GMC EXPRESS

GEORGIA MILITARY COLLEGE
AT STONE MOUNTAIN
LITERARY CLUB EXCLUSIVE
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Stone Mountain fire kills two dogs.
According to the Associated Press and WSB-TV channel 2, Stone Mountain, GA was awaken by a fire on Main street on the morning of October 24, sometime around 2 am. The ongoing investigation has yet to acknowledge what started the fire in the first place.

The fire claimed two puppies, a Cocker Spaniel and a Shih Tzu, that were under the care of Pets in Paradise Boarding Shop. The fire also claimed a restaurant, a laundry mat, a clothing store, and a local bar that welcomed veterans. The roof tops the businesses shared was the reason why the crimson ambers spread throughout the plaza quickly. The scorch marks and subtle smell of charcoaled timber still linger by the somber view.
GARDEN CLUB:
POETRY SLAM
AR JAYA CAFE
The Hunter and the Fox

Winter fell overnight without a sound, without a peep. It was as though spring spirit became lazy summer's sleep. Falling under the spell of an aging, sloping, long, steep, Winter fell overnight without a sound, without a creep.

It was there, under the trees, where the hunter laid his bait. What he feared the most was the hunger he could not contain. Twas determination that fought against the ailing rain. Under the falling white snow, the clever fox showed restrain'.

The grinning crimson beast made no sound, made no griming call. Bound by mortality, and that which made him man, twas all The wary hunter shook at the thought of a meal-less fall. Tenacious and determined to prosper, he refused thrall.

And as Autumn leafs were buried underneath the white fluff, So was the metal vice that would wrap around the beast's cuff. Eager and angered by the wait, the man dreamed of meatloaf, As the hunter hoped, made from the clever crimson beast's stuff.

They, as if measuring one another's souls, pierced through their roots, And the disturbing intentions of the man's metal brutes. As if neither man nor beast could bare the spoils from rare fruits, Neither could contain the excitement from the meager loots.

Thus, the hunter and the fox idled in marveled presence, Transcending together away from the tangent essence. As if the cosmos lit a path in vivid fluorescence, Man nor beast would inherit the skies without repentance.

And thus,

Winter fell overnight without a sound, without a peep. The ills of the realm could be heard in a low softened weep, Where the hunter nor the beast could take that essential leap, Winter fell overnight without a sound, without a creep.

-Jonathan Amadeus Jimenez
Halloween

Halloween is scary,
Halloween is dark.
Halloween is as if you’re in an ocean full of sharks.
Halloween puts fright in little kids fannies… yet fills their bellies full of candies.
Halloween night consists of an inoffensive crime.
Halloween is the most loved, fearful, night of all time.

-Xavier Bond
Early Mid-Life Crisis

Twenty-one is knocking at my door
Who knows what he’ll tell me to do
Should I keep my job to make much more
Or should I quit to go to school?
Oh, twenty-one, please, what should I do?

Twenty-one says: Forget about your dreams,
But why, if there’s no sign for us two?
Twenty-one does not like dreams it seems
But what should I do? I have no clue
Oh, twenty-one, please, what should I do?
-Joseph Haynie

Marcella

March forth into battle!

Armor of God upon you for protection,

Receiving your command through prayer.

Clothe yourself in the righteousness of God.

Every enemy will flee,

Like God’s Children at Jericho.

Let praise be in the midst as you go to war,

Already knowing victory is at hand!

-Caroline Noble
That Moment.

Every second of a minute, I think about you leaving us.

Every second of a minute, I think about the last time you said you loved me.

Every second of a minute of a day, I think about how you held me tight.

Every second of a minute of a week, I think about the last kiss you gave me.

Every second of a minute of a month, I think about the last breakfast we ate together as a family.

Every second of a minute of a year, I think about the last time I cried a tear for you.

Every second of a minute of a moment, I think about the last time you told me that everything would be okay.

Every second of a minute, I remember that you left us, and you want to come back to me,

however, it only took you a second to think about your family.

Every second of a minute, I realized that it was not my fault.

Every second of a minute of an hour, I think, only for a moment: Do I want you back?

-Teanna Moore-Rene
Doorbells ring,
Children scream!
Happy Halloween!
Plastic pumpkins full of treats
Lil costumes roam the streets
Ringing doorbells for some sweets
Don’t they know it’s trick or treat?
This house has nothing sweet
Worse than that! A nightmare they will meet!
A scary witch who gives them creeps,
Takes their candy while they sleep.
All the kiddos run and weep
Because of the candy they wished to keep.
This is worse than a night on Elm Street,
The Lil children didn’t sleep for weeks.

-Marihah Shegog
I Felt a Breeze.

