



HIGH POINT UNIVERSITY

Apogee Magazine

The Community Issue



Outside
by Ger'miya



HIGH POINT UNIVERSITY

Apogee Magazine: *The Community Issue*

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All submissions should be sent to:
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Include a cover letter
with a 2-3 sentence biography.

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Benita VanWinkle, a member of the art faculty at High Point University, lives just outside of Winston-Salem, NC with her husband, son, two rescued dogs, and the neighbor's herd of goats beyond her back fence. She is a documentary photographer and at any given moment is given to distraction with yet another amazing project, but her current passion is developing a book of photos that record vintage movie theaters across the US. Her website (www.bustystudio.com) showcases her photography, books and other award-winning art.

Inside Cover: Ger'miya, Outside (Community Writing Center)

Inside Back: Sarah Martin, "Greensboro Performance of Home for an Hour"



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ENERGY
WANTING
PHYSICIAN

OPEN
KINGZ
Downtown Market

ATM
FREE
GOVERNMENT
PHONE

Untitled
by Jacob Paul

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Self Portraits by Brandan, Caleb, Cameron, Coriana, Demoria, Ger'miya, Jahseem, Jeremiah, Kaleb, Kamryn, Katelyn, Kayla, Kobe, Logan, Makiya, Mariyah, Michael, Natalie, Nteariyah, & Sierra

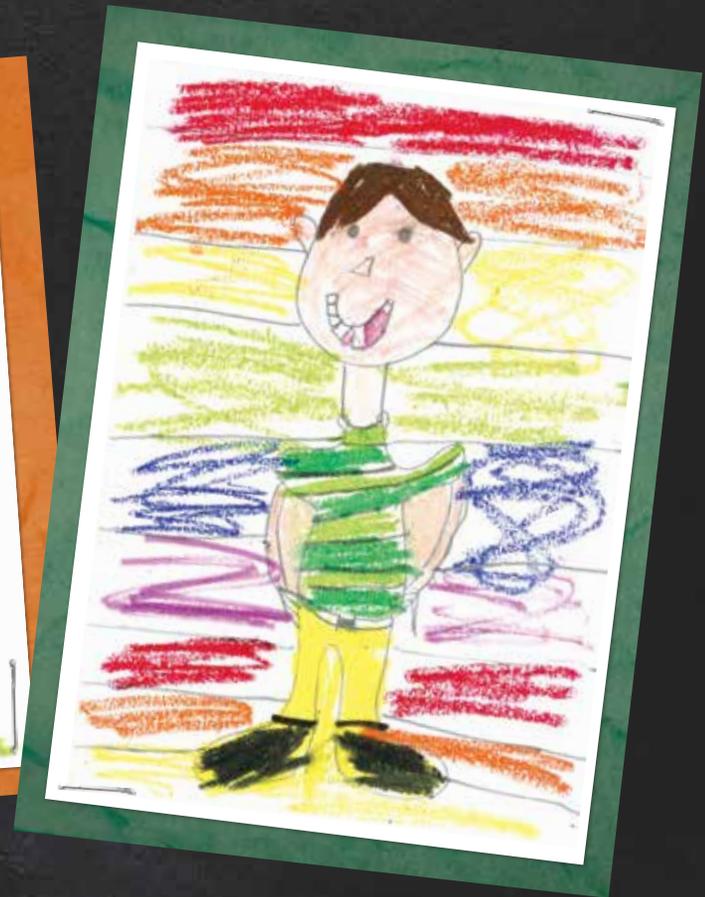
CONTRIBUTORS



Sweet
Dreams
IN HIGH POINT

*Words by Savanna Champagne
Images by Community Writing Center Kids*

the. Interviews



ALIAYAH MORRIS, 9

YeahIhavedreams

I gunna be a lawyer
oh no you know what
I gunna be president.

I would,

I would,
get all the peoples off the streets
and offofdrugsandstuff ya know?
and, and, and
have you heard of the thing
called foood stamps?

Iwoulddemandeveryone gets eleven,
eleven...no,
eleven hun, eleven hundred stamps.
To feed their **WHOLE** family
and others
maybe?





MARCUS PYRON, 6

A miner.

For diamonds.

I wanna get RICH.

I WANNA GET RICH,

BABY

!

KOLOB



JEREMY HODGE, 8

What do you want to be when you grow up?
What I wanna beeeee...

when I grow up?
when I grow uuup?

train.

a train?
a train.
a train conductor?
a train.

TESSIA JORDAN, 11

A mommmmmmm

mmmmmm

mmmm

mmm.

No um,

a girl.

Ohnononono,

A doctor.

No.

I wanna work.





JOE JOHNSON, 8

yeaaahhh...

A fireman! I wanna be a fireman.

NO.

A POLICEman! Yeah a policeMAN.

To help.

People.



KATHERINE KOSKY, 6

I wanna be a police.

I can sell ice cream.

I will be rich (well, mostly).

And hot dogs!

I wanna live where my big sister lives.

OFFER
the
RECORD

If I Were A Kite...
I would be careful

Casual Confessions

I wish I had an iPhone. I had an iPad once. It was great. My sister broke it. She six. Threw it on the concrete. She got in big trouble though. Momma popped her one.

Prices of electronics at High Point Verizon store, 2014:

iPad—\$279.00

Droid Smart Phone—\$99.99

Glass Screen Protectors—\$24.99

Car Charger—\$29.99

Google Maps App—\$1.99

Creative Writing

Third Period

Today we are covering memoir writing! You get to tell your own story (oh, great). It has to be exploring a question, has to have meaning (Everyone thinks my stories are fucked up but I don't see it). Make sure you are being specific and descriptive about your feelings (I don't have feelings). Give it a focus (I have two moods, depression and very angry). Seniors! (I'm not a senior I failed sophomore year. No one can even tell me what I am). You've probably started writing college admission essays (No) and those are examples of personal essays (I'm not going to college). What types of questions are you being asked? (Who cares? Sometimes I just pretend to have feelings so maybe one day I'll actually develop them. What is joy? I write in my diary all the time, that's memoir writing for you).

Dark, very dark I
write for distraction or
to spill my own blood.



Untitled by Karaina Callahan

KENNEDY

My little grandbaby Kennedy? She about one year old now and she's real cute and I went to go visit her on Friday. She really smart and she gettin' into that thing where they start saying 'no' all the time, you know? When my daughter and her husband they try to put her in the little seat in the car for her, you know? The little special seat for kids? Well she won't let them and she gets all upset, but she'll do it for me. "Papa!" she'll say and I know how to talk to her and get her to sit in it. "I love you Papa" she'll tell me. Makes it's real hard to know they're moving, you know? I won't see her as much.

What's baby gon do
Without her Papa, you know?
No, I say no too

NOW

AND

Then





10 year-old
Pearl
at the Pickett
Cotton Mill in
High Point, 1910

Well Mama said
I was to come with her to the mill,
so course I did and then well,
I could do the work same as she
so I did.
“We do what we have to” she said.
“Mind your fingers” she said.

Doffers pull the
bobbins full of
colorful thread
spinning
spinning
spun.
The heat stifles,
the thread don't break
but I'm drowning
in my own body.
I make patterns
in my skin
in the dust
that lives there.
I can't hear no one.
I can't hear me.
I can hear the
ma-chine.
I see
Luther is coughing,
been breathing too much.
Dust likes to fly,
likes better to rest
on pink lungs.
I take off my shoes
better to climb and
reach.



Untitled by Karaina Callahan

FANTASIA BARRINO

I was 19 when I left High Point to audition.

Baby girl, anybody ever ask you
where you learn to sing like that
whatchu gunna tell 'em?

*I just felt it,
it was like a wave came over me,
and as I started singing... I was lifted up...
When the spirit moves you there ain't nothing better.
I want it always to be like that.*

I think you're one of the best we've ever had on the show.
That's what I think.

*Folks saying I should be ashamed,
cause I have a baby
and I'm not married...
I don't have my high school diploma...
And I shouldn't win American Idol.*

Mama may have,
Papa may have,
but God bless the child
that's got his own.

*65 million people voted for me
I wish I could thank them all.*



JACOB, 12

Mr. Jeff
lost his hair,
battling cancer.
Mr. Jeff won't
need my hair
but somebody will.
I grew it out
for half a year
and my Dad
didn't like it.
But Mr. Jeff
died,
so he
stopped
complaining.

They gave me
18 little
pony tails
and snipped
them off
one by one.
I felt the
comforting
heat
and pressure
fall
away
into plastic bags,
to be a part
of someone
else's
head.

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1975



About My Video Game

Words and Image by Dillon

It's a racing game. It's kind of going to look like battle block theatre. Dave is going to have spikey hair and a helmet on. The game is going to look like from above and you can change your camera from your left trigger. It will be for Xbox and Xbox 1. There are 500 levels. If you win you get 7 trophies you can buy stuff with. The turbo boost is 700 and super turbo boost is 5000. You lose trophies if you lose the race. Last place is 11th place. The TNT is where you get to jump over people like boom, boom, boom! It costs \$5000. There are just boy characters. No girls. All the characters wear fiery helmets. That's all the directions.



