

# Promethia

2013-2014





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Photo by Evelina Lundqvist



# Letter from the Editor

Dear Promethians,

This academic year, we, the staff, started the *Promethia* submission process with the creative contest prompt, "Can You Hear the Screaming?" In a united, seemingly psychically coordinated effort, artists took up this call to address the unheard, the marginalized, and the suffering, through their art. Poets, storytellers, and photographers gave renewed life to the ideas that Jacob Marley cried out in Charles Dickens' *A Christmas Carol*:

"Mankind was my business; charity, mercy, forbearance, and benevolence, were, all, my business. The deals of my trade were but a drop of water in the comprehensive ocean of my business!"

These were the themes that artists chose, and it is my great honor to present their work in the 2013-2014 edition of *Promethia*.



**Joseph Blake Parker**  
Editor-in-chief

# Acknowledgments

First and foremost, we would like to thank our faculty adviser, Professor Keith Gogan, who has been dedicated and personally invested in the magazine through the good and the bad.

We would also thank all of the other faculty who made this magazine possible including Dr. Kay Meyers, who always advises us well and without ever pulling a punch, Dr. Linda Gray who always does everything in her power to support *Promethia*, to Professor A.J. Tierney who is a constant encourager of students to be a part of *Promethia*, and to Prof. Jason Howell who aided us greatly in the design this year.

Finally, we would like to thank the *Promethia* Design Editor, Lisa Kleefeld. She has brought the art and design of the magazine up to its highest level yet. Without her, this year's magazine would not be possible.

# Staff



*From left to right:* **Makenzie Carroll** General Staff, **Joseph Blake Parker** Editor-in-chief, **David Mosher** Event Operative, **Cassie June Hopkins** General Staff, **Evelina Lundqvist** Art Representative, **Lisa Kleefeld** Design Editor, **Prof. Keith Gogan** Faculty Advisor, **Caleb Jones** Master of Ceremonies.

*Not pictured:* **Bethany Anderson** General Staff, **Lorenzo Belen** Event Operative, **Nathan Lundeen** Assistant Designer

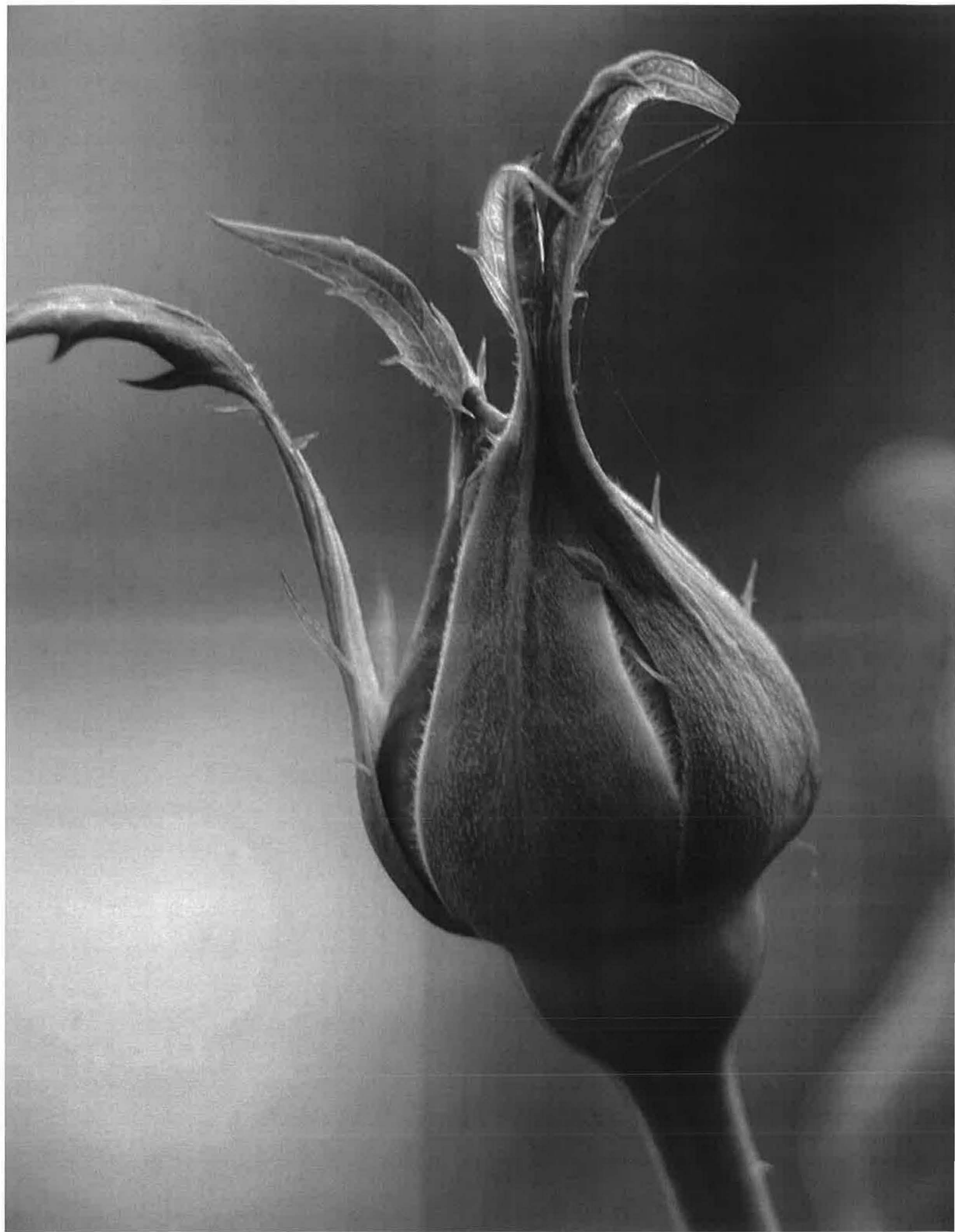
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# Poetry



Photo by Kathryn Hall

# Collision

Antavia Mason

We collide together  
opposite poles attracted to each other  
seeking one another  
you crash into me like cars upon impact fuse metal to metal  
our limbs meld together, fingers intertwining, arms locking  
we connect as the fire of our desire melts our hearts  
we burn as the world around us continues on its axis  
circling the sun in the frost of dark diamonds that glisten  
in space that seems to get only smaller as time  
and space stop for us

# I Go into Adulthood Screaming

Sarah Cochran

My thoughts are superficial wounds,  
A scratching against clarity, a thin dusting  
Of dirt crumbs with no roiling lava underneath.  
I grasp at great words from someone else's mind  
Twisting and distorting until the story is deformed  
Where is the Builder of Babel? The Creator of Language?  
What screams will awaken reality from this nightmare pillow?

