

ASUN LIT PUB

ARKANSAS STATE UNIVERSITY-NEWPORT LITERARY AND FINE ARTS PUBLICATION

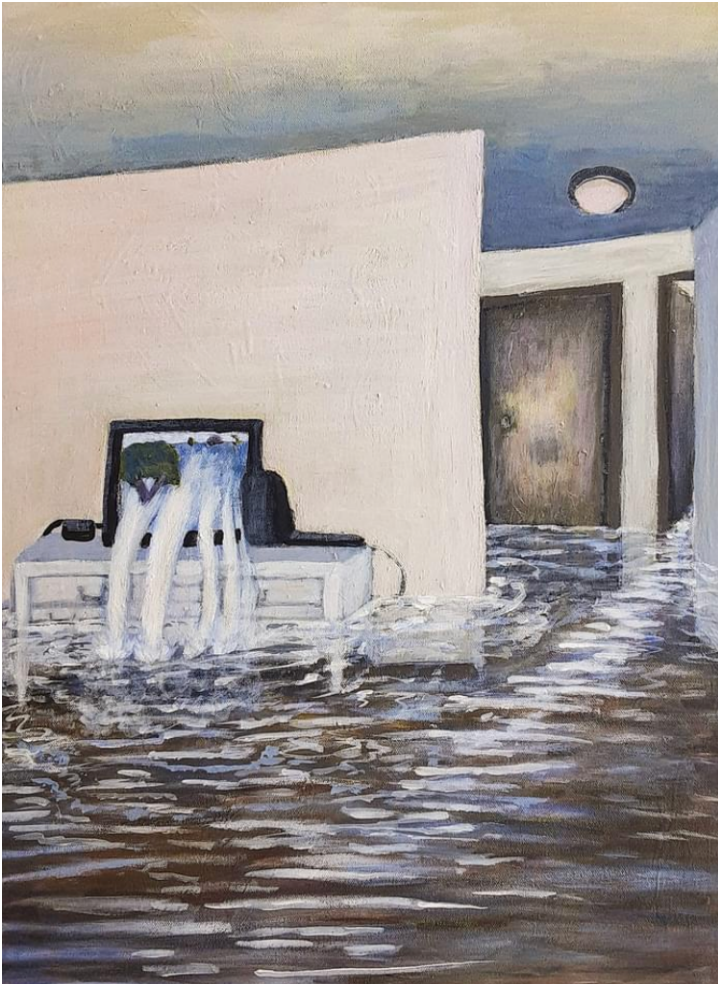
VOLUME III ISSUE I 2021



FEATURED COMMUNITY ARTIST: MATT E. BALL

CAMPUS CULTURE AND COMMUNITY ARTS

POETRY SHORT FICTION NARRATIVE LITERARY ANALYSIS RESEARCH AND CRITICISM
VISUAL ARTS PHOTOGRAPHY LOCAL MUSIC AND EVENTS



MATT E. BALL
FEATURED COMMUNITY ARTIST

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DEDICATION

IN MEMORY OF
STEVEN TYLOR POOLE

A LETTER FROM THE EDITOR

To our community of readers,

In the inaugural issue of *ASUN Lit Pub*, we published an excellent analysis of Robert Frost's "Nothing Gold Can Stay" that was composed by Jillian Wagner, a former student of ASU-Newport. When discussing this poem with students, I never tire of hearing their thoughtful comments about impermanence. It is impressive to read their explications of the transitory images of plants, seasons, and the progression of the day, as well as their considered interpretations and reflections about the mutability of their own lives. In "Symbolic Landscape in Frost's 'Nothing Gold Can Stay,'" Bernetta Quinn compares Frost's work to that of a landscape painter who goes beyond depiction of natural surroundings to create a "juxtaposition of the inner and outer world." Quinn emphasizes Frost's use of symbolism and allusion, claiming that "interior landscape deepens the exterior in his poems, since the landscape within his head is independent of space and time."

Some of the lovely paintings in this issue by featured student artist, Destiny Wyss, include images of flowers, vegetation, and colorful figures set against dark backgrounds. Leslie Love, Assistant Professor of Life Science at ASU-Newport, paints the splendor of the regional landscape in all seasons from her home studio or *en plein air* from the bed of a pickup truck on her farm in Izard County. In some of his representational paintings, featured community artist, Matt E. Ball, depicts the natural beauty of Crowley's Ridge, but in his intriguing abstracts and landscapes confined within the walls of bedrooms and home offices, Ball evokes at once a timely sense of isolation that so many of us have experienced in the last year and a half and the spirit of freedom to venture further into contemplative inward landscapes.

Yrsa Daley-Ward wrote "there are landscapes inside you, sprawling, green, and full." This reminds me of the inspiring creativity of our students and community members that is highlighted in the poetry, short fiction, and visual art of this issue. The talents of students, José Emiliano Rodríguez, Ashley McGaha, Jasmyn Yañez, Marie Pratt, and Garrett Turner shine in multiple landscapes of expression such as poems, short stories, photography, and illustrations. In their narrative and short fiction compositions, many of the featured student authors, including Tressa Moody and Logan Tubbs, display the connection between beautiful outdoor landscapes and the inner world of meditation and gratitude. In a short story by student author, Jackson Noles, a narrator must traverse a desolate, dystopian landscape in hopes of finding refuge and a community to which he can belong. In her personal narrative, Debra Pearson shares her outlook on persevering after devastating loss and finding purpose within the grief she carries with her along the way. The works of literary analysis by students, Karla Morgan, Kaitlyn Love, and Shelby Taylor show that despite the continuing uncertainty and challenges they face, our outstanding students continue to excel.

Walt Whitman wrote that notwithstanding the corruptions of disease and death, the calm and patient earth renews "its prodigal, annual, sumptuous crops." This past year, it has been remarkable to see so many students and community members continuing to cultivate academic, creative, and personal enrichment. In this issue, we are pleased to share with you some of the splendid external and internal landscapes these contributors have depicted and explored in their work. Thank you for your support and readership.

Best wishes,

Emily Pasmore Doyle

EXECUTIVE EDITOR
ASSISTANT PROFESSOR OF ENGLISH



MATT. E. BALL

ASUN LIT PUB



LESLIE LOVE

ASSISTANT PROFESSOR OF LIFE SCIENCE ARKANSAS STATE UNIVERSITY-NEWPORT

TABLE OF CONTENTS

COPYRIGHT.....	1
DEDICATION.....	2
LETTER FROM THE EDITOR.....	3
ARKANSAS STATE UNIVERSITY-NEWPORT MISSION.....	5
INTRODUCTION.....	6
EDITORIAL STAFF.....	7
STUDENT AND GRADUATE CONTRIBUTORS.....	8
POETRY.....	12
SHORT FICTION AND NARRATIVE.....	26
LITERARY ANALYSIS, RESEARCH, AND CRITICISM.....	37
CAMPUS CULTURE AND COMMUNITY ARTS.....	41
ARKANSAS STATE UNIVERSITY-NEWPORT FEATURED ARTISTS.....	43
FEATURED COMMUNITY ARTISTS.....	59
CONTRIBUTING COMMUNITY ARTISTS.....	69
ARKANSAS STATE UNIVERSITY-NEWPORT FEATURED MUSICIAN.....	76
PHOTOGRAPHY.....	77
COLOPHON.....	90
CONTRIBUTORS AND ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS.....	(BACK COVER)



MATT E. BALL
FEATURED COMMUNITY ARTIST

ASU-NEWPORT MISSION

ARKANSAS STATE UNIVERSITY-NEWPORT PROVIDES
AN ACCESSIBLE, AFFORDABLE, QUALITY EDUCATION
THAT TRANSFORMS THE LIVES OF OUR STUDENTS,
ENRICHES OUR COMMUNITIES,
AND STRENGTHENS THE REGIONAL ECONOMY.



DESTINY WYSS

STUDENT AT ARKANSAS STATE UNIVERSITY-NEWPORT

INTRODUCTION

THIS PUBLICATION INCLUDES WORKS OF POETRY, SHORT FICTION, NARRATIVE, LITERARY ANALYSIS, RESEARCH, AND CRITICISM, AS WELL AS PHOTOGRAPHY, VISUAL ARTS, AND CULTURAL EVENTS THROUGHOUT THE COMMUNITIES OF NEWPORT, JONESBORO, AND MARKED TREE. THIS ISSUE OF ASUN LIT PUB FEATURES ACADEMIC AND CREATIVE SUBMISSIONS CURATED DURING THE SPRING AND FALL SEMESTERS OF 2021 AT ARKANSAS STATE UNIVERSITY-NEWPORT AND SHOWCASES THE OUTSTANDING ACCOMPLISHMENTS OF SOME OF OUR MOST SUCCESSFUL STUDENTS ALONGSIDE THE INSPIRING CREATIVE WORK OF FACULTY, FRIENDS, FAMILY, AND OTHER TALENTED ARTISTS, WRITERS, AND MUSICIANS WORKING IN THE COMMUNITIES OUR CAMPUSES SERVE.

ASUN LIT PUB

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STUDENT CONTRIBUTORS



Logan Tubbs is a student at Arkansas State University-Newport who enjoys creative writing and spending time with friends and loved ones. His short story, "The Koi Pond" is featured in the short fiction section of this issue.



Tressa Moody is a student at Arkansas State University-Newport who works as an applied behavioral analysis line therapist for children on the autism spectrum. She enjoys creative writing, and her essay, "Grand Isle" is featured in the narrative section of this issue.



Ashley McGaha is a student at Arkansas State University-Newport pursuing an Associate of Arts who plans to continue her studies in creative writing and sociology. She enjoys writing poetry and short fiction, drawing, and illustration. Several of her drawings as well as her poems, "Armor," "A Thousand Leaves," and "Our Wings" are featured in this issue.



Destiny Wyss is a student at Arkansas State University-Newport pursuing an Associate of Arts. She is a past and present contributor to *ASUN Lit Pub* whose art was featured on the cover of the Fall 2019 issue. Wyss is a professional artist, and her paintings and photography are featured in this issue.

STUDENT CONTRIBUTORS



Kelsey Walls is a student at Arkansas State University-Newport. She is a past and present contributor to *ASUN Lit Pub* whose photography is featured in this issue. Kelsey enjoys literary discussion, music, creative writing, photography, and spending time with friends and family.



Jasmyn Yañez is a student at Arkansas State University- Newport. She is a past and present contributor to *ASUN Lit Pub* and was one of the student artists showcased at the first Aviator Art Exhibition. She enjoys painting, creative writing, and spending time with loved ones. Her poem "Rainbows" is featured in this issue.



Karla Morgan is a student at Arkansas State University-Newport who works as an interventionist for Jonesboro Public Schools. Her poetry analysis, "Pity and Reproach: Innocence and Experience in Blake's 'Holy Thursday' Poems" is featured in this issue.



Shelby Taylor is a student at Arkansas State University-Newport whose literary analysis, "Magical Realism and Social Commentary in Gabriel Garcia Marquez's 'A Very Old Man with Enormous Wings'" is featured in this issue.



Jackson Noles is a student at Arkansas State University-Newport who enjoys creative writing. His short story, "Promises the Traveler Had Made" is featured in the short fiction section of this issue.

STUDENT CONTRIBUTORS



José Emiliano Rodríguez is a student at Arkansas State University-Newport. In his free time, he enjoys poetry, attending concerts, and creative writing. He is a past and present contributor to *ASUN Lit Pub* and his poem, "Paradise" is featured in this issue.



Garrett Turner is a student at Arkansas State University-Newport. His interests include hunting, fishing, outdoor sportsmanship, and creative writing. His poem, "Shallow Water" is featured in the poetry section, and his short story "The Night" is featured in the short fiction section of this issue.



Marie Willard-Pratt is a student at Arkansas State University-Newport. Marie is a mother of two who enjoys photography, travel, and creative writing. She is a past and present contributor to *ASUN Lit Pub*. She was one of the featured student poets in 2020, and her photography is featured in this issue.



Kaitlyn Briann Love is a student at Arkansas State University-Newport who enjoys literary discussion, softball, and basketball. Her poetry analysis, "This Cultured Hell: Claude McKay's 'America'" is featured in this issue.

NOT PICTURED:

Debra Pearson is a student at Arkansas State University-Newport whose essay, "Purpose within Grief" is featured in the personal narrative section of this issue.



DESTINY WYSS

STUDENT AT ARKANSAS STATE UNIVERSITY-NEWPORT



PHOTOGRAPH BY DR. HOLLY ARNOLD SMITH

POETRY

CONTRIBUTING POETS

JASMYN YAÑEZ
SHEILA MCNEAL
ANDREW MILLER
ASHLEY MCGAHA
JOSÉ EMILIANO RODRIGUEZ
NICOLE SYLVIA
GARRETT TURNER

RAINBOWS

JASMYN YAÑEZ

STUDENT AT ARKANSAS STATE UNIVERSITY-NEWPORT

Though I never saw your face
I loved you
I waited for the day I would get to hold you
but it never came
I never saw your face
but I loved you
The days passed by
Rain
Shine
Then one day,
I saw a rainbow coming my way
I saw the beginning of it
Then I blinked,
and in an instant, it was gone
Rainbows come and go
like the clouds
and the rain
and the sunny days
It all comes around
but then it always goes away
Faster than expected
I didn't even get a chance to see it
I wanted to enjoy it
Embrace it
but the rainbows always go.
There will be another
This I know
but I don't want to wait
I wanted this one when it came
I see people standing around
People who don't understand the beauty
The importance

They just look
and point
and move on
They don't enjoy it
or embrace it
or miss it when it's gone
It's just a pretty little thing
but it matters to me
I think about it when it's here
and I think about it when it's gone
because those pretty little rainbows
they matter very much to me.



