beginning to dim as I continued to move forward. How long had I laid there on the ground drifting in and out, trying to make sense of the

senseless? For now, I was within feet of my destination. But the journey had taken its toll on my body, rendering me weary and incapable of further exploration, so, fighting the urge to examine the place that summoned me, I decided to rest once more and drift into the solace of the darkness, permitting my mind to wonder unto the ambiguity beyond.

7

I was stirred abruptly from my slumber by the sound of thundering in the heavens, and my attention was immediately drawn to the encompassing, profound light to my left, which illuminated the entire area of my objective, giving me a perfect view of what lay behind the two arched silver gates—a cool rain greeting my sleep ridden eyes.

Advancing closer to its entrance, a heat festering inside me, I could see a euphoric kingdom untouched by any creature, and somehow I felt, perhaps, my destiny lay beyond the many gardens within it, or, possibly, there was a prophecy hidden among the utopia and winds that made their home in its beauty. Only time could truly bear witness to what end or beginning I would soon face. So, before I pass into the garden, I, Lucifer, will give you this, the most precious gift of all: knowledge.



FROM BABY TO BABY GRAND

Nick Richardson

Nick is a dedicated father of one son and is planning to graduate in the spring of 2015 with a degree in Psychology.

From a young age Tony always had a nervous disposition. Repeatedly blinking his eyes was common for a stretch of time between six and eight years of age. It was a curious sight to witness because while he was aware it was happening, he was seemingly unable to control it. A few years earlier this idiosyncratic “tick” manifested in a continuous sniffing sound with his nose after every sentence he spoke. This phase actually came on the heels of an earlier peculiarity where he would grab at his lips incessantly between words, often drying them out to the point of peeling. His older siblings were well aware of these involuntary behaviors and commonly made whoever happened to be around that day aware as well. Mocking laughter followed, which spawned an even greater rate of sniffing and blinking, and almost always ended with Tony’s eyes welling up and tears spilling over.

Anthony Samuel Richardson was born just before the dreadful summer of 1992 in San Antonio, Texas. The extreme heat and severe drought that affected this part of Texas is still talked about to this day. Tony, as he was to be called, was the youngest of four siblings, and thus was often referred to as “the baby” of the family. As a matter of fact, this title still attaches itself to him, despite his turning 20 in a couple of months. While it is true that the order of birth prescribed him literally as the baby,

the parental techniques implored were as gentle as his skin was soft. Nurtured and coddled to infinite lengths, he slept in his parents’ bed until the age of 8. His eyes were dark like chocolate and his hair only one tone lighter. This was no doubt due to the Mediterranean genes from his mother’s side, however his closest sibling in age looked as if she had fallen off a boat bound from Norway or any other of the Scandinavian provinces. It is true that his three other siblings peered out from icy blue eyes, barely visible under each one’s yellow bangs. All of the kids featured the same light skin complexion, however Tony’s seemed even paler because of his other darker features.

Tony enjoyed all the amenities growing up that would be expected as the son of an established physician. He always had the new video game title and every available remote controlled device. Kids from school gawked at these items when they came over to visit and catered to Tony with some sort of misguided reverence. Never starved for attention, whether paid to him by peers or by family, he was always surrounded by people who adored him.

When Tony turned 12, he began taking piano lessons. His parents realized the importance for him to have a positive activity or hobby to turn to before the tumultuous teenage years struck. This was a lesson learned with much suffering, when their two oldest children

had turned towards more harmful outlets during this same developmental stage. Within weeks Tony’s musical talents were apparent to those closest to him. His piano teacher was quick to praise and encouraged him to continue practicing at home. Old family keyboards were replaced by new ones and as his skills improved, a shiny baby grand claimed its spot in the corner of the living room. Classical pieces of music were transformed from black and white print to beautiful melodies that touched every wall of the house. Watching Tony play, it was clear he had found his calling. His posture needed work, but the notes spoke for themselves. Just as impressive as his raw talent was his ability to internalize each song and express it visually to his audience. Lowering his head with the slower bars and then suddenly looking up as the tempo increased. Often serious, sometimes smiling, Tony always commanded his spectators’ attention.

