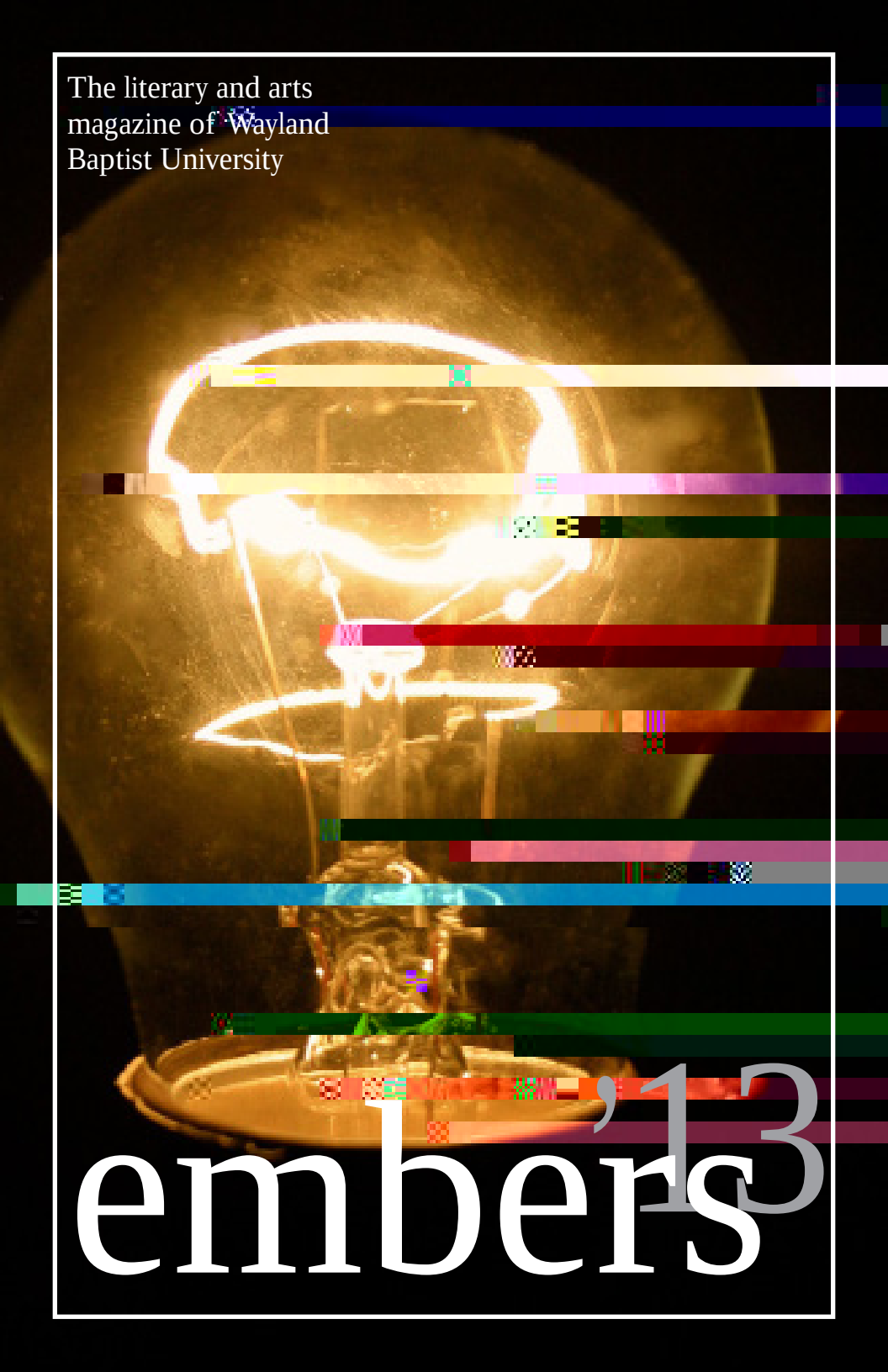
The literary and arts magazine of Wayland Baptist University



embers '13

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all one's options. Another corner brought Amarantha to the front of the house, past which ran a road opposite other peculiar houses. But what took her most aback was the contraption blocking the way to the next door.

It couldn't be called a carriage, despite its wheels and windows displaying seats inside. The conveyance bulged out, white and smooth, in front and back, doming over the seats. There was no place to hitch it to a horse. How did it work? No sooner had she wondered than a similar but larger conveyance raced up the road faster than she had ever seen anything move. Hitched to nothing. It rolled as if enchanted, with an ear-splitting racket, and vanished. She edged away from the motionless conveyance before her. Perhaps the side door was best after all. She would not try to walk past that evil thing. What if it came to life?

Nothing happened after Amarantha tapped once on the door. A second try, louder, produced movement within, and the door opened.

