

PROMETHIA

2012-2013



# TABLE OF CONTENTS

## LETTER FROM THE EDITOR

Art can be considered a form of release, an escape from reality, a form of worship, an act of creation, and many other things. Each artwork, whether it be written, sketched, photographed, or otherwise, contains a piece of the artist. Each artist hides a part of his or her thoughts and experiences in their characters and story. Sometimes this is a hidden portion of the self that no one else will ever see, and sometimes only those closest to the artists are able to see it within the story. Art is their venue of sharing a deeper part of who they are.

There is a moment within *The Fellowship of the Ring* when a character from each of the high races pledges his weapon to Frodo and the mission--a sword, another an axe, and yet another his bow. To those who have pledged themselves to this issue of Promethia via their quill, camera, paintbrush, and computer, their blood, sweat, and tears to those whose pieces made it and those that did not, we have greatly enjoyed the process and have much gratitude for your willingness to share a part of yourself with the audience.

To the audience, we hope you enjoy this labor of love.

*Lauren Percival*

## STAFF



KEITH GOGAN  
*Faculty Advisor*  
English and Modern  
Languages Department



LAUREN PERCIVAL  
*Editor*  
Senior, Missions



CHRISTINA JUMPER  
*Photo Editor*  
Sophomore, Multimedia  
Production



JOSEPH HULL  
*General Staff*  
Freshman, Writing



ROSALYN USUMANG  
*General Staff*  
Senior, Writing

4  
SUSPENDED SPACE  
*Justin Allen*

9  
DO AS I SAY, NOT AS I DO  
*Carolyn McCleod*

13  
DIVINE TOUCHES  
*Hannah Covington*

16  
POTATO SALAD  
*Hannah Covington*

27  
ALONE  
*Sarah Cochran*

31  
KNOWN AND UNKNOWN  
*John Fulton*

5  
LIQUID DEMISE  
*Theresa Gonzales*

10  
FUZZY YELLOW BALL  
*Ginger Gregory*

15  
A CANE FOR CAIN  
*John Fulton*

18  
THE LAST WORD OF  
THE EXECUTED  
*Nathan Lundeen*

28  
THE FIRE OF HEAVEN  
*Nathan Lundeen*

36  
WORLD, WILL YOU RE-  
MEMBER ME?  
*Caleb Reynolds*

38  
OUR TYRANNICAL  
MOTHER EARTH  
*Jordan Watkins*

6  
EVEN THE SPARROW  
HAS FOUND HER HOME  
WITH YOU  
*Alana Settle*

10  
FEELING ORANGE  
*Ginger Gregory*

15  
THE SILVER BOW  
*Evelina Lundqvist*

19  
A DOG AND HIS SICK  
MASTER  
*Joseph Parker*

29  
SALAMANDER (FOR  
RAY)  
*Christina Jumper*

36  
CARDINAL  
*Lisa Daniels*

39  
THE PAPER CHASE  
*Keith Gogan*

8  
EBONY AND IVORY  
*Hannah Sheeley*

12  
MURDER AT THE MAS-  
QUERADE  
*Evelina Lundqvist*

16  
21ST AND BOSTON  
*Carolyn McCleod*

23  
THE TURTLE  
*Alana Settle*

30  
MOVES LIKE WATER  
*Rebecca Brownlow*

37  
THE OFF-SPRING  
*Nicholas Harnes*





# SUSPENDED SPACE

BY JUSTIN ALLEN

What is it now  
And was it that then?  
Is it now what it was  
Or was it what it is?

Paralysis comes  
Not from surety  
Of tangible pain,  
But from possibility.

The suspended space  
Is where darkness lies  
Not in love nor in hate  
But in damned uncertainty.



# FEAST OF FAMILY

BY LAUREN PERCIVAL

Great Uncle Turkey gobbles away the time  
Squawking out humor, dry as his white meat.  
This time of year he appears quite crisp  
Though we all know what he is stuffed full of

Cousin Ham fills his plate and place.  
Dressed up by his father  
Injected with honey so sweet it oozes from him  
Rubbed up with sugar manners to please those around  
To mask his true salty nature underneath

Grandma Potatoes all mashed to creamy perfection,  
Dripping with butter and the precise amount of seasoning.  
Survived the beatings of life through all its circumstances  
Covered in gravy making it all seem so easy

Girlfriend chocolate pie more supreme than the rest  
A little out of place and on display for all to see  
Tasted out of politeness by the outgoing few  
Snubbed by those who know this is not where she belongs

Little baby butter buns, everyone’s favorite munch  
Teeters awkwardly on each plate  
Demanding all the attention as its bed  
Always remains vacant, blanket tossed to the side.

Other delicacies and staples adorning  
Famed by this fancy feast  
On that day gorged with football  
And something about thanks  
That one time of year  
When we all bow our heads for grace.

# WITHERING ROSE

BY TIMOTHY WHALEY

I see with my eyes, a lovely rose  
With many thorns, I do suppose  
I called for it, no, it called to me!  
I can’t resist, it was meant to be!

