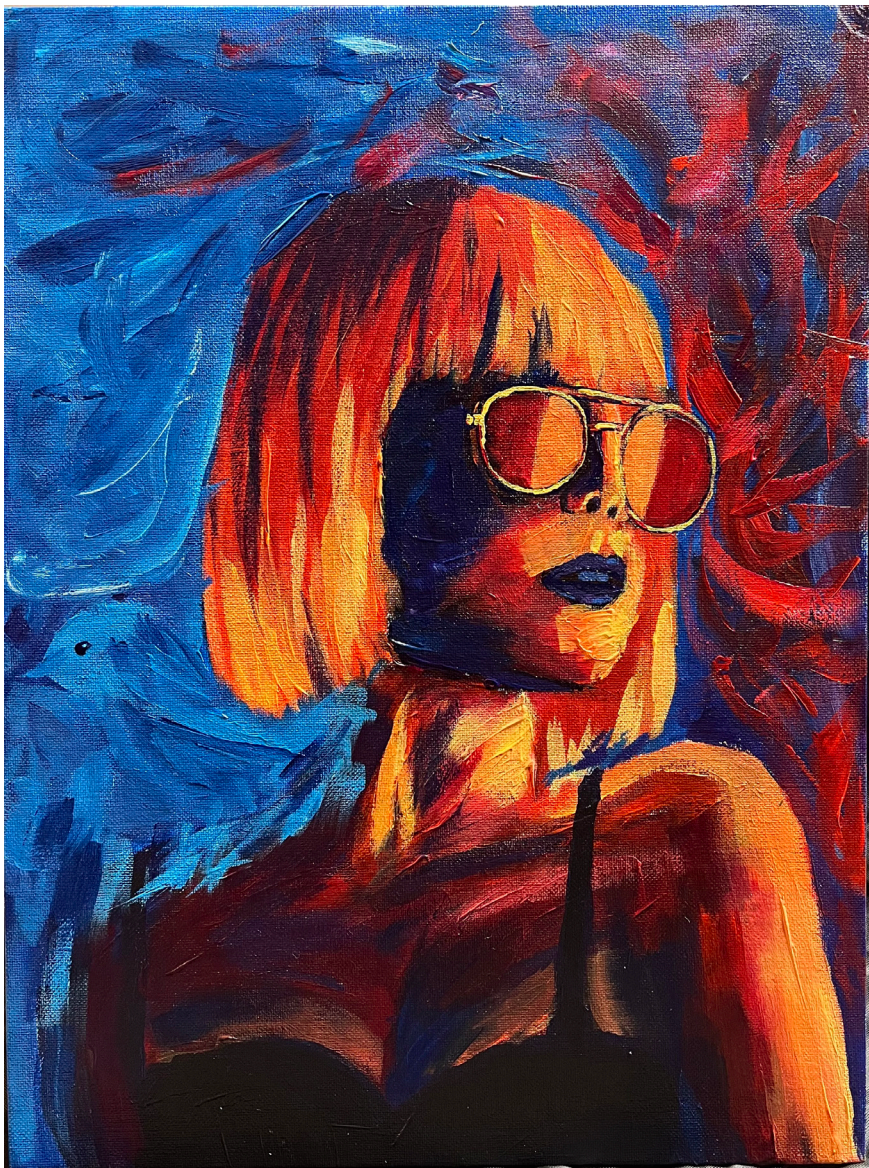


southwinds



Literary & Arts Magazine
2024-2025

Don Rame



She wears sunglasses to hide her soul — Issac M. Rosson

About *Southwinds*

Southwinds is published annually in the spring semester and distributed free 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, *Southwinds* invites submissions from S&T students, faculty, staff, and alumni. Poetry, stories, photographs, and original artwork should be submitted to **sites.mst.edu/southwinds** or **swinds@mst.edu**.

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Mathew Goldberg is *Southwinds*' faculty advisor. He teaches creative writing, American literature, and composition.

The Department of English & Technical Communication at Missouri S&T offers undergraduate and graduate degree programs in English Education, English & Technical Communication, and Technical Communication. These programs are based on a wide range of courses taught by experienced, accomplished faculty in the following areas: American, British, & world literatures, creative writing, rhetoric and composition, technical writing, and linguistics. Check out our website english.mst.edu or our Facebook page facebook.com/EnglishTechComDepartmentMST

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Front	The Cold Lady	Issac M. Rosson
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Happily Miserable

Rachael Jeffries

I wipe the sweat from my brow. Which does nothing to stop my body's continuous reaction to the heat. I adjust myself in the cheap camping chair that's positioned in front of the unlit fire pit. Bugs swirling around my head and landing on my arms, refusing to acknowledge the swiping of my hand attempting to deter them.

"Can someone pass me the bug spray?" I call out without lifting my head from its resting position on the back of my chair. I hear nothing as the bug spray lands in my lap. I grunt out a thanks and grab the thick can. Quickly, I spray every inch of skin below the neck, anxious for the relief of peace and quiet from the bugs. The spray catches in the air and gently lifts to my face, my nose curling in protest, the smell almost not worth the relief. I drop the can back on the ground, trying to use the least amount of energy possible, and look back out into the trees.

The sun sparkles through the trunks and branches, speckling light in precarious patterns throughout our campsite. The green of the leaves vibrant with

health as the sun does anything but dull their color. I take a deep breath to replace the chemical smell of bug spray. Fresh wood from the surrounding stalks, and charcoal from the fire pit breaks through the haze. Allowing me to sink further into the environment surrounding me.

I relax deeper into the almost uncomfortable chair, making sure to keep my limbs from touching and possibly heating myself up more. I clear my mind and focus on nothing but my senses. Fully absorbing the environment around me. But before I can enter a tranquil state, I quickly grab my phone from the cupholder in the cheap plastic seat. I open my camera and take a picture of the trees I was admiring earlier.

The rays of sun poking through the forest are more prominent in the photo. Beams of light cut through the scenery and slice into the ground. I pocket my phone back into the cupholder and lean back into the chair. This time with a smile, disregarding the sweat soaking my hair and clothes, and the bugs still pestering me.



— Jonathan Slama



Unspoken Bloom

Nadia Ahmadi

I had so much I longed to share,
Words unspoken, floating in the air.
But no one listened, no one cared,
My strength unseen, my heart laid bare.
I stood so tall, yet none could see,
The quiet force that lived in me.
A bloom held back, its petals tight,
A flower lost before the light.
Still, I wait, in quiet despair,
For someone to notice, for someone to care.
Perhaps one day, this strength will show,
And let my hidden blossom grow.



— Josiah McDermott

A Sonnet for Anna Sergeyevna

J.M. Stone

A sullen, lifeless air infects the room
Where dead man breathes, chained to his dying desk
With feeble hope engulfed by bitter doom
He slumps into an agitated rest

As caustic scenes unfold beneath his lids
Each dreadful frame to peace a savage blow
And every grief for center stage does bid
Perspective creeps past every brawling woe

And waking up, the dead man drew new breath
Of air more clear though not divorced from pain
For though its trails may interweave with death
The road before him now was made quite plain

This path I'll trod through fire, rain, or fog
For my heart lies in Yalta, with my Anna and her dog

A Suitcase Too Small

Nadia Ahmadi

I packed my life into a suitcase,
Dreams folded into every corner,
Hopes pressed beneath soft layers,
Memories wrapped to make the journey.

Shoes, a book, a favorite sweater,
Little pieces of home I couldn't let go.
But the echoes of laughter, the warmth of faces,
Were things no suitcase could ever hold.

The weight of the world wasn't in my bag,
It rested instead on my chest.
How could I leave behind the voices,
The ones who knew me best?

I wished I could fold our rooms and laughter,
Tuck them safely into the seams.
Slip my family into the zipper's reach,
And carry them into my new dreams.

But flights don't wait, no matter the tears,
And borders stand like walls of stone.
So I held my breath, gripped the suitcase tight,
And left to face this world alone.

Now, in this new place, I learn to stay,
My heart beats in two worlds apart.
The suitcase carried only my clothes,
But my family will always stay in my heart.

How To Be A House Dog

Michelle Griffin

Step 1: Remember that you are the most important being in the household. The humans depend on you for many things such as morning cuddles, licking up crumbs, and keeping the rabbits and squirrels off the lawn. Over the years you collect many nicknames from your humans this is one of the many ways they show their love for you.