BIRDIE MARIE BOWEN

PHOTOGRAPH BY MARK CONSTANT
ADVANCED INSTRUCTOR OF ENERGY CONTROL TECHNOLOGY
ARKANSAS STATE UNIVERSITY-NEWPORT

THE VOICE OF THE OCEAN

SHEILA MCNEAL

ACADEMIC COORDINATOR FOR NURSING AND HEALTH PROFESSIONS
ARKANSAS STATE UNIVERSITY-NEWPORT

Your mighty force pounds endlessly
Fearless, Strong, Bold
Cradling sounds of old
the ageless beauty of your waves
The sun shines brilliantly
above the graves
of those who dwell with you
Rather than forced to be a slave
You know the Truth
And the History of Lies
If you could talk, Oh mighty ocean
You'd open all eyes
But Alas! You do have a voice
It speaks loud and clear
Only when we draw near
The truth, we shall hear



PHOTOGRAPH BY EMILY PASMORE DOYLE

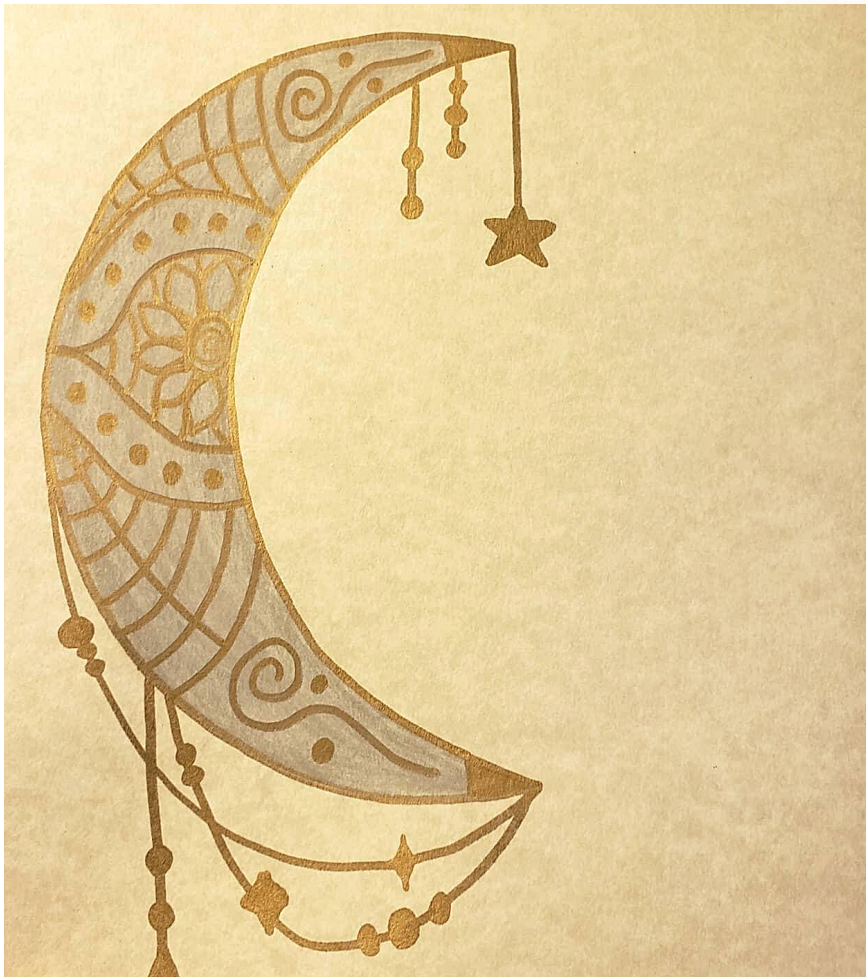
ASSISTANT PROFESSOR OF ENGLISH
ARKANSAS STATE UNIVERSITY-NEWPORT

PARADISE

JOSÉ EMILIANO RODRIGUEZ

STUDENT AT ARKANSAS STATE UNIVERSITY-NEWPORT

My days are counted
The suffering will end
Heaven is the word
Transport me to a world
Without suffering
Creator comes
Transport me to a world
Without suffering



STEPHANIE KEYTON

ASSISTANT PROFESSOR OF HISTORY
ARKANSAS STATE UNIVERSITY-NEWPORT

MATCH

ANDREW MILLER

FORMER STUDENT AT ARKANSAS STATE UNIVERSITY-NEWPORT

Swipe
Swipe
Swipe
Swipe
Swipe
As if I could love again
The ball of mechanical literary puzzles
Hides all the answers
Hides all the secrets
Hides all time
Only revealing glimpses
Frame by frame
Stroke by stroke
Howl after scream
I scream not into the abyss
Inside it
I light myself on fire in Buddhist protest
Turn the ashes into clay
With no talent as a sculptor
Get tossed into the river
Floating with all my friends
We become
The same
Vein of mud
On the backs of reptiles
Ball inside a ball
Inside a triangle
Mumbling and stumbling
Looking for shapes never seen
When then I see
Splattered all across a cliff
Mountain rock faces
Grinning the sacred grin
Laughing the sacred laugh
Those old oaks
Dancing the sacred dance
Run the run
The run of itself
The me of my own
The who what where why
Truly though
The empty circle
At the center of all things
Reveals nothing
Revealing all
Wow them hard
For a lot of nothing



DESTINY WYSS

STUDENT AT ARKANSAS STATE UNIVERSITY-NEWPORT

Another mundane beauty
Another plain Jane
Another day
Another dollar
Fiat existence
Empty
Deep
Down
Down
Down into the center of the circle
Be careful what you wish for
Giving your all
To the all-nothing
Nothing can give
Nothing can take away
Nothing can hurt
Nothing can love
The infinite love
An abyss that will cradle you
Nestle you in its arms
As you drink from the teat
As you sleep in the cradle
As you cry for it more and more
As if you could love again
Swipe
Swipe
Swipe
Swipe
Swipe

OUR WINGS

ASHLEY MCGAHA

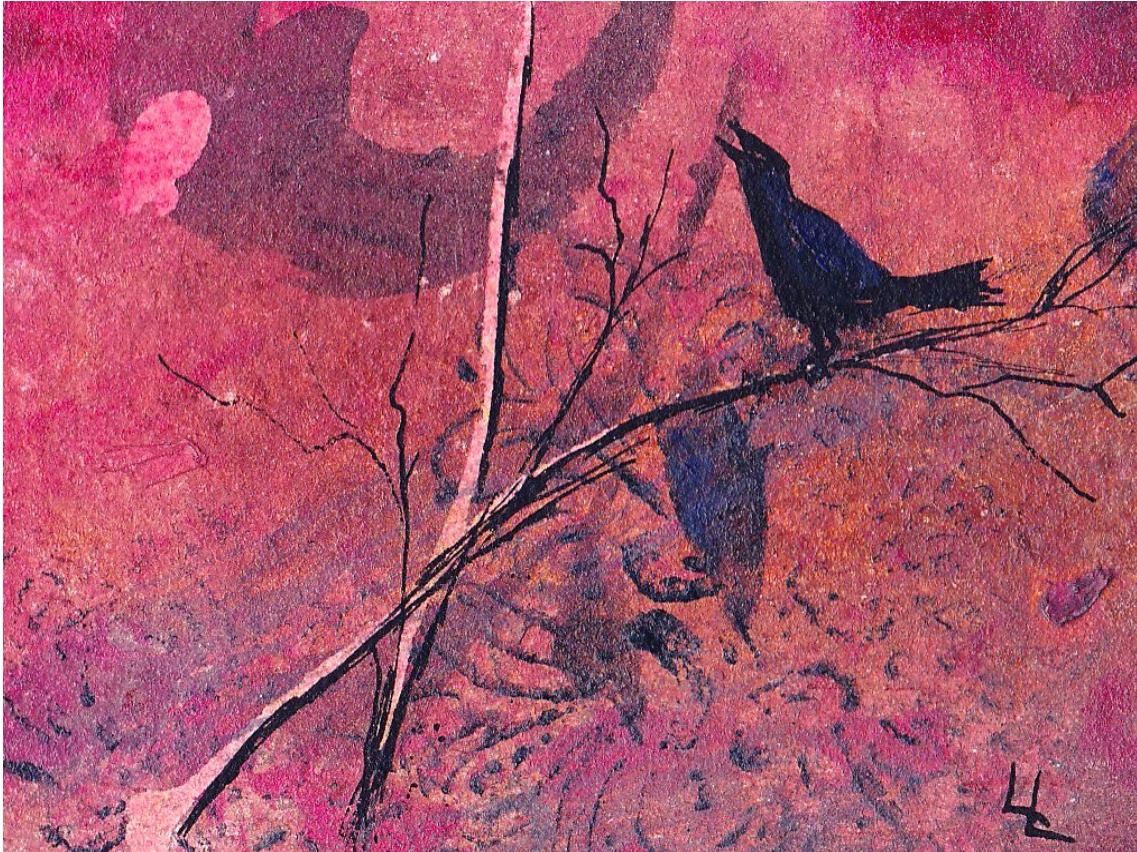
STUDENT AT ARKANSAS STATE UNIVERSITY-NEWPORT

To take a choice
to take my love
Take my own wings,
so you can fly above
Take my option
Take my own
For you did the same for me,
a universe of tones
Through all sense,
I hear your cry,
your deepest set of moans
To give you my wings,
to make my own
So you can fly to freedom,
a circling dome
Mine will grow back, you see
For I am never alone
You look down on me
with the wings
that were once my own



LESLIE LOVE

ASSISTANT PROFESSOR OF LIFE SCIENCE
ARKANSAS STATE UNIVERSITY-NEWPORT



LESLIE LOVE

ASSISTANT PROFESSOR OF LIFE SCIENCE
ARKANSAS STATE UNIVERSITY-NEWPORT FEATURED FACULTY ARTIST

ARMOR

ASHLEY MCGAHA

STUDENT AT ARKANSAS STATE UNIVERSITY-NEWPORT

A shudder that seems not my own
A power inside that has surely grown
Barriers cast within me,
Calculating the pain
in places you've once been
A body whose armor is wearing thin
Oh, Pain,
how you are my fateful twin,
but I own this armor!
I won't let you win
even if you are within!



MATT E. BALL
FEATURED COMMUNITY ARTIST

OUROBOROS

ANDREW MILLER

FORMER STUDENT AT ARKANSAS STATE UNIVERSITY-NEWPORT

Serpentine
Weaves between smokey seams
Darker tail
Sliding through rocky trails
People living in these trees
Growing to children like chatty bees
Faces all around
Looking toward what's never found
There's a singing leaf
In the choir of losing grief
He screams at the storm who
Calls Barashakushu
Miracle man
Breaking the Earth with his hands
From the forest of thoughts
To an ocean taught
About the canvas left lost
Once upon a time the womb
Became a tomb
Now the skeletons dance
In a coral reef trance
Escaping the tide
Where true men hide
Sands of time through fingers slip
Heavy gravity loses its grip
On a darker dawn than before
Twin suns shining on boiling shores
An air to chew
It breathes in you
Exhales epiphany



ARIANA GRACE DESIGNS
FEATURED COMMUNITY ARTIST

A THOUSAND LEAVES

ASHLEY MCGAHA

STUDENT AT ARKANSAS STATE UNIVERSITY-NEWPORT

How these summers remind me of you
All the things we used to do
Now the summer leaf has turned anew
Though my mind and body
are not so brand new
Through all the pictures I once drew
Not one compares to the pictures of you
I'd give a thousand leaves to see you
Instead, I hold a leaf
of black and tarnished blue
In a summer that feels many times used



MELISSA DONNER

CONTRIBUTING COMMUNITY PHOTOGRAPHER

WIZARD

ANDREW MILLER

FORMER STUDENT AT ARKANSAS STATE UNIVERSITY-NEWPORT

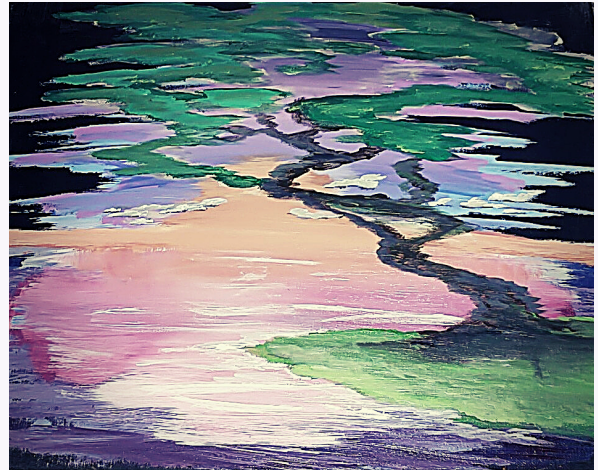
Back when the moon was a rainbow,
I saw a girl who flew away.
She had beautiful hair
and a smile of gold,
but she insisted to go back home,
and all I really wanted
was for her to hear me say,
If I could give you my heart,
or had the courage to speak my brain,
I'd show you where you need to go
has been right in front of your face.

Don't you know,
the yellow brick road
leads right to my place.

These times bring colors,
that I've never seen before.
My brain might be damaged,
but I'm not scared of being poor.
I see many pass through here.
Some go left,
Some go right,
Some go to relieve their souls,
So they don't get lonely at night.

But all I really wanted,
was for you to hear me say,
Oh if I could give you my heart,
or had the courage to speak my brain,
I'd show you where you need to go
has been right in front of your face.

Don't you know,
the yellow brick road
leads right to my place.



ALEX CODY EASLEY
CONTRIBUTING COMMUNITY ARTIST



PHOTOGRAPH BY MEL CHANCE
ASSISTANT PROFESSOR OF ENGLISH AND PHILOSOPHY
ARKANSAS STATE UNIVERSITY-NEWPORT

MY FATHER'S JOB AT THE LUMBER YARD

NICOLE SYLVIA

CONTRIBUTING COMMUNITY POET

On the dirt road we lived on
bridges were
narrow and wooden

and driving over them
with shut eyes
became a recurring nightmare

A rite of passage,
to get the intoxicated
home.

A ritual that only
males typically experience.
But me,
I appreciated the ceremony.

The first born,
I was thrown out
into rolling hills.
The barbed wire cut
effortlessly across my chest

My animus
built the bridge
with lumber
my father hauled

then dumped
carelessly into my
personal and collective
unconsciousness.

If only he hadn't been
employed
at the lumber yard



PHOTOGRAPH BY SARAH WEBB
ASSOCIATE PROFESSOR OF LIFE SCIENCE
ARKANSAS STATE UNIVERSITY-NEWPORT

SHALLOW WATER

GARRETT TURNER

STUDENT AT ARKANSAS STATE UNIVERSITY-NEWPORT

Morning of the hunt,
The fog is a blanket,
Covering the water.
Ducks dancing over the field,
The field is my stage,
Where I am a shining star.
The ducks start to fly,
Planes flying over our heads,
We raise our guns,
Each shell to a plane.
Ice covering their eyes,
Crash to the water,
Dogs flying to retrieve.
The next group flies in.
Again, shells on a target,
The falling ducks are dancing.
The humidity lowers.
The fog clears,
and the water is now a mirror.
I see my reflection looking back at me.
I hear the next wave.
Their wings are freight trains,
Rolling into the decoys.
Hitting shallow water
than runs deep in my veins.



PHOTOGRAPH BY MEL CHANCE
ASSISTANT PROFESSOR OF ENGLISH AND PHILOSOPHY
ARKANSAS STATE UNIVERSITY-NEWPORT

LADY OF THE STARS

ANDREW MILLER

FORMER STUDENT AT ARKANSAS STATE UNIVERSITY-NEWPORT

Obsidian waterfalls go on forever,
Atop a precious mountain of light,
Which dresses itself in nature,
That is lost within my sight.

She dances upon her mother,
The Earth made thick and tall,
Surrounded by a night,
Clear enough to see it all.

A crying sky paints behind,
As dying gods escape the mind,
She feels no worry, nor ambition,
Yet all of her dreams come to fruition.

