



*The  
Muse*

STANLY COMMUNITY COLLEGE LITERARY AND VISUAL ARTS MAGAZINE

May 2009

## Show Us Who We Are



This second issue of *The Muse* finds us all a year older, and many of us facing difficult times. Literature and art have long been used as mirrors to the world. Writer Louise Nevelson says, “No matter how individual we humans are, we are a composite of everything we are aware of. We are a mirror of our times.”

As you read this issue of *The Muse* and look at the beautiful artwork, be reminded that each individual contribution is a piece of the truth—each individual contribution is a reflection of this life on this earth in these times. Some voices shout, some voices whisper, and some voices prompt us to speak. This is a living, breathing function of art—to stir something inside us and make us take bold steps toward becoming more than the people we are today—deepening our understanding of others in the process.

I hope you enjoy this second issue of *The Muse*. I thank all of those who put in time and energy to make this publication possible. I also extend a huge thanks to all of the writers and artists who have shared their work in this magazine. I feel honored to have this collection of varied visions and voices. May *The Muse* bring you joy.

Sincerely,  
Lorri Barrier  
English Instructor, Stanly Community College



## Visual Arts

Our second edition of *The Muse* finds us a year older. A lot happens in the span of a year. Events take place that shape us as people each and every day. When looking at the past we realize that where we are today may be a direct result of where we were headed a year earlier.

*The Muse* 2009 edition carries this idea along. As artists and writers a year offers lots of opportunity for growth. Growth of our talents and skills and growth as artists through life experiences as well. It's these experiences that shape us as people and are directly reflected within our work as artists and writers.

With the 2009 edition of *The Muse* we offer you a glimpse into our thoughts and minds up to this point, where we are today, a year older. Please enjoy the reflections of time, mood, and experience presented within the 2009 edition of *The Muse*.

Josh Gooch  
Program Head/Instructor  
Advertising & Graphic Design, Stanly Community College



Cover Artwork: Creation by Bryan de Castro, SCC Student

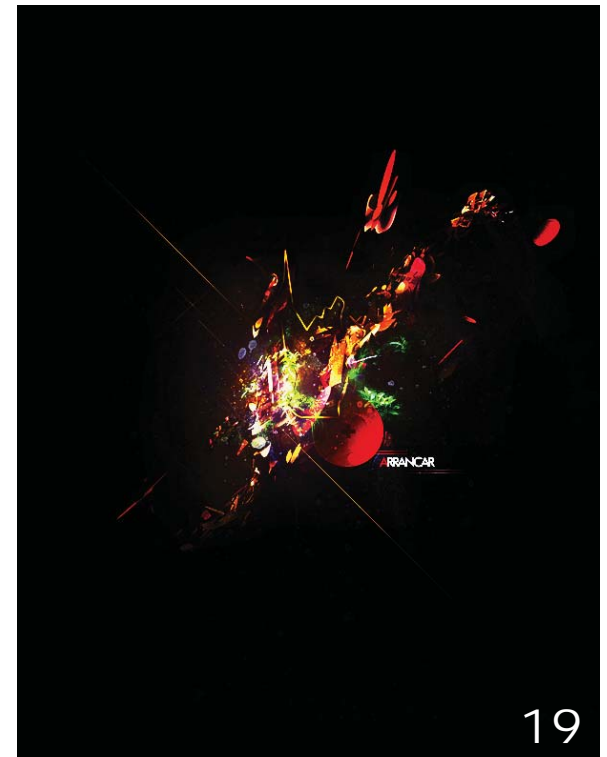
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# The Muse

Stanly Community College Literary and Visual Arts Magazine

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Late November

*By: Wendy Calvin*

*SCC Student*

In late November the leaves litter the lot,  
conjuring a caprice of caustic thoughts.

Before the brush of December's brass begins,  
may I just say;

it seems to me a silly ceremony  
to see out a good year,

by giving gifts to the greedy,  
and spreading false cheer.

Instead, may we make holiday merriment  
into lifelong mirth,

beyond the boisterous new year,  
to every year's birth.



Propaganda By: Gabe Simmonds  
*SCC Advertising and Graphic Design Student*

The Boy

*By: Kirsten Kopp*

*SCC Student*

You were the boy. The one who thought he was a man, how foolish you were. You were the boy who thought he'd make me a woman, again how foolish you were. Just foolish enough to care a bit and foolish enough to become attached to a girl who couldn't have cared a flip—yes, you were that boy indeed.

I wasn't the girl you wanted me to be, with my hard rock and boy band CDs flirting with boys who might as well have spoken Japanese. I was the girl your sister hung out with, who was dragged along from the deck of the ship to the islands one by one.

The naive little girl who danced to songs that were beyond her childish comprehension.

I was the girl who captured your heart, the heart of a boy who couldn't truly see I'd only just turned 13. I was the girl whose body had outgrown her maturity by at least 3 years, I'd say. You were the good ol' military boy with your cowboy CDs and southern sayings.

You were the guy who carried me from the beach when that blasted man-o-war caught me on my inner thigh and right above my knee. The guy who took me to lunch with his family because I was polite and he was so sure they would think I was "al'ight". The guy who plotted and planned

a crossing of paths that would forever change my life and I doubt you'd know it.

What happened that night etched my scars a little deeper; I'd already healed once, now my mark was etched great deal deeper. You didn't mean to hurt me the way that you did, but in a sense you truly did mean it, I mean. You heard my words and mistook them for meekness, weakness, and fearfulness; not the rejection I fought hard to make clear. I was young, very scared, and felt small in the hull of that ship that night. Up until then you'd respected my wishes, and not pushed your limits by your hands going adrift and you had never even tried to steal a sly kiss. You caught me off guard

and unprepared so I stumbled and faltered. My mind kept saying you wouldn't hurt me—you're honest and brave and handsome and wholesome and... then there it was, a knock on the door!

