

# SEASWELLS

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THE ART AND LITERARY MAGAZINE OF  
THE COLLEGE OF COASTAL GEORGIA



Vol. 56  
2022

# SEASWELLS

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2022

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Jenny Barrow

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## *Seaswells* Traditions

The first volume of *Seaswells* was published by Brunswick Junior College students during the winter quarter of 1967. Eight editors were listed on the title page, and the 30-page magazine included 22 poems and one essay, the contributions of nine different students. Just two years later, in 1969, the magazine had grown to 48 pages, and Phyllis Barr was the editor. Line drawings and photographs were added to complement the poetry and prose.

In 1970, Barr and Shaw McVeigh were co-editors, and Barr penned "SEASWELLS," the iconic poem that has appeared in every issue since then.

In 1977, Charles and Phyllis Barr began another tradition, the Barr Poetry Award. They created an endowment to fund a cash prize for the winner. In 1982, second- and third-place awards in the contest were added. To this day, the Barr's endowment continues to fund the Barr Poetry Award.

The Austin/Garner Prose Contest was similarly endowed by Dr. John W. Teel, the College's second president, upon his retirement in 1990. In naming the contest, Dr. Teel chose to honor Dr. Maryjane Austin Spivey and Dr. Hugh M. Garner. Dr. Spivey was the much loved and respected Dean of Academic Affairs from 1973 to 1979 who, in May 1979, passed away from cancer. Dr. Garner was an outstanding leader during the College's early years, serving as Dr. Teel's controller; he was also highly regarded as a business professor.

The 2021 edition of *Seaswells* was a special issue showcasing the best student work of 2011-2020, and dedicated to the late Dr. Elizabeth Wurz. Dr. Wurz was influential at the College as a mentor and advocate for students, and posthumously bestowed the Professor Lifelong Advocacy Award.



## About *Seaswells*

The mission of *Seaswells*, the art and literary journal at the College of Coastal Georgia, is to showcase the writing, art, and photography of our 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 student contributors. *Seaswells* is funded by student activity fees and community sponsors, and issues of the magazine are free for students and community members.

*Seaswells* conducted two contests in 2022: the Barr Poetry Contest and the Austin/Garner Prose Contest. These annual contests are open only to currently enrolled Coastal Georgia students and full rules are available online at [www.ccg.edu/studentlife/seaswells](http://www.ccg.edu/studentlife/seaswells). Entries are judged anonymously, and cash prizes total \$150.

Student submissions of prose, poetry, and art will be accepted from September 1 to February 1. 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 work, and emailed as an attachment to [seaswells@ccga.edu](mailto:seaswells@ccga.edu). Full submission guidelines are available online.

*Seaswells* serves as a gathering ground for artistic modes of thinking. As Edward Hirsch, poet and former president of the 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."

*"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."*

*Edward Hirsch*

## Editor's Note

Creating art is revolutionary. Whether to explore emotion, entertain our friends, or complete an assignment, the act of creating and sharing art is healing for ourselves and our community. We could use some more of that these days.

We are so grateful for the students and faculty that came on the journey to *Seaswells* 2022 with us.

This year brought changes and *Seaswells* looks a little different, but I can't wait for you to see it.

*Jenny Barrow, 2022 Editor-in-chief*

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# SEASWELLS 2022

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## 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*



*Kelsey Shadron is earning a bachelor's degree in early childhood/special education at CCGA, and they plan on teaching elementary school art.*

**“For as long as I can remember, I’ve had a strong passion for art and art history; it’s how I express myself.”**

## 2022 Cover Art

### ***Just Along the Pond***

Acrylic paint

by **Kelsey Shadron**

# EDITORIAL STAFF

## FACULTY ADVISOR

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**Anelise Farris** is an Assistant Professor of English at the College of Coastal Georgia. Her research interests include genre fiction, disability studies, folklore and mythology, popular culture, and new media. She has presented her work internationally and actively publishes in her fields of study. She holds a Ph.D. in English and the Teaching of English from Idaho State University, in addition to an M.A., a B.A., and a Graduate Certificate from George Mason University, where she studied literature and folklore.

## POETRY EDITOR

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**Elizabeth Bennett** is a high school senior at Glynn Academy and a dual enrollment student at the College.

## BARR POETRY CONTEST JUDGE

## JESSICA MELILLI-HAND

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Jessica Melilli-Hand's work appears in Carolina Quarterly, CALYX, Redactions: Poetry & Poetics, Hunger Mountain, Painted Bride Quarterly, Barrow Street, and The Minnesota Review, among others. She won first place in the Agnes Scott Poetry Competition three times: when judged by Terrance Hayes, when judged by Arda Collins, and when judged by Martín Espada. She is an Assistant Professor of English at the College of Coastal Georgia.

## EDITOR-IN-CHIEF

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**Jenny Barrow** is a writer from Darien, Georgia, and an Interdisciplinary Studies major at the College of Coastal Georgia. Their prose has been featured in many anthologies and zines. They hope to pursue a career in publishing after graduation. Jenny enjoys cosplaying and playing Dungeons & Dragons.

## ART EDITOR

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**Kaitlin Higginbotham** is a student studying Coastal Ecology at CCGA. She is passionate about storytelling through mediums such as animation, comics, and video games, and she aspires to craft her own stories through illustration and sequential art. Her photography has been published in a past issue of Seawells, and in addition to drawing, she enjoys reading and writing, playing video games, and spending time outdoors.

## AUSTIN / GARNER PROSE CONTEST JUDGE

## TIFFANY KING

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Tiffany King is the staff writer for the College of Coastal Georgia. She writes stories about students, professors, special events, research and enjoys communicating about all the wonderful things happening at the College. In her spare time, she loves to read mysteries, listen to an audiobook of Jane Eyre for the hundredth time, and make mixed media art. She believes that inspiration can be found everywhere.

# 2022 BARR POETRY AWARD

Sydney Lantrip is a 21-year-old American Studies major. Sydney is an Airforce Reservist who recently returned from deployment in Qatar from July 2021 through January 2022.

*"I love reading, writing, studying cinema and collecting comic books."*

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"The voice in this poem is compelling, almost haunting. The poet also employs a masterful command of pacing. Along with an unflinching exploration of the horrors of war—with its feces and blood, its dying infants and starving children—the poet leaves readers with an uneasy sort of hope, with the image of a scar on a young girl's arm, from where, 'They tried to blow up her school because girls were there: learning.'"

*Jessica Melilli-Hand, Barr Poetry Award Judge*

## Operation Allies Refuge- Pro Patria Mori

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*by Sydney Lantrip*



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There is an arrogance in believing one could die for their country  
My job in the Air Force is normally not a dangerous one-  
A taxing one. Yes. An annoying, thankless one. Yes and Yes.  
I think you would understand what I'm getting at, if you could've seen them-  
In person, not on some tiny screen-In the same way I would understand my  
papa

Had I seen his friends' lives taken in Vietnam, but I didn't. I can't, so I don't.  
You would probably get it though, I bet, if for a minute you could sit  
Inside the desert heated metal box-smothering alongside them-  
If you, in boots, could stand to watch them wade-barefoot through their own:  
Urine, feces, blood-slathered and swarming upon the floors-  
Let alone to smell it-hours on end until your senses forget.

If in one moment you could grant a child a new shirt and see him smile  
Then with your next breath: scream at another, in a tongue you know they  
can't understand, to:  
"Get out of line, everyone else has to eat too." The translator teaches me their  
word for "GO"

And it rattles around my head that night as the tears fall  
A medic friend of mine held a dying infant in her arms, and had to keep  
moving to try  
And save the next one  
A young man from Public Affairs shoves a camera in my face and asks why  
people should send  
Supplies. "What is the point?"  
The point is we brought them here, we're keeping them here-they are now  
strangers in a strange  
Land, and they wanted to come yes-but did they really have a choice?  
"We are out of formula for the babies."

We are out of food for the little girl-old enough to understand her world-  
But too young to change it. She showed us her arm. She wears the scar,  
where it was sewn back  
Together, with more pride than many of us wear our uniforms. She told us:  
They tried to blow up her school because girls were there: learning.  
I take it back-she changes the world more than I could ever hope to.

# 2022 AUSTIN/GARNER PROSE AWARD

Camp Owl Rock

by Jenny Barrow

"No."

"You haven't even looked at my presentation!" Aerie said, sadly hugging his bundle of posters. He'd spent the better part of the week on this. *Why I Should be Allowed To Go To Human Summer Camp*, by Aerie Owlexander Hoot the Third.

"Aerie. This is *not* a good time," Mother said, her patience rapidly dwindling. "While I'm out of the woods you are going to need to look after yourself. I need you to stay here and keep the roost clean, and go absolutely *nowhere* near those human children."

She simply didn't understand that this was the perfect opportunity for Aerie to finally meet someone his age. Even if they were humans. There were no other harpy children anywhere in the great ancient forest, and Aerie wasn't sure if there were any others anywhere in the world. And he never got to do anything fun. "I promise that I will keep the roost clean," he said. Mother seemed satisfied. Aerie stayed on his best behavior until he was sure that she was really gone for her trip. She would be visiting Aerie's father

all summer, since he couldn't visit them. Aerie had never been alone before. He felt a knot in his stomach, half apprehension about being left in charge of the forest, and half guilt for lying about going near the human summer camp.

