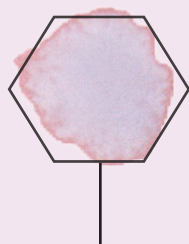
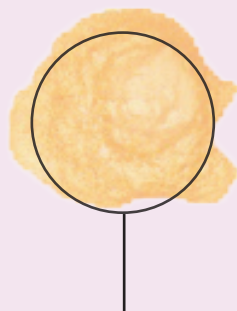




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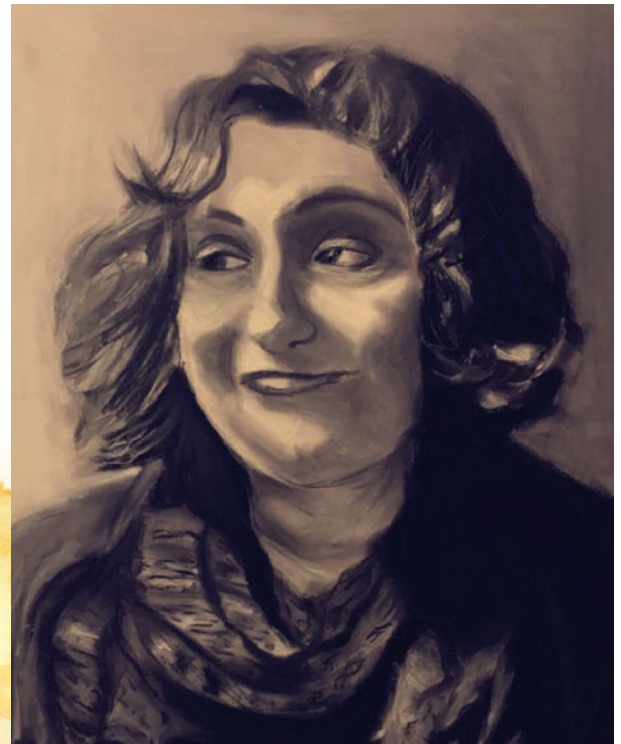
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Jordan Graves "Looking into Nature"



Holly Bremmer "Self Portrait"

# Seasons of Love

Ron Stormer

spring shower  
we slip apart  
to come together again

summer breeze  
my fingers trace  
the curves of your body

autumn mist  
your body settles  
upon mine

winter flurries  
a shudder  
I shrivel



Hali Liles "Sun and Succulents"



Lorraine Way "Pelicans"

# My Last Lecture - FYE Class

## James Cosgrove

Well, here I am giving a Last Lecture. Unlike the Last Lecture by Pausch, however, mine will not become a book, and it is given from a different perspective. I am older than the author of our book, I am in a different area of education, and I am still hopeful of living another 10 years or so. And before teaching, I had another career and have now been a college professor longer than the author. But from my perspective, I am willing to share some thoughts.

You are beginning a whole new part of your life. A place that I have been before you but in a much different time. Giving sage, worthwhile remarks is much easier, I suspect, if given in small bits and pieces and at a variety of times, not in a formal setting in a set time period.

So what is it I have, of any importance, to impart to you? First, enjoy the next four years. That is not the same as having fun the next four years. To enjoy, you must find your place here or preferably several places. Are you suited for Greek life, are you an athlete, are you in the performing arts, do you have part time employment, will you be a CA, how about a tutor in the TASC Center, a Wildcat Welcome Guide or FYE teaching assistant, part of student government, a member of Fellowship of Christian Athletes, travel abroad, go on a mission trip? The list is endless. But everyone belongs somewhere, and to enjoy being a student here, find where you belong and where you enjoy participating and where you can contribute. If you do not enjoy life at the ages of 18 to 22, when will you enjoy it? If you are going to have to wait until you have a degree or a job or more money or a something before you have enjoyment, you will never achieve it. You will just be constantly searching for it.

Second, stretch. Now before you get up and do deep knee bends or jumping jacks, listen up. There are three ways to stretch: you can stretch physically, you can stretch intellectually, and you can stretch spiritually. You are ultimately responsible for all three, but in a different way. The physical is pretty much up to you, but you only have one body so you should probably take care of it. Live responsibly. The freshmen 10 or is it 15, is your own fault. Be in better shape as a sophomore than you are as a first-year student. Practice with a team, play IM's, walk to class, ride a bike, hike, find the ARC and use it. Get up and move.

