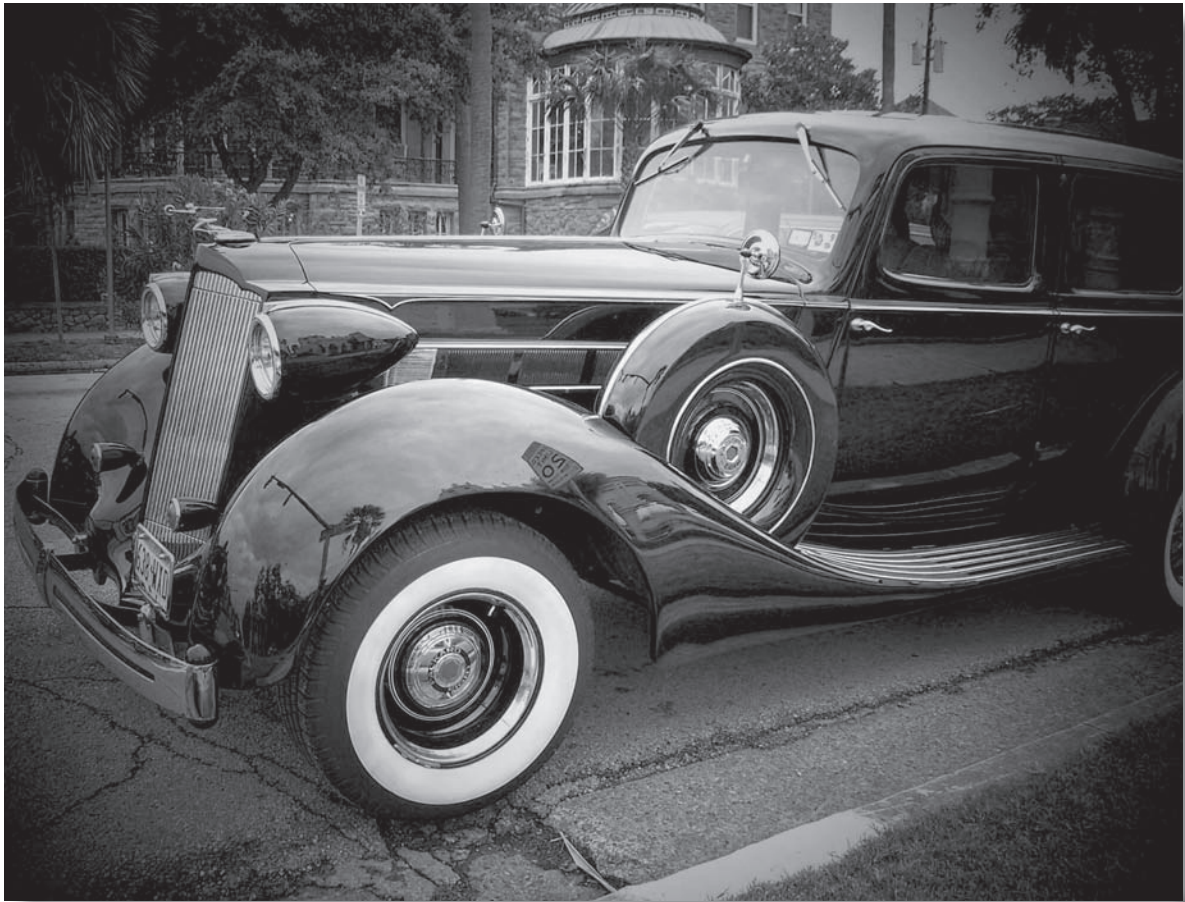




BAYOUSPHERE

SPRING 2009





Miss Tina's Funeral by Mary Anne Elliot

Editors' Notes

TO OUR READERS,

In everything we do, we are tempted and tested. It is within this simplistic experience that our vulnerability exists and, in that, our personal expressions are possible. In art, literature and photography we can relate our experiences; and through its observation we can appreciate the tangible truths of others.

It is the hope of the editors and the staff that the presentation of this magazine, and the art and experiences of those related within it, will enlighten and arouse the artist or author inside all of its readers.

We have only the enduring interpretations to relate to those we will never meet, and we can only receive the messages of the contributors who wished to impart theirs. Regardless of our perceptions we are obligated to appreciate, if nothing else, the ability of the artists to relate their experiences.

We have selected the contents of this magazine with great consideration and have maintained a respect for the integrity of the work chosen so that we could relate it to you, our readers.

Ericka Paetz-Brown
Co-editor

TO OUR READERS,

Over the past semester, we have seen the best and worst that the world has to offer. We have seen a hurricane tear the coast apart, ripping tile from roof and person from home. We have seen streets flooded with water colored with the debris and dirt from beaches, businesses and gardens. We have seen mudslinging from candidates and their parties.

We have also seen the nation rally in the midst of all these things for one common goal – the goal to better this country and to move forward. In the midst of all of these positives and negatives, I would like to present to you this edition of Bayousphere.

