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Abigail Seals
Sydney Lantrip
Hope VanDevender
Thomas Henderson
Jessie Foster
Alysha Drummond
Bella Darby
Kristen Darley
William Ellis
Jane Ansley Jones
Joyce Jordan
Ireland Kane
Shanise Nelson
Gwen Knight
Alala Cantrell
Deborah Widmer
Brenda Garcia-Garcia
Corey Purvis
**Seaswells Traditions**

Seaswells is the art and literary magazine of the College of Coastal Georgia. 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, the magazine had grown to 48 pages, with Phyllis Barr serving as the editor. It was the first year in which sketches 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 been published in every issue since then. The poem was featured on the title page until 1983. From 1983 to today, the poem has appeared on the opening pages.

Phyllis Barr and her husband Charles began another tradition in 1977: they created an endowment to fund the Barr Poetry Award. In 1982, second- and third-place awards were added. To this day, the Barrs' endowment continues to help fund the annual Barr Poetry Award.

The Austin/Garner Prose Award was similarly endowed by Dr. John W. Teel, the College's second president, upon his retirement in 1990. In naming the award, 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 of 1979, passed away from cancer. Dr. Garner was an outstanding leader during the College's early years, as well as a highly regarded professor of business.

Since its inception, the mission of Seaswells has remained consistent: to serve as a gathering place for artistic modes of expression. We seek to publish the College of Coastal Georgia students' best work in a variety of modes, both experimental and traditional.
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 essential modes of thinking and connecting. The student-run print journal is a collaborative effort between Seaswells club members, our faculty advisor, and student contributors. Student activity fees and community sponsors fund Seaswells, and issues of the magazine are free for students and community members.

Seaswells conducted two contests in 2023: the Barr Poetry Contest and the Austin/Garner Prose Contest. These annual contests are open only to currently enrolled Coastal Georgia students, and complete rules are available online at www.cpga.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. 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 way to create art is to burn and destroy ordinary concepts and to substitute them with new truths that run down from the top of the head and out of the hear.”

Charles Bukowski

Editor’s Note

As a writer my creativity is my vanity and I never turn my head from originality. This is why I never turned my head while working on this edition of Seaswells. The amount of beauty and internal vulnerability that is expressed by this year’s contributors is moving and compelling. Art cannot be compared, for the abstract cannot be compared to the abstract.

To all the students and staff that rode the waves of creativity to create Seaswells 2023, we thank you.

Grayson Powell, 2023 Editor-in-Chief
# SEASWELLS 2023
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EDITORIAL STAFF

FACULTY ADVISOR

Anelise Haukaas 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 it 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.

PROSE EDITOR

Ana Azuara is an international student from Mexico. She is majoring in business with a concentration in marketing at the College of Coastal Georgia.

Austin/Garner Prose Contest Judge

Tiffany King

Tiffany King is the staff writer for the College of Coastal Georgia. She has the fun job of writing stories about all the wonderful things happening at the College. In her spare time, she loves to read classic fiction, create mixed media art, and find inspiration in the most random places.

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF

POETRY EDITOR

Grayson Powell is a first year psychology student. He is also a kayak guide for SouthEast Adventures. Grayson thinks that nature is the best therapy and one of his major inspirations.

ART EDITOR

Kait 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 Seaswells, and in addition to drawing, she enjoys reading and writing, playing video games, and spending time outdoors.

Barr Poetry Contest Judge

Jessica Melilli-Hand

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 judged by Martin Espada. She is an Assistant Professor of English at the College of Coastal Georgia.
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

Jane Ansley Jones is currently working towards a bachelor’s degree in Biology with a concentration in Coastal Ecology

Their passion in life is to spread compassion and help preserve the wonderful world that we live in. Art is extremely important to them, and they have always found it to be a great comfort throughout their life

2023 Cover Art
Shells and Stuff
Marker on Paper
Jane Ansly Jones
2023 BARR POETRY AWARD

Shanise Nelson is a 29-year-old inspiring poet, and their poem was inspired by the untimely killing of Ahmaud Arbery in 2020.

My selection for the Barr Poetry Award is “Our Little Black Tears.” In “Our Little Black Tears” echoes of the troubled and troubling past repeat in the troubled and troubling present via the meaning and the meter, via the rhythm and the rhyme. Part lament, part protest, this powerful poem spurs both quiet personal reflection and decisive collective action. This poem joins efforts – from chants in the streets to social media hashtags to the “Say Their Names – No More Names” exhibit at Stanford University – to cry out with both literal and figurative tears against racism, brutality, and injustice. The poem’s speaker reminds us that as recently as today, as close to home as right here in Brunswick with Ahmaud Arbery’s murder, continued violence against Black Lives is “Just the sequel.” Like those whose “hands, feet and bodies, / Built the foundation, / Of a world you see today,” the difficult work continues: “So yes, we march, and we fight, / Just so we might, / Have a seat, / At the table.”

Jessica Melilli-Hand, Barr Poetry Award Judge
Our Little Black Tears
by Shanise Nelson

Our little black tears,
Cried out loud for so many years,
From segregation to the emancipation proclamation,
Our little back tears,
Brought to a land,
Where our hands, feet and bodies,
Built the foundation,
Of a world you see today,
I am here today,
To bring a voice, to our little black tears,
We have lost so many through the years,
So yes, we march, and we fight,
Just so we might,
Have a seat,
At the table,
No longer labeled,
Black or white,
But yet we still have a fight,
Just as Dr. King,
When he had a dream,
Just wanting justice,
But still, they fear just-us,
Our little black tears,
Not even safe in our own homes.... (Botham Jean)
Can't even run for peace of mind...... (Ahmaud Arbery)
We shed our little black tears,
If all men are created equal,
Why does it feel like 1991? Just the sequel,
When a black man was beat in the street.... (Rodney King)
Our little back tears,
Hold a painful place in history,
When an innocent woman was shot down as she slept,
All we hear is the pain as her mother wept, (Breonna Taylor)
Let it be no mystery, you’ve seen our history,
No need to ask, question, or wonder why,
We cry,
Our little black tears,
Thank you.
2023 AUSTIN/GARNER PROSE AWARD

Thomas Henderson is a sophomore majoring in business, with an interest in marketing/advertising. He is also a member of the Coastal Men’s Golf Team. Henderson is a 2021 graduate of Frederica Academy, and he came to the Golden Isles from Cincinnati, Ohio. In his free time, he can be found on the golf course, exploring the Golden Isles, watching movies, or playing squash and pickleball.

“South 80” leaves the reader intrigued with more questions than answers. One is compelled to go back and reread the story to solve where the lines start to blur between reality and dream. It makes you wonder if both can exist at the same time. The story demonstrates that even the most idyllic towns, filled with people facing everyday problems, can be ripe for strange occurrences and enigmas.

