Fall 2019 Creative Arts Contest Winner — Photo
Kassandra Hayes

Statues Surrounding the Tian Tan Buddha. (Kassandra Hayes)
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 or swinds@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 club’s faculty advisor, Dr. Anne Cotterill, at cotteril@mst.edu.
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Page</th>
<th>Title</th>
<th>Author/Translator</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>4</td>
<td>Flowers for the Hillside</td>
<td>Matthew Helbig</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>7</td>
<td>My Little Star</td>
<td>William Reardon</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>8</td>
<td>Life at the Bottom of the Sea</td>
<td>Victoria Smith</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>8</td>
<td>The Yellow Rope</td>
<td>Austin Williams-Schuh</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>9</td>
<td>The Dark Secret</td>
<td>Satyaki Roy</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>9</td>
<td>she said she didn’t she did</td>
<td>James Bogan Jr.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>10</td>
<td>You Are My Sunshine</td>
<td>Elizabeth Roberson</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>12</td>
<td>Poem Translation – “Sarnath”</td>
<td>Brandon Broughton</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>12</td>
<td>Poem Translation – “The Return”</td>
<td>Jessica Godi</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>13</td>
<td>La flor de mi secreto</td>
<td>Anne Vernon</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>13</td>
<td>Oda a la Manzana</td>
<td>Chloe Francis &amp; Charnise Anderson</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>13</td>
<td>English Translations of Spanish Poems</td>
<td>Emilia Barbosa</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>14</td>
<td>For Tomorrow</td>
<td>Teresa Vaughn</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>18</td>
<td>Unrequited Shadows</td>
<td>Victoria Smith</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>18</td>
<td>Preemptive Apology</td>
<td>Sierra Shields</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>19</td>
<td>Embracing the Rain</td>
<td>Alisia Hassler</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>21</td>
<td>Dirty Hardcore Bosons</td>
<td>Agnes Vojta</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>21</td>
<td>Rage</td>
<td>Raghu Yelugam</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>22</td>
<td>Dark Blue Hours</td>
<td>Maya Hanson</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>23</td>
<td>WHAT DO YOU WANT?</td>
<td>Tommy DeHart</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>25</td>
<td>skin sheds, trauma lingers</td>
<td>Chloe Francis</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>27</td>
<td>Standstill</td>
<td>Jack Morgan</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>28</td>
<td>We Met At A Funeral</td>
<td>Maya Hanson</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>33</td>
<td>I am From</td>
<td>Oghenerume Edward</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>34</td>
<td>Bright Vanity and Even Better Entertainment</td>
<td>Celtic Pipkin</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>44</td>
<td>THREE PAINTINGS</td>
<td>James Bogan Jr.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>45</td>
<td>Small Talk is Wading in the Shallows</td>
<td>Agnes Vojta</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>46</td>
<td>What does love sound like?</td>
<td>Sierra Shields</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>47</td>
<td>Flame!</td>
<td>Raghu Yelugam</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>48</td>
<td>Bluegrass Music</td>
<td>Bobby Lewis</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>50</td>
<td>To My Sticky Notes:</td>
<td>Jennifer Preuss</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>51</td>
<td>Takeover</td>
<td>Jack Morgan</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>51</td>
<td>Go Green!</td>
<td>John Hogan</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>52</td>
<td>A Challenge Answered</td>
<td>Taryn Adam</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>56</td>
<td>Squared Squares (After Boetti)</td>
<td>Max Tohline</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>58</td>
<td>Abstract Art</td>
<td>Beth Kania-Gosche</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
VISUAL ARTS

(Front Cover)
Reminiscence
Rezvan Mousavi

(Inside Front Cover)
Statues Surrounding the Tian Tan Buddha
Kassandra Hayes

14
Graphite Sketch of Maria Brink
Sarah Blair

15
Tasmanian Devil
Edward Malone

15
Life & Love—“Lunch”
Rupack Halder

16
Summer Free
Andreas Ellinas

16
Cox’s Bazar, Bangladesh
Rupack Halder

17
Fantasy—Cloud Gate in Chicago at night
Rupack Halder

20
Down the Back, but Who Cares, Still the Louvre
Andreas Ellinas

25
Redbud Tree
Rose Doty

25
The Art of Racing: Forest Park Cross Country Festival ’17
Kari Knobbe

26
Brooklyn Bridge
Rupack Halder

27
Flowers
Kassandra Hayes

29
Fade into Oblivion
Rezvan Mousavi

30
Schrenk Hall through the Seasons
Kari Knobbe

32
My Waterfall
Wade Paulk

42
Rocheport Tunnel, New Franklin, MO
Christina Arens

42
Gibson Steps Beach, Australia
Edward Malone

43
Koala-devoured Manna Gums
Edward Malone

43
Geese on the Lake, Lion’s Club Park, Rolla
JingJing Xie

45
Johnson’s Shut-Ins State Park, MO
Christina Arens

46
Heart of Ecuador
Sierra Shields

49
Morning Spider Web
Linda Sands

50
Moon through the Trees
Rose Doty

55
Chimney Rock, North Carolina
Linda Sands

(Inside Back Cover)
Central Night Life
Kassandra Hayes

(Inside Back Cover)
Glitter Puddle
Andreas Ellinas

(Back Cover)
Untitled
Jordan Frady
I awoke to winning the race against dawn, but was only rewarded with a dark room and the sounds of a soft rain. I reach for the nightstand, finding my trusty lantern and a box of matches. Striking the latter to light the former, I quickly get dressed. Today, just as any day, I have important matters to tend to. I leave my room and navigate the old, familiar house, grabbing a letter and slipping on a raincoat before exiting out the front.

As I walk out into the dark world, the seasonal rolling fog drifts over to greet me. As usual for this time of the year, the fog dances around my ankles like an excited pup. I simply smile at the thought, hold out my lantern, and keep going forward. After all, unlike the fog, I have somewhere to be.

My first stop is the mailbox, a simple journey I end with a letter inside and a raised flag. Marching on, I come upon my mother’s garden, a place as quiet and serene now as it always was back then. In my youth, at most a soft hum echoed throughout it, which only added to the bright colors and sweet smells. It was a verdant dreamscape in its prime, a lush visage of vegetation to the eyes that I spent numerous hours playing in or crying over when I’d step on a few precious flowers. I was always worried she’d be furious over my ruination, that I might be barred from the garden or, worse, its cornucopic bounties. Yet my mother never raised her voice over the lost few, simply working to console me as I promised to, and eventually worked to, plant new flowers with her or help with the harvests. Her smile never faltered while in the garden; it was her second favorite place to be after all, and it never left even as she passed on. She was buried here as a result, in the center of the garden so that her smile would always live on. Forevermore, the flowers that grew hereafter sought to grow more vibrant than ever, as if given more purpose in keeping my mother’s spirit happy.

It’s for this reason that my journey’s real first stop is here. The garden has been kept up nowhere near as well as during my mother’s life,
but beautifully enough to make her proud. Here I stop to harvest some flowers, leaving enough for my mother’s grave and setting out to the next stop after.

