A magazine of the arts, Sirocco is published in April of each year by students of Georgia Southwestern State University. GSW is a senior unit of the University System of Georgia and an affirmative action/equal opportunity institution. Opinions expressed in the magazine are neither those of the editors nor those of the University.

Submissions are welcome anytime, but cannot be read or acted upon except during January and February. Submissions must not have been previously published and must be submitted in electronic format. Authors and artists should have some present or past affiliation with Georgia Southwestern State University. No work will be returned.

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Inspiration. Expression. Freedom. These are the ideas the *Sirocco* staff kept coming back to when discussing a theme for this year’s edition that represents art at Georgia Southwestern State University. We also focused on the image of the phoenix—the symbol of rebirth, renewal, and rejuvenation. So you are probably wondering why we picked a nature picture with green moss and trees as the cover. We felt this picture represents this same concept of renewal, in just a different way than fire and ashes. The staircase leads up the path into the viewer’s imagination, into something wondrous and unknown, which is peaceful and invigorating at the same time. “Kindling the Flames” is all about what inspires us to make art. The smallest and simplest of moments can spark an idea that turns into something beautiful. The color of a leaf, the light streaming through a window, a good book, a discussion in class, the sound of laughter, a particularly bad day; the list of possibilities is endless. These moments are all around us, waiting to be noticed and captured—all we have to do is pay attention (and keep a sketchbook, a journal, or a guitar nearby.) *Sirocco* celebrates the widespread inspiration for artists and the diversity of work it helps create. Nothing is too simple or ordinary with creativity and new perspectives. I would like to thank all of the artists who submitted their work for sharing their inspiration with us. I would like to especially thank our faculty advisor, Dr. Genie Bryan, and our music faculty advisor, Dr. Mark Laughlin, for their hard work, our “ghost art editor,” Sunni Zemblowski, for her expertise, and the staff: Ashley Bratcher, Angel Medina, Brittney Musser, Alison McCarter, Ellen Kay, and Jody Spence for their dedication. We hope this magazine will become a source of inspiration for everyone that opens it.

Elizabeth McDermott
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From the top left, going clockwise: Angel Medina, Ashley Bratcher, Jody Spence, Alison McCarter, Elizabeth McDermott, Ellen Kay, and Brittney Musser.
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### Disclaimer:
Grammar and proofreading are the sole responsibilities of the authors.
SELF-IMMOLATION

Sunni Zemblowski

Photograph
Music Sketch: “So What” - Miles Davis

Quentin Lonon
Oil on Canvas
Angel

Tiesha Carson
Pastels
UNTITLED
Justin Hodges
Photograph
I’m Not Going to Slay the Dragon

Elisa Boswell
Intaglio
IMPACT

Philip Vinson
Mahogany and Steel
I was born unto this world the way that most people are—squirted out into a brightly-lit room full of people I’d never know, and one certain person whom I’d regard with the highest, and at times, lowest respect. I was spanked on the rear, to make sure that I wasn’t a still-y. I wasn’t of course. Who else would be writing this was I born Quiet? And I do not mean the Quiet that a child succumbs to after having been scolded one too many times, but the Quiet that one emits only once in their life. A Quiet so intense, that it seeps into every surrounding crevasse and leaves it, well Quiet.

Each Quiet is different, the durations vary from Quiet to Quiet. Some end immediately, as greedy sons and daughters sprint to banks to withdraw their inheritances; other Quiets though, can linger for decades. It is the infant Quiets though, which receive the most mourning. A life ended before it even began. A mother robbed of her baby boy; a father robbed of his little girl. A single dream, shared between two entities, shattered. Two hearts devastated, and left with their spirits, irreparably broken. Everything is then Quiet.

Mommy is made to spend an extra day in the hospital, and she watches the other parents pass by her window. They shield their babies from her view, because they all know. So she is left in her cold, gray room without even Daddy. She knows not where he is; only that he can probably be found drowning his sorrow in a bottle of Jack. What she does know, is that he won’t be visiting her tonight. No longer being able to handle the passersby, she rolls onto her side, and everything is Quiet.

