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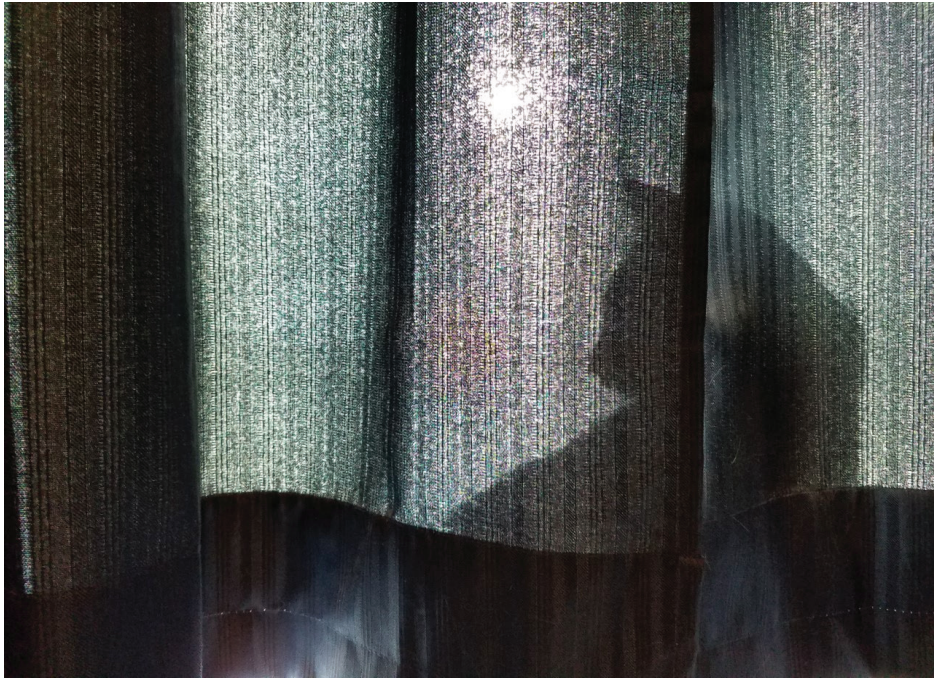
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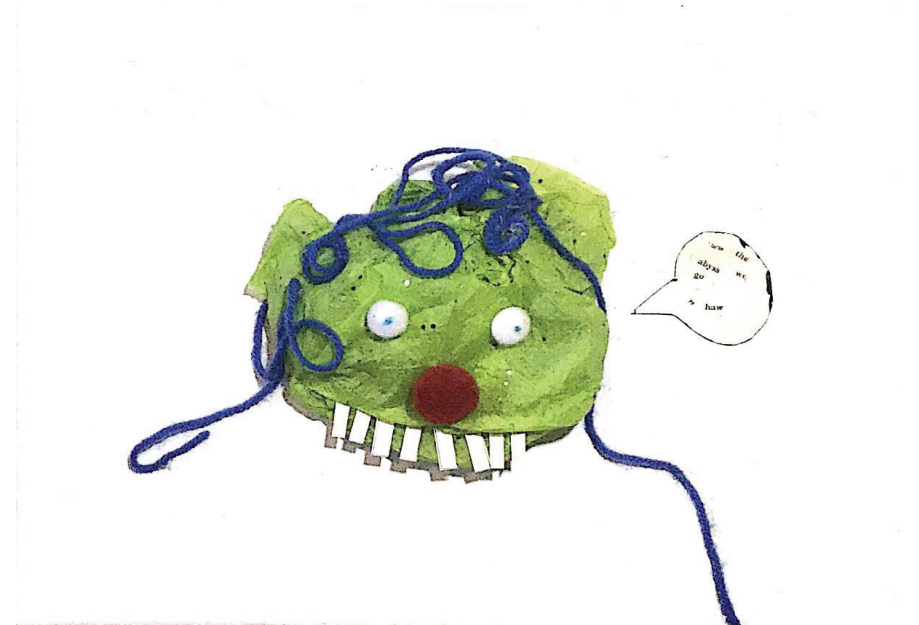
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“She Acknowledges You, But Does Not Invite
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“The Burden of The Call Is Great Upon The Hero’s
Weary Eyes” by Abraham Timm



First Place

“The Season of Spring” by: Kaylee Webster

The screen door slams behind me. My bare feet feel the roughness of the wood grains under me. The porch is still damp from the dew of a spring morning. My legs shake slightly as I walk—a reminder of my morning before he drifted back to sleep. Even though it’s May, there’s still a coolness that’s settled over the land, and I find myself wishing I would have grabbed a jacket before coming outside. As I walk down the steps, the wood creaks beneath me—withered from old age and water damage. I lower myself to the grass—a task I find extremely difficult in my condition. I can feel water seeping into my leggings, and a violent shiver runs down my spine.

