



Southwinds

**The Creative Arts Magazine
of Missouri S&T**

SPRING 2019



Colorful tulips on the S&T campus. (Chandreyee Bhowmick)

About *Southwinds*

Southwinds is published annually in the spring semester and distributed free 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, *Southwinds* invites submissions from S&T students, faculty, staff, and alumni. Poetry, stories, photographs, and original artwork should be submitted to **southwinds.mst.edu** or **swinds@mst.edu**.

Seasonal

Mary Smith

You don't realize when you slip your sandals off today that you won't put them back on until next year.

In twelve more days you'll choose a gray sweater from the back of the closet.

You'll wish you drove to the Ozarks just once to put on that bathing suit that's still attached to its tag.

You'll wake up shivering and have to stumble to the switch to turn off the white blades above your bed.

Thirty-four days and you'll make hot chocolate –goodbye, snowcones.

Goodbye, running outside barefoot to get the mail.

Goodbye, singing "In My Feelings" with the windows all the way down.

You'll get used to being pale and putting your jeans into your boots and having the Missouri wind hurt your face.

You sit by the window doing homework and watching *The Office*.

You'll wish you had another chance to pull the sandals on.

In fifty-seven days you'll make a mental note to cherish next summer when it arrives.

But not today, you spend the whole day inside because it's "far too hot" to be out in the sun.

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The Ranimeï

Patrick Bazzoli

| | |
|-------------------------------------|--------------------------------------|
| On a night most dark and dreary | And should on you the creature |
| If you find yourself alone | gain |
| Move with haste and be quite leery | Beware its grasping two-thumbed |
| Should you hear a child's moan | hand |
| | For if you find your strength |
| | should wane |
| Avoid the shadows in your path | You'll breathe your last right where |
| And any glint of amber eyes | you stand |
| Lest ye find the creature's wrath | |
| That within the darkness lies | |
| | And if you see its limp-necked grin |
| Listen close for a staggered pace | The time has passed to run away |
| Be it from road or tops of roofs | Its canine fangs will soon sink in |
| Should the creature decide to chase | Your flesh belongs to the Ra'nimeï |
| Atop its pair of cloven hooves | |

Highs and Lows

Mullin Evans

| | |
|-------------------------------------|--|
| My highs are so far away from this | I am free falling. |
| flat surface. | I have bricks of doubt tied to my |
| I'm on Mount Everest, pointed | ankles. |
| ballet feet. | The air is suffocating me. |
| I'm so happy, I can hardly breathe. | |
| | But, before I reach the end of this, I |
| My lows come calling, I'm crashing | catch myself again. |
| from the summit. | I am hovering above a lake of |
| I'm not slowly descending with a | failures. |
| parachute of hopes | Ready to ascend again. |
| Keeping me from crash landing. | |

Fish on a Leash

Alisia Hassler

Too long have I been chained up,
Kenneled, and caged on dry earth.
I've been choking on the dusty air.
I can feel my fins and soul shrivel.

Just beyond my reach
Runs a ravenous river.
Its white caps consume,
Reckless and unforgiving.

Beneath the surface,
Other fish swim seductively,
Amongst green moss and red
flowers,
Dancing with the currents and un-
dertows.

I tug at my leash,
And it scrapes my gills
As they struggle for air.
I know my time is running out.

Finally, my bondage snaps!
I clumsily flop towards the water,
Slapping the cursed earth beneath
me,
And I flounder to whatever comes
next.

I don't know what the future holds,
Or if I'll remember how to swim,
But I think I'd rather drown
Than suffocate here on land.

The Remainder of Life

Xiuyu Zhu

Time is always ruthless
One should not look for lasting happiness in fame.
Drinking, composing poetry and appreciating the moon
Happy for the rest of your life.

岁月总是无情，
更应淡去浮名。
饮酒赋诗赏月，
快乐度过余生。

At the Gates of the Abyss

Matthew Helbig

Even with open eyes, all I can see is black. I blink once and the world remains dark to me, but more features make their appearance the longer I grow accustomed to the dark. The cold metal I feel on my hands becomes the silver bars of a guardrail, holding me back from a gaping black pit in front of me. Startled, I take a step back before regaining my composure and leaning my arms atop the railing once more, melancholically looking out into the dark. The black expands near endlessly in all directions beyond my ledge of safety. My ledge of cleanly cut stone, meanwhile, extends out in opposition to the seething void, forming a veritable divide between sanctuary and the unknown. And here I was, teetering on the brink of either side, from standing on safety to leaning into danger.

“What is this place?” was all I could wonder, staring deeper into the blackness. I blink once more, and I see a singular red orb deep in the darkness. I rub my eyes but still I see the orb in the distance, flanked by a second some distance away from the first, while both have definitely gotten closer. I feel my worry mounting, as there’s a certain dread in those orbs that I can’t quite place. I look up in an attempt to rid my sight of those orbs, and my mind floats back to my questioning: what this place is, why I’m here, and how I’ll be getting home. If I can even get home. “I don’t remember anyth-,” I start to say, until I realize just how big a lie that was. My memory said otherwise, forcing images in my mind I’ve chosen to repress.

I see it happen all over with that stained knife. Serrated edges dripping, its silver sheen coated in a sickening, dark red. A flash of steel as it cuts again, coming back even bloodier as the scars continue mounting. The puddle surrounding me, growing, slaked by cut flesh from each and every slash.

“Gah!” I scream out, forcing my eyes closed and covering them with my hands, those once bloodied hands now comforting me in my darkness. I feel the tears run down my cheeks, the sobs wrenching out of my throat and escaping my trembling lips. “Why,” I weakly whimper between sobs. “Why, would I, would I do that... why did I?...”

“Now now, what is that I hear?” A deep voice asks. I freeze, my sadness blossoming into desperate fear. “I know there’s someone...”

what was that noise? Its pain calls to me..." The voice sounds melodious, speaking relaxed and luxuriously. I feel at ease under its soothing words, but something tells me to fear it. Against my better judgement I look back into the abyss. Five orbs now, and the faint distinction of pillars flanks the five. "There you are, child," the voice purrs, causing hairs to stand on the back of my neck. I want to look away but find my gaze locked onto the orbs. "Tears, after taking a life I see. A regretful action you made, clearly, but after all... what is the worth of a life?" A sixth orb lights up and I shiver at its words. I can see more of the pillars, forming a sort of roofed shape. "Pointless endeavors. You're born, you live, you die, and leave nothing behind but a scar upon the world, if even that much. Life is a waste, I see you agree with that."

The voice was right, I had to admit. It all feels so pointless, every day, when I know I'll just die one day. We all will. What was the point of life, in the eyes of someone who had given up on it? A seventh orb lit up as I nod in agreement. I see the pillars forming a sort of archway now.

"You and I, we see eye to eyes I see." The voice gives a slight chuckle at its comment. "As you're here that speaks for itself." An eighth orb appears, each now symmetrical to another. The archway is clear, and the faint outline of a dark, shaggy, and masculine figure stands in its frame. "Just take my hand." The figure holds out its arm, and I hold mine out in tentative acceptance. "There's no going back after what you've done, but perhaps with me you will find some salvation."

I begin inching my hand closer to the figure's, and it grabs my arm just as I realize my own error. A ninth orb appears in the center before forming four points and becoming a dark orange coloration just as the thing grins, baring its disgusting fangs in a cruel grin. Its red orbs were nestled in gigantic antlers on the beast's head, while the orange star was in place of its eyes. "And now, one more lost soul for the black pyre," the beast's voice now coming off cold and callous. I feel my body go slack as I'm pulled into the abyss. My vision fades as I hear another voice cry out, the beast growling in outraged defiance as something seizes my leg and pulls me from the darkness.

When I finally open my eyes again I meet a blinding light and a slight gasp to my right. "You're awake!" A feminine voice cries out. "Marcus, you're awake!" I see Margaret, my sister, just as she lunges herself into me for a tight embrace. I return the embrace, noticing the bandaging across my wrists. I then look around and notice

we're in a hospital room. "How could you be so stupid? I don't... even want to think... if you..." Margaret tries to speak between sobs but eventually gives up, settling for an increasingly tight embrace. "I'm just glad you're alive, Marcus." And as I sat there, coming to terms with everything I had done, almost leaving my sister alone in this world, I had to agree with her.

