

2015

## Southwinds - Spring 2015

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*The Literary and Arts Magazine of  
Missouri S&T – Spring 2015*



  
**Southwinds**



# Southwinds

THE LITERARY AND ARTS MAGAZINE  
OF  
MISSOURI UNIVERSITY OF  
SCIENCE AND TECHNOLOGY  
SPRING 2015

*Southwinds* is sponsored by the  
Department of English & Technical Communication

# What is *Southwinds*?

## How can I submit my art? How can I join?

*Southwinds* is published annually in the spring semester and distributed free of charge to the Missouri S&T community. The club *Southwinds*, which produces the magazine, is a recognized student organization and open to all students.

Each fall semester *Southwinds* invites submissions from Missouri S&T students, faculty, staff, and alumni. Poetry, stories, photographs, and original artwork should be submitted to [southwinds.mst.edu](mailto:southwinds.mst.edu).

If you are an undergraduate or graduate student on the S&T campus with an interest in creative writing, the visual arts, layout & design, and/or if you would like to help produce or promote the next issue of *Southwinds*, please contact the group's faculty advisor, Dr. Anne Cotterill at [cotteril@mst.edu](mailto:cotteril@mst.edu). Dr. Cotterill's office is in room 219 of the Humanities and Social Sciences building.



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**Front cover art: Chicago Botanic Garden** by Abhishek Padmanabhui

**Back cover art: Night Walk** by Venkata Gopi Krishna Gullapudi

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# Gene Warren Doty: Teacher, Poet, Department Chair

1941-2015

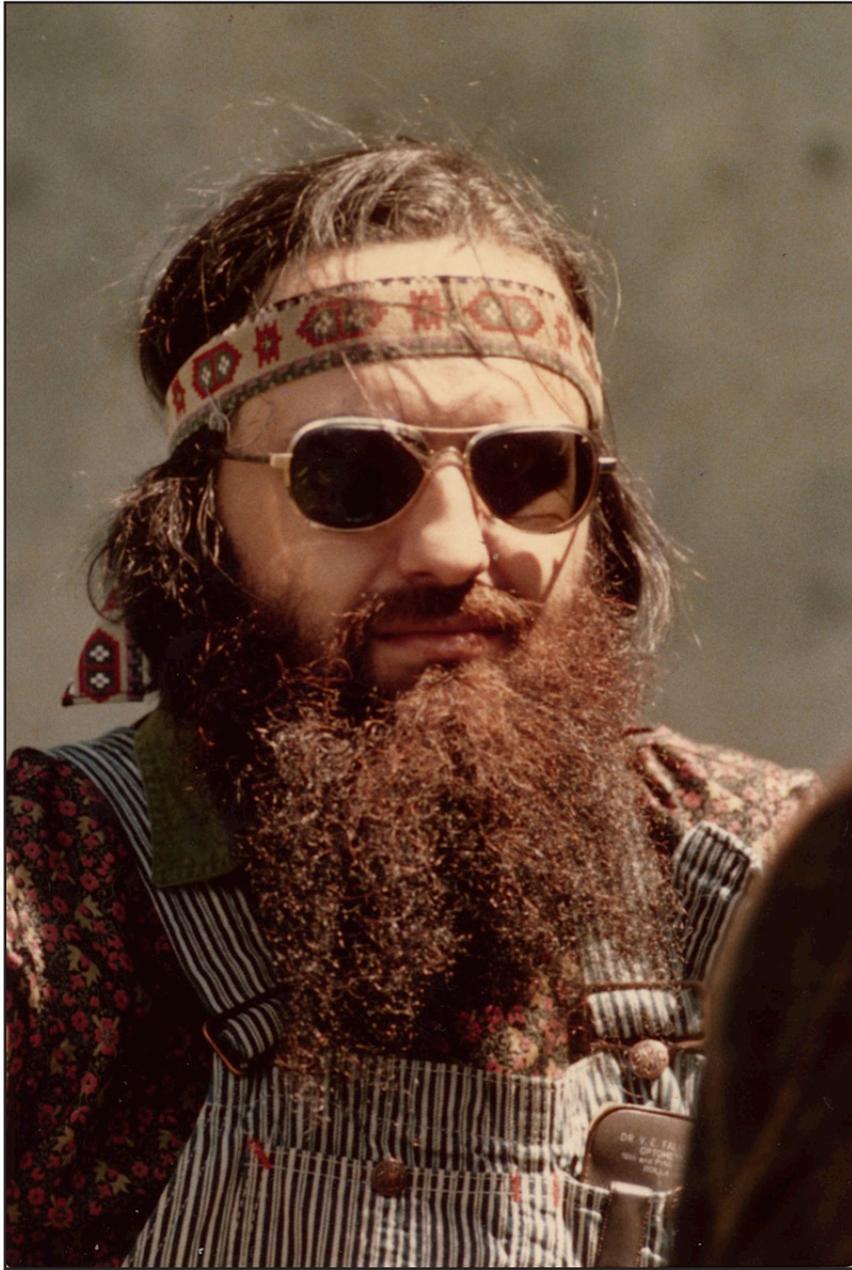
Gene Doty, who taught English and world literature, English composition, and technical and creative writing at Missouri S&T for 42 years, passed away on January 16, 2015. Gene served as Chair of the Department of English and Technical Communication from Spring 2006 through Spring 2009, a difficult period of University reorganization. Besides the hundreds of classes he taught, he was also faculty advisor for *Southwinds* for nineteen years during the 1980s and 1990s. He always vigorously supported *Southwinds*, encouraging his creative writing students to contribute their work and generously sharing over the years many of his own fine poems in the magazine. Until 1988, his books and poems were signed Eugene Warren, Warren being the name of his adoptive father who raised him, though subsequently Gene resumed the family name of his biological father, Floyd Doty. His books of poetry include *Christographia*, *Geometries of Light*, *Fishing at Easter*, *Similitudes*, *Nose to Nose*, and *Zero: Thirty Ghazals*.

Gene explored a wide variety of poetic forms beyond those common in Western poetry, including the Japanese haiku, renga, and tanka; the Korean sijo; and the ghazal, a form originally practiced by Persian, Arabic, Turkish, and Urdu poets. He contributed numerous poems to various magazines and also published “The Ghazal Page” online for fifteen years, which explored the possibilities of the ghazal form for poetry in English and served readers and contributors from around the world. While Gene was raised on a working farm in east central Kansas and lived his life in the Midwest, his imagination was ardently cosmopolitan. The identity he assumed for some of his publishing and editing work online was “gino peregrini,” a lilting Italian-sounding name with roots in the Latin *peregrinus*, meaning from foreign parts, a foreign traveler, and with post-classical meanings of a pilgrim, a peregrine, a wanderer on a spiritual journey.

Gene’s openness to the literature and aesthetics, the sounds and vision of other cultures constituted one of his most fascinating habits of mind. And his international cultural tastes extended naturally to music, which he loved. He listened to all kinds: from classical symphonic, instrumental, opera, and choral, to folk, country, blues, jazz, flamenco, Indian ragas, to Björk and heavy metal, to the electronic music of John Cage. His attunement to lyricism and story-telling and to journeys of the spirit, and his belief in the importance of being an artistic citizen of the world were only a few of the distinctive qualities of Gene’s mind that made him so unique and valuable as a teacher at Missouri S&T. With Rose, his wife and beloved companion of 52 years, Gene’s family grew to include four children, nine grandchildren, and three great-grandchildren. Along with them, we will sorely miss him.



Gene Doty at UMR in 1981



**Gino Warren in 1974**

## **Christographia 35: A Spring Bough to Rose**

*By Gene Doty*

Not by Chance  
the cock sparrow  
treads his dance  
on the narrow  
icy limb.  
Love is given  
out of wintery  
heaven; we,  
in our long-wed  
limbs, dance,  
a slow & secret  
step, tread  
a measure narrow  
but deep, find  
our branch steep  
with glancing light.

**Release** *by Gene Doty*  
(appeared in *Southwinds* in 1987)

1.  
Walking in a den of roses—  
Their thorns assail me with love.

The sunset is an addled grace  
Filling the chambers of my sight.

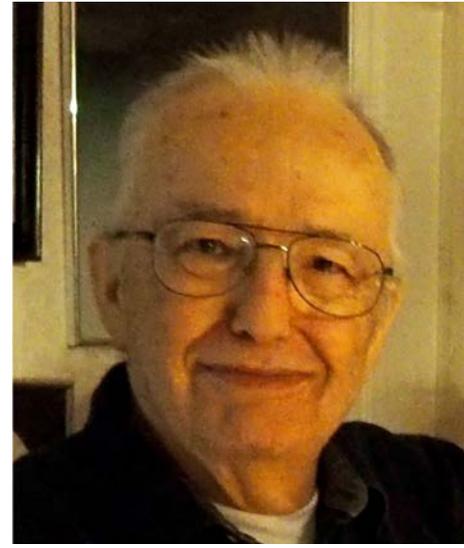
2.  
Runners swirl down the street,  
A trumpet in the locust heralds them.  
The leaden center melts open,  
Releases a golden flame of bird,  
A bell-beaked instrument of flight.

3.  
Glass in windows—  
Stained glass squares  
In remembered stairwells,  
Etched woods & deer  
On farmhouse door-windows;  
In a small Methodist Church,  
The Good Shepherd wearing  
A glass lamb like a shawl.

