

ARKANSAS NORTHEASTERN COLLEGE

ENERGY



AUTUMN BELLE BENNETT | "WAR! WHAT IS IT GOOD FOR!"

EDITION 8

ENERGY

Eighth Edition

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“Being a Teenager” by Faith Bachelor

Being a teenager is not what you expect

Life when you're a teenager is like an apple

Sometimes it can be sweet

Sometimes it can be sour

But you'll never know what you're going to get

Like a roller coaster, it has bumps and curves

Twists and turns

Every time you're on the ride, it's different every time

When you finally think you've got the hang of it

It creeps up on you and reminds you that you've got a lot to learn

Some days you'll want to pull your hair out

Other's you'll want to quit

Even when you want to give adolescence the cold shoulder

It will always be near watching over

So cross your fingers that one day it'll shake you warmly by the hand and say you made

“Asleep” by Desiree Wyly

2019

11:05 AM

Did you know sometimes you still haunt me in my dreams? Stalk me in the night? The walls of your house entrapping me. I find myself getting lost. I stare at the terrible wallpaper. I call for you. I look for you. I run through the house for you. But to no avail. Because I am alone. I am back in time but you are in the present no longer chasing me. I wonder if you ever even think of me? You have a new family now. I don't even know you anymore. You quit trying to save me a long time ago ...and that is for the better. But why does your face haunt me so?

The freckles they stare at me like children I've left behind. Such a personal stare. A gaze, a glare they have. It's your favorite time of year. I wonder if you even still enjoy it.

But why? Why do you stalk me in my dreams? I run and I run to get out of the house that never ends to find you and I end up alone. Because I am alone and maybe it's better that way

“Lovin’ the View” by Starla Rounsaville



“A Day in My Life” by Melanie Shannon

Depression, it eats me up like a bug on candy

Crawling over me with such aggression

Afraid someone will judge me

I hide it inside, letting everything just pass by

Steadily knocking on my door

I tell my mom

She blows it off like dust on a bookshelf

A fog that comes everyday

Sometimes a thick fog, sometimes thinner

Taking over my life day after day

Ring Ring Ring

Here again to visit

Knowing no one will understand or care

Making the situation so sick with sorrow for my soul

Why can't it just leave me alone

Why can't I just be normal

Here I am again, back to depression

“Candyland” by Rachel Johnson



“I Just Wanted to Be Small” by Bethanie Tramel

As I would look in the mirror, I would snarl in disgust. I felt too big, like my body was deformed, and so insecure. The need to change, force myself to go on a diet, and exercise flooded my mind. I wanted to be like the other girls they had stick, yet beautiful, bodies that everyone strived for, including myself. I made comparisons to my peers and wanted to know, “Why can’t I be like them?” There were even times when I would pray to God, “Why didn’t you make my metabolism faster,” and “Why didn’t you make me skinner?” These were the nights I would lay awake and cry to no end, hoping and praying I would wake up small. This urge to become a new person was all I thought about; I hated my body, and I was going to morph into someone new. Little did I know that me eventually pursuing my thoughts would almost end my life and it was something I would never stop regretting.

I was always the “big kid” or people would call me “fatso.” My parents even called me “Big Beautiful Burly Beth,” which they thought was a compliment. But it wasn’t until I was thirteen that my body dysmorphia started. Everywhere I went, I felt a dark cloud over me and constantly felt as if people were laughing at me. The ghastly thoughts danced around in my brain and never seemed to vanish. At only thirteen, less than a year being a teenager, I was diagnosed with depression and anxiety. I remember the doctor’s appointment like it was yesterday, the doctor saying I *was* fat and that’s what caused my depression. He said my hormones were imbalanced and, to “get them back in check,” I needed to lose the weight. After that, I remember he added that I would be happy and joyful. He didn’t listen to me when I tried to tell him my peers would bully me, and he didn’t care that all I could hear at school was the snarky and mean comments shared by my peers. All through the appointment, I vividly recall him blaming my weight on everything. I still feel the sting and hurt from this appointment, as it still haunts me to this day. I still see his grim, yet charming, face peering

over me and examining my body from head-to-toe. I still blame this appointment for me making a life risking decision following this day.

