

# Bayousphere

# Spring 2013

# Bayosphere 2013

The Literary Art Magazine of the University of Houston-Clear Lake  
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# Award Winners

## Non-Fiction

Last Night in Rice Village

## Fiction

Afternoons at Jimbo's

## Poetry

Magic Slate

## Photography

Generations

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2012 -2013

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# PACKING UP CHRISTMAS

By Katie Coones

My cave more like Bedlam than Bethlehem,  
I slouch around in felt slippers  
and hopscotch over boxes  
of the last sputters  
of Jesus energy,  
a tangled mess:  
twinkling lights  
anything  
to keep winter  
at arm's length and  
to resuscitate a handful  
of weary symbols of the Numinous.

My angel, flat paper over fiberglass  
and clouds, cranberry cheeks and gilt  
looks down her nose from my crispy fir tree.  
She is a mockery of a Madonna;  
a sorry excuse for a Goddess  
but, she is an heirloom.

My reindeer prance sans Santa,  
whom I have never quite forgiven  
for outright lying to me.

The year Merry Lee told me,  
My Pentecostal Maw Maw rebuked me,  
“Santa is a sin; let’s put Christ back in Christmas,”  
I unpacked the nativity set, noted that cockroaches

(My mother insisted never existed but I knew)  
had nibbled off the thick pastel paint,  
devoured poor cuckolded Joseph’s chin, and  
licked off all the gold from Gabriel’s wings.  
Dark kings gave gifts like Santa, but were smarter,  
so Maw Maw said. I asked her once what they might give  
to Jesus’ twin sister, whom I plopped next to Jesus in the manger.  
She was not pleased. I told her I thought gold cymbals would be nice.

I have a relic from that family crèche, a shepherd.  
Just as baby Jesus was a bit lopsided, the shepherd leans  
cattywampus and has a chalky white lamb slung over his shoulder,  
rather like the chinchilla stole my other Grandmother wore.

I’ve always loved that shepherd and imagined myself his little lamb.  
This year I felt the shepherd’s breath as he stood at the manger.





# HILL COUNTRY VIEW

By Paul Meyers



# LAST NIGHTS IN

The fight started out innocently enough. Maybe (o.k. probably), I mentioned that she probably didn't know someone famous from the cast of EACH of the three movies we rented tonight.

***Expect that is against the rules, Fry. You know we don't mention her penchant for randomly making up shit. There will be trouble and you know that. Worse, you wanted it, wanted to see how bad it will get.***

Except the yelling was worse than I expected and faster, more intense, I had offered to buy her, her herbal medicine, but she was pretending to get clean for an imaginary job interview. Then I smarted off again and she threw a poker chip rack at my head.

***But it was the plastic one, not the metal one. It grazed and didn't make solid contact. Thus, according to the letter of the rules, the fucked-up rules, it constituted only a minor violation. On a par with mentioning that not all Oscar nominees were her best buddies, leave it alone. She is 10 years your junior, do you remember what it was like to be that age?***

This is a particularly mean drunk. People who look on the "this is serious" end of drinking from the outside tend to think of people as either mean drunks or lovey-drunks. But an often mean drunk can have a lovey drunk, and a lovebird can get ahold of a mean one.

***Lots of factors involved, especially your attitude at drink one. I can't make you understand, in fact, it is my fervent hope that you never will.***

At this point, she is full on, in my face screaming. And I consider the thing that only some of you will forgive me for. No, I do not strike her as I might if I was that kind of man. But no, to date her betrayals have been mild and often well-deserved. She is a creature of fragile self-esteem, coming into womanhood after a bad adolescence (how bad, I do not know, truths and lies sound the same on her tongue.) Instead I go into the kitchen to pour another drink (perhaps my 7th, or maybe only my 6th.)

***She is angry, so angry. I look around the room for things she might improvise as a weapon. Finding none that I believe she can lift without me noticing, I turn back to the television set. Rockets/Blazers, besides***

# RICE VILLAGE

By Fulton Fry

***being cute she is a sports fan, perhaps that is why we lasted even this long.***

She disappears, and I hear it. Oh fuck, I hear the splash. Surely not!

***Yes, she is pouring my bottle of Kentucky Choice down the sink. And with Texas blue laws being what they are, it is irreplaceable, at this hour, at any price.***

“HIT ME!” she screams, “You know you want to hit me!”