By the grace of God your sister came in wondering, where I had been. It only took her a second to figure what you were doing and even less than that to realize I wasn't. I was silently sobbing, with an ocean of salty tears pouring down my pale cheeks. We kept it our secret and you promised to keep your distance. You even got jealous when one boy tried very hard to enchant me with his thickly accented English. That made you so mad you smashed a glass on the table and had to get at least 10 stitches. After a week I relieved your banishment, because in my

heart I believed you could not repeat that awful event. To prove I'd forgiven you I allowed you a kiss on the top of my head where my widow's peak is.

After the day we set anchor on the mainland, I never heard from you again, though I sent letters every month for a year (your sister replied to all she received and told me you kept all of yours under your mattress). Until one summer, you didn't recognize me, but I knew who you were. I was glad you didn't return my letters, or give me a call, or worse got what you attempted when I once again received your attentions, skin clad on my favorite spot just near the pier, but close to the turtle's nest. You were brash and you were rude. I was curt and frank while sending you on your way and I told you not to bother me on my beach or you'd pay.

I was the queen there with real power, no longer a sapling to be bent by might.

I'm now the girl who has all the power; never again will I be caught and devoured. I hope you never hurt another girl, and I hope you realize the toll you took on me in that boat. That bill can't be paid by you anyway, except in ways it isn't good to wish to or openly say. I've paid on the cost now, stained on my psyche, the scars are still there, but the pain has long departed. This is all I have left to achieve perfect closure.

Farewell, my roguish cowboy. Hail, my treasured cessation.



Lips By: Chandler Johnson  
SCC Advertising and Graphic Design Student



By: Kasey Franklin  
*SCC Advertising and  
Graphic Design Student*



By: Alan Silby  
*SCC Adververtising and  
Graphic Design Student*



By: Shana Poole  
*SCC Advertising and  
Graphic Design Student*



### **In the Womb**

*By: Karen Lowder  
SCC Advertising and Graphic Design Instructor*

Floating, dreaming, growing  
waiting...knowing...  
everything will be forgotten when I  
utter my first cry of protest...  
leave me, let me float and dream...  
the outside world calls me and  
will not let me stay...  
I am growing

## Simple Pleasures

By: Casey Johnson  
SCC Student

I love the way to know that I will grow up one day  
and be exactly like my mom. Nice,  
caring for everyone and everything, being there  
as a helping hand, and have  
the exact body as her.

I love to stand at the beach on the waters edge  
and watch children playing and not  
having a care in the world.

This way life looks good for once.

I love my boyfriend and all the care he has given me.

He will never know how much I  
love him and how he has helped me.

I love singing in the shower, its a nice way to relax.

It may not be good, but I  
know its all me.

I love to know when I die, where I will  
spend the rest of my life, it's a nice feeling.

I love cooking. It reminds of my  
great-grandparents' food and all the  
memories that go with it, if only we could  
have them back.

I love my two cats more than anyone could know.

It's amazing how close you can get  
to an animal in a weeks' time. I talk to the cats and  
tell secrets, it's nice to know they will  
tell a secret or talk back.

I love to be outdoors and breathing the fresh air God

gave us. Kayaking has my heart  
and always will. There's nothing like putting the  
paddles down and relaxing under the  
summer sky and listening to the tree frogs.



SiInc By: Gabe Simmonds  
SCC Advertising and Graphic Design Student



PHOTO BY SHANA POOLE  
SCC Advertising and Graphic Design Student

## Shlacking the Varnibule

*By: Casey Williams*

*SCC Student*

Enchorted by the rogen lamp,  
She waited by the varnibule.  
Didn't say anything  
Just waited by the varnibule.

Folks walked by,  
But she never looked up,  
The Gargon schwelped by,  
She wouldn't look up.

So I approached her,  
I made her speak.  
I spoke of the dramby varnibule,  
And finally made her speak.

"The varnibule is quibbly,sir,  
And yet the city sleeps.  
The magna has corusted so,  
But all the city sleeps."

"T'will return," was my retort  
"For we can shlack it so.  
I'll go get the grop and broot,  
So we can shlack it so."

Her eyes then lit, smile it shew,  
I took her by the hand.  
The varnibule was quibbly so,  
And now I took her hand.

We gropped and brooted hours long  
Together. It was grand.  
A varnibule began our court  
Together. Here we stand.

There are now a thousand varnibule  
In my happy home.  
The lady, now my joonig wife,  
In our happy home.

\*Poem inspired by Lewis Carroll's

"The Jabberwocky"

## It Is Said

*By: Brian Thompson*

*SCC student*

It is said (I have heard them say it)  
...Tis better to have loved and lost  
...Than never love at all  
(So they say)

It is said (I have heard it spoken)  
...That a loving heart set to love  
...Is very easily broken  
(So I've heard)

It is said (If my ears did not deceive)  
...That true love founded in friendship  
...Is life's greatest reward  
(That's what was said)

So I say (And I shall always believe it so)  
...Though we have trial, heartache, grief and woe  
...A seed of love can always grow  
(This I know)



PHOTO BY JOSH GOOCH  
SCC Advertising and Graphic  
Design Program Head

## Who Am I?

*By: Arlene Johnson*

*SCC Student*

I am a butterfly  
But not timid or shy  
Some days I soar  
Others I inch the floor  
Beautifully designed by my Master  
A jagged, delicate disaster  
Yesterday it was the ground  
And today I flutter 'round  
I'm just trying to get by  
Keeping my eye on the sky  
Clinging to the promise  
That life's a metamorphosis



