

The Legacy

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Photo: Carolina Brea



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The Tale of The Angel, The Paladin, and The Nobleman

Josh Copas

In the days of knights and crusades, there was a nobleman by the name of Enoch of Westerland. Descended from a long line of nobles that spanned ages, Enoch was a good man with many talents and few flaws; he was certain to be as a great a ruler as his father before him.

Enoch had been fighting in the crusades for several years, winning victory after victory, when word reached him that his father had passed, leaving his lands and title to his son. With a heavy heart, but sure feet, Enoch rushed back to his homeland to follow in his father's footsteps as Lord of Westerland. When he returned home, he was welcomed warmly by his people and mother – for Enoch promised to maintain the family legacy of greatness.

The day Lord Enoch arrived, he was greeted by the warrior priest, Jedidiah. Exceptional warrior priests, people like Jedidiah, were known as Paladins – the paragons of The Lord's virtues. It took no small amount of dedication and sheer will to be a Paladin of the Lord, but even so, Jedidiah stood out among his peers as exceptional. When pagans invaded and threatened to conquer the lands surrounding Westerland, it was Jedidiah who led the knights of the church into battle. It was their influence that had saved their land and kept the Word of God the predominant religion in that part of the world. Jedidiah was hailed as a hero for his deeds on the field of battle. Enoch and Jedidiah both quickly recognized each other's prowess and became fast friends.

In time, Enoch found a woman – fair and kind, both in body and spirit – whom he married. As the days passed by, Enoch's wife proved just as competent a ruler as he and it was said that she, not Enoch, made the important decisions for their people. Had they lived in a different kingdom this would have been seen as an affront to their people and fellow nobles, but given her talent for ruling and the weight that the title “of Westerland” surrounded her like an aura, she was readily accepted. With more time to himself, Lord Enoch travelled to other lands with Jedidiah to help broker

peace and trade deals and to bring the Word of God to less fortunate peoples. Though these deals and conversion was almost always done with the tip of a spear, Enoch and Jedidiah succeeded by grace of tongue. No pagan was unwillingly converted, and no fire was quenched by yet more. The realm prospered and it's said that an unprecedented golden age came of this prosperity. This lasted until one day, troubled by the overwhelming positivity in prayers, the Angel Mark looked down on the mortal land.

Fearing the mortal's power and empowered by Satan's soft whisperings, Mark began to poison Jedidiah's mind, hoping that the two friends would turn on each other. You see, the Angel Mark feared replacement by a greater man – like Jedidiah or Enoch. It took little work to twist Jedidiah on Mark's part, as the seeds of jealousy had already taken root in Jedidiah's mind. Not long passed before Jedidiah began to behold his friend with a new gaze – a gaze of false joy and devoid of sincerity. The friendly, toothy grin turned to a polite, close-lipped smile. The warm and rich laughter that so defined Jedidiah became little more than an occasional snort or through-the-nose chuckle.

In those days, only a priest could be heard by God, meaning all Jedidiah had to do was exaggerate here or there and present the grievous sins of the Lord Enoch. Jedidiah was reluctant at first, but a jealous man can only handle so much of another's perfections. Only God could do damage to a man as great as Enoch, so it must be God Himself who acted. That was how Jedidiah viewed it in his now corroded mind. The poison that had infected and grown in him began flowing to God as he spoke of false sins committed by his once friend. God, having no reason to disbelieve his greatest servant began to sprout an ill, even dark, view of Enoch.

Days turned to weeks before Enoch turned to the church for aid, his wife having become sick and his mother's untimely death too much for him to bear alone. It seemed only by the grace of God that his pregnant wife would live to give birth to their son. Instead of helping his friend, Jedidiah spoke more foulness to God, begging that Enoch be taught a resounding lesson. Upon hearing the word of his priest and troubled by the severity of Lord Enoch's supposed crimes, The Lord struck down and took Enoch's wife and unborn

child. The realm mourned her loss. Even Jedidiah felt a pang of regret, but when Enoch turned again to him for help, there would be none.