Smooth over me soothing lyric, a Shakespearean melody,  
Snow drift memory, thick standing water, covering Hell  
Search the tortured mouth clotted with raw confusion  
Bleeding barren nonsense on my hostile history  
I hold the naked loss of my lifeless childhood  
Like a father catches his son's last tear.  
Make me cry over my tiny casket.



Drawing by Gabriel Garcia

# Morning of Lee

Bethany Anderson

A high pitched bugle softly  
crashes against  
the filmy morning hour,  
echoing out among  
crispy, white-laced grasses

Soft breath answers  
the melancholy call,  
as mist curls its seeking tendrils  
around a gleaming barrel.

Large steady hands hold  
the Winchester's aim.  
While left holds barrel,  
right is poised on trigger.

The right pointer finger,  
where nail should be,  
is rounded a stub.  
From the nail to first hinge, gone.

He would tell a story  
over a bowl of cereal  
with sardines on top  
of how he lost it.

"Well, Katie Johnson,  
you see,  
it broke off.  
I was digging for gold  
and it snapped off  
right in my nose."

He'd grin his  
closed mouth smile,  
and crinkle his  
laughing eyes.

Then head out  
on the Gator,  
with the pre-'64,  
out to the deer stand.

The sound of  
crunching crystal  
reaches the large, red-tipped ears  
peeking out from under white hair.

Through the scope,  
the bull appears  
swathed in mist,  
crowned with bone branches.

The shot is heard,  
by ice-crusting grass,  
and silenced by  
elk.







# Shades of Brown

Cassie Hopkins

Have you seen fresh coffee grounds  
From an effervescent harvest,  
Perhaps from the soils of El Salvador?  
That's the color  
Of his hair.

Have you smudged  
Droplets  
Of that ebony drink  
Onto a weaved, white napkin,  
Now stained with this robust elixir?  
That's the color  
Of his skin.

Have you disturbed an old cardboard cup,  
Watching, as the creamer swirls  
Back  
Creating a prism of chestnut?  
That's his eyes.

He is every shade of coffee brown.  
He is every shade of the bitterness and  
The sweetness of that  
Beloved potion.

# Love Leaps

Ginger Gregory

Love leaps into the heart like a frog—  
 Oozy, slimy, swift,  
 Slipping through fingers  
 Gripping lily pads,  
 Thoughts.  
 Love is tough to contain  
 Somewhere along life's journey  
 It leaves us strained  
 When that unasked question goes unanswered—  
 Telephone ringing off heart's hook  
 And we hear an answering machine—  
 Voices of what once was or  
 Echoes of what could have been.  
 When we watch life tug at our loved one's legs  
 Until that person no longer  
 Leaps.  
 Limps.  
 Lay.  
 And when we pour pink lemonade, its sweet-tart  
 taste  
 Lingering on our lips.  
 Yes, love punches  
 But love is punch  
 Better to taste that beverage than wonder  
 What it tastes like.  
 Better to hear love's voice  
 Than mute its harmonious melody.  
 Better to see love,  
 Scarlet-red light,  
 Than remain forever blinded  
 By bitterness.  
 So let that frog leap in—  
 Somehow, some way  
 He will stay.

# Donuts

Ginger Gregory

They say these little fried rings  
 Have no nutritional value  
 Fat, sugary, sweet.

Sweet treat, my teeth trek along your plush path  
 They waltz happily—  
 Until a powdered sugar snow storm,  
 Then they see no escape.

Round and round they go  
 Spinning along icy roads  
 Searching for an exit,  
 Sighing for a stop.

Better wash that donut down soon.  
 The path grows stale.

Time to move on,  
 Find a fresh alternative  
 Bright-red strawberry,  
 Grape purple  
 Pear green.

Time to leave circle city and  
 Return only for vacation.

## Cancer and Capricorn (an Elegy for Beth)

Keith Gogan

Cancer.

Cancel.

One final consonant

Makes little difference but

Rest assured, they did what they could

With that dubious angel Chemo

Whose wings brought chill wind not

Balmy relief

I would call her yearly on Christmas Day

Saying,

“Merry Christmas and Happy Birthday!”

Because December 25th was a two-for-one for her

The culmination of a dual advent

The birth of The Light of the World

And the day she entered the world

Of light and air and sight

Only to, at 30 years

Face her own Golgotha

While the Light of the World

Looked on

Loving her homeward

## In the Arms of the Silicon Valley

McKensie Garber

This is the coming of the world we own,  
Wanting to dance beneath blurred, foggy stars  
In the arms of the Silicon Valley.

A world spinning on electricity,  
Lives passing in circles by flying cars.  
This is the coming of the world we own.

Smoldering concrete dons plastic palm trees,  
Open plains and old oaks mourn metal scars  
In the arms of the Silicon Valley.

For the things of man, time exists only  
In pleasuring haste, sacred places char.  
This is the coming of the world we own.

No delight in gifts granted already,  
From glass rooftops dance godlike movie stars  
In the arms of the Silicon Valley.

The fast night hardened, once painted milky,  
Past steel mirrored walls eyes cannot see far.  
This is the coming of the world we own,  
In the arms of the Silicon Valley.

## Sun's Lament

Lucas Chrisman

The sun was evicted from his sky  
Wrapped in an envelope of man's pride  
Unlawful landlords puffing their pipes  
Scourging the land of all its worth  
Giants of old burn for the power of  
Today's metal monstrosities  
Ignorance and greed shroud accountability  
Without him

Time escapes

Now only eternal twilight pervades the  
Mountains of man's design  
Monuments raised to desolation  
Beauty razed in wicked delight  
The ashen sky cries acid tears  
Lamenting the loss of her golden life  
This land is now dead  
Never to live again

# Luminescence

Evelina Lundqvist

the night is no longer warm, but has yet to become cold.  
i dip my finger into the crest of the wave,  
forced into the air by the loud motorboat.  
the sound resembling an old tractor in the fields.

we stop for a moment, and i notice sparks of light in the water  
before they leave as swiftly as they came.  
the man in charge gets a paddle and breaks the dark still surface  
to stir it up again.  
he has a thick Spanish accent, but i can tell through his broken English  
that we can get in now

it starts with my feet, and then my legs.  
i hold a tight grasp of the railing,  
as if i'm scared to let go.  
but i'm not scared,  
i'm still adjusting to the dueling temperatures  
of wind and water.

i finally let go,  
carried by the strong arms of the deep,  
dark waters.  
glowing with fairy dust.

our teacher had told us not to have our mouths open,  
for the amount of nutrients they spewed into the lake to keep  
the tiny, glowing organisms alive  
made it extremely unhealthy.

but how can you think of that,  
when your movements spark underwater fireflies?

i swim, spin, throw myself across the still surface  
with my glowing wings behind me  
am i floating or flying?

the moment is over too quickly,  
and i'm back into the boat pondering the wording  
of an experience that preludes words.  
and how i shall tell my sister i swam with invisible fairies,  
betrayed by their glowing tails

the roaring motor wakes,  
and as we leave the enchanted lake behind us  
it goes back into its silent darkness.