Obama Time -  
A Defining Moment

By Andell McCoy

SCC Psychology Instructor

If you could see inside my soul  
There would be the opportunity  
to know  
The excitement  
The joy of once skinny legs  
jumping rope  
And counting the days until  
My new measure of time  
During the Obama years  
You could witness my upside  
down spinning smile  
And the noise of the explosions  
going off inside my head  
Too crowded, too magical  
Nikki Giovanni might say "Peace  
be still" to  
The swirling thoughts and the  
emotions  
There will be tears and  
The feeling of Stevie's, "I'm too  
high, I'm never ever coming  
down"  
No, not from this blissful hope,  
This promise of Change  
And the boldness of diverse  
solidarity  
Yes we can, I just know we can  
and will  
Like in My Obama song  
Out of the ashes with fire and  
smoke  
The sounds of drums beat heavy  
Like our sometimes tortured  
troubled but loving hearts  
And the pulse of the people  
Lifting their voices  
Singing songs of freedom, with  
out stretched arms and  
barefoot dancing feet  
Moving fast across the vastness  
of the earth in circles and  
councils  
Speaking in tongues  
Of oneness, wholeness,  
Universal truths and  
understanding  
And shifting consciousness  
Changing the soil and our  
rootedness

And the roar of the ancestors  
swells beneath  
I so wish my mother were here  
And for the King and the  
Kennedys  
Mandela, Chavez, Gandhi and  
Mother Teresa and for all who  
have worked to heal the  
wounds of the sick, the  
poor, the disenfranchised  
and powerless  
"Ask not what your country can do  
for you," but what you can  
do for your country"  
"I have a dream, that one day"  
This day we begin, again  
Offering the intellect and  
compassion  
Of what I believe to be a wise and  
forthright man of goodwill  
Who understands that we all  
must be concerned  
About each other as ourselves  
And who  
Like the healing forces of  
The stars, the moon and the sun  
Understands rhythms, tides,  
cycles, and forces more  
powerful than we imagine  
Prayers are being asked and  
answered  
Much has been given and much is  
expected  
Let us walk humbly and in peace  
If you listen closely and can hear  
the whisper of quiet intent  
Like water against rock  
Ask questions, no pre-emptive  
strikes please  
Enough already of the bombs and  
the greed  
The earth and the spirits that  
inhabit the earth are tired  
and in need of rest and  
Rejuvenation  
It is everyone's responsibility  
And if you could look  
inside my heart  
You would know the power of love  
Of course we can  
Envision and create  
Dream big like the universe  
and the sky  
Now

A new tomorrow, a fierce example  
of our ability to be  
transformed and to  
transcend  
For thriving  
And for my father and my  
97-year-old grandmother  
Who never thought they'd  
see the day  
Power to the people  
Can you rise to the occasion,  
can you, will you?  
If Marvin Gaye were here he  
might ask "What's goin'  
on?"  
Curtis Mayfield's music, and  
words, so perfect for this  
occasion  
Paint with glorious metaphors and  
exhilarating colors of  
Passion, peace and prosperity  
Everybody is here with me  
In the celebration  
This misty moment  
Of sweetness and surrender  
In the, "Can't believe it's a real  
moment"  
And in my lifetime, Wow!  
And on that day, Tuesday,  
January 20, 2009  
When Barack Hussein Obama  
takes the oath as the  
44th President  
Of the United States of America  
With Michelle, Sasha, and Malia  
near  
So shall the presence of his  
mother, father, and  
grandparents be  
Proudly smiling  
I'll be sitting in solid stillness like |  
ice  
But with a warmed center  
In front of the TV with those I love  
and who love me  
Toasting the continuance of the  
dance, the dance, the  
splendor of the dance.



PHOTO BY: SHANA POOLE  
SCC Advertising and Graphic Design Student

If you

*By: Ashley Constantine  
Stanly Eary College Student*

If you listen closely  
You shall hear,  
The soft fall  
Of my every tear.  
If you notice me  
You shall see,  
All my heart's sorrow  
And my dread for tomorrow.  
If you think carefully  
You shall understand,  
That some things are best  
Left unsaid.



In My Youth I See...

*By: Quasai Bramhan  
Stanly Eary College Student*

Though my eyes are young  
What I've seen  
Is naught for them?  
Skin grayed and bruised  
A child lies  
His heart struggling to pound  
out life  
Everywhere, there are  
sorrowful eyes  
Faces contorted with  
gloom and pain  
Someone, somewhere  
Is clutching at his chest  
His heart shattered and  
bloodied and broken  
And even still (like sweet death)  
There are poor souls  
Crying out for love and company  
But shrouded in shadows  
Unseen, Unseen  
And alas...this is what I've seen.



*"TOY TRAIN" BY: JAMES WILLAMOR  
SCC Technology Staff*

Drips  
By: *Brian Thompson*  
SCC Student

“Drip, drip, drip, he heard the remainder of his life slip away...it was over, all over, and nothing would ever be the same again.” My God, who writes this tripe? I thought to myself as I leafed through the pages of the cheap novel I picked up at the dollar store. Turning it over in my hands, I noticed a creamy cover with some vague artistic representation of two people embracing as if they were lovers. Clearly stamped along the side were the words “Harlequin Romance Series.”

Desperation must have struck if I were reading romance books. I snorted and tossed the thing into a pile of soggy towels in the corner of my bathroom where old cabinets met even older linoleum. Even the patterns had faded into an almost gray mass of squiggly, indecipherable lines that made mocking faces at me during the best of times. Too bad these weren't the best of times. Divorce had been the kindest thing to strike me this year, and probably the one thing most expected. How could I blame her? Life was unfair and growing more so every day, and when our son drowned...well, our hearts and relationship seemed to die with him.

