

Southwinds





PermaRed. (Andreas Ellinas)

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 southwinds.mst.edu or swinds@umsystem.edu.

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ADVISOR

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



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 writing, and linguistics. Check out our website english.mst.edu or our Facebook page [facebook.com/EnglishTechComDepartmentMST](https://www.facebook.com/EnglishTechComDepartmentMST)

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150th Year Winners

Youth Division

Poetry: First Place

For One Hundred Fifty Years

By Eyrat Dumor

She wants to be a physicist
traveled halfway around the globe
to a small town with a university
that had the first nuclear reactor in Missouri

He wants to be doctor
to stay close to mom and dad
in the town he has always known
with an amazing physics department

They visit on a school trip
a class of twenty students
all with different paths and goals
With different futures
but they sit and they laugh
as they listen in one of the lecture halls.

The world can seem so small
like it only has four walls
but for one hundred-fifty years
Missouri University of Science and Technology
has proved the small voices wrong

From the high school senior
who is attending in the fall
To the returning scholar
who wants to know more

Missouri S&T is a place
to inspire creativity
to challenge
and to learn

for us all.

Youth Division

Poetry: Second Place

Missouri's Miner

By Grant Rodriguez

Missouri has a miner
Who demolished a diner
Roads will take its place
In the college race
To attract the designers.

Poetry: Third Place

S&T Poem

By Catriona Murphy

It's time for celebration
Of your collage of education
So get a cake
And sit by a lake
And enjoy this wonderful achievement

Adult Division

Poetry: First Place

Mission of a Miner

By Abdullah Al Moinee

In search of an island for courageous cultivation,
values of life conceive the mindful motivation
to set the sail towards the shore with integrity
inhaling the elixir of confidence and curiosity.
Paving the pathway with persevered patience
guides the gradual growth with elements and essence.
Hope on the horizon gets harmonic oscillation
rectifying the stream with integral gravitation.
Perceiving the presence of designed destination,
creativity sparkles with ideas and innovation
in the prolific land of S&T with a pivotal pledge
to create and convey the kindle of knowledge.
'Let the welfare of the people be the supreme law;'
Let concern & care solve the challenges and flaw.
Insight of inclusion ignites the ubiquity of unity —
Ray of resilience excavates a land of sustainable entity.
Land of Light focuses to go beyond the surface
to get a closer look at the world with aspiration & ace.
Invincible philosophy propels the mission of a miner
to sense beyond senses within & beyond, always and ever.

Adult Division

Poetry: Second Place

The future is bright

By Peter Erhard

Most students start out with an uncertain step
What prevents that is going to a school with solid rep
As classes begin and you start to find your fit
Facing challenges and considering calling it quits

Stretch your mind and muscles as hard as you can
For you are smarter and stronger than the average human
You're at Missouri University of Science and Technology
So your studies are not based on some false mythology

Surround yourself with allies, partners and friends
And study together to prevent a future needing amends
Don't worry about competing with others at school
Remember that pressure turns coal into a jewel

You will see that the effort was not in vain
With nothing to lose and everything to gain
You are not destined to spend your days on a recliner
The future burns brighter because you are a Miner

Adult Division

Poetry: Third Place (Tie)

Winter Prayer for Lucretius

By Patrick Tibbits

On the path beside the river, it was given me to know,
What the wind writes on the water will be written in the snow.

Above in cold thin air and splendor ice motes flash and tumble
in the bright.

Where no two are linked in motion. None finds a place to light.

A primal secret, stuff unseen, by implication moves behind.
Vast teeming, germs of things primordial, forever moving blind.
Their wont always to swerve.

Unseen buffets of these atoms goad the next above in size.
Stage by stage ascend the motions 'til they to the sight arise.

What is written up on high is written here below.
Every mote of crystal adds its wisdom to the snow.

(After the W.E. Leonard translation of
De Rerum Natura)

Adult Division

Poetry: Third Place (Tie)

Mourned *By Kenneth Schmidt*

In a lowly area just beyond the plains,
A crowd of who's who that don't know his name.
In a strange dance they somberly leave a stain,
Longing for a memory, that doesn't remain.
Rain fell hard on the villager's heads.
They had not planned for the fall shower.
All had gathered to mourn a "friend",
Now all flee the cemetery to cower.
His life was cut short, struck down in his prime.
Friends dressed up for each other waited in line.
Much like his life, and true in the end,
He is left alone, thanks to fair-weather friends.