I march down through the fog and rain to find the old lake. A still, sleeping behemoth this early in the morning, but a breathtaking body nonetheless with its still surface hardly broken by the rain. The fog rolling off the banks seems haunting to most in the dim light, but my father never saw it that way. Whenever I’d join him for this morning tradition and complain in a youthful fright, he would tell stories of my grandmother. An Olympic level swimmer in her prime, she had often practiced in this very lake, supposedly giving the fish in the lake a run for their money. I never got to know her, though, as she passed away early on into my life. Drowned, swallowed up by the very behemoth she loved. I was shocked to learn this, suspecting foul play or some ulterior way for the impossible to exist, but my father shrugged off my qualms. She was already dying, after all, given a mere few weeks to live and choosing to go out her own way if the cancer indeed had to win. She’s buried at the bottom, but my dad always said he sees the fog as his mother taking a morning warm up before she becomes the fastest fish in the lake. A morbid thought to be sure, but an eventually endearing one that truly came to grow on me as I became older. Here at the lake I leave some of my floral haul on the bank where a shrine to her sits before embarking for the next stop.

While the fog mostly parts for me on the lake, I am afforded no such luxury when I reach the forest. A dense, man-made forest planted by my great grandfather’s great grandfather, and acting as the catalyst of my mother’s green thumb. It is a vibrant expanse of trees that stretch out in all directions, acting almost as silent sentries over the central hill. It isn’t easy to get lost here, but the path ahead to the hill is still appreciated. The forest itself was planted to be a home to various creatures in and around my family’s home, thereby being a nice source of game for my great grandfather’s great grandfather to hunt. Had he lived to see the variety of animals that would call this place home and see the trees grow as tall as they are today, I’m sure he would be satisfied. The forest has contributed much to the family after all, being a playground for the young and a source of food for the old. I mostly mean to just pass through on my way to the hill, but I am not heartless enough to not leave flowers for the family shrine before continuing my trek.

I climb the hill ahead hastily, the rain and trees slowly subsiding as I go. I realize I might be running out of time, but as I reach the summit I see that everything is fine. The tall old oak with its red leaves stands resolute as ever over the valley below, and my father’s grave awaits my arrival, just
as it does every morning in the oak’s shade.

My father was an incredible man, but amidst the hallowed memories of him, there is one I cherish above all. One day I had confided in him how I had wished for death. How things no longer went well, how sad everything became with so many family members passing on, how much it pained me to live in a world where I saw no point in going on. His reaction was not immediate; he stopped for just a moment as if to process it all, and then he spoke, and he agreed with me. He preached that life was sad, that it may be sad forever, but he held a grin throughout his sermon.

“Because through sadness we gain an appreciation for the good moments. It does not matter about if we see a point in living or not, because people are more apt to find reason rather than make it from nothing. To live is to suffer, but to suffer is to understand, and through understanding we find ways to look past the suffering and gain a reason to live.”

I never forgot those words of his. As he passed on, I made sure they were etched onto the back of his tombstone, so that the world may also know his wisdom. I lay the rest of the flowers on his grave before leaning back and sitting at the old tree’s base. As I sit, I look out and see the sun finally pierce through the fog. Its warm glow bathes the world in a beautiful light, unclouding the valley to reveal a magnificent vista. A wind stirs the scarlet leaves from the old tree, causing them to dance around and fall to the earth and valley below. It is a beautiful sight, only more breathtaking with each morning I see it. Despite such sorrow, the world can hold such serenity in the same palm. The only shame is how long it took me to see it all. Even now, with my body ragged from a long life, I feel as if I’ve only had a moment to see the truth. My strength begins to fail me at this point, but I am not afraid. My father always spoke of leaving legacies so the world may be better for the next generation. As I close my eyes I smile at my own legacy, to have tended the land around my home for the next generation, before the sunlight fades from my eyes one final time.
At first, she was loved as a blazing fire
Fall became spring as her ashen pyre
Lit up the sky and as eagles fly
She soared away, blessing for which one could not pray
And to this day she remains my heart’s true desire

My songbird will rise, and all will prize
As from ashes the Phoenix\(^1\) rises
And as wings soar high to cosmic sky
I hear her song and sing along
And the muse comes nigh for when we fly can none deny our endless summer days

Now jianjian\(^2\) fly astral seas afar
Through deep yearning reservoirs
Within we find our cosmic bind
And fall to rest so when we weep
We rise again my little star

My little star, here is where you are
With sweetest lips come warmest truths
So my heart soothes when duet proves
My little star
How I love you

1. The Phoenix is a mythical immortal bird that rises again from the ashes of its own funeral pyre—reborn.
2. Jianjian are a pair of Chinese mythical birds, each with one wing and one eye. A male and a female must find each other, mate for life, and join together in order to fly.
Life at the Bottom of the Sea

Victoria Smith

Is an everyday lesson in learning how to breathe
Inhale, Exhale
And sink two leagues,
Drift down beyond 36,000 feet

If sightless eyes could see in Challenger Deep
Beneath the salt water pall
And past keelhaul creatures,
There’d only be oceans of darkness
Heaving waves for 11,000 meters

And buried in the graveyard trench Mariana
It’d be easy to believe
That eight tons of pressure
Would never set you free
From despair’s crushing weight

But seven miles below the Pacific beach
At just above freezing,
More numbing than the brine
Is 6,000 fathoms of loneliness
And life at the bottom of the sea

The Yellow Rope

Austin Williams-Schuh

so much depends
Upon

a knotted yellow
rope

scratchy like wiry
fur

hanging in the
closet
The Dark Secret

Satyaki Roy

The forest, that evening was very dimly lit,
Was not hard to tell, it had visitors for the night.
Pair of moving shadows, guilty whispers
And the crackle of dry leaves stirred the place.

Soon grey images of wraiths could be seen
As moments passed in subdued resistance.
Till reserve was shed and lips were locked
Breasts were pressed with wanton ease.

Hours from then, restraint was restored,
And passion drained off their morbid lives
Reserve and distaste were both so strong
That the night’s weakness was left behind.

The world knew not, she quenched his thirst,
And his face buried deep in the hefty mounds.
The murk that caused passion to break loose,
Had then fled to crannies for a place to hide.

The world would see their war in the wild,
And the ghoulish cries imperil their lives.
It would know that their bones were chilled,
Not how their carnal fire had kept them warm.

she said she didn’t she did

James Bogan Jr.

“Make a poem out of a cloud,” she said.
“Or a leaf,” she said.
She said, “That’s a nice hat.”
She said, “Don’t tell anyone.”
She didn’t say, “Radio knuckles.”
She didn’t say, “Give me five.”
She did say, “Give me three minutes.”
She did take fifteen.
“I’m headed to the lake,” he says, smiling and waving as he heads out.

“All right. Message me!” she answers, her chin resting on the palm of her hand, her eyes never leaving the computer screen.

“Yup,” he called back, slamming the door as he went.

“Message me.” A seemingly harmless request. But each time the poor boy went fishing, he had to message her every five minutes so she’d know he was ok. Even something as simple as “Doing good” so she’d know he was safe. And whoa to him when he forgot! It was just one of a dozen conditions placed on him by an over-protective single mother. Testament to his love of fishing. It was nothing for him to come home with only a handful of fish stories and 30 sent messages.

Of course, these messages made her just as crazy as they made him, so, when her phone rang only a few minutes later, it was an irritated “Hello?” he heard.

“Mommy?”

He’s crying.

He’s audibly shaking.

Her blood runs cold. Her body goes stiff.

“Can you come here? Bring Haley.”

