

Seaswells

2020

Volume 54



SEASWELLS

*Sea sounds — surf — gull cries and sandpipers
Ever near us here — if we but seek
And let the sound and sight inspire.
Sun and shadow, song and sorrow
Wander in the heart — awaiting utterance.
Eagerly the wind supplies the melody
Lest the song be lost, — and we,
Longing for a fragment of the universe,
Sing, — before our voice is swallowed by the wind.*

Phyllis Barr



The mission of *Seaswells*, the literary-art journal at the College of Coastal Georgia, is to showcase the writing, art, and photography of CCGA students, in order to foster important modes of thinking and connecting. The student-run print journal is a collaborative effort between JOUR 1000 students, *Seaswells* club members, our faculty advisor, and students who contribute their work. Copies of the journal, which are funded by student activity fees, are free for students and community members.

Seaswells conducts four contests each year: the Barr Poetry Contest, the *Seaswells* Photography contest, the *Seaswells* Art Contest, and the Austin/Garner Prose Contest. These contests are open only to currently enrolled CCGA students, who can submit up to five entries in each contest between 9/1 and 12/1 each year. Entries are judged anonymously, and cash prizes total \$1000. In order to be considered for publication, submitted works must not disparage or in any way harm those in marginalized communities, including but not limited to disability, race, religion, national origin, gender identity, or sexual orientation.

All submissions must be original, previously unpublished, and must include a bio between 50 and 75 words, written in third person. Edit and proofread carefully; we reserve the right to edit but cannot proofread all submissions.

Entries should be emailed to seaswells@ccga.edu. All Photography and art entries should be attached as high quality digital files, at least 1MB/300dpi, and poetry and prose entries must be attached as .doc or .docx files. A length of fewer than fifty lines is recommended for poems, and 1,500 words or fewer for prose. If submitting in more than one category, compose a separate email for each category. For full guidelines visit www.ccga.edu/seaswells

Seaswells serves as a gathering ground for artistic modes of thinking. As Edward Hirsch, poet and former president of Guggenheim Foundation, reminds us "the arts give us a way of thinking that you can't get in other places...A healthy democracy needs a healthy world of the arts."

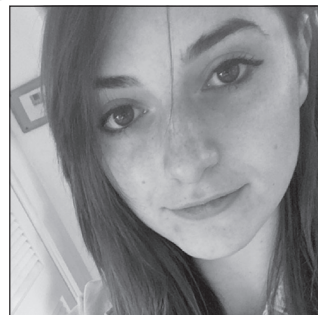
Meet the *Seaswells* 2020 Editors



Lauren Moyer is an artist from Brunswick, Georgia. Lauren is currently a student at the College of Coastal Georgia working on a degree in Interdisciplinary Studies.



Chrishawn Turner is a Freshman at CCGA who enjoys drawing, playing video games, and taking long walks around the lake at sunset. They have nothing published anywhere yet, but decided to join the team of editors for a closer look at the process behind publishing.



Kristen Dougherty is a psychology major here at CCGA, now in her junior year. She has a passion for writing, working with children, and loves animals, especially cats.



Jessica Melilli-Hand, Faculty Advisor
Our students continue to astound me. What a joy to work with such intelligent and dedicated student editors; how wonderful to receive submissions from such a talented student body.

Meet the *Seaswells* 2020 Judges



Art Contest Judge



Aurora Pope is an Assistant Professor of Art at College of Coastal Georgia. She received her Master in Fine Arts in Painting from East Tennessee State University, and holds an Artium Baccalaureatus in Anthropology from the University of Georgia. While her focus in the studio is on painting, Aurora also enjoys book arts, drawing, and paper casting. In her spare time, she can often be found in her garden.

Barr Poetry Contest Judge



Elizabeth Wurz is an Associate Professor of English at the College of Coastal Georgia. Her poetry and nonfiction have appeared in *Quarterly West*, *Crazyhorse*, *Rattle*, *The Southeast Review*, *Serendipity/The Black Lesbian Literary Collective*, *0-Dark-Thirty: The Literary Journal of the Veterans Writing Project*, *GSU Review*, poetrypotion.com, and *The Gay and Lesbian Review Worldwide*. *Quarterly West* nominated her nonfiction essay 'What Will You Tell Her?' for a Pushcart Prize.

Austin/Garner Prose Contest Judge



C.H. Hooks is the author of the novel *"Alligator Zoo-Park Magic"* (Bridge Eight Press, 2019). His work has appeared in print and online publications, including *American Short Fiction*, *Burrow Press (Fantastic Floridas)*, and *Four Way Review*. He has been a Tennessee Williams Scholar and Contributor at Sewanee Writers' Conference and attended DISQUIET: Dzanc Books International Literary Program. He is a Lecturer at the College of Coastal Georgia, and received his MFA from The University of Tampa.

Photography Contest Judge



Dr. Kimberly Kinsey Mannahan is an Associate Professor of Psychology and Director of Service-Learning and Undergraduate Research at the College of Coastal Georgia. Dr. Mannahan studied photography at the University of Arkansas while working on her PhD in Psychology and continues to be a passionate amateur photographer today.

EDITORS' CHOICE JUDGES

Seaswells 2020 editors selected editors' choice winners in each category

Special Thanks to the Fall 2019 Editors: **Katelyn Breitenbach, Vanessa Montoya, and Tori Sanchez**

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BEST OVERALL PHOTO
Seaswells Photography Contest

Judge's comment, page 55

Untitled

By Marybelle Caldwell





Bonded
By Mackenzie Buck

 **FIRST PLACE**
Barr Poetry Contest
Judge's comment, page 55

Bee Me

By Travis Lantrip

I was raised and drained by the spelling bee
Inaugurated into an office of pride by the
Powerball odds of the dictionary
A word of low self-esteem gave me all the
confidence I needed
As I fell in love with the attention that came with
My ascension to the news' front page— I had no
issue saying
Why shouldn't my picture be in color?

The medals only made my neck feel lighter
As the trophy in my hands strained my muscles,
beefing up my arms
Along with my ego that grew so much it blocked
my view
Of my mother at the end of the dinner table
A paper plate was no longer good enough for
me

Parents driving me to the next level of
competition
Stopping to get me a coffee I won't drink

Blink. A woman throws a number on a string
around my neck
A noose I'd recognize if I could see past myself
Blink. I'm on stage in a funhouse
Surrounded by distorted, mirror versions of
myself:
Bigger, smaller, taller, shorter
Smarter.
Blink. The microphone is mine, the word is given
and

It was just me— and that wasn't enough

Ring the bell, I know I'm wrong
Ring it twice, I'll be wrong again soon
Walk me off stage with the other losers
As I obsess over the letters I couldn't string
together:
R-E-A-L
Was any of it? Am I?



Crystal Lake
By Benjamin Davis

Untitled



**BEST COMPUTER-
ENHANCED PHOTO**
Seaswells Photography Contest

Judge's comment, page 55

By Marybelle Caldwell

The Beach

By Kristen Dougherty

This July beach is empty for miles
The two of us are isolated in this wide-open darkness
We don't speak, but listen to the crashing water
that slowly creeps toward where we sit
side by side
Two shadows on the beach, outlined sharply by the
moon
Waves are colliding and diminishing as they glide over
the shore
and the sound becomes louder as the water
approaches

My body takes in the thick air, heavy with moisture and
salt
When bringing my lips to his sun-tanned shoulder

I can taste the sea
The scent resides on his skin, a combination of light
summer sweat
and ocean air
I am wide eyed and young, though not quite innocent
at 16 years old
Allowing his calloused hands to guide my body and
soul
I'll become whatever he wants me to be
As we sit on the beach, my love is somber and distant
as he often is
He reaches for my delicate hand,
always demanding - especially in his movements.
Even in those long silences he commands me.

Feeling him play with my fingers, my eyes rest on the
vast darkness in front of me
and I wonder how I got here

Sitting beside a mad man – a boy
that I find myself endlessly in love with
I'm not sure if he knows how to love me back

He is cracking my bones and kissing the fingertips
lightly
I flinch when it hurts, recoil and try to withdraw from
the cold touch
but he continues

I know something inside of him enjoys hurting me
Maybe something inside me enjoys being hurt by him
The moon is almost full. Almost complete
Like this love – or whatever you want to call it
Something is missing
We are not two halves that make some perfect whole
My heart is a complete entity all on its own – it feels
heavy
and longs for romance
Does this boy even have a heart?
I turn my glance completely to him, still beautiful in this
dim moonlight
That dark hair is tousled and messy in this wild wind
I absolutely adore it

My love catches me staring, and I am met with winter
eyes
A cold stare engraved in my memory, and I shiver
Those eyes freeze me over on the hottest days

With eyes still cold, he tells me I'm beautiful and of
course
my heart melts
Words of romance are a cruel rarity, and I can't stifle
my smile
when he kisses my face and shoulders tenderly
These romantic moments have undertones of
humiliation that I strain to ignore
I must savor this sweet affection, as he always seems
in short supply

My skin is freckled from our time in the summer
I am sun kissed and flushed with passion
Tonight, I'll radiate love and feel beautiful
in his arms
And so, I lay back onto the wool blanket
rather those calloused hands ease me back
Wild curls spill around my head and fall carelessly into
the sand
a lonely tear escapes me

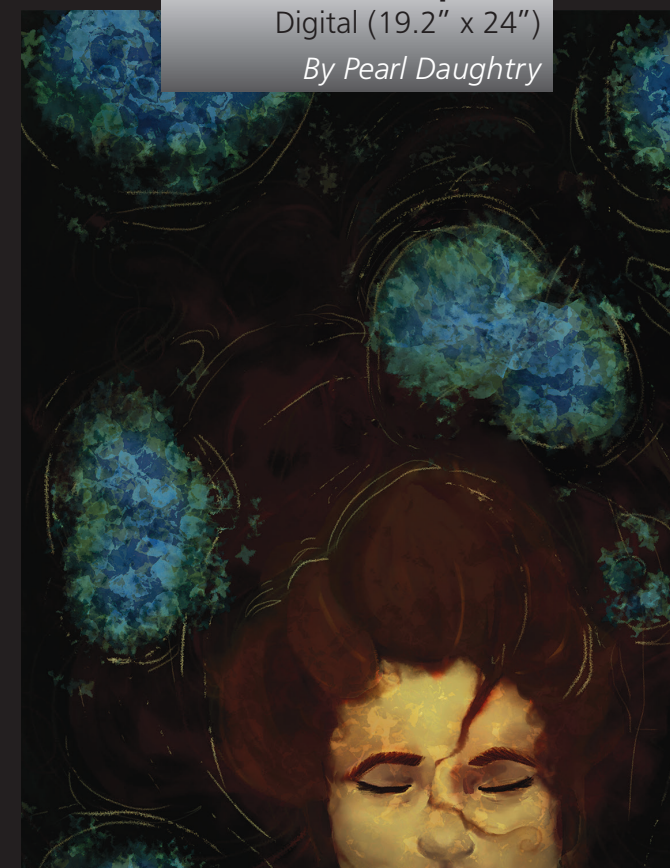
I want my body to sink into this beach
bury me here

There is a sudden warmth caressing my toes
and the ocean kisses our bare feet
We heard the sea creeping closer
coming for us
Instead of retreating to dry land, we stay intertwined
in the sand
I soon cry out to the ocean, swallow and consume this
tired body
drag me into your depths
There is no desire to fight back against the crashing
waves
and the boy - the one I find myself endlessly in love
with
will lovingly watch me drown

Ophelia

Digital (19.2" x 24")

By Pearl Daughtry



Yowie



FIRST PLACE Austin/Garner Prose Contest

Judge's comment, page 55

By James C. Carpenter

...a pinball wizard, there has to be a twist...

Pebbles and red dust scattered in great plumes as the beaten, weathered pickup roared down the aged dirt road, The Who's classic, poppy rhythms dopplering their way through the growing dusk.

The man placing his pedal to the metal of the old pickup held a smoldering cigarette tenuously between his lips, his free foot tip-tap tapping to the beat of the song. His face might once have been handsome, but much like the vehicle he piloted, the years had been less than kind. A prickly shadow of beard graced this unfortunate countenance, and from the neck down he wore the uniform that signified him as a member of S.M.A.R.T. – the Solar Maintenance and Repair Team. He snorted as the radio continued its blaring tunes. SMART. What an absolutely basic marketing decision. No one falls for that bunk. And yet here he was, wasn't he? In his tenth year as part of the crew, his

tenth year apart from family, his tenth year alone in the vast expanse of the Australian Outback.

Alone.

He hated thinking about how lonely this job made him feel, how small he was in the world.

The volume knob on the radio turned higher.

* * *

Approximately an hour passed before the rusted pickup slowed to a halt. The door swung open with a creak and two large black boots swung outwards to plant themselves firmly upon red earth. The man straightened himself, stood tall, stretched, and breathed in the wretched aroma of corroded solar panels and desert dust. He took one last, cool drag of tobacco before flicking the burnt-out stub into the gathering dusk.