Adult Division

Flash Fiction: First Place

The Campus Visit

By Laurie Alberswerth

“Stonehenge. Didn’t we build that thing in Britain?” The green-headed alien scratched where his chin should’ve been.

“I bet this school’s Mars Rover is actually a teleporter.”

“No one’s checked Salisbury Plain lately?”

“If they can build a concrete canoe, they can replace a few rocks with a hologram.”

“We got what Grolph wanted. Better go.”

“Grolph needs to quit stealing his R&D from here.”

“Bad idea. His fix for the replicator gives me some bald fellow whenever I ask for Tea, Earl Gray, Hot.”

“Bet that guy would check Salisbury Plain.”

They darted behind a pointy-hatted statue as a student tripped across their path. He pirouetted to save a steaming, rich beverage.

“Grolph should take notes.”

They drifted onto the familiar, round platform. “I love this part.” The white disc spun, light streaming from three green leaves below to their ship high above.

“I know. It’s the Best Ever.”

Adult Division

Flash Fiction: Second Place

The Time-Traveling Miner

By Anna Peacock

With a flash and a twist of energy, there appeared a young man dressed in trousers and a vest standing in the center of the Puck. As he blinked away the brightness of the light that had flashed around him, he saw the large buildings surrounding him. He spun around in awe and confusion, until he saw something recognizable. It was the building his school took place in. He realized, with a start, that he had not been transported in space but in time. Looking for clues, he spotted a banner reading “150th Anniversary: MSM UMR S&T.” MSM... the Missouri School of Mines. His current place of study. But it had only just been founded, so he must be 150 years in the future! He couldn’t wrap his head around it, but looking around, he felt a strong sense of pride for his school and what it would become.

Adult Division

Flash Fiction: Third Place

Playing in the Dirt

By Celtic Pipkin

After years of what was considered academic tribulation, Missouri S&T has rolled out what they've dubbed the "Joe Miner Cyber Initiative" — a program that effectively remedies the faulty student. The entirety of this semester's enrollment successfully converted to hive mind; thousands of brilliant scholars fused together into one collective awareness. Once the mystery of consciousness was solved during a research project in 2015, the magic of the soul had been revealed to be nothing more than unexplained science. What was originally assumed to be an inexplicable, poetic condition of human nature is now known to be a mechanical function within the chassis of a versioned vessel. Humanity has struggled to come to terms with this truth; falling deep into an existential hole with no sense of which way is up. Yet, as miners, we've always been in that hole. We dug it. And we will continue to dig deeper.

Missouri S&T's First Annual Trashion Show

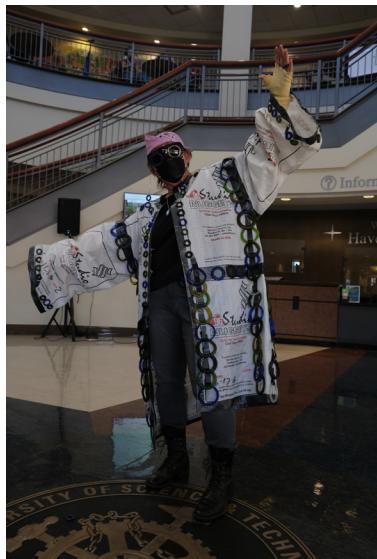
“You simply can’t have innovation if you don’t have creativity,” said Dr. Karen Head, Missouri S&T’s newest Center of Arts & Innovation director. Her inspiration behind the Trashion Show, along with numerous future projects in the making, was to get artists and engineers to think and work together in tandem. Students formed cross-disciplinary teams to create outfits out of materials that would otherwise be thrown away, a.k.a. trash. And from the garbage rose innovation, engineers, artists, and winners. Each team’s outfits can be found on the 2nd floor of the Curtis Laws-Wilson Library.



The participating teams of the Trashion Show, photographed by Andreas Ellinas



1st place winner Damien Calhoun,
Photographed by Andreas Ellinas



Mary Reidmeyer,
Photographed by Andreas Ellinas

Becoming a Ghost

Elaine Pohlsander

If you lie still enough
On a night whose tumult shakes your spine
And allow your bones to grow so still
you can feel them creak with shallow breath
Listen, listen
Listen beyond what you hear
Listen to the buzzing, violent static
That rests beyond the sounds you know
Ignore the pricking that you feel along your skull
Don't move
Don't open your eyes
Let your hands become all you can feel
Feel until you're numb with it
If you shift your focus out of yourself
Feel, listen, reach
The turning of the world itself
Felt through your back, the floor, the ground,
The earth, the stone, the fire
The pull of something so large that comprehension
Cannot be made with words
You will understand something
That you won't be able to speak of
To teach
Become for a moment
An outside observer
Present, yet not
A ghost

Body Without a Person

Christina Arens

This is not my body.