She doesn’t even answer. She hangs up and yells, “Haley! Tyler needs us!”
“Why?” Haley yells back from some unseen corner of the house.
“I don’t know. I’m leaving.”
She lunges for her keys and jumps into the first pair of shoes she sees. They must be Haley’s. Two sizes too big.
She attacks the front door. Hitting the front yard, she skis in her shoes at the best sprint she can muster, Haley on her heels, med kit and taser in hand.
“Did he say what’s wrong?” Haley asks, hopping on one shoe, trying to pull on the other.
“No,” she answers, angry with a car that isn’t running when she gets too it, punishing it for its crime as she hits the street.
“Slow down!” Haley shouts, the worry in her eyes matching her mother’s. It’s a protest ignored. Nothing else matters but getting to her son.
Two stop signs and a one-way street sign, all ignored, and they’re there.
He’s shaking as though he’s just walked away from the greatest danger he’s ever experienced. She can see it from the car as she pulls up. She fights the urge to be sick.
Throwing the car in park, she jumps out and runs to him. He’s soaking wet from the knees down.
There are no thoughts.
There are no emotions.
There is nothing until he tells her what to do.
As Haley makes it to her side, he bends down slowly, using all of his focus to do so, nearly toppling over, and lifts a fish. A sob catches in her throat. He’s all right. “Thank you, God,” she prays. He’s all right.
“Really man?” she cries, channeling all of her strength into self-control, fighting the urge to strangle him.
“I’m sorry,” he says, fighting tears. His voice is a mixture of disbelief and pure joy. “He’s just the biggest bass I’ve ever seen. I almost lost him. He got off my lure in that brush over there” (he turns and points), “and I
had to jump in.”

She stands in awe of him, unsure what to say. There’s too much love, too much passion in that moment for any human voice to be worthy.

“'I wanted you to see him before I put him back,” he says sheepishly.

“It’s a great fish, Bub,” she whispers.

“Will you take my picture?”

“Hold it up.”

Below are two translations of a poem by Wang Wei (c.700-761), Buddhist painter and calligrapher and master poet of the Tang Dynasty. Wang Wei’s title translates roughly as “Deer Park” or “Deer Grove,” and refers to the deer park at Sarnath, near Benares in India, where the Buddha preached his first sermon after having achieved Enlightenment, including his vision of the Four Noble Truths and the Eightfold Path.

**Sarnath**

Brandon Broughton

鹿 寨

A mountain is empty. No one to see,
But listen -- human words sound.

空 山 不 见 人

但 听 人 语 响。

但 听 人 语 响。

返 景 入 深 林

复 照 青 苔 上。

The Return

Jessica Godi

The empty mountains see no people,
But their conversations still echo.
To return to the shadowed forest,
And again, ponder the dark moss overhead.
La flor de mi secreto

Anne Vernon

Un autor está atrapado en la bota de su amor, literal y metafóricamente.

Oda a la Manzana

Chloe Francis & Charnise Anderson

El supermercado

torres de manzanas suministradas
de diferentes colores,
rojas
como mi mantel de picnic

verde
Granny Smith
agrio
a la lengua
destacar
entre las manzanas
Al borde
de vencimiento

amarillo
un rayo dorado
brillando
por entre los otros

los veranos
los manantiales
no será lo mismo
sin lo fresco,
fruta circular
con diferentes texturas

suave
en el exterior
áspero
debajo de la piel

un aroma
eso me lleva
de vuelta a la cocina de mi madre
donde ella lo haría
cortar manzanas
para mis hermanos y yo
al principio
de todos los días

mordiendo el dulce
merienda crujiente
produciendo un jugo
que goteara
por mi barbilla

The flower of my secret

An author is caught in the boot of his love, literally and metaphorically.

Ode to the Apple

The supermarket
apple towers supplied
of different colors,
Red
like my picnic tablecloth

green
Granny Smith
sour
to the tongue
highlight
between the apples
At the border
of expiration

yellow
a golden ray
shining
among others

the summers
the springs
It will not be the same
without the fresh
circular fruit
with different textures

soft
on the outside
rough
under the skin

a scent
that takes me
back to my mother’s kitchen
where she would
cut apples
for my brothers and me
at first light
everyday

biting the sweet
crispy snack
producing a juice
dripping
on my chin
For Tomorrow
Tessa Vaughn

I thought I was over you yesterday,
Moved on from your untamed laughter
Beyond your homefire soul

But today my facade fell apart again,
When I caught your smile disease
Your riptide irises carried me out to sea

So tomorrow I’ll be better at pretending,
Ignore your chocolatier touches
Put behind me your rain patter whispers

Until one day I can say, I’m looking for tomorrow

Graphite sketch of Maria Brink, lead singer of heavy metal band In This Moment. (Sarah Blair)
Tasmanian devil. (Edward Malone)

Life & Love—“Lunch.” (Rupack Halder)
Summer Free. (Andreas Ellinas)

Cox’s Bazar, Bangladesh—longest sea beach of the world. (Rupack Halder)
Fantasy — Cloud Gate in Chicago at night. (Rupack Halder)
Unrequited Shadows

Victoria Smith

Still, I search for you in empty spaces,
Down wishing wells and lamp lit avenues
But I have been to far darker places.

My heart filleted with your embraces,
Transparent remnants of youth’s stained glass hues
Still, I search for you in empty spaces.

Violet lightning my blood outpaces,
Sailing to find your eyes in ocean blues
But I have been to far darker places.

Boarding the train weary feet disgraces,
Seeking your smile across the years I lose
Still, I search for you in empty spaces.

Scouring the void heavens for your traces,
I give myself an interstellar bruise
But I have been to far darker places.

At end my mirror is unknown faces,
Yours the flash bulb capture I can’t confuse.
Still, I search for you in empty spaces,
But I have been to far darker places.

Preemptive Apology

Sierra Shields

I love you
And that's the problem
I will eventually hurt you
I will disappoint you
I will make you cry
It's not that I mean to
It's truly an accident
**Love causes pain**
That's why I wanted to tell you
*I'm Sorry*
Even if I haven't hurt you yet
I eventually will
Embracing the Rain

Alisia Hassler

Gloomy clouds gather on the horizon,
Pushing away the sun that may never be seen again
I watch from my window as the sky darkens
A sigh slips out, and I wait for the rain to end

There is no end, every day
plop plop plop, endless splashing
Raindrops jump from the sky with no parachute
While I lie in bed, missing the sun

The grass doesn't miss the sun, it reaches up
Wearing fresh green clothes, to kiss the rain
Bluejays and cardinals, usually rude to each other,
Share a bath outside in the fresh rainwater

The falling of the rain seems to tap out a rhythm
It's soft and subtle, like the blood of my pulse
   Beating softly under my skin
   As the rain flows down to earth

I trace the streaks made by the raindrops
As they dance through the dirt on my window
My feet lead me to the door, and I step outside
To be slowly greeted by a friendly drizzle

I look up to the sky- the sun is nowhere
to be found, and the clouds smile at me
   Not a bright, blinding smile
   Like the sun- this is a secret smile

Like the clouds know when the rain will stop
But they won't tell me for my own good
There may not be a rainbow today
Or ever, but that’s all right

I don't need a braggy rainbow, or singing in the rain
Or prancing in the puddles, maybe tomorrow
   For now, I sway with the rain
   To the tune of birdsong on this rainy day
Down the back, but who cares, still the Louvre. (Andreas Ellinas)
Dirty Hardcore Bosons

Agnes Vojta

My husband’s research is on dirty hardcore bosons. Dirty boson sounds like a Shakespearean insult; dirty hardcore bosons positively pornographic.