"Hey, Early Earl, here a bit soon for the night shift, ain't ya?" A scrawny little man in overalls hollered out to him.

The man named Earl grunted. Holland was such an annoyance, ever more so since Earl got demoted to the night shift. The night shift that he managed alone. At least during the day S.M.A.R.T. always operated in teams, but for whatever god forsaken reason, upper management felt such a number assigned to nighttime duties to be imprudent.

Holland watched as Earl began to unload his equipment from the bed of the truck. He chuckled, a wheezy laugh. "Eh, maybe you're just hear to beat the Yowie to punch, am I right?" He wheezed some more.

Earl shook his head. "Nothing but a bad bit of folklore meant to scare the kiddies, Holland, you know that."

A sharp hiss sounded as a match was struck. The old wizened countenance of Holland the scrawny repairman was illuminated in the dark gloom as he brought the light close, passing the flame to the hand-rolled cigarette clasped between his lips. He dropped the match, ground it out, and took a few thoughtful drags of the smoke before responding. "Oh, don't be so sure there, my good buddy. Just might be that the Yowie's out and about as we speak." A wheezing chuckle followed by a ragged cough sounded before he continued. "Rumor among some of the other night shift crews in the area says the Yowie's the one responsible for the missing tools and parts and such. Some say the Yowie wants work to grind to a halt."

Tendrils of smoke rose from that patch of desert as Holland continued to puff away and Earl finished unpacking his supplies. "Yeah, well, seems to me you've just been listening to too many tall-tales, old man." The calm of the desert evening was broken by a metallic clap as he shut the tailgate. "Now if you'll excuse me, I'd best be getting to fixing what you guys weren't able to. And you should be getting home." He shouldered his kit, paused, looked around. "Say, where is Bryan, anyways?"

Holland took another drag of his cigarette. "Oh, no worries about him. He left early, is all." He took the cigarette from his lips and flicked it onto the ground, stamping his own work boot on it to grind it to ash. "Sure am glad I can get out now, too. Best of luck to you, Early Earl." He turned to go and walked some distance to his own dilapidated pickup before turning back. "And just a friendly reminder, old buddy old pal: not all rumors are false." And with that, he departed.

Earl watched as the pickup's lights came on, the wheels turned, and Holland disappeared into the growing night. He sighed. "Go to hell, Holland. Always trying to scare me with those damn ghost stories." Turning back, he entered the black maze of weather-worn solar panels. It was time for the night shift.



31°23'46"N 81°16'45"W

By Hunter Groce

* * *

In spite of the cracked face, the ancient analog watch on Earl's wrist cheerfully tick-tocked with the passage of time. Seconds fast turned to minutes and minutes soon turned to hours as Earl set to the repairs he had been assigned that night. It was more than usual, but that was to be expected. The work of the repair teams had never been hugely efficient, but they had all managed well enough over the last decade. It had only been since the start of this year that operations had begun to break down.

The first issues arose simply because of the age of all the solar farms. It was unsurprising that the wear and tear grew exponentially over time; few truly remembered exactly when the farms had first been constructed, that knowledge being largely reserved for the corporate higher-ups, but there was no doubt the panels were certainly old. So when wires started showing up worn through, panels cracked, and various other bits and bobs damaged, no one took it as anything unusual. Business carried on.

It wasn't long, however, until the first of the stranger occurrences began. Workers began to report wiring being discovered with damage inconsistent

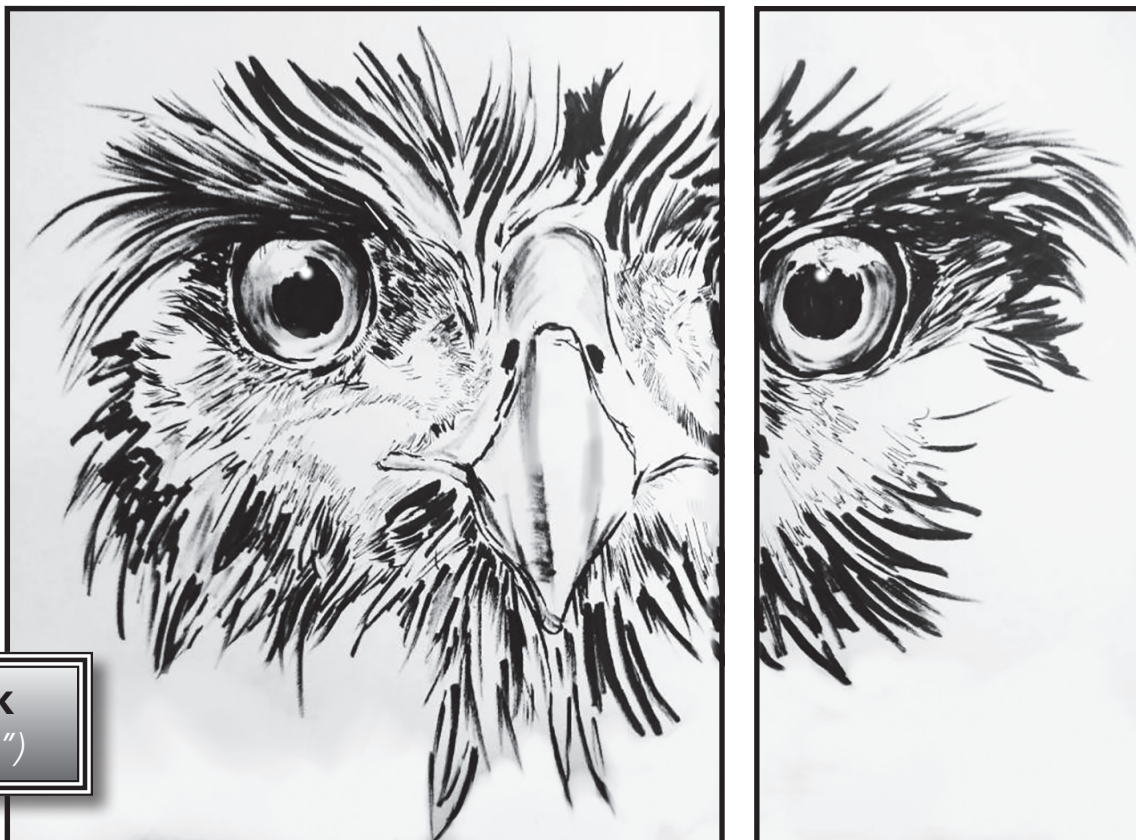
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FIRST PLACE Seaswells Art Contest

Judge's comment, page 55

By Zachariah Williams



The Hawk
Ink (14" x 11")





Solo Crab Rave
By Hunter Groce



The Ghost Crab's Sandy Haunt
By Kaitlin Higginbotham



Western Sunrise
By Dakota Ellis



Crisscrossed Skies
By Faith King

with natural wear and tear. Soon thereafter, additional reports began to filter in about missing parts, and later, missing tools. As these were reviewed, corporate overseers chalked them up largely to human error. Surely, they reasoned, some of more aged workers may have lost some of their touch over the years and would lie about accidental damage in the course of their work. Other workers who lost tools or parts wouldn't want to be held responsible either. No, these occurrences must be the result of either natural weathering and overactive imaginations or human error and convincing lies. And so the strangeness was ignored.

Time passed and the oddities continued. The only real concern was the breakdown of productivity, but expanding the role of night shift workers was believed to be a suitable remedy. That was how Earl found himself in his present position, having to make up for the inefficiencies of the day while the sun was away. The day workers complained of a lack of tools, an abundance of work orders, but Earl paid little credence to them. His only concerns were his complaints with his workload. To him, the day shift was just a bunch of lazy good-for-nothings, like Holland, leaving him to get shafted by corporate policy.

So one hour turned into two, then three. The moon migrated across the nighttime sky, glowing its bright lunar white. Earl dwelled little on Holland's earlier words, preferring to instead focus on his work, the only thoughts at the back of his mind being his various frustrations. That would change quickly as he approached the fourth hour of his work.

He was bridging two frayed ends of a power delivery line back together when it happened. It hadn't been reported earlier, but Earl had happened upon it as he moved between his assignments. The two ends had been sticking out of the dust; they did not appear to have been damaged by natural means. He had ignored this unusual quality and had simply set to repairing it, twisting the frayed copper together before taking out his portable soldering iron. As he heated the copper, he applied the solder liberally. It was while he was in the process of melting solder to more permanently join the two ends that the screeching swept across the dusty red desert.

It was inhuman, otherworldly. If there was any physical experience analogous to such an auditory sensation, it would be the feeling of thousands of fire ants crawling across the skin. The screech was pitched high, painfully high, an undulating yawp that reverberated far longer than was tolerable.

Earl immediately clasped both hands to his ears to mitigate the pain, dropping his iron, the tip wet with solder, in the process. If the pain caused by that



A Twisted Fate

By Benjamin Davis

demonic shriek hadn't been enough, he soon yelped in reaction to the molten alloy making contact with his knees, presenting a searing pain that fast prompted him to jump up from his crouching position.

"YOWWWIIIEEE!" He hopped around on one foot, clutching the leg that had been burned. Gradually, the pain subsided; the burn would remain, but it would not be so painful as to inhibit his functioning. The shock of pain fast morphed into anger. His face contorting into a mask of rage, he delivered a vicious kick to the soldering iron that sent it flying across the desert sands. He inhaled, exhaled, inhaled, exhaled, anger subsiding. As he stood there, rational thinking returning to him, he attempted to mull over what had transpired.

Turning to gaze outwards from the solar farm, craning his neck to peer into the dusty haze, he wondered aloud, "What the hell was that?" Holland's ghost stories of the Yowie capitalized on this opportunity, resurfacing in his mind like indignant corks that had been forced below water popping back up.

"No way is Holland's Yowie real, no way..." Earl muttered to himself. Yet he could not help but feel afraid of whatever had made that noise. Whatever thing. That screech was not normal, nothing about could be construed as standard. The sound didn't even have any of the hallmark qualities of metal or glass or rock, the only inorganic things in the vicinity that could have produced such a ruckus by grinding against one another. Whatever had made that noise was living, and it did not sound friendly.

As difficult as front-and-center Earl found it to suspend his disbelief, the primitive, reptilian part of his mind was entirely willing to take control and steer Earl to pack up his things and make for the truck. For that part of his mind, survival took primacy, and to hell with his duties.

Earl watched as his legs propelled him back to his equipment, arms reaching out to haphazardly collect and stow every important bit and bob in his pack. Very soon, he found himself shouldering his pack and scrambling his way through the maze, towards the edge where he had parked his truck.

He could not have begun soon enough, for the screech came again, an eerie, hair-raising shriek, worse than chalk screaming against slate.

It sounded closer.

He could hardly have been bothered to cover his ears again with fear-induced adrenaline now flowing freely through him. The most frightening thing wasn't the proximity of the screech but whether he had forgotten the way back.

His boots pounded on the ground, kicking up rust-colored dust behind him as he hastened his way through the labyrinth of decaying metal and glass. "Oh no, no, no..." Earl's breath now came in quick pants. He slowed his pace, but only just, quickly glancing between the different paths available to him. What should have been a straight shot to the edge was complicated by the staggered placement of the panels by those who had constructed the facility. Placed at different offsets and at alternating orientations, it was a veritable warren. And Earl was the rabbit trying to break free.

Whichever path looked familiar, he took. Such a strategy would be short-lived, and it was not long until this was proven.

Earl slid to a halt, breath now sharp and quick, as he approached an unknown fork in the path. "Dammit, dammit..." he mumbled. The screech sounded again, painfully loud. It was closer.

Left? Right? They both had to eventually lead out, right? Shrieking echoed once more, briefly, but yet louder. Earl sprinted down the left passage,

Right. Left. Right. Right. Middle. Left. His breath grew more and more ragged, but he did not stop, could not stop. He would not let it get him. He had lived alone, dined alone, worked alone, but he would not let himself die alone.

The screech echoed again; it now sounded only two or three layers back. Dear God, what is it?

Just as both his breath and his hope approached exhaustion, he saw salvation: the edge. Never had he been so pleased, so ecstatic to see the shifting desert sands, that empty horizon. This was a second wind, and he used it, hurrying forward. The truck, and escape, was near.

He sprinted to the exit, decreasing the distance between him and freedom meter by meter. It grew closer.

Closer.

Closer.

He was so close; just a few more steps, and he was home free.

A dark silhouette swung into view, blocking much of his vision of the exit.

Earl skidded to a halt, kicking up a thick cloud of dust in the process, serving to only further obscure his vision. His heaving breaths transformed first into a harsh coughing; as his vision cleared and he saw what lay before him, these coughs were choked off in a strangled gasp.

"...Yowie."

It was difficult to tell the source of the screeching as tortured screams echoed through the desert night.