Stretch intellectually. Hopefully faculty and your classmates will help you with this. You can slide through college and get your degree, but if you are not stretched intellectually, you will regret it. Learn how to communicate, learn how to learn, learn how to think, learn how to solve problems, take a foreign language. Take some interesting classes outside your major, complete a minor in an area of interest, embrace that class project or presentation; take some time to be alone and to think and reflect. Be a valuable member of a class, not a hindrance. Make sure at the end of the day you have learned something. We can impart the information, but we cannot make you take it in. If you don't get it, ask a question. Stretch Spiritually. What does that mean to you? I think it means to find the spiritual part of your being. Lots of people, parents, friends, acquaintances can tell you what they believe. That does not make their spiritual life or belief yours.

I have had heart bypass surgery. When I tell you about that experience, you can nod your head and say you understand. But until you experience that same thing, it is not yours. It is the same with stretching

spiritually. My religious book is the Bible. I can tell you what I read and believe. But until you have thought about, read about, prayed about, and made a decision about your own spiritual life, it is not yours. For some of you, as college students, a spiritual life is not high on your agenda. But we need to decide if there is a Creator, and if so, who or what that is, what does that mean to me, how do I use it in my life, what are the consequences of having or not having a spiritual life. I have been told that we all have a spiritual life because we believe in something or nothing. You make sure you seek out the truth for you, physically, mentally and spiritually.



Debra Scoggin-Myers "Opening"



Abigail Heinecke "Untitled"

## *Deaths Last Dance*

**Alec Loeffelholz**

Greet Death with a Waltz,  
And Life with some Swing  
In me you will find,  
Only one Howelling Sting,  
As I March,  
To Infinite Decay,  
Follow my Path,  
And Don't go Astray.  
In Glory we Shine,  
For Honor Divine,  
In Death we shall Rise,  
To meet their Surprise,  
And bring our Demise,  
To all Foreign Skies,  
So meet death with a waltz,  
And Life with a swing,  
So none will survive,  
In the Land without Sing.



Mary Phillips "*Balrog*"



Mary Phillips "*Phoenix*"



# Life of the Wind

Skyla Risner

The plants sway in the gentle breeze  
As the wind sweeps down from the skies  
Across the vast, dark blue-green seas.

Rolling across the tundra with ease  
A journey from here to there in disguise.  
The plants sway in the gentle breeze

As the bird takes off out of the trees.  
On its way, its adventure, it flies  
Across the vast, dark blue-green seas.

And even during the winter freeze  
The bear keeps watch with great big eyes.  
The plants sway in the gentle breeze

That brings a grown man to his knees.  
He looks out, as he begins to rise,  
Across the vast, dark blue-green seas.

And with that view he holds the keys  
And watches as the light slowly dies,  
Because the plants sway in the gentle breeze  
Across the vast, dark blue-green seas.



Hali Liles "In the Void"

# YOU ARE ONLY HERE ONCE

## Jacqueline Bettis

Snow fell to the ground silently, her forming robes glowing to a white brilliance, that only the purest can obtain, in the lamps that lit the now velvet sidewalk. She listened as the night remained unmarred by sound or touch for awhile, until the almost muffled sounds of laughter crept its way through the falling wisps of her spirit. Soon, two people drifted through the quiet night; talking gently to one another as their shoes left the first signs of life in her, now, full white robes. The pair smiled blissfully, so completely lost in the beauty of the night, the moment they were in, and each other. There was nothing in this world that could take their happiness away; nothing to rival the beauty of what they were feeling, only illustrated by the wisps of Snow's spirit silently, silently drifting to the ground. They walked in silence for a bit before one whispered to the other, earning them a giggle from their partner as they continued to their destination.

In the pair's joy and serenity, in the velveteen silence of the winter night, they forgot all the worries and sorrow of the world. They forgot all about the pain and hurt, all the wars that took so many from their families and friends, the anxiety with what the next day might bring. In this moment, the only important thing, the only thing that mattered, was that they were with one another; and that they were happy. They smiled at each other, briefly, as they disappeared into the night before reappearing in the light of another lamp further down the walk. Several minutes later, it was silent once more. Snow continued her descent to the ground silently, beginning to reclaim the parts of her robe the pair had left their mark on. She silently acknowledged the happiness the pair, unknowingly, left behind as parts of her spirit continued to reunite with

her, completing her robes and forming the rest of her body.