THE LINES THAT DIVIDE US

Words by Shannon Curley

From an extended fiction piece accounting several interactions between a Northerner studying in the South. The setting is a library somewhere in central North Carolina; it is evening and library patrons wait inside for an unexpected snowstorm to subside and for plows to clear the roads for them to return home. Our Northern protagonist, Steven, sits at a desk doing research for a graduate thesis on regional dialect and linguistics, following conversations with first, a librarian, and second, a local homeless man.

Ch. 3

Twenty minutes later, I'd settled into a set of articles on Southern life, each claiming that there is no culture more distinctive and more timeless than that of the South. Sweet tea, pecan pie, and the Winn Dixie grocery stores are all noted as cultural staples, certain indicators of Southern life. On the darker side, slavery, Confederate flags, and extreme racism still hum by as cultural undercurrents. But more than any of these cultural markers, each article pointed to the people, the "real Southerners" as the defining factors of life in the region. They're a type of people, they all say; when you meet a Southerner, you know.

And so far it's been true. Nowhere up North will you find someone gesturing to "ya'll," calling you "baby," or crooning "bless your heart" – a prayer in New England, but down here, a call on God to help your fool's soul.

Nowhere up North will you find someone riding a tractor down the road, eating Chic Fil A at 8 in the morning, or passing out bibles on a street corner like it's penny candy. As regions go, it really is a whole different world.

While I continued skimming through articles, taking notes here and there, someone coughed behind me. I turned around, expecting to look up and see an adult, but found myself instead eye to eye with a concerned-looking young girl, perhaps 6 or 7 years old. "Hi," I said, quizzical, "Can I help you with something?"

"Batteries," she said, her voice strangely deep for someone so young.

"What?"

"I need batteries. For my DS. I need batteries."

"I– what? You need batteries for what?"

"For my DS," she said, pulling a handheld video game out of her pocket. "I'm playing Mario and I need batteries to beat the level. They're the small ones. Do you have them?"

I checked my pockets, knowing I had none but feeling like I had to at least demonstrate an effort. "No, I'm sorry – did you check with the librarian?"

"Yeah she said she ain't got any...She told me to put my game up and try reading a book," she mumbled.

"Well," I asked, "Why don't you?"

She sighed, leaned against the book shelf, and rolled her eyes. "I don't like reading. Reading is boring. I get graded for reading and if I don't do it right my teacher gets mad at me."

"Oh," I said. I couldn't remember if I had been graded on reading in elementary school, but I guessed not. We both sat in silence for a moment. "Well, have you tried reading outside of school?" I asked, finding myself strangely drawn to this opinionated young girl.

"No," she moaned, pulling her sweatshirt hood over her dark flyaway hair and even darker brown eyes. "No, no, no. Why would I do that? I already got enough work to do at school, why would I wanna do more?"

She made a fair point, admittedly. I couldn't even remember the last time I had read something for pleasure and I actually did enjoy reading on my own. Sometimes the work just piles up and you have no idea where all of your time went. I began to offer this point when she spoke up again:

"I did read the Hunger Games," she said, peering out from under her hood and over her folded arms. "Well, I mean, I saw the movie and my sister read some of the book out loud to me and I could read a few pages of it. So I basically read it. . . but it takes forever."

"So what do you do instead, if you don't read, I mean?"

She pondered the question, elbow on the table, fist poised under her round chin.

"Well I used to do gymnastics, but my mom said we couldn't afford that no more so now I go home and play with Jamel and my cousin Aleesha – Hey have you ever played Just Dance?" she asked, head now resting between her two hands as she studied me closely, intent on an answer.

"No, sorry, I haven't," I apologized, not sure of what she was actually asking.

"Well I play Just Dance everyday and Wii and Playstation and my DS, when it has batteries. And my brothers and sisters and I always play together."

Video games, she was talking about video games.

"We got all the new systems 'cus my uncle, he works at a Best Buy, and he gets all of the new systems for us. Do you play Xbox?"

"No," I hesitated, "No, but I did used to have Nintendo, you know the first Nintendo with Zelda and Super Mario and Duck Hunt, and we had this cool gun that you could hook up and this steering wheel and –." I stopped.

She stared at me with her mouth open, eyebrows raised, thick pigtails swinging like Medusa's snakes, eyes threatening to turn me to stone. My digression had apparently gone too far off track.

"What are you talking about?" she demanded. "I never heard of Zelda or Duck or any of that before. Are you sure those are real video games?"

"Yeah, I'm sure," I said, my tone a mix of angst and disbelief, a culmination of suddenly feeling quite old. "C'mon, I know you've at least heard of Mario, that's what you said you were playing earlier, right?"

"Oh yeah, I got Mario," she agreed, considering this commonality. "...Do you like Mario?"

"Yeah, I like Mario." She made me feel outdated, like a neon Reebok tracksuit in a room full of Armani-sporting men. Of course I know Mario, I thought; it's Mario for Christ's sake.

"Me too," she agreed, leaning back into the bookcase. She paused, appearing to be in deep thought, then asked again, "You sure you don't have any batteries?"

"No, I really don't, I'm sorry."

She frowned, rubbing her temples in exasperation – a trait learned from a parent, no doubt.

"Ahh," she sighed, "That's alright. I'm gonna go find Miss Lisa and see if she got any. We all stuck here after school 'cus of the storm so we got to find something to do so the kids don't get real bored, you know?"

"I know," I said, "That's why I'm reading." There was that look again, like I had said something crazy.

"Well good luck mister dude," she said, straightening up as she pushed away from the table, cleaning the screen of her game console against her spotted Champion sweatshirt.

"You too," I said. "And hey, if you can't find the batteries, maybe give a book a try?"

"What's the point?" she asked, sincerely invested in my answer.

"Well, maybe just for fun."

"Right," she said, unconvinced. "I'm gonna go find my batteries...but you enjoy your books though!"

With that, she strolled down the corridor and out of sight, DS waving its silicon case out of her baggy back pocket.

"Just Dance," I thought, shaking my head in perplexed amusement, "What happened to 'just music?'"

wonder WHY

Words by Jonah

Why do we have to do homework?

Why am I in college?

Why do we have to make a bear?

How do you make an iPad?

Why do we have teachers?

How do you make metal?

How do hairs grow?

How do you make paint?

Why is it snowing?

How do you stop a burning building
from being on fire?

Who made the world?

Who made it so black people couldn't
do things that white people could do?

AN *Innocence* OF THE MIND

Words and Images by Alex Wilson



“Although the precise societal burden of schizophrenia is difficult to estimate, because of the wide diversity of accumulated data and methods employed, cost-of-illness indications uniformly point to disquieting human and financial costs. Schizophrenia does not just affect mental health; patients with a diagnosis of schizophrenia die 12–15 years before the average population, with this mortality difference increasing in recent decades. Thus, schizophrenia causes more loss of lives than do most cancers and physical illnesses. Although some deaths are suicides, the main reason for increased mortality is related to physical causes, resulting from decreased access to medical care and increased frequency of routine risk factors (poor diet, little exercise, obesity, and smoking)” (Van Os J, & S Kapur)

She scratched nervously at her arms as she walked toward the door to the home.

The house was melancholy, dilapidated. The structure was almost a shell, the foliage surrounding the siding was dark with rot. A rusty chain link fence protected only one side of the house, the side that was decorated with a broken birdbath. There was a faint smell of decay that rested stagnant in the air. The overall weight of the atmosphere engaged her flight-or-fight response, but she kept walking and digging at her arm with her nails. She tried to remember what her undergraduate career had taught her about schizophrenia. It’s commonly misconceived, right? The voices and delusions hardly cause the afflicted to lash out in any way that is truly dangerous. Didn’t the supervisor tell her about a patient who had delusions of death? Two men smoked on a bench next to the cement wheelchair-accessible ramp that led to the glass front door.

“Analysis of the psychopathological features in the various psychotic disorders suggests that symptoms can be clustered into five main categories: (i) psychosis (encompassing delusions and hallucinations—also called the positive-symptom dimension); (ii) alterations in drive and volition (lack of motivation, reduction in spontaneous speech, and social withdrawal—the negative-symptom dimension); (iii) alterations in neurocognition (difficulties in memory, attention, and executive functioning—the cognitive-symptom dimension); and (iv and v) affective dysregulation giving rise to depressive and manic (bipolar) symptoms” (Van Os J, & S Kapur).

She walked past them and smiled, attempting to bury her discomfort within, but she doubted her abilities. The two strangers simply stared, said nothing, and continued to pull smoke from their cigarettes and blow it back toward the sun. As she approached the door, she could see her reflection in the slightly tinted glass. Her assumption was correct, she was doing terribly at disguising her discomfort, her face revealed everything through a forced smile. “Mental Health Associates” was painted across her forehead with the name of the house scribbled underneath, blacking out her eyes.

“The traditional clinical and societal view of schizophrenia is of a debilitating and deteriorating disorder with poor outcome. However, most patients now live independently outside the hospital and the typical duration of admission is short (a few weeks). Although most patients need some degree of formal or informal financial and daily-living support, the perspective now is one of recovery, where the patient takes an active role in the development of new meaning and purpose while growing beyond the misfortune of mental illness” (Van OS J & S Kapur).

