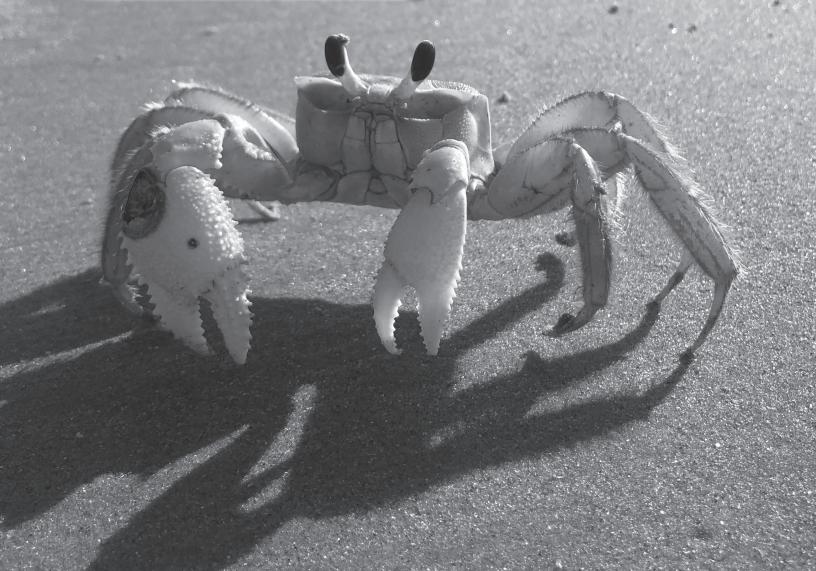
Seaswells 2019

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.

Volume 53



- Welcome to Seaswells 2019 -

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. This student-run print journal is a collaborative effort between JOUR 1000 students, Seaswells club members, our faculty advisor, and students across a range of majors and backgrounds who contribute their work. Copies of the journal, which are funded by student activity fees, are free for students and community members. In order to broaden connections beyond our campus, we also produce the online literary-art journal *High Tide*, which accepts submissions from undergraduate students throughout the nation, all members of the Golden Isles and surrounding communities, and all present and former CCGA students, faculty, and staff. We select pieces for publication based on originality, technique, purpose, appeal, and themes that emerge from the submissions we receive.

Seaswells conducts four contests each year: the Barr Poetry Contest, the Seaswells Art Contest, the Seaswells Photography Contest, and the Austin/Garner Prose Contest. These contests are open only to currently enrolled CCGA students, who can submit up to three entries in each contest between 9/1 and 12/1 each year. Entries are judged anonymously, and cash prizes total \$1000. All

contest entries are considered for publication. Students may also send up to five additional general (non-contest) submissions in each category between 9/1 and 2/14. General submissions to *High Tide* are accepted on a rolling basis. Typically, we publish no more than six total pieces per contributor, per issue.

All submissions must be original, previously unpublished, and must include a bio between 50 and 75 words, written in third person.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 and High Tide both serve a critical function as a gathering ground for artistic modes of thinking. As Edward Hirsch, poet and 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."

Meet the Seaswells 2019 Editors



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.



Hello! I'm **Kristen**, a psychology major here at CCGA. My main passion is working with kids, and want to become a counselor to children and youth. Though I've always wanted to pursue psychology, I have a love for reading and writing. I'm also a proud cat mom.



Delance Walker is a man who views everything in life as equal. He doesn't judge on what you are or who you are, but he accepts anyone in any way, shape or color. He loves to tell his stories by either drawing or photography, but most importantly, he just wants to be understood.



Keith Leonard Smith is a true devoted fan of fictional works of art in the form of a nerd/geek hybrid spirit trapped in an athlete's body — but is preferred to be known as the proud author of an original series which he hopes will become a best seller one day.



Hello, I'm **Willie Vaughn**, a MOWR student from Jesup, Georgia. My strive for educational promise brought me to CCGA, but my passion for writing guided me to *Seaswells*.



C.H. Hooks is the author of the novel, Alligator Zoo-Park Magic (Bridge Eight Press 2019). He is a Lecturer at the College of Coastal Georgia. "I was proud to work with the students of CCGA to help produce the Seaswells 2019 issue."

Meet the Seaswells 2019 Judges

Barr Poetry Contest Judge



Kristin Robertson is the author of Surgical Wing (Alice James Books, 2017). Her poetry appears recently or is forthcoming in Ploughshares, The Southern Review, The Threepenny Review, The Gettysburg Review, Harvard Review, and Prairie Schooner, among other journals. Winner of the Laux/Millar Poetry Prize, Kristin has received scholarships from the Sewanee Writers' Conference and Squaw Valley. She is an assistant professor of English and creative writing at Tennessee Wesleyan University.

Austin/Garner Prose Contest Judge



Megan Volpert, who grew up in Chicago and lives in Atlanta with her wife Mindy, is the author of eight books on communication & popular culture, including two Lambda Literary Award finalists. Additionally, she regularly writes for PopMatters and Atlanta INtown. She holds an MFA in Creative Writing from Louisiana State University and has been teaching high school English in Atlanta for over a decade & was 2014 Teacher of the Year. She edited the American Library Association-honored anthology *This assignment* is so gay: LGBTIQ Poets on the Art of Teaching. and co-edited Tom Petty & Philosophy

Art Contest Judge



Dustin Harewood is from New York City, and was quickly introduced into the arts at age 7 when he became a junior member at the Brooklyn Museum. Later in his life, his parents moved the family to Barbados where Dustin attended high school, and it was there he received his "first true perspective on culture." He moved back to the U.S. where he received his Bachelors from North Carolina Central University and his Master of Arts at North Carolina Greensboro. Currently, he is a Professor of Art at Florida State College of Jacksonville.

Photography Contest Judge



Romanian-born and raised Galina Juliana Coada is an Atlanta-based photographer specializing in photography for architects, interior designers, the architectural products industry, and commercial spaces. Her iournalism studies abroad allow her to weave a compelling visual storyline with her captivating architectural images, from large structures to the smallest detail photos of consumer products. Possessing a keen understanding of light and its interplay with buildings, she captures creative and dynamic imagery of both stylish residences as well as commercial structures. Her digital art is published in Veranda, Dwell, Modern Luxury, Milieu, Trends International, and Atlanta Homes & Lifestyles, among others, and some of her clients include Mack Scogin, Merrill Elam, Tishman Speyer, JLL, Mercedes Benz, Whole Foods, White Good, Keune International, Rohl, Staffan Svenson, Traci Rhoads, Pineapple House Interior Design, and Scott West Architecture.

2019 EDITORS' PICK/STAFF SELECTION JUDGES

For 2019, Seaswells editors made individual selections in the categories of Art, Prose, Poetry, and Photography. These are marked as Editors' Choice Selections.

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Catch Seaswells in 2019

Seaswells Gallery & Reading

April 5, 2019

Time: 11:30 a.m. - 1:30 p.m

Location: Campus Center at College of Coastal Georgia

And



April 6, 2019

Time: 10 a.m. - 3 p.m.

Location: The Village Green in Beach Village

Jekyll Island is pleased to announce its second annual book festival. Designed for all book-lovers, the festival line-up will include a mix of author presentations, meet-and-greets & signings, book and retail sales, and family-friendly fun.



On Le Chapeau (1999) by Michèle Cournoyer

FIRST PLACE Austin/Garner Prose Contest

Judge's comment, page 54

by Whitney Johnson

I was first introduced to the animated short film Le Chapeau by Michèle Cournoyer through a guy that I was casually seeing in grad school. "I really think you would enjoy this," he said. "It reminds me a lot of your work." Needless to say, I did end up having a great appreciation for the piece, even if I was left wondering about his use of the word "enjoy" and whether or not he thought I may have been sexually abused as a child.

The emotional impact of this film is hard to avoid, perhaps more so if you are watching as a person all too familiar with the psychological trauma that results from any sort of physical or situational trauma, from degradation and dehumanization, from damage inflicted on one person at the hands of another, or many others. The seamless transitions and transformations the anguished cry from girl to woman, cause to effect, innocent to "in control," vulnerable to vulnerable and back again—create the picture of a psyche all grown up and very much shaped by the trauma inflicted upon it. Because, regardless of how successful one thinks they have been at reconciling (or repressing) their demons, that internal back-and-forth never really goes away but is merely numbed.

At least that is how I relate to it. And why I envy it. I am not an animator, and thus when the need in me arises for catharsis, for a violent revolt in being, for a breakdown to identify all of the parts and put them on display, I tend to use a lot of words and try to create a live-action equivalent. Even if it were possible to create a live-action doppelganger of Le Chapeau, I doubt it would be as successful in representing this unseen reality: the damaged psyche of a fictional character with very real counterparts—

although, not Cournoyer herself.

I did not learn the origins of Le Chapeau until recently reading the chapter on Cournoyer ("Where Memories Breathe Darkness: Underneath the Hat of Michèle Cournoyer") in Chris Robinson's book Unsung Heroes of Animation. Finding out that such an emotionally charged piece was "selected" (as in, Cournoyer chose to portray the unsettling issue of sexual abuse—of a child) and created out of some sort of feverish dream (or dizzy spells and agoraphobia) was a bit unexpected. Cournoyer's talk of "raping [her] brushes... taking the speed of an urgent rape" and writer Chris Robinson's description of the piece as an "ambivalent endless rape"—a bit violent (and disturbing in relation to the subject matter, you know: the rape of a child). I would not necessarily consider any of this a con, though. I am happy that "she was born" and "her parents liked her." And there are plenty of great (female) artists whose inner demons, whatever their source, have been much greater than anything life could conjure up. Cournoyer rid herself of her own reality, wholly embodied this tortured persona, and approached her demons in alternate form.

