“Hope” - Note-covered walls of an international backpackers' hostel in Cambodia, photo by John Nganga
About *Southwinds*

*Southwinds* is published annually in the spring semester and distributed free of charge to the Missouri S&T community. The club Southwinds, which produces the magazine, is a recognized student organization and open to all students.

Each fall semester, *Southwinds* invites submissions from Missouri S&T students, faculty, staff, and alumni. Poetry, stories, photographs, and original artwork should be submitted to southwinds.mst.edu.

If you are an undergraduate or graduate student on the S&T campus with an interest in creative writing, the visual arts, layout & design, and/or if you would like to help produce or promote the next issue of *Southwinds*, please contact the group’s faculty advisor, Dr. Anne Cotterill, at cotteril@mst.edu. Dr. Cotterill’s office is in room 219 of the Humanities and Social Sciences building.
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IN ONE CORNER OF BANDUNG DOWNTOWN, WEST JAVA, INDONESIA - ACHMAD MAHKUR
This Year Will Be Different

Ian Ferguson

A fire is ignited from below. Burning red, orange and yellow from green. Covering the naked land with a rotting carpet. Leaves a life drawn within and (c)old ground.

Still Life

Ian Ferguson

Balanced forms, perfect in harmony and composition, ripe. The light, shadows and reflections, defines depth and color, accentuating the truth. Later, the sun has gone and the fruit is turning. The dust has settled on a forgotten exercise. But, ‘it is still life’ and the truth seems more complete.
I Picked Out A Tree

Mullin Evans

I picked out a tree.
Towering higher than most, it had branches that fought wars for a living.
And a trunk that had bark chipped away
From those who picked before me.

I picked out a tree.
Sitting down beside it, I welcomed the stories
The leaves so eagerly whispered.
Tales of love, loss, and philosophy.

I picked out a tree.
Narrating Frankenstein and his monster,
Heathcliff and of Socrates, the beginning of life
And the end, they introduced to me.

I picked out a tree.
Following suit as the wonderers did, I snapped a piece
Of the dry bark, and as I gathered myself,
They told me of one more thing to see.

I picked out a tree.
Sprouting a new branch yet to be weathered and roughed.
A branch with a battle to fight and a world
Still left to read.
The Garden

Roger Weaver

I am this patchwork garden,
Planted with unending kindness and love,
Watered with tears of unneeded sorrow.
Growing in me are remembrances of too many shortened lives.

Walk my paths with reverence and awe,
I grow on sacred and hallowed ground,
Bought with innocent life,
Blessed by caring hands and unselfish deeds.

In me weeds of hate will not grow,
To thorny prejudice I give no resting place,
Clinging apathy I reject,
Greed I will allow to wither and die.

I am a growing mirror to the soul,
Here ridicule has no place,
All are welcome,
From me no one will be cast out.

Gaze upon me and know that my beauty
Comes at too great a price.
I honor the memory of the dead,
I feed the mouths of the suffering.

I would wish not to exist at all,
Yet I am here, and here I will stay,
Firmly rooted in ground once hardened by hate,
Now softening with my presence.

I am this patchwork garden,
Planted with unending kindness and love.
Water me with your tears,
And remember.

Roger Weaver
January 14, 1994
For the Living Quilt Garden on the Knoxville World’s Fair site to honor and feed victims of HIV/AIDS. This poem was read at the dedication of the garden in the Spring of 1994.
December

_Agnes Vojta_

Silver haired, the year
rests in the field.
Crows gather
on the sycamore bones.
The day is like glass.
Winter lurks
in the shadows.

In brittle glades,
papery pods protect
the last seeds.
Spiky coneflowers stand tall;
the goldfinches had their harvest –
everywhere signs
of a cycle
fulfilled.
Flowers grow where we least expect them,
bursting bright from cold rock,
forgiving winter’s languor.

Yellow blooms bobbing on the wind,
plucked untimely,
but held closely to the breast.

Long would I wish this not to flee,
but they’re drifting gilded butterflies upon the breeze,
ungently carried by close-flying clouds and grey storm.
Dream Girl

Vismay Manishbhai Shah

It’s pleasing to walk on empty roads alone when a girl like you is far away but feels like in my heart; Destiny seems easily achievable when there is always you, sharing my struggles and successes and never make me feel apart….

There is something special in you which makes me smile every time whenever I talk to you for hours; Problems seem to get smaller and Black & White life gets full of colours.…

Your adorable smile is a place where peace of heart and liveliness of life is found; This is the strength of love which makes me feel that you are always somewhere around
It's pleasing to walk on empty roads alone when a girl like you is far away but feels like in my heart; Destiny seems easily achievable when there is always you, sharing my struggles and successes and never make me feel apart….

There is something special in you which makes me smile every time whenever I talk to you for hours; Problems seem to get smaller and Black & White life gets full of colours….

Your adorable smile is a place where peace of heart and liveliness of life is found; This is the strength of love which makes me feel that you are always somewhere around.

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**TRANSCENDENCE** - VENKATA SAI ABHISHEK DWIVADULA

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**WAI-O-TAPU, ACTIVE GEOTHERMAL ARIA IN NEW ZEALAND, SOUTH OF ROTORUA** - ED MALONE
The Relic

Lindi Oyler

In your Memorial stories were writ
Your habits, your health, your humanity.
Justification for crimes you commit,
For your last campaign of calamity.

Deep within the moldy book pages
Your mem’ry awaits revival
But scattered volumes and biased cages
Bring to question its survival.

With once chestnut locks and challenging eyes
Youth soon bequeaths a glimpse of wear
How the years of war can dehumanize
Helena’s grasp too strong to bear.

But antique laments repeat their unfold
Aptitude mutates to hunger
That craving to seize and the power behold
Recount of another warmonger.

