

Candelabra



Limestone College

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2014

Candelabra

2014

Literary Editor

Kari DeHof

Art Editor

Gemma Schaefer

Photography

Alissa Knight

Supervising Faculty

Dr. Alex Richardson

Professor Christopher Neyen

Table of Contents

Haiku , Lindsey Taunton	6	Science Experiment , Devon Webb	22
Mates , Lauren Roberts	6	Laughing Chicken , Lauren Roberts	23
Coffee Bean , Abby Koba	7	The Wilting Flower , Chelsy Messer	23
Tendrils , Alissa Knight	8	Drama , Kacie Faulks	24
Sunday Brunch , Tom Raleigh	8	Haiku , Macy Simpson	25
An Unexpected Guest , Lauren Roberts	9	Type Leaf , Devon Webb	25
Water is Life , Caleb Makasa	10	Encouragement , Robert Wilson	26
Ilona , Lindsey Taunton	11	Type Leaf , Claire Violand	27
Running to the Rink , Tom Raleigh	11	Heart , Alissa Knight	29
Lines , Anna Grace Bradford	12	Glass , Kacie Faulks	30
The Thrill , Abby Koba	12	The Voyage , Suzanne Key	31
Shoe , Lauren Roberts	13	Darkness Falls , Chelsy Messer	31
Street Song , Jonathan Neri	14	My World, Your World, Our World , Devin Pommerenke	32
Ominous night , Matthew Farmer	14	Dragon , Lauren Roberts	33
Mermaid , Alissa Knight	14	Lion , Caleb Makasa	34
Yardling , Jonathan Neri	15	Under My Skin , Chelsy Messer	34
Marilyn , Veronica Bosha	15	Currents , Zach White	35
The Other Side , Alex Poda	16	beginner's mind , Kari DeHof	36
Eye , Austin Rembert	18	Reclining Figure , Devon Webb	36
Derailed , Storm Nelson	19	Blood , Kacie Faulks	37
Memories , Macy Simpson	19	The Rub , Niketa Staley	37
Waiting in the Dusk , Caleb Makasa	20	Until the Sand is Cool Again , Lindsey Taunton	38
Blind , Claire Huminski	20	The Golden Dolphin , Caleb Makasa	38
The Aspiration of a Social Worker , Joshua C. Harvey	21	Baggataway , Tom Raleigh	39
Breathe , Shiane Mullinax	22	Pop-Tarts , Niketa Staley	39

Haiku

Lindsey Taunton

As green light streams through
 Stained-glass leaves, cicadas sing
 Alien praises.

Rickety racket
 Vibrates through old, thin-soled shoes
 As the train blurs by.

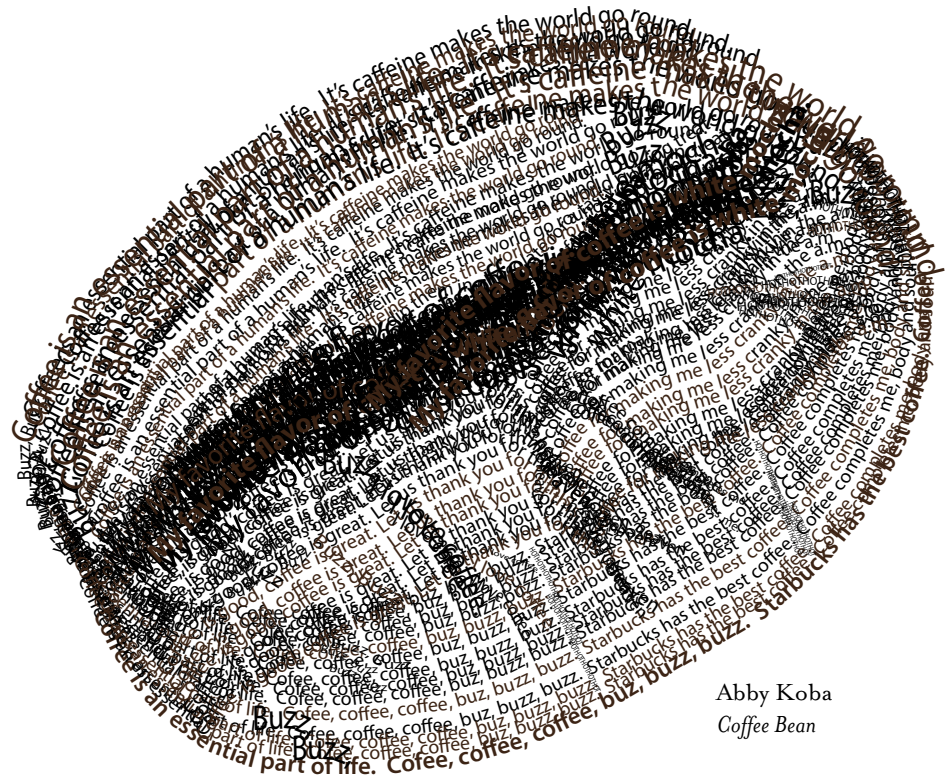
Shimmering heat waves
 Crash on skin in pearly drops
 Of gritty pink salt.