However, my own demons do beg to question: why would anyone choose to so severely empathize with the pain—before, during, and long after—of such a trauma? Thinking in my own familiar terms of the video art medium and the psychological drive to reflect on one's histories and memories, there is a historical use of the medium and all that goes along with it—the reliving, writing, voicing, acting out, editing, objectifying, audience, consumption, aftermath—as therapeutic tool and. By all outward appearances, it has the

conditions of narcissism without being wholly narcissistic. The trauma being reflected upon by Cournoyer in Le Chapeau are culled from figments of other people's realities (real or imagined), yet they are taken on so feverishly as if they were her own. A purging of ills—they are dark, cold, and very real... for someone other than herself.

Perhaps, this seemingly heightened ability to

empathize through animation is the antithesis to the seemingly narcissistic conditions of (liveaction) video art. Psychological associations are not only projections of the viewer, and the claustrophobic invasion of self through sight, sound, and mind is shared equally with the other. Representation begets identification begets participation. Death of the subject, death of the author, death of the narcissist.



FIRST PLACE
Seaswells Art Contest

Judge's comment, page 54

Still Life (Vanitas)
Oil (16" x 20")



Sidney in the Fog by Kassidy Dickerson



A Sea of Grey by Cody Haynes



BEST OVERALL PHOTO Seaswells Photography Contest

Judge's comment, page 54

"12° 06′ 17″ S 76° 49′ 17 "W"

by Hunter Groce





EyesWatercolor (8.5" x 11")
by Kiersten Tompkins

Awaken

by John Menechino

Colors clash and the breezes blow Tell me, do you know where you are? Can you feel your mind melting?

In this world, ignore your status quo Submit to your desires you left ajar Thoughts incoherent, your senses overflowing

Take control now, do not stay in limbo

Dreams are filled with the bizarre

Deluged desires left unchecked can be

overbearing

Take my hand, and let go of your ego
Wake up from this endless repertoire
And now, you are free from your
entrapping



The Woods of Contemplation

by Gregory Graham

"It's all my fault," I said through misty breaths, bundled in several layers and a heavy coat. He turned his pointed ears toward the golden grass fields, his ginger fur wavering with the chilled breeze, his unfazed eyes scanning the horizon vanishing beyond the shriveling forest leaves.

"More of your melodramatic tales of love and despondency?" The cat grumbled as he sauntered toward the darkening path at the focal of the forest. I followed.

I remembered last year, the holiday season was a time of childish fantasy. I was enchanted by Christmas songs and nights spent wrapped in a throw sipping warm tea. I felt this invincible jauntiness at my lips and my feet. I loved people with tenderness and vivacity. I hoped this year would be similarly as mesmerizing. That my words and my pen would take flight as it did detailing so many beatific moments and wishful dreams. But today, as I buried my shivering nose from the acerbic cold, I gazed down the path of dark ahead and realized that though my pen might scribble words of sentimental seduction, it would be of this cold abyss I have suddenly surrendered to.

"So tell me, did a bee wonder into your abode this time or did you venture into his hive yourself?" The cat pawed carefully through the dense foliage peering at its minuscule details like a bespectacled psychologist. "Was he the winner of your adulation or the victim of your rapacious longing?"

"It is hard for me to say." I murmured sheepishly.

"It won't be hard for me to find out," his sharpened pupils scrutinizing each insect and leaf we passed.

I met you in a place in between life and death. I had surrendered to nature's inimitable scheme sheathing both shield and sword before her wisdom. There I let the wind blow me as I acquiesced to whatever storm lay at its eye. In a way I had grown complacent to this acceptance of life as it is, no matter how dreary, but somberness had become a home I ensconced within for emotional comfort.

But then I met you and suddenly the effort to move against the current seemed a pleasure—just to see you smile. So I did for a day, allowing for this temporary suspension in a state of elation, knowing yours was a warm dream I would never be able to sleep within. But the next day, as I turned back toward the maelstrom, you halted my movements and addressed my small existence, just to make sure I was still smiling. And that changed me.

I have often fallen into a love's dream with both eyes closed to the distant ground and the not so distant truth. Then I realized that love is not only won by effort or character but by the grace of God meeting the generosity of Nature. Yet your effort and your character surprised me every time, when it was not only I chasing you but you reaching out to me, which shrouded my mind all over again. For how could I begin to scrutinize before an impalpable truth—the small words you chose to share with me, a person so faint and

ravished by bitterness and despondency?

And though I realized this does not denote a promissory of your affection, you confided in me all of your greatest dreams and darkest nightmares. Your experiences that so closely mirrored my own psychology inevitably bridged a connection between us unlike any other. So now why am I wondering into a cascading darkness with this noble, feline Virgil attempting to enlighten me once again?

"I see here what I always see when we venture here—a vacuous plague that devours the mind and leaves you tethered to the dusty floor." The cat addressed my illness in a perfunctory way, having seen this all before. "It is what you bring here that feeds the darkness. So what are you bringing here?"

I surrendered to a sordid impulse within me, because I was so excited to see you. We talked about a future, you and I, and my thoughts—intoxicated by your friendship—spoke of a greed for you as old as time. Your trust visibly vanished by my own doing and perhaps you realized the illusion I maintained was indeed as porous as any other fantasy. And this deadly vice became the magnet that sucked away my pride and integrity to be displaced by a guilt and sorrow so consuming, I found myself here in this forest scrapping away at the dirt to remember who I am.

"As subatomic particles gravitate toward each other to reach a state of equilibrium," the cat professed, "So will you when drowned in an abundance of vices or starved by the absence of pleasure find yourself pushed toward the very object you so ruthlessly abstain. You've cursed yourself and accepted a doomed fate, and now wonder here so far from the joys of the light. And the ghosts of the night will keep you here until you understand why you're here in the first place."

"I feel lost, I feel shame, I feel guilty. It is my sins that keep me stranded here."

The cat turned me with clarity in his eyes.

"But it is not those things that keep you here. You have simply lost sight of the truth."

"Which is?" I asked him.

"You have to see it for yourself."

He turned away and vanished into the night. Then as time passed and the night had darkened to its utmost, a small flash of a simple thought came to me. Though our faults may stay our feet on the path toward happiness, to remain within a circle of self-pity will only perpetuate a grief that can only teach us for so long. But redemption might be found when the truth comes to light. So in that moment, I felt a warmth kindle a light within my heart, illuminating the dark forest. By contrast, my own light revealed a resplendent display of nature's beauty, guiding me back to the sugars and spices of the world that showed a small but significant portion of life's wisdom. Then I saw the truth beaming so brightly in the boisterous sunlight, and I felt free.



BEST COMPUTER-ENHANCED PHOTO Seaswells Photography Contest

by Ben Platnick

Judge's comment, page 54

Rattling Truths

Yellow streaks of light speed past

As the bus pushes onward

I move my hands too fast

You don't seem to mind

Our exchange of stories smooth

We both hate that song

I want to tell you the truth

Maybe you wouldn't mind

But what does honesty mean
In this valley where we live
To find the in between
Oh what I wouldn't give

We are one and the same
Playing our good kid parts
I'm tired of the game
And I think that you are too

The glass panes rattle without remorse

The seat we sit on shakes

And I'm staying right on course

You're just not ready for me

So take off your glasses

Let's sing the stupid song

Sing until this passes

Maybe next time won't be wrong

FIRST PLACE Barr Poetry Contest Judge's comment, page 54

by Travis Lantrip

A Dialogue for a Dream

by Willie Vaughn

"Hey." "Yeah? "Do vou ever dream?" "Uh, like, as in a goal?" "No, no. I mean when you fall asleep." "Oh, right. Uh, I like to think I do. But when I wake up, I don't remember anything. "Why did you ask?" "Do... do you think I'll dream?" "O-oh..." "I know it's a loaded question. I just need to know." "I... I don't know what happens." "I don't want to just stop. I don't want to stop thinking. I don't want to stop being who I am. There has to be something right?

I've never been where you're going. I don't want to leave you with false hope. I can't tell you what you want to hear, because I'd be lying to the both of us. I can't lie to you, I just can't. I'd like to think that you stay you. I'd like to think that nothing really changes. But I don't. So I can't tell you."

"Will I be remembered at least?

"I don't know..."

"Did I matter?"

"I don't know..."

"Why can't you know?

"It's something I'm not capable of knowing. I don't think anyone can."

"I... I don't want to go. I don't want to be nothing..."

"I'm sorry..."

"Don't be. I'm just looking for an easy answer. But this isn't easy. How would anyone expect this to be easy?"

"I guess that's the point. Everything leads up to this one moment. A moment of confusion and sadness. But ultimately, I think we need to accept the unknowable."

"Come on, please. Just tell me there's something."

"But I don't know. How am I supposed to know?

"I don't know "

"You're right."

"I can't tell if you mattered. I can't tell you if you'll be remembered. But I know you mattered to me. And I won't forget you until the moment I'm exactly where you are.

"Thank you. I think that's what I needed."

"Needed for what?"

11 11

"Hey?"

"..."

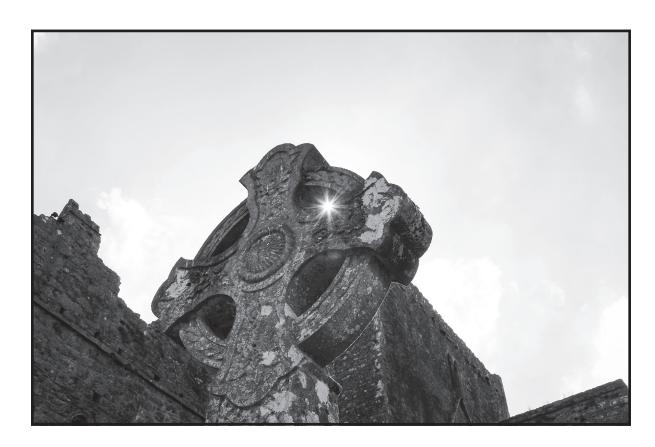
"Dad?

