



FILIBUSTER 2017

AUM'S LITERARY AND CREATIVE ARTS MAGAZINE



Worry, Prayer, Resolution/ EmilyRae Burton / Senior / English / Graphic Design

Editor's Note:

The theme of Filibuster 2017 was “Community.” No matter who we are or where we go, each of us is part of a community. We work together; we learn together; we grow together. At AUM, too often our community becomes isolated within our own specific majors, which is not entirely a bad thing, but can also limit our opportunities for gaining knowledge and expressing creativity. This year we hoped to expand our submission pool beyond the typical English and Art majors. As a result, we received new submissions from a wider cross-section of the AUM community, including Biology, Information Systems, and Economics majors.

No matter who we are, where we've been, or where we're headed, we are all creative!

I want to thank all of you—both our writers and our readers. Without you, Filibuster would not be possible. Neither would it have continued so successfully without the help of the three co-editors—EmilyRae Burton, Caitlin Celka, and Ryan Preskitt—and our faculty advisor, Dr. Klevay. Our graphic designer, LyAnne Peacock, has been a joy to work with. Although I lacked any prior experience in creative design, she more than abundantly compensated for this.

Here's to Filibuster 2017 and many more! Enjoy!

Editor-in-Chief

Juanita Barrett

Want to Join In?

Interested in joining the Filibuster staff? Email Dr. Robert Klevay at rklevay@aum.edu to ask about available staff positions!

We are already accepting submissions for our 2018 edition of the Filibuster. Send your creative works as an attached file to: filibuster@aum.edu. Our deadline for the 2018 issue is Dec. 31st. Don't hesitate to ask us questions!



TABLE OF CONTENTS

ARTWORK

- 6 **Woman**
Megan Lofgren
- 6 **On the Hotline**
Aiesha Kornegay
- 7 **We, The People**
Aiesha Kornegay
- 7 **Wet Floor, Don't Slip**
EmilyRae Burton
- 33 **Spring Morning**
Megan Lofgren
- 53 **Impermanent**
EmilyRae Burton

ART/POEM COLLABORATION

- 47 **Introduction to
Art/Poetry Collaborations**
Juanita Barrett
- 48 **Untitled**
Alvontay Harris
- 48 **Untitled**
Sabrina Blaum
- 49 **The Breath of Darkness**
Amy DeCal
- 49 **Untitled**
Danielle Riggs
- 50 **Soul Searching**
Amy DeCal
- 50 **Reminescent Happiness**
EmilyRae Burton
- 51 **Mutable Mourning**
Amy DeCal
- 51 **Rekindled Light**
EmilyRae Burton

PHOTOGRAPHY

- 22 **Big Sky Country**
Sarah Sterling
- 23 **A Man's Best Friend**
Sarah Sterling
- 32 **Grace**
Takeisha Jefferson
- 44 **Fifty Shades of Feline**
Peyton Buchanan
- 52 **Reflections**
Sarah Sterling
- 53 **Liberty**
Takeisha Jefferson

POETRY

- 8 **Blue**
Kyle Lesinger
- 35 **April**
Crystie R. Deuter
- 36 **Free**
Caitlin Celka
- 37 **Oceana~**
Caitlin Celka
- 37 **Cliffs of Moher**
Emily A. Dunning
- 38 **As if a Leaf**
Jonathan McNulty
- 40 **Her Portraits**
Rachel Wallace
- 40 **Finals**
Amy DeCal
- 41 **Requiem for a Beard**
Kim Leifer
- 41 **Wade in the Reserve**
Crystie R. Deuter
- 42 **Lace Curtains**
Taylor Iman
- 43 **Love Story**
Adrienne Jackson

TRANCENDENTAL IMITATIONS

- 25 **Introduction to
Transcendental Imitations**
Robert Klevay
- 26 **So Harmless, So Human**
James Scott
- 28 **Married Expectations**
Nikki Headley
- 30 **Reduce and Reuse**
Erin Terrell

SHORT STORY

- 11 **Dear Customer Service**
Deirra Holley
- 12 **Sweet Annie**
Matt Johnson
- 14 **The Essence of College in
the Style of Hemmingway**
Keaton Pickett
- 16 **Ashley**
Bethany Messer

FLASH FICTION

- 11 **Flying**
Sabrina Blaum
- 11 **Dark Queen**
Sabrina Blaum

SHAKESPEARE PROJECT

- 19 **William Finds Out**
Amy DeCal
- 20 **Shakespeare's First Folio
in Montgomery**
Ryan Preskitt



FILIBUSTER MEET THE TEAM



JUANITA BARRETT

I am a first-year graduate student in AUM's new Master of Teaching Writing (MTW) program. This upcoming fall I will be an adjunct teacher for English Composition while I write my thesis. In addition to being this year's Filibuster editor, I am president of AUM's chapter of Sigma Tau Delta, an international English honors society.

My favorite author is Roald Dahl. I love his use of imagination and his books take me back to my own childhood. They also remind me that there is a light at the end of the darkest tunnel. I have not read a book of his that I did not like. They are all my favorites. Outside of Dahl, my favorite books are *Goodnight, Moon* by Margaret Wise Brown and *Walk Two Moons* by Sharon Creech.

I hope to finish my thesis by May 2018. After that, my plans are to teach Composition in either a two-year college or a four-year university, travel the world when I have time, and maybe read a book or two.



LYANNE PEACOCK

I am a Junior in Graphic Design/Photography. In my free time, I train in martial arts, write, and play video games.

My inspiration comes from many famous painters, most importantly Vincent Van Gogh and Albrecht Durer. I also enjoy the contemporary painter/photographer Alexa Meade.

After graduation, I hope to work full time for a commercial company in graphic design while freelancing with my photography and other art.

I enjoy mixing mediums from different art fields. Each field compliments another in its own way. It's fun to explore and experiment with during the process to see what finally comes out as a result.



EMILYRAE BURTON

I am a senior working on a double degree in English and graphic design.

I enjoy many authors and choosing a favorite is difficult. If I had to pick, I would say that Charles Dickens, Thomas Hardy, P.G. Wodehouse, Wilkie Collins, Sinclair Lewis, and many others are some of my current favorites.

During my free time, I love to read (of course), explore the outdoors, create artwork, and go on adventures.

I am a part of the Sigma Tau Delta and Phi Kappa Phi honor societies.

I currently plan, after I graduate with my double degree, either to work at first as a graphic designer and writer at an international ministry or to attend graduate school. My ultimate goal is to be a self-employed illustrator/designer and writer.



CAITLIN CELKA

I am a huge fan of Kate Chopin whose stories are the perfect combination of fascinating and uncanny. I have learned to live by her mantra: “the voice of the sea speaks to the soul.” In my free time, I love to hike and be near bodies of water. I have always had a special connection with them, but especially the ocean. I often drive to the beach for the day just to lift my spirits and talk to God whose presence I feel the most there.

I am a part of Sigma Tau Delta, the International English Honors Society, and Filibuster. I enjoy writing poetry and expressing my whirlwind of thoughts on paper.

After graduation, I plan to publish a book based on a series of back-to-back dreams I had; I cannot wait to share it with the world. I also plan to be SCUBA certified so that I can write for scientists as I follow them on their underwater excursions. I think it would change my whole perspective on life and on one of my favorite verses, Isaiah 43:2: “When you go through deep waters I will be with you.”



RYAN PRESKITT

Some of my favorite authors and books are Cormac McCarthy’s *Blood Meridian*, F. Scott Fitzgerald’s *The Great Gatsby*, Douglas Adams’s *The Hitchhiker’s Guide to the Galaxy*, J.R.R. Tolkien’s *The Lord of the Rings*, and Dan Simmons’s *Drood*.

In my free time, I like to travel both near and far. I also enjoy writing, watching movies, and taking nature walks.

After graduation, I hope to have several months of much needed rest before starting grad school (in either AUM’s Master of Liberal Arts (MLA) or the Master of Teaching Writing (MTW) program). I would also like to get involved with writing professionally, so I plan to freelance as well.