The breeze took me back to the summer nights where we sat on the front porch,

Snapping peas for Sunday dinner.

You in your rocking chair.... me, watching you.

The breeze made me stop mourning for you, because I felt you there.

The breeze stopped my tears of sadness and turned them to pure bliss.

The breeze was sweet as the White Diamonds perfume you wore.

The breeze was warm as the blanket, you knitted for me.

I felt so secure at that moment.

The breeze was as gentle as your hugs and kisses, which I miss oh so dearly.

In that very moment of that breeze, God showed me you are always here with me.

Oh what I would give to feel that breeze again.

Better yet, what I would give to see you breathe again.

I miss you Nana.

-Natalee Ford
How to tell you that I love you,
I do not know myself.
I write poems and offer you flowers.
You put my heart in reverse,
I do not know what to do to you
To finally prove to you that I love you
More today than yesterday; I love you
You know it, yet still on purpose
You put my heart in reverse,
And I do not know how to move
So you can finally think I love you
Today less than tomorrow
Words are never the same.
When it comes to tell how much I love you
I'm writing to you plenty of poems,
To tell how much I love you
I will imagine my bohemia.
I want you to be my harem,
Because it's you, it's you I love.

-Emerick Fehichitan
“There’s no such things as ghosts, there’s no such things as ghosts,” I must have said that about a thousand times when I decided to go on the trip to Montego Bay to visit the Rose Hall on my last class trip for the year. Everybody had heard the stories of The White Witch of Rose Hall who owned the estate, how she murdered all the men she had married while living there and how she had painted her room with their blood.

My classmates and I were terrified and at the same time excited about taking this trip; on one hand, we got to see the museum that was placed in the estate some years back after the widow’s passing, but on the other hand there was supposedly a chance we might see her ghost. I didn’t want to believe any of the stories the teachers told us but once I set foot inside that house, I could tell there might be some truth to the stories.

The air felt thinner, the walls seemed like they were going to close in on us and when we listened closely enough we could hear the subtle sound of a woman’s laughter. Some of us were so freaked out; we went outside to calm our nerves. “I could just imagine how bad the bedroom must be,” a classmate said to us.

“Don’t sit on that,” someone yelled to me in a frantic voice. A sense of urgency to leave the estate set in as I realized that I was about to sit on a grave; There were 12 in fact, all belonging to a husband the witch had killed, and I came to the realization that I had never truly experienced fear until now.

-Shane Campbell
July 2014

As our car skirted down the highway, my mother tried desperately to regain control of the 1996 Pontiac. All of a sudden she became quite hesitant and seemed to almost forget what was happening around her. My sister who was fully aware of the situation frantically grabbed the steering wheel and proceeded to control the vehicle even though she had never experienced being behind the wheel of an automobile before. Everything seemed to be so quiet to me as if no problem had ever occurred. Out of nowhere there was a sudden “boom”. Everything was upside down and we had stopped moving. As my neck felt inflamed and blood gushed out of my upper thigh, the only pain I could feel came out of my heart as I watched my mother lay there breathless.

August 2014

Things have changed a lot since the passing of my mother. I’ve started at another school and recently was informed that I will be living with my grandmother and sister. My grandmother also told me that my father would no longer be a part of my life. She told me that he said: “I could never be a single parent.” So he would rather not have anything to do with me at all. For weeks, I had nightmares reliving that night that changed my life forever. From our car hydroplaning on the snowy road, to watching my mother have a seizure right in front of me; every detail so clear as if it were happening again. One of those nights, I was awaken out of my sleep by my name being called. As I awoke to see who may have needed me, a ghostlike, almost invisible human figure started walking towards me. After being within about a yard of my bed, I could tell it was my mother and I could hear her say, in a light voice, almost whispering, “I love you and I’m watching you make me proud.” After the last word of her sentence was said, in the blink of an eye she was gone.

September 2014

The house has been very quiet lately. Everybody has just been trying to move on with their lives and get into a place where they are comfortable enough to mourn her passing without weeping. My grandmother is having the hardest time dealing with the loss of a child, because my mother was her youngest daughter. It was difficult to have the responsibility of taking care of a seven year old male and a twelve year old female all by herself.

One day after an exhausting day of school, I came home to find my grandmother in tears. I instantly ran to her to see what was wrong, but she wouldn’t tell me. After an hour, my sister and I were still trying to figure out what was wrong with my grandmother. The phone started ringing. I rushed to the phone, that was beside my grandmother’s bed, and answered it. It turned out to be my aunt. While I was speaking to her I noticed a slip of paper that seemed to be folded perfectly in the trash. When I reached to read it, I saw the words “I love you and I’m watching you make me proud.”

-Hatari West
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