Yellow leaves flicker
 Like dying candles against
 A smothering sky.

White sunlight catches
 Prisms melting from the ice
 In blinding rainbows.



Lauren Roberts
Mates



Abby Koba
Coffee Bean

Alissa Knight
Tendrils



Sunday Brunch

Tom Raleigh

Reflections off the gold colored taps brought the day's sole sunlight
Manipulating one pint after another, bar man wouldn't dare
Leave an empty glass in his eager hand.
Kitchen prepared the usual, straight to box
Internal temperature no matter
Manipulation needed twelve more ounces
He left contemplating inebriation
Food in hand, smoke burning, internal compass pointed south
Foot-tramping his way under the overpass.
Heart stopping, feet followed suit
Laid asleep with open eyes, two youths and a frayed mother,
Resting in rags on their concrete haven
He left the complaisant food at the edge of their cement
His compass spinning in endless circles.



Lauren Roberts
An Unexpected Guest



Caleb Makasa
Water is Life

Ilona

Lindsey Taunton

Our house is a puddle six inches too small.
Her bruising is from elbows too sharp to keep to ourselves
And tongues tired of tasting nothing, choosing blood over bland.
We look, whisper, skip a stone
Across her placid surface to watch the reflection wave in ripples
Then hide behind locked doors when she cries for help.
The reflection stills so our eyes search for wounds.
She is a glass surface, peaceful and complete, purple fragility gone,
Ready for our hands.

Running to the Rink

Tom Raleigh

When I was eight years old I ran away, bolting
Out the door with my hockey bag.
At least I had a destination in mind, I had practice
Later that day.
Dad chased after me for about twenty seconds
In all my fury I forgot my hockey stick
I decided to return home, not even making it to the main road.
My tiny little body could barely handle the weight
Of my bag, as it wrapped itself around my hip,
Every step the front of the bag collided with my right thigh.
I despised the kids
Whose parents bought them the bags with wheels.

Lines

Anna Grace Bradford

They taunt me on the page.
Something sobering to say.
Few words, hidden meanings.
To miss one might revoke the complete character.
So many times I've repeated

These damn lines

Tonight none make themselves known.
I hear them whisper,
But their voices are drowned by the cacophony,
Warring in my head.
Countless hours spent,
My brain deceives me,
My voice chokes.
Is any part of me functioning?
Or am I falling apart, failing,
Unable to recount the abhorrent, miserable lines

Long since forgotten.



Lauren Roberts
Shoe

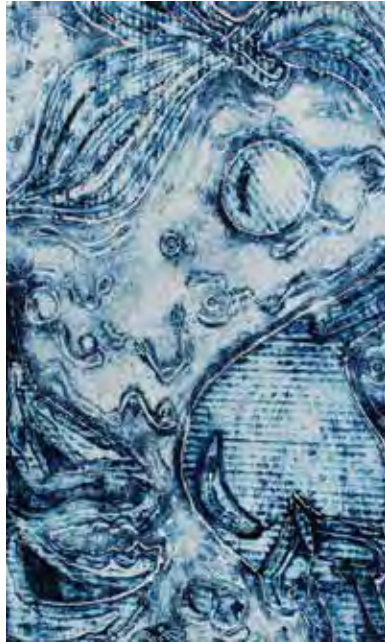


Abby Koba
The Thrill

Street Song

Jonathan Neri

The Avenue swells
with the dying summer sun.
Street lights come on and we come out.
Those cruel, restless creatures
that crawl out of our empty hearts
to meet the blushing evenings streets,
teeming with fellow seekers.
We brush past one another under
the purple clouds,
covering our glances in a haze of grey silence.
How the people move!
How the pavement shudders!
And only a few take notice
of the angels that rise from the broken concrete
to leave us here.
And the purple-turning-blue sky
echoes the hard to speak back beat
of the street
against the dull, brown buildings
of the past.
And we learn nothing,
and we learn everything
in a pastel twilight.