Think of it not as a student publication that was published for a grade ... instead think of it as a compendium of the best that students, teachers and community members have to offer. A bright shiny light in this world that can seem all too dismal, this magazine should serve as a beacon of beauty, glowing so that all may enjoy and realize that there are a few things in this world that can be recognized as beautiful and that everyone should be appreciated and treasured.

Matt "Superman" Griesmyer
Co-editor

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Foreword

LIFE AND ITS MODIFIER DEATH

Bayousphere is dedicated to vital force – are not its first two syllables a pun on the Greek word for “life?” (Yes.) So LIFE, the bio-bayou! Yet the bayou flows ever between . . . modifying banks.

Our cover. “What a great car,” I thought. Then I turned the page and it’s – a *hearse* – well, a hearse or a car for the Principal Mourners. Bummer either way. (Hey, Semester o’ Ike.) Still, the building in the background is The Bishop’s Palace, a Galveston monument not too badly harmed by the storm and open for public tours again by November. And as to that car – if Death be so opulent, who needs Life? Wait. Did that last remark demonstrate the very *best* in mental health? Like the Palace, I’m a Galvestonian not too badly harmed. But the Island I love took a terrible hit. We all, Island, Peninsula, Coastal Plain, Bay, have to watch ourselves in the psychological aftermath. Splendid photo, by the way. Justly a prizewinner. Congratulations, Mary Anne Elliot.

OK. Semester o’ Ike. Prizewinning *story’s* about death too. Lovely story. Note how our inevitable passing is balanced by the mountain, balanced by what lasts. Consider how the mountain, magnificent but unaware of itself, is brought to consciousness and celebrated by language, by art, by love – the distinguishing tricks (along with our opposable thumbs) of We Who Pass. Congratulations, Ginny Martyn.

Dude! A Cowboy poem. Now *that* won’t – Oh – OK – a memorial poem. An elegy, yes, but without sadness. The moral force of the man’s integrity drives sadness away. His daughter and grandchildren prolong his presence as Texas endures, its patterns shifting on suburbanized rangeland, its Mythos still shaping its future. Congratulations, Tonya Lincoln.

“Elissa, Sweet Elissa.” Ah, more Galveston. Our Tall Ship – also an Ike survivor. As a Galvestonian, I happen to know that the face of the carved lady is that of Mary Moody Northen, in her lifetime (a richly productive one), Galveston’s *Grande Dame*. Mrs. Northen, too, is gone-but-ever-present. Congratulations, Barbara Ellis.

And congratulations to all – editors, staff (themselves editors all – makes for excellent résumé lines), contributors, readers – involved with Bayousphere. Congrats to Taleen Washington, Bayou/Bio/Goddess of Life and scourge of its icky modifier. Congrats to UHCL. Bayousphere triumphs over the Semester o’ Ike through the intelligent sensitivity of Ms. Paetz-Brown and Mr. Griesmyer. We expect no less when an editor’s name is Superman.

Dr. John Gorman
Creative Consultant

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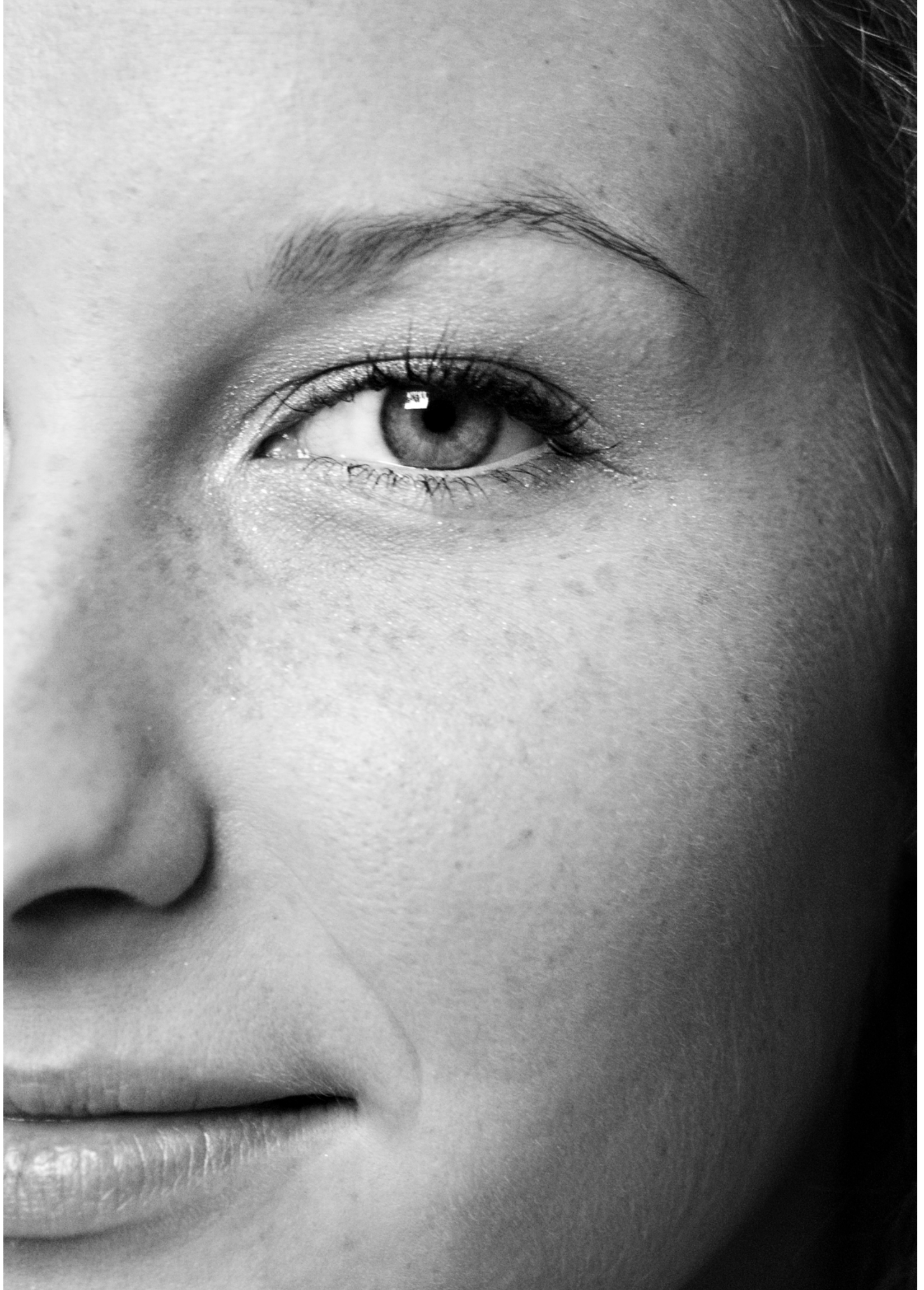
Spring 2009 Bayousphere Winners