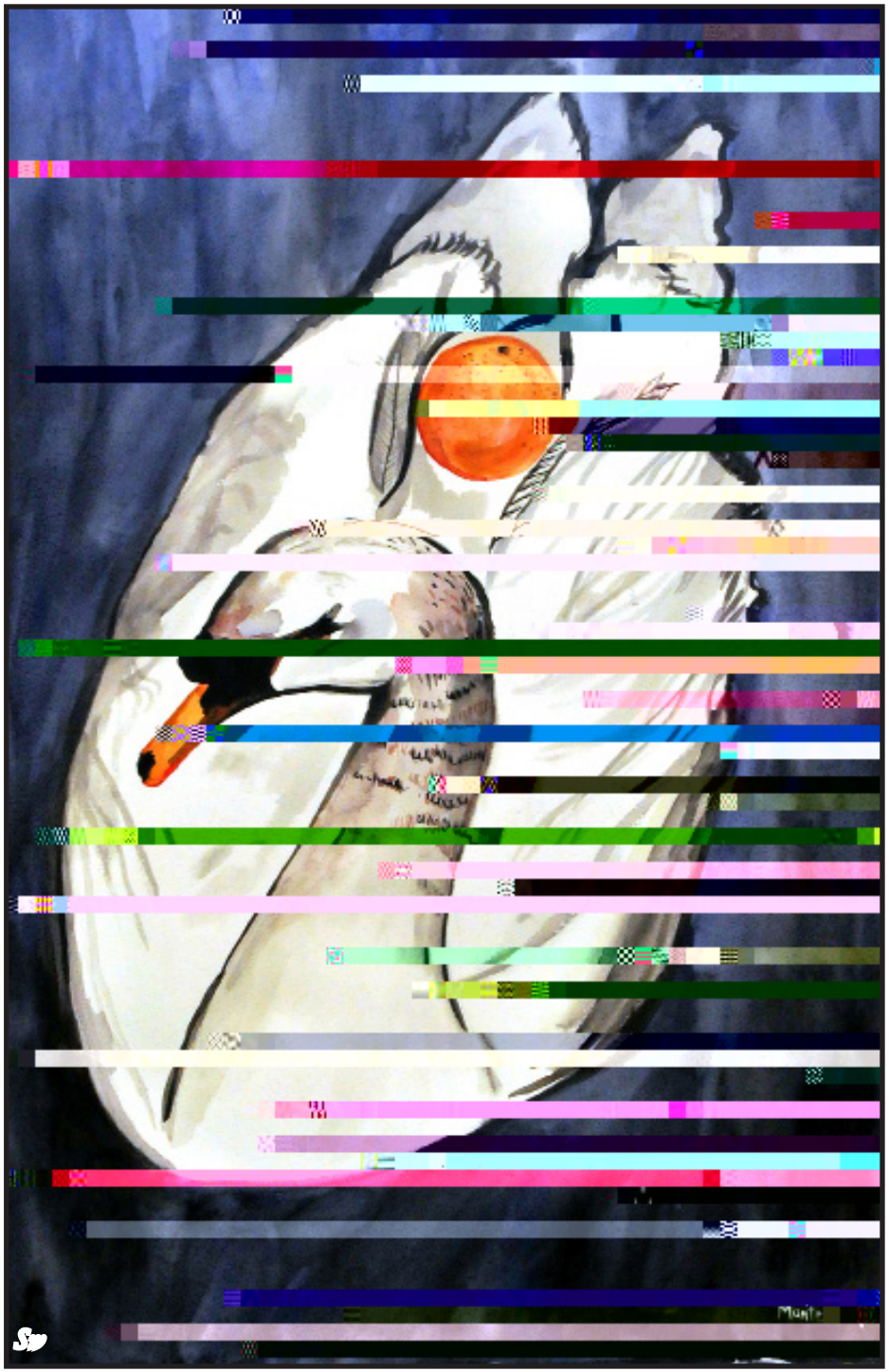
The lady at the door wore her thick, loose hair shamelessly bare, as were her arms, emerging from elbow-length sleeves. The rest of her costume covered the legs like men's hose, but was of thicker material and not so close-fitting. Yet this peculiar woman had the nerve to stare at Amarantha as

The Empty Suite

Jaclyn Alford

I go to a decently sized university, not anything huge, but it's no little community college. I am a junior this year, and every year, I've lived in a different dorm. I never really intended to do so, but I just moved to wherever my friends were living.

This year, I am living in the nicest dorm, the one reserved for upperclassmen. Rather than a small space to share with a roommate and a community bathroom, we have suites. Each of us gets our own bedroom and bathroom and only shares a living area with one other person. Needless to say, this is a luxury compared to the other dorms.



Eyes

Matthew Feril

Some people say that eyes are the windows to the soul.
I think they are wrong.
Eyes have paint on them.
Concealing and hiding their true beings.
You have your brown that shows the pain that this world has dumped on you.
Blue holds the false optimism of a child's bleak future.
Yellow has the family opportunities that were brushed aside.
Green is the greed that will never be satisfed.
Gray is for the death that has fallen upon your heart.
Your eyes hold so much, yet also so little.
Eyes can never show when you have had enough of this world.
They can never express the pain of love lost.
They can only look and search for more hurt and more pain.
For eyes are not windows to the soul yet a billboard of your past.
A past that should never be spoken.

Some Small Sea-maid

Lindsay Inscore

Somewhere sprawling in some sand survived a spirited sea-maid sovereign who solemnly swore to see the sea's surface. Her scepter-sustaining superior struggled to stop her from searching for the sea's scary surface, but she still stumbled upon systems to sneak out. Her several sea-swimming sidekicks assisted her on her several sundry sagas. She saved some special scraps from the sunken ships she saw.

On a certain spree the sea-maid saw a strange sight. A squall had slammed a sailing ship setting off the skiff to sink. The singing sea-maid seized the chance to save a sinking sailor. Chauffeuring him to shore, the sea-maid sang sweetly to the seafarer, but she swam swiftly seaward when she saw his sight-sources shudder.

Still in the sea a sinister squid studied steps to steal the sea-maid's State. She swindled the sea-maid into swapping her sound for some standing support for three sunsets. Once on shore, the same sailor spotted her staggering in the sand. He shared his stately shelter with her, for he stood sovereign the same. The sea-maid was soon serenaded by this sailor, so the squid stepped in. She shaped herself into a stunning squaw and sealed the sailor's soul in a silver seashell. Shortly after, a spousal would stir the seas. The sea-maid's supporters sustained her as she swam to sea to stop the soulless ceremony.

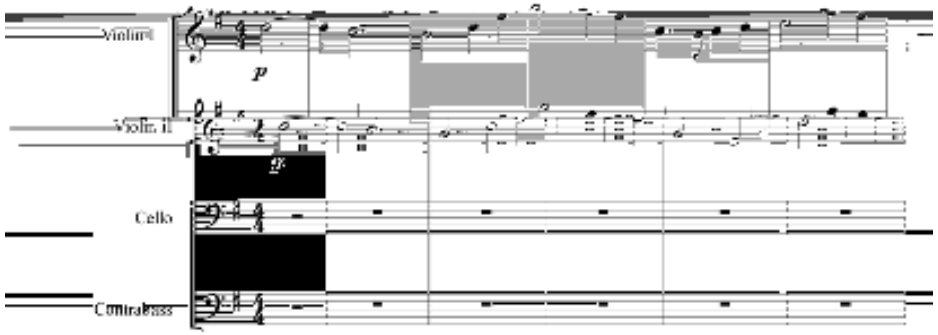
The sea-maid stole and shattered the silver seashell as the sun was setting. Suddenly the sea-maid's stub sprouted and her sand strolling summers stood still. In spite of the certain circumstances, the sailor sovereign showed a soft spot for the sea-maid. He slaughtered the stingy squid to substantiate his selfless statement of sincerity. Sadly the sea-maid simply swam to sulk in her sorrow. Even so, her superior had a shift in his senses and switched the sea-maid's stump for the sought for stability.

