

Bossier Parish Community College

6220 East Texas Street

Bossier City, LA 71111

318.678.6000

www.bpcc.edu

Volume XLV

*Savoir
Faire*



Spring 2008

*Bossier Parish
Community College*

presents

*Savoir
Faire*

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Parish*



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College*

The Father of a Friend

Wesley Meacham

For the man that I knew just by name and by face
Made different from me by age and by race
Lost is our chance to move from strangers to friends
And for this mistake I can make no amends
To the ground you were taken like all taken before
While fell the tears of my friend whose father's no more
But I know some of your nature though I barely knew you
I've seen you reflected in more than a few
I've known your children, the bold and the wild
Of these that you cherished you should forever be proud
For they have been kind to a stranger like me
Accepted as family with a love given free
In sadness and sorrow and celebrations of love
In life's precious moments and the mysteries thereof
These friendships I've found in this family
Have shown me the person that you had to be

From the Advisor:

*"The voyage of discovery is not in seeking new landscapes
but in having new eyes." - Marcel Proust*

Too often we find ourselves looking for something new and exciting only to find that it was in front of us all along. All it takes to discover the amazing in life is to search out a different angle, change our color settings, or tweak the volume a little. This is what I hope the *Savoir Faire* will do for you - provide a taste of "discovery" and possibly unveil a few "new landscapes" through the writings and artwork of our talented students, faculty, and staff.

- Candice Gibson

Many heartfelt thanks to those who helped me through this process as I stumbled through my first edition of this journal. Thank you so much to Cieltia Adams, Kenneth McNamara, John Utsey, Tia Cologne, Clarissa Thaxton, Danny Williams, and Kelly McDade, the panel of judges who gave moments of their precious time to sift through piles of entries. I would also like to thank Danny and Kelly for all of their advice with the art portion of this journal. Thank you to Holly French, Larry Powell, and Rusty Johnson, as well as the Telecommunications Department for all of your help and support. To all of my lovely English Instructor friends, thank you for refraining from harming me even though I constantly hounded you about deadlines! Lastly, thank you to Marjoree Harper and the Student Activities staff for seeing me through this first issue and patiently answering all of my questions.

FACULTY ADVISOR..... CANDICE GIBSON
Instructor of English
ART ADVISOR DANNY WILLIAMS
Associate Professor of Art
PRINTER..... LAPRESSCO PRINTING, INC.
GRAPHIC DESIGNER..... MICHELLE ELLIOTT
COVER DESIGN HALEY RINEHART
Fleur de Lis
CENTERFOLD DESIGN..... KELLY BOGGS
Untitled

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Roses and Daisies

Tomlyn Grey

Have you ever thought about roses and daisies?
How one is grand and the other plain?
Have you ever placed a rose over a daisy,
Even though they're basically the same?

A rose has beauty, style, and color,
But always hides its thorns.
And when you pick a rose from its bush,
You're quick to discover all its horns.