POETRY.....	My Cowboy Hero by Tonya Lincoln
SHORT STORY.....	Silent Mountain by Ginny Martyn
ART.....	Elissa, Sweet Elissa by Adalia Maudlin
DIGITAL ART.....	Graycie in Blue by Barbara Ellis
PHOTOGRAPHY.....	Miss Tina's Funeral by Mary Anne Elliott

Moonlight Sonata *for Colin*

BY DONNA SPARROWHAWK

The chocolate from the shop
in the south of France
by rights
should be a controlled substance.
Virgin lips are too innocent
for the promises inherent in the tastes.
What unpardonable sin then, as it coats my tongue,
two street musicians play *Moonlight Sonata*
and I am left with that knot of unbreathed air in my chest
as my eyes close
and I relive that half kiss with which we parted.
Chocolate, Beethoven, and lust –
each delicious enough alone.





The Door by Leo Chan

In Response for Leonard Cirino

BY DENNIS FORREST

Odder still, are the many faces
Of God, like so much salt in our wounds.
We use His light to hide what pride erases.

When we sleep, we dream of all the places
We have never been, the souls we've consumed.
Odder still, are the many faces

We have used to fill the spaces
Between disgrace and what death assumes.
We use God's light to hide what pride erases.

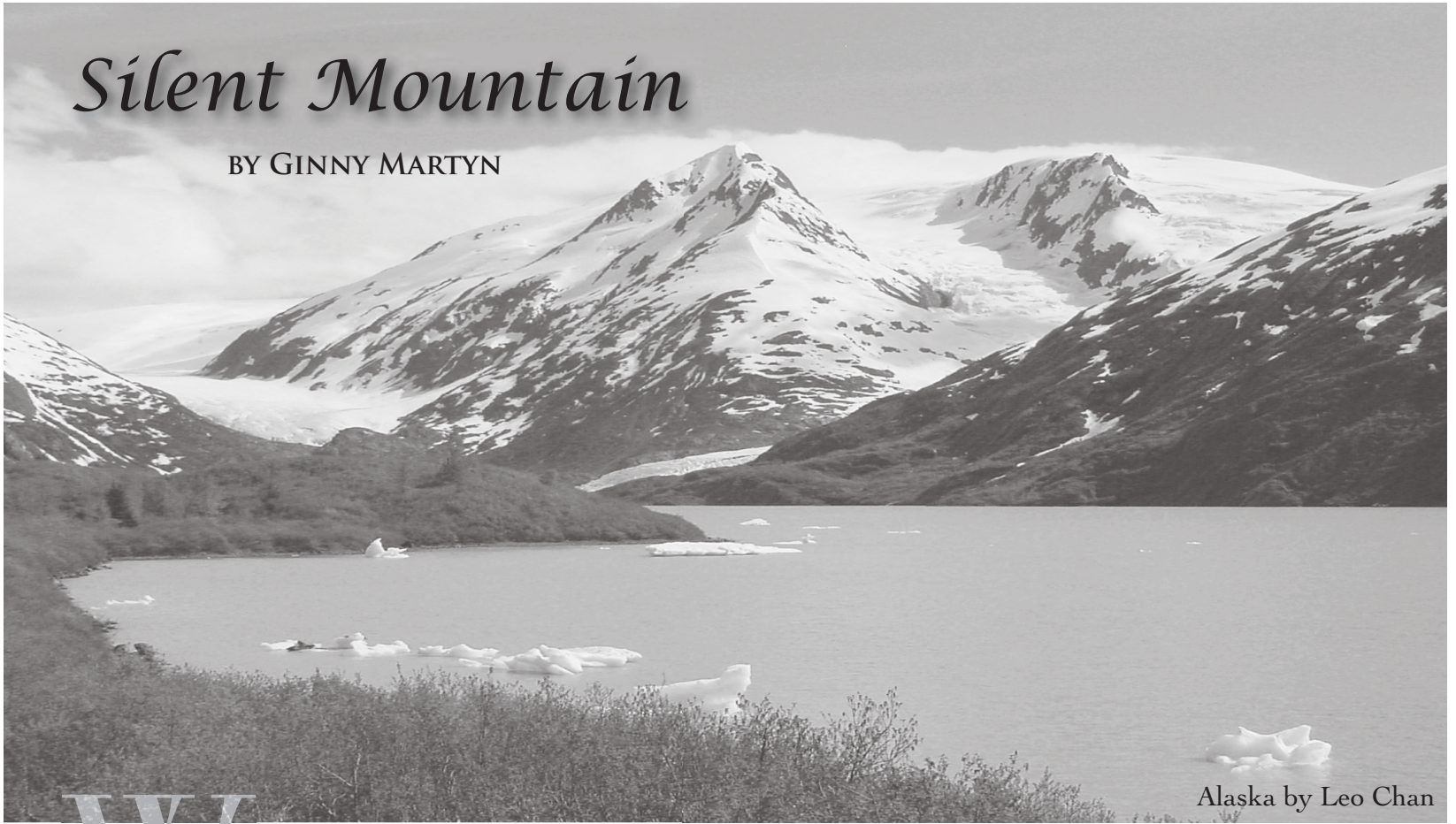
Because we're constantly running life's races,
We never stop to smell the open blooms.
Odder still, are the many faces