What do you think of on your morning rides,
On your steed of war, now tamed?
What do you think of on those sleepless nights,
With your genius and pride, now shamed?
A Request To Be Human

Manish Jaisinghani

Some pray today, some light up the lamps,
some play with fire, and some hear the bands,
so much happy everyone is,
it feels the earth is full and in bliss…

I see some on the other side,
feel the darkness instead of light,
it is one more a day in life,
coz they live their life, like a rolling dice…

A one and they get a burn,
a two is for they get their bruise,
a three gives them a rotten tree,
a four buys them a bread loaf,
a five is when they have a lucky night,
a six gives them a dream of tricks…

I wonder in all this dark,
what are the lamps we light with spark,
do away with the lamps that don’t help others,
do away with prayers, only for brothers…

He asks you to help, He asks you a mission,
a prayer is not what He seeks,
a happy soul instead on the streets…
You help the one in need,
that is your prayer indeed…
you lift the fallen on streets,
that is the light a human should bleed….
Remember, you are called a human being,
but only by being human indeed…
but only by being human indeed…
but only by being human indeed…
I dream of white cherry blossoms scattered so thick on the ground that it looks like a carpet of snow. The arms of the bare trees that once stretched upwards towards the sun now reach towards me in a futile gesture of help.

I dream of the iridescent rays of that sun now ripped apart by a fractured lens that lies beside me into the spectrum of this life to be reviewed on the white canvas on which I lie. First, red like light filtered through half closed eyes of the new born, and then the darkening green of leaves on the tree and the blue of the sky above before these colors collapse again into white.

I dream now only of the red of roses in the twilight of the evening, the color that first brings life to each day. But, I feel only the thorns, like Christ’s crown before his death, as the sutures work to keep this life within me as I slowly fade…

Society speaks;
You stay silent.
Society shouts;
You become violent.
Society swears;
You try to vent.
Society says jump;
And you ask,
"How high?"

“How High?”

Sierra Herndon
Greedy green has devoured
its assigned space
untamed
explosion of leaves, fronds, vines,
blades, briers, branches
trees tower over the old house
empty
windows stare
ferns fan mossy stones
below broken fountains
dim rhododendron rooms still
echo
with children’s dreams
Autumn Forest

Agnes Vojta

Cathedral woods.
Sunlight streams
through stained glass windows—
mosaic of yellow and red.

Tree pillars
hold up the sky dome,
wind organ whispers.

Orange and crimson,
sassafras and sumac
light the path.

On the altar in my heart
the chalice
overflows.
Lost Potential

Patrick Bazzoli

Though I’ve messed up many times before
Still it seems I’m always back for more
I looked to you, and now you’re all I see
So why is it that you won’t talk to me

Oh, could it be that I came on too strong
‘Cause I always find that I do something wrong
And so it seems I made you disappear
But was it me or was it just your fear

If I could make my words jump off the page
Do you think it would help you gauge
The type of person that I want to be
And would it make you want to stay with me

Had it not been for the choices I made
Would I now not find our relations had frayed?
If I had given you the time to bide
Would you have shifted like the tide

Could we have truly been something more
Was the wall that I saw really a door
I ask and I ask, but I will never know
The ways that the other paths would go

I wish that these words were tried and true
But deep down I know - they’ll never reach you
No matter how clever or cunning or kind
I fear nothing I do can change your mind

So if you find these words pass by
You should know - they do not lie
So if you would like to talk again
All you need to do is begin
Ron Caraway ~ R.I.P.

1962—2017

Ron worked as an IT Security Analyst on the Missouri S&T campus, and was a longtime contributor of original drawings to Southwinds. Ron died unexpectedly on the morning of Nov 7th, 2017. Those who knew him closely dearly miss him.
Under dark western skies, the remains of another civilization sweeps the plains as it leaves the world of men, bound for the history books. The ashes of cities and sons blow for miles, blending with the dust of the desolate prairie. The particles pass through the night, slipping across those lines that men draw in the dirt before halting to hang in the light of the moon. The border police rise in their barracks and the air is filled with the rumble of a far off train drawing near. The train was naturally hours late. It was an old model, and spare parts were scarce after the war. A million specks of floating dust dance around the quaint depot in the beams of light from the headlamp and carriages. The C.B.P. men boarded the train and set about harassing passengers for passports and papers, scrutinizing the Syndicalists and interrogating Integralists. They continue down the pre-war coaches, systematically waking people, barking questions and stamping papers. Nearing the end of the train, almost to the cars for tramps, baggage and people of the wrong color, their progress is suddenly impeded by a mysterious foreigner, a man in a fine european suit.

“What’s the holdup with Dago?"

“See, he’s an Itai, with a Kraut passport but no papers. Says he’s a doctor. Seems like some kind of foreign ex-syndie to me.”

“I’m an ex-Italian. I’m a citizen of the Kaiserreich and a Professor at the Prussian Academy. The Academy is funding my lecture circuit in North America. The briefcase with my papers from the Union State was stolen by an urchin in Urbana. My trunk has the papers from Canada and New England. There’s an important conference at the Pacific Institute that, really...”

“No Pacific papers, no can do. Don’t worry, you’re in luck. There’s another train due tomorrow headed back Chicago way, which means you only get one night in the tank.”

The Doctor’s head swims, his face reddens and chest constricts as panic sets in.

“Erm, ackchyually, I think I might have misplaced my papers in here? ” He fussed with his wallet as discreetly as one can in the public eye before presenting the Borderman with his gift.

A tight smile snuck across the man’s face before he snatched the graft. His smile receded and Edward VIII scowled back. He shoves the worthless canadian dollars in his trouser pocket.

“As I said before, Profesor, No Pacific papers, no can do. You get to wait in the tank with the rest of the Syndies until the next Chicago train on Tuesday.”

Cuffs and clubs were whipped out. The Profesor frantically searched his jacket pockets for more bills.
There came a pounding on the door that shakes the old coach. Both the policemen freeze. A lieutenant bounds down the aisle to banish the interloper. He throws open the door; a towering Okie shoves his way past, tailed by a smaller younger man.