Radiating with a bright life,
And precious stones she will not spend,
She loves the suns that fall before her,
And dances until the end.



PHOTOGRAPH BY MEL CHANCE
ASSISTANT PROFESSOR OF ENGLISH AND PHILOSOPHY
ARKANSAS STATE UNIVERSITY-NEWPORT



PHOTOGRAPH BY EMILY PASMORE DOYLE

SHORT FICTION AND NARRATIVE

FEATURED STUDENT AUTHORS:

TRESSA MOODY
JACKSON NOLES
DEBRA PEARSON
LOGAN TUBBS
GARRETT TURNER



LESLIE LOVE

ASSISTANT PROFESSOR OF LIFE SCIENCE
ARKANSAS STATE UNIVERSITY-NEWPORT FEATURED FACULTY ARTIST

GRAND ISLE

TRESSA MOODY

STUDENT AT ARKANSAS STATE UNIVERSITY-NEWPORT

Every year in Louisiana, when summer was approaching, my best friends and I always did the same thing. It was me and my two friends, Seth and Lane. We would pack our bags for the weekend, load the trucks, and leave around 12:30pm on a Friday. We looked forward to this exact moment all winter. When we left for the weekend, we were no longer teenagers. We were fishermen. This was our favorite place to be because we got to do what we loved most, fish, while enjoying the beauty of the nature that surrounded us.

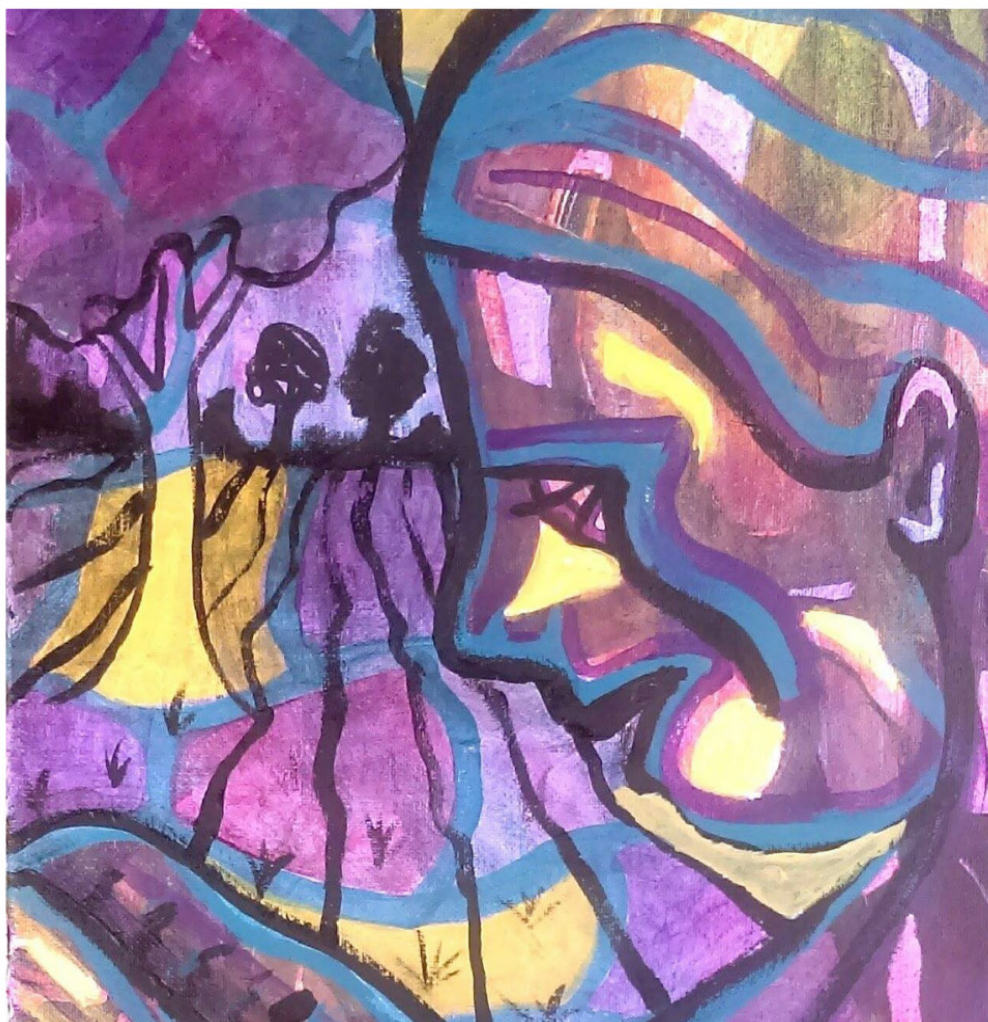
Once we were on the road, the anticipation grew. We listened to our favorite country music to get us in the fishermen's vibe. With about an hour left of the drive, we always stopped at this one huge gas station. It had the best jerky and a Subway. Once our hunger was subdued, we then made sure no one had to go to the restroom and got back on the road. After a drive that felt like years, we arrived at our destination.

Grand Isle is at the bottom of Louisiana, and it is surrounded by marsh and the Gulf of Mexico. Seth's family had a camp there, and it was our happy place. There was no place else we wanted to be. Every trip, we would get settled in the camper and enjoy the night while waiting for the adventure that would take place the next day.

Our day began, as always, early in the morning. Pops woke everyone up at 6:30 a.m. and already had breakfast cooked. At this point, we all checked the weather and made sure it was a good day for fishing. If the weather was supposed to get bad or the waves looked as sharp as knives, we knew it would be best to stay at the camp. However, the weather was good to go out that day, so we were all excited like little kids. Once we finished eating and watching the sunrise, we took the cast nets down the pier and caught some of our bait for fishing later that day. Next, it was time to prepare the crab traps. Baiting the crab traps was our least favorite part because the bait was the leftover scraps from fish we had skinned. The smell was truly awful. Just imagine fish guts that have been frozen and thawed out again. It made our hands smell terrible too, but we knew that at the end of the day, it would be worth it.

We loaded all the traps and fishing gear onto the boats, placed the traps in the water along the campsite, and then we were gone for the day. We found the same spots every year to fish. These were our lucky spots, always next to the marsh. We threw our anchor in near the marsh, and then we began to fish. We used brown shrimp as bait and never had a problem with catching fish with them. Throughout our day, we caught many speckled sea trout, saltwater catfish, and redbfish. If we caught a catfish, it was disappointing because they are not very good for eating, and they have antennae that will stab you if you get too close. Our most caught fish were speckled sea trout, and our favorite to catch were redbfish. Redfish are the most fun to reel in because they give the best fight. Speckled trout and redbfish are both good for eating, so we always caught as many of them as we could. The boys hated that I could outfish them, but it happened every time. The biggest redbfish we ever caught was about as big as a five-year-old child. It weighed forty pounds and was hard to lift out of the water, but once that fish and all the others were in the boat, they were our prisoners.

When we were covered in fish slime from head to toe and the sun was going down, we knew it was time to head back to the camp. On our way in, we stopped to pull the crab traps. Most of the time, the traps were filled with blue crabs, but sometimes we would get a stone crab. Both kinds are good eating. We unloaded all our fish and crabs from that day and got them prepared for cooking. We took turns preparing food and showering so we could get cleaned up and have the meal ready in time to meet everyone under the pavilion for dinner. We fried the fish we caught and boiled the crab. The seasoning from the crab boil was so strong it would make you cough sometimes, but it felt like heaven on earth when the meal was all done. All the disgusting baiting and the hard work of fishing and preparing the meal were worth it to see everyone so happy, smiling, and laughing. I thought to myself, *these are the days I will never forget, in a place I will never forget, with friends I will never forget.*



MATT E. BALL
FEATURED COMMUNITY ARTIST

PROMISES THE TRAVELER HAD MADE

JACKSON NOLES

STUDENT AT ARKANSAS STATE UNIVERSITY-NEWPORT

The sun was setting, and there was no indication that Zeke had gotten anywhere closer to his destination. When the sun sets behind the ruined skyscrapers in this part of the city, you can either seek shelter or risk a run-in with the raiders. He had no choice but to pause his pilgrimage and settle in for the night in one of the many buildings he saw. Zeke had no idea what any of the buildings stood for, as he was born after the collapse in the middle of the Wastes.

The structures might as well have been natural formations, no different than the rocks and trees we see today. Zeke entered a smaller two-story building and walked up to the top floor, finding refuge behind an old counter. Only illuminated by the moonlight, he set his bag down and explored the room in hopes of finding any trace of water. As he searched the building, he found many items, relics of when humanity had time for amusement, but to Zeke they were nothing more than parts he could (hopefully) use to make this place home for the night.

The total haul included a cracked vinyl, an empty bean bag, and a cane. Zeke headed up the stairs for the night. Using the empty bean bag as a blanket, he rested with his head propped up against his bag. Fashioning a weapon out of the cane and broken vinyl and listening to the sounds of distant shouting, he started to think about his destination. A community with enough food and water for everyone sounded too good to be true, yet the man he spoke with on the road a few days before was certain of its existence. The traveler had told of a place where families could be made and humans could peacefully coexist.

Zeke peeked out the window of the building, and his doubts grew stronger as he witnessed a band of raiders patrolling the desolate streets, armed to the teeth and in search of anything or anybody they could exploit for their own good. Deep down he felt as though this journey was pointless, but he knew he had to see for himself. He fell asleep in his spot determined, doubtful, and thirsty.

Waking up in the Wastes is not the slow yawn and stretch that we know of today because one cannot afford such a luxury in the ruined state. Zeke shot awake faster than a flash of lightning, immediately checking his belongings to make sure everything was where he left it. He found everything to be in its right place and stood up to continue his journey. Days came and went meaninglessly just as they always had in the world that Zeke knew. He trudged through the broken landscape, following the road to paradise without even knowing if it was truly there. He spent the nights in damaged buildings and the days on the road, searching for water. He never did encounter the raiders he had seen before, and he was thankful for it.

According to his map and the landmarks he had passed through, he thought he should be close to his destination, and he started to pick up the pace, remembering the promises the traveler had made. Sometime in the middle of the day, he started to see in the distance huge makeshift gates fashioned out of car doors protecting a community. Not long after that, he started to hear shouting coming from the same direction, but this time the shouting sounded different, not full of fear.

As Zeke came closer to the doors, he started to smile for the first time in years, all doubts out of his mind, but the smile started to fade when he noticed the sound was not coming from behind the doors, but from a ruined car about twenty feet from the entrance. He walked his way over to the sound and realized it was coming from a speaker. It was all just a trap. This must be a raider camp disguised as a way to trick travelers into being robbed, captured, and God only knows what else. Zeke quickly gathered his belongings and prepared to head back from where he came, but suddenly, he heard a slow creaking noise. He turned around with his improvised weapon in hand, ready to attack anyone who showed his face, but he saw that the doors to the community had opened, revealing grass as green as he had only seen in photos and houses that looked brand new. Zeke was stunned by the beauty of it all as a man came out to greet him wearing clean clothes.



BEAU JONES

CONTRIBUTING COMMUNITY ARTIST

THE KOI POND

LOGAN TUBBS

STUDENT AT ARKANSAS STATE UNIVERSITY-NEWPORT

My name is Yokomoto Rashita, and I am a five-star general for the Japanese army. I am on leave for some much-needed rest and relaxation. With this time off, I have decided to return home to the house where I was raised. When my father died years ago, I inherited the two-story bungalow that my grandfather built in the 1700's. The sound of the flowing water of the koi pond in the backyard of the house sends me into a state of euphoria every time I hear it, and it takes me back to all the wonderful times I had with my late father.

I bring out a loaf of bread to feed the fish as I walk toward my favorite bench that was handcrafted by my father when he was young. It is made from the dead, dry body of an imported redwood tree from America. This is where I sit and feed the rainbow of Koi. I have had to hire someone to feed the little dumplings ever since I left. However, the fish keeper has done nothing to keep up the pond's exterior. There is a gentle green moss growing on the edges of the cobblestone that surrounds the pond, and the once clear blue water now has a sickly green look to it. Fortunately, the fish look happy and healthy, but still, the pond needs a little work. Of course, I hired him to feed the fish, but you would think that he would be a bit more appreciative of a job in this economy and go out of his way to please me.

As I sit with my loaf of bread cut into slices, I look around for my favorite fish, Yokomoto. When he was born, his scales were as white as the moon, and his eyes as pink as the cherry-blossoms reflected on the surface above him. When I eventually find him, I tear off a piece of my bread and feed it to him. He seems to almost smile at me before he swims away, fading into the crowd of other fish. When I first inherited this house from my father, the koi pond had no fish nor water in it, and the land surrounding the pond was nothing but dead grass. Now, not only is the koi pond running, but I have added the cherry trees, a few weeping willows, actual green grass, and a statue of our almighty emperor. I think my father would be proud to see it.

I miss this. So long it has been since I was able to sit and relax. Three years of non-stop work will do that to a person. Ever since Pearl Harbor, the Japanese higher-ups have been dragging me all over the Pacific Theater. Being a general has never been easy, so I guess I have gotten what I signed up for, and I am lucky that I even still have a home to return to here in Hiroshima. The Americans have been firebombing the homeland ever since Iwo Jima, and now, it seems like every time I look to the stars, all I see are American F-2 bombers. It is bad enough that we will probably lose the war, which at this point, no one wants to admit, but our bravest might not have a home to return to after the dust has settled. Fortunately, I have survived so far, which is more than I can say for my father during the Great War.

I push all that to the back of my mind. I am home for a reason, to forget all the troubles of war. As I look upon my lovely bungalow, I realize that since I have been away, some wild, thorny vines with flowers have started to crawl up the old garden walls. I really should cut them down, but they add some nice color to the otherwise bleak landscape. After I notice the vines, I start to notice other blemishes that have formed in my absence. My statue of the emperor has gone from a light to dark gray from rain damage, my sand garden has not been raked in months, and there is a visible tunnel that has been dug up by some rodent. I really need to hire someone to repair all this damage.

The sirens have started again. They could just leave them on at this point. The Americans have been bombing mainland Japan for months. It seems like every time they shut off, thirty minutes later, they start rolling again with that awful screech. It is strange that at the moment, I can only count one plane in the sky, a B-29 bomber with no support. I chuckle to myself. I guess the Americans are starting to run out of supplies. Maybe this war can be won after all. I am sure that I will be sent back in little time, so I must bask in this trip and rest while I still can. I take another look around the yard to see if anything else needs maintenance. This bungalow, the garden, and the koi pond fill my heart with so much joy. I cannot imagine not having this place in my life.