Seeing his former friend in such pain touched no nerve in Jedidiah, his jealousy now a malignant tumour that twisted his mind beyond recognition. He prayed yet further to God, urging Him to strike Enoch's lands, to ruin his people's faith in him, and to destroy Westerland's name, for Enoch had not learned to be less of a man than he was. All the while, Jedidiah offered Enoch comfort and watched with a sadistic glee as the glorious Nobleman's life fell apart. This comfort was no more than another form of manipulation. Each pat on the back, every confession, and the entirety of their old friendship now a way to develop new sins and false truths to report to God.

One fateful day, Enoch turned away from the church, his grief and anguish turning into the worst wrath and hatred. He stayed in his study, brooding and hating. Unbeknownst to Jedidiah and Mark, one of Enoch's few flaws was wrath – and horrifying wrath could it be. This grew and grew and with each passing loss, the once mighty and noble Lord Enoch slipped towards a man bent solely on revenge. It took little time for his blame to find God, and less time still, until he belted on his sword, an old habit from his days at war, and headed to the woods to face his new foe.

He was not alone on this trek as, some way behind, the twisted Jedidiah followed. Where the fallen Nobleman hoped for revenge, the twisted Paladin yearned for justice for the thousand memorable slights he had suffered because of Enoch's greatness. Deep in the woods Enoch came across a clearing. He strode into the centre as Jedidiah waited just out of sight to see what would happen. He did not have to wait long.

With surprising fury, Enoch screamed his rage to the sky and his hatred at God. With such an unprecedented anger being thrown at Heaven, the Angel Mark was sent down to confront the pompous mortal. A blinding flash of light, like lightning from the clear sky, heralded Mark's arrival. The Angel told Enoch that his hate had gone too far, and that out of all the sins he had committed, he had finally crossed the line. Enoch, fury fuelling his tongue,

denounced God and wished Satan's victory at the Gates of Heaven, demanding that the Angel pay for the crimes to Enoch. Enoch's anger was so great that each word seemed to be a hammer blow to the Angel. Insult after insult, Mark recoiled in shock and in frightened awe. In his sudden fear, the Angel damned Enoch to Hell and Enoch responded in kind. It was then that Jedidiah made the mistake that would ultimately be the one to end his life.

He stepped out into the clearing, praising the Angel's work and dismissing him, saying that he, Jedidiah, could handle it from here. Enoch stood in shock as his last friend turned against him, the last thing holding him back falling away. Mark, disgusted and still in fear, told Jedidiah of his own sins and damned him to Hell as well for his actions.

With tears of rage and despair, Enoch acted first. He drew his longsword and charged, his wrath almost visible as a mighty battering ram before him. As the Angel dodged away, Jedidiah raised his shield and drew his own sword to battle his past friend. Mark, in an attempt to wrest the situation back under his control, tried to step between the brawling swordsmen and command them to stop. To his and Jedidiah's surprise, Enoch's anger would not permit him to stop – the Nobleman attacked Mark then with the fury and recklessness of one who has lost everything, managing to wound the Angel's wing before he could escape back to Heaven. The fight then resumed in a three-way maelstrom of hate, jealousy, and fear.

The battle raged for what seemed forever, each one of the three trying to stop or kill the others. The sword clashes tolled through the woods like massive church bells. The sound of weapons landing on shield or armour resounded almost as if they were giant timpani drums. The glint of the sun flashed off of the indiscernible warriors faster and more violently than the worst lightning storm. If there had been a bystander, he or she might have felt a breeze stirring from the speed with which the warriors' weapons moved. They fought and fought until the impossible happened. Enoch had kicked Jedidiah away and when the Angel charged from behind. Enoch crouched and thrust his sword behind him and Mark fell upon the point. Seeing an opening and not realising what had just

happened, Jedidiah charged again, sword held high. As he reached Enoch, Enoch raised his sword to deflect the blow, causing the Paladin's sword to cut out.

The momentum of his charge meant his sword carried further and the tip cut across the Angel's neck. Stabbed and slashed, the Angel fell, killed twice by Enoch and Jedidiah. As their weapons turned to gold from the blood of the Angel, they stared in disbelief and horror; the former being Enoch's disbelief over having something of God, and the latter Jedidiah's horror as he, now devoid of Mark's poisoning, realised the irreparable sin he had just committed.