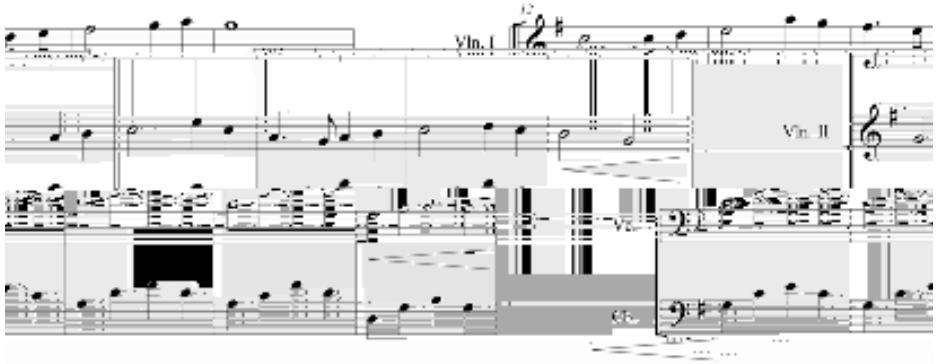
In sounding sycophancy, all of the sea-sojourners saluted the sea-maid as she splashed to shore. The celebration was shared with the Seven Seas, and the certificate was sealed with a smooch. The sea-maid and the sovereign sailed the smooth seas into the sunset.

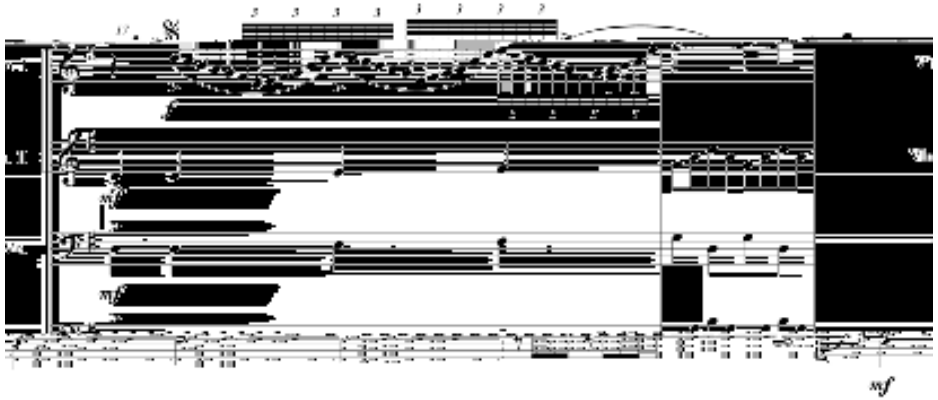
Now sadly we stop our story of some small sea-maid.

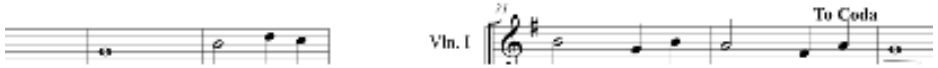
Heartstrings

Zaca Wilson





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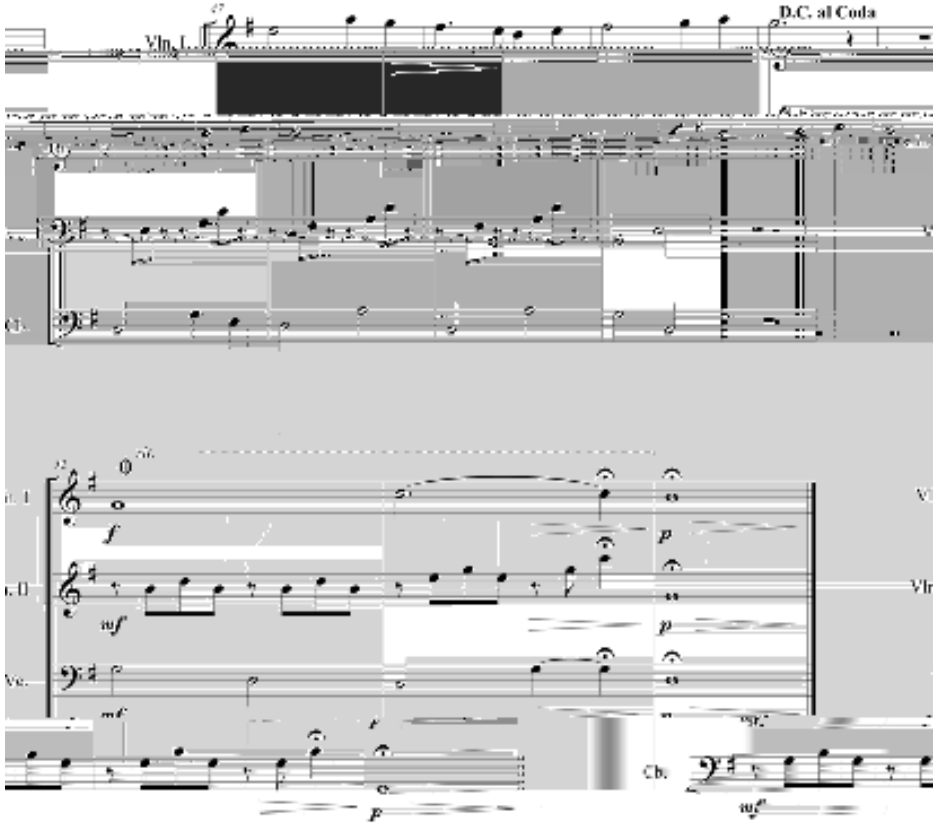
To Coda


Vln. I
D.C. al Coda
Vc.
Cb.