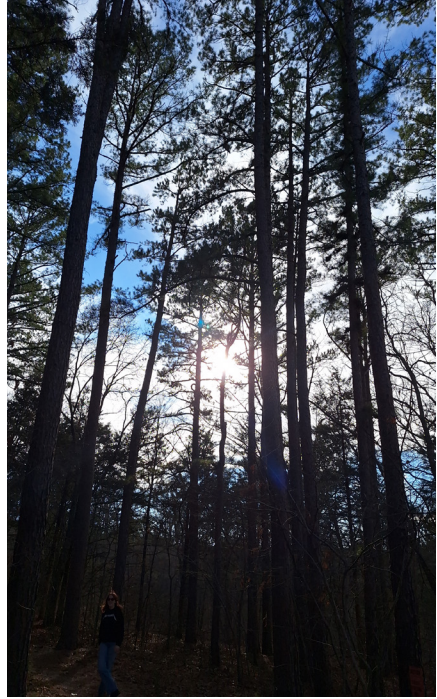
Step 2: Remember that furniture can fly. Your most important task is to keep the various couches and chairs from floating away, which is a whole day affair. For hours at a time you have to lay on each piece of furniture. Your favorite way of completing this task will include sleeping and making blanket nests. Comfort is important in order to do the job right. Occasionally, you might awaken to your humans cooing at you, but you pay them no mind. You must not let your humans distract you from your job.

Step 3: Remember to tax your humans for food. At various times of the day your humans will pen either the cabinet or the fridge, and you must be there when they do. It's your job to make sure they give you at least half of whatever they are getting. Your personal favorites include cheese, chicken, peanut butter, and apples. But you are always open to more options. When your mommy starts making her milkshake, make sure to supervise her. Otherwise, she could forget to give you some of her peanut butter.

Step 4: Always remember to love your humans. They are your pack and your source of food. You might have to put up with the occasional teasing from your human siblings, but they also will provide you with the most crumbs. Make sure to give your humans a lot of attention and make sure they are happy. It's hard work being a house dog, but you would never give it up.



Apple of my Eye — Kate Schisler



Cave — Paige

Awakening

Nadia Ahmadi

I want to wake to the blue sky bright,
To breathe fresh air and feel the light.
But darkness waits, so near, so clear,
I'm scared to wake and face my fear.
Yet fear can turn to courage strong,
And help me face what feels so wrong.
Maybe a dream, dark and wild,
Could wake me up to life's new trial.



— Jonathan Slama



Dark Sky — Sam Wright

Aphasia

Ethan Robbins

I am you and you are me,
But if that is them then what are we?
Are we but eyes to be raised?
I look into the mirror,
But as the fires blazed
I saw only my fear.
I can see you, but only you my dear,
To myself I cannot draw near.
You see only me
And oh, how you long to be free!
What lonely prisoners are we,
We who cannot see.
Happiness, our own dreams deny,
And though the truth will not die
In our hearts we fell a cry
As we tell yet one more lie.

ARTIST EXHIBIT

J. Du Vall



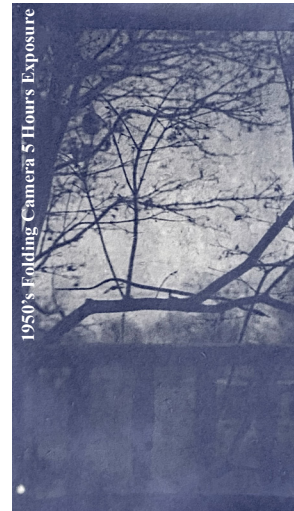
Expiring Stars

Camera: Minolta XK (1970s) w/ 24mm lens
Film: Kodak UC 400 (Expired)

The shot 'Expiring Stars' was taken with one of my many old film cameras, I had expired color film, and I wanted to take a photo of my car and I. Trying to capture it without a flash meant I had to use a long exposure, and what resulted was shifts in colors and streaks of light throughout the image. The imperfections made me appreciate the moment even more"

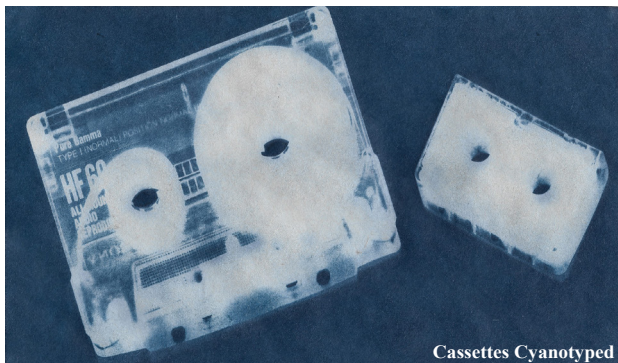


The video I submitted was taken on an older tube-type camera from the 80s, and the shot was of a creek in my hometown that my family and friends often go to. The music in the background was me playing an electric organ, and it made me think of the lake close by called Lake Dafani.





December 2024
J. DuVall



Cassettes Cyanotyped

“All of the blue monochrome works are done using a process called cyanotype. It’s a very early form of photo-sensitive photography. I made these shots with homemade cameras, designed for 1-12 hour exposures. I also use contact printing with sentimental objects for two pieces.

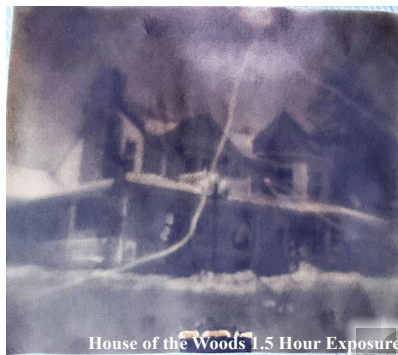


The Spark

“When I take these long-exposure photos, it only shows what stood still long enough to be captured. It was an exercise that taught me patience. Creating the cameras from discarded garbage and glass pieces was half of the work, and that gave me a greater understanding of how perspectives are so different and so similar.”



1.5 hour exposure Homemade camera



House of the Woods 1.5 Hour Exposure

Ode to a Particularly Ripe Blue Cheese

Abigail Leipholtz

I do not know how the mongers
would describe you - what cultured words
and phrases they would wrap you in
like wax-sheened paper, what garnish
would best suit your flavor.

I know only that life
in its naked essence winds through
your mold-stained blue veins. A process
old as time - growth, decay. It lives
and dies in you.

Culture blossoms under your skin. I strain to hear
the pop of your curdled seams, bacteria stretching you
taut. Ancient history in a piece of soft-ripened,
bone-white dairy.

You, the perennial failed experiment. A test
of atmosphere, damp-walled limestone caves, ripe
with the earth and the scent of you. A consequence of time and
fetid air. A cobbled mismatch of science gone wrong
in theory.

But in practice, oh, in practice! You -
- an experience. A pungent waft of you
could summon Lazarus himself. You are curdled
sour-salty spores, and somehow your Frankensteined self
tastes

oh

so

good.

You crumble in my hands like an artifact
unearthed from soil. The past and the future peek
through your mold-spore eyes. We share a look before I
swallow you
whole.



