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The *Bluegrass Accolade* began as a project of the Literary Arts Subcommittee of the Bluegrass Community and Technical College’s Arts in Focus Committee. Our thanks go out to all who helped make this year’s issue possible, including the writers, poets, and artists who contributed their work, and the editorial board members who contributed their time and effort to the production of this issue.
There was a girl fighting against the world
She had her faith and had said one must fight for their own rights
She’d twirled through the world
Smiling at every person she saw
If anybody could see the agony inside her
They may have realized the wretched pain that was within her
She had questions yet they hadn’t been answered
She felt unknown within
till one day something happened
relief spiraled all around
She felt like somebody heard her plea
‘Tis truly a battle within
Somebody found a way to ease her pain
She never told anyone about it
He somehow understood without her uttering a word
Sounds absurd to many
To her a gift …
For the last two Christmases,
I accidentally presented my brother-in-law
with copies of the same novel.
We don’t chat much about the state of fiction
and like the fountain at Triangle Park
I don’t operate so well in the cold months.
He has not opened the first copy
and he has no plans to open the second.
Water makes funny shapes when it freezes.
Next year I may take a crack at three in a row.
At least the wrapping paper was provocative:
One time I used non-denominational penguins
and one time I used the Sunday funnies.
I can imagine a whole shelf of identical titles,
none of them appreciated, none of them read.
DON BOES

Ghost Bike

Stripped of cables and brakes,  
the contraption is completely white  
and shackled to a telephone pole.  
It may be art but is likewise  
a piece of junk. When your parents  
were alive, you learned how to balance  
on those tires. The first frame appeared  
in St. Louis. Tomorrow a new skeleton  
will grace your route, flaring,  
and travelling faster than any traffic.
Morning light is the best light, 
like starting over or opening a fresh bottle of milk.

Nothing has ever been easy here 
except the dawn; she’s born 
every day with no screaming, 
blood staining the sky like an offering 
rather than in a rage on scraps of linen 
(brilliant poppies in a beige room).

By mid-afternoon everything smells 
of damp mud and sweat-soaked cotton, 
horse leavings and piety. She covers 
her flaxen hair and regards the sun, 
stitched tight to the sky like a button. 
This isn’t home, but a place to rest 
until. Home was warm bread and mother’s breast, 
long shadows beneath the maple.

Here there is only rotting cornsilk and 
wet hay, they crowd her nose like ague.

Sharp eyes keep sullen watch while 
the stream gurgles poetry in her ear, 
a day like any other but for its secrets. 
She’s seen the blood sprayed against 
galvanized steel like a warning, an arterial 
message for her only. Soon the milk will curdle
and froth, eggs will abort their freight, crows
will fret indignantly from their perches because they know.

*Company is coming,* they caw
as Mother’s broom falls with a clatter,

c*ompany is coming and she draws the dark
around her like a cloak.*
The thoughts.
The voices.
They won’t go away.
They won’t leave me alone.
“Do it.” it steps closer.
“If you don’t I can make you.” Closer.
How did I end up here?
How did I…
Help.
I’m not crazy.
Don’t call me that.
I’m not a child.
“Do it.” Closer.
Closer.
Closer.
I can feel its claws on my back now.
I can feel its breath on my neck.
The claws are now digging into me.
I think I’m bleeding now.
It consumes me.
Void.
Feathery frost obscures
da shadowed realm, deceptively pure.
Crystal branches, overburdened white,
resplendent in the morning’s light.
Steadfast browns and daring greens
masquerade as a world serene.

Blooming day’s mewling rays
cleansing fire of doldrums’ greys.
Breath of life finally exhaled;
enchanted whispers of fairy tales.
Nature’s pallet lushly renewed,
the Huntress ventured beneath the blue.

Milky skin adorned in fur,
flowing tresses an amber river.
Gaze to match the gentle sky.
The very ocean within her eyes.
And by her side, forevermore,
visage of death in feline form.
Her weapon clutched in reverent due
Elegant, curved, pristine yew.
String of coiled, ghostly hair
tough and thin as mountain air.
A single arrow ’neath her grip,
dancing dawn on its gleaming tip.

Movement beyond a fallen trunk
uprooted and cast aside as junk.
Hooves and muscle, larger than she
stooped beside the lifeless tree.
Digging through the layered snow
Desperate something may yet grow.
A situation much like her own - one of them wouldn't return home. Winter had heavily taken its toll. No family she knew had remained whole. She'd never wanted to pursue this life. But someone had to make the sacrifice.