END

Revision

Agnes Vojta

Revision is an exercise in humility.
We should perform it regularly,
like house cleaning:
question choices,
throw out junk,
discard the stale,
clean and polish.
Apply to poems and life.
Repeat.

thru blue eye

Brandon Broughton

thru blue eye en route to your grandfather's cabin
we drove by strawberry fields forever
(a video store)

and I'm thinking now how the music never really ended
it faded, but it was still there

and maybe we're the same way

This Love, She Said

Ian Ferguson

This love, this love,
this love, she said, is not love
for the sake of love. That loves pleasure more
than itself that in seeking it further is lost
to addiction. This love is not the love of falling
snow or laggard dawns and it cannot be said in three
words or sometimes more. It is a love that was
already carved into the seed before gestation,
before the first shoot pushes through
the soul as the earth melted. Nor, is it a
love that first loves itself (and only its own spirit)
that has yet to reach the soul because
in the quiet of the morning there are still no ripples
on the pool. This love, she said,
brings songs and poems in the abandonment of
the broken cord, in depths of despair finally
learns that there is an invincible summer
and its permanence is this love. Only
love, she said, when sung sounds like a
poem that is complete. It is this love
that I desire knowing it is well in her soul.
This love, she said....

You are, he sang,
beautiful.

That is a poem, she said rightly.

Some notes for additional reading:

[1] "This Love, She Said" - reworks the first and last lines of "These Poems, She Said," by Robert Bringhurst and the same structural format. <https://www.poetryfoundation.org/poems-and-poets/poems/detail/48730>

[2] It is an investigation of the love of the soul, *storge*, ("empathy love" - *The Four Loves* is a book by C. S. Lewis) from the perception of pleasure, happiness and joy.

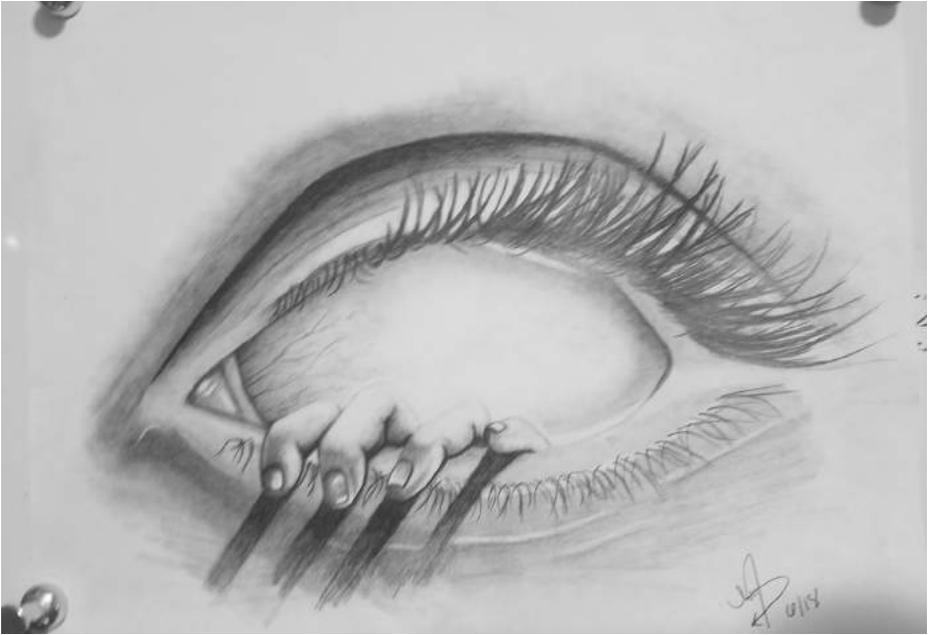
[3] "love of falling snow" or "laggard dawns" (phrases from "She Tells Her Love While Half-asleep" and "Symptoms of Love," respectively, both poems by Robert Graves, the great British "love" poet.

[4] "the first shoot pushes through the soul" - the "root of Jesse," see Isaiah 11:1

[5] "an invincible summer" - a phrase from "Return to Tipasa," essay by Albert Camus

[6] "its permanence is this love" - a phrase from *The Book of Hours*, poems by Rainer Maria Rilke. His title is taken from the medieval Christian collections of liturgical and devotional texts, whose notion of a book of hours drew on the classical myth of the *horae* or goddesses of the seasons and natural order of time.

[7] "it is well in her soul" - "It Is Well With My Soul," an old hymn by Horatio Spafford and Philip Bliss



Reaching out. (Mandie DeMaria)

RIP— CHILD YOUR TEDDY BEAR WILL MISS YOU

Nikki Stelfox

At a breakneck pace, Isabelle ran. She ran until her legs burned and her lungs screamed in protest. She ran until her muscles grew numb and accepted the abuse. She ran until she nearly tripped over a corpse, and then like a rag doll, she crumpled in a pool of crimson. Warmth bled into the ragged seams of her BDUs* while she grasped at cold, lifeless hands.

Rigor mortis hadn't set in yet, but the unnatural chill was already there. The smaller the corpse, the faster the chill set in, and this ashen boy, with his bloodied teddy just out of reach, was the smallest nightmare-to-come yet.

END

*BDU refers to Battle Dress Uniform, standard combat uniform used by the US Armed Forces



Close-up of a crate of crayons, taken in black and white. (MaryEmma York)



Saint Patrick on the Missouri S&T campus against amber light in the fog. (Matthew Stevenson)

A Tale of Two Men

Lauren Byington

In a town called Orixe, there once lived a most terrible man. He had been raised poorly and made poor choices of his own. Because of this, the man acted violently toward anyone he came across and had even killed some who had dared to oppose him. The citizens of Orixe didn't know what to do about this criminal. They finally appealed to the king of their land, telling their ruler of the terrible fear that the man brought to Orixe, and demanding that guards be sent to drive him out. The king agreed and the man was banished from the town and warned that death should be his penalty if he were to ever return. In this way, peace was restored.

In a town called Cambiado, there once lived a most respected man. He had been found one day, lying on the outskirts of the town, badly injured by some vicious animal. Though his body was healed by the citizens of Cambiado, his mind seemed to be afflicted. The man had no memory of anything before his welcome into the town and he was prone to strange mood swings. However, he was able to build himself back up and became a full citizen of Cambiado, with a house and a job as a farmer. The respect he had gained, however, came from his great control of his violent moods. He had a walled garden away from the town, to which he retreated or allowed himself to be led to when he began to become enraged or anxious. In this garden he had many plants which he tended to when he was restless or talked to when he was raging. Sometimes part of the garden was destroyed in his anger, but no person was ever injured in Cambiado.

One day, in Orixe, the terrible man returned. It had been ten years since they'd driven him out, but the memory of the criminal had not become diluted. The villagers had renamed the man Rabia for the rages he had gone into and made sure the posters bearing his face and sentence were never taken down or lost. Therefore, when he came into town one day, walking leisurely as if he owned the town, Rabia was savagely attacked by all those around him. Looking back, the villagers wondered

why he did not retaliate then, as they had expected he would. However, they did not dwell on this question. Rabia had been killed, the world was rid of a criminal.

One day, in Cambiado, terrible news arrived. It had been ten years since the strange man had been found and the villagers had only become more fond of him, renaming him Océano for the calm he was able to maintain, even with his violent tendencies. A week ago, he had set off to explore the towns around Cambiado, as he had gotten to the point where he could calm himself long enough to get out of public if he got into one of his dangerous moods. Therefore, the villagers had not been worried for him, presenting him with gifts of money to spend on food and souvenirs. However, soon they received word that Océano had been killed by a mob in some nearby town. As they mourned, the villagers wondered who would murder such a respectable man. There seemed to be no good answer. Océano had been killed, the world was missing a upright man.

END



STUDEBAKER. (Kayla McBride)

Regret

Scott Grier

You come to me at the strangest
times,

And stick with me like a close
friend would.

Make no mistake,
That is not what you are.

You're more like a long-forgotten
dream; a ghost.

A memory of the past; akin to a
scar.

Your presence isn't soothing,
It's heavy and burdensome.
It reminds me of the possibility of
what could be,
a time that has come and gone in
our present reality.

Yet you still appear, only to dig up
a long past opportunity,
And I'm not sure why.

Maybe it is because I have not
fully come to terms with the
situation,

Or maybe it's because I think I
would be happier with a
different outcome.

Your motives are unclear,
Yet my feelings are crystal.

Pain. Disappointment.
Self-reflection.

These emotions aren't easy,
But they help me to grow,
And you do not.

The answer is obvious.
You are no good for me,
And I need to let you go if I am to
continue growing.

So, this is our impasse.
The obstacle we cannot overcome
together,
Because you will end up dragging
me down.

I'm not foolish,
I know we will cross paths again.
The only difference is you won't
have control.

I will.

This is me letting you go and
moving on.

Goodbye.