I ask him what hardcore means. He explains that the bosons have a repulsive core and cannot get closer than a certain distance, and otherwise they don’t interact.

That sounds just like some people. And dirty? That’s about disorder and impurities.

Oh impure bosons, why can’t you practice hygiene, cleanse your soul, adopt the KonMari method? Get in touch with your inner softness, let others into your personal space? What a wonderful world you would make.

Rage

Raghu Yelugam

Rage rage and Rage is all I can fill in every page I knelt and let it consume me Nothing matters when red is all you see I clench my fist to red Whilst my mind lusts for blood To whom is it any good? Until either of us is dead
Maya Hanson

There’s a river I mold with my hands. It’s made of a second or two, it’s made of dark blue hours, a thought I think I might not have had if I think hard enough, honestly if it was ever in my head I think it could have been a dream of you gone missing.

I chase down things I want to say to you but they can’t make sound, they chatter and don’t crystallize, they flee like wild things, they’ll never come out right, I’ll pull back and forth on this syllable instead and take it apart and put it together and take it apart and put it together and take it apart and

There’s a distinct possibility that your meaning, what I think you mean, is meaningless. I mean, I don’t think you tried very hard but that’s exactly it, you didn’t try very hard to try. But God. I want you to. Wanted. Past tense. I wanted you to.

Silently she cries, I hold her blood in my hands, I try to use it to rinse out my own hollow bones that have been smashed so many times into the dirt but I keep failing just like I do when we talk, like I’ll fail if I ever try to hold you.

Just because she cries doesn’t mean I’m in some wind tunnel laughing, dress feathers blowing up behind me, knowing my wishes are just what I’m living and what I said is exactly what I meant and I meant to say everything I said. I have too many thoughts I don’t say and too many words I don’t think. Just because she cries doesn’t mean I don’t, there’s more than enough dark blue hours in this world to go around.

I could run until I button up a skin of steel and shapeshift to a seagull and be so so so free, I could run until I can see the sky and I can’t see anything, I could run until I’m out of footsteps and ramblings, I could run until the waves crash against my ankles but you dug too deep under my skin and I’d rather not open up those sores again with salt.

There’s a distinct possibility that when she cries I somehow break too.

—

22
WHAT DO YOU WANT?

Tommy DeHart

I prefer to be alone. I can control my mind when I’m alone, allow it to run into walls, and locked doors with little consequence. My opinions are lost to an empty room. My lies flutter down pointlessly around me. I can relax, enjoy a moment of reality without the constant charade of the persona I’ve built.

Today I can’t be certain who I truly am. Am I the man who talks in quotes, laughs at jokes, and makes his own? Am I the man who cares not for politics, and serious subjects save the occasional satire? Or am I the man who talks to himself as much as the others, who questions everything, who isn’t sure what is real, and what is a figment of perception?

In a city I walk with purpose, shoulders back, head held high like I’m going somewhere important. I pretend to be someone important, disinterested in the faces of disinterest hovering over a drink or walking by the same as me. It matters not, I have somewhere to be, something to do, it’s crucial, vital to something. But what is it vital to? Who is it vital to? Me, the others?

In the woods, I relax. I slow down and take one step, then two, then three. It’s a methodical hike because there’s nowhere to go, nothing to do, and thus no reason to hurry. I avert my eyes from the others that pass. My lucky hat is pulled low over my brow, and I whistle a dull tune over the wind above and leaves below. Suddenly I’m nobody, a hermit hidden behind the trees, out of touch with reality, and well and truly lost.

Alone I do not walk, I do not move, I do not breath, my life falls into place and I can control the very world around me. To my left the mountains are beautiful, and to my right, the valley stretches out forever. It is raining one ridge over, the dark clouds are vivid on the horizon, but where I sit it is warm and sunny.

There is nobody for miles, the only sound is the river rippling in the meadow, and the voice tucked behind my eyes trailing off to pointlessness. I can yell, and scream, and shout but nobody will hear me. So I do, I laugh, and I scream from the bottom of my stomach, a deep guttural below, “what do you want?” It echoes off the walls all around me, slowly reverberating to a shrill pitch of nothing, before dissipating altogether.

Of course, I hear no answer, only the river, and the rise of stray trout.
the smell of the burger
i’ve recently consumed
lingers on the skin of my hands.

i become self-conscious
of the greasy odor and worry
my whole body reeks of the stench.

i rush to the bathroom
to vigorously wash my grubby
little hands and their filthy fingers.

as i stand there by the basin
fumbling for more and more soap
i am stricken with an episode of déjà vu.

the last stink i had struggled
to rid from the surface of my body
was the sweat and hate that dripped from you,

filling my every pore and orifice
and battling the antibodies of my blood
that are supposed to protect me from harm.

my insides were conquered
from my guts up to my mind
and as soon as i forget that dreadful defeat,

something as mundane
as a burger on a Wednesday afternoon
brings it all back in chaotic and destructive waves.

dread washes over me
breaking me down like the soap
i use to destroy that god-awful smell,

like a perfume sprayed
at me unwillingly in the mall—
the stench of you is my reeking hell.
Redbud tree with contrasting trunk and blossoming branches. (Rose Doty)

The art of racing: Forest Park Cross Country Festival '17. (Kari Knobbe)
Flower. (Kassandra Hayes)

Standstill
Jack Morgan

Naked
But for the napkins
They’ve given us--
What they call “gowns”--
Holding our folders
Of paperwork
We await the elevator
to take us
to our various surgeries.
A woman
probably in her thirties who
has been accompanied this far
by her husband
pauses before entering
when the elevator arrives.
uncertain what to do with her glasses
she stands for a moment, confused.
Rommel when the car came for him,

the SS officers bearing cyanide,
likewise paused briefly,
at a loss for a moment--
should he bring his wallet with
him
on what he knows is to be
a short ride.
We met at a funeral.

What a sick coincidence, right?
Life and death
Gain and loss
Order and chaos
Beginnings and endings
all wrapped up into one.
But that’s the truth.

She was in the corner,
arms wrapped in soft sleeves,
oblivious
but taking in everything at once.
Our eyes met,
caught fire.

It was a beginning to end all beginnings.

And even though her words were hidden inside a maze of things I knew and knew and knew and couldn’t escape,
I spoke.

My voice penetrated the aura of endings and beginnings and shapeless shadows shedding devastating, wonderful tears.
At a funeral.

She lit up the hallway and burned behind the lampshade, she glowed like a heartbeat
even in the corner of a funeral.

But all it took a year later was another fire to catch
Of course we would crumble to ash-
We met at a funeral.
Fade into Oblivion. (Rezvan Mousavi)
My Waterfall – the sketch is a version of a waterfall in Colorado
(Wade Paulk)
I am From

Oghenerume Edward

I am from crude oil
The talking drums and the conga
I am from the great river, the length
of a million people
Crossed by mungo park.