Though, he hadn't really *lied*, had he?

Thirty minutes outside of town by car, fifteen down a dirt road by bus and five more by foot, Camp Owl Rock opens for the summer. The co-ed sleepaway is built under the shadow of a wooded mountain, with dark caves hidden away behind old, towering pines. Somewhere along the dirt path, cellphones stop working, and by the time the fifty children reach the camp lodge, all thoughts of suburban life have been replaced by s'mores, scary stories, and rock climbing.

This had played out every year since Aerie could remember. It would play out again this summer, and it was very important that he would be there to see it. Camp was a special place, he thought—an important voyage between school years, where the only rule came from an overworked admin staff and a handful of power-crazed teen counselors with code names. The campgrounds being built so close to their home bothered Mother, but Aerie didn't share her fears. At almost thirteen years old, this had been his only chance to watch humans up close. He had never worked up the courage to hop down and talk to them, until now.

He knew everything there was to know about Camp Owl Rock. This year, equipped with a fanny pack and camp bandana, he was going to join them.

He knew the campground: three campsites of tents and cabins, each with their own lodge. Campers were assigned a platform tent, where summer winds carried spooky noises and bugs through the tarp walls, or a cabin, where campers from years past carved their names in the walls, and the ceiling fans fought hard against the heat. The adult staff stayed in the air-conditioned main lodge, in a dormitory behind the cafeteria. On top of a hill was a pool with

crystal blue water. Aerie tried drinking the beautiful blue water once, and afterwards decided to avoid the pool altogether.

He knew the games: Catscratch, a mystery game played with a flashlight. Scary Stories, sometimes about the harpy monster that lived in the woods (that was Mother). Manhunt, which was about chasing each other around in the dark. Aerie thought he would be very good at Manhunt. If Mother only knew about the fun things they did at camp, she would approve of him sneaking off to see the humans, for sure.

Most importantly, he knew the schedule. Twenty-seven sunsets, starting when the buses left to pick up children at the edge of the dirt road into camp. The buses had been gone a while now, and Aerie stood on the top of the main lodge, bored. He ruffled his speckled feathers and hooted at a little cardinal to scare it off. It flew in a loop-de-loop past the scratched and stained lodge windows, and then up into the pine treetops. *Do the other campers like hooting at birds?* he wondered. *Do they like flying in loop-de-loops?*

When the last line of campers arrived, Aerie waited above the main lodge, hanging his head over the side to look in the window. The children ate dinner inside while the adult staff recited the rules and schedule. He'd heard it all before, but listened to see where the oldest group—the human kids his age—would be sent first. According to the schedule read aloud, their group was going to unpack at their camp, and then have a free evening to get settled. Very good.

He followed the group of children to the platform tent campsite and sat on a sturdy, high branch. The tents were a great campsite to pull—surely the other campers agreed the cabins were for dorks. Of course, Aerie would have said the opposite had they been assigned the cabins instead. He considered dropping down, but waited to see what the other children would do.

Seven boys and eight girls were assigned to four platform tents in a circle around a disused fire pit. As they rolled up and tied the heavy waxed tarps, swept out dead bugs, and threw down their



sleeping bags, all fifteen commiserated about getting the rustic tents instead of the cabins. Aerie bounced, excited, on his branch, and gathered the resolve to speak.

“The cabins get too hot and are full of roaches,” he said, testing their reaction. The conversation stopped as the kids looked around to see who had spoken. A heavy silence settled over them. They didn’t speak again until one of the girls checked her watch and bravely suggested they find a game to play somewhere else.

Their campsite was staffed by two teens—Aerie remembered their names from last year. *Wren* and *Sparrow*. They were both proudly first-aid certified, which, in Aerie’s opinion, was the coolest thing that a teenager could be.

Wren suggested that they play Manhunt, since it was getting dark and their campsite was the closest to the nature trails. After she explained the rules—travel in pairs, no running, and don’t go farther than the ropes course—the group of fifteen tightened their shoelaces and prepared to run off, disregarding the safety rules. The counselors knew as well as the younger campers, as well as Aerie did, that the only rule in Manhunt is “don’t get caught.” He thought of how much he enjoyed chasing rabbits across the fields between the trees, with his shadow following much more quickly than they could ever run.

This was Aerie’s perfect opportunity to join in without causing a disruption, and, importantly, prove his hunting skills to Wren and Sparrow. While his attempt to rally the bunch at the tents had been a bit awkward, he understood where he’d gone wrong. He needed to impress first, and then they would happily talk about tents or anything else. He folded in his wings and dropped down into the group, his talons crushing the rotting leaves and pine straw.

At sunset, under the dense pines, human eyes couldn’t see the difference between Aerie’s silhouette and the silhouettes of the other children. This was a shame, he thought, as his wings were quite impressive for a twelve-year-old harpy. Long gone were the fluffy down feathers of boyhood. Mostly.

Wren counted the kids present: sixteen, counting Aerie. "Game starts on one! Three, two—" The human children ran off to hide behind trees and under thorny bushes. Aerie was on the ground with them now, but he wasn't sure what to do next. He usually hunted small birds and rabbits, not children. If no one could find him, would he be stuck hiding forever? He wanted to impress the others, but would they be upset if he won too easily?

*I'll do what the others are doing*, he decided. He listened for people moving—crunching leaves, breathing, rustling clothes—and after a moment he knew where everyone was. The children laughed and darted between trees while Wren and Sparrow shuffled around with flashlights. Whoever was "It" found a hiding camper and they both shrieked with delight as they joined forces to find the others. They ran on either side of Aerie, and, realizing he was there, each grabbed one of his feathery arms.

"You were supposed to hide!" one boy said. "Help us find the others."

He could do that. One of the girls was hiding nearby, crouching behind a pine tree. She didn't move at all, but Aerie could hear her heartbeat and quiet breaths. He tapped her on the shoulder and she jumped up, surprised. "Got you!" he said.

The game didn't last very long at all, as the growing hunter team pulled people out of their hiding places. There were only two boys left to find, and only because they could run a little faster than Aerie could move through the trees with his wings tucked in. As Aerie stood still, listening for movement and preparing for an ambush, Sparrow ran right into his back.

The teen counselor shined his flashlight on Aerie and then bit off a scream of confusion and terror. He fell backwards onto his hands and scrambled away, dropping his flashlight as he ran. Embarrassed, Aerie tucked himself behind a tree and watched the kids gather to see what could have scared a teenager with a first-aid certification.

“The harpy monster...” Sparrow stammered, and reached up to let his co-counselor pull him to his feet.

Wren laughed. “There is no harpy monster,” she whispered, reassuringly. “I made it up. You helped me make it up. You must have heard an owl.”

“That wasn’t an owl,” Sparrow said, and walked back over to pick up his flashlight. With his confidence returning, he shined it uncomfortably close to where Aerie was hiding. It was too quiet now to get back in the treetops without being heard.

Wren turned to the group of younger kids. “Is everybody here? All sixteen?”

“We’re supposed to have fifteen,” her co-counselor said.

Now Wren looked nervous as well. She counted heads again with her flashlight—seven boys and eight girls. With the teen counselors at the front, they left in a slow, quiet group back to their tents. Aerie wasn’t far behind.

*I think I won that game, he thought. This is going to be the best summer camp ever.*

“This work was selected as the winner because the reader is immediately pulled into the story about a young owl simply wanting to connect with others. The author does a wonderful job of depicting what at first seems like a fun, summer story. It then subtly takes a turn and reveals that what may seem like innocent, child-like fun to one person, can actually be horrifying to others. This is a fun story mixed with adventure, mystery, horror, and the relatable need for community.”

*Tiffany King, Austin/Garner Prose Award Judge*

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**Jenny Barrow** is a writer from Darien, Georgia, and an Interdisciplinary Studies major at the College of Coastal Georgia. Their prose has been featured in many anthologies and zines. They hope to pursue a career in publishing after graduation. Jenny enjoys cosplaying and playing Dungeons & Dragons.

***Never Forget Who You Are***  
Acrylic paint  
by **Kelsey Shadron**

## **The Karate Kid**

*by* Sydney Lantrip

The house is just too crowded/ I curl into myself/ retreat/ retreat/  
retreat/ into my blackhole bed and blankets/

The warm light hits the wall/ whirl of projector/ warm light/ Ralph  
Macchio tells his many cousins goodbye/

I am going to be okay/ I imagine my dad/ young/ I do not remem-  
ber if I dreamed it/ him saying it himself/

This was the first thing/ he ever told me/ I had to watch/ I've  
watched it over/ and over/ and over/ it is what I know/

Who can root against this kid/ who doesn't feel the relief/ crane  
kick/ the end of the pain/ tied up nice and neat/

It didn't need a sequel/ or the other sequel after that/ but they  
did it anyway/ don't think I knew what a trilogy was till this/

Trilogy/ underdog/ synonymous with/ predictable/ constant/  
comfort/ A place where the bad thing gets defeated openly/ God/  
I miss my dad

*"Hey! Hey Mr. Miyagi!*

*We did it! Alright!"*







***My Regulator***  
Photography  
by **Isabel Micheal Del'Acqua**

**The Lure**

---

*by* Landon Davis

The tip of my fishing pole bobbed up and down as the fish struggled to get free. I stood out of my beach chair and snatched the handle. I tugged with all the strength my eleven-year-old body could muster. Dad stood behind me as he saw that I was stumbling from how hard I pulled. I remembered what he told me: "Yank side to side to make sure the hook is in there good and reel 'em in." I did exactly what his voice echoed in my head to do. Before I knew it, a fish was hanging on the lure, dangling in front of my face. I saw the light in my dad's eyes, his warm smile. My dad was so proud. He enjoyed seeing his son doing something he loved at that age. That was him, that was my dad.