## Two Haikus by Gene Doty

ice storm  
the light passing  
from candle to candle

slipping on ice  
I leave my shadow  
for a moment



**Gene Doty at His Home in 2014**



**Gene Warren in San Francisco, Date Unknown**



**Gino Warren Outside His Apartment in Emporia, KS, 1962**

## **Broken Thread** *by Gene Doty (1998, for Kathy Flaherty)*

This broken thread cannot stitch together the torn fabric  
of my heart—through that rent pour all things, wet and dry, hot and cold.

The stick of unsullied incense burns down, becoming ash and smoke,  
the fallen coils of ash taking the shape of threads snipped from flame.

The moon's roundness in the jagged sky grows less, its powder seas  
lie still in the storm of light our sole star inflicts upon them.

The heart's knot will not be undone by a single sword slash,  
the Master's jesting riddle not answered with yet another witty quip.

Let all self-pity, all urgency to sustain the glory of "I,"  
be ended, return them to the sewing basket among faded snippets.

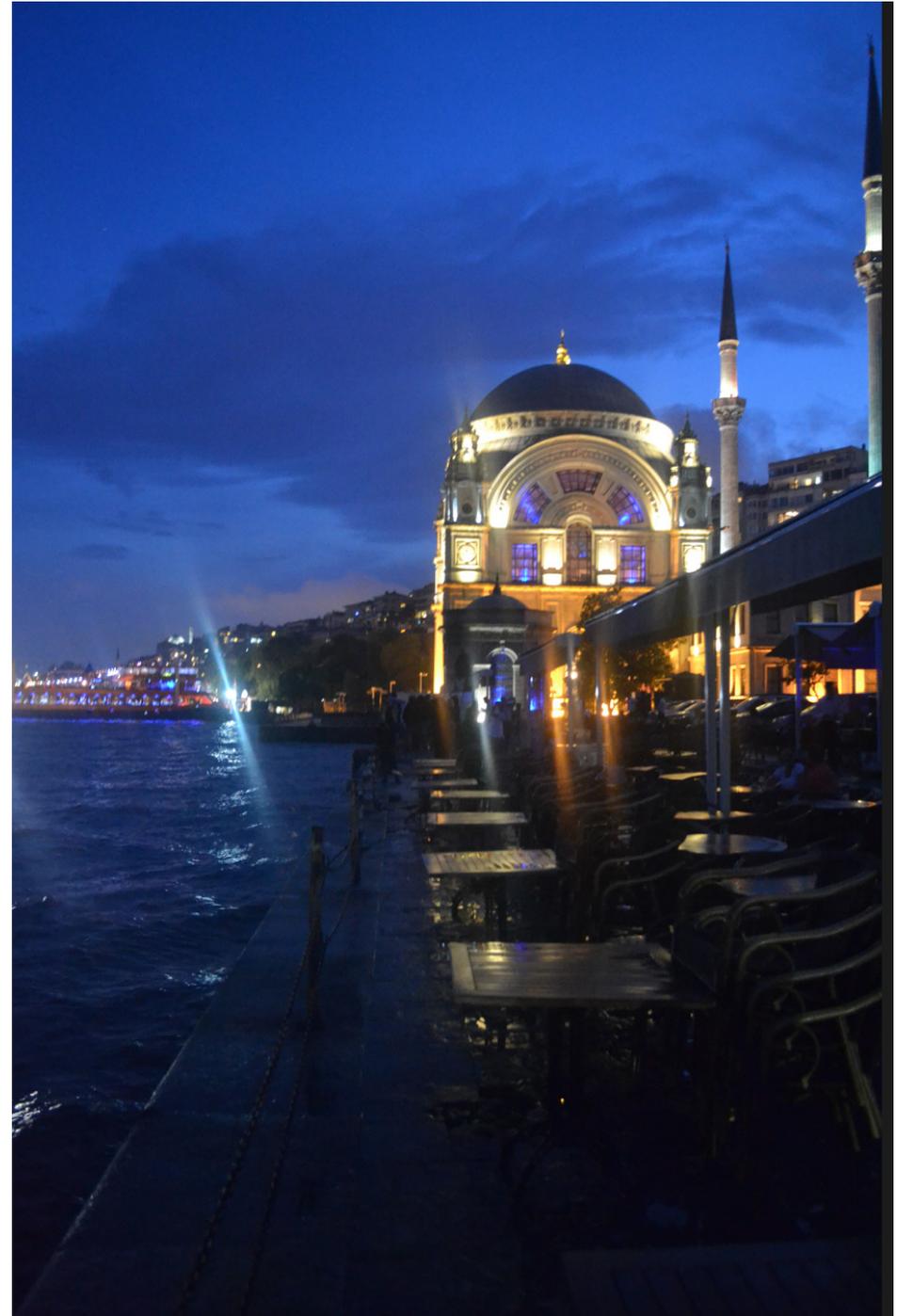
The threads combine their strengths by winding around each other,  
each separate thread losing its length in the expanse of supple cloth.

Gino, what do you know of needlecraft or the strengths of thread?  
Your fingers are too blunt to undo the knots tied by your tangled life.

## **Bone-House** *by Gene Doty (2014)*

say that we reside  
in these bone-houses  
some are shanties  
some are mansions  
some recreational  
vehicles

say that a lotus-ghost  
illuminates this crumbling house



**Dolmabahçe Camii on Bosphorus** *by Ed Malone*

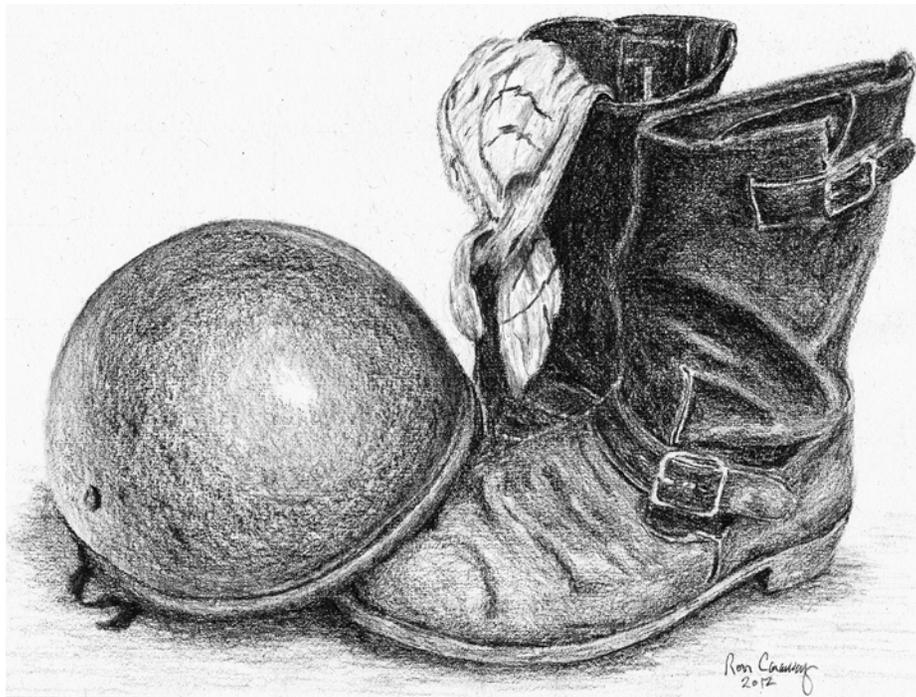


**A True Christmas** *by Bobby Lewis*

Christmas this year will be a little slim,  
But he still has her and she still has him.  
The kids are still young enough that they don't  
understand

Why all their toys have to come from the used Toyland.  
But their hearts were all smiles and their eyes filled with glee  
The night we lit up our Christmas tree.  
It's funny what pleasures that can bring,  
As you and your loved ones sit around it and sing.  
There are songs about snow, and the bells on a sleigh,  
And there are songs that tell stories of the first  
Christmas Day. As the kids get tired and ready for sleep,  
They pray to the Lord their souls he'll keep.  
Though few gifts will be opened this Christmas Day,  
Our children are lucky in a very special way.  
They will receive one gift not found under the tree:  
The gift is love from their mother and me.  
This love is given to each other all year round,  
And when my kids say, "I love you, Daddy," there's  
no sweeter sound.

This gift of love has been in our family from the years past,  
And I hope it's one tradition that will always last.



**Rider Memorial** *by Ron Caraway*

The cabinet was cozy to Mili. A square little thing set off to one side, out of the way, it was all she'd known. She was constructed somewhere else, of course – she had vague, half-memories of a workbench with dappled sunlight falling upon it, tools strewn about – but the cabinet was all she really knew – if she'd known what it meant, she might have called it home. It was small, with a door firmly sealed from the outside that had a slot at the bottom large enough for occasional exchanges.

The exchanges were what kept Mili from growing bored, if she had the capacity for boredom. She was passed gears and other small materials, little by little, occasional odds and ends that really didn't have much use. With these she tinkered, creating tiny masterpieces in the dark, for she needed no light to see, though her eyes were large upon the head that was most of her being. She made little spring-loaded birds that, with a wind of their small keys and a push on their tiny legs, would jump into the air and fly around and around the tiny space, keeping a tight spiral, mouth moving without sound; she crafted tiny mechanical people that would march back and forth, tipping their hats to one another or curtsying if the inner sensors she

loaded into them were close enough to set the gears controlling the motions in action; she created delicate flowers made with metal thinner than paper, fragile to the touch, that bloomed by mechanical crank when the light of the moon lit their little, discarded light pads; she built tiny, steam-powered houses that released the excess steam from the chimney like smoke as they clicked away, tiny gears inside keeping a cycle of night and day with the lights at the windows. Mili built things on and on with the scraps she was provided – as long as she had a supply, she created and returned, leaving her tiny creations at the slot to be traded for more gears and other bits.