Paths Many and Choices Few

Joshua Holt

Paths to be followed
Unseen by the Naked eye
Although time turns on
The choices linger above
Unable to grasp
A stronger will is needed
The Path laid for you
The many Paths you follow
Leading you astray
Letting your weak mind wander.

Paths to be followed
Seen by one who sees within
Although time turns on
The choices evaluated
Are within your reach
A will hard as stone has strength
The Path laid for you
The only path you follow
Leading steadily
Guiding your strong mind forward.

The 14th Lament

Jaclyn Alford

My heart lies within its chest, locked away until the opportune time. The time will come when I will give it away to a special man, one whom I know will cherish it always, and care for it as I would for his. I only take it out to polish it, shine it until it glows like a star in the sky. I keep it in perfect condition, all for him, this unknown man.

I see him from a distance at first. Too shy to talk, I just listen. He laughs and jokes and enjoys life. I slowly move closer to hear him better. I sit among his friends with whom he chatters away. He is so cheerful and funny—handsome to boot.

I get the nerve to speak up, but everyone else speaks all at once, and my words are completely drowned out. Still, that first comment emboldens me, and soon I jump into the conversation. Before too long, he notices me! He is speaking with me specifically.

After a time, I gain still more courage. I pull him aside, away from his friends, to speak with him individually. He is delighted and delightful to speak with, and now we often find ourselves conversing with one another.

He is kind. He is thoughtful. He listens to me, comforts me when I have a bad day, and makes me laugh when I am down. He is often on my mind, and when I polish my heart, I picture myself offering it to him, our most sacred of rituals. He could be the one, the one I have been waiting for.

Gingerly, I take my heart out of its chest. I admire it as it shines like a solitary star in a vast night sky. Dare I? It is always a risk. The heart is so fragile, but I trust him completely.

I look up, startled by nearing footsteps. Hastily, I hide my heart behind my back as I see him coming. I call out a happy greeting, always glad to see him. He smiles at me so warmly, I can feel my heart burning with the joy I feel.

"See what I was given today." He holds out something in his hands, and I look more closely.

It is a heart. It is lovely beyond compare. It radiates its beauty like Venus, and he holds it so very delicately.

I feel my own grow as cold as ice.

"I gave her mine today as well," he says. The look in his eyes is so genuinely happy. "I know she and I are meant for each other."

I smile at him, and as I do, I feel a stabbing, wrenching pain. My hands have tightened around my own heart. I can feel it cracking, snapping, shattering. Still, I smile genuinely, forcing the threatening tears to remain concealed within my eyes.

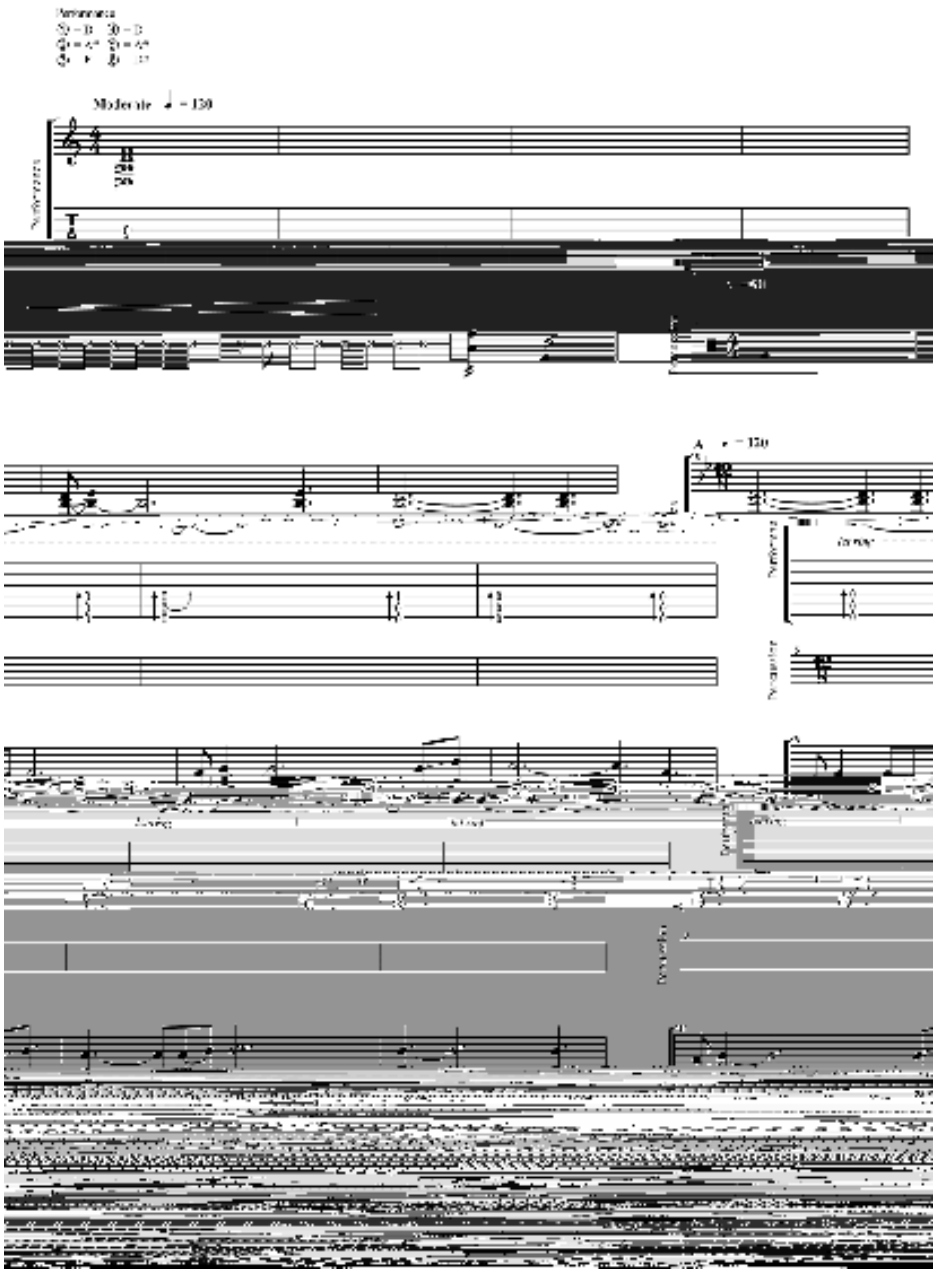
"I'm so happy for you," I tell him honestly. The heart in my hands completely falls apart and I drop it, despite the all-consuming pain, and I offer him, not my heart, but a simple hug of joy for him. He goes along his way, not noticing the broken pieces of my heart beneath his feet as he walks on to join his waiting bride.