Ailssa Knight
Mermaid

Ominous night

Matthew Famer

Grey tree,
ominous night.
Limbs cold and bare,
hide rough and dry.

Awoken by hands of light,
stroke their way down your spine.
Warmth melts the ice,
dissipates the winter night.

Branches hold fruit and leaves,
shelter little birds and beasts.
Your body begins to rise,
higher towards the sky.

Yardling

Jonathan Neri

Red rocks and dust,
rust and the old whistle
through the tramp's train yard.

He beckons me toward him
with a turn of his hand
through his brown flap coat.

"What I wouldn't do,
for a whiskey,
or a bottle of that sweet red wine."

Up the line there shone a
red light flashing,
so I sat with him.

We are kings of our cigarettes.



Veronica Boshia
Marilyn

The Other Side

Alex Poda

Three feet does not seem like a daunting size. It is no more than a couple of Subway sandwiches. It is no higher than one of Snow White's dwarves, yet when I am facing this obstacle, it seems bigger than Justin Bieber's police report history. Many sports are described as "a game of inches," though in tennis, this rings especially true. Unlike other sports, there is roughly one inch that impacts the flow of a point, game, match, and even career the most. The top inch of that nylon disaster called a net can swing momentum faster than the movement of the second hand on a clock.

Personally, I become frozen as a ball hits the net to bounce up into the air. The more important the moment, the longer the split second feels as the ball wavers between either side of the net. At any level, should you watch when this happens, all players on the court just freeze where they are and stay still and watch as innocent and willful bystanders. This bounce creates hope. Then for one side, disgust and despair. One split second, one bounce off a white strap creates an entire conundrum of winning and losing. It is much more than three feet.

This petite portion of the net is a decision maker. It chooses which side the ball will fall. It chooses who will cheer and who will complain more about luck than a multi-millionaire losing the lottery. It stands for more than a mere point. For some, it can translate beyond the court, all because of varying tensions across the net differing the way of which the ball bounces. No amount of skill can help a player here, but just let Lady Luck take her toll.

In this sense, a tennis net is not just a net to me but it can shape one's outlook on life. The net has shaped mine. It really makes you analyze whether your metaphorical glass is half empty, half full or if either way you would like a refill.

Andy Roddick, the last American man to win a major tournament, was playing Roger Federer, who was currently tied for the most major tournament victories of all time. The match was going Roddick's way. He was going to win his second major. He was going to beat Roger Federer in Federer's favorite tournament. On his favorite court. Then, it happened.

I remember watching this from my father's living room. There were two lamps set on their lucky brightness and I donned my lucky socks in hopes the American would pull through. They seemed to be working as Roddick had a well set up opportunity to go up two sets to Federer's zero, playing best out of five. The ball hit that taunting white strip. It bounced up. The wind blew toward Roddick's side. Federer's point. The great Roger Federer came back to win that set and proceeded to win in five sets to become the greatest tennis player of all time. He even repeated as champion again the next year. Roddick? He never even made another semifinal of a major tournament.

It happens at every level. I have a long existing relationship with the white strap on the tennis net. I would like to believe that it has a personal vendetta on me. We have had our ups, but very few. We have had our downs. The strap has led me to improbable triumph and also to gut wrenching defeats. I would love to have my own personal statistician to record my history in net shots. It feels as if every time I hit this spot, the ball inevitably stays atop the net before dropping like a comet to my side of the net. Immediate depression always ensues.

The net reminds me every day that life can be incredibly unfair. It is unrelenting and it does not care the effort, blood, sweat, or tears you put into your task. In tennis, it could be running back and forth, flinging sweat off my flesh with every explosive step, and reaching a ball that proceeds to hit the little white strip which stops all the momentum of that ball I put every ounce of effort into retrieving. All of this work to watch my work fall innocently and teasingly on my own side of the net. On the contrast, it could also find its way to the other side, where I always want to be.

