

Baylorian



2024

UNIVERSITY OF MARY HARDIN-BAYLOR

Baylorian

2024

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Promotional Staff

Melanie Chua

Production Staff

Kristi Leigh Boettcher

Faculty Advisor

Dr. Laura K. Bedwell

The Baylorian is produced by students in the Department of English at the University of Mary Hardin-Baylor.

Submissions are accepted from faculty, staff, students, and alumni each year.

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This Issue of the *Baylorian* is Dedicated to
Pauline Larimer Binford (1893 – 1966).

Ms. Binford, who was born in Pennsylvania, was a lifelong poet, publishing her first poem at age thirteen in the *Pittsburgh Sun*. After she moved to Texas with her mother, she attended Baylor College—now UMHB—from which she graduated in 1916. She taught in the Texas public schools for many years, but she continued writing as well. She published two books of her poetry: *My Heart Knows a Song* (1948) and *Keep the Wonder* (1966). The two poems by Ms. Binford that we are publishing this year came to light among some of her papers long after her death and were passed on to the *Baylorian* sponsor by the niece of a family friend.

Each year, the UMHB English department awards the Bryan B. and Pauline Larimer Binford Endowed Scholarship to the student who publishes the best poem in that year's issue of the *Baylorian*.

Sorry Bulbed Tree
Nelson, Kaeden

In apathy, we made the bumpy tree.
We carelessly removed its perfect arms
Which now are left as wasted wood debris.
Besieged, its forest fell without alarms.

In gratitude, I look upon its face.
We humbly repent our sinful deeds
When we ransacked its just and holy place
Because we thought its wholesome kind were weeds.

In times of pain and sorrow, we react.
We took you, and we gave you somewhere new
Where now you stand and mostly stay intact
Being adored by us who threatened you.

In thoughtlessness, we took away your wife,
But now, at least, your bulbs are in my life.

In The Harbor

Andrew Hudson

In the harbor, the quiet harbor, the fog banks slowly roll in from where the black night stretched across the raging deep ocean. Past the breakers it floats, turning over and over the tops of the rhythmic waves, ascending up over the docks and jagged jetties. A lone checkered tower, with its one bright eye, peers round and around challenging the swirling mist. The harbor horn sounds its lonely tone across the small bay. Its melancholy note spreads through the crawling fog to resound against the escarpment holding the tower high. A fishing trawler ending its day gradually strolls home.

In the harbor, the quiet harbor, the bay's mouth ever open receives its meal of drifting barges, container-laden freighters, and working tugs. As the ships are digested in the belly of the docks, the few longshoremen greet them with appended gangways and umbilical lines. They grope through the fog to unload cargo. The mist fills their nostrils with the cool, wet scent of deep sea freshness. It tickles their wrinkled visages and imparts a kiss upon their yellow coats. The night's countenance smiles one last time upon the handful of workers and pull carts that clomp and clack across the cobblestone drives.

In the harbor, the quiet harbor, the sleepy surf massages the shell dotted banks between docks, lapping the sand, wetting it with its foamy tongue. Patches of shoreline sport a forest of reeds where night birds and frogs sing to each other through the curtained darkness. The fog cuts itself into countless strips as it creeps into and settles serenely amongst the rushes. The lone signalman illumines the tops of the cattails with its chronic oscillation. The reeds give way to the marshes that give way to the grasses that carpet the dew drenched hummocks that hug the town.

In the harbor, the quiet harbor, the lamps begin to fall asleep from a night's work and unlocked doors open awake for their shift. The shingled and bricked town nestled above its

slippery docks stirs. The wriggling waves of mist glide over the street. Their breath gently stirring the shimmering rainbows floating in the oily street puddles. A salty, loose, heady aroma of diesel settles through the damp air along the docks. Sweet pin-yon smoke spinning from chimneys challenges the diesel scents and insults the pure fog as fires are kindled anew.

In the harbor, the quiet harbor, a warning arises from the shallow depths and emerges in the shadowed fog. The stranding of the S.S. Evening Bell greets fellow travelers in the heart of the harbor. It sits in permanent repose upon the bar. Listing to its starboard, its white washed haunting hull, cracked and gaping, glows stark against the inky night. The rusted, noisy outboards rattled their last many moons ago and now lie in silent ruin. Its mounted lights resigned to darkness. It has come to its final rest upon a sandy earthen exposure, an everlasting exhibit to those who abide in the harbor, the quiet harbor.

Glacé

Makayla Banton

Face drenched in luminous tears,
mimicking the shine across my eyes,
I dropped the all-too-appealing knife on my kitchen
counter and turned away from broken thoughts—
wondering how I'd gotten this far,
wondering why this used to be my dream.

I would dream of crashed cars, dream
of disappearing, of no longer fighting tears,
for there were none to cry. I would finally go too far,
finally get over the problem of my eyes
seeing every harmful thing I do. I dreamed of thoughts,
secret thoughts, made into reality, here in my kitchen—

My beautiful, sheltered, providing kitchen
where I would once bake and cook and dream
of nothing more than sugary-sweet thoughts,
my only concern being an accidental tear
in the fabric of the ruffled apron that I'd often eyed
when my mother wore it years ago. That was far

in the past, for she was long gone, far
from me and my family and our old kitchen
full of treacle smiles and chocolate eyes.
I used to dwell on hopeful dreams
that the cancer would disappear, that her tears
would stop, and so would mine. But such thoughts

were in vain, for what can secret thoughts
do if even secret prayers do nothing? Far
be it from me to judge how the callous universe would tear
me apart for pleasure, in the assumed safety of my kitchen.
I again saw how my mind could conjure these dreams

upon sleeping and waking, behind bloodshot eyes.

In my cinnamon-sugar kitchen, these tired, despondent eyes
of mine once hid shattered, brittle thoughts.

Today, I finally locked up my surreptitious dreams
for good. The universe may torment from afar,
but I can and will find solace in this kitchen,
full of glacé memories. My frightened tears

have yet to dry from my eyes, and I have far
to go. But I steer my thoughts toward this kitchen,
an anchor of reality, away from dreams and memories of tears.

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