***And I do, want to that is, perhaps if I were a different sort of man, or God help me, maybe even if hitting her was the only way the only way I could hurt her. Instead I lower my voice to a near whisper and speak.***

Did you enjoy that? You child. You silly little cu...I swallow it, but it is too late. The bottle whizzes at my head, missing narrowly.

***She glares at me, in abject terror. She has violated all the rules in one swoop, and I have been no better. So what is left? A physical fight? A visit from the authorities?***

Instead I smiled; a smile that those who know me best understand isn't a smile at all. “Let us reason together”, I said. “I am going down to the little store to get a 40.”

***She looked at me blankly, was this really as bad as it would get.***

“If you are truly done with me, have my things in a garbage bag outside when I return, and I will work from there.”

***And I see the temptation mixed with trepidation.***

“My suspicion is that you are not ready to leave me just yet. Your whole life you have never been single, you define yourself as somebody's woman; you won't kick one boyfriend to the curb, unless you have another to replace him.” “My friend Tom, who you have been cybering with and maybe meeting on the sly once or twice, isn't quite ready to put the dagger all the way in my back, so you need another couple of weeks of me.”

***The look on her face told me everything I needed to know about how accurate my guesswork was.***

“If you pour out my hootch again Jenna...” I cross the room to touch her face, “I know I make your life hell in a thousand little ways, imagine if I were actually trying?”

***When I get home, our bedroom door is locked and I hear her frantically typing away, as if consumed by fever. Two weeks, give or take....I can put up with anything for two weeks.***

# GENERATIONS

By Angela Rosales



# A MATTER OF OPINION

By Wendy Babb

I suppose it is simply a matter of opinion  
What is right and wrong in love.

Who is to say what becomes of us?  
What standards must be conformed to  
To make us believe all is right in the world?

Why does the heart pound with every glance  
Or a touch that seems to set my being on fire  
The words... the tastes... the sensations...

The fear... the confusion... the exhilaration...  
I come from every meeting  
Both physically and mentally exhausted.

Underlying emotions  
That must be pushed back  
For fear of self destruction.

All is not right in our world  
But I do look so forward to you.

# FALLEN STARS

By Paula Calimlim

I once stepped on fallen stars  
just because I could  
Little did I know  
that there were  
shimmers of hope  
left within to  
shoot themselves back into the sky



# FIGURES

By Angela Rosales





I'm just sitting here  
watching the colors  
creep up the wall  
not moving  
or blinking  
or breathing at all  
just watching the colors  
slip down the wall.  
Out of my fantasy  
coloring my life  
as the colors  
crawl 'cross the floor.  
Open the window  
and let them fly  
as the colors  
fall up into the sky.  
Up and over  
and down once more  
back through the window  
to crawl 'cross the floor.  
Close the window  
the flight will fall  
not moving  
or blinking  
or breathing at all  
as I watch the colors  
creep up the wall.  
Life goes back to black and white  
as the colors  
go back to the fantasy life.  
Not moving  
or blinking  
or breathing at all  
as I watch the colors  
slip down the wall  
until there's nothing left  
to slip at all  
of the colorful wall.

# COLORS

By Wendy Babb



## Grapes

By Angela Rosales

# FRACTURE

By Meagan Anthony

Dissociation is defined by psychologists as a mental process which allows the mind to distance itself from experiences that are too traumatic for the psyche to process. This means that during an event that is too horrible to be considered real, the mind will fracture. Two separate parts of consciousness will form to protect the mind from the event. A woman being raped will break away from her body and no longer feel the pain of invasion and may feel as though she is floating above herself, watching but having no control. A child being beaten by their father will dissociate what is happening and create a separate part of themselves that will run behind a dresser for safety. Dissociation is the mind's way of protecting itself not only during the event but long after as well.

Many psychologists say that once the fracture of consciousness occurs that is it difficult if not impossible to bring the two parts together again. The consciousness that remains in the self after the incident is typically the dissociated part that floated above or ran away. The memory of the incident is either missing completely or incomplete. Some fracture people can remember every detail but only as an observer, they can not tell how it felt because their mind was not present in the body during the event. So the fracture self, the part of your mind that was able to escape becomes the real self and the real self becomes the fracture.