Snow waited for others to come along, even after she rose from the ground and painted the remaining landscape white with her brilliance throughout the night. She glanced back occasionally to see if anyone else would pass by her, before returning to her work. As her cousin, Sun, began to touch to the horizon with his paints of red, orange, purple, pink, and blue, she marvelled at her work before going back to her bed and laying down. By the time Sun breached the line of the horizon, Snow was nowhere to be found. The only sign she had left was the brilliance of her handiwork and her beauty.

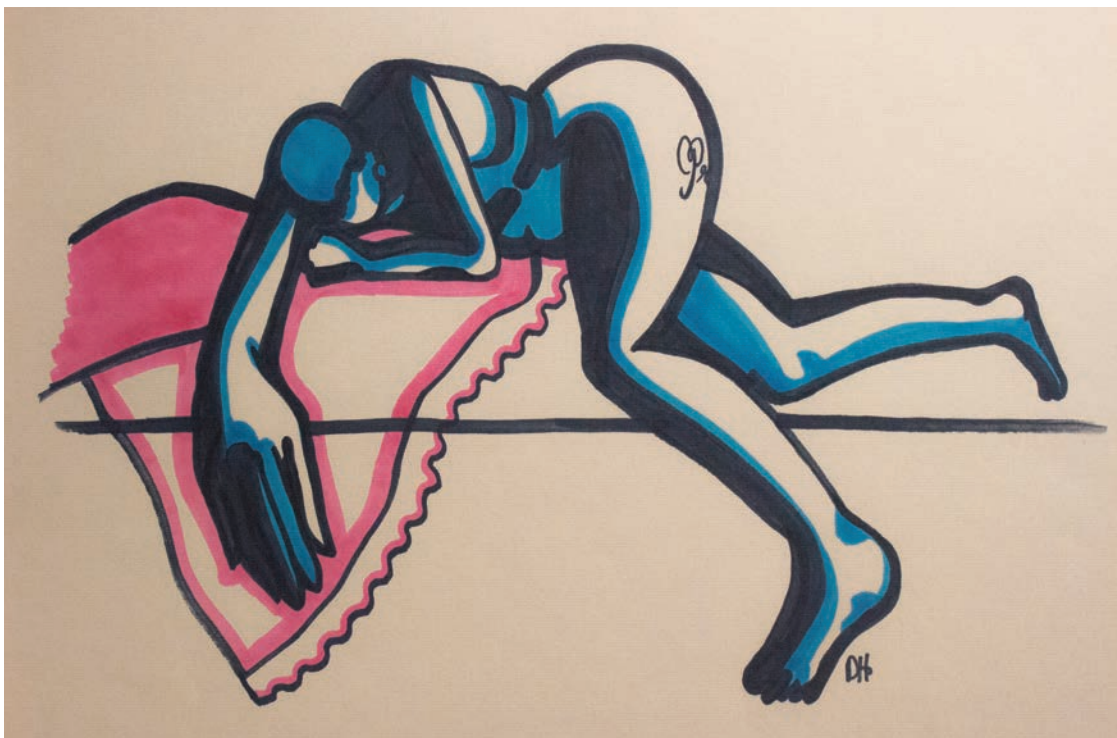
Sun smiled gently at his cousin's handiwork, but wondered to himself about what his sister, Moon, had told him. 'Where are the pair that passed through in the night?' He wondered to himself as the world slowly crept back to life. 'Where are the footprints that they had left behind; that kept ever inquisitive Snow looking over her shoulder all night?' No matter how hard Sun looked down at that area, that had made Snow so happy, through his rays, he never did find the footprints left by the happy pair. Finally, he realized with a sad smile that, like Snow at night, they were gone by the time he began to paint the horizon; never to be seen exactly as they were again.



Hali Liles "The Sea: She is a Harsh Mistress"



Debra Scoggin-Myers "Street Scene"