After this appointment, I started my life altering journey; I was going to lose one hundred pounds. This, I knew then and I know now, was dangerous, but, at the time, it seemed reasonable. During this time, at thirteen, I was one hundred and fifty pounds, so after I finished this journey I would be fifty pounds. That was my goal and all I thought about. I would look up pictures of what I would look like after my, what I thought to be, incredible journey. These thoughts crowded my mind for weeks up until my journey began.

During this journey, I picked up different methods to lose weight. Some days were better than others. Four days out of the week, I tried to eat at least one thousand calories. This obviously isn't healthy at all, because eating just one thousand calories a day slows down one's metabolism and reduces one's nutrient intake. But, sadly, I thought that these days, the good days, were my healthy days. The other three days, I didn't eat anything. If eating one thousand or less calories a day wasn't starving myself, this was. I would skip breakfast, lunch, and dinner without even thinking; skipping meals became second nature to me. I convinced myself that I didn't even like the smell of food, not even the scent of the amazing breakfast that my mom would fix every Sunday morning or my favorite meals. This felt good to me but only for a while.

Waking up every day with more and more pounds shaved off my body made me feel incredible. It made me so happy to know that I was that much closer to reaching my goal of fifty pounds, until it all changed in an instant. It was like I could smell my almost reachable goal because it was so, so close. It was a cold Thursday morning when the ice-like air pierced my deteriorating and weak body as I walked to the bus stop. I remember my body being so cold where it felt as if my chest were caving in. As a bigger kid, I never felt this type of chill. But now, much smaller, I could

feel the air reaching all over my body and inviting itself into every crevasse. The coldness seemed to just run through my body and cause spikes of pain. “*Hoo hoo hoo hoo*,” said the wind as I bundled closer into my jacket. As I walked closer to the bus stop, I felt weaker and weaker. The next thing I can remember is being in a hospital bed looking up into the fluorescent lights.

“She’s lucky to be alive,” the doctor said concerningly. I wanted to talk, but I couldn’t because of the tube in my throat. I wanted to reach out to my mom, but I couldn’t because of the restraints on my wrist. I was scared, so, so scared. I listened as the doctor went over so many frightening things that had become my reality such as the high chance that I was now infertile because I hadn’t had a menstrual cycle in three months, I would have cardiovascular complications for the rest of my life, and I would have years of recovery in my future. I had become a walking and talking chronic problem in such a short period of time. Almost automatically the regret set in. I regretted, and still do, not eating, not taking care of myself, and caring too much about what others thought of me. I still regret this to this day, and I will live with these choices for the rest of my life.

The next couple of years were by far the hardest years of my life. I was in recovery, away from my parents and friends, for months. Being on a strict diet of over three thousand calories, muscle building five times a week, and the everyday therapy became so tiring to the point that I wanted to give up every day. But, I preserved for my family, my friends, and for, most importantly, myself. Spending time bettering myself was such a huge change that took so much time to get used to. But, I kept working, and still work, because I wanted to get back to my old self. I want to be my old self that my sisters feel comfortable around, that my mom shows love for, and that I love. Every day I remind myself that I will return to my old self one of these days and I will get better.

Today, at seventeen, I’m still working on my recovery. The doctors say that I still have years of recovery time ahead of me. I’ve come to terms that I might not ever have my own biological

children. My dreams of becoming a mom being crushed in an instant still stings. The visits with the heart doctors twice a month are tiring. It seems like they assign me a new medication every time I go. Although I lost so much weight and became “small,” my body dysmorphia is still there. Sometimes, I still have the urge to go back to my ways when I was thirteen, and I constantly struggle with my weight and appearance. But, past my urges and struggles, I am further recovering every day. I am a survivor, and I will do everything in my ability to not go back to the way I was, to not go back to recovery, and to become the healthiest version of myself.

“Mom’s Dresser” by Hunter Carey



“Depression” by Hailey Hundhausen

Depression isn't easy.

It's as if the lights turn them self off and want you not to see.

Then it's like “BOOM” and you don't even want to see anymore.

It's as if you can't move anymore.

Your mind is as bright as the night sky.

You feel as if no one cares.

You want to get up but your mind isn't letting you.

It wants you to feel as if your a pole in concrete. Stuck.

And no one understands.

They think you do it on purpose.

And then your mind gets even darker.

“Em” by Yakelin Ramirez

I look in the mirror and I see someone I'm disappointed in,

Someone who I don't want to be,

Someone who needs help.

I cry, sweat, and scream at the mirrors as I work hard to become

Someone I'm proud of,

Someone I love being,

Someone who helps others.

