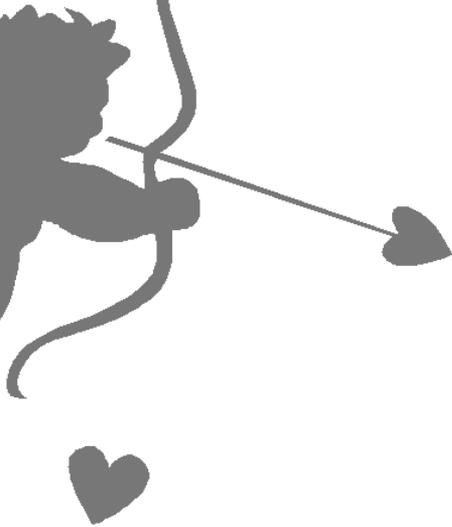


gacy



r Bloody

lines

16

TABLE OF

THE POETS

McKenzie Buchanan [Second

Maryanne M. Wells [Third Pl

Stephanie Milam

Kelly Louise Turk

Megan K. Miller

KJ Matthews

Mari

McKenzie Buchanan

Shanice Cameron

Stephanie Milam

Moriah Buchanan

THE WRITERS

Cristian J. Mora [First Place]

Nessa Locke

Delinda King

THE LEGACY

Sponsors

Staff

T-Shirt Order Form

Spring 2015 Submission Gui

Copyright 2016 by T

ST PLACE

ne's Confessional

stian J. Mora

r Immaculate Conception for
I still have a thrill for St.
overs experiencing mass
love from Heaven above. I
and make sure that, after
y gray hair is in tack. What?
ew gray hairs stick with me
confession for an hour
for a busy confessional.
essional, it is oddly empty
ng. I notice her calm
hand. I lead the blonde
nfessional and close the

t the stereotypical kind you
ngular room with two chairs.
e side so that I can't see her
r is facing directly at me.
ild?"

dy."
er lap and looks up sniffing.
unusual. That's when she
something horrible, father."
o lose this troubled soul.
d, I am here to hear you.

ng against her small hand
e. "Please child, have no

or I want to sin." Julia then
e, my husband, at a party in
college kid. Loved college but

hate actually working on the
man. Or so what I have to n
father, I confess that my ch
would die hearing that Jr. is
wrong! I didn't cheat on Joe
was so young and... Dear G
going to lose Joe so I had to
happened. Believe me, the a
after the first time of trying
my attempt. It wasn't until
my deepest desire became reali
when I made up my mind th
Jr. I wanted Jr. and Jr. is m
care of himself now, it's bee
came home."

I interjected, "What a
do something—as you said—

Her fingernails stopp
cheating on me for ten mon
known for ten months and a
found the cost of what a div
you can tell—am devoted to
an option. Joe didn't like he
quiet again. "So he brings h
my dining room. Lays in my
restroom. I know she's in m
Every single day. I can even
well, just a little more tighte
I won't give him a divorce th
to be. If I'm not home then..

"I can absolve the ma
feel—"

"But I love him? I wa
And Jr. would have a fit kn
Jr. really does care for me s
about me. But I love Joe. I'v
love is cruel and God is love
"

I interjected, "But wh
"God is cruel, father."

with. Tomorrow is a long ways
in a matter of seconds.
ay dinner, Joe agreed to
did he wouldn't stay the
he won't make it to tonight.
bite of whatever I decide to
get to spend the rest of
l ever. I was thinking steak
e would love that."

e're in a church!" That's
love that somebody knows
you. I really like you. Forgive
anders isn't my real name."
your last name was

prayer to absolve my sins?"
n't remember what happened
raising the host and
wine into their holy entities.
n tasted bitter in fear of
-to myself that Julia
t I knew that Julia, even
will haunt us all forever.
y, but forever can happen in

e crowd of people leaving
All I could wonder was
d. The glimmer of blonde
den in the confluence of the
ntinue to shake hands and
l, "Happy Valentine's Day,
t phrase.