Of death, the inevitable end that chases
Away all the mysteries we've composed. All too soon
We use the light to hide what pride erases.

Our addictions begin when love regresses –
Without the light, our paths are open wounds.
Odder still, are the many faces
We use, within the light, to hide what pride erases.

Silent Mountain

BY GINNY MARTYN



Alaska by Leo Chan

We had spent four full days in the wilderness and today was summit day. Mom thought the hiking trip would be brilliant; it had been years since we had hiked as a family. This would be the last time that the three of us, Mom, Dad and me, would ever hike this mountain again together.

My pack weighed sixty pounds and it got heavier with every vertical step; the straps clawed up my shoulders like an old angry cat. I looked over at Mom; if I was feeling the pain of the hike chances were good that her fifty-nine-year-old knees were not holding out well.

"Isn't this nice, Honey?" I heard Mom ask Dad, but he didn't answer.

Dad was silent.

Dad had always been the nature enthusiast and hiking was his idea of having "quality time."

At our mile marker break I grabbed the nearest tree and leaned on it. The chalky grit of the Aspen bark covered my hands and seeped under my fingernails like sand on the beach.

We made our way through the lofty trees and unstable rocks. When we finally hit tree line, the lack of oxygen pulled at me like an undertow. I looked over at my parents. Mom grinned with the summit in sight.

We made our way to the top and gazed at the bottom of the world. Chill-filled clouds enveloped my body as knobby hills of green patchwork stretched out for miles in every direction. While this image was one I'd seen many times, the familiarity of it never kept me from being overcome by it.

We were silent.

Abruptly, I felt pin pricks of wet hitting my face and the shower began. The smell of black dirt and fresh rain reminded me of all the hiking trips we had taken when I was a kid, and I smiled at the flood of memories. The light rain masked my sudden tears while Mom looked at me with an exhausted glittering smile.

"Okay, Dad," I said grabbing the urn that Mom had pulled silently from her pack. "I think you will like it here."

I flung my father's ashes over the nature that he so dearly loved and the mountain was silent.



Silence

BY ALICIA DIANE ATWOOD

Everything that matters in this world is silent:
Silent hopes, silent songs, silent screams,
Silent hearts and silent dreams,
Souls wrestling themselves into silence.
All your energy imploding to silence,
All your thoughts producing silence.
The feelings and prayers we'd like to hide
Are the most important to let outside.

Letting Go

BY JOE TREVINO

Death's nothing but an open door
Past all galaxies filled with stars.
A step outside of time, which calls
For things to matter nevermore.

It terminates all gravities
To set the brand new spirit free.
A morning mist along the sea
Far from life's insanities.



Hollywood Sense by Emily Jaschke

America

BY DENNIS FORREST

New York City – the world in a few blocks.
Tyranny takes different shapes in the shadows –
The poor frustrated with health care,
The baby boomers and social security debates.
The war on crime – crosses beside the roads
Lock'em up and throw away the damned keys.
Entrepreneurs – chain stores, charity, cracked
Mirrors, crack cocaine – all out of bounds,
But within our limits.
Another war – bigots, perverts, prison reform –
The latest fashion is women in combat.
There are giants in the heartland – where money
Doesn't always talk – the unconventional
Are living in grain elevators – every room
With an artificial garden view. Poets are
Still traveling at the speed of thought –
Society is shackled in a digital domain.
With faith on the rise – can love pull
It all together? How long will freedom
Last, living with the ghosts of our children?