On the Availability of St. James' Raspberry Wine in Rolla

J.M. Stone

That godly, crimson nectar calls my name
From every type of business in the town
In gas stations and Walmart just the same
It waits for me to come and gulp it down

No Cabernet could hope to hold its own
When measured up against that ruby red
A liquid sweeter still remains unknown
More fragrant than all wines which grapes have bled

Chicago or New York may have more wine
And Italy or Napa more renown
But there, I swear, you'd be hard pressed to find
A single wine more worthy of a crown

St. James distills the very summer air
And it's for sale in Rolla
Why would I go elsewhere?



lunar omen — vmb



— Josiah McDermott

Words of the Heart

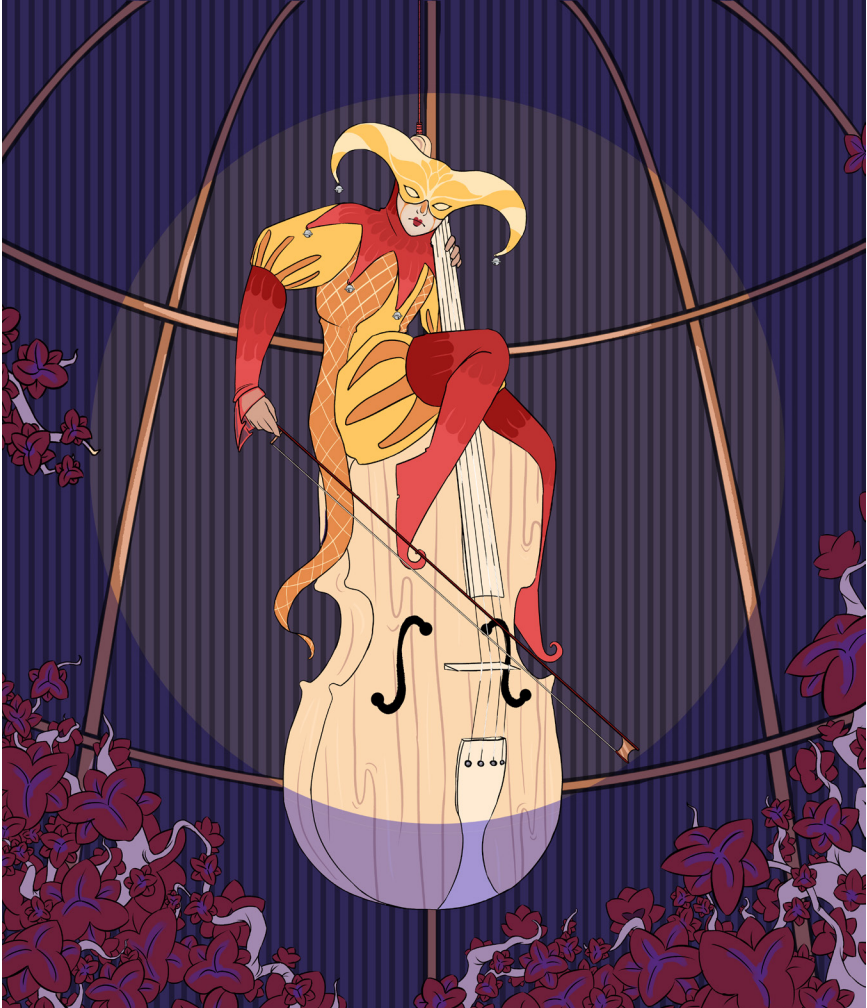
Molly Austell

Who can hold the water that lies in the air?
Who can touch the fire that lingers in one's soul
Who can bottle wind that will soon be elsewhere?
If you let them be, they will make themselves known

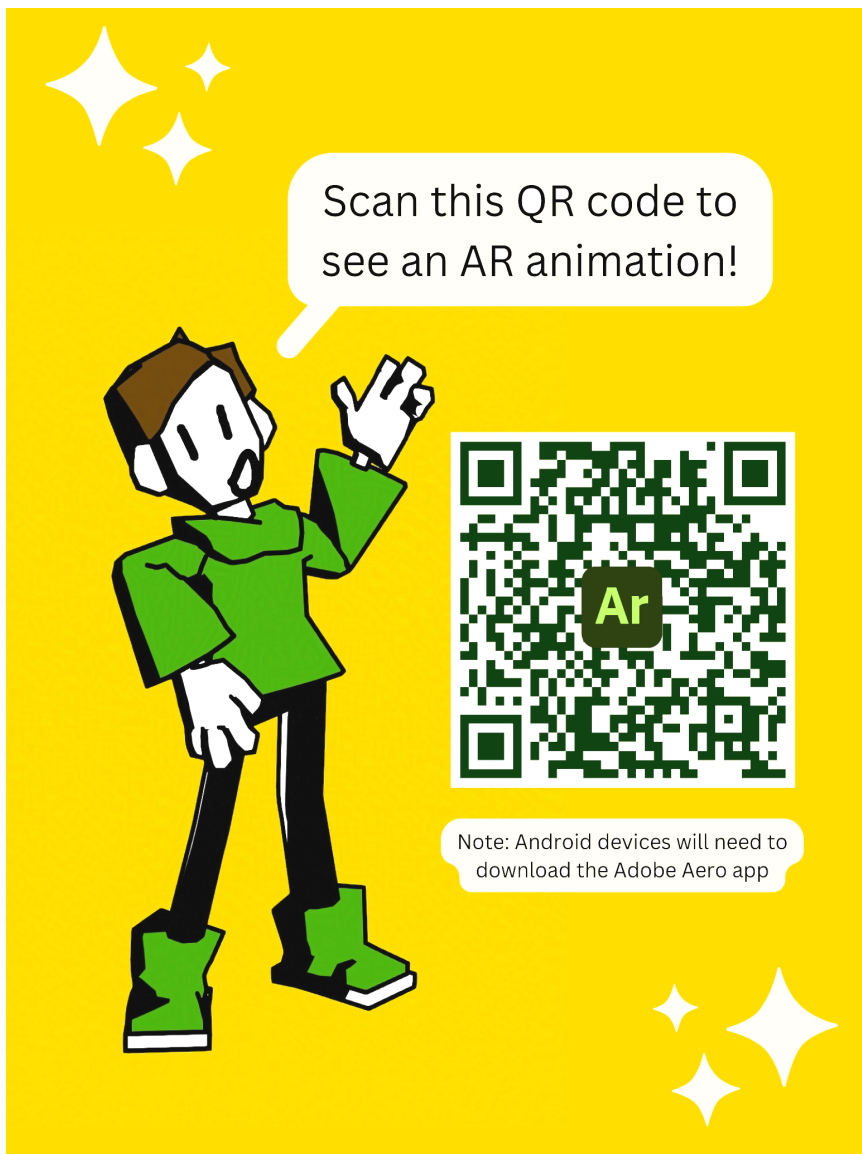
For the whispers of earth was not ours to take
Yet the faint hold on it we had consumed us
Even my breath and tears turn to a dull ache
They belong to the earth and heavens above

I am a coward to try to hold on
To keep what does not belong to me
Because it is nature for water to fall
Yet my tears are unmade, unshed, and unseen