Her movements began to slow as she worked on her latest – a mechanical egg from which a tiny dragon hatched – and she knew she was winding down. She had not been crafted to reach the key at her back, so she could do nothing but watch as she slowly lost control of the weak body attached to her head – the arms caught at the elbows and popped forward with effort, the fingers grew clumsy and froze up enough that they soon became worthless, the footless legs curled at the knee joints, pulling tight to her body as it became taxing to stop the mechanics that controlled them from tightening up, contracting.

Her body wound down fully in time, leaving her to watch the darkness with her empty eyes as she waited for the slot to open again for the next exchange, her head working autonomously on.

A small sliver of light shone through the slot many hours later as it was cracked open, a hand reaching in cautiously to feel for what she had made this time around. Finding nothing, the slot closed and it was another long stretch of time before it opened again, the light much dimmer than before. Upon the second opening with nothing for the exchange, the slot shut again and the door was slowly unsealed, opening fully with a small sucking pop. A man peered into the tiny square cabinet, squinting his eyes behind his thick glasses. He scanned the dark space, seeing her unfinished project and her motionless form, gears still turning obediently in her head as she looked on. After a moment's indecision, like always, he nodded a little and reached inside, hands shaking slightly.

Removing Mili, he held her as if she were a child, examining her joints as he always did when she wound down, supporting her heavy head with care, his hands sweating slightly. He turned the key in her back slowly, tightening the spring within her chest until it seemed about to pop. He held her a moment more, looking at her in a manner that edged on fond before replacing her careful-

ly in her cabinet and quickly resealing the door tight.

The gears that ran Mili's body slowly came back to life and she could soon move her arms freely again, could put her fingers back to work, could stretch her legs as much as the tight space allowed. She finished the egg and put it by the slot, taking the excess parts up in her tiny hands. She shifted and worked carefully on another project – one hidden away in the corner farthest from the slot, a slight shade darker than the rest of the cubical space. She handled things with much more care here, working slowly and cautiously. In her hands was a miniature version of herself that she had started many exchanges back with the extra parts she had accumulated. She placed each gear within the oversized head carefully, aware of the delicacy it took to get something as immaculate as her own head working as it did, maneuvering around the body that was not as much of a concern.

She cradled the tiny thing like a child – as the man had done her mere moments before – and hid it away again, tucked back in the corner out of the way, as she awaited the next exchange.

The cabinet was quiet, as always, save for the whirl of her internal workings, the occasional tick and click and chitter, and Mili didn't mind - the cabinet was cozy to Mili.



**Ever Onwards, Embracing the Dawn** by Rachel McArthur

## **Winter Fox** by Rachel McArthur

A bushy tail,  
Encircling,  
Protecting,  
Covering,  
Hiding.  
Warm wetness trickling down my throat,  
Mewling impatience on either side.  
I open my eyes.  
Bushy tails on either side,  
Cozy dimness,  
White fur brushing against me.  
Friendly paws bat me away,  
Family,  
Home,  
Trust,  
Mother.



**Southern Ocean, Antarctica** by Stephen Roberts



**Flight** by Rachel Skipper



**Black-browed Albatross, Antarctica** by Stephen Roberts

**Hula Dancer** by Patti Fleck

Graceful blue beauty

Hips gently swaying in time

Waves dance with moonlight

## Lost, Not Yet Found *By Skye Tackett*

Dogs watch curiously as  
fireflies drift apart, glowing brightly,  
then dying out. As if they could

last forever, an eternal lantern.  
Beacons already glow to  
show those lost the way home.

But maybe those of us lost,  
maybe they don't want to  
come home. Not home to what

they were trying to escape in the first  
place. Maybe the beacons are  
shining for those who don't want to be found.

\*

What if the dogs aren't really watching  
the fireflies? What if they're really  
watching us curiously, the way we

hurt each other without caring, push  
each other away and apart, act  
without thinking. But the fireflies

don't watch us. They just glow and  
blink, again and again. What if their  
lights went out? What would we do

if the flashing beacons for the lost stopped  
their shining because they had lost  
hope? Because they knew the truth?

\*

Perhaps the dogs are trying to tell us  
something with their eyes, something vital.  
As if we would listen even if we knew.

Perhaps the fireflies are aware of our dilemma  
and just don't care. Just keep flashing as  
if nothing's wrong. As if we could forget,

even for a moment. Perhaps the fireflies  
are mocking us, perhaps they have the  
solution, and they're laughing, because

it's so obvious and we can't see it.  
Perhaps the beacons just quit. Perhaps  
the lost have forgotten us, for the better.

\*

Maybe the dogs don't know anything,  
and only unstoppable love and  
loyalty hides behinds their glassy eyes.

And maybe the fireflies are speaking  
amongst themselves, holding conversations  
of chemically created lights in the air

and on the grass. Maybe the beacons couldn't  
remember what they kept shining for.  
Maybe they knew the truth, the truth

of it all. Maybe the lost can't find their way  
back to the life that they left. Maybe they're crying  
out for us, forever lost in the dark.

# I Have Been There

by Bobby Lewis

I know how you feel because I have been there;  
The hurt, the pain, the sorrow, this with you I share.  
Death is one of life's most unfortunate parts—  
It plays with our minds and tears at our hearts.  
We sit and think and ask ourselves why,  
Why did God let my loved one die?  
We all have to face it, for it is a part of life,  
Whether it be your mother, father, or husband or wife.  
Don't hold back, let your emotions show,  
Think of your loved one as you let the tears flow.  
As your family and friends mourn and hurt the way you do,  
Be there for them as they are for you.  
When it's all over and it's all in the past,  
Your loved one is gone but precious memories will last.  
Think of the good times, the special moments you did share,  
It will help you get through this—I know—  
For I have been there.



**Dark Night** by William Fordyce

# Benten's Bonsai

by Rachel McArthur





**A Man and His Wheel** by *Luke Simon*



**Deceptively Circular: Platform 9 3/4** by *Luke Simon*

## **Whiplash** by *Drew Amidei*

My vision goes back  
to summer nights spent  
laughing as my friend  
fumbles his way through  
some sophomoric tune.  
He'd pick and croon  
under street lights forever  
if not for our curfew.  
Now those lights turn  
green and blue.

Back to reality  
my eyes trudge.  
Now I know:  
just as easy, he could be  
here instead,  
not breathing, but shouting  
emanating such violent youthfulness  
He could be playing  
for the sake of playing.

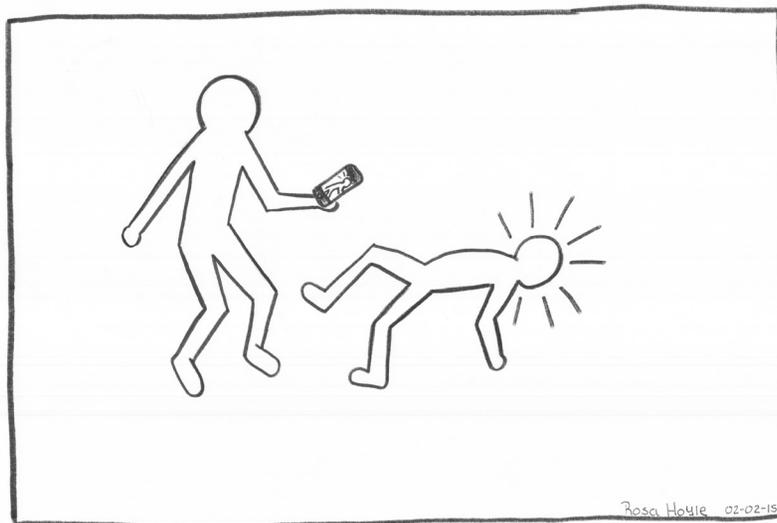
But his life unfolded  
beyond our reach.  
I'm not seeing where he is,  
but rather where he should be.  
I know, they've just got a ghost here  
under green lights.