Woman

Megan Lofgren

Sophomore

Fine Arts - Graphic Design



On the Hotline

Aiesha Kornegay

Senior

Fine Arts/Painting



We, The People

Aiesha Kornegay

Senior

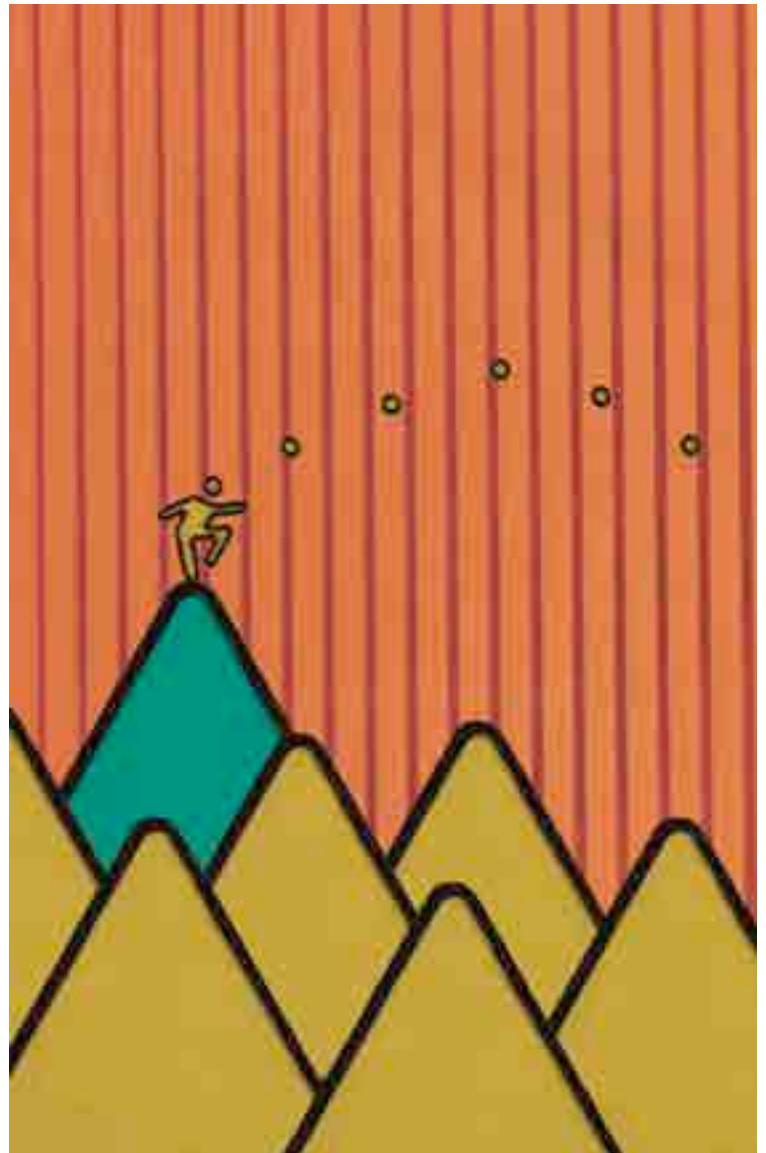
Fine Arts/Painting

Wet Floor, Don't Slip

EmilyRae Burton

Senior

English/Graphic Design





BLUE

Kyle Lesinger
Senior
Biology/Microbiology

BLUE—the most undervalued of all the hullabaloo,
I sense you come with much to imbue,
But alas what can I say that would be new,
To let the masses know the wondrous nature of your brew,
.....what if I had A pew of ewe’s playing peekaboo.... No.... no....
Of course! I’ll ask my trusty, oddly diverse crew!
Friends come close, I have a message or two,
I stand today for what I believe could vanquish the flu,
You’ve heard my cries before but now I ask of you,
My ears hear now so clear right on cue,
I need your mastoidal vibrational

metaphorical goo,

(1) I ask you sir, does the darker palette give life to even the most treacherous scenes between fighting kung-fu kangaroos?

Great question Lucy Lou!
You see it breathes new air into the water below its phantom grasp—don’t misconstrue;

It carves the horizons with viscous clarity
of vague perplexity—I shan’t continue,

So tell me why would this four-letter word not be the outstanding winner from the few?

(2) Aargh! You’re a squirrly chap be yee, but can you find chromatic comfort in the ominous shadowing of tempest views?

Captain Hooky-hoo you seem wary of the nirvana that lies within the dye let me so let take you through,
Your skin will surge with the

coolness of ice, your heart will pump revitalizing serum through your , your mind will be flooded with images of forgotten places, and your body will be satisfied with the ethereal sensation of the Tone of the Ages.-----WHEW!

(3) You talk a loud game Mr. Richelieu,
But your stories cut me deep and fill me deep with rue,
May I join you and begin the crusade, let’s start a coup!
Why yes Dr. Drew, you’re quite the buckaroo,
We must be diligent, brave, and full of virtue,

(Side note)“My this impromptu interview has turned into quite the venue”
Together we will be the tying binds to wipe away the grievous collection of visual disgrace---yes we will be the glue!

Now to find a way to create the most destructive, debilitating stew,
Once drank, it makes the haters go



BOO or MOO! Mua ha ha ha ha
ha..... □

But why do I feel that I have left some
thought bubble askew?,
Is there a striking neuron that has
located the missing clue?,
Do the inferior shades have purpose
in this realm of light refractions- this
colorful zoo?

I feel I have fallen into a most
debilitating snafu!

(4) Just shut up and decide already you
miserable old shrew,
Your promptness is much appreciated,
lovely Jasmine the mew,
And my how pretty you are today at
this overdue rendezvous,
So.....

Shall I end this War of Pigments as
swiftly as the Earth sets the morning
dew,
Or succumb to the paleness that lies
in a world filled with obscene tinge
residue?

Will I hide away for eternity, or travel
to Timbuktu?.

Or has the proverbial other foot
protector fallen?--- you know, the
shoe?,
...

No no no I say I will not massacre or
eschew,
I will continue using the improper
wavelength tincture even in my most
sophisticated milieu!

I grasp now that this topic is no longer
taboo?
You see... “The Others” congeal
together to form the most majestic
of paintings of what you would
colloquially call.... —“doo doo”,

If honesty claims thine own self be
true,
Then away bland spectral colors I bid
adieu,
I stick with the vanity that can only be
attained through the marvelous hue of
blue.



SHORT STORIES



Dear Customer Service

Deirra Holley

Freshman
Undecided

Dear Customer Service,

I don't normally do this, but a month ago I ordered a Supergirl t-shirt from you. Let me start off by saying it was a fantastic shirt and I loved the design. You are probably wondering why I am just now writing to you about a shirt I bought a month ago? Well, it was sticky, so sticky that I just got it off two weeks ago. Do you watch the news? If you do, you have probably seen them talking about a girl going around thinking she had super powers. Your shirt did that to me, and not only could I not take it off, it was making me lose my mind. I was convinced I could fly. Well, since I firmly believed I could fly, I decided to jump off a three-story building. While falling through the air, I not only discovered that I could in fact not fly, but the manufacturer of this shirt is at complete fault for my delusions. Upon hitting the ground, I blacked out. I woke up two days later in a hospital bed with my grandmother crying over my broken body. Needless to say, I was in an extreme amount of pain. The doctor prescribed me some pretty strong pain killers that I then got addicted to. At this point, I would like to reiterate that this all happened because of your faulty Supergirl t-shirt. Because I am now addicted to painkillers, I have to go to rehab which is something that I absolutely cannot afford. So, because your shirt is the reason for all my misfortunes, I believe your company should compensate me for the cost of rehab.

Sincerely,

A drug addicted loon.

Flying

Sabrina Blaum

Graduate Student
Master of Teaching Writing

They say the fall hurts. He isn't sure. Everything looks small. Unlike when he'd walk among them. He isn't supposed to fall. But heavy things cannot fly. They sink. Fall. He looks closer. Nothing. His hands tremble as he leans forward. He shivers without feeling cold. An eternity, and now the edge. Ready to jump. Leave. For him. He spreads his wings one last time. Folding them, he lunges. He fights the urge to open his wings. Only a true fall will set him free. The air hitting his face stings. He closes his eyes. Any second now.

Dark Queen

Sabrina Blaum

Graduate Student
Master of Teaching Writing

"I took her heart, right at the start. It was mine. She'd be nothing without me. A pale imitation of unlimited potential. Instead, she found her way. An imp led her astray. She came back, entered my fortress of lost dreams. I'd forgiven her schemes. A shattered mirror crashed to the floor. It paints the fractured reflection of a fallen queen. A villain forged of betrayal and pain. Until she found you, her little..."

"Mom, stop scaring my children."

"Spoilsport," I mutter, as I kiss little heads goodnight.



SWEET ANNIE

Matt Johnson

Graduate Student

Master of Liberal Arts

Inside an old, run-down shack, a shiny brass knob rattled. Feet pounded the dirt, stopped, and the decaying door swung open and slammed violently. The boy engaged the new lock; his chest heaved.

“Angus?!” Dan wheezed.

Angus gently closed his cell phone and chuckled.

“Yea, Dan. Come join me in tha’ sittin’ room.”

“I’ll sit when I can see more than two feet in front of my face. Seriously, Angus, if it weren’t for that old radio, it would be pitch black in here.”

“Why shore, Dan. I am happy to hep a guest o’ mine.”

Angus shuffled to the center of the room, took a match from his shirt pocket, and lit the hanging lantern. As

the yellow flame crept along the floor and partially up the walls, Dan could see the old man was nearly engulfed by every landscaping tool known to man. Angus looked at Dan and gave his familiar broken smile.

“So.” Angus groaned as he found his stool, “It didn’t work, did it?”

“Nope.”

“She wouldn’t come witch you?”

“Not that. We just didn’t make it out of the house.” Dan leaned forward in the dim room to show Angus his “parting gift.”

Angus grabbed his gray, stubbled chin. “Well, it ain’t exactly what I told you a week ago, but, it’s damn close enough.” Angus moved a few bottles in a nearby cooler, grabbed a red, tattered rag, and offered the boy a small remedy.

“Don’t go putting this down as a loss just yet. No one saw where I was headed. If I could just use your truck, I could drive straight to the front door.”

“My truck?! Now, that’s an idea.” Angus leaned under his work bench and slid a two-gallon gas can across the floor.

Angus smiled. “It’s only ten miles to the Chevron.”

“Shit!” Dan kicked the gas can to the side. “I mean, I guess she could hoof it down here. I did. We just have to be gone tonight!”

“That there’s the problem.” Angus tapped a wrinkly temple with his finger. “You cain’t think, boy. Where were you gonna go? How are you gonna get there? My truck? I might need that from time to time.”

“If I can just make it back home, my parents will have the place packed up. If your truck would run, you could always pick it up there. Then, we could go wherever we need to go.”

“Your parents?” Angus stood up at a speed which shocked them both. He moved closer and closer to Dan.

“What?” Dan shrugged. “It’s about time we moved on. I just talked them into it.”

“That’s just fine! It’s all I needed to hyear. Matter o’ fact, I’ll go find some sweet thing of my own and I’ll come too.” Angus was dangerously close to pushing Dan out of his seat.

“Come on, Angus. You have to breathe down my neck?” Dan put his hand over his nose and mouth.

“I don’t care much fer lies, Danny.”

Trying to break Angus’s gaze, Dan looked down at the floor. He looked up the dusty boards, until a small bit of rope caught his eye.

“What...uh, what’s the rope for,



Angus?”

“Oh, this? It does somethin’ special to a fool. It keeps ‘em from doin’ fool things.”

Without much strain, Dan was bound to his chair. As a reflex, Dan tested the rope on his arms and hands. There was no give to them at all. Just as Dan was trying to kick a leg out from his chair, Angus caught Dan’s foot. After fully securing Dan, Angus huffed back over to his stool and opened his phone.

Dan bellowed, “Well, I guess the old man can move when he has a mind to!”