CHENOA SUMMERS

ADJUNCT INSTRUCTOR OF MATHEMATICS AND PHYSICAL SCIENCE
ARKANSAS STATE UNIVERSITY-NEWPORT

PURPOSE WITHIN GRIEF

DEBRA PEARSON

STUDENT AT ARKANSAS STATE UNIVERSITY-NEWPORT

I used to be a process person who had a plan for everything, that is almost everything. I learned that I could not possibly plan for the life-altering tragedy that was to occur. No one imagines that they would outlive their children. While some never overcome their loss, others are fortunate enough to find a purpose within the grief that enables them to help others.

It was a wet and cold day in April. We arrived home late that evening from various places and completed our daily chores. After dinner, we spent the rest of the evening watching television before going to bed. Trinity was a smart, responsible nineteen-year-old college student. We were very close. She still lived at home with me and her stepfather, Stacey. Every night, I tucked Trinity into bed. The night of April 1, 2016 was no different. I went into her bedroom, tucked her blankets in tightly around her, and kissed her on her forehead. I always told her, "goodnight moon" and she always told me, "goodnight stars." After tucking her in, I turned off her bedside lamp and closed her bedroom door. I had no way of knowing this would be the last time I would ever get to tell her goodnight.

I woke early the next morning to spend time with Trinity before she had to leave to attend a meeting at work. She had been working part-time as a teacher's assistant. She loved her job and the children. Her goal was to become a full-time teacher when she completed college. I was very proud of her. Before Trinity left to go to her meeting, I hugged her tightly and kissed her forehead. I told her I loved her, asked her to be careful, to buckle up, and to let me know when she made it to work. Those words were as routine as our nighttime rituals. She told me she loved me too and promised me that she would text as soon as she parked her car. I have often thought back to this day and wondered why it felt different. Our routine had not changed. I had no distinctive reason to feel worried, but I was. It was as though something in my soul was telling me to stop her from leaving. A million thoughts raced through my mind as I stood on our front porch, watching as she drove away until I could no longer see her.

Twenty minutes had not passed after Trinity left before my husband called me. I could hear the worry in his voice when he said, "there's been an accident north of McCrory. It's Trinity." It was cold that morning and the grass was still covered in dew when the police officer arrived to tell me that Trinity had not survived the accident. I could best describe this moment by saying his words sounded distant, muffled, and foreign. I had exited my mind. I was a shell, no longer whole. Part of myself left with Trinity that day. I would never be completely whole again. That part of me belongs with her.

The days to follow all blurred together. It was not easy, but over time, through my faith and the compassion from family, friends, and coworkers, I gained the strength to move forward again. A pivotal point during my journey through grief occurred when I was invited to speak about the grief of child loss at the annual employee conference for the company where I work. I stood behind the podium in the Grand Ball Room of the Marriott hotel in Little Rock and spoke to over seven hundred people that day.

As much as I intended for my speech to help others, it did more to help me than I could ever explain. With each word that flowed from my lips, I felt weight lifted and layers being removed to reveal that my heart was still within me. After the speech, several coworkers shared their grief stories with me. I will always remember one coworker who told me that she lost her daughter two weeks before I lost Trinity. She looked at me through tearful eyes and thanked me. She told me that she still felt weak at times with grief over the loss of her daughter, but she would be leaving the conference that day a little bit stronger because of me.

This moment led to the discovery of my new purpose. I would use my experience through grief to help others. Over the years, I have volunteered to speak at multiple events, and many people have since told me that I have inspired them to be stronger and better parents to their children. It is my greatest hope to be a beacon of light like my daughter was and to make a positive impact on someone else's life. At the time I am writing this, it has been four years, ten months, three weeks, and five days since that tragic day in April that changed everything. The waves of grief still come and go, but I have learned to cope with time. I hold tightly to the loving bond that Trinity and I shared. On my hardest days, I think of all the blessings she brought into my life, and each night before I go to sleep, I look up to the sky and whisper, "goodnight moon."

THE NIGHT

GARRETT TURNER

STUDENT AT ARKANSAS STATE UNIVERSITY-NEWPORT

If I were able to go back in time, I would go back to the night my life changed forever. If time travel were real, this could all be changed. However, I cannot change the past. I am stuck here, maybe forever. I cannot tell you why this happened to me. All I can tell you is how it happened.

It all began on the day before Halloween in 2017. I woke up at 6:30 a.m., unusually late for me. I am always awake by 5:30 a.m. I have always been the type to wake up two hours before I need to arrive somewhere, but this day was different. Something was off, and I could feel it. When I awoke, I felt the overwhelming weight of grief. It had only been six months since the day of the car accident. I was the only one they were able to save. My parents along with my younger sister lost their lives that day. I thank God every day that my older brother decided to stay home while we went out, so his life was spared.

As I walked down the stairs that morning, I saw absolute chaos. After my parents passed, we moved in with my mother's little sister who had more expectations for us than we were used to at home. As I walked into the kitchen, the yelling grew louder. My brother, Jack, had been caught sneaking in that morning after a late night out. I could not handle listening to the fighting, so instead of getting a ride with my aunt, I rode my bike to school that day. It was so cold outside, but I thought I would rather freeze than listen to all the mistakes my brother and I had made that week.

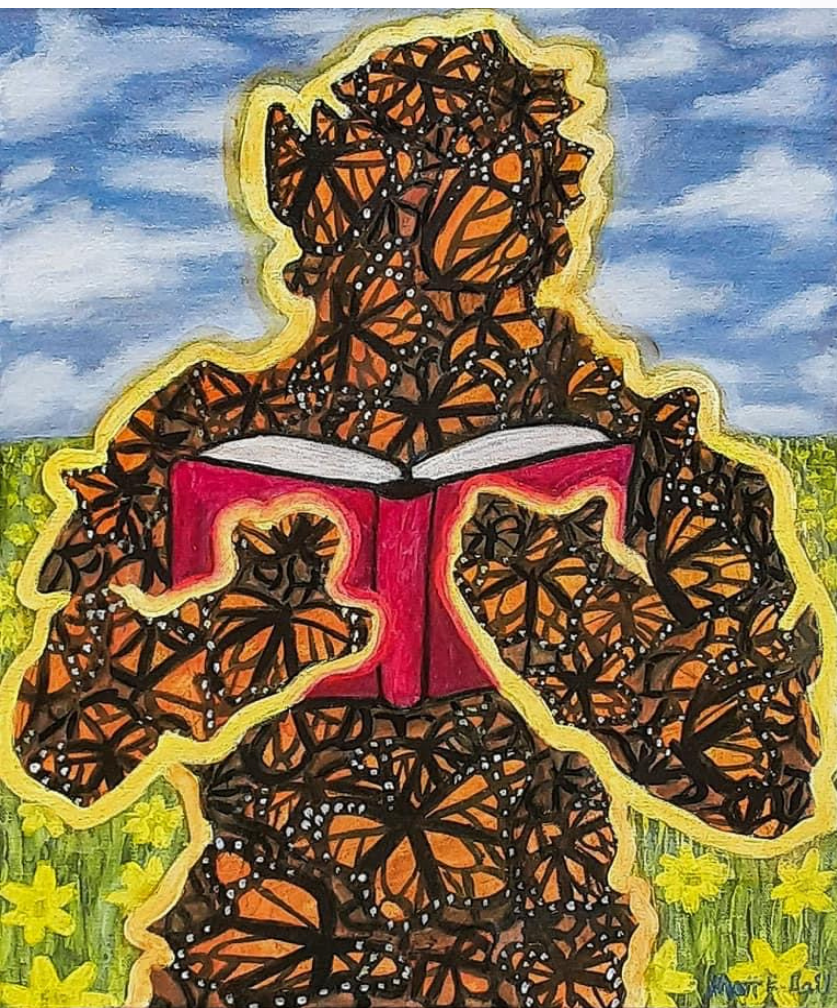
When I got to school, I was greeted by my best friend, Maggie. We had been inseparable since we were three years old. We walked down the hallway to our first period, Mr. Smith's biology class. Biology was my least favorite class of the day. I had taken it once before and failed, but now that I was older, the class was full of underclassmen. Luckily, Maggie was in the grade below me since she has a late birthday, so we had the class together.

As we entered the classroom, we noticed that the whiteboard was full of directions. The bell rang, we took our seats, and Mr. Smith began his instruction. He told the class that we would have the week to finish the project he had assigned and that we each needed to pick a partner. I immediately looked to Maggie, but to our surprise, Mr. Smith's next words were "you cannot choose a partner that you are friends with already. I would like for you all to branch out and get to know the rest of your classmates." This was the last thing I needed that day. As I watched the rest of my classmates pair up, I sat alone and silent. Rather than looking for a partner, I laid my head down on the table. A moment later, I felt someone tap on my shoulder. I looked up to see a tall, dark-haired boy with the prettiest brown eyes I had ever seen. He introduced himself as Rickey, Rickey Hunt. He reached out his hand and offered a handshake as he asked me to be his partner for the project, to which I excitedly agreed.

After class, Rickey walked up to my locker to talk more. He told me that his family had just recently moved to town from four hours away. His Dad had been offered a job that he could not pass up, so his whole life was packed up and moved. He began to tell me that he did not know anyone yet and how much he would like to be friends. Little did he know that I already wanted to be more than friends. The second bell rang, cutting off our conversation. We headed to classes in opposite directions, and I was already daydreaming of when I would see him again. As the bell rang, and it was time to go home, I told Maggie goodbye until I would see her the next day. I walked to my bike and unhooked its chains. I hopped on and rode to the cemetery as the cold chill of the October air hit my face.

My parents' gravesite was nearby, and I visited almost daily. After sitting on the ground for a long while, telling my mother about my day and all about Rickey, I noticed that fog had surrounded me, and it was getting dark. I heard someone walking around behind me, and I did not feel like seeing anyone, so I got up and made my way toward the exit of the cemetery. I did not make it far before I tripped and cut my hand open on a rock. As I sat on the ground applying pressure to my hand, he approached me. It was Rickey. I was so relieved when he offered me his hand to help me up. He said that he had bandages in his car and would give me a ride home. I sat down in front of the open trunk, then he took my hand and gently wrapped my wound with the bandage. When he finished, I was about to stand up when he suddenly pushed me backward into the trunk and slammed it shut. From the inside, I heard him shove my bike into the back seat, so I knew there would be no sign of my being there. Just as I noticed a strange smell filling the trunk, I felt myself losing consciousness.

I awoke in a small, cold, dark room with four cement walls and a door at the top. It appeared to be a bunker. I looked up when the door suddenly opened, and Rickey handed me a pen and paper. He told me to write down what I thought was going to happen to me. He came back to get the paper, and I have not seen him since then. Every day discarded, half-rotten food is dropped into the bunker for me to eat, but I have never seen a person. From counting the days, I know that it has been four years since my abduction, and no one knows where I am. I wish I could travel back through time to warn myself. I would tell myself not to let my guard down, not to trust the new guy in school, and to always be aware of my surroundings. I was in my safe haven when I was abducted. I never thought anything bad could happen there, and I thought the worst had already happened. I wish I would have known that a conversation in the school hallway could lead me to where I am now. I have come to accept the fact that I will never get out of here, but I still wish I could go back to that night.



MATT E. BALL

LITERARY ANALYSIS, RESEARCH AND CRITICISM

CONTRIBUTING
STUDENT AUTHORS:
KAITLYN LOVE
KARLA MORGAN
SHELBY TAYLOR

THIS CULTURED HELL: CLAUDE MCKAY'S "AMERICA"

KAITLYN LOVE

STUDENT AT ARKANSAS STATE UNIVERSITY-NEWPORT

Harlem Renaissance poet, Claude McKay, was born in Jamaica, the youngest of eleven siblings. McKay began to write poetry at the age of ten and studied poetry and philosophy with Walter Jekyll who encouraged him to compose poems in the Jamaican dialect. McKay went on to study at Tuskegee Institute and Kansas State College before moving to New York in 1914. Although McKay was familiar with American life, he was also able to see this country with the critical perspective of an outsider.

In one of Claude McKay's most famous poems entitled "America," the speaker tells what he loves about this country but also what he hates about "this cultured hell that tests my youth." During the Harlem Renaissance, McKay encouraged black writers to use their literary voices to express the hardships and bigotry they encountered. Many writers like Claude McKay struggled during the early and mid twentieth-century because they lived in a country that celebrated freedom while allowing African Americans to live under dehumanizing Jim Crow laws. In "America," McKay incorporates metaphors such as "stealing my breath of life" to describe how America sucks the life out of marginalized people to the point that some lose faith in it. However, McKay also writes "Her vigor flows like tides into my blood, Giving me strength erect against her hate." These famous lines show how aggravating the injustice that African Americans were facing could be, but the speaker's tone inspires perseverance. The speaker of "America" states, "I stand within her walls with not a shred of terror, malice, not a word of jeer."

McKay joined the Industrial Workers of the World in autumn 1919 and inspired controversy in November 1922 when he traveled to Russia to take part in the Fourth Congress of the Communist International. He addressed the Third International in his speech, "Report on the Negro Question." McKay was widely celebrated by the Russian Communist Party, but he disapproved of the ways in which American Communists had ostracized and exploited African Americans in the United States. McKay also worked with the Universal Negro Improvement Association, and he was active in several efforts to assist African Americans seeking equality and civil justice in the United States before the civil rights movement.

McKay died on May 22, 1948 in Chicago, Illinois, but "America" is still one of the most widely anthologized poems in the American canon. Not only was Claude McKay an important part of the Harlem Renaissance movement, but he has inspired generations of African Americans since to demonstrate their talents and to stand up for their human rights.



DESTINY WYSS
CONTRIBUTING STUDENT ARTIST

IN A RICH AND FRUITFUL LAND: PITY AND REPROACH IN WILLIAM BLAKE'S "HOLY THURSDAY" POEMS

KARLA MORGAN

STUDENT AT ARKANSAS STATE UNIVERSITY-NEWPORT

In "Holy Thursday" from the *Songs of Innocence* volume, William Blake provides social commentary about orphan children who are taken to church in London. These children walk together in groups of two into the cathedral. Blake writes, "Twas on a Holy Thursday their innocent faces clean, The children walking two and two in red and blue and green." Blake invites the reader to consider the idea that children, no matter their background, are born innocent in God's eyes. The speaker states, "Now like a mighty wind, they raise to heaven the voice of song, Or like harmonious thunderings the seats of heaven among" to show that the children are singing loudly and in harmony to praise God. The children's singing is comparable to the voices of angels who are close to God and sing in perfect harmony. Blake then writes, "Beneath them sit the aged men, wise guardians of the poor, Then cherish pity, lest you drive an angel from your door." Blake suggests that the men who watch over these children should not judge them because children are of God, and these charitable guardians should not take satisfaction in their pity for them.

