

THE Legacy

The Legacy is seeking submissions for its Spring Edition. The deadline is March 21, 2014.

Submission Guidelines

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

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 (e.g. poetry)

THE Legacy
presents

BLOODY
or
Beloved
Valentines

Spring 2014

THE Legacy

Special Edition for Spring 2014

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First Place

Chemistry
by Mattie McAlavy
(or, “I didn’t mean to write this about *you*”)

Sometimes I think the two of us evoke
a longing in each other so robust
my dreams have dreams of when I am awake.
But then I find you looking somewhere else,

as if to fathom Us would be so strange.
Beneath your gaze I sense this untapped fire –
a wit so sharp your quips could cut a stone –
so why, then, do you always look away?

I really hate the way you don’t respond
to all the little things I do (in vain) –
as if I were some trial before you
set out to find your match in someone else.

Between our mix of dry retorts, the match
we make scholastically, and all those sparks
of ours, we ought to be an inferno.
Instead, we are eclipsed – by doubt.

We meet each other’s gaze, and then we balk
at the conceit within the moment’s spark.
For you (and you alone) I’d risk that spark –
the blaze won’t bloom without some help, you know.

Turnrow Love
by Abigail Grace Miller

The turnrows lead to you, Farm Boy.
I see your tractor stir up clouds of dirt.
We meet at ends of cotton stalks and stop.

I run to your ol’ tractor. Climbing up
the stairs, I see you waiting and I smile.

You wrap your arms around me and
in that instant, I smell the mix of dirt
and sweat lingering on your sunburnt fair skin.

You plow, I sit beside you while I fall
in love with you, my hard working Farm Boy.

Story of Man
by Melissa McCallum

Oh, the miserable life of man,
his trials, his journey--
Of loss and forgotten things;
of endings and goodbyes;
but within him lies strength.

Weep for his poor soul,
for the dreams unseen,
unshared, never cultivated;
such potential never achieved;
but at least he dreamed.

Oh, this wanting man;
lost in the crowd,
reaching for greatness,
wanting adventure,
craving change,
desiring all!
But left with obligation.
And yet, recognizing all that is,
the sacrifice and misery--
A dreamer scorned,
a man misplaced--
He is content with mere moments,
memories cherished,
and the possibility of greater things.

Second Place

Someone Another Mentioned
by Melissa McCallum

You are fireworks and a good movie,
a soft touch and sultry eyes;
a reminder of patient men.

You are rooftops and butterfingers,
good intention and understanding;
gestures of a gentle man.

You are long conversations and hypotheticals,
humanity and perfect worlds;
a semblance between strangers.

You are a thoughtful memory,
reminisced without regret;
a reminder of true worth.

Third Place

The Reality of Love by Alex Holden Martinez

A stream of sunlight falls on my face and awakens me. Last night is such a blur and my head is pounding. I glance at the clock: 6:30. Time to start my day. I get out of bed and look down at my sleeping wife, Ruby. She's so beautiful. How blessed I am to have such a wonderful wife. I lean down and gently kiss her forehead, careful not to wake her. I shower, dress, and leave to start the work week.



The moon is high overhead as I pull into my apartment complex. I've worked sixty hours this week but hey, I can't complain. Valentine's Day is just around the corner and my wife deserves nothing less than the best. It's past eleven and Ruby will be upset, but I'll make it up to her. I enter my apartment and go to the bedroom. Ruby is sound asleep. I pull the blanket over her and see her mouth start to move.

"Shhh baby, stay asleep. Rest up, you deserve it. I love you."

I shut the bedroom door and go into the kitchen. There's

Show Me Love By Azrael

I am sitting in my car staring at my phone. At the last message he sent me. The message shattered my heart. How did this conversation turn into a fight? Tears begin to fill my eyes as the pain starts to consume me. "Show Me Love" is playing.

"A different place, a different life
Remember that night underneath the stars
For a minute I thought the world was ours
All you had to do was show me love."

As the chorus ends, my tears begin to fall.