Jedidiah's newfound fear moved him first this time. Drawing his dagger, he leapt at Enoch, who still stared at the slain angel with a mixture of satisfaction and disbelief. He stabbed until the Nobleman, too, fell to the ground. Moments passed and as Jedidiah looked around, his head began to clear of poison and he started to understand what had just transpired by his hand. His world crumbling around him, the disillusioned Paladin lifted his sword from the ground. The sword, still gold from the angel's blood showed Jedidiah one thing: the reflection of his face and the tear running down his cheek. This golden tear was the last thing Jedidiah saw before he fell on his sword.

And there they lie, little more than bones now, in a forest clearing in Westerland, The Angel, The Paladin, and the Nobleman. Their tale one of sadness and pain, they tell the world to look for understanding and peace.

Hiding in Dark Places

Lindsey Kelemen

She found a home in her closet.
Made friends with the monsters inside.
She believed them when they told her 'it's scary out there'
And 'this is your safe place to hide'

Maybe the monsters are bigger outside
And she can't bring herself to leave.
I hope she finds a flashlight
Before it gets too hard to breath.

Directions

Jonathon Crump

The sun has
Several hours since
Melted
Into the sea.
The boat slats creak
In time
With the ocean's pulse
In imitation
Of a seagull's screech.

I think
Of the infinite directions
This ship could sail
Toward foreign
Or familiar
Shores.
I think of
The only freedom
The cruelest master,
The rippled continuum
Of potential
That is the sea.

Dissonant Glissandos

Josh Copas

I was sitting, as one does,
when I heard this
Noise.

I felt it first, a creeping
sensation up the back of my neck.
Slowly, as if being individually raised,
my hair on its ends stood.
More and more I edged forward in my chair –
bracing against the odd twisting sensation.
This tense feeling was, at the same time, fleeting and ever-present –
as if it were a shadow at the limits of my vision.

My palms moistened in apprehensiveness,
as this chilling nervousness moulted into something more.
A worry that grew into a terror.
I felt my gut twist with something akin to anger
and my heart wrench,
wrench with a feeling similar to hate out of love –
as if I had watched a bullet leave the barrel of a lover's gun
and felt a muffled explosion as it pierced my heart.

This feeling did not simply leave, rather, it took.

Those needle pins I felt encapsulate my body
slowly drew out of my skin.
The clenched muscles eased into a dull state of excitement.
After what must have been an hour (a minute at most),
The shadow dissipated,
leaving me a sobbing wreck.

I don't know
if I cried for joy (at its release) or out of the absence of

tension
that held tears of fear in.
I do not know why,
but the colour yellow comes to mind.
A warm yellow.
A gross combination of primal fear and sophisticated pleasure from
hearing those
Dissonant Glissandos.

A Distant Eulogy

Lindsey Keleman

Dear, Hero

First, I just want to say,
I'm sorry for what I said when I didn't know anything
And that I heard your story and now it means the world to me.

Honestly your life was amazing
And what you survived was crazy.
I don't wish your struggles on you or anyone
But it gives me strength to know I'm not alone.
I hope I can be half of what you were.

I heard someone was mad. Some jealous ghosts were talking trash.
They wish we'd all forget
That when you danced you moved the world, and that's what they
don't get
You can't be erased from what you've shaped.

So, if you looked out from beyond the stars to check on the world
you left behind,
Found it unkind,
Heard some names they used to call you echo back through time
Don't worry. I will be there.

I've got you.
I'll make the world a better place the way you taught me to.

Sincerely,
The ones that have and always love you dearly.

Focus

Lindsey Kelemen

Okay, time to start.

Check the list. What's first?

'Read pages 5 through 10 and then...'

I'm Hungry.

I think I'll get some lunch.

Burgers? Tacos? Pizza Hut?

Chicken sounds good. I think I'll...

Oh, nice! Season three, finally!

Wait, what was I doing?

Yes, food. That's right.

Okay back to work.

What was it again?

Oh, yeah 'read pages 5 through 10...'

What?

I can't believe he said that!

'@DorasBridgeTroll52 How dare you?!'

Okay, seriously, read the book.

Page 5

'Amber stared straight into Evelyn's eyes like...'