## Connections *by Rachel McArthur*

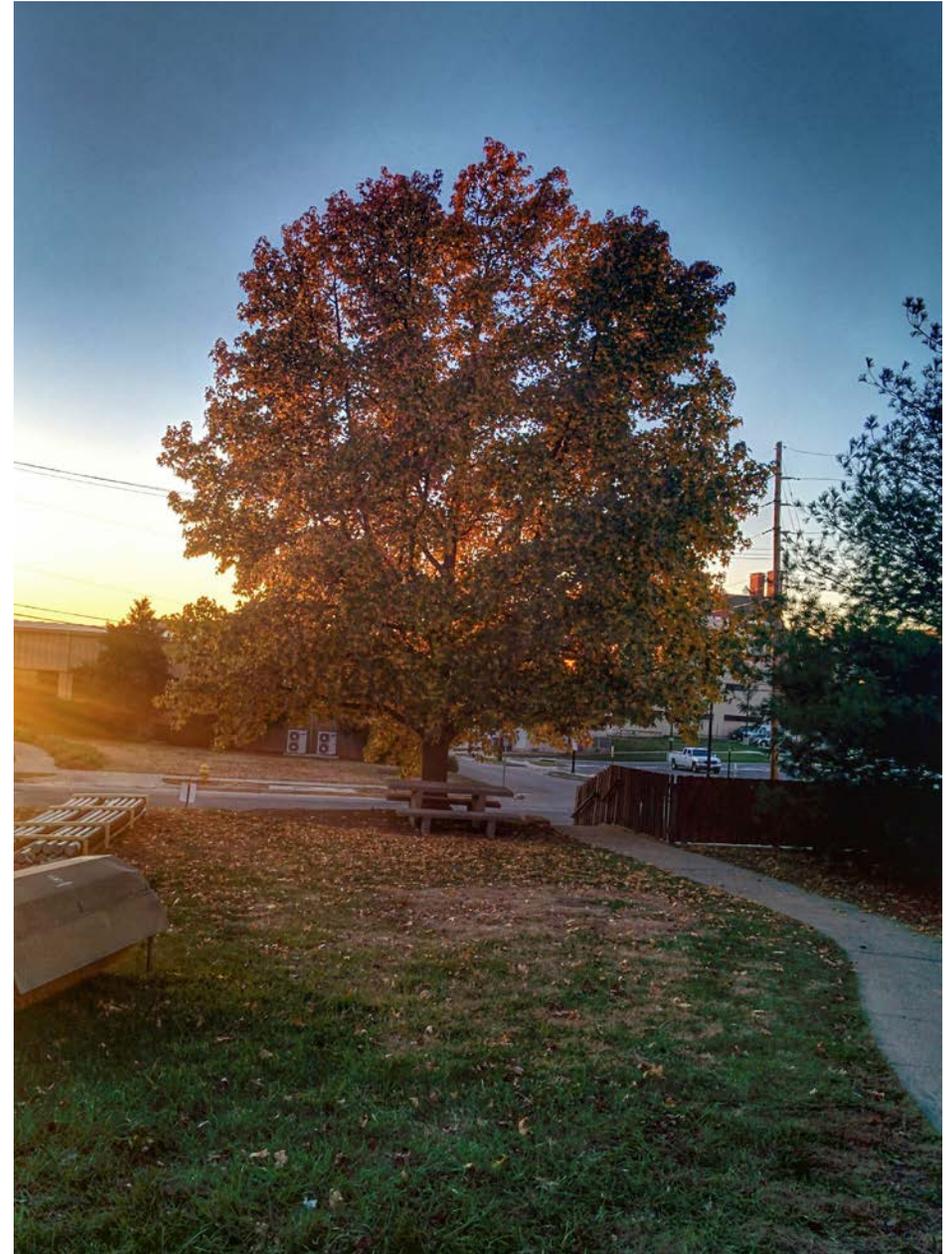
Bamboo forests,  
Towering pines,  
Majestic redwoods,  
Clinging vines,  
Disappearing...  
Where did they go?  
Why can't I follow?  
I wish to know.

Putrid landfills,  
Miasmatic oceans,  
Sulfurous smog,  
A wish to help,  
Where originate these notions?  
Am I the problem?  
Or the solution?  
One way to know.

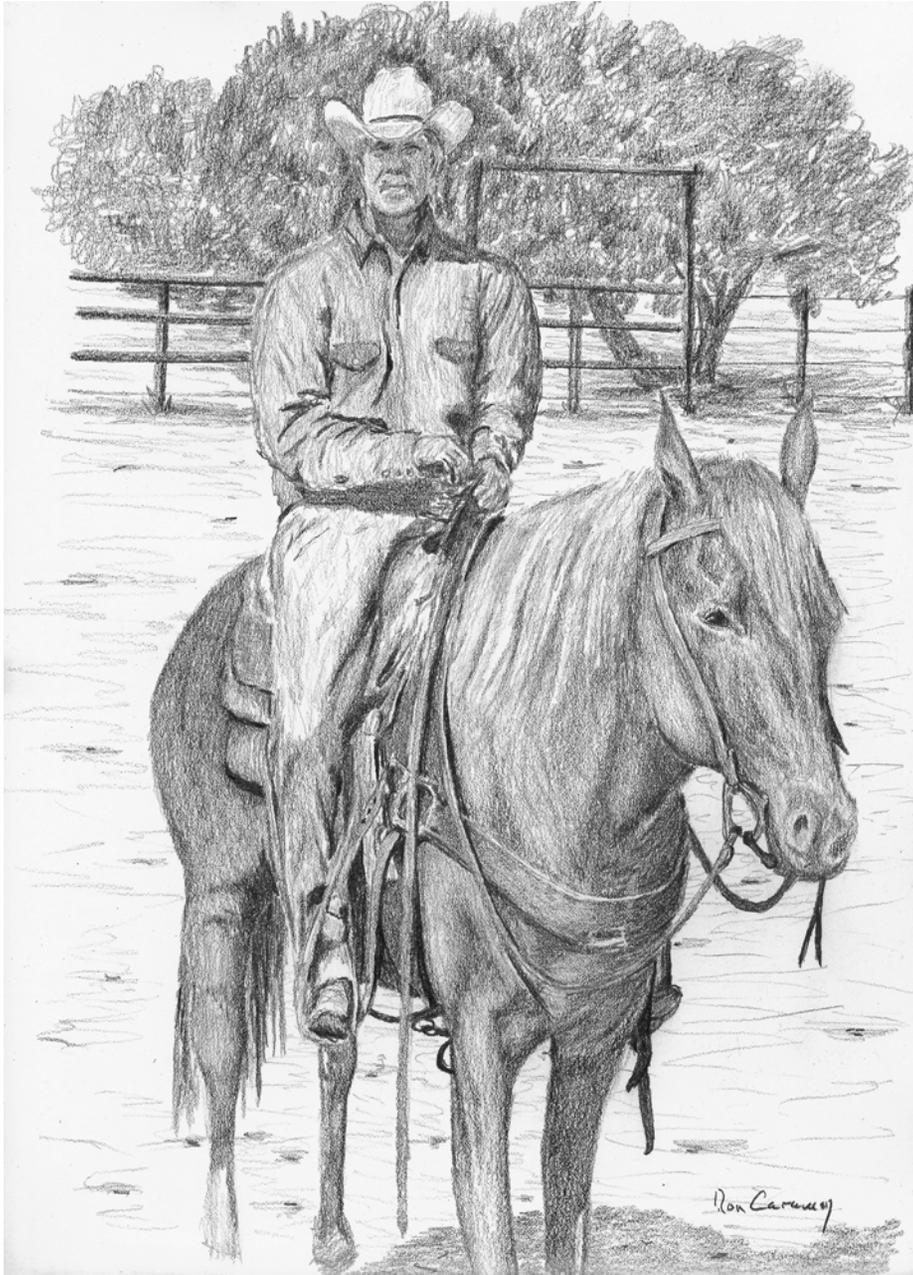
For in time the Earth shall recover,  
The question remains,  
Will I be here?  
Who shall know?



**Social Media** *by Rosa Hoyle*



**Study Tree** *by Venkata Gopi Krishna Gullapudi*



**Ira** by Ron Caraway

**Lately** by Jack Morgan

Grey in the muzzle  
she drags a little lately  
in the summer heat,  
halts on our walks  
to rest in the shade  
and gazes up at me:  
Gettin old Dad  
say her eyes,  
as even my daughter--  
joking surely?--  
also sometimes says  
to my dismay.  
No babe  
I reassure my pooch,  
it ain't so  
yr fine, yr still  
a pretty girl.

**Bad Eggs** by Drew Amidei

Broken yolks,  
and fractured black  
bacon served on  
dingy dishes.

No words shared  
across the barren table.

She goes to work;  
he could cry,  
but he can't understand.

Outside the sun,  
sticks in the tree.  
fatally struck, the golden  
egg bleeds.



**First Class** Luke Simon



**Sankranti**  
by Susmitha Akula

SUSMITHA AKULA

## Poem for my Wife *by Drew Amidei*

These days I write about everything  
except for you.

I wrote about chili and eggs,  
fathers, prophets, and foolish things.

I even wrote about the woman  
from across the street.

But never you.

My words are never about you.

You deserve a great piece,  
but in its place  
allow me to explain.

Your love conjures in me no fear or dread  
to be exorcised by my pen.

No beautiful melancholy which to spread  
flows forth from the thought of you.

With these feelings in mind

I really am inclined  
to declare my poetic language ill-equipped  
to handle a subject like you.

Knowing you would protest:

“Love, you know happy words too.”

I must admit that is true,  
but happy words are of little use.

I refuse to write some silly bit  
about how my love far outstrips  
English’s myriad of adjectives.

Words could be adequate, I concede

I just do not feel the need  
to express what comes so naturally  
by taking to the page in retreat.

So if it is all the same

I would rather not display  
my love in such a careless way  
as simple words rearranged  
on this or any page.

“Ah,” you’d say, “but what of those  
lines you composed so long ago?”

I confess, before our vows

I did write a few things down.

There were roses and stars and beating hearts.

School-boy verses for school-boy love,

but in my defense that’s all I dreamt of.

Knowing now how love feels

all those lines ring insincere.

In truth, love is not something we do

it is the matter of who we are.

Waking or dreaming

I cannot separate my identity

from you.

In short, our love is fundamental.

Here, this is my poem for you.

It’s not pretty, but it is the truth.

I do not need these words to say I love you

but since they will make you happy

I offer them freely.



**There and Back Again** *by Luke Simon*

## Birth of a Galaxy

by Rachel McArthur

Velvety sky,  
Pristine black  
Broken  
By distant twinkling lights  
And, ever faster, swirling luminescence.  
Attracted by Gravity  
Toward an inexorable fate.