The door resisted her pull but eventually conceded with a high-pitched groan. The smell of hair oil and decaying wood smacked her in the face as she took her first step into the rehabilitation center disguised as a house. The reception desk sat unoccupied in the center of the foyer. She looked left and right in an attempt to find someone of authority, but no one appeared. She decided to take the staircase to her left because she remembered that was where the administrative offices were last time she was here.

Each stair resisted and creaked with each footfall. She wanted to remain quiet, for no discernable reason other than not wanting anyone to know her presence. As she walked up the stairs she watched her feet. Suddenly, she felt her face hit something hard and warm. She looked up to see a man coming down the stairs and staring at her like she had walked in on him telling someone a dire secret.

WE ARE

FAMILY

Words and Images by community writing center kids



KATELYN

f - fun
a - awesome
m - meals
i - interesting
l - love
y - yummy

MAKIYA

f - fantastic
a - awesome
m - magnificent
i - integrity
l - lovely

Y - You are important to me!

Caleb

F - Fun
A - Active
M - Many
I - Incredible
L - Love
Y - Yummy

Saniyah

f - fun
a - and i love them
m - my mom is fun
i - i love my mom
l - i love my dog
y - yes, my family is my favorite

Natalie

f - fun
a - amazing
m - meal
y - i love you
l - i like
y - yummy

Mariyan

F - Friendly
a - awesome
m - magnificent
i - independent
l - loving
y - you all are the
Best Family ever!

Nyteariyah

F - Funny
A - Act
M - Musical
I - Intelligent
L - Laugh
Y - Yummy

Jahseem

F - Fun
A - Amazing
M - Moving
I - Intelligent
L - Laugh
Y - Young

HUGS

Words and Images by Community Writing Center Kids

A hug feels special
like a kiss and it is comforting,
and like you are getting cared for.
A hug feels like a furry cat.

Katelyn
Nteariyah
Mariyah
Caleb



family

WORDS AND IMAGES BY COMMUNITY WRITING CENTER KIDS

If my brother was an animal, he'd be a lion because he is wild. -Katelyn
If my brother was an animal, he'd be a snake because he sneaks up on me all the time. -Caleb
A brother's job is to take out the trash. -Nteariyah
Something I love to do with my brothers is tickle each other. -Katelyn

What my mommy is best at is doing hair. -Caleb

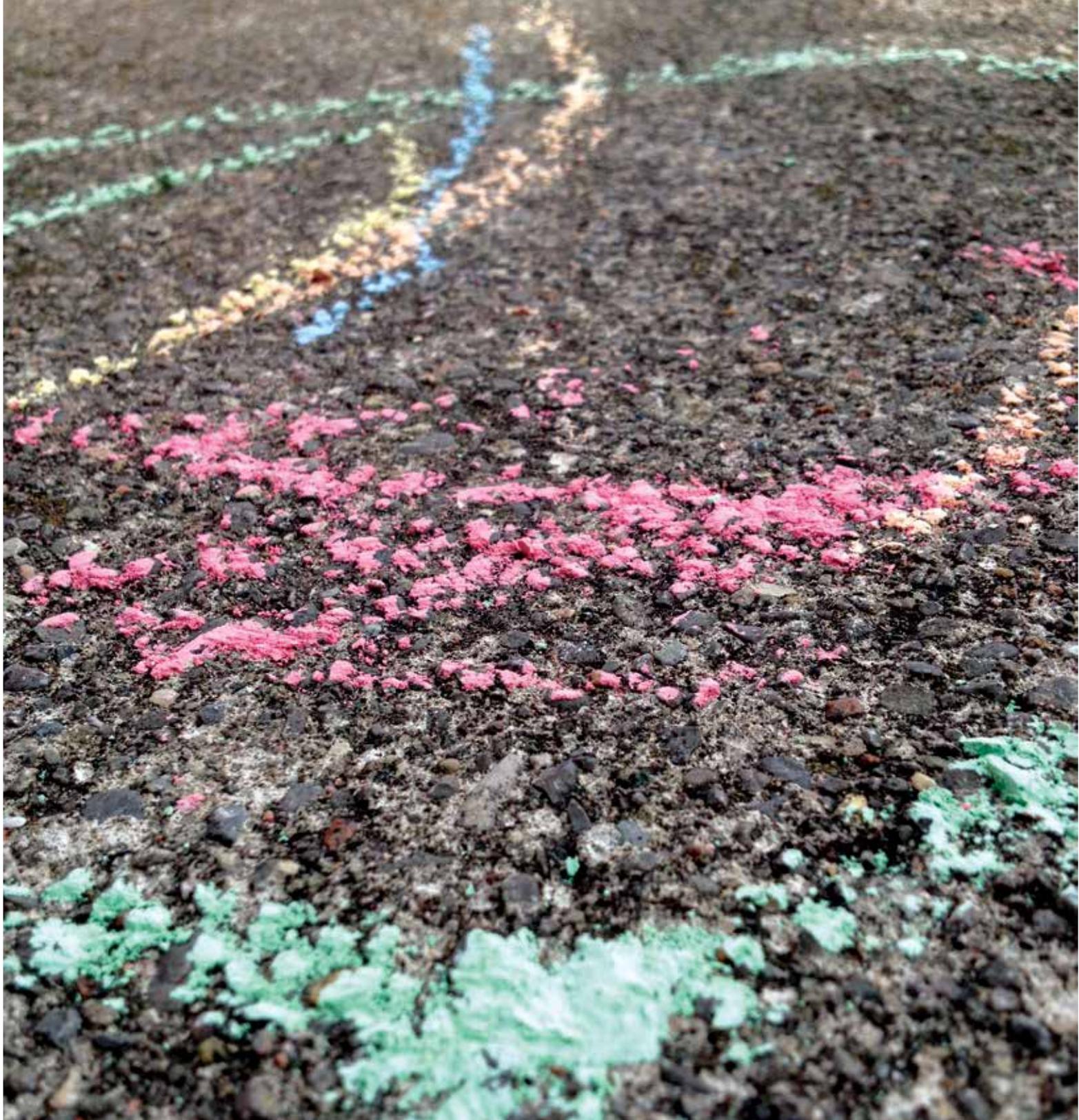
If my grandmother was an animal she'd be a bear because I like them they don't hurt people or kill people. -Nteariyah
If my mother was an animal, she'd be a hummingbird because she likes music. -Mariyah

A family's job is to take care of the house and take care of one another. -Nteariyah
A family's job is to keep me safe. -Caleb
A family's job is to love each other. -Mariyah
In my house, you can find all of us helping each other. -Mariyah

A home is where your heart can be displayed. -Mariyah



Lamar Heathington



wonderings

Words by Community Writing Center Kids

What would you do if you were trapped in a snow globe?

Play in the money.—Cameron

I would call for help. If I didn't have a phone I would live in the snow globe.—Coriana

I would scream for help and Pap will come.—Dillon

I will miss home.—Michael

Bang on the window until someone hears me.—Kamryn

Have fun with snow. And have a snowball fight with my brother.—Jeremiah

What does the tooth fairy do with teeth?

Gives them to a friend.—Cameron

The tooth fairy takes it from underneath the pillow. She puts it on her pillow.—Coriana

A tooth fairy takes the tooth and puts money under your pillow.—Dillon

Take them and give you some money.—Michael

Throw them away.—Kamryn

She collects them. Gives money.—Jeremiah

Takes the teeth and uses them to make toothpaste.—Jonah

What would you do if you were President?