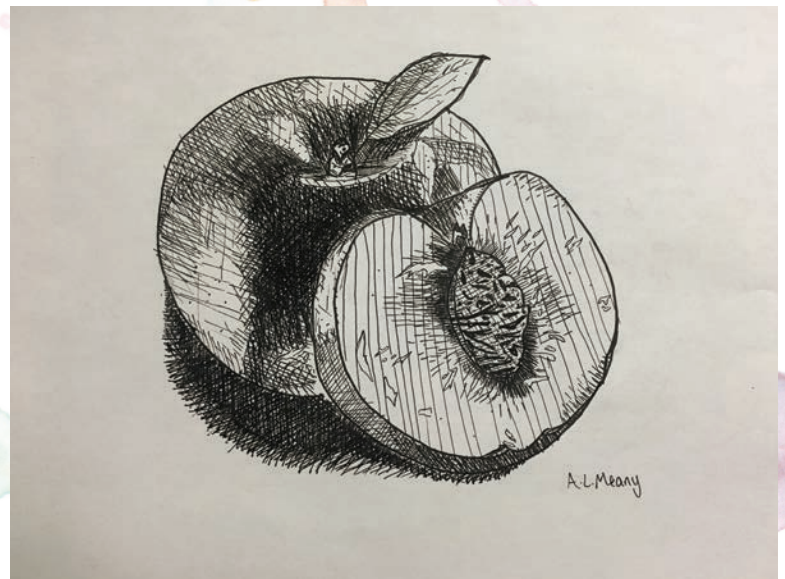
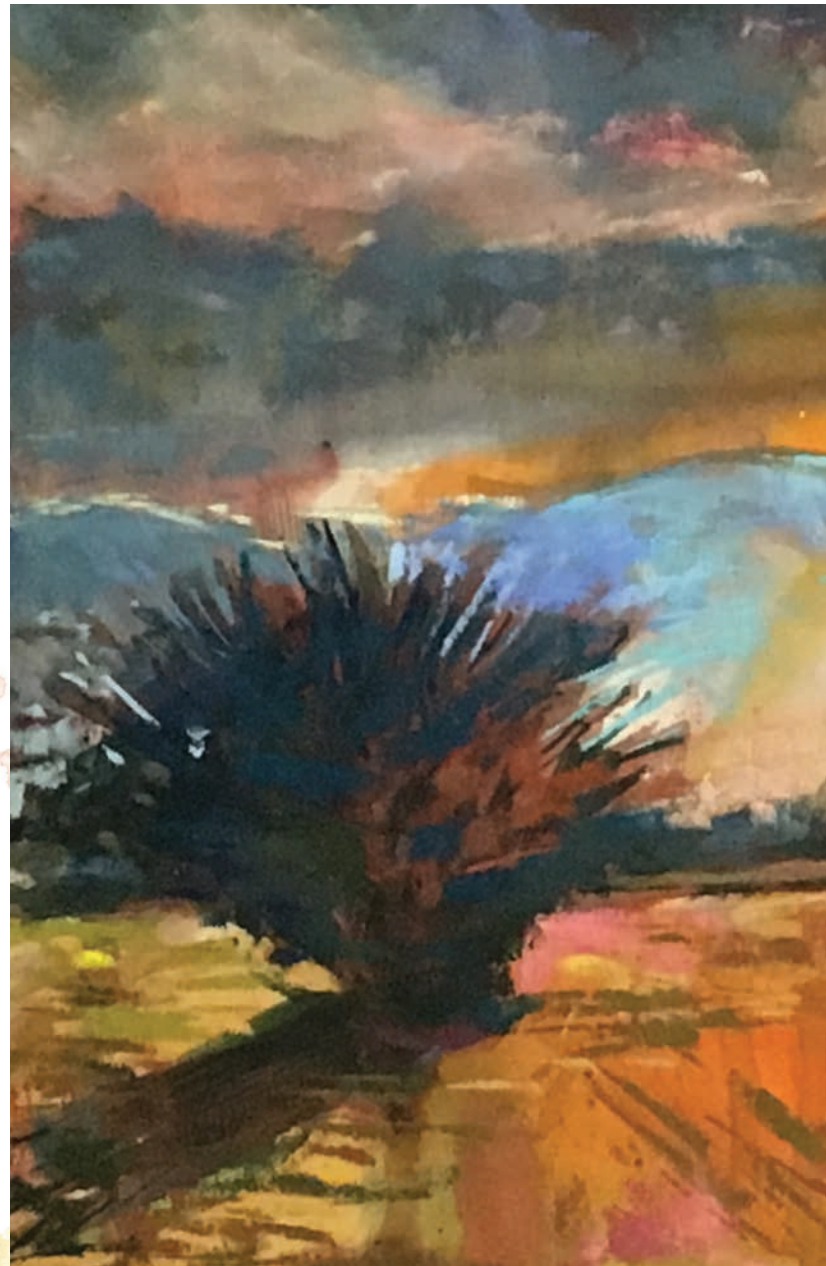


