Seaswells 2011

“All That Glitters”
Our glorious cover photograph, “All That Glitters,” was taken by CCGA student Janet Michelle Dominy. We could not have asked for a better photo for the 2011 edition of Seawells as we celebrate the golden anniversary of the College’s chartering.

Janet calls herself “a serious amateur” where photography is concerned. Several years ago, she was quite sick, and her mother thought the photography class offered through Continuing Education on campus might cheer her up. From that class, Janet says she learned “lots of techniques.”

Janet became quite an avid photographer. In fact, one year, for their anniversary, Janet’s husband gave her a point-and-shoot camera. She happened to be on Jekyll one day, on Driftwood Beach, and she dropped the camera. She picked it up, took one more shot—and that photo is our cover photo, the last one she ever took with her point-and-shoot anniversary gift.

Janet is a Brunswick native, studying psychology. Though she has been attending the College of Coastal Georgia for several years, she had never submitted anything to Seawells prior to this past fall. She has had portraits published in different magazines, and a number of different Web sites are using photos she has taken to promote events and venues. Now, this incredibly talented individual can boast of not just the cover photo but also two poems in Seawells 2011.

Thank you, Janet, for sharing.

~ Shandy Stubbs
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All That Glitters
Janet Dominy

Seaswells Photography Contest

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Tracked to Pond
(Computer-enhanced) Pamela Westcott

60 Best Color Universal Truth
Janet Dominy

27 Best Black and White It Runs in the Family
Charity Andersen

41 Best Computer-enhanced Ready to Race
Kara Jackson

“No way!” ................................................................. Kara Jackson
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*Seaswells Art Contest*

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Kat Taylor

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Lindsey Cirmotich

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Karen Price

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Tavares Burton

59 *Little-boy Toy*, Acrylics  
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Paula Collado

69 *A Grave Yard*, Ink  
Brittany Boatright
No Seaswells?

No Seaswells?
No Seaswells?
How can this be?
Surely this is important
To people other than me!
I’m a freshman.
I just got here.
How can I contribute?
I read the last Seaswells.
It was far more than cute!

So here is my submission,
Humble as it may be.
May Seaswells continue to be published
For all eternity!

Trisa Chancey

“No way!”

by Kara Jackson

“What do I do now?”

by Marsalis Eason
**Addled by the Water**

Ocean! Dear Ocean,
So dazed are my emotions
You have befriended me
Then, you have torn from me
Oh how can I bear
When you insist that you must tear
My love from me
And carry him to sea
You brought me peace
You brought me tears
Please, I beg
End my torment here

My love you flew away
On the wings of a wave
I will wait upon the shore
Alone for you,
Evermore

Shelby Condit

**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

**Vacancy**

by Alex Mathis
Breaking News: Blood-sucker
Tracked to Pond
Computer-enhanced photo
by Pamela Westcott

Best Overall Photo
Seaswells Photography Contest

Ambiguity
The birds are chirping
The wind is blowing
The sun beats on my neck,
But yet I sit here unsecure and scared.

The not so distant shore is distorted through
the glass that I look
To cross is to risk
Risk what? We do not know.
A stump lies dead in the water,
Discouraging my futile attempts to cross.

The fish are very untrustworthy
As big and strong as they are
I cannot glimpse upon the beauty they offer
Depressing me with their abundance of distrust.

The waves finally reach the shore
This one much higher than that
An ugly bag won’t rot in this water
But that stump will rot,
Rot in this lake until it becomes what it shelters.

James Holton
My Love

The trees around me seem to weep, the girl that I see who’s the flower of the room, this girl I just wish her love I could keep, she has no interest in me which just adds to the gloom, my love for her even deprives me of precious sleep

Smitty Bowie

Unseen

Does she see me? Does she know?
That I linger for her with a love ready to grow
She seems unattainable and out of my reach
Yet when she is near me I’m too shy to speak

She shines like the light that enters a room
She is swift on her feet like an elegant bloom
Though no one sees her in the light that I do
As if she were Cinderella’s missing glass shoe

She’ll never see me in the same way I see her
For I am not as noticeable like a cat’s silent purr
I want her to be mine so we can shine and gleam
Alas she does not see me for I am unseen

Tavares Burton

The One

I want to be the one,
to make you laugh and smile.
I want to be the one you love,
for always . . . not a while.

I want you to be the one,
I talk to every day.
I want you to be the one,
who listens to what I say.

I want you lying next to me,
holding me through the night.
I want to be the one you love.
I love you with all my might.

But if this is not what you want,
then I will settle for a friend.
I will always be here if you need it,
from beginning to the end.

Rebel Mayer
What’s to Lose?

Signals and body language  
All have me confused  
Standing on the edge  
And I may come out bruised

I am not sure what you seek  
But I must confess  
The sight of you makes me weak  
I become a giggling mess

When our palms touched  
A strange feeling invaded me  
I turned red and blushed  
As if God created you for me

Without you I feel lonely  
And long to see your face  
Wishing for one moment only  
That you would share an embrace

My mind will understand  
If you should refuse,  
My heart will mend  
What do I have to lose?

Monica Kratz

I Write Poetry

I write poetry  
To you in my head all day  
Because you cannot  
Hear what I would say to you  
Nor clearly see how I feel

My heart oozes words  
That swirl and form pictures in  
My head until it  
Overflows into fingers  
That write secrets just for you.

Secret words, poetry  
Pieces of me that you will  
Never hear nor see.

Melissa Rodgers

shy love

my heart starts racing,  
my cheeks begin to blush,  
my hands are shaking,  
i feel like im in a rush,  
my voice starts quivering  
knees shaking  
and all i want to do  
is say i love you.

courtney ashe

Sun-kissed

by Joshua J. Meunier
St. Simons Island Sunrise
by Andrea Holland

Watercolor Skies
by Lisa Bierly
Rise to Shine
by Stacy Floyd

Far eastward do you see the colors of our bright morning star? It shines for each and every one of us offering a new day of possibilities. It grants new opportunities for the hopeless and lonely. It grants solace for the drunk. It provides a new beginning for those who have met wit’s end.

Now that the new day has dawned you can forget about the troubles and worries of days past. You have another opportunity to forgive those who have turned your heart away or have misplaced your trust. You also have been granted the power to right the wrongs you’ve committed.

Count each day now as another blessing within itself. Count it as another chance to find penance and redemption. Feel grateful that the Lord has given us one more extra day till final judgment. Never waste your time. Show those you love how much you care.

For the night may seem endless and it is always dark. Even those with the widest eyes may lose their way. You may feel like you’re walking alone because you can’t see those who walk beside you. There is no need to fret over this. Wait a little while longer and a bright star will lead you home, or wherever you’re going.

Wake up
Sit up
Stand up
Get up
Get out of bed

Morning Song
by Mike Ganten
The New York Times has a formula online: articles that have been judged to be the most interesting in a given section are listed at the top of the page by headline, with brief summaries. There is a bar dividing these from a longer list of headlines in a smaller font, with no summaries at all. Most days, the link at the end of this second list is titled “Names of the Dead.” So buried, it appears on the pages of the Politics, World, and U.S. sections — a list in alphabetical order of the soldiers who have fallen in service to this country. The Pentagon has released their information (name, age, hometown, branch of service, rank, and division) and the newspaper has published it as they receive it, under the same introductory paragraph, for years. I found it about ten months ago, when my subscription for the local newspaper ended, and I don’t remember whether I wept out of fear or rage or plain anxiety at the sight of that list, but I know I cried. For weeks, I halted my morning routine long enough to read the “Names of the Dead.” I felt compelled, as an American, to recognize the death of our soldiers in combat. A terrible assumption was all it took to flip my new ritual on its head.

It was still early in the morning, and winter, and there was little light in the room save the blue-white glow of the computer screen. My dogs, still smelling of grass and morning dew, had settled in at the base of my chair. I sipped my coffee every half minute or so, setting the cup back down on my desk with a ceramic thunk. Seeing that more names had been released was an unpleasant way to finish such a peaceful morning, but I clicked the link and pushed my coffee cup away. The last sentence of the introduction was the only one that ever changed. This time, it said the names had all come from the conflict in Iraq. There were five, but I only saw the Marine.

His first name was Christopher, and there was a city in California printed next to his name. He was twenty years old. My reading, my arrogant reverence, stalled. In my head, I rifled frantically through my high school memories, groping for details. There was a girl, Lisa, who had borrowed my history notes and eaten lunch at my table. We had never escaped that limbo between acquaintance and friendship. She married quickly, eagerly, the way some girls do when the boy they love decides to join the military. I had their wedding photo tucked away somewhere: Lisa beaming in an ivory sundress, Chris smiling and sweating in Marine Corps ceremonial garb. He had swept her off to the west coast. I couldn’t remember their last name.

I began to lecture myself — there were dozens of Marines named Chris stationed in California, I hadn’t spoken to Lisa in two years; this was none of my business, et cetera — but grief and a kind of mindless terror overran my pragmatism. I felt desperately sorry for Lisa. What would she do, if this was her Christopher who’d been killed? She had been so proud of their marriage and his military service. It was unfathomable that she should lose her husband, with the whole of the country between her and her family, at twenty years old. It was unfair. It was wrong.

I called my husband to babble, to hear his voice, and found the sense to ask if he remembered Chris’s last name. He did. It wasn’t the name on the computer screen. Even after I hung up the phone, though, the rush of relief I had been hoping for never came. The name on the New York Times webpage was suddenly much more than a name. They all were. There were five people on my computer screen who had left their homes to serve their country, and they weren’t coming back. I was aware now of five different sets of family members, drinking buddies, and mentors whose worlds had stopped spinning, with yet more pain and incredulity than my own just had, and for greater reason.