When I was thirteen, he went to the doctor because of severe back pain he had been experiencing for the previous eight months. It was cancer, not just any type of cancer, but a lethally aggressive type. I was completely beside myself. I knew what was to come. Just a year before, my grandma (his mom) passed away of esophageal cancer. Like my grandma, I took care of dad as the cancer progressed. I did everything for him. Watching a loved one, especially a parent, be eaten alive by their own body is indescribable. I was losing him and there was nothing I could do about it.

I silently screamed for help from my family. I didn't know how I felt or even what to feel. How could this happen to me? Why? This isn't real. Maybe I deserve this, I even thought. I felt like I wasn't living, like I was floating on an invisible tide. Drifting in an infinite, cold void. I didn't want to feel. That would mean beginning

to mourn him before he even died. My silent screams were heard though. When therapy was suggested to me, I was adverse to the idea. Therapy is for crazy people and ones that aren't strong enough, were thoughts that crossed my mind. I had no idea how amazingly influential it was going to be.

The day of my scheduled appointment I was nervous. All I knew of therapy were stereotypes: the classic long chair; "how does that make you feel?"; "I sense you're upset." In the car, I felt like I was on my way to have my brain dissected. Like the deepest, darkest secrets of myself were going to be revealed by some type of evil hypnosis. My sister assured me it was going to be okay and the family friend Lexi, who was in the passenger seat, did the same. Their words were comforting and so was their support. My anxiety subsided the longer we drove, but when we turned the corner it was right back up. The association I had with the location of where the therapist's office was grim and full of death. Who in their right mind would go to a hospice center, especially the one my dad was about to be moved into, for therapy?

I was immediately greeted by the staff, walking through the doors with my family beside me. I still have not received the amount of unconditional care from anyone else that they provided to me that day. I was directed to the Therapy/Grief Counseling office near the entrance of the building. I took a deep breath and walked into the office. There she was, the therapist. She sat in a tall navy chair with a warm smile. I thought back to what I imagined a therapist to look like. Number one, she was not a male. I honestly imagined a man with thin, silver spectacles and salt n' pepper hair, wearing both brown corduroy pants and shirt. She was none of the above.

Her sweater matched the tone of her chair. She had a sky blue undershirt and matching navy pants. Sitting on her crossed legs was a notepad. Resting between her fingers on her left hand was a blue pen. Her hair was a natural shade of brown, slightly dulled by age. Through her thin lips, a sentence escaped that was so soft, it seemed



to float through the air: "Please, have a seat." I did as she said, compelled by her gentle tone. Bluish light beamed on the both of us as the sun projected it through the window. The way the light collected around her was angelic. An aura of pastel that was ever so calming.

She asked me what my interests were, and I simply responded with "animals." I was amazed to learn that her daughter was an entomological veterinarian. I said, "Oh! So she works with bugs?" To which she replied, "Yes, and she loves it a lot." I could tell she was slightly impressed that I knew what her daughter did. From what I put together she was in the routine of explaining that her daughter helped heal people's pet insects. We continued conversing for about an hour. Sometimes talking about me, sometimes her. The words just flowed right out of my mouth. For once in a long time there was no tension in the air, my shoulders weren't raised to my neck, for once I wasn't thinking about the pain and loss of my dad. Here this woman was, I only knew her for about an hour, and she relieved more stress than anything or anyone had tried.

I walked out of that office as a new person. Not even a month after this, my dad had succumbed to cancer. But thanks to that therapist the blow was softened. That was more than anything I could have asked for during that time. Thinking back on it now, she used multiple clinical techniques to ease my stress. She diverted the attention onto her because of what she noticed from my closed posture. She expertly introduced questions about my own personal interests to distract me from my current situation. It makes me think, what else did she do? How did I process this? Why and how do others feel under the same conditions?

Is the treatment the same for everyone? She summoned a deep curiosity of human behavior and processes within me and I couldn't be more thankful. Like my dad's lure at the end of a fishing pole, she caught me, but let me have the bait, removed the painful hook, and released me into the waters of knowledge and understanding.



***In the Ocean***  
Oil pastels  
by **Makhi Laveau**



***Betta Fish Blues***  
Watercolor  
by **Kelsey Shadron**

## A Letter to Peace

---

by Alysha Drummond

I welcome you with open arms...  
I realize that my body begins to levitate when you're around...  
I sense happiness even in my darkest moments.  
I had to learn to appreciate your presence.  
I had to learn that peace is everywhere around us.  
In the air...  
In the speed of your wind as you gently graze my cheek.  
You take over me.  
I can breathe again...  
My anxiety begins to fade away.  
I see that this is what I have been needing...  
A sense of peace.  
A way to escape this madness in my mind.  
As I sit here and think of nothing-  
You are the one thing that stuck out.  
Peace,  
Your stillness takes over me.  
I can't help but admire your beauty.  
Take me away.  
The water seems so calm...  
As for the air-  
It is calm too.  
As for me?  
I am the calmest I have been in a while.  
I admire your beauty.  
I am taken away by the love you have given me.  
Take me away...  
Take over.  
Take me to a place only I can go.  
Release me in your song.  
I thought I had reached my breaking point...  
As I begin to experience this downward spiral of mine...  
I remember your teachings...  
I remember how I first found you.

I appreciate your presence in everything.  
Physically I feel you.  
Mentally...  
You are all I crave for...  
Peace.  
I must crave you for me.  
As I walk along this journey of finding myself...  
I know it will be difficult...  
But you?  
You keep me sane.  
You allow my mind to separate itself.  
You allow me to be...  
Be in this moment with you...  
You allow me to be free.  
You allow me to let go.  
I embrace you as *My Peace*.



***The Peace the Evening Brings***  
Photography  
by **Jenna Chambers**

***True Colors of a Sea Turtle***  
Watercolor  
by **Kelsey Shadron**

**Art**

---

*by* Abigail Seals

I am a painting.

Born from your hands,

Each brush stroke is deliberate, delicate, elegant.

I'm a dusty rose when you kiss me,

And the greyest sky when you leave.

I am a book.

Each word you write fills me with pride.

You'll describe me as enchanting, effervescent, angelic.

In your stories, I am the sunrise

and you will never let me fall.

I am a song,

with every note you lift me higher.

Our song is romantic, raw, spiritual.

When we harmonize it is true love

and that love will never waver.





***Show Me How to Fly***  
Photography  
by **Isabel Micheal Del'Acqua**





# Split

---

by Alysha Drummond

*She* seems to be fading–

Lisa,

Her personalities are too much.

*She* is already drowning inside–

Jane,

For she wants to get out and spread her wings.

*She* is already hurting inside–

Sarah,

For she just needs to get out and live.

*She* is already crying inside–

Jade,

Exploding from anger brought along from years of heartache.

*She* is already burning inside–

Madison,

From the constant lies told to cover up the truth.

*She* decided to find her true self.

Finding out that no good could be done when you hold it all in.

Wondering what has gotten into me.

Who is controlling me?

How can I feel free being stuck inside of me?

On the outside we share the same face.

Underneath?

There is a darkness you can't see.

***Sidney Lanier Bridge***  
Digital  
by **Jenny Barrow**





***The Perfect Place to Call Home***  
Photography  
by **Isabel Micheal Del'Acqua**

## The Touch of Who Was Not

---

by William Ellis

I feel your powder snow heartbeats a mile away.

Cleanse me in your sweet crystalline eyes.

Bathe me in your smile, the pearls polished in a millennium of fair  
yet eloquent beams of Luna brightest.

Let your hair fly in the intoxicatingly, lovely tapestry of your burn-  
ing heart, for this smoke you eradicate is my drug, my happiness,  
and my pragmatism.

Let your silk woven, sun kissed hands love me 'till my blood rose  
heart is petals bare

For you are not there...

My love, you lead your own path of breathlessness.