I breathe heavy and look myself in the eyes and say

“I am unstoppable, worthy, goal seeking, and I am a beast.”

Em is the reflection of me.

“The Broken Hearted?” by Evalynn Sophia Mooney

The words were like a lasso around my neck. My heart skipped a beat. Never have I thought that that would be me! Crying a river, trembling over words, never would have thought you would use those fighting words. As you said you're leaving, like many times before. I never thought to think that you would break me to the core. The words were like stones slung from a slingshot. The love that I gave that I cannot get back will be forever in my mind put up on a rack. A curtain of darkness fell upon my heart set me apart. Knock, knock here's the words creeping, crawling, swarming in again, but wait there is a new string pulling my way. It could be a loss, it could be a gain, but do I want to go through it again.

The knight and shining armor, the tall and dark man came alongside me. The words fell off of me. The noose was loosened. My heart was open. My eyes so bright, but I had to hold my heart so tight. Wondering if really this time it will be right. The laughter, neverending. The crying disappeared. But really could I be called someone else's dear.

The old noose was finally loosened. He had set me free. Mr. Right and I were really meant to be. The love we share forever. The bond that can't be broke. I'm standing here to say that our love here is no joke. Hand and hand we walk. Face to face we talk. Side by side we stay, all because the words have vanished away!

“When Oceans Rise, Keep Above the Waves” by Autumn Belle Bennett



“Lost and Found” by Katie Gunter

I found her in a wooden box. It was fragile but durable enough to contain her. The nails that stuck out on the inside of her small container were bent at the end, seeming to be designed to prevent penetration of the skin as if her enders did not want her scratched or punctured anymore than she already was. The craft seemed to have been hurried during creation as each piece of lumber connected crookedly and without precision. But even with each design flaw that could be found on examination, her body laid softly and soundly as if she were on silk sheets, placed upon a royal bed in a castle of her own.

Her skin was a pale grey, like a cloud before droplets of rain begin to seep through its cotton-like exterior, but her lips were pigmented with a deep, cherry red to match the wound across her neck. Her hair—her long, flowing hair—must have been soaked in gold, for each blonde strand would glisten in the light of the moon during the nights that I would bathe her in the creek to wash the rot away. These moments were intimate for us. I could hear her whispers, though no other could, begging me to love her, to make love to her, to care for her, and so I did.

In the mornings, I would wake her with breakfast in bed, though her decomposing interior did not have much of an appetite. Her plate would always remain full until I fed her myself. She liked that—my warm hands against her cold jaw, shifting it upwards and then back down again until her food became mush enough for me to wash it down her throat with water. I could tell that she liked all that I did for her by the way her lamented lips spoke to me in languages that only I could perceive. She spoke in demands that commanded me to care for her, and I willingly complied. She loved having her hair braided, so I would gladly twist three separate parts of her hair together until she was pleased. Then, I would clothe her in the most beautiful dress I could find each day. One dress, in particular, was her favorite—the green one, to match her eyes. She would beg to be dressed in it, but I saved it for special occasions only, thus making it more meaningful to her whenever she

was allowed to wear it.