A body is something that reflects you, grounds you, has a sense of ownership.

I feel no such ownership.

I can hold your hand.

I can tuck your hair behind your ear.

I can hold you close to me.

I can interact with anyone, in any way,

Very similar to you.

But it's not quite the same.

Because this is not my body.

If I had a body,

If my actions were my own,

I feel that things could be much different.

I could tangle your fingers with mine.

I could feel the warmth of your cheek in my palm.

I could embrace you in my arms.

I could do all the tiny, small, insignificant things,

That I am so incredibly terrified to do.

But I can't.

Because this is not my body.



PumpkinHead 1. (Andreas Ellinas)



PumpkinHead 2. (Andreas Ellinas)

Darkness and Disorder

Victoria Smith

Together, are the natural state of things
empathy and anger, passion and danger
the lightning strike or fallen star,
made captivating, by
Darkness and Disorder

Together, consummate the universe
unknown desire and unending quiet
the event horizon or St. Elmo's fire,
made brilliant, by
Darkness and Disorder

Together, press onward forever
time and matter, gravity and retrograde
the Angel's Glow or green flash sunset,
made nouveau, by
Darkness and Disorder

*Author's note: Angel's Glow is in reference to a bioluminescent bacteria that was reported to have caused the wounds of civil war soldiers to glow blue. The bacteria saved the lives of many, preventing them from succumbing to infection.

St. Elmo's fire is a form of plasma often caused by weather events, it is most notably seen on ship masts during thunderstorms in the form of blue light.



Miner Spelunking



Flowers. (Mary Bordenkircher)



Starry Night. (Estelle Lu)

Of Redemption Arcs

Victoria Smith

Let me be evil

Let me find truth in my false convictions

As if the only way to atone, is to die alone

I'll enter the scene dressed in black

A rider in from Hell

A turncoat gunner

A dark prince fallen

I'd much prefer to live in darkness

Beneath the mask, and in through the cracks

I'll be the monster you made of me

The man you thought you knew never existed

I was evil through and through



Light in the Woods. (Andreas Ellinas)



Digital Collage. (Elaine Pohlsander)



Sunday Best. (Christina Arens)

Sundown

Victoria Smith

Forgetting is the only gift I wish to give you, whispers Time to the woman.
But she turns him away at the door.
And at twelve after seven, she's dead on the floor.

And at eight after sunrise, she awakes to the moon.
But she telegraphs him her regret by noon.

Forgetting is the only gift I will give to you, taps back Time to the woman.

Forgetting is the only gift I have given to you, laments Time to the woman.
But she invites him to hear the phonograph.
And at five after nine, she's frozen writing an epitaph.

And at eleven after nightfall, she melts in the light.
But she pens him her gratitude by midnight.

Forgetting is the only gift I ever gave to you, scrawls Time to the woman.



The Phelps County Bank Sign Looks Evil. (Andreas Ellinas)



For me, a foggy night is a chance to relax and destress during an especially hard day. My photo "Foggy Nights" is a look into the quiet serenity that can be found in a familiar place. (Zachary Brooks)



Figures Mirrored on Bear Lake. (Elaine Pohlsander)



Ferris Wheel. (Christina Arens)

You, in All Your Glory

Kyleigh Hines

You, in all your glory,
sit between us,
two awkward teenagers,
and are the only reason this first date isn't comparable to ripping out hair.
You, round and doughy,
are heaven mantled in mozzarella and meat.
Two awkward teenagers bump hands trying to tear you apart,
and you are no longer the only one tomato-red.
You, freckled with pepperoni,
are paper-thin and my forbidden fruit.
The spice and sweetness of you is captivating
and is love at first bite.
You, filled with lactose and tomato goodness,
are about as good for me as this date has been,
but at the risk of being cheesy,
I will be back for seconds soon enough.

Perspective

Cindy Wilson

She remembered riding in the paddock, her first time ever riding a horse. A Quarter horse mare with a gentle temperament. Her father encouraged her as Rosy trotted around the paddock. In the fields behind the paddock she could see broodmares and their foals. Her father's mustang stallion, ready to get out of the barn and run. Soon, she remembered her father saying she would have to let Rosy take a break while he exercised Wildfire. Sirina never wanted that moment on Rosy's back to end. Sirina remembered that time, before her father became sick and died. Horses had been both their passions. Blue Rose Ranch their home.