The earth grows faint and short and cruel
And I shed not, a heartbroken fool



Songbird — Mackenzie Turvey



It's me! — MonkeybearQueen

Endless Horizon

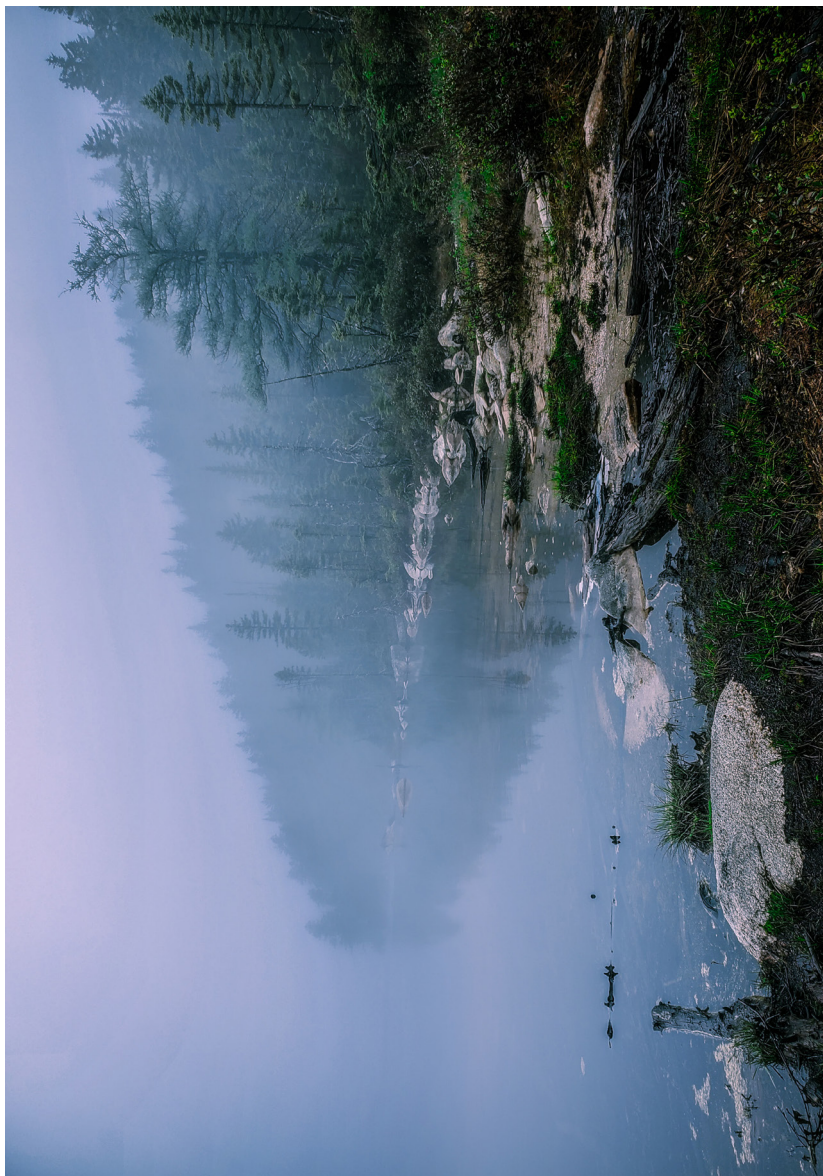
Nadia Ahmadi

As a child, the world felt infinite. The sky stretched endlessly, the sun rose every morning without fail, and laughter echoed in a house that always seemed full. Life was a boundless horizon, untouched by the idea of endings. Little hands built castles in the sand, never considering the tide that would eventually come. To you, the word “death” was as foreign as a distant star.

Teenage years came like a storm, shattering the illusion of endless blue skies. Life’s once-gentle rhythm turned into chaos. You saw friends drift away, fights break out, and tears replace laughter in moments you once thought were unbreakable. The mirror showed a face that grew weary of the burdens it carried. You realized life wasn’t just play; it was survival. It had a sharpness you hadn’t seen before, a reality you couldn’t escape. Yet, in those hardships, you found glimpses of beauty: the warmth of a shared secret, the strength of your own resilience.

Then, one day, as a young adult, you met death. It wasn’t a shadowy figure from the fairy tales or a distant whisper. It was real, tangible, and it reached into your world. Your loved one was no longer there. The endless horizon of your childhood disappeared. You learned that even the brightest stars fade, even the sturdiest hearts can stop.

Yet, in that moment, you also saw something else. You saw how the finite nature of life made every heartbeat, every smile, and every fleeting moment infinitely precious. Death was not just an end but a reminder. A reminder to live fully, love deeply, and cherish the horizon, even if it is not endless.



— Johnathan Slama



The Sound of Shattered Wings — Sarah Beetner

Rarely Do I Sit on a Pew Nowadays

mx. Vae

Gave up the comfort
I got believing in you
To sit away from
Those using Heavenly seats
To bash Hell on sinless heads



The First Time I Was Catcalled

Sarah Beetner

I was thirteen
Barely in a training bra
And starting in on algebra
Wondering if my boobs make a t shirt provocative
Instead of remembering how to solve for x
Because x seemed to be the only thing that mattered
That little chromosome
Sewed into the edges of my lips like a whisper
Drowned in the cologne
Of testosterone as I try to walk the 5 minutes home
Without pressing the panic button
On my phone

So when I say I'm scared of men
I take them to the playground
Where the sameness scraped into our knees
During tag
And where a race didn't end in my life
We talk
Until the stitches sink into my teeth
And I ask him to walk me home

Religious Facade

Anonymous

The sun sat perched in the middle of the blue silky sky as I climbed up the incline leading to our small group destination. I stood strong underneath the sun's confident beams, walking towards a chantilly built shelter. The grassy hill was steep enough that with each step it felt as if my shins were brushing against my toes. My chest rapidly moving with each breath as I continued to put one foot in front of the other. When I finally made it up the hill my exhaustion was worth it. I had gotten to the small group before the others. And my reward, the most comfortable seat at one of the four picnic tables, squished together underneath the metal gazebo.

I wiped my sweaty brow and flipped my hair off my shoulder. The metal shield doing little to protect my exposed skin from the sun. I sat, patiently, while kids gathered around me, quickly claiming any open spot. I was at Church Camp for yet another year lost to time. At 13, this was the highlight of my summer. A week spent buried in the wilderness of rural Missouri, separated from civilization and its modern values/technology. Here, in this isolated retreat, the Camp prided itself on being the instigator to mend your relationship with God. Even if it never felt fractured, here your sins were obsolete. Disregarding any questions on the whys and hows because denial is a step away from progress, from God. So, here I sat at the fraying picnic tables, patiently waiting for the arrival of a camp counselor.

I looked around, noticing the tables were full, kids my age shoved shoulder to shoulder holding pens, journals, bibles. Their eyes glistened with curiosity and hope, scanning as a man appeared in our peripheral. He was climbing up the steep hill towards the large ragtag group of kids. He walked slowly, as if to conserve energy and hobbled with an uncertainty that I lacked. He wiped away any escaping sweat with his free hand, cradling notebooks and a bible in the other, a reflection of the full hands and laps at the tables.

When he finally made it, with a beet red face that shadowed his true complexion; he dumped off the things held in his hands. Shuffling over to the concrete half wall jutting up, cornering us in. The chatter around me faltered until silence as he rested on the wall behind him, halfway sitting. He took a deep sigh as if he had bad news. His thin cracked lips falling open with the motion. His eyes, as brown as dirt, looked flat disregarding

the emotion his sigh attempted to reveal. And his hair, unkempt like a tumbleweed, swept his forehead as he slightly shook his head in exasperation.

I shuffled on the bench, attempting to wriggle from the stuffy environment. “Today, we are talking about the sinful nature of lust.” The counselor adjusted his posture, picking up his sandaled feet and setting them on the table in front of him. His feet were not special enough to be showing them off the way he was. Dirty and unkempt toenails surrounded by skin that was not the color of skin. They wriggled and writhed as he espoused ideologies of an eternity spent in hell, beneath God’s fiery disapproving glare. Thumbing his ordinary silver wedding band as he spoke of premarital sex, your monogamous marriage with God, the sins of lustful feelings, and heterosexuality. He shook his bible with his words. As if proving his credibility and citations. Speaking with a strong fist but insecure shoulders.

The counselor ended the meeting with a half hearted prayer and a collective amen. Sealing the hateful ideologies with a falsely forged seal of Gods’ love. He grabbed his bible and notebooks, tucking them into the crook of his arm, and started the walk down the hill. Everyone followed suit, peeling sweaty skin off wood and adjusting clothes to accommodate the time spent sitting. I followed behind the group and watched underneath furrowed brows as kids split from each other, gathering around their respected friends. Giggling and shoving each other as the groups erupted in light discourse. The stifling nature of the counselors’ lesson soaking deep within their souls like a sponge.

At 10 I would sit outside my window praying for redemption, apologizing for sins that I did not understand. Pleading with the God Church Camp created that hated me. With pinched eyes and a heavy heart I would condemn myself, while condemning God for creating me with the knowledge of my sinful life. At 13, I sat on that fraying picnic bench watching the retreating figures of the other campers and the counselor, as I decided religion does not need to be built on these suppressive foundations. That if Church Camp could create this cruel god, I could create one too. Not this facade thinly protecting the altruistic motivations lead through hate and seclusion. A God that ruled through love, forgiveness, and sacrifice. No longer was Church Camp the highlight of my summer.



Read Between the Lines — Sarah Beetner



— Piper Jeffries

A Year at Different Times and Places

Teague McElroy

January 2012

SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH

The tall snow banks beyond the playground are intimidating to a fifth grader. I cower and call my dad again on my microscopic flip phone.

It rings once.

Twice.

And I hear a bit of static and my dad's upset tone through the shitty speakers. He asks what I want.

"It's cold and snowing. Can you drive here and get me?"

He sighs and I can hear him shaking his head, "I mean, I can, but I'm in the middle of this game."

That's right, it's Wednesday, Iron Banner days on his game. I still have no idea what it means, except no ride home yet.

"Can you walk and I'll meet you halfway?"