# Skylar

Shaynee Sherwood

They lived with their fragile lily-white grandmother  
In her timid home

The two boys stood out in small town Kansas  
They were half cream and half of a dark night sky  
Their eyes twinkled like the stars  
They did not know the tragedy that was written in the sky  
They did not know how to read the constellations yet  
Their youth blinded their eyes like sailors on a foggy sea  
They had dreams and did not believe in destiny

Their mother could not steal hearts so she stole from stores  
Lingerie and perfumes  
Wine and cigarettes  
Her men devoured instead of devoted.

We played together  
With Tinkertoys and Legos  
Building places where no grown up goes

They were always kind  
And soft like cooling candle wax  
Molded gently by their grandmother's sharp mind and wrinkled hands

I moved before tragedy barged through  
I left before they ran down the steps of their dark basement  
To play cops and robbers  
Like grownups do  
With a heavy hand gun  
Loaded with forgotten-about bullets  
By their mother who feared their father

I do not know who was the cop  
And who was the robber  
I only know that he was  
Killed by his father



Photo by Evelina Lundqvist

## HOLY. Wholly, HOLE-LY

Caleb Jones

Holy,  
wholly *hole-ly*  
Father,  
I am *hole-ly*.  
Oh, to be among the sanctified.  
I wish to be  
wholly holy.  
Sadly, I am  
wholly *hole-ly*,  
so fully full of holes.

How did I become *hole-ly*?  
How did I puncture myself  
with so many unholy  
holes?  
How do I find a way to fill  
all of these  
wholly unholy  
holes  
with what I know to be holy?

And how to define  
holy?  
What must I find to fill my  
holes?  
Is there anything to be found,  
something with which I can cure my  
*hole-ly-ness*;  
to wholly fill my  
holes?  
No, I can  
never be  
wholly holy.  
But, Father,  
Only you can make me  
wholly un-*hole-ly*.







## God of Flight 1646 TUL – DFW

Joseph Blake Parker

Looking down upon the burning ants  
tying the tar pit beneath twin jets,  
Marching along headlight trails  
Marked only by orange embers.

Look at them, their lights, their neatly  
gridded world, segmented by  
blocks and streets and apples, all  
leading to their football stadium North

Star. They are the light of the night  
world, Christmas lights and helicopter  
beams keeping them in sweet salvation  
from the dark powers of this world.

But what they don't see is the black  
teeth closing in behind them, in the  
forgotten, unprotected, cold and hungry  
part of town, dying for a fleshy bite.

Their blue and red guardian angels  
will not keep the darkness away  
forever, for its tendrils penetrate  
the light through those left forgotten.

For the God of darkness cometh, I  
whisper, clicking off the overhead light.



Photo by Audrey Morill



Photo by Lisa Kleefeld



# Mockith Epicith

Zachary Holderness

'Twas a glorious Saturday with the sun at high noon  
Two best friends, one ball, and a nearby lagoon  
Gathered on that day for fun and for sport  
Benjerico brought the ball and McNelly the torte  
The friends play together by themselves without stopping  
But the fun came to an end when the ball came to popping  
With ball and torte gone the boys foresaw trouble  
And the pain in their stomach made their problems double  
Mcnelly spoke out "HO for the town"  
Benjerico responded "twill turn my frown"  
"Where art we to go?" queried McNelly  
Benjerico replied "whatsoever fillith my belly"  
Weary from sport just walking would tire  
Whence appeared on the road a coach for hire  
Two seats in the front the driver did lack  
The battle begins who sits in the back?  
"I brought the torte so the front is mine"  
McNelly stated as his face began to shine  
"You busted the ball you cotton headed ninny,  
I should have the claim for I am tall and skinny"  
Benjerico stated this with his face all ablaze  
As McNelly prepared for the battle phase  
"Choose your weapon on the count of three  
To rock paper scissors I challenge thee"  
Galdius the driver to judge the contest  
Until a victor is claimed there will be no rest  
Matches to play there will be thrice  
Prize goes to the one whose winnings are twice  
As the wood nymphs and the night elves began to collect  
The two warriors at the ready stood erect  
Match one came to draw upon both friends to call  
The powerful yet steady God of Rock, Boulderball  
To land in a tie counts for neither a brute  
Yet the piper stills plays upon his battle flute

"how doth he handle paper?" Benjerico mumbled,  
Then yelled to his opponent "prepare to be humbled!"  
McNelly thought 'My next summon will be sharp and slick'  
I will cut his element and let his blood run thick'  
And so did his scissors cut the paper in two  
Round one to McNelly this much is true  
Benjerico plotted to take round two in a rush  
"To beat mighty scissors I need something able to crush"  
And Great Boulderball left McNellys' scissorhand bent  
Alas King Scissorán admitted he was spent  
With the score at a tie the wars end was near  
The final battle commencing brought to both much fear  
The wood nymphs were cheering, the night elves as well  
Who would claim the front seat, this no one could tell  
McNelly thought to himself in spite  
"but who can best the great Boulderballs' might?"  
A daring idea marched through McNellys head  
"Perhaps I should take a lighter 'proach instead"  
Though Paper Paltrillious is both weak and small  
Stealth and precision will wreak havoc on Boulderball  
McNellys' Patrillious would take the final round  
Leaving Benjerico Defeated and back seat bound  
But where was Galdius to announce the winner  
"ho" cried a nymph "he left to get dinner"  
And so it was bickering that won in the end  
But true friendship will always amend  
The two walked towards town angrily spitting curses  
For Galdius that thief swiped both of their purses  
McNellys joy in victory came with no crown  
Though Benjericos' walls had come crumbling down  
Left with empty stomach and no money to name  
The friends had only each other to blame  
Nothing left to lose they continued without care  
Discussing future adventures the two would share