I look at the yard, cleanly cut and perfect. He always cut the grass perfectly. I pick a sliver of bright green grass from the ground and bring it slowly to my nose. It smells of freshness—like when you first cut the grass in the middle of summer. I love spring. I love the smell of the grass, the brightness of the flower petals, and the breeze that blows ever so slightly. I watch as a butterfly flutters by in a frenzy. I find myself jealous of the wings that flap so freely and care-free in the spring air. The winged-creature makes its way across the lawn to our garden. The garden is filled with yellow and purple tulips. I jokingly asked him once to add some pink or white to mix it up a bit, but he just shook his head slightly. I could see from the look on his face that he thought I was silly. “Yellow and purple work well together,” he says. Yellow and purple are opposite on the color wheel—they’re the perfect pair. “Just like you and I are the perfect pair,” he whispered to me in a voice that told me this was no longer a topic for discussion. The bruises that lay across my chest and the

handprints that have dug their way into my thighs show me this is not always true. The colors blend together, and my stomach turns at the sight. Yellow and purple are the only colors he allows. And I never asked about the flowers again.

I watch as the butterfly lands softly on a small, yellow petal. It is full of grace. It is agile. I scoff at how it does everything so perfectly. Sometimes, as I watch as he gets dressed after a night in bed, when he’s in one of his good moods, I wonder if he’ll ever find me as perfect as I find the butterfly. But in the moments when his moods have shifted—when the dinner is not seasoned enough, when his socks aren’t in the correct drawer, when I don’t have the energy to please him at night—I already know the answer to the question, so I do not speak. As I keep an eye on the orange wings of the butterfly and watch as it rubs its tiny black legs together, I wonder again what it is I’m doing.

Why am I here? Why am I not happy?

I release the small piece of grass and watch as it floats slowly to join the cut grass. The green has slightly stained my fingertips.

Will I ever be able to remove the color?

I wince as I feel a kick against my ribs. I look down at my swollen stomach and chuckle. “I know. My stress is your stress,” I whisper to my child. As my hand runs its beaten path across my belly, I feel a tear slowly make its way down my face. As the little girl twirls her body like a ballerina in me, I can’t help but feel like this is a curse more than a blessing. Maybe I could’ve been happy. If I wouldn’t have seen the look on his face when I showed him the pregnancy test, I would have been excited. If I knew he will love her the same that he would’ve a little boy, I would be less anxious. If the bruises weren’t so fresh, and the tears weren’t so loaded, I would be less scared for the Sugar Plum Fairy that leaps in me. Maybe if—



My attention is brought back to the bright orange wings, peacefully flying back into the bright blue sky. I wish again for the freedom that the insect holds. I wish for the freedom that the creature has obtained. The warm wind catches the fiery creature quickly and thrusts it into the web of a spider. It struggles. It longs for freedom. I can see it in the way that it thrusts its body in the web of a spider. It struggles. It longs for freedom. I can see it in the way that it thrusts its body in the web—only allowing itself to get trapped even more. How stupid can the butterfly be for letting itself be trapped? How stupid can it be for letting the spider rapidly entrap it? I look down at my hands. They are not chained; they are not caught in a web, yet the bruises spread across them in lines and splotches. My hands are trapped just the same. Beside the butterfly, lay a small ladybug, already half entangled by the sticky web. Its legs are kicking furiously, almost in tune with the child that lay inside me. The salt of my tears wets my lip. How did I allow myself to become a beautiful butterfly trapped in his web? How can I let my child come into this world, already captured by the web of her father?

I hear the door creak open. He doesn't say a word, but I can feel his eyes burning a hole in the back of my head. I struggled to lift myself from the ground. I avoid looking into his eyes. I can feel his control suffocating the both of us as we become entangled further into his web.