“Andrei, nows would be a good time to show these nice officers your train ticket.” Andrei whipped out a badge and wiped off a film of dust. He flashed the protractor and shield emblem.

“Gentlemen,” he cawed, “We are with the BLAND corporation, and we have new papers for Doctor Fermi.”

Andrei flutters the papers in the face of the border guard.

“I think you now find everything in order, countersigned by General Arnold.”

“Just what the hell’s goin on here?”

“It’s alright, Officers, you’ve done a fine job handling it, but Detective Cohen and I will be escorting Doctor Fermi from here. I believe you gentlemen were about to start searching the baggage car for red saboteurs?”

Cohen’s hulking form pressed the border brigand brigade out of the room.

“I was beginning to think that no one had been sent after all.”

“We came with your papers as soon as we could, but the storms out here are horrific.”

Cohen set to work prowling the train, while Andrei plopped himself across from Fermi. He tugged off his ushanka and offered a Victory fag to the Doctor before sparking his funny smelling cigarette.

“It’s still an awfully long trip to Angel City, isn’t it?”

“Sure is, Prof. It would be an awfully good opportunity for Oppenheimer to fill your head with promises of tenure at one of those fancy new universities that Hughes is growing like daisies.”

“I’m tired of this discussion. We were driven out of Italia by the Integralists. Now settled in Germany, that’s where all the new ground is being broken in physics. I’ve worked with Einstein himself! There is nothing that could pull me away from my new home and into some dusty, impoverished warzone.”

“I don’t think your being quite fair. The armistice was almost a year ago and only a handful of bombers ever got past the Sierras. We’re also doing some rather interesting experiments you might be interested in. Just recently BLAND attracted the attention of several zaibatsu and several influential figures from the Rikagaku Kenkyusho.”

“I’ve told your red, pigheaded boss that I don’t care about money.”

“Oh, we know how much you care about the science. Which is why I’ve been authorized to make you an offer that you can’t refuse. We split the atom.”

“That’s impossible.”

“Why don’t you come lead the reactor project yourself. You can be the man to give limitless power to the world!”

“But you don’t want electricity, you want a weapon.”

“The super weapon is the only hope we have. Huey Long is too busy with
conquered reds going hungry and keeping his party in check to fight the whole Sphere. But when he is ready in a few short years he will strike, and millions will die. An atomic wonder weapon would make another war impossible. ”

“Or you could use it to rule the world.”

“It can prevent a third weltkrieg, save innocent lives and free people from oppression. What if Prometheus offered men fire, but they refused because they only saw it’s dangers? I’ve lost so many people I care about, to both reds and reactionaries, and so have all these poor bastards on this train. They’ve lost everything, but they’re still full of hope, chasing life, liberty and happiness. Perhaps they will never find these things, but if you let these people be destroyed, that hope for the future, for freedom, dies with them.”

A hush fell over the men, perhaps in reverence of the departed, remembering the past, praying for the future, or pondering what might have been.

“But what about the Dental?”
If I was honest…
I doubt that’d be.
Send help to me.
Send care to me.
Send your love in a
Beautiful box, tied up.
up in a bow,
perfectly.
O, brainless one,
Dancing ‘round in the sun.
Burning into ashes,
Crumbling into a pile.
If I was normal…
I doubt that’d be.
Send your clarity,
Send your honest,
Send, what you
see in me!
O, brainless one!
Dancing ‘round in the sun,
Cascading into ashes,
Before everyone.
If I was perfect.
SYNTHESIS - KELLY-MARIE CHRISTENSEN
Two shots, pop pop.
Blood bubbling on an asphalt parking lot,
Blotting out the chalked remains of a hopscotch grid
Where kids swapped slurs and curses for the refrains they were taught.

The rain (or hose, whichever’s closest) drags both alike down the drain,
No stains to complain about as the pain sinks deeper down.

Deeper than some drugged up punk with a cheap heater repeating the pleas of her priest.
Deeper than police procedure and clean legal teams.
Deeper than moderated meetings and polite soundbites beseeching peace.

It’s in the ground now,
Above us,
Around us,
In us.
Found in sanctioned rallies and demonstrations,
Found in pressed suits and polite explanations,
Found in Harvard’s educated interpretations,
Found in dated claims placing blame on the shape of the brain
and appeals to well-meaning divine authority made before.

All hoarded with the bodies and gore in the space under the floorboards,
Roaring and crying and begging for confessions to the dead and dying.

Hiding under the need to not be like before.

Hiding under the primal screams for peace and reasoned arguments for war.

Hiding under the claims of safety and life unearned.

Hiding under the tears shed for brick and mortar burned
SURFACE TENSION - JAY CLARK

A FRIENDLY VISIT - JAY CLARK
War

David Naumann

All of the years of us running through the battlefields. All of the years of us trudging through trenches covered in red of the blood of allies and enemies. All of the years of us fighting forward through hills and valleys in quest of cleansing this earth of evil. All of the years tentatively moving forward through cities someone use to call home and try to decipher the innocent from the guilty.

All of these years of fighting just to lead to a standstill and for some bureaucrats to decide it is over and whoever lost the least is victorious. The side that we are on lost the least and we get declared the winner of this pointless conundrum. But, then why do we feel like we are the losers?

Winners get to stand courageously on the top and feel confident in what they did was right. We aren't winners. The more we look at the war; the more we see we aren't winners. Families torn apart in acts of cruelty. Soldiers tore apart in acts of misery. Countries tore apart in acts of insanity. Lines running up and down the map remind of us of the scars we tore through the continent. We simply can't declare ourselves the winners without starting another war and putting our kin through the same living hell we made it through.

We are the losers. For every act of violence causes an equal reaction of violence because the people we hurt will not know the reason we did. Every textbook will have blank pages to describe the reasons we had to intervene in world wars. Every soldier will have words scarred in the backs of their minds to remind them we are the enemy. We won and what we won was a target on our backs.