I was betwitched, betrothed, oh look how it laid  
It seemed that this flower, for me, it was made!  
I picked it quite quickly, and kissed it so kindly  
I was pierced by a thorn, kissing ever so blindly

In my pain, I cursed, the treasure I’d found  
I tossed the poor thing where it was on the ground  
Then saddened I cried, then angered I said  
“If only this flower and i’d never met!”

Then I turned away vexed and went on my way  
As I walked, the poor rose, it had withered away  
The petals were scattered, carried off by the wind  
At that moment, I realized my terrible sin

I chased after pieces and fragments to find  
The petals, the rose, would never be twined  
I yelled,”Why, Oh, Why, did you leave me like this?”  
But dying, the rose laid there, motionless.



# DON'T GO

BY BLAKE PARKER

If you're clad to march and spread God's kingdom with a cross  
painted on your shield.

Don't go.

With trash bags filled to clothe a proud people in  
faded glory Walmart T's.

Don't go.

When your gospel begins on a street corner  
with a megaphone.

Don't go.

To spread the American wealth and tracks and candies  
that litter the ground and rot babies' teeth.

Don't go.

With a bottle of Germex, anti-bacterial gel in your pocket  
to sanitize after every sinful handshake

Don't go.

To live a martyr for your devotion and zeal  
to our Father who art in heaven.

Don't go.

With empty promises that limbs will be replaced, dead sons  
returned,  
wealth given, and sadness washed away if they call the number on  
their screen.

Don't go.

If you are going across the air and sea  
to save the world.

Don't go.

To judge the mother in a purple veil, who sacrifices her body,  
impaled on a stake  
with a label above her and a thorny crown of shame  
so that her children can eat.

Don't go.

Going, you will not save the world but you will save your own soul  
from the monkey dangling you precariously off of Pride-rock.  
And to be light in the dark is not the same as light-skinned  
teaching the dark-skinned to pray and reflect white God.

Because your suffering at the hands of God  
is not a joy that the "lost" envy.  
And the only difference between you and the writhing demoniac  
punching himself at the corner  
is nice pants.

For your t-shirts will need to be washed, and land and booze,  
daughters and wives, will be the payment for the soap.  
And there is no fort that you can build, no shrine that you can carve,  
no bracelet you can hand out, in which immortal Love will ever choose to dwell.

But go.

Go ...If you seek the wisdom of different eyes.  
...Would run naked as your neighbor to show naked love.  
...Must drown in the love of a people who dispense it concentrate.  
...Will see yourself through a heart shattered into a million reflecting mirror shards.  
...Can die for the murderous eyes watching from the other side of the barrel.

...Are willing to wash beautiful, broken, callous, leprous, holy feet.

Go.



# MOM, PLEASE DRIVE FASTER

BY TIMOTHY REGAN

Hormones are running, and I am running late. It is 7:02. I won't be at the theater for another ten minutes. I'm nervous. The movie has already started. Well, the previews are already playing, and I wish my mom could at least drive the speed limit! Doesn't she realize that this is the most important night of my life? I hope Becky is late too. Maybe she is still fixing her beautiful, strawberry blonde hair. I think about calling her to let her know I'm going to be late, but I can't seem to pick up my brand new silver Razor cell phone and make the call. I cower at the thought of it. This was how my first date started. I would like to say that things got better, we ended up having a romantic evening, as much as two 15 year old immature teens can, and because things went so well, we went on another date. No, no, -- and I don't think she ever talked to me again.

Becky was a goddess. If Aphrodite were the goddess of beauty, Becky was the goddess of sexuality, everything a 15 year-old teenage boy could dream of. My dream became reality. On a note handed to me from Goddess herself, in the most elegant calligraphy these two eyes have ever seen, were the words, "Saturday night. You pick the movie. You pick the time." At that moment I became the Alpha boy at Platt High. This was my chance.

I picked the time, and I was late. Why can't Mom drive faster? Cardinal sin number 1. Not only was I late, but as we got into the line to purchase our tickets, I desperately said to myself, probably looking as frantic as a five year old on a sugar high, "Should I have my mom drive back and bring me my wallet? No, by the time she gets here the movie will be over. Should I ask someone to borrow money, maybe the rich guy with the leather jacket? No, that's bizarre and probably won't work." Then out of nowhere, Goddess looked at me and said the most appalling and pitiable two words any boy could hear from a young girl during a first date: "I'll pay." I just committed cardinal sin number two. I took a long, deep breath and thought to myself that surely this night cannot get any worse.

Napoleon Dynamite -- really? God, I'm an idiot! Please tell me why I chose that mind-numbing movie. Yes, it is entertaining and even comical, but it is not a movie worthy of a first date. What kind of pathetic first impression did I intend to make? After all, I had dreams of spending the rest of the 10th grade with her. I could have picked The Notebook, which started 25 minutes later, but at least there are elements of love and romance in it, but instead we watched the former and occasionally exchanged awkward looks at each other and petty attempts at laughter to pass the time. At one point, I was thinking about counting shoulders, but the interaction between Napoleon and Kipp thwarted any attempt at that.