* * *

The wind was picking up. Bits of tattered cloth joined the sands as they were picked up in the strengthening breeze, both the color of rust. Holland took his cap off and brought it to his chest, that age-old gesture of respect. Placing his hat back on his head, he turned, hearing footsteps behind him.

"Hellish sight for sure," Bryan murmured. He pursed his lips, shook his head. "Damn shame, indeed.... What do you think got him, Hol?"

Holland responded first with silence, turning back to gaze upon the ghastly scene. He, too, pursed his lips and shook his head before speaking. "Couldn't say for sure, Bri, couldn't rightly say." He exhaled sharply. "Yowie, though, what a sight."



Slow and Steady

By Josue Angeles-Barrera



One Earth
Mixed Media (8" x 5")
By Anna Redanz

In the Dawn of Misty Morning

By Danielle Breeding

In the dawn of misty morning
He lies there warm and waiting
The violent sounds of screaming
Normally wake him from his sleeping

A calmness is captured in his features
As the final effects of her strong hold grip sets in
Chaos ensues the room around him
Yet he lies there warm and waiting

The sounds of sirens surround them
Heavy metal doors slam shut
Reality sets in
As a cold rain begins

In the dawn of misty morning
He lies there cold and absent
Not even his family's crying,
Could wake him from his sleeping

A Walk to Remember

By Josue Angeles-Barrera





Hedy Lamarr Portrait

Pencil (11" x 13")

By Zachariah Williams

Zachariah Williams
Hedy Lamarr



SECOND PLACE
Seaswells Art Contest

Judge's comment, page 55



Countryside Cottage

By Mackenzie Buck

Nana

By Travis Lantrip

Surely my grandmother notices I never wear
The ugly shirts she buys me on birthdays
The look on my face when I unwrap it
Must be a dead giveaway that I intend to give it away
Before I wear a graphic tee that would make Walmart cringe

How is it possible to love someone who thinks
You'll love something you hate?
How am I pitying someone else when
I'm the owner of a shirt that says "Certifiably Awesome Dude"
How could I even consider telling her the truth?

Welcome to the annual pride-swallowing I find myself
Starring in year after year— watch me
Pull the wretchedly designed fabric over my head
Mentally willing the corners of my mouth to rise as I say

"Thank you, Nana! I love it!"



On Giving Birth

An event that shaped me and changed my perception was when I became a mother. Going through natural childbirth was one of the most visceral experiences of my life. I genuinely believed I was going to die. I was just a kid; 18 and absolutely terrified.

The contractions started one summer morning in June. I woke to a cramp in the muscles of my stomach that I couldn't get rid of no matter how much walking or stretching I did. My stomach was hard as stone. My water broke about an hour later.

Over the next seven hours at the hospital the contractions became more and more powerful and much more frequent. The pain moved through me like a wave, starting beneath my ribs and undulating through my body to my knees. Once the contractions subsided, I would fall into a blissful momentary stupor and try to rest.



Resilience
Acrylic (5" x 7")
By Tran Le

SECOND PLACE Austin/Garner Prose Contest

Judge's comment, page 55

By Rebekah Moore

I felt the tightening in my stomach again and woke from a daze to find my mother standing near the head of the birthing bed, looking stoic. I didn't expect her to be there. She had not been happy about my choice to have the baby. She hadn't been shy about making that known.

This cramp was particularly fierce. Everything started moving very fast. There was noise and chatter and loud machines beeping.

"Okay, momma, it's time to push," the nurse gently told me. So, I did. I pushed with everything I had. Chin to chest, knees near my ears. The pain was overpowering. Once. Twice. Three times. Ten times we repeated the process. Still there was no progress.

"You have to push, honey! Push hard!" the dark haired nurse exclaimed. She and the other nurses had concerned looks about them. The doctor was pressing down on my stomach. I couldn't take it. I was exhausted. I had no more strength left in me. At least that is what I thought. With a deep breath and all my might I bore down again. The pain was searing. I saw stars. My ears were ringing. It felt as though my soul was being ripped from my body. I looked to my mother. At that moment I needed her.

"I'm afraid," I told her breathlessly. "Mom, I'm so scared."

She leaned in close to my face. I could smell the cigarettes on her breath.

"Well this is what happened when you get knocked up." She retorted. I wanted to vomit. I felt rage well up in place of the fear. I wanted to hit her. Beat her with my tired fists. Another powerful surge of pain took away my resolve. I heard the nurses urging me on again. My mother



Apricot Monarch

By Priscilla Ring

turned from me and sat down in the chair in the corner. She was expressionless.

So I pushed. I pushed harder than I ever thought I could. It was then that I felt this odd lifting feeling. I saw myself, as if my eyes were floating near the ceiling looking down upon it all. There I was, surrounded by women, my face red and contorted and sweaty. I heard their urgent words and pleas. They looked like angels to me. They were all so beautiful. Then I felt a slam and I was back in the bed, the pain as hot as fire. I managed one last guttural sob while bearing down harder than I ever thought I would be able to do.

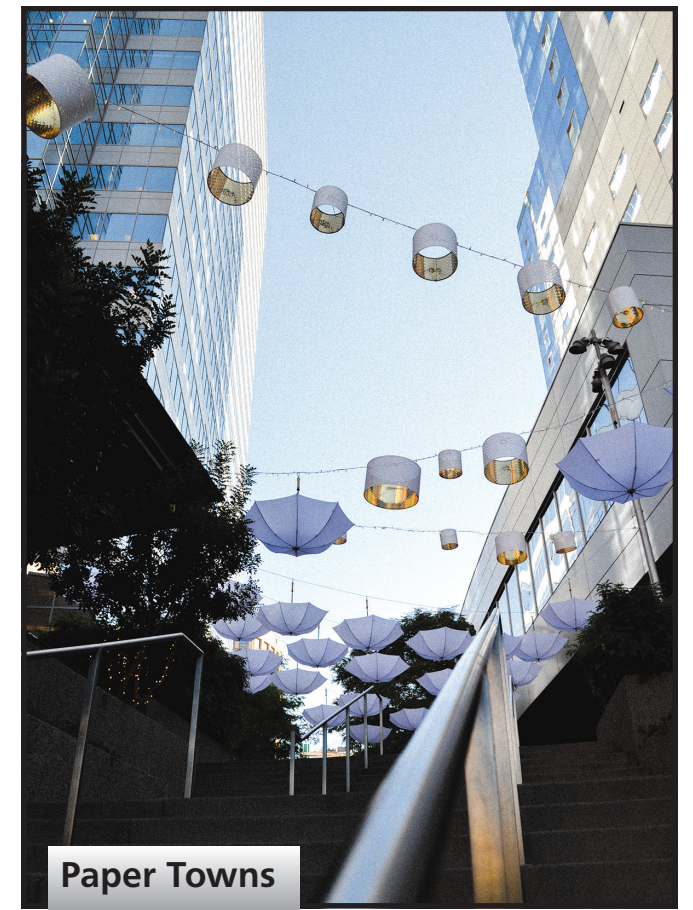
Suddenly there was a gush of warmth, an exquisite release of pressure and then, finally, a baby.

Everything at that moment stopped. The silence was deafening. I could hear my own heartbeat in my ears. It sounded like rushing water. The voices of the nurses broke through. I was surrounded by words of adoration for the new little boy and acclamation for me and the

hard work I had endured. I smiled and looked over to where my mother had been sitting. The chair was empty.

Nathan's cry was weak at first, like a mewling newborn lamb. He followed up with a bellowing wail so bright and loud that it lit up the room. That sound- the sound of my son's cry- was the most beautiful sound I had ever heard.

When the nurse handed him to me the world disappeared. I held his warm little body to my bare chest. A sense of calm overcame me. I was overwhelmed with emotion. I counted his little fingers and kissed his little toes. I put my nose to his downy head and took in his smell. He smelled like the earth; a deep musty scent that you sometimes smell after the rain. I knew at that moment I would never be the same person I was before. Here was proof of my bravery and fortitude. Here was proof that I could overcome my fears and do anything I set my mind to. I had done this by myself. I had finally learned exactly how strong I really am.



Paper Towns

By Dakota Ellis



Cherub's Serenade
By Monica Linares

Learning Through Dying

By Travis Lantrip

Every so often one of my dirt road memories
Comes back to me— but it never hits me in the face
Rather, the black hearse speeds by
Igniting the standard orange cloud of dust that
Inevitably swims toward heaven
Entering my nostrils as if I had summoned it

The natural sneeze that follows teleports my eyeline
To meet a steeple— the steeple
Where I so often said goodbye
Walking past a line of pretenders
Who behave as if they see dead bodies all the time

My age doesn't permit pretending outside of treehouses
And the sight of yellow skin sets my brain ablaze

Sweat runs down my face like tears as I've forgotten
How to cry, how to keep living after seeing death
Walking upon the lost in the summer heat
Where I have learned something new under the sun:

No one is ever prepared for death and
It's certainly never prepared for us

We open the earth to swallow those now loved by all
While the living continue to hate and be hated