But, no matter what we do: war never changes. Man changes and technology changes but our methods of bloodshed do not change. War is a game to inflict the highest amount of casualties and who ever quits first is the loser. The game never ends and even when we think it is the end of war we haven't quite learned our history. The cycle will end when humanity is triumphed and all free will is conquered and honestly though it will take years to see that what we did was right. I would choose free will every time.
Despite the festival and all of the jovial feelings its smells and sights brought with them, the hair on the back of Officer Hawkes’ neck stood on end. *There was something sinister in the air that night. It tainted every breath and just made you want to run as far and fast as you could in the other direction,* he would later write in his suicide note. At the time, however, he chalked it up to being caused by the harrowing call that had awoken him.

More than half-asleep, Melanie had asked, *What’s wrong, honey?*

Hawkes had had to think it over a bit as he got dressed. She worried easily, and he didn’t want that. Finally, he gave the carefully worded answer of: *There was an accident at the fair. They need me to come in.* Kissing her forehead, he said, *I’ll be back soon. I love you.*

She had mumbled something in response, and he walked out the door. The reality of that call had yet to truly sink in as he got into his cruiser. Even as he walked between the brightly colored, desolate stalls of the Blue Moon Festival, he still couldn’t quite believe it. *Twelve went under.* And it was only what was first reported. There would very likely be more.

The base of operations was set up on the shore between the frozen Skemmult Lake and the festival. Caution tape and uniforms kept the mounting crowd off the treacherous ice. Beyond the barrier, Hawkes could see the full moon reflecting off the frozen lake, except for where it didn’t. And where it didn’t, there was a chasm of darkness that looked wide enough for the whole world to fall into. In the darkness, pale shimmers of moonlight rippled with the freezing water. Silhouettes of men in rubber suits stood around the chasm, waiting for their signal to dive in. *Twelve went under. How’s that even possible?*

Lockheed, Washington was a nothing town. It was the town where the worst crime to happen was committed by a cat that accidentally shot its owner with a misplaced rifle. Nothing ever happened. If you ever stumbled upon the small mountain town, it was by complete accident. For some ungodly reason, you were trying to cross the Ogaden Mountains connecting Idaho and Washington instead of traveling on the I-90. Outsiders rarely showed up, and much fewer stayed. Usually just gentle drifters and vagabonds, lost in the seas of life.

Making his way down the embankment, Officer Hawkes was set upon by wide-eyed and desperate people. One man grabbed the young officer’s uniform and shouted, “Where’s my son! My boy! I can’t find him!”

A crying girl tugged on his leg and said through panicked sobs, “Have you seen my big brother? He was on the ice… I haven’t seen him in a while.”

Hawkes apologized and reassured profusely as he made his way through the crowd. He wore the visage of an optimistic young rookie, saying whatever he thought would put these people at ease, but, at that moment, he felt old and wary. In his last words to the world, he briefly mentioned the encounter: *They were desperate for any...*
sign that the world as they knew it had not just come to a violent halt. I wanted nothing more than to give those people their children back, but that didn't matter. Nothing really does.

After the tortuous journey through the helpless crowd, the young officer found himself inside the makeshift tent that had been set up as a place for divers and officers to warm themselves. A group of blanket-covered young men sat around a space heater, doing everything they could to warm themselves, anxious to return to that darkness and continue the search. Sitting by the flap nearest the lake was the sheriff: a large, bearded man wearing an equally large jacket with the letters LHPD patched onto its sleeve.

“Sheriff Larson,” Hawkes said as he approached the open flap. A diver was being helped out of the water just as another dove in. “Have they found any of them?”

The big man was silent for a moment. Sheriff Larson had never been a talkative man, not even when he had been the fitter and much better looking Officer Larson. Hawkes’ own mother had been infatuated with the stoic man, but there was no evidence he had ever taken advantage of his good looks. He lived alone in a cozy apartment near main street, the same apartment he dwelt in for over half his life. Much like Lockheed, the man never changed save the steady increase in his size. But he was different, anybody could see it that night. He was somewhere else. When he finally answered the young officer, he said, “No. Not a one.”

“Christ,” Hawkes said as he wiped the cold sweat from his brow.

“Don’t think he had much to do with this business,” the sheriff said. “They’re saying nineteen now. Skating around on the ice one minute, gone the next. Somewhere down there. Never seen a thing like it.”

“Nineteen? That can’t be, sir. Nothing happens around here. It’s been ten years since Todd’s calico shot him.”

“I suppose we were due then,” Larson said as he fished a pack of cigarettes out of his pocket. The man had quit right about the time his weight began to skyrocket, twelve years passed. Now, he lit one and lightly puffed at it before gesturing toward Hawkes with the pack.

Shaking his head, he said, “No; thank you, sir.”

Larson put the pack back in his pocket and leaned back in his chair, his eyes far away.

“Is there anything I can do to help?”

“The perimeter is pretty well established. Don’t suppose you have any experience diving?”

“No, sir.”

“Then I suppose the only thing you can really do is hope and pray to the god of your choice. Sorry for dragging you out here, son.”

“Not a problem sir. It’s going to be a late night for—”

“I saw it!” a man said as he burst through the tent flaps behind Hawkes. “It took them! Reached from the pits of hell and took them all!”

Both the officer and the sheriff turned to look at the man. A ushanka sat above his crazed eyes, but he wore no other outerwear substantial enough to protect him from the cold. The man’s teeth chattered and his hands were crossed over his chest when
they were not waving frantically. Poking out from under the hat were long strands of gray hair. Hawkes pegged him as being somewhere in his sixties.

“Come on, guy,” he said. “Get back out there with everybody else or go home and get warm. It’s not good for you to be out here like that.”

The man shook his head. “They don’t listen out there. They’re hearing me, but they’re not listening. A crazy man is what they’re calling me. I need to talk to somebody with some authority, somebody that will listen.”