Remarks from,
Tiffany King, Austin/Garner Prose Award Judge
South 80
by Thomas Henderson

I was practically born to be a swimmer, having spent my entire childhood in a house adjacent to the community pool. Between swim team in the mornings, and hanging with friends in the afternoons, I reckon that I spent nearly half of my waking hours in the water each summer. I lived in Rolling Meadows, New Jersey, just outside of Philadelphia. It was an idyllic neighborhood, a small town of less than 1000 homes, most built in the prosperous times following World War II, when families were fleeing to the suburbs. A true family friendly community with parks, sidewalks, and restaurants all within walking distance. The homes were primarily two-story Tudor style homes, standing against the meticulously cared for lawns, and mature tree lined streets. The families in the neighborhood were familiar with each other over generations and socialized regularly with cookouts, sporting events, and community gatherings.

The town sat atop a ridge; to the east of the town was a steep wooded cliff and a sleepy creek at the bottom. To the south of the town was a rich floodplain valley where seasonal farming took place, called the South 80. The community pool was at the furthest southeastern developed point in the community. Down the hill from the pool lay the South 80 woods. It was accessible by a very steep road exiting the pool parking lot. At the bottom of the hill there was a sharp bend in the road, a small tunnel and just about 10 feet past the tunnel were the railroad tracks. The road was primarily used for foot traffic by the local community accessing the South 80 for recreation. Given the road was rarely used by vehicles
than farm equipment, there was not much community interest in investing in railroad crossing signals or gates.

In the summers, if I was not at the pool, I could be found in the South 80 woods playing airsoft wars. The Revolutionary War history of the town provided inspiration for the epic battles we waged. When I was in 4th grade a historian from the University of Pennsylvania visited my school to explain to us that the rock wall that bordered the steep cliff on the east side of town was believed to have been built by the Colonial Army during the Revolutionary War. They explained that the ridge that Rolling Meadows was built on was once the winter camp in 1777 for a small brigade of George Washington’s army. In 1777, the sleepy creek that flowed into the South 80 was a raging river that opened up into a lake in the South 80. The lake was said to freeze in the winter allowing for an accessible crossing of the horses and men.

The argument, with my Dad that night, started when I came home late after a bad break-up. When I walked in the door, he was sitting there in the living room with the TV on. I was in a pissy mood from the day. He immediately barked at me that I was late. I barked back and he got up out of the chair and got in my face. I shoved him and he fell backward. Before he could get up to stop me, I turned and stormed out the door. I jumped in the car and turned the radio up loud to match my mood and drove around the town for a while. Eventually, I grew tired of driving around but didn’t want to go home, so I made my way down to the South 80 to park.

I slept in my car that night; it was a restless sleep and the next morning I left the Rolling Meadows New Jersey community that I had lived in my entire life. I drove for days, thinking I could drive my past away. Along the way when my eyelids got too heavy, I would stop for a few hours at a time to sleep. The third night as I
was running low on gas, I spotted a motel called Dawson’s Inn. A good omen I thought. Dawson’s Inn had the appearance of a rent-by-the-hour-motel and the burnt out ‘V’ and ‘N’ on the vacancy sign told me that they wouldn’t ask questions. I can still feel the extreme hunger pains that woke me that first morning at Dawson’s Inn last summer.

It had been three days since I had eaten but I had not noticed it until now. All the emotions of the last three days that I had held in abeyance, suddenly came to the surface. I was flooded with fear and hopelessness as I realized that most of the money, I had left home with, had already been spent on gas to get this far. Images of my dad falling backwards kept circulating in my mind.

I tried to push these thoughts out of my mind. It’s too late now I thought, you are on your own and you need to come up with a plan. As I stepped into the shower, I noted that Dawson’s inn did not provide shampoo and soap. After a brief shower and pulling my dirty clothes back on, I stepped out the door. The sun blinded me, and the oppressive heat enveloped me. I looked around at my surroundings, instead of tree lined streets and green lawns with two story Tudor homes, there was bare dirt and a few sparse trees shriveling from the heat. Along the road there were a few small houses in disrepair and to my right, at the bend in the road, was a Mobile home park called Rolling Meadows Estates. I chuckled at the irony.

Across the street from Dawson’s Inn was a restaurant called The Rusty Bucket Cafe. As I entered the Rusty Bucket Cafe, I noted that it had the look of a New Jersey diner, with red swivel bar stools facing the grill and checkered tables with metal
at the bar.

I took a seat at the far end of the bar from him. The waitress appeared from the kitchen carrying a plate of pancakes, her name tag read Silva. Silva nodded in my direction and said, “Well Howdy there, I didn’t hear you come in, I’ll be right with you honey.” She placed the plate in front of the man at the end of the bar, and slid some syrup his way, they seemed familiar with each other.

Silvia brought over a coffee pot and a menu, “Reckon you’d like some coffee,” she said as she started pouring. I nodded, and picked up the menu, the edges of it seemed worn. She looked at me inquisitively as I awkwardly handled the menu, “want to try the special, it’s just $5.” I nodded again, and she called back to the kitchen, “Need a SPECIAL ,” then turned abruptly from me, returning to her conversation with the man at the end of the bar. I watched them out of the corner of my eye, Silva looked to be about my age and pretty, but not in the sort of way the girls back in my town are. Back in New Jersey the girls wore lots of make-up and spent the weekends getting their hair and nails done. Silva didn’t appear to be wearing any makeup and her hair was pulled back in a ponytail with wisps of long bangs framing her face. It struck me that she was pretty without trying to be pretty.

My thoughts were interrupted by a husky voice from behind the grill barking “Order’s up.” Silva was still talking to the man at the end of the bar. They seem to be talking with purpose, not quite in a hushed tone, but at a level that they knew their voices couldn’t
be heard by anyone else in the diner. The man looked over at me for a minute and caught me looking their way. I held his glance for several moments. Back at home in Rolling Meadows, not looking away might lead to a fight, at least at a minimum an aggressive response like ‘take a picture it will last longer.’ But the man at the end of the bar didn’t seem bothered. The husky voice barked again, “Silva, orders up!” Silva turned abruptly and grabbed the plate. If she was irritated with the husky voice behind the grill there was no indication of that in her face. As she approached me with the plate, I noticed that her light green dress, I guess the color would be called mint, matched the color of her eyes.

As Silva placed the plate down, the smell filled my senses and I became ravenous. The SPECIAL was at that moment, perhaps the best meal I have ever tasted. I was eating fast, and I had the sense that Silva and the man at the end of the bar were watching me. I never looked up until I had cleaned the plate. When I was done, Silva came back over to top off my coffee and said, “what brings you to town honey, are you just passing through or will you be staying awhile?” I looked up and tried to smile warmly “I dunno.” Silva said, “Well it is a nice place to live, not much happening here, but the people are friendly and there is good work here for someone with a strong back, people here mostly keep to themselves and won’t be in your business. If you are looking for work Reggie over there could set you up.” I looked over at him again. Reggie was dressed in dark blue from head to toe and the black circles under his eyes looked like he hasn’t slept in days. His eyes were dark, deep set and had a look of despair. As he held my gaze, it looked like he was willing the muscles in his face to make a smile.
After paying the bill, I made my way toward the door, feeling the gaze of Reggie and Silva following me. Across the street at Dawson’s Inn, the man behind the desk barely glanced up from some muscle car magazine when I entered. Sliding the keys across the desk to him, he grunted “thanks bud.” I slinked out the door and headed to my car. As I started the car, Aerosmith came across the speakers, blaring the lyrics; “Don’t want to close my eyes. I don’t want to fall asleep, cause I’d miss you baby, and I don’t want to miss a thing.” Over at the Rusty Bucket Cafe, I saw Silva and Reggie huddled together again talking. I turned off the car and closed my eyes.