I remember everything. The callused hand wrapped around my stomach, pulling me deeper into him. Uneven breaths with the unbrushed rancidity. Not breathing for hours at a time. Dreading the night. Dreading the weekend. Where is my dissociation? My gift of amnesia or at least foggy painlessness. Where is my fractured self? I can remember everything so where is my blessed alter? The child that got up and ran to the backyard to play with the dog. The one that turned up the radio to drown out the tears. Turn their back and walked away. I am the fracture. The real self that is no longer reality, that part that remembers it all. I am where the memory lives. Where are you? My blissful forgetful friend. My alter that has stolen reality.

Are you living in California, wasting the days at the beach covered in a mist of sand? I bet you can laugh like you mean it. You have a lover too. Can you bear to let him see you

naked? To be vulnerable. You can. I guessed as much. I bet you're happy. Not fake Hollywood happy, but real life happy. You have an apartment and a job. Oh, you dabble in acting do you? Well good for you.

Maybe you live in Vermont. You fell in love with a townie during a cross-country road trip after you graduated from Berkley. He is a landscape architect and you are a first grade teacher. You like kids don't you? Children don't remind you of anything? Something you can't run away from. No? Lucky you.

I know where you are. New York. You're a singer aren't you? You sing about the tragedies of high school heart breaks and losing you oh-so loving father in a car accident when you were eight. Is that what happened? Is that the reality that you have created, the reason you are able to forget?

I wonder what you remember. Did you run out the door and not see a thing? You live peacefully now because you ran away and left a little girl to suffer. And you can sleep. Or were you the kind that floated above and watched but could not act. Were you the reflection in the mirror screaming to make it all stop?

Respected psychologists say that the witnesses of violent crimes sometimes suffer as much as the victims themselves. Do you? There are five thousand dollars in therapist bills in a drawer somewhere, someone to help you forget that you ran. That it could have been you. You play the events over in your head of you floating above and being helpless to intervene. Do you regret fracturing from me? You could have stayed. Two are stronger than one. We could have fought, but you left unaffected. Would you change things if we could go back? I didn't think so.

I would have run too. After all I'm just a fracture. Just the sad pathetic part of yourself that you left behind. The eight-year-old still curled in a ball at the foot of an unmade bed. The reflection screaming at you from the other side of the mirror. Don't worry. If I were real, I wouldn't have helped me either.

# WORDS

By Wendy Babb

The words don't come out straight sometimes  
And the difficulties pour down unmercifully  
On one who owns no raingear.

How can it be that words change everything?  
In the blink of an eye, the sudden breath of surprise  
And uncaring jab from a sharp tongue  
Does all the damage in the world  
That can, seemingly, never be erased.

Why do the wounds of words take so long to heal?  
Is it simply the heart of a poet that leaves one open to all?  
Or the mind of a lover who can see no wrong?  
But both, pray for me... both is pain waiting to happen.

So sit in the rain with your face to the sly  
Let the tears streaming down join with the drops  
And meld into a torrential downpour of emotions  
The overcome the levies we build to protect ourselves  
From ourselves.

I wonder what it means  
to have the  
swirls of your  
initials be  
the first on  
this canvas  
to fade from  
my hand.  
Does it vanish from my palm  
the same way  
you slip,  
slow and sure,  
out of my  
aching grasp,  
never to return  
for a second chance?

