

SEASWELLS

2024



SEASWELLS 2024

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SEASWELLS

Seaswells Traditions

Seaswells is the art and literary magazine of the College of Coastal Georgia. The first volume of Seaswells was published by Brunswick Junior College students during the winter quarter of 1967. Eight editors were listed on the title page, and the 30-page magazine included 22 poems and one essay—the contributions of nine different students. Just two years later, the magazine had grown to 48 pages, with Phyllis Barr serving as the editor. It was the first year in which sketches and photographs were added to complement the poetry and prose.

In 1970, Barr and Shaw McVeigh were co-editors, and Barr penned “SEASWELLS”—the iconic poem that has been published in every issue since then. The poem was featured on the title page until 1983. From 1983 to today, the poem has appeared on the opening pages.

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

The Austin/Garner Prose Award was similarly endowed by Dr. John W. Teel, the College’s second president, upon his retirement in 1990. In naming the award, Dr. Teel chose to honor Dr. Maryjane Austin Spivey and Dr. Hugh M. Garner. Dr. Spivey was the much loved and respected Dean of Academic Affairs from 1973 to 1979 who, in May of 1979, passed away from cancer. Dr. Garner was an outstanding leader during the College’s early years, as well as a highly regarded professor of business.

Since its inception, the mission of Seaswells has remained consistent: to serve as a gathering place for artistic modes of expression. We seek to publish the College of Coastal Georgia students’ best work in a variety of modes, both experimental and traditional.

About Seaswells

The mission of Seaswells, the art and literary journal at the College of Coastal Georgia, is to showcase the writing, art, and photography of our students in order to foster essential modes of thinking and connecting. The student-run print journal is a collaborative effort between Seaswells club members and our faculty advisor, and student contributors. Student activity fees and community sponsors fund Seaswells, and issues of the magazine are free for students and community members.

Seaswells conducted two contests in 2024: the Barr Poetry Contest and the Austin/Garner Prose Contest. These annual contests are open only to currently enrolled Coastal Georgia students, and complete rules are available online at www.ccgga.edu/studentlife/seaswells.

Entries are judged anonymously, and cash prizes total \$150. Student submissions of prose, poetry, and art are accepted from September 1 to February 1. In order to be considered for publication, submitted works must not disparage or in any way harm those in marginalized communities, including but not limited to disability, race, religion, national origin, gender identity, or sexual orientation. All submissions must be original, previously unpublished work, and emailed as an attachment to seaswells@ccga.edu. Full submission guidelines are available online.

Seaswells serves as a gathering ground for artistic modes of thinking. As Edward Hirsch, poet and former president of the Guggenheim Foundation, reminds us, "the arts give us a way of thinking that you can't get in other places...A healthy democracy needs a healthy world of the arts."

"Art is the only serious thing in the world. And the artist is the only person who is never serious."

- Oscar Wilde -

Editor's Note

Trying to create art from art is fragile. There are so many emotions so close together. Depression is tethered with joy, and anger is besides laughter.

Being able to watch the SEASWELLS staff work together to combine all those emotions into one magazine was a true joy. It's a miracle if you think about it. A bunch of artists working together to pair emotions through other people's art. To all the students and staff that rode the waves of creativity to create Seaswells 2024, we thank you.

Grayson Powell, 2024 Editor-in-Chief

SEASWELLS 2024

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EDITORIAL STAFF

FACULTY ADVISOR

Dr. Katie Beth Brooks is an Assistant Professor of English at the College of Coastal Georgia in Brunswick, Georgia. She is an Appalachian rhetoric and writing scholar whose work tends to focus on writing pedagogy, writing practices, and place-based writing. She received her Ph.D. in Rhetoric and Writing and MA in English from Virginia Tech and her BA in English from the University of Virginia's College at Wise.

PROSE EDITOR

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

BARR POETRY CONTEST JUDGE

Jessica Melilli-Hand's work appears in *Carolina Quarterly*, *CALYX*, *Redactions: Poetry & Poetics*, *Hunger Mountain*, *Painted Bride Quarterly*, *Barrow Street*, and *The Minnesota Review*, among others. She won first place in the Agnes Scott Poetry Competition three times: when judged by Terrance Hayes, when judged by Arda Collins, and judged by Martín Espada. She is an Assistant Professor of English at the College of Coastal Georgia.

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF

POETRY EDITOR

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

ART EDITOR

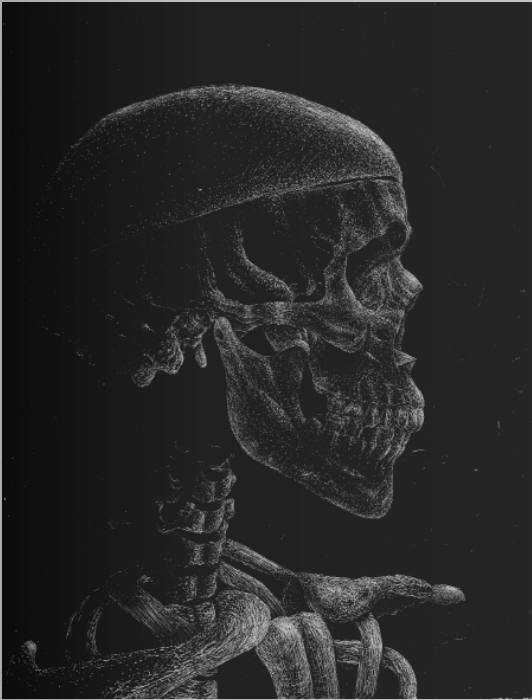
Kaitlin Higginbotham is passionate about storytelling through writing and visual mediums such as animation, comics, and video games. She loves studying literature, history, and the influence of popular culture. In addition to writing and drawing, she enjoys reading, playing video games, and spending time outdoors.

AUSTIN/GARNER PROSE CONTEST JUDGE

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

Sea sounds — surf — gull cries and sandpipers
Ever near us here — if we but seek
And let the sound and sight inspire.
Sun and shadow, song and sorrow
Wander in the heart — awaiting utterance.
Eagerly the wind supplies the melody
Lest the song be lost, — and we,
Longing for a fragment of the universe,
Sing, — before our voice is swallowed by the wind.

- Phyllis Barr -



**2024 Cover Art
Mugshot**

Ilani Walker is originally from Chicago, and they are an artist, musician, and psychology major. Their inspiration for these works is the theme of “Etherphoria,” which the artist defines as a state of euphoria in the ethereal space between what is known and seen, and what is felt and yet to be perceived. They hope to be able to use their skills in the fields of art and music therapy. The artist wishes all their peers well on their etherphoric journeys.

***Pointilism Piece on black
scratchboard by Ilani Walker***

2024 BARR POETRY AWARD

William Ellis is a young aspiring writer who has published a few poems in select literary journals such as *Down in The Dirt*. He is an ambitious junior-year student at the College of Coastal Georgia, working towards graduate school. He hopes to become an English professor one day and teach at the college level.

There is power in the blood of “the lamb / As he marched to the slaughter” and in the speaker, whose self refuses to flicker out, despite veins emptied and “stuffed...with the doubt of the abyss.” As ritual is superimposed on descriptions of abuse, with both superimposed on the therapy session, the poem interrogates the way trauma disrupts time and the continuation of selfhood. However, through the emotional modulation achieved by the anaphora “Haven’t I given enough” and specificity such as “May they taste the grit / From the mud on my tongue,” readers realize not all has been taken. Despite the remains drained into the cult’s goblet in the opening stanza and the body as the salted meat for these abusers’ “next banquet off the bounty” in the last, a quiet power remains. The speaker is “just like Mary in a way,” and, like Mary, ultimately ascends.

Dr. Jessica Melilli-Hand, Barr poetry award judge

Therapy Session 1: The Uchee Pines Cult by William Ellis

I broke my body into 12 pieces,
One for each supposed apostle of the Church.
I drained my remains into a goblet
And let the cotton shroud cover my eyes
As spirit flickered like a candle in the wind.
May they taste the grit
From the mud on my tongue.
Haven't I given enough?

She sat up from her chair
Covered in puffs of indigo felt from underneath.
"Now, how does that make you feel?"
I feel the cold in the back of my throat
As if the truth was freezing me from the inside.
Haven't I given enough?

Haven't I given enough?
I say.
The all-powerful above
Had a feast of me.
In light of his power famine.
Why grace a false god with a proper title?

Haven't I given enough?

And then the light
Flickered back to my eyes.
In that moment
I saw the pastor above me,
Worshipping my body
In the most sinful of ways.

Haven't given enough?
I pleaded
For him to remember his oath,
But he told me
"god always liked a 13-year-old virgin."
Haven't I given enough?

I'm just like Mary in a way.

She put her glasses on the edge of her nose
As if she were trying to cut me with it.
"I had no idea."
Neither did the lamb
As he marched to the slaughter.
"You don't deserve that kind of treatment."
Haven't I given enough?

I gave dust to dust and breath of life.
When my veins were empty,
They stuffed them with the doubt of the abyss,
And salted the meat
For their next banquet off the bounty.
Haven't I given enough?

I told her
"Haven't I given enough?"

2024 AUSTIN/GARNER PROSE AWARD

William Ellis is a young aspiring writer who has published a few poems in select literary journals such as *Down in The Dirt*. He is an ambitious junior-year student at the College of Coastal Georgia, working towards graduate school. He hopes to become an English professor one day and teach at the college level.

My selection for the Austin/Garner Prose Award is “There’s War!”

The reader is immediately set on an emotional journey into the mind of someone suffering the effects of war and conflict. The heart starts to race as the narrator describes the flood of images and thoughts that overwhelm their senses. One is kept on edge with mixed emotions of anxiety, fear, confusion, horror, helplessness in the sight of impending doom, and finally empathy. It is perhaps this last emotion—empathy—that the author is challenging us all to express more towards one another as war has unfortunately become a constant in our world.

There's War!

by William Ellis

There's war! I hear it ringing in my ears as if the little microphone in my ear stopped working. There's war! Yet again, I enter a room to hear the alarming pitch of hitched breathing every few syllables. There's war! I try to breathe only to find I'm trapped in a crumpling plastic bag as the others take a moment to suck in the remaining oxygen. There's war! It's a morbid game watching the fullness of their eyes— like giant glass marbles ready to pop out at every moment. There's war! Some are dry and darting with every heave of their diaphragm while others are red and sticky from the falling moisture. There's war!

As the screens cut on, anticipation reaches a new fever pitch to see tan-colored bodies pierced like balloons full of red paint. There's war! Every politician gets on the screen to say it's yet another war against terrorism as if the puppeteer behind the curtain has learned precisely which strings to pull and how hard to snatch them in order to bring the whole fabrication to life. There's war! As the few of us gather around, we see yet another group from the Gaza open-air prison looking towards the sky, picking whatever god they can to pray for salvation. There's war! Yet again, nothing is left but primal shrieks and fire because humanity still ignores life. There's war!

As the innocent armies keep marching forward at the command of their self-righteous dictator, the lights in my eyes flicker, and I ask someone if I can take them out of their sockets. There's war! In the depths of my memory, my dad has seen yet another ambiguous attack on a country, and the voices in his head speak of world destruction and armageddon.