As she is about to slip into unconsciousness, the shrill ring of her cell phone jolts her back. Hoping its Daddy, she quickly answers, but instead of his slurred tone, she is greeted by cheers of joy and “Congratulations!” Mommy, they call her, and who would ever have known how much a single word could hurt. The cheers are met by a Quiet interrupted only by the soft sobs of Mommy... And they know. Apologizes are given at a rapid pace, and the only thing Mommy has strength enough for, is to drop her phone. Everything is once again Quiet.

Sleep does not come to her that night; she is accompanied only by that cursed Quiet. A little after dawn she is released from the hospital. Daddy is waiting in the hall with a wheelchair, and as he wheels her to the entrance, he is Quiet. She does not break this silence, not even once they are in the car on the way home.

Not even when they reach their house and have crossed the threshold without a baby in their arms is the Quiet broken. Blue balloons litter the entryway, and it is their lifelessness that reminds Mommy of the newly painted baby blue room upstairs. She does not know how, but she finds herself standing before the door to the room. Daddy is nowhere to be found. As she pushes open the door, it
is not the color of the walls that brings about the first tear to her eye, but the crib in the corner of the room with two blue teddy bears as its only occupants. Though her head is spinning and her eyes are full of tears, not one falls, and everything around her is Quiet.

It is then that Daddy reappears. Comforting hands rest upon Mommy’s shoulders, and she slacks. It is then that the Quiet is finally broken. Her tears seem endless, and as Daddy joins her, the cascade overtakes them. It sweeps them away, and they float adrift a sea of seemingly boundless sorrow. They cry tears of anguish and desolation, and as he holds her, their weight begins to sink them. They drown in their despair, without even the Quiet to comfort them.
Your silver tongue wove a spell
of deep slumber (around me);
enveloping me in a world of sweet dreams,
and just to be fair, a few requisite nightmares
to add gravity to the dream-world
to keep me from floating away, forever into the sky;

In this land, a blue moon once rose
and reigned over the atmospheric night –
**night after night**, followed by sweet night;

*stargazing,*
surrounded by the astonishing fragrance of
dragon fruit, moon flowers, and night jasmine
in this garden of evening,
I behold this lovely moon – in awestruck wonder – **this miracle** that only comes
once in a lifetime.
Let silence fill your words
That every thought you utter
May not be in vain
Ignored by masses tuning out
The sounds they so often hear.
Let silence fill your mind
That you may not pursue life
So quickly that you miss
The sound of the falling rain
Dripping, dripping to nature’s beat
The music of the universe
Forgotten by its people.
Let silence fill your heart
That peace may radiate
In a world of anger
And self-absorption.
Let fire fill your soul
Your dreams unreachable
Can now be attained
And the world at your fingertips
Responds
Sirocco

Looking Out My Windows

Benjamin Moody

Looking out my windows, as the world creates its past,
Concerned with the ways of man, unconcerned with the things that last.
Behold our short existence, beyond our feeble days,
An existence of splendor, an incomparable world so vast.

What about the leaves of green painted by the sun’s rays?
Or the grey mountains covered in the morning haze?
Could it be that we have sight yet we do not see?
Could it be that we have forgotten nature’s praise?

Pray that disillusion is not the master of me.
That my mind remains open and my eyes forever free.
That each passing moment is looked upon with care.
No longer a life of indifference, no longer an absentee.

Looking out my windows, I cannot help but to stare,
At these sights so common, these sights so rare.
Always before me, always I err.
Time passes, time fades, beware.
New Dust

Devon Kester

A different world
One that is spinning much slower than it did once before
So slowly life itself drifts quietly like floating dust particles in the sunlight
Dust slowly collecting on a table
Presenting a surface in which a child can scribble their name
Quiet steps into adulthood
Dust in the sunlight
A small speck of time
QUILT

Elisa Boswell
Linocut

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Music Sketch: “So What” - Miles Davis

Quentin Lonon
Oil on Canvas
Waterfall at Sunset

Felicity Pierson
Oil on Canvas
UNTITLED
Sunni Zemblowski
Scratchboard

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Blue Ridge Mountains

Felicity Pierson
Oil on Window Frame

26
Before Delirium: The Delight of Childhood

Sunni Zemblowski
Collage
The memories of long ago still haunt her to this day. She can still recall what it was like that cold winter’s night. Candles illuminated everything from ornately worked chandeliers as swirling figures clad in rich brocades, velvets, and silks danced the night away. Ladies’ fans filled the air with a gentle hum while whispered voices mingled with the laughter and song that rang throughout the hall. No celebration was ever quite as glorious as this one, as the aristocracy ushered in the New Year with all the extravagant opulence they were so accustomed to.

