

**Baylorian**

**2009**

# **Baylorian 2009**

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*Beth Melles*

## Ede's

She had always hated the rain. And it was raining. It had, in fact, been raining for the last two hours, a steady downpour from grey slated skies - as if God had finally said "screw you" to the world and was unleashing his anger. A coffee shop day, she decided, getting up from the easy chair and heading to the shower. Weekends were hard enough with their lack of routine and limited social interaction, but a rainy Sunday?

Still, she decided to brave the weather, walking the two blocks from her apartment to the Ede's under a red and white-striped umbrella. The sidewalks were clear, but New York traffic had tripled: cars bumper to bumper, edging forward every few seconds. She focused on the path ahead of her, stepping left and right to avoid puddles growing by the minute, until she reached the doors of the coffee shop. This was where her comfort/hope lay; behind the glass front, bright lights, warmth, and laughter awaited her. Here she could smile other people's smiles, enjoy other people's joy, love other people's loves. She pushed open the door, the aroma of beans, freshly roasted, ground, and brewed escaping into the damp air, and stepped in.

The room was empty. She shook her head in disbelief, it was never empty.

"Fat free medium latte," she said to the young man behind the counter.

"Name?" He did not look up. "Eva." She waited until he had marked the cup, then handed him her credit card.

"Three twenty-three," he said, swiping it, eyes still focused on the till.

"Thank you," she said as he handed it back. She hesitated, searching for his yes, willing him to look up, but his attention was back on the magazine he had been reading before she came in.

The door opened as she sat down at a table, and a cold draft blew through the room. Then a man was standing in

front of her, cup in hand.

"Eva?" He asked, handing it to her.

"Um, yes," she stammered. "Thank you."

He pulled out a chair at an adjacent table. "It's pretty empty in here." He looked around wistfully. "I had thought there would be more people with the weather being the way it is."

"You sound disappointed. Most people like a break from the rush." She looked at him curiously. He unwrapped the scarf from around his neck and hung it on the back of his chair.

"Not today. I needed the comfort of noise, and laughter."

"I hear you," she said, nodding her head slowly.

"The rain..." he started.

"...gets you down." She finished. "And what makes it worse..."

"Rain on Sunday." They looked at each other, bemused.

He held out his hand. "Adam."

"Eva." She took it.

He got up to get his coffee from the counter. "So besides the rain and the weekend, what are you hiding from?" he called over his shoulder.

She waited until he was back before answering. "The world, I think." She hesitated, wondering whether to continue, but he was listening, eyes focused intensely upon her own. "Life just seems so empty. All I do is work, and yet it doesn't amount to anything. I keep thinking that there must be more."

His stomach growled, and he smiled, embarrassed. "I'm sorry, I haven't eaten lunch yet. Would you like an apple?" he offered, pulling two out of his coat pocket.

"I'm allergic."

"Allergic to apples?" he laughed. "I have never met anyone allergic to apples before."

She shrugged her shoulders. "It's annoying. You wouldn't believe what people put apples in nowadays. I can barely eat anything."

"Well I shan't eat it in front of you, then," he said, slipping the apples back into his pocket.

"But you're hungry!" she exclaimed. "Eat your apple. I can be near them, I just can't eat them."

“And that’s not fair to you,” he said, stubbornly. “It’s not fair for you to watch me pierce the crisp skin, break through the flesh, savor the succulent juice. No. I shall not eat it if you can not. Besides, I can have something else instead. Ede’s offers a variety of choices.” He looked over at the sandwiches, salads, and pastries in the glass counter. “No, I do not need the apple right now.”

Suddenly, the air grew quiet. They both looked outside. The rain had stopped, and through the clouds, a ray of sun shone brightly.

*Naomi Johnson*

## **Rebel**

We secretly admire her, the  
Rebel with the smoky laugh  
Slipping profanities like music  
Eloquent, smart, devil-may-care  
Rock-star indigo hair  
And lazy cigarette  
Capable and bold like Cuban coffee  
But once, driving down the street  
I saw her  
Cheek resting gently on her knee  
And recognized  
That frail little bird  
Who lives in me

*Tony Martin*

## **Pandemonium**

Hannibal Lecter sat in his cell  
Reeking of sulfur and acid and Hell;  
Hannibal Lecter glared at the bars,  
Malevolent, murderous monster from Mars.

There in his cage and its fiery red glow  
He summoned the aides of his Father below:  
Convening his council, he forged with foul breath  
A compact with Hell, a covenant with death.

Maniacal Monarch of all he surveyed,  
The time had arrived for which he had preyed.  
The demons then blessed him as one of their own;  
They polished his scales and departed for home.

When it was over, his guards were both dead;  
And Hannibal Lecter escaped then and fled:  
Men shuddered in terror, their straightened hair  
curled -  
For Hannibal Lecter was loose in the world.