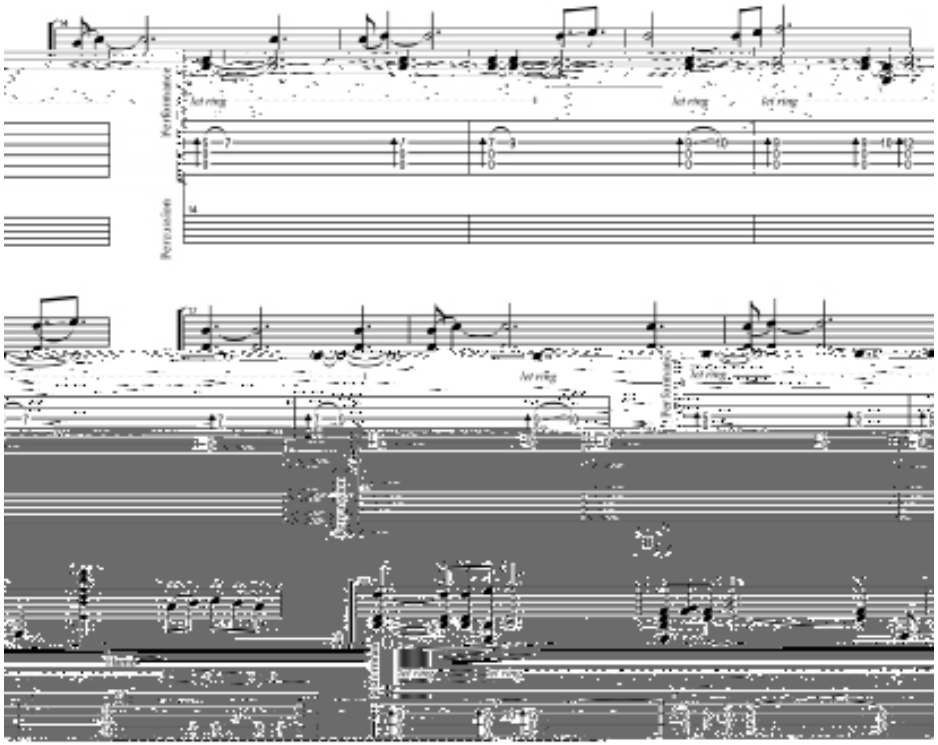
He is gone. Now I kneel to the ground, collecting the pieces of my heart. It is no longer pristine like a star, but a mere shadow of its former beauty. It doesn't matter, I think. It never could have compared to hers.

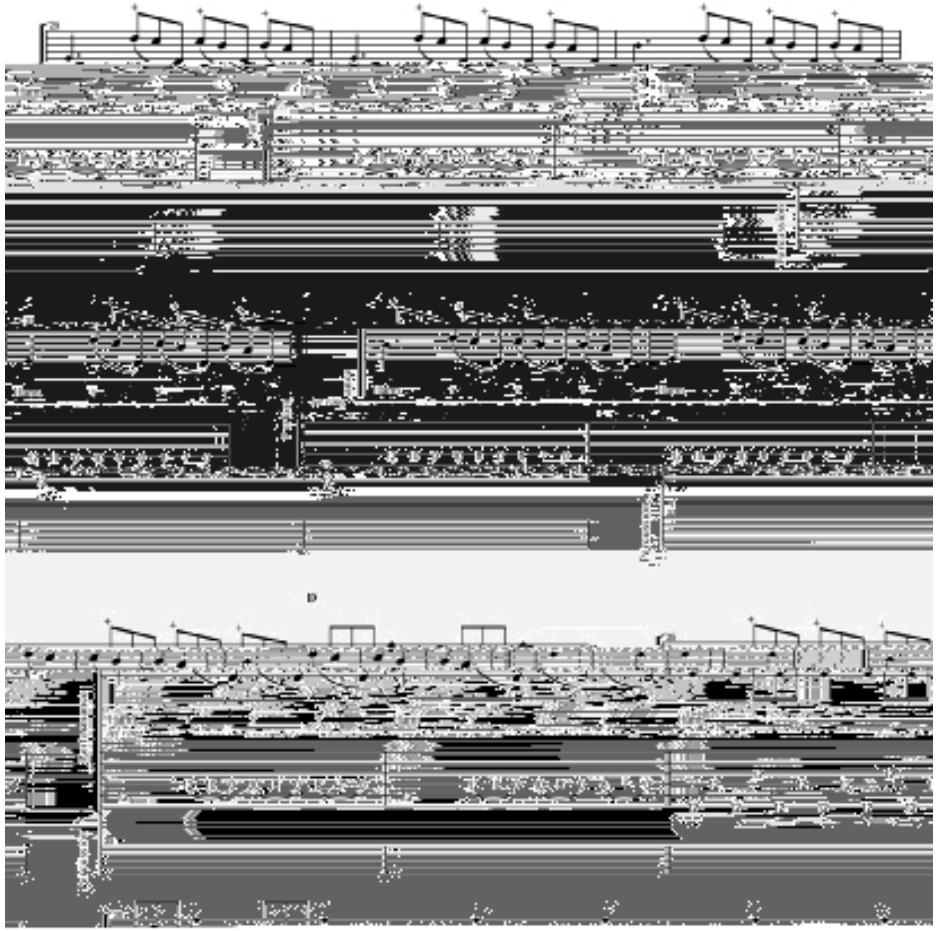
I place the pieces back inside its chest and lock it tight. I am still smiling. He is happy; that is what matters. I am glad, and happy for him--for them. But the price for my happiness was the breaking of my own

