

Spring 2022

UWHARRIE DREAMS

Randolph Community College's Creative Writing Magazine

The Valentine's Day "TIMELESS LOVE" issue



Poetry & Fiction



**Contest Winners
& Runners Up**



Faculty Spotlight

Uwharrie Dreams

Special Issue—Spring 2022

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CONTENTS:

POEMS

Two Souls by Cassandra Ciriza Monreal

[Winning Entry]

True Love by Caterin Perez Balderas

[Winning Entry]

Running Through My Head

by Crimson Drake

[Runner up]

Loving Her Endlessly by Roselyn Lopez

[Runner up]

My Timeless Love by Kaleigh W.

Us by Breana Luck

It Calls Me by Christin Page

Any Love That Lasts Forever by

Jaiden Williams

Love Heart by Elizabeth Alderman

STORY

Someone I knew by Lera Foust

[Runner up]

FACULTY SPOTLIGHT

Timeless Love by Stephanie Rietschel



Two Souls

by Cassandra Ciriza Monreal

I yearn for you as much
As the first last time of the thousands of times I left you.
You remain in my thoughts,
There you live, there you sleep.

I no longer want your love
But I do not want to feel your absence either.
I still do not sleep. You torment me,
I'm tormented by the thought of you, but therein lies the problem:
Your memory never left my mind.

In my dearth of affection,
Your love is pain but your absence, your absence is torment.
Because the clock that gave me those two minutes
Before your departure is the same one that today
Reminds me that your soul
Is faded among the hours we live.

I forget much
Yet I remember that we were two souls in one being
Now we are, we are
Two beings with our two souls
Where your remembrance keeps knocking
With sharp knocks on the gate of memory.





True Love

by Caterin Perez Balderas

Love, the amazing bond between two souls.
Souls that need and desire each other.
Two people who make a home.
Two people who make a family.
One girl, two boys.
A happy family of five.

Children see love, joy and peace.
True love!
Timeless love!
A love that doesn't seize.
Such a great example I do have.
For I come from that happy family of five.

Amor verdadero

Amor, el asombroso vínculo entre dos almas.
Almas que se necesitan y se desean.
Dos personas que hacen un hogar.
Dos personas que hacen una familia.
Una niña, dos niños.
Una familia feliz de cinco.

Los niños ven amor, alegría y paz.
¡Amor verdadero!
¡Amor eterno!
Un amor que no se apodera.
Un gran ejemplo que tengo.
Porque vengo de esa familia feliz de cinco.

Running Through My Head

by Crimson Drake

You took my breath and exchanged it for sorrow
Your last glance was haunting and now plagues my every thought,
Like a disease infecting one part and destroying everything in me.

The demise of your love has begun to curdle and spoil me inside,
Like milk that has been left out in the sun.
No longer do I relish the thought of your breath on my neck nor your hands along my flesh.

You have trapped me in a web of lies and torture from whence I cannot escape.
My soul is banished from its point of origin as it is now in your possession.
Dazed and confused are the moments between sunrise and sunset... those precious moments are lost.

The night encasing me in the darkness of realization that you are now gone.
Where have I woken up this time?
The self-inflicted abuse is only visible because you won't see me.

Stumbling toward your memory is a walk that I can no longer bear; it's crippling me.
Letting me fall into the abyss of loneliness.
Glorious echoes of pain flow through my body calling to you in seas of waves so loud they silence my cries.


I dare not die and give you the satisfaction of my immediate departure... you must remember me as I am... as you have made me.
Your promise has been broken and your words are shattered... they are meaningless to the carcass I carry.
Look upon the disaster and remember the day, the promise we made.

No longer will you mourn me since you have moved into a new life and created a new promise.
All in me wants to wish you well but I cannot for I still bear your scar.
It is tattooed through the trinity within my... mind, body, and soul.

As they say, this too shall pass but how many days before that departure presents itself?
The countless days that my love still burns as a candle on the boat in the storm.
And I'm cold and alone, just as I started... without you.

Now I am broken and alone,
You broke my heart,
You tore me apart,
And still, I will forever love you.





Loving Her Endlessly

by Roselyn Lopez

For a while,
she held on to my smile.
Through the growing creaks of the house
and her wine-stained blouse.
She and I would suffice,
for our love was the only vice.
Her kisses were the kind to melt,
and I had never felt
such greater emotion.
I would continue the notion
of loving her endlessly
as my eternal legacy.

My Timeless Love

by Kaleigh W.

My timeless love, my dearest friend.
My love for you has no end.

From the day we stood and said I do,
I promised to share my life with you.

My endless laughter, my one true love.
I knew that you were sent from above.

Since teenagers who were head over heels,
The emotions I feel run deeper still.

From once upon a time to my dream come true,
My timeless love, it was always you.

Us
by Breana Luck

When I think of you and I:

The way that we have aligned.
Over the decades of all this time.

Deeply loving and continuing on.
Always fighting until we've won.

It's a timeless love that we share.
We will last, I declare!

It Calls Me

by Christin Page

An endless alarm wakes me each morning. Tired and worn it calls me.
Tears and laughter defeat and small victories. Tired and worn it calls me.
Thousands of words my mind's overwhelmed. Tired and worn it calls me.
A small child cries I miss you mom. Tired and worn it calls me.
Blue scrubs, a cold hand, a warm smile. Tired and worn it calls me.
The sun sets a lantern is lit a pin is placed. Tired and worn it calls me.