Tony continued to grow as an artist and as an individual. High school had arrived and so had puberty. He was tall for his age with a slender build and pleasant face. The friends he grew up with were still around but had found other interests. They would carry on about cheerleaders and football; meanwhile, Tony remained focused on his music and scholastics. One day Tony had been informed that the school would be having a talent show – all students

were encouraged to perform. He doubled his lessons for the next two weeks, and his practice sessions at home lasted longer than usual.

On the night of the show, Tony wore a nice rented tuxedo with his black dress shoes. His cheeks were full of color and he brimmed with fervor. He waited patiently in the crowd as the other kids took their turns one by one. Some of the performances were fun, some dull, while others can only be described as courageous. An hour into the show, Tony’s name was called. A teacher rolled a beautiful Steinway onto the stage and Tony took his place on the small bench that was placed in the front. The applause from his introduction quickly faded and the room fell silent. Tony sat with his back straight and his eyes closed. His upper body shifted up as he took in a breath and then it dropped the moment his fingers hit the keys. He spent hours working on this original piece; his fingers skipped from one key to the next, never pausing for a second. The song’s jazzy beat was a perfect representation of the fun he was obviously having as he played. His motions were fluid and were in perfect accompaniment to the music. Quite simply, he was on fire! The song ended as abruptly as it had begun and a huge applause filled the gym. He stood up, turned towards the crowd with a smile as big as the ocean, and humbly bowed.

THE WAKE AFTER THE RUSH

MeKoi Scott

Behind a drinking hall, the gold seeker approached an animated crowd of men standing around a corral. Two years ago, when he had heard that the Californian mountains had birthed gold, he was compelled to seek fortune out West. Private letters and newspaper reports fed the dreams of many.

However, these accounts, fragmentary and sometimes contradictory, roused sweeping skepticism. The gold seeker's wife was among those who had doubts, which he could not erase with visions of a possible new future. But when President Polk confirmed that indeed California teemed with gold, his wife gave in to his plan.

She came to his mind as he stood at the edge of the jolting crowd. He wondered how many of these men standing at the planked corral had left their families at home in another state or another land, how many sold part or all of their property to search for gold. Livestock and land were sold to fund his trip from New York. He secured enough to spare himself the six-month trip around Cape Horn, instead sailing to the Isthmus of Panama and crossing there over to a ship in the Pacific. It was quicker but no less dangerous; malaria and dysentery took more lives than he cared to remember.

The only possessions he had left were his revolver and a silver dollar. Without taking the coin out of his pocket, he turned it in his hand, feeling its embossed features with his calloused fingers, its milled side with his thumb. Since making his way to California, he had found little fortune. Every claim he had mined yielded little. Although

he had settled where it was heard gold was plenty, he always seemed to receive the news too late, apparently arriving at gulches already panned over or just infertile. And the gold that he did manage to find was taken by rapacious merchants or opportunistic thieves.

Through the ever-shifting collection of heads before him, he looked toward the corral. He could see two men on opposite sides, each holding a fighting cock. The men in the crowd yelled, their many dialects and languages colliding in the dusty air, their arms stretching up to announce or accept a bet. The handler on the right side extended the yellow legs of a twisting and jerking Grey, inspecting the gaffs bounded to its severed spurs. The other handler cradled a Hatch under his arm, massaging its neck and speaking what the gold seeker took as soft words of encouragement. The gold seeker took the Grey's aggression as a sign of promise. "Grey!" yelled the gold seeker, joining the shouts.

A man several feet in front of him turned and answered. The gold seeker held one finger up and the man gave a look of disappointment but agreed with a listless signal.

The gold seeker took out a photograph, its edges cracked and frayed. He and his wife sat, a boy of five standing between them and a toddler in the wife's lap. None smiled. All stared straight ahead with stern expressions. His wife wore a gingham dress with a bandana tied around her neck. The gold seeker, in his proudest suit, projected an air of dignity and confidence. He felt that the day caught in the image had slipped farther away. He kissed the photograph

and asked for God's hand.

"Does that work?" asked a tall man standing behind the gold seeker, standing outside the edge of the crowd. "You know something I don't. The Hatch is the closest thing to a sure bet. That handler is unblemished with those cocks. If I were you, I would've chosen it." The tall man put his hand on the gold seeker's shoulder.