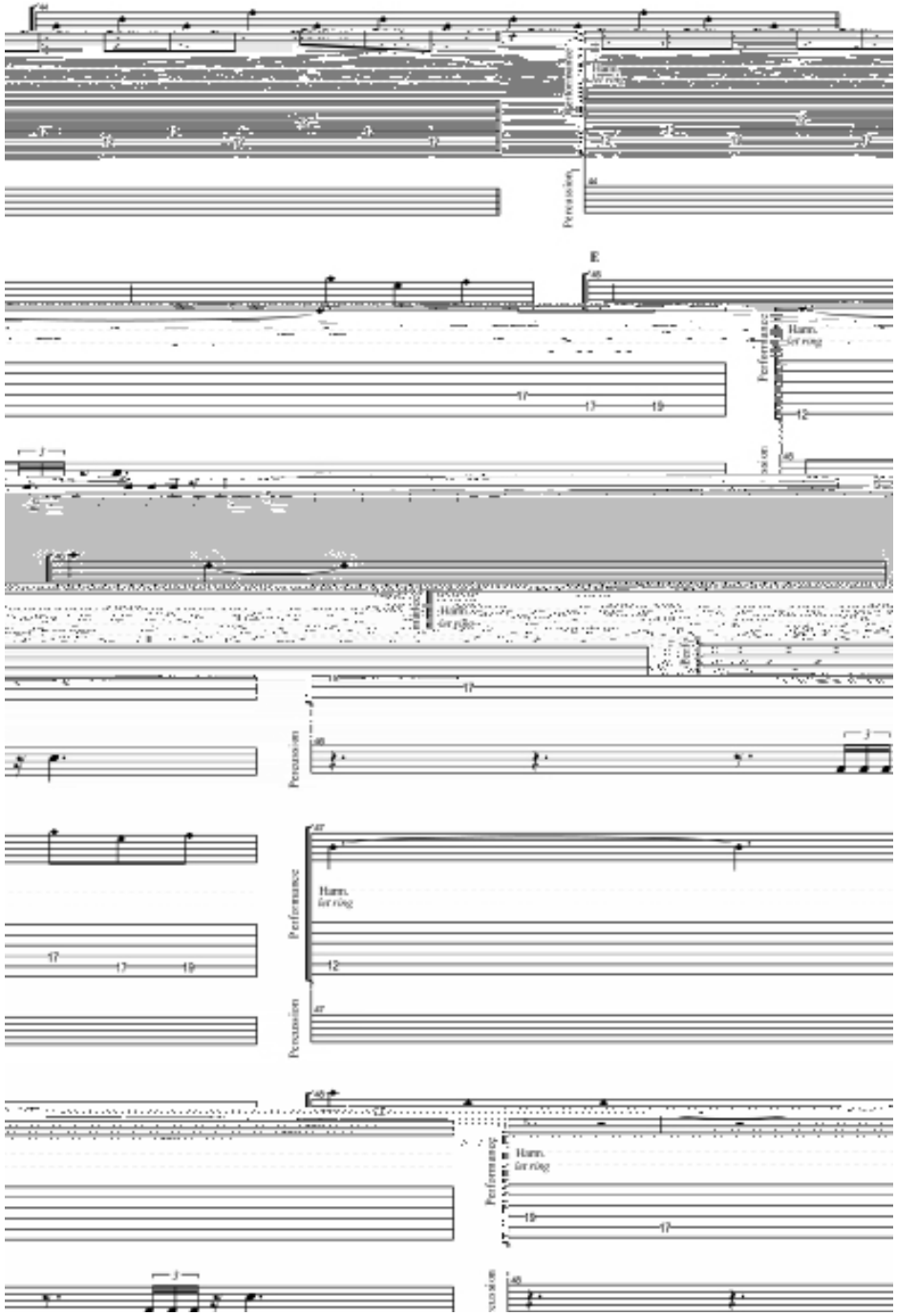
Olive Branch *Peace of Mind*

Joshua Faupel









Abbreviated due to space limitations.

The Wondrous Cross

Victoria Herbert

His blood seeped down my surface, its viscosity causing it to move at a glacial pace. His ribcage expanded violently as he struggled for a fragment of a breath. The oxygen permeated his lungs amid

scanned the crowd, looking for a strong young man to carry me the rest of the way. They homed in on a man named Simon who was passing through town with his two sons, Alexander and Rufus. The Roman guard barked the order for him to pick me up and carry me the rest of the way to the dreaded hill (Mark 15:21). Realizing that he had no other options if he valued his and his son's lives, Simon hoisted me—the bloodied cross beam of an instrument death—onto his shoulders. After some jostling, he situated me in as comfortable position as he could before we continued our laborious journey down the same troublesome road.

Finally, we arrived at Golgotha. The Roman soldiers stripped Jesus of his clothes, using his nakedness as a way to further increase his humiliation. The sick scoundrels even went so far as to divvy his tattered clothing among themselves (John 19:23). Leaving their newly acquired garments, they returned to where I lay on the ground. They stretched his arms across my width and drove large, rusted spikes through his wrists, piercing me as well. Each violent blow of the hammer rattled my frame, causing Jesus to writhe in excruciating pain. The process was repeated on Jesus' other hand as well as on his feet. Once they assured themselves that Jesus would certainly not be able to free himself from the spikes, the soldiers slowly lifted me and my heavy burden and slid my base into a hole in the ground. I landed with a sudden thud, jarring Jesus and unintentionally making the nail holes in his wrists wider. A crude seat was hastily constructed to prevent his body from being thrown off and to distribute some of his body weight[4], but it offered little to no relief. As he uttered deep groans of agony, I longed to apologize for my role in causing him such pain. Surely this man did not deserve such extreme persecution; it could take victims of crucifixion two or three days to die.[5] He was obviously innocent and extended torture seemed highly unnecessary. As it turns out, Jesus would only have to endure his pain for a mere four to five hours.[6]

As he hung there, some well-meaning observer offered him wine mixed with myrrh to dull the pain; he, however, chose not to accept it (Mark 15:23). I personally thought he was crazy for rejecting the drink. Myrrh mixed with wine held great antidotal powers, and most people welcomed anything given to them to relieve the pain I caused.[7]

I looked to my right and to my left and saw two criminals hanging on neighboring crosses (Luke 23:33). One was yelling at Jesus and mocking him. "Aren't you the Christ?" He spat. "Save yourself and us!" (Luke 23:39). The other man defended Jesus, reminding his fellow criminal that Jesus was completely innocent (Luke 23:41). Then he turned in repentance to Jesus and begged "Remember me when you come into your kingdom" (Luke 23:42). Even in his own state of unfathomable pain, Jesus had compassion on the criminal, turned his bloody head, and declared with power beyond his present condition, "I tell you the truth, today you will be with me in paradise" (Luke 23:43).