Finally, the movie ended. Sadly, that was the best part of the night. However, the worst was yet to come. I called my mom and told her that the movie was over and she can some get me. Mom said, "I'll be there in ten. Bye, Honey." I knew that meant 25. For ten minutes, Goddess and I sat at a table and exchanged few words, but too many awkward glances at each other. Good thing for my Razor. How a new piece of technology can pacify the awkwardness! As Goddess' parents arrived, I went to hug her and knocked the medium Diet Coke out of her hands, which splashed onto the floor and on her new Adidas shoes. My nightmare had become reality.

Goddess left (I will now refer to her by her as only Becky), and I was left alone to marinate in my failures. I thought, "13 minutes left, maybe 15. Then I can leave this wretched place and never come back. Mom, please drive faster."



# EUCHARIST EXPRESSWAY

BY GINGER GREGORY

Before the rising sun the  
Moonlight and I become one  
Wondrous wafer,  
True body of dawn.  
I bite your buttery brim  
As you float above me,  
Sip the cran-grape chalice of sky.  
Dusk is no different—  
Even as the car with one headlight  
Chases me like a one-eyed pirate,  
A fresh Eucharist descends  
from the oven of Heaven  
And into my heart.  
Oh, the joy of cruising along  
Eucharist Expressway—  
Why exit now?  
The merge has just begun.



# SENSE OF FREEDOM

BY LAUREN PERCIVAL

After hearing the dense thud of the arrow striking flesh, I clench my teeth and fight the bout of nausea. I go to retrieve the arrow and clean my kill while the bittersweet smell of her blood fills my nostrils. I gag. It is almost too much to bear. I bend down to remove the arrow, and then it happens. As the slight sticky crimson covers my bare hands, they begin to quiver, the smell so strong that it leaves a sickening copper-like taste at the back of my tongue. It becomes too much. I lean to the side heaving and retching from my very soul, creating my own aroma that is almost as pleasing as the dead carcass next to me.

“You do realize that you will have to be a man and learn to do this on your own,” said Mican.

“Of course, I do. I just have yet to figure out how to get past the repulsion of it all,” I reply, as I look over the skinny, tawny boy before me. He cleans the deer with such ease; it almost makes me ashamed of my reactions to its death.

“Look, you have one of the sharpest shots I know, and I understand that this is far from easy for you, but with as little as you are storing up right now, you and your sister will hardly survive the winter,” said Mican. “You need meat to make it through, and you have only killed enough to survive from week to week thus far.”

I heave a deep sigh as Mican rises to his feet removing the last traces of sticky crimson from his hands. Although he is a year younger than I, he already stands three inches higher than my meager form of 5’4,” and he, only 14 in years, has a face still clean and smooth, while mine carries a slight shadow. “I do not know what else to do. I can only take so much of this.”

“The memories still so strong?”

Another deep sigh. “Yes...I still have yet to figure out how to silence them. Stuff like this used to be so easy for me, but now every time my senses catch a whiff of death, I cannot fight the repulsion.”

“I will help you as much as I can until the end of this season, but by the end you have to discover how to put an end to the past and deal with this. If not for yourself, then for your sister. She needs someone to be strong for her.”

We go our separate ways, him to his mother, and me to my sister. My thoughts returning to Kalien, I realize that he is right. I have to be the man my father raised and find a way to deal with this, or she will not survive the winter. I have barely gathered enough meat for us to make it and not nearly enough hides to make her a new coat for the soon-coming bitter cold and snow. She has grown so much in the past year. Her ivory skin is almost as pale as the snow itself, save for the cinnamon-sprinkled stars across her nose and cheeks. Her deep red mass that hangs in ringlets crowning her head and cascading down her shoulders, the fiery waterfall ending just below her shoulder blades, bounces with her every step, twist, and twirl. Although her ruby lips always carry a faint smile, the mountain peaks of her lips had not reached so high as to show the double valley dimples in her cheeks that would cause the stars to sparkle in her innocent emerald eyes. He would give anything to see that joy light her face again and see her dance carefree as the little larks that sing in the morning. She deserves better.

As I begin my trek home carrying my burden of meat, I am thankful for its ideal distance from the village. It is just far enough from the small village surrounding the castle of Daligondria that we are not bothered by the local villagers, or the knights, but it is just close enough that I can depart in the mornings to make my trades and be home in time to make supper for Kalien. The kingdom of Daligondria extends from the northern mountain ranges to the southern plains. Home is in the Fallen Forest to the eastern border of the kingdom, where the mountain ranges circle slightly. Further east of the forest in the break between the mountains is the kingdom of Galaria. These two kingdoms have warred against each other longer than I can remember, nor can

I remember why. Nor do I care, the quibbles of royalty for land and pride are petty. I will honor the memory of Sir Arian, my father, by never troubling myself in the affairs of the kingdoms. The royals are all diseased with a corruption that should never taint the common people.