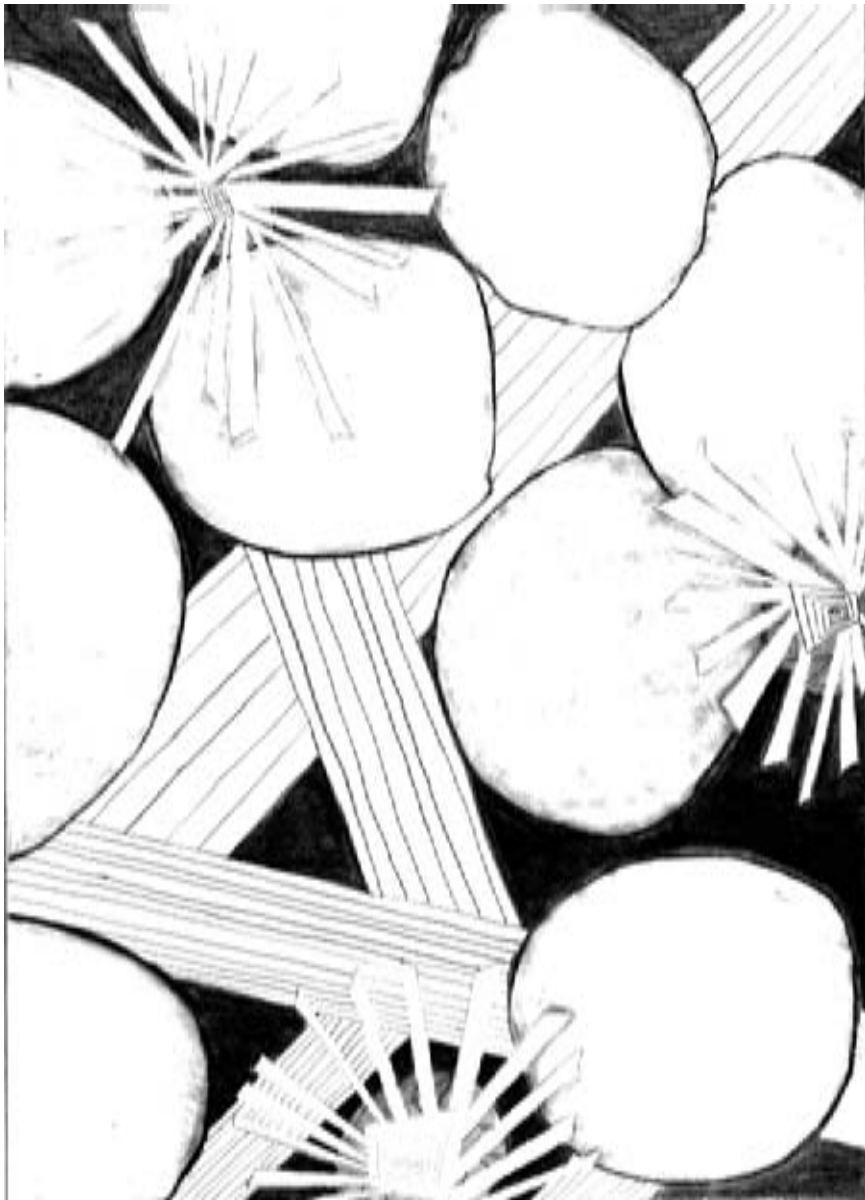
A daisy is quiet, just yellow and white,
And you'll never find one alone.
But every daisy you'll ever meet will preach
Of the importance of being on your own.

Are you a rose, or just a plain daisy?
And don't be ashamed of yourself.
Because a daisy may be closer to the dirt,
But a rose is covered in more filth.

I am a daisy, and quite proud of it,
As I love my simple ways.
But if you're a rose, then just ignore me,
As I've never lived in by your fine ways.

Cherry Blossom

Tomlyn Grey



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Who is the Hero?

Richard Cockerham

Who is the hero?

Is it the marines returning fire, protecting their comrades below?

Who is the hero?

Is it the soldiers in the dark of night protecting
the home front from those who know not right?

Who is the hero?

Is it the foreign forces who fight at our side?

Who is the hero?

Is it the retired navy chief, passing on wisdom
to those who follow behind?

Who is the hero?

Is it the battle buddies, keeping one another sane?

Who is the hero?

Is it the friends and family from home with
cards and care packages sent to those far away?

Who is the hero?

Is it the vendor who offered a simple fruit in friendship?

Who is the hero?

Is it the aunt who spent a lifetime offering guidance
and encouragement to the young ones in her family?

Who is the hero?

Is it the brother who takes care of his newborn brother?

Who is the hero?

Is it the wife who keeps the home running smoothly
while the man she loves serves far away?

Who is the hero?