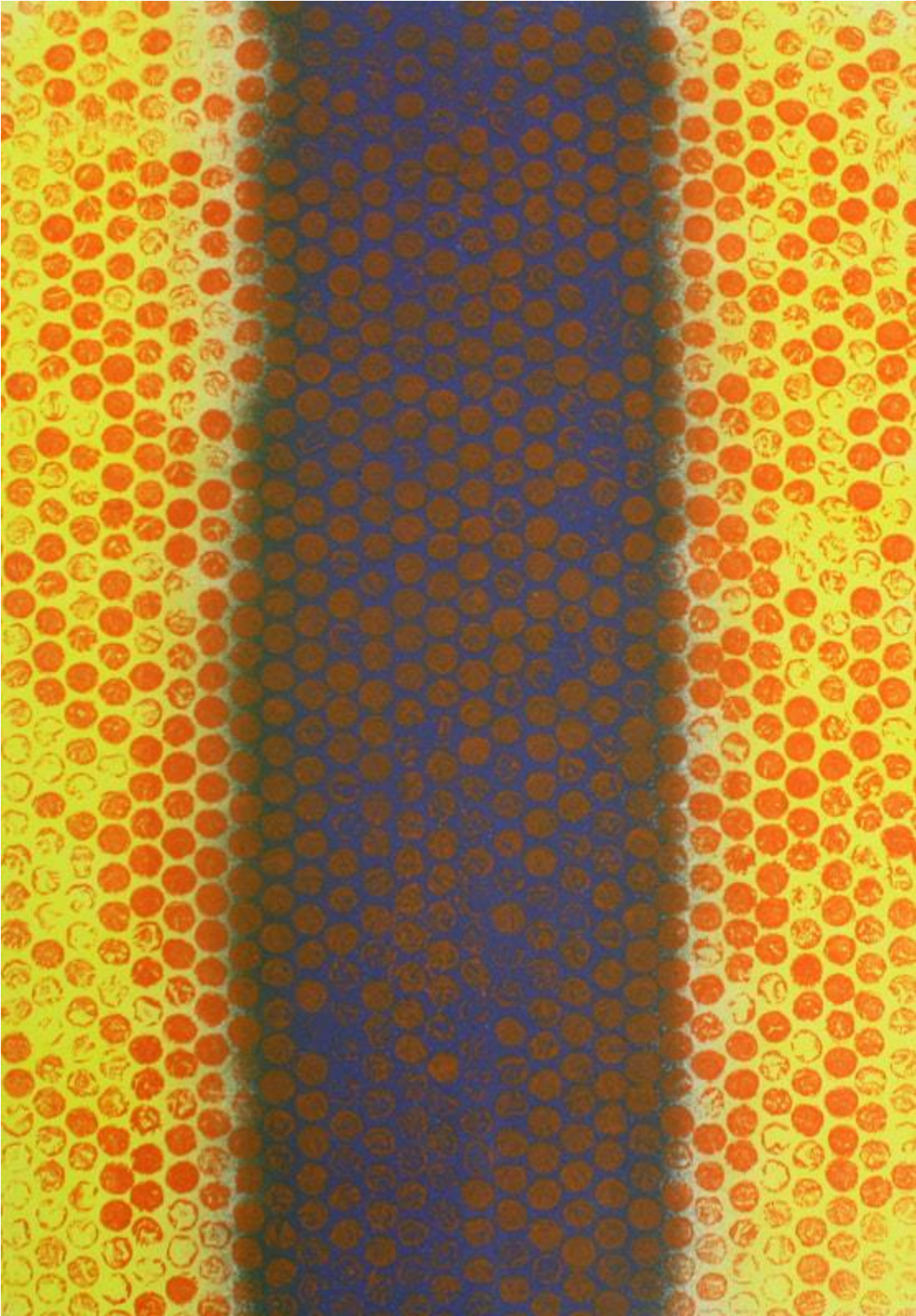
She was beautiful, like a goddess, but all too quickly did she start to fall apart. With each comb of her hair, more and more strands would leave her scalp to join the floor. No matter how many pieces I would thread back into her head, they kept leaving her as a sign that she was leaving me. Baths became a burden, causing me to scream and drench my cheeks in tears as I watched her skin tear away at the touch. Her face was no longer full and her lips no longer the shade that made me fall for her. The slit on her throat began to foam with maggots, and her eyes were eaten away from the infestation that I could not keep out of her. She was rotting away in my hands, and I couldn't save her.

On my last night with her, I made love to her body and dressed her in the most lovely dress to ever be made, the green one. Sharp pinches in my chest ached my body as I placed her back in the box where she used to lay so comfortably and beautifully. Her body now, crooked and awkward, laid in pain. I placed a flower in her hand to represent the beauty she once held and nailed the lid back on to seal her away. Slowly, I carried my lover in the rain towards the forest where she rested before my eyes made her discovery nearly two weeks ago. I comforted both of us in between sobs and stumbling over fallen tree limbs with the very song I would sing to her every night before we slept: "Quiet, darling, no one must know. Shh, my love, you had to go. Soundless, beauty, you need to be. Silent, lover, never leave me." Anger fueled my body as the lyrics made their way out, but I reminded myself that I couldn't be mad. It wasn't her choice to abandon me, for she had already left the world. I was only her last stop. I couldn't blame her as I laid her back down into the ground and buried her beneath the same dirt I unearthed her with. I kissed her grave as a final goodbye. My lover was now gone—entombed once more, but now by my own hands.