I wonder if Six Flags still has that ride.

If I were a ghost, who would I haunt first?

Do giraffes make sounds?

Has a penguin ever tried to fly?

I love this song!

Wait! I was reading!

Page 5

What time is it?

Nevermind...

35mm

Carolina Brea

1.
bright poppies fleck the rolling hills, a quilt
of lively red through which the cool wind lilt

2.
she's glitter, dancing neon in the night
under my hands, reflecting violet light

3.
along the sea, birds soar; beach roses sway
within the breeze created by the spray

4.
my heartbeat flutters light in your embrace,
sweet kisses blooming blush across my face

5.
a blossom spirals to the ground as deer
alight to find the mountains, far from here

6.
aurora borealis lights the way
among the wild flowers where we stray

7.
your soft hand held within my own, I start
to feel warmth blossoming within my heart

8.
around, around, the colors blurring fast-
that carousel, the place I kissed you last

9.

cool ripples spread across the cobalt pond,
your laugh an interruption of the calm

10.

you slip your robe upon your shoulders, pink
and angel soft, curls falling down like ink

11.

bright fire flickers softly in the hearth
as snow falls light upon the frozen earth

12.

I bring you daisies in a crystal vase
so I can see that smile upon your face

I Gave You My Heart

Diane Edmondson

I gave you my heart,
It was wounded and broken.
You helped me start to heal.
I was finally starting to think
That I might could be something good.

I gave you my heart,
To have and to keep.
There's no one I trusted it with more.
And with your loving help
It began to mend and started to beat again.

I gave you my heart,
To respect and cherish.
I have never loved anyone more.
And with your caring guidance
I began to trust again.

I gave you my heart,
For you to keep safe.
I never feared that I would get hurt.
And for ten wonderful years
You protected me and helped me to grow.

I gave you my heart,
That was something new to me.
You took it, then looked at it,
And you must have found it lacking,
For you stomped it into the ground when you threw my love away.

PTSD is Real

Michelle Thomas

We march and take the orders now.
We go where we are told.
We kill whoever has the facts,
who thinks they should with-hold.

Our wives they try to say don't join.
"Oh, not another tour."
Our children say we have a choice,
but we are their saviors.

The Post Traumatic Stress is real.
Our loved ones get the worst.
Our children say we have a choice,
But now we're just so cursed.

We ride the helicopters fast.
From sand to ocean side.
Our children say we have a choice,
But little do they know we lied.

We're stuck in war forever now.
An internal one, yes.
There's not a choice to be had now,
With Post Traumatic Stress.

Bee's-Love-Honey

Anousone Phimphilavong

- 1 The love he gave was not as honey sweet,
- 2 Instead it grew to gloom and stung the throat.
- 3 The taste became bitter sweet to complete,
- 4 And drew a paleness to her yellow coat.
- 5 Is love supposed to hurt like stinging bees?
- 6 Once stung it's meant to die yet pain he brings.
- 7 His touch became as rough and patched like trees.
- 8 For love, he gave hurt more than a bee who stings.
- 9 But, love she gave was brighter than the sun,
- 10 How sweet and rich her words were to his ears.
- 11 He gave her shots of pain for his own fun,
- 12 The hurt he gave has been enough for years.
- 13 The flowers started blooming when she walked,
- 14 that moment life for her became unlocked.

untitled

Ayekayi Lwin

i kiss you,
but i miss him.

i don't ask
and you don't say,
but i know you still love the girl living cities away.

-

we were together for a long time,
every time i looked over, you were always by my side.

but then,

our path's split
in the shape of a Y
and we went our separate ways;

for all my life, i'll wonder why.

-

you claim that today is the happiest day of your life as you take my
hand into yours.
you look so grown up in your tuxedo as you give me that special
grin you save just for me. there's a small glow to your dark chocolate
eyes and i have never loved you more than i do today.
the church is filled with my favorite mix of peonies, hydrangeas and
roses.
your family traveled a great distance to be here.
the band plays our song as i take my seat.
her father glides her down the aisle,
you give me a nervous glance and i give you an encouraging smile

that you return before finally tearing your gaze away from the past
and settling onto the future.

your mother tears up beside me and squeezes my hand.

she says your bride looks beautiful and i agree.

the priest asks if anybody objects, "speak now or forever hold your
peace,"

and our friends glance over at me.

i say nothing.

she says "i do."

and you do too.

today is the happiest day of your life,
but it is the saddest day of mine.

