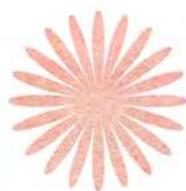




BooM

where you are planted.




BlueRidge

COMMUNITY AND
TECHNICAL COLLEGE

JUDGES' BIOGRAPHIES

Selection of Arts and Letters

Douglas Kinnett and Gary Bergel juried and selected the visual art works published in this edition of *The Outlet: Bloom Where You Are Planted -- Arts and Letters* and/or exhibited in the Blue Ridge CTC T41 Art Space. Dr. Kinnett, a well-known regional painter, is also the former Coordinator of the Art Education Program at Shepherd University. Gary Bergel, a multidisciplinary exhibiting artist, is a member the Blue Ridge CTC adjunct faculty and a board member of the Berkeley Arts Council.

Sandra Baker, Kathy Cox, Deidre Morrison, and Jim Ralston juried and selected the literary pieces published in this edition. Sandra Baker, Instructor, is an active member of the Cultural Events Committee, a member of the West Virginia Writers, Inc., and has written fiction herself. She has published short stories in the *Artworks Literacy Magazine* and past issues of *The Outlet*. Kathy Cox, Associate Dean of Humanities, has published two poems in *The Outlet* in the past. She has written an unpublished novel in which every chapter opened with a poem. Deidre Morrison, Assistant Professor, published the first version of *The Outlet* in 2009. Jim Ralston, Assistant Professor of English, teaches creative writing at Blue Ridge CTC; he is a frequent contributor to *The Sun: A Magazine of Ideas*, Chapel Hill, N.C., which has twice excerpted selections of his book, *The Choice of Emptiness*. Four of his poems will be in the May issue of *American Poetry Review*.

ART WINNERS

First Place

Life's as Beautiful as You Make It

by Katreena Stracke

Mixed Media

Pg. 34

Second Place

Dream Butterfly

by Nikitha Appani, Alumna

Collage

Pg. 36

Third Place

Untitled

by Zachary Simpson

Prismacolor Pencils

Pg. 30

LITERARY WINNERS

First Place

“Tango Down”

by Robert Hill

Pg. 9

Second Place

“Structure”

by William Oliver

Pg. 22

Third Place

“Fear”

by Joanna Johansen

Pg. 16



PURPLE BLOOM ON TREE

by Paula Kneram

Digital Photograph

SPRING

by Jillian Ross

Sunlight kisses me good morning,
reminds me of today's new face,
the white page, a new beginning,
and, oh, the joys of living!

Bees buzz a lovely lull.
Waves crash upon the beach.
Wind dances with the palm trees.

I'm no longer in the dark place.
Happiness grows in me like a disease.



JASON

by Sean Ciolfi
Collage

TANGO DOWN

by Robert Hill

“Echo 5, 1 Tango.”

Who is this guy?

Is he truly my enemy?

Does he have a family; kids, a wife?

Why does he hate me so much?

Why do I feel so numb?

14 Meters

The crunch of sand beneath my boot
seems so freaking loud.

I wonder how he doesn't hear it.

The side of his face glows orange
as he lights a freshly rolled smoke.

Imported, no doubt. Tobacco here is crap.

9 Meters

The training molded me to have no remorse,
no fear of any man; but what about fear of God?

Surely God will forgive me; this is a war.

Enough of that, damn it! Focus!

3 Meters

My grip tightens on the leather handle.

The matte black blade feels right in my hand.

This task feels right in my mind.

I'm ready now.

His life is well worth saving mine.