I opened my eyes, suddenly disoriented, and turned my head to the sound of banging on the window to my left. Outside the window were Silva and Reggie. But Silva looked different, her eyes were serious looking, and she was dressed differently too. Instead of the mint-colored dress she was wearing a uniform like a medical person would wear and she was screaming “Open the door, get out, you are on fire!” Reggie was dressed in a policeman uniform, and he had a crowbar that he appeared to be using to try to pry open the door. I tried to move my arm toward the door, but it was not cooperating. Next thing I know, Reggie was pulling me from the car and patting my body with a blanket. I got a good look at him now and he looked different, his eyes were bright and caring. I looked down at his uniform and his name tag read “Officer M. Russell.”

Reggie moved away and motioned to Silva. She held my wrist to take a pulse and started wrapping something around my arm and my neck. Silva appeared in charge now and barked “Rusty, get the stretcher.” As she turned back toward me her voice softened. “My name is Ms. Bucket, I am a paramedic,”
she said, “you have been in a very serious accident. A helicopter will be arriving to fly you to the hospital. Can you tell me your name?” I swallowed hard, “What happened?” Nurse Bucket replied, “As best as we can gather you must have been driving down to the South 80 but you didn’t hear the train. It ran off the rails when it came to a stop but not before hitting your car. You have been unconscious for an hour now. We had to use a chainsaw to cut through the train debris to get to your car trapped beneath. Can you tell me your name?” My mouth was so dry I could feel my tongue sticking to the roof of my mouth as I started to answer. “M--m-my n-n-name is Dawson.”
To the girl who insulted my lunch...
by Sydney Lantrip

It was 7:30 okay.
I must leave the house by 8:15 at the latest.
And I wasn’t even dressed.
I like grilled cheeses with pepperonis.
And pizza sauce if it’s available.
But lately I’m in to wraps.
So I used a tortilla.
Pizza Taco.

I went to class
I went to the library to use the printer
I made my way back to my car to grab my lunch box
And made my way to the student center
After completing a decent sized assignment
I pulled it out-
My pizza taco.

Halfway in to my delicious creation
I see you coming my way
You are staring. I ignore it.
You sit down. Still staring. I ignore it.
You whisper in to your phone and I hear:
“I’m in the student center, and there’s this girl at the other table
eating something really weird”
I stare at my computer screen, ignoring it.

Approximately 4 minutes later you leave.
I cannot think of anything else but this.
You came. you saw. you insulted-
My pizza taco.
Falling Up
by Grayson Powell

Cold was the ground I walked upon.
The ground cracked like a shattered mirror.
Freezing air entered like sharp claws.
My outside was bare yet remained warm.
I walked forward through an ever-growing whiteness.
A luminous glow above a dark hole.
Curiosity was stowed upon me deeply.
What is at the bottom?
I jumped into the abyss.
Falling eternally through a damp tunnel, I thought to find another opening.
Water then found me as I approached it and welcomed me in.
Totally submerged and surrounded by ancient fish, there was a glow.
The light shined from the depths of this shallow pool.
As I swam through the light, I appeared in another tunnel.
I will now climb this tunnel forever.
An Ode To Silly Daydreams

by Ireland Kane

miss you.
Not the critical, hurtful, or controlling you
But the forgiving, kind and accepting you
Time lacks empathy and time is unforgiving
Space is suffocating.

I wish I won’t miss you
Need is never a necessity I have come to learn
I hold back the tears and pain
For I cannot imagine feeling pain like this again

I hardly think I will survive it
I’m convinced that love is unconditional, unfair, and unforgiving

I refuse to emote
Yet in this refusal you broke down my walls
Finally embracing
To falling apart.

2 days. 1 plane ride.
If I could change anything it would be the hurt
But within your pain you broke me

Pain broke you down and tore me apart
I’m in pieces. My heart in my hands.
Looking in confusion and utter disbelief

Is this real?

As I take a shallow breath
A familiar pain surges through my lungs
The air around me, weightless, the sound
Explosive. Visions flood my damaged sight.
Blurry green gleams speed as specters floating
Barely in front of my own eyes.
Suddenly my ear catches a familiar melody
A melody that reads as weightless as the air around
But comfortable.

Nostalgic yet unfamiliarity fills
My mind. Sights of rainy days filled with dancing
Dancing without rhythm, rhyme, or reason
Yet filled sweetly with smiles and longing gazes
An imagination that almost brought me to my knees

Dreaming only brings forth grief
I wish to repel these so called memories
But as I inhale one more time
I can’t help but...

*Chicken*
Marker on Paper by
*Jane Ansley Jones*
I’m so very sorry Sue Storm
by Sydney Lantrip

I’m so very sorry Sue Storm
Your fiancé was an inconsiderate idiot.
You’re not as bad off as “The Thing”
But, it’s debatable who’s more mistreated

The Invisible girl: they called you.
Old enough to be married – but sure-
Let’s discredit and demean
The glue of the Fantastic Four.
Kidnapped by Doctor Doom
Kidnapped by Namor too
As if the writers continually forget
That one thing they wrote you to do.

You’re painted as the weak link
Protected by the guys.
Afraid of your own shadow
And the world’s prying eyes

But is this not the same
Young Woman who first dared.
To join a last minute voyage
Into space without a care

But the worst is your 11
To Reed’s full 21
And we’ll all just turn our heads at that.
You’re married now, it’s done.
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photography by Grayson Powell
The Roseate Spoonbill
Photography by Alala Cantrell
Feathered Friends
by Gwen Knight

Chickadee

The Chickadee
Lovely, tiny, energetic
Chirp, chirp song
Always moving
Little black cap
Cracks the seed on the branch

Blue Jay

The blue jay drops from the sky
Awkward, beautiful markings

Brown Thrasher

Two brown thrashers visited today
It took me by surprise
An expected joy
Bird Bath
Photography by
Grayson Powell
I’m No Beauty Queen
by Bella Darby

I have never thought of myself as pretty. My whole life, I’ve always felt like a wallflower— and I’ve never minded it. If I’m being honest, I’ve never felt like I truly deserved the spotlight. I was fine being the mirror that reflected the light on to someone else. In my opinion, there is a big difference between noticing and realizing; it is the difference between observing and experiencing. For some people, maybe there are many moments where they have felt truly realized, for me, there was one.