Letting Go is Hard

Diane Edmondson

Things happen in our lives,
That we find really hard to accept.
Thoughts come back to haunt us,
Time and time again.
We have to realize,
That life changes as we grow.
And we must learn to accept this.
In life there may be pain and sorrow.
Though your world feels broken,
And you feel all alone,
Pick up what is good and move on.
But always remember that in the end,
The ups and downs will balance themselves.
Cry your tears, but never, never surrender.

Lonely Angels

Stevana Simmons

Dear glad goes my temperament, still not so
For how could it in the wake of descent?
Smitten within your celestial glow
Hard work and long hours, you represent--

the physical manifestation of
when the purveyors upstairs take their time,
Do tell me what it's like up there, there up
In the reflection of the ocean, sky

Where the singing seldom ceases, I know,
The last destination of our prayers,
A place that you so dearly called your home.
A land with no seems for one of layers

Being that but one shame in your presence;
The lonely angels you left in heaven.

Lost Love

Diane Edmondson

It's been so long since you've been gone, I thought time could erase.
But oh like yesterday, I can still see your face.
The eyes that once danced with love grew dark and cold as stone.
The love that once was shared by two, I'd have to bear alone.
But if I'd told you one last time, that I'd love you forever.
Maybe the tears I cry alone, we could cry together.
My heart still quivers with pain, though it was so long ago it still
hurts.
And how I would like to just this once, turn back the hands of time.
I'd do things so differently, and you would still be mine.
I cry not for memories, not for dreams that die.
But for the love I could have saved, and didn't even try.

Makes Me Wish I Could Be Different.

Ashton Wright

The life I live is one of love and joy.
To be there for others when all is well
Fills up my caring heart with happiness.
My cup flows over for the ones I love.

When blessings come their way I can't but help
Be delighted and overjoyed for them.
Their happiness means more to me than all
The stars in the sky, the fish in the sea.

To feel this way is fine until it's not.
To be there for others in times of hurt
Makes me wish that I could be different.
Their joys are my joys. Their hurts are my hurts.

A broken heart when it used to be full,
A friends rejection when they used to care,
The death of a loved one hurts more than words
Can say. My heart aches for their broken hearts.

The hardships of life pulls us away from
The light that gave us hope for better days.
The pain that I must face is worth it for
The days when we can see the sun shining.

They say that life is full of ups and downs.
For me it cannot be more true to say,
That life is made of so much more than what
I know to feel so deeply from inside.

Marlboro Reds

Katey Denney

I smelled you before I actually saw you. Marlboro Reds. I knew that that was what you were smoking before I even saw the little red and white package placed gently in front of you on the table. That was how you had captured my attention. The exhale of your cigarette drifted towards me and lifted my eyes from my cold cappuccino. I can't recall how long I had sat like that, but these are things that will never leave me. There was a slight breeze that day, a Sunday. We were at the corner café just off of Main Street. We were seated outside but not together, of course. You were likely there to smoke. I was there to...I'm not sure why I was there. You see, it was something that I'd done for so long that I've forgotten why I did it.

I remember that it was sunny outside with a soft breeze. I only remember this because I remember the way that soft tendrils of your dark brown hair flitted into your face. I remember watching you, not for any particular reason other than I found you simply beautiful.

Your hair was haphazardly tossed up into a loose bun, hence the tendrils. God, I just used the word "hence" – is that even a thing anymore? I would have loved to ask you about it, but I couldn't. I can't.

From what I could see, you were tall. Skinny. Your legs were gathered up underneath you, just a gaggle of angled limbs and ripped blue jeans. The sun was shining into your eyes, making you squint. I wish you hadn't because then maybe I would know what color they were. Your cigarette dangled from between your fingers in such a way that I was terrified that it would slip. But it never did.