I could never tell of my darling to any soul, for I know no one would understand my love for her or how she would speak to me through the wind at night. My secret was kept only by the trees

that watched me shovel dirt from her shallow grave the night she was discovered and by the cracks in the walls of my shed where I kept her hidden. No one would understand that I was only loving her, that I wasn't the one who hurt her, that I wasn't the reason behind the missing posters about her, and that I had only found her.

“Honeycomb” by Autumn Belle Bennett



“My Convict” by Grace Nelson

Jail walls are high and dependable

But no force can keep my prison breaker held captive

He’s the best thief around:

Clever, smooth, and good at what he does

I should be scared of his actions

But in reality, they make me feel safe

As my convict wraps his arms around my body, and I doze off into a world of no worries

He steals a piece of me

It’s happened more than once

It’s going to happen again

But, no matter how many times it happens

I’ll never catch on to what’s occurring until after the moment fades

He’s not a typical burglar

He doesn’t steal in order to receive

He steals in order to give

Every time I come into contact with him, I may lose a piece of myself

But I gain a piece of him

“My Old War” by Dalton Lytle

I draw my sword and ride into battle

Upon a horse dark as night

I'm back on the old battlefield

That's haunted me all this time

The shadows of the past

Lash at me with steel tongues

And fiery hands, to lift me from my saddle

And slay me, end me, destroy me

But I cannot let them win

I am stronger than them

They strike at me with all their might

I shift and groan, but I do not fall

Not yet

Many fall to my side

My sword finds its mark

But I cannot slay them all

For as I ride, more ghosts rise from behind

And confront me ahead

So is the plight of the mortal

“Migration” by Naomi Lyle

I am soaring out of the nest without glancing back at the safe shelter behind me
Though my old home was all I'd ever known I am projecting my flight somewhere new
The projected path will push opportunities of piling prosperity toward the girl I want to be
She will seize the hopeful occasions and migrate somewhere sunny and blue
Though I realize the journey through strong winds and stormy skies will be relentless
I intend to continue my flight through the debilitating times
Refusing to remind myself of the times I reminisce
The longing I feel for the familiar nest is definitely one of a kind
Yet I still fly
I soar over the deafening, torrential uncertain waves of the ocean
I flutter beyond the unbalanced lows of the valleys followed by the highs of mountains
I drift above erratic volcanoes where instability is prevalent
I am looking for land of fresh freedom
Frequent feelings of terrifying unfamiliarity of unknown territory consume me
But I continue with my wings spread and head high
My migration may take long or it may be as swift as a peregrine
All I know is that this excursion is one I indulge in
I lead my own path and decide my own way
It is my body that travels the entire day
I do not regret leaving my nest though I felt so low
Because life starts new the day one goes