Any Love that Lasts Forever

by Jaiden Williams

The definition of love is as varied as the people that give the word meaning.
For the poet, it is letters strung together purposefully on a line, words their
Love can keep forever, as words last until the end of time.
Although for the the artist it is a blank canvas, and once they find the one, they spend
The rest of their lives painting their world with the colors of the one they love.
For the Gardener it is a language of flowers, they see their love's eyes in the petals of
The angel amber kiss pansy, they see their love's smile in the lilies, and they hand a
Bouquet of forget-me-nots to their love as a silent plea to never forget them.
For the musician, every song is about their love, no matter what key they play in, or
What instrument they use, they can still hear their love's voice in every note.
What about Passionate love that shines as brightly as a supernova in the sky, with
Midnight drives and dances that take place in a storm?
Bashful love that presents itself as a dimly lit star, with unsaid words and gentle
Looks?
But what about the others? The ones without any of these kinds of love?
Do they not truly have love?
Oh how quickly we forget the love we see every day.
The poets may have their muse and the musician their song, but the world has a love
Language of its own.
We must define love in our own personal way.
There are seven point eight billion people in the world, therefore there are seven point
Eight billion definitions of love.
We must find our own, and make it last.

Love Heart

by Elizabeth Alderman

My heart fluttered when I first saw you.

My heart melts when I look at your eyes.

My heart burst when I heard you laugh.

My heart is filled with joy when I hear your voice.

I want to ask you,

will you be my valentine?





Someone I Knew

by Lera Foust

He's still watching over all of us like he said he would. I got into that one university a high school student talks about like one trillion dollars that he always thought I could. What's on sale on his birthday always catches my eye. Or when I miss him, his favorite song, food or joke could always dry my tears. I had the pleasure of being his kindergarten crush, middle school partner in crime, and high school prom queen. Even in another lifetime I'll tell tales about him, acting like he's just around the corner.

The first time I saw mon amour was on the battleground in 2012. Tag, child's play when you're the fastest, and he was until I came along. When we were called back inside, he challenged me to a race across the field. With the popcorn stands roaring and feminism on the line, a bug caught my eye. The teacher said the best thing to do was cry it out, so I went back to class and sat beside him. He was crying as well, and apologized like it was the last thing he'd ever say. Seven thousand years later, middle school. He moved away in 5th grade and we met like strangers in 6th. Being the smartest kid in class, and him right behind me, we didn't talk much. Once, the teacher announced we had to be partners with someone we haven't before. We finished the easiest project of our lives and got 101%. With those numbers, we became an unstoppable team. We would add on mundane tasks and critique each other more and more for an excuse to hang out. He ditched me in 8th grade, moved to some high-slicker city, with highway crime and anti everyone and everything else. On the first day of high school Tomfoolery thought he had to introduce himself to me. While acing another project like the good ol days he started talking more to himself than me. Like asking how to ask someone to homecoming, and shuffling from rushing a good ending or running out of time. He inevitably discarded my advice, to not ask at all and time travel.

He showed up, the day of homecoming, dressed head to toe in teen hormones. In a country bumpkin school you don't often see combed hair alone, but with it slicked back, a tux, and two shined loafers, I couldn't help but laugh. Lord, and he smelt even worse. Probably bathed in his brother's dragon breath perfume. He waltzed over to me, a sucker-punch for both nostrils, and handed me a piece of paper. It read,

I'll be the king to the queen,
We'll be the beauty and bronze team,
What's this? Oh, homecoming!
Would you like to go with me?

He said he found it on the internet, so it doesn't count. Now I don't know much about perfection, but that night taught me a thing or two. A very, very, 2 BPM song came on, and the floor cleared out. He grabbed my hand and told me this was his favorite song. Looking into his eyes, his hands on my shoulders and mine on his. I let go of one, so he could wipe his face of a tear. He just smiled and got lost in the words he wanted to say, simply staring at me. I wiped his tears instead, and, as the beautiful song came to an end, we headed outside.

He told me he was moving again.

Being the optimistic musketeer he made me be, I asked where and when I'd see him

again. He didn't know yet. When? I asked, In a few days, he said. He became more teary-eyed, and I wanted to end this night on a good note. I didn't ask why. He still started to get choked up on trying to hold in his cries. I did that type of hug that aunts do at cookouts, since we were the same height. Muffled in my shoulder, he said he loved me. The next day he left me with a letter. It read,

I'll see you tomorrow,
and the day after that,
Just smile in the mirror,
and I'll smile back.
-your coolest prom king

A week later, I received another,
They have a mini in sodas,
But no cares in Lina,
Everything is going to be alright,
Everything's going to be fine (a).

I receive one about 3 times a month. Feb. 14, 2022, I received one earlier, written on a napkin. It read,

I say, look to the sky,
Look to the sky,
and it's stars that you'll find,
If you look to the ground,
you'll get left behind,
So look to the sky, chin up, and fly.

I folded it, and put it back in the envelope, noticing a postcard. It was his obituary. In his last months he traveled the world. For the first time I didn't lay there crying, cursing my ceiling. I knew he was safe. And when I see him again one day, I'd have all the time in the world.



FACULTY SPOTLIGHT

Timeless Love

by Stephanie Rietschel

I held a stranger in my arms

On the train.

He had defended two girls

of different colors, faiths,

from a man with a knife.

I could feel his heart beating

Beneath my hand,

weakening as I tried to stop the

bleeding.

His last words were,

“Tell everyone on this train I love them.”

His parents loved him

for twenty-three years.

They love him still. And so do I.

Along with the people on the train.