Death, the great imminent threat, took on a harsh new light in my eyes. Moreover, since I was considering the deaths of the soldiers, Marines, sailors, and airmen of an all-volunteer defense
force, I began to understand the difference between war as a reality and war as a media concept. It was an epiphany tainted with the same sense of blind fumbling as a teenager’s realization that adulthood is inevitable and grown-up life is directly subject to the consequences of his or her current actions. I stared at the list of men. Not one was in his thirties. If I had asked what the lives of our soldiers were worth before this moment, it had been as a piece of political rhetoric. I asked the question aloud now in my silent office and found myself pleading for an answer I could believe in.

I weighed the usual careworn questions with a new precision: What would I die for? What lengths would I go to, to defend my way of life? Who did I trust to make such decisions for me? After a while, my answers began to lose their glamour. People had answered before me and were answering every day, electing to serve their country in the most deadly, literal fashion. I had never considered the integrity it took to do such a thing. I had trivialized and trampled on it by only thinking of those men and women as nameless bodies in uniforms, as instruments of aggressive foreign policy at best or, at worst, political collateral damage. Worrying over Chris, and the very real people he would leave behind, brought that home for me.

I still seek out the Names of the Dead. I turn off my music, put down my coffee, and read them each in turn, holding myself back from any sense of patriotic duty or pride. It is an act of mourning now, and of gratitude for their faith in our country. It is an act of anger, too, at the way I used to think, and at the system that continues to use such canned solemnity when uttering the phrase human life.

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**Time Won’t Heal the Loss of You**

They say absence makes the heart grow fonder. I disagree.

Your absence makes my heart ache.

With you gone, the world is not what it used to be.

Then,

I would walk around with the thought —

In the back of my mind —

that you were somewhere out there, alive, and well.

Now,

I walk around with the thought —

In the back of my mind —

that you’re out there, laying six feet deep under this earth.

No longer living, breathing, laughing

Like you used to;

You’d laugh so loud, and smile so big.

I miss that.

I miss you,

Just your existence in itself,

just the fact that you’re no longer here,

will not settle in my mind.

The debris from this fiery desolation,

that is the loss of you,

will never settle to the depths of my mind.

They say time heals all things.

I disagree.

Time will never heal the loss of you.

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Millicent Jones

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**Pain**

by H. M. Coleman

With trailing voice he said, “My family is gone.”

A stranger broke into his house; killed his wife and two daughters.

The family that nurtured him and each other were taken by a senseless act of violence.

The rhythm of the plaintive answer plays over and over in questioning interviews

“My family is gone;

My family is gone.”
Frozen


Pass the streetlights illuminating dark alleys . . . and her Go-Go Green nail polish. Sharp click of her stilettos, implying a solitary walker.

They step past a dumpster noticed only by the thick smell of rot and past a cat, who follows them for a few seconds then disappears without their knowing.

They are still talking . . . about everything and nothing plans for the night plans for forever the talk always the same the end always the same.

A shadow steps from around the corner, and he pulls her into him, protectively, if not a bit strained. The shadow passes by, slight nervous nods all around though no mention made.

They round the corner — finding what they expect — yet dazzled all the same eyes adjusting to the bright lights stabbing the darkness.

They find a table and sit and she rests her head on his shoulder sadly and looks at him with imploring eyes hopeful, yet wilting dutifully sitting straight when he reaches into his pocket and brandishes a key and raises his hand to his lips revealing handcuffs which slip toward her elbow past wrists scarred from years of wear and as his lips touch the skin, translucent, on the back of her hand, there is a click and he is gone.

And she is there.

Big-girl Shoes
by Kara Jackson

Urban Overload
by Sidonia Serafini
Handcuffs still dangling from her arm,  
somehow heavier despite the emptiness.  
Safe, or so he would pretend,  
. . . but alone.

She sits for a while —  
orders a drink which melts while she waits  
seemingly oblivious to the chain  
and the time.

Then she pays —  
leaving a twenty where a five would do,  
and tosses down a dime, just because,  
and slips unnoticed into the street.  
How long has she been here?  An hour? . . . two hours? . . . all night? . . .

She could leave anytime.  
And she knows this.  It is her power and her ultimate weakness.  
She could walk back through the alley,  
find the car, and go.  
But she doesn’t.  
She doesn’t know want to see  
what she knows she will find,  
so she stays, and walks, and waits  
smiling only once  
at something far away and quickly forgotten.

A police car screams by  
swirling lights distorting everything around  
and she looks up sharply, her eyes following until it disappears  
and she wonders if maybe this time he won’t be back  
if maybe this will be the last time  
and she prays but she will never admit the prayer  
to anyone other than herself . . . and God.

There is a tug at her wrist, and a click, and he is back.  
“Tell me I’m safe,” he says, like always  
cautiously moving an empty soda can with his foot  
as though he expects it to jump up and bite him.  
She watches him in disgust,  
desperate to leave  
now that she can’t.

“You’re safe,” she whispers, calm and reassuring, as always,  
He gapes at her, stupid and smug,  
And leans on her to lead the way.

Jennifer Borland
Shampoo

I rinsed it out tonight
the small vial
that held the purple shampoo

I would wash your hair
and slowly run the water

At my kitchen sink this evening
with darkness descending
and memories bubbling
the scent of shampoo
the scent of you
took me by surprise
brought me to my knees

I ran the water hot
until my fingers were burnt
and the skin glowed with life

I crawled back through
a tangle of memories
searching for signs of life
in a mother who may have washed
a daughter’s hair
and breathed in
perhaps even basked
in the scent of shampoo

Bonnie Tobias

Tree Spirit
by Charity Andersen

Coral and Jade
Watercolor and ink
by Jamie Pittman
A Blush of Beauty
Charcoal and chalk on red-toned paper (24” X 30”)
Self-portrait by Kat Taylor
Empty World
by Mike Ganten

I walk here, along the sidewalks.
This was once a busy street.
Now it is hardly a street at all.
The laughter of little children playing,
or the noises of mischievous teenagers,
is all replaced by painful moans and gunfire.
This great city that once raised to the sky,
is now but dirt and dust in my hands.
So dark is the heart of man.

I come across fields of charred fragments,
and broken bodies.
Thousands upon thousands of the nameless.
Heroic warriors whose names will only be remembered by those who loved them.
I realize these bones, beneath me,
are the bones that held my son’s blood.
They crumble away in my hands,
like dust between my fingers.
My hands fold in solemn prayer,

Why?

So many people with too many problems,
all claiming to be the righteous ones, the chosen ones.
The tears of Moses, Buddha, Mohammed, and Jesus,
all fall from the sky like rain,
enough to flood the Nile or Mississippi tenfold.
All of whom gave man the same basic message,
but their words were corrupted over time,
by the greedy kings of the nations,
who used those words as vehicles of control and hate,
rather than messages of peace.

Is everyone that far gone?

I lie here on this stone foundation,
staring into the roofless sky.
I’ve donned the battle dress, the sword and the gun,
I once wielded so long ago.
An old man, tired and worn, forced to defend again,
because there are no more young.
The cold air clouds with my weary sigh.
The marching steps of the approaching armies,
pound at my ears like heavy metal.

I think of your bright hopeful eyes,
and our merry walks by the sea.

The notes of peace are written in the blood of our sons.

V is for “Vacuum”
by Renee Bragg
**Brought to Life**

My soul sleeps somewhere cold
Call my name, revive my sleeping soul
Destroy the ice surrounding my heart
Be the sun that melts the snow
Too long have I been without love
I open my eyes once more
Grasping for air, breathe into me
Pull me from the dark
Bring me into the light
The ice melts when you come near
Too long have I been without contact
My lifeless body springs to life once more
The shadows run as you bring your light
The light shines through me
Bringing warmth with it
I can move again, feel again
I am alive once more
Thanks to your love . . . .

Devan P. Brogdon

**Stopping by Woods**

by Donna Smith

**Ice Storm**

by Holli Perry
Sanctuary Fable

I start with a trick (one trick)
And I add a solitary stick
Stick by trick I set forth
Into the land of the sick

I find a box, a box in which you burn
A box in which confinement prohibits your ability
to learn

And in turn I aim my foot at the box and then kick
I’m left with 6 squares and 24 nails from which
to pick

I pick one and two and affix ‘em to my stick
Construct a picket sign warning that

“YOUR BRAIN IS SICK”

This two-by-four amalgam is legendary
The legend states that picket signs protect the sanctuary
Prohibition of guns, tobacco, and your right to marry
A woman’s simple, biological right to carry

But this morning I saw a vision in which the legend
was harried
Declared to be overzealous and not quite contemporary
Where the sanctuary was contest and corrupted
And let me tell you, the results were terrible and scary;

Imagine this:
A world with no hope
A world with no passion
A world with no stick
No legend
A world picked apart in a drug-hazed fashion;

Imagine this:
No home
No love
No happiness
A million tax-squeezed parks with no children

The battle for your humanity is not over, my friend
These wounds are not fatal, your mind can mend
You have to care,
You have to change,
And it all starts with a stick —
You’ve gotta break open that box
And discover your trick
Do it quick

Adam R. Donaghy

Break-out
by Jennifer Borland
First Place
Seaswells Art Contest

Lost in Space: Haiku
Words I cannot find
Are somewhere among the thoughts
Tangled in my mind

Shelby Condit

What’s for Lunch?
Graphite (18” X 24”)
by Kat Taylor

Prose and Cons
I claimed all the love that claimed me
I hoped it flowed like a waterfall
Or grew like the forest of money trees
But you can’t buy any love from me
I was just waiting for the turnaround
I shouldn’t wait for you to come around
But when you’re flying in a blue dream
You don’t let go until you stop believing
Happiness screams, “Appreciation!”
At anger for abbreviation
Who am I to tell your mind?
I will return all of your time
Unlimited happiness is within reach
But how far are you willing to leap
A thousand years of time
And tomorrow’s on my mind

Nicolas Bryant
**Kitchen Times**

The Sunday breakfast dishes were scrubbed clean, and put away. Leftover, sweet, yellow, green, and red melons were covered, put in the refrigerator, ready for a later snack. I stopped to admire the mocha colored walls, the stainless steel appliances, and the sparkling shades of cream and blue granite counter tops of our newly remodeled kitchen. Suddenly, as if I had switched channels on the television with the remote, thoughts of my old kitchen entered my mind. Those memories were as fresh as the newly fallen snow on the ground that I observed through the kitchen window. Memories of times spent cooking with my daughter. I could still smell the sweet, vanilla, and buttery aroma of sugar cookies baking. I could still see her standing there in my apron, sorting through her ingredients on the counter. I could still see her when she was small standing on a chair, sitting on the counter, or sitting on my Grandma’s stool. She wanted to be involved with everything and not miss a step of the process. I remember how amazed I was when she memorized the measurements of ingredients of our family pancake recipe before the age of two. Times she helped me prepare holiday dinners. Always offering to help in any way she could. Then there was the time she cooked me chicken soup when I was sick. I miss her daily presence in the old kitchen now that she is grown. I realize how much I miss her in my new kitchen, the new one she helped me design. The same new kitchen in which she helped me prepare Christmas dinner. The first holiday dinner we made in the new kitchen. I am looking forward to more shared times in the new kitchen. Making new memories and talking of old times. Times, sweet shared times.