"You're not me, so leave me alone!" He removed the tall man's relatively clean hand. The man walked away, laughing. The gold seeker turned to look after him. The man met a lady just outside the drinking hall's backdoor, and from inside his jacket he removed a pouch and sprinkled gold dust across the woman's breasts. She giggled and then offered him her arm. He escorted her inside.

In the corral a referee scored two lines in the dirt and motioned the handlers to their positions. The gold seeker wiped his palms on his soiled and tattered trousers. Back home, he had never gambled on anything other than friendly wagers, only then betting small, insignificant amounts. He believed that money should be spent on productive endeavors, things that were not ruled only by chance. Since venturing west, that had all changed. When the signs became inevitable, he began visiting gambling halls and stopping at any type of fight where betting took place. Some bets were won, but most were lost, and sooner than expected he was left with the last of his money. The gold seeker squeezed the coin in his pocket as the handlers met in the center to thrust the birds repeatedly toward each other. The

birds struggled in their arms, taking failed pecks at the out-of-reach foe, and after both birds were warm with rage, the handlers set them on their lines and held them by the tail.

"Pit!" shouted the referee.

The birds were released and they collided, stirring dust as their wings beat the air and their legs kicked furiously. They bounced apart but were immediately on the attack again. The Grey connected the first significant blow under the Hatch's wing and continued to assault its chest until the gaff stuck in the Hatch. The handlers separated the pecking birds and placed them back on the lines.

After a couple of separations, the referee called for a rest. The Hatch's handler, taking the bird back in his arms, whispering once more, sponged the bird's face and spurs. It tottered a few steps when it was placed back on the ground. The gold seeker's betting partner, with his arms folded, looked back and gave a nod of surprise. Squeezing his coin tightly, the gold seeker subtly pumped his fist. While making his way to this location, the gold seeker happened upon a Chinese mining camp along the Yuba River. It was near night and three men had stayed back, panning a little more before retiring for the day. The gold seeker caught them by surprise and demanded their gold at gunpoint. None of the Chinese men moved, none said a word. All three returned the same intense stare that the gold seeker gave them. Eventually, he shot at their feet, but none moved to give up his gold. The gold seeker knew he could kill them all with impunity. The Chinese had begun to squeeze gold out of

sites white miners had determined were dry. The gold seeker carried the same resentment toward them, yet he could not shoot them, a decision he regretted more and more as his pockets grew emptier.

"Pit!"

From his line the Grey once again lunged forward, but this time the Hatch merely sidestepped and waited for the Grey to land. Springing on to the Grey's back, the Hatch launched a quick series of kicks and pecks, slicing, stabbing, gashing the Grey's beak. During the next separation, the Grey's handler assessed the damage; it was clear the bird was badly injured. It slumped in the handler's care, devoid of its previous feistiness. The handler kissed the bird before putting it on the line again. The Hatch made quick work in finishing the Grey, still stabbing the motionless mass of feathers, meat, and blood before being handled away.

The gold seeker loosened his grip on the coin as his betting partner jostled toward him. He reluctantly surrendered the coin, staring until the betting partner's fingers closed over it. As he watched the losing handler pick up his bird, the gold seeker tried to picture the future he attempted to beat back over the past months. Although its sharp image had motivated him on numerous occasions, now he could only see the future in blurred outlines.

"That's too tough," said the tall man who so freely sprinkled the gold before. He laughed, patting the gold seeker on the shoulder. Again, the gold seeker shoved the hand away. Still laughing, the tall man flipped a penny at

the gold seeker who reflexively caught it. He rolled the penny under and over his fingers, watching the man enter the hall. Without warning, the gold seeker flung the penny, its copper surface twinkling in the sun as it flipped in a dying arc. It landed in common dirt strewn with torn feathers. Oblivious to its value, several men scrambled for the tossed coin.

In the front of the hall, the tall man unhitched a horse. The gold seeker stalked toward the tall man, whose back was turned setting up to mount. As the man began to turn in response to the approaching footfall, the gold seeker took the revolver from his jacket and fired, first hitting shoulder and then chest. At the sound of the shots, the horse sped up the street, kicking up a wake of dust. Pulling the coat away from the wet mess, the gold seeker searched the jacket for the pouch of gold. Once found, he inadvertently glanced at the dead man's eyes.