My moment came in early March last year, towards the end of my junior year. I remember it perfectly. My heart beating out of my chest, a crimped wave of hair falling into one eye, my mouth starting to twitch after smiling so hard for so long. My breaths were shallow as I waited patiently for the announcer to start the process of naming the winners. I tried to think of a song I could play in my head, I normally did this when I was anxious so that I could concentrate on something else. I decided on “She’s Always a Woman” by Billy Joel in hopes to build my confidence. I was definitely worried I looked silly up there, on stage, with my hair and make up done, wearing a sparkly dress completely out of my comfort zone. I could not believe that I was a contestant in the 2022 Miss Blessing of the Fleet Scholarship Pageant. Being crowned Miss Blessing would be a huge honor and celebration in my small southern town. If someone would have asked me a year ago if I would have ever seen myself in a pageant, I probably would have scoffed. If someone would have asked me two weeks ago, I still would have chuckled and shook my head. Contrary to prior beliefs, here I was, with bright lights illuminating my face, a whole crowd of people watching (and most likely judging) and I hadn’t spontaneously combusted into a five foot eight tall ball of flames.

—
When it was finally time to announce the winners, the winners from previous years brought out several tall trophies, large bouquets of red roses, sashes, and twinkling crowns. I tried to look at my family who came to support me in the audience. I grounded myself with deep breaths in and out. I was ready to accept my last place prize and crawl into bed and watch The Office. When the host called the name for fifth place, I braced myself— but he didn’t call my name. A look of surprise flashed across my face. When he called fourth place, I didn’t hear my name either. I wasn’t sure what was going on. There must have been some mistake. Then he called third place, and there was no trace of “Bella Darby” on his lips. Now, it was just me and one other girl. I couldn’t believe I had made it this far; I had been so prepared to lose. He called the runner up, and I thought for sure I would be living out my Sandra Bullock-Miss Congeniality-rom-com fantasy, but it still wasn’t me. The audience cheered when the announcer named first place. Me. I was given the biggest bouquet of roses, the tallest trophy, a sash reading “2022 Miss Blessing of the Fleet,” and the most decorated crown. I felt like Mia Thermopolis when she went from average girl to Princess of Genovia in Princess Diaries, like a contestant who just won a one-week Hawaiian Cruise on Wheel of Fortune. I felt like Harry Potter when he had finally destroyed the last Horcrux, like when Marlin and Dory had found Nemo. I felt strong and beautiful. I felt infinite.

A photographer took photos of me under a blue and white balloon arch. I rushed through the crowd to see my family. They all hugged me and told me they loved me. For the first time, I felt like people truly saw me. I was shocked that the judges thought so highly of me that they chose me to represent our town in the upcoming Blessing of the Fleet festivals and events. My parents told me they were so proud. I felt super proud of myself too. I was so proud that I tried something new and put myself out there. Not only did the Pageant validate that I existed, but also
that I made an impact on someone, and they gave me the power to make an impact on others. I was determined not to hide in my bubble for too long anymore. I had only known what it was like to be a wallflower, and now I see so much good in not being afraid to stand outside in the sun, and to let others see me.

Ash
Oil Pastels on Paper
by Jane Ansley Jones
Ingrid Goes West
by Sydney Lantrip

I remember you.
Before I ever knew what Instagram was-
Before makeup-
Probably, before I could even read-
You were there.

On the playground,
At the sleepover,
Alone in my bed at night,
You were there.

I don’t know your name, but it isn’t Taylor Sloane- though that’s probably close.
You’re the girl everyone wanted to be like
You’re the girl everyone wanted to like THEM,
Or at the very least, acknowledge them.
Long before clicks and likes and views-
You existed.

The medium hasn’t changed us,
Only amplified what’s been inside.
Good becomes great, but bad becomes worse.
If you didn’t like yourself before...

But the cure isn’t to forget about you-
It’s to remember me.
And to have the courage to be
A nobody.
A Cowboy to Me

by Jane Ansley Jones

I sat with my grandfather, talking about cowboys and their history, while a western played on TV.
My teacher told me they were short-lived, fleeting, and romanticized for screens.
My grandfather begged to differ, and claimed that cowboys would never cease.
“From Wyoming to Texas, from ranchers to bull riders, they’re all cowboys” he gleamed.
Then it got me thinking about his qualities.
He washes up for supper and works long, hard days.
He knows exactly what he wants, and always keeps his faith.
He knows how to shoot a gun, and sing a sad ballad too.
His will cannot be broken, there’s nothing he can’t do.
He is a cowboy to me, brave, tough, and true.
Yes, he is a cowboy to me, and he makes me want to be one too.
We’re Just Ripples
Photography
by Ana Azuara
Mismatched
by Grayson Powell

As older get bolder
The experience behind wise eyes has a story,
There is pain, perseverance, and glory.
Mistakes are a myth and are only past places of thought.
What was taken, and what was taught.
Fear is nothing but past times ahead.
If the future becomes now, there is nothing to dread.
When the beauty of living is escaped by distraction.
Life will easily become dull and without satisfaction.
Energy flows better through round places.
That is why bodies are smooth and without square faces.
A need for descriptions and labels for all
Gives everything mismatched corners where reality falls.
Good and evil are illusions of man,
For eat or be eaten is nature’s plan.
Total peace for all is an impossible delusion.
There is no growth without chaos and no clarity without
confusion.
Nature’s capacity for destruction is who we are,
But our craving for divinity shall win by far.
Pretentious
by Abigail Seals

I think we all have this driving force in our heads that tells us we need to change the world, or we must make a lasting impression on history, and I think that’s the root of generations plagued by existentialism. Everybody is so preoccupied with brainstorming how to change the world that they neglect to appreciate the world around them. For the past month, I’ve done nothing but sit for hours, researching, writing, deleting, and re-writing in hopes that I’ll create something profound. I’ve read countless stories by countless authors to spark inspiration and push this process along, and no matter how original and groundbreaking they are, none have given me the spark I need. When I sit in my chair with my dog asleep in my lap, I repeat to myself, “write what you know, write what you know,” but I can only write a single paragraph before abandoning each concept. I’ve started stories ranging from my deeply personal experiences with depression to fictional fantasy stories of woodland creatures, and each one feels less authentic than the last.

I wish I could say that I’m out of inspiration and nothing piques my interest, but that’s the farthest from the truth. Everything inspires me, people I see on my walks, the love between my parents, flowers growing by the road, but I can never make a story flow as well as it deserves. I cannot create the immense detail and grace required to write about how completely and utterly in love my parents have been for the past twenty-one years. I don’t know where to begin when writing about the kind woman who lives down the road. I can’t create a compelling narrative to describe how I feel when seeing daisies grow in the cracks of concrete. I’m convinced that the intricate and fine-lined details that weave the blanket of life cannot simply be recorded in text. No matter how heart-wrenching or thought-evoking a piece of media may be, nothing can fully capture the beauty of life itself. Attempting to write about love in its purest form is like taking a photo of the moon on an iPhone: if you know how the camera works, you can get a pretty good picture of it, but nothing comes close to the beauty of the real thing. And what is life if not love in its purest form?
Maybe I’m wrong, maybe the purest form of love truly can be captured in a novel, and maybe it’s sitting on my bookshelf right now, and I haven’t discovered it yet. Maybe I’m looking too much into this in a desperate attempt to display some half-assed profound knowledge. Whatever the case may be, I’m no different from anyone else trying to create more meaning for themselves. We all just want our lives to be significant. We want to matter, we want to make a change. And we get so caught up in all this wanting that we never stop to realize when we’ve accomplished anything. So this is your reminder: you matter, you are significant, you are change, and most importantly, you are love in its purest form.