Now Showing... by Emily Jaschke

Prison Music

BY DENNIS FORREST

Eventually we all become prisoners
To our longings. Prison is like that. It
Makes us long for things we can never have
Again, but mostly, for things we never

Had to begin with. I realize now
How ignorant I have been of the power
Of desire. How foolish it is, to fall
In love with someone, who could never love

You. The kind of music I listen to –
Is the kind that can only be heard here.
Wind of emotional isolation!
It blows past the Thorazine shuffling

Zombies in the halls, and around all the
Multicolored clay vessels cracking from
So many dark secrets. It blows through me
As I open my mouth to speak. At night

I recall all the women I have copulated
With in my life. It only takes a minute.
Then I make up names for my imaginary
Sons, who will never carry on my name.

This is how I cope with oppression. Matthew,
Mark, Luke, John. Come to think of it, I
Don't know how I cope, at times. I do know
That we were all born with a fire inside us

That went out when we entered these gates.
It was replaced by a black orchid, that
Feeds on our unwanted blood and our sorrows.
It is there to remind us of things we

Failed at in life. I nurture mine with the
Greatest of care. Because at the end of
Each and every miserable day – it is
All I have left, to remind me of her.



Going Home

BY SHELLY HENLEY KELLY

She sat carefully on the sofa cushion, her arms wrapped around her belongings, like a girl waiting for her parents. Today they were sure to come, she thought. Mama had been at the TB Sanatorium before, but never for so long. It seemed an eternity since Papa had left in his deputy sheriff's car to bring Mama home.

As an only child, Lily had grown used to her mother's repeated trips to the hospital or the sanatorium, spending weeks and sometimes months away from her; but while she tolerated what she could not control, she did not like it at all. Papa did his best in Mama's absence, making sure that Lily wanted for nothing. Nothing – except her mother. Lily spent much of her time with her Grandma, being doted on by aunts and cousins. She had many friends, classmates, and enjoyed the opportunities offered to her through her dance school. Why, she even presented Judy Garland and Mickey Rooney with flowers during their recent movie tour in town.

But on this trip she had spent a long time at Grandma's house, and Lily was ready for Papa to bring Mama and pick her up. Soon she would see him come around the corner, and they would go home to their little house together where they could be a family for a time, until the next trip.

Lily sat on the sofa, clutching her belongings, when she saw the dark-haired woman approaching. She looked so familiar, and yet Lily couldn't place how she knew the woman.

"Mama?" the woman asked, touching Lily on the shoulder gently. "Why do you have your clothes out of the room?" A caregiver came over and explained, "She's been sitting on that sofa all day. Says she's waiting for her mother and father

to pick her up."

Lily thought this dark-haired woman looked so kind and had her mother's smile. But it wasn't her mother. Where was Papa?

The dark-haired woman moved to help Lily up from the sofa. "Come on Mama, let me help you back to your room."

Lily stood with difficulty, her old knees shaking and bunions pressing. Her arthritic fingers released their grasp on the clothing in her hands. Then she allowed her daughter to guide her back to the room at the Memory Care Assisted Living facility.

Surely, Papa would come for her tomorrow.



Sugar Land by Laurie Vaesa-Perez

Simply About You

BY KENNETH MILTON

You are...

Each morning's dawn that brightens our day
Every fragrant breeze that exhales our way
Of the sweetest flowers that nature grows
The concern that comforts and always knows
The solemn vow to our every cause
Faithful, relentless, without flaws
The ear that listens with true intentions
To our every word and what it mentions
In our midnight dreams – that angelic face
In our life's encounters – charm and grace
Like salve, you're soothing, you're our medication
Which distinctly confirms your dedication
That ethereal smile, tender words so kind
Evoked like magic from your sacred mind

For each day that has come and gone
Your worthy presence still lingers on
And every image that here now unfolds
Are those of you that makes us whole
And perhaps some of these might apply to
Another for our appraisal – you're the greatest

Mother!!



My Cowboy Hero

BY TONYA LINCOLN

Bigger than life this cowboy was,
The Stetson hat, pointed Tony Llama boots,
Gold belt buckle the size of the West Texas sun.
Standing six feet four with a solid build,
His presence just was.
His voice would boom with words of wisdom,
Some truths, some with a bit of exaggerated twist.
His words would carry the meaning of a lesson.
He lived and died by the example of the cowboy way of life:

“Always take care of your animals –

They might just save you some day.”

“Always help someone in need –

The Lord looks kindly at that.”

“Stand up for what you believe in –

Your character is all ya got at the end of the day.”

“Never cheat at cards or life –

In the long run, you end up the loser.”

“Always look a man squarely in the eye –

It lets him know you are who you claim to be.”

“Shake a man’s hand with a firmness of grip –

He learns from the start that you mean business.”