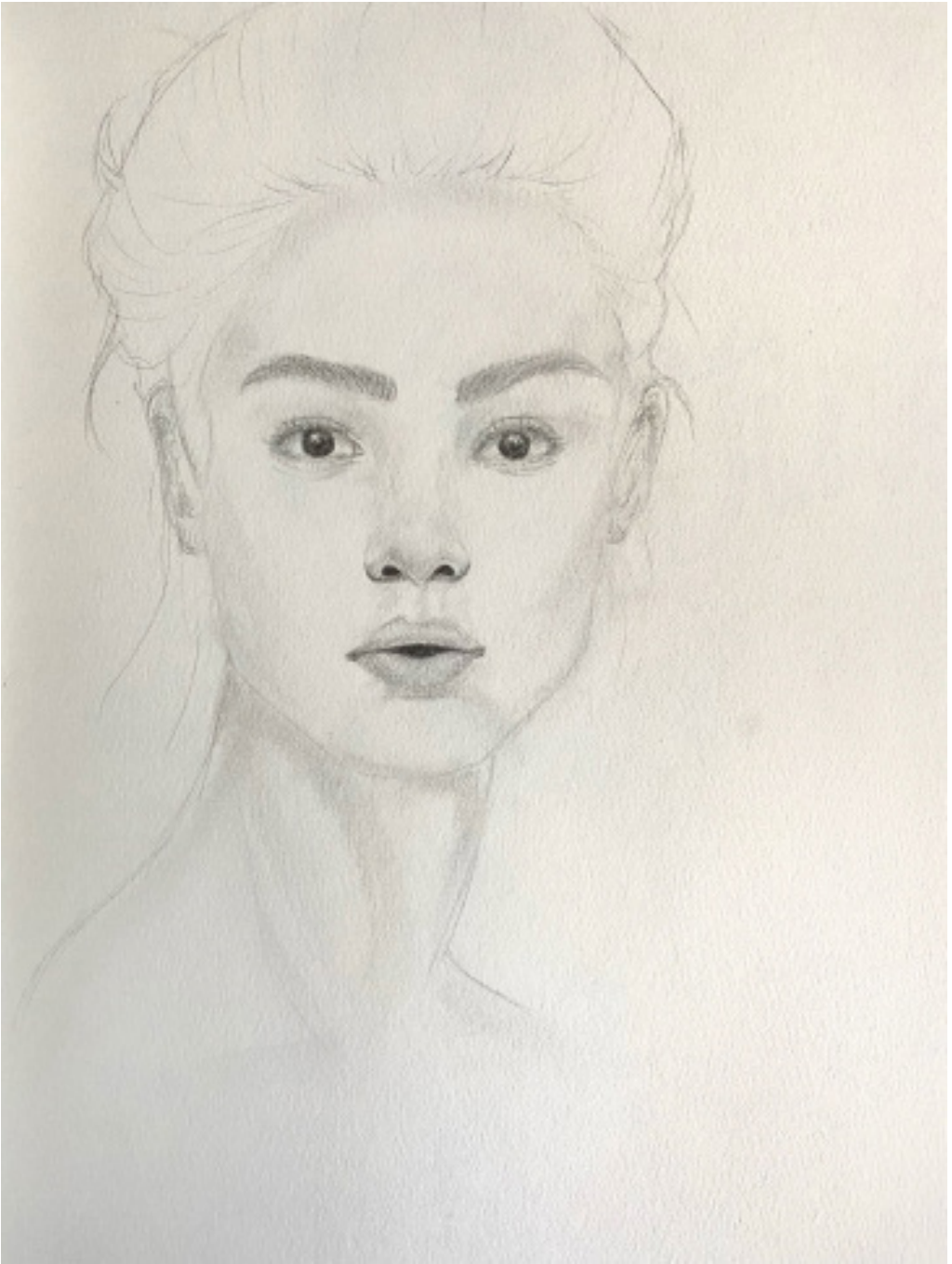
Let this be the last melancholy tear to rain down, for your beauty  
is my only sadness.

***Smile for the Camera***

Pencils

by **Kelsey Shadron**





***Icarus***  
Digital  
by **Jenny Barrow**



## Fear & Panic

---

*by* David Brockway

Mesmerized and energized by a sea of red far below, he dances across the face of Mars. Gliding swiftly, as with purpose, Phobos is as radiant as a star. He crosses the finish line three times a day, never tiring, never slowing, never ending. He is proud and handsome, shimmering in his hammered, misshapen armor as he becomes vividly aware of the distant lady's glances. Phobos flies.

On a more solemn heading, high above Mons Olympus, Deimos traipses in the glow of the distant sun, occasionally lifting an eye towards her neighbor, the distant blue marble so far away, yet her gaze seems to always return to Phobos. His offer is tempting, his pattern convincing. She feels a familiar force, pulling her towards him, but no, she must obey Mars' constant and courteous reminder of her place. Deimos cares for lofty pleasures, ones that mortals dare not consider. She makes no sound as she strolls to nowhere in particular yet never straying far from her father. Deimos yearns.

Phobos soars past her once again, fearing that she may never come closer. She feels his heat as he races by, pretending she could be bolder. He dashes, she aches. He is fear, and she is panic. And in their forevermore wandering they can only accept what could never be. For if either by force or of their own volition they were to surrender to desire, it would truly bring their names to fruition. Oh Calamity! Their capitulation would surely drive them to distances greater than either could bear. Phobos madly gallops and Deimos silently weeps. He and she together alone as they spin their dreams around the orbit of Mars.

## Chamomile & Lavender

by Abigail Seals

Sleepytime tea has never done the trick for me,  
I much prefer the sweetness of my own concoction.  
Chamomile brews for my mother's humility,  
Rose petals dance from my sister's grace.  
Marigold is the strength of my grandmother, Lucy,  
Lavender roots itself in the bottom of my heart,  
And daisies fill my lungs.



***Wandering Free***  
Photography  
by **Jenna Chambers**

***Life's Simple Treasures***  
Photography  
by **Isabel Micheal Del'Acqua**

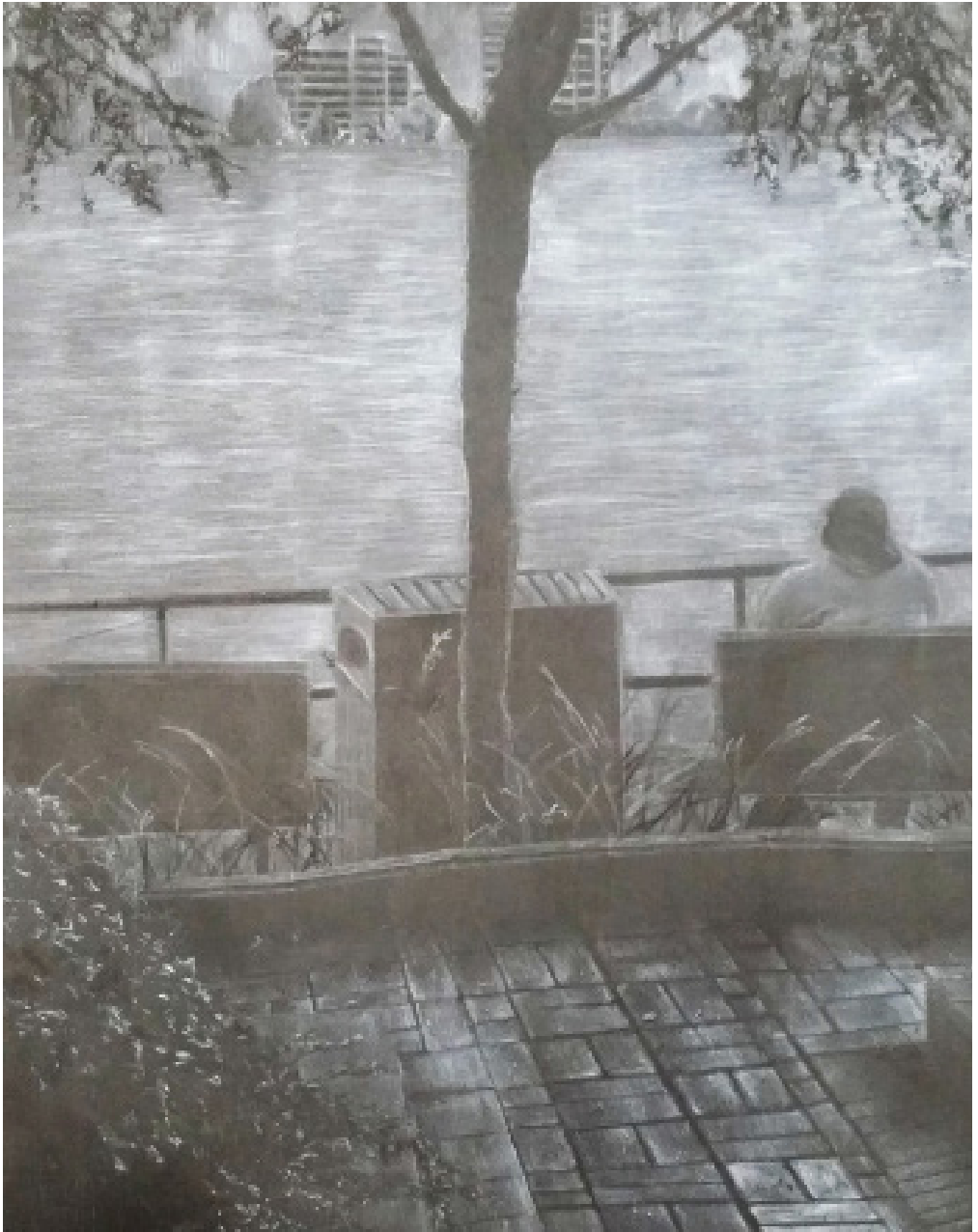




***Solitude***

Charcoal

by **Makhi Laveau**



## Sorry for your loss

---

by Sydney Lantrip

Lizzie Olsen, you are the only face I want to see right now  
Your angry and your hurt and your grieving on Facebook watch  
You are a mirror, that shows me my twisted-up insides without  
Everything else getting involved