**A Simple Walk**
Photography by
*Brenda García-Garcia*
Ocean on the Rocks
Photography by
Ana Azuara
The Great Blue Heron
Photography
by Alala Cantrell
Horseshoe
Photography by
Grayson Powell

Jelly Belly
Photography by
Grayson Powell
The Bike

by Gwen Knight

The wheels come ever closer
They are on my heels
Run, don’t look back
Don’t fall
Fear and panic—will he really run over me?
Keep running,
You’re almost home
My pursuer laughs and yells insults
Reveling in his power over me,
He speeds up the pace—swerving right and then left
A little farther now
Keep running
Tears stream
I run the last steps to safety
Home at last

Reef
Marker on Paper
by Jane Ansley Jones

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Who?
by Ireland Kane

Words pour out like Hemlock
Poisoning all sound
Eyes turn and bodies move.

Is it a cry for help?
A simple pay attention!

But—why is it as if these words only hurt
Hurt is not the intent, but it is the outcome?

Why—yelling and disapproval fills the air—
Why must one be doomed to Cyanide.

The walls close in:
If the pain is not felt, then it must not be there.
Drowning.

However
Drowning silently masking the pain with frustration
For anger does nothing for the soul.
Why do I beg for them to leave me alone?
Alea Iacta Est

by Ireland Kane

As hunger pangs...starving, longing, bleeding
   Losing seating in a simple triumvirate
History has all eyes on me. The most brilliant
Commander as one may say but— one must never mention millions of
Gauls who lost their light or
Lost their freedom that I desire to endlessly captivate
One by one three
   Turns to me
Counsels met with death
Breathing sharp breaths
   Leaving Caesar
As a crowd pleaser
Adored by ignorance
Can never lose a chance

50 a year to remember, yet one filled with treason
   But under what reason
I am an ambitious general
These men will plan their funerals.
For this conquest is not met
   With an end. The best is yet
To come.

Is this decision one that will live in forever glory
For better or for worse I am married to this army
   Married to victory at any cost.

Alea iacta est

Turning around will only be cowardice
   I am Rome’s finest emperor!
Birthing a son that will meet turmoil with beauty
Pompey forever forgotten overshadowed
   By yours truly.
   Julius Caesar
Fabric Drapery
Charcoal Drawing
by Deborah Widmer
Untitled and Everywhere

by Alysha Drummond

I did it again.
I allowed myself to feel.
My love for you it was complicated.
It was genuine.
It was authentic.
You felt it. You craved it.
You held on to it too long...
I always find a way to detach before the pain seeps through...
But you-- I couldn’t quite let it go.
Hoping things would change.
Knowing they wouldn’t.
It was too good to be true.
I left my guard down for too long.
I let my feeling get in the way.
I allowed you to step on my heart time and time again.
I still loved you.
How naïve I must have been?
Did I really need to be loved?
Was I that desperate to be loved?
Why do I continue to do this to myself?
A continuous cycle.
A cycle I have mentioned once before.
I can’t break it.
Seems to me it’s not meant to broken.
The Mountain
by Jane Ansley Jones

The mountain, my home
My secret, my claim, my throne
Here I stay, unknown

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Ode to Lady Philosophy

by Ireland Kane

Stars! Where is the light?
Why must this struggle
Be what I can give with all of my might?
Like rain turns into a puddle
Knowledge eventually runs dry, escaping
My mind without any sight of ease.
There is beauty within this pain,
As my mind scrapes
For anything that may please
My lady philosophy, what is there to gain?

The fruit of knowledge of what to bare
And why to care for frivolous tasks
That leaves my mind impaired.
But I refuse in ignorance to bask
With what Lady Philosophy places in my palms
She radiates in beauty of this question I seek
Cleverly, leaving room for a discussion
Of this irresistible psalm
My lady, for this marvelous wonder I feel meek
Am I worthy of thy presence- feeling apprehension

My goddess of the allegory
One who may speak with Boethius,
Why waste precious time for little glory!
I feel the fire as one troubled Prometheus
But your kindred spirit is everlasting
Your knowledge is forever flowing
How much I envy the marvel that is your being
For how much I may cling
To the looks that are disallowing
But you never are caught fleeing.
To Soar Another Day

by William Ellis

It’s just another meal
Everyone is always starving for attention.
My body ain’t the Paris Runway because I hunger for more
Weight had me on Heaven’s Gate and Hell’s door,
But I’ll grow wings to soar another day.

Praying to live, dying to breathe
Made pill popping my occupation and bleak wake up calls my salary.
The doctor in my mind said it’s ok to bathe in Xanax and dry up in the
depths of despair.
I’ve been good, can I just this once?
Midnight would shriek so I could soar again.

Ain’t it funny how sharded memories always come back to pierce the breast?
I can stand, but can I walk?
I can speak, but can I sing?
I can move, but can I dance?
The doctor in my head says no, ability is delusion from the whole
But I fall to soar again.

So here I am on my knees again
Fallen and defeated in the weary war once more.
If I can touch the sky in this darkness, can I release my dragon heart?
I chose to dance with the devil, and I chose to gamble my youth away
But I bought these wings to soar another day.
So here I am on my feet again
To brave the labyrinth of human purpose
For the light of The Moon and Sun always knew the way.
Now, I become The Fool, rise to Emperor, and complete The World,
So that I may soar another day.
Pond Lady
Marker and Oil
Pastels on Paper
by Jane Ansley Jones
The Ball Room

by Alysha Drummond

We stand alone, or so it seems. We are in a room surrounded by our fellow workers. We are at our annual company ball hosted by the CEO of the company. Every year, invites are sent out to the employees and other influencers and sponsors. We have a conference room in our building on the second floor. I was employed with a company named Safelite. We are responsible for collecting debt and offering credit cards to individuals with low credit. I believe it is a scam but hey, I don’t have to like it in order to work here. I just enjoy the perks. Upon entering the ball, you notice the slightly dimmed lights and big beautiful crystal chandeliers hanging from the light fixtures. The decorator went for an elegant grown and sexy theme. I can honestly say that I was impressed by the outcome. I have been in the conference room before and this was a complete makeover. The tables were set up to surround the marbled white dance floor. The table cloths alternated between white and gold. The color scheme was white and gold with hints of maroon. The maroon served as an accent. The table runners and some balloons were maroon in color but that’s it. It made the colors pop. I immediately headed to the bar to buy me a vodka cranberry. The bartender offered me the specialty drink. This specialty drink was named, Dark Night, and believe me it looked the part. The drink was made with sprite, vodka, cranberry juice and cherry grenadine and garnished with a twisted lime peel. After garnishing my drink; the bartender put some sort of fairy dust in it that made it sparkle.