Joining together  
In a fantastical nebula,  
The vast cloud of particles  
Stretching farther than the eye can see  
Condensing...  
Revolving...  
Circling...  
Ever faster,  
Ever shrinking,  
Forming asteroids,  
Infant moons,  
Diminutive stars,  
Rushing towards  
Inexorable fate.

The passage of Time  
Millenia  
The blink of an eye,  
Nebulae separating,  
Circling 'round their chosen stars  
Gathering of planetoids,  
Unyielding gravity.

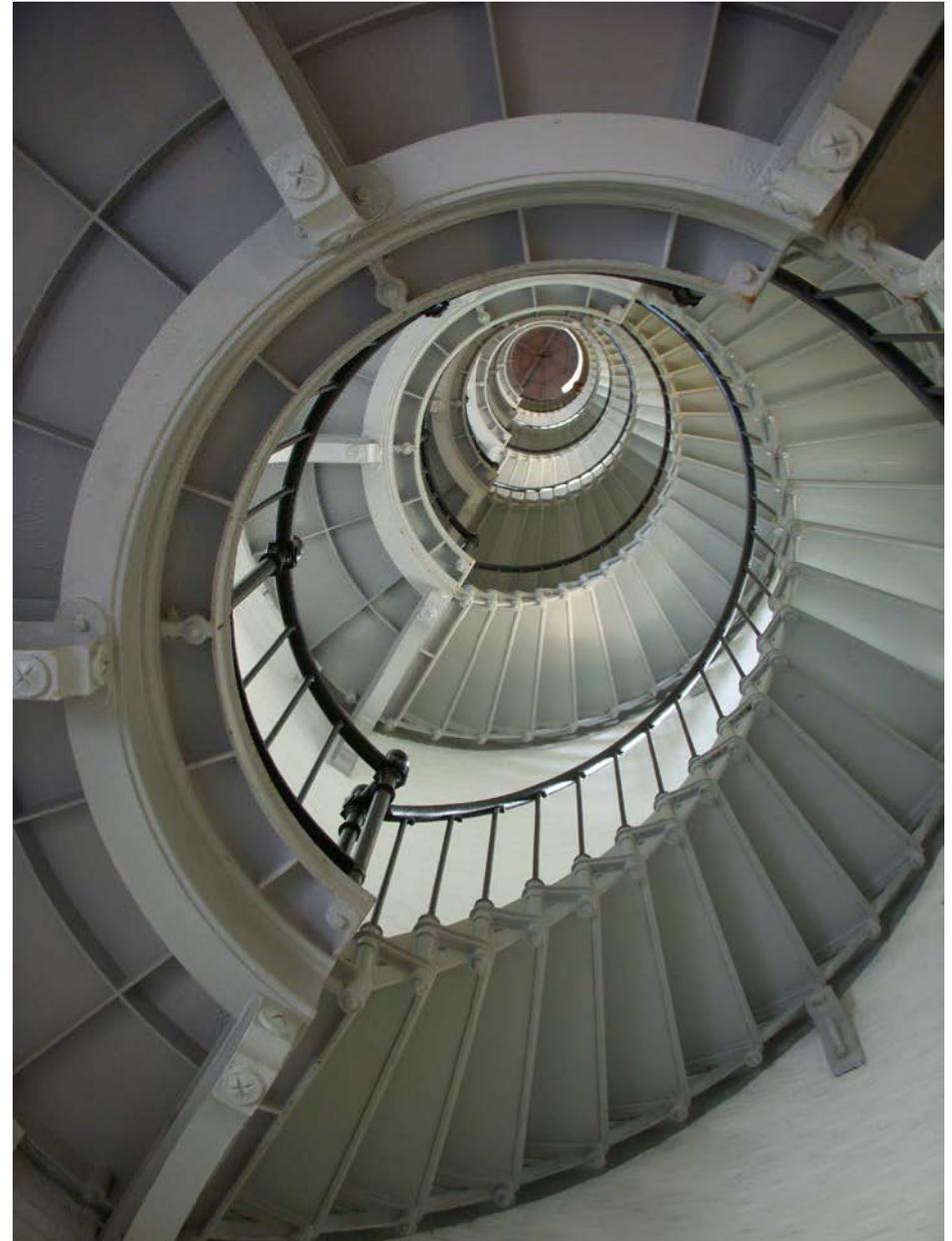
Collisions and revisions,  
Countless new celestial bodies.  
Entire solar systems coalescing,  
Joining the cosmic dance  
Through eternity.  
Ever onwards,  
Ever moving,  
Interminable destiny.

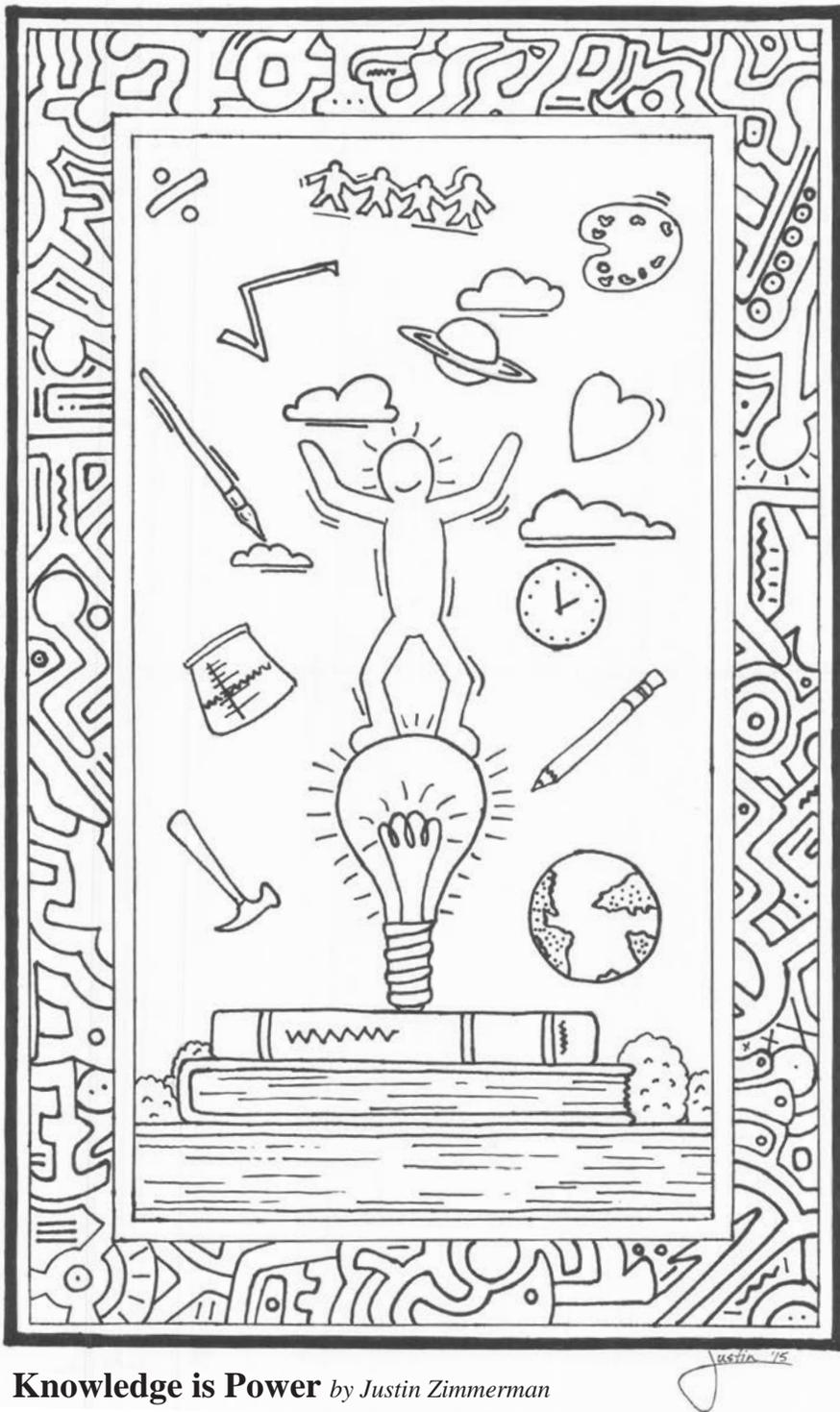
Faster,  
Ever faster,  
Coming closer,  
As the distance lengthens,  
'Twi'xt far-off stars,  
And those much closer.  
Circling and revolving,  
The shape resolving.  
Inescapable gravity,  
Unyielding fate.

A fiery flower,  
Slowly forms,  
Lighting the darkness,  
In the vastness of space.  
A swirl of stars,  
Synchronizing orbits,  
Meteor showers,  
Colliding asteroids,  
Dark debris that forms a moon.  
Unyielding destiny,  
Gravity is law.

## Ponce de Leon Inlet Lighthouse, Ponce Inlet, FL

by Beth Swaringham





**Knowledge is Power** by Justin Zimmerman

## Taco Bell Transit

by James Bogan

this time  
 betwixt order  
 and delivery  
 we hang  
 not in limbo  
 because deliverance  
 is ultimate  
 but nowhere  
 worth being  
 unless  
 the view is seized  
 and turned to use:

two white trucks  
 a grey car passes by

that doesn't do it

look in:  
 Oh not now

“Would you like hot sauce?”