Car Graveyard
By Rebecca Borchardt

Bahhh

by Mackenzie Buck

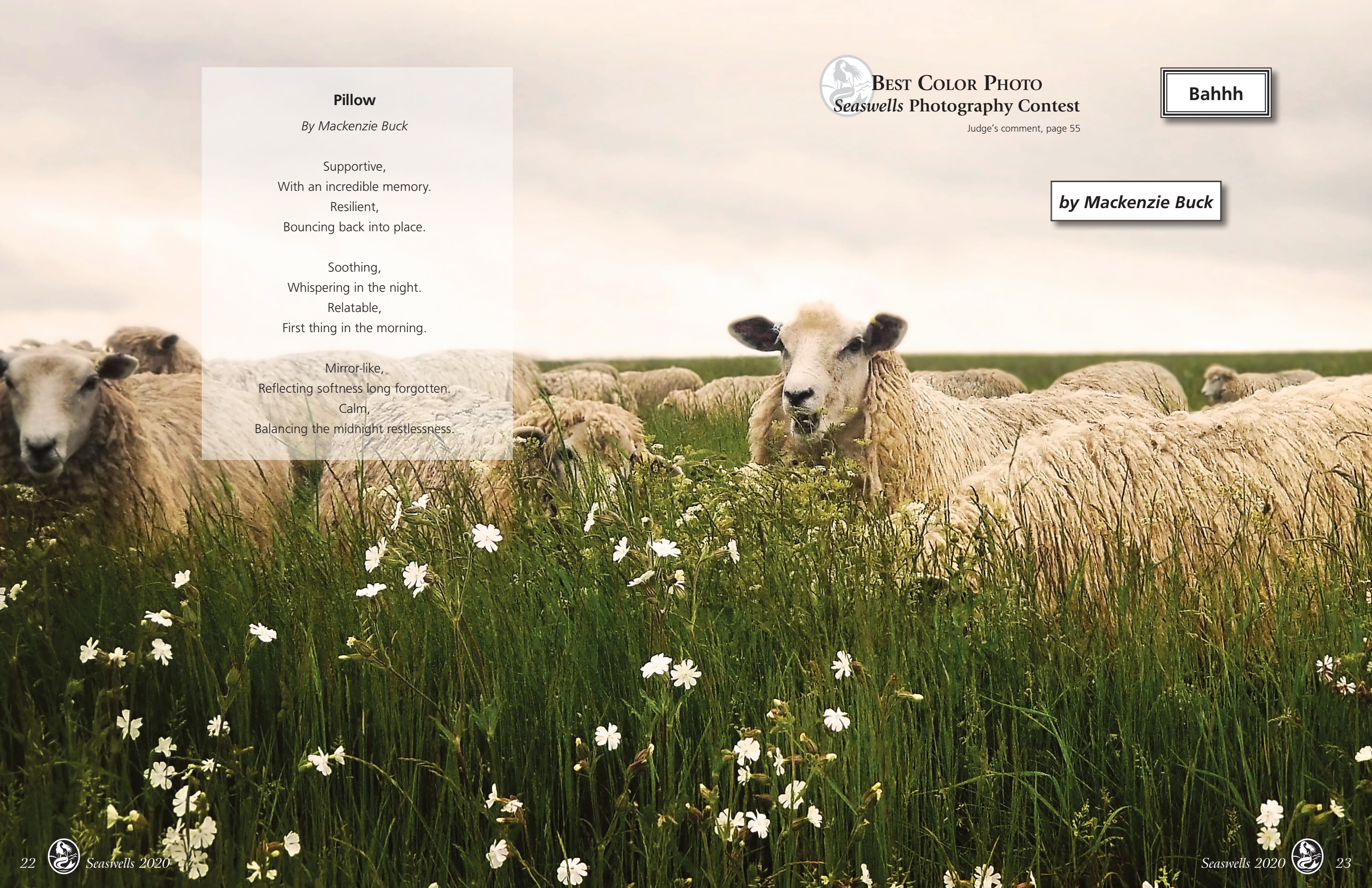
Pillow

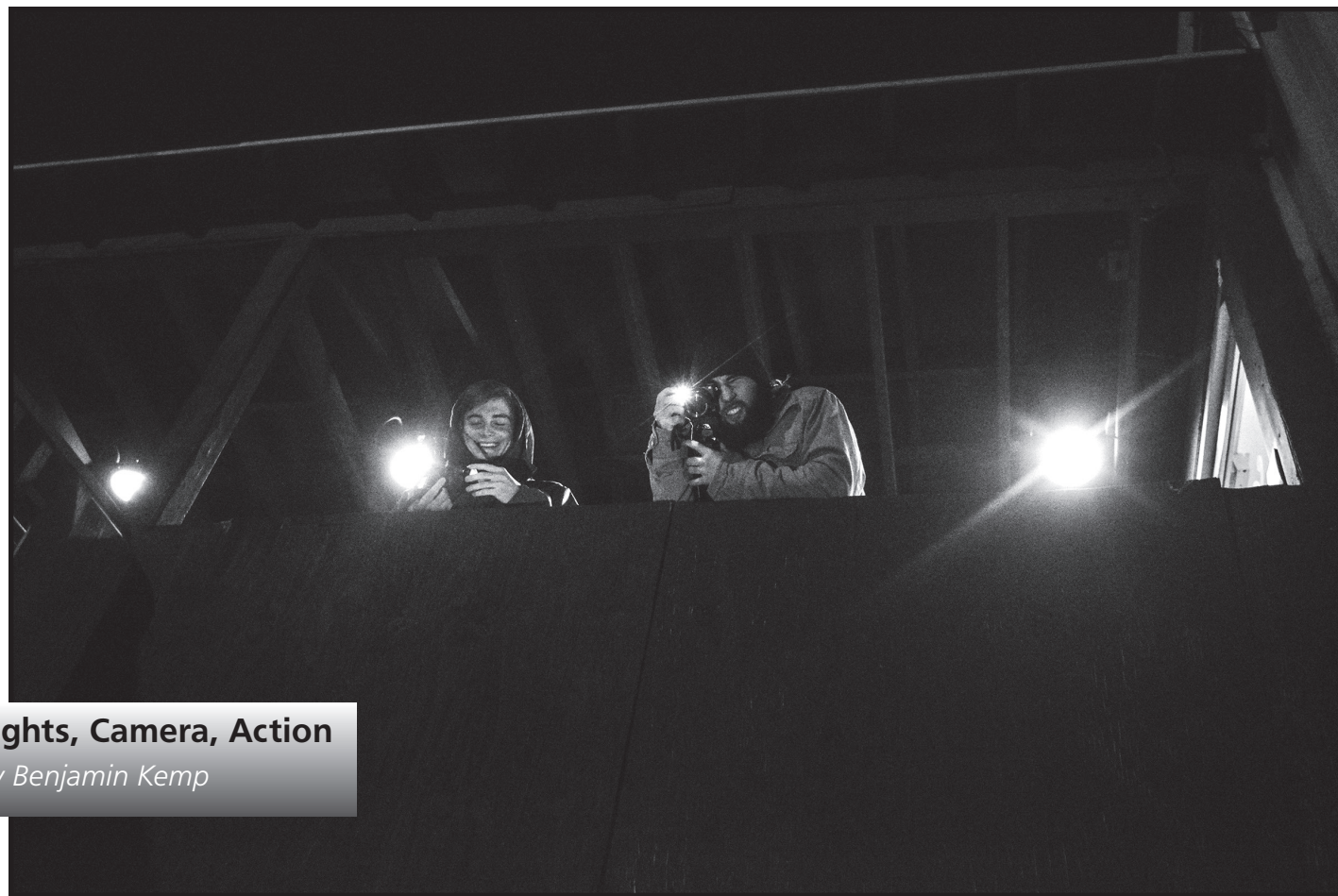
By Mackenzie Buck

Supportive,
With an incredible memory.
Resilient,
Bouncing back into place.

Soothing,
Whispering in the night.
Relatable,
First thing in the morning.

Mirror-like,
Reflecting softness long forgotten.
Calm,
Balancing the midnight restlessness.





Lights, Camera, Action

By Benjamin Kemp

How the Story of 'Richard Jewell' Highlights the Dangers of an Overzealous Media

By James C. Carpenter

Apology is an important gesture. It really is. For as long as humans can remember, to demonstrate regret or remorse has been the proper thing to do when one has committed a shameful act, helping to make amends, heal wounds, and mitigate conflicts. Really, it means so much to a person when those who wronged them make a sincere attempt to apologize for those wrongs.

When conflict between a school bully and his or her victim is brought to an end, traditionally the parents and staff of a school, the outsiders who have brought the conflagration to its conclusion, encourage the bully to offer a sincere apology to the victim. This is the first step in repairing the relationship of the two parties and in restoring the respectability of the bully. It is such a basic, simple concept for any human being to understand. We all know this.

So why did Richard Jewell not receive an apology from those who wronged him? Why did he not receive any apology from those who tried to destroy his life?

Richard Jewell, for those who are not aware, was an American law enforcement officer, who, during his time as a security guard for AT&T during the 1996 Summer Olympics in Atlanta, GA, was responsible

for the discovery of three pipe bombs at Centennial Olympic Park. He alerted police, helping to evacuate the area, saving many people from injury or death in the process. He was a hero, and he should have been hailed as such. Initially, that is exactly what happened, but over the following months, he would become the target of an inexcusable, dishonest trial by the media. The Federal Bureau of Investigation falsely implicated Jewell himself as having placed the bombs in their haste to label a suspect, recalling the case of Los Angeles police officer Jimmy Wade Pearson, who actually did plant and 'discover' a bomb in 1984. Whereas Pearson was guilty, however, Jewell was not. The identity of Jewell as the primary suspect of the FBI was leaked to the press, and outlets everywhere proceeded to publicly try and sentence Jewell on nothing but conjecture. It was one of the most shameful events in American media history. And none of those outlets ever formally apologized.

To be sure, there were many who did apologize to Richard Jewell: Janet Reno (the U.S. attorney general), congressmen, individuals who bore witness to the destruction of his life, and others. That was all well and good. Those people did the right thing.

But those chiefly responsible for Richard Jewell's travails, besides the Federal Bureau of Investigation, were the various outlets of the American media, that all-powerful force. Did they do the right thing? Did they apologize?

Did those at Piedmont College, President Raymond Cleere and college spokesman Scott Rawles, ever formally apologize?

Did Tom Brokaw after claiming, on air, "They [the FBI] probably have enough to arrest him right now, probably enough to prosecute him, but you always want to have enough to convict him as well," ever apologize?

Did NBC ever apologize for their coverage that so harmed Richard Jewell's life?

Did the New York Post ever formally apologize?

Did CNN ever formally apologize?

Did The Atlanta Journal-Constitution, the primary instigator of wild speculation into Richard Jewell's role in the Olympic bombing, ever formally apologize?

Did the city of Atlanta, the state of Georgia, the Olympic committees - did they ever apologize to Richard Jewell?

No, no, no, no, no, no, and no.

Many of them provided cash settlements, like Piedmont College, NBC, the New York Post, and CNN. None of them, however, ever, ever, ever expressed sincere regret for what had transpired.

NBC stood by their reporters' stories.

CNN deemed their coverage to have been "fair and accurate."

The city of Atlanta, state of Georgia, and the Olympic committees never apologized.

And The Atlanta Journal-Constitution maintains, to this day, maintains that their coverage of Richard Jewell was fair and substantially true at the time of publication. Not just that, but with the release of Clint Eastwood's new film detailing a dramatized depiction of the events of the Richard Jewell case, the Atlanta Journal-Constitution has the gall to demand that they receive an apology for their depiction by Eastwood.

Somehow, I do not believe it is fair to dishonestly compare a hero and savior of many lives to serial killer Wayne Williams, refuse to apologize for it, and then demand apology when others call out such behavior. A spokesperson for The Atlanta Journal-Constitution has said, "We are asking only that the truth be told and an apology given for the damage done to Kathy Scruggs' and The Atlanta Journal-Constitution's reputations." I think the best thing that could be done for The Atlanta Journal-Constitution's reputations would be to finally apologize to Richard Jewell after so many years of stubborn, steadfast refusal.

But really, what is important about looking back on the Richard Jewell case, what is important about The Atlanta Journal-Constitution's reaction to Eastwood's new film, is what the American people must take away about the American media.

The Atlanta Journal-Constitution's ill-tempered response highlights the continued delusion of many

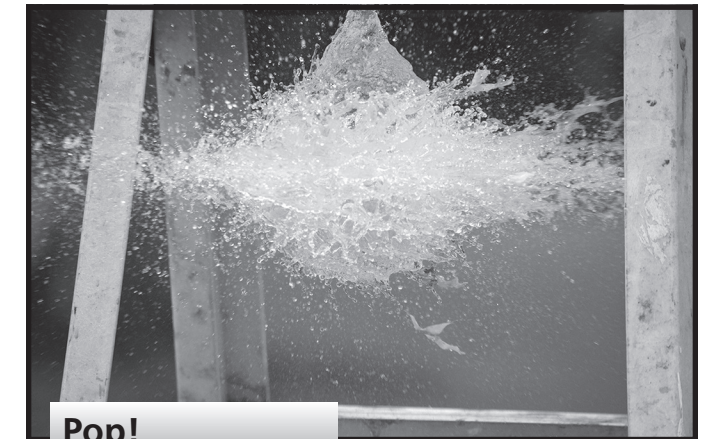
of those in the American media. Only the most conceited, egomaniacal among us would think their behavior, taken as a whole over the past two decades, is reasonable and proper. Most concerning with this instance of media iniquity is the fact that The Atlanta Journal-Constitution is not an isolated case. There is a plethora of those who work for the media giants who refuse to believe their 'journalism' can be anything but good for America.

When that harmful mentality is allowed to run its course, innocent people such as Richard Jewell are harmed. It is morally wrong to give the media, titans of attention-seeking who are led by the desire for ratings, responsibility over the guilt of individuals. To speak of this is not exaggeration, for there have been many cases in recent history in which the news media has doggedly chased leads with little to no regard for the casualties of their coverage.

Raymond James Donovan, who served as Secretary of Labor under President Reagan, was very publicly indicted for larceny and fraud in an alleged connection with the Genovese crime family. He was later acquitted in May of 1987, famously asking, "Which office do I go to to get my reputation back?"

Steve Jay Hatfill, American physician and virologist, based on a single video of FBI agents searching his apartment, was made the target of a media frenzy in mid-2002. The New York Times and Vanity Fair were two publications in particular who, using nothing but circumstantial evidence, accused Hatfill of being responsible for the 2001 anthrax attacks, which saw 17 perish. This was no minor allegation, and Hatfill's reputation was ruined. For months he fought the press, tearfully denying his guilt in a highly public August 2002 news conference. It would take until 2008 for the government to exonerate Hatfill; they would also finally settle a lawsuit Hatfill brought against the government for having leaked information about him to the press in violation of the Federal Privacy Act. Hatfill is still alive, now working as an independent researcher, but his story, much like Jewell, provides a cautionary tale of an overzealous American

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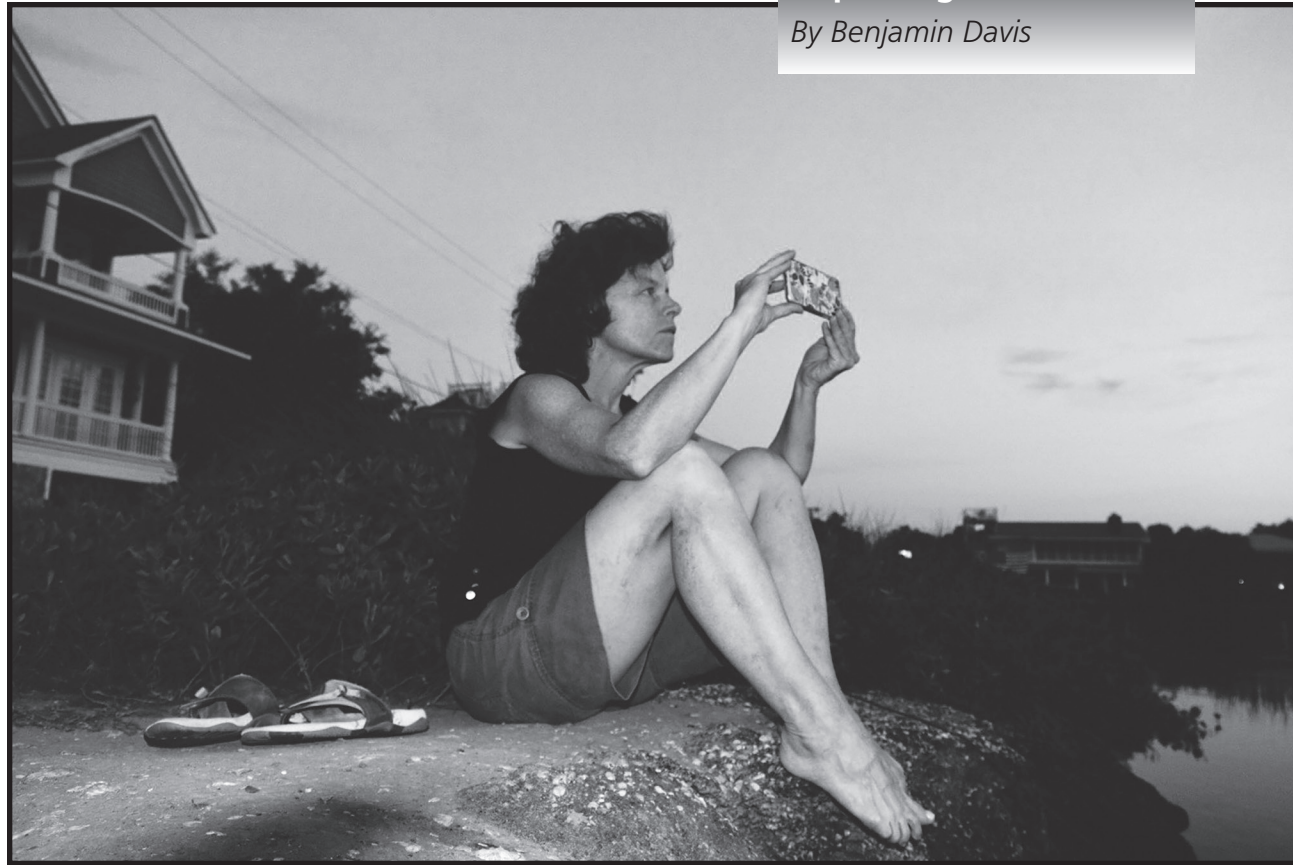


Pop!