I'd be happy. I'd have fun with people. Give money to people I know.—Cameron

I would want to be the tooth fairy.—Coriana

Go to war with my friends.—Dillon

Make cooler cars.—Michael

Follow the rules.—Kamryn

Take care of people and treat them nice. Be kind.—Jeremiah

PRO



Words by Cecelia Marenick

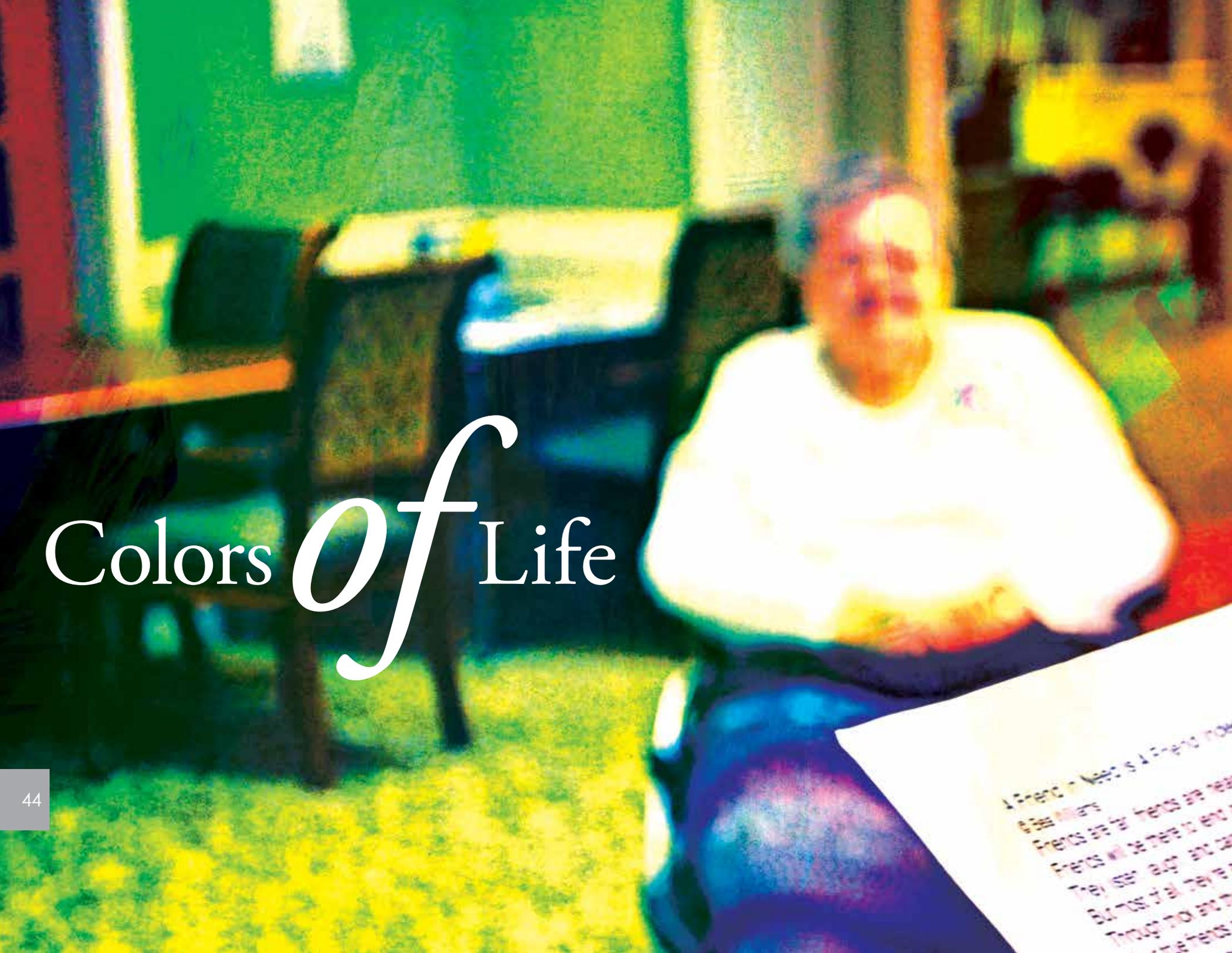
My mom dragged me through the doors while I resisted. She held my wrists like a prisoner being led to jail as she checked me in. Behind the closed door of my new room, she started to cry as she unpacked my suitcase. I slouched onto the bed as numbness settled in. “Tanner,” she spoke wearily, “I know you’re frustrated with your dad and me, but we’re only trying to keep you safe.” I remained silent as she hugged my stiff body and left me alone in this unfamiliar place.

I wandered through the woods with wide eyes, trying to adjust to the dark. The sound of a snapping branch behind me made my heart stop. I dropped at the sound of a gunshot. The pain spread through my leg like wild fire, burning every nerve. I held in a violent scream as the tears rushed down my face.

A guy not much older than me, with blonde hair, stubble on his jaw, and a name tag reading *Logan* stepped into my room. “How has your day been,” he asked. I nodded slightly as I wiped my eyes. “Look, it’s not that bad if you give it the slightest chance,” he paused, expecting me to answer. “Trust me; I stayed in this very room for five months a while ago.” At that, I raised my head to inspect him more carefully. He seemed perfectly fine, just like I felt. “It’s time for your first session,” he told me. I slowly nodded and stretched, following him to a confined white sterile room.

My commander’s orders filled my mind as I knelt in the tight trench. I tried to stay focused even when I saw my best friend, covered in his own blood, being dragged down into a tunnel. He screamed my name wanting help, but I was forced to remain on duty despite my stomach’s queasy feeling.

I took a seat and focused on my denim jeans, but I could feel cold stares that questioned my level of sanity. Logan encouraged me to introduce myself, so I stood and said, “My name’s Tanner. I’m 19 years old. I was a soldier for two years in Germany and I don’t know why I’m here.” An unfamiliar voice spoke but I wasn’t listening. Instead I focused on the sound of a plane flying above. My heart stuttered as I heard the all too familiar sound of an explosion in the distance. “Get down,” I screamed, but all I received were blank stares. “Get down now! We have to get them to safety! They’re innocent!” The tears blurred my vision as I searched for help, but I only saw faces staring back at me with utter confusion. Logan placed a hand on my tensed shoulders. I collapsed to the floor and choked on my sobs. “It’s okay Tanner. You’re safe here,” Logan repeated as he stroked my back. I lay curled in a ball and tried to collect myself. Maybe I wasn’t so fine.



Colors *of* Life

A friend is like a friend who
is always there
Friends are like friends who
Friends will be there to end
They are always at the
of the world here
Through the years
the friends



*Words by residents of
Pennybyrn at Maryfield's Taylor Village*

Red is the color of love,

The ultimate color of life.

Blue is the color of the sky,
The gateway to heaven and earth.

Green is the color of nature,
The sign of blooming life.

Yellow is the color of the sun,
The main source of light.

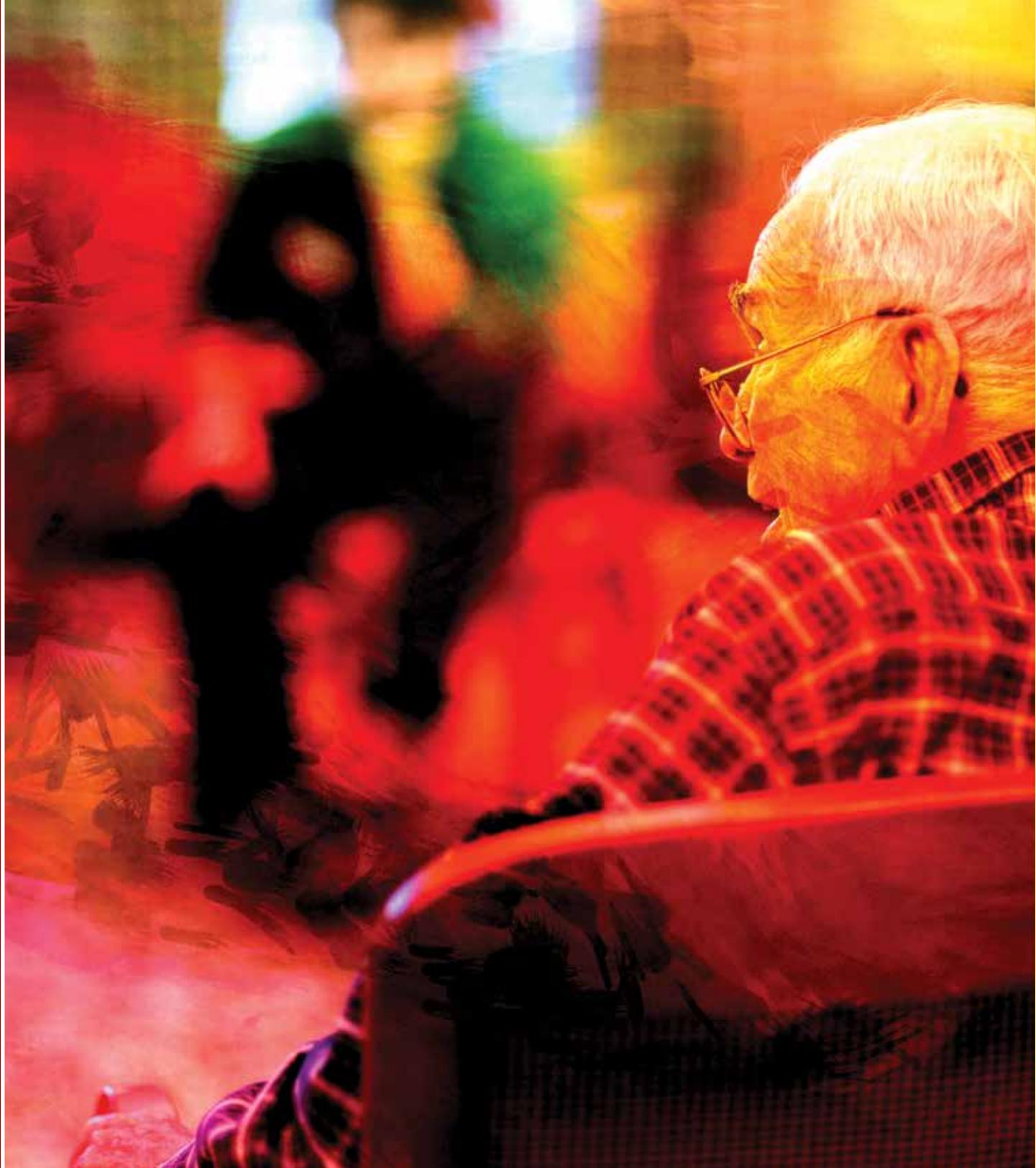
All the colors together create a **rainbow**,

God's promise that there will never be prominent
darkness.