Marilyn Adkins

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**Haiku:**

**Coffee Hour**

Pumpkin spice latte
Needs a warning stamped on it
Induces vapors.

Kaci Coleman

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**Musical Reverie**

by JoAnna Kiley
Model # 1110
Smoky photographs
Dark moon
Number 9, release the ghost,
Gloom . . .
Tuesday morning,
Drunk poems,
20 something & single in the south,
Again and again . . .
     Jennifer Borland

Choices
(Inspired by Robert Frost)
One choice to make
Two options depart
Make the right choice
There lacks a restart
Choice one I thought
Choice one was vogue
Choice two was dusty
Worn with old
This choice was key
The solution was the lock
Time is of the essence
I am one with the clock
Choice two I thought
With all the suspense
Was the best choice
It made all the difference.
     Shakir Robinson

American Queen
Acrylics (20” X 16”)
by Charity Andersen

Haiku: Paint Job
Alice Innocent
Painted her fingers and toes
Black to match her eyes.
     Kaci Coleman
Her arms were bound above her in heavy iron chains. Her feet were likewise bound around the ankle. She had limited movement but at least she could stand. Her head was pounding fiercely but the cool stone wall behind her helped to ease some of the pain. The light was very dim except for a moonlit area in the center of the room. What occupied the light frightened the girl to death. In that area, there was a large slab of stone. The object of her terror is what was lying on top of the stone slab. He was immense, his very presence felt suffocating even in the large stone chamber. He had dark gray shining fur coursing along his whole body. It looked as if you were to touch it, you would feel like you were touching a cloud. Where his limbs should have ended in hands and feet, they ended in large padded paws accented by enormous claws sprouting at least two inches from his wolfish fingers. His large head kept her attention. Larger than any other wolf head she had ever seen, it rested nonchalantly on a smaller stone used as a pillow of some sorts. He had a long muzzle, ending in a fist-sized pointed snout which quivered while he slept. The mouth still had the remnants of his last meal; a pig, by the type of ear that was sticking outside from his mouth. His eyes were closed but she knew he wasn’t asleep. His conical ears scanned the room for any signs of trouble or escape. Occasionally her attention was brought to the rear of the beast when he whisked his brush of a tail. There was no other movement or sound in the room, only the gigantic steady breaths from the resting beast. The girl was sure to keep the chains from rattling. She did not want to wake the beast and endure the wrath that would surely follow from being woken up from his nap. The girl stayed like that for hours, waiting for some sign of a rescue or chance to escape. While looking at the beast again, she sensed a change. The gleam from his fur was diminishing. Her eyes darted to the window high up on the chamber wall. Clouds were beginning to form over the harvest moon. Terrified, the girl’s eyes darted back to set on the beast, wondering if the change in moonlight would wake the beast. Letting out a gasp, she found that the beast was not where she had last seen him. The stone slab was empty except for the pig’s ear which had until quite recently been hanging out of his mouth. The chamber was getting darker and darker; she quickly scanned the room trying to locate the missing beast. The light was almost gone as was her hope of staying alive. Then, as if someone had turned off the switch, she was plunged into darkness.

**Bound by Fear**

by Renee Bragg

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**The Beast**

Ink and prismacolor (9” X 12”)

by Sarah Benjamin
What Is Living?

Is living merely waking up every day?
Waiting all week to see Friday and Saturday?
Or
Is it having as much fun as possible?
    Striving to do the impossible?
Or
Is living merely flying under the radar?
    Riding past life, in a grey car?

Or
Is life what you make it?
Grab life and take it.
You decide whether your life
Is dying for thirst or filled to the brim
As for me,
My life is FULL,
Full to the brim.

Shakir Robinson
The Drive from the Cotton to the Coast

darkened rustic roads at dusk are scattered with memories that make you feel more alive than moments of present

and here change is absent
the seasons still feel as if they are living
the white cotton fields overwhelming the senses with simplistic brightness

and sweet bonfires still glow with the unadulterated passion of freedom and insouciance

and in this small town the setting of the love and loss that can happen only once
i see in the old man’s eyes that even in his years he too remembers the feeling of a trusting heart broken
under a painfully vivid southern sky

and i realize that
I Will Never Forget You.

Erin Johnson

Warm Endings
Computer-enhanced photo by Janet Dominy

9th Wonder
by Marsalis Eason
Watson Mill Bridge
by Pamela Westcott

Home to the Honeybee
by Kara Jackson
Mixed Signals

We talk late at night.
You tell me things that make my heart skip
And make the butterflies in my stomach act all the more crazy.
But when I see you, you are indifferent towards me.
You act like you never said the things I cherish.

You told me you want all of me.
From my head to my toes, from my accent to my wit.
Maybe you don’t realize that I was yours the day we met.
Yet, I have nothing of you . . . .

I want you in a way I’ve wanted no one else.
I think you’re my romantic soul-mate.
Around you I feel like a whole person.
When we’re apart I don’t feel complete.
You’re my other half.
You alone can make me whole.

Maybe I don’t know you well enough to say that.
You’ve told me some of your past.
It’s not pretty but . . . I haven’t run away.
I’m still here.
I’ll always be here.
I want you to feel as I do but . . .
I’d rather have you as a friend than not at all . . . .

JoAnna Kiley

Stream of Consciousness

Ink (8½” X 11”)
by Kara Morrissey
**I Am**

I am
I am a raven
Someday I’d like to fly free
And not listen to the whispers, as others speak negative, pointing their fingers at me
Thinking that what they say must be true about me
I am.
I am a horse
Though I may seem weak
Personality a little small, voice shaky when I speak
But I am strong, so very strong
What they whisper and think is actually wrong
I am.
I am a fish
Sometimes I drown in my own dilemmas
Though I live in the cold, I still quiver
I have inside 19 years of rage
But still I am wise beyond my age
I am.

Shamara Thomas
The Marsh
by Kimberly Helms

The marsh is living, breathing, sighing, singing
I have entered into the sanctuary
Into the solace, beneath the inky blackness
Silky, verdant curtains fill the murky pools

Others enter, anticipating, wading, watching,
Countless voices, ageless melodies
Join in perfect harmony
Rising above the blackness of the pond

The marsh waits for me
To join, to retreat, to draw me in
Sliding backward, I kneel, I pause, I wait
The marsh looks back at me

Graceful limbs hold up a smoky canopy
White ivy-laced trunks and piney boughs form the canvas
I wait, expecting, needing to be inspired
Straining to hear the song, the voices of many

Ebony silhouettes blend together swaying with
Lily whiteness closed within
The humming chorus lifts and transcends
Into the stillness of the night

Early Birds
by Justin Gines

First Place
Barr Poetry Contest

Groves of pine shelter the tranquil solitude
Mosses and grasses swish, swirl, stretch
To the ever hanging branches of grey moss
Voices crescendo and peak

Open to receive the dewy drink,
The marsh pauses in her chorus to meditate
Lulling the night into peaceful sleep
Humming with the timeless chant of beauty, peace and darkness

The stillness of the air quiets the single voice
And blends the croak, the chirp, the cry
Until light breaks into the shelter
Breaking through the night

I rise with the dawn; the sky raises
the stained glass
With the breaking light, the moment is lost.
I miss the beach days the most
The smell of sunscreen and the heat of sun rays

Sand castles in the shape of mansions
Mindless dreaming of our soon-to-be futures
But soon someone would come along and tumble
over our masterpiece
For a minute, the world stops and breathing stops
Our hard work is gone
All that time it took to build and it only took
seconds to destroy
Our mothers’ voices said it would be okay and we
could try again

The flattened castle is forgotten when we see a
purple kite flying in and out of each gust of wind
You and I jumped at the chance to fly one
We picked out one to fly together
Together, our hands gripped the pole and with all
our strength, the kite lifted into the air

In my mind, this was a test of our friendship
Seeing if we could work together as one
Working toward one goal: Keeping the kite in the
air
Our laughs and screams filled the warm air as we
ran back and forth on the sand
It never did leave the big sky overhead

Food sat on red and white tablecloths
There was a chill in the air now
Signaling the end of our beach day
Soon it would be the end of another great weekend

The smell of salt blew through the air
The stars were twinkling in the sky, being kept
company by the glowing full moon
The lighthouse kept giving us its beam of light and
taking it away again

All our voices became one with the talk of
friendship and loss and love
Time will go on
We will grow older and move on
But I will remember forever

Wanna Neck?
by Sarah Thompson

Margo Roberts
Pain in My Heart

How do I ease the pain in my heart,
When the love that we shared has grown far apart?
When the sound of your voice makes my heart skip a beat.
Longing to hold you, and kiss you so sweet!

How do I calm my feelings of fear,
Each time that you leave and I’m sitting here?
My mind races and wonders where can you be,
As I long to be with you, I love you, you see.

