

Image # 7 - Storm approaching

Storm Clouds Gather

Storm clouds race across the land
Fences we've built, but will they stand?

Greed's hypocrisy leads the way
Praying we will withstand the fray

Know our nation won't be the same
Our constitution I now frame

Pride in a country that used to be
Now what will become of you and me?

by Mary Lou Lenhart

SEASONAL PRECIPITATION

When thunderheads roll in
From across the Western Plains
Meet and merge with mountains
And bring us cooling rains,

We raise our heads in thanks
For it cools our sweaty brows.
Also helps the hay crops grow
And green grass for the cows.

But when the hay is mowed
And lays waiting in windrow,
The last thing on earth we need,
Last night's half a foot of snow.

by Eugene Shea

Image # 8 - Chair in Snow

Winter's Minced Bite

yesterday's limber pines
now taut in starched coats

damp but clear sidewalks
memory-wrapped in
sun's warmth

each snow-frosted branch
and twig anchor to
skeleton trees

exposed windows wear
art-show iced designs

thick silence throbs

in grandeur of
morning's gift

by Nancy Gerlock

Where Has freedom Gone

Silent ghostly bear
Watches empty chair

Chair where freedom sat
Now we'll see no more of that
Czars seek to combat

Anyone who tries to stand
Now to fight for freedom's hand

by Mary Lou Lenhart

Image # 9 - Bee

A Bee's Life

by Charlie Popovich

I am just a bumble bee
dressed in colors you can see.

I flit among the garden flowers
and gather honey by the hours.

I take it back to the hive
as honey keeps us bees alive.

If you should make me mad
that would be very bad.

For you would hurt and maybe cry
but poor me, I would die.

Emerging Voices

WNCC's Journal of Literature and Art

2010 Submission Deadline: March 5

Mailed entries should be postmarked by this date. Virus-free electronic submissions are preferred if submitted in Microsoft Word format as attachments. All submissions must be the author's or artist's original creative work only and must include the following information:

1. Name (a legal name is needed for contact and verification purposes. A pen name may be acceptable if work is selected for publication).
2. Address (e-mail and street or P.O. Box)
3. Phone number
4. A list of titles of the all works submitted
5. A 2-3 line biographical note including whether you are a WNCC student, faculty, or staff member, and where you attend classes or work.

Submissions are FREE for WNCC students, faculty, and staff.

Non-WNCC contributors should mail or drop off a **\$5.00 submission fee**, which covers all submissions by one author or artist. Make checks payable to: WNCC Emerging Voices.

Writer's Guidelines

Prose: Short stories/Essays/Creative non-fiction. 2,500 word limit per story. Must be typed and double spaced. Prose must be submitted in Microsoft Word format as an attachment and/or on a virus-free computer disc.

Poetry: Five page limit per author. Must be typed, single spaced is fine. Poetry must be submitted in Microsoft Word format as an attachment and/or on a virus-free computer disc.

Handwritten or drawn "visual" poetry on line-free paper is also acceptable if hand delivered or mailed.

*Please include the title and page number on each page of the manuscript.

*Submissions are blind (your name should not appear on any page of the manuscript). The jury panelists will not see the authors' names until after judging is completed.

*Manuscripts and computer discs will not be returned. Authors may pick up their discs after publication.

Artist/Photographer Guidelines

Accepting: High quality photocopies of artwork including: Black and white line drawings or sketches;

Photos of three-dimensional art and sculpture;

Black and white or high contrast color photographs;

Any size photographs up to 8 x 10 are welcome.

Work should not be matted or framed.

Electronic submissions saved and sent as jpg files are ok.

Photos may be picked up after the magazine has been published. It will not be mailed to you.

We are not responsible for lost or stolen artwork.

Submit entries to: Emerging Voices Attn: Janet Craven, Advisor

Western Nebraska Community College

1601 E. 27th St. Scottsbluff, NE 69361 emergingvoices@wncc.net

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CALL FOR SUBMISSIONS!

Deadline: February 15, 2010

Each year Gertrude Press publishes two chapbooks; one fiction and one poetry. These attractive collections will include a unique cover in a limited press run. <http://www.gertrudepress.org/contest-guidelines>

Writer Compensation: \$50 cash award 50 complimentary copies of the chapbook. Chapbooks will be distributed to subscribers, libraries, and bookstores carrying Gertrude, the Press' annual literary journal. Poetry Chapbook Guidelines at the above website. Submission fee = \$15

Welcome to our newest members:

Gail Denham of Sunriver, OR

Sarah Neyer, Gillette, WY

And welcome back to:

Harriet Messer of Cheyenne, WY

Stan Gustafson of Rawlins, WY

Image # 3 - Hollyhocks

Great Aunt Emmy's Dolls

Hollyhocks cascading down a stem;
Some near six feet tall, boasting of their grandeur.
Aunt Emmy's garden overgrown
She sees only the beauty.
Her wheelchair wreaths a path through the forest of color.
She beckons now for me to come....
I'm to gather blossoms, now closed and resting on the ground.
A little ebb of blossom life soon becomes a ballerina doll.
The next one turns into a baby with a bonnet on it's head.
I giggle, full of fantasy!
The hot sun goes unnoticed.
We sit amongst the hollyhock shade
And create a chorus line of dancing dolls,
A southern belle parade with umbrellas each in hand.
It's time to go inside now; I push her wheelchair slowly.
She carries all our dollies in her apron covered lap.
I fall asleep enfolding Great Aunt Emmy's dolls upon my bed.
Still in her wheelchair she sleepily nods off
Smiling at her most precious little doll.

by Joan Feagins

Hollyhocks

Once, long ago and far away, in a summer
hot enough to wilt an entire garden,
Cousin Anne and I slipped off to play
among the hollyhocks. Tall and straight
they never yield to heat, but catch sunbeams
in petal skirts, a rainbow canopy
where little girls escaped their chores
and prying sibling eyes. Armed with
a pocket knife, chipped china bowl,
and sloshing water buckets, we took cover
in our stalk-still hideout, fashioned dolls

to spin like water nymphs and float a mystery sea
in some imagined paradise where someday we
might be as splendid and care free.

by Lee Ann Siebken

Image # 2 - Computer and Gun

The Trouble Shooter

I had tried a lot of things
to fix up my computer.
My husband said he'd do it--
he claimed he was a trouble shooter.
The internet was moving slow
the viruses running wild.
I've never liked those consarned machines
and my temper was far from mild.
Ron tried his magic fingers
and it was then the screen froze up
This machine was made by the devil
and malice was filling my cup!
I finally took matters into my own hands
and completely fixed the computer--
Blew holes in it with my hunting rifle
and now--I'm the Trouble Shooter!

by Jeanne Mathisen Haugen

Word War

Battle with words instead of a gun
Gosh, wouldn't that be so much more fun
A computer, by Geaorge, might get it done

Use Facebookso ev'ryone can see
The battle raging twixt you and me
Their two cents worth added in for free

A real war of words rages on
Until this word war is all gone
Minds of different thought can now bond

Let muskets stand forever silent
Computers make that rule compliant
Creates world no longer violent

by Mary Lou Lenhart

Image # 4 - Deer looking in window

The Deer Hunter

I'd hunted hard all weekend long
But all I seemed to see were does.
Couple of two points, way too small
Where the big heads hide, who knows.

Come early Sunday evening
Wife left a note she'd gone to town.
I'll have a bath and then a snack
Maybe a toddy or two to wash it down.

Stepped out of the shower, there he stood
A Peeping Tom at my window frame,
A big buck, horns like a rocking chair.
Well two can play his silly game.

Dashed through the house, grabbed my gun
And out the back door I race.
Around the corner, and there we met,
a huge buck and me came face to face.

You're losing it yes, old man, I fear.
So speaks my inner intuition.
Not only do I stand stark naked
But I forgot my ammunition.

by Eugene Shea

Cathedral

The Rose bloom ends
One life undone
Crimson petals
Beneath the sun

New life begins
In earth and sand
Adobe bricks
By man's own hand

Cathedral walls
Rise on high
Glorious spires
Beneath the sky

Baptized bells
Ring out loud
The Rose becomes
A throne for God

by Colleen Purves

Listening to the World at Twilight

High in the branches of a small oak tree
I sat through twilight waiting for the deer
annoyed by combine chatter in the fields,
the din of traffic on the freeway, airplanes snarling
off from a nearby airport, an ultra-light whining
overhead, well beyond bowshot.

The hooting of a Great Horned Owl, a Red Squirrel
fussing in a nearby tree, the rustle of leaves
disturbed by something gone unseen, affirmed
that wildness still declared itself, yet sounding
out of place in this feckless mechanical cacophony,
obscene shouting in a choir singing at it's edges.

As darkness fell, the chill of evening creeping over
wood and field, the volume turned up ever louder from
the atmospheric change, until I cursed machinery;
a pause: the commotion stopped as if to catch it's breath.
God knows what cosmic clock was set to give that briefest
interval, the voice of silence screaming to be heard.

by Joe Greig

Go Away Deer by Charlie Popovich

Big buck deer go away
and I hope you will stay
as my garden you might eat
not knowing I like deer meat.

Image # 5 - Red Rose

Growing Roses In Wyoming

It was the first rose of the season
Now that summer's took its stand
Reined queen of garden for a day
And guidon for a crimson band.

For tomorrow brought another two
And the next day saw even more
A bouquet of crimson beauties
Each brighter than the ones before

The deer came to visit us last night,
Arrived here at the crack of dawn.
Ate every blossom within sight
Left their calling cards upon the lawn.

by Eugene Shea