I started to look for a seat being that I came alone. I sat down and observed. You could point out the different groups of people. There were some gathered around and dancing. You could tell they had one too many Dark Nights; they were loud and obnoxious. Other were grabbing a bite to eat. You had your workaholics
that just couldn’t help but talk about work at a party. You have your couples sitting down casually drinking and then you have your single people. Sitting alone enjoying the free food and liquor. I happened to be one of the lonely individuals.

I noticed you. Standing with a smile on your face. We appeared to be both be single for the night. I glanced up from my drink and caught another glimpse of you. You continued to smile and watch everyone enjoy themselves. You seemed peaceful. You had a white tux on with a champagne color vest underneath. You had on your black shiny loafer. Well that’s what it looked like to me. I am very sure they were name brand. You always seemed to carry yourself well. You had on your gold Rolex and a bowtie. I felt myself staring so I looked away. I have been nervously watching you for the last few weeks. From the few interactions I have witnessed; it seems that you have a kind gentle spirit.

I imagined you walking over as if you were so sure of this exact moment. The moment where we speak, and our eyes seem to lock onto one another. The moment where you ask if I would like to dance and I reply, “Yes of course.” Then we would take to the dance floor as if the night were ours. I looked forward to that moment where we would have our first kiss. The moment where we were standing together and not alone. A girl can dream right?

I found myself awkwardly staring at this nice gentleman as I daydreamed about that “moment.” I am sorry his name was Kyle. He looked at me and smirked, then nervously put his head down. I panicked once I noticed he was walking my way so I decided this was the perfect time to run to the nearest restroom. It seemed like I ran away but I just sped walked out of the ball room. Anxiety seems to get the best of me. I can be so socially awkward at times. That’s what this Dark Night is for. COURAGE. To
allow me to be open and actually speak and socialize with my coworkers.
I gave myself a short pep talk and walked out of the bathroom. As I am walking; I noticed that Kyle was also leaving the men’s restroom. I thought to myself: You must have looked stupid walking away fast. The man just had to use the restroom. Dramatic. I gently laughed at my thought. He happened to look back and noticed me and he spoke. Kyle said, “Hello, how are you this evening?” I replied and said, “Hello, I am well. I see you had to use the restroom also?” He laughed softly and said:

“Well, I was headed to speak to you. I noticed you were standing alone, and I wasn’t sure if you were waiting on your date or something, but I thought I should speak anyway. I got over this way and saw you basically running away, and I went to follow you but noticed you were headed to the restroom. So, I figured I’d take the time to use the restroom also and meet up with you later.”

I stood there embarrassed. I was speechless. I let out an awkward laugh and to said: “I am sorry. I actually got nervous. These types of events just put me on edge a little. I figured I’d go to the restroom and take some deep breaths.” Kyle walked closer to me and said, “Well if you are okay now; may I have the next dance?” I laughed nervously and said, “Of course you may.”

Kyle and I head back to the conference room. A slow song was playing and I was nervous because it had been a while since I had danced. I inhaled his scent as he inhaled mine and we began dancing. The DJ is playing Signs of Love Making by Tyrese. We locked eyes and I could tell by the way looked at me, that he had been watching me the last few weeks also. The song ends and it’s just my luck that the DJ plays ANOTHER slow song. I’m not saying he doesn’t have a great song selection but, I was nervous and could feel my heart beating out of my chest. I drunk my entire
drink before I ran off to the restroom and forgot to grab another one. We continue to dance to the R&B classic by Usher Nice and Slow. It felt like we could dance the night away. As the song came to an end, the DJ ten switched to Hip Hop and Rap. Kyle and I walked over to the bartender to get another drink. We sat down and talked about our hobbies and thing we enjoy doing outside of work. We laughed at our coworkers as they stumbled across the dance floor and laughed the night away. We sat and laughed ourselves. Kyle looked over to me and asked if I would like take a walk. Though I was nervous I agreed. I had been waiting on this moment long enough.
She Won the World
Oil Pastels on Paper
by Jane Ansley Jones
Pottery Class
by William Ellis

I followed your theatrics like an animal stalking prey.
Sometimes, you’d throw me a bone
But then the masque came off
And the party was over
And your little drama club couldn’t hide the bodies in the walls.
You pulled me closer to you.
Doing so, you shattered me.
I was a freshly baked vase straight out of the kelm.
My pretty colors lit me up like a museum artifact
Because I was priceless.
I shone of youthful imagination and ancient wisdom lost to the winds
But you couldn’t handle my opulence.
You didn’t hand draw my colors for yourself, so they weren’t appropriate.
“Yer one a’ them dumb cheeldrin”
“I’m tryin’ to he’p ya not umberriss yerself”
Who said that wasn’t what I wanted?
Who made you Commander in Chief on what’s “appropriate?”

So you made the people painted on my surface go to war
And you threw me to the ground...
You molded me with your warped hands
You painted me in blood and dust
So I would hold your poison.
But I made myself.
I have new fringes and hand engravings you can’t ignore.
I am a vase for display for the world to see,
And I’m showing off the cracks you gave me as well.

A Early Boat
Photography by
Grayson Powell
Distance
by Jane Ansley Jones

I say “I miss you” because it’s all I can bear to say. Even saying such causes tears to bead in the corners of my eyes. I say “I’m ready to see you” and move on because I’m trying not to break down. Bittersweet pain fills my heart when we call and speak about our days because I feel you, but I can’t at the same time. Absence is supposed to make the heart grow fonder, but distance just makes me wish I could feel hugs through a phone.
Project Wild
by Kristen Darley

Water is life-giving
And comes in various forms
Ice, liquid, vapor, steam

It is a sculptor
When it runs wet and wild as
A mighty river

It provides some forms
Of recreation such as
Swimming, snowboarding

And, when the snow is
Just right and clear, skiing
Is most popular

It is amazing
How a tiny molecule
Could be destructive

With raging storm surges
Hail, sleet, and powerful forms
Are terrifying

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Yet restorative  
When rain quenches the parched earth  
And soothes souls  

Lakes, marshes, ponds, pools, streams  
Are fresh, brackish, or salty  
But necessary  

The voluminous  
Ocean teeming with life can be  
Dangerous, but fun  

Shimmery water  
So silent and clear is so  
Very relaxing  

With its reflective  
Sparkles and soft ripples it  
Contrasts the loud roar  

Of the mighty strong  
Waterfall that can cause a  
Flutter going over
Fish
Marker and Oil
Pastels on Paper
by Jane Ansley Jones
Little Things
by Gwen Knight

It’s the little things
that make me smile
My cat purring in
peaceful contentment
lingering by my
side for a while.