Honorable Mention

“Freedom In a Society Now” by Antania Wilkerson

Many years ago our people were enslaved
They had no freedom, it was all work and no play
They were beat and brutalized but what was it all for?
So that we could live in a world with slavery no more
We live in the U.S. what we call the land of the free
But how is it free when they got the gun aimed at me?
It always has been them against us
They're killing all our people but still want us to trust
They want us to trust but they're taking black lives
But when we react to the situation, they act all surprised
The job of the police are for them to aid and protect
But who do you call when they murder and neglect?
They don't want to see us make it, they just want us to fail
But we have to show that we're better than that, we have to
stand up and prevail
We're tired, hurt, mad, and distressed
We need real change to go on because we're sick of all this mess
Many people say “black lives matter” is for attention
It's times like this where we need to get on our knees and pray
For this corrupt world and think about what our ancestors
would say
They would probably say that nothing has changed
Just a new day, new year, going through the same old things
Racism has been happening for many years
And to think that it's still going on, just puts me to tears
We have to stop with all the racism and killing, it's causing a lot
of pain
But change has to start with us, we have to break the chain
We have to come together turning darkness into light
And show that we can make a change if we stand up and unite

Honorable Mention

“Untitled Love Poem About Love” by Abraham Timm

I seem to have misplaced my chapstick again
it probably fell behind my nightstand or something would it be alright
if I borrowed yours for a second?
I think I really like the way that it affects me
(when your lips are touching my lips indirectly)
did you know that I admire all your talent? did you know that I
adore your conversation?
did you know I think your hair is so pretty? did you know that I
get a little flustered when we're talking?
(when I think about our fingers interlocking)
I wonder if you like the clothes that I put on my body
and I wonder if you'd like the body underneath the clothes
I'm a sucker for your mind, want a hundred of your time it's
getting kind of hard not to stare at you
I had a lot of fun when I went to the fair with you
Go to school pay the loans I'd better finish that paper but I
miss you and I want to be with you
don't sin get a room I don't think they can hear us can you see
them? I want you to myself
I'm your cliché porno girlfriend, bought a double
sausage pizza and
I don't have any money how am I supposed to pay for this?
well maybe we can figure something out ;) you make a cute
delivery boy without a doubt ;))
did you know that I wrote poetry about you? (you must by now)
did you know that I wondered if you ever did the same?
did you know I think your hands are so pretty?
did you know I wasn't sure if you were interested in dating?
(looking at you with my pupils dilating)

“The Chains That Hold Me” by: Kaylee Webster

“Hannah, you told me you would at least consider telling him. It's been a few weeks; he should know.”

Hannah looked at Christine. Her dark green eyes were soft and held nothing but love for her best friend. She smiled weakly and felt her heart ache with grief. She knew Christine meant well. She knew that all her best friend wanted for her was to not face such grief alone. Still the somberness of the conversation with her fiancé seemed too much to bear. “It doesn't matter now. It's gone.” Her voice cracked at the last word, and she couldn't help but cringe at the word “it”.

“He would want to know. He would want to be there with you. You know that.” Christine took Hannah's hand in her, stroking the freckled skin with her thumb. “It's time, Han.”

A tear streamed down Hannah's face—the beaten path easily allowing the salty water to make its way to her chin. She swiped it away quickly; she was so tired of crying. Her hand fell to her stomach, thoughtlessly rubbing it in circles. She felt sick. She thoughtlessly rubbing it in circles. She felt sick. She felt tired. She felt overwhelming grief that caused her head to throb and her heart to beat at a slower pace that she felt couldn't possibly be normal. She knew she had to tell Liam. She knew that he deserved to be able to grieve, too, but the burden of grief was so much to bear that she felt he didn't deserve to be weighted with those chains

“The Impact of Life” by: Kaylee Webster

As I stepped into the blank, extremely dull room, the fluorescent lights shone brightly in my eyes. I blinked quickly, trying to adjust to the brightness and found the round, freckled face of my sister. Her skin was sicklier than before, and I could tell she was drained from the effort it took to bring a child into the world. Beside her bed, which was also draped with painfully dull white sheets, was a small plastic bassinet that held the child I had waited so long to meet. Nora was small but not small like most newborns. In fact, most people would say she wasn't small at all. Her skin was a deep red, touched with splotches of dry skin. Her nose looked just her mother's, small and raised slightly up (this would later be why we referred to her as Cindy Lou Who). Her lips were slightly pink and pursed in concentration that made her eyebrows knit together. She was perfect. She was beautiful. I smiled widely at her, and cold tears streamed down my face like a river after it had just rained. I looked at my sister, still pale from the loss of blood and still weak from the anesthesia.

“She's perfect,” I whispered softly, barely being able to catch my breath. My sister's face was wet with tears full of love. She looked down at my niece. I could see the pride and love she felt as her bright blue eyes shined in the fluorescent lights.