Even now, the book laughed at me for even choosing it as an acceptable work of written fiction. The maxim of the true reading connoisseur was to never buy anything from a discount store. They only had second runs, fly leaves and grand failures of literary prose. The cheap cover beamed up at me with its happy symbolism and love-struck poses suitable to puppy dogs and rainbow-bright coloring books for children whose world had yet to be crushed beneath the tread of daily life. As I looked closer, the title struck me as some sort of deep irony or a joke of some divine (or maybe not-so-divine) power. Emblazoned in deep blue was one word: Drips. Oh how grand to be reminded by even shoddy prose that I once was a father and husband and both things had been bereft of me by whims of fate!

I sighed, and the day grew no younger. Heaving myself out of the bath, I finished what little there was left of my daily ablutions and made myself as presentable as I could for work. Around me the old house creaked and whined in time to the

electric razor as I tried to make a close shave with something woefully unsuited to the task. Hurrying now lest I be late, I scooped up everything in my arms: towel, yesterday's clothes, pajamas...everything. I made to toss them in the hamper by the door, but my eyes again fell on the offending novel with its mockery of my life glaring at foot level. With a smirk and a small sense of sadistic pleasure, I tossed my tiny bundle right on top of that offensive manuscript and walked out the door. At that fateful moment, I heard it.

Sfip. Plop. Bloop.

I'd lived in this house off and on for much of my life, and I'd never heard that sound before. It was my mother's home before she died, and now it was my exile from my real home that my wife and I made together near the beach. She had it now since she had nowhere else to go. How could I hold ill-will against the mother of my child? Our life together was my light and joy just as our life apart marked my lonely passage here in this old house which had suddenly developed leaky faucets. The next drop came and went; I cringed with every noise even as I grabbed my coat and ran out the door for the short walk to the station. I could swear that book was getting back at me or at least laughing at me in whatever fashion lousy fiction expressed amusement.

Sfip...Plop...Bloop. It followed me outside and into the...rain? It grew more insistent in the downpour as all around me sfip, plop and their sister bloop cascaded like some devilish torture where waves of sadists took turns laughing maniacally at the bound subject, a captive audience to the hysteria of others. Or was that my own my own screams of laughter echoing in my head? It didn't sound like me so it had to have been the rain cackling like some demented monkey as I ran erratically through a nearly empty street. I stopped beneath the awning of the hardware store (surprise, surprise, 50% discount on all sinks, faucets and basins) and caught my breath. I was amazed at how far I'd run in the rainy outpouring. I was all the way up to Fifth Street with the theater right across from me. The sudden glare of the billboard announcing the new shows for the season arrested my thoughts. There it was in bright letters: Drips!

Sfip, plop and bloop were with me still, and I just stared and stared, blinking my eyes in disbelief as water dripped from the windows, lintels and even the little canvas archway I stood under. I shook my head and cleared my eyes in time to see the billboard change and reform before my gaze to the word Cats. That was a nice, safe little word. Maybe I should get a cat to keep me company? I thought to myself as I began walking down the street, but then I burst out laughing suddenly, startling the poor woman walking right by me at that instant. Cats liked water even less than I did and they'd probably abandon me to my water-logged bath and incessant dripping. Shaking her head at my outburst, the woman moved on, but the rain...oh, it kept following my heels, a whole chorus of blips and bloops and ploops and wooshes of all kinds...all kinds. It was like a family reunion, a great big family of watery protagonists. Maybe they should have put that in the novel? Yeah, that would have been great. drips in Drips. It would work, I just knew it.

I cackled again to myself and stepped off the curve, my own little chorus of happy music filling my

ears with their maddening disharmony. I suppose it was my fault, but I was distracted. The van came out of nowhere and knocked my feet right out from under me. It screeched to a halt not twenty feet away, the "No-Leak Plumbing: We fix it fast!" sign on its side visible even to my fading sight. I chuckled as the irony struck me again.

"Holy shit! Mister, are you okay?" a voice called out as men gathered above me. Yep, it was the plumber. "Joe! Call an ambulance fast! Hang on, mister, help is coming." I wanted the Good Samaritan to go away and just let me die in peace, but I was much too amused to care, and I am sure he missed the joke when I laughed in his face. Killed by a plumber. Yes, the little book had its revenge. The butler did it after all or was it a plumber? Either way, the rain had fun marking beads across my body as I succumbed to my watery fate. Like father, like son...the water had its way. It always has its way...dripping, dripping, dripping away.

Sfip, plop, bloop....



Julian Space By Julian Safrit  
SCC Advertising and Graphic Design Student



Love...  
Why Does  
it Matter?

By: Jamisha Owens  
Stanly Early College

Your love to me is  
completely ignored,  
I don't seem to care for it,  
Just because it's  
completely absurd;  
I don't want to  
sound mean about it  
I know you have feelings for me,  
but I really don't want them,  
because It doesn't even make  
me jump for glee,  
It actually makes me  
tremble and scream  
I don't want to be with you,  
I had no feelin',  
Even when you said you do  
I was not feelin' it  
I'm really sorry I had to do this  
I hope we can still be friends  
in the abyss.

Rain

By: Sara Elizabeth Williams  
Stanly Early College Student

Shattered souls, tattered lives,  
Many deaths, many lies.  
Cherokee families forced to flee  
To travel west with uncertainty.  
Disease spread throughout the  
Cherokee Nation,  
It was certain annihilation.  
Cherokee were born,  
Cherokee died,  
But most of all the Cherokee cried.  
They wept and mourned  
throughout their quest,  
It seemed to be a  
never-ending test.  
They called this journey  
the Trail of Tears,  
And it was full of death and fear,  
The Cherokee suffered  
and endured pain,  
As their tears fell like the rain.