The village surrounding the palace is a simple and pleasant place. The villagers are honest people of trades--butchers, farmers, blacksmiths, seamstresses, and the like. It is a place where folks can find a fair bargain to meet their needs. It has always been a place of quaint safety. The people live in peace now that everything changed. The Fallen Forest is dense and heavily shaded and guards the families that fell to the corruption of the former dark king of Daligondria. The new king overthrew his brother and did his best to clear the land of his predecessor’s violence. He hung the knights that fought for the dark king and gave the forest to the few families of fallen knights. The land belongs to us, but land for a life stolen unjustly hardly repays the debts of an empty father’s chair.

As I continue my trek through the deep forest, the soft smell of the fallen leaves soothes my anger and draws my thoughts homeward. With each footfall, the slight crackle of the fallen friends sends a fragrant whiff of their whispers. The leaves on the tress are quickly becoming fewer, but for now they flame with many hues of orange, yellow, and red as if challenging the first snow to smother their brilliant blaze. The path winds towards the base of the great mountain range, but just before the path reaches it, I have found the small clearing. The house is of decent size now that it only shelters my sister and me. The straw roof finally patched up for the coming months is a golden crown on top of the wooden body of our home. It is not the great beauty that it once was, but it is enough for the two of us, and it was all that my young body could manage to rebuild in the short time before that first lonely winter, and the summer had been so full with my trying to settle everything and make my trades in the village that I never found time to restore it to its former glory. Perhaps it is for the better; at least the scars on the ground have healed and no longer serve as a reminder.

Approaching the house, I find all is quiet. Good--Kalien needs her rest. I take my catch to the smoke shack to the right of the house to hang the hides and meat to dry. After placing my weapons inside, I hammer the hide to the outside to stretch it and dry it out. Then a heart-wrenching scream fills the air. It comes from the house.

“KADEN!”

It’s Kalien! I quickly grab my bow and sprint faster than a buck into the house, throw open the door, expecting the worst, only to find her alone. I relax with a deep breath as I walk over to her.

Kalien sits shrunk into the far corner of the room clenching her quilt in her tiny pale fists. I can barely see her scrunched expression beneath the patchwork.

“Shh, it’s alright. I am here,” I say, as I pull her into my lap.

“It was awful,” she sobs, “and I could not find you anywhere. And then I heard loud banging outside and....”

The last of her words were drowned out in the sobs that she pressed into my chest as her tiny arms cling to me, as if I were life itself.

“I’m here now. The noise was only me hanging the fur for your new winter coat. Did you have a nightmare again?” I asked, stroking her curly hair and holding her tight until the warmth of my body calmed her shudders.

“Yes. I smelled smoke and there was fire everywhere and I couldn’t get out. I looked for you to help me out, but I couldn’t see you through all the smoke. It was really dark. I heard people breaking things, so I hid under the bed. The smoke was making me cough and they heard me and found me. They grabbed my feet and pulled me out from under the bed. That’s when I screamed for you. Why did you not come?”

As I listen to her nightmare, I shove my own further down. She deserves better.

“It was only a bad dream. I will always come for you. I will never allow harm to come to you. I swear it. You understand that do you not?”

She nods her hair against my chest as her cries die down to slight whimpers. I cannot stand to see her like this. Why should one so young and innocent have to know this pain? The sound of her cries causes a single, un welcomed tear to escape my eye, trailing down my cheek, escaping my whiskers, and falling into her blazing hair. It was not nearly enough to quench those flames.

“You know what? I think we should celebrate tonight. We have a great catch for dinner, and our harvest is ripe.”

“Can I wear my dress and put flowers in my hair? And have a fire to stay warm and stay up late under the



stars?” she exclaims, her fears all but forgotten.

“Of course.”

She pushes away just far enough to look up into my eyes.

“Will you play for me?”

I did not expect this request. I have not played since before everything changed. But with her eyes sparkling with excitement, I cannot refuse her.

“Only if you are going to sing and dance. It would not sound right without my little lark,” I reply as I tap her small nose with my finger.

“I think I can do that, but you have to play the ones I know.”

“You think you can do that?” I question menacingly as I dance my fingers along her sides.

“Okay, okay!” she manages through her giggles as she kicks and squirms in my arms. Then she gasps. “I have to go pick flowers and hurry to clean up, so I can be ready.”

“Well then, you better get busy.”

She eats her breakfast quickly, and while she scrambles around the yard finding the perfect flowers for her hair, I go into the forest a few yards to practice shooting, as I do every day. Crudely painted on the big oak tree at the edge of the clearing is my target. This is where my father trained me. First, I begin my training drills with my sword, carefully practicing each parry and strike. The sword is not my ideal weapon. I can use it well enough, but only because of my long hours of practice.

