

# THE VAGUEST NOTION

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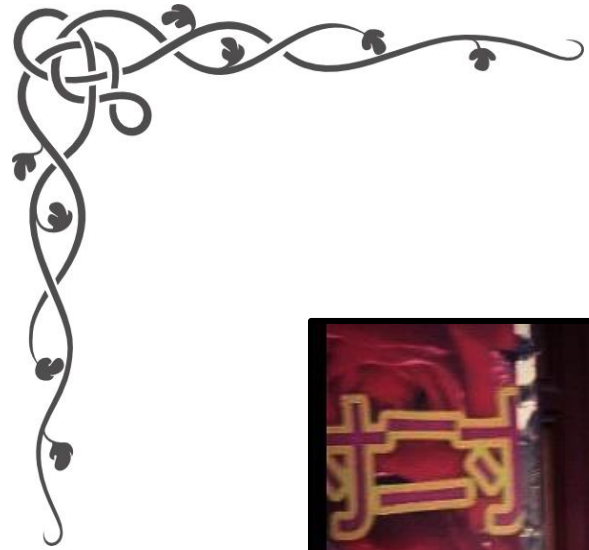
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*People of Strength*

*Amanda Almond*

# *The Refusal*

The yellow light casts ghastly shadows,  
Concealing and illuminating  
The glowing embers of our breathable nightlights.  
Burn off the fog we helped create.  
Huddled bodies, shaking fingers,  
Whispers breaking free of hearts.  
Questions hurl themselves from tongues,  
Meeting certain silence.

Stinging eyes wish for achromatic vision  
For clarity, honesty, and truth.  
At every turn a new version presented.  
Each considered, then despairingly discarded  
Into an ever-growing pile.  
Forgotten concepts of freedom and justice  
Fade into Cimmerian existence.  
And silence wins again.

And so the few who wrestle,  
Who engage in this losing battle,  
Slip effortlessly into the masses  
Agreeing it can't be done.  
Silence beckons, offering cold calculated solutions:  
"There is no clarity, there is no truth.  
Lead a life of placid autonomy,  
There's the only peace for you. . ."  
But I refuse.

*Stephanie Sestito*





## *Extrication*

used to be full of junk like a garage  
makin' noise like nicki minaj  
i was so easy to figure out, espionage  
but now you can't see me, i'm like a mirage

or maybe just anonymous  
people couldn't understand, like shakespeare had written this  
was cold like rob frost, before, ignorance was bliss  
today i'm changed, but you prob'ly get the gist

lord tennyson, i'm royalty  
words so pure they resonate morally  
my rhymes yesterday, they were such a bore to me  
now i'm free

*James Wilson*

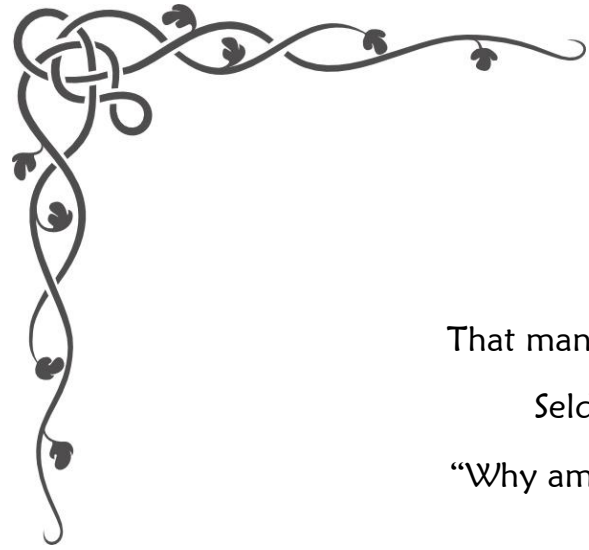




*Gardens at Biltmore*

*Lauren Pollard*





# *Distractions*

How is it, so it seems,  
That man, capable of such marvelous dreams,  
Seldom asks the question, “Why?”  
“Why am I here? What happens when I die?”

Surely, everyone at one time or another  
Takes the time to stop and ponder  
The big questions in life and wonder,  
“What is the meaning and purpose of life?”

The question may arise, but not for too long.  
The phone rings and then it is gone.  
The enemy distracts from the much needed pause,  
Knowing such questions are damaging to his cause.

He cannot simply sit idly by  
While God’s special creation asks, “Why?”  
So he plants a seed in the mind that so loudly sings  
Telling us to store up more finite things,

Things here today and gone tomorrow;  
Yet for them we beg and we steal and we borrow.  
As if these material things we acquire  
Will satisfy our every need and desire.

The eternal picture is ignored; all the while  
We strive for that bigger house and better lifestyle.

So treasures are stored up here on earth  
Where here alone do they have any worth.