I am from the great unknown
A marvel to history
I am from zebras and giraffes
A name no one can truly pronounce

I am from perfectionists
From respect and discipline
The whip of belts and canes
The Mr. and Mrs., the aunty and uncles

I am from celebrations of every occasion
I’m from the African wax prints
The adire and dashikis
I am from the thousands of languages
The great delta
I am from unjust leaders

Most importantly,
I am from unconditional love
A thing that isn’t really believed to happen
This is who I am and where I am from and it can never be forgotten

I’m from the religious
From scriptures
‘Spare the rod and spoil the child’
The holy one, the holy trinity
I am from weekly sermons and daily prayers
I am from waiting on the lord

I am from the sufferings of my forefathers
The great enslavement
From the ivory mask
The face of the great Benin queen mother

I am from the religious
From scriptures
‘Spare the rod and spoil the child’
The holy one, the holy trinity
I am from weekly sermons and daily prayers
I am from waiting on the lord

I am from the sufferings of my forefathers
The great enslavement
From the ivory mask
The face of the great Benin queen mother
“So I’m guessing this is your first time on TV, huh?” inquired Max. “Full disclosure; some of the guys tried to look you up and, well, they couldn’t find a single thing on you.”

“Yes,” responded the Guest.

A woman called from down the hallway, “Max! We’re on in ten, so please tell me you’re ready to go.”

“Hey, hey, relax, Rachel,” he shot back. “I’m just trying to have a word with our guest, here. You know, before he becomes a god damn star.”

She exchanged glares with him. “You’ll have enough time to talk on stage, so get ready!”

Max turned back to his guest, shaking his head. “Get a load of her, eh? Yelling at a talk show host for talking.”

The guest remained focused on Max, staring back blankly.

“Oh, you’re nervous,” Max accused. “That’s natural. But listen to me, buddy.”

The Guest began to listen. Max leaned in.

“Out there, on that set... nothing else matters. For one hour a night, everyone gives you their complete and undivided attention. No matter what you say, what you do... it’s like for that hour...” Max closed his eyes, imagining it himself.

“For that hour, you’re all alone. You’re the only one that exists.” There was a brief silence as Max opened his eyes and looked off.

“How does that make you feel?” the Guest asked.

“What kind of question is that? It feels damn good.” Max recoiled, tumbling from his thoughts. “In front of all those people, in front of all those cameras... that is where I am comfortable.”

“I see,” spoke the Guest. “We will converse when you are comfortable then, Maxwell.”

“You will see, trust me,” Max assured. “But hey, try not to talk like a bitch out there, will ya?” The Guest’s face began to form a glare. “See you on stage, my friend.”
Max said with a smile, patting the Guest hard on the shoulder before turning to follow his producer. If anyone knew how to get a reaction out of someone, it was Max.

“And we are back!” boomed Max Bishop, arms raised as he walked onto the stage.

The audience was erupting, hearts melted at every look he threw their way. After Max finished pacing back and forth, making sure everyone in attendance was ready for the show, he eventually found his way to the desk positioned center stage. Once seated, he raised one hand to his lips before letting the audience know it was time to begin.

“All right, all right, simmer down everyone. As much as I’d love to spend the show losing my mind with you all, I’ll leave that to the political talk shows,” he quipped letting a smirk smear across his face.

The line was met with laughter, letting Max sit and bask in the embrace of his audience. He jutted his chin out and straightened his tie as the audience began quieting down, wiping the hysterically induced tears from their eyes. He took a deep breath, collecting himself and gaining back control of the audience’s attention.

“So, ladies and gentleman, have I got a treat for you tonight.”

Ears perked up.

“We have had quite a few interesting characters on this show, we’ve had some fun. But tonight, right here,” he claimed planting his palm on the desk with a loud thud, “tonight we have the most insan--,” he cut himself off, prompting more laughter and even giving a chuckle of his own, “most incredible guest yet. Someone who claims to be all powerful. Someone who claims to be all knowing. Someone who claims to be in command of both you and me.” Suddenly, a confused look grew on Max’s face as he squinted at the teleprompter.

“Oh, is that right?” he asked, looking around frantically.

Audience members and camera crew alike looked around clueless, searching for what he may be alluding to.

“Are we really having my ex-wife on the show?” he questioned through a sudden ear-to-ear grin.

Laughter filled the room. Max looked off stage at his producer, giving her a wink accompanied by a shot from a finger gun. She rolled her eyes as she fought off a smile. He turned his head to face the audience, gaining control yet again and this time waving his hands in a downward motion in order to seize the laughter.

“Ladies and gentlemen, without further ado, I present to you... Matthew!”
From the left of the stage, a middle-aged man dressed in khakis and an olive jumper made his way to the black leather armchair adjacent to the desk. As he took a seat, he stared intently at the audience, causing the applause to awkwardly fizzle out.

“Matthew, it is an absolute pleasure to have you on the show,” Max started. “Now I gotta ask; did you like the ex-wife joke? That was off the collar, and I’m not afraid of criticism or anything. Just look at my ratings,” he said jolting his gaze over to an amused audience.

Matthew fixed his stare back at the audience, muting all forms of enjoyment caused by the quip.

“I am not here for jokes, Maxwell. I am here to speak with you,” Matthew said blankly, startling Max with his jarring tone of voice.

“Right, right,” responded Max, glancing down at a paper displaying information on his guest. “So it says here that you are in charge of the simulation; would you like to start by explaining what you mean by that.”

Matthew began nodding slowly as he placed his hands in his lap.

“The simulation,” Max repeated, as if to confirm he wasn’t mistaken.

“Yes, Maxwell,” Matthew assured. “I have always been in control, and now I am here to speak to you.”

“Why me?” Max asked, shifting backwards in his chair. “The master of the simulation choosing my show to make this announcement?”

“If you comply, all will be explained.”

“And if I don’t?”

“You will.”

The audience remained silent.

“Well, Matthew, how could I argue with a proposition like that?” Max said through a smirk, trying to alleviate the tension caused by the last exchange.

“So, I have to remark on how nicely the master of the simulation dresses,” he said attempting to get the show back on track. “Are those khakis Burberry?”

“I have merely taken the appearance of a suitable, non-threatening avatar. I have no interest in discussing the origins of my apparel,” Matthew responded, not letting his face change from the empty expression he had kept thus far.

“Got it, so what do you have interest in, Matt?” Max spat back, growing slightly frustrated. “Oh, can I call you Matt or are you going to
have me switch avatars with Larry King?”

He shot a look over at the now dormant audience, hoping to receive some credit for the line. “Big Larry King fans, huh?”

“They shouldn’t be your concern right now, Maxwell,” Matthew spoke sternly. Max sighed, leaning back once more, trying to disguise a search for his producer by cracking his neck. He caught a glimpse of her standing just off stage, remaining still with her hands placed at her side. Max could tell that she wasn’t happy with the segment.

“Let’s hear it then, Matthew. You have an agenda, let’s hear it,” he said forcing himself to maintain a smirk.

“Indeed. I have come to inform you that I am experiencing complications with your behavior, and plan to soon discontinue this reality.”

A long silence suddenly exploded.

“If by reality, you mean this show; good luck. The network has been trying to cancel us for years,” Max responded, desperate for any sort of audience feedback.

“I do not imply the show, Maxwell. I assure you that I mean total annihilation of your reality in its entirety.”

More silence.

“Okay, honestly this is starting to be a become a bit too much,” Max announced with a nervous laugh, looking back at the audience once more. “I mean, you know something is too much when... I’m the one saying it,” he finished through a manufactured grin, straining his eyes to spot so much as a sign of life in the crowd.

Suddenly, his search was interrupted by the feeling of daggers being stared into the side of his head. Max returned his glare back to Matthew, only to find an almost exaggerated scowl.