1 Meter

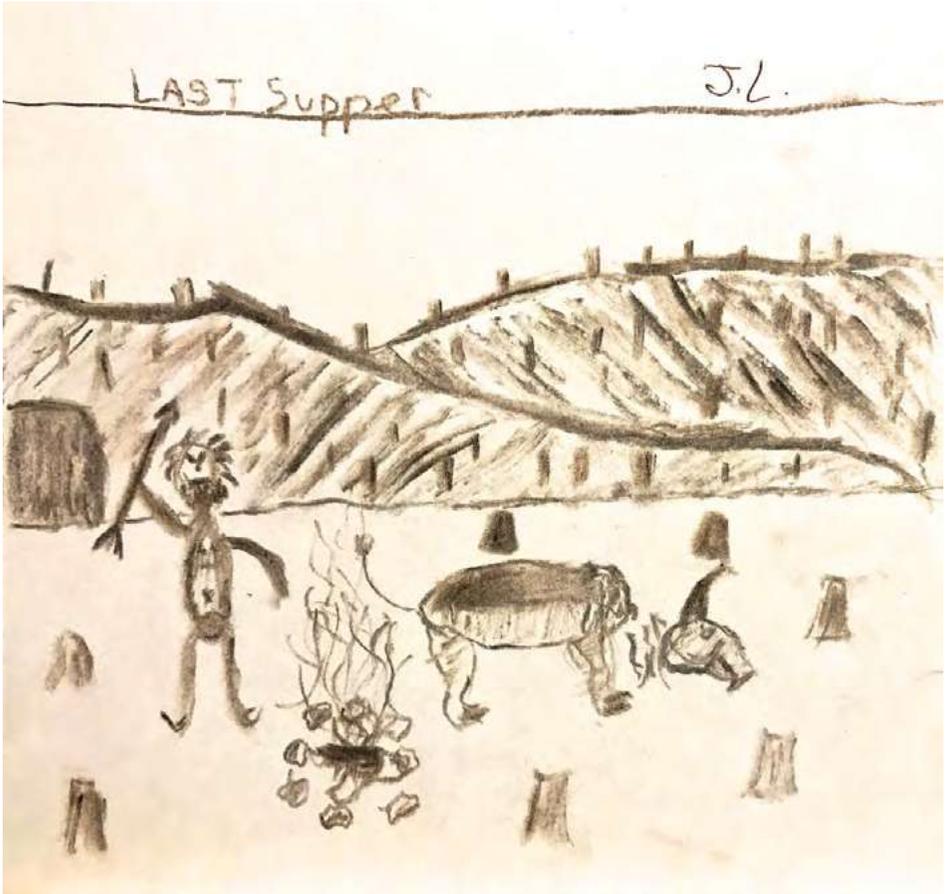
Two perfect lunges; right lung, left lung.

The steel pierces each side of his back.

After all, a man who can't breathe can't scream.

I watch his eyes widen into nothing,
then fade into an endless sleep.

“Echo 5, Tango down.”



LAST SUPPER

by Jason Lawson

Charred Stick Drawing

THE BOND

by Robert Hill

MOGADISHU, SOMALIA -- 3 OCT 1993, 1732 HRS

Brian Mackintosh is our team leader and my friend. Mack and I always seem to have a knack for saving each other's asses. He comes from a long and proud line of Navy officers, and wanted to be a SEAL since he was old enough to tell anyone who'd listen. He's one of the toughest men, mentally and physically, that I have ever known. And the bravest.

We all try to be brave. If anyone is feeling scared or anxious, you'd never know it. Every single member is joking around and laughing, as if we were sitting at the bar having a beer together. The training teaches you to displace fear. Why worry about something that may never happen? Why stress over a situation that hasn't occurred? You may or may not get shot at. You may or may not die. Worry about those things if or when they actually happen. Not before.

TWO HOURS LATER

Flashbang. I find myself on the floor, propped up against a circular couch in the lobby sitting area. For a moment, I can't hear or see. Then my vision clears up enough to spy a dark figure kneeling at my feet. That's how close he is. My eyes widen with the realization that this phantom figure is not a friendly. The man's skin is so dark, that all I can see is the whites of his eyes and a glinting smile. He points his rifle at me.

"Move, Goddamn it!" my brain is screaming to my body. "This cannot be it! This cannot be the way I die!" ... and it isn't. The man falls onto my lap, a large cavern carved through the middle portion of his head. Mack has put a round through it. It takes me a moment to understand. The warm spray I feel on my face is his blood and brain matter. "Talk to me, kid," Mack demands. I can barely hear him. I don't know where he is. "5x5," I say, my voice louder than normal. "Good to go." Mack helps me to my feet.

"You had me scared for a minute, kid," he says.

"I wasn't worried" I reply. "I knew you'd save me, boss."

There is no need for me to thank him. Cliché as it sounds, it's the job. There is an unspoken gratitude among warriors. A bond between brothers and sisters who place their lives in each other's hands. A bond that only a few will ever experience. A bond I have never experienced since, and probably never will again.



UNTITLED

by Antonia Capriotti
Prismacolor Pencils

OUT IN THE OCEAN

by Samantha Ross

Out in the ocean, there you will find.
A sweet little smile, that's so undefined.
Under the water beneath the coral reef.
There you will find, something so sweet.
Don't be afraid child, for they are just friends.
They are called mermaids, and look different.
Under the water is where they all live.
Be kind to those creatures, they have a lot to give.



CHINCHILLA

by Kirsten Fox
Adobe Illustrator



FELIX IN BLUE

by Whitney Cunningham
Acrylic on Canvas

FEAR

by Joanna Johansen

I know this is going to sound silly, but hear me out.

Everyone has an innate fear. A fear that shakes people to the very core, makes their spines tingle, frightens them awake from deep sleep or prevents them from sleeping at all. It could be something ridiculous, like the mailman delivers your mail to your house every day because he is an assassin waiting to cut you in your sleep, but it is still very real to the person, so telling them their mailman theory is ridiculous only makes matters worse. Some of us fear of being alone, knowing that we have been rejected by the world, living in an empty void that the simple joys of a sunset or fireflies at night cannot reach. Or that bitterness single people feel when Valentine's Day rolls around again. The point is, everyone experiences fear. If one does not, one is not human, or an animal. Maybe they're a plant. Fear is a survival mechanism, and it can keep us healthily cautious or paranoid if our fear overworks itself. Therefore, one's fear should not be judged, but empathized with. We all on the same page? We're all empathizing now? Good, now we can get to the silly part.