Salvation and Enlightenment

Both have fallen to the devils sent

To drain our souls at work each day

In pointless jobs for pitiful pay

And imprison our dulling minds each night

In the digital glow sent by satellite

Escape! My soul demands of me

That I must feel alive and free

To explore with open heart and mind

Whatever wonders I may find

Beyond the prison of society

I'll search the path till I find me

Meeting Buddha on the Path

Wesley Meacham

I met Buddha on the path
Where he lay dying in the aftermath
Of a brutal battle in the bloody war
Against those few who ask for more
Than to be made slaves to simplicity
And who dare to think and to live and be free

On a forgotten road I watched Buddha die
Then stopped to ask a preacher why
He spoke of traditions and ceremony
And soon I understood he was just phony
He never knew the God he taught
The Son of Man, he never truly sought

Knight

Andrew Smith



Driving My Daddy

Linda Patterson

I was born a daddy's girl, and as far back as I can remember my daddy loved to buy old cars even though we barely had the means. More than anything in the world, I loved sitting in his lap, eating an ice cream cone, and driving my daddy around in any car he owned. The only thing Daddy loved more than my driving him around was drinking. We were poor, and we couldn't afford gas unless Daddy made a liquor run for the local bootlegger. Daddy would pile the whole family into his old, canary yellow, black rag top, tail finned nineteen fifty-nine Cadillac to make a moonshine run. Daddy told Mama he took her, "To deflect suspicion from the law that something was amiss." The law knew what Daddy was doing alright, but that hillbilly moon shiner kept the law in new boots year round, meaning we didn't worry about being stopped. On those runs, Daddy always packed the car with me, Mama, my brother, my sister, and Uncle Jim.

I remember it was late one spring evening; Daddy and Uncle Jim came driving up in that nineteen fifty-nine Cadillac he finagled through some high-powered horse trading. Daddy had a grin from ear to ear over the deal. I remember Mama squawking about his new treasure. He loved getting old cars and drinking as much as anything, and Mama's fussing simply gave him another reason to have a little nip. Hearing Mama gripe meant one thing: I was going to be driving a new set of wheels soon. You see, Daddy changed cars more than I changed underwear, and for that reason, I had driven more cars by the time I was sixteen than most people drive in a lifetime.

It happened as sure as moonshine is in the hills. With ominous skies, money running low, that liquor was brewing up that evening come hell or high water. When Daddy gave the word, we all piled in the car. Daddy, me, Mama, and Uncle Jim got in the front seat. My brother and sister, along with a couple of blankets, sprawled themselves all over the back seat. With the top down, we headed for that still. We picked up that moonshine, made the delivery, and on the

Pottery



Shannon Connors
Multi-colored coiled piece



David Morgan
Textured vessel



Lisa Swint
Blue coil vase



Paul Garner
Snail slab construction

didn't want to know this, didn't want to hear this. This wasn't the plan - this wasn't my perfect finale. This was just more crap I couldn't get away from. David's cigarette had gone out, but he was still looking at me and that gaze rooted me to the spot.

"I bet you've got a girlfriend," he suddenly blurted, "And I bet you brought a picture of her, huh?"

I couldn't speak. I was just barely able to nod. It was his turn to scoff at me.

"Typical," he said. "You brought that with you thinking it would be romantic. I wonder if she'll think that when they find your body."

That was a slap in the face. I hadn't really thought of that. Sure, I'd considered what would happen if this was all fake, if my life was just someone's entertainment, but what if it wasn't? What if this was real, and when I died, time didn't stop? Suppose it just moved on without me?

David looked at his half-smoked cigarette and placed it back in the pack. "I think you just want the attention," he said, "And I think a better way to get it is to live your life and make something of it, not throw it off a building." He straightened his long coat and looked at me. "But then again, I'm the idiot here. Goodnight, Mark - happy falling."

And then that was it. He turned around and walked away, back off towards the door that led to the stairwell. I heard the handle click and watched as he vanished down the stairs.