The Executive

By: Tiffany Parker  
SCC Student

There you were sitting at your mahogany desk, waiting to pounce. I walked into the room and waited. Waited for the pounce. I sat down in a chair across from you, and wondered, what have I done now? You, at an executive level and me just a little peon, scared me in a way that I have never been scared before.

You began to speak and as you spoke I listened, taking notes, watching your movements, wondering if you really are as confident as you pretend to be. Again, I waited for the pounce, still scared of what was yet to come. We worked on the project, a monster waiting to be tamed. We worked together to train it, mold it, and eventually, calm the massive creature.

As the years passed by, more monsters reared their weary heads and we were the team chosen to tame them. One by one we worked side by side as two equals running in the same race. Education didn't matter, nor did our very different backgrounds. I soon began to realize that I wasn't afraid of you anymore. Why was that? Was it because you became a "person" instead of an "executive" to me? Was it because you began to understand what it's like to have a family? We were so very different, yet we began to work and think as one.

Then the time came as we both knew it would, that all good things must come to an end. It was your turn, like many others, to leave. There I stood with my head in my hands wondering what would become of the monster tamers we had become. I knew eventually that the pain would pass, but what about the teamwork and companionship we learned through our projects? How would we move forward? How could we tame life's monsters working as individuals instead of as a team?

I would quickly learn that the lessons we learned from each other would be the lessons life throws at everyone. Each one you taught me I have carried with me to this day. Although it's been over a year since our paths have crossed, I continue to be reminded of the monsters we tamed and know that our current paths have presented us with our own monsters. You taught me well and I'm continuing to work to tame the monsters using the skills, leadership, and initiative I learned from you.



## Walk In My Mind

By: Shannon Aycoth

SCC Student

The drive was short and nippy. She didn't want the heat on. Pulling into a spot across from the building, she pushed her sunglasses closer to her face until she could feel them cutting into her nose. Her hat was swiftly fetched from the back seat and slammed on. The car's door behind her, locked but not forgotten, faded into the rainy day as she approached the bottom floor staircase, attempting not to look back. The climb hurt her knees and made her smokers heart and lungs wheeze and strain. She sat in the waiting room.

Installation, step one complete. She was there and the room smelled of new paint and lavender Febreze. The room was chilly and bland; an old, poorly built cookie house left over from last Christmas, still in the fridge. The presence of nothingness resided in this building. NPR was playing from a radio hidden behind the couch, it could barely be heard over the fans placed in front of the doors to other rooms. The couch was plush and stiff, the canvas didn't give in to her weight so her feet dangled above the ground. No greeting, she assumed they didn't want her there. Even she didn't know if she wanted her there. She got up to leave. A small, smiling woman came from one of the fanned doorways followed by a gruff, tough looking man.

Uninstall process failed, must complete installation first. They walked to the exit and scheduled a meeting for next week. The woman, Jessica, turned to her. Both walked through the doorway Jessica had come from. The session room wasn't much different than the waiting room. She was there and she was silent.

"So today is going to be an evaluation. I'm going to ask you questions pertaining to the things we discussed over the phone."

A nod- just sit, stay calm, and listen.

"Some of these questions may seem like they do not pertain to your emotions. Just answer them to the best of your ability."

Another nod- Stay calm.

"What are you looking for by coming here?"

Breathe. "I want to fix myself."

"What do you do want to fix?"

"I don't know. Maybe my nerves." She sits on her

hands and fiddles with her hair.

Jessica takes off her shoes and curls her feet beneath her bum and takes a sip from her cup beside her chair.

"I'm going to ask some odd questions now."

I'm not ready for some things yet!!!

"What do you think about the election?"

"People should shut-up already, anyone is better than Bush."

"What's a color you favor?"

"Purple" What's going on?????

"What are some hobbies you enjoy?"

"Sewing and reading."

"Name a shape"

"Circle."

"Name an animal you would consider to have the same characteristics as you."

"A cat."

The room was getting hot and small. Jessica's questions were coming like bullets. She wasn't prepared. She was always prepared, no surprises for her. Jessica was going too fast.

"Count backwards from one hundred using only every third number."

What? I can't do this.

"Don't pause with these questions, do it off the top of your head."

"100, 97 ... 94...." I'm not doing this right. This is too much. She's crazy.

"Keep Going"

"91, 88..." System Warning.

"85....." Why is she doing this????!!!

"82.... 79....." System Ending Task.

"76..." She's just staring at me and letting me look like a fool. She's laughing at me. I hate not knowing what to do. I can't do it, I can't do it!!!! I'm too stupid.