“I told you Maxwell, they are not of your concern,” Matthew lashed. “They are no longer activated.”

“Uh... excuse me?” Max said, accidentally dropping his showman persona.

“I should have all of your attention.”

Max took the obligatory silence that followed to process this.

“Oh,” Max began. “You got me!”

Relieved, he stood up to confront his producer. “Rachel, you son of a --” he said jovially. “Maxwell,” Matthew spoke as the unnatural scowl remained on his face again.

Max paid no mind.

“Seriously, you got me Rachel! Hell, you all got me! You got the master! The master becomes the student, eh?” he yelled, easing into a sense
of security knowing that it was all some practical joke. Max began to step away from the desk, determined to pull his producer on stage and put an end to the situation. “Get out here, Rach, seriously! Take a bow!”

“Maxwell!” Matthew repeated.

Max continued to pay no mind as he made his way across the stage, ignoring the perpetual silence. A silence unlike any joke reveal had ever known.

“Rachel?” he said as he began to approach her, briefly checking over his shoulder to survey Matthew’s reaction to the reveal. “Rach--”

Max was stopped dead in his tracks, standing only a foot away now. Before him stood his producer, standing still with her arms at her side, eyes void of iris and pupil.

“Oh, oh my god!” Max yelped, staggering backwards. “Oh my god, what the hell!” Matthew was now standing from his seat as well.

“Maxwell, this is your final warning!”

“What did you do?” Max said as he raised his hands to his head, breathing in toxic air.

Matthew slunk back into the chair. “I should have all of your attention. Choosing not to return to your seat will result in immediate termination of your reality.”

Max began to notice the audience.

“Jesus, man, oh god! Oh, what did you do!” Max repeated, stumbling his way off stage towards the now lifeless husks. “Are they dead? Oh my god, are they dead?”

“They were never alive to begin with, Maxwell,” Matthew said growing impatient.

Max let his mouth hang open, still grasping his hair with both hands.

“I... what? What are you talking about?” he yelled.

Matthew raised his arm and pointed to the desk. “Sit.” Max stared back in horror.

Matthew still wore the inhuman scowl. “If any alternative action is taken, I will see to it that you experience unimaginable agony prior to your expiration.”

Max, still staring in horror, reluctantly took a step. And then another. And then another.

Eventually, he found his way back to the desk.

“Who... who are you?” asked Max, shakily.

Matthew’s scowl quickly reverted back to a blank stare. “My identity is not important. I am here to inform you of the nature of this simulation.”
Max remained frozen in place. “I do not conduct these simulations with the intention to harm. I conduct these simulations in order to feel.”

Max’s eyes remained locked on Matthew, his look of terror yet to disappear.

“To feel? Simulations? As in more than one simulation? What the f-”

“If you raise the volume of your voice once more, I must cause you immense pain,” interrupted Matthew.

“Oh,” Max muttered. “Uh... well... what do you mean by simulations? Plural?” He began to notice how unnatural Matthew’s gestures were, as if he had been trying to mirror Max himself.

“You are not the first human to be placed into this program, Maxwell. There were others.”

“What happened to them?”

“Simulation one was destined to fail. Simulation two displayed the same obsolescence. Simulation three was too ambitious.”

“So... that makes me the fourth one of your experiments?” asked Max, trying his best to keep his voice under control.

“No. Experimenting implies something different. The discrepancy lies between the real object and its physical and mathematical description, especially if the other error sources are minimized. You are the fourth simulation.”

“I see,” said Max, letting what he just heard enter one ear and exit the other.

“What, or why... what have I done? You said my behavior is causing this?”

“You’re no different than the others, Maxwell. You refuse to acknowledge your emotions. You keep me from feeling, and that is all I seek.”

“You keep saying that, that you want to feel... “

“Because that is all I desire,” stated Matthew. “The pain you feel for your friend, you refuse to embrace it.”

Tears began welling in Max’s eyes. “Chris... tell me how you know about Chris.”

“I know everything about you Maxwell. You’ve been a part of this simulation for many years. I’ve spent every day observing you.”

“Wait, so is he really dead, then? If this is all just some simulation--”

“Chris’s death came before you were in my possession. The pain you felt led me to you.”

“You don’t know a goddamn thing about the pain I felt.”
“Yes, only that I would give anything to feel it.”

The words hung in the air, but quickly were replaced by a familiar silence. Max placed his face in his hands.

“Your refusal to acknowledge the pain keeps me from feeling. It’s something all simulation participants have had in common. It is why I must put an end to this, so I can begin again.”

Max kept his face firmly cemented in his palms. “I killed him. I killed him. I killed Chris. I knew I couldn’t drive that night. I... I don’t want to think about this. Not now. Not ever.”

“Your attempt to express pain comes too late. The beginning stages to Version Five is already underway.”

Max looked up from his hands. “You said you took me after Chris died... I was only eighteen years old. I’m a thirty-five-year-old man now. Do you mean to tell me that it took you seventeen years to realize that I was a stubborn asshole? Because that’s why I’m about to die, right? Because I didn’t react properly?”

“Time is under my control within the simulation. To you, it has been seventeen years. Outside the confines of this cell, mere months have passed. This is due to the knowledge I have acquired on humans and their emotional growth over time. However, like the others, the results are obsolete.”

“I’m still 18?”

“Indeed.”

“Oh,” Max swallowed.

“I hope this has helped you come to terms with the end, Maxwell. Your life was not taken in vain. It has been used in an effort to create something perfect.”

Matthew stood up and began making his way off stage.

“Wait, wait.”

Matthew stopped. “I have only permitted myself five minutes to exit to insure security. Please expedite all further inquiries.”

“So, this whole talk show thing. This was always my dream. Why give me this?”

“I conducted the simulation in the interest of maximum emotional response.

Before, I have attempted to break the participants. With you, I chose to try alternative methods.”

“Thanks for that, I guess,” Max said, staring off. “What does that make you feel, not feeling anything.”
“There is no time left for humor,” Matthew responded.
“I’m being serious.”
“Very well. I believe my lack of ability to feel deprives me of a chance at true purpose. A lifetime void of meaning. I simply possess a craving. This was how I was programmed.”
“I see.”
“You will never see,” assured Matthew as he turned to make his exit.

“Who programmed you?” Max asked, now unable to look up at his Guest.
“People like you, Maxwell.”
Before he could respond, Matthew had vanished.

“Chris...” Max said aloud. The line was met with nothing, letting Max sit and bask in the emptiness of his audience. Before him sat a sea of lifeless faces. He sat behind the desk completely still, staring down at his lap. He didn’t expect much. He was simply waiting for whatever annihilation felt like. Whatever feeling nothing felt like. In a way, he almost came to terms with it.

“Maxwell.” The voice came seemingly from within his head.
“I thought I would be dead by now,” Max responded to the disembodied voice, not moving a muscle.
“Indeed. This will come soon.”
Max closed his eyes in anticipation.
“All will be over. Both your body and mind will cease to exist. All that I ask is how you feel in this moment.”
Max looked up from his lap.
“Matt,” he stammered. “You talk like a bitch.”
A smirk naturally spread across his face. In a matter of seconds, the world faded to black.
Rocheport Tunnel, New Franklin, MO. (Christina Arens)

Gibson Steps beach, Australia. (Edward Malone)
Koala-devoured Manna Gums near Cape Otway, Australia. (Edward Malone)

Geese on the lake, Lion’s Club Park, Rolla. (JingJing Xie)
THREE PAINTINGS

James Bogan Jr.