How do I show you the Love that I feel,
Show you it’s deep and tender and real?
Show you the love that I feel deep inside,
The love that I felt as you stood by my side.

We married each other till death do us part,
And from that day forth you have had my heart.
My love’s never ending; it is only for you,
These things that I say are heartfelt and true.

So how do I ease the pain in my heart,
When I can’t be with you, only inches apart?

Lance T. Brown

You Are Deep

I can tell that you are deep
Maybe deeper than the thoughts
that provoke me
Tattoos on your skin tell me your story
louder than your fanciful words
I see what you saw
Hear what you’ve heard
Love lost . . . yes it hurts!
You try to find an outlet for the pain inside
Come with me friend I’ll be your guide

Charday Harris

LOVE IS . . .

by Marsalis Eason
This Rose
This rose has thorns
Soft petals too
Beauty with a byproduct
That’s difficult to soothe

Tiers upon tiers
Of desire and emotion
Yet beneath ecstasy is ache
That’s just a notion

It’s hard to explain
Yet hard to contain
The structure of this rose
Simple at first glance
Intricate when given the chance
To lose its thorns
To bloom and spread
Before it’s dead

Shelby Condit

Finding My Identity
Charcoal and chalk on red-toned paper
(18” X 24”)
Self-portrait by Karen Price

Lost Soul
Lost soul hears no voices
They bounce off her like shadows
She watches all around her
She walks in quiet steps but her feet barely touch the ground

Lost soul watches the shapes rush by
All of them headed toward a goal in mind
They won’t take her with them and she doesn’t want to stay
It is their journey to go on

This lost soul barely hears the tree branches blowing gently in the wind
And the moon and stars are dim
Everything is seen through a misty fog
Then came a voice that she could hear very clearly
It was a voice like an angel whispering in her ear
This voice told her sweetly, “You have so much to give, so much to live for, and I am here.”

Margo Roberts
The Maiden and the Mouse

by Lance T. Brown

There she is, the love of his life, Samantha Day! Every evening she passes by on her way home from work, and every day he sits on the steps and watches. Maybe today will be the day he speaks. Maybe today will be the day he sums up the courage to at least say, “Hello.” It had only been a few years since that day that she once spoke to him:

“Excuse me,” she said.

“Y—Y—Yes,” stammered Timmy.

“Could you please tell me where this address is?” asked Samantha.

Timmy just pointed to the building two doors down.

Since that day Timothy Ledbetter, or Timmy as he is known by on the block, has had the crush of all crushes.

That one moment in time had lightened his ever so dreary life. Aside from his favorite comic, The Green Hornet, there was nothing Timmy loved more than to watch Samantha walk down the street. She always had a smile on her angelic face and always looked beautiful; but why wouldn’t she. She was an aspiring model who had done some local magazines and a few commercials, but still had not gotten her “Big Break.”

Working part time at a local restaurant had provided her plenty of time to work on her modeling career; and even though she had not made it big, she was hopeful that she would.

Timmy, on the other hand, had very few aspirations in life. He was twenty-five years old and had worked as a delivery boy at the local grocery store since he was thirteen years old. Timmy played a big part in the neighborhood; he delivered groceries to all the elderly.

Two of his loyal customers were the “Bingo Sisters,” as they were affectionately named by everyone. First, there is Mrs. Mildred Lutz. Mrs. Mildred is the local grandmother of the neighborhood. Born in Baton Rouge, Louisiana, she moved here to Boston, Massachusetts, in the early thirties. She worked as a seamstress for twenty-five years before retiring with arthritis of the hands. She has curly white hair, a pointed nose and always has a smile for everyone. She uses her nearly 70 years on the earth to help and guide young adults and children of the neighborhood.

Then, there is Mrs. Agnes Wellborn. Mrs. Agnes can best be described as the “Wicked Witch of the North.” She is 73 going on dead, and is afflicted with every ailment known to man! Plus, she has no patience. She peers out of her dollar-store bifocal lenses, wearing her hand-me-down apron. Her pale, wrinkled skin appears as though it hasn’t seen sunlight in over a decade. Her voice can be heard four blocks over as she yells at all the small children in the neighborhood.


Timmy would drop whatever he was doing to help Mrs. Agnes. She and Mrs. Mildred were his extended family. They lived on the floor above him, in adjoining apartments. The highlight of their week was playing bingo every Wednesday at the local church.

When she wasn’t playing bingo, Mrs. Agnes was finding some poor soul to yell at. She would even find a reason to yell at Tiger.

Tiger was the neighborhood stray. He was a five-year-old Persian who had been left behind by his family when they moved. He was only two years old. That was three years ago and ever since he had been foraging for food in trash cans, alleys, and sidewalks.

Tiger was also a Champion Mouser. He had developed his skill by living in old abandoned houses on the block. Occasionally, the Bingo Sisters would set out a can of tuna for him to eat.

But enough about Tiger. How was Timmy to ever get to know Samantha? He could barely speak to the Bingo Sisters, let alone a beautiful girl like Samantha. One day Mrs. Agnes decided to put things in motion to help Timmy out.
Running

Darkness, Darkness, trying to find me
Running and running, running beside me
I can’t let it bind me, but it will find me
Light holds me, but darkness can mold me
I keep running and running from this disaster
My heart oh my heart, keeps thrashing faster
I’ve ceased running, my heart has stopped beating
Darkness found me, Light I cannot envision
Freedom I petition
Alas, It’s too late
Darkness ruled my fate

Shelby Condit

Fiery Skies

by Dayton Ireland

The Lesser Lights Ruled the Night

by Rachel Holyfield
The Finish Line

In an imperfect world I strive for perfection
Deciphering criticism from constructive correction
Struggling to keep up with my responsibilities
While juggling the demands of life’s necessities
Work, school, family, exercise, chores, pets
Trying to accomplish everything without regrets
Questioning myself and my motivation
Is all my effort to meet an unrealistic expectation?
I can’t reach the bar it’s just set way too high
My success doesn’t coincide with how hard I try
Would anyone deny that life sets you up to fail?
And inevitably we resemble a dog chasing its tail
But I won’t get discouraged by my lack of control
Or let life’s chaos distract me from my goal
Nothing can suppress my desire for knowledge
And regardless of the roadblocks, I will graduate college

Cheralin Smith

End . . . or Beginning?

by Regina Cruz

In the Office

Beep, beep, beep it’s 8:45 in the morning
Five more minutes won’t hurt.
Beep, beep, beep it’s 9:15 man I’m late
Time for another dreaded day with the same four walls.
I should have left earlier and late again
Car in front and another in back
Car to the right and another to the left
This is what I call traffic at its best
Take a seat, take a call, hear the boss sit back down
Another call, I pick it up wishing I can leave but it’s the only job I got left
Four years of college and this is what I get where an hour feels like 2
feels like four and three like six
This is what I call cubicles at their best
Great it’s only 12 and I’m here ‘til five
After 4 more days at least four hours
Back home again and back to bed for tomorrow I have to do it all again
Life after college and this is what you get
A routine you have to follow and desk full of papers
With no end in sight.

Walter Rivas
The Maiden and the Mouse (continued)

She had called the restaurant where Samantha worked and mentioned that there was a cheaper apartment in their building. Knowing that Samantha was working as a waitress while she waited for her big break, she knew she would jump at the opportunity to move. She only lived two buildings over, but the move would be worth it, if she could save some money.

"Hello, Samantha?" said Mrs. Agnes.
"Yes," replied Samantha.
"This is Mrs. Agnes, Agnes Wellborn."
"Hello, Mrs. Agnes," Samantha replied.
"The reason I am calling, is to let you know that an apartment in our building has become available to rent. I am friends with the landlord and am positive I can save you some money if you are interested."

"That would be wonderful! I could really use a break in my rent right now. Work has been slow, and my landlord isn’t so friendly," Samantha stated.

"Why don’t you come over tonight and take a look at the place?" asked Mrs. Agnes.
"Tonight would be fine!" said Samantha as she said goodbye and hung up to go back to work.

Overhearing the conversation that had taken place, Mrs. Mildred seemed puzzled.

"What are you up to, Agnes?" inquired Mrs. Mildred.

"I am trying to do something that should have been done a while ago: get these two to talk," exclaimed Mrs. Agnes.

"Who?" asked Mrs. Mildred.

Mrs. Agnes replied, "Samantha and Timothy. Those two see each other every day and it is just amazing that that Timmy of ours has not worked up the nerve to talk to her."

Mrs. Mildred retorted, "You know he doesn’t have much luck in that department."

"Much luck?" Mrs. Agnes said with sarcasm in her voice. "He doesn’t have any. He hasn’t taken the rabbit’s foot out of his pocket!"

"He is just shy," replied Mrs. Mildred.

"Bashful was shy; this boy is petrified!" Mrs. Agnes responded. "We have got to do something or he will end up alone and foraging for food like Tiger!"

So that evening after work, just like clockwork, Samantha came walking down the street; and just like clockwork, Timmy was on the steps waiting. Only this time, Samantha would not just walk on by. The Bingo Sisters were on the top of the stairs waiting for her. As she approached, you could hear Mrs. Agnes yell out, in her most piercing shrill, "Whistle, you dumb bastard!" just as Samantha got to the front of the steps.

Timmy smiled and said with a grin, “It’s about time that old bag did something for me!”

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Really, I’m a Prince!
by Jennifer Borland

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Seaswells 2011 37
We’ve got to stop meeting like this!