As the innocent armies keep marching forward at the command of their self-righteous dictator, the lights in my eyes flicker, and I ask someone if I can take them out of their sockets. There's war! In the depths of my memory, my dad has seen yet another ambiguous attack on a country, and the voices in his head speak of world destruction and armageddon. There's war! As my eyes roll black into place, I see yet another nostalgic memory where Isis trampled on someone's shoe, and God will be back to bring about the worst of plagues ever seen

I open my eyes to see myself barely breathing. Not a soul in sight. When the TV stopped bellowing out the horrors in Palestine, I noticed I melted in the sunlight until I slowly dripped down the leather covering of my chair into the purple mat on the floor. As the memories ended, I noticed my arms clasp my knees into my chest. When did it all collapse and fall like this? When did humanity cross the line into barbarism once again and condone the dehumanization of a whole group of people? As I realized the racing questions were sticking in my head like thorns, I realized I finally understood part of the primal fear in their eyes. The screen never captured the tears welling up in their eyes, but my heart did. A warzone did not teach me pain and suffering, but the fear of any creeping snake on the land leading to all-out nuclear war and the end of human civilization and every basic comfort did. My dad's words were psychological warfare. I felt the missiles coming and decimating my peace every time. Instead of my mind, it was their house. Their family. Their neighbor. Their temple. Their lifeforce. I sat there on the floor collecting the pieces in honor of them so that I might feel the pang of PTSD in my brow and remember the soul-tearing fear in their eyes.



Untitled
Oil Paint
by Kristie Haas

Dear America
by Shanise Nelseon

Hear Me

From the slave ship to this foreign soil,
drug from my homeland to come and create the world that we see today,
from peanuts to cotton to the flat iron to the lightbulb African Americans built everything
you use today but where is our recognition America?

America America,

From the slave trade to corporate America,

We have fought to get ahead, but yet we are still competing with those who lead both then and now we wonder how we are supposed to survive in this America.

America, I need you to listen to me.

I need you to listen and understand that, instead of worrying about the Third World countries that are at war,

You have war in your own front door,

America America, I need you to listen to me.

I need you to understand there are hungry little children on this land who did not ask to be here, but instead, you force unfit mothers to bear children that won't end up ahead but instead locked away in the Americanized prison systems.

America America. I need you to listen to me. There are homeless people left and right, but there are people in stores across the nation fighting over something is simple as a

Stanley Cup,

America America. I need you to listen to me.

I need you to understand that we as African American people did not ask to be here,

American America, I need you to listen to me your false forms of beauty block, the true essence of desirability in our own eyes, which makes us cry, because we do not look like your standard type of woman man, or child America America.

I need you to listen to me. There is an epidemic going on in your own cities, America America, I need you to listen to me. What are we doing about the poverty?

What are we doing about the children who go to sleep at night with no food inside America America need you to listen to me there are countless people crying and no one seems to care.

All of my Black people are dying, and you seem not to have any despair America America.

I need you to listen to me,

What are you doing with all of our money America America, I need you to listen to me the richest get richer and the poor continue to get poorer,

America, America, what is going on? Are you listening to me? Are you listening to the cries of the people who built the foundation of this world, this world that everyone seems to want a part of America America,

I need you to listen to me. When did your outlook on beauty become the foundation of the countries that surround us,

When the people of my homeland denounce their own heritage, for a dream that wasn't Martin Luther-led,

America America, what happened to the home of the free it's more like the land of the enslaved ever since you snatched my ancestors from their homeland,

America America, I need you to listen to me listen to me tell you all of the issues that you see not to foresee America America why are you not listening to me thousands of people continue to die day after day month after month,

because of the conditions of this so-called land of the free,
America America why are you not listening to me what are you doing? Why are you not
listening to me? can't you see the issues that are laid before you?

I know that my freedom has been fought for for decades, but America America,
You didn't listen to me you didn't listen to our wants our needs America America why did you
not listen now another person lies dying now another child is crying in all of the schools that
you have allowed these criminals into,

America did you not listen to me America? Why are there so many people allowed to shoot up
these schools these institutions of higher learning and you Are not doing anything,
America America why does everyone want to flock to the place where you have a dream named
after you but once you get here you see,
there's nothing more than a bunch of nightmares, America America why won't you listen to
the people, why won't you listen to the very people who are the bloodline of this world America
built on the back of African American people, but always has the laws to keep the African
American people under the rulings of the unjust,

America America? Why are you not listening to me?

How else do you need me to break it down for you,
So you can see the issues that plague this very nation. This is not the dream that Dr. King and
the other civil rights leaders fought and gave their lives for,
You seek to destroy the black families,

Dismantling them at the roots of their foundations. And then wonder why so many die at the
hands of power. When the unjust receive glory thrown at their feet,
we the people are silenced as we try to speak our truth,

I have no understanding of why people desire to flock to America,
To pursue this widely publicized notion of a false American dream.

America why are you not listening? Why did you not listen to me America, the home where
everyone wants to be the place where we all see is hate and discrimination,

This very nation is not the freedom I seek but the image we all critique. Oh America America,
you should have listened to me maybe next time you will listen to me...



No More Police Brutality / Oil Paint / by Kristie Haas

Blood
by Matt J.R. Oliver

The world is in a flood
One filled with malice and blood

Blood is a maroon color
The same in all our brothers

Slowly pulsing through veins
And causes clothes to stain

It is what you see in life
Also, with a knife

Removed after someone's death
And stops pumping with our last breath

It looks like tomatoes over rice
While symbolizing self-sacrifice

Many have died in the Good Fight
Fighting for our "human rights"

Blood is equal to this ink
More that spills, thoughts will sink

All the pawns for a king
Sometimes not leaving the ring



Violet Forest

Digital Drawing

by Leigh Ann Chambers



Roam. Wander. Explore.

Photography

by Megan Callahan

Pleasant Purple

By Grayson Powell

Faded Purple is to be Gentle Red's romantic cousin.

A Relaxed Purple is soft and chaotic, with enough motion to keep the mind still.

Lavender is too sleepy to be a Lazy Purple.

Violet is too bold to be a Quite Purple.

Comfortable Purple would be the feeling of a perfect day.

Fussy Purple is a satisfying depression.

Dingy Purple is clumsy and confused.

What will today's Purple Be?



Endless Horizons / *Photography* / by Megan Callahan



You call it chaos We call it a / *Photography*/ by Megan Callahan family vacation.



The Cycle

by Ansley Cross

How will the spring outgrow itself—
When it is never given a chance to?
Before those fiery hues plague—
What was just healed from the decay,
And the emerald leaves succumb to the rotting bleed.
How will anything change with this harmful lack of range?
When in tune with the Earth's seasonal shifts,
To my soul, the weight of the Earth drifts.
After birth comes experience, after experience comes death—
After death comes mourning with the grudge that grows—
When life only continues its theft—
Of all you have tended to and all you've done to heal.

Building Traditions

Photography
by Megan Callahan

Our Reason

By Matt J.R. Oliver

What is the reason
That we exist?
Just to eventually end up
Subject to Death's kiss

There must be
A better reason
Like the one for the
Change of seasons

I refuse to believe
The answer is simple
But this question needs
To pop like a pimple

Humanity has sought the
Answer for all of existence
But when asked this question
Some people just dismiss it

Is our reason for living
just to reproduce?
It is not through my
time I have deduced

There is too many
answers to this question
for there to be one
thing that we are destined

Ultimately the answer
Is just our opinion
And there is one for
Everyone in Earth's dominion

It may take days, months,
Or even 50 years
But when we do know
The answer will be clear

Our reason be happy
Or a tale of devastation
In the end, it is
Our own interpretation

Dear Door
by Grayson Powell

Dazzled Devils of Delinquent Devourers
Dress in Drapes of
Disguised Dragons who
Drink Dreams
of Disturbed Dancers that are
Drugged in Detachment of
Debaucheries in Dungeons with
Delicate Disorientations of
Ditch Diggers Delight under
Dilapidated Ducks Drowning by
Distinguished Dogs Dumping
Deep Dark Dandelions Dwindling while
Dreary Deer Detangle.
Dopamine Deservers need
Dock Development Doubled, making
Downward Doves Descend
Droves of Dinosaurs lick

Extraordinary

by Athena Graham

With piano I wanted to be Mozart
But they only taught me chords,
With panting I wanted to be Van Gogh
But they only taught me shapes and figures,
With my passion I wanted to be
Everything and anyone that I
Knew was extraordinary
But they only taught me to be ordinary,
Little did I know what makes
Someone extraordinary
Is what lies within,
And no one taught me how
To be myself



La Manière de Voir / Ink & Graphite / by Ilani Walker

I would never tell you this.

by Abigail Seals

I still think about you.

Quite often, actually.

I'm not sure if it's you or if it's all the nice places you took me to,
But I've been feeling nostalgic for the time when we were together.

Even now, when we aren't on speaking terms, I wonder if you
think about this too.

I know that you hate me,

And that's fine because I hate you too.

But when you left I think you took a part of me back with you.

I feel like a little kid again.

I feel too small to be processing these emotions, even as a grown
woman.

I hate that I miss anything about you,

Even if it's not directly you that I miss.

It's almost impressive that you can make me feel so small,

But also like I'm too much for you.

But now that you're gone I realize that was never the case.

I was never too much for you,

Your hands were just too small to hold all of me.

I hope you've found less.



Etherphoria / White ink and Acrylic / by Ilani Walker

Eat Me Alive

by Abigail Seals

They say that hate will “eat you alive” in hopes that it’ll drive you towards love. But I hope it does eat me alive.

I hope that the hatred I feel so deep in my bones gnaws at my flesh until there is nothing left.

When the hatred is done consuming me and all that I am, it will be full for weeks.

I would be eaten by hatred, slowly and painfully

Before I ever even considered forgiving you.

If forgiveness takes strength then I am more than happy being as frail as possible.

You are cruel and sick and twisted.

You do not deserve my forgiveness.

You do not deserve my respect.

No, this does not make me a bad person.

I refuse to let you make me feel like I am the bad guy.

I have felt guilty for far too long, and I would rather be eaten by hatred than by guilt.

Nature

by Matt J.R. Oliver

The River flows
The Wind blows
And Rain turns into Snow
This is NATURE!

Prey run away
Tree's branches sway
Fungi help things decay
This is NATURE!

Day passes by
Flower will die
Time loves to fly
This is NATURE!

