

*Baylorian*

*2014*

# ***Baylorian 2014***

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Healing Waters

Tiffany Devries

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*Sarah Reese*

## **What Do We Leave Behind?**

What do we leave behind?  
A thought, a message, a look, a love-  
Will the people you touch remember it  
The feeling, the details-  
Will the finger prints fade, the footsteps  
Grow covered by the years  
What you do in life may be insignificant to the world,  
But if leaving that footprint in the sands of time,  
The words written down in the aging covers  
Of a book,  
Your heart given away,  
Your look disrupting the skies-  
If what you do in this life- Your life  
If your wish or dream or desire  
Is significant to you,  
Seek it-  
Take it-  
Live it-  
Then leave it-

*Ryan Belcher*

## **Ode to a Dream**

I

The hardships and stress that come every day,  
Flood into our system and bring us down  
I want to relax, sleep, to just get away.

It sounds great to just get out of this town.  
That's where you come in, Dream. You are my break  
From the pains of the real world and this frown.

I think of you from the moment I wake  
You give me something to look forward to,  
Which eases my mind from the day's headache.

O wondrous night Dream! If only you knew,  
You give me the excitement and freedom  
That I need. Dream, Dream, I only need you.

Take me to Oz; take me to Wonderland  
So that all my heart and mind can expand.

II

Night's dream – an escape from reality,  
I fall under your mysterious trance  
and gain a new type of vitality

A brave new world filled with life and romance:  
My own impossible adventure,  
But all of it can change with one glance.

No longer my Dream, but my Oppressor.  
How can I escape from my own escape?  
Time becomes endless, the air is denser.

You overshadow me, you have no shape.  
You move in closer, your skin is opaque.  
This dream is a nightmare, there's no escape.

I wake with the breath of morning's crisp air,  
I return to life – this endless nightmare.

*Gayle Lindner*

## **Your Eggs are Done**

When I was ten I read a book written by Robert A. Heinlein. It was called, *Have Space Suit Will Travel*. Something about that character captivated me and I always wanted to run away to the stars like “Oscar.” People have, on occasion, even offered to send me one way! Of course I would have gone, if only for no other reason than for the challenge of figuring out how to get back home. “There’s no place like home. There’s no place like home . . .”

So, when out of the corner of my eye I saw this little green man standing in the kitchen I was not concerned. The night before I had been somewhat inebriated and this was probably just a residual alcohol induced figment of my imagination. However, the phantom walked, talked, and ‘Oh God’ now it was tugging at my pant leg. What to do! Do I acknowledge it and thereby give it validity or do I ignore it?

Shake it off my leg and walk on? Oh, how we sometimes long for the might-have-beens in this life!

Leaning down, I addressed it. “Can I help you?”

“Want to buy a time flow modulator. Price no object,” he replied.

“A what modulator?” I asked.

“Time flow,” he stated.

“I don’t think we have any on hand,” I shrugged!

Where are the nice men with the white coats and the butterfly net? Now would be a good time to wake up. I wonder what my analyst will say about the deep inner meaning of this hallucination?

“It regulates Space Time Continuum. Allows travel cross time and space,” he said impatiently.

“I definitely don’t think that we have any in stock at this time. Perhaps if you checked back next week?”

“No, cannot check back in week. Need now! Not wait,” he replied, even more agitated.

“Hey, calm down, I’ll see what I can do.”

This little dude is going to go super critical and I don’t even have a zip lock bag to clean up the mess. I bet my homeowner’s insurance isn’t going to cover this.

“Well, where Time Flow Module?” he demanded.

“I’m working on it!” I yelled.

What am I doing standing here conversing with god-knows-what about something I have absolutely no idea? Well, when left in an outrageous situation, with no logical viable options-punt, but do it with style! Frantically, scanning the kitchen I seized the only appliance my vision focused on that could possibly fake him out. If anything looked gadgetry, this did.

“Here we go. One first class Time Flow Regulator Modulator . . . Whatever. Compliments of the house.”

The look of pure rapture that crossed his face shamed me into silence. Now I’ve really done it; I hoodwinked an illusion. He reached in his pocket and pulled out what looked like a black crystal ball. You know, the kind where you ask it a question, turn it over and the answer pops up. Sliding a panel back he gently placed my “Time Flow Module” into the ball. Smiling, he walked towards me holding his precious treasure as I backed away from him. A strange feeling came over me. After this day my life would never be the same, no matter what!

Pop!

The ground rumbled shaking both of us down to our knees. Thunder pounded from the right

and echoed back from the left. A cloud of fine dust drifted across our field of vision. The noise increased and the a low moan attracted our attention.