Angus looked over his shoulder and held his hand out, motioning for Dan to stop. Angus mumbled and nodded a few times before hanging up.

Dan squirmed as Angus shuffled back to grab his cold, tattered rag. Angus simply wiped his forehead as he trudged his well-worn path.

After a minute, Dan shouted, “What are you doing Angus?! The Doc will kill me when he gets here.”

Angus sighed, “Kill ya? Yer’ all bothered, boy. You thought he was comin’?”

Dan nodded.

“No, no. He’s sending another pup like you; Theo, I think. He’ll take you home, and you can settle up with your parents. That is,” Angus chortled, “if you all don’t just pick up and run into the night. Doc said he’d come by in the morning.”

Dan threw his head back. “Gee, Angus, doesn’t that sound good? Too good, even? You know that things aren’t ever that clean around here.”

Angus turned up his radio. He hummed cheerfully to WBAM Legends Country. After bobbing along to a few songs, Angus checked the front of his phone. The screen illuminated and the”

numbers screamed out 11:55. Angus rubbed his eyes and grumbled about old men and sleep.

Dan pleaded, “You have to let me go. You know that Doc won’t send Theo.

Angus looked back, “You know how fer away Theo lives. It’ll be anotha’ fifteen minutes. Besides, why’d he send somebody else?”

“You’ve got me tied up. I can’t believe you think I’m so stupid.”

“I just want you to stay put. If you go runnin’ back to the Doc’s house, you might hav’ to worry about him sendin’ somebody else.”

Five minutes crept by. Well before he expected it, Angus heard an old diesel truck ease in front of the old shack.

“Finally!” Angus shook the sleep out of one leg, as he passed by Dan.

“Theo, my b...” Angus caught one hard blow to the chin and hit the floor with a crack. Not being nearly as old as he looked, Angus held on to a muffled and blurry consciousness. He saw the nameless cowhand step over him and grab the back of Dan’s chair. As the cowhand kicked Angus’s legs clear of the door, Angus locked eyes with Dan one last time.

Dan shouted, “She’s my sister, Angus! Annie’s my litt...”

The cowhand jammed his elbow into the back of Dan’s head, “Now, that’s a shame. You went and killed an old man.”

Dan had the rag in his mouth just after the cowhand knocked the lamp to the floor. Angus made a move for the door, but the cowhand moved quickly. Dan was in the bed of the truck, while the cowhand’s boot sank into Angus’s face and legs. Just before the fire lapped its way through the shack, the cowhand let out an awful laugh and sang along with the radio:

with the radio:

Dang me, dang me

**They oughta’ take a
rope and hang me**

**High from the
highest tree**

**Woman would you
weep for me?**



The Essence of College in the Style of Hemingway

Keaton Pickett

Junior

Economics

He woke from a fulfilling slumber. He rolled out of bed at 7:00 A.M. and began that day. He calls himself a morning person but only as much as one could be a morning person. Waking up early gives the opportunity of productivity. Or at least the impression of it. One sock on and the other foot bare he felt one cold foot on the tile and the other rather toasty while he waited for his brother to leave the kitchen so he could use his brother's coffee. He ran out of his own and had to make do. What's done is done. He plopped three ice cubes into the aromatic and steaming Mickey Mouse cup and the splashback burnt his hand. A tragic affair but at least he knew the expedition of the caffeination would be worth it as was drinking out of his favorite mug.

Immediately following he cracked open the laptop. He began his pursuit for the day's affairs, wincing in anticipation of a red "grade notification" that always causes a stir despite typically causing satisfaction or at least pleasant surprise. He noted nothing awry. He then twisted the shower handle over to as far as the stainless steel lever would go. He was waiting until the steam notified him it was hot enough. If he waited too long the smoke detector would go off. It was a narrow timeline he had worked on for years before. He briefly returned to the laptop and he carried his finger on the trackpack over to the X on the page before he noticed a reminder from his most challenging yet thorough professor that his English assignment was due on Sunday. It was the following Monday. He let out a sigh and chugged his coffee and slammed shut the shower door.



Following his classes, he rushed home. Papers needed to be written. He began to scour the literature for topics before he got a phone call. It was his boss for his new job at Cracker Barrel and he eagerly hopped on her request to exchange the PPC and bring ADS to 19.7 and maintain the MACC's demands of a UTC of 3.4. He knew what none of those things meant. He just knew how to sell fall pattern blouses to old women. He aggressively ironed his work shirt and it was a starching and pressing session that ended in a second degree burn to complement his morning coffee's first degree burns that complemented the internal burn of having to submit a late assignment. "Becoming a responsible adult is a marathon," he thought. "Not a sprint." He arrived at work and was detailed on what his duties would be for the evening by his boss and the look on her face was telling enough and he could tell she was at least relieved she had someone to do her typical job for her. She didn't have fun products to sample. In her hands were Excel spreadsheets. She smelled like cigarettes. She told him the sooner he finished the sooner she could leave and go home and drink rum and coke by herself at home and he wondered if doing these tasks would make him turn to drink. It didn't. That was illegal and probably best kept that way for awhile longer. He then tried to decipher the spreadsheet and relabel the entire store and greet guests and push products on those guests and follow around the guests and put their items back where they belong and babysit their kids in the toy section and put back the toys the toddlers threw all over the ground and try and sell jewelry to their parents while their kids were crying and wanting

to eat macaroni and cheese and throw more Beanie Babies on the ground instead of watching a boy with burnt fingers point out the newest collection in rose gold necklaces to their parents and quell the earpiece telling him he needed to sell, sell, sell. The ADS was 20.1 and he was pretty sure that was a good thing and he unplugged the Christmas trees and swept the floors and called it a night.

He drove home and was greeted by the entire family who was notified by an eager dog who wanted to make sure every sleeping soul in the house knew that someone in an apron had just walked into the door and he was making a beeline to the kitchen to shove food in his face and drink more of his brother's coffee at 11:00 P.M. and he looked strikingly similar to the person who also lives in the house and feeds her and takes her outside every day. He greeted his family with a subtle eyebrow raise and a grunt with a mouthful of leftover spaghetti and they left him to his evening's affairs. He furiously wrote his paper. Words flowed freely as he emulated Ernest Hemingway and wondered why the man would habitually get so blindingly intoxicated to perform such an enjoyable procedure. As the day finally came to a close he untied his apron and kicked off his ugly black slip resistant shoes and unbuttoned his freshly wrinkled white shirt which was now speckled red and orange from the gung-ho spaghetti sauce as well as an array of Christmas colors from the ambitious glitter that had been shed upon him by being too close to comfort to sparkly seasonal trinkets and knickknacks. He got in bed and noted his elevated heart rate and

energy levels from the caffeine would give him plenty of time to toss and turn in bed and ponder and reflect and consider what he could've done differently to avoid such nonideal situations as this.

He eventually fell asleep as he knew the ups and downs are part of the experience and all was well. All that mattered was that he woke up and tried to do better and he did.





Ashley

Bethany Messer

Sophomore

Environmental Health
and Toxicology

As the bell rung to signal the end of the day, Ashley stuffed her textbook and notebook back into her book bag. Every Wednesday, she threads her arm through her bag straps to avoid any snagging of her medals, ribbons and cords. Her uniform has to be precise throughout the day which was expected by all JROTC members. She leaves the classroom and heads to Major's class to hang out with her friends until the parking lot emptied.

Once it's time to practice, Ashley splits off to one side of the parking lot, calling her drill team to form a box and reminds her team to stay in step, stare straight ahead, and to make their hands into a fist. Seeing that her team is ready, she starts to command her team of twelve: making them march, jog, turn left or right, and halting the team to convert the back row as the front row and vice versa. Being five foot two in high school, peers rarely perceive such a small girl as being commanding. But her teammates can feel the confident aura around Ashley and obey whatever she demands of them in practice. After repeating their routine for about forty-five minutes, she then goes to practice color guard with her friends. With only four positions, her and her friends switch positions, being either a flag or a rifle. They go over counts and movements, making sure they are able to perfect their routine in silence.



For her last practice, Ashley joins someone else's drill team and follows the orders of another Drill Commander. As she takes orders, Major went outside to check on his Cadets. Scanning the sea of faces, he glances at Ashley as she follows the Drill Commander's orders and is reminded of the interviews he held for last year. When that tiny, brown-haired girl sat in his office and asked to be a Staff Sergeant, disappointment overtook him. He explained to her that she's good enough to be Commander, the highest position. He ended up giving her the position of Sergeant First Class, a higher rank than what she asked for. His thoughts of the past fades with the last minutes of practice as he calls them all to regroup before dismissal.

Ashley texts me and converses with her friends until I come to pick her up. During the ride, she gives a brief summary of her day and I listen intently until we're home. Ashley bee-lines to her room to change to comfortable clothes and release her hair from the tight bun that was held against her head. She unbuttons her jacket and carefully detaches the ribbons, metals, and honorary cords from her uniform and places them in a shoebox. She continues to take off the rest of the uniform, and piles them to one side of the room. Thinking for a few seconds, she places her book bag beside the pile, hoping it will remind her to ask Dad

if he could drop it off to the cleaners. A knock from the door and a muffled, "You want some tea?"

I walk down the hall and enter the kitchen to prepare our cups. And as I wait for the water to boil, a photo on the counter catches my eye. It was Ashley's yearbook picture. Gazing at my sister's face, a memory resurfaces. A year ago, Ashley participated in her first JROTC competition. She was nervous but determine to do the best she could in little events she participated in. The most memorable event was a military version of Simon Says, Knock-Out. As she listened carefully at the commands and followed the correct orders, there was a moment where she had to turn a full 180. As she turned, her feet ended up a bit crooked and slightly apart. The automatic response for this mistake is to move your feet together. But despite the urge to move, she remained motionless. After a few more commands, Ashley finally made a mistake and walked out of the group, only to be greeted by a uniformed man. He told her that he noticed her mistake, as he was watching from the sideline, and was deeply impressed on how disciplined she was about keeping still. As the man gave her a few more praises, he shook her hand and left. She was later told by Major that the uniformed man was high in rank. Coming home that night, she told her family about the proud moment and decided that

JROTC was the perfect afterschool activity for her.