Despite the warmth of a threatening summer day, you wore a thick cardigan. The small bones in the back of your neck poked the top layer of your skin ever so softly. I knew right then that if I were to run my fingers over it, I would feel the ever-present bump. The badge worn by those who spent their days hunkered over their work. What did you like to hunker over? Maybe you favored books, or even manuscripts. I closed my eyes and tried to picture your life

in vain. When I opened them again, you were gone.

You left that small red and white package on the table where you once sat and I swear that I still smelled you there long after you'd gone.

Marlboro Reds.

Beautiful Thunderstorm

Jacob McCarter

The wind is howling, leaves begin to shake.
This storm's becoming more tempestuous,
It's hard to sleep, for I am wide awake.
The weather's very outrageous, dangerous.
A flash of lightning strikes before my eyes
And trees begin to violently sway
As branches break and fly across the skies!
The storm has overtaken light of day.
The morning comes, the air is filled with peace,
As birds are chirping, singing to a beat.
The sky a fascinating masterpiece,
The children are running barefoot through the street.
The light has won it's battle with the night,
The Lord has given me a lovely sight.

have an impact on the stars.

In life, and in death, I have a meaning and potential beyond
even my wildest dreams.

And I hope,
That someday I will look back upon these ruminations,
and the wisdom these walks shape and form,
and I will know the right course of action.

I will know the right course of action with full awareness of its con-
sequences and implications
for life and the stars.

What's more is my hope that I can do Good.
That these thoughts and speculations help make me be Right.
I hope that someday the knowledge I possess,
and the dreams I have had,
will come to be a force of good for the world and beyond.

And this prayer
is the foundation for which my nights' walks are based on.

Nature

Caitlin Bartz

You bled me dry and
Held me in your shaking hands
But the posies on my skin
Kept me seeing red

You seemed so angry
Words biting into me like
Knives with blades sharp enough to
Slaughter a god

So all I could do was sit and watch the way
Flowers bloomed under your grip
As if the white of your knuckles
Hid a green thumb

Vines crisscross my thighs
Nurtured by your empty truths and
The sounds of your cries
Feed the garden blossoming on my skin

Your fingertips dig into me as if
My skin were made of soil
And you were trying to root yourself
Into my soul

There's something unnervingly natural in the things you choose to
do
I wonder if this hatred is innate in human nature

Sides

Diane Edmondson

In this weird world of ours each person inside hides,
Just can't let anyone see, our soft and tender sides.
There are those who don't show these sides much,
These are the souls of the doomed.
They don't let their hearts be touched.
There are also the ones who wear their hearts on their sleeves,
These people are shunned, their hearts broken easily.
Thoughts, feelings, desires, and needs,
Should only be shared with ones to whom your heart is tied.
And the only way to tell is if these are the ones,
With whom you should be,
Is if they share with you their soft and tender side.

Sonnet from the Six

Chris Jackson

My block is black as night and black is pain
The hood in fact is void of life and love,
I hate the crime that pours the blood by vein
I hope one day we all can rise above.

The streets are black, and blacks are still on crack
The night is fresh with blood and hearts are still.
The gangs sit back awaiting the attack
A mother mourns her son, he-was just killed.

The next day is the end of all the wars,
To pain, to hate, to crime, we cause to cease
We make a pact to stop the blood that pours,
The block will be a home to hope and peace.

The block will now be built by honest work,
A place where death and pain no longer lurk.

Sprout

Jenna Manley

When I was little, Grandma would tend to
a tiny garden right next to her house.
I'd try to peek around, but she would know
that I was right behind her the whole time.

She'd turn around and beckon me to sit,
and each time I would join her without fail.
The stone bench scratched me when I watched her work
while she dug holes for every bulb and seed.

Then Grandma brought another spade one day.
She then said to me, "Dirt builds character."
She placed the shovel in my hands and grinned.
"That's okay," I smiled back. "I like dirt."

My crash course over flowers then began.
Perennials come back, and annuals don't.
I learned that lilies are unsafe for pets.
Carnations sell the most for funerals.

The most important thing she taught me was
that every living thing is important.
"Remember, little sprout," she always said.
"They need sunshine and love, just like we do."

I think about what she said often as
I water my own garden at my house
"They're just a bunch of plants," my father says.
"But they're a little like us, don't you think?"