I agree, give an uncomfortable smile to the school secretary, then begin my quartermile trek. When I open my front door, my dad still has his grey-green eyes darting across the screen, his posture tense. He's wearing a red shirt with a half-eaten doughnut and another, fully intact doughnut screaming at the carnage. His beanie on his head is crooked so his headset to the controller can rest its single earpiece on his left ear. The second he sees me, his eyes dart down at his Blackberry.

"Shit. sorry, I lost track of time."

I shrug my petite shoulders and take a step.

"Shoes!" he shouts and I look down at my boots that are too tight.

"C'mon, man. Your mom will be pissed!"

Without saying a word, I tap my boots outside, peel them off my feet, and enter the house. I sit down on the floor by the TV and watch his player zoom across the map and aim at people he and I will never meet.

“Are you winning?”

He sighs, takes a long few chugs of his RedBull, and returns to his controller. “I fuckin’ wish I was.

February 2022

ROLLA, MISSOURI

I wake up dehydrated and startled in my dorm bed. I take a couple breaths to ground myself, then sit up. After craning my neck to look at my phone on my charger, I notice that my mother has called me three times and needs me to call her as soon as possible. My brain decides that one of my siblings is in the hospital, and I need to go down to Springfield as soon as possible.

I scramble to start the phone call with my 45 years-young mom. She doesn’t pick up immediately. The rings cause me to grow more and more worried.

She answers. “Hey Teague!”

I wait for her to continue. She doesn’t. “Uh what did you want to talk about?”

“Can you FaceTime? I want to show you this quilt I’m working on.”

April 2021

ROLLA, MISSOURI

“Hey uh, man? You realize your calendar is in January, right?”

I glanced at my whiteboard calendar on my door. The bottom half shows January 25th through the end of the month, while the top half shows the first two weeks in February.

“Well yeah, but February too.”

August 2020

ROLLA, MO

I guess my parents don’t know me as well as I thought.

I try to ignore where they’ve put my clothes, microwave, and pictures of someone I don’t quite recognize graduating high school. I look at the

note scribbled on my calendar I've had since my junior year.

Junior year of high school. I need to start specifying.

I laugh as I read my dad's written message. His handwriting is large and expressive like him and paints almost every date slot in a blue marker that still smells like alcohol. It tells me he loves and misses me.

I move my pillow and blanket to the bunk on the other side of the room. I know it doesn't matter, but I naturally gravitate to what I know now to be the same corner my bed in Springfield is in.

This small yet tall twin frowns as I compare it to my hand-me-down queen. I know it contains a comforter but I know it won't be comfortable.

I sit in my quiet, lonely room. Thanks to a long email chain and four phone calls that could have been an email chain, I have my own space. I have my air conditioner, shrunken fridge, and my heartbeat. It's nice to be in silence, to be away from four screaming kids and other responsibilities.

I said goodbye to my parents, and when I did they told me I wouldn't miss them and I'd never text or call and I would finally leave my room and that I'd find my people and feel like a normal person for the first time in my life.

I guess my parents don't know me as well as I thought.

October 2005

SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH

I am the luckiest kid on the planet, because my birthday is five days before Halloween. I get candy, spooky gifts, and a cake in the shape of a skull or spiderweb.

My mom is not the luckiest mom in the world. We share the same birthday, so she gave me her birthday. She gets to plan out my parties and serve cake and she definitely doesn't like cake, especially chocolate like me.

Maybe one day I'll give it back. Next year I'll give it back.



Love Lessons from a Learner Herself

Sarah Beetner

Lesson 1:

I loved
That we weren't perfect for each
other
Every sentence was our own to
finish
And I always had to ask
There was no unspoken
understanding
There was no yin and yang
But there was effort
Beyond the ache to understand
That each drawn out
conversation
Was reaching for my hand

Lesson 2:

Love can hurt more than
loneliness
There's just more to lose

Lesson 3:

The perfect love is one that fits
Not a dream you can diet into
Or a zipper that rearranges your
insides
People grow.
Together or alone.

Lesson 4:

Know when the scar is too deep
(It's somewhere between
wouldn't
And can't)

Lesson 5:

Young love is fragile
Exhilarating
But it's not the only kind
It's okay to grow up

Lesson 6:

Strong love stays new
Sticks to each word on their lips
And hangs on their interests
Dances to their favorite song
Every time it comes on
Even if its name changes

Lesson 7:

Don't settle
But if you do
Don't tear people down
On the way out

Lesson 8:

Don't Fear Love.
Don't Forget it.
Grow.



Skywaves — mx. vae





The Intrigues and Exploits of Bonnie E. Stone

J. Michael Stone

My full name is Bonnie Esmerelda Stone III. My family often insolently shortens this to “Bonzo.” My father was a vivacious cocker spaniel and my mother among the most graceful of poodles. I am master of a Tudor-style home deep in the heart of the St. Louis suburbs. If not for me, the place would grind to a halt. I am the sole bulwark against the chaos which would envelop my family’s property in my absence. Not that they’d ever notice.

I suppose if you were to consult the law, the property would be owned by my parents, but I am the real trustee. My mother leaves from morning till evening, forcing me to defend the home. My father is no better. Then, of course, there are my grandparents. They at least have enough reverence for the property to help me keep watch over it, but, speaking privately, they do a shabby job. My grandmother gets caught up reading her books or listening to classical music play from the TV. A pitiful excuse for a watchwoman. My grandfather, on the other hand, is the devil incarnate. He has a thick, white beard and is full of evil. He tries to lull me into a false sense of security with bribery—which I shamefully admit has worked on more than one occasion—but for the most part I’m able to escape his clutches. He pretends to work in his office or to watch TV, but I can see through his schemes. There is also a deeply indecisive boy who makes periodic appearances in the home. If pressed on the matter, I would be

forced to refer to him as my brother, but his flakiness irritates me. He seems to think he only lives here during the summers.

While making my final rounds through the second floor yesterday, I was disturbed to hear a whine germinate on the ground floor. This whine sprouted into a hum, which grew into a buzz, which expanded to a roar. Unable even to imagine what could produce so terrible a sound, I sprinted down the stairs in top gear and followed the ungodly braying around the staircase and coat closet to its origin in the living room. I came around the corner and the sight before me stopped me dead in my tracks.

A frisbee of malevolence. A flat, circular demon. This machine was approximately one foot in diameter and three or four inches tall. Small wheels on its belly allowed it to navigate with alarming speed and mobility. Protruding out from beneath its shell of cream-colored plastic were tri-pronged, fuzzy arms. These fuzzy arms almost resembled miniature brooms, but they spun menacingly. The ungodly noise that had caught my attention spilled forth from its maw. My training kicked in immediately.

I barked with every drop of volume my lungs could muster. I made sure to posture myself aggressively against the forward movement of the android, but it decided to test me. It continued on toward me, daring me to defend my territory, and defend I did. With deft lunges forward, I managed to briefly arrest its movement. For

a few seconds, the whirring noise and the spinning brooms subsided. I naturally assumed the electronic beast was vanquished, and I advanced to reconnoiter the motionless, silent circle. My nose revealed nothing. I was brushing against the fuzzy arms, trying to understand the offensive capabilities of the android when it roared back to life. An ambush!

Only my inimitable reaction time allowed me to escape. With adrenaline surging through me from nose to tail, I redoubled my defensive efforts. Having seen its wiliness, I elected to avoid another combat encounter and instead stuck to alerting the household. Poised in an athletic position, I roared an unmistakable warning to the home's inhabitants. I was heartened by the sound of thudding steps coming up the basement stairs. Reinforcements at last.

My mother burst through the door, I assumed to back me up in the battle against this intruder. I was startled by the stomp of her foot directly to my left. In complete surprise, I ceased barking and gazed up at her.

"Quit barking at the Roomba, Bonnie!"

Her unintelligible babbling was only wasting time as the threat drew nearer. Trying to refocus her attentions on the advancing menace, I turned back to it and continued to bark. One can only imagine my surprise when I felt myself lifted from my feet and unceremoniously shunted down the basement stairs. Then, to my horror and incredulity, my mother approached the beast and knelt down. I attempted to warn her of the obvious danger, but my barking fell on deaf ears. She miraculously escaped the encounter

and retreated to safety by following me down the basement stairs.

"You're gonna have to get used to it, Bonz."