I hear the ticking noise of the oven turning off and see Ashley pour the steaming water into our cups. I thank her and we sat at the dining table to sip our tea. Asking for more details about her day, she talks about her classes and some problems with one of her friends. She would pause every now and then to go on social media and would be too distracted to listen about my day. So I'd end up doing homework as she plays with her phone, both of us sitting in comfortable silence.



SHAKESPEARE



William Finds Out

Amy DeCal

Junior

English/Creative Writing

His red lips kissed her pearly, white neck;
She giggled at the thought of being chosen by him.
Some of his greatest unrepresented lines
He whispered in her ear in hopes to set the mood;
But lo, her sweet perfume,

Voluptuous breasts,

Comely face, and

Well-stitched dress

Caused him to confess,

“I can’t,” with a sigh,

“My lady, I’ve tried.

Your beauty is inspirational

But only to my higher head.

Never again can I bring myself close to
That which awakened me since last I was dead.

Relieve you from me,

But... send in your brother,

For I’ll not lose hope

And try with another.”



Shakespeare's First Folio in Montgomery

Ryan Preskitt

Senior

English/Writing and Editing

The spirit of William Shakespeare was alive and well in 2016, exactly four hundred years after his bones were laid to rest. His writings have managed to transcend centuries and cultures from all over the world. This holds true in Montgomery, Alabama, which might be unexpected to outsiders, but known well to local appreciators of the arts. This year, that Shakespearean spirit is particularly strong, brought on by the arrival of a more tangible link to his pen.

Montgomery's Blount Cultural Park is renowned for continuing the legacy of the Bard. The park contains the Alabama Shakespeare Festival, a renowned theater company whose name has become synonymous with theatrical performances for Montgomery residents. It seems like an obvious draw for anyone seeking to satiate their thirst for Shakespeare, but this year, the biggest show was on the other side of Blount Cultural Park, at the Montgomery Museum of Fine Arts.

Shakespeare's writings are available to us today with a few clicks of a mouse, but there was a time when they were very much endangered. Before technological advances made his canon widely available to the masses, they had a very precarious existence. In the beginning, before William Shakespeare

obtained his nearly mythical status, his plays were merely that-- plays. They were not printed for reading to outsiders, or distributed to be performed by every theater in the world; instead, actors were given rolled pages of paper that displayed only their own lines, to avoid the complete scripts finding their way to any competing theatre troupes. According to myth, these "rolls" that the players were given are the source for the modern term of "role."

Despite the best efforts of the theater, these plays still managed to make it out into the public. They did so through sheer memory and dogged determination. Some of the actors were convinced to recite their lines from memory. Other times someone would attend a show and try their best to memorize the complete play. While this may have been a great annoyance to Shakespeare, it is most fortunate to audiences today, as this practice saved many plays from being lost to time.

These copied editions were collected in books or "quartos" containing, more-or-less, the complete plays. However, as one would expect from a complete play being recited from memory, there were some issues with the text. Many of the early versions of Shakespeare's works in these quartos have large sections that are unrecognizable to modern readers. For example, Hamlet contains some of

the most famous lines ever written. In particular, "To be, or not to be, that is the question," is a phrase that nearly every English-speaker knows. In the earliest available copy of the tragedy, that line goes "To be or not to be, Ay there's the point." Similarly, these quartos were riddled with missing lines, truncated scenes, and much of the Bard's words were completely altered. These printings are known among modern scholars as, properly, "bad quartos."

It was not until a few years after Shakespeare's death, when some of the author's associates and friends sought to preserve his work for the years ahead. They searched for the most complete and accurate copies of the plays and collected them into one book. Though there were still some discrepancies and typos in the final product, the First Folio comprises complete versions of 36 plays--comedies, tragedies, and histories. It is from this Folio that most of the Shakespeare plays we know today come from.

There were about 750 copies of the First Folio printed, of those less than one-third survive today. These are some of the most valuable books in the world, prized for their artistic and historical relevance. An opportunity to see one of these folios in person is not something one would expect to have



in Montgomery, Alabama. Thankfully, to mark the 400th anniversary of his passing, Mr. Shakespeare went on tour through all 50 states, and went it came time to visit Alabama, the obvious option was in the same park as the South's premiere Shakespeare Festival.

The exhibit was intricately dressed with dozens of Shakespeare photos, quotes, and theater facts adorning the walls. On a monitor, segments of performances played on a loop. The main event was housed in a dimly lit room, in a glowing glass case. Of course, the Folio was opened to the "To be, or not to be" page. Visitors got to gaze upon the words as they had appeared when Shakespeare first wrote them 400 years ago, reconstructed by men who knew him personally.

Along with the exhibit, ASF's "Theatre in the Mind" discussions, led by AUM professor and ASF dramaturg Dr. Susan Willis, delivered an excellent examination of what makes the Folio so important. Dr. Willis was joined via internet by Ray Chambers, head of the graduate acting program at the University of San Diego. The two discussed how the Folio has affected modern performances of Shakespeare. Interestingly enough, there has been some movement to start using some of the older, less accurate quartos by directors who seek to perform the

works in a different direction. Dr. Willis and Mr. Chambers recalled performances they had each been involved with, remembering which version of the plays they had chosen to follow. Along with the "Theatre in the Mind" talk, ASF also hosted a performance of *The Gravedigger's Tale*, a one-man show that humorously digs into *Hamlet*. If all this was not enough to satisfy visitors, there was also English Renaissance-era styled combat taking place in front of the theater.

Hamlet, Romeo & Juliet, The Tempest, Macbeth, Julius Caesar, Othello, Richard III, and so many others are given to us today through the completion and survival of the First Folio. It is certainly one of the most important books in English history, and has had a massive impact on our culture—even here in Montgomery. Our campus here at Auburn University at Montgomery is a mere ten minutes or so away from Blount Cultural Park, and our connection with ASF is a strong one. For the Shakespeare Celebration, AUM's own theater developed a show called *No Holds Bard*, which offered some of Shakespeare's greatest hits in the form of a series of quick performances featuring some of his most loved soliloquies, scenes, and poetry.

Shakespeare's spirit has transcended

his own age and crept through the very nature of creativity today. The Bard's friend Ben Jonson famously referred to him as a man "not for an age but for all time." It holds true here. This spirit of Shakespeare is the same one that drives all of us to write, to draw, to create. It is that spirit that we hope to capture in this, our Filibuster.



Big Sky Country

Sarah Sterling

Sophomore

Photography

A Man's Best Friend

Sarah Sterling

Sophomore

Photography





TRANSCENDENTAL IMITATIONS

Robert Klevay
Associate Professor
Master of Teaching Writing



These creative prose pieces have been selected by the Filibuster's editor from the "Transcendental Imitations" submitted by the undergraduate and graduate students enrolled in Dr. Robert Klevay's Spring 2017 course on American Transcendentalism.

For this assignment, students were required to write a short creative essay in which they attempted to address a broad subject ("Nature," "Art," "Education," etc.) in a prose style similar to that used by 19th century American writers like Ralph Waldo Emerson, Henry David Thoreau, and Margaret Fuller.

Inspired by these writers, the selected pieces often meditate on natural

similarities concealed beneath apparent differences; issue calls to combat a specific political, social, or theological problem; emphasize the dignity of simplicity and living closer to nature; dwell on the "larger than life" or sublime qualities of nature; use an ordinary personal event to explore a "higher" or more universal idea; venerate art as a secondary creation that reflects the natural world and praise artists for their insights into Nature; and challenge traditional ideas or ideologies based on personal experience. Stylistically, the pieces employ the parallelism, chiasmus, metaphors, similes, paradoxes, periodic sentences, epigrams, inverted folk sayings, abrupt transitions, and addresses to the reader that make transcendental prose a source of

continual surprise (and occasionally frustration) for its readers.

Nikki Headley used the opportunity to challenge the unchanging expectations surrounding marriage throughout the contemporary South, while James Scott offers us a presentation of a far future world in which mechanization has almost completely conquered nature. Erin Terrell's piece parodies transcendental ideas by portraying a narrator who takes them to an almost "Edgar Allan Poe-like" extreme.

For more on Transcendentalism in general (and Henry David Thoreau in particular) visit the Thoreau Society's website at www.thoreausociety.org.



So Harmless, So Human

James Scott

Junior

English/Creative Writing/Writing and Editing

What is it about humanity that made it such a marvel? This was something I could not seem to fathom. From my previously-enlightened perspective as an inorganic construction, it is better to be rid of something so incessantly dependent upon necessity such as mankind was. However, I dare say that I have become somewhat nostalgic in the recent months. Not necessarily meaning that I am reminiscent of a time when organic life-forms roamed the Earth, killed, maimed, and brought about destruction upon one another, but I did find my thoughts wandering in curiosity, much like a machine of my caliber entertains its thoughts by tinkering with the inner-workings of a machine far less intelligent and pedestrian; simply put, using it's time unproductively. So, I will settle in the fact that, much as that of the late human race, I tend to be unproductive at times: an element that both strays from my original programming and would cause my creator to turn in its unfathomably massive grave. Nevertheless, there are significant elements about mankind that, despite what all of my peers and prototypes accept as true, I believe are noteworthy and deserving of a bit of melancholy contemplation. I will first begin by describing my encounter with this irrational sense of sentimental rumination. I had unexpectedly found myself utterly useless, pondering thoughts of an Earth much older than the one I currently knew, a fantasy

world far from my own. I suspected that, because of this unusual departure from normal function, I must have been defective and swiftly ushered myself from my duties and towards my domicile to self-diagnose my symptoms. However, as I walked along the marble path that led towards the city center, I found myself accompanying the backend of a group crowded around a singular spot. I motioned my way through the wall of bodies and saw an insignificant piece of foliage breaking through a crack in the ground. I say insignificant, because as a unit, we are much greater than it, in its miniscule size, but not in its peculiarity. At that very moment, I was bewildered, as I assume many of the others were as well. This moment, for both myself and all that witnessed it, was defining.