“Hannah Amelia Walker, meet your Auntie KK.”

“Eternal Sunsets and Menacing Fruits” by Evan Phillips

Humanity has finally made it. Not only are we a multi planetary species, but we are a multi star system species. Now we should be able to last at least as long as the galaxy does. As for me, I live on a small, lonely planet as a farmer. By small planet, I mean it doesn't have much space, and as a farmer, I mean I'm a programmer whose job is to program the machines to farm without ruining all the food sources, and to keep them from gaining superior intelligence and wiping us out. I would hate to be done in by a glorified fertilizer diffuser. My planet, Gokiburi, is tidally locked, so one side is always facing the burning sun, and one is always in the freezing dark. Everyone mostly lives on the small strip in the middle. It's perfect. We have constant wind and waterflow, and our two stars are always in the same direction, so our solar power is pretty consistent. We even get to live in an eternal sunset. Even the future of humanity is in good hands with all the different planets we've colonized. It's just like all those old Sci-Fi shows, the perfect end goal for humanity. At least, that's what I thought.

The only problem is, I have this neighbor, she's an old lady, maybe 130-140 by the looks of her. She keeps coming to me complaining about her squeaky wind turbine. I try to avoid the request, especially because she violently attacks me, pinching my ear, pestering me to look at it, but every time I've gone over there to check it out, I never hear a thing. Come to think of it, there are some roaches in my basement too that I've been trying to get rid of, but they keep coming back. My supervisor for work is a pain sometimes too, and my house is always slightly too warm for my taste. It's not really that

perfect the more I think about it. There have even been some problems with the crops lately, but the machines are doing everything fine. I've run a lot of tests in between runs of checking my neighbor's wind turbine, but I found nothing wrong. I'll have to go out to the fields myself tomorrow and see if I can find what's wrong. Well, I say tomorrow, but since there aren't really days out here, I mean after sleeping for about 8 hours.

So, I get up, take a minute to look at the never-ending sunset, and then I grab my assistant, also known as my plasma drill, in case I need to break through any tough rocks in the ground, as well as a couple other tools. I go out to the troublesome spot, a large patch of strawberries right next to the kaguras. Kaguras really freak me out, I don't know how that fruit sells so well in the inner colonies with the weird, orange, menacing face-like structure they have. Among the menacing faces of the kaguras, I do a quick scan of the soil, and there is a large imbalance of nutrients. I do a deeper scan of the ground, and I find a big hole right under all the kaguras. I cleared an open spot and then dug down a few meters to the hole underground. I start to make my way in, I turn on my light, and then a freaky monster pops out right in my face! Actually it was just a rotten kagura with its menacing facial structure looking right at me. I had no idea how some kaguras got down here when I had to dig my way down.

I start making my way through the small cave structure, and there are quite a few roaches running around. Cockroaches really do survive anything. They ended up on plenty of planets from hitching rides on ships, or from weird people keeping them as pets. I make it to what seems like the end of the cave, and I don't really find anything except for some eaten kaguras, I guess from all the cockroaches. I head back out of the hole so I can get some pesticide specifically for cockroaches. I come back to the hole, and a huge area of strawberries and kaguras is ruined. A weird kind of trail in the dirt led back into the hole I

dug too. I slowly creep in with my pesticide spray ready in one hand and a light in the other. I think I'm ready for anything, but right when I start spraying, a giant cockroach pops out of the ground! It's huge, probably almost two meters long, half a meter tall, but not only that, it has a menacing face! It has a menacing, humanoid face like a kagura! It starts running at me fast, I start spraying it, but it isn't working, it's too big! I run out of the hole and make a beeline for my plasma drill. I thought if that thing can break through diamonds in enough time, it could break through this giant cockroach's shell. I grab the plasma drill, and I turn it on just in time, right when the giant cockroach is about to jump me. I smash it right in the head with my plasma drill, quickly putting a hole straight through it. It stops moving, but I give it a few extra hits to make sure it's done for. I just sit back on the edge of a small hill, give a sigh of relief, and start laughing. I had no idea I was going to run into a giant cockroach, especially one with a menacing face like a kagura. That fruit must have some really strange interactions with cockroaches. I might have finally stopped the cockroach leader letting them into my basement too! Although I doubt that was the source of my neighbor's squeaky wind turbine. I think that encounter made me realize that I expect too much from our perfect world. If I expect everything to be perfect, all the small things will be a pain. Right now I'm just appreciating the size of that roach, that menacing, slightly disturbing kagura face, and my ability to vanquish the enemy; I felt like a comic book character. At least one thing I can expect is the sunset on this planet, and the menacing faces of all these kaguras.