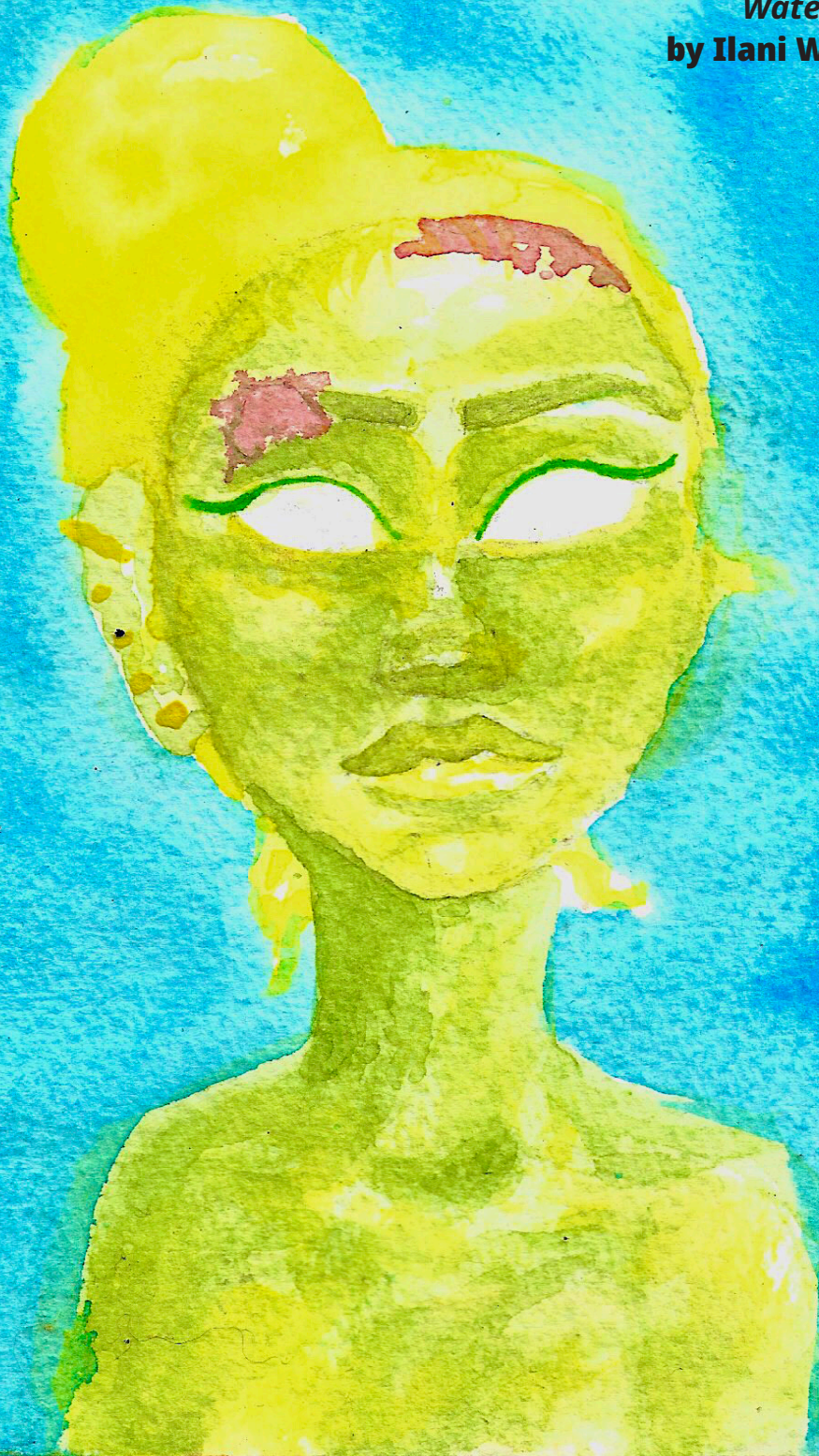
Grasshopper hops
Mr. Farmer grows crops
Food Chains have a top
This is NATURE!

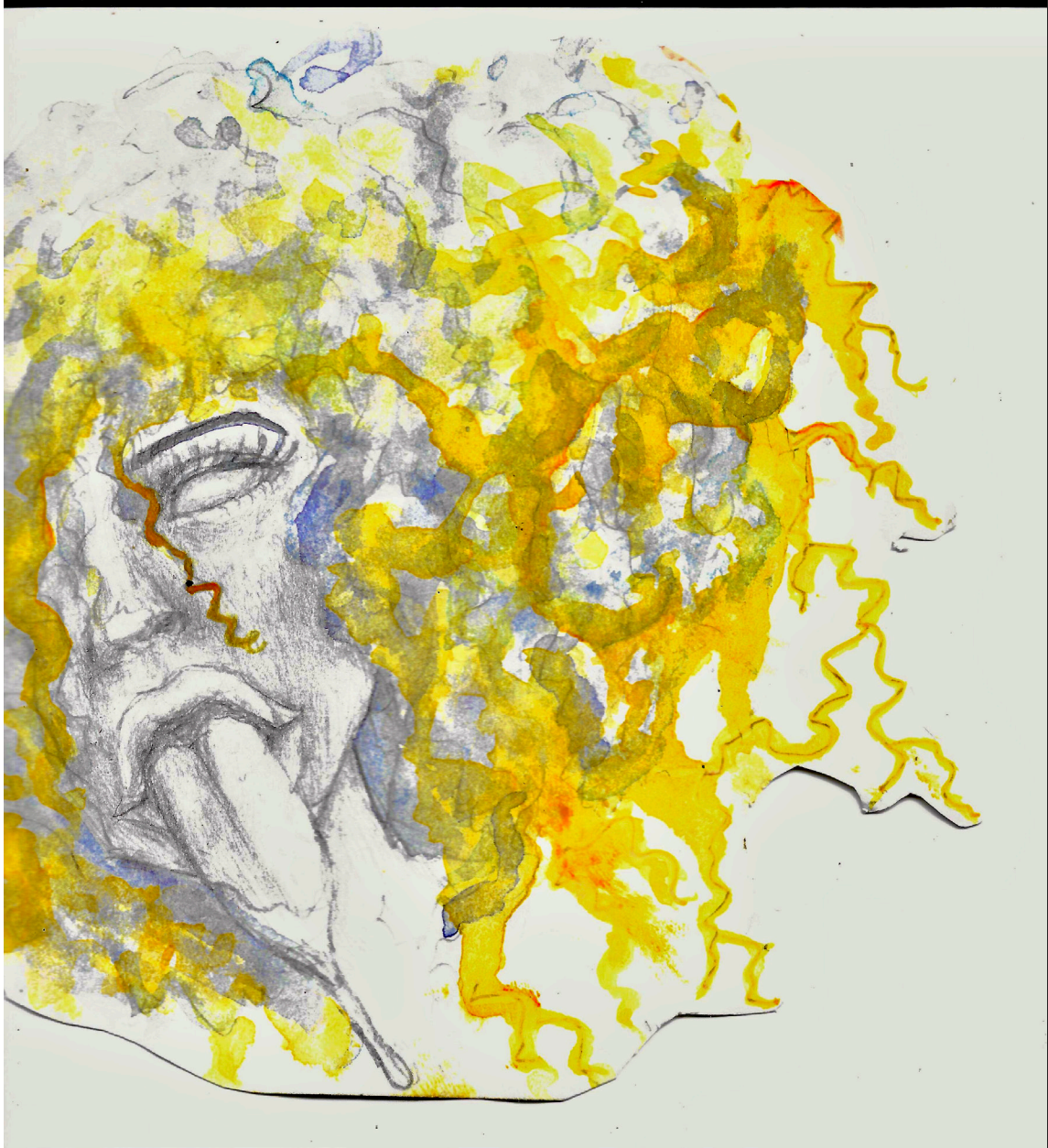
Nature isn't always green
It's dirty but clean
Also, helpful but mean
This is NATURE!



Swamp Land Look Out / *Photography* / by Caroline Hemphill

La Terre de La Vie
Watercolor
by Ilani Walker





Pizza Crust

by Athena Graham

Everyone else is searching
For their soulmate
But I'm looking for
Someone to finish my
Pizza crust.

Éclairage et Le Tonnerre

Graphite & Watercolor

by Ilani Walker

For Garrett, Who I Harmed

by David Owens

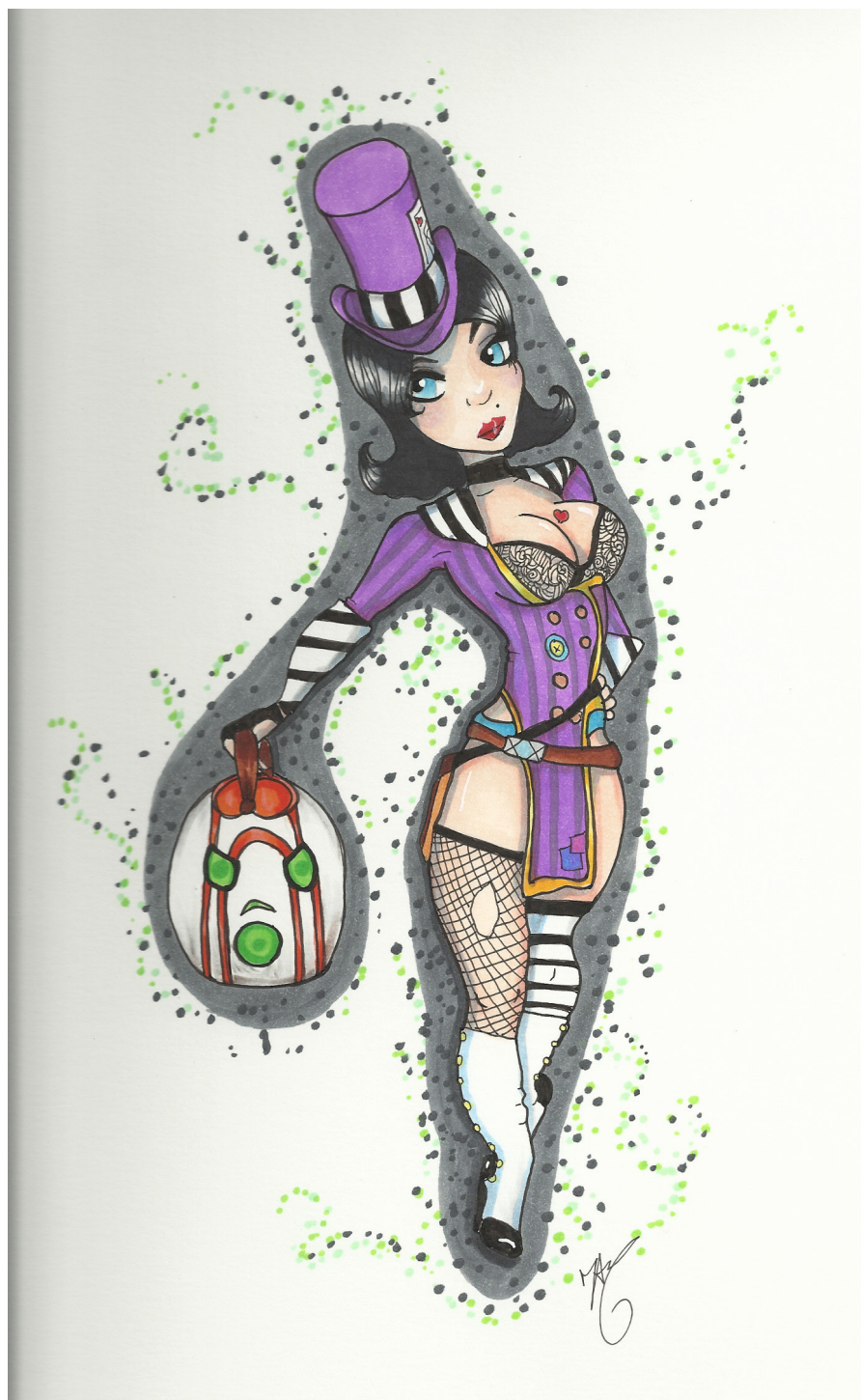
Of all the boys I've loved and lost
or simply left,
I think about Garrett the most.

Garrett, who read poetry and drank coffee,
and worked at a balloon store.
Christ, what a fucking hipster.