“Again,” Sir Arian said so many times I had lost track.

“This is pointless. Why must I do this every day? Can I not simply take one day off? I have no talent with the sword,” I groaned.

“Talent has nothing to do with training,” Sir Arian said. “It only serves to fertilize arrogance in a young man. It is determination and discipline that fosters the heart of an honorable knight. Working hard for something is of more value than something that requires little effort.”

Daily he ran me through my drills with the sword, and then with the bow.

“If you work hard enough, it will become second nature to you. You can fire in an instant when the situation requires, and never miss. It may not seem important to you now, but when the time comes, you will never regret your training.”

I shake my head to clear the conversation that buzzes like a hornets’ nest in my mind. I replace my sword and retrieve my bow. I shoot. Arrow after arrow. Arrow after arrow. Arrow after arrow. For hours, I continue to shoot, maneuvering, jumping, diving, never standing still for long. Never missing a shot. Finally, I empty my quiver and retrieve my arrows. Why does the thud in the trunk of a tree not open the grave in the back of my mind, where I have laid my nightmares to rest, and not cause their ghosts to haunt me as a thud in flesh does? If only I had listened then, I would not have missed the most important shot of my life. It was the shot that would have ended the suffering of those around me and brought vengeance upon my father’s murderer. The arrow merely flew past him. I let my emotions get the better of my body. I struggled to keep the shaking from reaching my bow before I released my arrow. I failed him.

The thud echoed above me, as the slight sticky crimson dripped on me. Sir Arian gasped in breath as he sheltered me, pushing me towards my hidden escape. The sickeningly bittersweet smell of his blood filled my nostrils, and I could taste the copper-like flavor on the back of my tongue.

I clench my teeth as a single tear trickles down my light honey cheek. I sniff back the tears, punch the target, and then, shaking my hand, go to start the fire and clean up. Kalien is waiting for our celebration.

We sit under the stars, savoring the last of our venison stew. I retrieve my flute and begin to play. Immediately, a grin breaks across her face. This is the beautiful Kalien that I know. The mountain peaks of her smile reach her eyes, the deep valley dimples pulling at the cinnamon stars on her cheeks. Kalien jumps to her feet and begins dancing around singing louder than all the larks in the morning. Her voice is like that of an angel in my ears. The joy sparkling within her eyes as she dances around the flames, her brilliant curls bouncing with her every step, twist, and twirl sparks the resolve within me to never let harm come to her, to always take care of her. She finally collapses exhausted next to me. She rests her mass of flames on my muscled chest as we lean back gaz-

ing at the stars.

“Will you sing to me father’s lullaby?” she asks with a yawn.

I begin to sing father’s lullaby as she drifts off to sleep. I stroke her silky curls, and her sweet aroma of strawberries and lilac fills my nostrils. Peace overwhelms my senses. I now know what to do.

Morning comes early. I check one last time to make sure that Kalien is sleeping deeply and set off with determination in my steps for the hunt.

I see her in the distance. I tie my auburn locks with a leather strap so that my light honey complexion peaks beneath the tail that hovers just above my shoulders. I fill my ears with cloth and pull a cloth tightly over the bridge of my own star-speckled nose. My thin pale lips hide beneath its worn material. I fix my emerald gaze upon my target, breathe in Sir Arian’s scent from the cloth, and release. I hear nothing as my prey drops to her knees and breathes her last. As I approach her to remove my arrow and clean my kill, I don my work gloves. The sticky crimson and copper-like scent never tickles my senses. I clean her, bag her, and make my way home to Kalien. The whiff of death cannot touch me, and the nightmares will forever stay buried in the grave in the back of my conscience. The ghosts will never haunt me again.



# FINAL CURTAIN CALL

BY CHRISTINA WILLIAMS

Brother, Brother, can you hear me  
beneath this white-walled insanity?  
The role of your lifetime, here’s your part.  
Lights, camera, action you’re on  
But tell me Tin Man, where is your heart?

Mechanical beats sound the rhythm flowing through rubber veins  
Taking plastic breaths restraining you from being one step closer to  
death  
As the thing that supports your life begins to wane.

The last act in this play cannot be rewritten; it’s far too late.  
The director calls the curtain, the doctors  
No longer C. an P. ress R. esuscitate

Actor exits stage right, no more encore again

# ROY

BY JOSHUA LACY

Mumbling, always  
Mumbling through the hallways,  
Tiled and eggshell, like narrow memories,  
Awake and sunlit from the open  
Doors of patients’ rooms;  
The ashen-blue tattoo  
Fading on his weather-wrinkled  
Forearm.

Black-headed and broad stomach  
Shrinking with a secret growing  
Louder in his head; a laugh  
With no punchline preceding, a laugh  
Searching the walls of his  
Skull—cold, dry laughter muttered  
As incoherent tongues in church,

Perhaps repeating the sounds he heard  
Yellow through the halls—  
A wood-stained crucifix hung above his bed;  
The smell of ammonia  
Stuck around for days



# THE HYPOCHONDRIAC'S PRAYER

BY BLAKE PARKER

Give me this day wholly white wonderbread  
wholly untouched by human hands,  
not tainted by germs or worker’s mistake.  
Let it be not of this world or worldly  
people but cut apart by clean machines.