_This guy's been out there too long. Must have come out to see the commotion. I can't just send him away, he'll freeze_, Officer Hawkes thought. Later, he would write, _I should have drowned that old man in the lake. We would both be better off if I had._

“You want to talk? Fine, talk to me. Let’s just do it over here, where it’s warm,” he said while pointing at the circle of men by the space heater. Rubbing his hands together, the crazed man nodded and walked over to it.

They took seats opposite each other. Hawkes turned his seat around and sat backwards on it, so that his chin was resting on the seat’s back. Two of the divers were the same ones he had seen when he first entered—one sported an impressive beard that was still dripping, the other had a crooked nose that made his face look lopsided. The third had been replaced by a shivering man fresh from the lake. “Do you mind if we warm up with you fellas?” Hawkes asked the men. He took their grunts and nods as a yes. In his note, he wrote, _I didn't recognize any of them then, not a one. Perfect strangers. It wasn't until later that I realized that I had seen all of them dozens of times before._

“So what’s your name, friend?” Hawkes asked the old man.

“I’m not your friend, and it’s Gerald.”

The name rung a bell, but Hawkes couldn’t place it. “Gerald. Maybe we’ll be friends before the end of the night. What brings you out here? Wanted to come see what was happening?”

“No,” Gerald said as he rubbed his arms. “I was here when it happened. Saw everything.”

“So… you were watching the kids?”

“Not in the way I feel you implying, but yes. Somebody had to be. Didn’t see an adult among them. I saw it coming, could feel it in my bones. Tried warning people that it would happen tonight, but nobody believes the old man.”

“Like you had any idea,” the bearded diver scoffed. Another of the divers, the dripping one said, “N-N-Nobody could have s-seen this coming. Th-They said the ice was safe.”

Waving his hand, Hawkes said to Gerald, “Okay. So you were watching them for their protection. From your little rant earlier, you said you saw something… grab them?”

The divers sneered at this. “That’s a crock if I’ve ever heard one,” the diver with the crooked nose said. “Cold water and dead kids. That’s all that’s down there.”

“And how many of those dead kids have you found? Hmm?” Gerald asked them. Shooting up from his seat, the dripping man said, “I’d like to s-see you dive in
there, old man.”

“Three years ago, I did. I think you did as well,” Gerald said as he glared up at the man.

And then Hawkes remembered where he heard the name. Gerald Guyett. Hawkes had just gotten back from the graduation at the academy in Spokane. A man and his kid had gone out fishing in their boat, and only the man returned. For the life of him, Hawkes didn’t know how he could have forgotten. He was usually good at recalling details. It was coming back to him now, like a flood.

Leaning back, suddenly weary of the man in front of him, Hawkes said, “Your son drowned… I was one of the first responders.”

Gerald’s eyes grew brighter as he nodded. “You were, officer. You absolutely were. Didn’t remember that, did you?”

All of the words that came to mind didn’t seem right. What could he say? Oh, I remember now. Must have slipped my mind. It was a small thing, you know? Just one of those things you forget. Hawkes simply nodded.

The dripping man seemed to have come to his own realization as he slowly sat back in his seat. “That d-doesn’t make any damn sense,” he said quietly.

After giving a hollow sort of laugh, Gerald said, “This town has a way of moving on when it comes to this lake. We remember Todd well enough, how his cat shot him in the ass, but you, diver, can’t remember ever rescuing anything more than cats and dogs that went overboard. It’s that thing, that ungodly thing, down there. It preys on us, then makes us forget it ever existed—if you’re lucky.”

A new diver walked in from under the tent flap and sat beside the newly horrified fellows. Scanning the group’s faces, he said, “Now, I don’t think I’ve ever seen a more forlorn group of folks.”

“Any luck out there?” the old man asked as the new diver wrapped himself tightly with blankets.

“Nah. Ain’t no luck no more. Don’t need it. I’m just hoping this whole foolishness ends soon so people can get on with their lives, and I can get warm.” Furrowing his brow, Officer Hawkes asked, “What do you mean ‘foolishness’? There’s still bodies down there. The parents deserve some closure.”

The diver undid his boot and dumped them out onto the gravel floor before sticking his feet near the heater and saying, “There ain’t no bodies. I’m tellin’ you now: if there were anybody down there, we would’a found them by now. Trick of the mind is all it was. Them kids are around, probably got themselves lost in town. We never should’a come out here.”

An uneasy feeling settled over the group. Looking back at the open tent flap, Hawkes could see Sheriff Larson yawning and checking his watch, his demeanor seemingly back to normal. Hawkes stood from his chair and traveled to the opposite side of the tent, where he had come in at. Opening the flap, he saw the impossible. There was nobody. All of the parents were gone. The little girl with the missing brother was nowhere to be seen. They had all moved on, Hawkes wrote in his note. Like their goldfish had just gone down the toilet. But it wasn’t a goldfish, it was their children and siblings.

“And now you know,” Gerald said in a sad voice as he put a hand on the officer’s shoulder. “I’m sorry for that. I had to tell somebody. Thought it might put me at ease
Shaking his head, Hawkes said, “This isn’t happening. There’s no way this is real.”

“It’s one thing to listen to an old man talk crazy, it’s a whole ‘nother thing to see it.”

His head was swimming. Stumbling out of the tent, he looked all around him. No bystanders were in sight. The officers were picking up their cones and bundling up the tape; some were talking about the football game the day before. He had to sit—his legs were rubber under him. Collapsing on the embankment, he covered his mouth to keep from screaming. Gerald followed and sat beside him. After taking a few deep breaths, Officer Hawkes said, “What can we do? How do we stop it?”

“We both know the answer to that.” Not a thing.

Hawkes shook and stared up at the sky. The night was full of bright stars and a huge moon. All of which seemed menacing now. He shot his view back down, to the lake, but that seemed even more insidious. All of the bad things in the world seemed to stem from the chasm in that instant.