Dakota Hudson "Rest"

# The Gilded Glen

Samantha Schuler

It was an ancient field,  
One that long revealed  
Toward the endless blue,  
A green and pale gold hue.  
The distant trees did sway  
From a breeze that won't obey;  
Over the stalks it went,  
Where they be swayed and bent.  
A bright summer day it was,  
One that had no cause,  
Of warm intent from that glowed sun,  
And a soul, there was none;  
Of no finer make than Nature supply  
And no finer day until a year reply.  
Upon the other side,  
From the fine forest behind,  
Were mountains of old  
And sky above, ethereally bold.  
The caps be snow-painted tresses,  
Worn warmly in sparkling successes,  
Glittering like none had seen or gone.  
And behind brewed a storm beyond,  
Threatening that field of stalk  
Where only the bravest shall walk.  
Beyond that breeze be not just wind,  
Be never a force condemned,  
Be not told by Delphi's duty,  
For it is Nature's beauty.



Analiiese Meany "Peachy Keen"



Debra Scoggin-Myers "Apple Tree at Sunset"



Lorraine Way "Duotone"



Madison Galloway "Untitled"

## WARRIOR

Jenny Liddle

In the wind she stands,  
Her face made up of coldest  
Stone, her sword raised high,  
Her enemies safe below,  
Waiting for her final blow.



Steven Walker "Herrington Notan"

# SODIUM LANTERN

Maxine Phillips

Glimmering  
Amber glows as beautifully  
As a **burning halo**  
So **magnificent.**  
How **do**  
You  
Shine  
So  
Bright  
Even  
When  
All  
That  
Is  
Around  
You  
Is  
Tainted  
By  
The  
Dreary  
And  
Cold

Darkness of night?

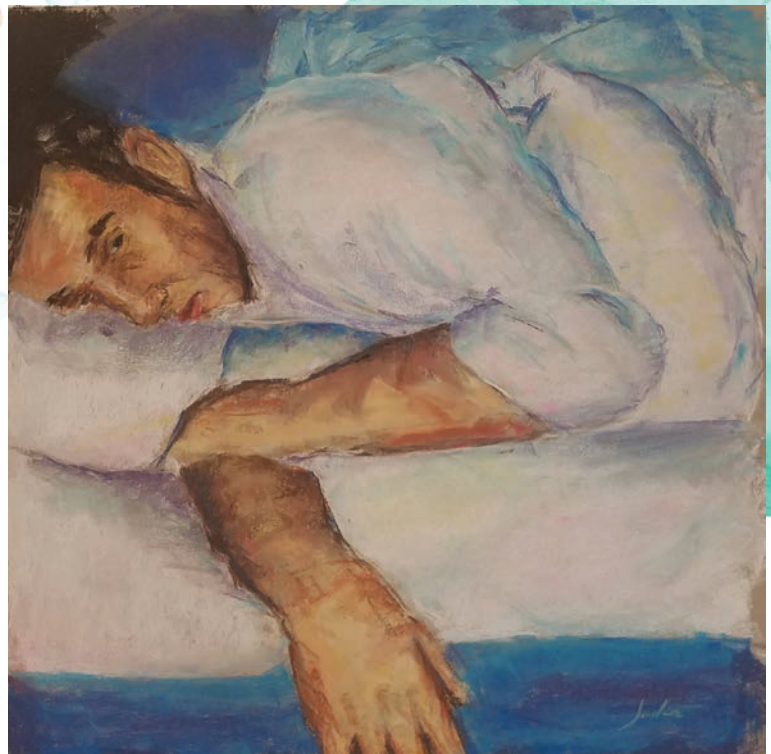


Debra Scoggin-Myers "Pear Pair"

# Heart

Ian Sweeney

As long as their heart  
Is full, it doesn't matter  
If yours is broken.



Jordan Graves "Laid to Rest"



Debra Scoggin-Myers *"The Breakfast Club"*



Steven Walker *"The Green House"*



Taylor Blasius *"Ducks in a Row"*

## DEATH WALKS WITH GRACE

Inspired by Emily Dickinson's 479 (712)

**Abigail Riley**

And I told her: "Come--Follow me.  
It is lovely to see  
Your face  
Under the wide cherry moon."  
But her thin hand, hovered o'r mine  
Seemed hesitant, unsure,  
Confused.  
As though she misunderstood  
What it meant to be treated with  
Purposeful care by such  
A kind  
And Devilish gentleman.