She was young. She was beautiful. She was magnificent, easily outshining the other ladies of the court. She could still taste the delicious bouquet of the wine young men brought her to drink. Still smell the perfume she wore behind her right ear. Still feel the texture of her velvet gown against her skin. How radiant she had looked that frigid December night! How rosy were her cheeks! How bright were her eyes!

But all of that was gone now, and had been for some time. She sighed, a melancholy sound like no one had ever heard, holding her head in her hands. Her hair cascaded over her shoulders, shielding her face from the world. How she yearned for that day long since past! How her very soul wept for the joy she once took for granted!

A slight smile slipped through the tears as she thought of the all the handsome young men that had asked her to dance. How hesitant she had been to take the first few hands. Nevertheless she let them lead her out onto the dance floor, immediately feeling at home in their arms and following all the steps. They were all such graceful dancers. She remembered how hard it was for her to let them go. How she feared each dance would be her last, thinking she might never dance again. Yet each time another young man lay in wait. Oh so many young men wanted her to dance with them that night. And dance she did, danced her cares away.

As the night progressed her heart rate increased. So much excitement filled her veins and animated the atmosphere. Smiles lit every face in the room as they all carried out their merry making and festivities. Lovers met behind columns for quick kisses and children ran around playing games to keep themselves occupied as mothers, fathers, and elder siblings talked, danced, and drank the night away. A slight headache began to pound in her head. She had drunk too much wine but she didn’t care. Nothing could go wrong with this night.
She rose from her position, head still hung low, lost in her memories. She walked along the now deserted corridor in silence. Sunlight streamed through the cracks in the boarded up windows, barely illuminating the space. Dust particles floated aimlessly in the air, gilding cobwebs like dew gilds the grass at morning. Moth eaten drapery clung desperately to curtain rods, struggling to remain as they once were. Time was a cruel mistress, leaving all ravaged and ragged with decay. Her fingertips brushed across table tops where delicious food and drink was once served. Now tarnished, empty serving platters and cracked crystal goblets were all that remained. How far all had fallen since that night!

The clock struck midnight; the revelers games reached their height. Beautiful music crescendoed in the background. Oh how her dress had swirled around her as her partner picked up the pace to match the playing of the instruments. Her head fell back in rapturous laughter, cheeks rosier than they had been all night. Faster and faster they twirled, her eyes gleaming wildly with abandon. Suddenly the music stopped, the screams of women ringing throughout the hall. All went dark.

It seemed like only yesterday everything was right in the world. She was young, beautiful, elegant; a prize for any suitor who might be looking her way. Her mother, so proud of how her daughter had grown, so confident she would continue to grow from a beautiful young girl to an elegant woman and mother.

All of that hope was gone now. The years had flown by; her mother had died of old age, grandchild-less, alone in an opulent house and surrounded by finery that meant nothing. Her youth and beauty and her mother’s happiness had been desecrated in one singular moment.

As all went dark she could hear the screams continue, her mother’s shrill screech louder than any other. The touch of the man she was dancing with grew so soft she could barely feel it any more. She began to panic, wondering what was wrong, why she couldn’t see.

Suddenly, the scene became clear. Her mother was standing over her, crying, as she lay oh so still on the marble tile. Why was her mother so sad? What was wrong? What could possibly be going on?

It was then that she looked around her. A child had fallen to the floor, a goblet in hand, red wine spilling across the cold stone. He was dead, poisoned by an unseen enemy. The goblet in the child’s hand had been hers.