He staggered backward and upright, wide-eying the body, the gun lolling at his side. He had seen dead people before, back in New York, even more on the ships he took to the West. But none had lost their life because of his action. It seemed to the gold seeker that the man's fleshy eyes turned to glass, that the inert body was already being claimed by the dust. He scanned the dust-bitten faces of the bystanders. Their mouths moved as they talked among each other, but he could not hear anything they said. But he didn't need to. He knew word of the unprovoked murder would soon reach the ears of vigilantes.



41	"Warai"
42	"Swing Mobbin"
43	"The Man on 27 TH Street"
44	"Holywell Cemetery"
45	"Day Dreamer"
46	"Beach Chairs"
47	"Bhajelo"
48	"Ford Tough"
49	"Lana"
50	"Marilyn Monroe"
51	"The Musician"
52	"Torment"
53	"Tree of Knowledge"
54	"Vogue"

55	"Chernobyl"
56	"Companionable Ills"
57	"Fort Morgan"
58	"Portree Harbour"
59	"Heaven"
60	"Wherever You Like"
61	"Forced Employment"
62	"Cosmic Me"
63	"Bella"
64	"Summerland Looks Cold"
65	"Film Shooter: II"
66	"Film Shooter: I"
67	"Summer Day"
68	"Pence"
69	"An Early Morning Surrounded by Nature"
70	"The Warm Sunset of California"



JOSIAH ALMOSARA
"Warai"

By mixing the abstract with hints of reality, Josiah's art cogitates the subject matter & creates a void for viewers to create their own story while leading them with a hint of reality. He adds depth to his art with varying ink & drawing techniques along with other media.





BRAXTON BARKER | *Braxton is an industrial design major with quite an eccentric side & literally paints pictures from his dreams.*
"Swing Mobbin"



BRAXTON BARKER | *"The Man on 27TH Street"*



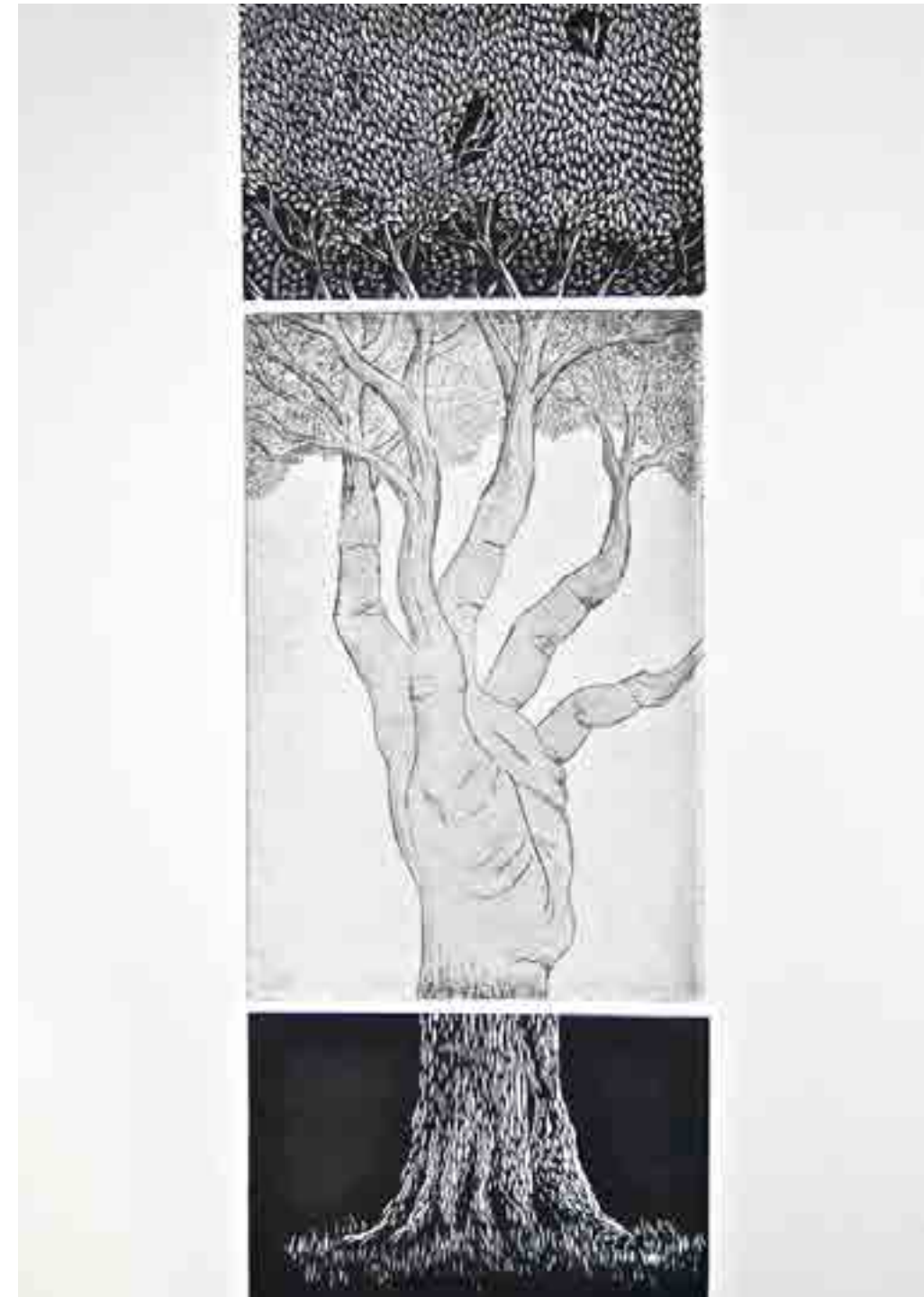
KELHI DePACE |
"Holywell Cemetery"