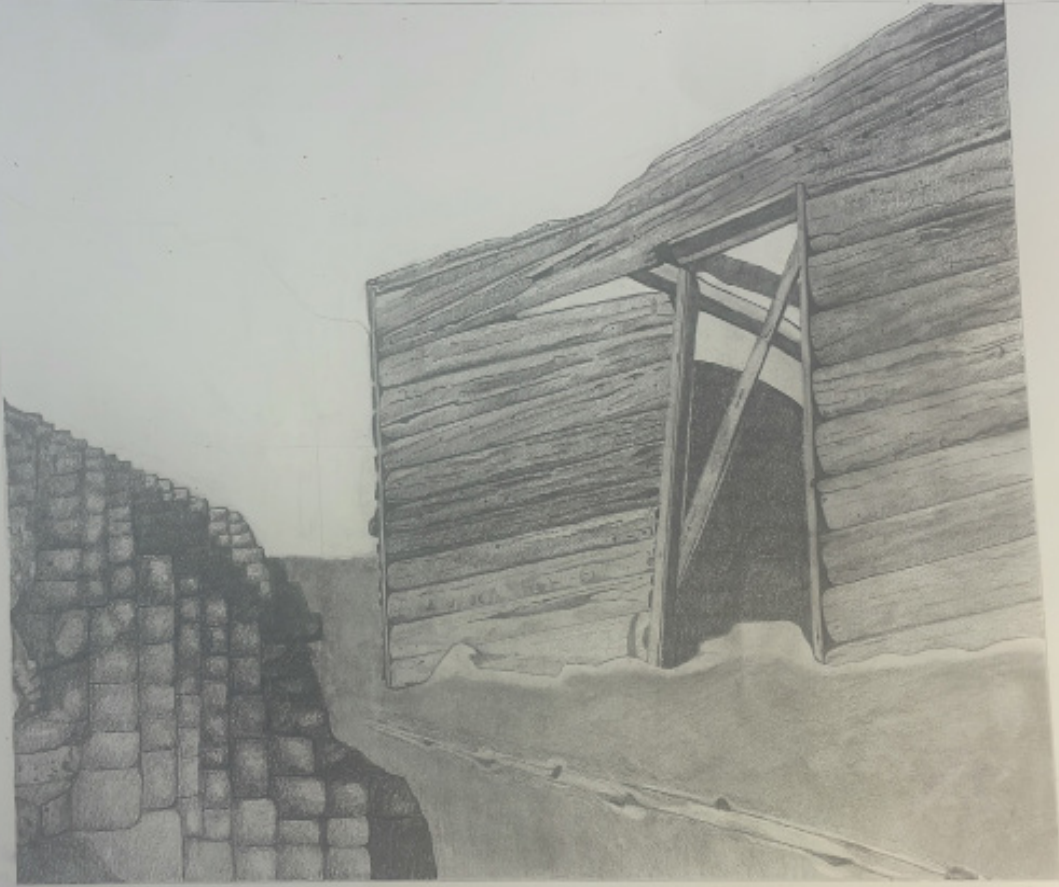
You were so sweet and soft,
and kind to me
in ways I did not deserve.

And you did not deserve to be told,
as we made out,
"You have a weird dick."

I hope this poem finds you
and your weird dick



Mad Moxie
Copic Marker paper and Copic Markers
by Tabatha Millard



Nature vs Nurture

Pencils on Sketch pad

by Kate Everett

Prescriptions To Keep Me Bound for The Sighs

by William Ellis

He sighed from the icy depths of his soul
And let loose the left blizzards in my eyes.
Because I will never be whole.

I harnessed the pharmacy for my control
Because manic depression is my vice while
He sighed from the icy depths of his soul.

Try as I might to gain control
Bipolar mania deepens the antique cracks
Because I will never be whole.

I entered the flea market, looking for a bowl
To catch the dripping tea from my cracked teapot heart as
He sighed from the icy depths of his soul.

Like a broken teapot full of coal,
I cannot deliver the disarming Chamomile remedy
Because I will never be whole.

Despite my best efforts to gain control,
My thoughts pour out in a steeping mess
For which I can never extoll
Due to the piping hot liquid, I must condole
Because I will never be whole.



Pirate Lady
Copic Marker paper
and Copic Marker
by Tabatha Millard

Thorn the Monk / Digital Art / by Annika Clark





A weave in time
Ebony Pencil
by Annika Clark

Cychlopsis
by Grayson Powell

“A crazy man that can only see through one eye.”

His vision is limited to what he sees
The absorption of life is distorted by other eyes
An invisible cord strangles the true depth of his narrowed
insanity.

A cyclopsis has lost its reflection in a mirror
that will never show the reflection of his innermost beast.
The gaze of imaginary beauties shall be shoveled into the
prison of ghosted men.

A blind string has skirted his twisted tree of wisdom
The hollow food he ate left him so hungry that he finally
had to consume the lies.
His regurgitation of diseased emptiness.

In a blink of an eye
We could become a
cychlopsis



Red Ridge / Oil Paint / by Kristie Haas

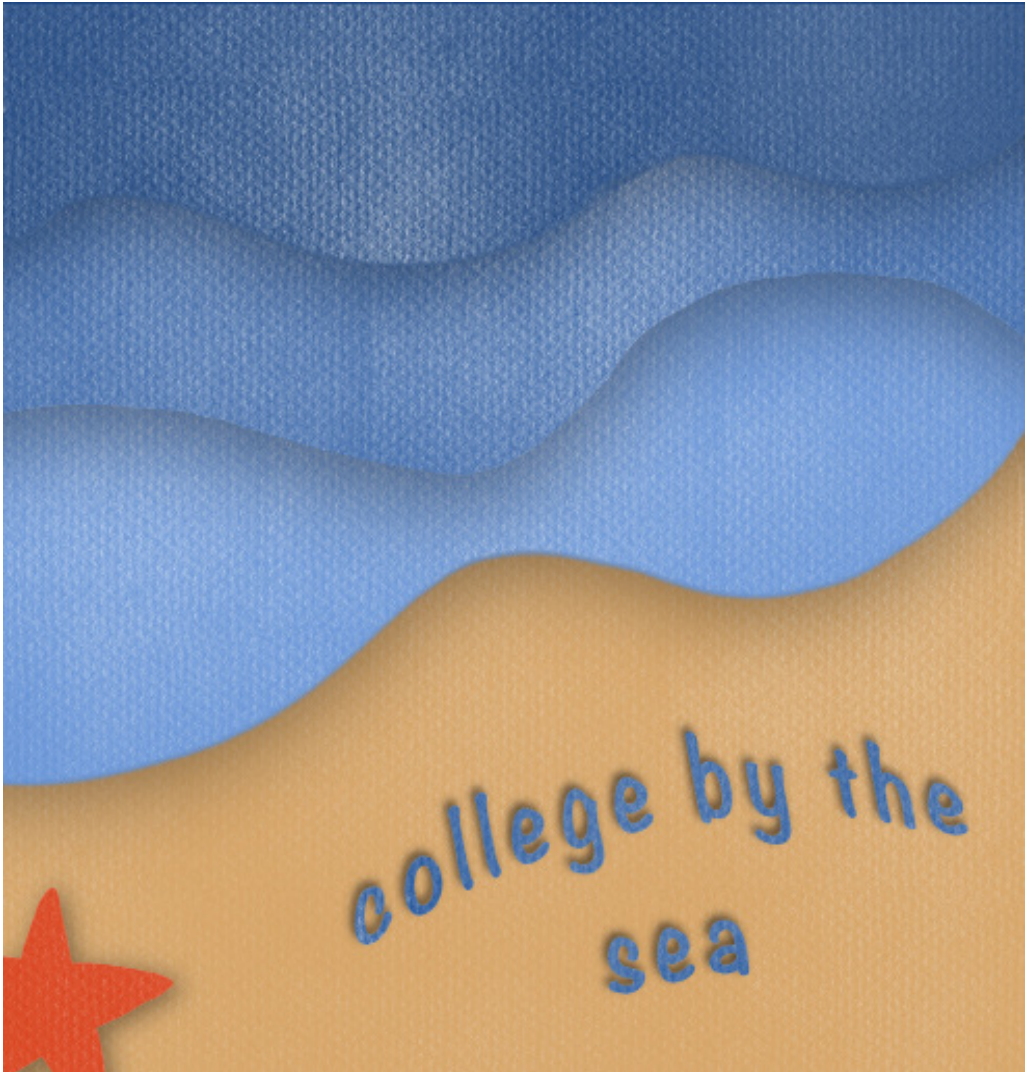
How it feels to feel everything

by Abigail Seals

It always starts with a throbbing in my ear
It doesn't matter which—right or left
But it only ever happens one at a time.
This time it was my right ear.
After the throbbing comes the heart palpitations.
Sometimes these things overlap
Sometimes the palpitations come right after the throbbing
Sometimes the palpitations are delayed—
But they always come.
After the palpitations comes the awareness.
The thoughts come flooding in,
Occupying every nook and cranny of my brain
Until I get a pressure headache from all of the heavy, senseless
thoughts.
The awareness makes me more alert
The alertness causes the palpitations to gain speed
The palpitations then move to my arms
My biceps are tingling and tensing—
I can barely feel my hands but I can feel the keys against my fingers.
My legs are numb but I can feel my feet
My feet are touching the cold floor but somehow they are
Not touching my numb legs.
My heart is simultaneously trapped inside my chest



**The Ocean in
Haute Courte**
Digital Art
by Anolita Hersch



College by the Sea
Digital Art
by **Anolita Hersch**



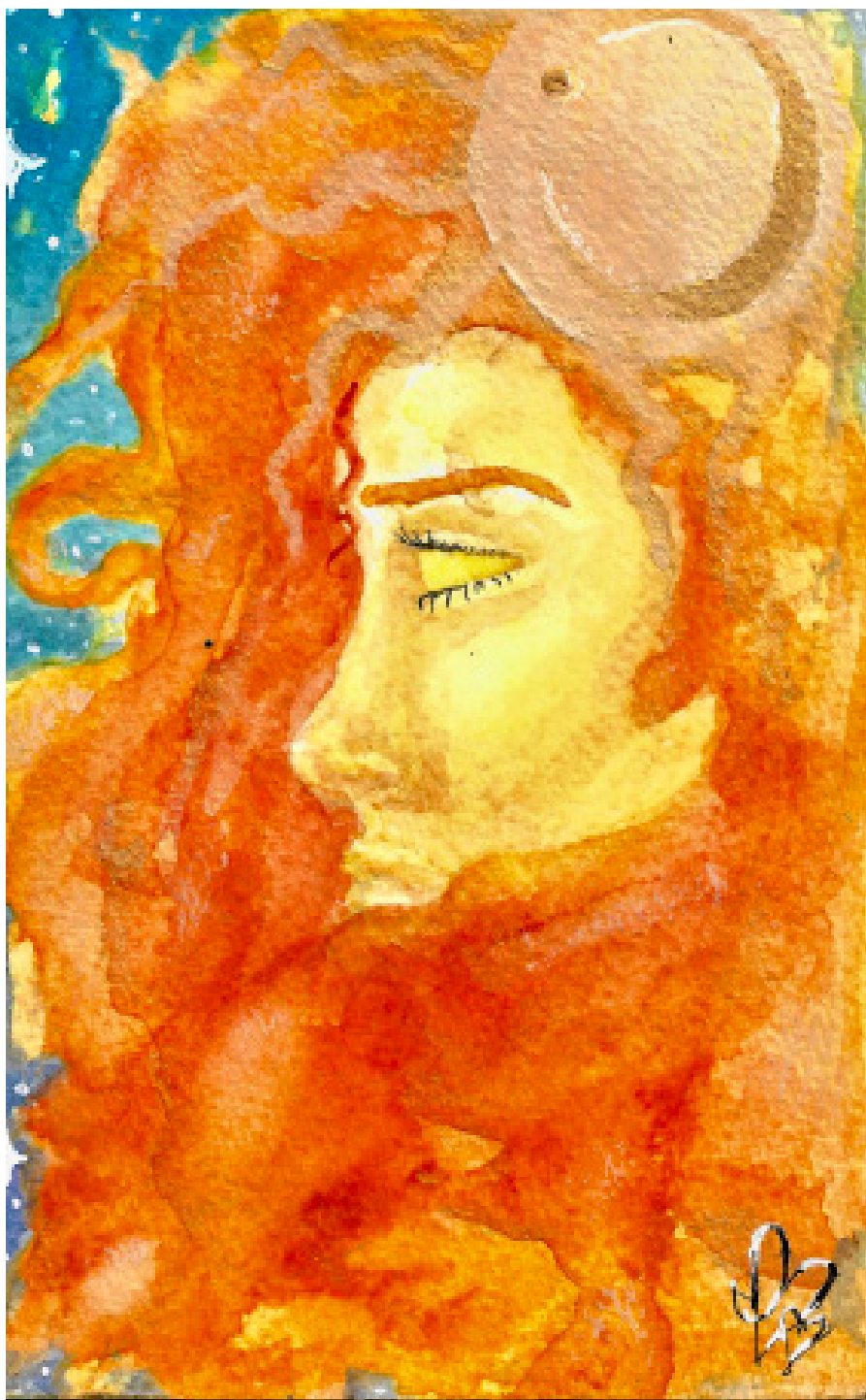
Lost in the Moment
Photography
by Megan Callahan



The World is Your Oyster
Photography
by Megan Callahan



Boat for Fish / Photography / by Grayson Powell



La Soleille Brille / Watercolor / by Ilani Walker

The Huntress

by William Ellis

I remember the huntress of my family. She was my nana, and everyone feared her because they knew they could not escape her snares. She was the arrow of truth that struck in the dark. There were marble statues made in her image, and everyone would gasp when they saw her porcelain bust in the museum.