Our time spent in this world soon will pass,  
It won't be long until we hear the glorious blast.

The angel's trumpet will call God's own,  
Telling His children it's time to come home.

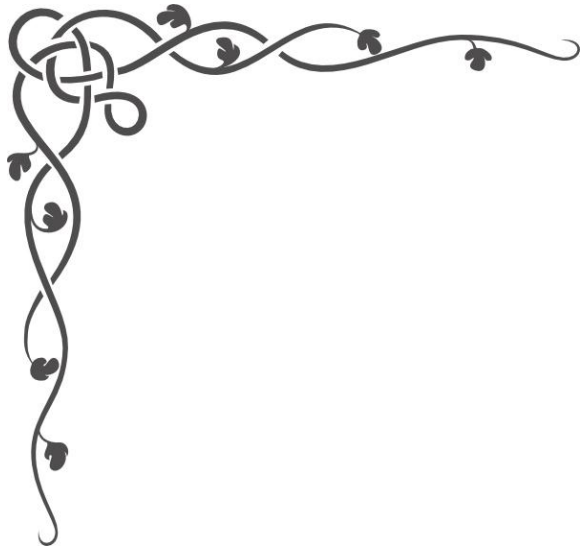
Will you hear the call or will you be chasing toys,  
Distractions stored up here where rust and moth destroy?  
We never know how long until it's our time to see  
"Wherever your treasure is the desires of your heart will be."

Eternal life or eternal death is ours to decide.  
To never make a decision is still choosing a side.  
When it's our time to leave this world, no man can tell.  
What will your destination be, heaven or hell?

*Jeremy Mitchell*







## *Jesus Is My Reason for Living*

He brings me hope when life is no more than a vapor in the wind.

He comforts me when I am lonely.

He is my only friend.

He loves me when I am not worthy of His love.

He is my help when I am helpless.

May He continue to give me a reason to live.

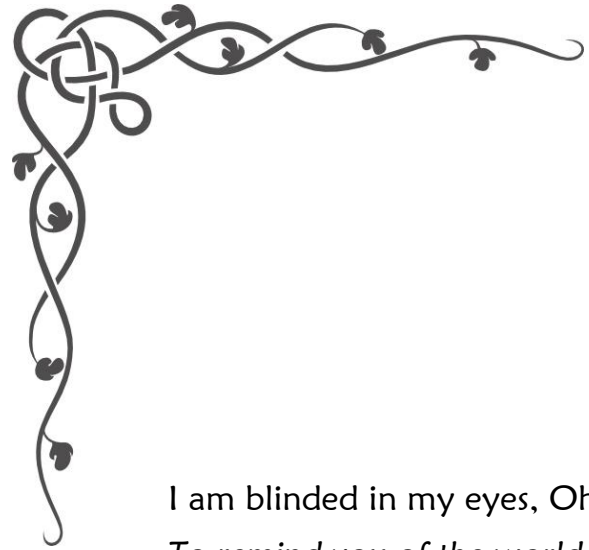
*Tracy Cartee*



*Dirty Hands*

*Amanda Almond*





## Conversation

I am blinded in my eyes, Oh, Lord! Why do this to me?  
*To remind you of the world, my Son, longing that it may see.*

I am weak and crippled. Oh Lord! Why do this to me?  
*To remind you of the world, my Son, longing to run free.*

I am adrift and drowning, Lord. Why do this to me?  
*To remind you of the world, my Son, and grace that set it free.*

\* \* \*

I look at my surroundings, Lord; they seem as blind as I!  
*My light, my Son, can make the blind man see.*

I look at these people, Lord. In spirit they can't walk!  
*My healing, child, my healing; it makes the lame to stand!*

I look at these people Lord, sinking in despair, knowing they can't float!  
*My voice. . .they need heed, my Son, and won't the sinking stop?*

The people need a leader, Lord, not a wretch upon the sand!  
*Who better to lead them, Son, into their Father's hand?*

The people need forgiveness, Lord; can't you help then now?  
*I have my Son, I have. It came on broken brow.*

The people need a God, Oh Lord, who is sovereign and strong.  
*Have I ever left them, Son, all of their days so long?*

The people need your love, my Lord; the people need it now!  
*The cross, my Son, the cross: it will show them how.*