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“Sparky” by Evan Phillips

It's the last semester of college. My roommate and I are finally graduating after 4 long years, or 5 in my roommate's case, Garen. Garen wasn't especially studious, but he did just enough to get decent grades, and he was always taking a lot of classes for his two majors. As we pack up our things, we talk about what we're going to do. I'm moving south for a job, despite my distaste for heat, and my roommate is moving up north to be closer to his girlfriend.

As I put my last shirt in a box, my cat Sparky, that I've had for 6 years now, jumped in the box to lay on my freshly folded shirts. Sparky is a really fluffy, black and white cat with a white streak of fur down her back shaped like a lightning bolt; that's why I named her Sparky. Another accidental meaning to her name ended up being how she liked to play with and chew on wires, which isn't great, but I love her all the same.

I started to pack my things into my car while I let Sparky enjoy the box full of shirts. Garen was almost finished already, so we said our goodbyes and he left while I was still packing up my things. I was finishing up, and I got to the last box where Sparky was, but she was gone. I didn't think too much of it, but after I got the last box in my car, I couldn't find her. I looked all over the house, in my car, and outside. I couldn't find her. I called Garen, but he wouldn't answer. I searched for over an hour and still couldn't find Sparky. I called my best friend Micheal to see if he could help. We started looking around the whole neighborhood and never found her. We eventually had to give up by the time it was dark.

I felt so defeated, like there was a huge pit in my stomach. Sparky was my cat that I loved for 6 years, and now she's just

gone. Later that night at my parents' house, where I was staying for a few days until I found a decent apartment for my new job, I got a message from Micheal with an Instagram post attached. It was a picture of Garen with his girlfriend taken that night, but Sparky was in the background! It was undeniably Sparky with her white lightning bolt on her back. Garen took Sparky without saying anything, and ignored my calls and messages. My feelings of sadness and defeat turned to rage. How could my roommate, who I have lived with for 4 years, steal my cat? I needed to move south in a few weeks to start my new job, so Micheal suggested that we go to Garen's house the next day to see what's going on and get Sparky back. I think Micheal was almost as mad as I was. I tried to get some rest, but between my frustration and a thunderstorm brewing outside, I couldn't sleep.

When it became morning, Micheal and I loaded up in my car, still half full of boxes from my dorm room, and we set off on the 3 hour drive to Garen's house. When we got there, the thunderstorm was just starting to clear up. It looked like the power had gone out in the area, but we went and knocked on Garen's door anyway. We heard someone walk up, unlock the door, and open it. It was Garen's girlfriend, Sarah, that opened the door. There were quite a few dogs and cats behind her inside the house, but I couldn't see Sparky anywhere. We asked if Garen was there, but she said he left to get some extra water bottles since the power was out. I asked if we could wait until he got back, but she bounced around the question for a while, obviously trying to get us to go away. After pressing on for a few minutes, we see some stranger walk out from the back yard of the house with a dog in their arms, and as they walk towards a car parked on the side of the road, we hear them shout,

“thanks again Garen!” I quickly asked Micheal to stay by Sarah for a minute so I could go talk to that stranger. I asked him what just happened, and he said he just bought a dog from Garen. I wonder if they have been stealing pets from people and then selling them, masquerading as some kind of breeder or shelter. As I walk back towards Sarah and Micheal, a loud pop comes from the house, and then we hear garen shouting for Sarah. We all ran into the house, and the power was back on, but an exposed lamp wire caught on fire. Sarah ran, getting a small fire extinguisher out from under their sink, and in the middle of the chaos, I thought I saw a black and white cat with a white streak on its back run into a back room of the house. I followed it, and it was Sparky! I picked her up, and when Micheal saw me come out of the room with Sparky, we immediately got back in my car and got away. Sparky must have been chewing on the wires of that lamp while the power was out. It was frightening that Garen didn’t even think of Sparky’s habit and let her around a lot of exposed wires, but under the circumstances, we were able to get Sparky back without them noticing anything.

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“She Stopped” by Haley Farthing

She stopped coming to our house,
But she used to every
Day after she worked.

She stopped showing up to our
Family events, but she
Had never missed them.

She stopped calling us just to
Check-in, but she used to
Every day.