“Hawkes!” Sheriff Larson said as he exited from the tent. “I’m headed home. I advise you do the same.”

***

That night, Melanie woke to the sound of a blood-curdling scream emanating from her husband. She yelled his name, shook him, then finally slapped him before he woke with a start. When questioned, he stated that he couldn’t remember what the dream had been about. But his wife knew him, and she knew he never forgot his dreams.

Soon the incident slipped from her mind and their lives continued, though she noted that he always seemed a bit more irritable and tired than she remembered the man she had married being. She once tried to reassure him that it was just a prankster that broke the ice, but he seemed more distressed by this than anything.

Then, finally, on the first day of August, the neighbors of the Hawkes’ residence were startled by the sound of a single, loud BANG! Coming out of their homes, they stood on their porches and shot each other questioning looks.

“You hear that?” Old Lady Porter shouted across the street to the Thompsons.

“Sure did!” Mrs. Thompson said. “Sounded like a gunshot!”

As the entire town would later discover—and then forget—, it was in fact the blast of a shotgun. Sheriff Larson had been the unfortunate first responder. He was met with the grizzly sight of Hawkes in his garage with a carefully written note beside him, the ending of which read:

*Gerald took his own life about month ago now. Witnesses say he stood on the shore and cursed the freezing water with a shaking fist before removing his boots and wading in. He was found face-down by a more able-bodied man who had swam out to rescue him. When he was laid out on the shore, witnesses were beholden to a sight so terrible that one of them lost their lunch. Where his eyes should have been were two empty, dark red sockets. His mouth had been frozen into a permanent scream. They*
say he lost his will to live after his son moved so far away, but I know better. That old man had meant to thrash that thing in the depths. Instead, it made sure he was just as scared as his son had been in his final moments. I won’t go out like that, but I must go out.

Gerald was crazed, but that was not his fault. You see, just as easily as that thing in the lake can make you forget its existence, it can also make you never forget. It is not malice that causes it to pervert our thoughts, it is mercy. I have seen beyond its illusion, I have angered it. It has fully thrown back the curtain and revealed itself to me in visions and nightmares, likely the same ones that haunted Gerald. There are no words to describe it. Recalling my dreams produces only a monstrous silhouette surrounded by distorted moonlight. Now I’m seeing it in everything. Even the graphite on this paper seems to be mocking its shape. Worse still, it is WHISPERING to me, begging me to swim out to it, to get the answers I want. I must end this madness.

This thing—this wretched abomination—lies in the shadows of the Ogaden Mountains, in the darkest depths of Skemmult Lake, waiting for any unfortunate thing to tread on its grave. Perhaps if it is known, it can be stopped. Deep down, I know that is why Gerald told me of it. I will not be the one to end it, however, for it is too late for me. I love you mother, I love you father, and I love you, Melanie. May there be some mercy left in the world for you all, and may that thing never realize the fullness of our futility.
Leap

Will Shama

Warren took a deep breath, feeling his body tense as he gripped the frayed rope tightly with both fists. He stepped nervously up to the ledge before him and gulped as he looked down into the quarry water below—a drop that seemed to stretch to several hundred feet down as he eyed the rocks at the bottom. You’ll kill yourself.

Shut up, you’ll miss the rocks. After that it’s just open water.

Warren shifted his footing, dislodging a few chunks of gravel that clattered lightly down the outcrop before plopping lightly into the water. One or two bounced off the rocks down by the wall of the flooded quarry and spun out into the pool. That’ll be you. Hitting those rocks.

Everyone else has gone and cleared the rocks by a mile. You’ll be fine.

That wasn’t entirely true. Lucas had calmly but forcefully refused to go and instead stood back and watched them disapprovingly. Meanwhile, Howard was just climbing ashore down by the lake, after executing a perfect swing on the rope and landing beautifully in the water. He very deliberately turned to look up at his friends on the ledge and gave a quick dab, eliciting a sort of half-groan, half-laugh from Simon, then started on his way back towards them.

“Alright, Warren, go!” Simon called behind him.

Warren, glad for the excuse to put off jumping, dropped the rope and turned to Simon, holding up his hands and saying “I’m going, I’m going—”

“Then go already!”

A lump slid down his throat as Warren swallowed whatever he had been about to say and turned around to grip the rope again. He eyed the old tree limb where it was tied above his head. That’ll snap, and then you’ll be gone. It’s not worth it.

Shut up and just go already. They’re waiting.

“Do it or no balls!” Simon jeered.

Howard came trudging up the slope, still dripping wet. “You haven’t gone yet?!”

Ignore them. Don’t go. Hurry up and GO already!

Warren stepped back and wiped the beaded sweat from his forehead. He tugged the rope to make sure it was secure on the branch. He took one more deep breath and let it out slowly through pursed lips—

“Yeeahhh Warren!”

—then took a dash to the edge of the quarry wall and jumped over. The length of rope carried him down to the bottom of his arc. You idiot.

It’s fine. See? You’re already clear of-

SNAP.

Oh, shit.
Simon’s eyes went wide as the tree limb snapped off and went sailing into the quarry after Warren. He heard the sound of his friend’s body, unprotected save for a swimsuit, slap against a rock and splash down into the quarry’s murky brown water. He turned wide-eyed and met Howard’s and Lucas’s horrified stares. The three of them rushed to edge of the drop-off and saw a red blotch on the side of one of the dusty rocks below, and no sign of Warren save a diminishing ripple in the water. Simon simultaneously felt dizzy and like someone had punched him in the gut.

“Oh no. Oh shit. Oh fuck, is that blood?!” Howard shrieked, his voice cracking in panic.

Lucas shuffled his feet, looking down at the water, then took off running down the slope to the quarry’s shoreline, heedless of the rocks and twigs tearing into the soles of his bare feet, cursing all the way until he got to the water and went under.