Heavy breaths, sensual pleasure once more,
he doesn't suspect a thing.
His eyes meet mine and I don't hesitate
before I rip his heart out as he did mine.
He gapes at me in shock, then to his heart
pul-sin-g in my hand.
I smile, for now he knows
his heart beats for me—
And only me.

some fish and potatoes, but that's about it. I always was a horrible cook, but I decide to light the stove anyway. The fish ends burning, and fills the apartment with a putrid smell. The potatoes end up being decent, and I wash my plate so Ruby doesn't have to in the morning. Finally, I spray some air freshener to mask the smell of the burned fish and crawl in bed.



The next morning the gross fish smell immediately fills my nostrils. I wonder why the smell lingered? Oh well, two more days until the fourteenth. I get ready, kiss Ruby goodbye, and leave for work.



That night, I need an excuse to be out late so I can run to the store to get Ruby's Valentine's gift. I get my phone and call her. She doesn't answer—she hardly ever does—so I leave her a voicemail.

“Hey baby, someone got stuck in traffic, so I have to stay late tonight. Don't wait up, I love you.”

I rush to the jewelry store and make it just in time before it closes. I buy her some diamond earrings, then go to Target and get her the largest box of chocolates they sell. I hide the items in my trunk and drive home.

I come home to a letter taped to the door. It says:

“Several other tenants have complained of a foul smell coming from your residence. You have 72 hours to fix the problem or face fines and possible eviction.”

Wow, all that for some burned fish? I rip the note in half and enter the apartment. I pass the kitchen and remember I forgot to go grocery shopping. Luckily, Ruby always keeps some meat in a small freezer in the bedroom. I open the door silently, and see her blanketed silhouette. She looks oddly thin, and I

make a mental note to ask about it later. I walk to the freezer and open it. I take out some steak and go back to the kitchen. I cook it and am careful not to burn it this time. I gobble it down quickly and note its peculiar taste. By the time I wonder if it's gone bad or not, it's already in my stomach. I crawl into bed and pull the blanket over me. I feel an odd sensation on my leg and swat in that direction. Sigh. Bed bugs right before Valentine's, how sweet.



The morning of the fourteenth, I sneak out of bed and retrieve the gifts from my car. I go back to the apartment and realize the smell is still there, and it's stronger than ever. I hope it doesn't ruin our day. I go back into the bedroom, and place them on the nightstand by the bed.

“Wake up Ruby, happy Valentine's Day.”

Her mouth twitches, but she doesn't stir. I never like to wake her, but her excitement for the gifts is bound to overpower her anger at being awakened. I touch her cheek and immediately draw back. Why is it so cold in here? She's freezing. I shake her shoulder, and her mouth twitches again, this time strange and crookedly. Then, small white ovals begin to pour out of Ruby's mouth.

I stumble back as the maggots erupt from her mouth, nose, and begin to nibble through her cheeks. I pull the blanket from her body. Cockroaches, maggots, and flies litter the bed. I look at my wife's body. Where her fine curves and stomach once were, now is a hollowed out bug buffet. I glance down and realize there is another clump of maggots on a round, steak-like piece of her flesh that has gone missing.

I breathe, but the sour, disgusting smell of human decomposition chokes me. I vomit and begin to shake violently. I close my eyes and breathe deeply through my mouth. Back to reality. I open my eyes, and the smell of burned fish fills my nose.

His Heart Beats for Me by Brooke Montgomery

His heart beats for me—
And only me.
I saw him looking at her...
in that way.
Needless to say it angered me,
and he thought I wouldn't notice...
How stupid of him—
He gazes into my eyes so affectionately,
but my heart knows it's her he sees.
Lies pour from his mouth, a geyser of pain flooding my soul.
His lips touch mine and I instantly know—
He's been with her.
The aroma of an unknown scent insults my nostrils,
I know him well...
That's not his smell.
Glisten of fresh sweat lingers on his neck beneath my finger tips.
He's nervous, I observe.
The slut's spell is still upon him.
He doesn't say a word but his face tells me all—
I grit my teeth right before I make my move.
I gaze at him in that way and pull him close,
reach to seduce him and receive no resistance.
He wants it and I give it, pulling him in deeper.

I wait and watch, don't breathe, don't move, don't scream!
I feel the gentle touch of he who wants
his will from me and I will not resist.
My fear turns from love, to rage, then hate.