After speaking this promise, Jesus' breathing became increasingly shallow. Clearly the end would be coming soon. His loving

4 John R.W. Stott, The Cross of Christ, (Downers Grove, IL: Inter Varsity Press, 1986), 48.

5 James Stalker, The Trial and Death of Jesus Christ, (New York, NY: Doubleday, Doran and Co., 1929), 164.

6 Ibid, 165.

I Get My Sugar For Free

Zaca Wilson

Of Man

Sarah Van Der Linden

Man, that being insecure,
Wisest in his foolishness,
A falcon blinded by a master,
Too ignorant to know it,
Too apathetic to care.

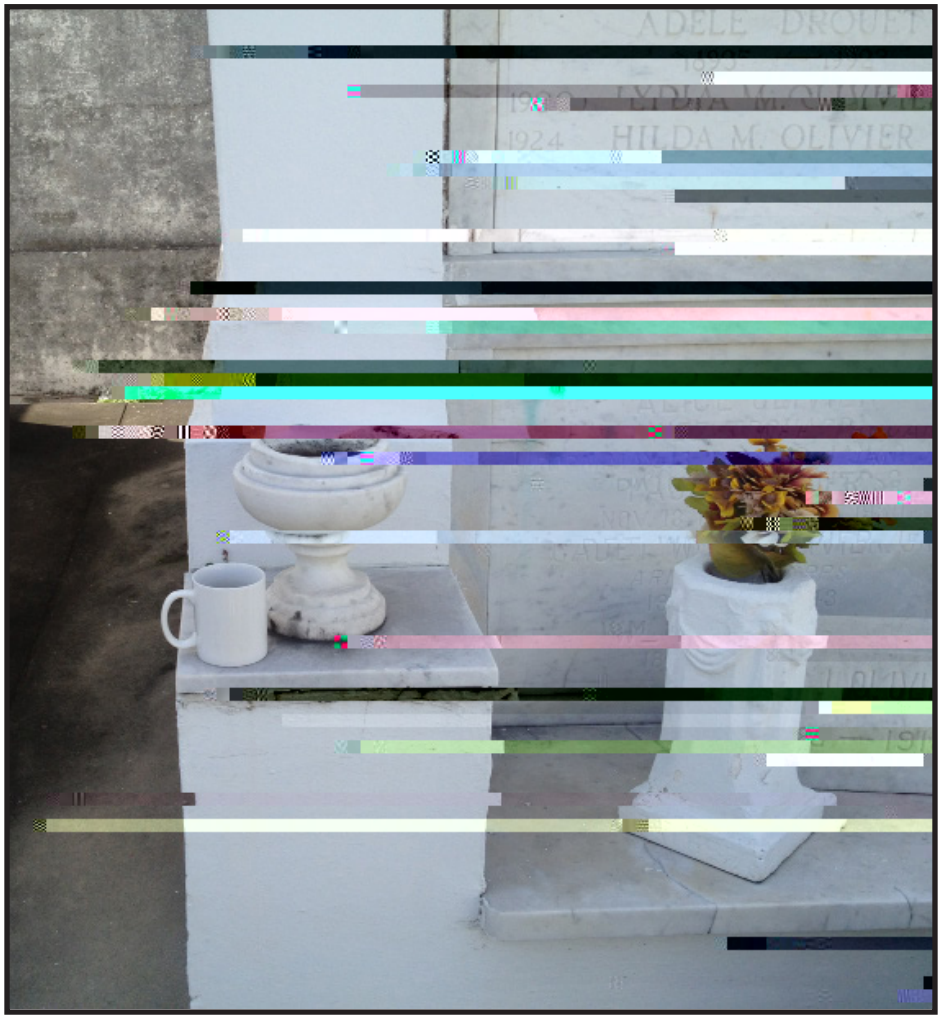
He sails on seas of mist,
He walks on earth, most shaken,
A beastly creature, groveling,
In sands of time and despair
Not moving forward or back.

Still he striveth, feeling strong,
Grasping at his iron powers:
But iron breaketh before it bends,
Shattering into one-thousand shards
Of broken hopes and soured dreams.

Many men have fallen by,
Like a pear, unripe, unwanted,
Thrown down by the thwarted picker,
As the sunset of life falls
That unripe youth becomes blighted.

His spring is gone, love is dead;
His iron strength is depleted,
Broken by the cruel foggings
Administered by Lady Life;
Harsh mistress, terrible indeed.

Her eyes gleam like fres raging,
Not to feed his inspiration,
But to ignite desperation,
Her arms, they wizen the youthful,
Her kiss, only death to men.



For Shelby

Kaylie Young

I used to wish it was your face staring
Back at me in the mirror, glaring
Into my soul and all that I was.
We were so much the same, the two of us.
Common passions and talent, the things we adored,
But never did I dream you would depart before
Myself; your journey was not truly at its end,
And now down my path and not yours I begin.