A simple prayer, for mercy or pity, answered by precious moment of clarity. Her hands moved in practiced silence steadied by her companion's presence. Drawing back the unyielding string, the Huntress released, and let her bow sing.
MATHEW DAMRELL

She Weeps

I've touched the sun.
I've watched it fade.
I've painted days
in blues and greys.

I've seen skies bleed,
great rosy streaks.
Impaled like spikes
on frozen peaks.

But now she weeps
down stormy cheeks.
Her face the clouds -
they’ve sprung a leak.
Walking through a midnight clearing,
cast in dazzling moonlight, gleaming.
The path I travel down this evening
has led me to an unlikely meeting.

Winter’s come to claim the land
in lazy waves of porcelain sand
spilling from Her supple hands.
Crafting our magical wonderland.

Beneath the dusty veil of frost,
upon the field our paths first crossed;
until a moment ago I’d been lost,
now I see it was worth the cost

of wandering out here in the cold,
smothered in the forest’s fold.
What started as a thoughtful stroll
has led me to this snowy knoll.

Buried in the powdery down,
covered in a russet gown
blazing against the ivory background
like the scarlet sky at sundown.

I knelt down in the crunching snow,
brushed the mound that started to grow.
Your tender eyes had lost the glow
that I had come to want to know.

Take my coat, wayward child
of these frigid, forlorn wilds.
Come inside with this fellow exile,
together we’ll find your feral smile.
And perhaps within your fragile gaze
I'll find a way through my own maze.
I'm not good for much these days,
but it'll have to be enough, little stray.
The iciness descended on Washington in late January
The crowning moment of fear-driven hysteria
The unenlightened would have their day
Their Emperor and his minions would begin their Thanatic reign.
Rain fell as empty words fell on empty spaces
Wee hands were placed upon a book once held by a giant
Hot air from a fiery head could not shake the frigid despair which circled the globe
Once ensconced in a once holy office, the wintry tentacles began to spread
The guardians of colossal forests were silenced
The holders of pens were mocked — their words decried, their writings condemned
The carriers of Themis’ scales were denounced
The teachers of wisdom were threatened by senseless overlords
The tired masses seeking refuge were met by shuttered gates
The Mother of Exiles wept as her lamp dimmed
And in Washington, the cherry blossoms withered.
ALEX JOHNSON

Pillars of Fire and Stone

Here in the center of my soul
Down here in the depths of my heart
I stand between two pillars
Warring towers a world apart.

One is rigid
Cold hard stone
It stands for fact
And fact alone.

The other is fire
Burning always.
It is my emotions
In an eternal blaze.

The stone is harsh and cold.
But the fire burns and chars.
I have to keep you far away
Or you’ll be scorched and scarred.
It’s not that I don’t care for you.
Please try to understand.
Because I care, I keep you safe
The only way I can.

I’m so sick of logic!

Don’t say that, Mother.
Listen to me, please!
I know you hate that cold stone pillar
But it’s a part of me.
I want to show you the other one
The tower of flickering flame.
But though I can’t, I always hope
You’ll love me just the same.
You can’t kill a machine.

A machine, that’s what you call me.
You couldn’t be more wrong.
I could list off all the ways.
But that would take too long.
You think I can’t be hurt.
You think I feel no pain.
But every time you say such things
A part of me is slain.

Most feelings have their basis in fact.

You are different from the others.
At least you try to understand.
You know how hard it is for me
To take your offered hand.
To let you pass the stone blockade
And see what lies within.
Yet you do not fear the roaring blaze.
You smile and walk right in.

Between the warring towers I stand
Two pillars of fire and stone.
But thanks to you, accepting me
I no longer stand alone.
ALEX JOHNSON

To Save a Life

If I could travel back in time
I’d travel back to save a life.

I’d stop a man before he makes
A choice that was a fatal mistake.

I’d tell him not to light the flame
That would become a brand of shame.

I’d take that bottle, sobriety’s bane
And help him pour it down the drain.

I’d help him get to sleep at night
Knowing everything would be all right.

I’d tell him stories of glory and fame
And a world where smiles greet his name.

I couldn’t stay, I’d have to go.
But I’d say I love him, so he’d know.

My heart, it broke when he was gone.
But through my dreams, he still lives on.