Computer-enhanced photo
by Sarah Thompson

Nike Air Force One
Acrylics (18” x 14”)
by Tavares Burton
**Everyday Things**

Up at dawn  
Listening to the roosters crow  
Mothers awake with a million things to do.  
They grab their coffee  
And flip the sizzling bacon in the pan  
While the pancakes are bubbling ready to be turned  
Breakfast ready on the table by 7,  
Oh wait the kids aren’t up yet!  
By tickling their toes,  
They slowly arise from their beds.  
Mom’s busy dressing them  
While dad’s fixing the orange juice.  
Pass me the syrup, hand me a napkin  
Before it’s too late  
Dad kisses mom on the cheek  
Says see you at lunch  
And they rush to the car with book bags in hand.  
Driving, handing out lunch money, and putting on makeup  
Mom safely gets them to school.  
Have a nice day,  
I’ll see you at three!  
Off to work mom goes  
And she never slows down!  
From meetings, paperwork, and phone calls  
Will this woman ever have a break?  
Busy as a bee,  
This mom loves her family  
And repeats this process every day!

Darby Chancey

**Today Is the Day**

Today is the day,  
They are driving me crazy  
How I would love lazy  
Stop screaming I say  
Whining, Crying, Brats  
Will they ever be quiet?  
They’re gonna be a riot  
What a pack of rats  
Longing for quiet days  
Not in this house  
By now it is all a haze  
You couldn’t hear a mouse  
Is it day or is it night  
I cannot see the light  

Jennifer Alexander

*This Little Piggy*  
by Kara Jackson
Abeline,
Prettiest girl I’ve ever seen.
I love the fingers on your hands,
As you trace them in the sand,
And as the water laps your feet.

Abeline,
You’re everything that I believe.
Let’s break the locks that chain us low,
Forget our values, forget the world.
You can come, come fly with me.

I don’t know where we are,
But that’s not important to me.
We’ll keep on driving around this town,
And find out what it means to be free.

Abeline,
Hear my prayers for you tonight:
“Lord, lift her burden, help her fight.
You know by heart, her every plight.
I’m so grateful to be in her light.”

I don’t know where we are,
But as long as we’re driving this car,
We’ll keep on driving around and around,
And you know we’ll never get far.

You know we’ll never get far,
Because we remain here as we are.
Let’s switch it into another gear,
And towards the northern star.

I know you want something to believe,
While resting beside me patiently,
Like I’m going to wake from a winter’s sleep,
And become that one thing that makes you
complete . . . .

But I fear you won’t find that in me.

But let me rush in,
Just like a fool for you,
Tonight . . . .

Mike Ganten
true love
true love
day after day is sit and wait, for the man of my dreams
to come take me away
to a magical place
for only him and me
maybe in the mountains
or even by the sea
either here or there doesn't matter where
as long as I'm with him and he's with me

courtney ashe
Patience
by Ashley Miller
**The Shadowed One**

I am the one in the shadows  
The courage behind the players  
The hope behind the dream.

I am the one in the shadows  
I put the ball into play  
I sew up all the seams.

I am the one in the shadows  
I whisper, “You can win.”  
I know no boundaries for love.

I am the one in the shadows  
I always hold your hand  
I fit you like a glove.

I am the one in the shadows  
I will swallow all your pain.  
I am the one in the shadows  
Who will bring you sun again.

Karen Price

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**Poems for You**

I keep writing poems for you  
in an attempt to resurrect  
the dead creases of your mind  
where thought and memory of me  
no longer reside

An ischemia of sorts  
has crept into the valley  
of remembrance  
and severed the tendrils  
of our relationship

Now disjointed

You search for clarity and a sure foot

I search only for the comfort of my mother

Bonnie M. Tobias

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**Old Man**

Sugar is too sweet to bite.  
My taste buds have no rule.  
I am old, I must admit. I feel as an old fool.  
My walk is slow, back does ache, but my mind is full of plenty.  
Wrinkles have become my beauty marks — please do not think I am excited.  
I sit in the park and watch the birds at my feet they beg for food.  
I am old, I must admit, because I fed the birds dog food.  
Why do I keep dog food with me, I know not — last time I checked I a cat.  
Yes I wear glasses, but no, not today.  
Today I’m feeling young again — it’s my birthday.  
I am old, I must admit. I could not taste my birthday cake.  
So I blew out the candles, and made a wish; to tell you would be a mistake.  
The night is over — a birthday come and gone.  
One year older — I’m 86.  
I am old, I must admit.  
Though as an old man I do still dream.  
So I sat out on the porch.  
The breeze ruffled against my knees — I drifted off to sleep.  
I dreamed that I was young again, when I could taste all I could eat.  
When I tell you this be not sad . . . I did not wake up from my dream.  
I simply drifted off to what I believe is heaven a paradise you see.  
I ate all that I could consume; I danced around without a cane.  
Beautiful angels joined my praise — I, an old man, rejoiced.  
I was old, I must admit. I felt as an old fool.  
Though now I am a brand new soul, and I can taste my food.  
Do not think that I no longer look down at my old life.  
I still feed the birds.  
Oh, my birthday wish . . . was to be young again.  
I was old, I must admit.

Olivia Morton

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**Death**

For those who fear death  
It is never an ending  
But a short goodbye

Sidonia Serafini
Short-term Friendship: Hand and Clam
by Charity Andersen

Boardwalk Wonders
by Sidonia Serafini
**Walk the Plank**  
by Thomas Martin

**Flatline**

Invisible enemy,  
compassionate for the love of which he sinned,  
growing hatred . . . festering,  
oozing soft words with infection underneath,  
tighten your grip  
one finger at a time;  
hurdles not worth the effort  
to pick up your own feet.  
. . . but . . . once they were.  
Why then? Why not now?  
Not a grimace, exactly, but far from a smile.  
Routine of each day,  
a sudden new lifeline.  
“Feed the cat,”  
“Take out the trash,”  
“Turn off the lights,”  
keeping you from reaction,  
avoiding the acknowledgement,  
which clips your heels with every step.  
How do you live in a world like this?

Jennifer Borland

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**Holding It Over My Head**

To the island of Caraba trees  
Care to take my order please  
Two Coladas with the alcohol on the side please  
Straight edge till I die you see  
One lung deficiency  
Mom died of alcohol  
The other I could never be

Looking back  
I think I fell too easy  
Peer pressure seemed to be  
The only thing I was hearing  
Drink this, smoke that  
In my head it keeps ringing and ringing  
Making mistakes  
And doubting everything I believed in

Too bad  
I didn’t see your treason  
Behind me  
You were quietly sneaking  
But I found me  
Before the words “Seize him”  
Now straightedge is back  
And I’m the only ruler of this kingdom

Camden Hogue
I Stand On Their Backs
Tribute to Naomi Crum and Doris Crum

As I stand here, tall and proud,
   Loud and free,
I remember all they have done for me.
The warm baths, the hugs,
The love they would give,
How I wish my life with them I now lived.
   Two women,
   So powerful, so strong
   Amazing how they lived so long.
One to the age of eighty-two
   The other to the age of one hundred and one,
With one thing in common, both bearing only one son.
   It is because of them that I am who I am,
   A powerful strong woman
   Determined to outlive at least one of them.
See my grandmother and mother, an extraordinary pair
   Taught me how to love, taught me how to share.
My gifts, my talents, the me that I am,
   Tall, proud, loud, and free,
   I stand here tall, on your backs
   Thanking you always
   For making me, the you, I always want to be!!!

Sandra Crum

Mother and Daughter
by Stephanie Cooper

A Work in Progress

I am a work in progress
With keeping to my narrow path
Only traveling forward never aft,
A journey to avoid the mess.

My heart and my soul I can’t give less.
Failure to myself would inflict my total wrath.
A situation that would never make me laugh,
A struggle fought daily, I do confess.

God help me, give me the strength, I pray,
To endure the neverending pain.
Watching, waiting for my error.

Lord, keep my focus. Don’t let me stray.
Thy staff, thy rod my physical cane.
You beside me as I go,
I’ll succeed along the way.

Amanda Crane
**The Best Things about Being a Mom**

Reading Stone Fox with my daughter, expecting her to cry — and instead crying myself.
Watching my kids’ reactions the first time they saw snow at eleven o’clock on a night in February.
Hearing my son say “actually” all the time when he was learning to talk — and knowing he got it from me.
Observing the ridiculous logic they use deciding what Valentine to give to each kid in their class.
The first time I heard my baby truly laugh.
Secretly smiling when my daughter knocked down the boy who had been teasing her — even though afterwards I told her there were better ways to handle problems.
Watching my son struggling to carry our less than delighted cat to the window so they could watch a thunderstorm.
Hearing my daughter call Mrs. Butterworth’s syrup, Mrs. Butterworks.
Listening to them giggle to each other late at night when they should be asleep.
Using the concentration of a brain surgeon to cut their fingernails when they were newborn.
The way my daughter used to pronounce the world “squirrel.”
Standing in line for an hour at Disney World so we could ride a flying elephant.
Holding the world’s most precious lion on my son’s first Halloween.
Frantically searching every room of the house while shouting my daughter’s name — and eventually finding her asleep in her stuffed animal pile.
Driving Matchbox cars around the carpet for endless hours with my son.
Hearing him laugh hysterically when I let him stay up late to watch “A Christmas Story” with me.
Having my daughter’s picture taken in the dress my grandmother made for her.
Knowing that even when I am mad, I wouldn’t trade a moment I have with them.

Jennifer Borland

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**Too Two!**

by Joshua J. Meunier

**All This Pride**

For my sweet daughter, Layla Brooke

All this pride I cannot hide
My beautiful daughter by my side
From the day she was born I knew I must provide
A life for her that she can take pride
I imagine the day my angel becomes a bride
This remarkable bond nothing can divide
My heart, my joy, all my pride

Lindsey Ammons
**A Look at Me**

Acrylic paint on canvas panel (16” x 12”)
by Dayton Ireland

**Black Eyes and Full Moons**

I walked out to the moonlight,
And the waves were crashing.
Time goes by fast,
When you’re laughing.
It’s so hard to look back
To see my memories fade.
I’ll make it through, until I see you,
And hope you feel the same.
There’s more to see than what is shown.
So am I better off alone?
Let it A, I can be, do you see?
Life’s a beach . . .
Under sand?
I’m too late, she found another man.