Thy beef be ground, packaged, bought  
straight from the factory where they  
grow cows like clean vegetables, not  
moving, sweating, breeding, excreting  
animals. Deliver us from filth.

I want my beef patty well-done, no blood  
left unbaked. I want the meat before me  
to be PG, you see. I know blood and gore  
happen, but that’s no reason to let it  
happen on the plate before me.

And let my patty be chaste. How can I  
enjoy a meal, knowing my burger has  
been sexually debased. It’s necessary  
for birthing, sure, but let other, better cows  
do that in private, spoils the patty purity.

Lead us not to unclean bacteria that spoil  
my lean cuisine. They say that germs are  
necessary but they eat undelivered meat  
Don’t they know that sterile and clean keep us  
safe from the world for which there is no vaccine.

Amen



ABIGAIL DEW

# UNSPOKEN WORDS

BY PATIENCE ANDERSON

Mind blown  
Blow my mind  
Brains  
Blow my brains out  
Brains  
Explode  
Exploding  
Exploded  
Explosive  
Words are explosive  
Better yet, words are unspoken  
Unspoken words are explosive  
They will blow your mind  
Blow your brains out  
Inside out your mind will turn  
Outside in  
The thoughts inside of your head turn outward  
But a word is never said to be spoken  
Unspoken words never get heard  
And unsaid thoughts never get discovered  
Unspoken words are never understood  
For one can not understand what has never been said  
Inside out  
The words come from outside in  
But the pain inside can be seen outward  
The inward feelings are hidden  
And outward there is a a smile  
A mile  
A smile a mile away from the heart  
One that is not genuine but simply a mask  
A fascade  
A fake outward expression to conceal the inside hurt  
Inside hurt is hidden like a cascet in a graveyard  
The heart is burried  
Burried hearts don’t get hurt but they do get broken  
Broken  
Broken from being hidden  
Broken from being buried  
Piled on top  
One in the other

Emotion after emotion  
The hurt  
The joy  
The pain  
The lies  
The tears you cry  
Is all on your heart  
Heart  
Hearts beat  
Beat for life  
Beat for love  
It beats to be noticed  
It beats for a hug  
It beats for trust and sincerity  
It beats for a simple moment of clarity  
It beats for you  
It beats for me  
It beats for the longing to be set free  
Free  
Free these thoughts in my mind  
Free these words on my heart  
Free this pain in my head cuz I don’t know where to start  
Or what to say  
But I know we need to talk



# TIME'S FORGETFUL TOUCH

BY LAUREN PERCIVAL

Honor of tarnished gold  
Telling the tale of accomplishment.  
Fondness forever felt as my  
Frail fingers run down their

Well

Worn

Path.

Marks of accolade begin to fade,  
Once vibrant velvet of cherry red, now  
A dull, muted orange like a rusty gate.  
The sun's brilliant rays drain out decadence  
And the snow of time  
Buries, covers, and intermingles among the  
Once fuzzy flaming blades of grass.  
The crazed cheers dissipate  
Like the final rifle shots  
"Honorable!"  
"Spectacular!"  
"Unforgettable!"  
"A hero!"  
But as the clock's hands spin unrelentingly,  
I, and the men who fell before me,  
Are forgotten by all, save

Father Time's

Tender

Touch.



# TALKING TO YOU FROM THE GRAVE

*A Dramatic Poetic Sermonette to the Church in Honor of  
The Rev. Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr.*  
BY MINISTER TIMOTHY BUTLER

In 1963 I wrote you a letter from a Birmingham jail  
Saying the Negro is your brother but now I’ve got more to tell  
Written on newspapers behind prison bars  
Cause to me that’s all they gave1  
Oh but this time I’m talking to you from the grave

This country was born with a great birth defect  
And that birth defect was slavery2  
And we must not forget this history  
But remember history, to learn from history, not to repeat history  
For God has always cared for the suffering and oppressed  
Like the Children of Israel He freed from pharaoh’s press  
Unto the Promised Land led by Moses to be saved3  
Are you listening to me from this grave?

An agitator to peace I was called  
An insurrectionist – troublemaker they said4  
But I came in the Name of Love  
And that Name was Jesus5  
Preaching we must learn to live together as brothers and sisters  
Lest we perish together as hate-filled fools6  
And like yesterday that message is still relevant today  
Emanating from my grave

Injustice anywhere is a threat to justice everywhere  
And justice too long delayed is justice denied7  
I don’t determine what is right or wrong by taking a Gallop poll of the majority opinion  
For a true leader is not a searcher of consensus but a molder of consensus and otherwise his  
leadership is a lie8  
So I carried God’s truth through the fires of segregation  
To be God’s priest to the desolation of many generations9  
My passing mourned for years still feeding the flock through my tears  
Crying from the still grave

So, why am I crying?