“Depression” by Leah Pannell

My counselor asks me what I think depression is

I think about it for a second

And then start letting my feelings out

Depression is a boulder

Sitting on my mind and crushing my confidence

It's society judging me

Telling me that I can't be who I wanna be

It's my parent's saying that I'm a failure

And that I'll never be good enough

It's my boyfriend screaming at me that I'm too fat

And that I should dress better

It's my friends telling me that I'm not in their circle no more

Because I'm too ugly and I never smile

It's my school sending me a letter that says my grades aren't good enough

And that I'm being placed in remedial courses

By this point, there are tears streaming down my face

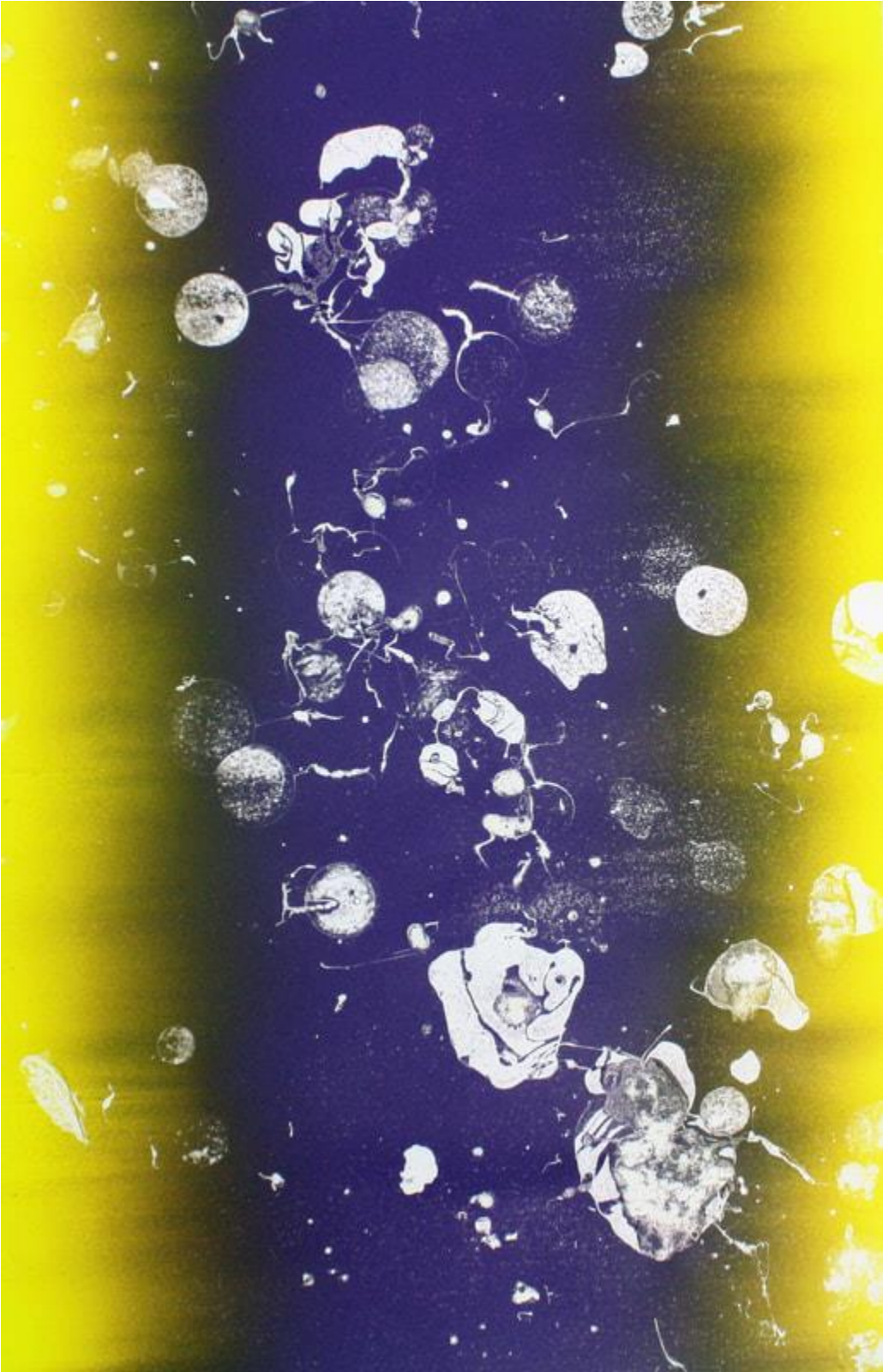
And she just looks at me and says

Why haven't you given up yet?

I raise my head towards her, tears still streaming down my face, and say

Because I still have hope that things will get better

“Soda Pop” by Autumn Belle Bennett



“Education, Football, Farming, and Me” by Joseph Loven

Academics really aren't my thing,
I do try to do my best.
I have the characteristics of dyslexia,
It runs in my family like wildfire.
Some days the assignments are easy,
Other days I struggle.
I will not let anything get me down,
I know what I have to do.
I like to work on the farm,
I am a hard worker like my dad.
My work ethic is strong,
I do not give up.
I love football,
I take my frustrations out on the field.
I am like a bull in a china shop,
Knocking people out of the way.
I protect my quarterback,
I make him a whole to run.
I have a reason to play and to win,
To make my Grandpa proud.
I feel accomplished when my team succeeds,
It takes all eleven to win.
Hard work and dedication,
That describes me

“America” by Ashley Wright



“Who is Love?” by Johna Robertson

Love is a package of tiny pieces that fit together as a whole.
She is mostly sent to those who need her deep within their souls.
Her stature is very small, but in one’s heart she can grow quite tall.
For her care has the power to comfort and console.

However, my friend, love is a master of disguise.
She will cover up your pain with beautiful white lies.
We fall graciously into her arms, for we are swooned by her charm.
Yet, still, our desire for her is the key to our demise.

Love is an entity who is envied by all.
For this simple reason, even harder for her we fall.
Love masks you from past fears and dries away your tears.
When we are drowning in our sorrows, Love is who we call

“The Mighty Mississippi” by Ashley Wright



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