

Baylorian

2012

Baylorian 2012

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The *Baylorian* is produced by students in the Department of English at the University of Mary Hardin-Baylor. Submissions are accepted from faculty, staff, students, and alumni each year.

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ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

It's so amazing how many wonderful people I have met during this journey.

Thank you to Dr. Jacky Dumas and Dr. Laura Bedwell for allowing me the opportunity to continue this legacy. I appreciate your encouragement, guidance, and support.

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Jasmine Austin, you are awesome, girl. What else can I say? I admire you so much. Continue to do the wonderful things you are doing because I know you are destined for greatness.

Peter Jackson, with all your many things to do, you found the time to help put this masterpiece together. Your expertise is greatly appreciated. From the bottom of my heart, I give you my sincerest thanks.

Hannah Romo, Oh, how I love you. Every time I needed you, you were there. We had a few hiccups along the way, but I thank you for bearing with me through this process. Your ambition and determination to perfect the Baylorian motivated me.

I would also like to send many warm thanks to:

Mr. Hershall Seals, you are the coolest professor I know. I think it's the pony tail. Yep! It's the ponytail. Without your support the Baylorian would be...well, artless. Thank you and the Art Department for adding flavor to the journal every year.

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God Bless,
Nicole A. Johnson

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

As we celebrate the Baylorian's 100th anniversary, we would like to show our appreciation for many who have made this anniversary possible. We would like to thank the English Department and the Art Department for their cooperation. We are appreciative of the professors who permitted us to use their class time to inform students about the Baylorian. Their cooperation is a demonstration of their commitment to their students' excellence as well as to the longevity of this publication. To all the students who submitted their works, we thank you. Without your submissions we would not be able to celebrate 100 years of publishing student poetry, prose, and art. We are thankful for the opportunity to showcase the written and artistic talent our university has to offer. We would like to recognize Mr. Randy Yandell for helping us in the publishing process. He has done a tremendous job formatting Baylorian for publication. A special thanks to Dr. Jacky Dumas and Dr. Laura Bedwell for their impeccable guidance and dedication to the staff. As faculty advisors, they provided us with encouragement, support, and sound judgment. There were others who had a role in the creation of this journal. They are not forgotten, but appreciated.

Chelesea Burk

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*~CELEBRATING 100 YEARS OF
LITERARY EXCELLENCE~*

In honor of the Baylorian's 100th Anniversary we would like to pay tribute to the authors of university's past. Placed throughout the journal are poetry selections from the 1st, 25th, 50th and 75th editions of the Baylorian. We send many thanks to those who paved the way, and we shall carry on this wonderful legacy with pride. We wish prosperity to the Baylorian for another 100 years.

*Sincerely,
The 2012 Baylorian Team*

Joshua Porter

I Hate Being Right

Insanity says it'll always happen like that
But I do it anyway
Society says you can't have it like that
Seems like I live it just the same.
So when life comes at me,
 prideful smile burning bright
I just have to mutter to myself
Man, I hate being right.

My Father asks have you lost your mind?
Maybe he's not far off
My momma says, boy explain your crime
I just avert my eyes and cough
I chose to walk a cautious road
Pinned a target to my own plight
I think I can hear the arrows fly
Man, I hate being right.

So what can I do, anything I can say?
I pray that I'm wrong every single day.
My heart might break, no strength to fight
All I know is, man I hate being right.

Melissa Knowles

The Soles

The mission is over.
Boots lie sitting at the door,
shiny, but worn.

High glossed polish forms layers.
A mission completed.
A soldier lost.
A story left untold.
Spit-shined coats cover the past.

Shoelaces lie limp,
soles dusty.
Boot tracks etched in sand.
The imprint will never wash away.

The boots stand tall,
but lack courage.

Evan Duncan

First Date

Her hair reflects the sun as it lay against her bare shoulder. I can't tell if it's the light bouncing off the straight locks or if her hair is truly that golden. Either way, I'm glad she is talking to me.

I first saw her when she walked into my church. My father told me that church was the best way to meet girls. God is like a magnet to beautiful women. Seeing me in the pew implied I was a "good guy." I'm not sure how much of my goodness was a ruse, but it was certainly effective.

We made eye contact. Her vibrant eyes stood out against her fair skin. The bridge of her petite nose led you into an ocean of greens and blues surrounding the dark, deep pupils. Beyond that, all I remember was legs. They stretched out of her wafting sun dress into some kind of strap covered shoe beautiful women always seem to wear. I imagine ugly women wear them too, but I wouldn't notice.

I wanted to know her. I needed to.

Now we sit at a table, a basket of bread between us. Neither of us touch it.

Our talk revolves around the normal things – family, school, and work. Everything is typical. Her beauty has carried her to this date, and now we can see what else she has to offer. Perhaps this girl would be worth all the movie tickets, gifts and dinners I would undoubtedly have to purchase for her.

Then she says it.

"*7th Heaven* is my favorite TV show."

I laugh. She does too. Our laughs mean different things.

"I watch it all the time. Like, I can quote every episode."

They say in intense situations your adrenaline kicks in. I credit my ability to continue this conversation at all to these chemicals.

She continues to reveal to me her affinity for the drama and intrigue in the seemingly never ending soap opera.

We all enjoy some mindless entertainment, but she names it as a favorite? Everyone eats a Twinkie now and then, but would you choose it over a steak?

My mind races. I notice her hair has lost some of its glimmer.

I'm reminded of house guests who quickly overstay their welcome. They spend hours behind the computer captivated by Youtube and the search term "monkey." Sure, monkeys are funny, but of the gamut of ways to spend your time, watching and re-watching a monkey smell his crap covered hand just doesn't do it for me. Still, I would take that over *7th Heaven*.

I look in her algae eyes and move the conversation toward written words. Maybe she liked Dostoyevsky or Tolstoy.

"Dos-toe-who?"

Twain? Steinbeck? I'll take Stephen King.

"I'm sorry, I just don't really like reading."

The date ends after we eat and talk about her cat or something. I pay and drive her home. Her gangly legs leave my car as I open the door and walk her to the steps.

"Do you want to come in?" she asks, as her hand touches my arm. Wiry yellow hair obscures part of her face.

"Oh, no thanks, I have to work early tomorrow," I say. "I'll text you."

I won't.

I walk back to my car exhausted from the whole procedure. My phone buzzes. A text from my roommate asks if I will be home tonight. I sit in the driver's seat and type my reply.

"I'll be there soon. I'm a man of standards."