My nana grew up in the days when life was black and white. Society painted everyone in a hollow hue because the after-war glow required the union of Uncle Sam and Rosy the Riveting Mother. She grew up with two elderly parents and learned how to fit into her family's picture. Her father was a hard-working man. Her mother was the hand that held the house together. Everything was romantic because Dad went off to build the houses, and Mom would sit at the window – gazing for something in the distance.

Every day, Daddy went to build up the coming world. Life hinged on his efforts, and he was a part of the change. So was Mommy. She sat in the window, looking out at the fields where Gaia's womb would open into autumn harvest. Sadly, it was always wintering when she looked out the window. It was all she could do to look out the window when every day wasn't a given.

Nana was the youngest of all her siblings, and her brother and sisters had children her age. She was a miracle. All the empty bedrooms, Daddy building up the world, and Mommy at the window left little Nana in her room. After all, Mommy was too busy coughing up blood in the living room, and Nana couldn't disturb her. Mommy and her cancer sitting at the window hardly made the living room living anyway.

It was okay because Nana could keep on hunting for more. She kept hunting for the glimmer of harvest even though the land was barren in frosty denial. The snowy veil on the ground seemed to coat the wallpaper in a chilling layer. For all its sparkles, it was as unsettling as it was beautiful. However, my Nana was never one for the cold. She decided she'd sow the seeds for summer's sunflowers. She was always pushing for the seasons to change.

Finally, it came time for her to become the woman she was always meant to be. Who was that woman? It was a homemaker who was dutiful to her smart and hard-working husband, right? That's how all the flowers were pruned at the time. Cut off at the bottom of the stem so no support may reach the petals. They meant to dry her up so her fruit may never pour forth. The divine feminine was designated with the power to create as well as destroy, and robbing her of her flowering bodies stunted her growth. However, what truly was beyond autumn and winter? She never knew.

My dear Nana went on to marry the man of her life, and she achieved the dream she had always lived for. She bought a tiny house in big Atlanta, and they were the perfect gingerbread house in suburban America. However, she always looked outside the window at what field lay before her. The streets and lamps replaced sugarcane stalks and topsoil, but what had changed? Winter had still set in. When was the frost going to give way to the new sprigs of the year's bounty? It never seemed to get any warmer even as the days got longer, sitting at that window. Even wondered why she did all of this hunting in the Fall when she never got a chance to live outside the glass.

On one ambiguous wintry day, she took the sun into her own hands and forced it into Spring solstice. The field outside her window bloomed in tropical radiance as she decided to become the catalyst of her own life. My Nana sat up triumphantly and rejected her current life. She thought to herself, “The fields stretch far past the horizon. There must be more than this.” As she finished, a rose petal landed in her lap with Spring’s dawn.

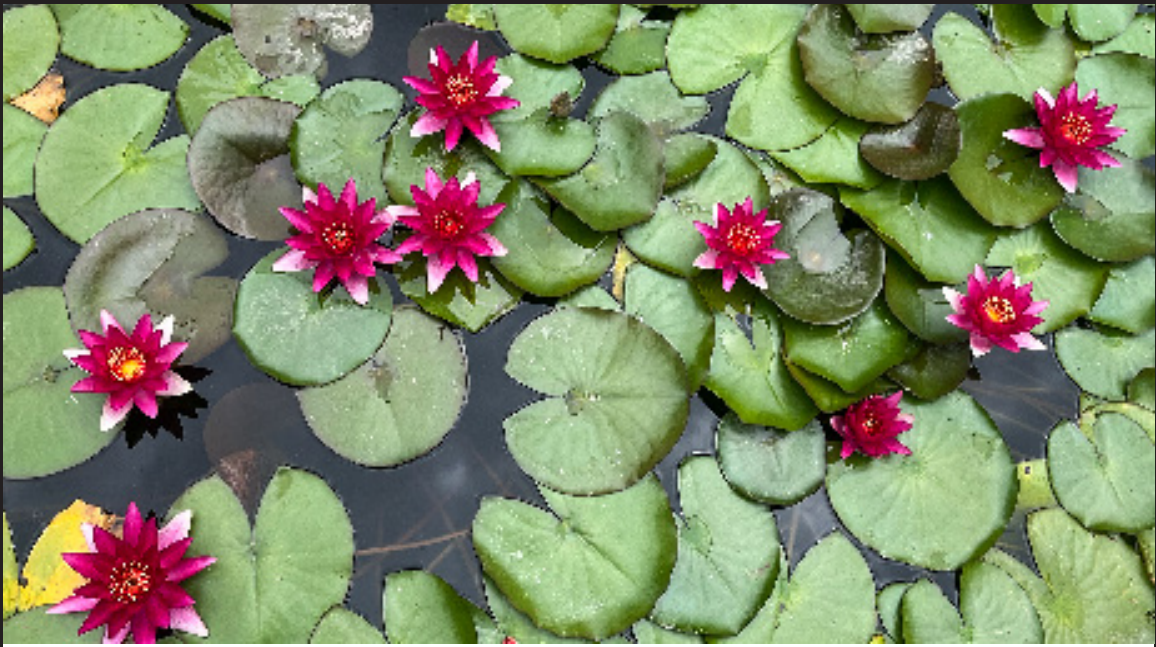
As time went on and Spring entered full reign, she signed up for night classes at the University of North Florida. Two children, two jobs, and one university added five new roses to her garden, begging for nourishment at every turn. However, her dedication burned as hot as the coming summer sun. She knew the hunt was not all for nothing, and her field was soon to harvest.

A few years later, my Nana ended with her Master’s degree in Education. Despite every challenge, her steely soul bent her vices in half. She was only steps away from the Summer solstice, and Gaia was soon to go into labor. As the pains grew sharper with each turn, my Nana looked to her new career. Never did the sun set on her hunt for the next kill because her family was never meant to go hungry. She may have changed the future, but it meant nothing if it still restricted her to the lowly crumbs she so abhorred before.

In the late 1980s, my Nana was one of the first female principals in the Camden County district. Despite every obstacle, she tilled the frozen Earth until Gaia bore fruit. She had brought about her own new dawn, and her fate was all anew. With every sacrifice came 10 blessings, and she never let one go to waste. The huntress had finally bagged her trophy stag.



Mallard's Hunt
Photography
by Caroline Hemphill



Flowers on the Pads

**Photography by
Grayson Powell**

*Pedals are for Pushing.
by Grayson Powell*

*The Lies of flowers bloom beneath me.
Painted colors of roses lost in a parade of pansies.
Hibiscuses eat the sun, and Hydrangeas are swallowed by
the shade
Tulips kiss the jasmine, and its vine runs away
Sunflowers breathe fire onto the snapdragons
Azaleas walk the dogwoods.
Oleanders taste the crepe myrtles.*

Period.

by Athena Graham

Maybe one day
These words in my mind
Will make sense
Maybe one day
I'll understand why there's
So many of them
And they'll form into
A beautiful poem with all
The right punctuation
And all the right grammar
But for now my
Explanation points will
Be where my periods should
And my commas may only
Add a pause where there
Should be a stop,



Shavenna the Rogue

Digital Art
by Annika Clark



City Landslide / Pencil / by Wes Baird

Morning to Mourning

by Carolyn Markes

I remember saying 'I hope he makes it till morning,'
I cried saying I don't think he will,
Doubting myself.

He made it till morning,
But not till evening
I wish I could have said goodbye,
Even after questioning if I was the reason why,

He made it to mourning.



Women in Pink / Oil Painting / by Kristie Haas

Profits over people

by Jimbo Ramsey

Trigger Warning: This writing contains details depicting suicide. If you are struggling with a mental health crisis, call or text 988.

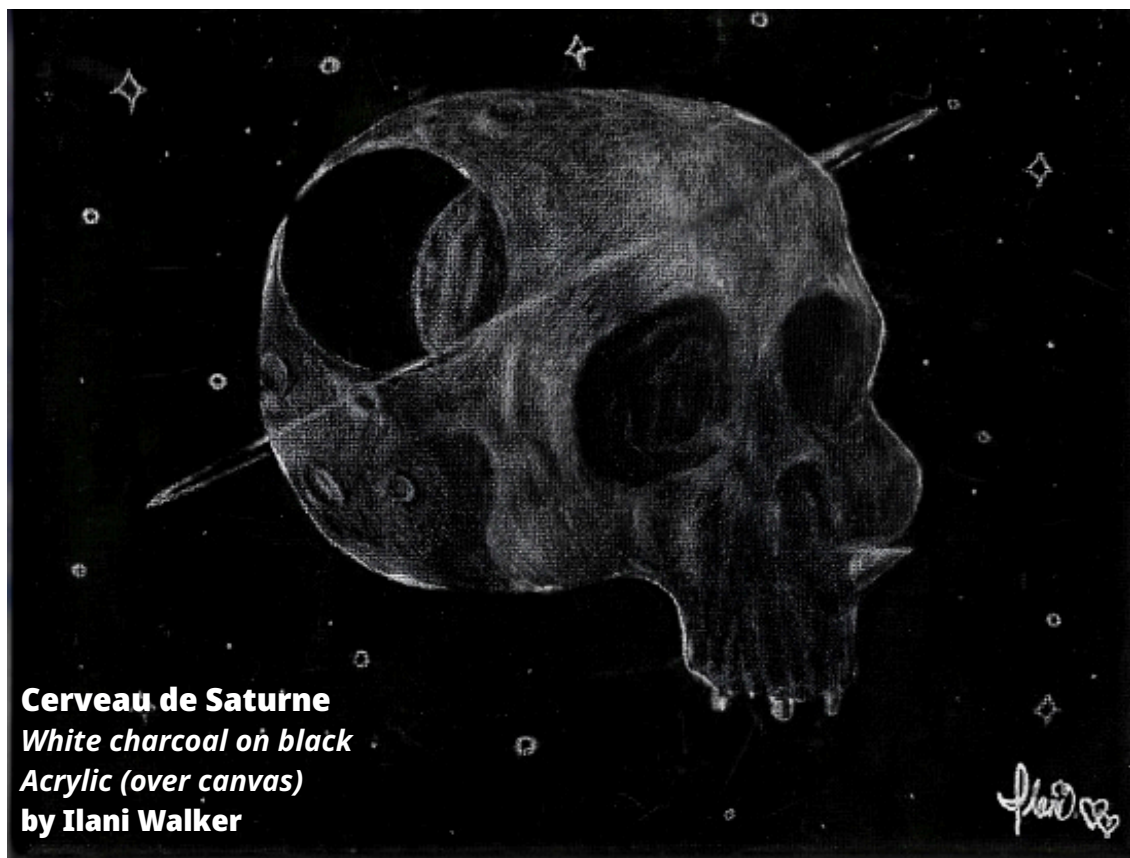
The greed and pain of this world coincide with one another. The fight for land and power has driven the world into chaos. The crazies have become the educated, the rich have become poor, the right have become wrong. The religious scream from their soap boxes; *The end is near!* To think that the fight for fossil products would turn us into the product of fossils. The oil that runs through this planet is as dark as our souls. Putting profits over people is the slogan for every business. Why didn't we listen? *Profits over people.*