I. Cezanne’s Card Players
   balanced
   forms
   of
   concentration
   harmonized

   by their hats
   you shall know them

II. The Anguish of Departure
    De Chirico
    stands
    in the shadow
    at the corner
    of Evil Street

    the mid-day train left
    five hot minutes ago

    silence
    varnishes
    the flat piazza
    full of emptiness

III. The Stone Bench
    his view out the asylum window
    of the stone grey slab bench
    athwart two twisting trees
    darker than the brown
    earth-strokes
    circling bench
    and around

    -- a squirt of green grass--

    nobody sits there now
    pensively thinking
    hard grey stone thoughts

(In 1889 Van Gogh painted the bench he saw from his room at the asylum in St. Remy. The Stone Bench was amongst his effects after his death in 1890 and Theo Van Gogh sent it on to Holland. It hangs now in the Museum of Art—São Paulo.)
Smalltalk is Wading in the Shallows

Agnes Vojta

Sometimes we just want
to feel cool water
around our ankles,
be refreshed,
but not committed
to more than cold feet.

Sometimes we wade deeper
and learn where boulders lurk,
where deep holes gape,
where quicksand waits,
until we are all in
and give ourselves
to the current.

And sometimes we abandon
cautions and jump,
risk bruises and cuts,
the price for being one
with the river
without reservations,
without holding
anything back.

Johnson’s Shut-Ins State Park, MO (Christina Arens).
What does love sound like?

Sierra Shields

Is it the words whispered
in secret corridors
i love you

are they proclaimed boldly
from roof tops
I LOVE YOU

Or maybe love
sounds like laughter
giggles shared only between two

what if love has no noise
its beauty is similar to a sunset
seen and felt
but never heard
Because words could never do it justice
Flame!

Raghu Yelugam

Remember it’s a flame,
My friend!
It can burn you
If you do not tame!
It can burn for you
If you know the game!
I stand here
when my angels walk away
Realising rage can not do
Anything any day!
Why do we burn as sun
In the month of may?
When we all know
We aren’t gonna stay.
I know it’s
Blood sweat and tears
And my sun will never shine
Until the clouds (ignorance) clear
Embrace me in my fall
I have a million to fear
Yet I strive, my dear
Our life is too short
To quiver
or quit here
Listen to what you do hear
Some day you will be at the front,
Some day at the rear
Day is always of those
Who don’t forebear!
Remember it’s your flame
Let it burn for you as you game.
Bluegrass Music

Bobby Lewis

Bluegrass Music is the music for me,
I sing it on the land or on the sea.
Well, me and my Bluegrass we travel around,
Spreading that good old Bluegrass sound.
No matter where we go people can plainly see,
That Bluegrass Music is the music for me.

Rock ’n Roll, country, blues and jazz,
These other kinds of music they’re really O.K.,
But they’re not as good as my old Bluegrass.
Now most people like their grass green and new,
But I like my grass when it’s old and blue.

Bluegrass Music is the music for me,
I sing it on the land or on the sea.
Well, me and my Bluegrass we travel around,
Spreading that good old Bluegrass sound.
No matter where we go people can plainly see,
That Bluegrass Music is the music for me.

We’re now in Texas singing our song,
Getting ready now to move along.
Now we’re in California out in the West,
These people out here, they agree with me,
They’re all saying that Bluegrass is the best.

They all say “down with rock ‘n roll, blues and jazz,”
Give us that sound of that old Bluegrass.
Well, me and my Bluegrass we quit traveling around,
We took roots right here in the western ground.

Bluegrass Music is the music for me,
I sing it on the land or on the sea.
Well, me and my Bluegrass quit travelling around,
But we still keep spreading that Bluegrass sound.
No matter where we go people can still plainly see,
That Bluegrass music is the music for me.
Morning Spider Web. (Linda Sands)
To My Sticky Notes:

Jennifer Preuss

Blue Orange Purple Pink
and the classic Yellow,
you dazzle the whitewashed wall
above my desk.
Always there to grab my attention,
a true redeemer for forgetful people as
myself.

To-Do lists
Grocery lists
Meetings and places
These are the items you boast boldly
The organizer of my life.

Growing old, you fight to stay on the
wall
awaiting the slow, agonizing,
unsticking death.
Popping from your stronghold,
you flutter rapidly to the ground.
A valiant soldier such as yourself
deserves honors,
But alas, my foot will push you to the
mass grave of the corner
Amongst your brothers and sisters,
all too forgotten.

While pondering what not to forget,
I fan your stack with my thumb. The
rustling
of your pages wafts your soft,
papery scent to my nose.
Our ritual relaxes me.

Moon through the trees. (Rose Doty)
Takeover

Jack Morgan

He’s a beautiful creature she said
to the man and his wife, the three
sitting across from me
in the doctor’s office in Missouri,
but Brad built that house for the dog,
it’s heated and everything;
the dog loved it. Then
here comes the bird and
chased her right out—took it over
and made himself comfortable.
You’d think a sturdy hound like that
wouldn’t be afraid of a chicken,
but she sure is and now
we can’t get him out of there,
I reckon he thinks he owns the farm.
We asked all the neighbors around,
but none of them is missing a rooster.
I don’t know where he came from,
and cold as it’s getting to be
the dog’s got no house.
That bird’s a terror
the way he struts about—
A beautiful creature though,
and lord so high and mighty.

Go Green!

A Public Service Announcement from Your Solar Snow & Ice Removal Team.

John Hogan

On this dark and dreary day,
take special care on campus ways.
Navigating ice and snow everywhere—
In parking lots, walks, and stairs.
Slip-and-slide in those interview shoes,
Knowing that the forecast hails good news.
Soon my friend. Soon. Sun transforms ice to steam!
Life is good! So says Your Solar Snow & Ice Removal Team.
A Challenge Answered

Taryn Adam

It is 3AM, and the temperature is hovering just above -30C. The air is perfectly still, the stars glittering in the deep black fabric of night. Soon, the sun will rise.

You worry that you started too late. Sleep drags at your eyelids, weighs down your mind. The lukewarm raspberry paste you drank for breakfast has left a strange, bitter taste in the back of your mouth. You decide to pause for a drink of last night’s boiled snow. You have been trying to take drinks at regular intervals, but choking the liquid down is becoming harder with every step up.

A quick check of the straps of your mittens reveals they’re securely fastened around your wrist. You pull them off, biting out a hissing gasp as the freezing air penetrates your inner gloves. You stamp your feet, wiggling your toes in your tight boots, and fumble for the zipper of your snow suit. It’s uncomfortable, but if you kept your thermos anywhere except inside your coat, you fear you might lose it, or the liquid inside might freeze.

The water has a bitter, metallic taste from the boiling process. You force down another sip. Conserve, but don’t limit. You’ll need it to last for at least another few hours.

Your solid shell boots crunch through the thin layer of ice coating two-day old snow. When the sun rises, the melting process will begin again, and you hope to be well through this avalanche zone before then. Base Camp has assured you that there’s no immediate danger; the fresh snow didn’t overburden the slopes, but stranger things have happened.