Tomorrow he will go away for good.
I'll call someone for help for I now know,
I cannot miss another night of sleep.
That cat I loved has tortured my last nerve.

I go under the sink and pour bleach all around my house. I
empty two cans of air freshener, and leave my apartment, locking
the door behind me.

I drive to Bed, Bath, and Beyond, and skim through the
comforter sets. I pick one with a girly, ornamental design. I take
it to the checkout line.

"Buying some new sheets today, Sir?" the cashier
asks.

"Oh yes, my wife ruined the last ones, so I thought it'd be
a good Valentine present," I said, with a smile on my face.

Honorable Mention

The Still Dagger by Melissa McCallum

I spoke not to slay men with words,
to converse or create indifference,
change the world to my wishes
or to find kinship in strangers.

It was not because I lacked conviction
in my own beliefs
or questioned the state of the world
when I have every right.

There was simply nothing left to say
and yet I continue on.
Because of all things
I fear silence.
And what becomes of it.

Love Dies in The Night by Delinda King

I heard a plaintive cry in darkness deep.
I laid and listened, filled with fear and dread,
of noises seeming far away, then close.
Through leaves and sills the thing calls out to me.

It screams and wails and chills my blood to ice.
A scratching on the window steals my breath,
as I hear nails from sharpened claws that leave
the marks of need above the open pane.

I cannot see, but sense it enter now.
I lay so still I feel each breath upon my skin.
The pressure of a body on my bed
creates a swelling fear inside my head.

A shadow flits across the wall. I count
four arms, long nails, and ears that point and hear
the drumming of my startled, throbbing heart.
And my eyes, now wide--they want to close, not see!

“Bye luv.”



Later that night.

He is NOT studying with Billy. He is at Caroline's. I can see them through her stupid full length window.

What do I do?

I'll wait for them. That's what I'll do. I'll wait until he leaves and she opens the door to let him out and she'll have to get on her tippy toes to kiss him good night--AHH!!

I'll spray them with pepper spray, and when they cough and their lungs scream for air, I will stab them with my knife!

Then when they are dead and in tiny little pieces, I'll take their hearts. The piece of me they broke.

No one will ever find my bloody Valentine's heart.

A Voicemail From Last Night by Erik Burdett

Your tongue has brushed
against mine and
you have bitten me bloody.

You whisper cutting
into me, “You poor, poor,
motherfucker. This
is just a dream.”

Laying In Bed by Erik Burdett

He spies her
sitting on the edge
of the tub,

warm and certain
to stay that way
she brushes her
black hair back
and he wishes
only to be a towel
and to hold her

just once, even if
if at once cast
away across the floor.

Obsession
by Eric E. Gonzalez

In the pursuit of love:
Cupidity is stupidity,
Avarice, callous,
And greed, a creed,
For a heart full of malice.

Broken
by Eric E. Gonzalez

I see you walking in the pale moonlight,
looking at me with those dead eyes and
smiling that ostensible smile that hides
your loneliness and sickens me so. I gaze
upon you with pity and contempt,
wondering when you will stop pretending
to be okay and worry-free. If the lament
in your heart is too much to bear, then
tell me and I will make the pain go away.
Forever.

My Bloody Valentine
by Sydney Leigh

He Cheated!!
That lying cheating ass hole! He said he was studying!
I brought pizza over to John's dorm room, but there was
no one there.
I heard from Alice, who heard from Megan that he was
in Caroline's room.
Studying my ass, he was probably screwing her.
Why would he do that three days before Valentine's
Day? She's just a stupid Cheerleader, sneering at me on campus
with her short skirts and that green bow in her hair. I'm prettier
then she is! That little slut.
It is. All. Her. Fault.
No.
It's THEIR fault. They. Will. Pay.
There he is!
"Hi, Joan."
"Hi, John. I called you last night."
"I was studying-"
"Yea, you said... So what are you doing tonight?"
"Studying again, I have to pass this final baby."
"Right, you could study with me in my dorm. I can buy
pizza."
"Na, my roommate's really good at math, I don't want to
suddenly switch teachers and mess up the flow. Ya know?"
"Right, well see ya later."