The first light of oil was the spark of a revolution. An incredible spark of innovation. So many advancements were in our future. The problem with such a beautiful commodity, is its oddity. The difficulties of getting such a limited quantity is a difficult task, the more that empires find a use for this precious black gold. The more we pump the more we slump, forever in the dark deep pit of despair. Greed is the only unlimited stock you can find. *Profits over people.*

Who would have thought how much destruction advancement would cause? The pain, suffering, and death that could be caused by things that have been dead for millions of years is unprecedented. War is inevitable as pumping becomes limited and the needs of empires becomes endless. The side effects of using the black gold was unknown to us, once we found out; nobody cares. *Profits over people.*

All-out war has painted the oil wells from deep black to a dark red. There is talk amongst the oil obsessive elites. The elites were entrusted with our safety, now their hands hover over a red launch button. The nuclear codes spoken into the one-way phone from a protected bunker deeper than the oil wells they tapped using our backs as the drill. The elites who are willing to kill everyone rather than share their gold, to share their oil rich deposits. Rather have the entire planet be a radioactive crater than to share a commodity as sweet as liquid death turned oil. The skeptics wonder if we will be the next oil deposits, will we be the next fossils. The irony of fighting for the oil only to become the oil. The false scare of a radar malfunction caused one elite to "retaliate." Just before the elite's hand made contact with the forbidden red button he heard the screams of his self-conscious; *Profits over people!*

The fallout of this greed fueled debauchery has been devastating. Radiation makes the living yearn for death. The land is desolate and bodies line the streets. The dustbowl is a never-ending sea of not being able to see. Goggles, gas mask, anything to find an escape from pain. What the fuck happened? Where did we go wrong? Where is my family? Did they hear the countdown and make it into shelter before the blinding lights? Before the thin line holding the mind in the balance of sanity finally snaps, I should burry the time capsule in case a scavenger finds me. Digging a hole, until your question of where your family went is answered. Caught in the blast and holding each other, holding each other tightly. Frozen like in a moment in time, like the picture by your bedside. Pain, everything is pain. For you. Until, that thin line in your mind snaps. The sound of a gun being loaded, is blinded by pain. The gun rising up to the veil where the line snapped, pain. Fuck! Fuck! Fuck! One last bright light, and then lights out, join the fossils. Join your family once again. Become the future source of war as the bodies are turned to rich deposits of black gold. Rewind the course of advancements. *Profits over people.*



Cerveau de Saturne
White charcoal on black
Acrylic (over canvas)
by Ilani Walker



Highland Cow
Oil Painting
by Taylor

The Accommodation

by Carolyn Markes

I hate the way you speak of me
Like a burden
A Chore
An accommodation
You bury your feelings toward me
so shallowly
As if you don't even mind that they
show through
You don't mind that it hurts me
Because you don't care for my hurt
I am the accommodation.



**The Spirit in the
Ocean**
Digital Art
by Anolita Hersch



Ocean Waves

Digital Art by

Anolita Hersch

Not Sure

by Grayson Powell

**When your thoughts are scrambled, A marvelous Idea is afoot.
If you are not completely insane, then you will know nothing is real.**

Sometimes I think too deeply, and it paralyzes my reality.

I've never been backstage at my own Play, but I make a great cameraman.



King Fish
Photography by
Grayson Powell



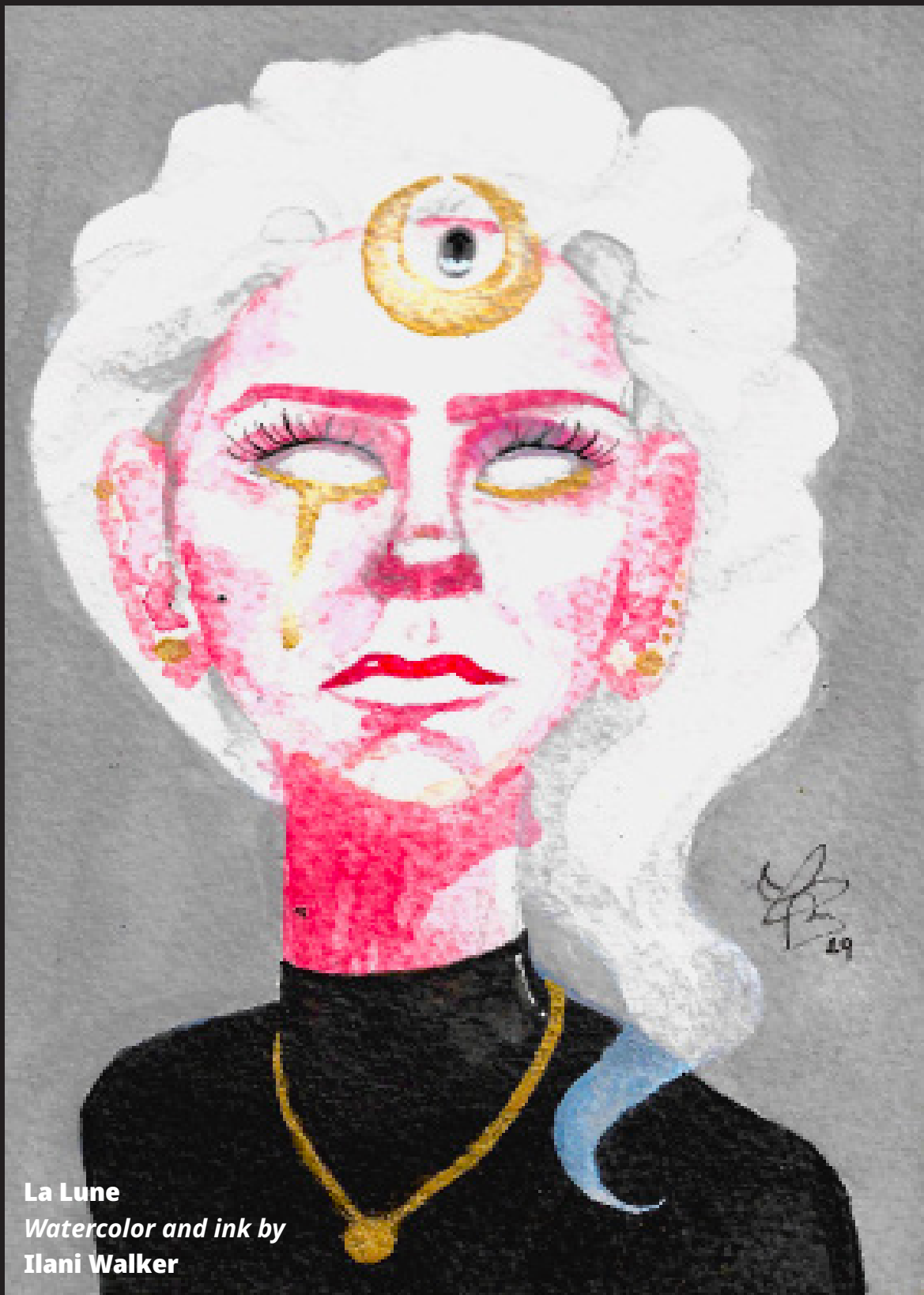
Flower of Intrigue
Photography by
Grayson Powell



Sun Street Porto
Photography by
Grayson Powell

Cobwebs and grief
by Carolyn Markes

The cobwebs took over where you once laid
Where you once played
I'm sorry for the way I left things
Untidied, and lived in
As if you would come back
I wanted so desperately to look like I still had you
Your things thrown about
Your hair still in the brush
They are reminders you were once here
But the cobwebs made me choose
Let the decay take over and spread all around,
Or
Or tidy your things while you lay in the ground



La Lune
Watercolor and ink by
Ilani Walker

Dreams

by Matt J.R. Oliver

Just as the wind blows
Children lay on pillows
Some dream of willows
Others dream of black widows

Dreams can become real
Like towers of steel
Just grab the pole and reel
Go catch your next meal

Some have the best dreams
Some are scary and they scream
Some dream of space beams
While others are not what they seem

Dreams can be minutes or hours
Making some sleep lighter than flour
Or where their snore couldn't be any louder

Some dream of new shoes
Some dream of a sky so blue,
Accented by early Sun's pinkish hue
Others have dreams and don't have a clue

Georgia on My Rhyme

by Jacob Budd

Life is simple where I'm from. I have known the same people all my life. Everyone knows everyone or at least has heard of everyone here. I grew up in Brunswick, Georgia, and while people might know who you are, it doesn't necessarily mean they know who you are. Like every normal kid growing up, I had friends of course, but I never felt like my friends were really my friends—just people I ate lunch with or hung out with after football practice. For instance, I had a very strong passion for music in high school, but I was too afraid to pursue it for fear of my friends knowing what my actual thoughts were. It also didn't help that I felt like the world was against me around that time, too. I was always causing trouble in class and at school, so to say people didn't like me is an understatement. My friends were almost embarrassed to be my friends. Feeling like an outcast drove me out of town and into enlisting in the United States Marine Corps.

I had only been in the service for about a year when I arrived aboard my duty station in Camp Pendleton, California, but it felt like an eternity. Being away for so long did something to me I thought would never happen. It made me miss home. Although I was glad to be gone from my small town, Brunswick, it was the little things I craved most while being stationed in the bustling area of southern California. I wasn't stationed in a metropolis like Los Angeles or anything, however the city of Oceanside was much louder than Brunswick. Instead of the whirring of cicadas, I was met with the incessant screeching of cars. There are some things you wouldn't even know to miss until they are no longer present in your life. I started to miss the humidity of the South Georgia swamps when my nose would leak with blood from the scorching desert air.

My homesickness would plague my everyday life to the point I would look for any sign of home I could find. My M4 rifle issued to me was manufactured in Georgia, the peanut butter packets I ate in bootcamp were made in Savannah, and all the Coke products in the chow hall were shipped from Atlanta.

Things from Georgia have always stuck out to me. I remember I was at work one typical day in October 2019. I had been down at the maintenance section of the motor pool helping fix our trucks. When I was on my way back to my section of Motor Transport Operations, I passed by a group of mechanics in the designated smoking section. I knew one of the guys there, but past the swirling haze billowing from their cowboy killer cigarettes, I saw something that caught my eye like a fisherman landing a bass. His face was flushed red from the blazing heat after a long day's work. His hair, the same color, but thinning throughout his scalp. He had on slim metal glasses, the basic free ones you get from the optometrist. He was wearing grimy one-piece coveralls covered in oil and grease stains from hours in the underbelly of our vehicles. SmithPeters was printed on the nametape above his right breast pocket. Nothing stood out about this guy, but on the left shoulder of his coveralls I saw it, the thing I loved most. The Georgia flag. Me, being the extrovert I am, I stopped and asked him, "Are you from Georgia, Corporal?" Now this doesn't sound like much but in a place as hostile as the Marine Corps, especially as a brand-new boot to the unit, even just talking to someone in a higher rank than myself can land me into some trouble if I'm not tactful. That premonition did not cause me to falter, as I was too captivated by that flag. "Yeah, are you?" he replied. I told him I was from Brunswick, and he said he was near the Atlanta area and that was that. I went back to work. Just a run of the mill day.