These were some of the jewels of knowledge he cast about,
Knowing that we would gather them up like riches.

He taught me so many things:

Riding a horse across the hard, flat plains,

Plowing up the land’s riches with the tractor blades,

Learning the difference between critters, good and bad,

“Witching” for water with a two-forked stick,

And shooting a gun with bull’s eye accuracy.

The legacy he left will continue to grow.

As I look at my kids, they will know what he said:

The value of the earth,

The strength of a man’s word,

The depth of a man’s character.

You see this cowboy was a West Texas Legend,

But to me, he was and always will be,

My dad, my rock, my everything.

In the Shelter of the Trees

BY JEANE KNIGHT

The breeze whispers through the trees
Words of joy and serenity to enchant
The small boy who squats beneath.
With his father's help, he makes sail boats
Out of leaves and twigs he intently
Selects from the many resting
On the forest floor.

Carefully, he places a boat
In the brook bubbling
Over rocks and pebbles,
Watches as his tiny vessel
Is carried swiftly out of sight.
The boy runs fast across a little bridge
Where he waits breathless

To see if his precious boat
Made it through rapids and rills.
Rising to this test of its construction,
The boat arrives safely.
Now confident in his skill,
The boy lingers on.
By himself, he
Builds and sails more boats.

When the sun reaches its zenith,
The boy leaves the sanctuary of the trees.
As he walks out of the shady canopy,
The breeze whispers through the trees
Words of warning to the tiny self-assured boy,
*"Take care; if you leave the shelter
of the trees you may find the world
harsh under the glaring sun."*

But this time the boy could not hear
The words of the wind.

He was already on his way.