Change

*Words by residents of
Pennybyrn at Maryfield's Taylor Village*

I think of myself as changing
Marriage is a big change
Becoming a preacher
Going places you said you never would
Joining the Navy
Growing into retirement
Accepting change with life
Making the most of changes
Change represents life events
Change is all about perception
Should we fear change?



True Friends

Words by residents of Pennybyrn at Maryfield's Taylor Village

Always by your side and know what to do

Love feels warm and fuzzy

And they always pray for you

A caring friend is always there through sickness and trouble

Friends are always forgiving

A friend's trust is long lasting like God's eternal love

A friend is always there when push comes to shove



After the Rain

Words by the patrons of the Roy B. Culler, Jr. Senior Center



When the sun comes out I'm as happy as can be,
I'm happy to see the sun and feel the warmth.
After the rain, I smell the flowers and the breeze coming,
After the rain.
After the rain, its warm and cuddly and maybe I can see a butterfly.
The joy to see the earth refreshed after the rain.
I feel good after the rain.
I smell very sweet smells after the rain.
After the rain I'm glad it quit so now I can go play.
After the rain the birds are whistling.
If the rain could talk it would say I made the world glisten.
I like to watch the rain drip off the leaves.
If you walk under a tree it drips on your head.



Summer

Words by the residents of the Smith and Deal households

The ocean is faithful,

It goes out and always comes back in.

The sand, where does it come from?

It sticks to my toes and my clothes

Because of the affection it shows.

There's no good beach day without the sun.

The beach is fun in the sun.

I don't ever want to say goodbye to summer.

In the winter I dream about summer.

Summer is always on my mind.

Please Remember

Words by the patrons of the Roy B. Culler, Jr. Senior Center

You've come a long way baby

Perhaps you'll go further, maybe
It's taken us a lifetime to get here
But Please! Listen to me my dear
Don't forget where you've come from
Remember, your darling sweet mum
The advice she always gave you
How she told you what to do
When things go wrong
In your heart there's still that song
Keep on keeping on
And you'll never be alone
There is an answer when you pray
For each and every day.





Understand Me

Words by Tayla Curran

Found poem by Tayla Curran, excerpted from The House of God, by Samuel Shem, pp. 72, 79, 186, 268, 307, 311, 333, 343, 351, 381, 467, 503, 505, 507

Not a tired speck at the edge of a vast unseen interstellar black,

But a king who knows his kingdom,

Unashamedly a hero,

Blinded by the fantasy of being a real doctor

These pathetic men were powerful men

Treating the untreatable

Blue Cross payments for holding hands

The gap between what was human and what was inhuman expands

Expanding to fill the world

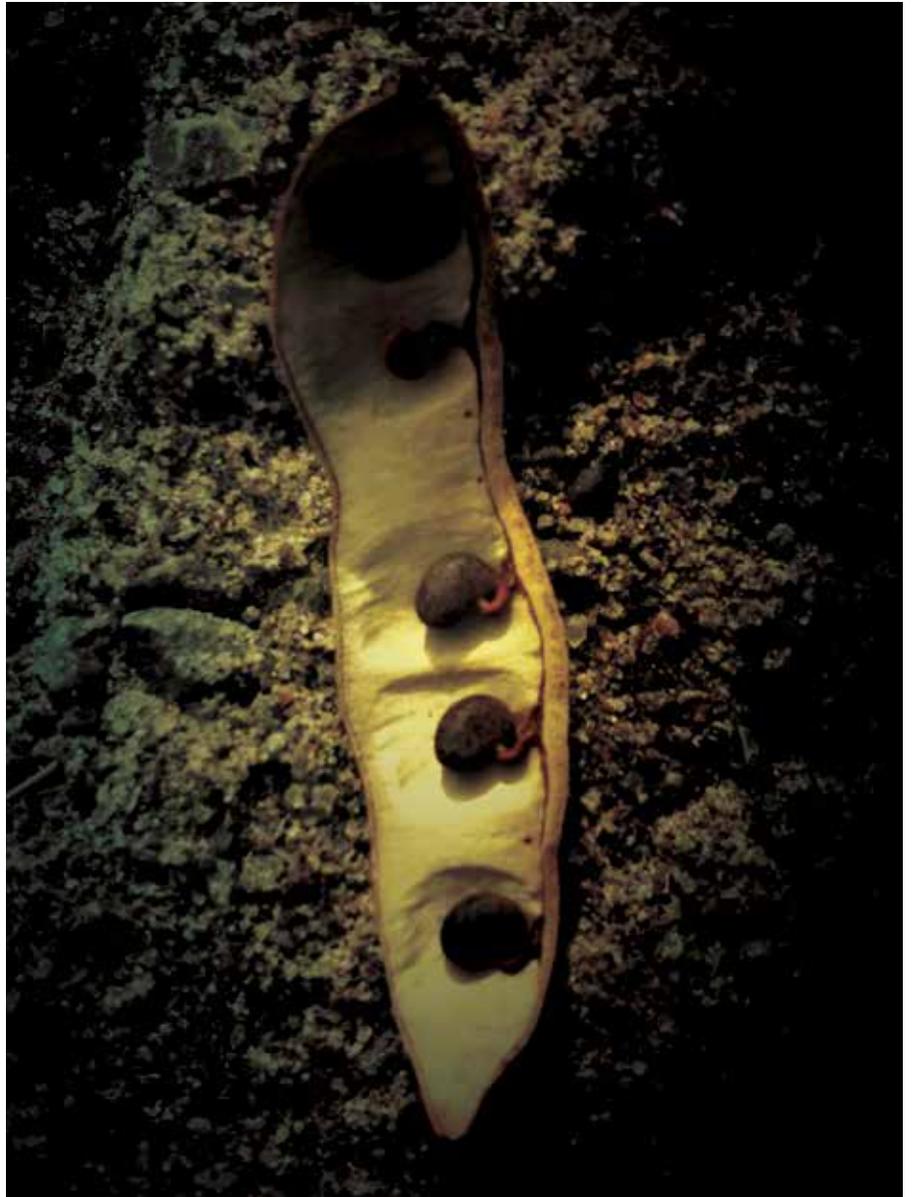
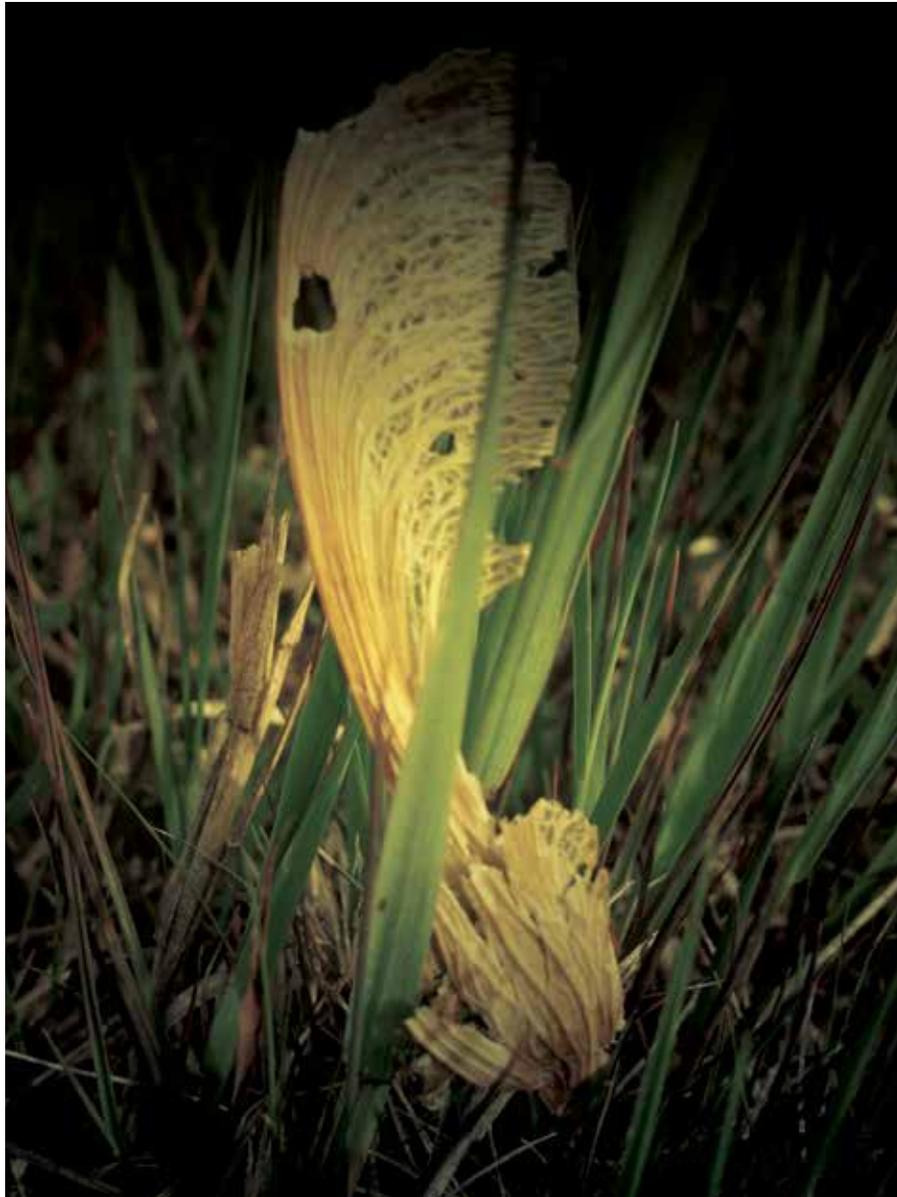
He embraces himself even more,

Separating me from them

Knowing if you show a crack, you'll shatter

Demonstrating our ignorance

Sweetheart, you can't become a real doc without killing a few patients at least.