I'm afraid of bugs.

That's right! Bugs (crawling, buzzing, stinking, biting, fluttering) make me fear for my life. I must have inherited an overactive fear response from my ancestor the caveman, because my parents could care less about insects. When I screamed at the top of my lungs that a yellow jacket was in the house, my mom waltzed in with a hair brush and smashed it. I suppose it would have been more impressive if she took it on in hand-to-stinger combat, but to me going in with a hair brush as a weapon was like bringing a pocket knife to a gun fight. What's worse is that our house is situated in small town no-where in the middle of the woods. Bugs were living there first. We intruded on them, and they were damn well going to make sure we knew that. Take the dreaded summer of 2008 for example. The year of the cicada invasion. Sounds of wing beats, mating calls, and yelps of fear rang in my ears. The cicadas spared our house, which became a sanctuary, but they were especially fond of terrorizing me whenever I ventured outdoors. Walking home from school, getting the mail, doing yard work, swimming in the pool; no opportunity was too small for them. They only had to fly close to my ears, and I would be swinging wildly at the air and screaming. My adoring, sympathetic parents whom I love so dearly decided to make the best of the situation by making me touch dead cicadas in hopes to

desensitize me. Dead or not, I shiver at the thought of a bug touching me, so you can imagine how that went.

But, I hear you thinking, you live in the country, right? How can you be afraid of bugs? Funny, my friends and family think that too. They jokingly call me “city girl.” My only explanation is that I suffer one of the follies of the human experience; everyone is afraid of something. Mine just happens to be insects. From all the times my heart pounded out of my chest at the sight of a bumblebee, my friends laughing at me in pity, and my parents trying to teach me bravery to no avail, I realized something. No one wants to be belittled just because of their fears. That’s why most of us wear a smiling mask when we are screaming inside. No fear is silly, because it’s not silly for the person that has to live with it. Our fears are as real as a stove top burning our hands. You can’t tell someone to keep their hand on the stove top so they’ll “get used to it,” because it’ll just hurt them more. Instead, use your own fear to empathize with others. We all know what it’s like to be afraid. Fear keeps us alive and can unite us together, so it’s ok in my book.

Now if you’ll excuse me, I have to search my room for stink bugs. Those savages are not going to get the jump on me this time!



UNTITLED

by Katie Wingert
Digital Photograph

LINES

by Kathy Cox

My love for you is waxing true:
I would say eight or nine.
The feel of happiness is new--
I'm comfortable and fine.
I know that soon the ten might come
Because the trust comes fast:
Superior and excellent sum
Of thinking ours will last.
I am not good at writing verse.
It has been over long.
My rhymes are rusty or, what's worse,
They're stolen from a song.
Goodnight sweetheart, it's time to go,
Although I don't go far.
You keep my focus sure and though
I travel, you're my star.
That's enjambent or running through
The line into the next
I think I have enough to do,
So please do not be vexed,
If I cease writing lines of rhymes
To lay my head to rest.
You are the best, not worst, of times,
And with you, I am blessed.



SELF PORTRAIT

by Micah Fowler

Drawing



UNTITLED

by Jason Lawson
Acrylic on Canvas

STRUCTURE

by William Oliver

“I finally hit it,” I thought aloud, with only my ears to hear, or at least so I thought. The pleasant sound of a lighter broke the silence behind me as my coworker lit his cigarette.

“Hit what?” he said nonchalantly.

I hadn’t spoken to anybody as to how I had been feeling, so I chose to swallow my tongue and use another; the first had the urge to tell him what I had hit was rock bottom.

“Oh, I was just thinking of what I will say whenever the PowerBall numbers come up later tonight.” I replied, flashing an imaginary ticket.