“What that?” asked the little green man.

“Stampede!” I cried.

We were in the middle of a buffalo herd. Suddenly a half-naked Indian rode by on a painted horse carrying a long spear with a stone tip. He controlled the direction the horse turned with his knees and feet, turning the animal with ease. One of his hands stabilized his weapon while the other hand was used to aim. He released his spear into the shoulder of the bison. It broke in two, causing the animal to stumble and fall. Immediately upon falling, the dead bull flipped over. This set up a chain reaction that caused about ten individuals to pile up. It also changed the direction of the stampede.

Now they were coming towards us! Both of us started to run. I grabbed the little man’s hand and started to pull him along with me. The distance between us and the herd was rapidly diminishing. We felt the breath of the animals on our backs. The little man stumbled and the sound grew louder.

Pop!

“Ramming speed,” shouted the captain dressed in short battle dress. Beads of sweat dripped from his pores as he paced the deck of the trine.

Whips cracked, ropes strained, and wooden planks creaked as men scurried to battle stations. Together we carefully slid into two empty slots on the port side of the galley to be as inconspicuous as possible. Yes, one middle-aged woman in blue jeans and a midget with green skin on a Roman warship in the middle of an armada of what look to be sea pirates. Grabbing oars, we began to row, or rather, I rowed; everyone else just looked bewildered.

“What’s wrong?” I asked.

“This not supposed to happen,” he said pointing to his time travel device.

“Can you please pop us someplace a little less exotic and somewhere I can find the ladies room? I kind of need to powder my nose,” I puffed.

“Your time flow modulator defective. Only works for short time,” he whispered.

“What do you mean only works for a short time?” I asked.

Then it hit me and I struggled for words to put meaning to my thoughts.

“Oh my God, it’s a three minute egg timer!”

About the time that realization hit me we rammed the other craft. The little green man and the time machine went flying while I tried to eat the oar. The vibration from the collision split solid oak beams sending splinters flying. Screams echoed from the upper deck and salt water gushed from a gaping hole in the bow. The ship was sinking!

I began to count, while climbing over broken benches and debris, searching for my ticket out of here. I spied a tiny pair of legs sprawled upside down under a pile of rigging. My only hope was to get to him before it was time to move on to the next temporal moment in the space time continuum. Gently securing the globe between us, I held on for dear life as a wave of water swept over us.

Pop!

We looked at each other, afraid to observe our surroundings. My companion looked nervous and exhausted. Tall grass obscured our view but the crash of waves against a shore drew us to the sound. In unison we crawled out of the glade and peered over a sand dune.

An empty beach greeted us that no human being had ever walked on. Huge waves hurled themselves at the shore. Nature called, so still counting, I excused myself. Upon my return, I found my little green man sitting on the beach shaking his head staring at the egg timer which he extracted from his machine.

“This no good,” he complained.

“That point has been clearly made,” I replied

His sad expression now ripped at my heart. Oh great, now I was getting fond of the little critter!

“Can you control where we are going or are we doomed to just randomly jump around the universe?”

“Trip set before, but mechanism damaged, not know if it can be fixed!” cried my little one.

It became obvious I could spend my life here, wherever here was, or take my chances with a three minute time line. Perhaps in our travels we could pick up enough material to repair his device.

For the time being we decided to stay put for the night. I built a fire, using my old Girl Scout training. We curled up on the beach with the device and let the sound of the waves lull us to sleep. Strange how tired you can get after six minutes of time travel.

The sunrise next morning was a promise of a new beginning with more adventure to come. I awoke just in time to see my little man slip the timer back into his machine. We both held our breath.

Pop!

It seems I have been traveling like this all my life. Slipping from one vignette into another. Observing life, but never really having time to live it. My little green man, I found out later, picked me as a traveling partner because, in his opinion, I was the least likely to be missed. We came close to buying the farm on more than one occasion, but we still managed to land on our feet. We have picked up a few odds and ends along the way. One of these days we will get things worked out.

Pop!

Standing in the kitchen I had no idea how long in “real” time we were gone. My little green man had a big grin on his face a mile wide. You might say we are now comfortable with each other. He reached for his machine and I found myself grabbing his wrist. Slowly I removed the egg timer from his device.

“Make yourself at home. I’ve got something I need to get,” I said. Timer in hand I ran out the back door.

“Where you going?” he demands.

“The water hose has a 24 hour timer on it. Imagine that!” I beamed.

“There’s no place like home. There’s no place like home . . .”

Pop!