A bright green
lizard sunning
on my garden
fence limbs to safty
when it
catches me
watching or
something
else it

Soft tone of an
evening sunset as the
light falls softly and
the sun fades as the
colors change from
golden hues to grays
and blues in their
various hues

seeing the faces
of the ones I love
the most and their
delight at seeing me.
Oh, to those
beautiful rare
moments I will toast.

When the breeze
touches my face on a
hot summer
afternoon and cools
me down and dries
the beads of sweat as
I work in my garden.
I pause...turn my
face to the sky and
wear my pleasure as
a crown.

Mr. Lincoln
Oil Pastels on Paper
by Jane Ansley Jones
Marsh Light
by Grayson Powell

Crossing through the vibrant spring marsh as the world turns the sun away, I am overwhelmed with a warm openness that I could not grasp or consume.

It was a painting so in-depth that the colors were endless.
I had no comprehension of the life that flowed through a sea of green draped with a Blood Orange flame.
To find myself in so much beauty is a non-referenceable Point that tinges the back of my brain.

The Dark is Inflamed with abundant rays of Golden Beams.
My awakening is optimistic,
as my future is led by the brightest of Lights
My serenity last as the day is born,
but chaos thrives as the torch shines brighter.
All is here in the light, no matter how dark it may be.
Brother, I Love You No Matter What

by Joyce Jordan

I was sitting in the living room, waiting for you to come home
Walked in tired from work
Face red, long day
But that never seemed to take the joy away
You would bump More Problems by Rylo
I think that was your escape away

I remember watching you receive platinum trophies
Oh, the small moments I still cherish till this day
How about a movie night?
I miss those days
Just chilling in the living room watching horror films
Gosh those were the days

Maybe one day we can go to ScareFest like we talked about
I’m still down
Or maybe take that trip to Tokyo
The Bape store we go

As we get older our bond seems to fade
I miss the laughs, the cries and the plays.
I know it will be alright because we are doing our thang.
Making sure we meet our goals in a positive way

But before time runs out
We will find our way
Please don’t forget

I’m here if you need me
Just a few steps away
I’ll always be your friend
Your little sister that you can count on
Never forget how far we have come
Although life can get hard but that’s part of the journey
The struggles we face won’t win because together stronger than ever
I know you’re still inside there
You’re stronger than you think
You will get through this because you will not let it win

Not hoping but praying that’s the only way
Do it for you not for us
Better days are near

I believe in you
I’ve always have
But I just want you to know
Brother, I love you always no matter what!

*Spiral Drops*
Photography by
*Brenda Garcia-Garcia*
PINBALL PALACE
3303 Hopkins Avenue Brunswick, GA 31520
(912) 265-9275, www.thepinballpalace.com

American Village
Photography
by Corey Purvis
Two Mornings Kayaks With SouthEast Adventures
photography
by Grayson Powell
Let us share

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313Mallery Street  St. Simons Island
Too Emotional
by Jane Ansley Jones

I’m sure you’ve heard it before. If not firsthand, then perhaps said to a girlfriend or a wife, a mother, or a teenage girl. “You’re too emotional.” Often it’s said in a time of high intensity. Perhaps a moment of grief, of frustration, of guilt, or happiness. “You’re too emotional”, they say. Why is this the crude response given to most? Why is this sentiment the one that causes so many to repress their feelings? Why is being “too emotional” considered a downfall of most, when it should be the very opposite? Outward expression of emotion requires tenacity and grit that most people lack. The next time that you hear it, or the next time you are tempted to say it, just know that “you’re too emotional” could never be considered a condemnation to those who know that braver is the one who speaks their conscience than the one that suffers in their solitude.
The Cave and the Prophecy
by Ireland Kane

Looking to the stars with little avail
Gods why must you curse men to seek the shadows?
Ignorance blinding as if it were blows
To the soul! All rationality fails
as we are chained to our mortal notions
Where is the light? Why bask in ignorance
It is not as if truth is rigorous
Stars! Why gift men with mortal ambition

But you are not the one to truly blame
As humans we refuse to stay in our own domain—
We envy you lady philosophy
How pitiful it is to be a man to wonder
How far we may blunder for the light yonder
I envy you seeking that prophecy.
Big Bear
Oil Pastels on Paper
by Jane Ansley Jones
Cloudy
by Alysha Drummond

I look out...
As I am mesmerized by this beautiful sky,
I see HOPE.
This beautiful creation.
One that can be so gloomy and grey.
One that can cause such an ugly storm,
And yet, bring such a breathtaking sight.
I look towards the sky.
I stare at the clouds as they slowly move.
I create these images in my head.
Images of what I see — what I feel.
I can say, these are the moments I am grateful for.
This view, it is like many others — beautiful.
The clouds — they calm you.
In the distance,
I see one in particular that catches my eye.
I wish it were closer.
I wish I could touch it.
I wish...
I wish only to travel these beautiful blues skies like the clouds.
Gracefully and free.
Ode to Edmund the Pug
by Sydney Lantrip

Oh Ed, oh Eddie, oh Stitch,
Oh Experiment 626
Before you, we never understood
How something could be so ugly-
It’s actually cute.

You have hidden my socks
Drank my coffee
And eaten half of a C.S. Lewis novel
But I would never compare thee to that
Traitor from “lion the witch and the Wardrobe”

Oh you little abomination
I have looked into your eyes and said
“You should not exist.”
And in the same breath spoken-
“I’m so glad you do”

For you,
Who deposits piles of black hair on every single surface
And steals anything that looks even the slightest bit important
And still somehow makes my mom say:
“He’s SO CUTE! I just wanna squeeze him till his bubble eyes pop out of his wittle head!”
You are an absolute menace, and a very good boy.
Borzoi
Marker on Paper
by Jane Ansley Jones
Freedom Dance
by Grayson Powell

Wave your arms in the air.
Lose your fear.
Sway with your hips.
Lose your fear
Spin with your feet.
Lose your fear.
Frolic aimlessly.
They are now scared of you.
Fear
by Jessie Foster

Sitting down between two trees of synchronized soldiers. Her heart was beating fast. The sirens were coming for her!

...And from then on death will haunt her.
The Joy he Brought.
by Hope VanDevender

Ones love can impact lives.
Losing love is a sorrowful story.
The beginning to an end
Watching, growing, and eventually loosing

I once had a best friend.
Someone I grew up with
From the day I found him to the day I lost him
His name was Brody.

The age nine, gloomy dreadful Thursday evening
A horrific ear bottling cry coming from the dumpsters.
Unknowingly I was pulling out my greatest heart break.
Trepidation, terror, and clinching hope.

Months flying by, countless surgeries, appointments.
Our hopes and prayers were answered.
He was okay, He would come home.
Time faded away with flawless memories made.

The Happiness he brought.
Everlasting Love.
Countless Days it seemed to be.
Till the tsunami of misery and distress rained upon us.
Forever seemed impossible.
The sun never seemed to shine.
Never less, nothing can be forever.
What is to come, with the end of the years?