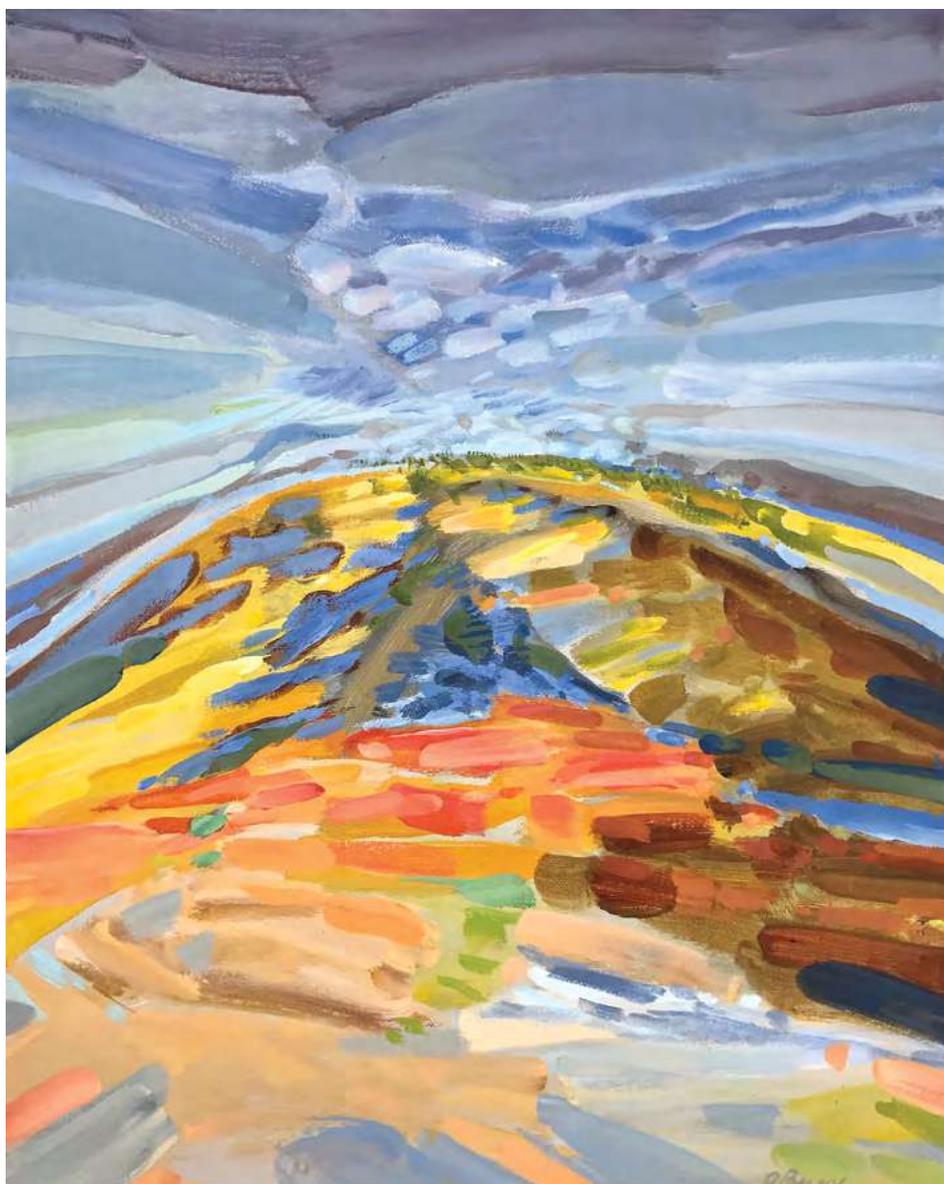
He chuckled and took another drag of his cancer; I chuckled right alongside him because he had bought my story, but it didn’t surprise me. Donny had always been so dense in the head.

I continued on that day, nine more dragging hours of serving bar food before I stood at the bus stop at the very dead of night. There was something fascinating to me about the silence of such a busy city after dusk had fallen, as if it was literally asleep. I looked around until I saw something that caught my eye. It wasn’t the dime of a woman stumbling back into her apartment with her man of the night, nor the two undercover police cars sitting near the overpass exit. It was the bridge I had passed over on the bus so many times. I realized I’d never stopped to actually experience how amazing this piece of architecture actually was. A suspension bridge, with its elegant cables running from the bellow of the arch to the point of the towers, topped by the flashing red lights to caution air traffic. Only one support was needed to hold up tons and tons of metal beams and steel cables. The mathematics at work were exquisite.

Did this bridge serve a wider purpose than just allowing us to cross the overpass? My bus had arrived while I sat in this daze, indifferent to the driver screaming out of the open door for me to get on. Then it struck me. The driver shut the door and peeled the wheels on the asphalt as I took step by step by step towards the bridge. Each step brought a new thought forward. Was I happy with a dirty apartment all alone in the ugly part of town? Was it really necessary to slam my door as she left that night? And did my drinking really push her to do so, or was she looking for a reason to go?

And why in hell did I never have cell-phone reception in my living room?

I kept walking until I got to the center of the arch, and stared down at the interstate. A road that was just earlier today so prosperous and full of life was now desolate and lonely. I felt the same. It wasn't until I saw the man next to me that I truly considered quickening the inevitable. He was a man in work clothes, with brown hair and blue eyes. Very like myself. I swiftly walked over and spoke to him. He was eager to tell me his troubles: stacking medical bills from his mother's fight with cancer (which she lost), a foreclosure on his home, and no real will to live. It was at that point where I realized how well I had it, yet I was mentally the same as he was. I reached into my pocket. I handed him my wallet, apartment key, a PowerBall ticket, and told him where his new home would be. And with that being done, I leaped.