What is incredible about this concept is that it always inspires hope, both on and off the court. Despite your efforts, your hard work, and your pride in anything you do, there comes a point in every aspect of life where you have to wait for a response. You must wait. You must hope. You must be prepared for success. You must be ready for failure. Sometimes, it is a sure thing as if a high looping ball over the devil of the net and other times it is a disaster and you wonder why you are even doing what it is that you are doing.

But sometimes, you must leave tasks and happenings to luck, a higher deity, or any other outside influence. In this instance, you must just hold your breath and hope. Hope. You must hope that it gets to the other side, as my childhood coach and role model always told me, except he referred to it in the sense of life. Coach Chuck Kriese once told me, "You always have to find a way son. It's very cliché, but you have to find a way to the other side." I have this message printed and posted on my wall.

But what does it mean? It just shows how close something could be in life. How in any given moment, you must hope that the ball bounces your way. That the wait pays off. It shows how quickly a situation can change, for good or for bad. This net strap jars my thoughts and represents the gray area that is life. The white strip is the difference between mission accomplished and what if. It is where I have derived my outlook on life.

There are only two outcomes in my mind: success and failure. I do not believe in moral victories. As I scramble in my tennis, never do I get up after a long, grueling point that ends in an unsatisfactory bounce off of the white strip and come away with a moral victory. There are no moral victories.

There is no positive to a poor bounce. To bad luck. To those who think there is, they could try to tell that to the fractured elbow I suffered. Diving for a ball, I reached it; the ball hit the white strip. My side. The net, as in life, shows no mercy. It is ruthless.

That's why getting to the other side, getting to success, has become so important to me. Through this one measly inch on the net, I have learned the importance of hard work, perseverance, and the necessity of praying for luck. Getting to the other side has driven me in all that I do since I received this advice when I was twelve. Tennis. Relationships. School. This essay. I always strive to get it to the other side. To accomplish my goal. Accomplish my task. The tennis net is not just nylon or sewn hems to attach the white strip to fibers, but it demonstrates life. It portrays hope. It portrays the joys of successful effort and the pain of agonizing failure. Like hitting the tape of the net, when I submit this essay, the ball will bounce up in the air. Will it reach the other side?



Derailed

Storm Nelson

Thoughts glide and weave,
Weightless. Rich, blooming air
Rushing, interrupting. Thunderous blares
Puncture the tranquil atmosphere.
Unexplored dreams leak out,
spilling and withering
to the screech of metal.

Memories

Macy Simpson

I'm there when you sleep.
I'm there when you wake.
I creep up at random times,
but you never force me away.
I once brought a smile to your face,
now I only bring tears and heart ache.
One day you pray to forget,
but then secretly wish for me to appear again.
You can do your best to replace me.
But face the truth,
I'll always be there.

Austin Rembert

Eye



Caleb Makasa
Waiting in the Dusk

Blind

Claire Huminski

Appreciate what you have,
Before it comes what you had

“You don’t know what you have until it’s gone”
No, you’re wrong- or are you blind?
It’s right in front of you, all the time.
Truth is, you just didn’t know
You would lose it.

You always know what you have,
How could you not?
Be careful not to take these things for granted,
Because in a blink of an eye,
They’re gone- goodbye.

Appreciate what you have,
Before it comes what you had.

The Aspiration of a Social Worker

Joshua C. Harvey

Life is a rush while obtaining your dream.
You got to hurry up, move on to what’s next
No time to look back, or stop and enjoy
It’s all about the hustle.
Squeezing the most out of each day.
There has to be more I can accomplish,
So, I got to move faster; hurry up let’s go.

There are triumphs and setbacks along the way.
All for what? What is the end result?
Can I achieve this dream I have?
I must! Failure is not an option.
So many people depend on me
Everyone wants something, and
I just want to give all that I am.
So I do each and every day.

Those who need me, but don’t know me.
Those who seek what I have to offer;
The rich and the poor.
The young and the old.
The weak and the strong.
Those who seek justice,
Those who need a home, and
Those that hope for tomorrow.

