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Introduction

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INTRODUCTION

WHEN I WAS YOUNG, ONE SUNDAY MY FATHER TOLD ME MY CHORE OF THE WEEK WAS TO TAKE A SMALL SPADE INTO THE YARD AND "ERADICATE" THE DANDELIONS - I had to look up "eradicate." Once down on my knees, I began to wonder why my father hated them so much. I picked one and blew it; I didn't realize I was releasing a barrage of seeds to float through the air to land in new places at the whim of the wind. Seeing me, my father yelled, "Don't blow them. That only spreads them and makes more. Eradicate." Thus, when he was watching, I would diligently pull the weeds by the roots, careful not to spill their tops; when he wasn't, I would carefully pull the flower and blow it, spreading its seeds to curl their toes into the soil at the whim of their landing. What did he hate about them: that they were taller than the grass; that they were symmetric and beautiful? What did he want, only to see a conformed sea of green spreading as far as the eye could see, no variance, no riffs in the current, no plant standing more proudly or higher or more beautiful than the others?

This year Forces is a dandelion, many voices being blown in many directions searching for their good ground, the collective becoming individuals after being separated from the whole, only to become the single seed to produce a new flowering bloom. This year, most of the written submissions reflect being out of harmony with one's surroundings, perhaps landing in unfit soil. However, ironically, the photos juxtapose the words: they almost seem to reflect the solace which the writers are searching to find, the moments of serendipity and being that make life harmonious for a small bit. Thus, we are reminded that the good seed and weed are as inseparable as the masks of comedy and tragedy. If life was easy, who would want it?

Thank you to the president of Collin College, Dr. Neil Matkin, and the Board of Trustees who continue to support Forces.

This edition is dedicated in memory of poet and "cook," Jared Blackmon Chambliss, Collin Student Editor, who lost his battle with nature. The world is a better place because of his existence.

Special thanks to Marlene Miller and Donna Kinder.

R. Scott Yarbrough - Editor Forces