She stopped cleaning her house,
But she used to every
Sunday.

She stopped caring about others,
Because she only cares about him now
And she left us behind.

“Love by Bruises” by Kaylee Webster

My best friend is heartbroken.

How will she find
the happiness she’s longed for?

She has often heard the rain
pitter-patter against the tin roof,
but never has she heard the rain
soar back into the clouds.

My best friend is hurting.

How will she escape
the hands the surround her wrists?
She has often seen the lightening
crack the trunks of trees,
but never has she seen the trees
piece back together like a jigsaw puzzle.

My best friend is healing.

How will she capture
the confidence she once had?
She has often seen a flower
wilt from the lack of nourishment,
but never has she seen a flower
raise from the dead after it takes its last breath.

Inspired by “Our Little Sister is Worried” by *Anonymous*

“The Wish” by Rachel Hitt

My wish for you is simple...

To always be happy
and never be sad
To always find good
amidst all the bad
To never grow lonely
And never lose heart
To keep yourself strong
when you’re worlds apart
from the family you love
and the people you know
And it’s hard to hold on
as it is to let go
But to smile and think
How lucky you are
to still have so much
when you are so far
To always find comfort
when life gives you tears
A good friend’s advice
or a calm listening ear
To treasure the moments

when hope brings you peace
and all of your joys
endure without cease
To laugh ‘till you cry
To love and to learn
To never give up
when the tide hasn’t turned
To watch for God’s help
A message or sign
To touch every life
as you have touched mine.

“To Be More” by Rachel Hitt

I laid my soul beneath the moon
and looked with pleading eyes
above the vast, still, sleeping Earth,
and asked the starry skies
for just one chance to prove myself
a moment of pure grace
redeemed within the realm of hope,
and carried from this place.
I asked for more than what I was
and begged with solid prayer
my empty heart began to hurt
when I felt no one there.

The darkness swallowed every word
the cold numbed every sense,
the shadow's draped upon my thoughts,
my fears grew more intense.
The breeze was light and chilling,
its whispers filled the night
and clouds of blackened sorrow,
erased my source of light.
A shock of disappointment
consumed the whole of me,
I searched the sky for answers,
but knew there wouldn't be.

An obstacle, a wall of stone,
a climb of painful wrath
I drenched my anger with my tears,
continuing down my path.

And through the threading of my soul
A web of shame and death
I felt an icy sadness meet
the sting of winter's breath.
A vision held, and then released
The dream that was the lie
was mine to keep and mine to lose
and mine to kiss goodbye.

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“Moments”by Kaylee Webster

There are moments in life:
Moments when you are tired.
Moments where exhaustion circles your eyes
And you look much like a raccoon.
Moments where life seems to swallow you whole,
Like a Leviathan devouring you in the dark sea.

There are moments in life:
Moments when you are joyful.
Moments when the leaves fall just right
And your cat wants to cuddle close to you.
Moments where the sunrise looks just like art
Like time seems to stand still for just a moment

There are moments in life:
Moments where you decide
Do I move backwards, into despair?
Or maybe...possibly...
Do I move forward, into hope?

“At Peace”by Kaylee Webster

The word “comfort” tumbles
in a quiet whisper.
The softness of my bed mumbles,
and I feel I must listen.
I can hear the voice
of the one I love dearly,
and I have no choice
but to sleep by him nearly.

“We Are Women”by Antania Wilkerson

We are Women

We come from descendants of very wise, strong, praying
women

Women of the Bible, including, Mary, Martha, Hannah, and
Esther were all women that believed prayer
would change things

We are Women

Regardless of people telling us that the sky’s the limit, we
have to realize that we can go beyond that and
reach for higher heights

We have to stop being hesitant when speaking, due to the fear
of rejection

But realize that our opinion does matter

We are Women

Our purpose in life is to be Godly Women and to do our best

We can overcome any obstacle no matter how hard the test

We have to learn that we are beautiful in our own skin

God made us in his image and to him we are a ten

Praise God in all you say and do

And when life gets tough, he will see you through

We are Women

Our purpose in life is to be Godly Women and to do our best

We can overcome any obstacle no matter how hard the test

We have to learn that we are beautiful in our own skin

God made us in his image and to him we are a ten

Praise God in all you say and do

And when life gets tough, he will see you through

We have to continue to stick together because there is power
in unity



“Remembering You”by Haley Farthing

One night to honor

Your life and what you

Used to do. Starting

With a big bonfire.