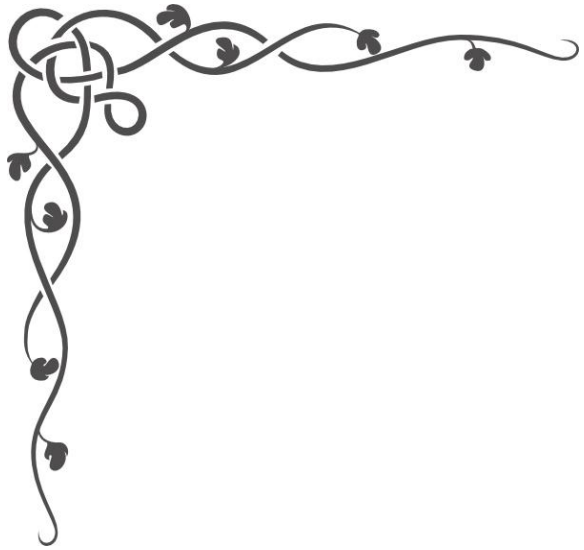
Your rest, my Lord, your rest, the people need a break!  
*My yoke, my Son, my yoke, cannot the people take?*

Your strength, my Lord, your strength, the people need it first!  
*Cannot those who drink, my Son, drink until they burst?*

*For I gave a precious gift, my Son, so people may but live; I gave a part of Me—my Son—that they may not die. All I ask from you, my Son, is that you tell them WHY!*

*Nathanael Massey*





## *The Future*

I look up at the start, wondering,  
“Where is my life heading?”  
For in the next few years,  
My life will be changing.

I look up at the stars, curious  
About what God may show me  
On the path of life  
Or who may come alongside me.

I may not know what the future may bring  
But what I do know is this –  
The One who knows my future  
Is there to guide me along the path of life.

*Leslie Glover*



*The Ends of the Earth*

*Amanda Almond*







## *Until My Spirit Parts the Sea*

And still I'm going to make it, but I can't tell you when.

No longer will my sorrow be my one and only friend.

I refuse to live in these moments, for memories will be my guide.

My love will lead you home, where demons can no longer hide.

While the world may never know, and some refuse to see.

The best place for my sunshine is sitting here with me.

So while bells are ringing, please give my angel his wings.

Heaven is in my angel's eyes, and the sun will shine when he's free.

I will pick up the pieces, just as life will move on.

Yet you can't erase the memories, so I'll never really be gone.

I will continue to be hurt, so I will continue to pray.

Yet I would force upon no one this debt I'm forced to pay.

When we get to heaven's gates, I'll already have a key.

Still I can't open for another what wasn't opened for me.

So the future now approaching will erase these nightmares forever.

Love will finally prevail, sending back around the stormy weather.

A million losses could never compare to the pain just one can bring.

I've held on to this unchained melody; it's now time for me to sing

Until my last breath is resurrected, and my spirit parts the sea.

It will never be forgotten, that one thing they took from me.

*Tanya Goss*

## *Around the Sun and Back*

Though the world was farthest from the bright sun,  
I felt its warmth and presence from my Love.  
Donned in white and fair as an angel above,  
Who shared a day with me—Far from done.  
No, we traveled around the sun and back  
Sharing memories never predicted.  
Together as we always expected  
From the first day that our hearts made a pact.  
You are my bride of a glorious year—  
One down, many more in the future near.

*Randy Attaway*





## *What's Worse Than I*

I stand next to all that is of the earth.

It is my best to love, much less support,  
That what is of me and my chosen birth. . .

No! Not chosen – desire fallen short.

Once a flower unpicked, untouched, pure;

Was Daddy's little girl, not any more.

But times have changed; laws are no longer here –

Nothing to cherish or stand boldly for,

No merit valued, even acknowledged.

The cold difference between me and her;

Though broken, I had rules to be obliged,

Whereas she has no value to hold dear.

My daughter says that our sins are the same,

My dad hated me, and she's no more tame.

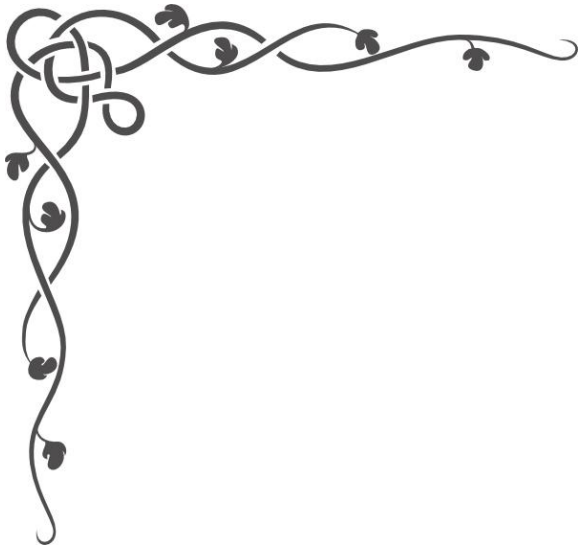
*Randy Attaway*



*Remains of Eden*

*Samantha Scott*





## *Snowflakes*

As each one swirls around,  
I feel joy bubbling inside of me.  
The cold wind blows around me.