I turned around and looked back off the ledge. Questions were running through my head, but a new kind. What if everything was real? What if there was no show, no game, only life and the way you live it? No writers, just life. Then I realized that there is no sound of one hand clapping, that a tree does make a sound when it falls, and that time does not stop when we die.

So, I backed away from the ledge and back onto the roof. This wasn't my finale, perfect or otherwise. This was my beginning. The sitcom had been canceled; it was being replaced by the pilot episode of *Life*, with me as its star.

way home, the rain started to pour.

With showers pelting down on us, I pulled that car onto the side of the road and said, "Daddy, what we gonna do?" Daddy grinned at Mama, took a healthy swig of that moonshine, and said, "Well baby girl, we gonna put the top up!" That wasn't the case. That high-powered deal he made on the car was when the sun was shining, and that shyster he bought it from certainly didn't mention that the top didn't work. So, I drove everyone home in the rain with the top down, sitting on my daddy's lap. We must have been a sight for sore eyes, but I didn't care - I was with my daddy.

Forty plus years have passed since then, and all those years that I drove my daddy around, it seemed like we wound up at the liquor store more often than not. He would always say, even before I could get my foot off the brake, "You got it, go on." Regardless of the weather, I loved driving my daddy.

below the mark

Zac Wallace

like i said

intended to say

forgo our indecision

capture it before it's away

as i thought

desperately misunderstood

harbored, safely kept in tow

but it spins me aloof

that i did

insistently dream

captain my ship for conquest

when i'm the slave beneath

however the sky may breathe

i may savor its wind at least

I scoffed. "My life. It's not worth the humiliation anymore."

He looked at me strangely. "How is life humiliating?" he asked as he lit a new smoke.

"All the bull!" I snapped, "All the bull. Murphey's Law, man, if it can go wrong, it will happen to me. I'm sick of it!"

David just looked at me for a few moments as he smoked. I stared down at him, waiting for his response. Finally he shrugged and said, "Fine. Then don't. But I don't see how dying will fix it."

"What are you, an idiot?" I growled. "Dying is the ultimate way to make the world shove it."

"You know, you call me an idiot, but I'm not the one standing on a ledge about to kill myself over a job." David took another drag. "Killing yourself won't show anyone anything except that you're a coward who can't fix his problems. Let me guess, I bet you think you'll be remembered for it - that this will somehow show everyone how wrong they were about you."

I bit my tongue. "How'd you know that?"

"I know your type," he responded, "And I know that you're wrong. You know what your dying will do? It'll make the people who do want you here miserable, the people who don't want you here happy, and everyone else could give a rat's ass. That's it. You'll get cussed at by the police who have to scrape your remains off the cement, congratulated by the undertaker that will embalm you, and thanked by the bugs that will eat your dead hide. All things just doing what they do everyday. They won't remember who or what you are as soon as they move on to the next."

David paused a moment to look me in the eye. "You might get a mention in the paper, though. Small article somewhere on page three, buried amongst the lottery numbers and the channel guide. You'll get an obituary, but no one will read it who didn't already know you were dead."

I stared at him, unable to jump or run away from this stranger. I

go someplace else?" By now, he was right beside me, and leaned up against the ledge I was standing on, looking up to talk to me. "Come on, man, kill yourself if you want, but don't inconvenience the rest of us when you do."

I stared down at this guy in shock. If the writers were gonna throw me one last curve ball, wouldn't it be someone trying to talk me out of jumping? Surely not this idiot who didn't care rather I lived or died. "Don't you even care that I'm about to die?"

"Nope," he said, taking another puff, "Not unless you owe me money. You don't, do you?"

"Uh...no."

He shrugged. "Then, no, I don't care. But if you're going to pester me while I smoke, I might as well get your name. I can at least tell the other smokers on the top floor whose grave to spit on when they close off the roof."

I stared at this man. I couldn't make him out. What was he trying to do? Make me jump? Did they want me to die? "Mark," I finally said, "And, uh...you?" I felt stupid for asking. Why should I be polite to the guy that was ruining my finale?