HANG GLIDE VIEW II

by Gary Bergel
Acrylic on Canvas

INTO THE SKY

by Christopher McKinley

Into the sky,
They leapt,
Off the edge of the world,
Into the place the sun sets.
And they floated on a sigh of wind so slight,
It would've bent under the weight of the minds
They left behind the night they went.
Into the sky,
Wings lifted by the rise of a billowing breeze,
Wrought up by tides turning,
Under skies burning,
They seized:
Flight!



SPRING THAW – LITTER LIKE BEAUTY IS ALL AROUND

by Gary Bergel
Digital Photograph

BLOSSOMING FOUNTAIN: OUR FOREVER UNFOLDMENT

by Christopher McKinley

No longer do we adhere to the old system's fears
We are not so maimed nor so easily deceived
Nor are we stained by traditions wrought
Lamed nor force-taught condescendingly
Those framed in boxes built by thought
Those seekers who clamber for control
Find a purity lost that cannot be sought
Only while still does one find the cure
Hidden beyond mind: an end to time
That is ever-outgrowing, flowering
Flowing, and forever outpouring
That is as infinite in beginning
As it is forever in ending
That is a constant
A dreaming
Of Love
Of Hope
Of Peace
For spring's
Eternal Growth
That is as immediate
As it is unfolding evermore



BLOOM

by Katie Smith, Alumna

Collage

FINALLY

by Katherina Muller

white cherry blossom petals

float

like butterflies

as bees

hover

idly by



UNTITLED

by Zachary Simpson
Prismacolor Pencils

JUST LIKE ME

by Katreena Stracke

The fire is crackling
The earth is turning
Demons are attacking
Everything is burning

The hurt and pain
That's spreading here
What will they gain
In a town of tears?

The heat is searing
The houses falling
The demons are peering
And people are crawling

What do they want
That we can give?
Why do they taunt
Those who barely live?

The end is nearing
The mothers are crying
The children disappearing
Those gone still lying

Death is here
And I finally see
The demons that kill
Look just like me



UNTITLED

by Antonia Capriotti

Prismacolor Pencils

BETWEEN WAKEFULNESS

by Katreena Stracke

I wake with a scream
Though it comes out as more of a gasp.
Grasping the sheets, heart racing
I finally dare to take a breath.

My eyelids are still weighted
as I force myself into this world,
unsure if it's any better than the last.
I couldn't be late for class again.

The mirror depicts ashtray skin and
deep sunken rings under the eyes.
I briefly consider some makeup tricks,
before resigning myself to zombification.

Walking into the kitchen,
my aunt is huddled over the coffee pot
carefully measuring out her half decaf concoction.
It seemed she hasn't found her humanity yet either.