By Isabel Del'Acqua

Capturing the Moment

By Benjamin Davis



continued from Page 25

media and a hasty, panicked government apparatus.

One last infamous example of this phenomena is that of John Stoll, found guilty in the notorious Kern County, California child molestation case. The event quickly morphed into a veritable modern-day Salem witch trial, with the community, the government, and the press united to put him behind bars. Allegations of debauchery, satanism, and even molestation of his own son were manufactured and spread by the press, leading to Stoll receiving the longest sentence of all the defendants involved in the case. Unlike Hatfill, who received a comparatively 'happy' ending (though I hesitate to call any of these outcomes 'happy'), Stoll was forced to spend 20 years in prison even though he was innocent. False testimony was widely publicized by an egomaniacal, crusading media machine, and it was not until 2004 for Stoll to be freed. He was exonerated and given \$700,000 in compensation, though that hardly makes amends for the despicable experience he was forced to go through.

Besides destroying individuals' lives, the egomaniacal belief that any and all journalism is ethically permissible if in pursuit of some perceived higher goal (as well as higher ratings) also leads to the credibility of media being degraded. With every one of these cases, with every instance of the American press falsely declaring guilt and crusading against this or that

person, the public becomes more and more distrustful of the media.

Neither of those outcomes are desirable.

A free press should be an ally of the people, not an enemy. Yet the tale of Richard Jewell and many others is cautionary in nature; when journalists are seized by fervor, believing themselves to have found the next big scoop, they will do anything to achieve their delusional crusade. Beware that overzealous, egomaniacal mentality.

Understand, however, that not all in the American media should be condemned. Many individual journalists made attempts to atone for the harm done to Richard Jewell, and they should be applauded for such upstanding behavior. But by the same token, the American media should not be exonerated or excused from heinous behavior.

The American media can be a force for good. A free and active media presence is critical for the preservation of individual liberty, standing as a vital line of defense against government erosion of sacred rights and freedoms. However, Americans must recognize that the media is a chaotic force that cannot be left alone as the sole guardian of the American way of life. We must always remember the importance of the watchers, but so too must we always recall this Latin phrase: *Quis custodiet ipsos custodes?* The watchers do their duty, yes, but should they be corrupted, we must ask: who will watch the watchers?

The City of Atlanta

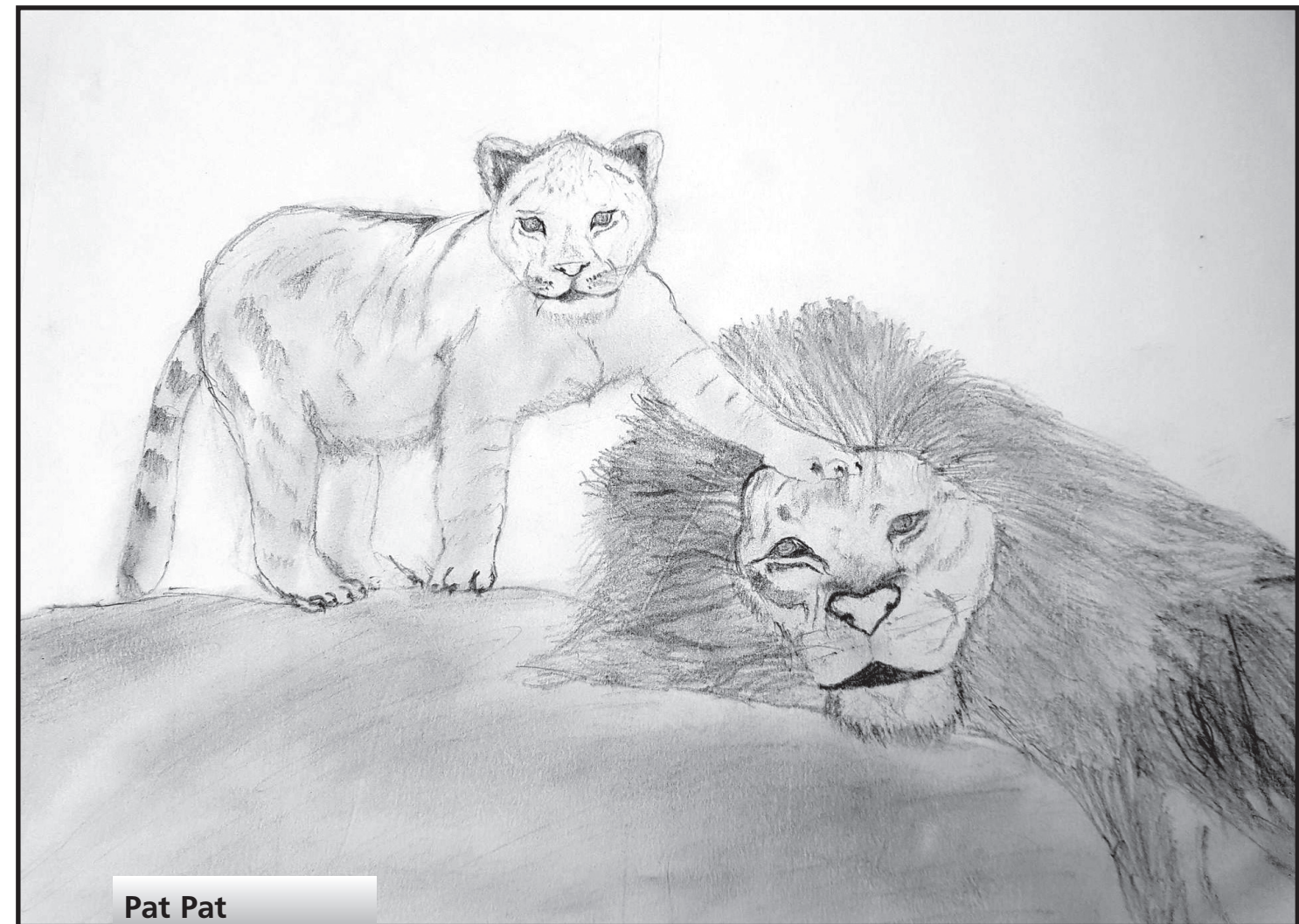
By Benjamin Kemp



Pat Pat

Pencil (8.5" x 11")

By Mihir Patel





View From Below

BEST BLACK & WHITE PHOTO
Seaswells Photography
Contest
Judge's comment, page 55

By Benjamin Davis



Sacrifice
Watercolor & Graphite (13.5" x 10.75")

 **THIRD PLACE**
Seaswells Art Contest
Judge's comment, page 55

By Laila Campbell

Markers

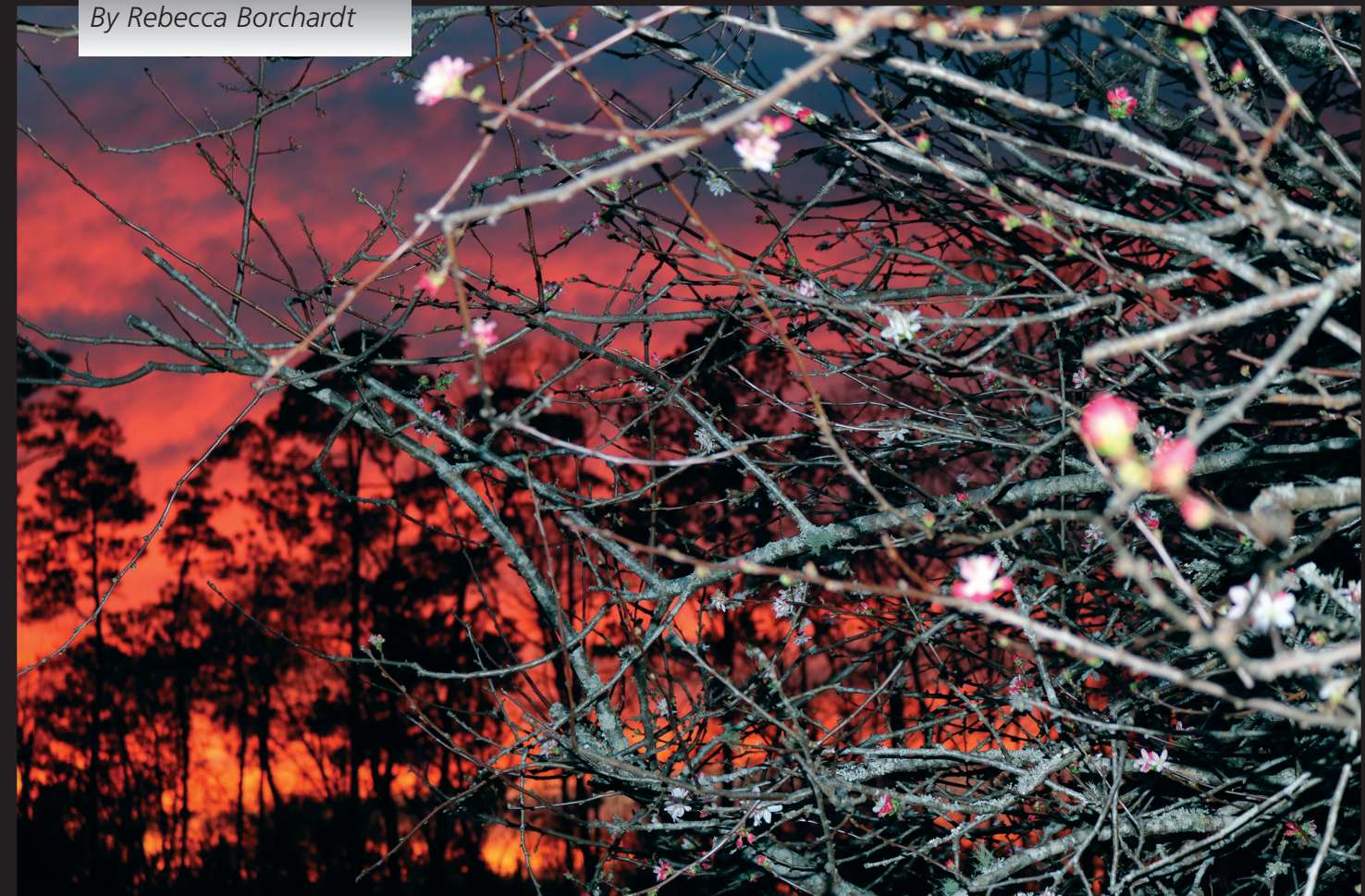
By Mackenzie Buck

Black and blue,
Mistreated without a clue.
Bled so much,
So dry
Until the day they die.

Buried underfoot,
Incinerated to soot,
Many never realizing their potential
To be creators, to be artists-
To be recognized,

To be named.

Hope in Despair
By Rebecca Borchardt



I Feel It, Too

By Gregory Graham

"I must say honestly, there isn't anything in the world quite like it."

I spoke the words in a somber trance. My eyes gazed out of a sunlit window in the quaint cafe we sat in. As I listened to him tickle the strings of a crafted, wooden guitar, my mind fogged and my words were absorbed by the honeyed rhapsody that imbued my senses.

"Quite like what?" He asked.