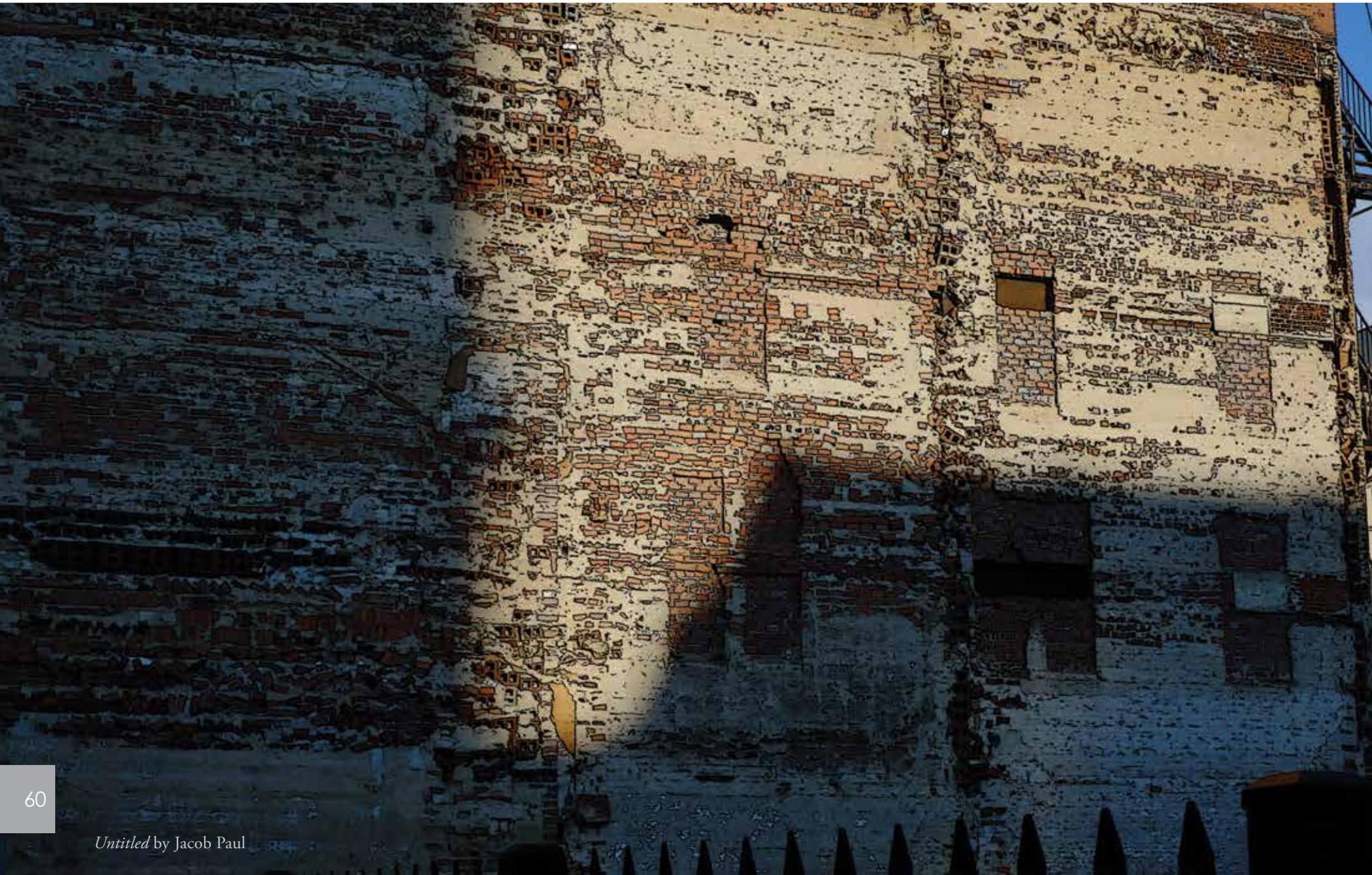
the lack of ethicality and singularity that lacks received

Words by Jessie Drew

*– excerpted from *The Immortal life of Henrietta Lacks*, by Rebecca Skloot, pp. 144, 195, 221, & 280, and HPU LifeLines Poetry Workshop participants from Pennybyrn at Maryfield, High Point, NC, April 7, 2014.*

My mother's name was Henrietta Lacks
When people ask – and seems like they always be askin—
I say, yeah, that's right my mother name was Henrietta Lacks
Doctors say, yeah, your mother was on the moon,
she been in nuclear bombs,
and made that polio vaccine.
I say, yeah, that's right my mother name was Henrietta Lacks
Doctors say HeLa Cell Donated
No no no . Robbed
My father have not signed any paper
I want them to show me proof
We miss you mama
I think of you all the time

I keep with me all I know about you
Deep in my soul,
Because I am a part of you
You are a part of me
Yeah, that's right my mother name was Henrietta Lacks
This here is her story
No names have been changed
No characters invented
No events fabricated
Singularity still depleted
Ethicality still ignored
Illegal, Immoral, Deplorable



Should we fear change?

Words by Maria Trujillo

*Found poem by Maria A. Trujillo, excerpted from *The House of God*, by Samuel Shem, pp. 159, 362, 195, 37, 27, 135, 215, 178, 70, 243, 168, 321, & 295, and HPU LifeLines Poetry Workshop participants from the group poems *Change, Afternoon Bells, & Friendship*. High Point, NC.*

Saturday afternoon at 5:30,

I dreaded the ringing of my phone,

Instead of forgetting you'd try to remember.

What did I know about the pain in my stomach?

My pain was fear.

On the bed is a young patient.

The same old cancer,

Jumping in playful.

They were one big happy family,

Should we fear change?

Instead of being with him in my helplessness,

We waited with bated breath.

The young doctor says,

I tried and failed.

I couldn't fail to notice,

He was as guilty as anyone had imagined.

DO NOT WISH FOR NEW HANDS





THE BEAUTIFUL CITY *Words by Caitlyn Schaap*

1. The Illusive Illusion

"Beauty is all an illusion"
-Colleen, Esthetician

When Colleen talks about being an esthetician, her favorite topic is makeup. Makeup can make you anyone.

Sweet, stunning, sultry, smokey.

Beauty is an illusion. Smokey eyes and mirrors. Faking contours and highlights; flushes and wide eyes; arched brows and plump lips.

"Beauty is regional and cultural. What some people think is beautiful isn't always what you think is beautiful."
-Colleen, Esthetician

When I tell people about being from California, I think they think first about vanity. We never leave the house without a full face of makeup, coifed hair, stunning outfit, perfectly tailored.

A reputation for falseness

glamour

celebrity

perfect tans and beach bodies

trend diets and yoga

Years ago, a friend used to tell the story of a time he was across the country visiting potential universities. He always recalled the Stupidest Question Ever. "You're from California? Aren't all the girls there like, really fine?" To which he replied, "Yeah, there are no ugly people allowed in California."

In High Point, people look different than in California. Not better or worse, but certainly different.

Natural faces

Unprocessed hair

"Tops" are traded for t-shirts

Two different kinds of beauty.

Regional appearance.

Regional beauty.

"Working in the beauty industry is hard because you have to focus on what clients think is beautiful. What you think doesn't matter as much."

-Colleen, Esthetician

Beauty is illusive

abstract

difficult to distinguish

A disjointed definition that no one quite agrees on.

A beautiful view is different than a beautiful face; a beautiful dress different from a beautiful painting; a beautiful moment different than a beautiful song.

How does one know what another thinks is beautiful? How does one make someone else beautiful? Where does she even begin?

When I go to the hairdresser, after she washes and cuts the endless mane of tangly curls, she always styles my hair. She brushes it back away from my face. No part. She uses creams or mists, nothing sticky enough to keep the frizz out. She never styles it to look the way it did when I came in.

And when I look in the mirror, it looks puffy. Curls wavy and undefined, not framing my face.

My face looks too round. Spherical. Like a basketball.

This frizzy basketball face isn't beautiful

To me.

How could it be

To her?

2. Searching for My Other Half

"Hello. I'm Matt. I'm looking for a beautiful girl, on the thinner side, to hang out with and possibly start to date...I've got a long life story to tell and I'd love to share it with the right girl...I want a respectful girl that is laid back with a sense of humor that can party with me too...Is there anyone out there? Send a pic and tell me a bit about yourself. Thanks"

-Man Seeking Woman, Greensboro Craigslist Personal

"Hey About me:

25 years old
care gaver to my mother
i dont need your money
blue green eyes
red brown curly hair
5;6 an thick not fat
I like to
hang out with friends
bonfires
shoot pool
shoot guns
hunt fish
budlight
and more.."