LIFE'S AS BEAUTIFUL AS YOU MAKE IT

by Katreena Stracke

Mixed Media

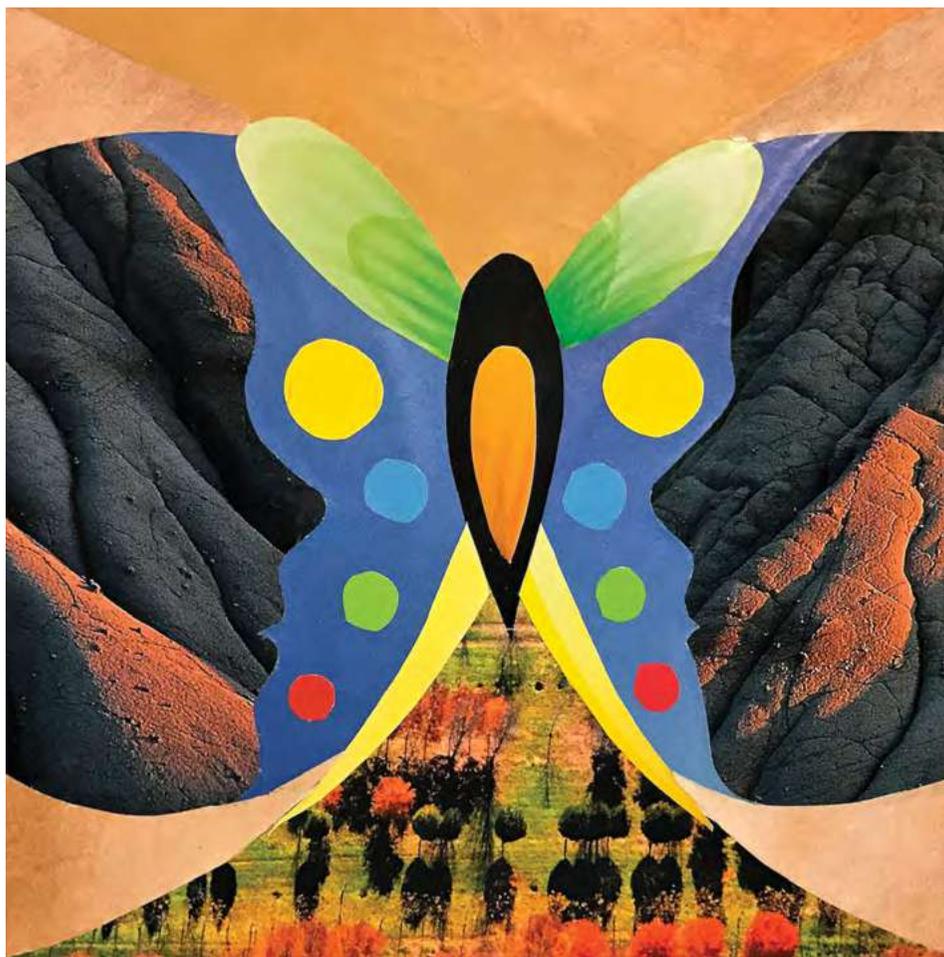
HEROIN

by Christopher Houck

During the worst of times,
during the best of times,
my beloved was there.

Whether it was night or day,
spring, summer, winter, or fall,
she held my hand through it all.

I would go to the moon and back
just to feel the warmth of her touch.
Years went by; the truth came out.
She was not the lover I once had thought.



DREAM - BUTTERFLY
by Nikitha Appani, Alumna
Collage

HE LIKES HER, BUT HE LOVES SHE

by Charice Washington

He likes Her
but He loves She.
He gives them both
time and gratitude

He likes Her
but He loves She.
He kisses them both
with warm lips

Days go by as
He, Her and She
sleep peacefully without
touching.

Lust is not the
crux here,
but He sure does
love She.



IMPRISONED BY GREED

by Christopher Houck

Mixed Media

THE INVISIBLE HAND

by Anthony Douglas

Oh hand, oh invisible hand, how sweet are thee?

Thou lend us money to live our lives,
Grow our businesses; economy and more.
It continues on in perpetuity!

Freedom. Freedom reigns supreme.
After all we live in a free market system.
Oh, how compelling thou are, free market.



ROSE HILL PLANTATION, NC

by Kelly Shurnitski

Digital Photograph

FATHER

by Shayla Gray

You left when I was just a sprout
with training wheels still on my bike.
I tucked myself in bed that night.

At Career Day at school,
when, Dad, you never made it,
I told them all you died at war.

I turned into a liar, just like you.
I got real good at faking it.

My first romance was magic.
At least he told me why he left.

Twenty two years of waiting
and wondering where you went.

You left when I was just a sprout.
I bloomed just fine without you,
or so I wish.



FOX IN A BOX

by Gregg Phillips

Prismacolor Pencils

LIE

by Brittany Grim

I remember when he would light up,
the smoke tickling my nostrils.
His red solo cup always filled
with that cheap beer he loved so.
We would fight like enemy soldiers.
Words would fly like deadly bullets.
My heart is now forever tainted.

I still think of him often,
but I'll never let it show.
So now for the readers to pity,
pity me for a love cut short.
A good girl who was left broken,
by a boy who could never see.

You'll probably be surprised,
when you find this story is a lie.
No truth whatsoever was spoken.
Because would ever feel pity,
for a heart that's been forever cold?

TILL DEATH DO THEY PART

by Brittany Grim

I'm an awful person, I thought to myself. The doctor couldn't find a heartbeat for my sister's unborn child and, secretly, I was glad. The baby would be better off. I knew deep down that a child born into my sister's situation would know nothing but heartache; a mother who didn't have a job or a place to live most of the time, a father that was verbally and physically abusive. Why hope to hear the faint beating of a heart that will only be continuously broken?

My parents and I were devastated to learn of my sister's pregnancy. She had thrown her life away when she got with her boyfriend the year before. It's true that she was never an angel, but within months of knowing this loser, she had been arrested twice. He too had no job. There was a time when she had been drugged and sexually assaulted by him and his friend, an incident she now refuses to discuss. I had seen the pictures of the black eye she woke up with after he beat her unconscious. So, no, I wasn't excited about a baby coming from that relationship. As much as it disgusted me to admit, I had hoped that heartbeat would never come.

I wish I could say my feelings changed quickly, but they didn't. It was early in the pregnancy and I still shuddered inside when it was mentioned. I knew this baby was going to tether us forever to this guy who had ruined my family. Needless to say, I wasn't thrilled when I was recruited to take my sister to her first ultrasound. Meanwhile, my mom was slowly changing her feelings on the baby. It would be her first grandchild, after all. She was supposed to take my sister to that ultrasound, but she was scheduled to work that day. So I, unwillingly, was the taxi for this appointment.