"...

"I guess that was it..."

"…"

"Are you dreaming?



Missing Someone

BEST BLACK & WHITE PHOTO Seaswells Photography Contest

by Cody Haynes

by Devin French

At the end of a the busiest road, in a small paper town, lies acres of land cleared of long leaf pine, largely undeveloped except for a few sporadic buildings and a small funeral home. The driveway filled with washouts from a heavy season of rain. The façade is a simple alabaster with six large faux roman columns that have no purpose other than a leaning post for smokers. Inside is filled to the brim with family grieving and consoling one another over the unexpected loss of a loved one. Most are older gray haired ladies; the stereotypical southern grandma's that walk around and offer candy to everyone; this time, lifesavers – of all things.

The small talk is accompanied by the smell of carnations and White Shoulders. There are not enough shoulders to cry on for the mother that has to bury her only daughter. She blames herself and no one can tell her any different as she twists and twirls her daughter's hair through her fingers.

"I could have done more. I should have been there for her."

Tragedy never comes alone.

Her son, usually as stoic as Michelangelo's David, has held himself together to arrange the funeral. Yet, upon seeing his little sister, crumbles. He arrive early to make sure she was presented in the best light, and was well-prepared with a grooming kit that fit snuggly in his inner coat pocket. He keeps a distance from his mother. He could try and comfort her yet he knows it isn't worth the effort. He knows how his mother is and

the flow of outstretched palms must be obliged.

She feels she lacks purpose.

Unemployable because of an injury, her two kids have flown the coop, and often alone because of her bipolar depression. Before he left for college, he left her a gift.

A purpose.

As the crowd slowly dies down, you can hear distinct conversations. Sounds are amplified by the acoustics of the vast room. Eula Mae and Marge, who have sat in the middle pews asking each other about kin, but refuse to introduce themselves, begin to close in on the mother.

Vultures.

"I knew she was going to act like this", sharped as it's spoken.

"She acted just like this about that dog."

She was the best gift she received, a small puff of whitish blonde fur. Her son let her keep her while he was away at college, yet never had the heart to take her back upon his return. Her four paws touched the so soil lightly as to not get muddy. She was spunky and protective for eleven years - this was her fatal flaw.

She loved the fact that Lucy followed her everywhere, especially now since she had to use a cane for her twisted ankle. Though only a few moments of a day, it ended with the loss of her purpose. Three large Rottweilers had escaped from a backyard just around the bend in the road. Malnourished as you could see every rib and where it connected to their spines. Brave though

small Lucy distracted them. Time slowed down as she watched her baby's fur float up from between them.

A gunshot sounds.

She scoops up what's left.

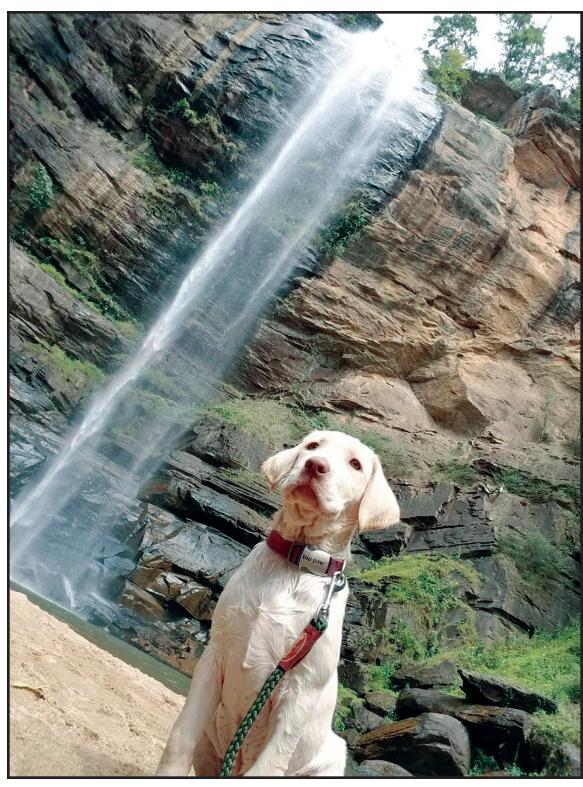
A few months later, we find ourselves here. Listening to these two rip her apart.

The talk caught the ears of many and silence filled the rest of the room.

They were oblivious to the quite.

As the night turns dark the coffin is shut.

The sun will no longer graze her face. A mother is unwilling to let go. The rest of the family sits in the foyer to wait. Her son, who has not found the words to say to his mother to comfort her, goes back in to retrieve her. A few minutes pass and they emerge faster than expected. In the pocket of his blazer two silver loops gleam. In her hand a locket of her daughter's hair.











Mother Earth

by Olivia Clark

Sometimes when the sky evolves
Into this dark gray,
thicker than anything I have ever seen
I feel as though I am home
When I look up to that powerful sight
On the verge of bursting open like an ominous piñata

It changes something in me
I want to scream and cry and run
I want to run away, never stopping
Not until my feet start to bleed
I want the tears to pour down my porcelain face
It's too much sometimes, all the time
To feel everything, all at once

I need to break something
Shatter it into a million tiny pieces
Maybe then, something will feel how I do
Mother Earth is my one true friend
She doesn't want me to suffocate like they do
Its easy to feel so alone in this world
At least she is there to hold me up

Emmeline by Ashley Carlson



High Tide

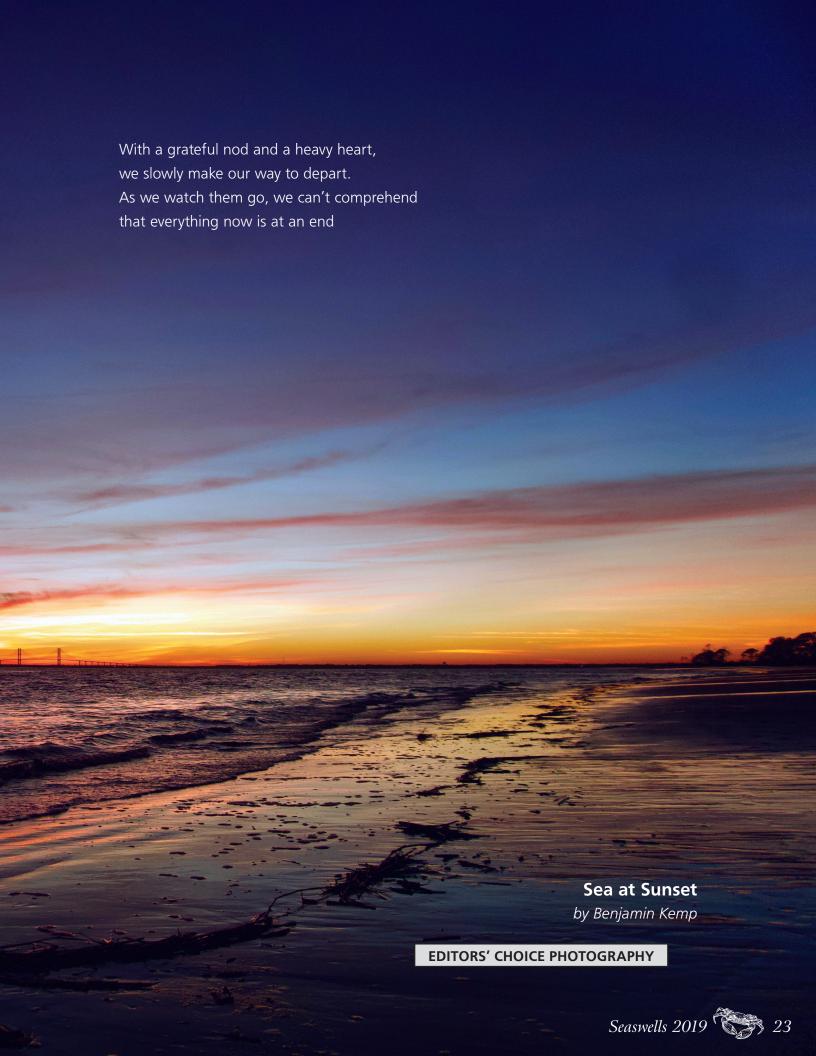
by Mackenzie Buck

As we walked down by the sea, thinking of all we could be, our footsteps stopped; we looked around and saw our footprints on the ground.

Darkened seas and cloudy skies, they sit to watch our silent sighs as we journey to the sea and realize we can never be. Trying to start in this place anew, minds and feelings all askew.

This storm that's brewing will be undoing through the sand and to the viewing.

Streams of tears as they fall, tiny rivulets in effort to stall the pain we know will come and go that only the people like us know.



No Better Teacher

by Willie Vaughn

You lay there depleted with all hope diminished. Your goal in sight, never to be finished.

Alone without a single savior, Left with the everlasting sense of failure.

It stands there the most shameless of reflections, A reminder of your countless limitations.

> Standing tall, it looks down upon you. Its face a mystery, an unreadable hue.

But it's comforting in a strange sense. Having one recurring factor in these events.

Among the endless conflict, A feeling of inadequacy remains strict.

However, it fills you with anger. A familial wall stands between you and what you hunger.

You want to tear it down piece by piece, So you can have peace of mind, a tranquil cease.