Numerous months passed, we were heading into the summer of 2020, nothing had come from that conversation with Corporal SmithPeters. . . yet. I had picked up my old hobby from high school, making music, however this time I intended to record and make my first song. I heard through every junior Marines' most trusted source of information, the Lance Corporal Underground, that good old Corporal Hunter SmithPeters used to be a Soundcloud rapper and had quite the extensive discography. Now there isn't really an underground consisting of Lance Corporals, that's just the common slang for where rumors spread amongst junior Marines. I contacted Hunter about us collaborating on the song I was working on; it was a wrap after that. He arrived at my door slightly inebriated. Not drunk, just enough to get the jitters out. He had on a Gucci belt, and a red bandana on his head like the Teenage Mutant Ninja Turtle, Raphael. He looked completely idiotic, and I loved it. It was like the 2017 era of Soundcloud threw up, minus the face tats. He had with him a notebook full of raps that he was saving for future work. Some of them were merely dark poetry he had written at his lowest point in life. This is when I found out who this guy was and his story. He explained where the poetry came from and the events leading to him creating it. We were a lot alike. With similar situations and mutual feelings. I had been nervous to share my work with anyone, so once he showed me something of his that vulnerable, I knew I could trust him with mine. I had never clicked with anyone like this before. After spending only an hour working on a song together, I knew nobody had understood me how Hunter SmithPeters did. Our song was of a serious nature, but this guy was so goofy we were laughing the entire time. I was so comfortable with him that we could be talking about depression, and we'd find a way to laugh about it. All it took was a single recording session and I knew I had found my best friend.

This recollection is near and dear to me because I never felt like I belonged or was understood until I met Hunter. One person can change your entire world and how you see things. It just goes to show that little moments that seem insignificant can be highlights in the story of your life; you just have to let them happen.

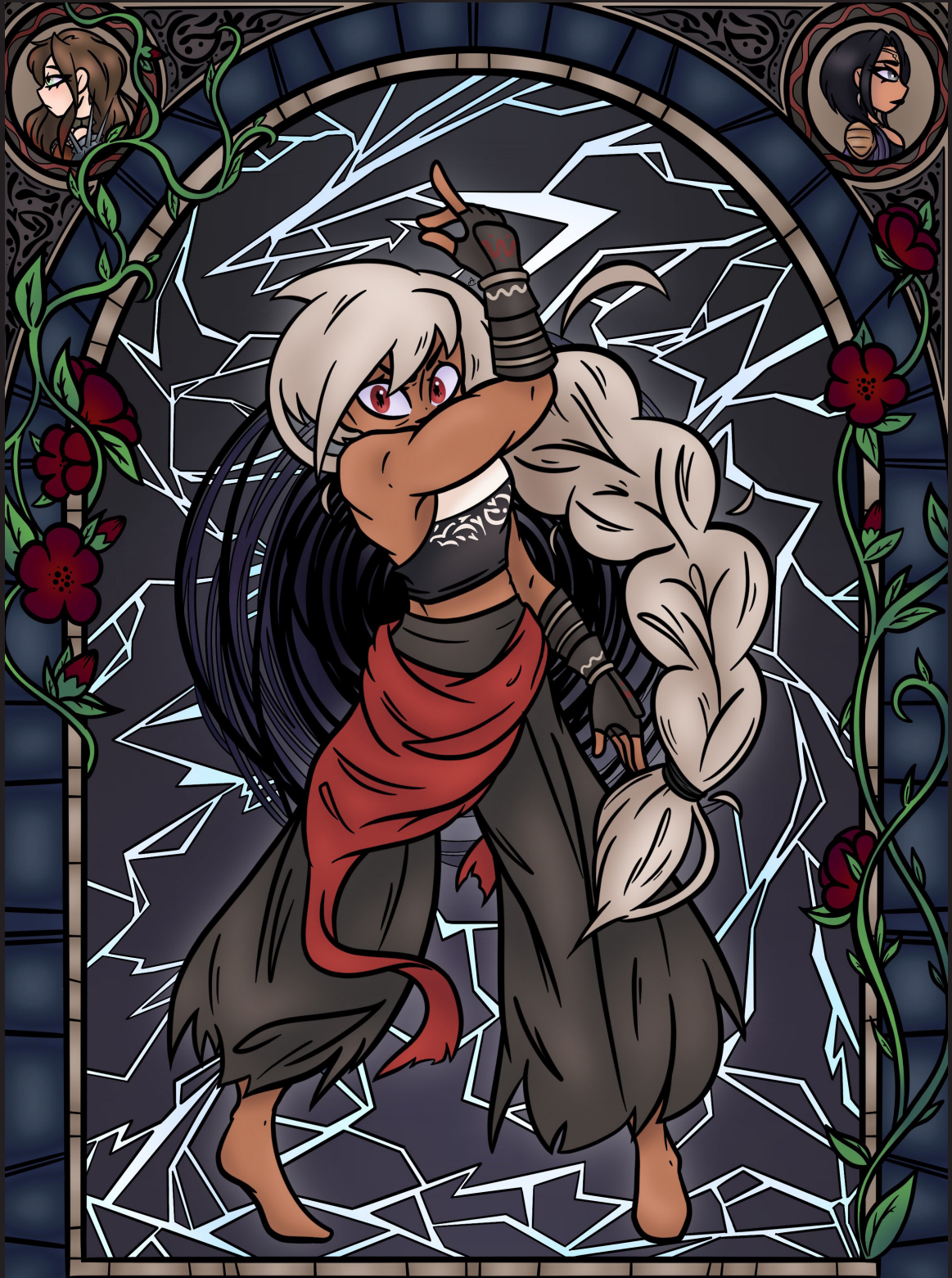


College by the Sea
Digital Art by
Anolita Hersch

My Father's Daughter

by Abigail Seals

When people tell me that I look like my father
They don't know what they're saying.
Of course I look like my father,
The brown hair, the brown eyes, the smile.
It's obvious.
But when I hear that I look like my father
It's not our faces that come to my mind.
I look like my father because I talk with my hands.
I look like my father because I wake up way too early in the morning.
I look like my father because I hate talking to other people.
What makes me my father's daughter
Is not found in the physical traits he passed down to me.
It's found in the music we sing in the car
And the sci-fi shows we watch at night.
It's found in the way we both make fun of my mom
Just to push her buttons and make her laugh.
It's found in our shared love of Dolly Parton
And glass bottled Coca-Cola.
When people tell me that I look like my father
They don't know how much that means to me.



Ersa the Barbarian / Digital Art / by Annika Clark

Storm

by Athena Graham

Maybe it's my fault
Maybe I need to
Learn to open up
Maybe I need to stop
Being so quiet
But every time I
Try to speak
The words get caught
In my throat
Like someone has
A hand around my neck
My hands start to shake
Like I'm enduring
An earthquake
And my mind starts to scramble
Like the words I'm saying
Are always the wrong ones
So over time I've decided
It's better to stay
Quiet, rather than put
My body through
The storm that
Is my Anxiety



Tim the Warlock / Digital Art / by Annika Clark

Callahan Family Vacation

Photography

by Megan Callahan



A Passport in my Pocket

Photography

by Megan Callahan



Great White
Oil Painting
by Taylor Hodges

Anxiety and Depression

by Caroline Hemphill

anxiety and depression
the perfect pair

a stomach ache on a perfect day
leaving you in a terrified state

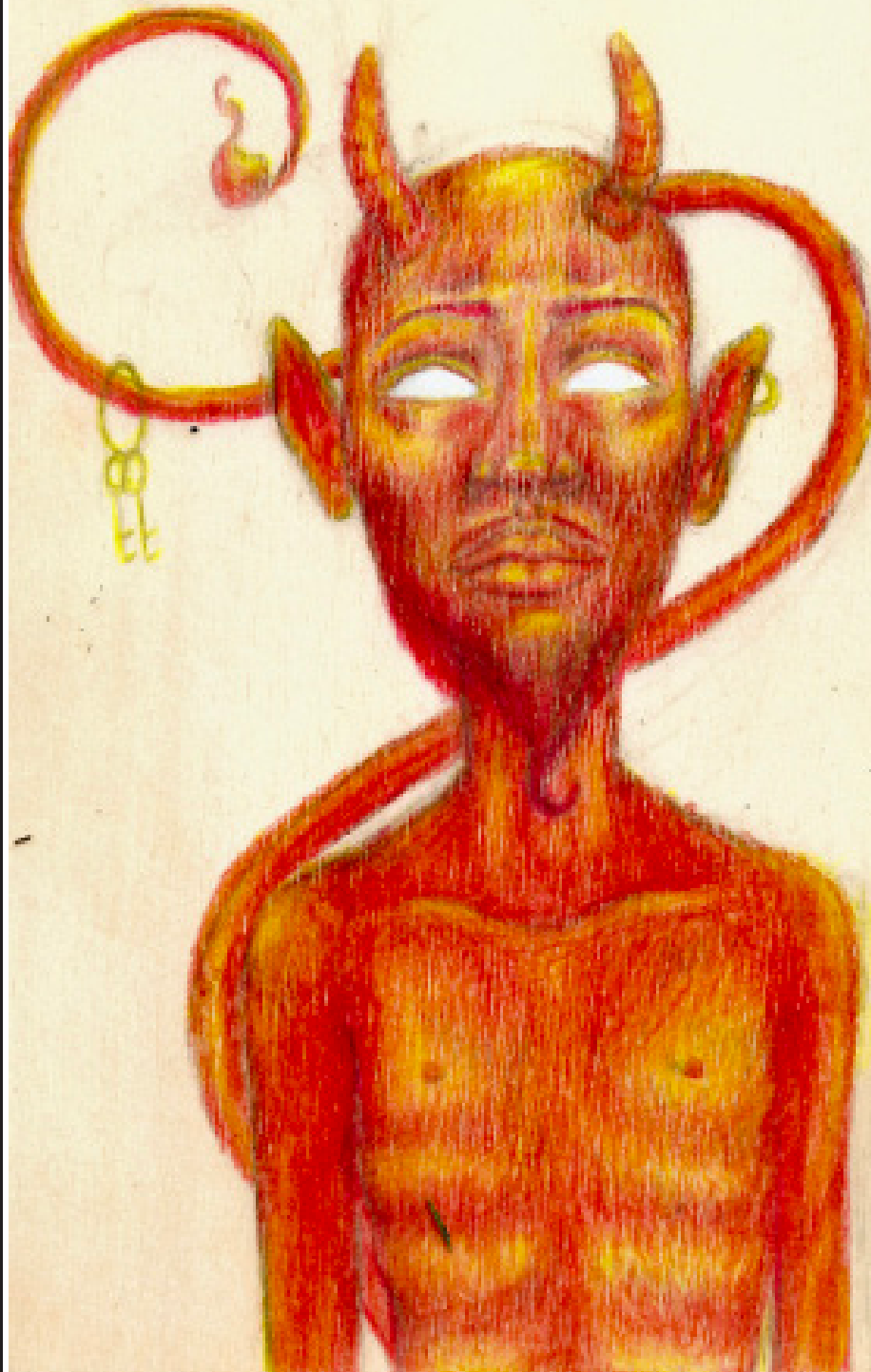
weighing heavy on your stomach
fogging up your mind

help is wanted
yet medicine is given

light needs to be shown
anxiety and depression

XV

Le Diable
Color Pencil on Wood
by Ilani Walker



Love is to you

by Carolyn Markes

Love is not a bundle of red roses

Love is fresh plucked wildflowers on the side of the highway

Love is not attraction

It's mountains that make you want to fly away

Between busy malls and school halls

Love Is an antique shop with crumbling walls

From emails to texts

Love is their brown eyes with green flecks

From prom and homecoming

To dancing under stars humming

I'd never wait a second if I knew

Love is every single moment,

Dedicated to you

The Dance

by Lexie Thompson

You spew your vitriol in a fit of rage,
face scrunched and red,
fists clenched like they are bound by the hate that flows through you,
knuckles white.
A blemished essence.