Still, there’s more that need
My time, effort, and support.
Those who know me by name:
Family, friends, and mentors.
Those who have a role for me to fill:
Father, husband, son, and brother.
Those who believe in me:
Brother, mother, daughter, and wife.
Those that are there for me:
Parents, friends, mentors, and wife.

Every day I must give them more.
More time.
More effort.
More results.
Every day I must give them all I have to offer.
They need it.
They want it.
They expect it.
Every day I hope I can one day give what they
deserve.



Devon Webb
Science Experiment

Breathe

Shiane Mullinax

Sweat pours off of me
My body is tight

Breathe

My skin starts to tingle
The hot smell hits my nose

Breathe

Loud music comforts me
I'm in pain

Breathe

Don't stop, I say out loud
Keep going

Breathe

I'm almost there
Just breathe
And keep running

The Wilting Flower

Chelsy Messer

A petal falls from the rose
Each day as the passing slows.
As night crosses the scarlet sky,
The beauty and wonder makes me want to cry.
I fall to the ground, my feet so bare,
As I keep breathing in the scentless air.
I watch and the wonder consumes me.
I know what to do, I finally see.
I get up to walk away.
The final petal falls for thee

Lauren Roberts
Laughing Chicken





Kacie Faulks
Drama

Haiku

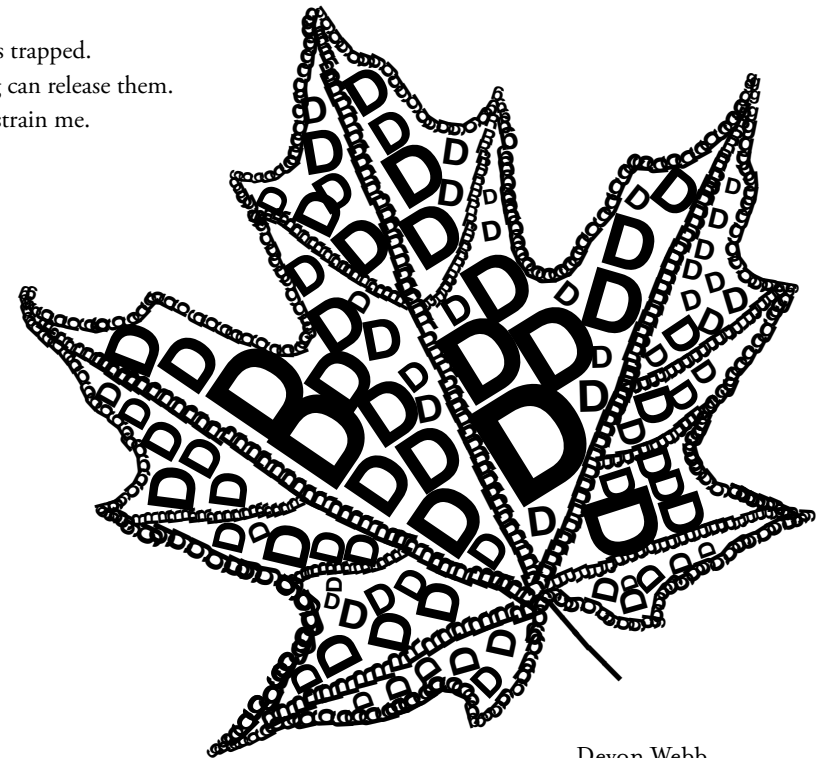
Macy Simpson

Repetition
Humanity is
ending up lost in
the same plan for all.

Roll on
Waves crash erasing
the footprints of the past. Walk
closer to dry land.

Yearly Funeral
Age is a sign of
death. Days turn to years leading
to expiration.

Eject
Emotions trapped.
Anything can release them.
Try to restrain me.



Devon Webb
Type Leaf

Encouragement

Robert Wilson

It was a hot sweltering day, at least that's the way I remember it, when my grandma and I were going to visit my great grandfather. We were cruising through the countryside on our way to North Carolina in the summer of 1993, we would always stop at McGill's Country Store to get something cold to drink on our way, and I still remember the cold crisp taste of Coca Cola tingling on my lips.

"The only type of cola that matters," grandma said, "is the type that comes from a glass bottle."