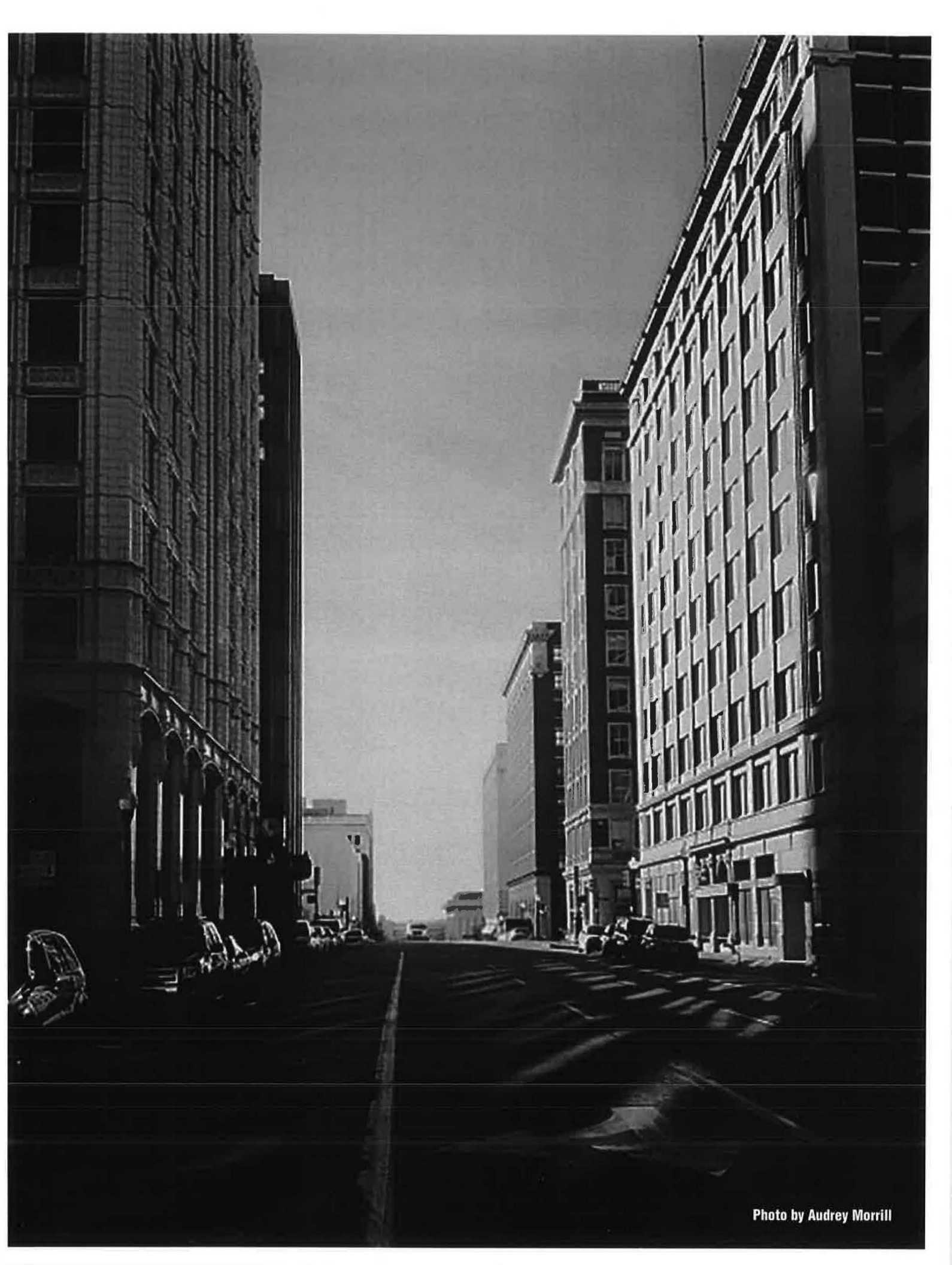


Photo by Audrey Morrill

# Prose

A dark, moody photograph of a person's face in profile, partially obscured by shadows and a bright light source on the right. The image is mostly black, with the person's features emerging from the shadows. The light source creates a bright, circular glow on the right side, casting long, dark shadows across the rest of the face and the background.

Photo by Evelina Lundqvist



# A Good Sheep

Deliza Elizee

I saw the older boys come back from town. Some were carrying shopping bags, always sure that the name of the store they made their purchases from showed to all passer-bys. Most of them wear clothes from that overpriced clothing store that sold rags and overpowering cologne. I thought only girls did that. We truly are equal. The bell rang, dinner time, or what I like to call, Feast of the Cowardly Beasts.

Making my way through the death march of a buffet line, I come to the salad bar. Light Romaine green and dark spinach hunter, deep radish purple, and warning tomato red were the blurred colors the “Bull Dog Boys” saw as they ran past the salad bar toward the rotating chunk of animal and steamed hardy sides. The “Ashley Girls” looked so serious as they were doing everything but counting the lettuce leaves they arranged on their tightly gripped plates. (Personally, I lost my appetite; I think it was pity.) I got a tall glass of warm apple cider and was headed toward my dark little table when I saw one of the deans give me that searing look that gives you crows’ feet around the eyes, so I coolly turn back and put five leaves of iceberg lettuce on my plate, and a pack of saltine crackers. I eventually make it over to the lone high table.

I get into my tall chair and sip through the straw. I saw Benny walk by, a few professors I didn’t know, some little kids going to eat in their private room, some *Ashleys* and *Brittneys* with their *Codys* and *Joshes* right behind them floating by like a washed out faded memory. Bartley comes by with an ice-cream cone; that’s pretty much all he eats; he has a real sweet tooth. Maybe that’s why his skin is so dreary looking, not pimples, just dreary. All were seated for the Feast of Cowards.

The *Bull Dogs* followed their leader and ate like starved Neanderthals. The *Doting Pigeons* acted like they were too engrossed in their textbooks to see the food that they were putting into their mouths. The *Silent Crows* acted the same way but reading their backward mangas. The Ashley and Brittney groups were meticulously cutting their fruit and soft steamed vegetables on their light plates laced with lettuce trying to make the meal last longer. All of this to avoid eye contact. No one looked at each other for more than two seconds. How did we become this way? Are the little ones like this? There was Bartley in front of me, enjoying his chocolate brownie ice cream cone with caramel and crumbled peanuts. Even though it was on a

cone, he always put it in a bowl like a sundae. I chewed my lettuce like a good sheep knowing the slaughter house was soon approaching.

I could only get through one club cracker and smashed the other. No wonder I could not gain weight in this place. The warm cider made my eyes dip. Bartley enjoyed his sundae.