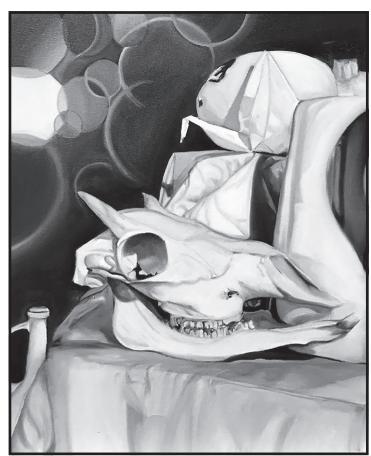
This releases you from your own self-pity. Motivation rejuvenates your mind once gritty.

Like a phoenix, you rise from the ashes. Hope surrounds you and fills your leaking gashes.

You stand tall, primed to act once more. To have victory in hand, that's what you're fighting for.

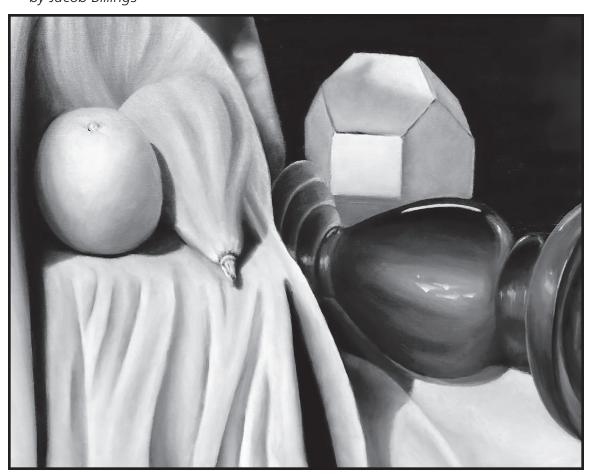
You reflect and recognize you have much to learn. But that knowledge is something you must earn.

You're grateful for this adversary you must beat, Because there is no better teacher than defeat.



Still Life of Skull Oil (XX" x XX") by Lauren Holman

Monochromatic Still Life Oil (16" x 20") by Jacob Billings



Are you a boy or a girl?



by Eniyah Chatman

"Are you a boy or a girl?"

There once was a girl who goes by a name, I won't mention

Her parents thought her wearing tennis shoes and white tees to cover up was a cry for attention,

Every time she'd look in the mirror, she would break down at what she seen

Horrified by her short hair, small breast, and strong jawline she struggled with since fourteen,

"Are you a boy or a girl?"

Walking down the aisle of the store seeing little kids point and stare

"Mommy is that a boy or a girl?" they'd whisper as if she were deaf or couldn't hear,

Trying to fight back the tears and the urge to break down

But see she didn't because it had been happening since she was a little girl on the playground,

"Are you a boy or a girl?"

The image society portrayed that girls can't like blue or boys can't like pink

Brainwashing us into only believing what they think,

Just because you don't have long pretty hair or big voluptuous breast you weren't "pretty enough"

As if being a woman having to follow gender roles weren't already tough,

Or just because you don't like playing with toy trucks or action figures you will never be a "man"

No one should be able to choose your gender all because you don't like superman,

Gender roles are pointless and are only there to try to stop us from being who we want to be

Please stop letting this messed up society tell us we can't be free,

The only difference between a boy and a girl is the parts we have below

So no.

No, the hell you cannot ask if anybody is a boy or a girl,

No matter what they wear or what they look like

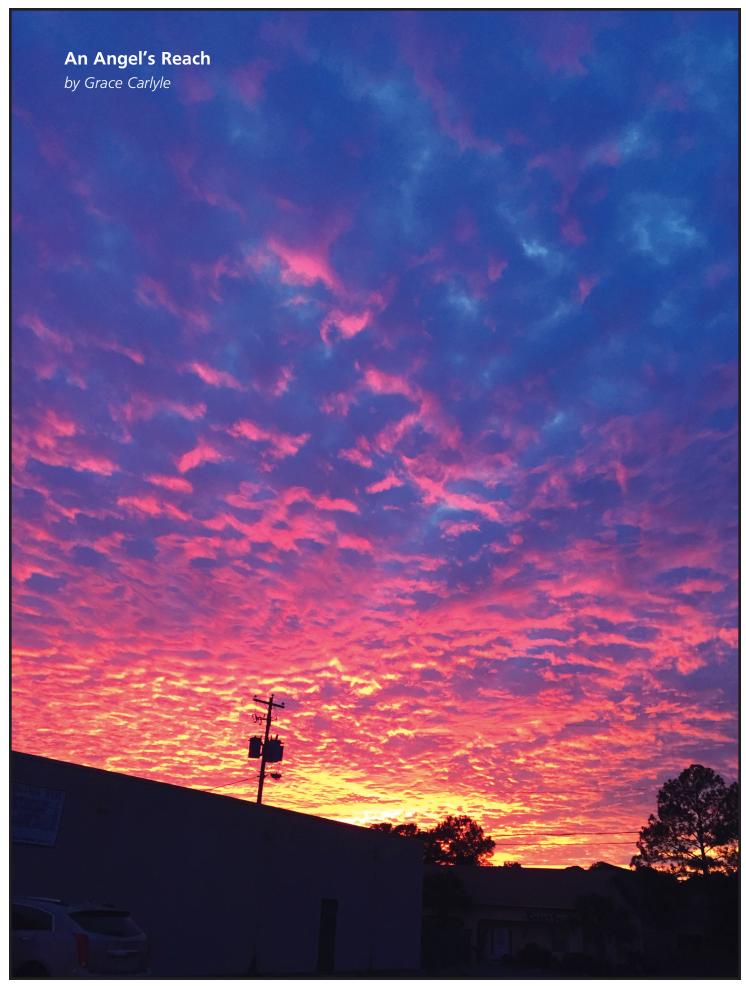
No matter if she is tall and he is short gender should not be determined by height,

Make sure to think about this the next time you decide to ask someone "are you a boy or a girl?",

Just remember our gender is not a life sentence or something we can control

Because the only thing that displays is the gender stereotyping society exposed.





Aprils Fool

by Whitney Johnston



Judge's comment, page 54

□ I bet you were a beautiful baby □
 Did you know that it took me one month to

smile for the first time?

The innate survival instinct of an infant—
The appearance of happiness in exchange for attention.

It may have started before this but this is where I'm starting...

April 1, 1986

Went to hospital 5-5:30pm. Went into delivery 7:50. Had you 8:26pm. You weighed 6 pounds, 2 ³/₄ ounces. Had a head full of black hair. I had a C-section. Held you for the first time 3:45am. [Mom]

April 2, 1986

Felt pretty good considering. Nursed you for the first time. You are beautiful.

[Mom]

Sometimes I wonder whether my memories are real.

Sometimes I wonder if I have convinced myself of things that have happened. Sometimes I remember things that are all too real, And I can't stop remembering them.

She remembers:

At two, her father would leave them to do drugs and be with looser women.

April 1, 2009

I hope your day is a great one. I am sure you will make the most of it. It would be nice to be able to see you some time. Sorry I've been such a bad dad.

Miss you, love you, take care, Dad

At four or five, her father would kidnap her for a day. (This would be one of the few times her mother would come to save her.)

May 15, 2009

Tell your mom I said thanks. Are you two getting along? I seem to sense a little tension between you.

—Dad

At 13, it would not be the first time a man had hit her, but it would be the first time her father did—a backhand to the face for being distant. (Her mother would ask, "What did you do?")

April 1, 2012

Happy birthday. I continue to be proud and amazed at your accomplishments. Please consider opening up to me a little more, and more often. I miss you and always have you in my mind.

Love, Dad At 16, her father would attack her in a group home. She was young, and she had dreams, and he didn't like that. (Her mother would shrug, "what can I say?")

April 30, 2012

Congratulations. It looks like your perseverance is paying off better than you, or anyone, could have imagined. It would be nice to see what you are up too, even if you don't want me to be a part of it. It is the fear of a recurrence of the past losses that tend to lead me to isolation. And then there's this "procrastinators of the world unite......tomorrow".

Enough of my lunaticy.

Love,

Dad

April 8, 1986

Get to go home. No more headache! Left hospital at 5pm. You slept through the whole thing. You were a little fussy when we got home but are settling in now.

[Mom]

This has all just been a test of endurance. Now comes the time for self-preservation.

July 23, 2012

I was a little surprised that I never heard another word from you. I can only hope that one day

you will grow past your anger for me before it's another phone call to say "goodbye".

—Dad

I can explain everything away until it becomes excuses.

My lingering longings of youthful experiences. But I don't need reasons or explanations of actions...

November 12, 2012

I think it's finally clear on where I will always stand with you. Once again nothing from you about my birthday, it was my 50th this year.

Take care of yourself,

Collin

I was not made to walk with you forever.

Believe me when I say that there is no safety in numbers.

We are born alone, And I will die alone.

Nov 22, 2012

I'm sorry. I know I wasn't a very good mom for you growing up. I did a lot of messed up things. I really am sorry, and I will keep trying to make it up to you.

[Mom]

April 24, 1986

Smiled back for the first time.

SECOND PLACE Barr Poetry Contest

Judge's comment, page 54

Spaghetti

by James Carpenter

Strange red good oozed across the ceramic,
Making its way past large, starchy rods.
An unfamiliar scent wafted up to the boy,
Who exclaimed, "This is no food fit for gods!"

A poking and a prodding was given.

The wet noodles shifted, wiggling, in response.

Hesitant and afraid, the boy retreated,

Every inch the picture of lacking nonchalance.

For this new form of sustenance was indeed so strange,

It had unsettled him greatly and profoundly.

That which he was so used to consuming,

Was now just a memory remembered fondly.

"Eat your spaghetti," mom chided.

The boy couldn't believe what was happening,

He couldn't help but feel blindsided.

The makeup of this 'food' was baffling.

Nothing like this was what he so cherished,

Those familiar white grains of yore,

Eaten with anything and everything,

His only ever concern being getting more.

But that was all from a time before.