Beauty in the Water. (Audrey Bennet)

You Have A Role

Vishal Saravade

In this world one comes and goes
it might appear to be as the dust
flows
but at the human level, each one
has a role
to enrich the globe as a whole

Each one has a thing in them
which when cherished adds to the
sphere
maybe you add something while
you live
or something that stays after you
leave

While money is essential for
survival
and for those who depend on us
how wonderful would it be
if we could earn our living
making things better for lives
in the present as well as the future

While it may seem as dust
to come, live, and go,
one thing to remember is a must
You in this world have a role !

Karma Has Claws

Nikki Stelfox

He'd won. He'd always won. Why then, this time, was he afraid? It was a cold feeling in the pit of his stomach, the kind that felt like an iceberg had taken residence atop his bowels and left his entire core aching. It knotted his muscles and garnished his age-mottled skin with a thin layer of sweat. It was a feeling he hadn't felt since his first homicide case back in 1999--a case he'd won, although he'd never believed the defendant was guilty. *Something must be the same, but what?*

Simon tugged at the lapels of his sports jacket and adjusted the cuffs, dragging a calloused thumb over the scuffed skin of his wrist. Something aside from the obvious that is. Because Simon knew the defendant wasn't guilty, but his job wasn't to serve as judge and jury. His job was to present a case as effectively as he could. Sometimes that meant putting innocent people behind bars; sometimes that meant the defense let guilty people get away. It was the way of life for an attorney.

An honest life, mostly.

"Thank you so much, Mr. Reynolds!" a hollowed, Southern-belle voice hollered behind him. With a repressed groan, Simon turned to face the younger woman. Dewy, peaches n' cream skin splattered with freckles and paired with mahogany eyes stared back at him, her once doe-like gaze hardened in the aftermath of her husband and son's murders. Soulless in the same capacity as the beady eyes of her infant son's teddy bear clutched in her bloodless grip. Even as a smile curled her plum-stained lips, her shoulders curled inward, reminding Simon of a corpse in her own right -- a shell of a once doting mother and wife.

Simon's gut wrenched. "Just doin' my job, Ms. Rosalia." He dipped his head and offered as warm of a smile as he could manage. "Jus' let me know if you need anything, you hear?"

Ms. Rosalia bowed her head and sniffled. "Do you really think he did it?"

"Absolutely." The lie came out smoothly, but Simon wasted no time escaping the courtroom, slipping between the horde of warm bodies and into the hallway plagued with an overactive HVAC system. A quick right and Simon ducked into the men's near-empty restroom, stepping into a puddle of unidentified liquid and leaving size 10 imprints in his stead.

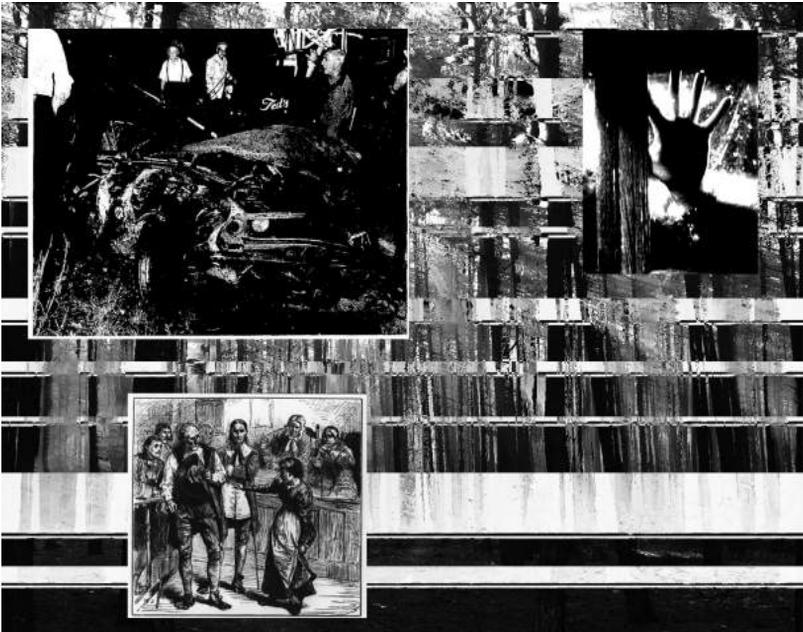
Grimacing, Simon leaned against the nearest sink and hung his head low enough that the mist from the adjacent sink dusted his clean-shaven cheek.

“Rough case?”

“Something like that...” Simon craned his head, sparing a glance at a Casablanca-suit-clad man flicking his hands dry. Fabric pills and peculiar stains belied the otherwise impressive attire, while the state of the man’s greasy hair begged the question of whether he owned a home or slept on the streets. Unkempt described the man perfectly, and yet something sparked a note of recognition in the back of Simon’s mind. “Do I know you?”

The man grinned. A flash of jagged teeth sent Simon’s heart into his throat, the lump choking off his voiceless scream—a scream with only a split second to escape before the man raised a clawed hand and slashed.

END



What Happened At Roanoke. (Marcos Buznego)

An Ode to the Gym

Kristen Gallagher



I get up at 5 and head to the gym.
I do deadlifts and leg lifts, so I can
stay trim.
I run on the treadmill, a hop in my
step.
And sometimes I run 'til there's
nothing left.
I get stronger and stronger the harder
I work.
But I keep my ears open and I stay
alert.
The muscles I have, I hope they're just
for show.
Because secretly I keep them in case
of a row.
And I run faster and harder til I'm out
of breath.
But I have to make sure I have one
last step.
To get away from you in case of
attack.

I'm sprinting ahead and not looking
back.
Sometimes my mind is the one on
assault.
It's hard to forget that it's not my
fault.
The gym gives me armor and a skin I
need.
Because I am a woman, I'm
vulnerable, I still bleed.
And the scars that don't show can't be
fitted away;
each set that I lift at the start of each
day.
But I lift and I press and I push myself
hard so the fear inside doesn't
burn me so hard.
So each time you see the girl at the
gym,
maybe she's running just to get trim,
maybe she's lifting to tone up her
thighs,
maybe she's trying to hold in her
cries,
maybe she's trying to be as strong as
they say,
maybe she's hoping the pain goes
away.
But I'll keep lifting the irons and
pushing the racks.
And I'll run and I'll sprint with the
sun at my back.
But no matter how fast or how slow
or how strong,
I'll always be thinking I was the one
who was wrong.

Illuminated Imaginings

Lynn Carole Brown

City lights, strung overhead,
make for quite a show,
but city lights at Christmas
time
make my heart aglow.

I feel their warm enchantment,
their flame of merriment;
and all at once I'm transferred
to childlike sentiments.

Like waiting for your presents
with eyes held to the sky;
will good Saint Nick
remember,

or will he pass me by?

Each light a kind of offering
brings peace to our hearts
and makes me think on those I
love,
to dear faces light imparts.

And if I try imagining
the lights are really stars
and I am in a wooded glen—
the city's now afar.



Amber and white carried through fog, lighting the subject and sidewalk.
(Matthew Stevenson)

How to Adult

Samantha Miller

First, wake up. That's important. Turn off your alarm. Snooze is not an option. That's a dangerous abyss you can't afford to fall into. It's okay to let out a couple of grunts as you peel off the warm, loving embrace of your blanket. Stand up. Congratulations, you made it through the worst part. Pick out some clothes to wear. Once you're at a higher level of this, you will have already picked them out the night before. Don't get overwhelmed though; you're not there yet. Your clothes have to make you look presentable. Pajamas are not an option.... Ever. Jeans and a nice shirt perhaps. Skip the accessories for now - you'll get to that point eventually. Remember, you're just a beginner.

Once your clothes are on, and you're feeling grown, leave the bedroom and enter the bathroom. Don't get distracted, there's no time for that. This is almost as important as the first step. Get your toothbrush, and put on it the mintiest toothpaste you can find. Brush your teeth. Never, ever forget to brush your teeth. Do your business and wash your hands. Hygiene is a huge predictor of your adulthood success rate.

Leave the bathroom and head to the kitchen. Easy nutritious breakfast recipes are now your best friends. Messy eggs and some whole wheat toast (sorry, white bread is a part of your past). Drink a glass of milk - chocolate if you prefer. This part of your childhood can stay forever. You're welcome. Scarf that down as quickly as you can, and try not to spill anything. Tricky, I know. Look at the clock. You're probably running late. Speed walk to the bedroom to get a pair of shoes. Some nice faux leather slip-ons will never betray you. Real leather is far too expensive and quite frankly completely unnecessary.