# HENNA TATTOO

By Paula Calimlim

# AFTER SHOW DRINKS

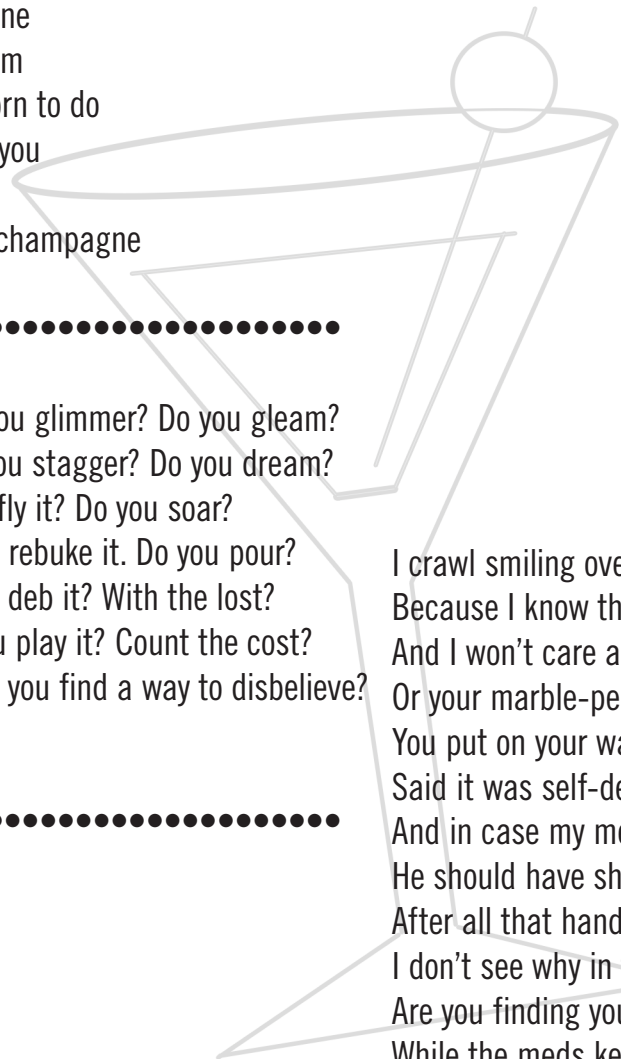
By Fulton Fry

The words grace the page  
The man stalks the stage  
The will steals the scene  
It's a narcissist's dream  
I do the thing I was born to do  
And it resonates with you  
Your ardor won't wane  
And we'll share some champagne

.....

Do you shimmer? Do you glimmer? Do you gleam?  
Do you swagger? Do you stagger? Do you dream?  
Do you buy it? Just to fly it? Do you soar?  
When you puke it. And rebuke it. Do you pour?  
Do you cred it? Do you deb it? With the lost?  
Or do you pay it as you play it? Count the cost?  
In this liquid faith can you find a way to disbelieve?  
Or will you grieve?

.....



I crawl smiling over the broken glass  
Because I know this too shall pass  
And I won't care about your carefully tousled hair  
Or your marble-peach of an ass  
You put on your war-paint, barbed up your wires and built up your wall  
Said it was self-defense when you had him, while I drank in the hall  
And in case my measured response wasn't perfectly clear  
He should have shook my hand when I offered him beer  
After all that hand once was good enough for you  
I don't see why in the hell he wouldn't enjoy it too  
Are you finding yourself my bright would-be wife  
While the meds keep you balanced on the edge of a knife  
I throw out charity to embrace an irony rich  
He cheated with you, he cheats on you, what an unexpected switch  
Makes me no mind then, stay away from me  
A plain truth, a plain love, revealing  
Like cold won-ton soup congealing  
Free with lunch combo "B"



# MARCH HARE

By Katie Coones

Soon, the green shoot in my heart  
will break ground and sprout again  
stubborn as a snowdrop  
in cahoots, I believe  
with the spring-drunk birds  
chirping songs I sometimes think I understand,  
like Pedro beep, beep, beeping his horn  
outside his novia's house, crying,  
"Andale! Andale! Andale!"  
or Little John next door in his tire swing, shouting  
"Higher, Mama! Higher! Higher!"

Smitten, I suppose by new sunshine,  
a bee detoured into my home  
and my poor kitten scaled the lace curtains  
wondering what all this is about  
I tried to explain it to her  
but my words hopped out like panting,  
foaming-at-the-mouth march hares  
making no sense whatsoever other than  
see, hear, smell, taste, touch  
and be here now  
for this.

# HAUNTED

By Paul Meyers



# EVERYTHING'S

I keep coming in and out, like a radio station when you are driving almost into its range. They do their best with the pain. They apparently have their hands tied by “addiction concerns.” They keep pretending I am eventually going to get out of this bed, and I pretended to believe them. I wish they would give me the good stuff. Why not be a 76 year old junkie if I want to be, I’ve been everything else. They ask me how bad the pain is, with 10 being the worst pain you can possibly imagine. I tell them it’s a solid 9 and feels like something Mengele would have come up with. It isn’t as funny when you have to explain who Mengele was.