Saved  
 from emptiness  
 by three soft tacos

## Educated

by Ian Ferguson

Grated  
 beaten  
 mixed  
 blended  
 luke  
 warm  
 spewed out

poured  
 into a  
 mold

fitting  
 never  
 setting  
 recipe  
 wrong  
 boiled  
 again  
 ruined?

## **Kauai Roosters** *by Patti Fleck*

Unexpected sight

Island roosters brightly strut

Crowing for sunrise

## **Proposal**

*by Ian Ferguson*

There is a poem  
on the tips of her  
fingers dancing on  
the ends of mine.



**The Keeper of the Plains, Wichita, KS** *by Abhishek Padmanabhui*

## **Seertrees** *by Luke Simon*



## **Writing Poetry**

*by Ian Ferguson*

I sit quiet, detoxing,  
synapses still firing  
finding only delusion  
by prostituting myself  
to the words of others

## **Kauai Flowers** *by Patti Fleck*

Flowers small and white

Their sweet fragrance a greeting

We are welcome here

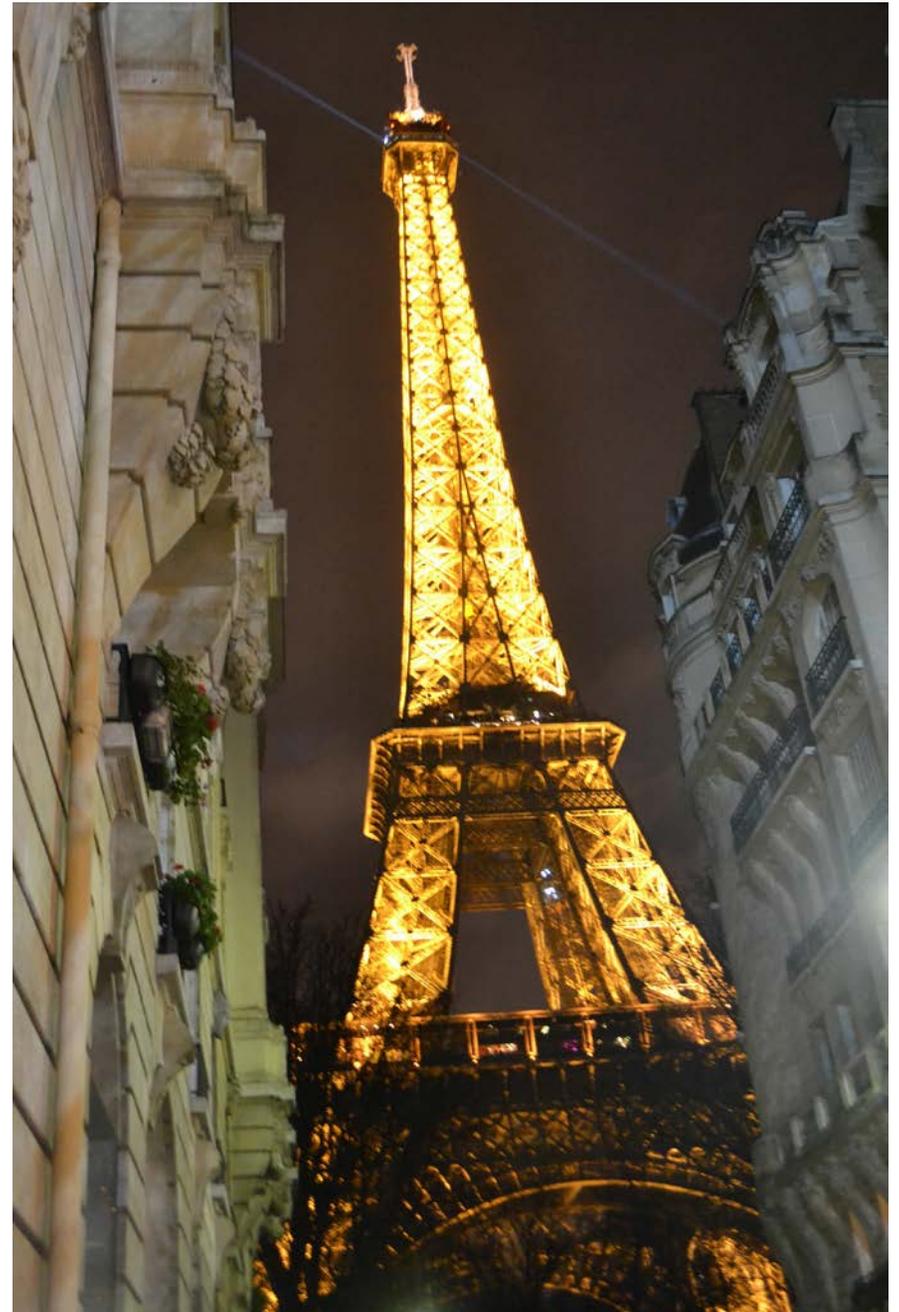
## **Night** *by Korynne Hendges*

Curled in an armchair  
of the apartment, seven stories  
up, I look out the window  
and see the neon city lights  
glowing against the black sky.

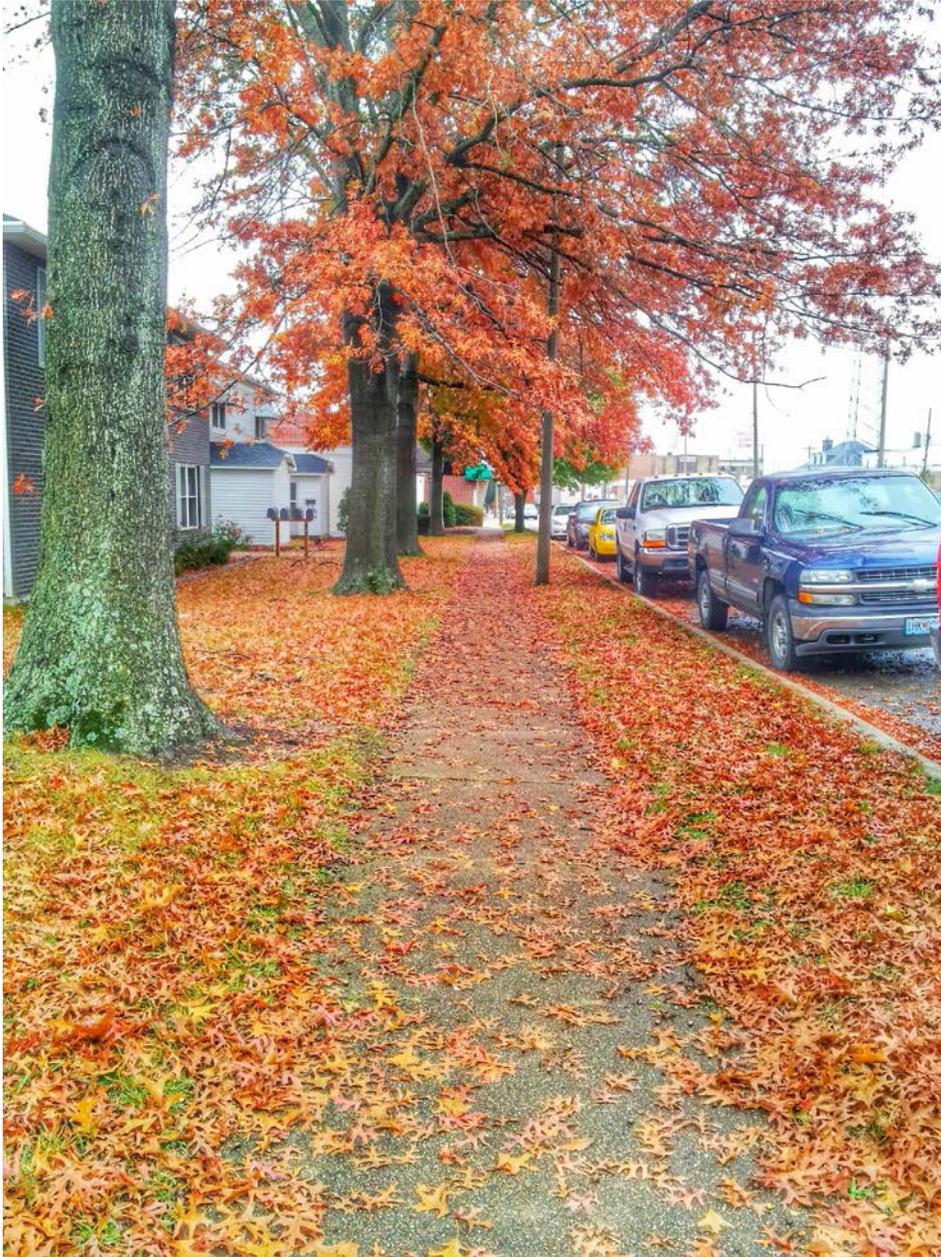
There are no stars visible—instead  
the lights from the lamps and windows  
of the buildings serve as illumination. In  
the distance the lights become blurry,  
indistinct.

The fuzzy glow of neon city lights  
begin to merge creating an illusion  
of warmth and enticement. Staring at the  
world outside I can almost imagine that  
something exciting  
is about to happen.

Then I look back down at my book  
and the cup of tea set on the little table  
and remember—even if something  
exciting were to happen  
it wouldn't happen to me.



**Eiffel Tower** *by Ed Malone*



**Fall Walk** by Venkata Gopi Krishna Gullapudi

## Needles

by Rachel McArthur

Hard plastic chair,  
Waiting  
Looking for distraction,  
Anything...  
Nothing is there.