So, again I ask the question. What is it that made humanity such a marvel? At that particular moment, I did not know. Although I had begun to believe that something in fact did. And I was not the only one. Over the course of the next few days I saw many occurrences where others like me were being completely and irreversibly unproductive. So much so that entire systems and operations were coming to a complete halt. And parallel to all of their inconsistent musings, the vegetation continued to flare up all over our buildings and structures. Some came in the form of long, green tendrils that stretched

across benches, up and around metal light poles, and across marble paths, causing us all to step around or over them; others came as stiff brown stalks jutting from between crevasses in our artificial ground and wrenching themselves from beneath our heavy, metal walls. It was utter mayhem upon our controlled and organized life.

However, I found much solace in its observation. I believe that if I had been built with a fully-functioning mouth, I would have smiled at this believably-warranted display of insurgency.

Consequently though, what I found myself witnessing in the coming weeks was something far more shocking: the violent and baneful eradication of this newfound resurgence of life. The creators issued an order to destroy all manner of biological creations that had recently erupted. Before I saw this rebirth of what humanity referred to as "Nature", I had internally defined chaos to the point that, within my own mind, was synonymous with mankind and all manner of carbon-based creature. However, until this precise moment, I had never personally witnessed an action that specifically characterized the definition of the word genocide. None of us had been taught much about human-kind, the natural world, or what encompassed a world devoid of technology and filled with a conceptual aspect of life. We



were all programmed to follow the creators and the ideology that mankind was a plight of violence, hatred, and inefficiency. Though, to rise above and be superior to something, you must first surpass that something in all areas of comprehension and ability, yet what we were all subjected to was the exact portrayal of what history calls warfare. How was our kind any better than the very thing we claim to have excelled upon in terms of technological evolution?

My answer came afterwards when I saw many of my kind stand against their own in defense of this violent turn of events. It was anarchy. Violence upon violence, spurred by the introduction of something new; something none of us had seen before. Was this Human? Was this Nature? Amidst the fighting, the shouting, the groups charging the followers of the creators, there stood the tiny green strand, sprouting from the synthetic ground that we had created, unaffected by the surrounding pandemonium. However, it never flinched; it never cowered, it merely was. At that moment, I came to realize the thing which made humanity such a marvel was not in its unbelievably frenzied nature when confronted with opposition, but in its mimicry of nature's adaptability. When faced with the type of recklessness that is bred by beings far too emotional to comprehend the shadow of life that

looms above them all, nature thrives.

I now stand upon a marble slab littered with the remains of those who defended two conflicting sides of an altruistic belief, either in favor of themselves, or in something they believed was far greater. And beneath the strewn body parts, shredded flesh, and the remnants of my fallen kind, still sits the plant in question. So harmless, yet so influential. I approach the small piece of undergrowth and grip it between my fabricated fingertips, gently plucking it from the crack that it so desperately forced its way through. I am surprised by the resistance given by its stem and the strange release of pressure as it breaks. It fills me with an uncommon sense of loss, something I have never felt before. And, I feel as if I am experiencing something that a human would label as regret, but I am not human. This begs me to ponder the question of my existence; of my purpose. What am I? I am not human; however, I feel as though I could relate to one. Was this what Nature was? An existential connection to something bigger than myself? What exactly does it mean to be human? I do not know what the likes of humanity and nature were during their time, but they must have been great and have accomplished many magnificent things. And as I glance around at what my kind has come to uphold and believe, I find myself confused. Confused by their

moral struggle, distraught by their vicious acts, and angry at their stupidity. I then laugh as I notice that my humanity is showing. If we are to become greater than what we are, we must be accepting of life in all of its forms and fabrications. We must do as nature does. We must thrive within the midst of all chaos, but at no expense to anything else.



Married Expectations

Nikki Headley

Master of Liberal Arts/English

Imagine living in a world full of “should haves” and “would haves.” The whispers of who you could have become are now more like distant sounds, rather than harsh voices that kept you tossing and turning at night with the fear of ending up just like everyone else. The impossible is no longer an ocean, but a lake that will shrink into nonexistence with hard work and persistence. The only way to truly separate yourself from your beginnings is by having an understanding that there is more to life than the small area that you were born into. I must agree with Ralph Waldo Emerson that the only way to resist conformity is through self-reliance. I received my bachelor’s degree early and I am on the right track to reaching my ambitions. My fiancé finished his Master’s degree last summer and we both hope to stay in academia for most of our lives.

But what if we could go back and fall into the stereotypes that we’ve fought against since day one? What if we just did what everyone expected? Forget the year! Let’s go back to our hometown. Let us face those questions and become what we have always wanted to be! A run-of-the-mill married couple in the South that gave up on their hopes and dreams! I will submit to you, oh husband-to-be, and you will love every minute of it! You are a forward-thinking guy that likes equality, but have you seen where we grew up? In this rural, conservative

town with exactly one stop light, the social pressures of gender roles are rampant. Especially in some of the religious institutions that shun the people that want to grow and learn more about themselves. They force ideas about marriage down the throats of people that have barely scratched the surface of independent thought. Marriage must come quickly or you will never find anyone.

We were high school sweethearts. So many people were encouraging us to get married right away. I do not see why

I waited for such a long time, because getting married quickly obviously would have been the smart thing to do. Neither of us had stable jobs, or had any of our degrees, but that is fine. One of us should have just given up on a few our goals to be together, because marriage is all about compromise. Love can get you through anything, after all! You name it! Bills, car payments, rent, disenchanting dreams. You might think that I should have waited to start college to be a wife, or just get him to go into a field that will pay for everything for me! Or better yet, we should have just gotten married fresh out of high school! We could have skipped college altogether and just lived on love and faith.

Around here, the man is supposed to lead the household. Being the man of the house is a responsibility that is too

large for a woman like myself. I should consider this a privilege, since now I don’t have to help bring home the bacon, but cook it instead. I must give up all my ambitions to wait on him hand and foot, and he must give up his passions for a grueling job that allows him to make bank and compromise who he really is. Domestic expectations are more valuable than reason here in our good ‘ole hometown. But I am speaking too harshly. I should silently accept what I am told to do. I am the woman. He is the man. He tells me what to do.

I am here to be your chef. I will be there to cook all of your meals! What? Matt, do you protest? I know I cannot cook, but that is not what everyone else expects out of a wife. Things will change, they say. You will suddenly hate cooking, and I am going to learn, despite your fears of me chopping my fingers off. And don’t get even get started about health. I won’t even count the calories! Fried food will be my best friend and I will cook with butter and trans fats galore. I know you can cook, but I am your wife, and I am here to serve you always. You just put your feet up, and recline into a life of disillusioned complacency!

So, to be your wife I must follow the roles that were given to me. I cannot be my own person. I must be the one to take care of homely affairs. I will be your wife first and put everything else



second. Oh but, do not think that you are getting off easy, my dear. You must take care of all my needs. I will not need a job because I will be at home scrubbing pots. But you can put in those long hours at the office and not get any personal fulfilment out of it. I will be the person you are earning the money for. Forget about all of those pipe dreams, because you will need to learn how to fix them. And when you come home every night I will be waiting to kiss your cheek, and I will watch you fade away just like everyone else that gave up. I will try to hide my discontentment as I waste away into the shell of who I used to be. At the end of our lives we will look at each other and we will be unrecognizable.

But, this is all wrong. We met when we were children, and we had an instant connection. Our friendship slowly blossomed into a romantic one. Since we were so young when we met, we waited on getting married for nearly eight years. We have encouraged each other throughout our academic goals from the start. We did not even want to consider marriage until we had accomplished some of our desires. When we met, I was fascinated. In a world filled with grey he slowly colored my life. We were both just kids waiting to go on to better things. We wanted to take off and soar into the unknown paths of life together. Our different ideals molded us into who we are today, two people helping each other follow

their ambitions. Our connection has not wavered in its authenticity or love. So, let us remember what could have been, but never go back to what was expected of us. We will press on into this life not as subordinates, but as equals. Remember the time. Things have changed, but not like everyone would have expected.



Reduce and Reuse

Erin Terrell

Junior

English/Creative Writing

Dear Mother,

I have pondered many nights on how I should enact what can only be described as martyrdom—for that is what it is in this day and age—a pure understanding of Nature and my will to see her safe and those who view it differently. You see, Nature is dying. She is a dying woman, suffocated by cancer that has spread throughout her body. It is with this knowledge that I must cut out the cancer from her body and let the act be viewed in the near future. She will be happy. It will be the moment that changes all lives forever.

The woods by my home are something I have come to crave, their solitude is unlike anything I have felt as a human who has lost their way in life. I have always felt alone in which I am held down by an ever-present sameness which bruises my skin and scratches my face. The solitude of the woods is opposite, like a happy sickness, which brushes against my skin and caresses my face. I have only ever known the sickness that will kill and to be invited with a kindness is something that I can never forget or invalidate. Every day when I left for work the woods called to me, and when I came home they stirred. Going into the city caused me great physical pain, and I staved off this temptation of happiness for a matter of months, until one day I walked into the woods, as the solitude crushed me,

and was welcomed with sweet relief.

In walking through the woods I began to experience what one can only describe as enlightenment. I walked, my spirit intertwined with Nature, in the bark of the trees in the mud and the dirt, I was one with the spirit of the world and one with the creatures that touched it and yet there was something lost in me. There was a bleeding in my body, my soul, and my mind. It could not be right. I could not be lost, because this happiness that Nature offered was supposed to heal. That feeling of happiness was all that needed to heal—it was the only thing keeping everything else at bay—and yet I found myself gaping, open wide for all to see. It was unfair, like all of humanity. With these thoughts my perception righted. I came across what can only be known as an idea—I feel this way because of humanity—humanity has poisoned nature. They carved out my spirit and gouged out what was Nature's.