I met my wife at a bad Italian restaurant where she worked. Vincenti’s or something like that, I kept coming in for lunch, I pretended that it was because it was close

Her mom was smart and I am no dummy, but nothing in the family could have predicted her.

to work. I was so happy when she agreed to go out with me. Partially because she was such an amazing beauty, and partly because I could see her without having to eat that salty mess they were palming off as Italian food.

Alisha, our first born is a genius, like Mensa level IQ. Salutatorian at her high school, never even opened her school books at home. Her mom was smart and I am no dummy, but nothing in the family could have predicted her. Never had any interest in college though, she manages a bakery.

She bakes pies and breaks hearts, I believe she has been engaged 4 times and never married.

I always dreaded when my boss called me into his office. I was never in any trouble, but it was always something weird. Like he wanted me to feel the material of his pants. I know what you



# EXPANDED

By Fulton Fry

are thinking, sexual harassment, except I don't think so. I couldn't imagine Mr. Carouthers even having sex. When I wasn't fondling his trousers he was going off on some political topic at jet engine decibels.

His face would turn red and you could see the veins pulsing in his neck. When he died at 50 of a heart attack, no one in the office was surprised. A man can't carry that kind of rage all the time.

When the kids were in their teens, my wife Nancy, briefly took a lover. She took up with my friend Carl, who she sometimes did catering jobs for, who would have known. Good old Carl, nice sturdy Germanic stock, couldn't play golf worth a damn though. I always beat him at a 10 or 20 dollar Nassau, only letting him win now and again so

I have always found talking to be overrated anyway.

he would keep playing. He confessed to me after one too many Tanqueray and tonics at the 19th hole one time. They had just called

it off; my guess is Carl was shopping for a younger model. I didn't belt him, but we didn't speak again for another 3 years, or play golf together for five. I tell

you what, I never let the bastard win again.

When Nancy found out I knew, she immediately unbuttoned her blouse, pulled her skirt down to the floor, climbed into the bed and rolled onto her belly. She said we could talk about it, or I could have her any way I liked, as much as I liked for a long time, but not both. I have always found talking to be overrated anyway.

She was going to see some turd of a Jim Carrey movie with her sister Janet, because I didn't want to go. "Fun with Dick and Jane." Some moron ran a red light and hit

them in the side going more than 60. Janet was injured badly and the moron lived, but my poor Nancy. We had to keep the coffin closed. Now I can't look at Jim Carrey that the old nausea doesn't come up again. I have to change the channel. Sometimes when I see Tea Leoni, on the tube, I just weep and weep.

The kids are already arguing over stuff, they try to keep it from me, but I hear more than they know. It isn't the money, it's all sentimental crap.

"Dad would want me to have this!" Why don't they ask me? I am not dead yet. I tell Alisha I am calling the whole thing off. They are going to lower my stuff into the coffin instead, that way no one has to fight their siblings over it. They can just leave me in the hospital room with the pain medicine and the 50 channels of cable until I start to stink, then they can discretely send me out with the garbage. Alisha squeezed my hand (or was it Anne).

My wife insisted she was abducted by aliens as a child. She said she called them the Kewpie doll people, because they looked like Kewpie dolls. Later she saw a documentary about the "grey aliens" and said that was them. I mention this because I had a dream about them and her last night. Or whenever I was last asleep, I kind of get my days and

nights backwards.

I don't want to tell you about the end. It would be like buying a novel, getting halfway

done and turning to the last page. I can say, I didn't see any tunnel, or any light, or sadly any Kewpie doll people. But I can say, it is like everything is expanded. That there is no pain is nice. But the best part is there is no striving, the race we run every day if we know it or not is over, and there is this fantastic, all-consuming peace.

But the best part is there is no striving,  
the race we run every day if we know it  
or not is over, and there is this fantastic,  
all-consuming peace.

# STOP IT ALL

By Wendy Babb

Time moves so slowly.

Dreams move much quicker  
A hastened pace, a frantic rhyme  
Into heaven or hell, all a matter of mind  
And I never know which way to turn  
To climb or fall.  
I wonder if I could stop it all.

Take a breath, catch myself  
Sort it out in any way  
Where it would fall neatly, where I knew it would stay  
Even though I know it will never be so.  
For, I confess  
I truly strive for happiness.