Dakota Hudson "Shadow Song"

## Tears and Makeup

Kaite Schneider

I hide behind a facade;  
Inside, I'm going through hell  
My self-remedy is flawed,  
But I bet you couldn't really tell.  
I'll tell you I'm fine,  
Yet my face will shine  
With all I've held inside.  
Yeah, I'm "fine".  
Eventually I won't be able to  
contain  
What I've held inside  
All that suffering and pain  
Yes, all I've tried to hide.  
When it finally all comes up  
Just let it erupt  
Because when I go in for a hug,  
All you'll have of me is tears and  
makeup.

## WAR

Leah Hultz

Waiting around for when duty finally calls,  
At last you see him standing there across the field  
Rifle at the ready and fired, another body falls.



Maxine Phillips "Petals"

# Red Roses

Abigail Riley

“You’re not walking home today?”

Parker stood over his friend, Jackie, who sat on the school stairs outside. The winter sun bore down on them and melted the layer of frost that crusted on their red cheeks. Jackie could see his breath in the cusp of his scarf when he sighed.

“No. I don’t want to go home yet,” he admitted, his fingers dancing around a frayed string that fell from the seams of his puffy winter coat. Parker sat beside him and put his chin in his hands. They were the last two elementary students left in the school yard.

“Why’s that?” he asked. Jackie shook his head in response.

“I just don’t,” Jackie muttered.

“But your parents will get worried.”

“I don’t want to go!” he screamed.

Jackie’s voice scared the flock of crows from the trees.

Parker fell silent and let the icy breeze cool off Jackie’s heated attitude.

“I don’t want to go home,” Jackie repeated, his voice small now. Tears froze to the corners of his eyes. He had to wipe them away before they burned his skin.

“I-I don’t want to go.”

“Okay,” Parker said calmly. “I won’t ask about it, see? I’m not asking anymore. I’ll just sit here.”

“Okay.”

“Okay,” he repeated, looking to see if Jackie settled.

Jackie’s head was buried in his pillowy sleeves which were crossed, with his arms, over his knees. Parker debated whether he should put a hand on his back to comfort him, but he decided against it. He knew that Jackie didn’t like being touched. He knew everything about Jackie. His favourite colour, the lane he lived on, the

name of his family members, what type of cat he liked...he’s gotten to know all these details as the delivery boy that dropped the newspaper off with his dad in the morning, when Jackie was leaving to walk to school. They talked every morning at dawn and every evening at sunset, when Parker’s band lessons were finished and he could see how Jackie’s day went.

He knew Jackie like the back of his hand, a hand he wanted filled, with Jackie’s. Was it silly? That he wanted to hold this little boy’s hand and kiss the bruises he saw on his wrists? His dad told him that love didn’t exist for ten year olds like them but Parker thought he was wrong. He was determined to prove him wrong. He was going to ask Jackie to be his boyfriend, he was going to tell him he loved him. He was going to, until he saw Jackie’s shoulders twitching as he sobbed into his coat.

“I have something to tell you, Jackie.”

“I don’t want to hear it, Parker.”

Jackie’s voice was muffled by his sleeves.

“Are you sure? I think you’ll like it.”

“I’m sure. I don’t want to hear anything right now. I just want to sit here, I’m tired.”

And another silence fell over them but this one was like a blanket in which they were content.

“Are you scared of anything?” Jackie then asked abruptly. Parker shrugged.

“Yeah, I am. I’m scared of a lot of things,” he admitted.

“Like what?”

“Like telling you that I love you.”

But he didn’t say that to him.

“Like...Monsters,” he said. Simple as that, monsters, every little 10 year old was afraid of monsters.

“What kind of monsters, Parker?”

Parker thought long and hard about that question. He didn't expect Jackie to ask, but he guessed that was his fault. He knew Jackie was smarter than that.

"Big scaly ones with no ears," he explained.

"Dinosaurs?" Jackie asked, lifting his head in surprise.

"Sure."

Jackie paused as if to think about that answer but he decided it was too easy.

"You're not scared of dinosaurs," he chuckled.

"No, I'm not," Parker chuckled too.

"Don't lie to me like that."

"I'm sorry, Jackie. Want me to tell you the truth?"

"Yes!" He whined. "I'm not scared of anything," Parker lied.

"Really?"