I keep what I’d do within my mind
If I could travel back in time.
DAVID NANCE

There Once Was a Time

There once was a time when all the kids played outside
There once was a time when the kids didn’t mind the time, but where the sun was in the sky
There once was a time when the kids would just go for rides
There once was a time when people cared when someone cried
There once was a time when people looked into each other’s eyes
Maybe next time when I say Hi, I might be able to look into your eyes while you look into mine.
So that the next time I close my eyes, I’ll be able to see you until the end of time
I have a lover but he's not mine
I watch him walk by with another
Allowing himself be used for the moment

He craves my touch, my laughter
He craves my presence, my time

It's gone! It's all gone with the winds
There was a time we shared everything
A time I embraced you freely
Now I look over my shoulder
They are coming

Not for me! It's him
It's always him
Lovers we once were
Climbing hills without a care

My lover is ours to share
Persistent are we with our alter egos
No one knows
No one will ever know
His smile, his eyes
Then he sadly says
"I'm leaving"

"Where to?" I ask
"You have me!" I promise you that

So I let his promise linger in my heart
Consume my anger and open holes of endless possibilities

Sitting all cuddled up wondering when he will return to my arms
When he will fulfill his promise
When I will be his lover

You have his presence
But I will forever retain his soul
I see people down the street casually wearing them. Kids in college carrying books, money, personal values, maybe even their identity. I walk down the hallways and see backpacks full. Is college really that of a load. It is. I see some backpacks that carry nothing at all, typically carried by children. There are also those backpacks that just finished duty.

A backpack, a load carried on the back as Merriam Webster defines it. An old black backpack my brother gave me at the airport, it is perhaps the most valuable thing I have. An old black backpack. I carry it every day, with all my worries, and preoccupations and my college things. But this old backpack saves me. I have what I need to go back to my hometown, or go anywhere else.

“Where are you going?” It said.

“I am going to the library to finish up some homework,” I said as confident as I could, trying to believe every single word.

“Do you have your clothes in there.”

“No just my books, and my laptop. Now if you excuse me.” I moved It out of the way.

“Are you coming back?” It said.

“Yes of course, later on tonight.” I walked steady to the front door and never came back.

An old black backpack, the only thing I have.
When I first met this man he didn’t just open up his arms for me he also gave me a second family. Delaney is a football coach, a teacher, and a husband. He taught not only me but a lot of 13-year-old kids discipline. This courageous man would tell us to let ourselves get creative and it inspired me to be a better person overall. Even though we were all kids we were growing up and he gave me a great experience that I will never forget. I was a kid in a whole new world, I had just moved from Kannapolis, North Carolina to Lexington, Kentucky and that changed a lot for me especially at that age because I was leaving all of the kids I grew up with. Let me tell you something, Delaney had his priorities straight, he had a great impact on people and I felt like he became a teacher for reason.

I already told you the labels around Delaney, but I haven’t told you who he really is and what he does. A man at the age of 40 has usually settled down by now like he has, he will have the job he studied for, and his life will have a routine. The perfect way to describe him from top to bottom would be, receding hairline with most of his hair on the sides of his head, big brown eyes, a butt chin, a big belly that’s probably full of pasta and pizza, maybe some beer too, but the thing I noticed the most was his height because as a small kid I just looked up to him. He always wore a black or white polo shirt with a panther’s logo on the right side of his chest and
that was the easiest way to identify him because he was our football coach. Coach Delaney always told me to keep my head up and keeping those legs moving forward, never backwards.

The impact that Coach Delaney had on people was amazing; he had a role in the classroom teaching social studies and making history come alive. He would get everyone involved and made the lessons with more activities so we could actually move around and stay active while learning and living history. His teaching ways in the classroom weren’t too different from the football field; he still wanted you to give everything a try and take your best foot forward to get through the day. I saw these differences and the impact it had on every student because he always tried to help everyone out. The biggest impact that I know for a fact was being on the football team and being part of a second family because you have to play together and get along with everyone. Coach Delaney did a great job with that; we went undefeated in both A team and B team for the two years that I played on his panther’s football team. We all respected his passion for the game of football and I’m just glad he welcomed me into his family, which meant everything to me at that point in my life. I know that he had a child of his own and it was a girl; she was about 8 years old and loved being with him at our team practices. That just showed me that he really was a family man and they meant everything to him. I can relate to that because most of us love our families through the thick and thin. His wife Ms. Delaney loved us; she told us that we meant everything to him because we made him happy and we fought for him on the field, which shows how close he actually got with every player. The time and dedication that he gave us was amazing, when he would stay
after practice and help us individually if we asked him to he would always say yes and it shows how much he cared for us. Instead of saying that practice is over he would encourage us to ask him for help and at this time he could be leaving the school after a long day to his family but instead he was there to help us improve our game.