It was hot, so hot that my shirt stuck to my back, so hot that I had longed for an icy cold swimming pool. We had made this trip many times before, he would joke with me, give me sweets to eat, and I felt like the most important person in the world when I was with him, but this trip would turn out to be different. I had always loved visiting my grandpa, I learned so much from him, his ageless wisdom, his cunning wit, and he would always have something different to teach me each time. I believe these little moments build who we are, they are small moments in time that are grafted on our souls forever, these events shape who we are and who we become.

When we came to grandpa's house it was the same as any other time; it was a simple brick, an average four bedroom house, underneath towering oak trees, the scent of hay fields heavy in the air. The flowers were in bloom; climbing roses, soft lilies, and the hydrangea shrubs. When I went inside, it was always bright, windows open so the wind could blow in, and there were always sweet Oreo cookies in the cookie jar; lush apples, oranges, tangerines, and other fruit in the bowl on the table for me to snack on, and there was always grandpa in his worn out blue-jean overalls. Grandpa was always in the den watching baseball or the news, we would often spend hours here together. Grandpa was always smiling, a warm and welcoming smile. He was wrinkled with age, but at 87 I guess that is part of the territory.

Grandpa and I would sit and talk for what seemed like forever, we would talk about sports (he loved the Atlanta Braves), we talked about the weather, and even World War II (he had fought the Germans on D-Day). We laughed about my grandma's childhood as he retold family tales of fun and excitement. Then came that critical moment, that moment that grafts marks on the soul, grandpa leans to me and says:

"Son, come here."

So I oblige the old man, he says:

"I want to give you something really important."

He pulls out a pocket watch, worn with time. It's a conductor's watch,

a gold train on the front, the hands ticking away the time. He hands it to me, it's cold and metallic, and he says:

"I want you to have this son, take care of this watch, it is part of who I am and means a lot to me."

So I take the watch in my hands and admire it, he continues:

"Time is the one thing you never get back once it's spent, use it wisely."

This was coming from an aged man who had seen better days, from a man worn with time, from a man who had lived the words "use it wisely." I responded back:

"Thank you grandpa, I'll take care of it."

I was only ten years old, so the watch just glistened in my eyes as I admired it. We walked outside to the back porch and he told me:

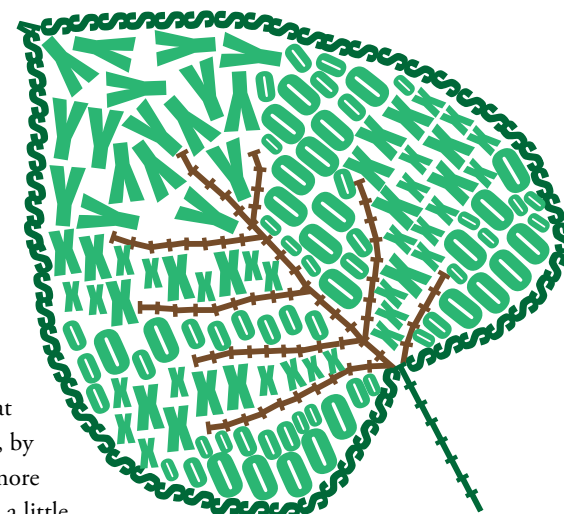
"Your grandma gave me that watch when I opened my garage in the 1960's."

I just looked at him, I remember my grandma pointing out the spot where the garage was several times before. He had grown old with age and closed the garage many years ago, but someone else bought the property and opened up a new garage. He began to tell me of the watch's importance:

"That watch has been with me for years and I have used it to keep appointments, pass the time and to remind me of your grandma."

I was ten years old when I stuck the watch in my pocket and forgot about it. When you are ten years old you never think about these things, they simply hide away. I pulled the watch out periodically to admire it or show it off, but rarely did I think about those words or even contemplate what they mean, rarely did I recall our conversation.