This land of plenty had new things to try,

Wondrous, life-changing things were they.

So, for now, to rice he had to bid goodbye.

Cautiously was that first bite taken,
Slowly gathered up upon his utensil,
A small quantity consumed with reluctance.
To eat more of this, the boy thought, "I never will."

But changed his mind did as he took that first bite,

His tastebuds coming near to exploding,

The experience nearly sending him into flight.

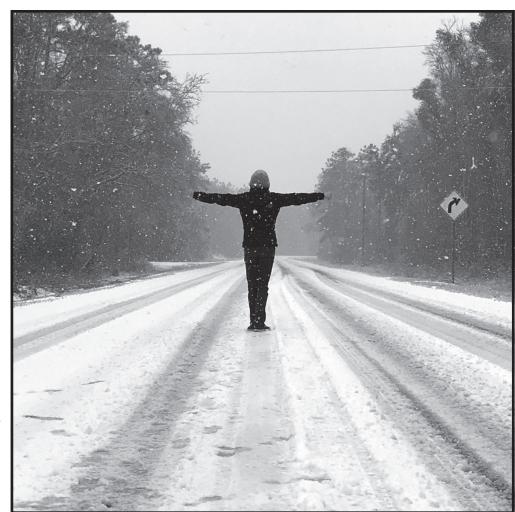
This land was new, this land was good,
and it seemed everything would be alright.



BruisingOil (16" x 20")
by Jacob Billings



Winter Wonderland by Hunter Groce



First Snow by Zachary Kabler

Sunset on Venus

by James Carpenter

SECOND PLACE Austin/Garner Prose Contest

The hot winds whistled beneath the creaky metal platform the man stood on, the thick gases constantly moving, the clouds seeming a veritable sea beneath him.

Sea. Heh. Like those seas of lava we used to avoid as kids. Only this is real.

He stood there and gazed at the world around him. It was hot, but not unbearably so, with the temperature sitting at a balmy 118 degrees fahrenheit. The sun shone down through the lighter cloud coverage above. Great shades of orange filled the man's view, to be expected considering the atmospheric composition. The horizon was like a painting of the most breathtaking sunset to ever happen on Earth, the colors intermingling and blending together in awesome ways. It was beautiful, a glorious sight few men had seen in person, and would now likely ever see.

The man despised it. He loathed it.

A disgusted grimace twisted his face. Grunting, he got back around to the duty he had tasked himself with when coming out here.

Soon, a great weight was lifted from the man's shoulders as the burden he had been carrying was released into the seething void. It was not long before it was obscured by the clouds and vanished from view; forever.

The man gave a sardonic, half-hearted salute. "It seems you actually will burn in Hell, Henry, or, at the very least, the next best thing."

With that, the man turned on his heels and strode away, back towards the main complex

of the floating station. His boots made a steady *klunk* sound against the platform as he moved. He sighed as he entered the airlock, removed his oxygen supply apparatus, and peeled off his protective covering from his sweat-covered skin.

"Six down, one to go."

SLAM. The airlock exit shut. A hiss sounded from all around as the hallway was oxygenated, there soon after seeing the entranceway to the main concourse of the complex slide open.

The final corpse was still bundled up in the quarantine gear it had been wearing in life, collapsed near the stairwell and leaned against the wall. 'Johnson' read the nametag on the baggy orange suit. Johnson had been one mean, cantankerous sonuvagun, but it was bittersweet to see him go. He may have been the person the man had liked least, but he had also been the last person besides the man himself to be alive on the station.

With a flick of the wrist the man checked his watch. *Hour 5,824, day 243*. The skies still held their bright orange hue as the Venusian day drew to a close.

"Screw it." Enough had been accomplished today in maintaining the base and disposing of the vast majority of the corpses. Johnson could be taken care of later. God knows Johnson would have left the man himself to rot for some time before taking him out. The only issue was that Johnson's body was possible carrying whatever the other bodies had fallen to.

The mess hall was located to the left of this central area. It occurred to the man that he was not only tired, but starving as well. Lugging around and throwing away diseased corpses sure does get a man hungry, but he was extra hungry. He began to make his way over to the hall in order to fulfill this newly noted need for sustenance.

Banging a refrigerator door open, the man rummaged through the icebox contents, simultaneously enjoying the cool air; he had begun to sweat again despite the temperature controlled nature of the base. Much of the contents were starting to go bad if they had not already; no new supply mission had arrived in months, not since the quarantine had been imposed, and it was less and less likely one would ever return. Rancid chicken, moldy cheese, chunky milk; all would have to be disposed of and never replaced. The vast majority of future sustenance for the man would have to come from dehydrated and dried foodstuffs. But while there was still some of the Earth-food still enduring, he might as well enjoy it.

Eventually, his hands landed upon a still sealed frozen dinner package. "Hungry Man Country Fried Chicken" read the packaging. That suited the man just fine, for that was what he was: a very, very hungry man.

Tearing open the cardboard box, the frozen meal itself was extracted, its plastic covering peeled away, and placed inside the dingy, splatter-stained microwave. He set it to 'Hi-Heated' and stood as the time ticked down on the cramped seven-segment display. It was during this time that the man heard it—a shuffling noise.

He whirled around, hand and fork poised to strike as a makeshift weapon, but there was

nothing there. The cafeteria was empty. Slowly, cautiously, he made his way to the entrance, peeking around the corner; Johnson's limp body appeared not to have moved an inch from its earlier position next to the stairwell.

"Cabin fever already getting to you, bud?" he murmured to himself. What he had heard must have just been the air settling. Johnson hadn't moved, and there was no other living organism on the station besides the man himself now. But he had heard it, he was sure of it; there had been what sounded like footsteps.

Turning back as the microwave sounded its sharp, whining beeps to let him know his meal was ready, the man shook his head. He was just getting lonely, that was all. The sudden loss of the only people he had known and been able to communicate to for the past couple years was just now starting to seriously affect him after that initial burst of practical activity. God only knew what had caused those men to suddenly die, and if it was any sort of sickness from Earth that could possibly spread to him, the man wanted no part of it; disposal was the wisest course of action he could have taken at the time.

Steam rose out of the microwave as he retrieved his meal and sat down. Immediately, the fork stabbed into the country fried steak and separated a bite; it nearly burned his tongue as he placed it into his mouth, but he was just so goddamn hungry. Unusually hungry, actually, when the man thought about it. More hungry than he had ever felt in his life. He worked his way through the microwave dinner greedily.

As he wolfed down forkful after forkful of unhealthy, processed, months-old Earth food, the

man's eyes drifted towards the cafeteria entrance.

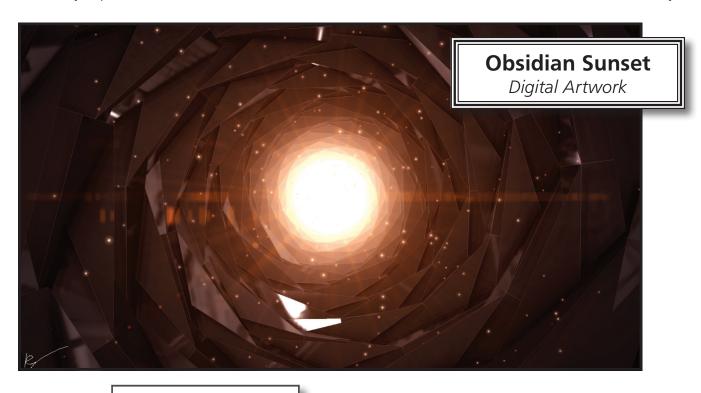
Orange. That was the first thing to register in the mind's mind; he had seen a flash of orange, the very same color and material the protective suits on the station were made of. His eyes traveled further up the doorframe, only to be greeted by the ghoulish grin plastered on the grey, haggard, hollow-cheeked face of a helmetless Johnson.

The man jumped backwards out of his seat.

He blinked. There was nothing there.

Inhale, exhale. Inhale, exhale. The man took several deep breaths and then sprinted to the counter, throwing the drawers open and pawing through them with abandon, tossing items every which way. Finally, he seized upon what he was searching for: a sharpened chef's knife.

He scrambled and took up a position along the door frame, knife in hand. Once again, he peeked out and into the main concourse; Johnson's body



by Ben Platnick

SECOND PLACE Seaswells Art Contest

Judge's comment, page 54

remained limp against the stairwell, suit, helmet, and all.

Nervous laughter sounded from the man as he lowered his knife. *Christ, pull yourself together, man.* Inhale, exhale. Inhale, exhale. This time, he calmed himself. *Just a trick of the mind, that's all.*

The food was gone, and the man felt suddenly

tired and weak; a headache was coming on. It was time to rest and partake in sleep. When he awoke, the first thing he would do would be to dispose of Johnson's body.

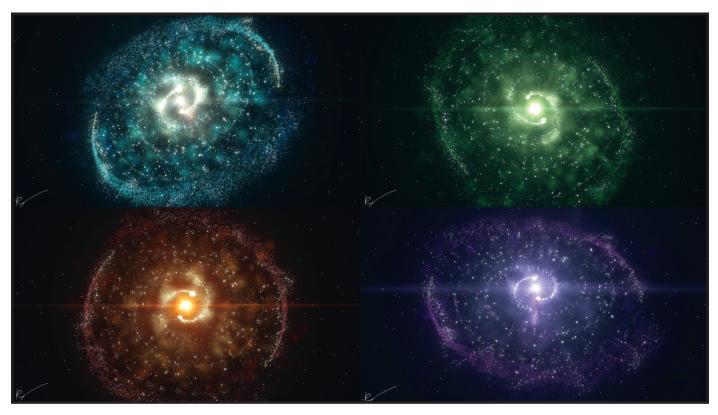
Hurrying up the staircase on the far side from the corpse, the man made his way to his quarters.