I show you to my mother  
Who has been trying-  
To attempt-  
To maybe-  
To fall asleep  
Every night

When you throw a tantrum  
over Grief group donuts shouting:  
*"Nothing makes me feel better  
Enough"*  
My mother nods her head slowly  
And thinks I do not see

*"The reason everyone keeps telling you  
it's not the end of the world is because  
it's not the end of their world.  
They don't have to figure out how  
to live in a world that's over.  
You do."*

## Spring

---

*by* Abigail Seals

In your windowsill, I am deprived of water, oxygen, sunlight.  
My leaves wilt and petals fall, yet you do not acknowledge them.  
Instead, you expect my radiant colors and full petals  
Despite your negligence.  
Violin stimulates my growth, yet all you give me  
Is belittlement and degradation.  
I now grow in sidewalk cracks.  
My vines climb trees  
And my flowers bloom along the street.  
The beauty and abundance of my buds disgusts you,  
But you can no longer crush me beneath your feet.



***Oak in Spring***  
Digital  
by **Jenny Barrow**





***I Can Go the Distance***  
Photography  
by **Jenna Chambers**

***Shining, Shimmering, Splendid***  
Photography  
by **Jenna Chambers**



## West Coast Loving

---

by Alysha Drummond

Fire filled skies,  
Ashes cover your streets...  
Day turns into night as expected.  
I patiently await for the sunrise.  
I admire her beauty.  
I admire the view.  
From this window-  
I glance at the horizon.  
The most beautiful sight I have ever witnessed.  
You would need more than a picture to explain this  
breathtaking moment.  
The memories all come back to me-  
Something like a sweet lullaby.  
We walked down the boulevard-  
We saw familiar faces-  
We danced, we laughed, we ate on every rooftop possible-  
We allowed ourselves to love again.  
In this moment...  
In this very moment I experienced life.  
Life for what it is.  
As we rode our scooters down random streets...  
We raced against time as we glanced into each other's eyes.  
The wind was gentle against my face.  
I inhale.  
In this moment- I found my true love.  
I am still speechless of the view from my window seat.  
I reminisce back to those fire filled skies.  
The scenery, breathtaking.  
The experience, unforgettable.  
California.



***Cassiopeia***  
Digital  
by **Jenny Barrow**



# A Universe of Perspective

---

by Karlee Gotshall

. . . Electrons, Atoms, Molecules,  
Cells, Tissues, Organs,  
Individuals, Populations, Biomes,  
Planets, Solar Systems, Galaxies, . . .  
The Universe.  
Infinitely BIGGER  
and smaller  
Than I Will Ever Be.

II.

The vastness of your reach makes the individual experience  
Something that can only be described as inconsequential  
As we spend our lives worrying about tomorrow's troubles  
Versus treating the here and now as something special.

Must there be a divide between mundane and mystery?  
Must there be a quarrel between science and spirituality?  
Can ignorance transform into wisdom  
As a hypothesis can be proven a Law?

O' Universe, teach me your ways.  
Teach me to be full of knowledge  
Full of potentials  
Full of life.



## ***A Day's Golden Hour***

Photography

by **Isabel Micheal Del'Acqua**

### **Objects in the Mirror**

---

*by* Mallory Boyd

Objects in the mirror are closer than they appear  
As you live your life, your future is not always clear  
When you are born, you have your whole life to live  
And along with that, you have a lot of love to give  
You grow more and more every year  
So with each moment, let out every tear  
As you live life, you tend to forget  
To appreciate each moment without any regret  
With people you love, you should be sincere  
When you meet people, always spread love and cheer  
Before you know it, your life could change  
What you wanted to do would be out of range  
Over time, your life seems to veer  
It seems to become increasingly clear  
That life tends to mimic what's read on a car  
What recently seemed to be very far  
You now realize was actually near  
Objects in the mirror are closer than they appear

## On Running Out

---

*by* Sydney Lantrip

Is there any time of night  
Where I am the only one about?  
Is there any?

And what could I do if I found it?  
What would I do about it then?  
I have no answers if there's any.

All I know is I am tired of always being tired  
And always being one step too late  
To the days of my own creation

There is never any time  
For the time I need to take  
There is never any

Place of peace, or peace  
For one who prays  
I often wonder

In the deep corners of the evening  
If it ever stops  
For just a moment  
Running out



***How Far I'll Go***  
Photography  
by **Jenna Chambers**

***Tranquil as a Forest,  
but on Fire Within***  
Photography  
by **Jenna Chambers**









***Beautiful Memories Never Fade***  
Photography  
by **Isabel Micheal Del'Acqua**



***Good Morning, Beautiful Day***  
Photography  
by **Isabel Micheal Del'Acqua**

## Souq Waqif

---

*by* Sydney Lantrip

In this corner of world—where stone and light and shelter blend  
On pulled, carved edge, and Castle is Casual  
I think of you

I didn't think I would, but air and light and this drink in my hand  
My new friends, beaming—My heart desperately detached  
I've nothing else to do

I imagined traveling would put my mind far and far and away  
No such luck, I'm afraid. Even still, I'll walk the market  
And wonder what you're up to

A slip into a gallery, and a tune floats through my head  
We are dancing on the ceiling like that film—I still beg you to see  
Though it will not make you think of me

And I know now what Rimbaud really meant when he said: "No  
one's serious at seventeen"  
I am twenty-one now, and still haven't felt serious  
Only wished I could be

Here now though, in the market, The Souq Waqif,  
I snap a photo to send—knowing it cannot tell you  
All I wish it would



***View Between Walls***  
Photography  
by **Isabel Micheal Del'Acqua**

## The Fence I Built

---

*by* Clifton Voigt

All my happenings come to pass  
inside the fence I built  
all showers, sufferings, and showcases  
all glory, grief, and guilt

how to dispatch word of events  
inside the fence I built  
its gapless pickets taunting me  
its peak unreached on stilt

with each day past, I loathe it more  
inside the fence I built  
confected from words of those who bore me  
onto me their ideas spilt

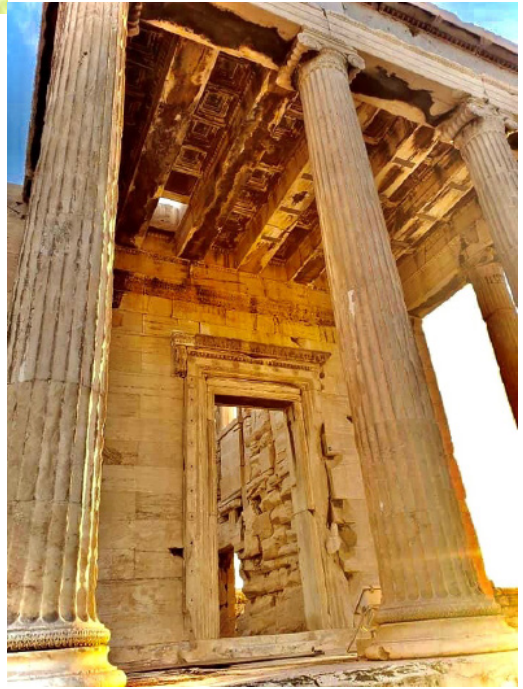
the labor spent dismantling  
the hefty fence I built  
costly but so pivotal  
now reduced to silt