In "Holy Thursday" from the *Songs of Experience* volume, Blake shows the perspective of a more critical speaker, describing a place of much wealth and happiness where there are children who are still poor and hungry. Blake's social commentary is reproachful as the speaker states, "In a rich and fruitful land, Babes reduced to misery, Fed with cold and usurous hand?" He describes the land as "rich and fruitful," but because there are "so many children poor," it is a land of poverty. The speaker is in wonder at why all children are not provided for in this land of plenty. Blake writes, "And their sun does never shine. And their fields are bleak & bare. And their ways are fill'd with thorns. It is eternal winter there." Blake uses the metaphor of thorns to evoke the image of Christ, and to liken his suffering to the innocent children's impoverished lives. The speaker's tone is one of experience, placing blame on the powers that be in the country for allowing the suffering to continue.



MELISSA DONNER
CONTRIBUTING COMMUNITY PHOTOGRAPHER

MAGICAL REALISM AND SOCIAL COMMENTARY IN GABRIEL GARCIA MARQUEZ'S "A VERY OLD MAN WITH ENORMOUS WINGS"

SHELBY TAYLOR

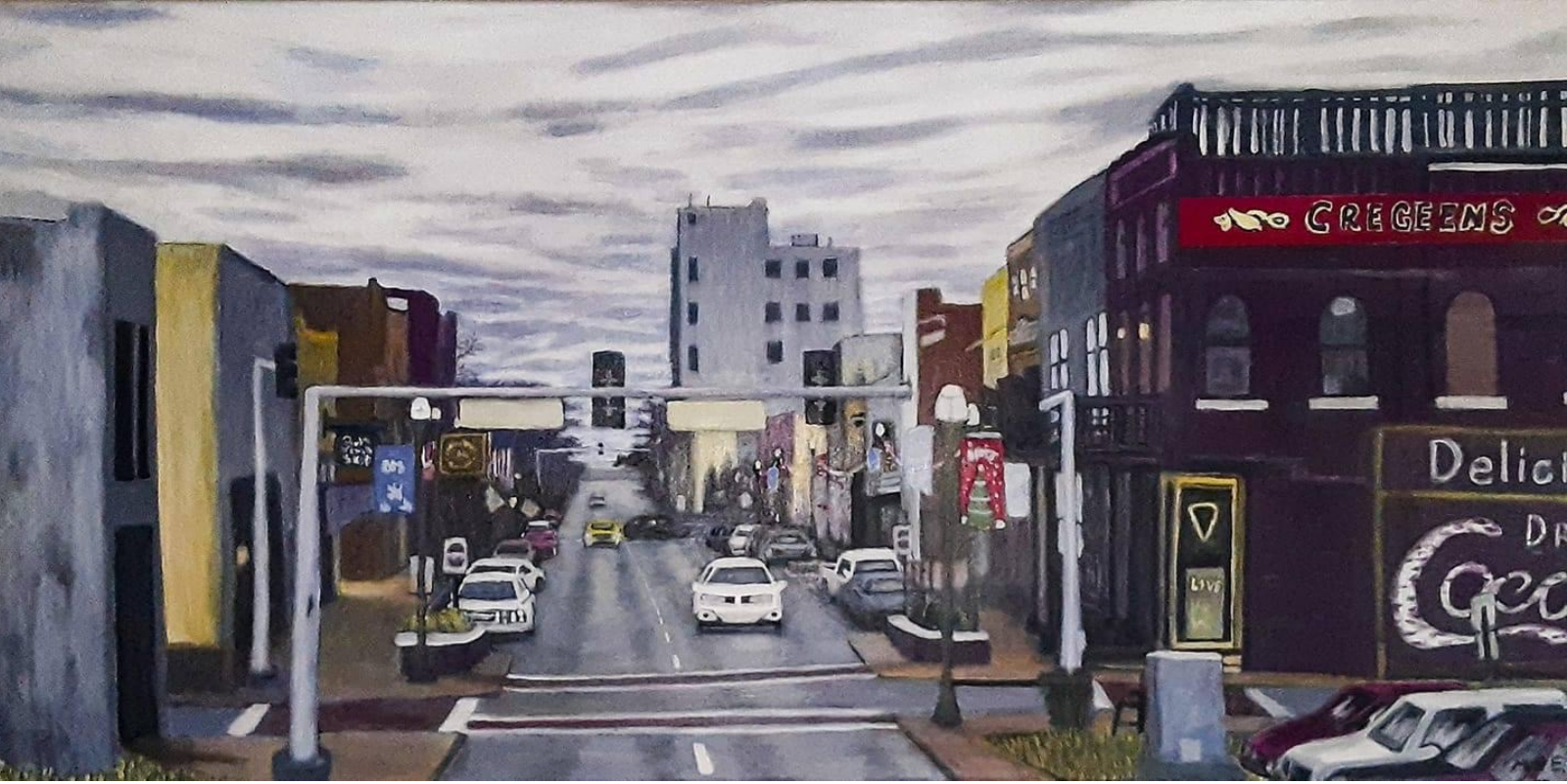
STUDENT AT ARKANSAS STATE UNIVERSITY-NEWPORT

Gabriel Garcia Marquez blends magical realism and social commentary in "A Very Old Man with Enormous Wings" through the state of the angel and how the characters interact with the angel. The interactions of characters take place in a realistic, day-to-day setting. The angel is, "dressed like a ragpicker," has "very few teeth in his mouth," and his wings are, "dirty and half-plucked," "forever entangled in the mud." The angel is in this fragile condition likely due to the storm he was swept in before he appears. Marquez's social commentary begins with the way the people in the town discredit the angel. The word itself evokes images of purity and grace, but the old man is written off by Pelayo and Elisenda and even the church's representative, Father Gonzaga. The priest does not believe the old man is an angel because he does not speak Latin and appears "much too human." The characters dismiss the magical encounter with the angel due to their own assumptions. Gabriel Garcia Marquez provides social commentary in the presence of the angel and the community's reaction to him, which demonstrates lack of faith, blindness to miracles, and mistreatment of the less fortunate. When the angel appears, the couple assume the old man is a stowaway despite his wings, but a wise neighbor advises them that he is an angel, stating, "He must have been coming for the child, but the poor fellow is so old he got swept away in the storm."



The neighbor tells Pelayo and Elisenda that the angel must have come for their sick child. The parents then decide to put the old angel into the chicken coup, trapped, because they do not wish to club him to death. When the child's health begins to improve, the parents make plans to send the old man away on a raft so they do not have to care for him. Their own selfish concerns take precedence as they ignore the correlation of the angel's presence and their child's recovery. However, Elisenda sees an opportunity to make money by keeping the old man around, so they do not send him away as they had originally planned to do.

Elisenda monetizes the old man's presence and makes people pay to view the angel. The crowd treats him like a circus animal, throwing things at him, prodding him and burning him with a hot iron for their amusement. The townspeople do not stop until he lashes out in pain after being burned and creates a whirlwind with his wings. After the incident, people stop coming to view the angel, but the couple have already gotten rich. They build a two-story house, Elisenda buys a wardrobe of expensive clothes, and Pelayo quits his job, then ironically begins tending rabbits. Meanwhile, the couple leave the chicken coup in poor and disgusting conditions. The couple are not concerned with the old man's health and well being once they no longer profit from his presence. Despite everything the angel has done for them, Pelayo and Elisenda still consider the old man a burden. However, the child does not use the old man for his own amusement but rather plays in the chicken coup alongside him, relaxed in his presence. The relationship between the angel and the child shows that the self-absorbed nature of the couple and the townspeople that hinders their ability to recognize a miracle or to show compassion to the less fortunate is learned rather than innate. Marquez demonstrates the view that cruelty and lack of empathy manifest as learned behaviors and are not inherent traits.