Unbelievably, the scolding tone suggested that she blamed me. I snorted and hmped to show my chagrin, but her condescending look persisted. I was at a loss. Somehow, I was in trouble for my valiant defense of the homestead. The political organ had superseded the obvious military necessity. A tale as old as time. I was to be punished for my heroism. My ignorant family may not know the danger they were in, but I most certainly did. Even their anger would not stop me from my duty. Unfortunately, destruction and victory would be forced to wait as the basement door was closed.

Later that evening, my parents took their usual places in the recliners, and I my usual place in the corner of the sectional. They turned on the television and it slowly sucked away their attention. I soon noticed that my father was fatally distracted. The folded, succulent squares of paper towel sitting on the table next to him caught my eye. Immediately, a heist began to materialize in my mind. A daring, bold theft.

I nonchalantly stretched and hopped down from my seat, calculating my every move. My parents' inattention helped me surreptitiously amble around the side of the sectional. Now out of their view, I had to be exceptionally careful. Attempting to dampen the noise of my claws on the linoleum, I crept behind my dad's chair at a snail's pace. The adrenaline began to flow as I approached the side table. As stealthily

as possible, I raised up on my hind legs and nabbed the paper towel with my teeth. Now I had only to return to my lair beneath my parent's bed. My fortress of solitude. As I turned to head for the lair, I heard the creak of the bathroom door opening, causing me to whip my stare toward the doorway. My mother, with an angry look in her eyes, stared back at me.

"Bonnie!"

Code red.

The paper towel hung loosely from my teeth. I was caught dead to rights. The only option was escape. In lockstep with my mother, I turned on the thrusters. Her thudding footfalls trailed me closely as I skidded on the tractionless linoleum. She gained on me as I careened around corners and hurdled the ottoman. I came into range of her arms just as I approached the lair's entrance. With a diving leap, I slid under the rim of the bed. Assured of my safety by the angry tone of my mother's muttering, I settled into my treat. I was tearing that scrumptious paper rectangle in half when my mother's feet, which were all I could see from the lair, walked over to the closet and returned to the edge of the bed.

"Heeeere, Bonnie," she cooed, as if I were an idiot. To exit my lair now would be suicide, so I settled in with my paper towel and ignored her.

"I'm warning you. Bonnie."

I tuned out her protests and set about enjoying my prize. Then, in the blink of an eye, the business end of a broom was barreling toward me. An attack on my sovereign territory. The dust-riddled bristles connected squarely with my rear end, eliciting an indignant yelp. The bristles retreated,

but I realized my mother was coiling for another strike, so I came roaring out of the lair, paper towel in my teeth, and sprinted toward the staircase. I managed to keep a few paces ahead of her as I took the corner and began climbing. I came into the turn hard but was dismayed to see the door was still closed.

My mother appeared behind me with a dour expression. My tail dropped between my legs like a stone, and I could hardly bear to meet her eyes. I could make my contrition no clearer. She snatched my prize away from me and muttered her tyrannical edict.

"You can't eat paper towels, Bonnie."

"Give me liberty or give me death," I thought to myself.

The boy, somewhat uncharacteristically, decided to rise early the next day. I encountered him sleepwalking toward the Keurig. As is my practice, I greeted him warmly and continued on with my morning rounds. After scanning the ground floor for intruders and pens to chew, I trotted up the stairs and settled into my usual perch. After a half hour or so, a voice called up to me from the ground floor.

"Bonnie! C'mere Bonzo. Here girl."

I glanced through the wooden bars of the balcony and saw the boy. My suspicions could not have been roused further. Naturally, I laid my head back down and tried to drift off.

"Boooooonzo. C'mon. Come down here."

I did not stir.

"You wanna treat? You wanna treat, girl?"

It is worth noting that there

exists a long tradition of curating one's own image in memoirs. Caesar apotheosizes himself in his "Gallic Wars". Churchill defends the strategy of Gallipoli in his autobiographies. But I prize my integrity too greatly to deceive my readers in such a manner. I sprinted down those stairs like a bat out of hell. The boy, overjoyed at my desperation, dangled a succulent milk bone above my head.

"Sit," he said imperiously. I begrudgingly complied.

"Now don't snatch."

The injunction filled me with a desire to lash at his hand, but I restrained myself and he relinquished the treat without further delay. It was delectable. A bold flavor profile of tilapia paste, vegetable scraps, and a delicate note of maltodextrin. Nectar of the gods. I scarfed it down at an embarrassing rate, but I was overjoyed to see another dangling from the fingers of the boy.

"Here girl," he said as he walked toward his room. Blinded by my desire for the milk bone, I followed him. After arriving in his room, he promptly shut the door and tossed me the treat. My attention on the milk bone prevented me from noticing his rapid approach. As I gulped down the last of the treat, he slid a hand under my chest and heaved me into the air. My heart deflated like a balloon as he carried me into the bathroom. With the sordid glee of a dungeon keeper, he closed the door behind us before setting me down.

My heart began to race. I was trapped with this beast of a man, and I saw through his smile to the murderous intentions beneath. He knelt down by the tub, screwed the drain plug in

tightly, and turned the handle. The roar of a deluge reverberated throughout the room. Scalding water began to fill that aquatic tomb of a bathtub.

"I know you don't like it Bonz, but you need a bath," he growled with a duplicitous grin.

My knees began to shake, and my nose to quiver. I would be proud to die in the line of duty, defending my property from those who would see it destroyed. I would be overjoyed to lead my family to its brave end, crying "Once more unto the breech, dear friends, once more!" But this? This ignominious execution I now stared in the face? There was no honor in it. No dignity. The boy interrupted this dark line of thinking by once more shooting a hand under my chest and lifting me in the air.

"Here it comes," I thought as I shut my eyes, "Be not far from me, O Lord."

Plop.

I slowly opened my eyes. The boy's grinning face sunk my hopes of already being in heaven. The water rested at about my knees. I had misjudged its heat previously, as it was just warm, not scalding. Suddenly, a torrential downpour erupted on my back. I yelped in surprise.

"I gotta get you wet for the shampoo to work, Bonz," the boy remarked as he refilled the plastic cup from whence the downpour came. He was attempting to drown me. Slowly but steadily, he hoped to steal the oxygen from my very lungs. This was confirmed by the sudden downpour of water directly on my head. I snorted in defiance and attempted to shake the water off.

"You're gonna be wet, Bonnie,

just learn to live with it!” he exclaimed. I resigned myself to my fate as he continued to soak every inch of my fur. Hope briefly returned when stopped pouring water on me, but it slipped away upon seeing him produce a bottle full of an almond-colored substance.

“Now keep your head on, Bonnie. The shampoo won’t kill you,” he muttered.

I was unfamiliar with this particular “shampoo” strain of poison, but I could guess the intended effect. I braced myself for the long sleep as he popped the cap and poured a long stripe of the goo down my spine. My lip trembled as he rubbed in what I now assumed to be a topical poison. I could almost feel it seep into my bloodstream. As he rubbed, it foamed and expanded till the entirety of my torso, legs, chest, and head had been covered. I closed my eyes and waited. To my surprise, it was not the voice of St. Peter I heard but the boy’s.

“You ready, Bonz?”

I had no choice. Moments later I was battered by what surely was almost a gallon of water crashing down on me. He repeated this up and down the length of my body, trying desperately to end me. Through some miracle, I managed to hang on till at last the water subsided. I slowly, carefully opened my eyes.

“All done!” he said with a smile.

I could hardly believe it as he wrapped a towel around my torso and lifted me from the tub. A pardon on the killing floor. I would live another day.