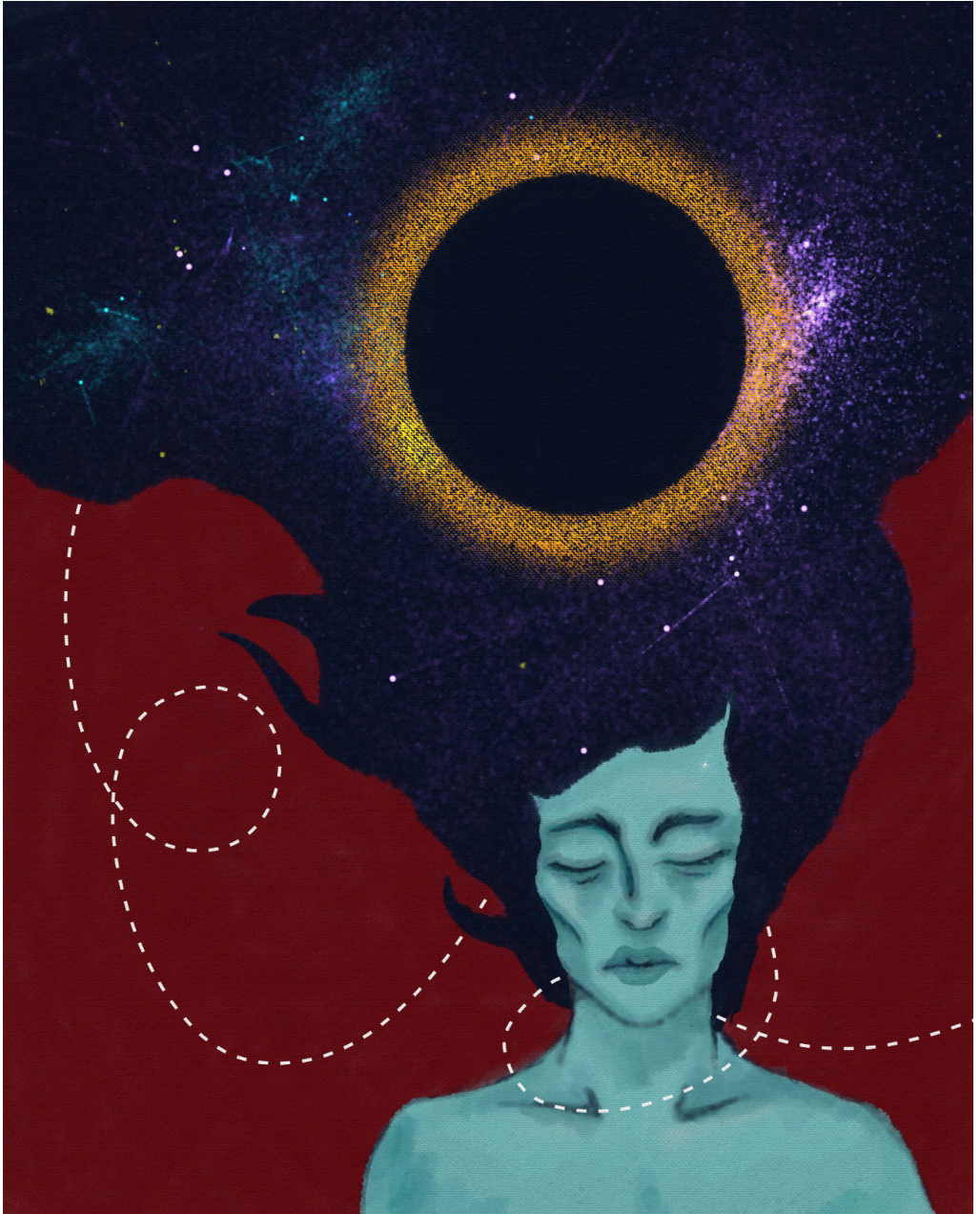


***You Never Knew You  
Never Knew***  
Photography  
by **Jenna Chambers**

***Certain as the Sun,  
Rising in the East***  
Photography  
by **Jenna Chambers**







**Alecto**  
Digital  
by **Jenny Barrow**

## Tartarus

---

*by* Jenny Barrow

*30 September 2270. 4:43 a.m. Standard time.*

Felt a puff of cold before the alarm which means something is stuck in the vents again. Sent a snake through to clear it out.

Going through the old poetry books. Better reading than my systems reports by a theoretical margin. I can hear the life support turning on. The generated report will be waiting in my office when I arrive. We'll never run out of report paper. Only everything else. I've seen enough paper for the rest of my life (which I assume will be short), but I can't remember what trees look like. Never had much of an imagination.

My son, whom men and deathless gods adore,

Bend thy sure bow, whose arrows never miss'd

No longer let hell's king thy sway resist;

Take him, while straggling from his dark abodes, He coasts the kingdoms of  
superior gods.

I imagine I have six months left of soybeans. Or less. Might just shut the oxygen off before then and save some time.

**Freda Moreno, Facility Manager.**

By company records, it had been 247 years since the groundbreaking of the Tartarus facility, 246 years since it was deemed unprofitable, nine years since management was entrusted to an economist named Reno and six months since she began

slowly starving to death.

Pluto, the little planet with a big moon, was a vain target for a resort colony. The terraforming required to attract investor-tourists would be more expensive than simply continuing on to more temperate worlds outside the system. But, the sentiment remained. Dim as it was, the same sunlight reaches Pluto that reaches Earth.

That was important to some people, but for Reno, it was work. She was born on Earth but didn't remember it or ascribe any meaning to that biographical detail. Earth was just another facility, a place to set your clocks by. A glorified compass. She didn't remember the trees grown in satellites attached to the flooded blue planet, only training in its black orbit for a career in infrastructure. Her career was, now, keeping the lights on in *Tartarus* as an investor opportunity. If her clocks could be trusted, it had been a very long time since the last probe had passed by to collect her reports on the facility's upkeep. Ready or not, she kept the records sharp.

The facility's energy source was self-replenishing; the life support systems were the first to be installed by the nonprofit that built the original structure, and were well-maintained by Reno's various predecessors. The atmosphere regulation and plumbing would remain on unless Reno decided to shut them off and subsequently die. The communication system was destroyed before her firm bought the property, but she didn't mind. The cut wires and smashed metal were just another curiosity that she no longer had the energy to acknowledge. The electronic panels, were they not sliced with jagged scars, would waste electricity that was needed elsewhere.

Better that no one could call and give her orders for the sake of exercising authority. Her aptitude test, taken at the edge of the galaxy with her brothers and sisters in the firm, read, "Self-motivated; suited to solitary tasks." She had always worked alone, not that she'd ever been offered a choice.

Reno's energy source—that is, the botanical gardens that supplied her food and supplemented the atmosphere system—were in a condition somewhere between the life support (fine; well kept) and the communications (not fine; purposefully destroyed through violence). There was no room in the firm's budget for a botanist, only an economist. So, the economist managed the gardens with the same approach she used for everything else: cost-efficient and without a lot of warmth. This technique had, unfortunately, killed all but the most tenacious plants. Even those sturdy soybeans were losing faith and threatening to die.

For eight and a half years Reno began every shift with a disinterested flip

through the literature she'd been left for entertainment and a journal entry detailing the previous night's annoyance. Her Standard-time clock buzzed to signal that it was time for a walk in the dark from her cabin to the office. She turned on the lights and readied the facility for visitors with the distant and clinical suspicion that her firm had sent her here to die. Then, one morning—5:45 a.m. by the clock that ran her hours either too fast or too slow—she saw something that made her want to live.

One side of the facility was lined with windows, actual windows, not augmented reality screens that could be changed to show projections of the future terraformed resort. Those would have been brought in later, had the project not been abandoned. Investors could watch their resort homes appear on the artificial-turf projection in real time, to see what their investment could purchase.

When Reno was first installed as manager, she spent her free time kneeling in front of the windows, watching the distant sunlight reflect off Charon, Pluto's massive, imposing moon. She was waiting for the delivery of the rest of her staff: her botanist, her doctor, her engineers, her secretary, and her sanitation crew. Perhaps some more comfortable furnishings. They never arrived; she stopped kneeling at the windows. She barely took notice of the most recent visit: a private craft that landed, saw the branding on the building, and kept moving.

***29 December 2270. 4:50 a.m. Standard time.***

It's fortunate we still have the firm branding on the façade. The threat of retribution works as well as a security system. I guess.

Hell, I don't even have a gun.

I saw something outside. Color and movement. I think it saw me.

It's got to be time to clean the windows. Always liked doing that; takes all morning and makes the glass look like a miracle. Got to keep my facility clean in case investors want to tour the site. No plastic grass, but the moon is a sight. I can get ahead on the rotation.

**Freda Moreno, Facility Manager.**

She brought out a ladder and the mask and chemicals she used for shining the glass, and, as always, started in the top left corner and moved across and then down. As she worked she imagined what it would look like when a delivery craft arrived with more supplies and staff. Her garden was meant to be ornamental, and the preserved supplies she'd been dropped off with were never meant to last this long. Surely the firm knew that. Someone would come.

Nothing moved outside the windows, and Reno turned her mind back to business. She walked every morning in the dark, turned on the lights, and visited the garden more frequently than usual. The last of the soybean plants were nearly dead, leaving only a variety of preserved seeds that Reno was meant to grow but didn't know how to plant. At one point, someone had tried to grow pomegranates here, for their color. She thought maybe that's what the preserved seeds could be. Rather than leave them in the grave of her last food source, she put the seeds in her pocket and began carrying them around.

What she had seen outside impressed upon her, after so many years, that she was completely and hideously alone. A numb panic set in, like slowly waking from a sedative, and every day her desire to see movement outside the window became more desperate. She told herself that she was hallucinating due to her diet—which was almost nothing—and tried to return to work. Turn on the lights, check the life support, clean the facility. She began to neglect the cleaning of the windows. The once-pristine field was smudged from where she knelt in the dark and pressed her face and hands against the glass, looking for movement that would tell her she wasn't dead yet.

A botanist on staff could have told her what was growing lush on the other side of the window, where she warmed it with her face and hands. An engineer could have warned her that it was getting inside.

It started growing around the vents, and in the seams in the walls and ceiling. At first it left a pink smudge, like bloodstains, and then began to grow into a bubbly red mass. It dripped down the walls everywhere else in dark, fleshy rivulets. The only place it couldn't reach was the airtight botanical garden.