-Woman Seeking Man, Greensboro Craigslist Personal

Thick not fat. What does thick mean? Is it better than fat?

On the thinner side. Is the yellow fat beneath her skin the only measure of her beauty?
The thickness of her thighs the measure of her mind?

Thick:

1.Of relatively great extent from one surface to the other; fat, broad, or deep: a thick slice of bread

2.

a.(postpositive)of specific fatness: ten centimeters thick

b.(in combination):a six-inch-thick wall

3. having a relatively dense consistency; not transparent: thick soup

4. abundantly covered or filled: a piano thick with dust

5. impenetrable; dense: a thick fog

6. stupid, slow, or insensitive: a thick person

7. throaty or badly articulated: a voice thick with emotion

8. (of accents,etc)pronounced

So many meanings for one thing, but I especially like abundant. It lets me imagine her own massive personality, choking those who dare to be smaller. She is abundant

Swollen with love

Thick with personality

Heavy with the weight of her own selflessness. The only weight that matters.

"I think it was february 4th? I don't entirely remember.

you were waiting on a prescription, sitting on a bench. looking all adorable in a knit hat thing. blonde, petite, 18-22 lookin'. you are ungodly cute.

I walked by and choked cus, [you know], social anxiety and all that, hence internet...

worth a shot, right?"

-Man Seeking Woman, Greensboro Craigslist Personal

The missed connections section of Craigslist is possibly the saddest place in the world. Where hope goes to die. The home for people who saw beauty from a distance, but never came closer

Never spoke to it

Never acknowledged it

Never flirted with it

But watched it as it walked out of the

Door of the Walmart on Wendover

Parking lot of Carolina's Diner

Line at the pharmacy counter

The Food Lion in Thomasville

Then, desperate to reclaim it, turned to calling out to the blonde, the adorable, the ungodly cute woman they wished they'd stopped and worked up the courage to talk to.

Worth a shot right? Will she even see it?

3.The Good Old Days

In High Point, beauty probably always mattered a little bit, but as we know it today

Salons

Products

Tools

Chemicals

That truly took off in the 1950s, when glamour and style genuinely arrived.

"Critics complained that women should not spend so much money or time on their appearance. Some clergy members preached sermons urging women to avoid personal vanity and to maintain their natural looks without cosmetics or hair colorants."

-Alice Sink, on beauty in High Point in the 1950s

I think men are still making this argument. The good old "you look better without makeup" argument. But how could they know? They never see most of us without it.

They never see me without it.

I remember a time in high school, when I was rummaging through my schoolbag for a powder compact and an eyelash curler to touch up the hours-old makeup, a boy saying "I think you look fine without makeup". Insinuating that I was bare faced, right that moment. I remember snapping at him, "I'm wearing a ton of makeup right now."

He shut up.

I think that what most men mean is that they think women look better when they wear natural makeup and natural hair colors. They don't really want all of the women of the world to take a makeup wipe to their faces. They don't want to see

Blotches

Wrinkles

Pimples

Dark Circles

Gray Hair

Oily Skin

How could we be beautiful then? How could we even feel beautiful?

"Attitudes were changing, however, and fashion and beauty were increasingly regarded as worthwhile pursuits. Mass media, the film industry and companies in the beauty business promoted these ideas. Popular songs even urged women to stay young and beautiful. Consequently, the beauty parlor was a significant part of American culture for many women."

-Alice Sink, on beauty in High Point in the 1950s

It's always important for every outlet to push the need for beauty products and procedures on women.

Magazines

Television

Radio

Music

Movies

Advertisements

That way, when someone tells us we are beautiful without the makeup or the hair dye.

We won't believe them.

4. The Beauty Queen

"For the 13th year in a row the High Point Theatre will host the Miss North Carolina USA pageant and the Miss North Carolina Teen USA pageant."

-Fox 8

Every year, for the last 13 years, The Beautiful City has hosted some of the biggest beauty pageants in the state. Glamorous ladies in bedazzled gowns winning tiaras

just a few streets away from condemned houses

empty industrial buildings

scrub grass lawns

Bringing more beauty into the beautiful city.

"So there were about 60 contestants from all over NC, most had competed in pageants prior, but this was my first pageant experience."

-Lauren, Miss High Point

Miss High Point isn't from High Point. An outsider eclipsing the beauty of girls from the beautiful city.

Was she beautiful before she came to High Point, or did the city make her beautiful?

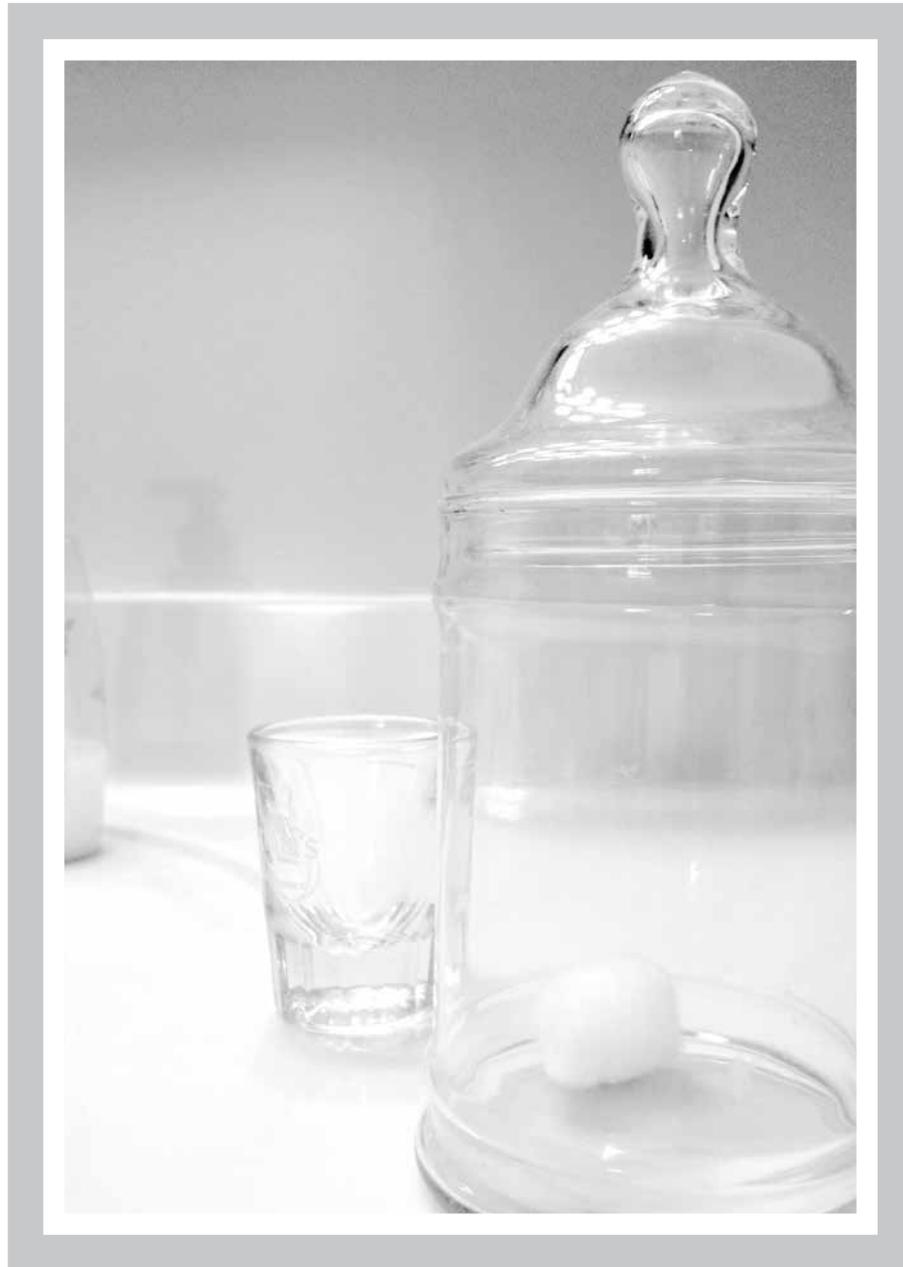
In my hometown, I watched girls I knew win the Miss Amador pageant every year. Looking different from the jeans and sweater school outfits I knew, they were glowing in their jeweled gowns and flawless blown out hair. They looked like princesses.

like queens.

I wonder what it is like for the girls of High Point

to watch their friends become princesses

but lose the opportunity to be queen.



"Desire for success, an objective or goal, ambition coupled with poise, courage, beauty, grace and intellect are the characteristics of a Miss USA or Miss TEEN USA winner."

-Paula, Executive Director

We were judged on interview, evening gown, and swimsuit. There were girls of all different sizes and ethnicity's.

-Lauren, Miss High Point

Sometimes I feel skeptical about beauty pageants being judged on anything more than which girl is the prettiest, but maybe the pageant directors and future beauty queens are right.

Maybe they judge for more substance.

Maybe the they judge for the whole package.