The smell of cedar

Wood burning mixed with

The alcohol on

Our breaths. All for you.

A playlist of your

Music and ours play

For hours on end. We

Danced under the moon.

Your Memory will

Live on forever.

We will always keep

You close to our hearts.



“The King of America”by Abraham Timm

Mass hysteria is unnecessary
didn't mean to scare ya, your concern is very sweet
Sweep it under the rug Lyndon B. Johnson
I think someone needs a hug Lee Harvey Oswald
Support your local police Huey P. Newton
Jesus Christ loves you Eldridge Cleaver
Bring it to the public consciousness Giles Corey
Now you've got your goodness Jonathan Proctor
Don't give them their dirty drug George H.W. Bush
I think someone needs a hug David Kirby
Information gets released

things come to light
Clay ShawBertrand dying peacefully
some quote from some president
and you tell me
over and over and over and over again, my friend

“ANIMALS ARE DOING HUMAN THINGS” (a collaborative poem by members of the Boys and Girls Clubs of Danville and the students of Averett University's English 412 Creative Writing Class—Fall 2020)

The dog cries itself to sleep.
My cat has expressed to me
She is not fond of how I do my laundry.
She goes to the basket and lifts it.
She throws my clothes onto the floor and sits.
The male lion sang to a female lion with all his might.
The squirrels dance together while the birds sing like you and
me together at our wedding.
The cat can use the toilet.
My rabbit makes carrot stew.
Monkeys play ring around the rosey.
My horse told me he was hungry and then proceeded to bite my
finger.
I think he thought it was a carrot.
A bear can stand up.



“I USED TO BE, BUT NOW”

(a collaborative poem by members of the Boys and Girls Clubs of Danville and the students of Averett University’s English 412 Creative Writing Class—Fall 2020)

I used to be childish, but now I’m mature.
I used to be shy, but now I’m outgoing.
I used to be bored, but now time moves too fast.
I used to be alone, but now I’m known.
I used to be lost, but now I’m finding my way.
I used to be very active, but now I’m lazy.
I used to be insane, but now I’m crazy.
I used to be foolish, but now I’m wiser.
I used to be terrified of living, but now I wake up, take a deep breath, and enjoy each moment I am alive.
I used to be younger, but now I’m older.
I used to be grounded, but now I’m not.
I used to be careless, but now I’m careful.
I used to fear being myself, but now I am more confident.
I used to be a caterpillar, but now I’m a butterfly.
I used to be wild, but now I am cautious.
I used to be cool, but now I’m cooler.

“I WISH”

(a collaborative poem by members of the Boys and Girls Clubs of Danville and the students of Averett University’s English 412 Creative Writing Class—Fall 2020)

I wish I had more time.
I wish for justice. I wish for peace. I wish for health. I wish for safety, and for all.
I wish I had 3 of me.
I wish the world was a better place.
I wish for bright flowers in all of my darkest moments.
I wish we could be together.
I wish for everyone to taste the rainbow!
I wish it were spring so I could graduate from Averett!
I wish Halloween was everyday.
I wish it was Christmas already.
I wish for some AirPods.
I wish there more hours in each day.
I wish I could have selective memory.
I wish all these wishes to come true!
I wish that I never have to wish again.

“COMPARING FEELINGS”

(a collaborative poem by members of the Boys and Girls Clubs of Danville and the students of Averett University’s English 412 Creative Writing Class—Fall 2020)

My heart is like a frozen ice cube.
Sadness is like this rainy day.
Loneliness is like a cold night.
Joy is like hearing my niece laugh.
My soul is like the river.
Love is like a butterfly.
My sensitivity is like an umbrella that has holes in it.
Fear is like the unwanted friend everyone has.
Nostalgia is like a visit from an old friend.
Depression is like a wave crashing over and over again.
My resentment is like an infection developing from an old wound.
Anger is like prickling needles.
Fear is like the raging tide of an ocean storm.
Happiness is like a piece of lemon pound cake.
Happiness is like a lion ready to pounce on its prey.
Comfort is like seeing a rainbow appear after a storm.
Euphoria is like an unknown part of space . . . it’s beautiful yet lonely.
Joy is like eating your favorite food with your favorite people.
Fear is like a bad storm that won’t go away.
Disappointment is like biting into a cake full of bitter flavor.

A SPECIAL THANK YOU TO...