As I sat with my sister in the waiting room, I grew anxious. For some reason, I decided to go back to see the ultrasound for myself. At this point, the baby's health was still unknown. As the nurse put the machine on my sister's stomach, I questioned myself as to why I was even there. I could've just stayed in the car. As the image popped up on the screen, I didn't see a baby. Before I could muster a second thought, there it was; a little blip of human life. I knew in that moment my life had changed forever.... Was it for the better? That remained to be seen. For now, I just watched that little miracle bounce across the monitor.

I wish I could go on to say we all lived happily ever after, but I doubt that's even possible at this point. My sister's second arrest happened while she was three months pregnant. At six months, a beating resulted in a ruptured eardrum. One would think bringing a child into the world would change her outlook on her abusive relationship. Sadly, this wasn't the case.

To this day, she's still with him and he's a constant problem in our lives.

As for my niece, I try not to think too much about my past feelings. It's hard to comprehend that someone I use to wish dead, I would now willingly give my life for.



CAPSTONE DIGITAL PROJECT

by Katie Wingert
Adobe Photoshop

SNOWFLAKE

by Yash Odie

Oh snowflake,
You are so fake,
Saying things like, I need a safe space.

Oh snowflake,
What is your mental state
When you're in such a fragile state?

Oh snowflake,
How do you navigate
Looking through your mindscape?

Oh snowflake,
I want to put you in a dog crate
Or make you migrate.

Oh snowflake,
You give me a headache
With all your crazy outtakes.

FLASHBACK

by Wendell Greene

The Herald Mail! Yes. My first job. The morning paper boy. My dad pushed me into the job. He said to me one morning, “Remember that motorcycle that you wanted?” Oh yeah. He had my full attention now. What could I say back then? The old man knew what buttons to push to make me jump. Before I could even rejoice or reply, he looked me straight in the eyes and said, “I got you a job.” He said to me, “You’re eleven years old, and you know that mini bike in the barn that you wanted to sell? That wasn’t Santa Claus. That was me and your mother’s gift to you.”

Okay, I was feeling a little guilty now. But damn, I knew Santa didn’t get me that mini bike. In between my thoughts, he said, “I got you a morning paper route. The people down the road are moving in a week. They have a son with a paper route and you’re his replacement.” It didn’t come out of my lips, but my mind said, What t’ hell! Then he told me I would need to get up at 4 a.m. the next morning because the boy down the road was going to show me the route. Before I could rebut, my mom walks in. That was the moment I knew I was tag teamed. So next morning I got up and learned the route. Back then I lived in a rural/ suburban area. Wild things ran and flew around that time in the morning. This is where my journey began.

My morning paper route was about a three mile round trip, and it took me about two hours to complete. Every morning at 4 a.m., by time I got dressed and came down stairs, there was a stack of newspapers on the sidewalk waiting to be delivered. I’d sit at the kitchen table and wrap each newspaper with a rubber band, stuff the papers into my carrier bag, and off I’d go. In the beginning, walking through the woods and up the empty roads that time of the morning felt kind of spooky. But after a while I became used to it. Well, most of it anyways. I still had problem walking through the cemetery to the owner’s house on top of the hill. The owner of the cemetery had a name like something out of a Dickens novel. Mr. Hurst. And he looked the part. Tall, pale, sunken eyes with balding gray hair. I don’t think the man ever slept. He was always in his long black undertaker’s smock waiting on the paper when I came up the driveway. He didn’t say much, just nodded and went back to his work. He was just one of many customers whose routine I got familiar with.

It's funny how you get to know people's movements that early in the morning. You see who's getting ready for work or who's just coming home. But most of the time as I walked my route there was nothing but stillness and quiet. My dog always would walk with me to keep me company. He was an Irish wolfhound. His name was Max. He was my protector and the best dog I ever had. He would chase away other dogs or any other creatures around my perimeter.

But the last deliveries I made in the morning were my favorite. It was to a home for retired veterans. Every morning they would be waiting on me. They knew I had cigarettes. Back then there were a lot of World War I vets. I was young back then. But I remember each and every one of their stories. Some Saturday mornings I would stick around and play chess or checkers with them. They liked that. Sometimes I think about that morning route. It takes me back to a simpler time.



BOUQUET

by Haley Green
Finger Paints

I KNOW WE LOVED EACH OTHER, ONCE

by Virginia Robbins

Before the raised voices and broken hearts,
the tender kisses replaced with spiteful hate,
the scars etched deep, not to be erased,
I know we loved each other, once.

The fear of loneliness,
or is it failure, enslaves our every thought.
Would it be better,... better to be apart?
I know we loved each other, once.

With every word, a new wound, a weakened bond.
Can we go back, or are we now too far gone?
Is happiness forever lost, forever more?
I know we loved each other, once.

We're told 'til death we part, right or wrong,
through all the years of pain, and sometimes love.
Is trying again the only way in sight?
I know we loved each other, once.