Nicolas Bryant

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**Third Place Seaswells Art Contest**

**Untitled & Unfinished**

Tonight, will you be my stranger
And I, a silhouette
Mask all the memories that linger
Undo the layers that separate
Deepest passion from every action
Easily lost to familiarity

Melissa Rodgers
**Take Risks**

Do you live for tomorrow?
Or live for today?
Learn to take risks,
Take risks every day.
Do you fear the unknown,
And dread the possibility?
Speak up, shout out,
To the possible opportunity.
Take risks, take risks
Before your dream gets
washed away with hoses
And before you know it,
The door
closes.

Shakir Robinson

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**Fly Away Home**

by Tracy Beaumet

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**Life**

It’s fine when you’re five
And so full of Life
Each breath and stride
You take with such pride
But all you want to do
Is get old
So you can tell
Instead of be old
Be bold
Stand tall
Never fall
And have a wife to hold
It’s fine when you’re five
Until you realize
You’re just going to grow up and die
Brings tears to your eyes
And you spend the rest of your life
Trying to be nine
Instead of thirty-five

Camden Hogue
Sandcastles
by Darby Chancey

Playing in the sand at the playground on Neptune Park, a young red-haired girl never even realized she had an audience. Her red curls were shining brightly in the July sunshine as her tiny hands began creating a magnificent sandcastle. Children all around her were swinging on the swings and climbing the monkey bars, but it was as if she never noticed them. Although sweat was dripping down the side of her cheeks, she didn’t consider taking a break or joining the other kids in play. The girl was solely focused on building a sandcastle and nothing was going to stop her determination.

She was not having any luck during the building process because one kid ran straight through her castle and broke her bright, yellow bucket. The mother of the little girl ran over to her side and wiped the tears rolling down her face. After several words of encouragement, the child resumed her task, picked up her tools, and finished her creation. The castle's appearance amazed people as they admired it on their way to and from the pier. Surprised that such small hands could create such a magnificent sandcastle, many onlookers stopped to marvel at her creation in the sand.

As people were admiring her work, one gentleman walked up to the young girl and asked her a question. The older man looked at her and said, "My dear child, what is it that inspired you to build such an amazing sandcastle?" She looked up and said, "My dad." Although tears began rolling down her cheeks again, she wanted to finish telling her story to the gentleman. Grasping her mom's hand, she said, "The last story my father read to me was about a little girl who went to the beach for the first time and built a sandcastle in the sand with her dad. My dad is in Heaven now and we never got to build a sandcastle together. On my first trip to the beach, I still wanted to build a sandcastle and impress my dad because I know he is up in Heaven amazed at his little girl." The gentleman apologized for making her cry, but praised her inspiration and creativity.

This young child's journey to the Golden Isles is an event she will never forget. Although her father is in Heaven, she felt he was right there by her side as she built the sandcastle. As the man walked among the crowd he began sharing the little girl's story. Many of the people in Neptune Park left that day with a greater sense of wonder and a deeper inspiration created by the heart of such a young child.

Who Knew?
by Karen Price

Who knew? Who knew the day Daddy stopped by with a birthday card for his little girl, that it was the last day I'd ever see him? Who knew my whole world would change in just a few short days? Why wasn’t I nicer to him? Did I say, "I love you”? Did he? Yeah, he did. I know he did; I remember it. He said it by picking out a card with a picture of a curly-headed blond girl on the front; she looked like me. He said it with the fifty-dollar bill tucked into the back. "Use it on yourself," he said with those Willis-green eyes that he passed on to me. Smiling and looking at me like I was pure perfection, my daddy told me he loved me in every way he knew how, and I let him leave. I just let him go; I never asked him to stay with me.

As I sit here writing about my daddy, writing about my family, about myself, I wonder: Will I finally revive that part of me that died with Daddy, or is that little girl dead and buried, too? Maybe my digging under the ashes of burned memories will stir some flames. Maybe those fires, once started, will burn us all up. Maybe, with a hope and a prayer, those flames will be just enough light for my mama to finally see her way home.

Mama . . . . Maybe this story is not Daddy's. Maybe this story is Mama's. Maybe, this is the story of a five-foot princess with raven black hair and sky blue eyes, the story of how she married her prince and had two babies — one girl, one boy. This could be the story of the little princess who never reached a hundred pounds, but carried the weight of the world on her shoulders. The princess had been abused, abandoned, adopted, worshipped, and abused and worshipped again. That's right. . . . This could be her story, the story of the most wonderful mother ever to raise a child. This could be the story of my mama and how I lost her on the same day that I lost my daddy. For now, this will be the incomplete story of an older woman whom time has aged and grace has softened, but who holds a much wounded little girl, forever in her heart.
Who Is Like The Waymaker?

Much apologies in advance to those whom I may offend, but
I intend to speak sincerely and from the heart.
Could you, for once, see outside your cerebral walls?
Have you the courage to unlock your doors,
And take your very first steps outside?
Even now, you label me the madman. You think:
Lost is a man who doesn’t acknowledge limitations.

Who is like The Waymaker? I ask.
And who can take His role as judge?
You follow your doctrines like you are riding on rails,
Never asking enough questions.
Everything is subject to human perspective.

Mike Ganten
Lighthouse Nights

A lovely warm breeze blows across my face
There is a salty taste on my tongue
Sand goes in between my toes

Boats glide across the crystal sea
Sails flap in the wind to the sound of a bird’s sweet lullaby
Our hands are intertwined and our feet move along

The sun is setting in the sky
Across the glistening water
Pinks, oranges, reds
There is a light up ahead leaving and returning to us

A white light house stands proudly in the distance
Steering fisherman home
The keeper inside watches for her long last love

As for the two of us, we laugh about everything and nothing at the same time
Nothing is better than these nights

- Margo Roberts

Erasing August

It was a hard lesson to learn
how to get things to go my way
how to get you to confess to me
to hear you wanted to stay

I want to plunge a knife into my heart
and bleed out every last mistake
I want to erase August from my calendar
September’s cool is in it’s wake

I want to stand atop the ocean
feel the freedom in the wind
Write you another love letter
I don’t intend to send

I could leave this place vacant
or burn it to the ground
just as long as I don’t have to stay
and live with what I have found

This land is always clearer
when the sun is not ablaze
and things always seem to make
more sense
any other days

So you survived my summer
you still talk to me now that it’s fall?
I can’t believe you still want me
after I put you through it all.

I want to say I’m sorry
but the words come out cliché
so take these lips this touch my eyes
let them take you through your day

- Janet Dominy

Romance

by Charity Andersen
**Summer Musing**

Under what moon was it that we used to lay?
Blanketed by a smooth summer night that has since faded to day.

> Back when everything we did was right,
> and we were going to be okay.

Breathing in such sweet air,
we didn’t care that we exhaled cliché.

I even tried to say “I love you,”
but I guess back then I just knew better than to open my mouth.
When we kissed our lips were scribbles on each other’s skin,
stirring wind so slight, barely breathes,
tickles just beneath my chin.
And I end up looking into an infinity I find in you.
Even if we need to keep it quiet to keep the secret true.

Marybeth Mahoney

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420

4:20 AM
Blurry eyed I stare at the
Clock and wonder if . . .

You lie here with me
always and let sun and breeze
Melt all else away?

Will you laugh and dance
With me one day without thought
Of our flawed bodies?

Will you lie with me
Under night skies ’til all the
Noise becomes quiet?

Will you spend your days
Here with me ’til they are few
And all left is love?

4/20/02
We said, “Forever, I do.”
But 8 years have gone

And now such words seem
Too abstract for everyday
So today, I do.

Melissa Rodgers

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**Tenderness**

by Janet Dominy
In the deep South, one knows when the summer night is soon to come. They can smell the warm, moist breeze come by to touch their face and see speckles of the sun through the tired moss that sways from the hovering oak trees protecting them from the hustle and bustle of the world elsewhere. All the world is quiet; nothing moves. Not a person or thing is in a hurry to get somewhere, not even the wind. Life in the deep South is as slow as the pretty, southern drawls of the women who live in it. On the porch of a small white house tucked secretly behind many sleepy oak trees and different shades of pink azalea bushes, an elderly woman sits in her rocking chair. As she lights a cigarette, she looks through those trees and sees a small part of the sun, her aged brown eyes glistening. She puts her head down, tracing the hem of a worn, flowered blanket, humming to herself the tune to Al Jolson’s “You Made Me Love You.” She takes a deep, quiet breath and looks back up. The sun is gone now and like every other night at this time, she takes the last puff of her cigarette and watches the smoke hang in the dense air. Then she puts the blanket around her small shoulders, gets up from the chair, and says to herself softly, “Oh, it’s hell getting’ old.” The night passes on just like the day; quietly, slowly. Windows open, doors wide open with screen doors shut to keep out the mosquitoes. Troubles are in the hands of God, time is in the hands of fate, and until it is absolutely necessary to worry, every soul rests assured. Life is just a black-eyed Susan petal floating along on the wind, a butterfly slowly opening and closing its wings.
**Shaken But Not Moved**

The wind blows on a tiny red flower  
Growing on a nook of an oak tree  
Held secure by a slender, pale green stem  
My head, light, and clear, on my painless body  
That stands tall and still  
A black ant crawls on a dime-like leaf  
Never reaches the slanted flower  
With the middle erect, green with red tip  
A short disturbance in my stomach  
A flower bud accompanies the flower  
And leaves of varying sizes, all round  
With miniscule needles embedded in their edges  
My burdened eyes slowly shutting  
A smaller stem without a flower  
Behind the subdued red petals  
Those are slightly folded downwards  
My mouth arches to a frown, shoulders slouching  
All are perturbed by the warm, odorless wind  
Swaying violently, gently to its irregular rhythm  
But all are held secure on the nook

Paula Collado

**Old Wise Tree at Jekyll**

by Pamela Bullard

**Left Behind**

by Lynnette Graham
In Love in New York
by Sidonia Serafini

Had I not been lost that day, direction wise and as a person, I would have never set foot on the steps of the old post-Civil War home. Had I turned right around and went back to where I came from, I would have never gotten myself into what were the happiest and most painful years of my life. You see, I had gotten the notion in my head that I would leave my whole life behind in New York City to figure out just exactly who I was and that’s exactly what I did. All I had known was the city since I could remember my very first memory of my childhood.