I continue on at my frantic pace,  
Racing forward but look to find  
Time doesn't move so fast or rewind  
To stop the whirling dervish in my head  
And it won't allow me to follow my dreams  
Because they might be gone by any means

So, if I stop to see the world  
Give into the conscious stream  
Does that mean I give up my dreams?  
Or will they find a way  
Through the muck and mire of time  
and survive all that it is to be mine.

# MAGIC SLATE

By Katie Coones

Speak, Sea —  
As you once did  
When your brother  
The sky glittered with  
Gregarious deities; can you  
Feel the rain? Are you grieving?  
We long to recline childlike on some  
Strong bank of human hope and gaze up  
Through our storm and find caravanning  
Towards us camel clouds of wise men coming  
To instruct us in nature's sign language.  
Yet, despite our wishes for dialectic,  
We still continue to scribble away  
Over blank slates of nature  
While death, unschooled  
In all subtlety,  
Speaks.



# SEGA

By Paul Meyers





# AFTERNOONS

I guess the reason I am here is that my parents think I need to talk to someone about last summer. I don't know, I just think it's kind of boring. It really was mostly just a bunch of guys hanging out and playing games.

It never would have happened if dad had let me stay home and play Atari, I guess. Dad thinks that boys should play sports though. Be vigorous he says, don't sit around the house playing games like a fat lump. But I kind of suck at sports and they would always pick me last, even after the kid with the webbed hand who doesn't speak too well.

My friend Brian, who sucks at sports too, told me about a place where you could just hang out and play video games for free.

There was one really nice house in the neighborhood and the dude that lived there was super cool. He must have been like 40, he was really old, but he was really friendly, not show-off friendly like dad is when I bring friends over. His name was Jimbo and he seemed really awesome.

He had a Colecovision, with a Donkey Kong just like the arcades, not lame like the Atari one. Man, I didn't know anyone who actually had a Colecovision. He had two VCR's with all the best action movies, martial arts stuff, cop movies and war movies. Jimbo said he used to

be a soldier in some of the same places where they made chop socky movies.

He had other movies too. He knew we didn't like movies with kissing and stuff, but he had some of naked women doing more than kissing. It was kind of embarrassing when he would ask us if we liked what we saw and stuff.

He drank this stuff called Tank Jin, and it smelled bad and tasted worse. But it was a little o.k. when you mixed it with pineapple juice. He knew I liked pineapple juice and he always kept some in the refrigerator for me.

There was always candy and cookies and stuff, and you could eat it before supper if you wanted. Sometimes he would give one of the kids a whole 10 dollars.

It never would have happened  
if dad had let me stay home  
and play Atari

# AT JIMBO'S

By Fulton Fry

He was a little weird I guess, I know they say bad things happen. He never did any bad things with me though. One time we were drinking the Tank Jin and got a little silly and he tried to kiss me to show me how in case I ever wanted to kiss a girl someday. But the smell of the tank on his breath made me a little sick, so I left. For a couple days after that he was kind of sore at me.

I know Brian let him watch him take a bath one day, and he gave Brian enough money to buy a Moon Patrol Atari Cartridge. He used to hint that we could earn more money, but the things he talked about sounded icky and when I told him so, he said he was just kidding.

Some of the kids he gave special pills to that made them feel kind of floaty.

One day he wasn't there anymore. His mom was there and said he was in some kind of trouble and it was all our fault.

He pretended to be rough and tough but he was always scared and sad inside.

My mom found out that I hung out there sometimes, and my dad got that look on his face he gets when he is mad at me, but doesn't think he is supposed to be mad at me so he pretends he isn't. He was talking to me real quiet, the kind of quiet that makes you wish he would start yelling.

My dad told me the cops had taken him to jail with the other bad men. He said the other bad men would do bad things to him and that it serves him right for being so bad.

Only I hope they didn't hurt him. I never believed he was a soldier like in the movies. He pretended to be rough and tough but he was always scared and sad inside.

I sometimes see some of the guys that used to hang out there, but we never talk about it. It's a sure way to get adults all on your back to talk about it anyway. I feel bad for his mom, I see her at the store sometimes and her face gets all tight and she acts like she wants to cry. I want to tell her Jimbo never hurt me, but I sorta think talking to her about it would just make her feel worse.