As he hopped into bed and pulled up the covers, it occurred to him that not only was his head hurting and his body tired and sweating, but that he was still starving. There was little time to ruminate on

these thoughts before unconsciousness seized him.

BANG. BANG. BANG.

The man startled awake. Sweat drenched



A Collection of Final Frontiers

Digital Artwork

by Ben Platnick

his body; his clothes stuck to him like glue; he shivered. Had he just heard harsh knocking on his door, or was his pounding headache simply thunderous in its strength?

BANG. BANG. BANG.

That time he heard it; someone was knocking at the door. Someone was knocking at the door.

The man was nearly paralyzed with fear. He didn't want to answer that door, not even for a free ticket back to Earth. In fact, he found it difficult to move at all; it was as if, during the night, all the strength had been sapped from

his body. He felt warm, and he felt cold. He was drenched in sweat, but his skin felt like paper. What was happening to him?

BANG. BANG. BANG.

The knocking sounded again.

BANG. BANG. BANG.

Again, and again.

BANG. BANG. BANG.

Again, and again, and again, the knocks thundered. The man couldn't move, couldn't bring himself to do anything.

BANG. BANG. BANG. BANG. BANG. BANG.

The knocking stopped. There was silence. The man waited. And waited. And waited.

A muffled groan echoed from outside the door. The man caught himself before a whimper of fear could escape.

Five seconds passed. Then ten. Then thirty. Silence, followed by a shuffling, followed by more silence. More sweat poured off the man's body in droves.

More time passed. Seconds stretched into minutes, and minutes stretched into what seemed like hours. The only groans that were heard were of the station itself being buffeted by the winds of the orange world of Venus. It was during this time that the man thought. What scant rationality remained in his fevered brain did permit him to realize that he had indeed failed in avoiding whatever infection or illness had taken the others on the station, but thoughts beyond that were far from rational. In this fevered state of mind, the man concluded that not only was he ill, but that Johnson had made him ill, because whatever had made the base ill was now Johnson; Johnson was the enemy, and Johnson had to be eliminated. Thus, the most reasonable course of action was to not be afraid, but to go out there and dispose of Johnson.

Eventually, the man could move again; the pounding in his head faded to a dull ache, the torrent of sweat slowed to a trickle, and his muscles were once again capable of their intended function. Tossing aside the covers, he jumped from the bed and nearly collapsed before regaining his balance and ceasing the wobbling in his legs. He took a few tentative steps and established he was serviceable for what he now

intended to do.

The knife was taken from the nightstand. The man felt lucky for it to have a rubberized grip, lest the sweat in his palms cause the rudimentary weapon to slip at a most inopportune time.

He took a few deep breaths and prepared himself. He rushed to the door and burst it open, knife held out in an offensive stance. The man was greeted by nothing but silence and the rays of the setting sun streaming in through the few viewports that existed in the main concourse.

Horrible as he felt, he stumbled out into the hallway and scouted out the area. Nothing.

The perspiration that collected on his brow trickled down and stung his eyes, forcing him to blink. It was then that he saw a flash of movement outside the viewing port adjacent the airlock.

Johnson.

The man scrambled into a protective suit and raced out the airlock in an attempt to pursue the evil creature that had caused him so much fear. In his fevered rush to the airlock it was not apparent to him that there remained slumped next to the stairwell a humanoid form.

Once outside, what did become apparent was that the heat of the air and insulation of the protective suit were not conducive to making him, a sweaty, feverish, sick man, comfortable. There was nowhere for the sweat, the moisture, the heat, or any of it to go. His visor began to fog up, and it became hard to see. This was compounded with the fact that the sun was starting to go down, the sky beginning to darken.

His vision was impaired, but his hearing was only inhibited by the material of the helmet. The

man decided that he would locate his quarry by sense of sound. He closed his eyes and waited to be alerted to the enemy. There was creaking, there was groaning, and then, the sound he was waiting for. A shuffling sound.

He yelled a bloodcurdling battle cry, swinging his knife blindly. The thing was out there, the thing that was out to kill him, and so he had to kill it. So certain was the man that the harbinger of illness was out there that he stumbled forward so much, flailing his knife at the vague moans and echoes he heard, that he tumbled right off the edge with a yelp of surprise.

He tumbled down, down, down, the last man

on Venus, toppled by the same microbes that had toppled other men before him. For however big the man was compared to the lifeforms that had brought about the end of the human experiment on Venus, his mind simply could not compete with the disastrous effects brought about by the illness the microbial life caused. In the end, the man and his weapons were inconsequential compared to the hallucinations and other symptoms that composed the arsenal of the microbe.

The sun sank in the Eastern sky. Venus would not see the sun for another 243 days, and it would be a much longer time before man chose to see Venus itself once more.



SunriseDigital Artwork
by Ben Platnick

A Note Lacking Importance

by Travis Lantrip

Her fingernails haunt my dreams

Holding me captive in the lies

We dared to call normalcy

Why didn't it hurt me

To let you go?

My breeze bites at her calves

Nothing more than futile attempts

To freeze this moment forever

Why do you get

To hurt so much?

Our sun melts the love

We forged with each other's pain

Emotions end where peace begins

No further questions



Wisdom

by Darius Hammond

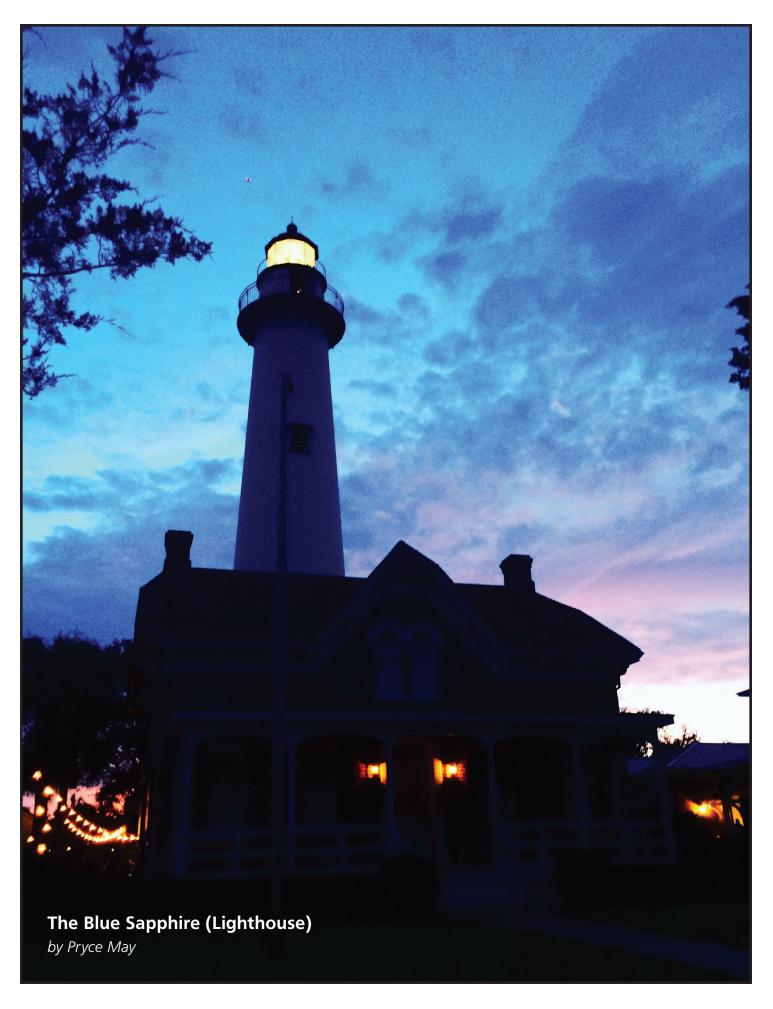
You're my rock
You're like the soil to the plants
If you had a price I'd be broke
You make life more intense