MATT E. BALL
FEATURED COMMUNITY ARTIST

CAMPUS CULTURE AND COMMUNITY ARTS

ARKANSAS STATE UNIVERSITY–NEWPORT CONTRIBUTING STUDENT ARTISTS
ASHLEY MCGAHA
DESTINY WYSS

ARKANSAS STATE UNIVERSITY–NEWPORT FEATURED FACULTY AND STAFF ARTISTS
LESLIE LOVE
CHENOA SUMMERS
MIKEL WEWERS

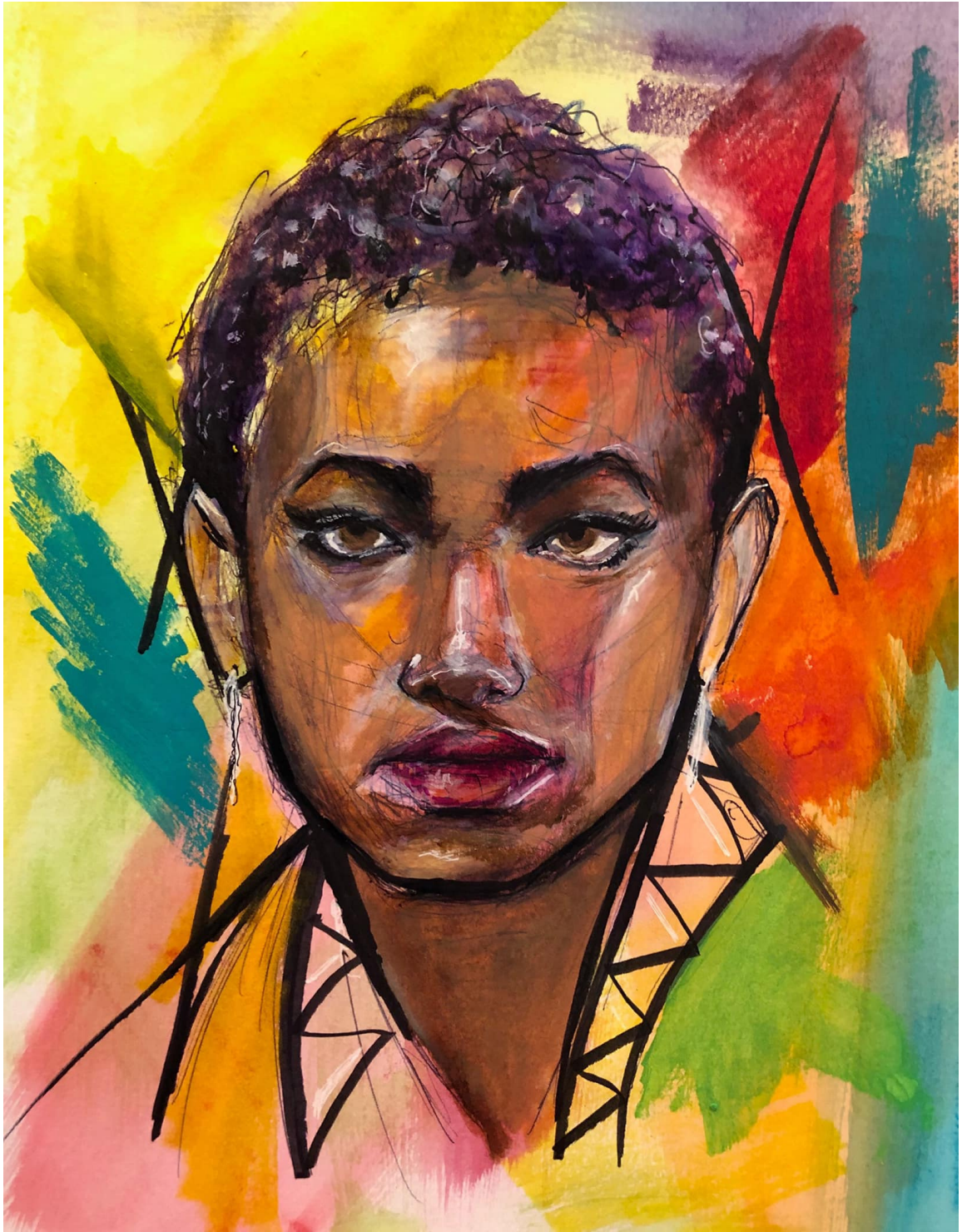
FEATURED COMMUNITY ARTISTS
MATT E. BALL
JERROD BROWN
ARIANA GRACE BROWN

CONTRIBUTING COMMUNITY ARTISTS
KHAIRAN STAFFORD
CALLI PERKINS
BEAU JONES

ARKANSAS STATE UNIVERSITY–NEWPORT CONTRIBUTING ALUMNA ARTIST
LORI BLOCK

ARKANSAS STATE UNIVERSITY–NEWPORT CONTRIBUTING FACULTY ARTIST
STEPHANIE KEYTON

ARKANSAS STATE UNIVERSITY–NEWPORT FEATURED FACULTY MUSICIAN
CHENOA SUMMERS

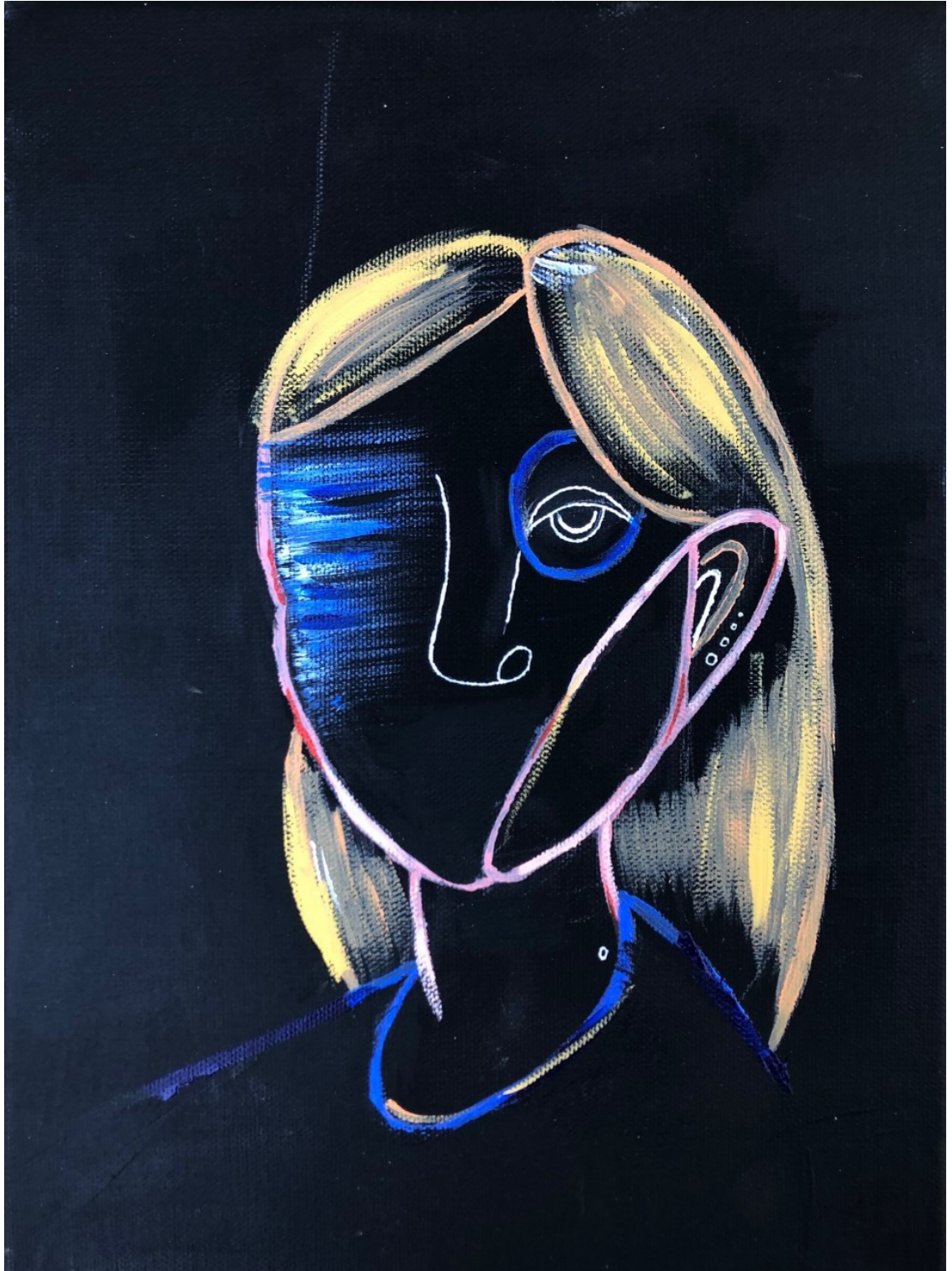


JERROD BROWN
FEATURED COMMUNITY ARTIST



DESTINY WYSS

STUDENT AT ARKANSAS STATE UNIVERSITY-NEWPORT



DESTINY WYSS
STUDENT AT ARKANSAS STATE UNIVERSITY-NEWPORT



ASHLEY MCGAHA
STUDENT AT ARKANSAS STATE UNIVERSITY-NEWPORT



ASHLEY MCGAHA

STUDENT AT ARKANSAS STATE UNIVERSITY-NEWPORT





CHENOA SUMMERS

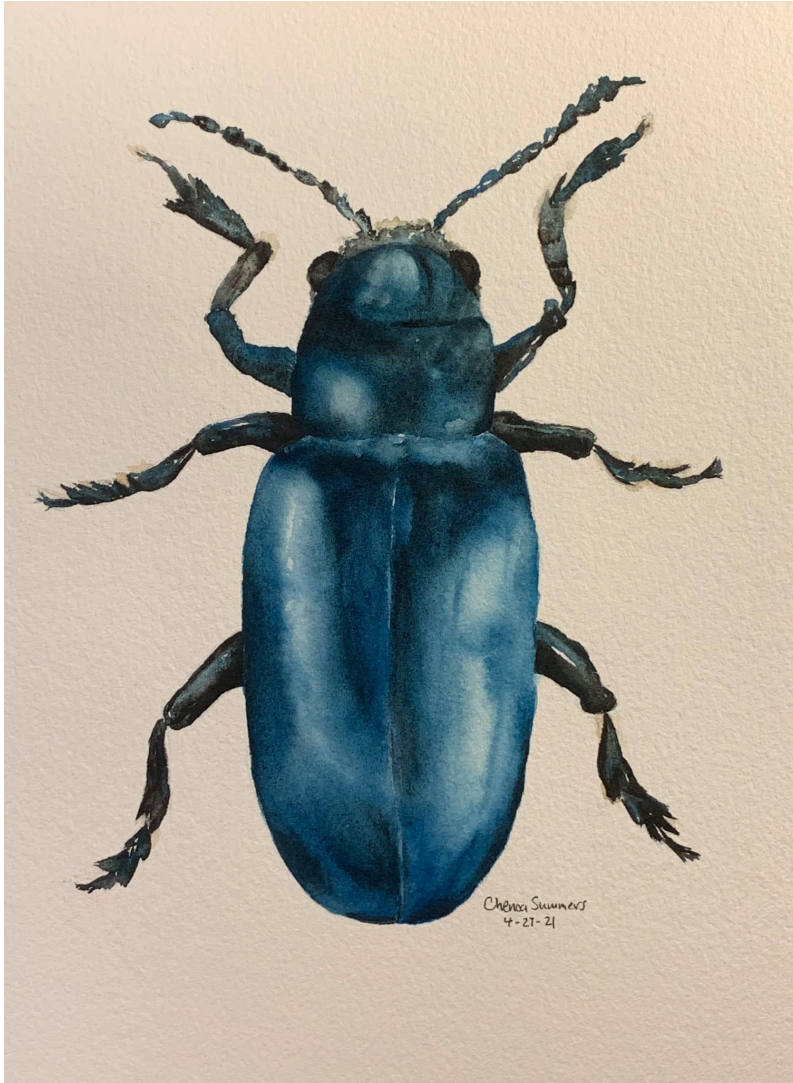
ADJUNCT INSTRUCTOR OF MATHEMATICS AND PHYSICAL SCIENCE
ARKANSAS STATE UNIVERSITY-NEWPORT

ASU-NEWPORT FEATURED FACULTY ARTIST
CHENOA SUMMERS



Chenoa Summers, Adjunct Instructor of Mathematics and Physical Science at Arkansas State University-Newport, is a watercolorist and gouache painter who specializes in science, nature, and botanicals, as well as animals, landscapes, and abstracts. Her work was included in the arts section of the 2020 issue of *ASUN Lit Pub*, and several of her pieces are featured throughout this issue. Summers has created an extensive portfolio, and a selection of her works for sale can be viewed at chenoasummers.mypportfolio.com. To learn more about Chenoa Summers and her work, visit her Facebook page @AnthropocenicArt.





CHENOA SUMMERS

ADJUNCT INSTRUCTOR OF MATHEMATICS AND PHYSICAL SCIENCE
ARKANSAS STATE UNIVERSITY-NEWPORT



CHENOA SUMMERS

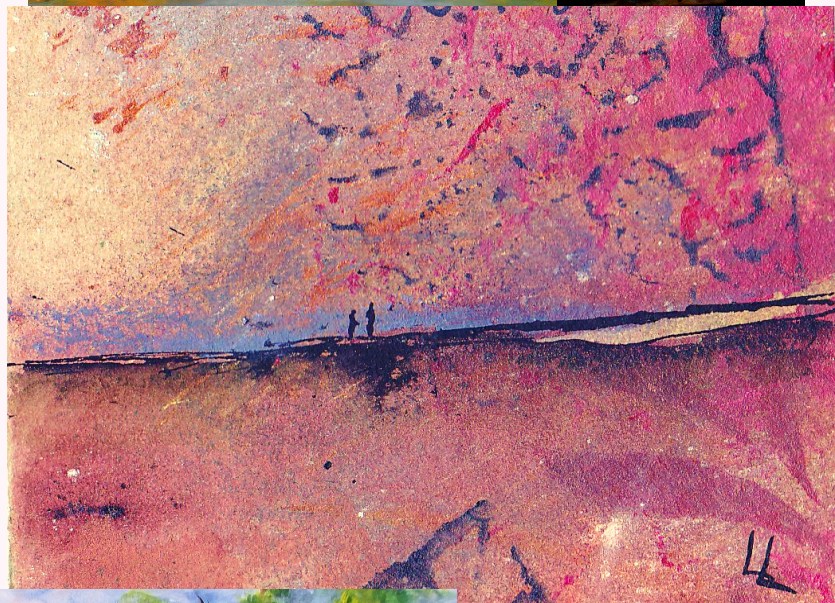
ADJUNCT INSTRUCTOR OF MATHEMATICS AND PHYSICAL SCIENCE
ARKANSAS STATE UNIVERSITY-NEWPORT

ASU-NEWPORT FEATURED FACULTY ARTIST

LESLIE LOVE

Leslie Love, Assistant Professor of Life Science at Arkansas State University-Newport, has been drawing and painting since she was a child. Love is primarily a studio painter and works from a large library of photos that she has taken, but she also enjoys painting *en plein air* in Izard County, Arkansas where she resides on a small farm with her husband, Dale. For many years, she owned and operated a faux finish and mural business called Love Designs. She has participated in several workshops, the first of which, led by Glenn Ray Tutor, sparked her interest in acrylics. Love also participated in a portrait workshop led by Greg Cartmell and studied mural painting with Nicola Vignini of San Antonio and Sean Crosby of New York. She has shown at several regional exhibitions and galleries including the Artists of the Delta Exhibition, the Tunica River Museum, and the Prairie Arts Festival in West Point, Mississippi where she was awarded the first prize in 2015.

To learn more about Leslie Love and her work, visit her page at facebook.com/LeslieLoveArt





LESLIE LOVE

ASSISTANT PROFESSOR OF LIFE SCIENCE
ARKANSAS STATE UNIVERSITY-NEWPORT FEATURED FACULTY ARTIST



LESLIE LOVE

ASSISTANT PROFESSOR OF LIFE SCIENCE

ARKANSAS STATE UNIVERSITY-NEWPORT FEATURED FACULTY ARTIST



LESLIE LOVE

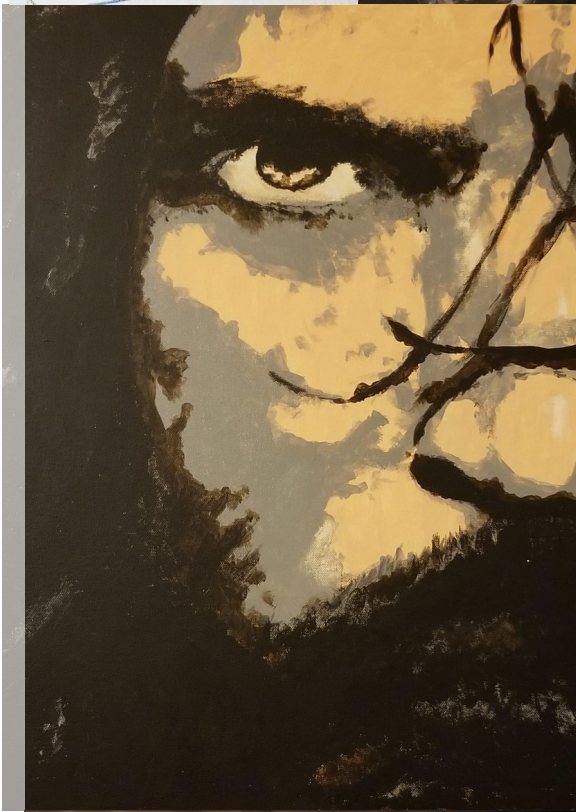
ASSISTANT PROFESSOR OF LIFE SCIENCE
ARKANSAS STATE UNIVERSITY-NEWPORT FEATURED FACULTY ARTIST

ASU-NEWPORT FEATURED ARTIST

MIKEL WEWERS

Mikel Wewers is a local painter who was born in Kingsport, Tennessee and grew up in Jonesboro, Arkansas. Wewers took art classes as a child but says that he fell out of practice during his adolescence and early adulthood. Wewers remarked that over the years, he always wanted to recapture the spirit of creativity that he enjoyed during his youth. "I always thought I had the potential but had lost the free, creative mind of a child."

While employed as a maintenance assistant for Arkansas State University-Newport, Wewers began working alongside his aunt, Paula Wewers, a former art teacher, in her custom framing shop, The Mustard Seed in Jonesboro. There he had the opportunity to converse with his aunt about art history and to learn about the various media and styles of art that customers brought into the shop to be framed. He became inspired to start drawing again while working in the frame shop and began by creating a series of graphite portraits of his favorite artists. He drew portraits of Michelangelo, Leonardo da Vinci, Monet, and Picasso. Wewers shared that he felt discouraged at first, thinking that the pieces would not turn out well, but he surprised himself each time he finished a portrait. In the fall of 2020, Wewers painted a series of acrylic portraits of celebrated artists, musicians, and historic figures, many of which are featured in this issue. He says he likes painting iconic portraits but finds joy in creating personal portraits for art buyers as well. "I love hearing the stories of why people want different artists or family members painted. Whether they are big fans of someone, or they want a portrait in remembrance of a family member, or couples that want their first picture together, it feels good to give them something they love."



“IF YOU HAVE ALWAYS WANTED TO DO SOMETHING—ART, MUSIC, A NEW CAREER CHOICE, SOMETHING THAT FILLS YOUR HEART, JUST TRY. TRY A LITTLE AT A TIME. NO MATTER HOW YOUNG OR OLD YOU ARE, IF IT BRINGS YOU JOY, TRY. YOU MIGHT SURPRISE YOURSELF.”

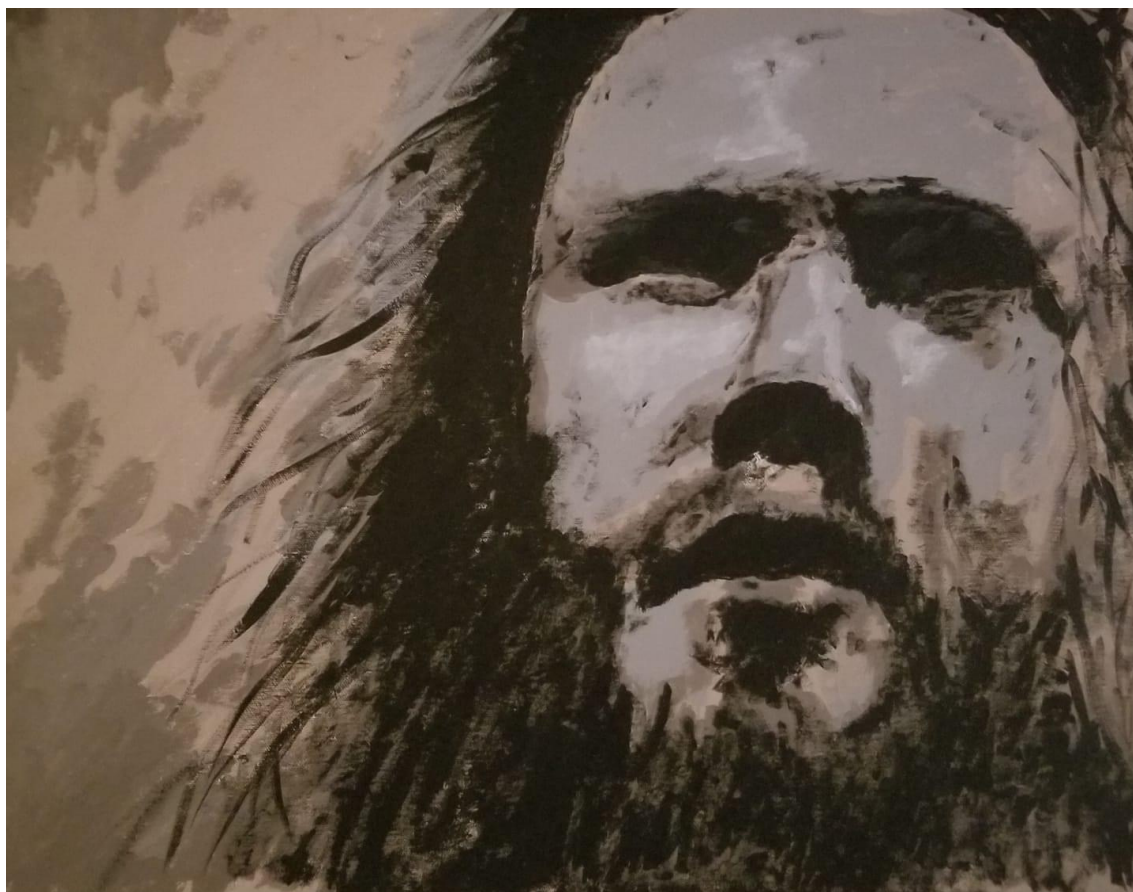
—MIKEL WEWERS

In 2021, Mikel Wewers has enjoyed the success of his expanding art business with several commissions and growing sales. He was chosen as the featured Artist of the Month at the Forum in Jonesboro, and he showed his work alongside other community artists and artisans at the first annual Oasis Arts Festival that took place in May of 2021.