Great job so far! You're now fully clothed and fed! As you scramble out the door, grab a cup of coffee. It's okay if you spill a little on the counter, just remember to clean it up before it's a permanent stain. Start your car and let it warm up. This is a great time to blow on your coffee a little. Learning to multitask is now your lifelong goal. Don't worry, nobody ever excels at it. Take a breath, and put your car into reverse. This is basic stuff now. Pull out onto the road, and put it in drive. Now, you're ready to begin your day. Go to work. Make some money. Put your money in the bank. Go to school. Take lots of notes. Ask questions

every chance you get. Take more notes. You're probably not taking enough notes. It's okay, nobody ever does.

Important reminder: as you go throughout your day, you will have tendencies to say not-so-nice things to people. But remember, you are an adult. You are adulting. You have to use your nice words now.

Don't stress – adulting will get a little easier as you go. Just don't ever get comfortable with it. As soon as you're comfortable, the universe will rock your world. But don't worry, it does that to everyone. It's nothing personal. In fact, it will probably make you a better adult in the end. So, have nice breath, wear nice clothes, use your nice words, and don't forget a nice dinner every night. (Yes, pizza is nice.)

END

A Journey

Ayesha Naikodi

Beyond the universe, what's hidden
behind the sky?

My eyes do reach, but my hands just
fly.

My innocence shows and I still reach
out for them,
but all they think is I may cause
mayhem.

My past fails to please them, I fail
myself and I cry.

My spirit blames the heavens, but the
heavens insist on another try.

I fear this time, I fear shedding tears,
lost in despair, blind in sorrow,
I fear the arrival of tomorrow.

In this darkness, entered my light
one small spark surprisingly
made my life bright.

Here ended my foolishness, here
ended my plight,
once again hope blossomed and I had
my seat belt tight,

for now, the unjust world smiled at
me, made me feel like every
thing was all right.

My journey began, I dreamt of
success and won it too, or I'd
rather say,

"I JUST MIGHT!"



Seagull at Biloxi Beach, Mississippi. (Chandreyee Bhowmick)



Ripples. (Venkata Sai Abhishek Dwivadula)

Old One

Raghu Yelugam

I wondered all the day what my old one would wish for?
Is it a delicacy among the finest that the toothless still longs for and
cannot eschew?
Is it the smell of gardens and chirps of the birds that he ignored as
he aged?
Is it relief from the memories of a melancholy past, which drift
through and darkened his life?
Is it the memories of his lionized prime as he stood his ground for
a worthy life?
Is it a legacy that would live despite his shattered dreams?
Is it the joy and reveries for his life with those endeared and
departed?
Is it his sterling posterity that bewailed him as the shallowness
filled his last moments?
Shimmered in lights of the ICU equipment, as the apathetic slipped
into
a slumber, I wondered what the moribund would long for!



Wuhan, China "Light in the Morning I." (Ian Ferguson)

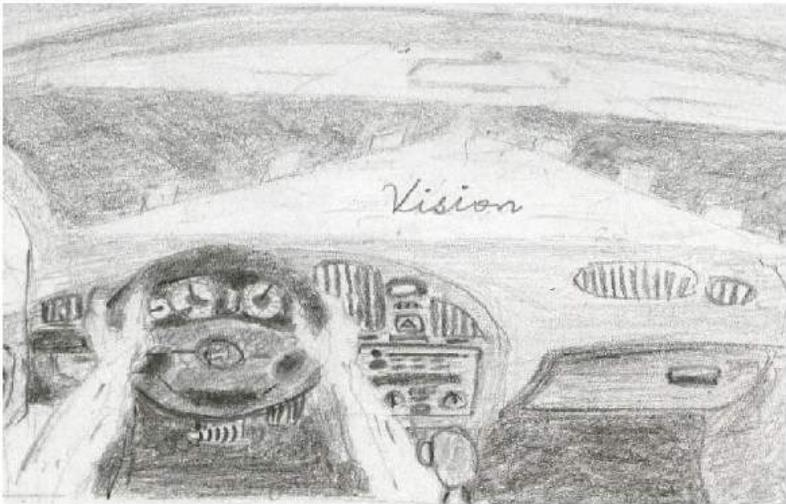
BOUNDED

Jodie Hermann

An early spring day. The smell of the pine needles waded deep into your thoughts, grasping desperately at the unchecked emotions. I thought of the days when we launched clumps of sun-dried grass, still thick from the recent mow. Your mom spat at the grass stains. I wore white capris. I remember the football we unearthed, buried deep within the snow a week earlier, split and peeling. Just like our cement-skinned blue knees when the weather predicted waterlogged fields. We tightened kleenex to them with scotch tape. You groaned in dismay as they stuck out like plateaus when we unbound ourselves from the slivered wooden chair, the chair Mrs. Evans thought deserved to be trashed and never seen again. It had splintered in the front, the coating long gone. Just like the green and yellow chair set with the cartoon-engraved squirrels we found in the neighbors' garage sale. The neighbors with their kids taken away because of the drugs and sunken eyes and Thursday night customers that made another neighbor watch his daughter as she walked to the bus stop. You never met any of them. The police perched a camera in your house. The film ran for days before they caught the drug inhalers. I said they did coke off of the sidewalk. This was the same year we tried to get your mom to quit drinking vodka. It caused cancer, the TV said, before switching back to Star Trek the Next Generation. Your dad would hum the theme as he measured one quart of pink lemonade into the pitcher—the one that your mom brought home with smashed milk cartons and straw wrappers and three inches of a milk-coffee-unknown substance, which she never fully revealed how she truly acquired it. Just like the glass fish deep in your messiest drawer, hidden in a small cardboard box. You broke the fin off of the blue one. You cried while your mom scorned. I generated a laugh deep inside you. I didn't understand why she was so upset, for you simply moved your hand too quickly and the dresser was made of solid oak from your great grandma's old house. It was like the time we were driving on the highway. You had just bought a pine-scented air freshener

from our go-to gas station, the one with Uncle Ray's potato chips. It was very late and the music had slowly drawn to a close. Your eyes drifted asleep at the wheel. There was no seatbelt; you slumped over. There was a truck; you slipped underneath. The car had flattened down to the bottom of the window. You stayed at the hospital for three days, lucky to be alive. I was unscathed. But then I slowly dissolved into the waves engulfing you. You began to stumble to white-tiled fluorescent grocery stores and back without a glance. I could feel my fingers evaporate, up up up your arm. I fought back but you murmured how it was an art to stay empty, how it was hereditary. You slipped into a routine of lifelessness. Your mouth hung open in fatigued apathy. And your parents slammed the door on my final frequencies.

END



"Vision (the steering is in your hands)." Thanks to Blaine Allen for some related discussions. (Vishal Saravade)



Big Mamma. (Kayla McBride)

Marie

Jack Morgan

In the general store
of this river town,
the store she owned,
over coffee on
Friday mornings
she'd reminisce about
her now long gone
New England girlhood,
often recounting the
December day
she fell through

the Farmington river ice
and was rescued just in time
by fishermen.
She retired to Florida two years ago
and today we learn she has died –
in effect a latter day
fall through the ice,
but this time
no help comes.

A Morning Poem

Suzy Young

The sun slowly rears its bleary head
The birds sing their cheerful morning song
All sounds of struggle and pain are dead
Dew of the night coats the grass green and long
The whisper of insects is all that is heard
Old souls wake and grumble on their way
Young souls wake and see the joy in the day
The long day begins with a cheerful greeting gently purred

I am West

Lindi Oyler

I asked, cried, begged for him to join me
And I was left to journey alone,
But I am okay,
For he was wrong,
And I will find myself, West.

I sift through the morning mist,
waiting for the mountains to reveal themselves,
But I am patient,
For they are eternal,
And we are West.

It was afternoon before I saw them.
A spring storm clouded my vision,
But the pass had cleared,
For I had clarity,
And I wept for the West.

I want to envelop myself in the mountain folds.
I want to rest in their snow caps,
But I have not the time,
For I am mortal,
And I will pass in service to these kings of the West.

“Hush, now: Rest your uneasy heart.
Simply breathe and feel and love.
Hold steadfast your dreams and desires,
For I will hold you in my rivers and pines.
For I am West,
For you are West.
In everything you are and long to be,
You are West.”