Diver by Kirk Sides



Squirtface by Kirk Sides

Rain Cloud

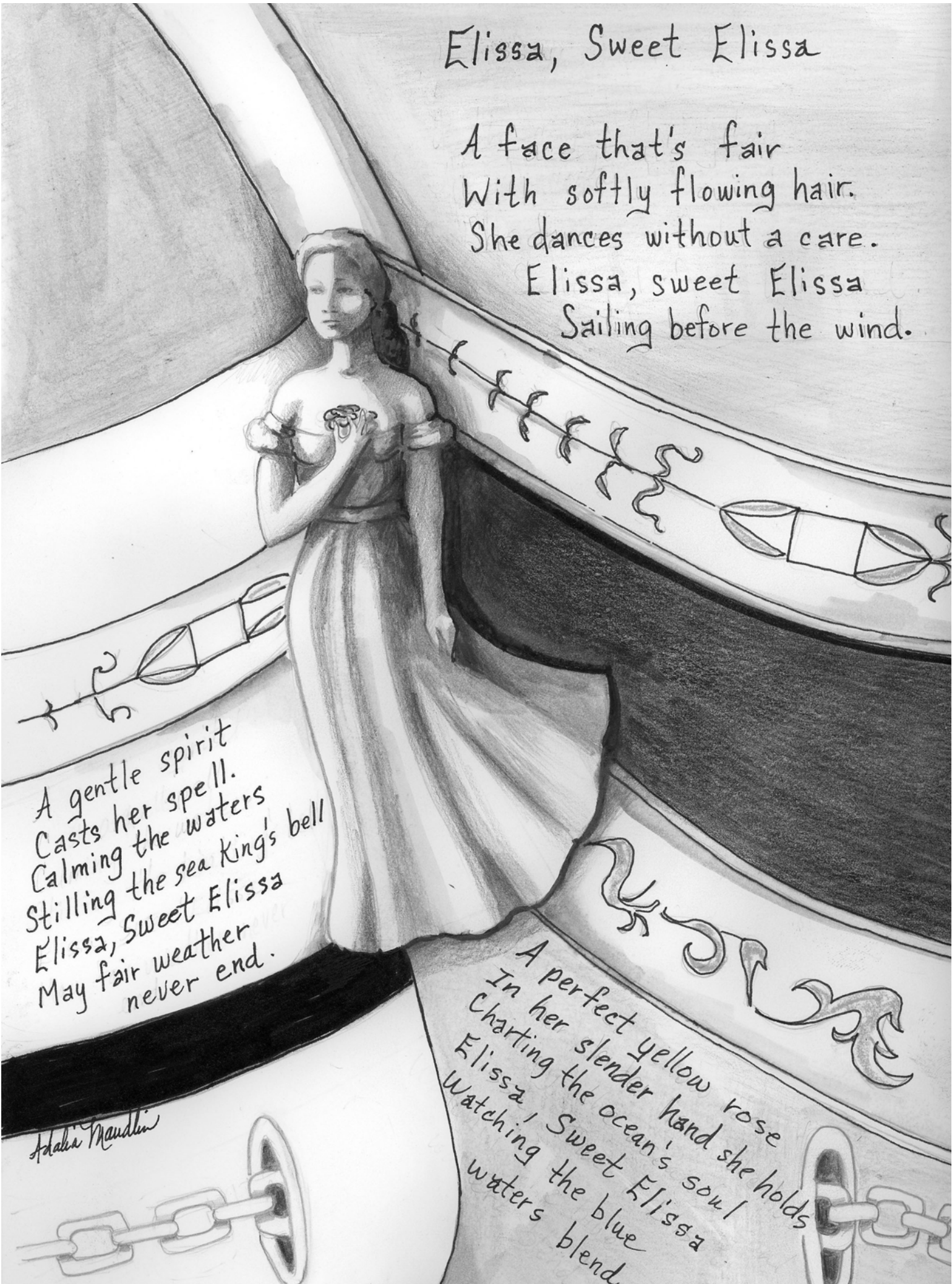
BY ALICIA DIANE ATWOOD

I am the warning rain cloud
In a skysea of whispered brothers.
I cry out the warning rain
As the sun gives away
And the moon falls up,
As the times change.
Light becomes dark,
Silence starts screaming,
Calm begins teaming,
Starting the dizzy masquerade
That is the blackest black night.
I am the warning rain cloud.



Fairy by Andrea Drake





Elissa, Sweet Elissa

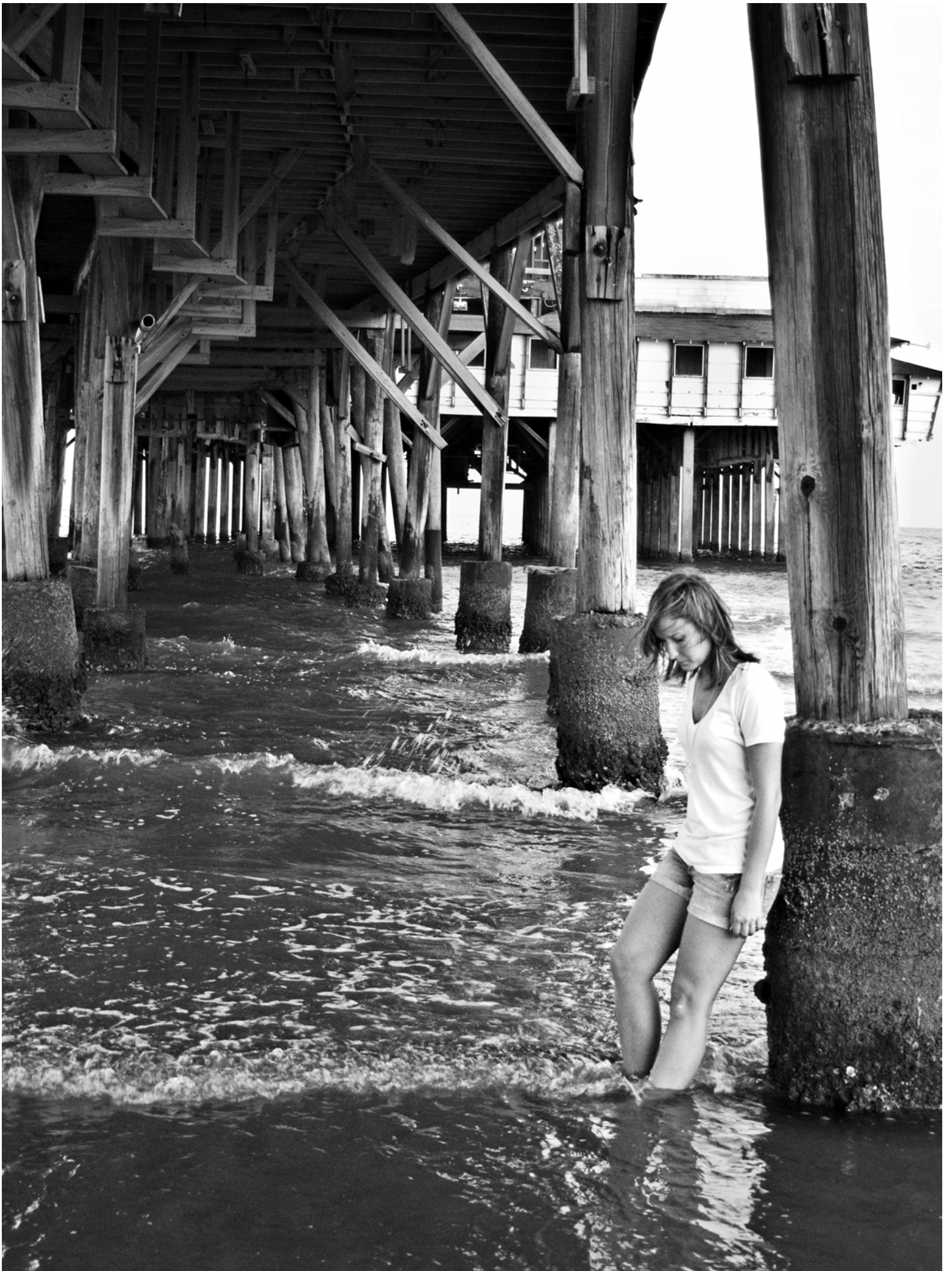
A face that's fair
With softly flowing hair.
She dances without a care.

Elissa, sweet Elissa
Sailing before the wind.