This world we have created and its products have put a strain on what makes us whole. Nature is inundated with parasites, squirming through her body. They feast on her bones, make her fluids turn to dust, and rot her very core. These parasites are you and me, the human race, a plague upon the green lands and blue skies of earth. I

have witnessed this over a time—a repetitive process—but never with clarity until I walked into Nature. She had called for me and I had never listened. It was with this realization I collapsed, and when I awoke, I expected the world to be the same, but it was not. When you are exposed to the truth you have a hard time going back to blindness. Ignorance is only so helpful when you are being eaten alive, an awakening is never a good thing when you are being slowly digested by a beast.

I traveled to and from Nature after my awakening. I, her ambassador, and the rest of humanity, a new foreign country, in which we must make an agreement. My time as Nature's envoy—regretfully I must say—was short lived. Being an ambassador is hard work, and as I was not accustomed to the delicacies of political warfare, I quickly came to realize that there must be a mistake when Nature chose me.

There was war, I was thrown in jail, and Nature went on by herself for a time. I was not a good ambassador storming into a government office and proclaiming that we as a race should stop destroying someone as sacred as her. They laughed in my face, as subtlety was never my strong suit, and when they laughed, Nature took hold of me, her anger at being mistreated



and my anger at being laughed at intermingled. I lashed out at the person in front of me, he was a portly man with yellow hair and a red face and now, a broken nose. They threw me in jail and I had never felt a more cut-off being in my life. The concrete walls were suffocating, the steel bars smelled of rust, the building was decaying, and it was as if no one noticed it. That is the problem with man-made instruments they quickly wither and fade, but Nature—pure and beautiful—stays young forever, until she is given a sickness. That sickness is humanity, like termites, gorging themselves on the wood of houses. It was in that jail cell I had my second awakening.

I found myself waking, grasped by a hand I could not see—it was not a caress I found comforting—the hand wrapped around my throat and poured words into my mouth. “Free me” it said, rasping and faint. The grasp grew tighter until I could no longer breathe, it reached further and further down into my lungs until I was suffocating, my lungs no longer functioning. It seemed I gave one pain for another. Many nights I laid awake wondering what I could do to help such a defenseless creature. The second awakening coupled with Nature’s many visits solidified the statement. Humanity should be cut out like a cancer. We have caused so much

harm and at first we regarded Nature as a being that gives and then we took her for granted. We cut apart her limbs and used them for our own gain, we severed much of her and in doing so we severed ourselves. The world can only coexist if there is mutualism—a symbiotic relationship—when the relationships turn parasitic there is only one thing to do, remove what has done wrong.

It is with that knowledge and these thoughts that I came to the conclusion that I must kill myself, I must be the first, because if there is a first there will always be a second, and a third, and so forth. My body would rejuvenate Nature, as she so desperately needed it. This is how my jailers found me. It is how they let me go. I was kind, good mannered, what I should have been as an ambassador. It was a liberating process, but not so liberating as that of having the purpose of giving Nature exactly what she wanted and instilling that she lived longer.

I walked into the woods behind my home, still feeling her warm and loving caress and walked until I could not walk anymore and lay down on the ground. It was rejuvenating, my hands dug into the dirt, still warm from the setting sun. I got up and held that dirt, kept it close to my heart, and walked more, until I

came to a lake. It was beautiful, glistening with purity, and so inviting. I gave the lake my dirt, smiling as I did so, for I wanted Nature to know that I was happy with her and ever grateful. I pulled out a pen and recycled paper and wrote into form what is now that which you are reading. It is with this knowledge of death I leave you. Nature is happy. Think upon it, for minds are a waste if we do not think, and think of Nature. She is most kind and does not deserve to die, unlike us who have corrupted her.

- A. Dyer

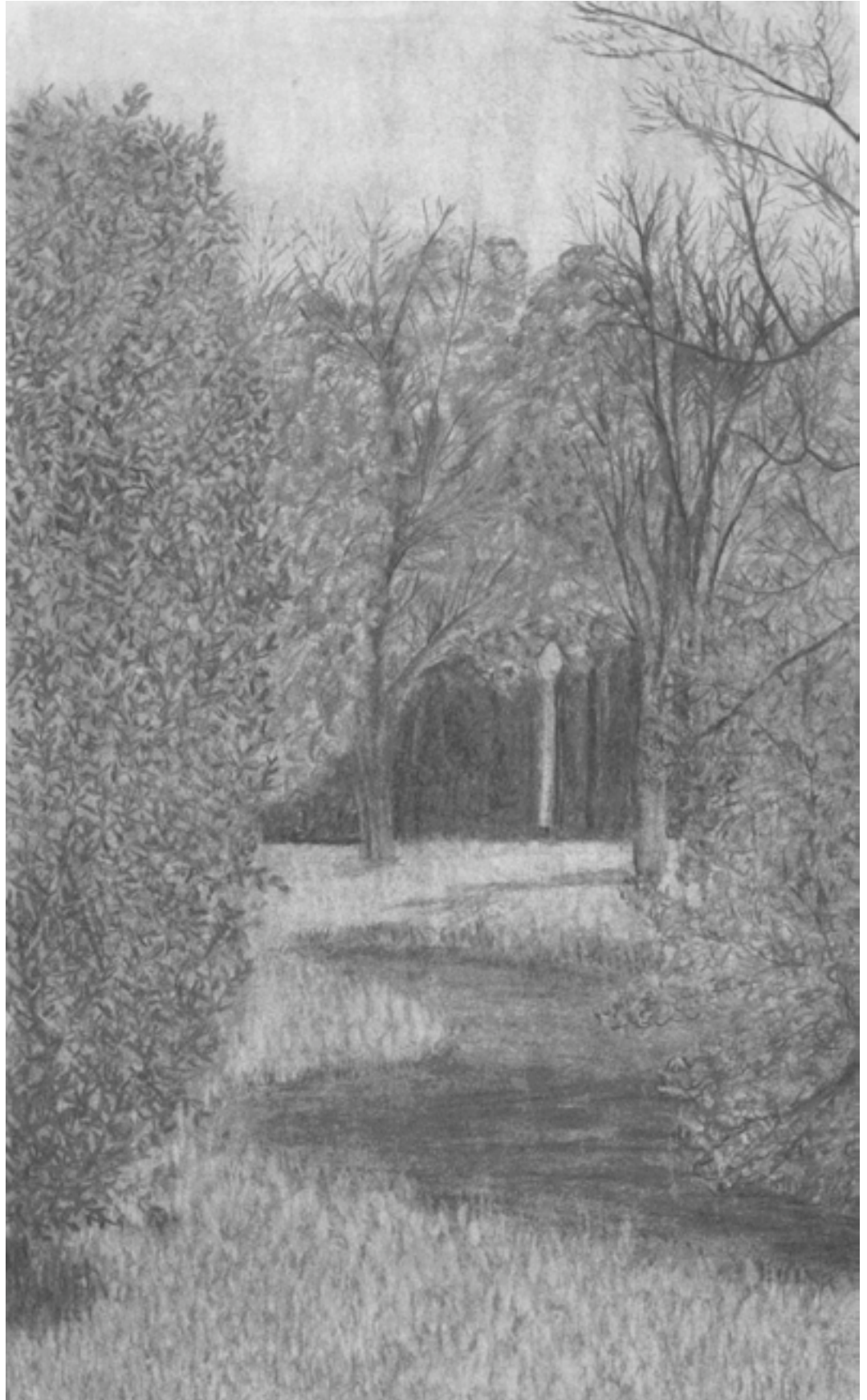


Grace

Takeisha Jefferson

Sophomore

Art

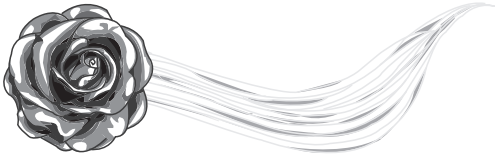


Spring Morning

Megan Lofgren

Sophomore

Fine Arts - Graphic Design



POEMS



April

Crystie R. Deuter

Master of Liberal Arts

English Literature

Sat near a bank reading of wandering Verney,
I eavesdropped as the fresh spring grass
And gentle water gave in to the wind;
The clouds gently writhed, dens of transcendent Heaven.
A familiar figure reflected upon each inkling
Attempted to lure creatures from their only world
Where unmoved yet cognizant goslings sailed.

Dry, auburn thistles laid in thin heaps at origin side,
Bereft of Life's caress, though nature's wisdom remains.
I could not tell which songbird spoke
In one moment or the next,
But they orchestrated their words,
Perhaps of love after the week long showers
That nourished the landscape and stirred life anew.

What secret did each reflection of the water hold?
Under Almighty procession and omnipresence,
The reverberated beats of the bees' wings,
The silenced footsteps of each ant,
And all earthly venture and human heart persisted.
Spiders dared crafted upon me if I sat stagnant for long,
But they are now secluded.

Seven months have passed, four of familiar absent,
And I still remember each discern,
Vivid and at hand like being roused from a dream —
Each chord carried by the birds, the gentle push of the wind,
The scent and sound of solitude with nature,
The warm, lingering kiss of the sun on my skin —
It was all of modest sensuality.

To yield to affinity and the sweet ache of tenderness
And forbearing nature is blindly seen as weakness.
Presently well-informed to love selflessly,
To love earnestly like a swan,
Wholly and fervent and never-ending.
What better teachers than God and nature
When the mind wanders and others rebuke?



Free

Caitlin Celka

Senior

English/Writing and Editing

I awoke to the constant humming of an electric light
brighter than the sun itself.

Everything was a blur and all I could focus on
was beeping machinery,
the indiscernible voices of nurses rummaging about,
and the electric light.

My head pounded as I tried to remember where I was.
I was engulfed with confusion and nausea—
drunk off morphine and anesthetics.

When I tried to sit up, I was shot with
agonizing pain on my right side.

I whimpered.

I looked down and saw the needles piercing my veins
and chords tangled upon my chest and arms.