One day I was looking out of the window from the 32nd floor of our apartment building just watching all the people and the yellow sea of cars go by and I guess I leaned out to look just a little too far and my mother came screaming from the kitchen for me to get away before I fell. Her yelling actually scared me half to death, even more than it scared me to fall out of that window. I loved the city. The fast moving pace of life was exciting for me as a child, but when you are that young and that full of curiosity, it’s hard to be so curious in a place where you can only be so far away from your mother at all times because of all the people, the cars, and the dangers of living in a towering city in general.

My parents were the two greatest people I had ever known. They were smart and witty and in love. My mother was beautiful and anyone could tell my father thought it, too, because his eyes lit up every time she walked into a room. She always smelled nice and always dressed like she was going to a Broadway show. She was so elegant. I thought the world of her, and not a day goes by when I don’t wish to myself I had known her longer. My father was handsome also. I think they were the most handsome couple in all of New York City. Sometimes at night when it was late they would let me stay up an extra hour and I would watch them waltz around the living room to songs on the radio. Their favorite was “Somewhere over the Rainbow,” and my father would look down at my mother and sing to her so softly I couldn’t hear it unless I held my breath and sat very still.

To this day in my old age, if I close my eyes I can still see them dancing and hear my father’s voice and until my last day I will never forget the way he looked at her. The way he looked over every inch of her face and hair and how she looked up into his eyes, I knew they were very much in love, and this made me love them even more. I hoped that one day someone would look at me the same way my father looked at my mother.

Transparent Time

I never wanted to be here in the first place.
Still, I’ll trudge over loud linoleum,
So self-conscious of the sound of
my feet and the floor.
I watch us toll in our roles
held hard by the
brittle but,
pretty fitting clothes.
Everyone has something to do,
consumed by characters we’ve surrendered to.
But I stand there bare, waiting
Wearing my skin transparent today.
You could see my heart pulsate,
my winding veins, the stains of pain,
the bright white bursts chasing my brain.

But no one looks on, despite display,
even on sale no one will pay.
The cost to care is too much to say
“Hey, How are you doing?”
“Where were you yesterday?”

But since yesterday wrote the will of today,
the flow of time is forever delayed.
And we’re straining,
 stuck,
while forever decays into
a culmination we renounced when we started to say that
“This is it,”
(and so be it)
So it goes, everyone knows:
This Is All There Ever Was To It.
and so, we froze.

And from behind the icy glaze of our inferred infinity,
forever is whenever, and it’ll never end until it’s over.
And by then,
we’ll have corrupted her,
and robbed that Lady Time of all validity,
to be left with a wandering reality.
Until we realize that:

Fate
is free
and I settle into being me.

Marybeth Mahoney
Curtains
Charcoal and chalk on red-toned paper (18” X 24”)
by Lindsey Cirmotich

Second Place
Seaswells Art Contest
The Sea of Forgetfulness

Toss in the past
that makes you sad.
Toss in those lies
that made you cry.
Toss in the pain
that brought the rain.
Toss the past, the lies, and the pain
in that Sea of Forgetfulness.
This is the beginning of your
healing process.

Keandra Hill

Shiloh

He walked day and night for miles, ever slowing his pace.
No one knew his origins or his destination.
His paws were going raw. He needed a safe place.
His body kept going, never finding a safe rest station.

He craved water and food, but he had no plan.
He wished for a home where there was love and food.
He was giving up when hope passed in a sedan.
They picked him up gave him food and a home, too.

He has a family now, and all things are well.
He can finally rest and not worry about tomorrow.
He no longer has to worry about the hell.
He has a new home and has no more sorrow.

Now with a name, home, family, and toys,
They pamper him and he is their little boy.

Jasmine Sanders

Lewey

by Thomas Martin
My first encounter with a teacher,  
Occurred when I put my gum under the bleacher.  
She looked at me with sneaky eyes.  
I instantly thought teachers were spies.

My second incident, the teacher again showed her tricky ways.  
I found myself juggling the lunch trays.  
Yet again she gave me the look,  
And I decided my teacher is a real crook.

Troy and I thought it’d be fun to catch a frog.  
We even strategically had our plan mapped out on a log.  
There was no possible way the teacher would know.  
The opposite side of the playground is where we would stay low.

Our mission began as we tiptoed quietly away at recess,  
Careful to not leave behind a mess.  
The water along the edge of the creek had many up for grabs.  
Our containers were like our secret labs.

We hopped and skipped around the tadpoles,  
Cautious to only catch a few in our bowls.  
Then suddenly I felt a tap on my back.  
Our mission was jeopardized again and instantly off track.

The teacher looked at us with a smile.  
I asked her the question I had been pondering for a while.  
“Why do you always know what I am up to, ma’am?”  
She replied with a wink, “Well, that is my job. All teachers are spies, Sam.”

Danielle Siekkinen
Autumn Falls

The fruits of the trees fall like rain, rattling the nerves of the leaves on their reckless plummet to the earth below. It is autumn and their time is at its end. Riddled with rot and shriveled within, without, what once was beautiful and desirous dies and falls away to be trampled and torn apart by the ant and his brothers that feast down below. Its glorious form once more returns to the soil, giving back to that which gave it life and sustenance. All that remains is hardly bigger than the dust on which it resides. Such a small legacy yet so much potential awaits there. The fruit must give way for its children to be born into the earth. If it were not for its demise, if it continued on, there would be no others.

Melissa Rodgers

Universal Truth
by Janet Dominy

Toadstool Heaven
by Dayton Ireland
The fall is here to chill the air.
The color of life fades from the trees.
My heart is filled with sorrow.
Preparing for the winter,
Squirrels jump from tree to tree.
Endlessly I try, and yet I fail.
A wind blows through the trees
Bending them against their will.
The feeling of helplessness is overwhelming.
Green leaves turn brown and red
As they fall and cover the ground.

Where did I go wrong?
Vines choke the life from the trees.
The smell of mold fills the air.
What have I done to deserve this?
Shadows move with the rising sun.
Birds whistle songs back and forth.
Knowledge is the only escape.
The sun’s rays warm my back,
And bring light to the dark woods.
I will never give up. I will never surrender.
A squirrel welcomes a new day.

Dawn

Jerry Moore
Disqualified from a game in which I took no part, I found myself deep within the pool of depression. This game taunted me. Many labeled me as the mad man. I was crazy beyond recognition in their eyes. Every day someone would walk over my house and through my house, as if it were not even there. Could they not have enough respect for another’s property? I found out soon, that it was because I had no house at all. This game taunted me. In fact it led me to partake in hazardous events, where at the time I thought my only strengths were in defense. Many laughed at me. I could feel their presence. Surprisingly their laughs became so familiar, familiar until the laughs kept me warm at night. The laughs became my house guests. I am not a mad man. Believe me, the laughs and I had the most wonderful time. I constantly heard them rewinding in my brain until the laughs and I became the best of friends. I could feel the presence of those who laughed at me. I suppose it was my clothes. My clothes are not like everyone else’s. They are covered in dirt and have a remarkable smell of disgust and irregular bathing. My shirt could have used slight assistance from a needle and thread and a haircut would have done the job. Many judged me, but I knew it was all part of the game. However individuals were nice during some time frames of the day. When they were nice, some individuals would throw gifts at me. Much of the time it was bottles, paper, rocks, or if I’m lucky someone would throw me a piece of a sandwich. The remains of a corncob were always my favorite. Yet I lost the laughs, the only friends I had obtained. They turned into ridicule and mockery. Many mocked my appearance and the fact that I was blind. Many made me famous by projecting their voice to inform all walkers on the street that I was homeless. It hurt terribly. It felt as if deep within the posterior of my well being, I was nothing but a constant embracer of the street.

At knowing this I would run out into the air, my hands in the receiving position, grasping everything in my path. I could not see it. I could not see anyone. This game is quite hard. This game requires me to think; beg, yet offer. I offer myself every day. This game taunted me — the game of a homeless man.

To go from a man of dignity, with authority to meet my every wish, to a man with the feeling of a squished parasite, left me unstable. I lost complete control of my mentality. I lost my job due to the constant dropping of employment necessity. The economy had become inefficient. Also with my impairment of being blind, I had no chance of survival in the business. Soon after the loss of my job, I lost my family. Everyone looked down upon me after being told the news of my joblessness and decided to move elsewhere. I was determined to regenerate my success and recoup my authority. My determination matured triumphantly, but improved me none. Now I sit each day and dwell upon the muddy grounds when it rains. Then when the sun shines, I gaze upon the beautiful sun through the black shells I call my eyes. There is never enough to eat. The one digging in the trash dump after nine-thirty when the markets close for the night was probably me. The money you thought was in your back pocket, that you never found, I probably took that money. I beg of you, do not curse me, I know of my wrong doings. I am still a man, though at the time I was just a hungry man. Many believe this is why my actions became obscure. I became dangerous, misunderstood. I began chasing people, threatening them with my teeth, as if I were some demented animal. Soon police greeted me, with a hook, twist, and lock effect from hand cuffs. I had made a new friend in the game — hand cuffs. Little did I know we had a journey ahead of us.