Wewers shared that at this stage of his life, he feels a new level of creativity within him has been reborn, and becoming a professional artist “is such a blessing and a new happiness found at the age of 46.”

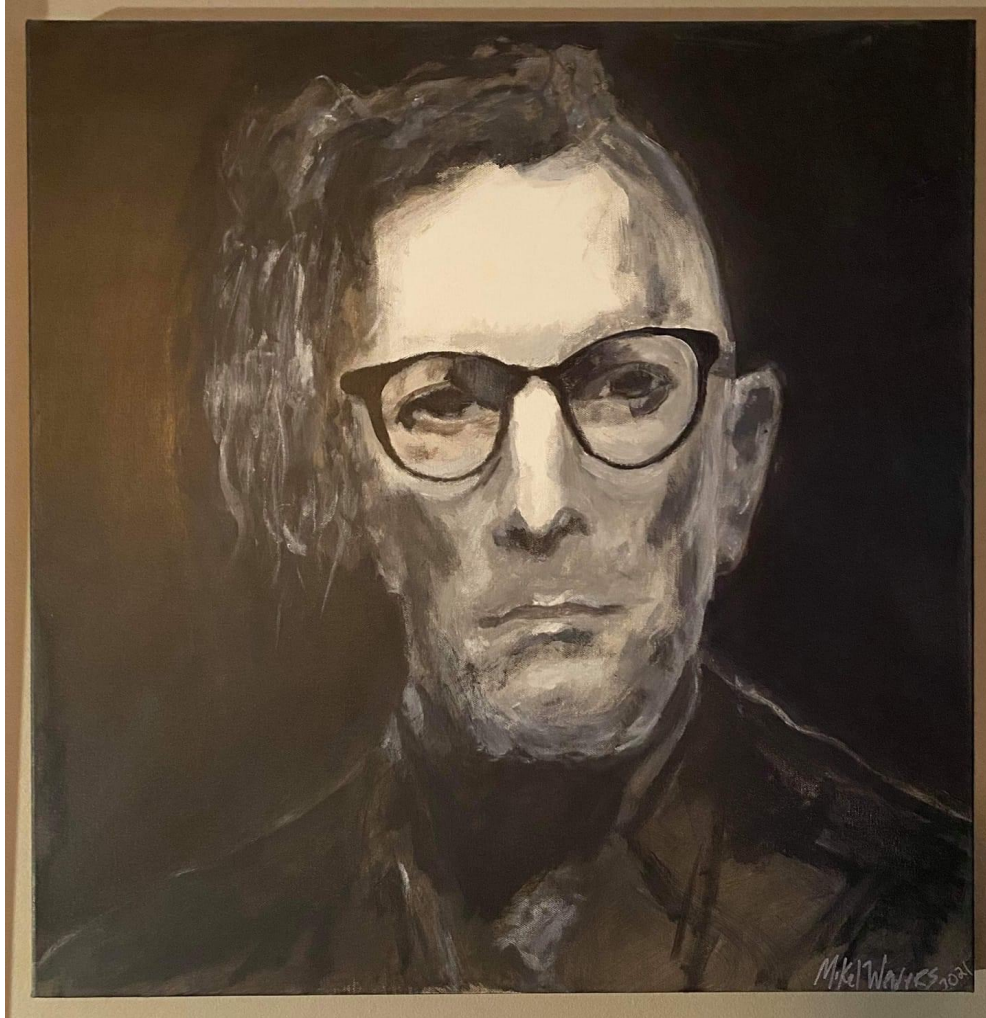
To learn more about Mikel Wewers and his work, visit his social media accounts [@mikelwewersart](#).





MIKEL WEWERS

ARKANSAS STATE UNIVERSITY-NEWPORT FEATURED ARTIST



MIKEL WEVERS

ARKANSAS STATE UNIVERSITY-NEWPORT FEATURED ARTIST

FEATURED COMMUNITY ARTIST

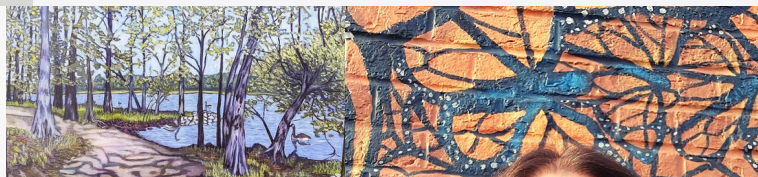
MATT E. BALL

Matt E. Ball is a fifth-generation Arkansan, formally trained as a painter, who earned a Master of Arts from Arkansas State University. He exhibits regularly with the NEA Artist Collective, and his work is featured on the front cover and throughout the pages of this issue. His primary medium is acrylics, but he also works in digital video, mixed media, and sculpture. Ball has created several series of abstract and surrealist paintings including *Pinkus the Pink Elephant*, *Cogs in the Wheel*, *Wild Creatures*, *Where I Dwell*, *The Sun*, *Primary Colors*, and *How I See It*, as well as representational Northeast Arkansas landscapes in *The Delta*, and *Meet You Halfway There*. Matt E. Ball's work reflects his religious upbringing and personal history of mental illness, as well as small town life amid the natural beauty of Crowley's Ridge.

Artist Statement:

My creativity floats and rushes in the wind of consciousness. I go where it moves me. I simply facilitate and document the experience. I view art pieces as containers that hold the substance of the artwork. My art is filled with visual symbols that are depicted in a manner often synthesized from societal influences.

TO LEARN MORE ABOUT MATT E. BALL'S WORK, VISIT WWW.MATTEBALL.COM AND HIS YOUTUBE CHANNEL TITLED, MATT E. BALL.





MATT E. BALL
FEATURED COMMUNITY ARTIST



MATT E. BALL
FEATURED COMMUNITY ARTIST



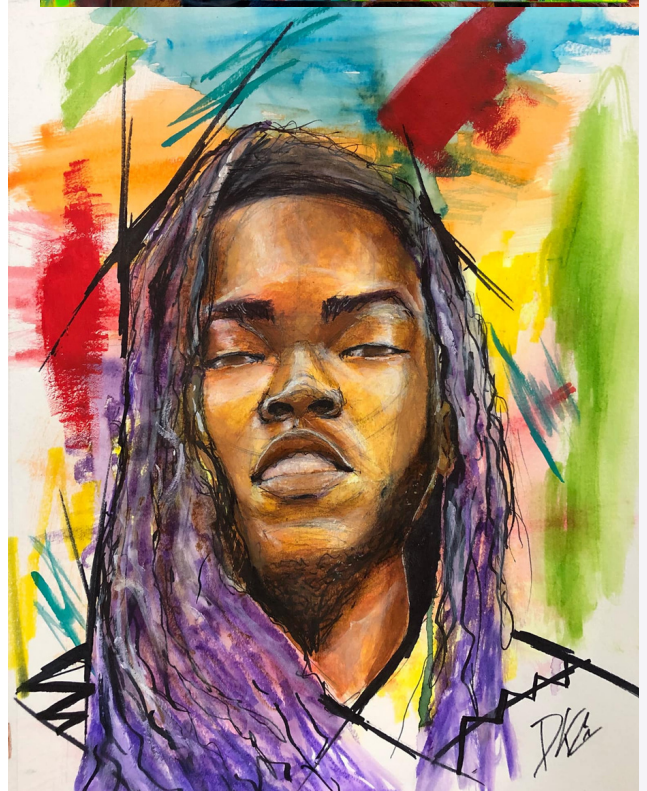
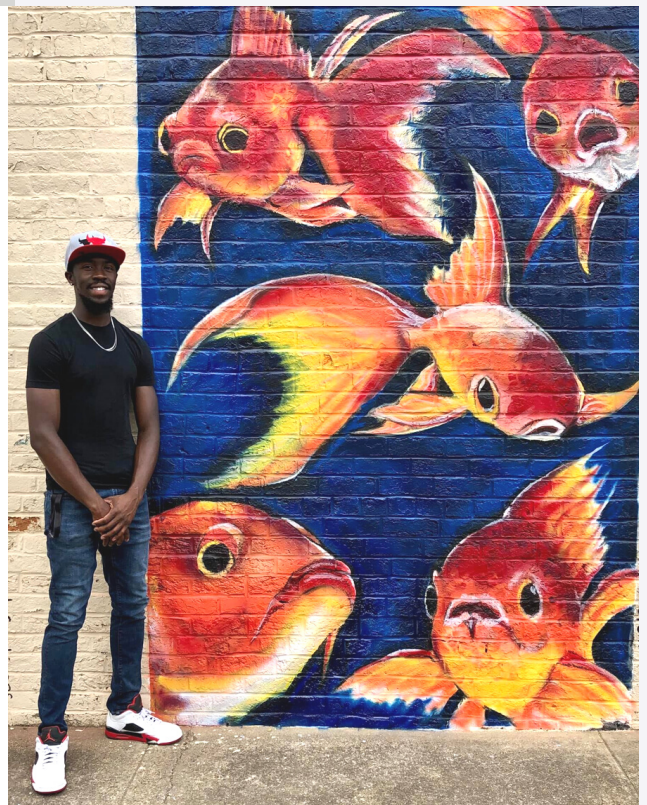
MATT E. BALL
FEATURED COMMUNITY ARTIST

FEATURED COMMUNITY ARTIST

JERROD BROWN

Jerrod Brown is a local artist and entrepreneur who began his career as a painter and has since created his own custom painted footwear and apparel business, Dropkicks Custom. He is originally from Forrest City, Arkansas and moved to Jonesboro in 2016 with his wife, Shandria. Brown created DropKicks Custom in the spring of 2015, and he maintains a busy schedule working as an operator at the Nestle Production Plant in Jonesboro and balancing his personal responsibilities as a husband and father while making time for his creative pursuits. Brown shared that he remembers sometimes completing jobs by painting with one arm and holding his infant son in the other.

Brown said, "I have been drawing as long as I can remember," but he began to take a more serious interest in becoming a professional artist during his freshman year of high school. When he began talking about his idea to become a painter and create a custom sneaker business, Brown's father encouraged him to get started and to work to make his dream a reality. Since 2015, Brown was chosen as one of the artists whose work is featured on the mural wall in Downtown Jonesboro. He has enjoyed the success of his growing custom sneaker and apparel business and has shown paintings at several local venues and events, including Art House Gallery and the first annual Oasis Arts Festival that took place in Jonesboro in May of 2021.



"ALL MY CUSTOM SNEAKERS ARE ONE OF ONES. IT'LL JUST BE ANOTHER PAIR OF SHOES TO YOU IF YOU DON'T VALUE THE ART."



Jerrod Brown is enjoying the growing success and social media following that Dropkicks Custom has gained since he created the business in 2015. He plans to continue painting as much as his schedule allows and looks forward to growing his business in 2022. Brown has included likenesses of iconic professional athletes in several of his paintings, and he hopes one day to expand Dropkicks Custom to create custom sneakers and apparel for professional athletes and celebrities.



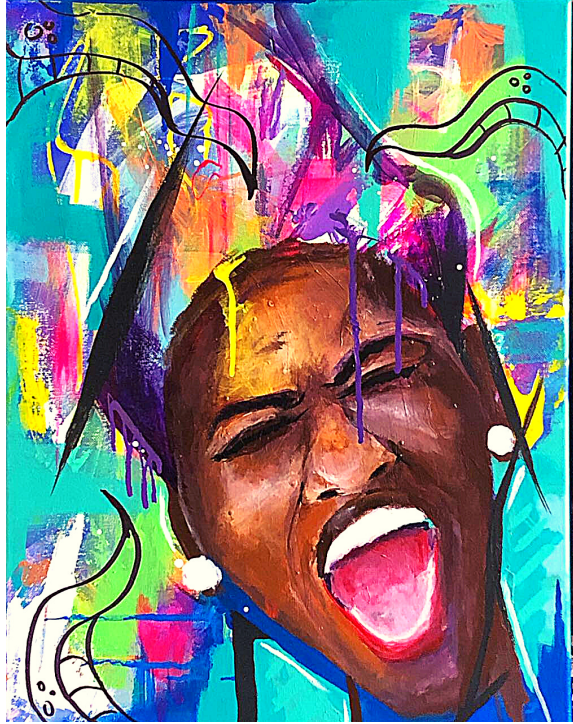
Custom sneakers from Dropkicks Custom are sold only on commission, and the custom paint design for each pair of shoes is unique. For commissions or to learn more about Brown's work, please visit his social media accounts @dropkicks_custom.

JERROD BROWN @DROPKICKS_CUSTOM

PHOTOGRAPHS PROVIDED BY THE ARTIST



JERROD BROWN
FEATURED COMMUNITY ARTIST



JERROD BROWN

FEATURED COMMUNITY ARTIST



ARIANA GRACE DESIGNS
FEATURED COMMUNITY ARTIST

FEATURED COMMUNITY ARTIST

ARIANA GRACE DESIGNS

"CONSIDERING WHAT OUR WORLD, NATION, AND COMMUNITIES ARE RECOVERING FROM, I CAN THINK OF NO BETTER TIME TO CELEBRATE OUR RESILIENCE."



Ariana Grace Brown is a local painter, graphic designer, and mixed media artist who lives and works in Jonesboro, Arkansas. She is the creator and owner of Ariana Grace Designs, a mixed media, graphic design, and branding business. She is a self-taught creative who also writes and curates a lifestyle blog promoting chronic illness awareness while "showcasing the healing power of art." When asked about her inspiration and motivation, she shared that no matter which medium she chooses to work in, she feels "most alive" when she is creating. "While battling chronic illness, art has healed wounds that no treatment, medication, or doctor could reach."



Artist Statement:
Through art, photography, and a lifestyle blog, my goals and passions are to inspire and uplift through original artwork and designs with the belief that healing can come from art through the act of creating.