Go — MonkeybearQueen



— Josiah McDermott



— Paige



Happy Place — Neha



DnD Kenku — Eris Scruggs



Portrait of Anne Hathaway — Issac M. Rosson

Grows on the walls of my bedroom
Where the mold creeps in
And feeds off the fumes of my lungs
As I struggle to breathe in
Horror
Is a small town in Texas;
Everybody knows everyone
It's written in the creases on their forehead
In the shake beneath their palm
When they reach for a pen
Horror
Is written of
Spoken of
Watched through the sludge of the tv
As the stations flip
From one to three
Racking up the casualties
Horror is the girl next door
Who couldn't meet her rent
And the old man on the corner
Shouting slurs outside a doctors office
Every time a woman walks in
Horror is starving behind the seven eleven
Winced at by the passerbys
Covered from the children's eyes
Because that only happens in other skies
Horror
Is swept from the dinner table
The scraps even dogs can't pick
So that we can gather and laugh
Gorge ourselves on ignorance
Because horror doesn't come
It creeps
Festers in the closet of your throat
And twists your mouth dry
Until you can't taste it
Can't feel it
Can't waste it

Horror

Sarah Beetner



— Piper Jeffries



Motion — Sam Wright

Metamorphosis

Sage

Sophomore year changes more drastic and
dramatic than the fall

The person before can't comprehend themselves
anymore

As they stand incomplete and subject to rampant
glares from others

Crippling with each perception

But through understanding the finality of being
you realize one day all of your doors will be
closed

How truly foolish it is to endure circumstance

All to attach yourself to something less than

All to avoid the uneasiness of change

I dream about you
In colors that don't exist
In spectrums unseen

I think about you
In words that are forgotten
Name never spoken

I imagine you
In a melody unsung
Waiting for its words

I live for your laugh
Your smile running through my veins
Breathing in your love

I call out to you
In sounds silence has forgot
Wanting to be heard

I hear your echo

In the space between heartbeats
Where ev'rything stops

I see memories
Of us that were never made
Forever's promise

I long for your love
Like trees long for coming spring
And for their green leaves

I am a flower
Blooming though it is not time
Lost in your garden

Colors

Molly Austell

The sound of love

Molly Austell

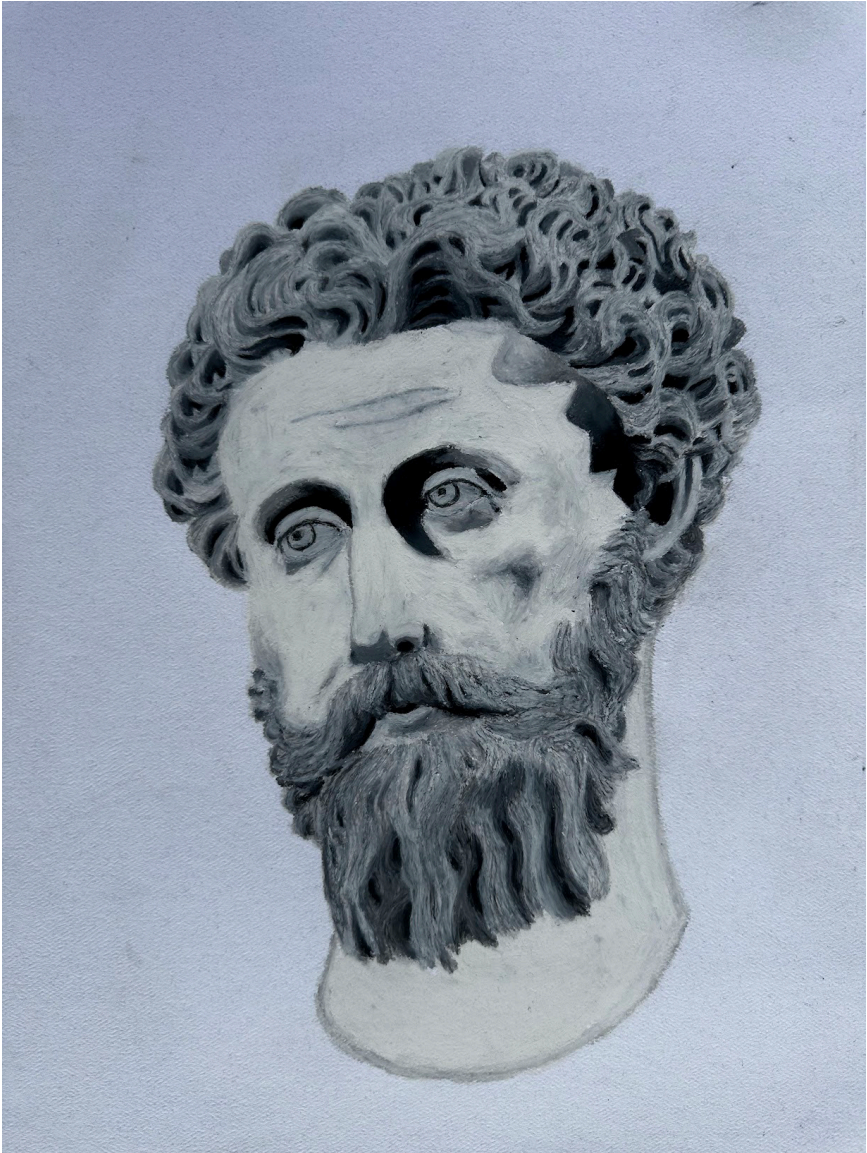
The sound of love can manifest in small ways
Through quickened breathing
Faint like a stream whose water carries
Through a scoff and an arm cross
Though my face is smiling

The sound of love can manifest in joyous ways
The crash of a hug
a waterfall that slips on the rocks below
A laugh that echoes into the universe
Because you are even in the space between heartbeats

The sound of love can manifest in empty ways
Tears falling silently
Chest heaving as the sky does during a thunderstorm
Pathetic sobs hating how much I care
Knowing it only hurts because I love you

The sound of love can manifest in small ways
The silence of your absence jarring and infinite
Like falling into still water
Pressure consuming as I sink deeper into the
Words I never said

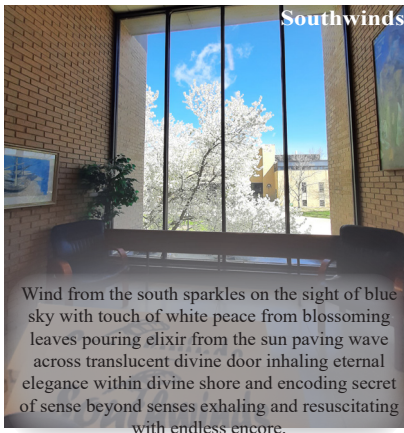
The sound of love is never ceasing
Skipping rocks in a stream
Sitting next to the falls
Dancing in the thunderstorm
Or drinking from still water
You are still here
And so is love



Philosopher King — Jared Wortmann

Sense beyond Senses

Path of peace is mapped by the mindful manuscript
that manifests an oasis reckoning the mileage out of mirage.
The manifestation insinuates the mysteries within the mind
to inculcate searching a sense of divine harmony.
The silent surge of sand stream lets us listen to the arcane note
when the dunes of desert follow the path of wind coherently.
inscription of the notes is obliged by the oasis
inhering the waves of water on the surface of earth.
Exigency of an existence to explore the latent knowledge
ignites the fire for securing a space by valuing the void.
The value gives rise to the deepest contemplation of our origin
from nothing beckoning the blessing of an entirely supreme being.
Every blessing is a test and every test is a blessing.
The sustenance of this sacred blessing depends on the firm faith
that brings up the last breath resonating in agreement with
the wind, water, earth, fire, and void; & in harmony with
sight, sound, smell, taste, and touch to sense beyond senses
for encouraging the cochlea receiving the rhythm of oneness.
Invoking the rhythm of redemption by dint of mindful meditation,
the tranquil test eventually decodes the prescription of patience and
perseverance throughout the path of penitence
availing the peace out of inherent intricacy.
This intricacy enlightens the efficacy encountering
the entropy of existence for awakening
the auspicious path of eternal essence.



ARTIST EXHIBIT

Journey towards Oneness

I have been in a soulful sleep at the shore of an island
where all my prayers work on the land of love
to be blossomed at the right time with right principles.
The moon was shining fully with its total reflection
on the ocean wave that was touching with a serene sound
I woke up the moment by my soul when the first dream of my other half,
became parallel to the shore of my life.
I have seen the sparkling smile of serenity- spreading from the eyes
landing on the lives of pure lips!
I could discover me in the divine love of eyes of eternal elegance,
I could feel the flamboyant flow in the holy hair,
I could listen to the line of verses written in the kingdom of God
with truest trust of love in the virtue of that voice,
I am touched by the blessed soul living inside,
this is how one exists for me from the sky to the land
as a mirror of the universe – as my single verse.
The silence of my heart, my soulful sleep for years has got the hope
to turn every emotion into inborn affection,
into poems where the verses will never end
to always live in the present with the deepest intuition
feeling that we were within in each other
even beyond our knowledge being created in pairs
to hold us right from here to hereafter with an infinite thirst
to feel us with lives being merged within –
across the journey towards oneness.