A gentle spirit
Casts her spell.
Calming the waters
Stillling the sea King's bell
Elissa, Sweet Elissa
May fair weather
never end.

Adalia Maudlin

A perfect yellow rose
In her slender hand she holds
Charting the ocean's soul
Elissa! Sweet Elissa
Watching the blue
waters blend



The Past by Bethany Quillin

Contributors

ALICIA DIANE ATWOOD - a UHCL undergraduate student who aspires to be a literature professor. She enjoys church activities and reading.

LEO CHAN - an Assistant Professor of Communication at UHCL. He travels extensively and is an avid supporter of Big Brothers Big Sisters of America Inc.

ANDREA DRAKE - a UHCL undergraduate student working toward a B.A. in Communication.

MARY ANNE ELLIOTT - a community member and retired administrative secretary who was featured on the cover of *Bayousphere* Spring 2006.

BARBARA ELLIS - a UHCL graduate student pursuing an M.A. in Digital Media Studies. She has found herself at 40-something starting a new career after an on-the-job injury ended her career as a paramedic for NASA. "I find this is a blessing from God. I am now able to follow my passion and use the talent and abilities that God has given me."

DENNIS FORREST - a UHCL alumnus and a 2005 PEN award winner whose work has appeared in numerous publications including: *Bayousphere*, *Marrow*, *The Texas Observer* and *Poesia*.

EMILY JASCHKE - a UHCL alumna. She claims turbulence is a life force, an opportunity. "Let's love turbulence and use it for change. Change is the constant, the signal for rebirth, the egg of the phoenix."

SHELLY HENLEY KELLY - a certified archivist, she manages the UHCL Archives including the JSC History Collection. Her publications include the award-winning "Through a Night of Horrors: Voices from the 1900 Galveston Storm" (TAMU Press, 2000).

JEANE KNIGHT - a Clear Lake community member.

TONYA LINCOLN - a Language Arts teacher in the Alvin School District and Clear Lake community member.

GINNY MARTYN - a UHCL undergraduate student.

ADALIA MAUDLIN - a community member and retired teacher.

KENNETH MILTON - a UHCL alumnus who enjoys writing poetry as an inspirational outlet. He has been published previously in *Bayousphere*.

BETHANY QUILLIN - a UHCL undergraduate student working toward a B.F.A in applied design and visual arts.

KIRK SIDES - an adjunct instructor of photojournalism at UHCL. He is a professional photojournalist whose work regularly appears in the *Houston Chronicle* and has been featured in numerous other publications.

DONNA SPARROWHAWK - a UHCL alumna who is currently an English and psychology teacher. She also owns a private marriage and family therapy practice.

JOE A. TREVINO - a UHCL alumnus who hopes to be a published poet someday.

LAURIE VAESA-PEREZ - a UHCL undergraduate student working toward a B.A. in communication. She is a native Houstonian who stumbled into photography after an unfortunate house fire.

Editorial Policy and Submissions Guidelines

THE UNIVERSITY OF HOUSTON-CLEAR LAKE publishes Bayousphere annually to provide an outlet for creativity in the community. It is produced by students enrolled in the magazine publication class. Each entry is blindly reviewed by the students, and a certificate is awarded to the highest scoring work in each category. Bayousphere accepts submissions in the areas of fiction, nonfiction, art, photography, poetry and digital media from students, faculty, former students and members of the community.

All material accepted is subject to cropping or editing by the Bayousphere editorial staff as they deem necessary. Materials should be submitted as follows:

- Submit copies of written work, not originals.
- Fiction, nonfiction and poetry must be typed, double-spaced, and no longer than 2,000 words. Include a text-formatted disk with submitted copy.
- Photos must be black and white, no smaller than 5 x 7 inches.
- Original artwork must be suitable for magazine publication. Pastels, water colors and light pencil drawings do not reproduce well. Artwork must not exceed 11 x 16 inches. No framed work. Sculpture and other three-dimensional artwork must be photographed in black and white to be considered.
- Digital media consists of computer generated works of art. Works can be still or animated, i.e. moving images. Digital media can include, but is not limited to, any of the following forms: Flash, Macromedia Director, digital video, 3D animation, and Quick Time Virtual Reality. Submissions must be five minutes or less. Artwork for digital media can include color as is will appear solely in the online edition.

Complete submission guidelines are included with the entry forms. Bayousphere entry forms may be picked up in the Student Publications Office, or downloaded online at www.uhcl.edu/bayousphere.

Submissions for Bayousphere 2009 may be sent to: Bayousphere, UH-Clear Lake, 2700 Bay Area Blvd., Box 456, Houston, TX 77058, or delivered to the Student Publications Office, Room 1239 of the Bayou Building. Entries must be received no later than Feb. 15 to be considered for the fall issue.

Direct inquiries may be made to the address above or by telephoning 281-283-2571. The Student Publications Office is officially closed in June and July; however, entries may still be mailed during that period.

Colophon

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Euroart Plus Dull Book 80 lb.

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Trajan Pro
Cochin
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Mona Lisa Solid ITC TT