# When Do I Listen

By Madeline Hayes

When I do listen to the mourning dawn  
A silent breeze does rustle through gold hair  
Sweet laughter that does sing of doe and fawn  
A lake escapes into the summer air  
Sweet wistful girl does run and seek to find  
On lawn of gold a true companion stood  
Caress her palm soft nudge a love gold mine  
A joyful home whose hearth is warmed with wood  
Cool mist is sewn with warmth and she is young  
Soft wind of wonders slips away my dreams  
My woman of the dawn her song now sung  
Outstretched the arms of age embrace it seems  
    It slips away like childhood dreams that fade  
    Forever lost a friend of memory made



# Editorial Policy and Submission Guidelines

The University of Houston-Clear Lake publishes Bayousphere annually to provide a creative outlet for its students and the community. Bayousphere accepts submissions in the areas of poetry, fiction, nonfiction, art, photography and digital media. Each entry is blind reviewed by the editorial staff and a certificate of merit is awarded to the highest-scoring work in each category.

**SUBMISSION GUIDELINES:** All material submitted must be the original work of the writer/artist. All materials accepted are subject to cropping or editing by the Bayousphere editorial staff, as they deem necessary. Materials should be submitted as follows:

**Poetry** must be typed. Submit work on disk along with a hard copy. Written manuscripts will not be returned.

**Fiction and nonfiction** must be typed, double spaced, and no longer than 2,000 words. Please include a word count on each submission. Submit work on disk along with a hard copy. Written manuscripts will not be returned.

**Photographs** must be black and white, no smaller than 5 x 7 inches, no larger than 11 x 14 inches. Submit on high resolution photography paper and saved on disc at 350 dpi. No framed work. Photographs may be retrieved after the magazine has been published. The Bayousphere staff is not responsible for any entries not picked up after one year. **NOTE:** Any photograph that has been composited or manipulated in Photoshop more than it is possible to do in a darkroom belongs in the Original Art category.

**Sculpture and other three-dimensional artwork** must be photographed in black and white to be considered. (see previous paragraph for photo guidelines). **NOTE:** Sculptures and other three-dimensional artwork may also be photographed from varying angles and then brought into Quick Time Virtual Reality, Flash or a similar software program to present a virtual tour of the artwork as an entry in the digital media category.

**Original artwork** must be suitable for magazine publication. Bayousphere is printed in black and white, pastels, water colors and light pencil drawings do not reproduce well. Art work must not exceed 11 x 16 inches. No framed work. Original works of art may be retrieved after the magazine has been published. The Bayousphere staff is not responsible for any entries not picked up after one year. **NOTE:** Any photograph that has been composited or manipulated in Photoshop more than it is possible to do in a darkroom belongs in the Original Art category.

**Digital Media** consists of computer generated or animated works of art. Animated, i.e. moving images, work can include any of the following forms of digital media: Flash, Macromedia Director, Digital Video, 3D Animation, and Quick Time Virtual Reality. Submissions must be five minutes or less. Entries may be submitted on a CD. Submissions chosen from this category will be featured in the online version of the Bayousphere – therefore, entries for this category can be submitted in color.

**Entry Forms:** A completed entry form must accompany submitted work. Do not put your name on the actual work so that it can be blind reviewed. Entrants are limited to ten submissions in each category. Bayousphere entry forms may be downloaded by clicking on the “Bayousphere Entry Form” link at the top of this page.

**How to Submit Work:** Submissions for Bayousphere may be mailed to: Bayousphere c/o Dr. Hunter Stephenson, University of Houston-Clear Lake, 2700 Bay Area Blvd., Box 339, Houston, TX 77058, or delivered to Room 2109 of the Student Services and Classroom Building.

**Deadline:** Submissions to Bayousphere are accepted throughout the year. Any entries received after September will be considered for the following year's publication.

Direct inquiries may be made by phone 281-283-3403 or by email: [stephenson@uhcl.edu](mailto:stephenson@uhcl.edu).

## COLOPHON

Software:	Adobe InDesign, Adobe Photoshop, Microsoft Word
Fonts:	SketchFlow Print, Eras Bold ITC, Trade Gothic Bold, Trade Gothic Condensed No. 18
Size:	8.5 X 9.5 inches