SECOND

Son

by McKenzie

The thoughts of others permeate
How they have souls and thoughts
own.

That all the people passing qu
Have thoughts that are entire

They have their own perspective
A word that makes them laugh
make

Them cry. A light and dark un
This Sonder that we have to s

A cure to vapid cold indifference
The Introspective end of selfis
Thus Sonder smites the insol
Its name alone speaks to a hi

A word that has its own majesty
Such depth can be unearthed
It's strange. But real. The sou

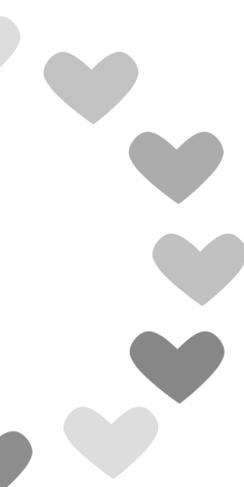
ny.

deafening the noise

above all else

better man,

the heart.



THIRD

To the Po

by Maryann

Love's never lost, so it's been
By those whose hearts believe
But since you left, left me bereft
My best breath goes to grieve.

Where are the roses we did share
One each for telltale hearts?
You came to mourn, I came to
Don't you miss us playing our

When on our night, at midnight
You'd raise your glass, toasting
With Martell in hand and eyes
"To the buried reposed here, i

Why would you the best troth
Why would you our dream kill
In trembling wait for love and
This mystery binds me still.

You and I, we always scorned
common passions from pale w
Our mutual craving for eterna
Fuels hope to which I cling.

Our dream dead? No, tell me
Tell me love's not discarded,
For to pull me from our dream
Is to leave me broken hearted

Through red-litten windows I
No sign of you do I see.
Your dark figure cracking the
Rests here, in my memory.

n to the grave.
mplore.
ving dream?
ermore.”



Life G

by Stepha

I've seen you love drunk,
Stumbling feet over your words
Trampling beer bottles with p
Muttering synonyms of depre
As if her kiss translates to se
All hope forgotten,
Confusing her touch for a sav
But the blind should never le
Fingertips touching but never
She can't save you from your
But you accept every pamphlet
You buy every box she's sellin
Knowing most are empty,
You carve out holes in your s
Only to find out later,
She wasn't the self-help book
Useful, but never free,
A sorrowful distraught story
Seems to be the key,
That unlocks the door betwee
Who were never meant to be-
Don't mix up exceptions and
When you're lying in bed,
Staring at the darkness ahead
The two go hand in hand--
The excuses you supply danc
Oh so wickedly with the exce
She's the only exception
You make excuses for,
Stirring up controversy in yo
Distress in your chest,
A sure sign your heart has st
Pumping creativity to your ha
Your pen has become a long
Your rhymes seem to get wea
And yet, you try to keep spitt

consistently,
mically,
you feel,
from her--
re,
ne war,
fore her
r her,
nder
esson in leaving,

les,
gain,

Sist

by Kelly Lo

Two people never could contr
Her world, a whim an impuls
In constant flux. My world is
Until it seems to stagnate, st

As distant limbs as we are ne
To grow apart, there was a ti
Together from the same two
It's from these people our liv

The past is where such fondr
For closeness only brings ab
Conflicting thoughts and way
Ensured that such an outcor

Detachment does allow vene
So long as we take note of tir
All contact short and shallow
A talent we unwitting did acc

love,
navy dove,
embrance for
nothing more.
see
where she'll be.
years, and grieve
nite conceived.



The Best
by Megan

You moved away and started
With no regrets, or so it seem
Alone I cried, and wept, and
The voice that once spoke so

I missed my chance to tell yo
Instead, my pain it grew, and
How stupid could I be to hold
When every word you spoke i

Too scared to give my heart a
Control—that fabled thing I st
And so I planned a means to
To prove to you that I was wa

So one last time you met with
The truth you bared, your wo
You told of the great love you
But in New York, you found a

She took you by surprise and

d all your strife.
ou do adore
care for.
r away,
w everyday.
it's best
t the rest.