Reno reluctantly pulled herself away from the window and finished her morning walks, which were growing slower and more drowsy as she spaced out her meals of preserved rations. Then, when she realized she didn't have the energy to go all the



way to the office, her morning walks became a morning amble out into the hallway to lay on her side and stare into the black void.

As the growth on the window began to resemble a face and hands, Reno called it *the maiden*. It was a lonely and delusional name for an infection, but she wasn't sure if *fungus* or *mold* or something else was any more appropriate. She began to talk to it, which was about as satisfying as talking to her own reflection.

She told it about her early life and books she liked to read. She reached out and touched the window where the face-shaped smudge looked down at where she was starving on the floor, and began to drift off. As she let sleep take her, she took some comfort in the mass growing and bubbling where her hand was near-frozen to the window. Oh yes, she thought. It's growing on this side, now.

### ???. ??? *Standard time*

Revenge our slighted reign, and with thy dart Transfix the virgin's to the uncle's  
heart.

No feather better pois'd, a sharper head

None had, and sooner none, and surer sped.

He bends his bow, he draws it to his ear, Thro' Pluto's heart it drives, and fixes  
there.

She opened her eyes and kicked her legs, flailing in confusion. She was still on the floor, lying on her back, and she was not dead. The overhead lights illuminated a figure kneeling over her, nearly pressed into her face. The fluorescent aurora around the translucent figure gave the impression of a glowing angel, resplendent. It was the maiden. She looked like someone had tried to coax a woman from memory out of the globular red substance on the wall, with clear gelatinous eyes and an open, mucilaginous mouth.

"I'm not dead yet," Reno gasped, but couldn't substantiate that claim by getting up and running. Instead, she reached up and dug her fingers into the maiden's glutinous shoulders and pulled herself up to the creature's face. It had been a long and cold nine years in exile on *Tartarus*. Reno clung to the maiden hungrily and pressed a desperate, frozen kiss into her lips. "I'm not going to die alone."

To her distant surprise, she wasn't consumed, or dissolved, or infected with radioactive poison. This was much worse. She pressed her tongue angrily into the maiden's mouth, and was met with a strange and exhilarating taste and texture. She almost thought the maiden was kissing her back. When she let go and fell back against the floor, she had red flecks on her tongue.

*Now you can hear me.*

"What," Reno said, now unable to look up at the thing she'd just given an awful kiss. She was afraid that if she looked up the maiden would still be there, viscous lips slightly parted in satisfaction. Was this creature—her maiden—real? A physical being, sapient? She had meant to kiss her hallucination and then die feeling sorry for herself. Self-pity was the only company she'd ever had. She wasn't accustomed to any other kind.

*It's very cold. I'm very hungry.*

She heard this voice very clearly in her head. It was pleasant and musical and exactly how Reno imagined the maiden would sound if she hadn't been talking to her own reflection in the window.

*Get up. I'm hungry.*

"I don't have any food," Reno said. "Wait a few hours and eat my corpse."

*You aren't dead yet.*

Reno remembered the frozen seeds in her pocket and pulled them out to tip ungraciously onto the floor. The maiden took them and ate them like you would sample sweets; Reno remembered someone telling her a long time ago that if you ate the seeds of fruit trees a tree would grow inside of you.

*Continue your languishing,* the maiden said, and Reno saw stars again as she watched the creature stand. Was she being spurned, after all this? She wasn't even worth killing?

*I will be right back.*

Reno rose and fainted again in a dehydrated limbo between life and death. She vaguely heard the maiden instructing her to open the sealed door to the last surviving botanical garden—if it could be called surviving—and she poorly explained that she couldn't let any infection inside. The maiden dragged her gingerly to lie in front of the garden door and left to return with a bottle of water.

“You could almost be human,” Reno whispered, hoarse. “What do you want with the garden? I killed it, and all the other gardens. If the firm wanted *Tartarus* to last they would have sent a gardener. They didn’t, though. They’ve forgotten about us.”

*Us.*

“You must have been stuck to that private ship and followed the warmth in here. That’s a shame. There’s no way out, now. I’ll show you,” Reno said, and pulled on the retracting lanyard on her belt. She unclipped a plastic card and pointed it towards a blue scanner on the sealed door.

The maiden took the card in her glob of a hand and pressed it into the scanner. The garden door opened just like it had every time Reno had come in here to wait for a miracle. The atmosphere generators hummed soothingly and sprinklers uselessly misted the dead soil as Reno slid herself inside, across the muddy tile.

She expected the creature to take in the state of the failed garden and resign to eating a human corpse, but the maiden stepped into one of the empty plots where Reno was supposed to grow the ornamental trees. The soil was still wet and fertilized because Reno didn’t know how to turn the irrigation off. The maiden dug her feet into the soil—her facsimile of feet—and Reno realized they were not feet, but roots. She watched flowers she couldn’t name sprout and blossom around the maiden’s legs, now made of wood, and when she looked up she saw the verdant boughs of a young tree.

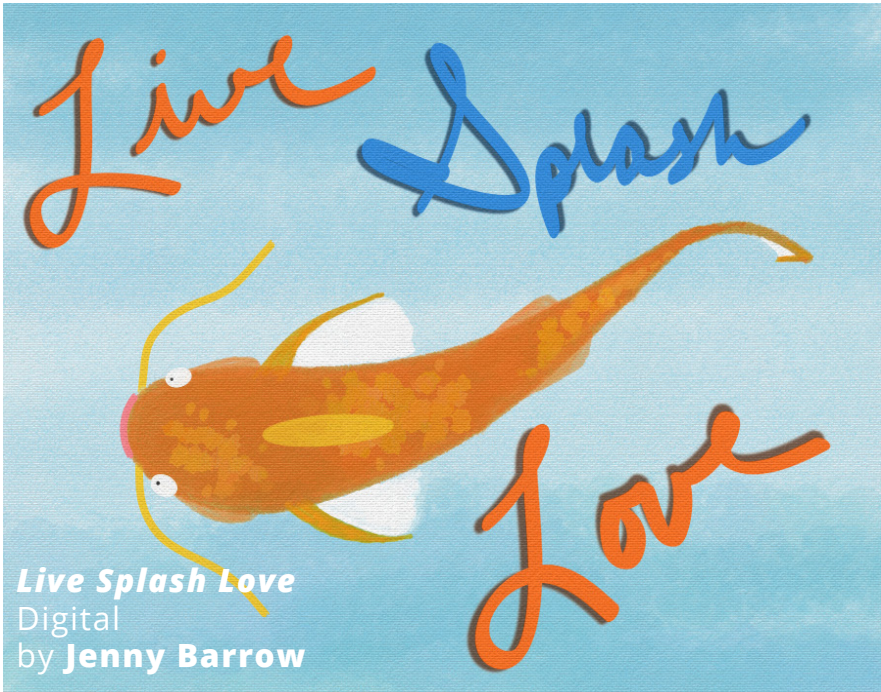
*It isn’t so cold in here,* said the tree-maiden. A red fruit fell from her branches into Reno’s open palm.



**Space Suit**  
Pencils  
by **Logan Phipps**



**Vessel**  
Pencils  
by **Logan Phipps**



**Live Splash Love**  
Digital  
by **Jenny Barrow**



***When You Wish Upon A Star***  
Digital  
by **Jenna Chambers**



***No Other Place I'd Rather Be***  
Photography  
by **Isabel Micheal Del'Acqua**



***Gondola***  
Photography  
by **Kristen Todisco**





*The Flower that Blooms  
in Adversity*  
Photography  
by **Jenna Chambers**



*Reflection of the Clouds*  
Photography  
by **Kristen Todisco**





***Caged Bird***  
Photography  
by **Kristen Todisco**

## October 14

---

*by* Alysha Drummond

You were...Phenomenal.

And that is just one word to describe you.

There is no specific word to use because you were all of them.

Loving.

Caring.

Kind.

Blunt.

Outgoing.

Quiet.

Open-minded.

Stubborn.

Shall I go on?

I can only attest to the memories you have stamped in my mind.

Memories I have forced myself not to forget...

Because forgetting seems easier than remembering.

Though I can't forget about you.

If it was possible to have one of you on every corner,

Maybe the world would be more pleasant.

Or kinder and more loving to the strangers that passed by.

I say in my mind "I miss you" because that is the only way to place my feelings at this time.

Imagining days without your heartfelt smile...

Seems like an ongoing dream. I was forced to wake up.

I was forced to face reality and actually feel.



If I failed to feel I am afraid I would forget.

Not intentionally...

I would forget because remembering seems to be a more difficult pill to swallow.

So,

I am swallowing.

I am attempting to get this oversized, rigid, nauseating pill down far enough to digest...

Though I can't.

I can't stomach it all at once.

It is impossible to chew.

Grieving alone.

With a bottle in one hand,

Tears in the next...

So much as this has become a cycle.

I admire the little things in life.

I never realized how much those precious moments meant.

I enter into an instant daze as I reminisce.

As I hear your voice once more...

A tear begins to form.

I fight back trying to be strong-

but it seems like I am losing muscle mass daily.

As I hear your voice...

I remember you will always be a part of me.

A dream I wish would end...

Though this has become my reality.

I question why?

Why did it have to be my aunt?