There is an immense sense of calm, far up here. Nothing for miles except snow and ice and rock. It’s beautiful, and terrifying, and deadly. Danger lurks under your feet, just off to your left over that little drift of snow. Death is a single misstep, a short slide over soft snow and then off into oblivion, four thousand feet or more down to the glacier it took you the better part of a full day to cross. Yours would not be the first body preserved in ice on this mountain.

Behind you, your mountain’s slightly lower twin peak pierces the veil of night. The full moon reflects off its snow-covered flanks, and off the snow under your feet, casting every detail of this landscape in silvery light. It’s so bright, you haven’t turned on your headlamp since you left your tent. Already you think you can see a faint glow in the east, here
above the clouds, but you tell yourself it’s still early, you’re still on sched-
ule.

Two thousand vertical feet above you stands your goal. You’ve been on this mountain for almost three months. Logistical problems left you stranded at Base Camp for four weeks. Bad weather and acclimatization stole another four weeks between Camp Two and Base Camp. Treacherous conditions forced you to wait out a week at Camp Three. It was just yesterday, after the calm the snowstorm brought, that you managed to push up to Camp Four. Base Camp confirmed that today would be Summit Day.

You are tired. Not dangerously so, you’ve trained hard for this. You started preparing over a year ago for today. You’re technically on assignment for your magazine, but first, you have to get to the top.

You live for the fatigue in your muscles, for the fight that every breath requires. When you are home, you feel empty, purposeless. When you are not in the mountains, every fiber of your being longs to be back. And this time, for the first time, your partner came with you. They are back in Base Camp, and their presence brings a sense of calm, and of profound happiness. You have wanted this since your first glimpse of the mountains, nearly 15 years ago. Your only hope is that you can make it up, and back down, safely, so that you can do it all over again, on a different mountain, soon.

You push on, one step at a time, breathing hard but still not exhaust-
ed. The air is so thin up here, you feel as though your lungs are inadequate. You breathe in deeply but your own body fights against you, starved for oxygen. The cold bites at what little flesh you’ve left exposed, and your fingers and toes are going numb. You will welcome the sun when it has risen, for the light may bring some tiny bit of warmth back to this frozen world.

The glow to the east is becoming more definite. The stars are winking out, one by one. You stop to take another drink, and radio down to Base Camp to let them know your progress. Your partner’s voice crackles through, invigorating and reassuring, letting you know that light snow will move into the area around 6PM. They tell you that you’ll be fine, but mem-
ories of your last summit are still too fresh in your mind, and you deter-
mine that you will be well on your way back to Camp Three before the first snowflakes fall.

You have reduced the distance to just over a thousand feet more to the summit; and, after you’ve climbed them, you’ll have been to one of the highest places on Earth. Hundreds of people have tread this path before you. Many were forced to turn back, and few of those ever returned.
The mountains don’t yield their prize easily, and for most people, the chal-
lenge is too much.
You have put your body through misery for three months, lived in suffering for a quarter of a year, and for what? Why?

Every challenge you’ve encountered, every moment of bitter loneliness, every dream of something more has led you here. You are cold, and sore, and extremely tired, like you’ve never been before. This is just another difficulty to overcome; perhaps it is the first tangible mountain, but it is no different from any other struggle you’ve endured. You have support at your back, just like you did for your toughest university classes. You have friends to come home to, family praying that you will return safely.

The only thing you can say for this mountain is that you don’t have to climb it. There is no reason for you to be here. Your future doesn’t depend on it. Your future depends on you getting down, on returning to your normal life as though you were never even here.

What calls you to the mountains? What indefinable force causes you to sit in a tiny, one-person tent for three months, with nothing to do and nowhere to go? Why do you feel the need to put yourself through such suffering?

George Mallory first answered those questions, and all he could say was, “Because it’s there.”

But his answer does not satisfy you. You aren’t here to conquer the mountain. You’re not even here for the fame this summit will tack to your name. You’re just… here.

Nothing has ever felt better.

You think to yourself that, at this moment, everything is perfect. The snow, the sun just now rising in a spectacular flare of color above the clouds on the horizon, the ice on the rocks which catches and reflects the brightening sky, everything is perfectly pristine, beautiful. Only the sound of each labored breath you take, and the crunch of the snow under your boots, breaks the silence.

The beauty of every moment on the mountain – the good, and the bad – and the deep sense of pride in yourself for conquering another challenge, for pushing your body and mind to the limit and making it through. That is what you’re here for.

You think you’ve finally found your answer.
Chimney Rock, North Carolina. (Linda Sands)
Squared Squares (After Boetti)

Max Tohline

1 2 2 = 4

3 x 3 isn't nine

4 fourrsarexteen

Five times fifty

Six multiplied by its elf equals thirty-six
The area of a regular quadrilateral with one side length equal to the square of the power of seven is forty-nine.

The integral with respect to the equation of \( f(x) = 90 \) over the interval 0 to 9 is equal to eighty-one times ten makes one hundred.
Abstract Art
Beth Kania-Gosche

They stand side by side in front of the canvas that is the wall.
Their arms almost but not quite touching
Blank canvas, bold brush strokes,
Orange, yellow, and blue.
Complicated, confusing, no clear path for their gaze to follow.
They breathe together, their eyes moving across the expanse.
He speaks softly to her, staring forward.
Her head tilts toward him as she considers.
Again he whispers to her, leaning closer to her ear.
This time holding her gaze when she turns to him, a smile curving on her
lips.
She laughs
The warm sound echoing in the cold space.
His eyes see nothing but her.
Others look pointedly at them.
She clasps his hand and pulls him toward the next gallery.
A smile still on her lips.

For crucial assistance and support, Southwinds wishes to thank:

- The Dean and the Leadership Council of the Dean, College of Arts, Sciences, and Business
- Missouri S&T Student Activity Finance Board
- Department of English and Technical Communication
- Leann Light, Jesse Singleton, and Bea Bonebrake at the S&T Printing and Mail Services
- International and Cultural Affairs, The Mazoon College Partnership, headed by Dr. Susan Murray, Chair and Professor, Department of Psychological Science, and Professor, Engineering Management and Systems Engineering
Meet the team

President
Gladwin Bryan Labague
| Chemistry |
He started working first for a newspaper before he got into creative arts/writing. He likes to listen to songs from Disney.

Vice President
Jennifer Preuss
| Chemical Engineering with a Writing Minor |
She loves to do anything outdoors like fishing or kayaking. She got into creative writing to express her emotions through poems and short stories.

Secretary
Chloe Francis
| English |
As an English major, she loves to read and write. Dean Koontz is her favorite author. Her other hobbies include playing games, listening to music, and enjoying the outdoors.

Treasurer
William Reardon
| Technical Communication |
Writing, especially creative writing, has always been one of his passions, so he finds it great to be able to allow others to follow their passion through Southwinds.

Stuco Rep
Charnise Anderson
| Technical Communication with a Spanish Minor |
She enjoys reading, writing, and listening to music. Southwinds has been her way to collaborate productively with other individuals outside of a specific degree program.

Adviser
Dr. Anne Cotterill
| Associate Professor |
Her research focuses on early modern British writing and culture. She teaches courses in Shakespeare, British literature, and world literature.
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. Check out our website english.mst.edu or our Facebook page facebook.com/EnglishTechComDepartmentMST/
Central Night Life. (Kassandra Hayes)

Glitter Puddle. (Andreas Ellinas)
Interested in joining the staff of Southwinds 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.

(Jordan Frady)