Tumors.
Diabetes.
Cancer.
The time was obvious.

Till the day I saved you.
Till the day I lost you.
Your joy is everlasting.
Your life will carry on.

The tears will eventually dwindle.
Your joy and your story will never fade.
The Adoration of how long and hard you fought.
Ended tragically but the love was never lost.
Magnolia in Bloom
Photography by Gwen Knight
The Mask
by Jessie Foster

I was so sad for so long. An easily dismissed sadness. A sadness not seen for what it was, because it had been persistent for so long it became natural. This sadness had become my waking and falling asleep. Mostly no tears, for it was apart of my disposition. Every so often, emotions would rise and tears would flow, but this was out of pity to myself. Then the thoughts would cease and I would go back to living in that same sadness buried deep, for none to see. I couldn’t let the sadness show. It wouldn’t do any good for anyone to see such a depressed soul. Lonely and ignored I went on. Gleeful and cheery on the outside but slowly
Me and You
by Jane Ansley Jones

I am in the windows, I am on the floors.
Spanning over mountains, monuments, and more.

I’m in your heart, I’m on your face.
I fill a room completely, some say I take up space.

I brighten your way, and I make your days.
I bring energy, and I bring life in new ways.

You are my friend, my companion below.
I watch you as you come and go and grow.

You feel me as I watch, and lay in my gaze.
You bring me so much joy, and I bring you rays.

I am the sun and you are my friend.
I am meant for you until our days come to an end.
Silent Night
by Alysha Drummond

It’s dark...
Silent at night...
That’s when my heart starts to beat slow and my thoughts begin to get loud.
I wonder...
Why am I like this.
Damaged..
Why does my mind continue to race.

It’s dark...
Silent at night.
I’m feeling--
A little centered in a way.
I accept it all...
The roller coaster
The thrill...
The fact that I’m willing to risk it all.
No one to vent to.
Alone.
I’m here...
The silence begins to purposely annoy me.
Mesmerizing Beauty
Photography by Brenda Garcia-Garcia
Love Zombies
by Grayson Powell

The face I saw was the one I was supposed to look for.
Her skin luminated like a full moon glowing across the still water of a winter night.
She was supposed to be the answer.
Despite my best efforts this answer was unacceptable.
With constant doubt I searched for her aimlessly.
Appearing abruptly was my guide-to-be.
A woman so average that gray was bright.
Hand and hand we scoured the Nightlife of velvet lounges and speakeasies.
The longer and louder the search became, the more her face dissipated.
Average and I were now standing in a street full of whirling face-less Zombies.
With chaos at its peak and displacement at its best, I was suddenly comforted by Average.
She whispered, “they only see the light, and it’s ok to hide behind the grey.”
Now wrapped in Average’s blanket, I was no longer seen by the crowd.
I was no longer looking for the girl with the glow.
Sunsets Back Home
Watercolor Painting
by Deborah Widmer
Silence
by Alysha Drummond

Breathe...

Take my stillness as a sign of dignity.

I’ve been calm so long.

The constant disappointments no longer make me uneasy.

It becomes quiet.

The wind gently massages the surface of my skin.

I am free.

The sound of a breeze so faint-

Though so powerful gives me a sense of tranquility.

As I sit here,

That negative energy has shifted.

She is serene.

The stillness becomes her.
A Baby Owl
Photography
by Alala Cantrell

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**Hope VanDevender** is an 18-year-old freshman attending the College of Coastal Georgia. They love to crochet, go to the beach, and write. They are a future educator, hopefully in the second grade, as they love teaching and being a positive influence in children’s lives. They hope to travel the world when they get the chance.

**Kristen Darley** is a student here at College of Coastal Georgia. Kristen is a muse within theirself and loves all creativity, not just their own.

**Ireland Kane** is from Anthem, Arizona. They are an American Studies major who is passionate about writing. They studied Latin for ten years and base their writing off of ancient Roman poets and philosophers.

**Gwen Knight** is a non-traditional student and a senior at Coastal majoring in Interdisciplinary Studies. She enjoys gardening and spending time in nature. She has an appreciation for the beauty and the surprises nature provides, and she likes to photograph those moments whenever possible. Spending time with family is also especially important to her.

**Brenda Garcia-Garcia** loves taking pictures of anything that peeks their interest. They’re always willing to help others in need and support others, such as through their love for animals and nature. Seeing something so memorable captured by time in a single picture can help them recall the special moment.
**Abigail Seals** is a North-Dakota born writer, currently majoring in American Studies with a concentration in Arts and Media at the College of Coastal Georgia. In their free time, Abigail enjoys reading gothic fiction and going on nature walks while listening to science podcasts.

**Bella Darby** was born in Honolulu, Hawaii, to a Navy family. After 12 years in Hawaii, her family moved to South Newport, Georgia. She attends McIntosh County Academy where she is a dual-enrollment student at Coastal. She enjoys academics and is focused on attending the U.S. Coast Guard Academy.

**Joyce Jordan** is a natural diamond in the rough that is shining through as not just a student at the College of Coastal Georgia, but a beacon of creativity as well.

**Alala Cantrell** is a marine biology major. They picked up a camera during Covid to take pictures of the birds in their yard. Since coming to Coastal, they have been photographing the birds of Jekyll.

**Deborah Widmer** is a senior at the College of Coastal Georgia. She is majoring in Biological Sciences with a concentration in Medical Sciences. In her free time she enjoys drawing, painting, and ceramics. Art has always been a way for her to express herself.

**Corey Purvis** is a Brunswick, Georgia, native and a United States Air Force Veteran. He spent six years overseas living in Japan, Korea, and England. After his time served in the military, he returned home to go to Coastal and major in Accounting. He always loves traveling and taking photos.

**Jessie Foster** is a student at College of Coastal Georgia and they appreciate how the arts invite introspection.
**William Ellis** is a 19-year-old sophomore at the College of Coastal Georgia. He is an American Studies major, and he has been published in Seaswells and in “The Literary Yard.” He is working on pursuing his passion for writing and becoming a professor of creative writing.

**Alysha Drummond** is currently a senior at the College of Coastal Georgia, and they are pursuing a degree in psychology. With their degree, they plan on becoming a mental health counselor. They have been writing poetry since they were 10 years old. They have since self-published four books titled Scattered Thoughts, Selfless, Sex Sells Sometimes..., and Untold Secrets from My Past. In 2021, they were also hired as the Senior Editor for Inkshed Publishing LLC.

**Jane Ansley Jones** is currently working towards a bachelor’s degree in Biology with a concentration in Coastal Ecology. Their passion in life is to spread compassion and help preserve the wonderful world that we live in. Art is essential to them, and they have always found it to be a great comfort throughout their life.

**Sydney Lantrip** is a double major in American Studies and Biology at Coastal. She hopes to attend veterinary school after graduation. She loves writing and collecting comic books.