FLOWERS IN A FIELD

by Katie Wingert

Digital Photograph

I HAVEN'T THOUGHT ABOUT YOU AT ALL

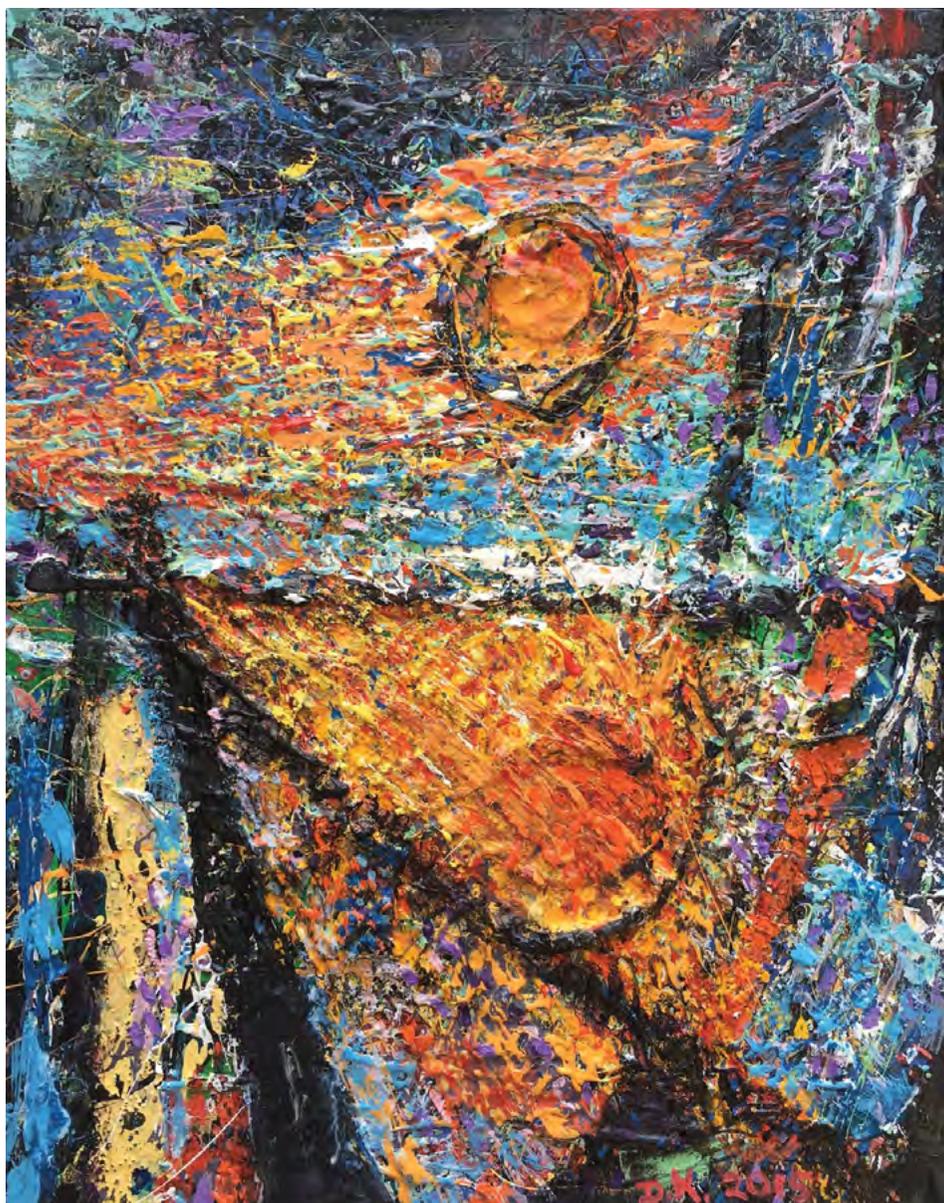
by J .D. Miller

Not for a second have you crossed my mind.
Even though the pain of missing you hurts.
You're the one that left me behind.

I looked up to you, did you realize that?

We haven't talked in how many years?
When someone brings up your name,
I have no tears left to hold back.

I look in the sky searching for something.
Like you, it never answers me either.
You left Mom and me for a whole new life.
A different son. A different wife.
But I no longer can feel it.



SUNSET AT OLD POINT COMFORT

by Doug Kinnet

Acrylic

AT THE GRAVEYARD

by Dixie Blevins-Bozenko

Just a body, a shell that held much love.
It's not her in the grave, I know.
I wish she wasn't here, this graveyard in the cold.
I cry out to my mother, "Mom you died too young!"
From the corner of my eye I see him again.
Her neighbor, someone I never knew.
A little boy, only eight years old
smiling at me from the grade school photo
on his headstone.
His skin is dark against his white polo
with blue stripes running horizontal.
His dark brown hair cut short,
something a mom would've done at home.
I don't know why he's here, next to my mother,
but it makes me angry with God.
I look at my daughter, thirteen years old.
I squeeze her hand tightly and we go.



BlueRidge

COMMUNITY AND
TECHNICAL COLLEGE

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