He shrugged and took another drag before answering. "David," he said, "I'm in apartment 53. You?"

I looked away, out towards where the sky would be if there weren't any buildings. "I was in 34," I said, "I was evicted."

"Tough," David shook his head. "Couldn't make rent?"

"Lost my job," I answered.

He nodded. "Yeah, that's real tough." He took another drag and looked back up at me. "But, uh, pardon me for asking, but do you really think that if you jump it'll lower the rent? Because it won't do you much good by then."

I snorted. "No," I scoffed, "I'm quitting."

"Quitting?" David raised an eyebrow at me. His cigarette had gone out, so he threw it down and reached in his inside pocket for the pack.

Memories

Lauren Heflin

The clouds cover all, and I am here standing alone thinking there could be no way.

I quickly turn around, and there you are standing tall and smiling to brighten up my day.

Talking to one another about the day we've had.

All is good now that once was so, so bad.

As we both are laughing and smiling, not thinking about the days to come.

We continue to talk about things that seem so dumb.

It doesn't matter anymore, the pain that we felt inside.

We, as friends, no longer have to hide.

The day grows long and the night creeps around.

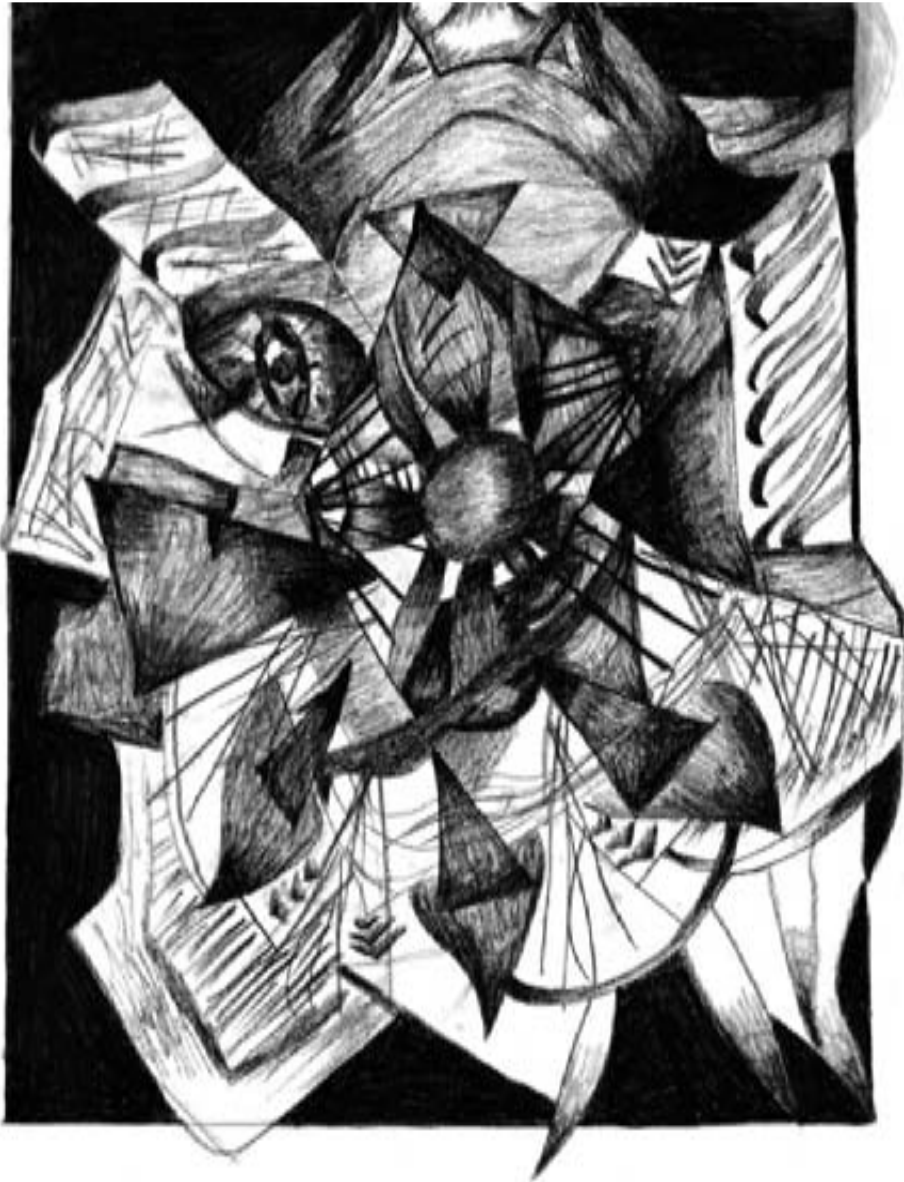
But we are lost in conversation not to be bothered or found.