CHARISA HAGEL |
"Day Dreamer"



MARK HARSHA | *Mark is a senior majoring in Psychology. His goal is to become a child/family counselor.*
"Beach Chairs"



KAYLEE HOBBS | *A dual major in printmaking and photography, collects vintage cameras like it's a religion and makes art like it's going out of style.*
"Bhajelo"



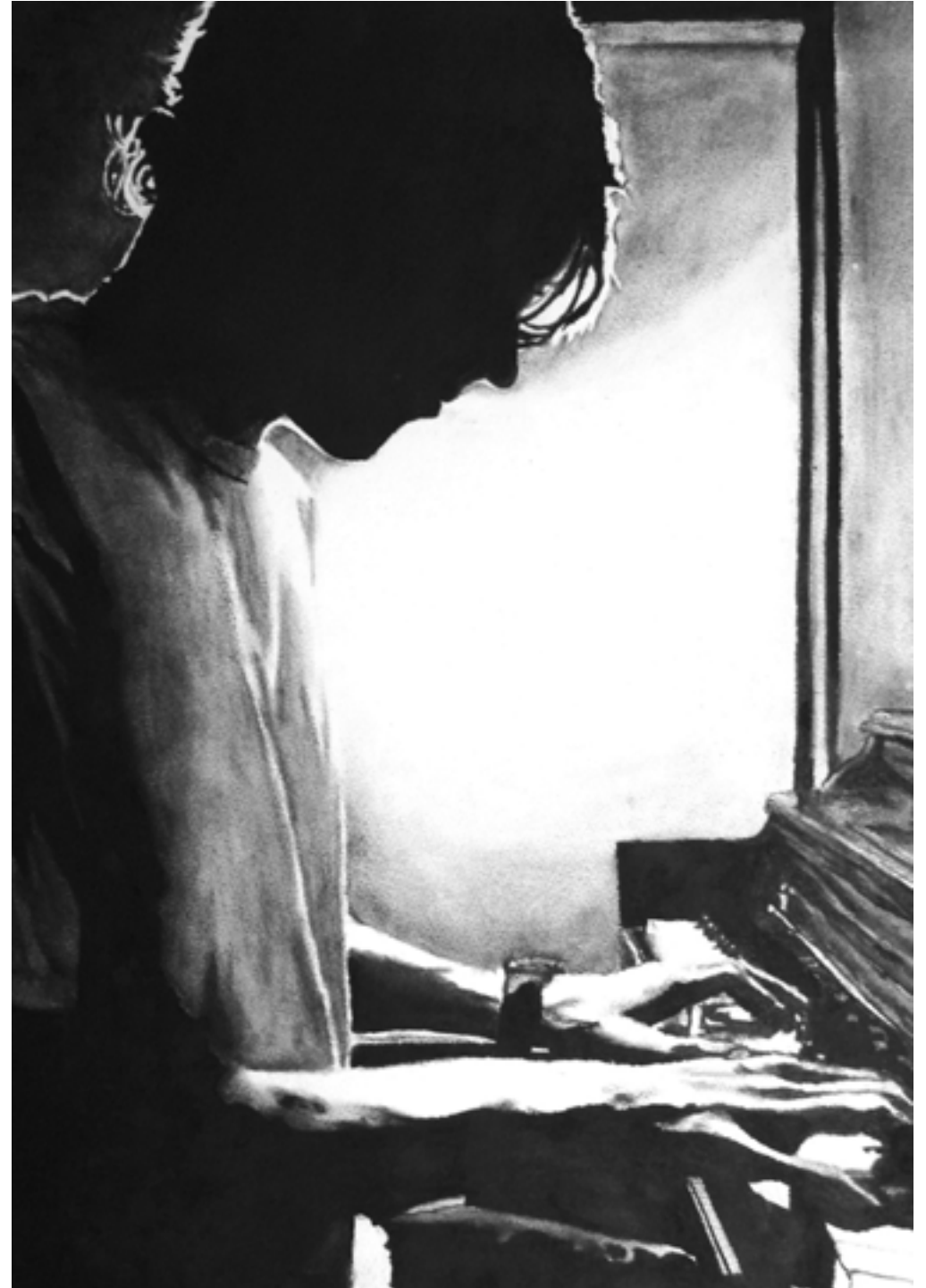
KAYLEE HOBBS
"Ford Tough"