Gargoyles, Salisbury Cathedral, England. (Elizabeth Reardon)



Las Ventas Bullring, Madrid. (Edward Malone)



**Overlooking Lower Falls into the Grand Canyon of the Yellowstone River,
Yellowstone National Park, Wyoming. (Emily Rapp)**





Eastern Collared Lizard, Ozark Trail. (Paul Chandler)



Flight to freedom. (Venkata Sai Abhishek Dwivadula)

First Flight

Cameron Graham

The feeling of weightlessness overtook me as I gazed out the window at the ground quickly evading my sight. For the first time I was able to view the world from a bird's eye perspective. Every neighborhood, every valley, every stream and, of course, the great Mobile Bay were in sight - I was quite literally on top of the world. My grandfather pointed with his finger in the direction that I came to know as due South, "There's the Gulf of Mexico." I had been boating before and had a rough geographic sketch of Mobile, Alabama in my mind but seeing the landscape from air made my hometown look completely foreign. After a few minutes of pure awe, my attention redirected to the mechanics of flight and how easily my grandfather seemed to command the airplane. I took in not only the sights, but also the sounds and smells of the event: the leather of the mid-century seats, the humming from the engine, and the acrobatic act of coordinating switches and steering and pushing pedals to maneuver the plane across the wide-open sky. This symphony of sensation had me hooked.

Moments before I was able to experience all of these sensations, I was held in anticipatory wonder. Questions flooded my mind, as most four-year-olds are apt to experience: What would I see? What makes the plane leave the ground? What happens if we get a flat tire? Asking each inquiry in rapid succession to my grandfather as he tried to prepare the airplane for flight, they were all met with a patient answer, "You'll be able to see for about 50 miles in each direction. The force of the air being pushed by the propeller gets us off the ground. We're checking the plane now to make sure we won't have any accidents." As excited as I was to fly for the first time, I would have to contain myself and practice the art of patience for a few more moments. Pre-flight check was the focus for the next 20 minutes or so and I was fascinated by every move. Rotating the propeller, checking each individual light, and ensuring fluid levels were all crucial yet tedious processes that decreased my grandfather's anxiety while increasing mine. "How fast do you think we can go?" he asked as I carefully watched him replace the oil dipstick. The answer would have to wait as I was preoccupied with gazing around my environment. As my mouth continued moving and my brain

continued analyzing every detail of the plane, I couldn't ignore the aspect of history. My grandfather's airplane hangar was full of World War II era memorabilia. A veteran of Vietnam himself, he had a militaristic style to him that was in some way comforting; I could trust him with my life. One poster in particular stuck out to me: it was a poster of a B-25 Mitchell, the same plane that dropped the bombs over Nagasaki and Hiroshima to end the World War II. There was an attractive lady painted on the side of the bomber and the words *Enola Gay* appeared next to the image. At the time, I did not recognize and therefore could not appreciate the severity of what that plane meant for our country – our freedom. Nor did I grasp the degree to which my grandfather's character traits would impact me. As I walked from poster to poster, the melodies of 1940s music icons Glenn Miller and Doris Day played in the background and the smell of fuel entered my nostrils. After making my rounds in the hangar, my grandfather told me to get ready for flight.

Responding to my grandfather's previous question I called out, "A million miles per hour!" What a mind a four-year-old has. My grandfather walked over to his work table and opened an archaic-looking locker, withdrawing from it what looked like leather pajamas. It was brown and lined with fur on the inside and looked very old.

"This was your great-grandfather's flight suit that he wore in World War II," grandfather informed me. Wow! Even a four-year-old can appreciate such rich history – how amazing it was to wear a flight suit that had been to Europe and back more than 60 years ago. After grandfather strapped on the suit, we both hopped into the plane and taxied onto the runway. "Clear!" my grandfather yelled out the window after getting clearance from the air traffic control tower to take-off. We quickly gained altitude and before long I could not hear anything except for wind and the loud hum of the engine. All of my many questions had been pushed aside as I took in the experience of my first flight. I realized that this was the moment I had been waiting for as I climbed into the cockpit of the plane.

It was not until several years after this initial flight that I matured sufficiently to grasp the importance of aviation to my family. For four generations, my family has worked for Boeing and every male in my lineage has attained their private pilot's license. As I grow into adulthood (or at least what my parents tell me is adulthood), a silent but existent pressure is placed on me to grow into a respectable and dependable man. I am fortunate to have so many great role-models in my life, especially my grandfather. His methodology of flight is symbolic of his character: patient, thorough, decisive, and reflective. Despite his

passing away two years ago, I still find myself having conversations with him inside my mind, wondering, what would Grandpa do? His trait of reflection is one that I cherish the most because of how well it has served me in my short time as an adult thus far. Flying high above the earth, I cannot fail to see the parallel to how I must view situations from a high perspective to gain other peoples' points of view. As my grandfather was thorough in his pre-flight to keep us safe, I too must be thorough in my preparations to avoid misstep. Airplanes are not just neat machines to me; they are a symbol of the people I love most and the personal character traits I strive to possess. The poem "High Flight" by John Gillespie Magee, Jr. sums up what it is to fly in its beautiful symbology:

*Oh! I have slipped the surly bonds of Earth,
And danced the skies on laughter-silvered wings;
Sunward I've climbed, and joined the tumbling mirth
Of sun-split clouds, and done a hundred things
You have not dreamed of – wheeled and soared and swung
High in the sunlit silence. Hov'ring there,
I've chased the shouting winds along, and flung
My eager craft through footless halls of air...
Up, up the long, delirious, burning blue
I've topped the wind-swept heights with easy grace
Where never lark, or even eagle flew –
And, while with silent, lifting mind I've trod
The high untrespassed sanctity of space,
Put out my hand, and touched the face of God.*

END

Bragging to Begging

Jennifer Preuss

Professor Goldberg,
King of the class,
Legend to his students.
Gold is in your name,
and what you represent to us.

As a former engineering student,
You can understand our struggles.
Your class has an A on my heart,
Perhaps you can give it an A on
my transcript.

Bringer of cupcakes and
doughnuts,
You are a sweeter delight!
With episodes of Black Mirror
and bedtime stories to “go to
sleep.”

Regardless of your decision,
I’ve helped your “Rate My
Professor,”
Grade to grow closer to a 4.0
But, I plead with you,
Do the same for my GPA.

You’ve given me knowledge
How to break from just concrete,
To discover the abstract
And showing instead of telling.
“The medium is the message.”

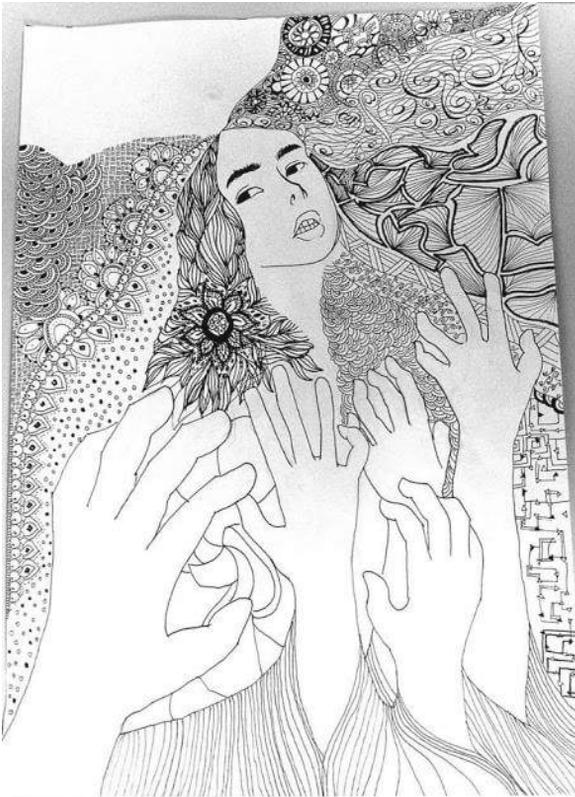
All in all, I must say,
A thank you, sir.
For a wonderful semester,
and an unforgettable class.

O you! The ingenious instructor,
Taught me the tricks of the trade,
For you I am ever grateful,
Allowing for expression through
writing.

Now I really hate to beg,
There is no pride or glory,
But shame and humility.
Please, please round my 89.9 to an
A!



Slow-Moving Waterfall . (Joshua Rittenhouse)



"We Make Change
Work for Women" by
Arianna, Sam, and
yours truly.
(Gladwin Labrague)

A Country Night

Bobby Lewis

There's nothing more beautiful
Than a clear, country night;
Where the air is clean
And the stars shine bright.

The air is pure
And free of smog;
And down the holler
You hear the bark of a dog.

You hear the croak of the frogs,
The chirps of the crickets,
And the beautiful song of the
whippoorwill
Down in the thicket.
Somewhere in the dark

You hear the hoot of an owl
Or the chilling sound of a pack of
coyotes,
Which is on the prowl.

There's nothing more beautiful
Than the sound of the wind
Blowing through the treetops,
And I pray this beauty should
never be stopped.