There are times when the past begins to revisit us, times when these moments creep back in. That happened to me in 2010, I once again glanced at the watch while going through some belongings of mine, I had stuffed these belongings away many years before, I sat gleaming at the watch, by this time I am much more mature, I had attained a little wisdom since those former days, and

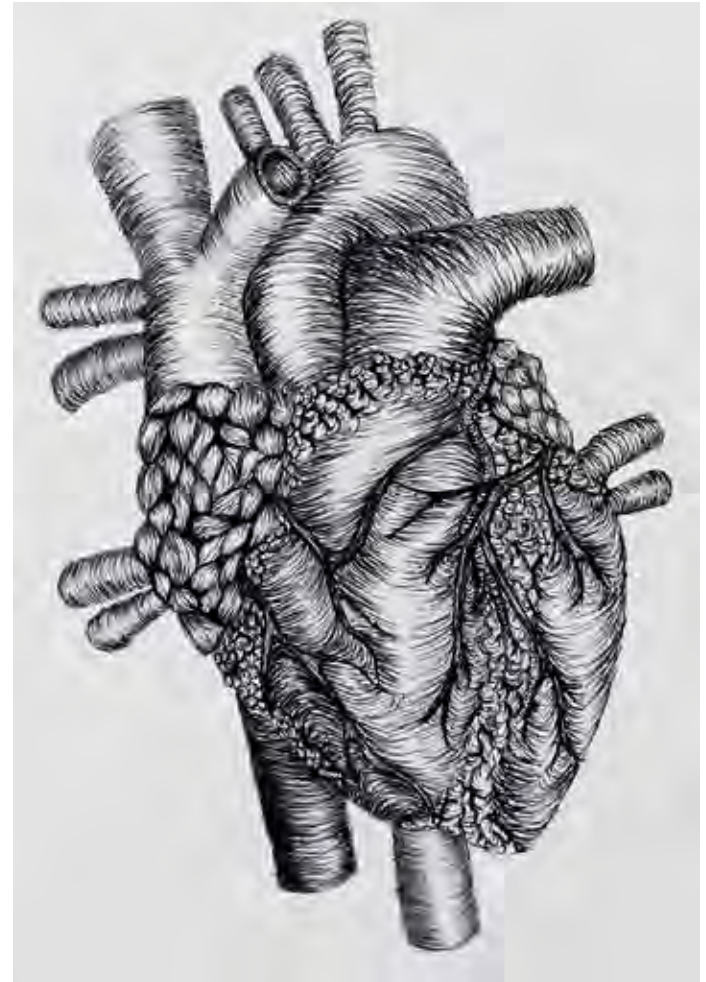


Claire Violand
Type Leaf

once again the words once etched in my soul came back to me in that moment, time, where had it gone? I looked at the watch, it's still cold and metallic, the gold train is still on the front, but I viewed the hands that had long become still as time that had spent, and I pondered "how did I use my time?"

At this moment I thought of the words he said, "Use it wisely," and then I pondered to myself "how did I use my time?" "Did I use my time wisely?" I was twenty-eight, where had I been? Where did the time go? How would I slow it down? I thought to myself, "I need to use my time more wisely," after all, once it is gone, it's gone. I had decided at that moment to become a teacher, I decided at that moment to take grandpa's advice and use my time wisely.

There is a point in life we must all come to, a critical moment in our lives where these grafted parts seem to run together and form our fragile lives. I would still look to the watch when moments came that seemed to daunt me, challenge me, or slow me down, and I would think to myself, "I have to continue to use my time wisely," I must finish the race. I looked to the watch, a simple watch, but such power, this watch was just a gift from a woman to a man, but it meant so much to that man and now it means so much to me. Grandpa had used his time wisely to care for his family, build a business, and he had served his Country and community, would I live up to those standards? So I made my choice, I knew where I was going, I had purpose, and it is all because of an old man who whispered a few words and gave me a priceless gift, a watch.



Alissa Knight
Heart



Kacie Faulks
Glass

The Voyage

Suzanne Key

Five years
Classes, coaches, coffee, crushes
Limestone College has been a trip,
So many new friends,
And endless memories that never grow old.

Where did time go?
Yesterday I graduated high school,
18 years old without a clue,
Now 23 in the same boat,
Like a pirate without a map.

May 8, 2014
Cannot come soon enough
It is time to find a purpose.
I know everything happens for a reason
What happens next?

Darkness Falls

Chelsy Messer

Darkness falls on this small town.
No one in sight.
Screams echo through the alley way
Like hell in the night.
No good left,
No love around,
Just the sharp toothed creatures.
I'm hiding so not to be found.
Living or not,
I don't know where life is,
Because
Darkness falls on my little town.