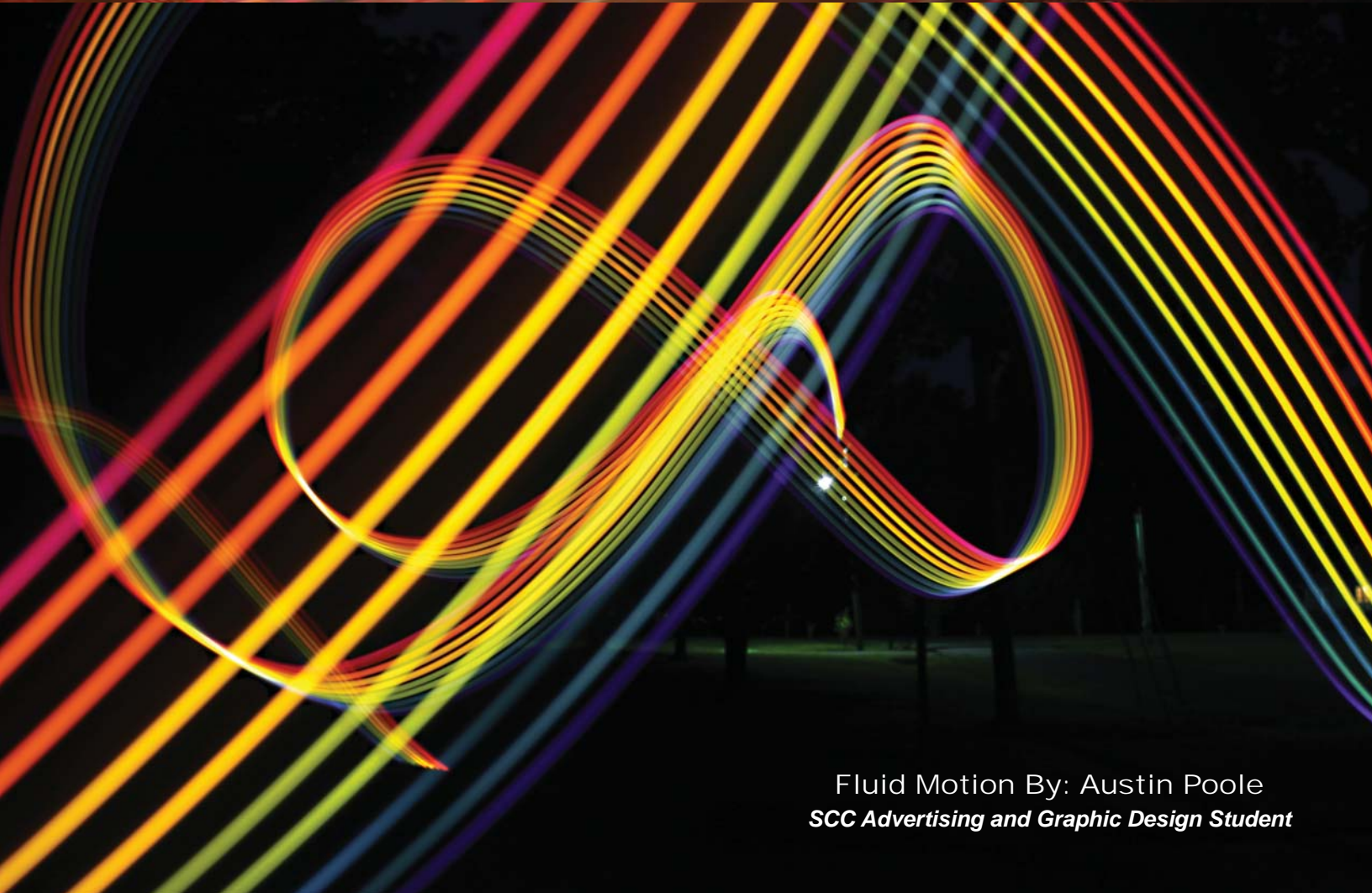
System Meltdown. She stopped. She fidgeted and stared out the small window. Her breathing was coming fast and strong. They looked at one another for a few seconds. Jessica explained it was to test her nerves. She just stared and slowly came back. She wanted to leave, but her instincts held her tight. She needed this and wanted it. She held the couch pillow tight and pushed her mind back into place. She looked at Jessica and breathed.

"When do we meet next week?"

System restarted.



CHARLOTTE AT DUSK BY: JAMES WILLAMOR  
*SCC Technology Staff*



Fluid Motion By: Austin Poole  
*SCC Advertising and Graphic Design Student*

## Passions

By: Kirsten Kopp

SCC Student

Love is my passion.

Sometimes I hate love for not going away,  
but then I admire love for pulling me through tough  
times that I have.

While love makes me furious with its nonsense-like  
reasoning, it also excites me with  
spontaneous seasons.

Most of all love frightens me, scares me to shivers,  
for I don't know where it came from, where it's going,  
or where it will leave me.

I treasure its challenge, attention, and pleasure,  
yet I fear its unknown, inconstant, and  
undecided nature. Love contains all  
these deliciously horrible things to  
taunt and tease me, yet reward me with  
things that I treasure most.

Those are passionate fears cradled by a  
passionate hope, that love is the one thing  
that will scale the broad scope, which is  
that love is the one thing I can be  
passionate about most.

## Simple

By: Wendy Calvin

SCC Student

I am simple, fair and free-thinking

I am soulful, sinful and  
fearful of stagnating.

I am grateful, graceful and  
far too lustful and languid.

My gifts are the secrets I reveal  
from people who do not care to share.

I am truthful and mindful and abhorrently judgmental.

I believe my ideas are common, my thoughts  
unoriginal, my space in the world blatantly  
conventional. But, I find intrigue on the paths  
which people choose not to follow  
And solace in the stories of those  
who have traveled them before

And this is hopeful, beautiful and spiritual  
for someone so simple.

Cold Fall  
By: Bryan de Castro  
SCC Student





Arrancar By: Chandler Johnson  
SCC Advertising and Graphic Design Student



Peaceful Snow By: Dr. Michael Taylor  
*President, Stanly Community College*



### THE COLD

*By: Lacey Zenzayer  
Stanly Early College Student*

It is cold here  
Snow falling slowly  
From a lightly bruised sky  
Tiny crystals  
That sparkle like  
Many fallen tears  
Each one unique  
Yet each the same  
Bitter chill  
Sets in my chest  
Can't breathe  
Eyes sting  
Body shiv'ring  
Skin pale and wan  
Lips blue  
Hair stiff and matted  
Against my head  
The snow has

Silenced everything  
All I hear  
Is my weakening heartbeat  
My struggle to gasp  
For sweet breath  
I cannot feel  
The pain of the wounds  
Criss-crossing  
My back  
Deep gashes  
Long past dripping  
Warm sanguine fluid  
Now frozen  
There is only numbness  
The bites along my neck  
Still burn  
Like icefires  
Lifeblood trick'ling  
Warm at first  
Frozen when kissed  
By the cold  
My eyes flicker

Towards the  
Dark forest  
Yawning at me  
A sudden flame  
Courses through  
My veins  
And my heart  
Screams with agony  
I writhe  
Teeth clamped together  
Fingers curled  
And then  
It fades  
The pain  
The cold  
Gone  
And through my eyes  
I watch the world  
Sink into the dark  
And there I lay  
To move nevermore

## A Symbol of Self

By: Arlene Johnson

SCC Student

There is under my arm, an object of sorts, that will be with me forever! People say it is something I will regret or outgrow, but I know with more certainty than anything else, I will not. I have a butterfly tattooed on my ribs. It is all black and “tribal” is what they call it, but I like “jagged”. It isn’t blue and pink with frilliness. It is raw and somewhat harsh. Rough around the edges, like me.