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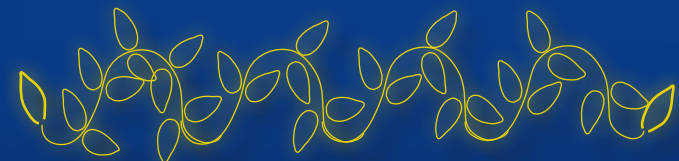
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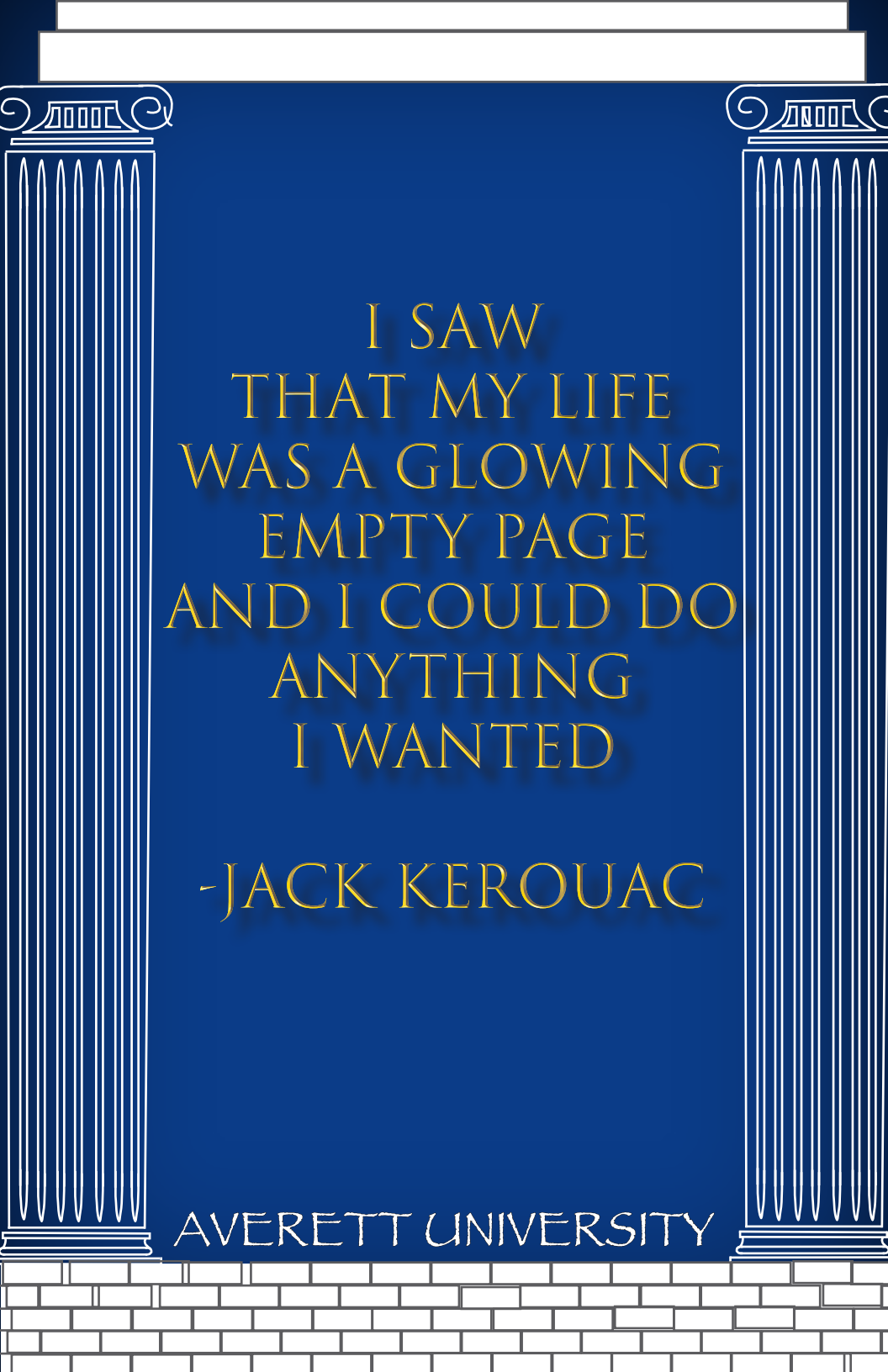
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I SAW
THAT MY LIFE
WAS A GLOWING
EMPTY PAGE
AND I COULD DO
ANYTHING
I WANTED

-JACK KEROUAC

AVERETT UNIVERSITY