Maybe

Beauty hinges on more than looks alone

Beauty is based on a beautiful personality

Beauty is based on confidence

Beauty is based on intelligence

Beauty is based on talents

But, if pageant judges are looking for those things, why do the girls need princess gowns

Porcelain veneers

False lashes

Wigs and extensions

Spray tans

Swimsuits

What makes a beauty queen beautiful? Her interview answers or her evening gown?

"The pageant was fun and exciting. It was everything I had hoped it would be. I entered to gain self-confidence, and that is just what I did. I encourage all young girls to participate."

-Annie, Testimonial

Confidence.

Maybe all it takes to be beautiful is to

feel beautiful.

Unapologetically.

Do the women in High Point feel beautiful? Do they know they live in the beautiful city?

5. "Good" Hair

Wig stores. I had never seen a store exclusively dedicated to wigs until I moved to High Point. In High Point there is more than one. There are beauty supply stores,

full of extensions

wigs

smoothing treatments

There are salons advertising

Relaxing treatments

Chemical straightening

Braids and twists

A million ways to make your hair better

"good"

"I've noticed, particularly with black American women, that most of us are taught, or start of with the understanding that something is wrong with our hair."

-Woman, Can I Touch Your Hair

Society doesn't cater to kinky hair; it doesn't cater to me being able to walk around with my own hair. It tells me that its not beautiful...It tells me to wear a weave, it tells me to wear braids, and it tells me when i do those things I immediately become more socially acceptable."

-Woman, Can I Touch Your Hair

"Good" is straight hair

long hair

blonde hair

hair that can be curled with an iron

sleek hair

shampoo-commercial hair

unnatural

A weave

Extensions

voluminous

but, never puffy

"Good" hair is

Not your hair.

"Our fabulous fashion wigs are carefully selected to match every customer's needs, which are: lightweight, ultra comfortable, natural looking... along with a full range of natural colors."

-High Point Wig store

"Most people who do our hair, their first lesson is to change it."

-Woman, Can I Touch Your Hair

Do you ever try straightening it? is the first question people ask after the initial hair compliment. The compliment heard 'round the world by other curlies. You have the most beautiful hair. Thank you, you're only the fifth person today to tell me. Please don't touch it; it will frizz. Yes the curls bounce back, but please don't pull them.

Do I ever straighten it?

Is it not good enough the way it is?

Didn't you just say it was beautiful?

Do I need to crush it between metal plates

heat and burn it

change it

So that I look like you?

Why can't I just look like myself?

"We style and teach you how to wear and care for your new best friend Your New Hair!"

-High Point Wig store

"I'm going to cut it all off and buy a wig!" I'm pretty sure I've said this 200 times in my life.

Each time

it frizzed in the rain

it tangled

it painfully caught in the hairbrush

it couldn't do the styles in the magazines

it couldn't do any other style but

up

or

down

But it makes me look like me. It's unique. It's special. Isn't it

Beautiful?

6. Becoming Perfect

"Our process helps you realize the possibilities to create new beauty that reflects who you see yourself to be. Whether focused on your face and neck, or other aspects of your body, we fully appreciate your desire for cosmetic enhancements."

-Website of High Point Plastic Surgeon

If you don't feel beautiful

Never fear.

We can fix you. For a pretty penny.

In elementary school I had a best friend whose mom would let us watch the "good" tv. We would watch Doctor 90210 snip and trim and tuck women into being beautiful. Watch him draw on their faces

necks

chest

stomaches

legs

With a magic marker. Marking what was bad

what to get rid of

what to expel

what to enhance

what to fill

We watched women lose pieces of themselves and fill their bodies with bags of saline and gel and bits of plastic.

We loved it.

"More than appearance, the new you is who you truly are, now revealed to the world."

-Website of High Point Plastic Surgeon

Are the women I see in High Point not who they truly are?

realizing who they could be?

hidden underneath what?



The bump on her nose

The “a” cup

The extra 3 pounds

The hidden cheekbones

The lines from age

I don't buy it. In the beautiful city the women I see are beautiful. They take care to look their best. Using setting powder instead of surgery to help them achieve perfection.

Who they truly are may not be revealed to the world, but I see it.

7. The Beautiful City

You can only see the sign if you're leaving High Point. Out on High Point Road next to a convent with a crucifix in the garden. High Point, the Beautiful City. Not a beautiful, the beautiful. Perhaps High Point is the beautiful

the only beautiful city.

But, what makes a city beautiful?

Is it

Glittering buildings

green lawns

pristine homes

Not in High Point. What makes High Point beautiful is the people.

Resilient and strong as the bottom falls out of the furniture market

and poverty closes in

as homes fall into disrepair and jobs become scarce

They press on with grace

With Beauty.

The other side of the short brick sign just says Welcome to High Point.



Contributors

BRANDAN was born in 2005 in Long Island, NY. He is 9 years old. He loves to play sports. He also loves to read, but his favorite thing to do is play with his family.

CALEB is 7 years old. He likes any sort of videogames.

RAINA CALLAHAN, inspired by her mother's work with art, decided to take a serious crack at photography while studying in the United Kingdom. She is a writer at heart and believes that is the key to her photographic eye. Raina is a senior English Writing and Literature major at High Point University and a native Chicagoan.

CAMERON is 8 years old and loves his parents, sister, brothers, friends, and football!

SAVANNA CHAMPAGNE graduated from High Point University in 2014 with a degree in English writing. She is interested in pursuing a career in teaching creative writing, as well as continuing to produce her own works. She plans to teach abroad in the fall of 2014.

CORIANA is 8 years old. She likes to play with her cousin and play with her friend.

SHANNON CURLEY is a senior at High Point University, majoring in English and minoring in Women's & Gender Studies. In 2014, she worked as a Proofreading and Brand Writing intern for Hasbro, Inc., an international toy and gaming company. After graduating in December 2014, she plans to pursue a career in either publishing or copywriting.

TAYLA CURRAN studies at High Point University.

DEMORIA is six. He likes spaghetti.

DILLON is 6 years old. He can bowl. He watches baseball.

JESSIE DREW is from Coventry, Rhode Island and majors in Psychology with a minor in Spanish at High Point University.

GER'MIYA likes to play basketball. He likes to play football. Pizza is his favorite food.

JAHSEEM is nine years old. He likes sports and football is his favorite.

JEREMIAH is 8 years old. He wants to be an NFL player for the Sea Hawks. His favorite position is linebacker. He has three siblings that he plays catch with.

JONAH is 8 years old. He reads Shel Silverstein.

KALEB is five years old.

KAMRYN is 6 years old. She is in first grade.

KATELYN is six years old. She smells good.

KAYLA is 7 years old. She likes to go to the store and go play. Red is her favorite color.

KOBE is 5 years old. He is very good at rolling.

LOGAN is 7 years old. He likes Legos.

CECILIA MARENICK is fourteen years old. She is a freshman at Southwest Guilford High School and enjoys writing, cheerleading, and running track.

MAKIYA is 10 years old. She has 2 sisters and 1 brother. She likes to read every day.

MARIYAH is 10 years old. She likes to do arts and crafts.

SARAH MARTIN is a photographer, filmmaker and entrepreneur living in Nashville, TN, her new home after a decade of teaching art at the University of North Carolina at Greensboro. In Nashville she pursues new projects and can be found most weekends documenting and drinking in honky tonks.

MICHAEL is 9. He likes football. He likes TV.

NATALIE is 5 and she likes to dance.

NTEARIYAH is 8 years old. She loves to sing and dance. She loves to go to church. And she loves to go outside.

JACOB PAUL'S 2010 debut novel, Sarah/Sara, was named one of that year's five best first fictions by *Poets & Writers*. His second novel, A Song of Ilan, is forthcoming from Jaded Ibis Press in 2015. His work has also appeared or is forthcoming in *Hunger Mountain*, *Western Humanities Review*, *Green Mountains Review*, *Massachusetts Review*, *Seneca Review*, *Mountain Gazette* and *USA Today's Weekend Magazine* as well as on therumpus.net, fictionwritersreview.com and numerocinqmagazine.com. A former OppenheimerFunds product manager, he currently teaches creative writing at High Point University in North Carolina.

SANIYAH is 7 years old. She is very tall and cute. She likes her life.

CAITLYN SCHAAP is a junior at High Point University where she is studying English writing and communications. Originally from the small town of Pioneer, CA, Schaap hopes to return to the west coast to pursue a career in publishing after graduation. She is a member of Alpha Chi honor society and Sigma Tau Delta.

SIERRA is 11 years old. Her favorite thing to do is gymnastics.

MARIA TRUJILLO is originally from Colombia, and resides in the United States now. She is a biology major with a pre-medical track.

AUSTIN WHYATT graduated from Northwest Guilford High School and plans on studying literature at UNC Asheville in the fall. He enjoys both reading and writing poetry and prose, and hopes to pursue his dream of writing professionally.

ALEX WILSON graduated from High Point University in 2014 as a double-major in English and Psychology.

Collaborative poetry by residents of Pennybyrn at Maryfield's Taylor Village, Roy B. Culler, Jr. Senior Center, and Smith and Deal households were developed in Allison Walker's service learning class, ENG 2230, with High Point University students.



Greensboro Performance of Home for an Hour
by Sarah Martin



HIGH POINT UNIVERSITY

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