A Stunning

by KJ M

The amount of frustration,
The anger and humiliation,
The pain you continue to cause
Is unbelievable.
You make life so hard.
I imagine a hammer in your hand
Or a knife in your stomach,
Twisting left, then right;
Delivering only a taste
Of what you do to my heart,
As your blood runs down my side
Dripping to the ground
As I watch the lights go out.
Your eyes go blank;
The smile creeping to my face
My sweet love, you were so beautiful
But your death,
Your cold, bloody body in my arms
Is the most stunning picture
Ever imagined.

e So

Mari

quite a day,
red skin,
the windows,
ne I--

ppease,
ights made in haste,
as ride sound waves too,
s in the morn.

your way in,
'bout me,
ed on us,
as you leave.

Fle

by McKenzi

From bubbling blood of Kronos
That yearn for Aphrodite's ger
The sweet and bitter ambrosia
The fruit forbidden of the sacr
No other feast more passionat
No other thing will more a ma
The touch of another, who can
If said not you wanted it, *you*
For flesh can speak softly, jus
Or scream like a Banshee, lan
The call of flesh can cripple m
And leave them full of regret t
A king it murders, a fool it en
It cuts so deeply, even to the b
The pull of desire, of wanting
Can bury minds in impetuou
When two become one, a port
A work of art that leaves temp
For none can question the bea
Yet wandering Eves break life
So whether for love, or for car

all measure.
you know,
at fields you sow.



Embrace

by Shanice

If walls, could talk, they'd ha
they'd speak of pain, heartbr
inner thoughts that cloud th
unleash suppressed emotion

Long nights, big moons, stro
Describes the life I've lived, n
My love has come and gone,
I travel now, without you in n

The false tale I have told, has
My love to you, I now need to
For when were here I did not
Embrace, embrace, my love j

Our music, started out so fa
Your light blinded me as I tin
Your laugh and smile, my lif
We talked and played, sweet

My body sluggish and plague

must go away
ce with both hands.
ou wont know.



Giving Up

by Stepha

We were never taught what g
What slicing up our chest,
Cranking open our rib cage,
Hand in, pulling out veins
like earplugs under water--
What the pressure feels like,

Swallowing "I love you's" to a
Telling ourselves "love" is som
Not just something you say,
In eighth grade
We were given a reality check
And after, I remember wonder

Girls and guys separated
like public restrooms,
Guys are told to watch out--
Crabs are everywhere and the
but us girls are given a softer
toilet seat covers of informati

An older woman,
(Who was contraception hers
our purity was a candy bar
we can only share once,
And NO ONE wants a half-ea
so oral counts,

Well excuse me if I'm just a w
I found out the hard way guy
Taking bites before passing m
I'm empty now
sweet confections are hardly
sions--
I'm not buying it lady,

When a girl is told she is bea

by Ness

lickling her skin,
r body

will consume her,
his tongue,
taste buds are working--
every one.

own his throat,
ng,
up late wondering,

rable parts of myself,
w many candy bars he al-

hing--

he irony snickers bring--

in the hallway
way.

Don't you remember w
kids sitting on the curb, toss
talking about the future and
the time we perched ourselve
car, wondering if we stayed n
go? (I knew back then I woul

On Halloween we terr
shooting your shaving gel on
parked car. It turned cold an
cuddled on your porch swing

(That bridge we used t
y more. They tore it down and
frightening further down the

That last night the wo
sheet of ice covered everythin
planks under our feet to the
chest. We watched the icicles
tered on the frozen stream b
rocky walls of the ravine.

You swung your legs o
face me from the other side a
told you to piss off and quit p
trying to scare me and it wor
you, you'd jump anyway. I tr
shrugged my shoulder and s

(I knew you were just

You laughed and calle
distract you with a kiss. You
was so warm I lost all focus
notice you were pulling me w

I tried to hold on, I sw
to fly, but I wasn't strong en
damn you! I screamed.