We realize the time and then we depart.

The great day we've had will stay with us forever in mind and in heart.

Abstract

Kelsi Smith



watching, so it never stops. There's only the plot - only life and death. And so I was ready to end it. I was gonna jump.

Yeah, yeah, I know, not very original some would say. I was going to go to my old apartment building, stand there lamenting over my life, cursing the gods above until sunrise, and then I was gonna refuse to go on with my life, throw a picture of my girlfriend and I over the side, and jump. Classy, I thought, something people would remember that would make for great entertainment. So, I went to the top of the building late one night, took my last good picture of my girl and me, and stood on the ledge of the building. It was perfect. The perfect finale.

Until he spoke up.

Actually, it was more like clearing his throat, or maybe a hack. Not real sure, I just knew it took me by surprise, and I nearly fell off right there; it almost ruined my finale. I caught my balance and looked around. He was sort of tall, wild brown hair, shirt, jeans, and a long brown coat that looked like it fell out of the Great Depression and he had come up for a smoke. He took a drag off his cigarette, looked me up and down, and asked, "Uh, what are you doing?"

What an idiot, I thought. "I'm jumping - what does it look like I'm doing?"

He shrugged. "Looked more like you were crapping your pants to me," he said.

"Yeah, well, you startled me," I snapped, "I thought I was alone."

"What you get for thinking, I guess," he responded, then took another drag from his cigarette.

I felt my face go flush. This guy was ruining it...my perfect finale, and he was ruining it. One last curve ball from the writers, I guess. "Listen, buddy, I'm trying to come to grips with my life, so could you go smoke that somewhere else?"

I watched him as he exhaled and he started walking towards me! Not exactly the reaction I had in mind. "I always smoke up here," he said, "And if you commit suicide from up here, they'll close down the roof to tenants and I'll have to find someplace else. So, why don't you

The Perfect Finale

Tomlyn Grey

What's the sound of one hand clapping? Does a tree make a sound when it falls even if no one's around to hear it? Does time stop if you die?

No, really - does time stop if you die? Have you ever considered it? How would you know if it didn't or if it did? I suppose you'd know if you subscribe to some spiritual belief, but let's just say hypothetically that none of that exists. How do you know that you exist? How can you prove that life as you know it isn't just some bad remake of The Matrix - that, as soon as you die, it'll cease to exist?

I wonder about that a lot. I think about the "What Ifs" and the "How Do You Knows," and I can't really come up with an answer that satisfies me. How do we know our lives are not just a TV show or a game of something bigger than us? What if we are our own main character in a primetime show, only we never step out of character, the cameras never stop rolling, and we never see a pay check? And say, one day, you get tired of the crap and you wanted to quit? How would you do that? Well, you do it the same way the as Hollywood screenwriters: you kill off the character. And me, well - I was ready to quit.