They took me to jail, where things were actually quite nice. Of course it was no palace,
and every place anyone
turned their head, mold
was the scenery. Though
mold would be mold,
formality was not in the
picture, and I could live
with that. While I was
in jail I became a man of
honor and discovered my
intelligence and I became
famous for it. I was an
aide in plans of
constructing the prison
site and cleaning duty
kept me preoccupied. I
lived life as a prison
man. I went from weak
to strong. I knew
nothing of the fact that I
had actually gone from
weak to weaken beyond
extent. I left the jail
after twenty six months,
with no result. Now I
am out here on the street
again. No one missed
me. I was forgotten. I
figured the game was
over. The game still
begins to taunt me. My
home is still the way I
left it. I have become
accustomed to the filth
again and my friends,
the laughs, we have
reacquainted. I could
find no job with my
impairment and my
family never came back.
I was disqualified from a
game with which I had
no part. I have now
drowned within the deep
pool of depression. I
now realize I am in no
game.
The Reality of It All

it’s not that she’s not in tune
with reality,
or that she’s stuck in her own dream
world
no.
she’s got a tight grip on what’s real in
her life.
it’s just that with all that has happened
lately
within her life,
she just hasn’t truly
grasped a second to let it all sink in.
so no need to pinch her, just embrace her
because it’s inside that she’s broken.
and the reality of the world around her
is all beginning to take its toll.
so she’s hurting,
barely breathing,
hardly taking it well —
thought she may say she is.
she wants to pretend to herself,
the reality of it all, is not what it is,
even though in reality,
it really is all so very real.

Millicent Jones

“You’re Really Tall!”

by Mairely Garcia

John 4:7

Prisamcolor (9” X 3½”)

by Paula Collado


**Chaucer’s Teacher**

by Karen Price

There was a woman on our trip,
Whose true vocation seemed, a moving lip.
She talked and talked, then talked a little more.
She talked ‘til our listening ears were sore.
But words were her love, to speak or to write.
They took her to places far from life’s plight.
She dressed like a child would, most of the time,
Caring not for the satins, or heels so divine.
She wore all her hair down, mopping with curls.
Had a nose full of freckles, just like a girl
Seen in a school-yard, and yet she seemed old.
Something about her eyes looked very bold.
She rode proud and high, upon midnight’s steed,
Afraid of falling behind, she’d often lead.
The woman was confusing to us all,
Now appearing little, next, very tall.
Stitching her words as the finest tailor,
Next thing you know, she cussed like a sailor!
Gentle and sweet and soft as a flower,
She’d read us a story, come bed-time’s hour.
Don’t go thinking she’s nice as a daisy,
Tough as she is, she might be half crazy.
A teacher by trade, a learner by right,
She dreamed of her words, from morning ‘til night.
To err is human, to forgive divine —
This was the way that her heart was inclined.
This lady was chaos, right from the start.
If you didn’t hate her, she stole your heart.
She was funny sometimes, and friendly, too.
She had a strange way of capturing you.
But with that same art, she had a real flair,
For keeping her distance, even while there.

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**Child on a Mission**

by Pamela Westcott
**Chaucer’s Peasant**

And on this quest I saw a poor man stride,
Feet sore because he had no horse to ride.
Tattered clothes he wore from his head to his toe.
I could see that opportunity was his foe.
His hands were rough and stained from work all day,
but he carried on with not much to say.
Dedication that fuels his will,
it helped him do his job with skill.
With information he constructed a ladder,
but all he saw was sneers and chatter.
Respect was not given to him at all,
because he failed to climb the rich man’s wall.
Honesty and good will towards all men,
yet it seems his pocket is still left thin.
Although his hardships slowed down his pace,
he was determined and would not lose face.
In his right hand he held a book so tight,
so with wisdom he could put up a fight.
His thirst for knowledge and his fear of sin helped him stay loyal, for some day he would win.
Life may have seemed to put him to the test.
Through perseverance he has done his best.
His days were long and hard that made him old,
yet sadly his story was rarely told.

Jerry Moore

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**Mirror**

There stands a mirror I dare not look within
For what I will see, what I won’t
— and what I thought I saw all this time
Paths lie stretched this way and that
Chosen and shifting one moment to the next
Age and time show where my heart lies
Scatterings of those people and things
Strewn upon the road I walk.
Paths chosen and shifted
Reflections revealing truth and lie
What could and will be
I am afraid of the face within its frame

Melissa Rodgers

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**Walking in Poverty’s Shoes**

Computer-enhanced photo
by Andrea Holland

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**Crows**

Tiny flocked with purple
Scavenging
for food only they will eat.

Kaci Coleman
Swim little angel fish
swim with all your might
fight against the current now
all you can do is fight
and when you make it there
let the current take you home
don’t take any side streams
you have no time to roam
and once you’ve made it home again
take a chance to breathe
tidy up your little home
then again it’s time to leave
swimming hard against the current
but now you turn towards open sea
there are whales and sharks and urchin
and they will not let you be
do not stop for one second
don’t listen to the mockery
eat healthy seaweeds, swim hard
be the best little fish you can be

Remember when the little pond
got too big for you
so you took the river by storm
and now you’re in the ocean blue
You may not seem like much now
but you’re getting better every day
and one day you’ll be queen of the sea
and everyone will say
Oh queen of the sea how great you are
what say you to your fish court?
and you’ll reply quite easily
let life be your favorite sport
play it hard one on one
yourself against only you
and always be getting better
don’t settle for just what you can do.
Then one day you’ll surface
to watch the sun sink into the sea
and you will feel pride inside your soul
you’re the best fish that you can be.

Big Fish in a Little Bowl
by Leah Rose

Janet Dominy

68 Seaswells 2011
**WAIT**

When the days are long and the nights are cold,
Also when smoke fills your air, leaving you to imagine what is really there,
It doesn’t take much, even in the darkest sky taking hold,
’Til we meet again take care, grieving none I put it in the air

Andrew Love

**Apathetic Life**

Patience runs weary
Hope dwindles like the flickering flame
Grey clouds leave us feeling dreary.
Fleeting thoughts of fame
Begin to run in shame.
How then must one live?
To be so near, so far,
But never have a chance.

Never a chance to be a part
Of the wondrous heart
The heart that has been so kind to all
Now beginning to fall.
After having a wall so tall,
That has come crashing down.
After loss of the one
Trust flying away as does the dove
Learning never to love.

Jeffrey Feighner

*Seaswells 2011*
**Life’s Blood**

Water for the moments in my life that slip away,
For are they not the same?
Running through my fingers, and I find I am unable to stop its course.
Reconstitution is impossible,
And like the desert I learn to embrace this.
The desert sleeps all day, yet sings at night,
When the cold comes to remind him he lives,
And to remind him of the rains that rarely fall (but still they fall)
To wash away the stale memories of all the years that have passed in silent oppression.
He wraps his hands around his throat,
Simply to feel the blood pound against his veins.
Stands completely still so as to taste the first few drops on his tongue,
To savor the sensation of them on the tips of his fingers.
He sees what lies beneath the reality he faces,
Sees that the secret, his truth, is to feel.
Now tell me we are not the same.

Sarah O’Brien

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**Every Day It Rains**

There is a large patch of greyness outside her window.
It is accompanied by the sounds of pinpoint needles tapping the roof of her home.
She lies huddled in her cold prison.
Trembling to the blaring percussion.
Every day it rains.

The storms outside block the light both night and day.
The sun, its warmth, is such a stranger to her now.
The mother moon provides no beacon in the darkest of hours.
What is the morning? What is dusk? What is time?
What is love?
Every day it rains.

I worried that if I turned away she’d be dead.
The flood waters all around encircle her now.
From her ankles, to her feet, to her waist.
She regrets her first step outside.
The drenching torrents will soon be over her head.
Every day it rains.

A hand, someone grab her hand.
Honey, I have but a cloth sail and wooden raft,
and it only goes the way the wind blows,
but if you must, we can ride it together.
Everyone is up here.
We were all drowning too.
Every day it rains.

There is a life that gleams in her eye and
shines in her soul now.
It’s beyond her comprehension, or the
comprehension of anyone else.
Though the tempest stays relentless, and
the ground has become a memory,
The sunshine is alive and inside her
now, and every day it reigns.

Mike Ganten
Running

Darkness, Darkness, trying to find me
Running and running, running beside me
I can’t let it bind me, but it will find me
Light holds me, but darkness can mold me
I keep running and running from this disaster
My heart oh my heart, keeps thrashing faster
I’ve ceased running, my heart has stopped beating
Darkness found me, Light I cannot envision
Freedom I petition
Alas, It’s too late
Darkness ruled my fate

Shelby Condit

Fiery Skies

by Dayton Ireland

The Lesser
Lights Ruled the Night

by Rachel Holyfield
The Finish Line

In an imperfect world I strive for perfection
Deciphering criticism from constructive correction
Struggling to keep up with my responsibilities
While juggling the demands of life’s necessities
Work, school, family, exercise, chores, pets
Trying to accomplish everything without regrets
Questioning myself and my motivation
Is all my effort to meet an unrealistic expectation?
I can’t reach the bar it’s just set way too high
My success doesn’t coincide with how hard I try
Would anyone deny that life sets you up to fail?
And inevitably we resemble a dog chasing its tail
But I won’t get discouraged by my lack of control
Or let life’s chaos distract me from my goal
Nothing can suppress my desire for knowledge
And regardless of the roadblocks, I will graduate college

Cheralin Smith

End . . . or Beginning?
by Regina Cruz

In the Office

Beep, beep, beep it’s 8:45 in the morning
Five more minutes won’t hurt.
Beep, beep, beep it’s 9:15 man I’m late
Time for another dreaded day with the same four walls.
I should have left earlier and late again
Car in front and another in back
Car to the right and another to the left
This is what I call traffic at its best
Take a seat, take a call, hear the boss sit back down
Another call, I pick it up wishing I can leave but it’s the only job I got left
Four years of college and this is what I get where an hour feels like 2 feels like four and three like six
This is what I call cubicles at their best
Great it’s only 12 and I’m here ’til five
After 4 more days at least four hours
Back home again and back to bed for tomorrow I have to do it all again
Life after college and this is what you get
A routine you have to follow and desk full of papers
With no end in sight.

Walter Rivas