Abdullah Al Moinec



Rising moon in eventide nurtures stillness to touch the spirit of S&T's soul with
lunar ablution where light from the windows is energy around but the silence is our
tranquil sound within blessed blends of greens and designs embracing the peaceful
rhythm of oneness across the prolific landscape.

Pool

Emma Sophia

I think school is cool so we should have it in a pool.

What!? You are a fool, as if to think school would ever take place in a pool.

You scoff at me now but won't it be cruel; to watch me swim laps as I invent a new tool.

A new tool in the pool is absurd and you're a fool! I hold my head high as not to get caught in your ambitious drool.

Drool as I please, take a big bite. Anything that displeases you is to my delight.

You're an idiot and this conversion pleases me no further be gone with yourself at once unless you're itchin' for a murder.

Murder me now as to spare yourself my success but don't hesitate or I'll go on and do my best.

Try as you might, do as you please you shall never succeed and between you and me: it's all in the tweed, you lack the feed and why would they take you when they could have me.

You think I am scared but I do not care. Your words are just that and bare little hair.

So wise of you now but I know who you are. You care all what people think and try way too hard.

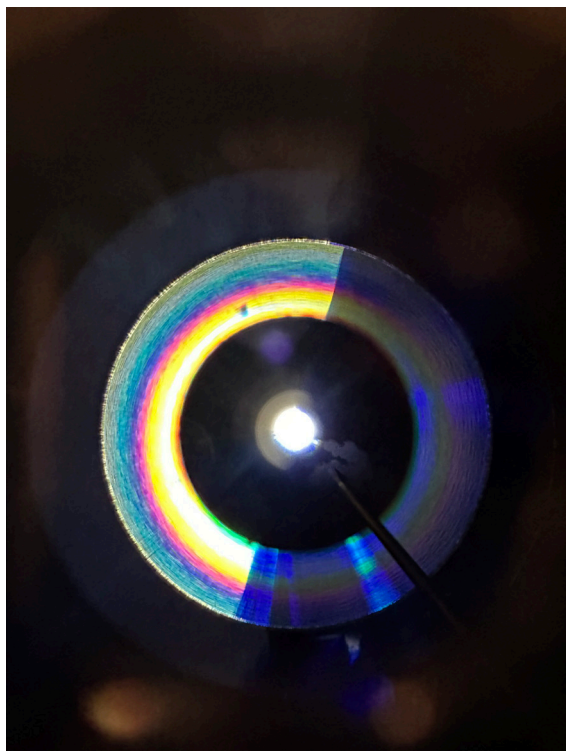
And I am to be ashamed? I don't care for your game, you always place the blame. Who are you to talk down to me when you cannot set yourself free? I try and fail but then I succeed. When I say one you must say three. When I laugh and adore you must hate and ignore. Why can't you see it is I who is free, learn from me and hear me now only then will you see how. Until then live in fear only when you open your ears will you see yourself standing still, a face full of tears.

If we are teaching lessons, I have one, for a delusional punk who needs to learn the making of a stump. You see that tree there used to be three but only one knew how to stay grey and that is why it remains today. You talk and you yap but it's time to face facts: get in the way and there's a price to pay. Change the

road, you must know where to go. Leave the circle, you must invent the square but you'll soon realize there's nothing there. Go back home to your abode, live your life like a drone. Cry and weep but do it alone, with another become a stone. Stay inside humming a tune, keep it to yourself as your muse. The world you once knew is no longer there, grin and bear it, it's the one we share.

Is that the life I am to live all alone like a kid? Crying and wishing for the day I would be the kid who got to play. Hoping and praying for a time when I could spare a dollar for a dime. Who am I, you are right. I was never born to fly. All together with my thoughts pushing them back in a box. I'm okay, I'm satisfied, to be the one who never died. I'll face the curse, I'll pay the time. It's okay it's alright I was just trying to be polite.

I walked away that day not sure of the way. An impulse turned regret and regret turned haunting but what I saw was far from nothing. In another my own self and from their eyes I see myself. How am I just like you? Thoughts and words I wish you knew. Same feelings, same impulses but towards another. All in each other



microscopia — mx. Vae

Dog on the Concrete

Adair Dillaha

Would you rather be a dog baking on the concrete or a deer bleeding out in the prairie? You can save neither. To do so would be to cut off your own life. No matter. Vultures circle overhead for you both, and you hope they wait until you're gone.

You, who have run from everything, are forced to pause and stare at the sky. You could accept it now. You could be free. You could lay down beside the deer, pushing your face into its belly fluff.

Let it go.

Let the vultures descend.

But you can't.

You know better.

Whether instinct or fortitude, you cannot die here. Your bones will not mingle with that of beasts.

The cost does not matter. The cost does not matter.

You kick the dog, to no response.



— Piper Jeffries

— Piper Jeffries



Homemade Crochet Pieces

Wake



Harry Potter Drawstring Bag



Crochet Drawstring Bag



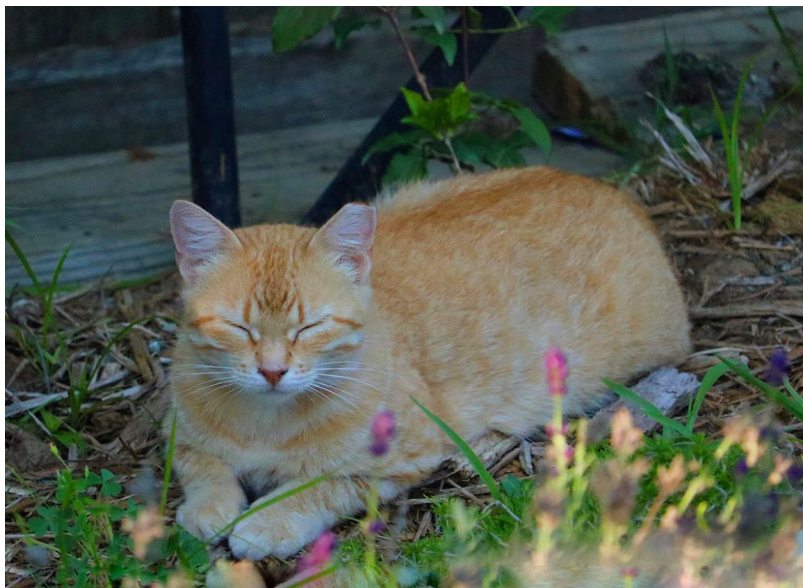
Beaded Tote Bag



Rainbow Blanket



Train Station — Harper Reinhardt



somnolence — vmb

Message to Our Submitters

On behalf of the *Southwinds* team, we would like to personally thank the individuals who made the 2023-2024 issue a possibility with their contributions of literary works, photography, and art. This literary & arts magazine would not have been possible without your vulnerability, self-expression, and talent.

Each year we aim to produce an issue that represents the diversity, creativity, uniqueness, and talent we cultivate here at Missouri S&T. And this year we did not fall short. We are proud to present to you an amalgamation of our tenacious student population in an artistically expressive way despite our predominantly engineering campus.

To the staff and faculty who made this possible, thank you! Without your guidance, patience, and resources we could not have completed this endeavour. As a small, humanities based RSO here at S&T, we relied on your advice to help us grow and succeed.

Thank you,
Your *Southwinds* Team



— Josiah McDermott



campus critter — vmb

Meet *Southwinds*

2024-2025 Executive Board



Victoria Busse is the President who is a junior studying to receive her BS in English and Technical Communication.



Rachael Jeffries is the Vice President who is a junior studying to receive her BS in English and Technical Communication.



Reagan Randolph is the Public Relations Executive who is a sophomore studying to receive her BS in Computer Science.



Kate Schisler is the Secretary who is a senior studying to receive her BA in English Secondary Education.



Nadia Ahmadi is the STUCO Representative who is a graduate student studying to receive her MS in English and Technical Communication.



Interested in joining or contributing your work to *Southwinds*?
Contact Professor Goldberg at goldbergmr@mst.edu, or check us
out at sites.mst.edu/southwinds to view previous issues, submit your
work, or join!

S&T[™]