A gust of wind blows.  
A swirl of snow blows in my face,  
And I feel one with the swirl of snowflakes.

*Leslie Glover*

# *The Stream*

A stream slowly ripped by  
Over the various rocks and pebbles  
As it called its greeting to me.

Its soothing tone comforted me  
As I watched it ripple  
Over its inhabitants.

It seemed to understand  
My feelings and tried to comfort me  
As I wept over it.

*Leslie Glover*







Suicide Letter. . .

I write this letter to whom this may concern.

For if you proceed to read or listen, what I did, you'll learn.

One late lonely night, I was feeling kind of down and blue.

I took out a few pictures to ponder on how many battles I'd get through.

I flipped and flipped through evidence of innocence when nothing big bothered.

As a little "shorty," I was clueless of real life trials; I've gotten a little bit taller.

And the more I viewed my past, the more in depth I sank,

So I did what I thought best to do, because in life I'd flunk.

I yielded to sin, was weak to fear, took for granted God's mercy, and spit lies. . .

I broke promises I made to God, justifying with the fact that I did try!

. . .but it didn't matter because it was all a slap in the face.

I played games with the Creator, but instead of earning points, I was deducting grace.

So with the sin, struggle, and sorrow, sickness added to the list,

This is why you're reading or listening: I went on and I cut my wrist.

Here come my apologies, to my loved ones, without this it will never be the same.

I'm sorry, but too many burdens on my heart and my mind;  
don't place you in blame's lane.

To my parents and older siblings: I love you but your old little girl has died.

Let positive memories capture your heart; this letter is goodbye.

Farewell to the old me, who lived for sin; now I take care of my spiritual health.

I slit the wrist of sin, which was within myself.

I died to sin but am alive to God through Christ Jesus and it feels GREAT!

I realize now that life was too much to attempt alone so I handed God my plate.

And I walk, talk, and look different now that I'm solely for Christ.

There was a time when I was old and cold, lukewarm;  
but this time He owns my whole life.

Tests will be passed; my faith will get much, much stronger,

And the things I used to do, places I went, I can't participate any longer.

I'm striving to be like Christ, perfect, old me gone, new me took her place. . .

I will sin still, guilty, fall down and repent, but I will never underestimate grace.

With this cut I bled droplets of prayers,

I was tired of my lonely nights of depression and empty tears,

I was tired of the guilt of sin, sick of the old me. . .

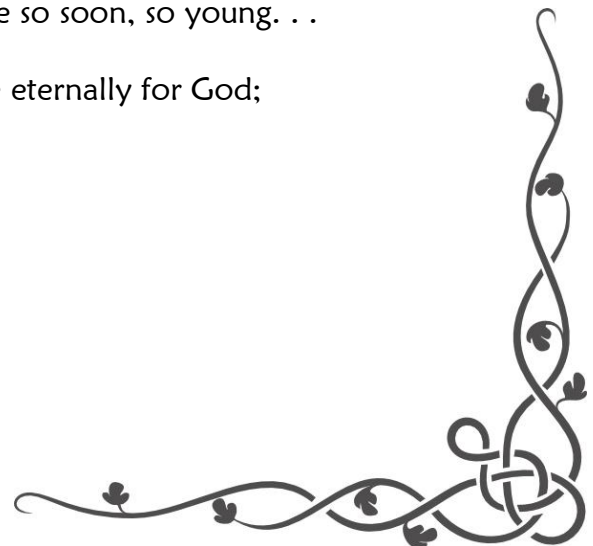
So I literally, spiritually got rid of that sinful girl; now I'm a new woman of the Trinity!

And so I conclude this letter, sincerely, so sorry I had to die so soon, so young. . .

But I will love forever, time for you to die of yourself, live eternally for God;  
Christ is soon to come. . .

P.S. WRITE YOUR OWN LETTER.

*Kristina McKinley*





## *Silence*

Silence is louder than one hundred voices speaking simultaneously because of the depth of resolve. The silence engulfed me into a posture of confrontation. Not only did I have to listen to the voices in my head, but I also had to interpret their motives. Silence is the presence of a still mind, still long enough to put thoughts in the order they need to be in to think straight and to avoid physical consequence. The quiet atmosphere is like laying my head on Jesus' chest and hearing only his heart, the clarification of truth. Silence is a penetration of purity, but it can also lead to a vulnerability to infectious thoughts. In the silence I felt open and free like I was lying under a spiritual covering. As I lay prostrate on the floor of the temple I took the batteries out of the clock and erased time as I knew it, in order to bask in the process of dissolving into myself and digesting the core of the spirit.

*Jasmine Smith*



*Sunrise, Sunset*

*Samantha Scott*