I returned to his physical presence before me. I just watched him, feeling helpless. I asked myself how life had turned into this tantalizing dream. How does a moment leave me in a sudden daze, as my heart boomed through my ears and a slight twitch in my lip revealed a passion I could not repress? I was watching life in its truest form: a caterpillar turned to a butterfly, transcending from the predatory soil to reach new heights. Every note strung by his fingers and every chord progression that flowed from the next weaved a divine tale with organic correctness. Like a lucid dream of vivid design and wildly effervescent sentiment, I could not fathom it.

"Music," I said. "It inspires a feeling so powerful, it's like magic."

"What do you feel?" He asked.

I noted a level of interest in him. His eyes remained fixed on me as he continued to play what my mind could only interpret as a whispered

serenade. In this quiet dreamscape, the soft melody slowly unfolded over a relaxed arpeggio of chords for only me to hear. He looked as though he had been blown in by the sea breeze. His Billabong t-shirt and shorts matched haphazardly with black and white Vans. His messy, sea stroked hair was saved by its thick, smooth texture. A hint of sunny beige highlighted the tips of his gentle curls. I just contemplated the implausibility of a sheltered heart like mine feeling so free in that mundane cafe.

I failed to speak, but his natural ease freed him from concern for it. He returned to the guitar and strummed away to his heart's unfettered song. But the response I had yet to give still troubled me. Because I was just a man and so was he, but when I heard the lyrics he mouthed so gently from his softened lips, I could have mistaken him for something other than a man: an angel, a genius, a king? In reality, he was nothing of the sort. One might argue he was far from holiness, but just as far from depravity. He was your average Joe, only endowed with a natural glow and a magical air. Every time he glanced my way, I saw a flash of it in his eyes—one of heaven's most precious gifts shimmering within their honey iridescence. A spiritual vibe pulsed through me at the mere thought of something more than forty-hour work weeks and perpetual loads of laundry. Being



Before the Storm

By Josue Angeles-Barrera

coaxed out by the power of his musical gesture, the serum in my coffee set in and the truth expelled from my lips.

"I feel laughter. I feel sorrow." I spoke with mild distrust. "I feel hope, and I feel..."

I caught myself. His reaction was natural, yet his eyes appeared as though they were deciphering my soul anyway.

"I feel it, too."

At that moment, I felt my heart bloom with excitement. This display, you bringing me here to cast a spell on me, felt like a line from Cupid's playbook. Perhaps I had seen love before. Maybe I had witnessed it for a moment in a glance or in a passing smile. It was just like this, a whim of infatuation stirred by such a one that appeared to emanate like a dream. However, anytime I reached out to it, I am met only with a ghost and a chilling reminder that passion is as capricious as it is cruel.

I could only sit still for so long before your incantation eased my wit. But when I closed my eyes to resist, I heard the arpeggios slow and the humming melody lower to the faintest whisper. In a daydream, I felt his lips touch mine for a brief moment. Just one simple kiss infused with all of Nature's divine wonders and all of my fears momentarily washed away. Years of cynicism replaced with a "maybe one day;" a mind plagued with demons now upheld by angels. The laws of physics turned on its axis. My heart remembered what my mind had forgotten just by the prospect of being in love.



Jammin'

By Benjamin Davis

When I opened my eyes, He concluded his handsome serenade. His eyes followed the last few chords as they returned to their home key. Then we parted ways to two different lives on two different sides of the universe. After I walked the long way home from that celestial moment in time, I never saw him again, but I never forgot him either.



Looking Back

By Mihir Patel

Mirror Lake

By Alize Portue

I aim to weep only as often as the depthless sky bathes this land in hot rain
Hurricane season on the east coast
Neither caress of sunlight nor the blood beneath my nails can keep me from
drowning

Great happiness, too, looks like a flood when the faucet's on high
Even joy reflects grief when you let it flow

Plant limbs in the rainforest grow waxy skin
They too can bend without breaking
Decaying lungs full of sea and unwavering, found on your knees

There are songs, storms, spanish moss that may drag me under;
Goosebumps that spread slowly, slithering languidly across liquid skin like a
copperhead slinks atop the inky surface of a black Mirror Lake
As often as not it is your pain on my shoulders, and hers

Keening hymns cried

To the rhythmic beating of fists on cyprus trunks and on the damp earth

You can't remember the vows

I choose not to

Pretend I won't empty this grief in your glass

Where else?

At The Stake

By Alize Portue

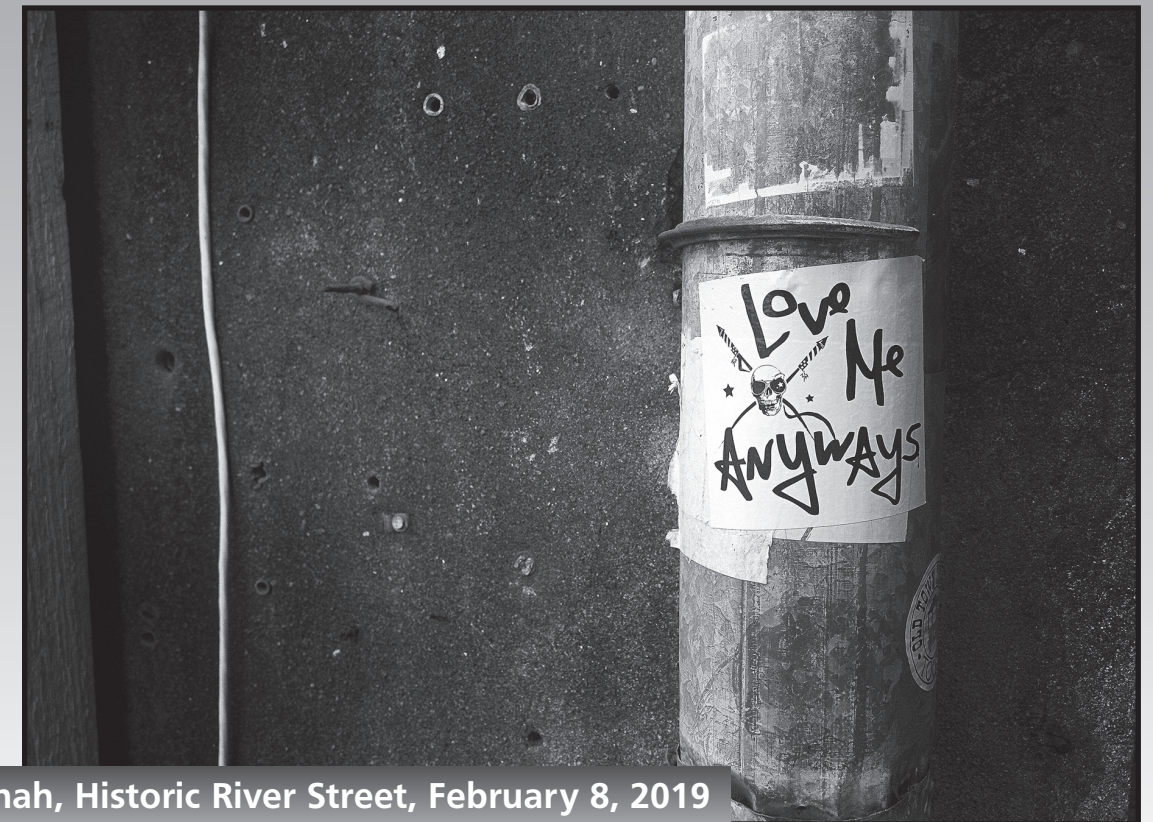
Abuse runs through our lineage like a marathon spell of degradation
We have years of bloody girlhood between us
Generations of red stained sheets
On display
I believe in the curse that holds our bodies, sweetly, like a member of the family
She is there at our testimonies and there at our feminine births
Waiting, with open arms

Somewhere in Ireland my ancestral witches blood soils the earth
I am tied to the stake as surely as they were, bound and waiting to blaze
Over and over
What all would you endure for the magic in your veins?
How wide must your love be?
Something vile resonates within me even as the shame slips silkily off my skin
Perhaps it is blame, misplaced, that brings us here
It is love that holds us still while we burn



Sunless Day

By Rebecca Borchardt



Savannah, Historic River Street, February 8, 2019

By Jonathon Widener

No Man's Land

Acrylic (20" x 16")

By Laila Campbell

EDITORS' CHOICE ART



SECOND PLACE
Barr Poetry Contest

Judge's comment, page 55

Ellie

The concerto begins and the crescendo's advent is nigh
Hands intertwined; I simply can do nothing but comply
We dance a jig most macabre under the moonlight
And yet with you, I want but one more night

**by John Edward
Menechino III**

Your fervent, honeyed words lathered with content
Equate to the aesthetics of your blonde augment
You bewitch, you allure, your smile so bright
All of this and yet, I want but one more night

To dream, to desire, to love, to lust
Feelings once lost to antiquity now combust
My body yearns for more and my mind takes flight
When you cross my mind, I crave just one more night

Twisting and twirling in this endless waltz
When choosing you there are no faults
Without a doubt, you are my shining light
So please, I beg, give me just one more night.



Sea Slug Party

Digital (4.5" x 5.2")

By Pearl Daughtry

From the Dust

Pencil (11.28" x 8.25")

By Zachariah Williams



A Dusty Fuss

By James C. Carpenter

He coughed and he sputtered,
Great hacking sounds of trouble,
The dust nearly choking him,
The fight to inhale a struggle.

Inside grew a great warmth
A warmth growing too fast,
Heat inside burning like a furnace
Each small breath a respite that didn't last.

What had he done to deserve this?
He asked, a question very fair,
Made to fight a constant battle within,
Because some had chosen not to care.

He coughed and he sputtered,
Continuing his internal battle,
In vain hope of coming relief,
A seemingly endless fight for survival.

The time had soon come
And a light started shine,
He felt a great cool air,
The fans no longer had to whine.

His sidepanel now removed,
His internals now cooled,
The dust was soon cleared,
And he internally cheered.

Advice he would soon give
To any new troubleshooter,
If it seems like it is dying,
Just try to clean your computer!

Blackberry Juice and Other Blood Trails

By Alize Portue

Squish the ball between my fingers, feel that pop! of ripened fruit
Watch as royal juice dribbles down my thumb pad
Drips my wrist like a river of purple blood
Blackberry bushes that line the fence of our prison yard

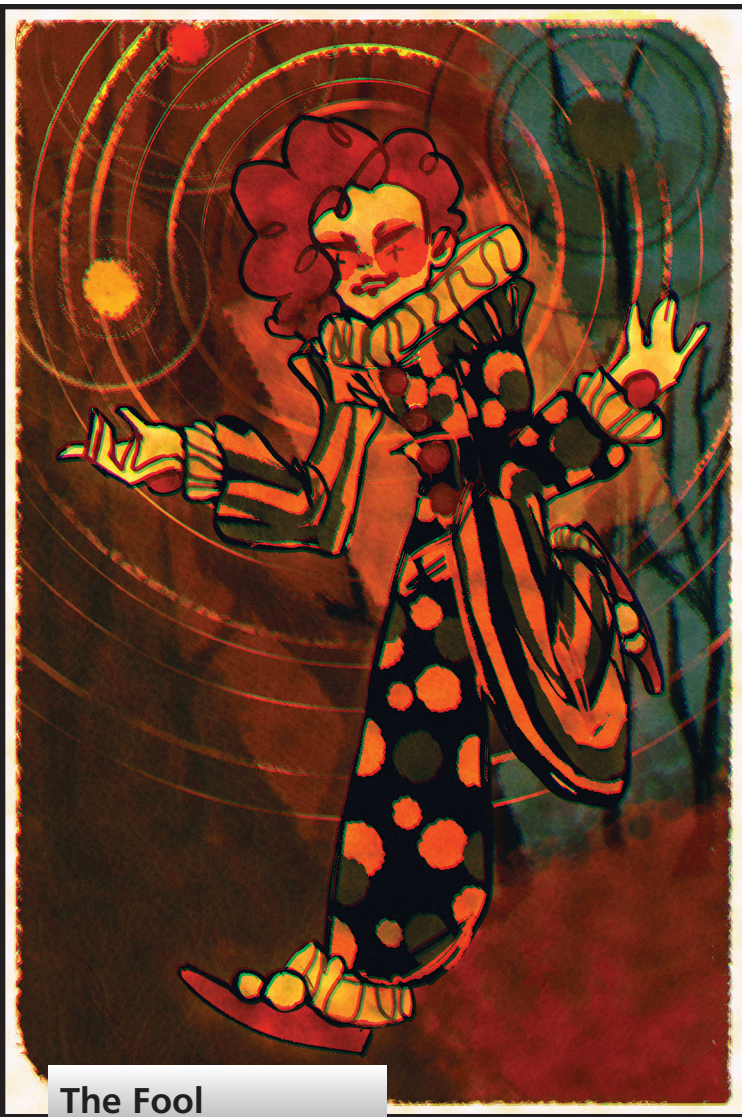
It's not only the days that taste like humidity, and not only the light a Texan moon can emit
I wander for miles on blistered feet and wake with no memory of the TV shattering-
No recollection of starvation or rape
We say prayers at the kitchen table when he's high, we say
Dear Lord in our bedrooms:
Deliver me from this abuse and this poverty
Wash me clean of his anger, her fear.