You're my guide

You're like water to the human body

You're older than the hills

You're my resource for my rivalries

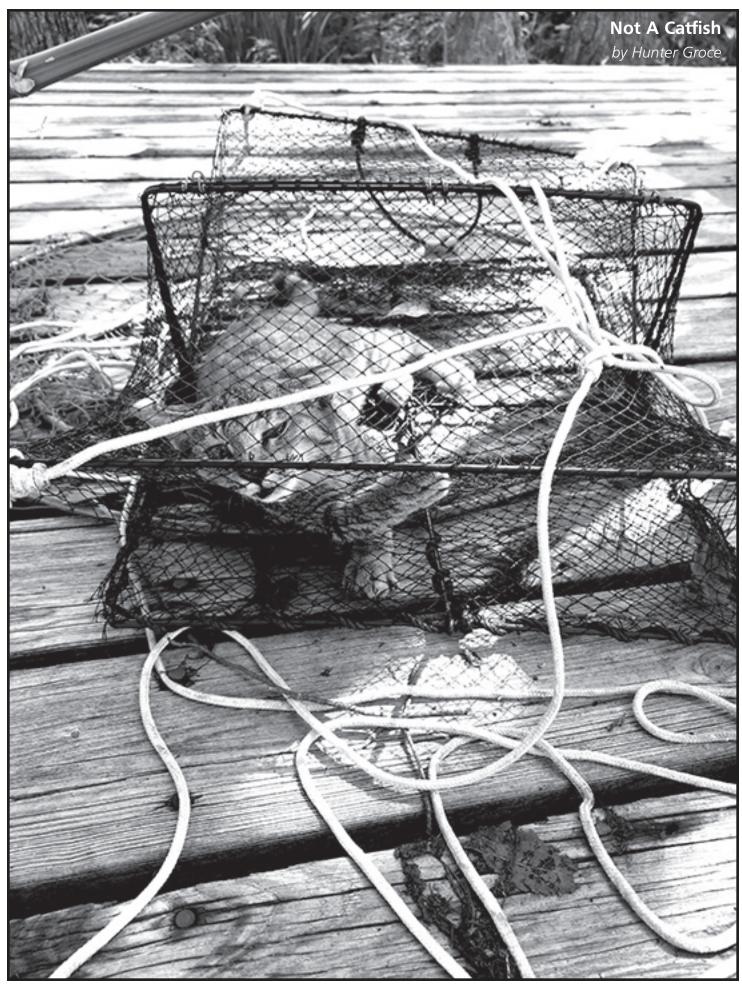


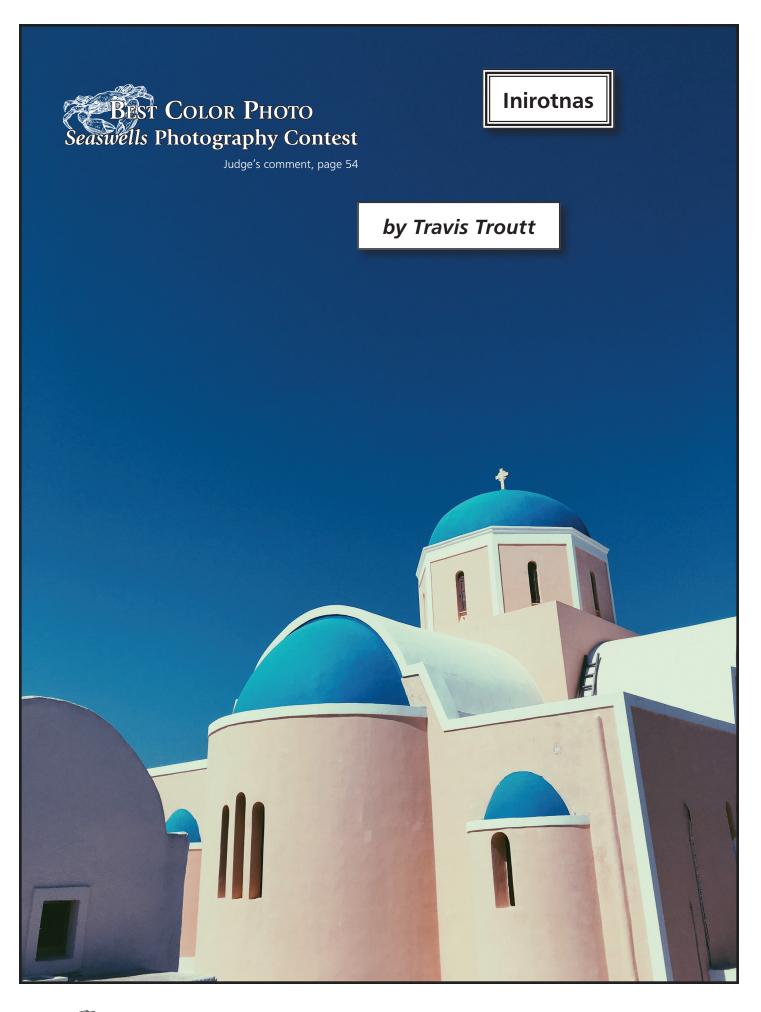




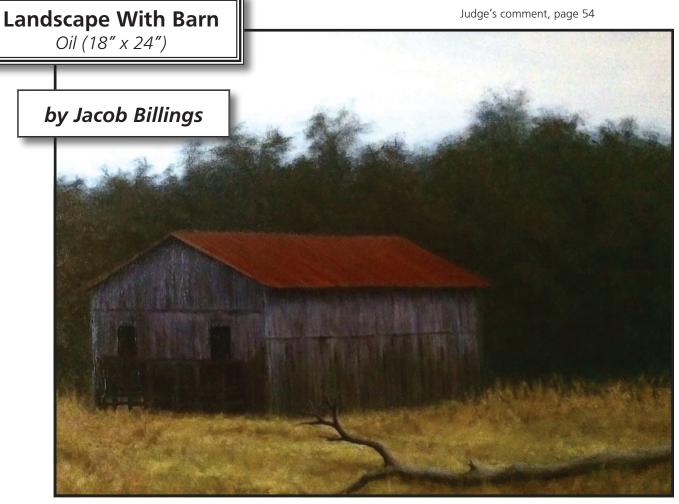


Hammocks by Ahmed Jerbi

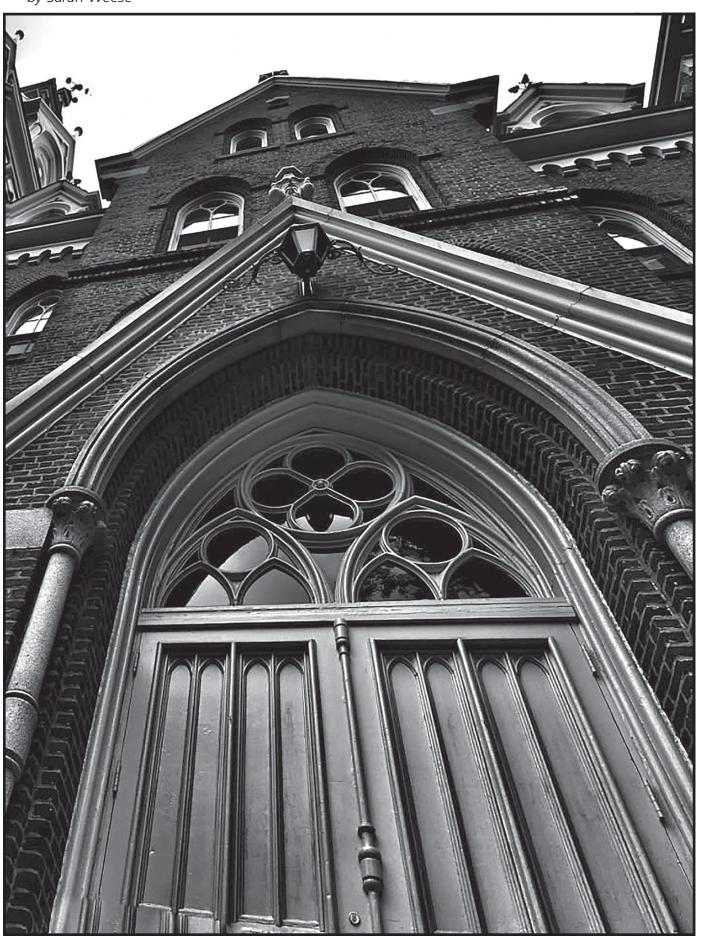


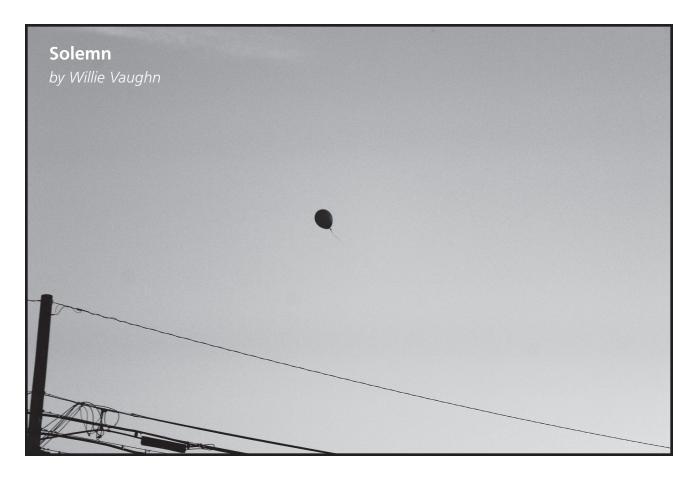












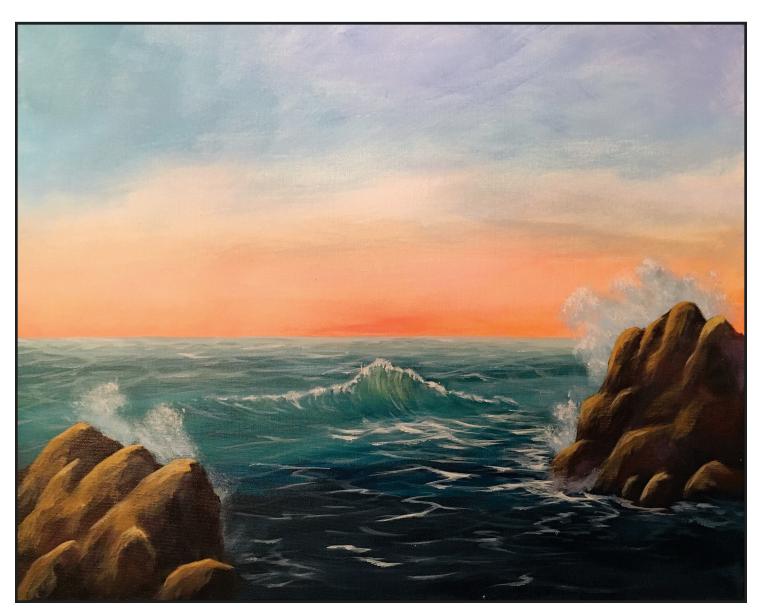


Birds in Flight, Caught by the Light by Isabel Del'Acqua

Finally

by Olivia Clark

There is something slightly different About the ocean when it's storming outside The waves are larger, larger than his ego The water visibly angry, tossing and turning Maybe that's why I came here today I'm angry With him, with her, with me The vexed ripples break against the shore As a single tear rolls down my cheek Rain falls diligently from the sky Opening itself to me Water washes over my face Cleansing my soul, my spirit I am free Finally



The BelowOil (18" x 24")
by Joshua Billings

EDITORS' CHOICE ART



A Chance Encounter

by Mariaelena Lealofi

The time I saw you my heart just fell

I thought it was love

Pain felt like bottomless well

I didn't see doves

Or white picket fences

I didn't see you saying I do

Or I love you

The pain was too much to say

But then a person told me to fly

And forget that day

You have been my life

My dream

My love

But the way you hurt me couldn't be for love

I thought you were different

I thought you would understand

I just want to hear you say it

Say my name again

Why did you do this why did i even try

You said my anxiety was overwhelming

But you didn't understand

I cry

I curse

I fall

But I have to fight on because There is nothing at all

You affected me in so many ways

I can't you out my mind

But it's the time I first saw you that struck a light

I still and will love you til the day I die

But for today and onward

I am saying goodbye

And finish by saying the words

I love you and farewell

JUDGE COMMENTS

POETRY:

1st place: Rattling Truths

Judge comment: The setting of the bus moving forward—the "yellow streaks of light" suggests a hopefulness in this clear narrative. It is a tender, vulnerable, relatable poem of unrequited love.