"I swear."

He seemed to believe him when Parker crossed his heart with his thumb for him.

"You don't look like you're afraid of anything."

"What are you afraid of?" Parker asked, cautiously.

"I don't know, can we go home now?"

"I told you what I was afraid of,"

Parker tried to protest. He wanted to know what Jackie was hiding from him. Jackie responded with silence. Tears glistened in the corner of his eyes.

"H-hey," Parker choked on his worry. "Hey, i-it's okay. I won't ask about it. I won't, I'll drop it. See?"

He threw his hands out as though he were tossing the subject into the snow.

Everyone knew that things disappeared if they were left in the snow all winter.

"I won't ask," he promised, holding out his pinky for Jackie to wrap his own around. Pinky promises were like contracts for them.

"I'll walk you home now."

Parker didn't know what Jackie was so upset about but he suspected it had to do with those bruises that he tried to cover with the turtle necks and fingerless gloves he wore all day. No one could be that cold in a heated classroom. So, perhaps there was one thing he didn't know but he would make up for that, one day, with a red rose and another promise.



Debra Scoggin-Myers "Crank Well"



Tyler Riley "Dystopian Remain"

when it rains it pours  
Megan Ferry

When  
It rains  
It pours is  
What they keep  
Telling me. Like that  
Justifies what's happening.  
It's getting hard to hold out hope  
When everything is going down a  
Slope. I'm holding on as much as  
I can knowing things will work  
out in the end. But for now a  
bit of hope is all I've got,  
Yet I'm not sure it's a  
lot. I just have to  
Wait it out.



Tyler Riley "Nebula Cup"