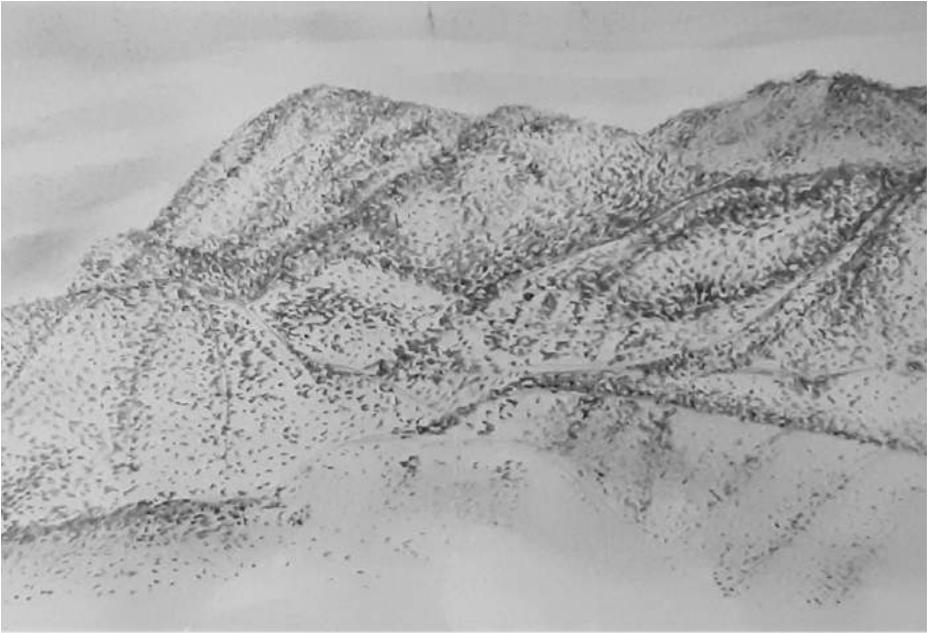
As I stand outside under stars
that shine bright,
I say my special prayer,
"I wish I may, I wish I might,
Keep these nights ALL country
nights."

Snowfall

Amanda Winter

Silence.
A field of white
Softly falling
Ever changing.
Perfect stillness.
A soft crunch
An excited cry
Peace interrupted
For joyous play.
The sun sets,
Then the stars -
Day once more.
The field,

Marred -
Piles and holes
White stained gray.
Wet slaps
Quiet shushing
Across the pavement,
A final squeak
On tiled floor.
A hum,
A murmur,
Voices -
Sound returned.



The Red Hill near Cedar City, Utah. (Lindi Oyler)

I Watch You Sail Away

Agnes Vojta

on the blue stream of the years,
uncharted
current and tides,
different than they were
on my voyage.

My tattered maps
will be of no use to you,

but I gave you
my compass —
this has to be
enough.



Little Piney at Lane Spring Recreation Area, near Rolla. (Jacob Huxol)

Lessons of Men

Chloe Francis

The men that were around
As I was growing up,
Taught me many things
About life as a female.

One—
Condescending tones and
Jokes aimed to embarrass others
Are acceptable towards women.

Two—
Apologize for being in the way,
Apologize for laughing too
loud,
Apologize for everything.

Three—
Expressing emotions and
Crying or showing sensitivity
Is both weak and inferior.

Four—
I am not intelligent,
Or at least not as much as they
And other men pride
themselves to be.

Five—
Sex is an expectation.
Protection comes at a cost;
Giving up your body is the
price.

Six—
My opinions do not matter,
Nor do any thoughts I may
have
That go against what they
preach.

Seven—
Honesty is required from
women,
But how dare we muster up the
nerve
To ask for that same pleasantry.

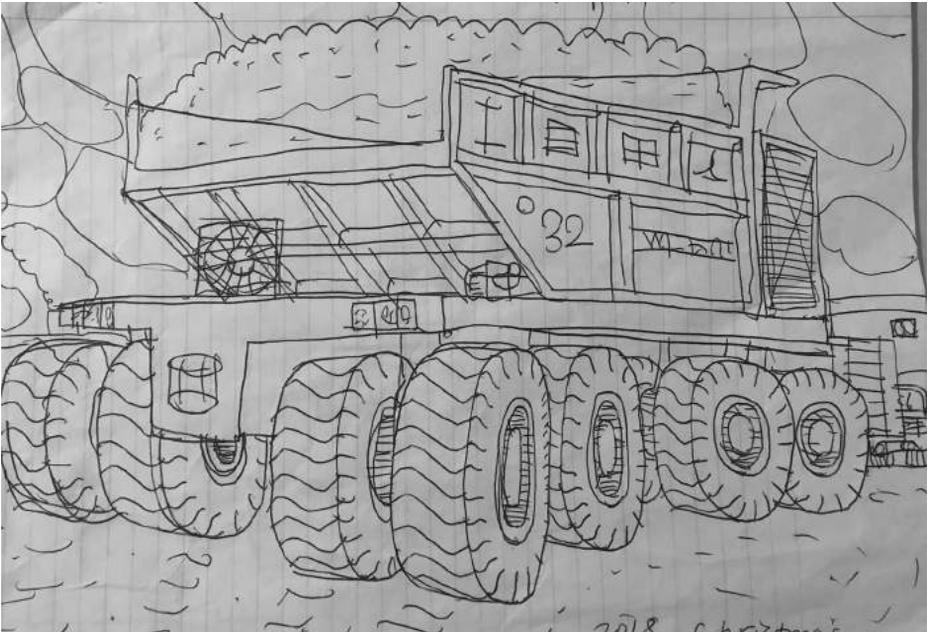
Eight—
The house must always be kept
Dusted, decluttered, and docile,
In anticipation of their return
home.

Nine—
Reverence must be earned,
Even though they demand that
we
Treat them with the utmost
respect.

Ten—
My happiness is not important.
I will always come second to
men,
Forever standing timidly in
their shadows.



A charcoal perspective drawing of the house I am currently living in with several of my friends and filled with fond memories. (Danielle Hopper)



Artwork from a 12-year-old autistic boy. (Wei Mingzhen)



The Narrows, Zion Canyon, Zion National Park, Utah. (Jacob Huxol)



By the shore. (Ayesha Naikodi)

Night Swimming

Maya Hanson

There is something
so revealing about the dark.

The water twists around my
ankles,
your name twists around my
heart.

There is something
so freeing about a sleeping sun.

I shiver on these awake summer
nights,
dripping and frozen and I
would still do it again.

There is something
so dangerous about the letters
night pulls from my lips.

I don't know if I would say this
tomorrow.

Are you my home?

Patrick Bazzoli

Listless with past hopes dashed
A new light shimmers ahead
Although almost instantly slashed
The embers are not quite dead

The warmth of a smile that reaches
the eye
Spouting a soothing playful tone
Hoping and yearning to stay close by
And further lamenting any time
alone

Within arm's reach yet still far away
Both parties continue the furtive
dance
Hesitant to enter the fray
But still afraid to lose their chance

What does it take to bridge the gap
A change in one or in them both
Or is the attraction merely a trap
Stopping any further growth

What does it mean for two to be
bound
Must their current goals align
Will the roots sought turn out to be
drowned
Can their futures intertwine

Under uncertainty, hope lingers on
Though tossed about an internal
storm
Holding on to the promise of dawn
Where soaked spirits can at last be
warm

The Fallen Angel

Maya Washington

I wanted to be the best.
Above all.
I still do.

Life itself in the palm of my hand,
To kill or not to kill.
To condemn or not condemn.

He sits on a throne adorned in diamonds
That radiate like the sun,
In a palace full of followers, worshipers
That know not of what they do.



Clifty Creek Natural Area near
Dixon, MO. (Noah Prince)

Cast out of Heaven for outshining
His Majesty,
I could have done much better.
I'd wipe the slate clean, create mankind
in MY image.
Absolute perfection.

For who has the voice of a thousand
angels?
A face that could launch ten thousand
ships?
It certainly isn't Him.

He loves humans despite their shortcomings,
Oh to be as weak as Him who created... them.
Those who stole all his love. He, a
parent playing favorites.

Cast out of Heaven for outshining
His Majesty,
I will make them pay for His foolish
mistake.
For not giving me what I deserve.
If I cannot rule, then neither can
they.

The battle is already won?
Oh no the battle is just beginning.
A war over the souls of man,
Sinful and weak as they are.

It is I who has already won.

An Invocation to Marguerite Moutray

Brandon Broughton

nearly one hundred years ago my
great-grandmother bore
witness
to the coming of the ouroboros
in its autotelic fecundity rolling
on red clay
"hoopsnake", she
called it
a forgotten icon of a sub-
merged history
a god of unrepentant recursion

and from that day she was a seer in
dreams —
a dream of snakes: an omen of
death
in a pit, grasping for tails
incomplete hoopsnakes;
time's attempted reconciliation
with itself

i have so little of her in me
but i have a hook in my navel
that pulls me forward
it is a carnal intuition
it is my perverse motherlessness
it is god, devil, et cetera ad nau-
seam pulling me toward a
certainty that i
cannot know

i pray to every god of every axis
to the ever-advancing brandish-
ing of human progress
to prophetess marguerite
(who, when she couldn't re-
member her own name, could
recite "the village black
smith")
for ouroboric understanding.