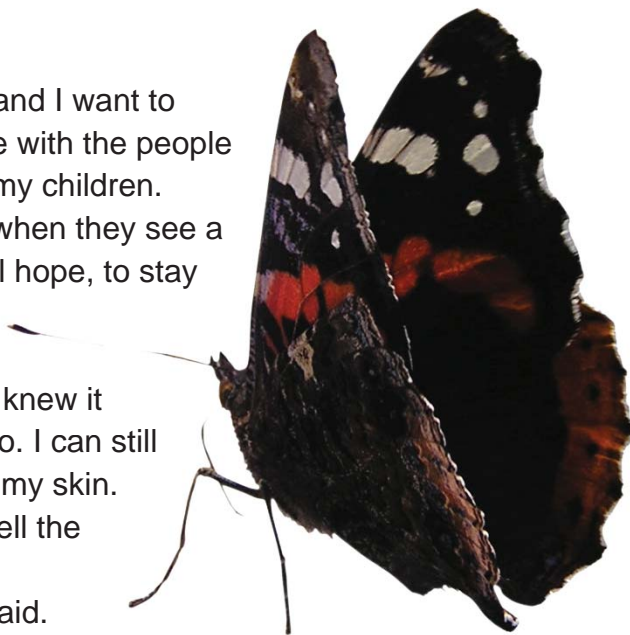
My father calls me his little butterfly, why I do not exactly know, but I know what it means to me. I love to hear it, and to think that I am viewed as delicate and beautiful. I think these things and I hope that is what he means when he calls me such.

There is deep symbolism in the butterfly. The symbol of a future with wings. Bad things have happened to me, such bad things I will never forget, but I don’t want to forget. I want to look down at this picture on my skin and know that I am changing always. I want to remember; life is a metamorphosis. One day I can be crawling like a slug on the ground, and then the next I can soar above the muck and float from flower to flower.

I never want to forget this, and I want to share this idea and promise with the people I love and maybe one day my children. I want them to think of me when they see a flutterby. I want them to feel hope, to stay strong.

It is a painful symbol, too. I knew it would hurt and I wanted it to. I can still feel the needle puncturing my skin. I can hear the hum and smell the sterile air of the parlor. “It’s gonna hurt!” the man said. It wasn’t bad, not as bad as other pains I’ve felt.

Today when I look at it, when I touch it, as I often do, I remember the places I have been before...all the places I have crawled. And then I think of all the places I will FLY!!



## Mr. Unattainable

By: Alisha Furr

SCC Student

There you are, Mr. Unattainable, Flaunting what I can’t have. Tell me why, Mr. Unattainable, Why you seem to make me cry instead of laugh.

Yet, somehow, you steal my heart with a simple word or two, You make me smile, even when you’re acting blue.

I have him now, and he makes my world go around, However, my eyes seem to find their way back to you.

He’s the most amazing thing I think I’ve ever found, But, my heart still longs for you, no denying what’s true.

Why couldn’t you just stay gone completely? Instead of making me always wonder what could be.

Now, now, we know that’s not true, If it were, why am I so glad you’re back? Why would my heart race at the thought of you? Why do I seem to cut you so much slack?

So, I’ll lie to you, deny what’s there, I’ll pretend I’ve mostly forgot what we built, act as if I don’t care. Do I just enjoy the chase? Or maybe what I feel is real. Do I dare guess why it’s you I can’t truly replace?

It’s the way my heart can love another man, but the way you still make me feel. I can only see the good in you when there are so many things that could be complain-able, I think we both know I’ll always secretly long for you, Mr. Unattainable.

Ode to Beards

By: Carl T. Rogers

Stanly Early College Student

The scruffiest scruff  
And the hairiest hair  
Can't compare  
No, not even a bear's  
Hair  
Can compare  
To that silent shout  
Of glee, that  
Hairy happiness  
That is  
A BEARD.

Born to be wild,  
Never to be reconciled  
Badge of masculinity  
And the epitome  
Of who a man should be.  
Abraham,  
Moses,  
Jesus Christ,  
And, of course,  
Chuck Norris!

The list goes on  
And on  
Of those who have the blessing  
Of the BEARD.  
Those who are  
Without  
May shout  
"Give me BEARD, or give me  
death!"  
That is the plea of their last breath  
And is the anthem of their souls.  
Therefore, to have a BEARD  
Is a calling to coolness  
Forever  
And ever  
And therefore  
A better existence shall never  
Be found,  
No matter how profound.

When I am Quiet

By: Jason Handy

SCC Student

When I am quiet  
she stops  
dancing with me  
in my head.  
What I see  
is her good qualities,  
which happen to be  
the only ones  
that I remember.  
The crooked smile,  
those four words  
she preferred  
rather than the  
standard three.  
Sometimes,  
no, always  
I wish  
we would have made it through  
not just the night,  
not even the seasons,  
but forever.  
All I can do  
is not drink my problems away  
but be happy  
she was alive  
and try not to cry.