I’ve looked over the balcony of Heaven  
Down to planet Earth  
I’ve seen your iPods  
And other technological advances that show your worth  
But at a time when a gunman can enter a school  
To extinguish twenty innocent little lives there are no rules10  
And while society weeps Sunday remains the most segregated day of the week  
I proclaim this to you from this dark grave

But love children is the key  
To unlock the door to a unified, ultimate reality11  
Where the sleeping giant the Church rises to her place  
To impact the culture fully for the cause of Christ today  
How much longer will you prejudice what you see?  
Of your brethren based only on what you see  
Afraid of anything that’s different and doesn’t look or act like  
you12  
I’m shouting the truth from this here grave!

One day we will learn that the heart can never be totally right  
When the head is totally wrong  
And only when the head and heart – intelligence and goodness-  
come together  
Shall man rise to fulfill his true nature and get along13  
To come together to stand above  
And you must do this children; you’ve been called to love  
Love your neighbor as your own self14  
I speak life from this grave

And as you walk hand in hand  
Marching up the King’s highway  
You’ve got a reward waiting on you children  
If you run with patience this race15  
In that great getting up morning16  
When the trump of God calls our names  
We’re gonna get up once and for all  
Cause there won’t be no mo’ graves

We’re going up to Mount Zion  
To be with King Jesus forevermore  
We’re gonna lay down our sword and shield  
And study war no more  
We gon shout all around God’s throne  
Every believer, every color, every tongue, every denomination  
all equal the same17  
Shouting Glory Hallelujah!  
Glory Hallelujah!

# ICANNOT CREATE YOU

BY EVELINA LUNDQVIST

I hold my breath  
Wait for this heartbreak to vanish  
But it has nowhere to go

Will my lips ever bear the roar  
Of terrible fear or terrific happiness?

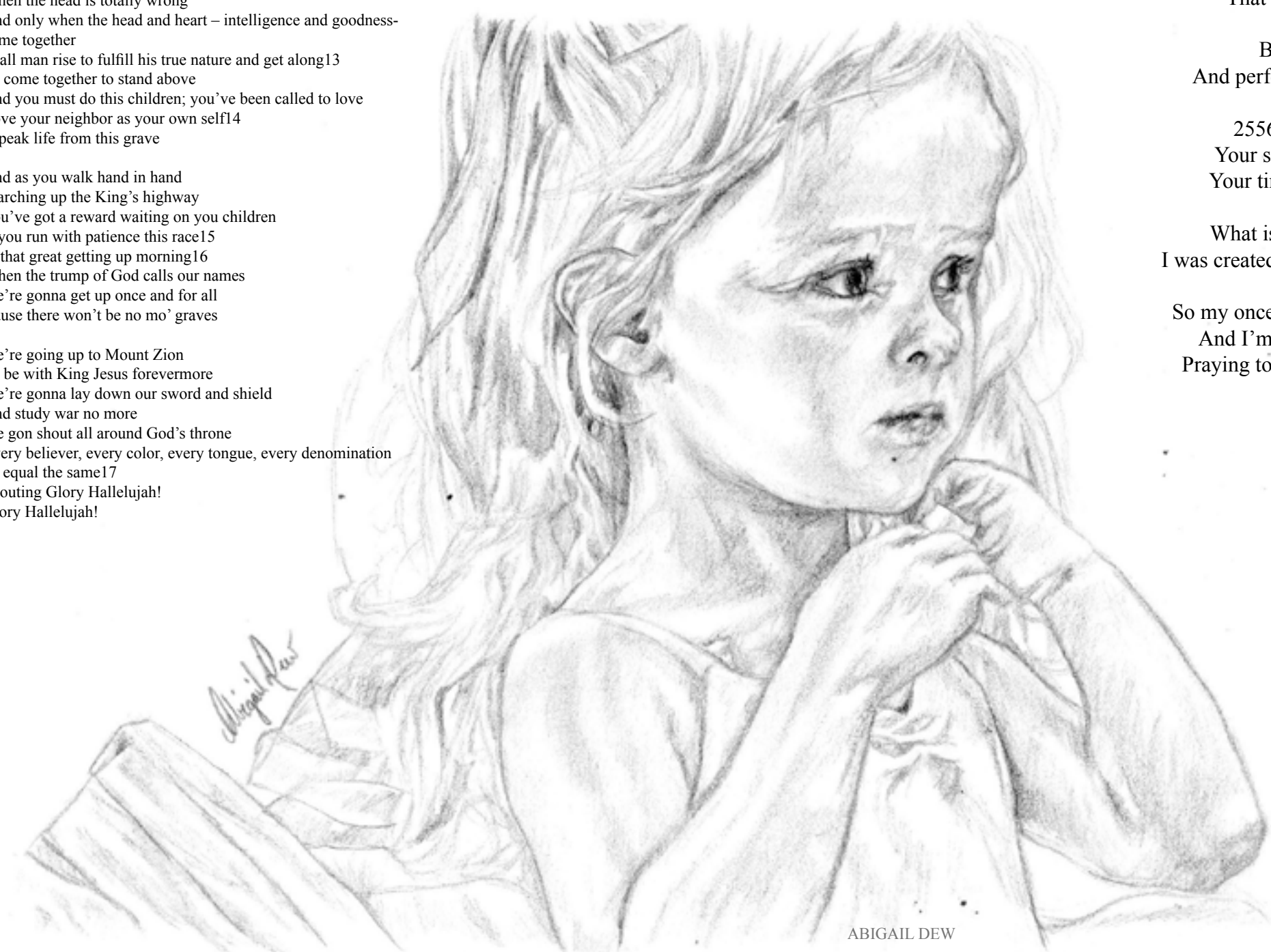
My dear, sweet child  
That I should bear you,  
That I should sing you to sleep