I felt like screaming! I wanted to slap all of them and wake them up; I wanted to wake myself up.

“There has got to be another existence,” I think out loud.

“Well, of course there is,” says Bartley. My eyes go wide and then close. I feel more defeated than ever.

I blink and there’s fifty-nine more seconds left of dinner. I didn’t feel too well. Bartley stopped eating. He said, “You care about people too much.”

“Freaking Mother Teresa, I said.”

“No, you are not Catholic,” he says as he eats the remainder of the waffle cone.

“I think my knees would hurt kneeling that much,” I sighed.

I felt like my own disappointment and restlessness was a hamster squirreling around in my gullet trying to crawl up my throat and spew out of my mouth. I wish that the sun was rising. I didn’t feel like hearing the night’s secrets. Just fast forward through the numbing 9 o’clock, tense 10 o’clock and let my body drug itself with that sleeping chemical that’s so good to me. I want to just lie tonight, feel my limbs catch paralysis, body tipping toward that smooth warmth under my blanket and seep into my mattress waiting for the sunrise ignoring the whispers of the leaving night.

*The morning is shining redemption.* But no, it was 7:59 p.m.

“I don’t want to be here anymore,” I tell Bartley.

“Let’s go.” He knew exactly what I meant, but there was nothing either one of us could do about it.

I immediately took a deep relaxed breath and my muscles drooped when I didn’t know that they were taut.

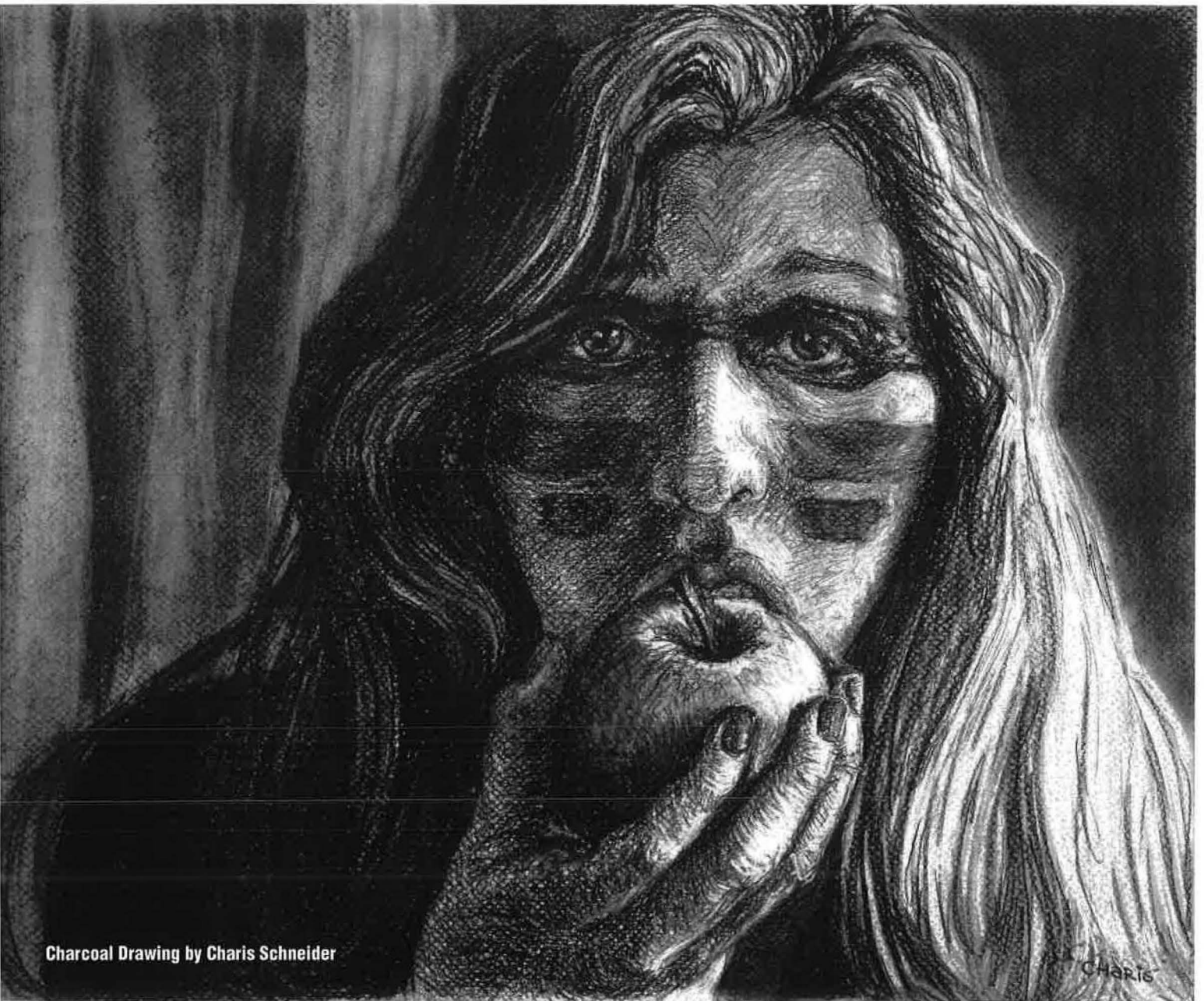
The thing is, I couldn’t go by myself; it was too risky. Everyone needed a partner on Saturday nights.

Near the end of dinner, everyone got excited but tried to hide it so the professors wouldn’t catch on. I wondered if they knew. Maybe they didn’t care; maybe it made things easier on them, how we relax before another dogmatic week. “They probably did the same thing.” Thinking that, I laughed out loud. The imagery was too ludicrous; I go too far sometimes. Before I could gather my composure and ignore the eyes slicked my way, the bell rang and the feast was over.



Everyone smiled getting up making their little mental plans. I liked to improvise. Thank God it was Saturday night—not like all nights aren't good, but just, you know, it's Saturday. No matter how I would be feeling at the end of the week. No matter how annoyed I was by my generation, Saturday nights made all things better. Seeing the city that we were kept away from while on campus was always relaxing. Emerging from the bubble of academia and etiquette and stepping deep into the real world with real people is what kept me going at times. Bartley and I, along with everyone else from campus, would just do our own thing on Saturday nights. Most of them would go to this club that didn't check IDs. Sometimes Bartley and I

would go there. We would usually go to this shop run by this movie producer nicknamed Fallen Tree...yeah, one of those. We would sit around, watch and analyze movies and films with him and his friends, talk about how we were so much better and wiser than everyone else, just really pompous company. The only things that we were missing were \$7 cups of Seattle coffee in everyone's hand. We were unsung revolutionary thinkers of the 21st century who had all of the potential and savvy to change the world's inferior ideals: but lo, we were all just sitting in Fallen Tree's shop digging through the rejected pile of the Sun Dance Film Festival. This is what got me through high school.