Stubborn Will

Noah McAlister

If my mother dies before me,
she humbly requests all of us (everyone she knows)
to raise vodka shots and smoke a Lucky Strike
at a dingy, old-person bar–

probably Mulligans.

There's no smoking cigarettes inside,
but she knows the bartender alright and promises
he'll let us, for her, smoke just one.

Just one, and we'll burn, and be burned,
and toss the ashes of our mourning with her meaning
into plastic trays.

To her, it's all joke, I know.
But for her, I will.

To Trayvon & my bother[s].

Mariana Lowe

My brother was born 18 years ago. My brother has beautiful brown skin.

My brother wears hoodies. My brother loves skittles & Arizona tea.
My brother was 12 when Trayvon Martin was murdered.
Will my brother be next?

My brother looks like an Aztec Chief. Threatening to the white man
& Spanish conqueror.

My brother resembles a man. Tall, broad shoulders, facial hair. He is
not a man.

He is the little boy whose hand I held as our mother was beaten.

The boy I carried while we ran from the abuse of his father.

Sleeping on strange beds and homeless shelters.

The boy who cried, only to be called gay and labeled “no son of
mine.”

A boy who loves without asking for nothing in return.

My brother’s body threatens without threats.

His face displeases.

His brownness causes discomfort.

His presence makes grown men call the cops.

He cannot walk the streets without notice.

Yet it is he that instills fear.

Will my brother be next?

Are you watching? Are you listening?

Will you stop the senseless killing.

Trayvon, Trayvon, Trayvon.

Are you watching? Are you listening?

Tamir Rice, Philando Castile, Devonte Ortiz.

Will my brother be next?

Why aren’t you paying attention.

Please. Don't let my brother be next.

Without You

Diane Edmondson

Without you my life has been blue, a broken heart and all memories
to.

I know that there was something there, good times I remember we
will always share.

For togetherness may have to end, and relationships may just begin.
Every day I think about you, there's nothing in the world I'd rather
do.

For when I'm with you my world is bright, but when you leave me
it's suddenly night.

I hate it when we have to part, it's like a knife stabbed straight
through my heart.

Wishing we were in each other's arms, just wishing on some magic
charms.

Without you my heart's filled with sorrow, but I keep telling myself
there's always tomorrow.

I will always love you for as long as I'm here, living without you is
my biggest fear.

Maybe relationships didn't work in the past, but then again maybe
this one will last.

Think of me like I think of you, and our love will be forever true.

The Legacy

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Submission Guidelines

The Legacy accepts submissions from current WTAMU undergraduate and graduate students, alumni, faculty and staff members of the University community.

General Guidelines

All written submissions should be sent as a .doc; .docx or .rtf attachment to legacy@wtamu.edu with the following information given in the body of the email:

Your full name.

Your name as you wish it published.

Your major and class standing (Freshman, Sophomore, Graduate student, etc.) if a student, or year of graduation if Alumni.

Your department if faculty or staff.

Contact Information: email and phone number

Additionally, identify the genre of work you are submitting in the subject line.

Fiction Submission

Each writer/artist should submit no more than one work in each category with the exception of poetry for which you may submit 3-5 poems (see specific guidelines for each genre below). Send each genre submission in a separate email, identifying the submission type in the subject line of the email. By submitting your work, you authorize The Legacy to use your submissions as necessary for the publishing and advertising of the journal.

Fiction, Drama and Creative Non-Fiction

Submit up to three works in this category, each in a separate email. Works should be double-spaced, not exceed 4,000 words, and contain no identifying information such as your name, ID#, etc. Submissions must be fully edited for spelling, grammar, and mechanics. We will reject spectacular pieces if they are not properly proof-read.

Poetry

Submit 3-5 poems in a single email as attachments, which should not exceed 40 lines each. Some exceptions may be made – please contact the editing staff.

Art and Photography

Submit 3-5 photos in a single email, as attachments. All artwork should be 300 ppi. Submissions must be in JPG or TIFF format. Three-dimensional work should be submitted under this category.

NOTE: The Legacy retains the right to edit selections for publication for grammar, mechanics, spelling, typos, incorrect word use.