But you wouldn't spre

When you hit the ice l

of regret, no blackbird's
g but the empty, dull thud of

Hollo

by D

It was Spring and it wa
Custom Harley was eating up
ravenous lion on a downed an
proclaiming blacktop jungle s
back, enjoying the vibration b
flicking tendrils of hair aroun

Twelve hundred miles .
moment of the ride. Jack was
ing companion. Her every wis
me down the road least travel
Buy me something. Done. He
ed before she recognized her c
she could love, she would love
And she didn't. And anyway h

Closing her eyes, Olivia
from the roads they had trave
were fields of clustered grass
they resembled acres of Dona
Colorado, straight and tall ex
out like skinny bent legs. In h
an old man in the tree, bent o
stuck in a knothole forever. I
ite sites were the dead people
towns and abandoned gas sta
ghosts and memories.

Jack reached back and
Combined with the roar of the
of the open road, the touch w
his shoulders with an unspok
ure. Sensing her meaning, Ja
belly-laughed into the wind.
The other driver, not paying a
their lane. For Olivia, time sto
moving through the air, over
with a bone-crushing thud a
dent.



in some time later, bringing
She knew that her right arm
head sent white hot pain to
es again, straining to gain
that was her body. The world
snow laden morning. Where
ightly, she could see him,
feet away. She could also see
nd powerful machine
larger beast. One deep
able to move.
ne around her. Jack never
she glanced at the rolled
ng woman inside was also
ed airbag, her head thrown
as dead, she scanned the
ing for help. The road was
both directions. As she
w he also was no longer with
ck at an impossible angle, he
ss of mangled flesh. His
o the warm spring sun as if
e last whiff, of the budding
d face, that sported a week
l acceptance of his fate. Oliv-
skull ring with its diamond
ed her eyes to picture the
were so happy that day. He
loads of money, pretending
child, or maybe Bill Gates.
torn and blood-stained jeans
s. Finally freeing it, she
dollars in cash. Considering
d the money in her pocket.
nsurance,” she said.
und beside Jack’s chilling
ss from her dark, waist length
her cheek. Suddenly she
eath thunder of an approach-
unch of grass, she wiped
marveling that she no longer

hurt.

As she reached the edge
stopped in front of her. A child
she gazed into the vacant bla
she couldn’t resist the urge to
some and horrifying being.

“Get on doll,” the hollow
going for the ride to end all ri

Olivia mounted the bike
smoothly out onto an endless

Cavernous night envelo
frightened, Olivia cried out ho

“It’s spring and it is glo

strings

Buchanan

in yours and mine-
und than twine.
something strong:
and lasts so long.
ave for you;
now it true.
ver far.
ve a scar.
snap in two,
'til they're due.
bered days,
a haze.
e have our string,
her bring.
fill our life.
m, begone, strife!
than a one.
nd to run.
gs such peace;
now release.
re not in chains:
ould one refrain?
er with time,
the climb.

LEGACY S

Our thanks and apprec

Dr. Jessica M

Sybil B. Harrington College

an

Dr. Stephen Severn

English, Philosophy, a



LEGACY

Managing Editor—Erin Webb

Staff Editor—Ashley Carlisle

Staff Editor — Delinda King

Staff Editor—Nessa Locke

Staff Editor—Alex Martinez

Faculty Advisor—Dr. Pat Tyr

T-SHIRT



Legacy T-Shirt for \$10

Ordering:

Name, Number, and Size to:

legacy@tamu.edu

Available in sizes S, M, L, XL, XXL

We will contact you to confirm and arrange for payment.

No payment required.

THE Legacy

The Legacy is seeking submissions
The deadline is **March 18, 2011**

Spring

Submission

The Legacy accepts submissions from undergraduate and graduate students and staff members of the University of Texas at Austin.

All written submissions should be submitted as a .doc or .rtf attachment to legacy@tamu.edu. The following information given in the submission is required:

- Your full name.
- Your name as you wish it to appear.
- Your major and class standing (Undergraduate, Graduate student, or Alumni if Alumni).
- Your department if faculty.
- Contact Information: email address and phone number.