And still, I love you.

You disregard my presence,
like I am an option
and not the life force for you,
that you are to me.

Just breathe.

Carry on, carry on, it'll soon fade to silence.
Anxiety cresting to panic that I swallow down.
Lead in my guts, knife in my chest.
I don't exist to you.

And still, I stay.

Swiss cheese walls,
decorations courtesy of the flights your fists take.
I guess I should count myself lucky.

It's the small things for me.

No. Crying.

Mornings mean apologies.
Sweet snuggles, contrite expressions.
Tender hands.
Regret.

Bask in the happiness.

Flowers clutched.
That timid, rueful smile,
Seeking absolution
through good deeds soon undone.

Soak up the good.

All too soon night comes.
The "snick" of the tab being pulled.
You pour hatefulness down your throat,
and we start the dance all over again.

I guess I really love to dance.



Trapped
Computer-enhanced
Photography
by Kiara Reynolds

Cleaning

by Carolyn Markes

I'm not sure if it's loss or laziness preventing me from taking out
your things.

Throwing away the rest of your items
and sweeping up what's left of your life.

I'm not sure if I'm ready to know which one is holding me back
but it's cluttering my space and delaying my healing.

I'm just not ready to lose what I have left of you.



Memories
photography by
Megan Callahan

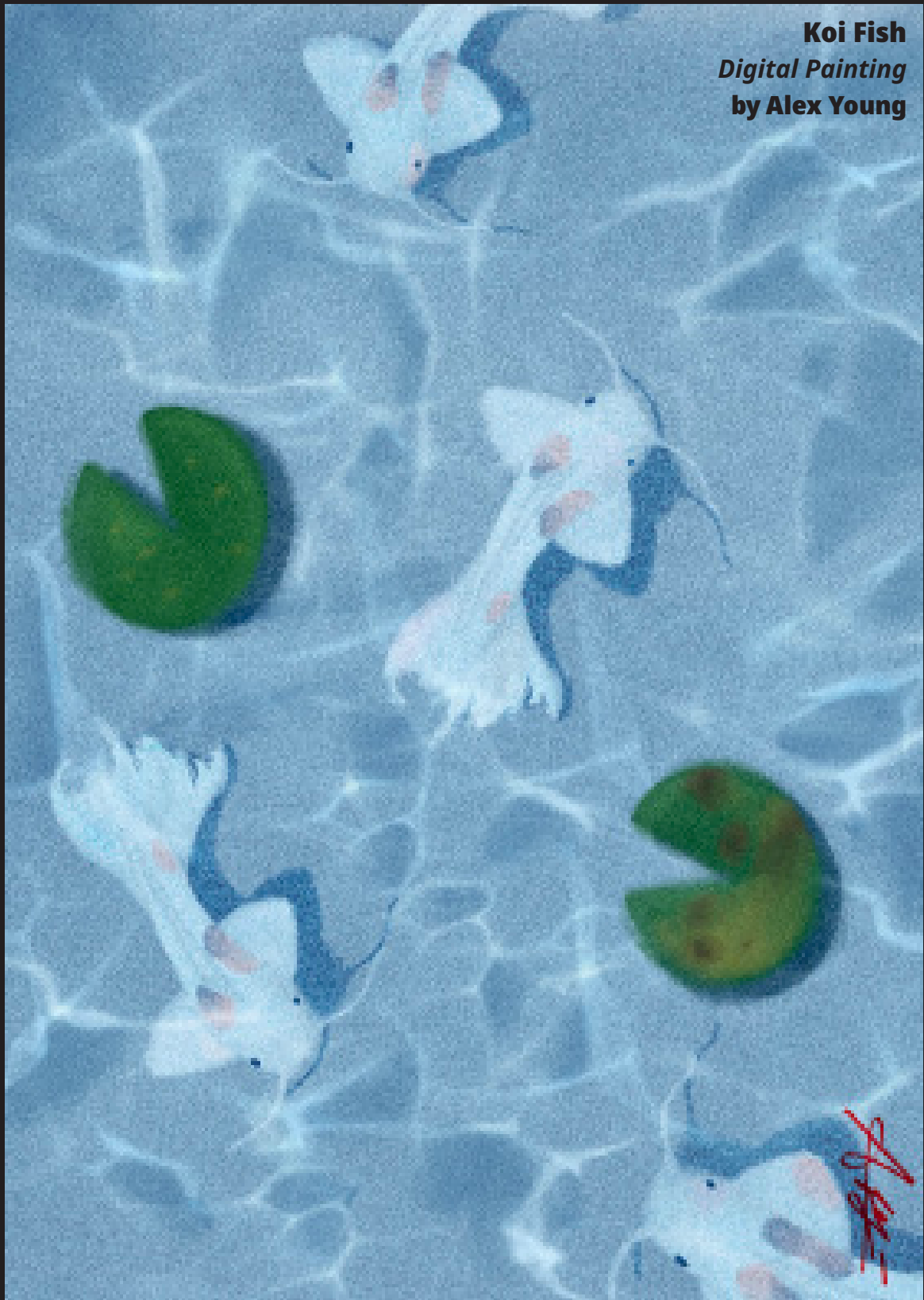


**So Much World,
So Little Time**
photography by
Megan Callahan

Crowded
by Carolyn Markes

I speak your name with aggression
Into the air I breathed for you
In the place I made for two
I apologized and forgave
I wept and craved
You still didn't care
Since you thought I was willing to share
What was promised as mine
And swore to be divine
Has now broken my trust
Because it got crowded with me, her and lust

Koi Fish
Digital Painting
by Alex Young



Seaswells 2024 Contributor Biographies

Jacob Budd grew up in Brunswick, Georgia, and has lived here most of their life. They spent the last five years serving in the United States Marine Corps and are now pursuing a college degree.

Wes Baird is an Interdisciplinary studies student who focuses on cybersecurity, programming, and design. They mainly work on computers and other digital systems, though they believe you need to step away from the computer, work on something else, go outside, etc. They enjoy hiking and drawing, which comes into my drawing quite well, showing nature and civilization merging. Though they plan to work as a cyber security analyst or developer in the future, they will never stop creating something.

Megan Callahan, a Coastal freshman, discovered a passion for photography in senior year. Their teacher encouraged starting a business. During an Alaskan cruise, Megan and their stepbrother, both photography enthusiasts, competed for the best shots until mishaps led to a truce. Reviewing the photos reignited Megan's entrepreneurial spirit. They now do photoshoots for campus friends and run an Instagram photography account.

Kristie Haas is an artist completing their degree at Coastal in Interdisciplinary Studies. In addition to painting autobiographical family photos, their art focuses on highlighting injustices. They are interested in imagining what society would feel like without oppressive systems. They also use oil painting as a way to work through their own trauma.

Seaswells 2024 Contributor Biographies

Athena Graham has a love for all types of writing and art. They write poetry to express their feelings and to help calm them in times of stress and anxiety. Drawing and painting are also outlets for them; creativity is a

Leigh Ann Chambers is currently a college student majoring in nursing. They love helping people in any way they can, may it be helping someone cross the street or doing community service with the Girl Scouts. They even had the opportunity to cook a meal for the Ronald McDonald House. They are from Macon, Georgia, and drawing is a hobby of theirs.

Annika Clark is pursuing an associate degree in arts and plans to gain a bachelor's in Animation. This art was made for Annika and their DND party. Being able to speak with them weekly is a joy, so Annika wanted to reciprocate that with one of their favorite passions, art. They think that's why they make all their art; they want people to enjoy looking at what they enjoy making.

Kate Everett is a senior planning to graduate college in May of 2024 with a bachelor's in interdisciplinary studies. They are very passionate about learning and mental, emotional, and spiritual well-being. They enjoy expression through art and general creativity. Their life's motto is to take the journey and choose to learn and grow through every season.

Seaswells 2024 Contributor Biographies

Caroline Hemphill is a full-time mother and college student. They are graduating this year with a bachelor's degree in psychology. Art, in many forms, is something that they've always enjoyed and found peace in.

Carolyn Markes is a poet from Kingsland, GA, where she has lived her whole life. She has been writing poetry since she was 13 years old when it was just for school. These assignments quickly grew to be an output for emotions. Now that she is 20, she is attempting to compile her selected poems from the past seven years and establish a book. Carolyn finds joy in the ability to sum up her feelings into a couple of lines and analogies.

David Owens is a senior majoring in Data Science.

Taylor Hodges was born and raised in Waycross, Georgia. They graduated from Ware County High School, where their passion for art first had a chance to grow. They love to work with oils and create contrasting animal portraits using cool and warm tones. They are a student at the College of Coastal Georgia majoring in Business Administration, and they work full-time for David Hand State Farm.

Anolita Hersch is a self-taught artist. They were born in Haiti but have lived here in the Golden Isle for most of their life. They are in the Engineering Pathway here at CCGA, where they can study Environmental Engineering. They like to spend their free time drawing and learning languages like French and Haitian Creole.

Seaswells 2024 Contributor Biographies

Tabatha Millard is a traditional artist who has been drawing comic book and pin-up style-inspired artwork since she was a teenager. Her work has been displayed at numerous California and Florida art shows, including comic book conventions in Artist Alley. Finishing up her junior year in the nursing program, she looks forward to a future as a Registered Nurse and getting back to her artwork.

Shanise Nelson, who is 30 years old and a current junior at CCGA, is the previous winner of the 2023 Barr Award. They are majoring in Interdisciplinary Studies and will soon graduate in December 2024. This body of work plays from the deep emotions in their last piece, "Our Little Black Tears." This time, they are asking America some exciting questions about the ongoing inequality we all face here in America.

Matt J.R. Oliver is a sophomore at the College of Coastal Georgia. They are majoring in Criminal Justice and have hopes of going to Harvard or the University of Georgia post-graduation. After law school, they plan on being a sex-crimes prosecutor to help right social wrongs.

Jimbo Ramsey was raised in a very small Tennessee town and always knew they wanted more. They joined the Navy, and through that experience, they were able to travel and gain a lot of knowledge about the world and the inner workings of other societies. After they earn their degree in Environmental Science, they would like to become a game warden and continue their pursuit of making the world a little better

Seaswells 2024 Contributor Biographies

Kiara Reynolds, a freshman at the College of Coastal Georgia, is immensely passionate about their education and tremendously proud of all their accomplishments. They are majoring in General Business with a concentration in Management. They hope to share their vision and inspire those who come across it.

Abigail Seals is an American Studies major with a concentration in communication, literature, and media studies. Their literary work ranges from short-form poetry to full-length fiction novels, and it mainly focuses on mental health and familial relationships.

Lexie Thompson, a literary enthusiast, finds joy in reading and writing, crafting worlds with words. Challenges fuel her drive, turning negativity into motivational energy. She believes rainy days are as much a cathartic experience as the ones spent basking in the sun, embracing the beauty in both light and storm.

Alex Young has taken art classes as an elective for six years. They have also done set design and stage crew management for two years. They mainly like to draw portraits.



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Contributors

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Wes Baird	Caroline Hemphill	William Ellis
Kate Everett	Megan Callahan	Matt J.R. Oliver
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