I pray on my knees, privately:
He is not God. He is not God.



Biarritz Bridge

By Kristen Todisco



The Fool
Digital (25.2" x 37.5")
By Pearl Daughtry

The Tin Man

By James C. Carpenter

The ratchet only turns one way,
I do my work best I can,
Haven't the heart to have a say,
Who am I but the tin man?

I think, I've thought, I think I've thought,
From some problems I have ran,
But I like to think I have fought,
Who am I but the tin man?

Song without rhythm, art without soul,
Clock in clock out, says the man,
Blessed is one who shovels the coal.
I am, I am the tin man.



Brunswick, July 2, 2019
By Jonathon Widener



Trail of Light
By Hunter Groce



EDITORS' CHOICE PHOTOGRAPHY

View From Above
By Kristen Todisco



Sunny With a Chance of Birds

By Charlotte Warder



Untitled

By Marybelle Caldwell

It Takes a Village

By Alize Portue

THIRD PLACE
Barr Poetry Contest
Judge's comment, page 55

Puzzles like tangled chains of necklaces
Knots in my shoelaces and my mother's hands untying, becoming my hands over time
Generations of problem solving women
A lineage of long fingered women with an Irish curse-
Witches blood runs thick and true in these veins

When I peel away layers of myself to reveal the roots therein lies a bonfire
We, wild and half-mad,
Cheeks flush with love and heat and whiskey
We are dancing 'round the pit-
Howling. Snarling.

Laughing together on the crowded kitchen floor where the seams of our perfect warm
bodies meld from a reaction transpired in tenderness
This is my pack, and there is strength in these numbers
Around here, we say, "It takes a village"
Generations of matriarchs-
Royal blood runs swift and strong in these veins

There in my bones is a Mother's Day garden
Teeming with green sustainability, we are planting lifelong love in this Earth
In the barren bleak summers I'll go barefoot and harvest my fair share
I am starving
I will gorge myself on the ripe affections of my grandmother

All of Life began at the apex of a woman's thighs
She was my mother and she is yours, too
She wants us all to howl, she wants all of her children to laugh-
To hold hands 'round the fire and mourn

You are my sister, You are my brother
I am the cumulation of you and my mother and my aunts and my grandmothers
Cut me open and therein will be the roots, and the fire, and the garden, and the wolves

Distractions

By Dakota Ellis



legged specimen glides through the air into a hand. Cheers are thrown into the air as each similar event happens. As the scene is passed by, the vast water sparkling in the sweet summer's day shines through the walls. As you walk near the water, people confront and insist that the berries of the earth are the best around. As we get rigid shapes of what was a fruit that Johnny Appleseed liked, we attest their claim. The sweetness but chewiness of the natural product melts in our mouth as time passes. Dining experiences are influenced by mother nature's life underwater. The experience is to be familiar with what is to be had. As stomachs are full, the city demands sacrifice. Motorized vehicles are scarce and the power of appendages is commonplace for transport.

As the 605 foot spire comes into view, amazement is felt. Toys and gifts surround you as thoughts are given a second chance to catch up. As the inclining rotating circle continues a box of transport is waiting to help you ascend. As elevation increases, the city shows its view in a brand new light. The 43 second is an eternity of wonder as snowfall can be showcased upward and not down. A rock mass of tall and sharp structure appears as you exit. Cherries are named after the mass of earth.

In my wildest dreams, oh destined companion of mine, how I wish you could see, feel taste, and love the metropolis that is seen as home in my heart. The chants of support, the music of the native people, the refreshing climate, the lack there of insects at dusk, the smell of the ocean, and the activity of the people would call you to name this home as well. With knowledge of the municipality, a part of you may be missing.

When the dust settles, there is plenty to tell about my place of comfort. When the lights are bright, she seems to shine the brightest. Though dark times have come before these moments, the beauty illuminates through it all. The city of the ocean, the rave green, the rain, the strange, Seattle is a place I call home and it has that claim alone.

Lines Composed 2650 Miles from Seattle

By Myles Sandolph



THIRD PLACE
Austin/Garner Prose Contest

Judge's comment, page 55

Five years have passed; five summers, with the length of five long winters, since I have heard the sound of the beating drums as the people march down to the mecca of events. The mass of people chanting hymns of premature triumph as the rave green grows and expands as time passes on. Unacquainted people banding as one in an occasion of pastime. Beer bottles clash as laughter fills the air as jeers are thrown about to intensify the rivalry that is about to proceed. As gladiators on the pitch appear, sounds of Nordic acclimation fill the stadium with increasing intensity and frequency. Dignity of two countries is played through nationalistic canticles. The contest starts and aplomb and assurance is felt in the air. As the rave green take an advantage, the coliseum of play shakes as cheers are rung through out. People embrace to celebrate the new found leverage. As the opposition takes the lead, pen drops could be heard in the now ghost town of the venue. Void of life, the homegrown spectators, as the remote spectators sing and dance. Subsequently, conviction of a victory was on the lips of many as the resurgence of the home team is assured and is drowned out by noise of relief. Victory assured, as players and fans alike celebrate the battle of the Pacific.

Marine life floods your nose as you travel the city streets. She blares her salty air that is so known for. Animals are seen flying through the air as if they were born to do that. Applause is heard as non-

Evening Stroll

By Benjamin Kemp



Hair In My Face

By Mackenzie Buck

Wispy tendrils reach out,
Gently caressing the face,
Tickling the senses,
Heightening awareness,
Brilliantly reflecting light,
Sticking there, writhing about,
Caught in the ravine
Of parted lips,
Gasping for breath.



Ink Drawing Pose
Ink (7.8" x 11.4")
By Zachariah Williams

The Silvertone of Thirty

By Charlotte Warder



Safety Scissors Won't Start the Revolution

By Alize Portue

EDITORS' CHOICE POETRY

I am a sister first and a woman second

Held the hands of those little girls like I might deliver them from harm all my life

Still regret the times I gripped too tight, where marble half moon scars mix with the freckles on their arms

Our church is a quiet place

Holy are the three bedrooms and burnt paint and no doors

A house where women kneel so long they forget how to stand

Only gnarled roots where trees should be

All people grow older but not all can grow upwards

In Georgia, they have flowers with stems so straight and tall you'd think they were pointing to heaven, and

I stare at them while I drive on the 341

Can't they feel the heaviness in the air?

On our collective shoulders?

I went to cut out my heart with this jagged knife, these scalloped safety scissors

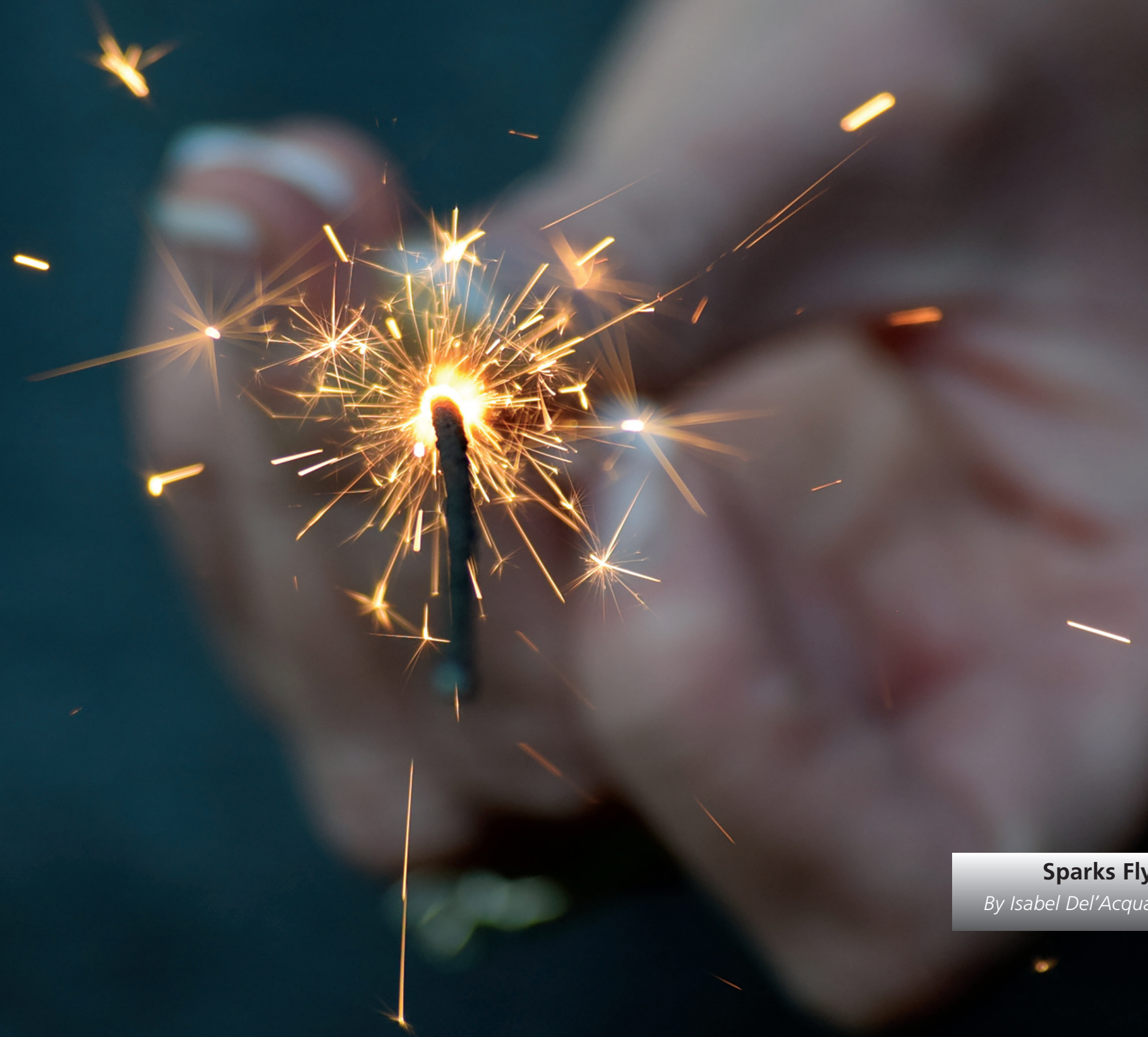
Until I realized it is not my own flesh I am craving

Not my own blood I want drawn

Remind myself three times a day that there is no salvation in my suffering

I want to help all these people uncurl their spines, including my sisters

Including mine



Sparks Fly

By Isabel Del'Acqua

The Sweetest Strawberry

By James C. Carpenter

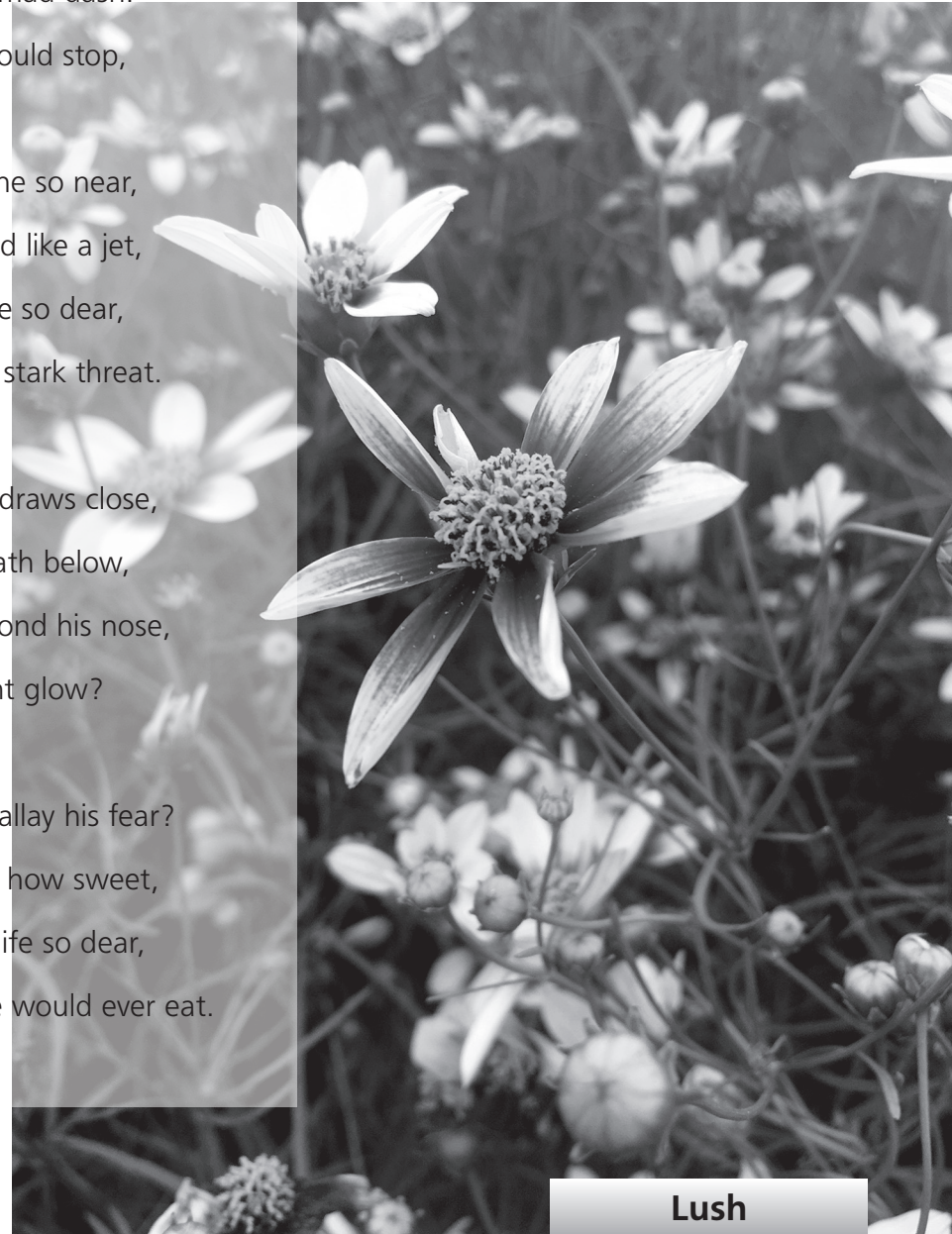
Gnashing, snarling teeth flash,
Ahead lies a steep, steep drop,
For he who makes a mad dash.