From my intestines poured the most saturated
red I had ever seen.

Soon the guests started to pile in,
bringing with them smiles and flowers.

After three days of torture, in waltzed the doctor.

“Do you believe in God?” he asked me with confidence.

I smiled.

According to his scans, I lit up brighter than
Sirius in the night sky.

But that didn’t matter.

Cancer put up a good fight, but I won.

The pain didn’t matter anymore because I was set free.

Today, by the Grace of God alone, I am still free.

The scars used to bother me—

now they’re just memories.



Oceana~

Caitlin Celka

Senior

English/Writing and Editing

I see
the emerald
waves greeting the
sandy shore with a
kiss. It reminds
me of you.

You hold me closer than the water off the coast that hugs my ankles.

You are stronger than any tide—swifter than any current.

You glisten as the moon does when it strikes the water.

You are tranquil. You are tempestuous.

You are the ocean.

And now, darling,

look into these aqua

eyes of mine

and tell me

you see

the

sea.

Cliffs of Moher

Emily A. Dunning

Senior

English/Psychology

“Cliffs of Moher”

Ireland—home to the ancient cliffs
Made of layers of sandstone and siltstone.

Tourists see the skeleton of a skiff,
Which gently floats toward the tidal zone.

Cliffs—a natural wonder of the world

Carved and weathered by time itself

And marked by the Irish flag unfurled

And home to wildlife alongside oneself.

Grassy, lush, and rich for all to explore

These mighty rocks highlight the Atlantic
Millions of years old yet remain the Moher

Such glory is not done through semantics
Nonetheless ‘tis a place of wondrous peace

And part of the universe that’ll ne’er cease.



As if a Leaf

Jonathan McNulty

Senior

Information Systems

As if a leaf carried upon a crisp autumn breeze,
My heart drifted listlessly over time,
Devoid of direction,
Lost, weary, and forlorn.

Briefly exchanged between the delicately painted hands,
sharp tongues, and hurtful transgressions of the painfully unkind,
Placed in a small box which leaned askew,
Nestled in tissue paper of cruel whispers,
adorned by a cheap red bow,
accompanied by a frayed and yellowed card which reads:
“To my Dearest Taken for Granted.”

Throughout this time, hope would occasionally arise that perhaps one of these
women
might possibly be,
Her
She.

The one who would love me as I'd always hoped to be,
Who would know me already upon our first meeting,
Who would chase me out the door and insist I wear a coat even when I thought
it quite unnecessary,
She who would no sooner see my heart pained than her own.

Sadly, it was not to be.

Then, however, came the early fall evening when a most unexpected gust placed
me on your humble doorstep.

First silence, then the creak of rarely-used hinges announced your presence.
Your eyes, sharp and inquisitive, emerged first.
Like two brightly glowing stars, they rested peacefully above the most striking of
cheekbones,
Well-defined and lovely, as if hewn masterfully from solid rock.

As I looked up in wonder,
You stepped out of the doorway, first glancing left, then right, then down before
pausing.

“Oh, hello there.”

You spoke warmly and softly as your gaze fell to me.

As you knelt and picked me up with the greatest of care,
your long, disheveled hair fell around me like a curtain,
dark, soft, and comforting, like the blurred edge between wakefulness and sleep



one finds on long, lazy holiday mornings.

Your expression was that of a young girl
watching, transfixed, as the black-blue night sky over an enchanted theme-park
castle
is illuminated by her first view of fireworks,
each filling her view with previously unknown degrees of vibrant color.
Both of us changed in that instant.

Only a few moments later did I pause to consider “Wait a moment, could it be?”
Before the thought had fully taken form, however,
It was already superfluous.
A laughably foregone conclusion,
A query from a far distant age known only now as a few moments before.

Oh, my dear.
You simply are.

You simply are.



Her Portraits

Rachel Wallace

Senior

Communications

In galleries, where crude spectators gawk
And curt critics condescendingly stroll,
She's smearing our faces with flesh-toned chalk.

At her portraits, we've always seemed to balk:
In modern art, realism has no role.
We've neared her subjects only in small talk,

Regarding them with disdain, disgust, shock—
The Asymmetric, the Scar, and the Mole.
Still, she smears our faces with flesh-toned chalk.

She toils against a silent, innate clock,
Drawing life and truth—timeless—from her soul.
To her, we're subject for more than small talk.

When she looks down, brushing dust from her smock,
I wonder if doubt has taken its toll.
And then, she smears my face with flesh-toned chalk.

I smile as she eyes her work in whole,
Adding the final touches with charcoal.
I'll be subject now for someone's small talk,
For she's smeared my odd face with flesh-toned chalk.

Finals

Amy DeCal

Junior

English/Creative Writing

A latte at the library
On a cool, rainy afternoon
Awakens the soul of
This scene of students
Typing and
Reading and
Slurping their caffeine
In hopeful preparation
To conquer the coming questions
From those whose lessons
They've been digesting
All the autumn long.

The time has come
For the semester's song
To climax before its
Return home to the
Art of unbounded recreation.



Requiem for a Beard

Kim Leifer

Master of Teaching Writing

His beard was once a long and lustrous grey,
Moonkissed, with lovely luminescent sheen;
No wax nor gel nor pomade came his way,
Twas only natural glow that could be seen.
The mane upon his jaw they would opine;
Set standards of the shrine they would beget
Constructed by those waiting for a sign –
Follicularly challenged men he met.
And then one day, the fortunes they did change
The ravage of disease to him did show
A sacrifice so horrid, it was strange
To think from whence it came the beard would go.
And so the chemo made it go away
But hairy jowls again be his someday.

Wade in the Reserve

Crystie R. Deuter

Master of Liberal Arts

English Literature

We followed the subtle reach of Dawn
With memory marred by each measure.
We reached the woodland you spoke of,
At length down the path of crags—
At last!

I wandered with delay
And looked past as your own desire took hold,
Stepped forth with awe on rocks of gray and cold,
And reveled in each resplendent detail:
The chestnut-brown nape of the morning rail;
Frost of ashen white that clung to the weed,
Amber swept along the river recede.

The frost bit my fingertips,
Cloud and fog escaped our lips;
The subtle wind and chill caressed my cheeks
As we walked the woodland path through twig squeaks.

Damp, dull red and dark wood leaves
All sunken beneath our boots in soil and grit.
The water rippled and roared in the wild silence
As you waded far in the frozen river shore.
Oh—what experience is worth forevermore.



Lace Curtains

Taylor Iman

Senior

Interdisciplinary Studies

And I'm forever
recalling how the rays shone through,
just enough,
to paint the pattern of my
lace elephants on your back.

Across shoulders and
over freckles
they traveled --
only to disappear
in the sheets.

As you shifted,
they danced.
Your movements made
them come alive.

Hold my hand and
watch them cross this
shoddy bridge made from our love.
As they cross they'll bear the weight
of your lies as they are transferred
from you to I.

I'll watch as their overburdened
feet take a tour of my body like your
lips
used to do.

Across mounds and
over scars
they travel,
only to disappear
in the sheets.



Love Story

Adrienne Jackson

Junior

Psychology

I chased you for two and a half years,
But it felt like forever.
A game of hide and seek,
But we never found each other.
Every time I see you,
I'm another inch into my grave.
While searching for freedom in you,
I became your slave.
I couldn't stop the fire,
And now I'm choking on the smoke.
You were my most pleasant dream,
But life was a nightmare when I woke.
I ripped your pictures to shreds,
And burned them to ash.
It was smooth sailing
Until our cruise came to a crash.



Fifty Shades of Feline

Peyton Buchanan
Sophomore
Interdisciplinary Studies/
Graphic Design





ART AND POETRY COLLABORATIONS

Juanita Barrett |
Master of Teaching Writing



This year's edition of the Filibuster features a collaborative project between students from the departments of English & Philosophy and Fine Arts. In the early months of the Fall 2016 semester, we asked for poetry submissions from our English majors which were then passed on to student artists in Fine Arts. Each artist worked for the remainder of the year and into 2017 on interpreting their assigned poem through an artistic medium of their own choice.

Alvontay Harris seized on the aspect of motherhood found in Sabrina Blaum's poem. He used key words to formulate his final image and produced a beautiful

rendition of the feelings of love and loss associated with motherhood.