KAYLEE HOBBS
"Lana"



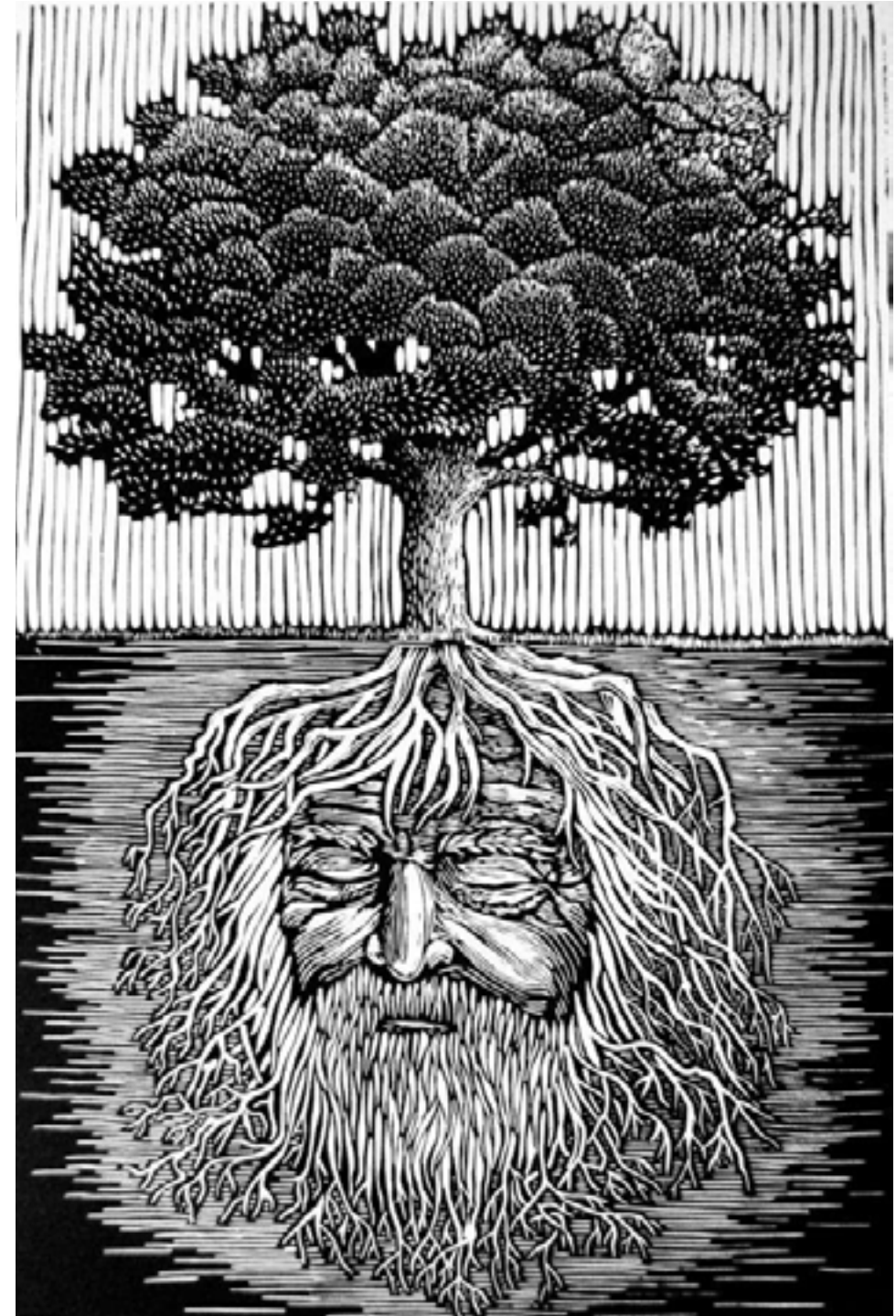
KAYLEE HOBBS |
"Marilyn Monroe"