And here his path would stop,

Were it not for the vine so near,
Down which he rushed like a jet,
Hoping to hold to life so dear,
Only to meet the same stark threat.

Woe, for the end now draws close,
Death above and death below,
But what's that just beyond his nose,
Illumed in iridescent glow?

Something, perhaps, to allay his fear?
He plucks it, succulent, how sweet,
Evoking memories of life so dear,
The sweetest strawberry he would ever eat.



Lush

By Bridgette Hancock



I Love You, Sandy

By Isabel Del'Acqua



Untitled

By Marybelle Caldwell

Free Waters

By Mackenzie Buck



Ebony Coast

By Priscilla Ring

JUDGE COMMENTS

POETRY:

1st place: **"Bee Me"** by Travis Lantrip

Judge comment: In *Bee Me*, the speaker confronts the danger of defining one's self-worth through competition with others. The spelling bee error that humbles the speaker becomes the poem made from self-reflection, personal growth, and descriptive language.

2nd place: **"Ellie"** by John Edward Menechino III

Judge comment: To the speaker's beloved, *Ellie* is an invitation to participate in an "endless waltz" (line 13). Though each music-filled stanza ends with the speaker's request for "one more night," the entreaty proposes that the couple will move forever with "hands intertwined" (line 2). I appreciate the rhythmic, hypnotic effect of the poem.

3rd place: **"It Takes a Village"** by Alize Portue

Judge comment: Celebrating matriarchal lineage and communal unity, *It Takes a Village* asks us to visualize that, together, "we are planting lifelong love in this Earth" (line 18). The speaker offers a cosmology and a vision of the future in which all humans, all sentient beings, and the environment are interconnected and in harmony. I admire that the poem's speaker acknowledges each person's role in achieving balance: "In the barren bleak summers, I'll go barefoot and harvest my fair share" (line 19).

ART:

1st place: **"The Hawk,"** Ink, 14" X 11", by Zachariah Williams

Judge comment: Nice graphic quality and composition - the use of both pages and the fact that the image is off-centered is compelling.

2nd place: **"Hedy Lamarr Portrait,"** Pencil, 11" X 13", by Zachariah Williams.

Judge comment: Nicely realized value

3rd place: **"Sacrifice,"** Watercolor & Graphite, 13.5" X 10.75", by Laila Campell

Judge comment: Successful combination of graphite and color.

PHOTOGRAPHY:

Best Overall: **"Untitled"** by Marybelle Caldwell

Judge comment: This image is the overall winner because it most completely merges all of the elements of photography - beautiful composition, beautiful use of color, beautiful lines and structure, and it evokes emotion. Overall, it just made a connection with me as a viewer.

Best Color: **"Bahhh"** by Mackenzie Buck

Judge comment: The subtlety and restraint in the use of color in this photograph is its strength. The color becomes part of the artistry without being its master status attribute. And, it's also just a fun photo.

Best Black & White: **"View from Below"** by Benjamin Davis

Judge comment: This photograph has a strong dynamic range and a lot of energy, but what really draws me in is the mystery of the implied narrative.

Best Computer-Enhanced: **"Untitled"** by Marybelle Caldwell

Judge comment: This image boldly embraces the use of computer enhancement as the artistic process, which in my opinion is the purpose of this category. The computer is the most essential tool, not the camera.

AUSTIN/GARNER PROSE:

1st place: **"Yowie"** by James C. Carpenter

Judge Comment: Playful prose in a story that keeps the reader wanting to know more about the myth of the Yowie. An enjoyable narrative with a strong voice and a sense of humor.

2nd place: **"On Giving Birth"** by Rebekah Moore

Judge comment: The author builds tension through vivid description. Even though the reader anticipates the inevitability of the end result, this tension pulls the reader through. The mother's response to the narrator during labor makes the reader care for the outcome and root for the narrator.

3rd place: **"Lines Composed 2650 Miles from Seattle"** by Myles Sandolph

Judge comment: A stream-of-consciousness piece that rolls in language and delights in descriptions. Poetic prose is used as an homage to home.



Seaswells 2020 Contributor Biographies

Josue Angeles-Barrera is a sophomore at Coastal College of Georgia. He is majoring in Biomedical. He likes long drives, music, and relaxation. Josue is hoping to change the lives of people one day, and make the most of what the world has to offer.

Rebecca Borchardt is a freshman. She is majoring in Business. Rebecca enjoys traveling and going to new places. In her free time, she likes taking pictures of the world around her.

Hello! My name's **Danielle Breeding**. I'm currently a sophomore and I'm majoring in Business with a concentration in healthcare administration. I'm from Indiana and moved here for college and to be closer to my aunt - and the beach. My hobbies include reading and roller skating.

Mackenzie Buck is a dual enrollment student from Brunswick High School with interests in many disciplines, ranging from literature to psychology to environmental studies. She enjoys exploring the multi-faceted realm of artistic interpretation through literature, photography, and art. In addition, she enjoys podcasts, on which she has been a guest, and folksy music.

My name is **Marybelle Caldwell**, and I am a young photographer. I enjoy taking pictures of nature, sports, and other events as well as experimenting with shutter speed. I have had my work displayed at the Twin Towers in Atlanta, Georgia; the Hartsfield-Jackson Atlanta International Airport; and the Columbus State University All-State Art Symposium.

Laila Campbell is a senior at Camden County High School who also attends dual enrollment classes at the College of Coastal Georgia. She is a student artist with a particular interest in the field of drawing and digital art, and plans to further pursue her artistic interests in college. She enjoys depicting animals within her work, as well as exploring themes of different emotions.

James C. Carpenter is a student of Brunswick High School who is currently attending the College of Coastal Georgia through the Dual-Enrollment Program. James is an avid reader with a keen interest in both Social Studies and Technology. He intends to pursue a career in Systems Analysis or Computer Engineering.

Pearl Daughtry is an aspiring artist and illustrator working toward an art degree at the College of Coastal Georgia. She is currently working on her first book commission. Ever since childhood, Pearl has been passionate about nature and the written word. She has spent her life enchanted by the beauty and artistic nature of language and hopes to continue learning and improving throughout her life. Pearl can be contacted at thepearldaughtry@gmail.com.

Benjamin Davis is a sophomore at the College of Coastal Georgia. He is majoring in Business.

Isabel Del'Acqua is a dually enrolled freshman at CCGA and a high school senior at Heritage Christian Academy. She is seventeen years old and a competitive level 8 gymnast for Camden Gymnastics. She loves photography, fishing, baking, gymnastics, working with young children, and being outside.

Kristen Dougherty is a psychology student, now in her junior year. She wants a career as a child psychologist and counselor to help at-risk children and teenagers. She also loves reading, writing, and has a profound love for animals, especially cats.

Dakota Ellis is a Senior at the College of Coastal Georgia. She is currently in the Bachelor of Science Nursing program. Her goal when she graduates is to become a Pediatric nurse.

Gregory Graham is a junior studying business administration for accounting. He currently maintains a blog where he publishes short stories and other small projects. He is also a classically trained pianist and has self-published a book entitled Impermanence currently available on Amazon.com.

Hunter Groce is a junior at the College of Coastal Georgia. He plans on getting a degree in Environmental Science. In his free time, he enjoys spending time exploring nature and photographing his different adventures.

My name is **Bridgette Hancock**. I am a junior at CCGA, and I am majoring in Biology—Coastal Ecology and minoring in Environmental Science. I hope to enter the conservation biology and/or herpetology field when I graduate next semester. Until then, I enjoy hobbies like photography and writing.

Kaitlin Higginbotham is a sophomore studying Coastal Ecology with the goal of getting a little closer to seeing how the natural world works and someday seeing what strange things lie at the bottom of the ocean. She loves capturing images of critters- especially birds- going about their day-to-day trials. In addition to drawing and photography, Kaitlin enjoys writing fantasy stories involving magic and lots of swords.

Benjamin Kemp is a sophomore at the College of Coastal Georgia. He is majoring in Interdisciplinary Studies.

Faith King is a Junior at Brunswick Highschool and classified as a Freshman at CCGA. She is in the Dual Enrollment Program and her major is Business Administration with a focus in Accounting. This is her first submission in the photography category.

Travis Lantrip is a senior in high school and a dual enrollment student at CCGA. His interests include theatre, poetry, and TV comedies. After high school, he intends to attend Coastal and major in Middle Grades Education.

My name is **Tran Le**, and art is one of my hobbies. The main medium that I usually use is watercolor, but I am trying to experience with other mediums. The language barrier is a huge obstacle to me, so I do not usually feel confident enough to enter contests. However, I decided to change myself this year and push myself to do new things. I choose this piece to enter the contest because it represents a new beginning to my journey.

Monica Linares is a hospitality student that fell in love with photography and art since she moved to the United States four years ago. One of her biggest passions is traveling and taking pictures.

John Edward Menechino III is a sophomore at the College of Coastal Georgia. He has had a previous winning submission for the magazine with his poem 'Awaken'. He is an American Studies major and enjoys writing and playing video games in his spare time.

Rebekah Moore is a first-year student at CCGA. She is an aspiring writer, wife, and mother to three. She loves writing, motorcycles and traveling the world.

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Mihir Patel's major is Biological Science and he is a freshman. He is 18.

Alize Portue is in her second semester at CCGA, working toward a major in Biological Science with a focus in Biomedicine. Alize has always been a lover of literature, but after growing up in an abusive household turned to poetry as a tool to cope with PTSD. She writes openly about domestic violence, the importance of community, and about the messiness of healing. She hopes to help others in similar situations by sharing her experiences.

Anna Redanz is a Brunswick local who is also now a freshman at the College of Coastal Georgia. Collages are a simplistic and appealing artistic outlet that incorporates pieces of daily life into something meaningful that can be displayed as a memento.

Priscilla Ring is a Sophomore at CCGA. Currently she works at a pottery studio and fills her time with freelance photography in hopes of one day shooting for National Geographic or her own journalistic magazine.

Myles Sandolph is from Columbia, South Carolina and a senior majoring in Non-Profit Management & Leadership. His goal after graduating CCGA is to work in Student Life at a college or university and pursue his master's degree in either Global Strategic Communications or Public Interest Communication at the University of Florida.

Kristen Todisco is currently a sophomore at the College of Coastal Georgia. She is majoring in general business with a concentration in accounting. Along with her passion of becoming a CPA she loves photograph. On her times off from work and school she travels, taking photos from all around the world.

Charlotte Warder is a junior studying at The College of Coastal Georgia. She is majoring in Public Affairs with a concentration in Nonprofit Management and Leadership. Charlotte wants to have a career in museum curatorial and archival work; with a career end at a Smithsonian National Museum. She is currently an intern at The Cultural Center of Ponte Vedra Beach. Charlotte spends her free time taking pictures of her dogs, walking, and dancing to Taylor Swift.

Jonathon Widener is a second-year nursing student in the associate of science of nursing program at the College of Coastal Georgia. He is an amateur photographer. He has photography published in the 2018 and 2019 editions of Seaswells.

Zachariah Williams is a sophomore studying Pre-Engineering who has been creating art in multiple mediums such as: pencil, ink, charcoal, paint, and digital. He has been drawing since 8th Grade, and has been taking art seriously in the beginning of 2019. He loves mostly the creative side of art and coming up with art that is imaginative and moving. He as well has done small animations, cartoons, comic creation (manga/anime), and is taking commissions.