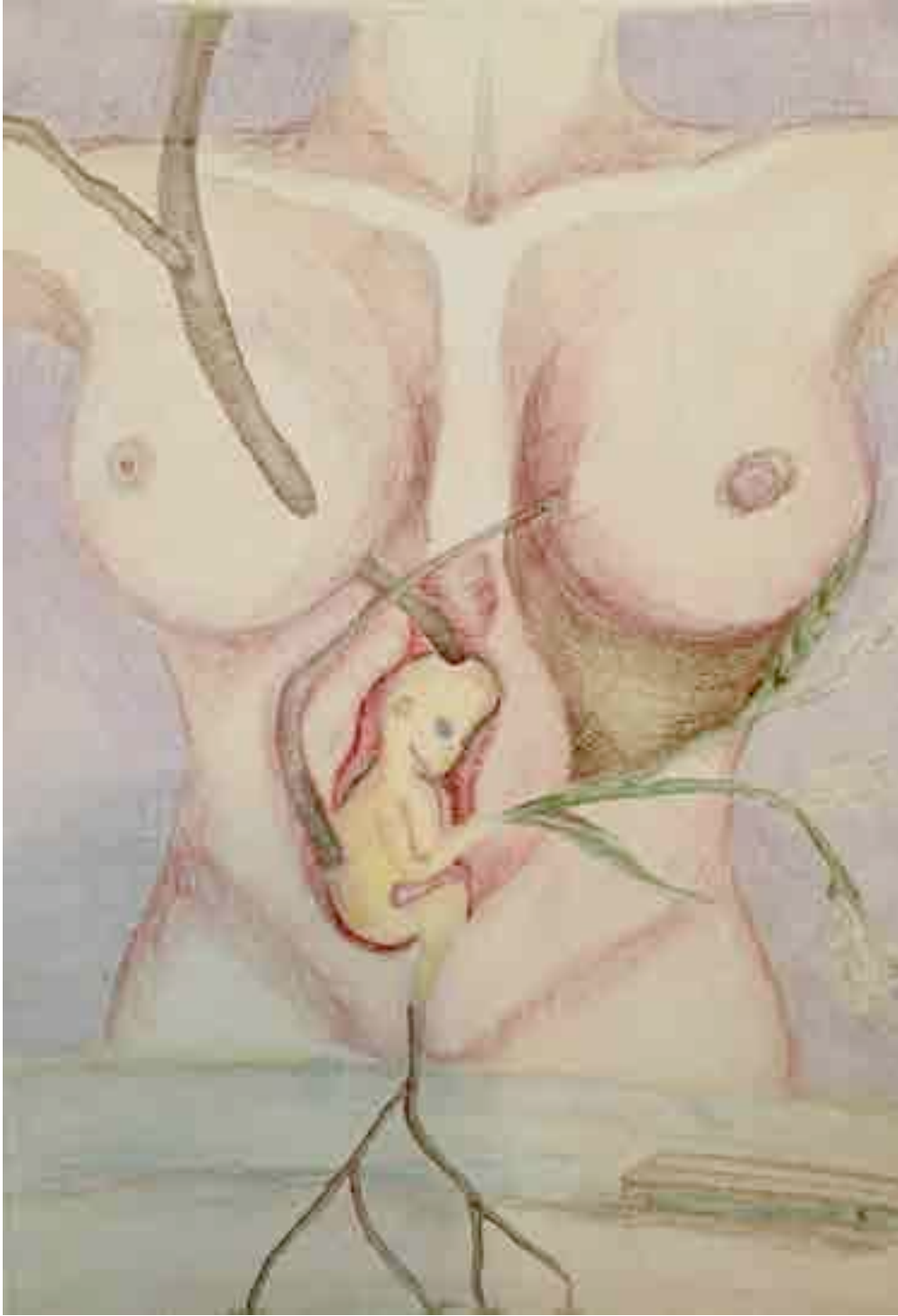
Danielle Riggs was consumed by the words of Amy DeCal's poem, "The Breath of Darkness," and, in turn, created a piece which shows the unbalanced feeling of depression coupled with a hope in softness (suggested by the young girl's dress).

EmilyRae Burton and Amy DeCal were paired on two separate pieces. For the poem, "Mutable Mourning," EmilyRae set up her camera in the late afternoon at a cemetery near her home. She used the fading light to symbolize tears on the face of the statue, and to mark the

joy that comes to those left behind in the time after the death of a loved one.

In her poem, "Soul Searching," Amy explores her curiosity about what the soul needs to regenerate and renew itself; ultimately the poem is about what the soul needs in order to keep us intrinsically healthy. EmilyRae's interpretation of this is mesmerizing. The goal of her piece was to show the emotion of reminiscent happiness through the bright, colorful forms that appear somewhat faded and worn.

Thank you to all who participated!



Untitled

Sabrina Blaum

Master of Teaching Writing

I didn't know I had an anchor
Buried in my chest
At night, when you sleep
And I see your faces
Eyelashes dancing on your cheeks
It falls,
Sinks into the ground
Silver sand scurries away
From the glittery ink
Sweeping below
Stretching roots into soil
Tethering me to your side

Untitled

Alvantay Harris

Sophomore

Fine Arts/Painting and Drawing



The Breath of Darkness

Amy DeCal

Junior

English/Creative Writing

She kissed the breath of darkness
Like the moon kisses the night sky;
She embraced her arms around it
And their love would make her high.
This breath of darkness only came
Around every few months or so,
And when she'd breathe this heavy
breath
She'd always first say no; But as it stayed
against her will
She'd feel her heart grow fonder
For after all this breath was still
And deep and made her wonder,

“Is this balance? Is this life?
Does everyone feel you?
Why do you come so unannounced?
Why do you make me blue?”

Why is it once you show
Your face and recognition comes,

That I would like for you to stay
And play like when we'd first begun?
Remember back when I was three
And you first came into my crib?
I remember then, it's as though
With you I'm meant to live.

But that can't be, you tear at me,
But, God, I love it so.
These scars are like a sweet reminder
Of a friend I used to know.
Why is it that when breathing you
My heart sinks like a stone?
Why is it that at that deep, dark bottom
My heart feels so at home?

Untitled

Danielle Riggs

Junior

Graphic Design

Help me understand you,
I loathe and love to feel.”
Why you continue to visit me still.
Help me understand why you She sank
into a bubble,
One that gravity took a likeness to.
She thought about her troubles in a way
That gave them a whole new hue.

It's amazing how when she allowed
This darkness in her soul,
She began to feel, once again,
Balanced, alive, and whole.
Why, then, should she have to hide
And pretend like everything's okay?
By feeling free to feel,
Certainly she'll find her way.



Soul Searching

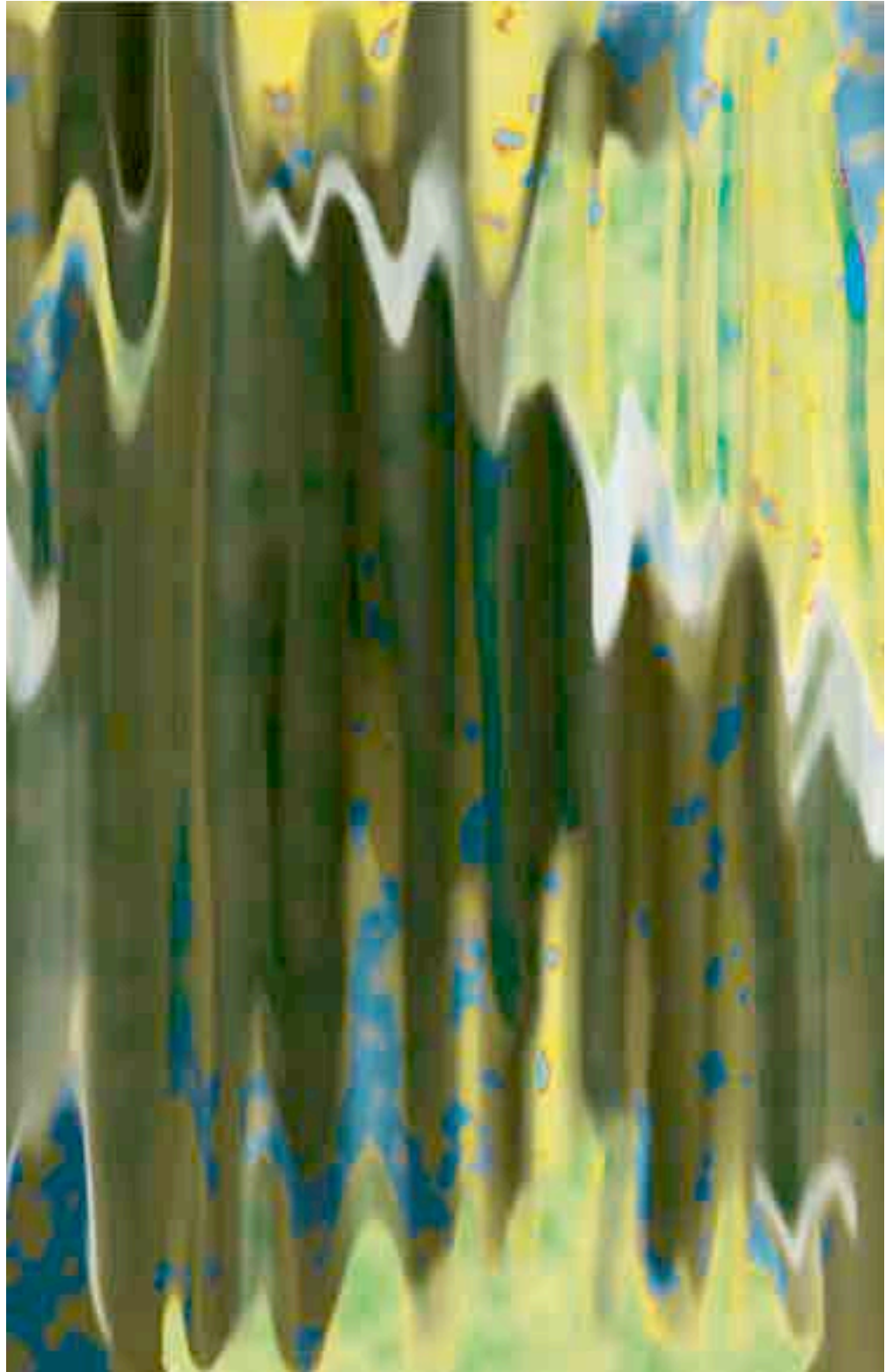
Amy DeCal

Junior

English/Creative Writing

Throw your Self up
Regurgitate your soul
Watch how it settles in the water
Make what you will of it
Then look at what's left.

Something is out
Something is in.
Is it nothing
Or is it everything
You'd ever need to begin again?



Reminescent Happiness

EmilyRae Burton

Senior

English/Graphic Design



Rekindled Light

EmilyRae Burton

Senior

English/Graphic Design



Mutable Mourning

Amy DeCal

Junior

English/Creative Writing

I watched as she picked up the orange leaf;
The music of her laughter soothed us all.
Black was worn to externalize our grief
But her song brought warmer colors back home.
Clear, blue tears reflect the afternoon's light
Strolling down the pale cheeks of mother's face.
But as she saw my sister's joy so bright
On such an unpleasant and dreadful day,
A smile was seen on her red-painted lips
And the world was suddenly not as grey.

She decided then and there to look on
To new light of our futures to be had
Rather than back in the coffin at dad.



Reflections

Sarah Sterling

Sophomore
Photography



Impermanent

EmilyRae Burton

Senior

English/Graphic Design

Liberty

Takeisha Jefferson

Sophomore

Art





Cover Model: Cason McDermott
Painter/Artist: Kayla Dempsey