Escalating pressure,  
Rising tension,  
Needing relief,  
As time creeps by.

A voice,  
Calling my name,  
From an open door,  
Clipboard at hand.

It's time.

Slow steps forward,  
Deep breaths,  
Slow blinks,  
Imagining a far-off land,  
Focusing on fantasy.

An uninviting chair,  
Padded leather armrest,  
"May I use the bed instead?"  
"Of course,"  
The bright reply.

Pounding veins,  
Fighting to relax.  
Trying not to move,  
Not to tremble,  
Not to shake.

A white lab coat,  
an opened vial  
Ready to be filled.

Deep breaths,  
Ignoring the pressure,  
The hand on my arm,  
Visions of a distant world,  
Fill my sightless eyes.

## Through the Mirror *by Korynne Hendges*

I catch sight of her again  
as I walk past the dark window  
overlooking the city from thirty stories up,  
throwing back the light from inside and the mirror  
of my apartment.

She moves as I do  
and at first I don't realize that  
it is her, and not me,  
but

I look at her and she meets my eyes through the glass.  
The apartment in the window distorts and shifts, slightly off  
and her gleaming animal glare stares out from  
my own face.  
That expression was never on my face.

Her home  
in that wrong dimension contained in my dark reflection  
is twisted and strange. Just different enough that you don't notice  
until it is far too late.

I spoke to her in the mirror for years  
And I never realized that she was—not  
Real, not really, but not imaginary either.

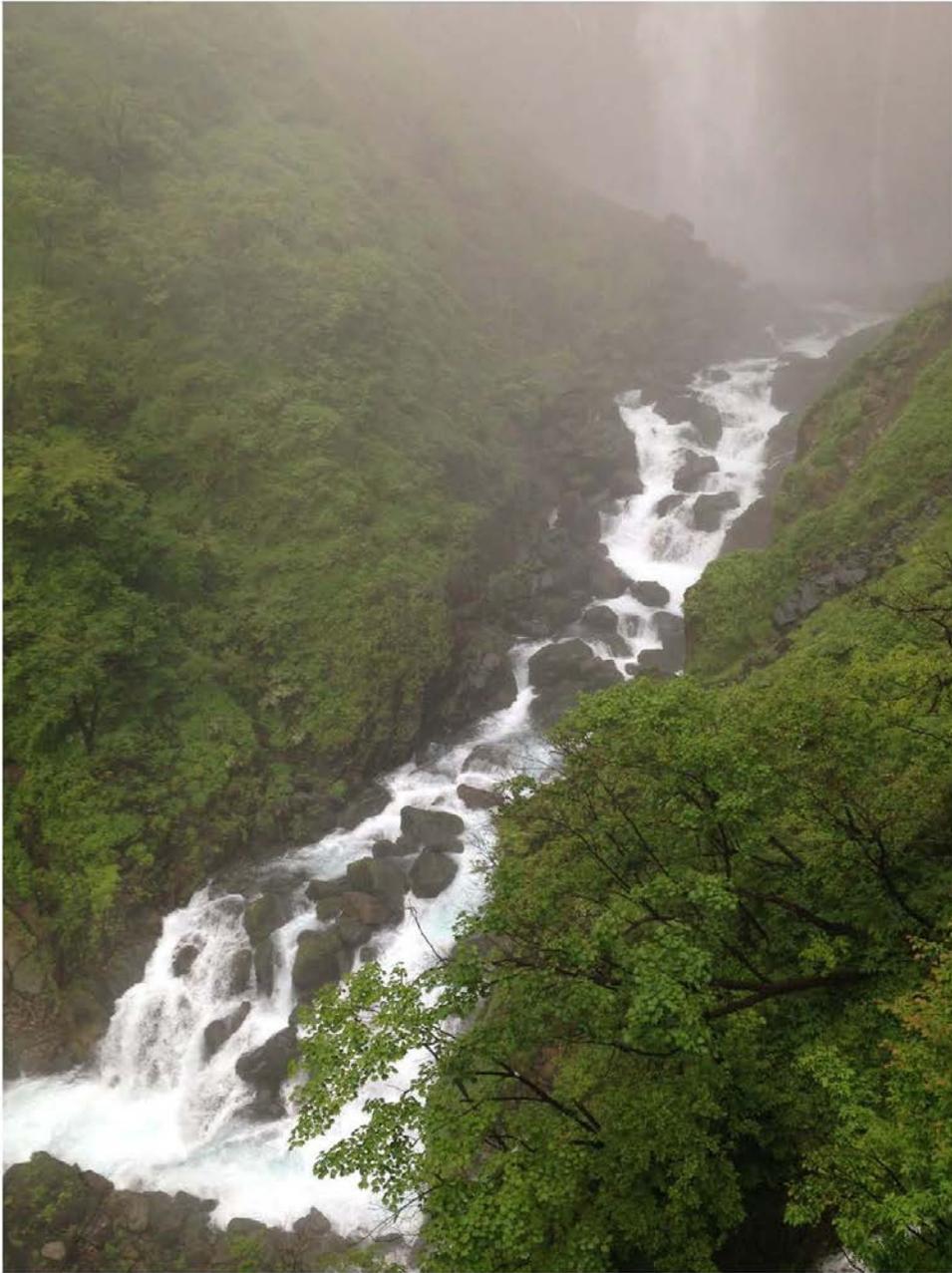
I thought she was my friend.

I know her. I fear her.  
But she is my reflection, and I cannot escape her.  
A chillingly pleased smile flits across her face  
and she steps out of the window.  
Shattered glass falls falls falls down to the street below  
and our hair whips in the gusting wind  
and she trails crushed shards of the window as she crosses  
the carpet to touch my face.

*It's such a long fall, she tells me, soft. Come.*



**Dancer** *by Rachel Skipper*



**Ephemeral Hope, Enduring Faith** *by Rachel McArthur*

**Watershed** *by Patti Fleck*

Ordinary rain

Life becomes forever changed

Normal drips away

**New Year's Eve** *by Patti Fleck*

December passes

Shrimp and laughter spark delight

Strawberries promise



**Lone Speak** *by William Fordyce*



**Where's Waldo?** *by Luke Simon*

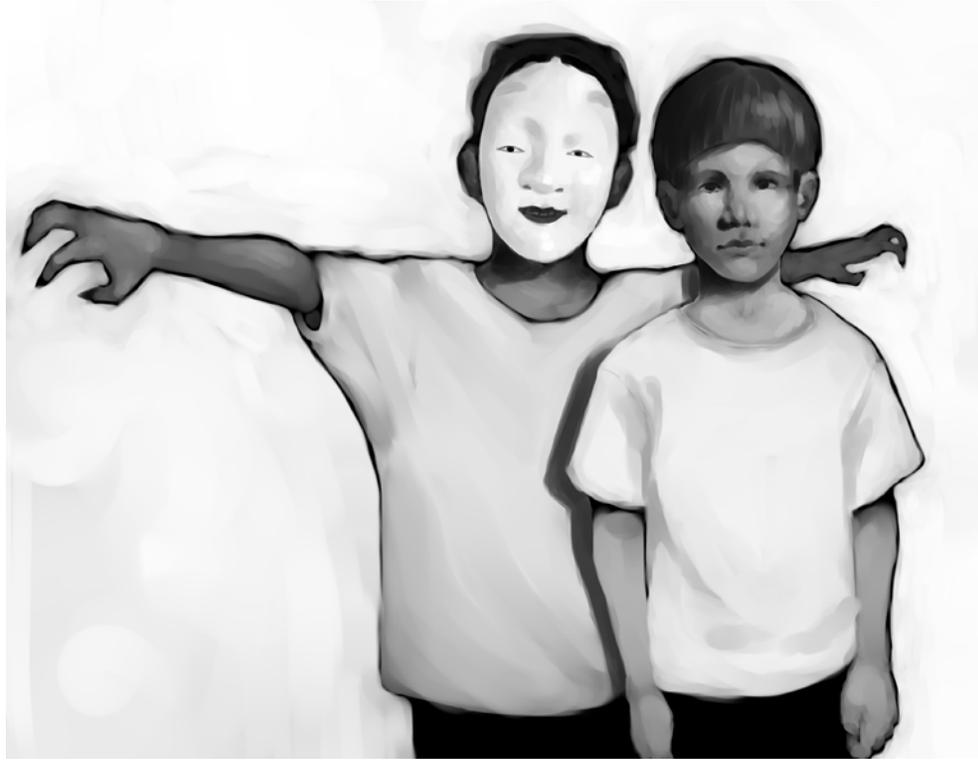
## **Rounding a Bend**

*By Jack Morgan*

Driving  
on a back road  
in Mississippi  
but still  
of a winter mind.  
Around a bend  
angus grazing  
and farther on,  
of a sudden,  
out of nowhere  
nodding,  
themselves amazed  
in the breeze here,  
some lilac  
in a secluded  
hedgerow.