I will never forget that Coach Delaney told me he always had his door open to me because he saw great potential, knew I was a kid from different roots but with a passion to get somewhere in life. He definitely taught me discipline, patience, and toughness; all of this was used on and off the field. In life you have to take your time, make decision that put you on the spot and with experience you get tougher. I will always appreciate this man and I have still seen him around till this day.

I can still relate football with daily life because of Coach Delaney, he always related a play to a day and a touchdown to a goal that you might have, and it could be as simple as completing your homework or getting the job you applied for. Either way he just loved football and had to relate it to life, but I can take what I learned from him with me and apply it to my life. I worked together with my teammates to accomplish a goal every game and that was to win; we had to push each other every day in practice to get better. This helped us to get stronger individually and as a team to get that chemistry. Overall, the game of football and Coach Delaney will always keep me going to never give up and give it all I got, “every play matters in the end.”
Sara walked over to the bench situated by the entrance door and clutching the textbook in her hands, she flopped down on the bench with an exhausted sigh. She was worn out and was glad it was her lunch break. She looked down at the math textbook she had brought along on her break determined to study for an exam she had the next day. She was feeling tired and not really in the mood to study, but she knew that if she didn’t now she wouldn’t have time when she got home. It was so late into the evenings when got home from work most nights that when she got home to her small apartment she usually only felt like letting her dog out and cleaning up after him if he happened to make a mess before heading off to bed. Just the thought of what awaited her after work and lack of sleep due to early morning classes the next day made Sara heave another exhausted sigh. She began to think of the supermarket she worked at and of the dozen or so college graduates who said they had not been able to find employment in their chosen major and not being able to find jobs after graduation had ended up working here at the supermarket. She often worried she would have a similar fate and wondered if she should save herself the debt, the struggle, and quit school to work here at the supermarket full time.
Sara was so lost in her thoughts that she had failed to notice that the elderly door greeter Charles had come over to set next to her, until she heard him say, “Studying that textbook works best when it’s open you know?”

Sara was startled out of her thoughts at the comment and looked over at Charles and smiled before asking,” How did you know I’m studying?”

Charles answered by asking, “Who do you know voluntarily reads or does math equations?” Sara had to laugh and silently agree; he did have a point.

Charles waited a couple of minutes of silence before asking, “Is everything okay? I’m only asking because I noticed you seemed troubled and thought I would come over here on my break to see if you needed a friendly ear.”

Sara was touched by Charles concern and her first impulse was to dismiss his offer of counsel, but then decided she had nothing to lose, and with his years and keen observation he might be able to give her some advice. So, having made up her mind she told him her thoughts and what she had been mulling over before he had come over to sit down. Then she patiently waited for him to respond.

After a while Charles said, “I went to college late in life myself. I see that surprises you,” referring to Sara’s startled look. He continued, “Yep, I didn’t go to college until I was around in my thirties. You see, I got my high school sweetheart pregnant at sixteen, and, needing to provide for my small family, I stayed to work the family business. But, as the years went by the store wasn’t doing so good and sales started to decline. My old man did the best he
could but he had no formal schooling himself, had learned everything from the ground up and there is nothing wrong with that. But, modern times meant competition against companies with businessmen who had that formal education. I saw my father’s store was going to go under. So, I enrolled in college to earn myself a degree in business to help my father’s store. But, in the process my father lost his store anyway and I was left with decisions. My decisions were either to quit college, continue with my chosen major, or to continue college with a different major. I had decided to continue college but eventually I did change my major to something I enjoyed and it was through college and experience that I found that I did indeed enjoy it. But, it wasn’t easy balancing working, being a father, a husband, and a student, and there were days that I wondered if it was worth and if wasn’t too late for me to go back at my age. But, I kept on and eventually I graduated.”

Sara sat back amazed at what she heard and then found herself asking, “What did you major in?”