***Blossoms in Bloom***  
Photography  
by **Isabel Micheal Del'Acqua**



***The Paradise We Call Home***  
Photography  
by **Isabel Micheal Del'Acqua**

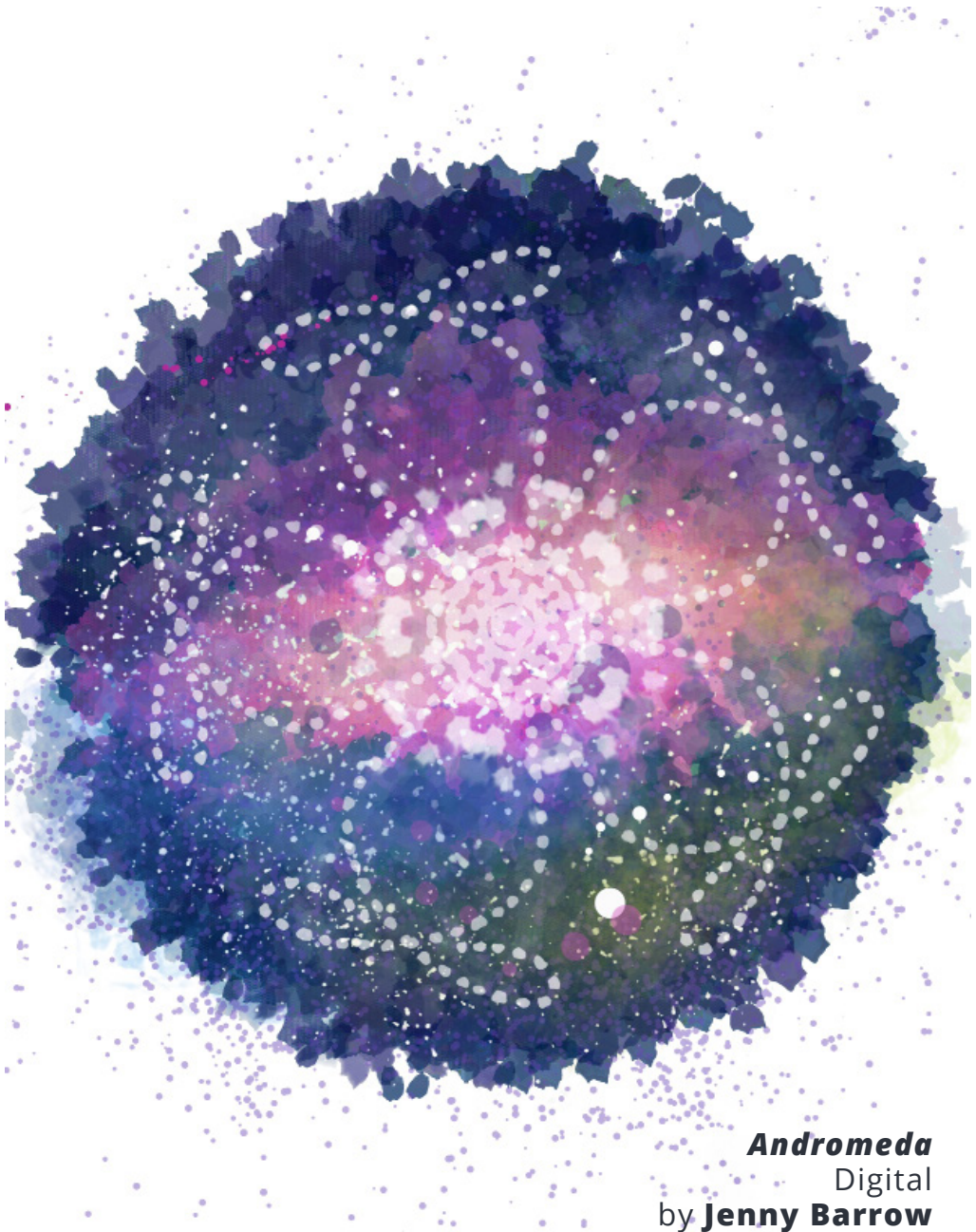


***Under the Sea***  
Photography  
by **Kristen Todisco**



***Lights on the River***  
Photography  
by **Karlee Gotshall**





***Andromeda***  
Digital  
by **Jenny Barrow**



# Faith

---

by Jenny Barrow

This is about

Trust (emotion)

God

i think  
others are

skeptical of

us

i

trust in  
you

[Epistemological validity]  
*"justification of faith"*

*justification by faith*

There it is  
i

need to determine some  
truth  
all truth

by way of  
you

i  
make  
our  
sickness

holy

[blackout poetry; from wikipedia]

# Seaswells 2022

## Contributor Biographies

**Abigail Seals** is a North Dakota-born aspiring poet and novelist, focusing mainly on contemporary fiction. She has been writing poetry for five years and just recently began the process of writing her first novel.

**Alysha Drummond** is currently a senior at the College of Coastal Georgia, majoring in Psychology. With their degree, they plan on becoming a mental health counselor. They have been writing poetry since they were ten years old. They have since self-published two chapbooks titled *Scattered Thoughts* and *Selfless*. In 2021, they were hired as the Senior Editor for Inkshed Publishing LLC.

**Clifton Voigt** is a second-year American Studies major at the College of Coastal Georgia. He hopes to continue into law school upon completion of his degree. He was inspired to write this poem by his American Literature professor Emily Boyle.

**David Brockway** wrote "Fear & Panic" after researching the various moons of the solar system for an Astronomy class. It was not an assignment, but he earned extra credit as his professor enjoyed the application of a poetic structure to a scientific phenomenon. Though his major is Interdisciplinary Studies, he really enjoys creative writing.

**Isabel Micheal Del'Acqua** is a senior at CCGA, majoring in business, with a concentration in accounting. One of Isabel's favorite hobbies is photography. Photographs hold such value to her, as each one represents a snapshot of a memory that can be passed on forever. Isabel also loves offshore fishing, diving, and weight training.

**Jenna Chambers** is a senior in the CCGA BSN nursing program. They are the BSN Co-President of the CGANS club. They haven't had free time in two years, and if they do they usually cry themselves to sleep while studying until their eyes burn (nursing school). They like to take pictures, paint, bake cookies, make t-shirts and tumblers, doodle--pretty much anything creative whenever they can!

**Jenny Barrow** is a writer from Darien, Georgia, and an Interdisciplinary Studies major at the College of Coastal Georgia. Their prose has been featured in many anthologies and zines. They hope to pursue a career in publishing after graduation. Jenny enjoys cosplaying and playing Dungeons & Dragons.

**Karlee Gotshall** is from Kingsland, Georgia, and is currently a biomedical major at the College of Coastal Georgia, with the dream of earning a Doctorate in Physical Therapy. In her spare time, she enjoys crocheting blankets and toys for

loved ones, reading different genres of fiction and nonfiction books, and walking around Crooked River State Park with her family and furry friend, Charleigh.

**Kelsey Shadron** is earning a bachelor's degree in early childhood/special education at CCGA, and they plan on teaching elementary school art. For as long as they can remember, they've had a strong passion for art and art history; it's how they express themselves.

**Kristen Todisco** is currently a senior 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 photography. On her time off from work and school, she travels, taking photos from all around the world.

**Landon Davis** is 18 years old and has lived in Southeast Georgia his whole life. He is elated to be attending CCGA this year. Being the first one to graduate from college in his family, he's beyond thankful for the opportunity to present his work. His thanks also goes out to Dr. Kwasny who supported him through writing this and pushed him to show others a glimpse of his story. He hopes his personal narrative speaks to readers in the ways he intended.

**Logan Phipps'** inspiration for these two pieces came from open-ended one-word prompts during Inktober. In "Vessel," the ship is trapped with no escape, unsure how it got there and no clue how to get out. "Space Suit" portrays an astronaut, staring at the moon, with no connection to a shuttle. The moon is visible in the reflection of their visor because true freedom is lonely, and the moon is uninhabitable, a beacon of loss. He attempts to portray emotions and stories

in his work even though they look simple and unfinished. He uses only pens when he draws because mistakes make art, and if every mistake is erased, then it's a photocopy.

**Makhi Laveau** was born in Miami, Florida, in 2000. They enjoy drawing mostly and don't paint very often, but they hope to improve in painting when their drawing skills reach a certain level. Their hobbies include testing their skills against other artists, studying the work of professional artists, and practicing their drawing skills.

**Mallory Boyd** is a sophomore math major at CCGA. She is an active member of several clubs including the Psychology Club, the Gender Sexuality Alliance Club, the Mathematics and Data Science Club, and the Performing Arts Club. Despite majoring in math, she has always enjoyed writing and expressing her creativity through words.

**Sydney Lantrip** is a twenty-one-year-old American Studies major. They are an Airforce Reservist who recently returned from deployment in Qatar from July 2021 through January 2022. They love reading, writing, studying cinema, and collecting comic books.

**William Ellis** has been writing ever since they were nine. They can remember their teacher making them write everyday in fourth grade, and they kept going. Writing just came naturally because it was about describing the world around them. They love expressing their thoughts in a thought-provoking way, and writing is that outlet. They hope to write a book one day.



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# *Seaswells 2022*

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