KAYLEE HOBBS |
"The Musician"



KAYLEE HOBBS
"Torment"



KAYLEE HOBBS
"Tree of Knowledge"



KAYLEE HOBBS |
"Vogue"



SARA HOMSHER | Sara is a senior graduating with a studio degree in Painting, and is inspired by Cold War imagery.
"Chernobyl"



SARA HOMSHER
"Fort Morgan"



ALEXANDRA JURUS
"Companionable Ills"



DR. JOYCE KELLEY | *Associate Professor of English at AUM & a cellist in the Montgomery Symphony. She hopes one day to retire with her family to a writer's cottage on the Isle of Skye, in the company of several large friendly dogs with names like Auntie Muriel & Uncle Hubert.*
"Heaven"



DR. JOYCE KELLEY | *Portree Harbour*



KIMBERLY McGUINTY | *Kimberly, many masks and she knows.*
"Forced Employment"



KIMBERLY McGUINTY | *Wherever You Like*



SHELBY-MICHAELA MONTANAZZI MIMS
"Summerland Looks Cold"

SHELBY-MICHAELA MONTANAZZI MIMS
"Bella"

Shelby enjoys traveling abroad, currently she's planning a trip to Amsterdam in April of 2014.



LANCE NORRIS | *Lance's artistic goal is to make mathematics more visually pleasing.*
"Cosmic Me"



MATT ROBBINS
"Film Shooter: I"



MATT ROBBINS
"Film Shooter: II"



MATT ROBBINS | *Matt is an Information Systems major. He works at a local film lab and enjoys shooting film. His most recent hobby involves shooting his Polaroid SX-70 land camera. He also plays intramural basketball.*
"Pence"



SHAYNA ROLDAN | *Shayna is a 23 year old graphic designer major that is ready to graduate & go out & pursue a successful career.*
"Summer Day"



FEODOSIA ROSCA
"An Early Morning Surrounded by Nature"



FEODOSIA ROSCA
"The Warm Sunset of California"

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To Matthew Johnson, former editor: the 2014 *Filibuster* staff warmly thanks you for the gracious amount of support and enthusiasm you have continued to devote to the *Filibuster*.

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Lastly, The *Filibuster* staff extends an enormous thank you to our friends and family. You all have encouraged, supported and given your time for the success of this great accomplishment.

WANT TO JOIN IN?

We are already accepting submissions for the 2015 edition of the *Filibuster*. Think you have what it takes to roll with us? If so, send your creative works to: FILIBUSTER@AUM.EDU. Don't hesitate to ask us questions!

Want to be apart of our stellar staff? E-mail Dr. Robert Klevay at rklevay@aum.edu and ask him about available staff positions! We'd love to have you.



2014

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