But I’m thrown into reality  
And perfection breaks and shatters

2556 days for a chance to feel  
Your soft skin against my breast  
Your tiny fingers clenching mine

What is pain in the sight of loss?  
I was created a mother without a child

So my once courageous heart surges,  
And I’m down on my knees again  
Praying to a God that can create her



ABIGAIL DEW





# WALKING IN BEAUTY

BY EVELINA LUNDQVIST

Oh my darlings  
Oh my loves  
I once was enthralled by your very existence

But your loveliness is past  
Like a flower in long-forgotten snow

Faerie feasts sprinkled with faerie dust  
And butterfly kisses on naked fingers  
Golden sunsets on star spangled skies

These are my loves  
These are my darlings

Raindrops resting on soft rose petals  
The rough male kiss of blankets  
And rich, vivid light through church windows

My dear loves  
My dear darlings

Soft-spoken words  
Feathery wings of cherub and seraphim  
A familiar fragrance lingering in folds of clothing

Why do you have to desert me  
And turn to dust with my bones?

You change, break and fade  
But when I wake I shall make new loves  
And more darlings of strangers.



# MURDER IN YOUR TONGUE

BY SARAH DINWIDDIE

This is what I hear  
When out of that heart  
You speak:

Like grown men of an African bush tribe  
Clip-slipping their feet in the hot dust  
Around a broke-fire  
White dark dirt shoves up  
Out of the roots of the earth and  
Races up on the heels of black men and over the high-topped feather headdresses of them  
And rising up and out the sound of an overwhelming shout of challenge and victory and defeat  
As the sound rages out of their muscle-y burnt bodies and their heart beats  
Step-step faster  
Out—  
Run  
Out—  
Shout  
Out—  
Live

And then you are  
The one who ran ahead  
To shove his spear first into the lions mouth  
But was torn in half by its jaws.

This is what I hear  
When out of that heart  
You speak:

Death to mother  
Your sister  
Your brother  
To your lover

Like every other somebody out there  
Is a lion that needs to be taken  
Down by a man  
Like you.

# FEEDING THE DOGS

BY JOSHUA LACY

The path is worn from  
Routine, a brown snake winding  
Its way along brick and wood; you can see it  
Even in the shadow of the house and  
Cutting over to follow the fence  
Toward the kennel, with soft moonlight  
A ways off.

Carrying the water and portion of kibble,  
The young boy hurries his feet, kicking up  
Small dust storms with black-silk movements  
In his periphery

Dumping the contents into their bowl, he gives a  
Click Click Click with the side of his mouth  
And makes his way back to the light in the storm-door  
Window with a haste of darkness at his heels,  
Holding his breath until the  
Door is locked at his back





# OBSOLETE

BY KEITH GOGAN

That oak out by the sidewalk  
You know, the one with branches  
Like the floors of a building  
Knows the pleasures of a young boy's  
Sticky hands

Grasping for more elevation up to  
A perch from which to see the pirate ship down the street  
Or that advancing army ignoring the powerless stop sign

That oak out by the sidewalk also knows  
Solitude

Even on this perfect summer day  
When no sticky hands grip its gray circumferences  
When no knee leaks bright red from a scrape with its furrowed skin

Its only companion is a southwest breeze  
That a few yards away, in the house, ruffles the curtains

Behind which sits a young boy  
Sticky hands on a smooth plastic joystick  
Eyes darting like a prolonged ricochet  
Across the glowing screen

His back turned to that woody tower  
Out by the sidewalk





## PRO-METHA-WHAT?

Promethia is the literary journal of Oral Roberts University English and Modern Languages Department. Since 1965, it has been our vision to spread and support the spirit of fine art in our community.

All rights to the design of “Promethia 2012-2013” are held by Promethia. All rights to submitted works are retained by their submitters.

### COVER ART

Photo manipulation by Christina Jumper  
Original photo by Nathan Lundeen