Charles smiled at Sara before saying, “I changed my major three times before settling on psychology as my major and career and minored in education where later on I taught in college. I used what I learned in college to make a success of my life. Eventually my wife went to college in social work and we encouraged all five of our children to go to college as well, because we believe in the importance of education and continued education, no matter how old you are; it is never too late. And I’m telling you all this and my history so you can understand
that no matter how hard it gets that if you persevere and love what you do that you can make your dreams a reality.”

Sara thought about his words and mulled it over before nodding her head to indicate she was listening and understood before saying, “Thank you Charles for the advice and your time. You gave me a lot to think about.”

Charles patted Sara’s shoulder and smiled and said, “You’re a sweet girl and a hard worker but everyone gets a little overwhelmed at times and it just takes a little encouragement to find the willpower to keep going.”

Sara smiled at the compliment and then asked, “Charles, no offense but I was wondering if you have a Bachelor’s degree why you are working here? And that is incredibly nosy, I know, and if you don’t want to answer I’ll understand.”

“No offense taken and to answer your question I am retired as of three years ago and I work here because I have found that after years of studying people and their behaviors, I quite enjoy doing it. By working as a door greeter here I once again am being paid to sit and observe people. It is quite an entertaining job as well, because really, have you not seen some of the clientele who frequent here?

At that, Charles slowly gets up and dusts himself off before saying, “My fifteen minute break is over with, so you enjoy the rest of your break and good luck on your exam tomorrow.”

Sara smiled and thanked Charles for listening and wished him a good rest of the day. She sat there a few minutes taking in what Charles had said and his story, and felt encouraged
and inspired. She looked at her watch and realized she still had forty minutes left on her lunch break. She looked down at the textbook still sitting in her lap, flipped it to the desired page and proceeded to study.
In a land of magic and strange beasts, where many men live and die by their skill with a blade or their knowledge of the arcane, a lone mage traveled the lands from town to town, not seeking fortunes or fame, but only wishing to make enough gold to afford a warm meal or a place to rest for the night. This mage’s name was Alek.

After being chased from the town of Maybeth for yet another miscast arcane spell, Alek pulled his magic walking staff from his pack and began the long walk to the next town of Nor’yth. Alek tried his best to figure out where his spell casting went wrong. He was sure he could make some quick gold by helping the villagers with some of their problems around the town. But like many times in the past, it all went wrong very quickly from just a few mistakes.

Alek thought back to a baker, who only needed someone to split some wood for him to keep his oven hot because the poor baker was preoccupied with dealing with an unexpected influx of customers that day. Being the helpful person that Alek was, he leaped at the chance to give the baker a hand for only a half loaf of bread.

Being a mage, what Alek lacked in muscle he made up for with knowledge of the arcane. So when Alek walked behind the bakery to chop some wood for the baker, he glanced at the axe lying beside a stump only for a mere second, before deciding to enchant the axe and make it into an automatic chopping machine!
With a flick of his wrist, a few powerful magic tinted words, the use of his will to pull energy form the arcane weave, and the axe was floating before him waiting for a command. Alek gave a grin as his spell had gone off without error. Now all he had to do was maintain a minimal amount of concentration to keep the axe under his automation. Alek watched gleefully as the axe chopped away at the large blocks of wood making them into a more manageable pieces. One piece, two, three...fifteen...thirty... Alek counted away. As he continued to keep his focus on the axe, Alek saw out of the corner of his eye a colorful looking bird that fluttered in and was now perched on the roof of the bakery.

The small bird began to chirp and sing away, likely trying to attract a mate, Alek thought to himself. Alek began to think that he hadn't been with a woman himself in quite some time and could feel a tinge of loneliness that only distractions like work or getting lost deep in a glass of ale could alleviate.

Alek started thinking of past loves he had in his life, but he was quickly pulled out of his thoughts as he heard a loud screaming coming from inside the bakery. In a bit of shock Alek tried to regain his bearing and realized that axe had quit chopping wood and was nowhere to be seen. Alek, in a panic, rushed inside the bakery to find the axe chopping away at a closed cupboard with what he could only assume was the screaming baker inside.