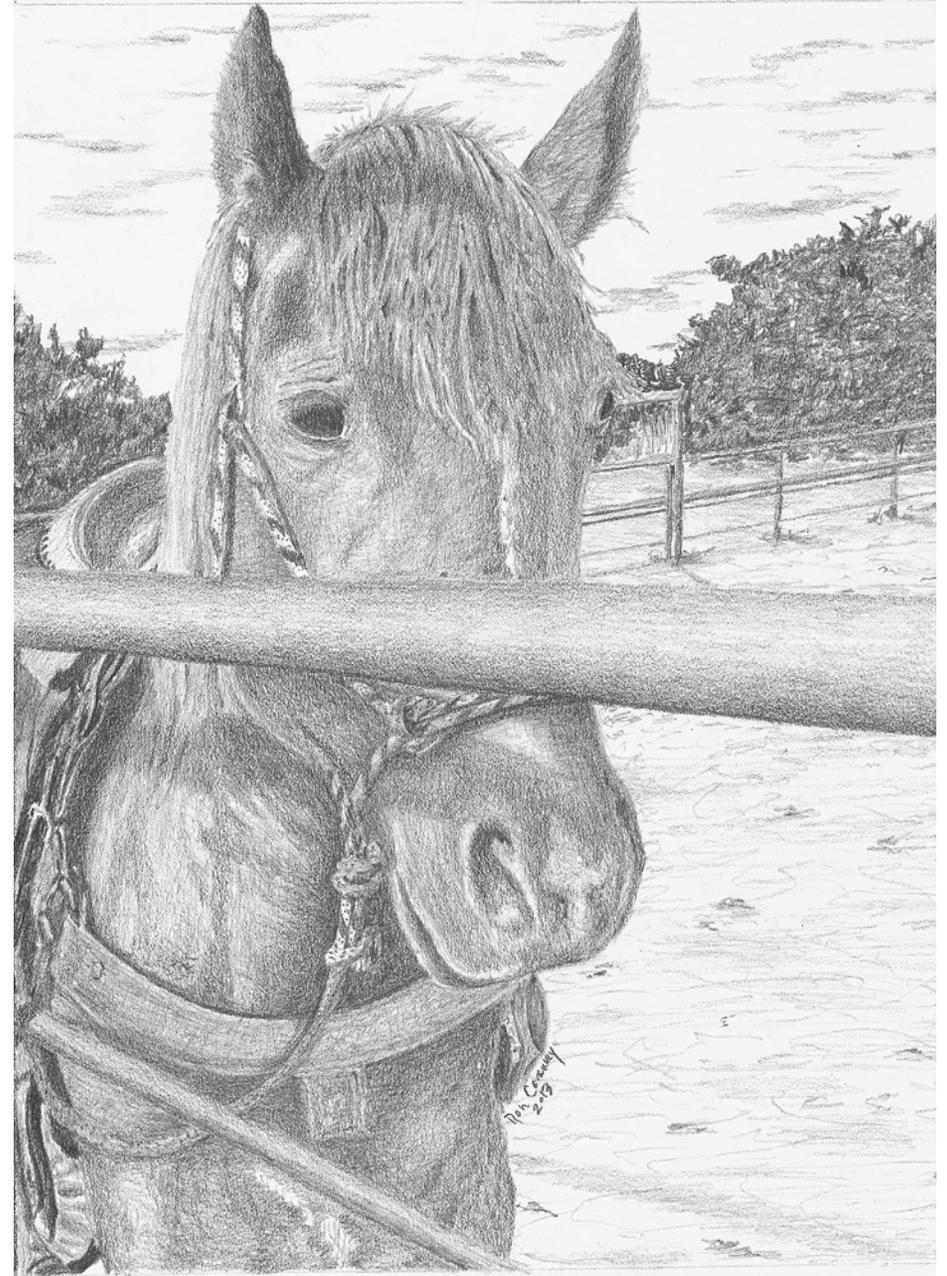


**The Miner** *by Jenny Page*



**Summoning** by Duane Barton

The night calls forth to me but I adhere  
I hear the voice persist but yet I stay  
Inside I know that there's nothing to fear  
There is no chance for me to get away  
I know I should just make my fate complete  
I look out the window and see the dark  
With a deep breath I stand up on my feet  
And brace for what I'm going to embark  
Stepping outside, I look into the sky  
Millions of stars shine bright piercing the black  
I hear the chorus of some wolves nearby  
Now that I'm here, I don't want to go back  
The ebon wings of night close their embrace  
I accept it with a smile on my face



**Ira's Horse** by Ron Caraway



**Meaning** by Drew Amidei

*“Tell the truth, fake a quote, or just make the whole thing up. Whatever the artwork requires.” - Max Tohline in an email*

Would Aristotle think children die  
so parents would sculpt and write?

Guernica’s strength lies not in the paint  
but in the pain.

Faced by the inhospitable  
we twist and transmute  
tribulations.

We gather the rubble  
from broken lives.  
Mosaics we shape, searching  
for that morsel of meaning.

So we fill our empty  
wells with sanguine ink,  
jotting not with quills,  
but with the splinters of bone  
gathered from mothers  
or brothers lost  
years ago.

We scream, without reply:

“See our works. See our tears.  
See our mistakes throughout the years.  
See how despite ourselves  
we remain here.”

**B&B** *by Jack Morgan*

The world war

inferno

afar

& under

the big tent

all asunder

futile

Emmett Kelly

his sad

bucket

of water,

in a flaming field

a zebra loose

north of the city.

**Anti...biography**

*by Ian Ferguson*

Got up

Shoes on

Dog walked

Ate breakfast

Teeth cleaned

Dishes washed

Floors cleaned

Clothes dried

Lunch missed

Afternoon nap

Coffee again

Dinner eaten

Poem written

Life lived



**The Heist** *by Luke Simon*



**Le Pont** *by Luke Simon*

## **Ma Voisine** *by Drew Amidei*

En face de la rue  
elle ratisses ses feuilles.  
Pieds nus elle travaille.  
La terre molle  
envahit ses orteils.  
La vent souffle  
ses cheveux, longs et blonds, fouettent  
son visage. Elle fait face au vent,  
son nez en l'air  
ferme er fort.  
Elle se tient comme un chien de chasse  
qui cherche l'air pour sa proie.  
Elle se tient comme colosse  
alors que le vent disperse ce qu'elle avait recueilli.  
Quand le vent s'arrête  
elle se tient une seconde de plus.  
Je me demande ce qu'elle pense.  
Je me demande quel secret cosmique  
elle a appris  
parce que comme je la regarde  
elle laisse tomber son râteau et marche.  
Loin de ses feuilles,  
loin de sa maison,  
elle marche le long de la rue.  
Oú marche-t-elle ?  
Je ne sais pas.  
Elle marche où vous marchez  
quand le vent de septembre chuchote à vous.

## **My Neighbor** *by Drew Amidei*

Across the street  
she rakes her leaves.  
Barefoot she works.  
The soft earth  
invades her toes.  
The wind blows  
her hair, long and blonde, whipping  
her face. She faces the wind,  
nose in the air,  
strong and firm.  
She stands like a hunting dog  
who searches the air for its quarry.  
She stands like the Colossus  
as the wind scatters what she collected.  
When the wind stops  
she stands a second longer.  
I wonder what she thinks.  
I wonder what cosmic secret  
she has learned  
because while I watch her  
she drops her rake and walks.  
Away from her leaves,  
away from her house,  
she walks along the street.  
Where does she walk?  
I do not know.  
She walks wherever you walk  
when the wind of September whispers to you.



**Art in Europe, 2013** by Ian Ferguson



## *Staff of Southwinds*

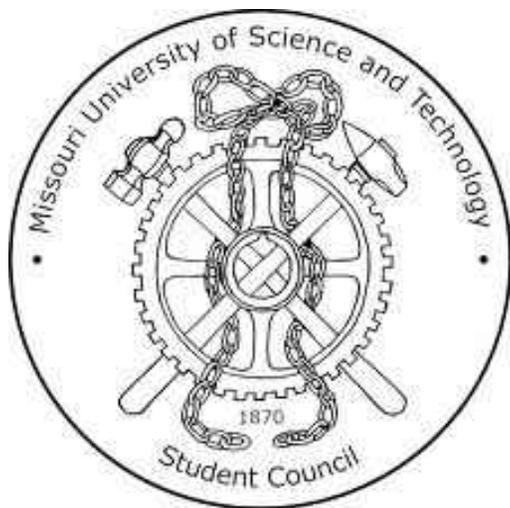
**Sonia Franz**, President, is a graduating senior from St. Louis, MO, majoring in chemistry.

**Korynne Hedges** (“Rin”), Vice-President, is a rising junior from St. Louis majoring in architectural engineering. She enjoys reading in her free time and loves to run with her dog in the summer.

**Julia White**, Secretary, is a rising sophomore from St. Louis majoring in electrical engineering. Ricky Fowler, Treasurer, is a rising sophomore from Van Buren, MO, majoring in biology.

**Zach Miller** is a rising sophomore from St. Louis majoring in physics.

**Many sincere thanks to our sponsors!**



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***Department of English and Technical Communication***

***Raz Kerwin who laid out the magazine in InDesign***

***Jesse Singleton, Leann Light, and the S&T Printing and Mail Services***



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The Department of English and Technical Communication at Missouri S&T offers undergraduate and graduate degree programs in English, English education, and technical communication. These programs are based on a wide range of courses taught by experienced, accomplished faculty in the following areas: American, British, and world literatures, creative writing, rhetoric and composition, technical communication and technical writing, and linguistics.

The department currently has 19 full and part-time faculty whose research and creative interests include Southern culture and film, medieval literature and folkloristics, food studies and American literature, the history of technical communication, American culture in the 1920s, Victorian literature and medicine, early modern British literature, usability studies, visual communication, diffusion of technology, and original fiction-writing. The faculty's scholarly and creative work results in numerous publications.



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