Overrated

Maya Hanson

You know I will overrate you.
Break you down,
make your spine into fossils
I will marvel at for centuries to
come,
make you something to be learned
from.

I will overrate you.
Make you a beautiful tragedy,

one I will want to build towers after,
one I will find a tribute for.

I will overrate you.
Give you a million when you think
you're a one
because I just found out there are
people who will never
know you,
I wouldn't want to be them.

SPIRE

Mesa Ehren

The vomit wouldn't stop. Yellow, green, red, black. All the colors of the bile rainbow spilled out with a sickeningly soft splat. For fifteen minutes she retched, doubled over. Her throat burned, the familiar feeling of stomach acid eating away at her insides.

She was not afraid for the loss of her meal, or terribly burdened by pain. No, she was vulnerable sitting here. She wiped the last of the filth from her mouth and flashed her eyes in every direction. No one and no thing in sight. The urban rubble of half-demolished skyscrapers made too many places to hide, however. She could check, deeper, deeper with the Sight, but anyone else could See her too. Safety in darkness, she thought. Safety in darkness.

As soon as the thought crossed her mind, the Sight flicked on anyway.

"No!" She shouted. "No, no, no! Turn it off, not here, not here!" But He would not heed her. She felt as though a rail spike had been jammed inside her skull. She shut her eyes, pressed her hands against her temples as hard as she could, as if she could squeeze the pain right out of her head. Involuntary pinpricks of light burnt and flared inside her mind's eye, a forced imagination. Someone was nearby. Red, very red. Angry and hurt. Only a dozen meters away. Hidden in an old rusted car.

Go. He said. She would not refuse.

She stumbled, more than walked. He guided her through the debris, led like an animal on a chain. She opened her teary eyes. A young man. Not more than twenty. His chest torn open, a gaping crater exposing a pulsing bit of flesh. He would have been terrified, or disgusted, or confused, but he was too close to death. Blinking slowly, his expression blank, he was about to spend the last few moments of life looking at a sobbing stranger.

Eat. Another command.

"What? No."

EAT. This command accompanied by a striking pain in her chest.

The pulsing flesh in the man moved faster. Not a heartbeat, no, the rapid jerk back-and-forth of the thing living inside him. The same thing living inside her. Another Him. The second Him could sense it - He knew

this was it. He was going to rip out of the heart, out into the open world. But that could not be allowed. After one more pang of fear and pain, she launched her hands into the man's chest. She wrapped her fingers around the squirming organ. Pull, pull, rip. The man let out one last breath, one last wince and growl in pain. The heart contorted itself for the creature inside. Before it could escape, she sunk her teeth deep into it. It was horrifyingly warm, hot even. Tendrils inside met her tongue, recoiling at the touch, but she could not stop now. She bit, tore, gnashed with her teeth, unwilling to let the thing escape for fear of her punishment - He commanded her, more and more, keep going, take it with you, take it into you, swallow it whole. Her teeth met the hard carapace of the creature. She threw her head back, opening her jaw as wide as it could go, letting gravity pull it down, slapping her hands to her mouth. It climbed down, unwillingly, into her stomach.

Finally inside, He stopped commanding her. She wanted to lie down, on a bed, on the ground, in a ditch, anywhere. She knew she would Dream soon. Dream old memories that were neither hers nor anyone else's. Dreaming was like the Sight. She did not know why He let her Dream, for unlike the Sight, it did not seem to benefit Him in any way. But she didn't mind.

She took her place next to the man, now motionless, no pulsing organ anymore, in the passenger side. The Dreams were coming. Now.

The planet of boiling stone, molten red, sat comfortably in its heat. Soon, worker legions would push their stakes into its fire oceans, establishing a connection, establishing order. The littlest heart rested inside one such stake, waiting for the column it called home to collapse, deteriorate, spread the seeds and resources it would need on this hostile little rock. It waited, and waited, and waited millenia more for its time. It knew, however it did, it was the progenitor of something, and it was proud. The proud, beating little heart. It would allow a whole civilization to thrive in its descendants - the planning and architecture of survival.

END

Amaretto from the Parapets

Victoria Smith

Dragon blood dances purple,
Floating through the air,
Knights in rose petal armor,
With gypsum swords to bear

To Live After Life

Ayesha Naikodi

I rose and turned to look at my body. It lay there, at the end of the street before the mighty building standing tall and straight, lifeless and cold, still oozing blood and soaking my clothes in it as more wide-eyed people gathered around it. I stood rooted and stared too, feeling just as lifeless and cold. I wanted to smile, turn my eyes away from the scene and celebrate my freedom from life's struggle, but instead, I stood still and stared. A few moments passed. I was indifferent to the chaos and panic in the air. A few more moments passed as I stood watching people try to identify me. After a short while, I heard a car screech to halt and two people, a man and a woman I'd known too well stepped out and dashed towards my body, pushing anything and anybody that stood in the way. Before I even knew it, my feet had dragged me to them. I saw them fall down on their knees, as if too weak to hold the weight of their bodies. I knelt beside my mom and watched as tears filled her eyes. She sat motionless for a while, suddenly broke into a smile and had fallen over my body the next second, sobbing uncontrollably. My dad was crying too, one hand over his face and the other clutching his stomach. I had never seen my dad cry before. The more I watched them, the more I regretted being dead. I decided to leave.

"Sorry Mom. Sorry Dad", I whispered half-knowing it wouldn't reach them and still hoping it would, but they didn't seem to have heard. I stood up and looked one last time at my frozen corpse and walked away, never turning back. I walked to the lake nearby, where I had seen my dead husband the previous night. I hoped to find him. I hoped to end the misery life had bestowed upon me after his death. I hoped that he would once again embrace me as his own and disturb the silence tantalizing me. I looked as far as my eyes reached and saw a lean figure standing by the shore. The sight of him brought a smile to my lips and for a second, I thought I had felt my heart thud. "You have no heart", I said as I drew hurried yet calm steps towards him, feeling happier than I had ever felt in my life.

END



Kronborg Castle, Helsingør, Denmark, the model for Elsinore in Shakespeare's *Hamlet*. (Edward Malone)



Athabasca Glacier in Canada. (Joshua Rittenhouse)

The Wedding

Victoria Smith

Something Borrowed, Something
Blue
A tradition meant for Two

The Flower petals soft as rain
The Color of my lipstick stain

And on this day I'm dressed in Gray
The Churchyard full of spirits'
decay

At last we Dance across the floor
Keeping the Vows we never swore

And there's my Mother, a tear in her
eye
And your Father saying goodbye

Something Old, Something New
A tradition meant for Two

My Cuts are Shallow

Chloe Francis

My cuts are shallow.
Yours are deeper.
You are an insomniac.
I'm a light sleeper.
I loved an abuser.
You loved a cheater.
Your parents were poor.
Mine were cheaper.
My shoes were worn.
Your soles were weaker.
I've known heartbreak.
You've been a griever.
Comparing our pasts,
To see whose was bleaker.
We have suffered tragedies,

Lost loved ones to the reaper,
Sought solace in bad habits,
Thought to be relievers.
Through all this suffering,
We still came out believers.
Doesn't matter who had it worse,
Because it seems that neither
Of us want a future that reflects
The past – its demons and creatures.
You're scared to jump too far ahead,
I am ready to be a leaper.
Teach me how to love myself,
So I can better love my teacher.
You have always been a realist.
For once, let's be dreamers.

Why?

Marium Yousuf

... maybe, it was how your eyes
confessed way before you did
maybe, it was how you never re
fused to kiss me despite how
untimely I pleaded

maybe, it was the way you taught
me all that you had learned
last year

maybe, it was how you flourished
me with all the love you had
to spare

maybe, it was how you missed your
flight to college for me, so you
could wait a year

maybe, it was the way you fought
the chances just so that you
could keep me near

maybe, it was how you worked
hard that summer to prove
you were still committed

maybe, it was the bitterness that
took you over and almost had
us separated

maybe, it was the distance that
scared me and became the
reason for your early
departure

maybe, it was me, for begging you
to stay behind only to lose
you, when we were to leave
together

maybe, it was that you were next to
me in your last days
when you could have been
miles away

maybe, it was His dangerous plan
all along a cruel puppetry He
had us play

maybe, I can't blame Him
for He always kept you close

maybe, it was my fate
to be left blessed in the face of
morose

maybe, He did me a huge favor, by
bringing you in my life at all,
by making our memories...
undue

or maybe, you were meant to leave
so young, and I was made...
for loving you.