Alek attempted to end his enchantment spell, but quickly realized that the axe had gained enough energy from the arcane weave that it had gained a (somewhat homicidal) mind of its own. Alek decided that the best way to stop this mad axe was to blast it with a controlled
flame strike. As the mage tried to recall the teachings he had learned while attending the school of the arcane, he spied an attractive looking girl watching in fear as the poor baker’s only line of defense was being chopped away. Alek finally recalling the hand gestures and words to summon a controlled burst of flame, spent no time conjuring another dose of energy from the arcane weave and just as he began to feel a tingle of flame from his finger tip, he couldn’t help but wonder if the girl would be interested in a man that could pull fire out of thin air...
The Light of a College Kid

MERCEDES ARGÜELLO
Untitled    DAVID HAMPSTEN
Untitled  TIM MARTIN
Untitled  ALLEECE M'BIMBI
Untitled ALLECE M’BIMBI
Biographical Information/Notes from Contributors:

Tahreem Ali is a student at Bluegrass Community and Technical College.

Mercedes Argüello is a freshman at Bluegrass Community and Technical College. She was raised in Texas, but is currently living in Lexington, Kentucky. She is a young writer, and hopes to share her passion by becoming a well-known writer.

Don Boes teaches at Bluegrass Community and Technical College. His books of poetry include The Eighth Continent, Railroad Crossing, and Good Luck With That. He has been awarded three Al Smith Fellowships from the Kentucky Arts Council.

Jose Charles is a student at Bluegrass Community and Technical College.

Amanda Crum is a student at Bluegrass Community and Technical College.

Max Cuddy is a student at Bluegrass Community and Technical College.

Mathew Damrell is a fledgling writer, born and raised in Lexington, Kentucky. He mentions that he pursues any form of writing that captures his imagination at a given moment, from poetry to prose, both brief and "painfully long-winded," and has been doing so for as long as he can remember. Ultimately, he hopes to find his own special niche in fiction, preferably writing fantasy or sci-fi, and maybe pick up a master's degree in Creative Writing at some point along the way.

Amanda Dean enjoys writing short stories and poetry; she is inspired by her personal experiences. She is originally from Frankfort and has been writing since she was 13 years old. She lives in Richmond and likes taking walks with her Chihuahua, Max.

Eddie Frost likes writing fiction short stories as a hobby. He feels it is a good way to vent and a great form of self-expression. He also enjoys music and spends his free time playing the five string banjo.

Daniel Hampsten enjoys painting. He is originally from Centralia, Illinois. He has been teaching himself to paint since he was 11 years old. He lives in Lexington and enjoys doing community theatre in his spare time.

JAB is a composer and musician who has been working with juvenile delinquents and marginalized people through the power of music for over twenty years. His educational goals include a certification in Music Therapy.
Alex Johnson enjoys drawing and writing when inspiration just "comes" to her, especially when it inspires a piece about something she feels very strongly about, like the death of her favorite actor Leonard Nimoy. She also enjoys writing fan fiction /poetry (such as "Pillars of Fire and Stone" about Star Trek’s Mr. Spock) and creating fan art in the form of drawings and photos.

Tim Martin has loved art for a very long time, although he has not really pursued it until recently. He has now had three Art classes at Bluegrass Community and Technical College: Art History, Drawing I, and Drawing II. Tim’s instructors have been great to help with looking at things from outside the box, so to speak. Tim says everyone looks at his art and visualizes something different, which is really what it’s all about.

Allece M’Bimbi is a young artist who began drawing and photography at a young age but who says she was never quite so good at it. She is now taking up art and photography again to see where it will take her. She hopes a business will arise soon and is working on that. She is married, and has two children who are her inspirations.

David Nance is 28 years old. He has lived in Lexington Kentucky most of his life. He has had epilepsy since he was 12, but doesn’t let it hold him back. He has a 5 year old son and a daughter on the way. He plans to finish his Associates in Science degree and graduate in August. Then he plans on getting into Computer Science, and certifications to work on alternative energy, solar panels, and wind turbines. He says to work towards your goals and what you want to do. Work can bind us, work sets you free.

Casey Peel is an artist from Nicholasville, Kentucky. She has loved to draw using graphite and charcoal from a very young age, and, just recently, in 2016, began painting with acrylics. Casey’s art is mostly centered around people. She paints large scale, spontaneous, realistic portraits of people that inspire her. She wants to become a muralist and dreams of putting her colorful paintings on the sides of buildings for everyone to see.

Rosine Yanyi is age 22 and has been writing poetry since she was 10 years old as a form of escape from the abuse at home as well as society. All her pieces are personal and describe what she has experienced and how she perceives the world sees her. She is a single mother, a model, activist, writer and a full time Bluegrass Community and Technical College student who is soon to graduate with an Associate in Applied Science in Surgical Technology. She writes to soothe her soul, to give herself a different perspective of life. She writes so that she can breathe.