I had it all planned. It was gonna be perfect, really dramatic, the sort of series finale they talk about for years to come, like "The Sopranos" or "Seinfeld," the kind of ending that no one forgets. The "writers" had already stuck me with the kind of plot that sucks for the character but makes great entertainment: broken home, useless father, bad drug and alcohol problem, rehab, crappy nowhere job, on-again, off-again girlfriend - just the works. And my problems always seemed to get worse. First I broke my leg, I couldn't work, I lost my job, so then I had to take out loans to pay my bills until the car broke down, and I couldn't fix it, and then the eviction from the apartment...

I'm pretty sure my life's a sitcom because somebody must find this crap funny. Only unlike the sitcoms the rest of us watch, after a half an hour, there is no miraculous fix, no happy ending; they never stop

Earthly Divine

Wesley Meacham

The dregs of society are friends of mine

The simple, the sassy, the sluts and the swine

All come together like the fibers of twine

Creating the web of the earthly divine

Come to my home and drink of my wine

Shed all your sorrows and let your soul shine

Be who you are. I tell you its fine

Whomsoever you be, come let us dine

Yourself in this life only you can define

Let slip your enslavements, let judgments decline

Perfectly cast with no need to refine

Be true to yourself, the earthly divine

Mary and the Cross

Barrett Strahan



Going Home

Michael Gillespie



Had now become still, quite pleasant and well.

This place had become peaceful, such as I've never known.

It's a place they call "Serenity."

It's a place I call "Home."

rebirth
Zac Wallace

he without a muse

a lady - soundmind

soul removed

sensibly departed

thinks love to recompense

of which is absent cannot find

and desire is defense

he without a muse

a soul - sensibility

overweighs intrigue

as a solution seed

thinks love to cultivate

but death cannot create

awake from the weed

untangle the beauty mangled by its wake

repossess the earth the rain the heart

and make of what you may take - rebirth.

Seated Woman by Toulouse Lautrec

Heidi Smith



Yet somewhat familiar, but how could this be?

I don't like this place. It made me feel strange.

I remembered the heartaches.

I remembered the pain.

I don't like this place. I must get away.

I'll come back again, *MAYBE!* *YEAH, MAYBE,* Someday!

From a distance, I watched others go in from the cold.

They said, "Come in; come in from the cold.

There's been tears in your eyes and sadness in your heart,

But that's okay son, that's where we all got our start."

They shared their own stories.

They shared from their heart.

Their words were convincing.

I must "make" a new start.

I wanted to go back, to go in from the cold.

I was feeling so weary, so tired from this load.

I entered a place that was different to me.

I laid down my burdens and began to roam free.

The room that had once raged havoc and hell

A Different Place

Douglas Stewart

I entered a place that was different to me.
The sign on the door read "Serenity."
As I entered this place and looked all around,
The place was chaotic, much confusion did abound.
This place, it was cluttered and in such disarray.
I didn't put these things here.
Someone was going to have to pay.
Feelings of loneliness and shame were strewn across the floor;
Lots of hurt, pain, anger, and lots more.
There were shelves for these and baskets for those,
But of the most important things;
As I put things in places where I knew they should go,
The light, it began fading.
I was growing weary and cold.
I entered a place that seemed different to me,

Mama

April Lynn

A mother's loving touch is no more.
The sound of your laughter is fading fast.
The vision of your smile is slowly escaping my memory.
The love of your presence I feel no more.
The sweet feel of your arms are no longer pulling me close.
I so want to see you other than just in my dreams.
I so want to be strong; yet my tears still escape.
I so want you to make everything okay.
I want you here.
I can not bare you being gone.
I am like a scared little girl waking up in the dark.
I call out for you; but you no longer hear my cries.
You are no longer here to comfort me.
My tears are no longer wiped away by your loving hands.
Death has taken you from me.
You will never again comfort your little girl.
The yesterdays have faded away.
The todays are filled with anguish.
The tomorrows have no meaning without you.
There are only regrets of wasted time left behind.
The sweet sound of a little girl calling for her Mama goes unanswered.
Death has robbed the child of her Mother's comfort.



Untitled
Kelly Boggs