# LOST

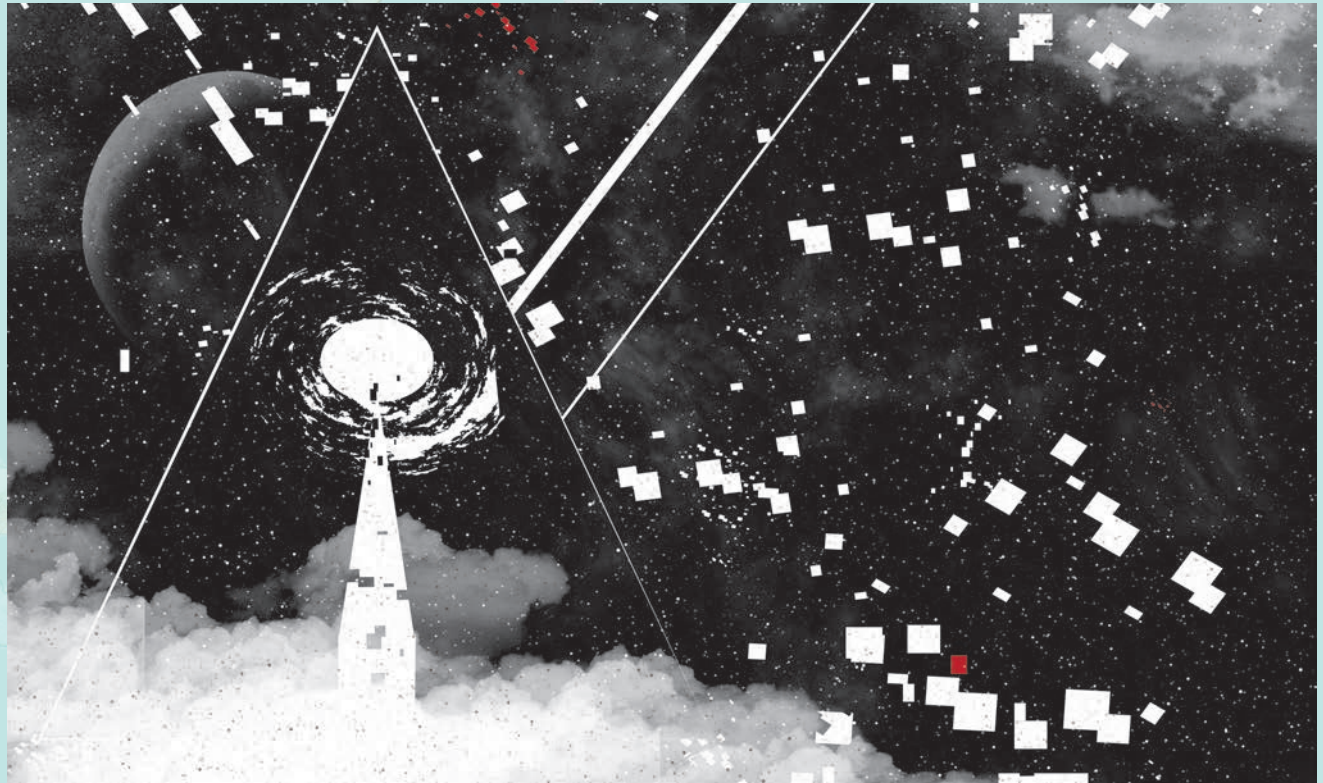
Megan Ferry

We have our  
ups and  
downs

I'm  
feeling so  
lost right now

You say maybe  
another  
day

But  
I'm not  
sure that's what  
I want  
now



Maxine Phillips "Andromeda"

# *Shoulder to Cry On*

**Leslie Wilson**

Hello,  
My name is irrelevant for you know me well.  
I am the shoulder you cry on when all seems lost.  
When life gets you down I am your constant.  
I am the sympathetic ear to spill your sorrows to.  
When the harsh words get to be too much.  
I drop everything to come running to your side.  
Morning, noon and night it matters little.

But at the end of the day I lay forgotten.  
No text messages light up my phone.  
Conversation with me is never desired.  
It wouldn't matter though, I have no mouth with which to speak.  
Only ears to listen.  
I am your constant.  
The only thing constant and true in my life is your needs.  
Your shoulder will never be wet with my tears.  
Yet my shoulder will never be dry.

I endure it, for there is no where else to go.  
Rather cater to someone else's needs than to never have a friend.  
Is that what I am though?  
Your friend?  
Or am I just a shoulder to cry on.



Steven Walker "Contemplation"



Debra Scoggin-Myers "Gravel Road"



Jordan Graves "Chicago Life"



Taylor Blasius "Standing Tall"

# THE WORLD

Taylor Blasius

They  
Want to tell you what to do with your bodies.  
But they don't want to deal with the  
consequences,  
So they say—don't have sex.  
Or —women just need to keep their legs  
closed.

Like  
Women always get pregnant from  
consensual sex  
Never sex that is unwanted, forced upon,  
but always sex they want.  
Babies are being brought into the world with  
only  
One parent.

They  
Don't give women the benefit of the doubt  
And only think of how to make the man's  
world a better place.  
But how can it be a better place  
When you have hundreds of thousands of  
children

Unloved?  
In the system, praying daily  
For someone to come in and pick them  
Like they're the most ripe apple  
From the bunch.







Debra Scoggin-Myers *"Field Road"*

# Dissolution

Courtney Deeds

Her

A letter on the tabletop  
Is all that's left for me.  
The way things were could not go on.  
Of that we would agree.

Almost anyone could see all  
The things that were broken.  
I wish that someone had told me  
The words gone unspoken.

My denim jacket's gone missing,  
But I think that's okay.  
The apartment is emptier  
With everything away.

You must have left late this morning,  
Out of anger or spite,  
And party tattoos stain my knees.  
We had been out all night.

Just keep the jacket, it suits you.  
But before you depart,  
Of all the things that you've taken,  
What did you do with my heart?



Maxine Phillips *"Trees"*

# HARMONY

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## Mission Statement

*Harmony Literary & Arts Magazine* is dedicated to enhancing the cultural and intellectual environment of Culver-Stockton College by providing an outlet for creative literary and artistic contributions to the campus community.

## Editorial Policy

*Harmony Literary & Arts Magazine* is published by a student staff and supervised by two faculty advisors. The staff encourages all Culver-Stockton students, faculty, staff, and alumni to submit artwork and literature for possible publication. Submissions are presented to the entire *Harmony Literary & Arts Magazine* staff as anonymous works, and the staff then reviews and selects pieces for publication.

Disclaimer: The content of works published in the *Harmony Literary & Arts Magazine* does not necessarily reflect the views or opinions of the editors, staff, or Culver-Stockton College.

## Colophon

The 2019 issue of *Harmony Literary & Arts Magazine* was created using Apple computers. The layout was created using Adobe Creative Cloud software. *Harmony Literary & Arts Magazine* was printed in CMYK color mode on 8.5 x 11" paper. The body text font used for this issue is Helvetica. The finished publication was printed by JK Creative Printers in Quincy, IL. (500 copies).

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