Howard stared at the pool, unsure of what to do in his panicked state. Simon broke out of his own trance and sprang over to the drawstring bag he had dropped on the ground nearby when they arrived. He dumped the contents onto the ground and grabbed his phone out of the heap. His shaking fingers couldn’t operate the buttons fast enough.

“He’s got him! Oh thank Christ, he’s- oh, man, look at his side…” Howard’s relief at seeing Lucas resurface with an unconscious Warren was quickly replaced by dread at the cloud of red in the water and the sight of the gash across Warren’s ribs. His hands grabbed his hair in terror. Simon finally finished punching in the number. The screen of his phone had rainbow-tinted streaks across it from his sweating hands.

“Mom? MOM! No, everything’s NOT- look, we’re at the quarry. YEAH, I KNOW, BUT WE ARE, OKAY?! And Warren jumped in and the rope snapped and he hit the rocks and he’s knocked out and bleeding and- THE ROPE ON THE TREE, DOES IT FUCKING MATTER? He hit his side or head or something- yeah, Lucas got him out- I don’t know! Call an ambulance! Or have Dad call an ambulance! No, they’re by the water. Yeah, okay!”

Holding the phone to his ear, Simon jumped past Howard, who was still staring horrified at Lucas and Warren, and ran down the hill towards his two friends, tears starting to sting his eyes.

*He wouldn’t have jumped if you hadn’t made him.*
Hound Elegy

Jack Morgan

I still feel you around
girl gone
after two weeks—
I dreamed before you left
that I was preparing your things
in a pretty bag
for you to take on your journey,
but “journey” is a conceit of course,
a trope merely—something else is true
or maybe nothing at all beyond
the needle in your vein— I write this
on our old path by the river,
the whistle on my key chain
a useless thing now. It won’t,
though it may call among the trees,
bring you running bright-eyed
anymore.
Poem for Marcus Cloud Because He Asked For One In Time Of National Confusion

James Bogan

LOU "THE TOE" GROZA - ELECTED TO THE AMERICAN FOOTBALL HALL OF FAME IN 1974
We share a hero:
The legendary Lou THE TOE Groza.
    He was the guy who put “leg” into “legend.”
All the way from post-war 1946 until mid-war 1967
he was the Cleveland Browns field goal kicker
with a couple of years off for repairs

Most points
Most accurate
Most beloved

Three pointers from fifty yards out
unheard of in his day
were heard betimes with a thump from THE TOE

So when ace old quarterback Otto Graham retired in 1957
and the Browns’ offense disappeared along with him,
did Lou THE TOE Groza stop kicking?
Did Lou THE TOE Groza lay down on the 49 yard line
and say, “Bury my toe here?”

No.
Lou, an unwobbling pivot,
placed his less famous toe
solid on Earth
transferring the power of pointed place
into an explosive kick.

Lose or win
Lou THE TOE Groza
poised himself
against the day
when fate would be on the line
again
and the voltage of the past
locked up in overtime
might yield
an unlikely
Nay
an impossible
victory

And if it doesn’t?
Kick it again.
Kick it again.
The heron is the color of a November morning. Fog wets the river rocks. Fossils faintly echo a grey past. I shall take one stone home, to look through its waterworn hole and perhaps see the future.

_Agnes Vojta_
Reflecting back upon my youth, I cannot help but appreciate the great degree of autonomy I was blessed with in my childhood. Born the daughter of Gérard Proux and Amélie Labelle Proux, I spent many a lazy summer by the banks of the Seine, skipping stones, tailing fish, and chasing fireflies. However, come autumn, I was always torn away from my river only to be forced back into the monotony of l’école privé. (1)

Being arguably the most affluent commune in all of France, Neuilly-sur-Seine was dotted with prestigious private academies and with as many well-endowed families eager to give their children only the best education possible; I was one such progeny. Schooling was never difficult for me to understand—albeit from what hazy recollections I have of my early academics, there was little rigor to be had since schoolmasters were primarily tasked with keeping us well-mannered. Rather, I found my misery as an outcast amongst my petits (2) classmates. I was born with heterochromia iridum, but to my classmates I was Miranda, “la fille qui avait les yeux étranges.” (3)

My mother, bless her heart, constantly told me that I was beautiful with my prized eyes. My left eye, she always said, was a crystalline reflection of the sea on the coast of Marseille while my right eye was that of hazelnuts and chocolate on a cold winter’s night. She always knew how to make me smile, and her reassurance always seemed like a beacon of hope in an otherwise starless night. My father, a busy man by nature and by design, was always deeply engrossed in his monetary vocation. Because of this, he spent little time at home, and what meager time he had to give me was always bittersweet. There were even many occasions when I eavesdropped on him lamenting to my mother about his lack of a son.

“Ma chérie, (4) I fear that Miranda is too dainty of a flower for this world! I know you are not at fault, but I cannot help to think of how things would be different with a Marc or Mathieu.”

At a young age, such an experience pushed me farther into seclusion and isolation, compounding with my already bleak life outside of the house. Yet it was in my solitude that I eventually found my clarity. Wandering in the veritable labyrinth of my homestead, I stumbled upon a peculiar reflection one day in a far-off guest bedroom. Instead of my golden long hair and soft skin, I was greeted by a boy with mottled brown hair

(1) Private school
(2) Tiny
(3) “The girl who had the weird eyes.”
(4) My sweetheart
and a complementary set of mismatched eyes, one hazel one blue. Unlike any other child I knew, he was the first one not to run from me in disgust, fear, or mockery; he was my first true friend.

Over countless encounters and games of pretend, the boy in the mirror explained to me that he was Adam, my twin brother lost at birth. Alongside other things, he began appearing more frequently around the house, seemingly stuck behind a mirror. As time went on and seasons changed, I grew more and more sympathetic for my brother’s narcissistic condemnation; I resolved to let Adam live his life through me.