The Tree

Joshua Holt

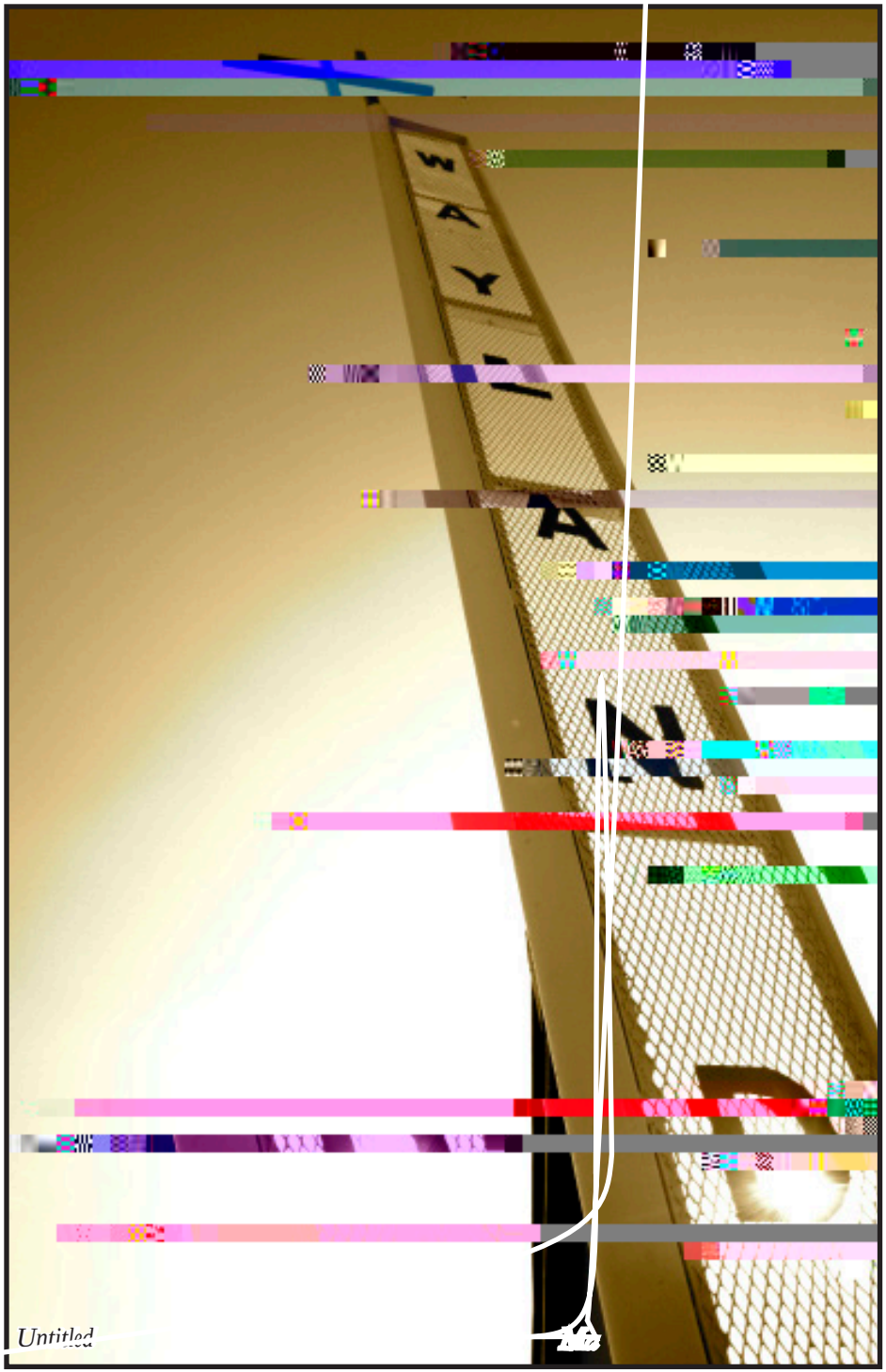
As the wind howled outside the tree swayed, as the wind screamed the tree swayed.
It was as if the wind was playing a musical tune
And the tree was an enthusiastic wood floor,
The branches were seats for the wholehearted crowds that were the leaves.
As the wind howled louder and fercer the leaves left the tree,
As if they were an angered crowd that was swept away
Like a broom sweeps away the anger that was left on the floor
Of the apathetic tree that has lost its leaves to the anger of its own audience.
The stars were shining bright and were flled with passion
As they shined down at the ground that accepted the radiant light with devotion and ardor.
Such the splendor that that night bore down upon the tree
As it gave up all thoughts of the lost leaves and the company that they gave,
The stars were the tree's only companions
They were the only thing that would help the tree to survive.
O the sorrow of the lost leaves
O the joy of the new night and the stars,
Which help the tree stay gloriously green.
Forever will the stars be a guide to the tree as the night grows old and the birth of the new morn arrives.

As I lay awake under the windswept pines
I felt as if I had fell off a mountain in search of death
Only to recoil at the last minute.
I then realized that my life was heading for a glorious demise
Or a shameful state of respite

To be free
To be free of my nightmares
To be free of my fears, of my hopes, of my dreams.
This would forever be my glorious retreat
To the one place that none have hold of my disgraced sanctity.
My life, my mind, and my condolences are my own
Not to be used for some ones advantages or fantasies
They are mine and mine alone
I have decided that now I shall live out my life to greatest extent
Life is more precious than death; it is the only way to truly live
Death does not give second chances; once you are dead that's the end,
You stay the same in the dark abyss that is death
In death you do not move on
You stay still, wasting away into the timeless void
That calls you toward its gloomy light.
The light that is given by day, gives life
The light that is given by darkness, gives death.
Whoever walks among the light of day as a sentry
Gives faith to those who have none
Whoever walks among the light of darkness
Takes away faith from those that do
For those who repent for their feat
Share the light of day with the world
It just depends on what that feat is
The ones who do not repent and continue to reap their evil ways
Will walk in the dread of the dead darkness
That sits still in wait of a terror beyond its reckoning.

But for the Glory of God I will raise my hands.
For the Glory of our Almighty God,
I will sing. I will praise His name.
Glory to God on high.
Let his light shine down upon my sinful face,
Let me be purified by the Holy Spirit.
Let his breath fill my lungs.
Let him be the rock beneath my feet
Let him be my light in the darkness
Let him be my God of all gods
(Continued on next page.)

Let him be my shield of hope, my sword of strength
Let him be the one who comes to me in my time of need
Where is God?
Does he sit upon the clouds?
His thunder is loud
His compassion feeds the crowds
His word fills our minds
His love is spread through our hearts
His will is our faith
His mercy is shown in our cleansed hands
His power is shown in the oceans waves
His glory shown in the rays of the sun
His grace in the way a bird flies
His calm in the swaying tree.



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