TO LEARN MORE ABOUT
ARIANA GRACE DESIGNS, VISIT
ARIANAGRACEDESIGNS.COM
OR IG @_ARIANAGRACE_



LORI BLOCK

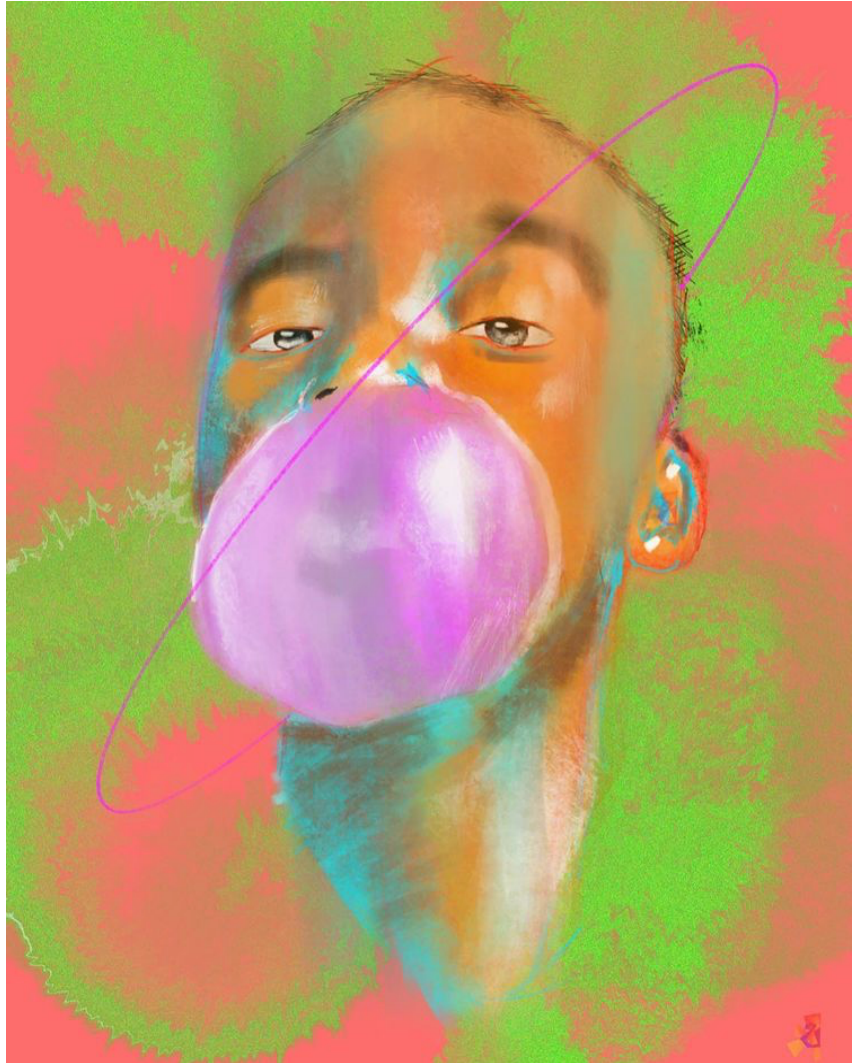
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LESLIE LOVE

ASSISTANT PROFESSOR OF LIFE SCIENCE
ARKANSAS STATE UNIVERSITY-NEWPORT FEATURED FACULTY ARTIST



CALLI PERKINS
CONTRIBUTING COMMUNITY ARTIST



ASU-NEWPORT FEATURED MUSICIAN

CHENOA SUMMERS

Chenoa Summers, Adjunct Instructor of Mathematics and Physical Science at Arkansas State University-Newport, is an independent singer/songwriter from Jonesboro, Arkansas. Her musical influences include Claudio Sanchez, Conor Murphy, Foxing, Phoebe Bridgers, Prize Fighter Inferno, and Julien Baker. Summers was the frontwoman of Laith, a post-rock band from Jonesboro, Arkansas who released an EP entitled *Endless* in 2017 and a full-length album entitled *Bonds* in 2018. In 2019, Summers released her solo debut, an atmospheric rock album, *Hazy Eyes*.

Chenoa Summers performed as part of the Delta Musicians Showcase at the Delta Arts Festival in Newport, Arkansas on June 4th and 5th, 2021.

TO LEARN MORE ABOUT CHENOA SUMMERS AND HER MUSIC, VISIT CHENOASUMMERS.MYPORTFOLIO.COM

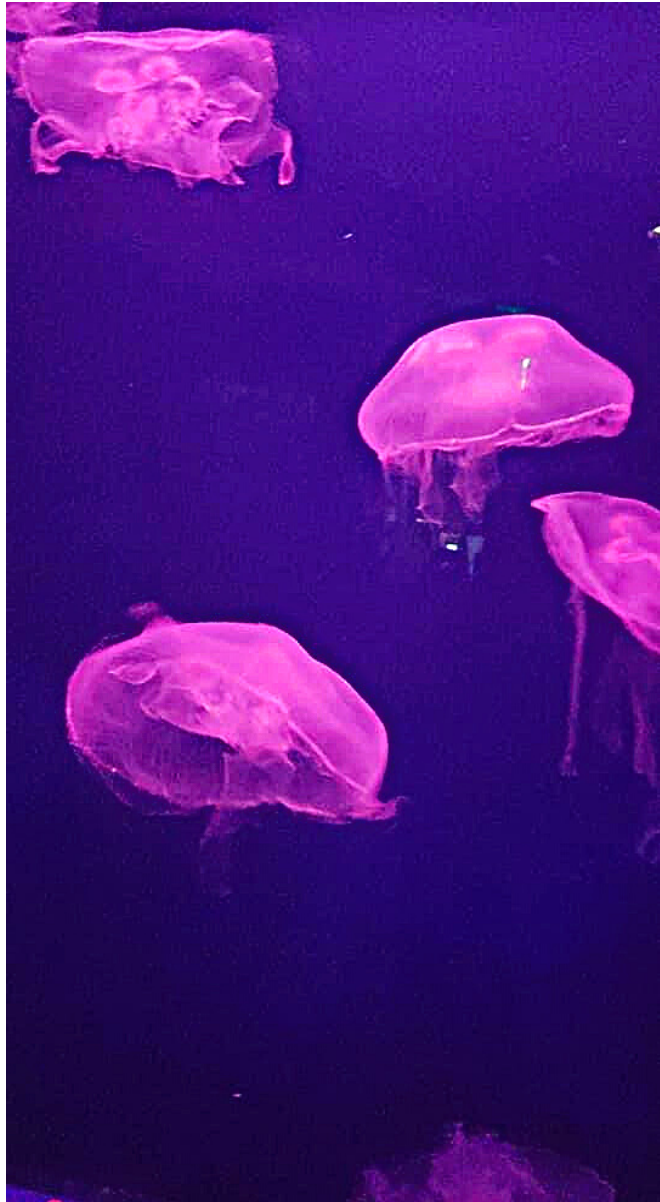
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ASHLEY TALLANT
CONTRIBUTING COMMUNITY PHOTOGRAPHER

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MARIE PRATT

STUDENT AT ARKANSAS STATE UNIVERSITY-NEWPORT

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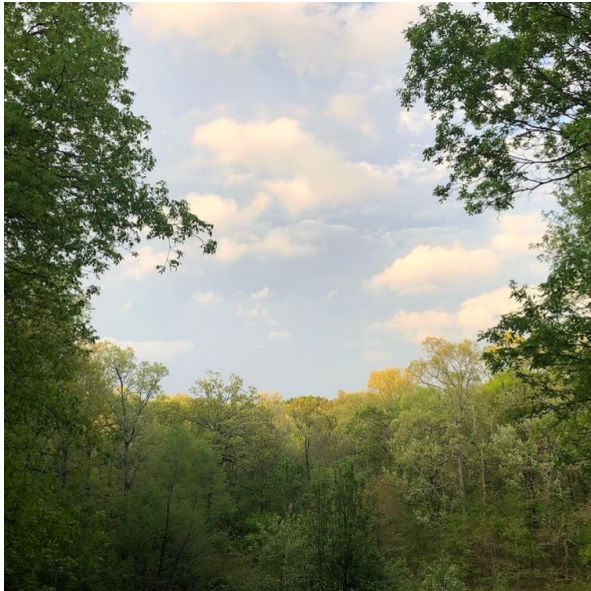
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STUDENT AT ARKANSAS STATE UNIVERSITY-NEWPORT

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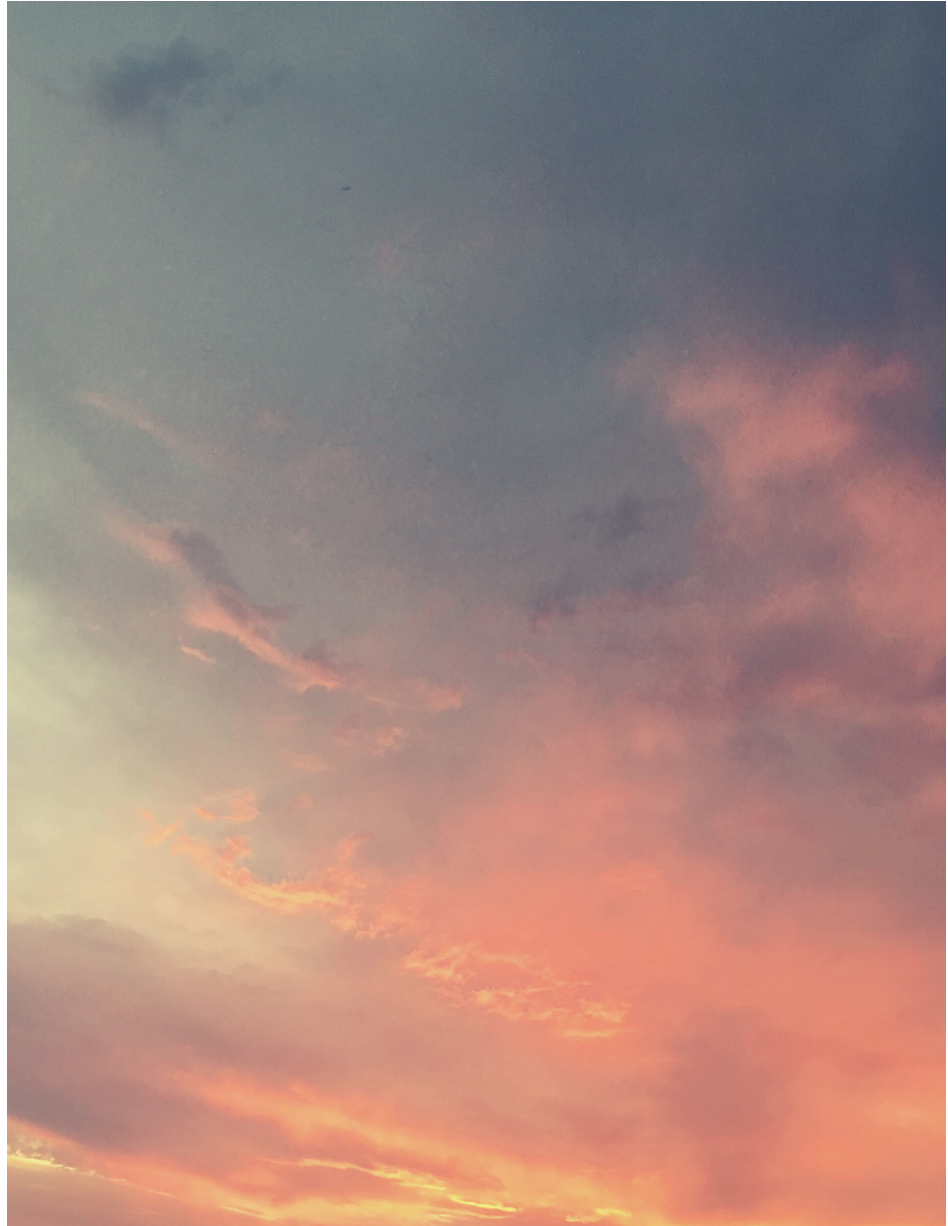
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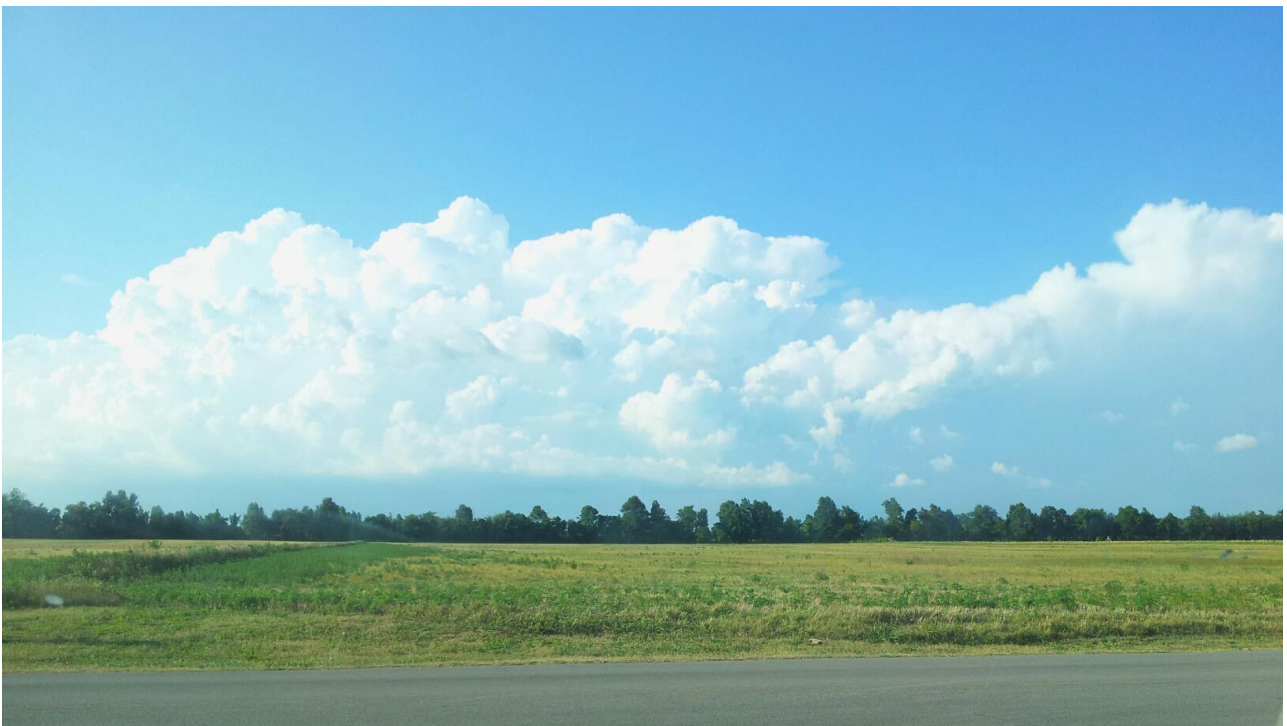
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