My World, Your World, Our World

Devin Pommerenke

The world won't end as long as there is water.
As the sun beams, burns, and radiates bright bright bright.
Earth mends to stay complacent day into night.
And do you think that our world speaks with its smiles?
I believe it does, but I am not a scientist, just a believer.

Lend your ear to a teacher or trust your fate with a preacher.
Then shall we find what this world really has in store?
Will we live forever or will all our water be no more?
Do we own our water or does time curb its fate?
When there's no water to drink there's no more people I think.

Go and ask Nature and see what she says.
For when and if she speaks she often just mumbles.
When she wants to dance she just jumps up and jumbles.
The day this all stops is the one day to fear.
For there will be no more days and thus no more years.

Until she dies, the sun fades, and there's not a drop of water.
Drink up, live life, swim, splash, and shower.
Enjoy this day and this life while u still will and still can.
For when water runs dry and earth concedes to flourish.
You'll all be parched, dead, and malnourished.



Lauren Roberts
Dragon

Under my Skin

Chelsy Messer

This heart you see holds a secret inside.
Where no one can see it, even if it hides.
It beats and beats for one person, you see.
The person it beats for is inside of me.
I do not show it. I don't know why.
I try so hard, and then I start to cry.
I push and push, again and again.
I will always try until the end.



Caleb Makasa
Lion

Currents

Zach White

Doorknobs turn, familiar locks being unlatched,
Fingers gripping metal, pulling me forward.
In a rush, no time to stop and talk
To my roommate, who sits
on the couch, his face buried in his tablet,
Ears deafened by headphones,
he stares on, unaware of my presence.
Passing his idle self by,
my stomach drags me to the kitchen.
A moment stolen,
just for this.
My hands reach out,
Gathering familiar, quick to the touch items,
Crafting a sandwich with impeccable speed.
They snatch my script as I pass my empty room,
My feet hurrying me to the door.
The once enthralled roommate
shakes off his stupor,
to say goodbye.
We live together,
But our paths don't always flow as one.
Two different rivers,
Speeding off at separate currents,
Ebbing and flowing in different directions,
Bashed about by life

But each day, springing from the same fountain.

beginner's mind

Kari DeHof

Try to put words together
In 'actual' ways
Too many ways
Way too many things to say

I can't get the words down on paper
It's never said how I'm tryin' to say

Fuck what I'm trying to say
People never try
To get what I'm trying to say
It's always twisted in some kinda way
Or worse
An inconvenience to their day
What I'm trying to say



Devon Webb
Reclinng Figure



Kacie Faulks
Blood

The Rub

Niketa Staley

Why no toilet paper? May I ask please?
Tuition is too high
And yet, the basic necessities
They won't even supply.

Got me hopping from stall to stall;
Extremely unpleasant! Where do I begin?
I just want some toilet paper that's all,
Screw it, I'll use a paper napkin.

What's really going on?
You can't tell me, it's not in the budget.
Maybe they want us to bring our own from now on
Or maybe we simply ran out of it.

Maybe, the Custodians are protesting for a higher wage;
Let's face it, eight or nine dollars an hour doesn't get you far this day and age.

Until the Sand Is Cool Again

Lindsey Taunton

Circles in sand slip from our hands
Empty of a thousand things
We cannot say in deserts.
The water is too far, too cold,
And we're not ready to speak.
With each rotation of gritted fingernails,
The sun sinks below rippling heat-waves.
Red bleeds to blue, stains purple.
Swollen tongues stick to dry mouths.
But still those listless circles chase
Cracked-lip smiles.
Motion against nothing.

Baggataway

Tom Raleigh

An extension of my arm, pulsing
Organic elements crafted from earth
Dagger in time of need
Hickory complected, a warriors' soul
Nature's heart
All from a downed tree.
A paintbrush sprinting across a green canvas
I am grounded, dashing barefoot across the green.
Painfully energetic, crashing combated bones
The dagger is no longer for me.
Serenity of such pure art I yearn to see.



Pop-Tarts

Niketa Staley

I love me some pop-tarts
Bread with delicious fillings
Plus sprinkles on top

Caleb Makasa
The Golden Dolphins