Looking at it currently, Sirina wondered if a person could tell what it used to be instead of the rundown dump it was now. The barn was practically falling down. The fields overgrown with weeds. Almost sadly, Sirina saw just one pitiful looking horse that most likely got loose from its owner. She wished they did not have to sell the ranch ten years ago and move to the city. Sirina walks calmly towards the lone horse, hoping it had some form of identification on it. In the right lighting she could have almost mistaken the horse for Rosy. Without thinking, Sirina glanced in the direction of the paddock which was nothing but a broken gate now. Wondering if the water still worked, Sirina noticed how skinny the horse was. She takes another step towards the horse, finally seeing how bad it truly looked. Standing under the tree where Sirina's father had often brought Sirina and her sister on horseback to have a picnic, there was the horse. Its right ear drooped, there were open wounds on the horse's sides and stomach, and worse of all the barbed wire tangled around the horse's front leg. Sirina calls gently to the horse, trying not to scare it. Barbed wire could kill an animal. Sirina's father had once said he had seen when a horse broke through a barbed wire fence and got cut up by it so badly the vet had to put the poor horse down. The horse looks at her, begging for help under the tree. Sirina calmly walks towards it trying to help the horse. It took some time, but Sirina was able to get the barb wire off the

Perspective

Cindy Wilson

horse's leg. Sirina's first call is to the vet, then to see if she could report a found horse.

The horse leans it's head against Sirina's shoulder as she gently strokes the horse's neck. Sirina knew there was no safe place to take the horse to at the moment. She wonders if the sign to the ranch was even still there, or like everything else had either been destroyed or left in a state of decay. Sirina looks around, knowing she had her work cut out for her to both help this horse and to get the ranch back to what it used to be.

The vet comes after thirty minutes to look at the horse. He asks if Sirina knows who the owner is. Sirina doesn't. The vet asks if Sirina wants to take a chance on this animal's survival, or putting it down. The wounds were bad.

"I'll take a chance," Sirina answers as the vet prepares the sedation, "Would you also mind checking his teeth?"

The vet nods in agreement, sorry about the state of both the horse and the ranch. He asks if Sirina was going to repair the place or just tear what was left down.

"At this point most of the original buildings and fences are already gone, but I'm going to try and save what's left."

As the vet works, Sirina questions how she is going to get Blue Rose Ranch back to its former glory. Sirina remembered the barn with six stalls, each one for one horse. The acres for growing alpha and for pasture grazing. She wonders if the golden meadow in the woods was still there, or if it had been destroyed like everything else like everything else had been destroyed. After an hour, the vet finishes stitching the last suture closed.

Perspective

Cindy Wilson

“I’m not finding a chip,” The vet says, “Did you already name him? Where are you going to keep him while you try to find his owner?”

“Chance,” Sirina responds, “Can stay in the only area that doesn’t seem to be falling down. I checked the area already on that side of the pasture. The fences are still up and I’ll probably be staying with him tonight.”

The vet nods, offering to help Sirina take Chance to the pasture.

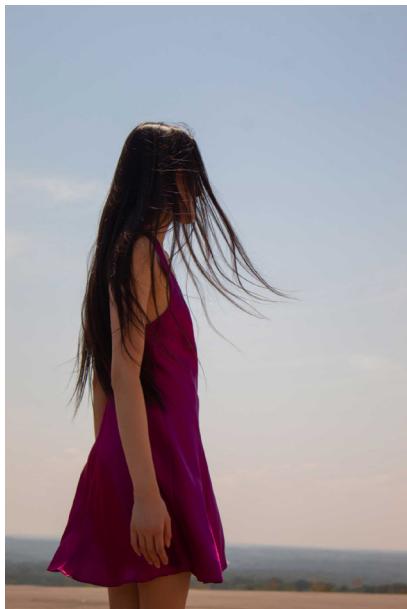
As the three of them walk towards the small pasture, Sirina glances above her to the wide blue sky. After about an hour they finally reach the pasture. Sirina could see shoots of new grass beginning to grow. Remembering the vet checks Chance’s teeth, Chance was a young horse at most five years old. While Sirina holds Chance, the vet checks the pasture’s fences. When he returns he opens the gate. Sirina calmly walks in the pasture with Chance, letting him graze. Sirina walks back outside the pasture, thanking the vet for his time.

“Keep an eye on him tonight, Sirina,” The vet tells her, “and I’m glad you’re back.”

“Thank you,” Sirina answers, her eyes spotting a single blue rose growing near the pasture.