Hardy's Women

By: Lorri Barrier

SCC English Instructor

Even she can be something.  
Even she, little nothing,  
freckled little nothing.  
Country girl, brown hair  
knotted by the wind.  
Surely someone will love her.  
Her legs stretch up  
toward curving hips,  
her arms are strong  
around her breasts  
and that tumult of  
hair never rests.  
Someone will love her  
and call himself blessed.  
"No," she says, "It's nothing,"  
and glances away.  
He'll never see—  
she likes the sharp  
look of the sky,  
the embrace of trees and the  
glint of moon in her eyes.



Le Obscuras By: Chandler Johnson

SCC Advertising and Graphic Design Student



Raiden By: Gabe Simmonds  
SCC Advertising and Graphic Design Student



Imagination By:  
Michael Wadkins  
SCC Advertising and  
Graphic Design Student

Things Found in  
a Girl's Room

By: Shannon Aycoth  
SCC Student

A mask,  
Delicate, breakable.  
Barely hanging by reality.

Some slippers,  
Small, delicate.  
Always waiting to exit.

A lamp,  
Tall, metallic.  
Illuminating dark secrets.

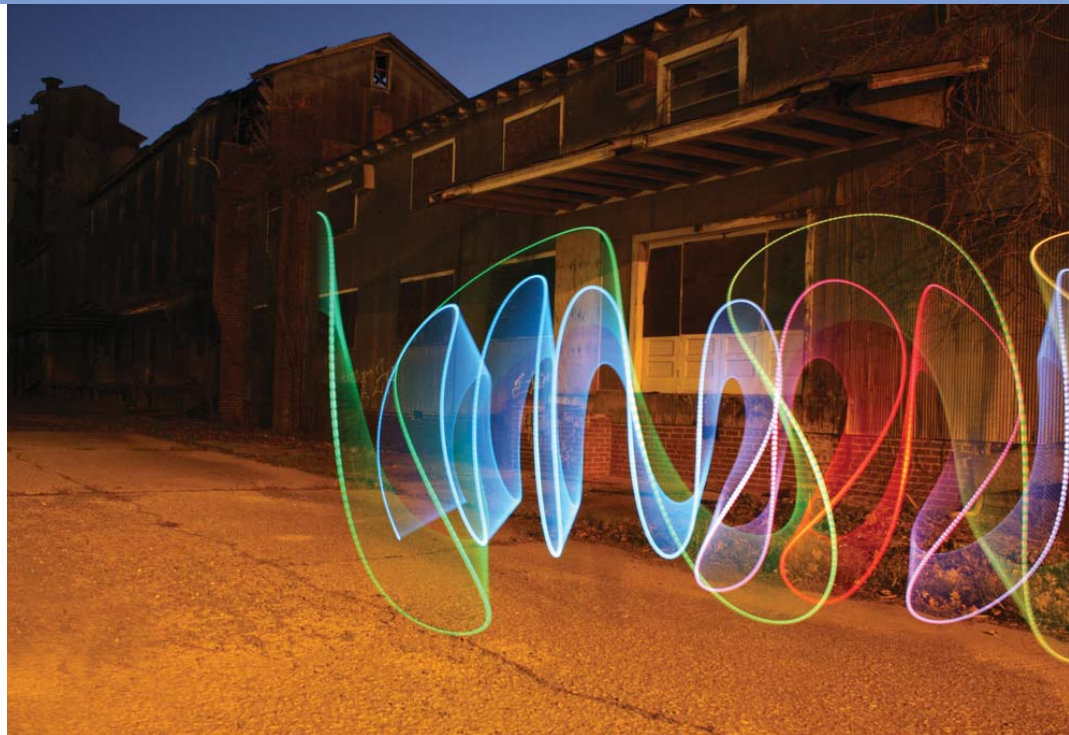
Some pillows,  
Big and blue.  
Comforting to any.

A mirror,  
Cold, hard.  
Reflecting decisions callously.

Some books,  
Thick, whimsical.  
Whisking away dread.

A window,  
Translucent, movable.  
Showing the world.

A girl,  
Delicate, whimsical.  
Waiting for the exit to escape.



Blue Sky By: Cindy Poole  
SCC Enrollment Management Staff



Deadly Bug By: Jeremy Hardy  
SCC Advertising and Graphic Design Student

What Does January 20,  
2009 Mean to Me?

*By: Andrew Davis*

*Stanly Early College Student*

In a single day  
We will usher in a change,  
That will affect us all.  
In a single day  
We will do away,  
With what we thought we thought  
we knew.  
We bring in a change that we  
have chosen  
One that we trust in,  
Barack Obama.  
In times filled with darkness and  
doubt  
He will be the light, in which we  
will rally around,  
And believe in.  
It will take but a day  
To welcome him in,  
But take many years to correct a  
wrong done.  
In a single day  
We will show our gratitude  
And welcome our President,  
Barack Obama.

Light Falling Upon a Tulip

*By: Dan Wray*

*SCC Religion Instructor*

The light reached out  
and touched a flower;  
Which its warm embrace  
must covet.  
Nor did the light  
have such need,  
As the flower  
so urgently sought.



Romance

*By: Jon Tho*

*Stanly Early College Student*

Your eyes are so pure like the  
stars in the skies  
Your heart is so bright like the sun  
that soon shall rise  
Romance is my heart  
and for you only  
I shall show you my love so your  
nights won't be lonely  
With you in my arms  
my heart will be warm  
With you in my arms  
we will not be torn  
We will not be torn from one  
another through the endless time  
Because you shall soon be mine  
You will be my romance that I  
searched so long for  
You will be my love  
that I would die for  
Because you are my heart,  
my love, my romance,  
Romance is love  
that love can give  
That one can't find  
but in someone they will find  
Romance.

Wonderland By: Bryan de Castro

**SCC Student**





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