Charcoal Drawing by Charis Schneider

# The Difference Between Toys and Men

Caleb Jones

When I was young—probably between the ages of eight and thirteen—I collected quite a few toy soldiers. I have mixed feelings about the idea of children playing with dolls that are modeled after men and women who have the most brutal occupation available. But, I was young, and G.I. Joe was feeding my burgeoning imagination. I would spend hours setting up battles, the whole of World War III raging within the confines of my childhood bedroom.

I can't explain my fascination with warfare. It could be that the Jones men in the three generations preceeding myself were in some branch of the military—great-grandfather, grandfather, father, all of them. Whatever the reason, the thoughts of wars and soldiers and explosions were never distant. Every stick was a gun. Every tree was the enemy.

I find that the real problem is not simply the fact that boys like me have an active interest in war. At such a tender age, the real problem is a lack of knowledge in regards to the high cost of war. Naturally, my interest in the subject instilled in me a desire to watch every war movie ever created. My father was really careful about which ones he would let me see. There was one night that my father had a few of his friends over to watch a movie. I must have still been rather young, maybe twelve or so, because they were watching *Saving Private Ryan* using the ancient technology of VHS. I plopped down on the couch next to my dad, excited for some heart-pounding action.

My dad looked down at me and said, "Not this one, Caleb. You're not old enough to watch this." Disappointed, I ascended the stairs to my bedroom, immediately took my toy soldiers out and began setting up my own little WWII battle.

About ten minutes later, my father opened the door to my room and told me to come back downstairs with him. He sat me on the couch and said, "I am only going to let you watch the first part of this movie. I think it may teach you something. You know that your great-grandfather was a part of this, right?" At that moment, what he was saying didn't mean much. I was just excited at the prospect of watching the movie.

Anyone who has seen *Saving Private Ryan* can probably agree that the first thirty minutes of the movie are among

the most grueling minutes caught on film. I had my face buried in a pillow, only catching glimpses of men on the screen trudging up the beaches of Normandy, getting ripped to pieces by bombs or machine gun fire—at one point a man is seen sprawled out on the sand with his insides spilling out all around him. Then it was over. My dad paused the movie and sent me back up to bed with his intended lesson blaring in my mind. I walked into my bedroom and began picking up my toy soldiers, placing them back in their drawer, all the while noting the vast difference between toys and real men. The toys get buried in a drawer only to come back to the surface at my leisure.

The first and immediate lesson my father taught me by showing that film is still present. I will never take for granted the cost that each man and woman who signs up for the military has paid. It took me a few years to realize something else that my father taught me that night. It is perhaps the easier lesson to ascertain, yet we can't seem to fully grasp it. We often hear the phrase, "War is hell," yet, we constantly find ourselves marching through hell's gates.

A movie that, in my adult life, has taught me quite a bit more about war is Stanley Kubrick's masterpiece, *2001: A Space Odyssey*. It seems strange to think that a science fiction movie has informed my opinion on war rather than the thousands of films that actually are about war. The film begins with a section entitled, "The Dawn of Man." This thirty-minute section of the film depicts two groups of apes that are in the midst of a turf war. Both groups want to live on the grounds surrounding a watering hole. Eventually, one of the groups of apes discovers that they can use the bones of other decomposed animals as weapons to kill the other group of apes. They take up their bones, march to the watering hole, and attack the enemy apes, chasing them off and gaining permanent and uninhibited access to the watering hole.

*Space Odyssey* is a film that I have seen numerous times. That scene has always struck me as the darkest part of a film that maintains a drastically bleak atmosphere. It took me a few viewings of the movie to realize why, exactly, I found these primates beating each other to death with bones so disturbing. It dawned on me that this turf war between apes can be a sad metaphor for current international affairs. Sure, we are more civilized



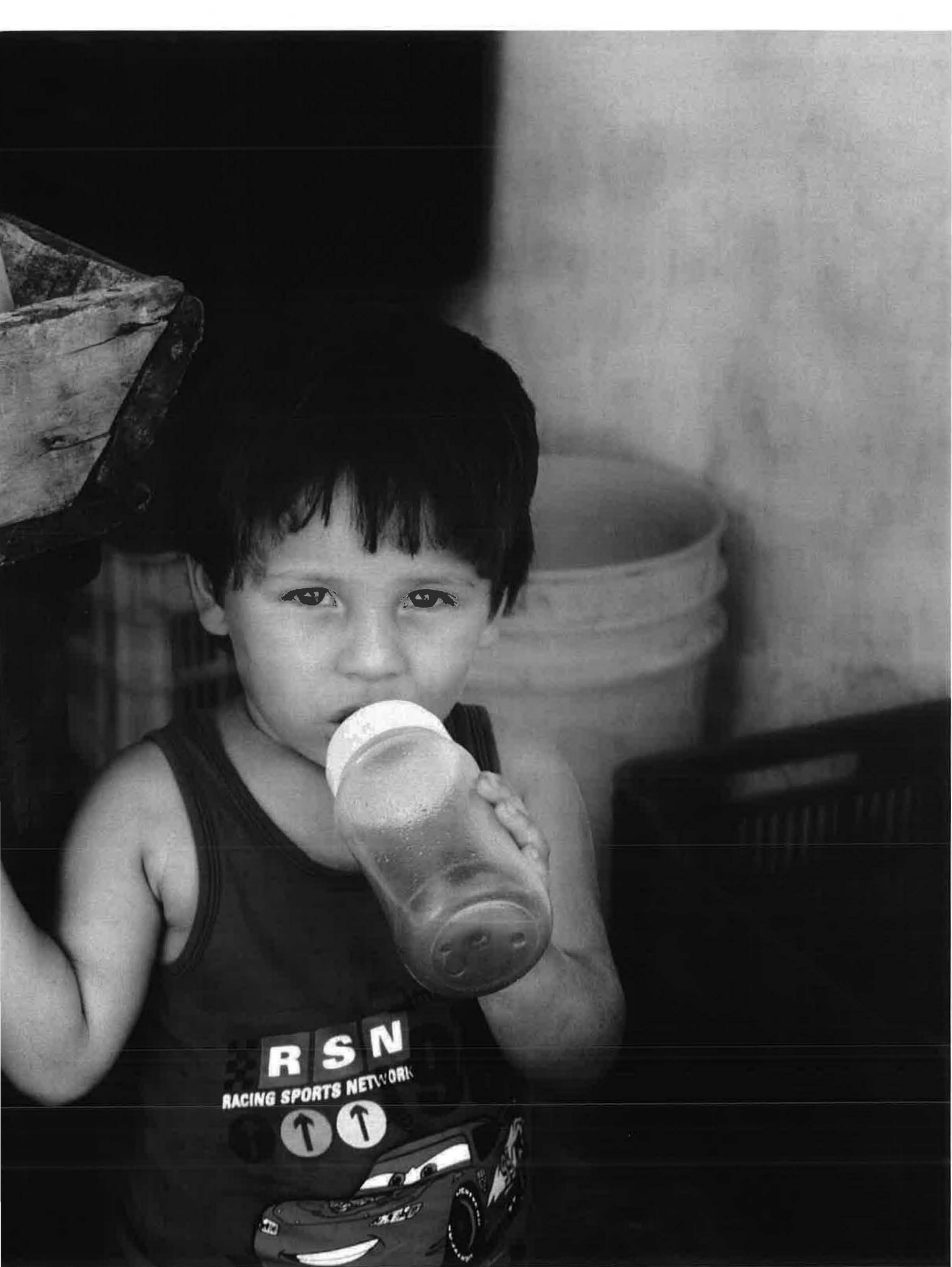
than these animals. We have complex languages to communicate, and we even have opposable thumbs. Apparently, we are supposed to have the ability to use reason. Instead of using this reason, whether we view it as God given or part of the evolutionary chain, we continue with actions that equate us to apes. Our watering hole has become much larger and figurative. Our animal bones are much more destructive.