Perseverance. (Christina Arens)



Lookout. (Kassandra Hayes)



Woman Through the Flower Buds. (Tage Young)



Flag Handoff at Celebration of Nations. (Arindam Khanda)



Valentine's Roses. (Missouri S&T American Foundry Society)



Ducky. (Lana Dizdarevic)

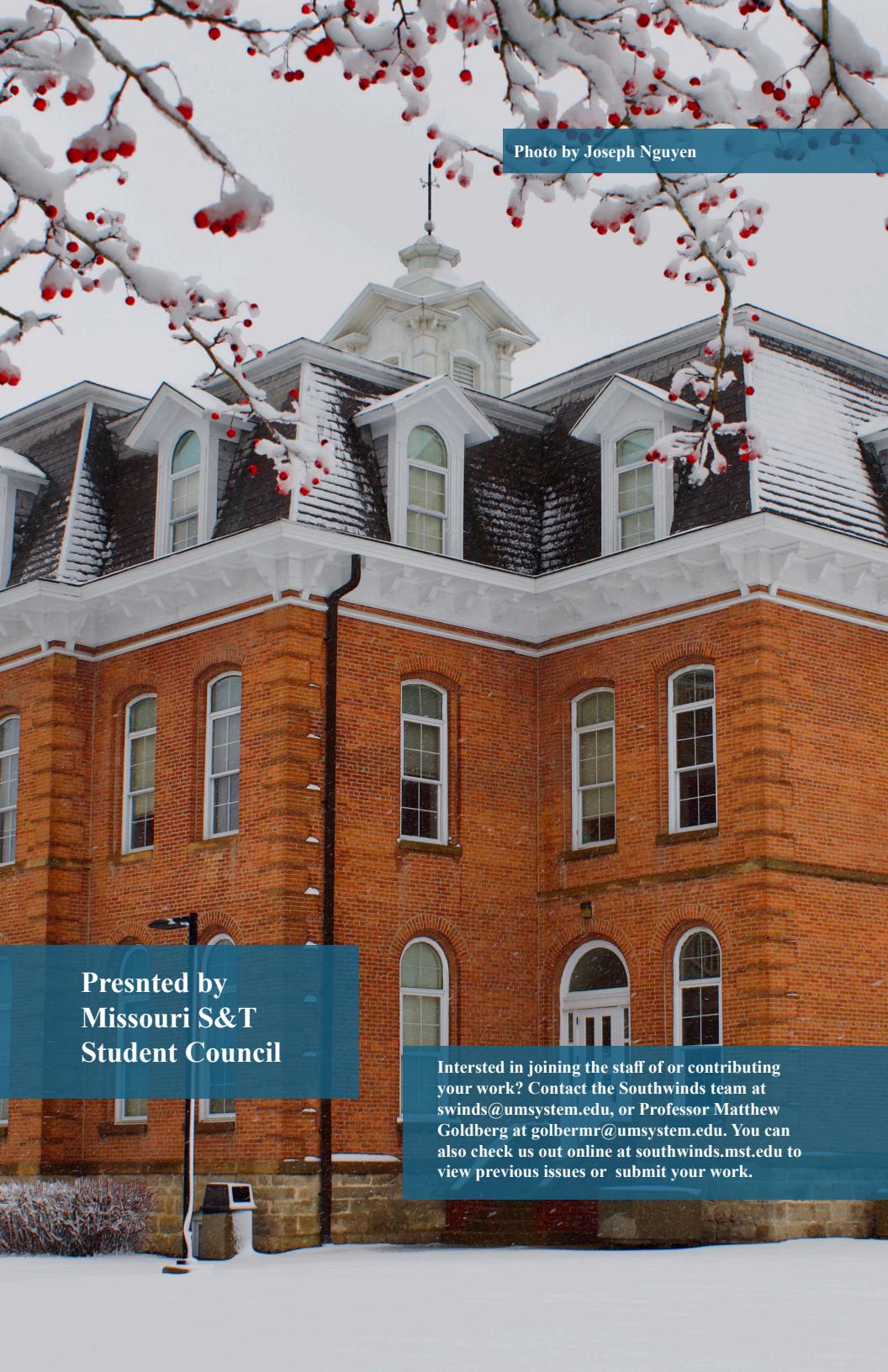


Photo by Joseph Nguyen

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Interested in joining the staff or contributing your work? Contact the Southwinds team at swinds@umsystem.edu, or Professor Matthew Goldberg at golbermr@umsystem.edu. You can also check us out online at southwinds.mst.edu to view previous issues or submit your work.