Cat Alarm Clock

John Hogan

Awakening gaze.
Quiet Reverberations.
Meow. Feed Me Now!



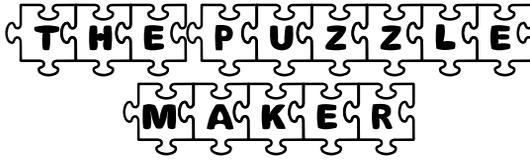
Field Geologist Dreams

John Hogan

Sleep came fast to me.
My eyes closed. My mind
wandered
To rocks yet unseen.



“Forest Box” is a glazed ceramic box. The floral texture was inspired by a series of pieces by UK ceramicist Kate Malone. The box was glazed in a dark palette to reflect the dark mystery of the forest. (Anna Allen)



Jennifer Preuss

God's plan is like a puzzle without a lid to see the final picture. All the pieces seem disjointed and unconnected. These pieces are like the events of our life. As time goes on, you begin to realize that one or two pieces form a connection. From those connections, stem out other pieces that fit together. The longer time goes on, a picture begins to form. A cloud, perhaps the sun, but you begin to see the final goal, and the puzzle gets easier. When you first start, it may seem impossible to complete without any idea where you are going; you may scream out in frustration. You may flip the table and need to restart, but you will restart because deep down, you know that final picture is worth the trouble, the pain, the frustration. You may not understand why the pieces you thought fit together don't and you may try to force them, but you won't be able to complete the puzzle until you give in. So give in. Give in to God's will; He will push you on in the quest to complete the puzzle. Maybe all you need to do is look at it from a different angle, stand back and take a good look. Turn a couple pieces around, flip them upside down, and look inside yourself, and you'll catch a glimpse of that pretty picture. You'll start cruising along once you realize what a section of the puzzle is, and it will be easy; that is, until that section is complete, and you'll have to start a new section. These are the ups and downs of life. You may not want to keep going, you may want to give up after the easy parts and not do any more work, but that puzzle is not yet complete. There is more to the picture, and once you start going on the difficult sections, they will become easier and easier until finally the last piece falls into place to complete the puzzle, the picture, the final journey in life. Once you finish the puzzle, you'll be able to stand a few feet back and look down on what you've completed. What you will behold is a beautiful puzzle, so intricately painted and cut such that only an experienced puzzle maker can create. When you stand above it, you'll see

how everything connects just right, in just the right places. You'll spot the piece that you thought for sure belonged in the top left corner, only to realize that it fit so much incredibly better in the bottom right, and you'll thank the expert puzzle maker for giving you such a beautiful sight, and you'll thank Him for the challenge. And once you're done examining your work, you'll take the puzzle apart, put it back in the box, set it on a shelf, and walk away in peace and happiness because you'll know this is the end of the journey; you'll know you successfully completed the puzzle, and you'll walk into the puzzle maker's arms; you'll understand the love and the care that the puzzle maker put into your puzzle, and He'll embrace you with the same emotions, the same love, the same care, because He made that puzzle just for you, and by completing it, you'll be forever happy with the puzzle maker.

END

At the Museum of London

An unknown
woman

from 1860

looked

spooked

into

and out of

a mirror

at the photographer

in our shoes

She is white

and black

and grey

gone

in reflections

of distant

knowledge

lost

James J. Bogan Jr.



Where are the Noodles?

Samuel Malita

Sixteen-year-old Jimmy had just walked in from a long, hard day of school and football practice. He was exhausted and ready for a nice meal to take the edge off.

"Oh hey, Jimmy," his mom greeted him, "did you get the noodles?"

Jimmy's face turned blank.

"Jimmy?" his mom began to interrogate. "I asked you to go pick up some noodles on your way home; we're having spaghetti tonight. Where are the noodles?"

"Uhhh..." Jimmy was speechless.

"You forgot, didn't you?" his mom concluded angrily. "Harold! Your son forgot to pick up the noodles!"

"He did WHAT!?" Jimmy's dad hollered from down the hall. Jimmy could then hear his dad's footsteps stomping toward him. "WHAT were you THINKING!?"

"I-I-I..." Jimmy stuttered, "I forgot! I'm sorry!"

"What the hell, you moron!?" his dad raged as he forcefully punched his son. Jimmy winced in pain but he knew he was pretty much helpless in this situation. "I wanted some f**king spaghetti, and I can't have it because your lazy ass 'forgot to get them!'"

"I'm sorry, Dad, I -"

"Call 911, honey," his dad commanded.

"I'm on it!" his mom responded, dialing the number.

"Wait what?" said Jimmy, all confused.

"The proper punishment is in order, Jimmy," his dad stated.

"If it's that big of a deal I'll go back out and get some noodles!" Jimmy said.

"Nope; it's too late now," his dad replied.

"Bu-" Jimmy began but was interrupted by the sound of police sirens outside the house. He looked out the window and saw a line of cop cars as well as a S.W.A.T. team and a K-9 unit. His dad then proceeded to walk toward the front door and open it for the police.

"He's right there," he said, pointing at Jimmy.

"Hands behind your back!" one of the cops shouted at Jimmy. He was too stunned to react, however. "I said, hands behind your *back!*" He then forced Jimmy's arms behind his back and slapped the handcuffs on his wrists. Another cop recited Jimmy's Miranda rights to him while he was escorted out the door and to the cop car.

"Damn kids," Jimmy's dad muttered as he watched his son get driven off in one of a sea of cop cars. "When will they learn to do what their parents tell them?" He shook his head in disappointment as he proceeded toward the couch to watch the football game.

About a month later was the trial. Jimmy was being charged with familial neglect and failure to retrieve noodles. Once the preliminary proceedings were complete, Jimmy made his opening statement:

"I mean I don't understand why this is such a big deal. All I did was forget to buy noodles. I'm sorry I forgot, but I'm really being put on trial? Come on!"

Jimmy's dad presented the opening statement for the plaintiffs:

"Jimmy was clearly instructed by his mother, my wife, to bring home noodles after football practice on the day of the incident. As a result of his forgetfulness, we were unable to eat the spaghetti my wife had planned on making, and I *really wanted my spaghetti.*"

The last remark was made with a stern glare directed toward Jimmy.

Jimmy's parents' lawyer then called Jimmy to the stand.

"Now Jimmy," he began, "it is to my understanding you do admit to forgetting the noodles on the date in question, correct?"

"I do," Jimmy replied, "but--"

"And you knew spaghetti was the meal being planned for supper that evening, didn't you?" the lawyer asked.

"I guess I did, yeah," Jimmy replied, obviously still confused about the whole situation.

"Jimmy," the lawyer began pacing the courtroom floor. "Do you like spaghetti?"

The courtroom grew into a tense, attentive state.

"Uh, not really, no," Jimmy replied.

The entire courtroom then erupted into an uproar of murmuring

and whispering; everyone knew this would be the nail in the coffin for Jimmy.

"Order!" the judge yelled, slamming down his gavel. The courtroom immediately grew silent.

A sly smile then grew over the plaintiffs' lawyer's face. "I think I have everything I need, your honor," he said as he made his way back to the plaintiff's stand. Both lawyers then proceeded to make their closing statements.

The judge then turned to the jury, "He's guilty, right?" Every juror nodded his or her head in unison. "Twenty years in prison." He then slammed his gavel down, ending the trial. The policemen then escorted Jimmy to be taken to prison, his parents watching in utter disappointment.

"Should've brought me my noodles," Jimmy's dad muttered. Jimmy's mom nodded in agreement. They then walked out to their car and drove to Olive Garden to eat some spaghetti.

END



Whistling Duck perched on a No-Fishing Sign in Audubon Park, New Orleans, LA. (Sara Robinson)

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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Southwinds warmly thanks and celebrates the following local businesses that helped sponsor our Fall 2018 Creativity Contest.



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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 accomplished faculty in the following areas: American, British, and world literatures,

Joshua E. R.



Rural Reflection, our small family farm back in Southwest, Missouri.
(Joshua Rittenhouse)



#94 30x40. (Ramsay Wise)



Powers that be. (Giorgi Maghlakelidze)



The Historic Metropolis Bridge over the Ohio River. (Rebecca Marcolina)



Interested in joining the staff of or contributing your work? Contact Southwinds at swinds@mst.edu or Dr. Anne Cotterill at cotteril@mst.edu, or check us out online at southwinds.mst.edu to view previous issues or submit your work.