Whatever happened to man's ability to reason? Einstein, a man who helped develop one of those new, bigger, and more destructive animal bones, defined insanity as doing the same thing over and over again and expecting different results. Must we continue bashing each other over the head with bones and expect something different? It may be time to use that reasoning that we humans so pride ourselves in.



Photo by Audrey Morrill





## The Cardboard Kingdom

Shaynee Sherwood


The scent of cardboard boxes is forever burned into my memory. While I was growing up, we moved frequently, so their presence will always seem familiar and in a strange way homey to me. Like nearly every kid, I enjoyed playing in moving boxes or in the boxes that my or my sibling's birthday or Christmas gifts came in. There were so many possibilities of what a box could become or where we and our boxes would move to next. Many afternoons were spent coloring on their flaps and throwing blankets over them to darken my imaginary nights, only to have my younger brothers yank the blankets off to reveal the sunshine. My kingdom may have been flimsy, but it was mine.

I was seven when we moved to Pennsylvania. This was my fifth move. Previously, we had only lived in small towns, so my parents decided to combine a dull visit from my stoical grandparents with an exciting trip to Washington D.C. At the Capitol, I remember looking up at the majestic rotunda in awe of its beauty and perfection. In my mind, I pictured tall ladders occupied by talented artists with gentle hands painting delicate angels while lying on their backs. The artists were suspended in their own heaven, and I wished that my hands could be as steady as theirs while attempting to draw on the ceilings of my boxes. I remember the significance of the statues and importance of the tours guide's words, but when dusk fell, a special sensation of playfulness spread across the lush green lawns as my brothers and I ran and played tag and did backbends, while Abraham Lincoln sat in his seat next to us. The sunset was a burning orange and a shocking pink, as if nature were graciously granting my brothers and me extra time for us to visit and remember our surroundings, but everyone was hungry, and it was getting late, so it was time to leave. My grandmother took my hand. The desire to run and play was gone, but the desire to notice everything caused me to lag behind her. This created a rhythm of occasional jerks from her pulling me in an attempt to force me to walk her pace without her having to authoritatively ask me. As we were making our way around a perfectly manicured row of shrubs, we emerged on the side of a hurried street.

Then I saw him.

He was sitting by a bench on the corner. He looked calm, but uncomfortable. His clothes were tattered. His face weathered, but still kind. He had a cardboard box

Photo by Kathryn Hall



beside him. I felt like I was the only one who saw him. I scanned my parents' and my grandparents' faces trying to figure out if they had overlooked him by accident or by choice. I knew that pointing was rude, but I felt that overlooking someone was just as bad. I felt as though someone must have forgotten about him. As if he were unknowingly playing a cruel game of hide and seek, and the seeker had quit searching for him. My grandmother's grip grew tighter. Her bony, thick-veined fingers felt strange between my chubby, sweaty fingers, and her multiple gold and diamond rings dug into my flesh. I didn't know if her grip was out of fear of the man who occupied the cardboard box or if it





was a signal for me to not look at him anymore. I followed her grip by looking at her gem-adorned hand and her gold-plated wrist. I had never really noticed her apparent wealth before. In my mind, I pictured her letting go of my hand and turning around, so that she could drop one of her large diamond rings into his cracked Styrofoam cup. And his life would be changed, and she could be the hero of his fairytale. And all his problems would be solved by money alone. I didn't know about drugs, or alcoholism, or agendas. I just knew he looked sad. I felt bad for looking at him, but I felt bad for quickly looking away. So I looked back at him. And I wished that I had something to give him. Something

more than just a small smile to let him know that I saw him and that I silently hoped that someday, someone would find him and claim him. And someday a box and a sidewalk would not be his home. He slowly smiled back. He was used to this rhythm and cycle of children lagging and smiling or pointing at him. He was used to parents shushing curious and vocal children. He was used to adults looking away because they were disgusted or to hide the sadness and pity from their eyes. He knew that one day, I would be tempted to stop noticing. He knew that one day, I would realize how complicated life is.

When I got home, I stopped playing in cardboard boxes.

# Mountain Song

Charis Schneider

With the chilly late-September breeze comes the sweet fragrance of crushed loblolly pine and pungent juniper. Pale green lichens cling stubbornly to nearby rocks, and Confederate yellow daisies grow from the crevices. The late afternoon sun edges their cadmium lemon petals with liquid gold. With a light breeze, the quivering daisies appear to be tiny burning bushes, beckoning to their Moses.

Like sheet music carried away by a playful gust, paper-thin leaves lift lightly off branches. Airy melodies from the nearby carillon drift along an invisible treble staff. It's as if time stands still. Leaning my head back, I shut my eyes and embrace this symphonic euphoria.

An arrowhead formation of Canada geese cuts through robin's egg blue sky. Their commandeering honks momentarily drown out "Amazing Grace" sounding from the carillon. A gift from the Coca Cola Company after the New York World Fair in 1964, this thirteen-story glockenspiel stands well above the gangly pines.