2nd place: **Spaghetti**

Judge comment: In playful rhyming quatrains, the speaker tries spaghetti for the first time, and the experience becomes "wondrous" and "life-changing." This wistful poem deftly illustrates a bittersweet cultural encounter.

3rd place: **Are you a boy or a girl?**

With unyielding specificity and a powerful refrain, the poem stares down gender expectations and their "life sentence."

PHOTOGRAPHY:

Best Overall: "12°06'17"S 76°49'17"W"

Judge comment: This image was an immediate favorite. Strong use of texture and form in the foreground to guide the viewer to the couple and transitioning into the fog, created a "dreamlike" experience. Good tonal range, technically sound. What elevates from very good to great is; the emotion it evokes.

Best Color: Inirotnas

Judge comment: When the subject is color the composition should be all about color; this photograph fulfills that goal. Boldly simple and well composed of the muted pastels against the vivid blue sky culminates into a dynamic image. Technically sound.

Best Black & White: Missing Someone

Judge comment: Thoughtful composition and perspective. Good tonality and interesting touch using the sun glint to grab the viewer's attention from a distance.

Best Computer-Enhanced: Glitched Personality

Judge comment: Great work on this intriguingly unique portrait. Conceptually and compositionally strong, good use of color. Reminds me that life can be like puzzle eventually falling into place. Technical excellence.

ART:

1st place: Still Life (Vanitas)

Judge comment: The dramatic movement from light to dark in this painting is a perfect example of tenebrism. This piece is beautifully executed and the collection of objects leaves me guestioning the narrative with excitement.

2nd place: **Obsidian Sunset**

Judge comment: This is a beautifully-rendered, hypnotizing composition rich in light, texture and value.

3rd place: Landscape with Barn

Judge comment: A beautifully-rendered landscape rich with atmosphere. Quiet and contemplative. A lovely subtle illustration of Americana.

AUSTIN/GARNER PROSE:

1st place: On Le Chapeau

Judge Comment: "On Le Chapeau" is wonderfully pointed, even pointy in its masterfully chopped syntax and alarmingly funny parentheticals. It's the work of a deft, animated critic who is unafraid of being uncomfortable.

2nd place: Sunset on Venus

Judge comment: "Sunset on Venus" is a quality execution of suspense and terror balanced with that bitter inevitability of human mortality, which is the hallmark of impactful science fiction. It's also a sneaky excavation of the color orange.

3rd place: **Aprils Foods**

Judge comment: "April Fools" lives on the border between prose and poetry as a fragmentary presentation of evidence that indicts two fools as parents, exonerating—to the extent that freedom from one's roots is possible—the witness of their child, who grows gradually more fierce with each birthday.

- Seaswells 2019 Contributor Biographies

Zaria Angeles is a college freshmen. she is a American Studies major. She enjoys photography, and it has always been a special passion of hers. She hopes to learn more tips from other experts to build skill and inspire.

Jacob Billings is a junior at CCGA and is majoring in Art. He enjoys painting and drawing mostly but is interested in exploring all mediums. He plans on furthering his education in the area of studio arts after completing his associate's degree.

Joshua Billings is a Biology major at the College of Coastal Georgia. He enjoys painting, even though it takes him forever to finish one piece, and he would like everyone to know that there is such a thing as a photosynthetic sea slug. Seriously.

Sarah Buckley is a senior at the College of Coastal Georgia and majors in Biology with a concentration in Coastal Ecology.

Grace Carlyle is a Freshman at the College of Coastal Georgia. Next year, she will be going to the University of North Georgia to major in Criminal Justice and participate in their Army ROTC program.

James 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.

Ashley Carlson is a duel enrollment student who attends Glynn Academy. She is founder and president of the photography club at Glynn Academy.

Eniyah Chatman is currently a freshman at College of coastal Georgia. Her interest are reading, watching Netflix, and writing poetry. Majoring in healthcare sciences Eniyah hopes to one day be Neurosurgeon and aspires to help people.

Olivia Clark is a Junior at College of Coastal Georgia. She is originally from Syracuse, NY and studying Criminal Justice. She enjoys singing, playing guitar, writing, reading, and being outdoors.

Isabel Del'Acqua is a dual enrollment student at CCGA. She is a junior in high school at Heritage Christian Academy. She enjoys fishing, photography, gymnastics, and baking. Isabel took this picture a few years ago while vacationing in Islamorada, Florida with her family, where she goes to fish, lobster, and dive for a few weeks every summer. She would not trade time spent in this place for the world.

Kassidy Dickerson No Bio Available

Gregory Graham is a 26 year old student with a few hobbies involving the piano and writing which is posted primarily on a blog. He has self published one piece entitled "Impermanence," which is available on Amazon. Writing has been a great way for him to explore his thoughts and document many significant experiences in his life.

Hunter Groce is a sophomore 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.

Darius Hammond No bio Available

Cody Haynes is a senior at CCGA, graduating in May of 2019 with his Bachelors of Business Administration. He has been published in the 2015, 2016, 2017 and 2018 edition of Seaswells. He enjoys creating content for his online shop and Facebook page while meeting other like-minded artist for inspiration.

Lauren Holman is a college junior with an Associates of Arts and is currently working on her Bachelors in Marketing. "I created my painting with oil paints, to duplicate a still life of a skull and multiple other objects."

Ahmed Jerbi is an international exchange student from Tunisia, North Africa. He has been awarded the Thomas Jefferson Scholarship by the U.S Department of State to complete one academic year at the College of Coastal Georgia. He is a computer engineering major and a digital art enthusiast who enjoys mixing technology with art.

Whitney Johnston was born and raised in New Orleans, received a BFA in Photography from NYU, and an MFA in Film from the School of the Art Institute of Chicago. As a video artist/writer/person and future nurse, she might be a bit of an inspiration junkie—people and places, life experiences, bits and pieces placed into notebooks, pinned to the walls, saved for reference (past, present, and future). Perhaps, what inspired her career was simply the need to process things in a way that was more challenging than just thinking about them, from which a continuum of challenging the challenge has grown.

Zachary Kabler is a second year student and is currently studying to be a botanist. He has a true love for the environment and strives to show others the sheer beauty that the world has to offer through his photos.

Benjamin Kemp No Bio Available

Travis Lantrip is a junior in high school and a full-time dual enrollment student at CCGA. His interests include literature, psychology, and theatre. He currently swims on his high school swim team and plans to major in psychology after he graduates.

Mariaelena Lealofi is a sophomore at the college of coastal Georgia. Her major is in Nursing with a minor in psychology. She decided to write poetry because it was a gateway to understand her own feelings. Hope that one day has the courage to express to other people.

I'm **Monica Linares.** I am a Hospitality Major student and I am a passionate person for travel and photography. I started taking pictures as a hobby and I never thought that photography interested me so much!

I think there is not a day that I do not take a picture of something that I like. What I like most about photography is that you can stop in time and save that moment in a photo.

Pryce May is a Sophomore of whom is planning on obtaining a Bachelor's Degree in Business Administration with a concentration of Cinematography. Since the age of 10, his main hobbies are photography and cinematography. He is currently the Director and Film Editor for Refreshing Viewpoints, and has been involved in a numerous amount of movies including Anchorman 2, X-Men, and recently a movie by the name of Christmas On the Coast.

John Menechino is a freshman who attends the College of Coastal Georgia. He likes to study the arts of reading and writing, and history and sciences. He likes to also play video games when he is not doing schoolwork or studying. His major is Cultural Studies & Communications.

Ben Platnick is a 3D Artist and Graphic Designer. He uses various programs to create 2D and 3D works of art, and has been featured in previous issues of "Seaswells", winning last years "Professor's Pick" award for his piece "Reflections". He has also had his work showcased in various game development blogs, and hopes to one day take his skills to the professional level as an artist at a game development studio.

Kiersten Tompkins is a student at the College of Coastal Georgia. She plans to major in psychology. Kiersten's hobbies include painting and playing volleyball.

Jenna Sasser "I enjoy both art and taking photos."

Travis Troutt is a junior at the College of Coastal Georgia. He is studying Middle Grades Education, and upon graduating plans on moving to Atlanta. He is a first-year photographer who loves otherworldly imagery.

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Willie Vaughn I'm an amateur writer with a passion forstorytelling. I highly admire the ability to weave together words in a way to express a multitude of different ideas, emotions, and narratives. It's my dream to be able to do so on a professional level. I don't have any published work yet, but I have many different projects that I would love to show the world someday. Once they're to my liking, of course.

Sarah Weese is a dually enrolled freshman who enjoys sailing on the Brunswick River and taking pictures of the Golden Isles. She also enjoys taking pictures of her labradors, Ginger and Zoe.