Wherever I went, Adam was never too far behind. Nobody else ever seemed to notice his presence like I did, and I never talked to my parents about him because I never knew what to say. Instead, I turned to Adam, exchanging secrets for pleasantries and seeking solace where I once had none. It was through Adam that I learned to challenge my méchants (5) peers and stand up for myself. I was no longer a timid little lamb, and I would not allow juvenile words to sully my name. People’s reactions were mixed. Some of my instructors pulled me aside to ask if everything was alright while others, including peers, grew to respect me. Through my ordeals, I even managed to make new friends, quiet classmates who once were afraid to associate with me. Considering the stigma, I never blamed them for their judgement, and I was happy to have other people in my life. Adam was proud of me also, and his continued advice worked wonders on my self-esteem and social life. I never told anyone else about Adam, and he agreed that such was the best course of action.

Going into lycée, (6) I had tried countless new things in order to alter how I looked and felt. The first significant change was my name; no one else ever seemed to get my name correct, so I settled on Mira as a succinct solution. Amongst other things, I experimented with cutting and coloring my hair to my (and Adam’s) heart’s content. Braided, brunette, pixie, ponytails, (and regrettably once even pink), my hair became another way to express my thoughts and impulses. My growing circle of friends constantly teased me for it, but it was mostly out of jealousy. Katerine always wished that her parents would be less strict with her while Lucy only wanted her hair to be as smooth as mine. No matter where I went, people took notice, and Adam was impressed with how much I had grown out of my shell.

Adam pushed me to do things that would have never crossed my mind and on occasion, even made me feel uncomfortable. I took up public speaking, argumentative debate, advanced mathematics, and even the Viennese Waltz— both following and leading (as requested by Adam). In another instance, Adam convinced me to forgo my traditional attire and to try les vêtements masculins. (7)

(5) Mean
(6) High school
(7) Male clothing
I was wary at first, but after multiple days of crossing the divide, I felt just as home in this attire as I was in my familiar dresses, skirts, and blouses. It grew to be my guilty pleasure. Sneaking out of my house, donning the persona of l’homme confidant, (8) I took to Neuilly-sur-Seine to experience a new night lives with mes amis (9). Charlotte, whom I met in my days in secondary schooling, nearly fainted the first time she saw me, while Pierre laughed and was quick to call me one of his new “guy pals”. On other nights, I let Adam call all the shots, making all my decisions, and things seldom went sour. Nights on the town became days in Paris on the Champs-Élysées, and surely but slowly, my day-to-day wardrobe grew to accommodate my newfound liberation.

Mother was too proud of me to object, and father was always too busy to care. I would go entire days with Adam at the helm and with little regard for the whispers behind my back. Who I was grew dependent on the day and my mood, and nobody would take that away from me. Days turned into months, and months turned into years. I found myself at the doorsteps of Université with a new chapter for me and Adam to overcome together. Embarking to Switzerland for Zurich, I said my farewells to mother, father, and all my past friends, promising to make vigilant use of my packed stationery in order to hold some parts of my old life close to my heart. Adam, the only constant in my life but whose his figure aged and developed alongside mine was equally as excited as I was, eager to see more of the world and to meet new faces.

While the rigor of Université was all that I expected it to be, I was taken aback with the countless social opportunities that were presented to me and Adam to experience. Old habits went away to make room for the nouveau, and I did my best to seek out anything that reminded me of home. Adam and I found solace amongst the ballrooms and debate halls while we expanded our menagerie of friends: Augustus, Sven, Delia, Sabrina, Alexander, Michail, Angela—the sheer volume of outstanding, unique individuals we encountered seemed without limit. I took fancy to Michail while Adam enjoyed Angela's company. Our tastes changed with time, but our experiences remained just as sweet. With Adam by my side, I constantly strived to push myself to see just what we could accomplish.

Days grew long, and months became numbered. With Zurich behind us, Adam and I returned home to succeed father in the family business. Mother constantly pressured me to marry, but I repeatedly told her that I would only if the occasion matched the circumstances. Facilitating financial marketing was already such a drain on time that settling down never seemed like an option. Regardless of all the red tape and deadlines, Adam and I always found time for ourselves, and we never ceased exploring new avenues of adventure. Looking back to the countless chapters that I and my grandchildren had written throughout my years, I feel a sense of accomplishment and content in the seeds that I have sown. Standing up one last time, I get out of bed and proceed to the mirror on my dresser. I return Adam’s smile who welcomes me with an outreached hand. Taking his grasp, I close my eyes and step through to the other side.

(8) The confident man
(9) My friends
**Southwinds Staff**

*Dr. Anne Cotterill*, the faculty advisor, is an associate professor in the Department of English and Technical Communication at Missouri S&T. Her research focuses on early modern British writing and culture. She teaches courses in Shakespeare, British literature, and world literature.

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Interested in joining the staff of or contributing your work to Southwinds? Contact Dr. Anne Cotterill at cotteril@mst.edu, or check us out online at southwinds.mst.edu to view previous issues or submit your work. Southwinds prefers all text submissions to be in Microsoft Word format.

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The Department of English and Technical Communication at Missouri S&T offers undergraduate and graduate degree programs in English, English education, and technical communication. These programs are based on a wide range of courses taught by experienced, accomplished faculty in the following areas: American, British, and world literatures, creative writing, rhetoric and composition, technical communication and technical writing, and linguistics.

The department currently has 19 full and part-time faculty whose research and creative interests include Southern culture and film, medieval literature and folkloristics, food studies and American literature, linguistic variation in English, the history of technical communication, American culture in the 1920s, the eighteenth-century literary fragment, Victorian literature and medicine, early modern British literature, usability studies, visual communication, diffusion of technology, and original fiction-writing. The faculty’s scholarly and creative work results in numerous publications.
CHAKRA GARDEN - CONNIE GENSAMER

CELEBRATION OF NATIONS, 2017: BEST COUNTRY REPRESENTATION - ATTA UR REHMAN
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