Through the thin screen of stripped branches, the man-made lake glistens and shimmers, and the geese come in for a landing, rivaling the Blue Angels. A startled brace of mallards paddle out of the way. Campfire smoke brings the hunger-rousing aromas of bratwurst and roasted corn. Mouth watering, their wood-smoked flavors linger long after they've been consumed. Also visible through the trees is the mountain.

Stone Mountain is cold to the touch this time of year. Sunbeams stored deep in the rock during the hot summer months have long-since escaped, leaving behind an icy monadnock. Every step taken lifts mounds of brightly colored leaves, and mica fragments glitter in the now-paling sun. Baring the bas-relief of Jefferson Davis, General Lee, and "Stonewall" Jackson, the mountain stands, memorializing the determination and stubborn dignity of the South.

Looking up at that tall, mile-high mound of granite and quartz, my heart pounds fiercely with pride. Though the cool breeze tickles my skin, my blood runs hot in

my veins. I am proud to be a Georgian. Born and raised three miles from this mountain, my childhood was spent playing on its summit and walking on its trails.

The sun has begun to set, and the mountain has turned into a giant pink scoop of ice cream. A blazing bronze ribbon outlines the trees and mountain's edge, and a resolute calm fills the park. As wind rattles through the paper-leaf lungs overhead, I can almost hear the ancient wheezing of Georgian souls. It's as if the mountain whispers of mighty battles long forgotten, former glories weathered away long ago by the elements of time.

The cold stone also tells of dark secrets, buried away in unmarked graves. While the South sang many wonderful strains, many more were tragic dirges and laments. Deep within the packed scarlet ground, voices clamor, never silenced by death. The red Georgia clay is stained by the blood of both slave and free, Cherokee and Creek, farmer and gentleman, Yankee and Confederate. The very same summit I danced and frolicked upon as a child stood mute not a hundred years before as fifteen white-robed ghosts made oaths of hatred around a burning cross. Many tears have watered this thirsty earth, and many corpses have glutted this insatiable land. Though much has changed, much more remains the same.

Tender cooing from a mourning dove signals the approaching night. A chorus of katydids takes up the cue, singing one of the last concerts before their annual slumber. The mountain's song remains steady as old voices grow quiet and new voices join in. Now the full harvest moon sheds her velvet black gown and parades across the darkening sky. The melody of the night ensues, and like she has for centuries, the mountain continues to sing. Tones of tragedy and victory, pounding grief and infectious laughter, quiet shame and deep, stoic pride—these are the notes of her song. Whether for better or for worse, this mountain song persists and will forever beat in Georgian hearts.







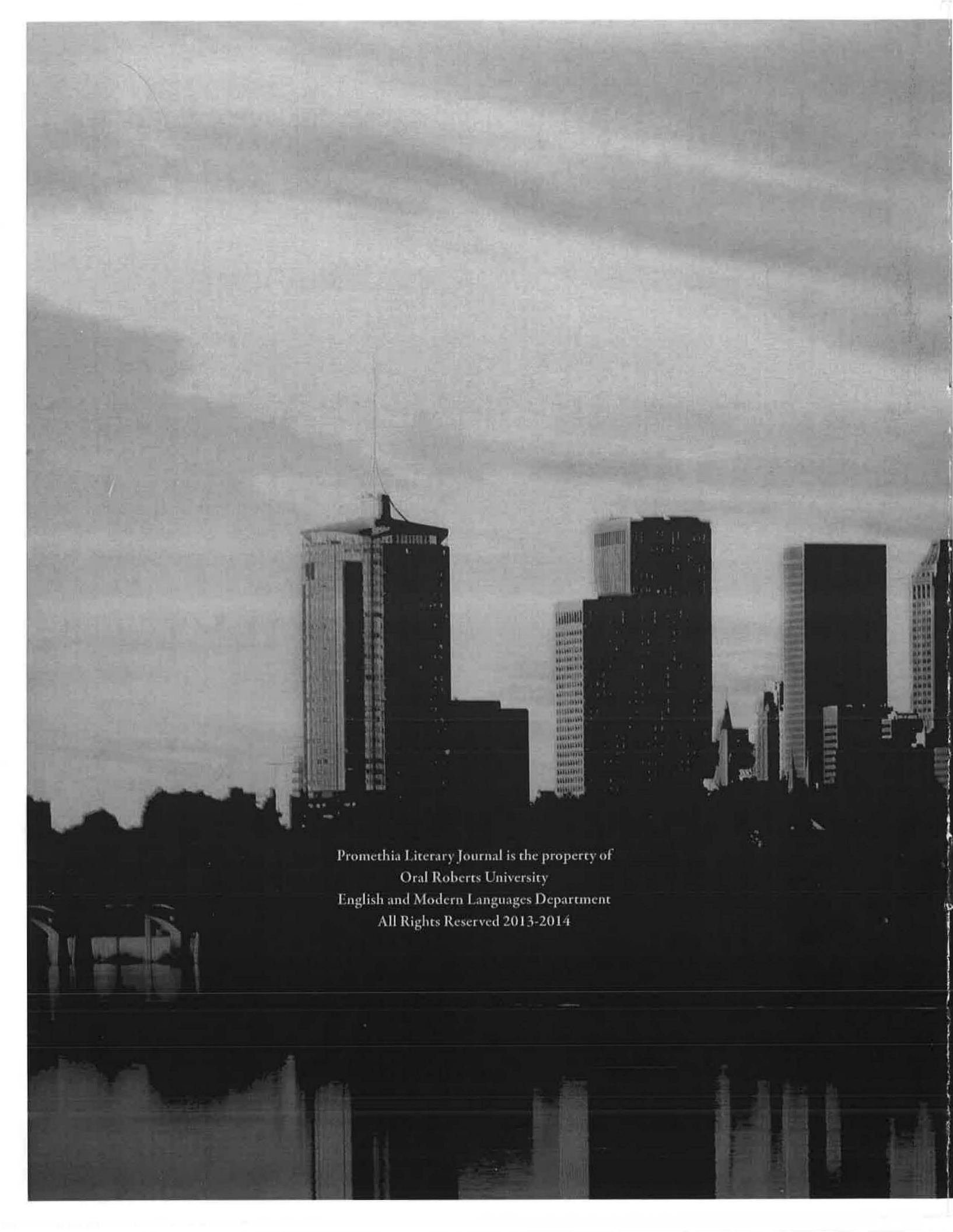


Photo by Kathryn Hall



Photo by Evelina Lundqvist





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