A final, single tear slid down her cheek as she touched the remains of that shattered, crystal glass. The stain of the wine still on the tiles where it fell, accompanied by the blemish of the vomit that tried so hard to purge the poison from the child’s body. Her eyes followed an imaginary line to where she had lain, all those years ago, to the spot where she took her last breaths. With that single tear, the ghost faded away, condemned to haunt the sight of her demise for all eternity.
Sirocco

What He Found

Ellen Kay

He said he was looking for crazy.
It didn’t take long,
He said he found it right down the hall.
She constantly dreamed
And pictured the things he didn’t see.
She was the crazy need
That brought back that feeling in his gut.
A cure to his rut.
The mutual need surprised her.
He re-occurred.
The fact that he was a different breed
Changed views for me.
He said he was looking for crazy,
And I’m what he found.
Pretended Peace

Dennie Larsen

Damn all this pretense.
Are we the children of Evil
Or are we the children of God?
Raised to believe peace obtainable by war,
We maintain a peace by threat.
It is not a mutual peace;
But standstills, each reluctant to move
For fear of the other's fatal secrets.
Tomorrow is a maybe;
Only yesterday was real.
Pretended peace exists only for the moment.
Though sincerity is absent, we seem content.
Yet would war rage,
Then would go all pretense.
Would we then realize peace must be genuine
For the future to be certain
And our allies our friends.
Sirocco

Never Ceasing

Ellen Kay

My reflection is not the same as when I began.
Doe eyed, naïve with confused bliss.
Wearing down my soul, till everything’s amiss.
Slightest change takes place again.
Again and again- never ceasing.
That is the risk.
Wendy Was an Idiot

Angel Medina

Neverland,
Second star to the right,
And straight on till morning.
If it is so easy to get there,
Why are so many people still on earth?
scaMpers
Philip Vinson
Media
PAPER BEATS ROCK!

Elisa Boswell
Intaglio

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Sumni Zemblowski
Ceramic
THE REVERED SPECIMEN

Philip Vinson
Media
Study for a Vanitas Painting

Justin Hodges
Mixed Media
Injustice we all see
Our eyes wide open,
Innocence is stolen
Vanquished like a flame.

What was once a game
Is now a war,
Vows broken that were once sworn
Yet our feet are frozen.

That line which is drawn
We must cross to win,
But to win we must lose
Is the loss worth the gain?

The words that will set us free
Our brains cannot conceive,
Yet the ember from within ignites
To guide us in the darkest of nights.

Our limbs will thaw
Or voices rise without flaw,
The spoils of war we will win
But what will wash away the sin?
Darling, I Love You
Dennie Larsen

A mountain his shoulders would bear,
Yet to one shoulder his mountain would shift
And to the other, the burdens I could not bear
Lovingly he would lift.

I am what he was, made of his flesh and blood.
Yet from no one could I be farther
When our tempers would rise and emotions flood.
It is an interesting union, a man and his daughter.

I idolized him and saw him in false magnitude.
I refused him his rights as human, no wrong thing could he do.
But when I was forced to witness errors in him all humans have,
For some reason I just loved him more; he was my Dad.

Sometimes when night prevails and my eyes cannot see,
I have touched my cheeks and found them wet.
Emotion swells inside of me.
I twist, I mourn, I cry and fret.

I have yet to perceive,
How someone as far away as he
Can yet still be so near.
For I have but to listen, and his voice I’ll hear:
“Darling, I love you.”
“Get up, it’s time for work.” His voice was surprisingly soft to her ear, without its usual forcefulness.

She opened her eyes and stared at him surprised. His green eyes peered down on her. He was already fully dressed in his grey suit, dark button up shirt, dark dress pants, and boots. His thick, brown hair was perfectly styled upward. She was also surprised at the fact that he was smiling at her. He rarely smiled at her. “Come on, wakey, wakey.”

Slowly, she moved, wrapping her body with the bed sheet. Even though he had seen every inch of her multiple times, she felt particularly ashamed of herself that night. She left the bed, the only thing in the room that was not dingy or dirty. He made sure that his bed was clean compared to the others. She tried to walk away from him, but he followed her into the bathroom. “Need any help?” He asked. She always found it weird that he was so helpful after he had his fun.

She shook her head no and took some toilet paper to wipe herself clean multiple times until she was satisfied, or rather, until she gave up. He walked away from her to pick up the clothes that were lying on the ground. They were rather dingy. An off white crewneck shirt, an oversized navy blue windbreaker, some old running sneakers, and some boot cut jeans. He handed her the clothes and smirked as he stared at her naked body, covered in bruises and cuts. “You ready to work?” He asked her seductively as if he was not finished with her. She shook her head defiantly and that did not please him one bit. He raised a hand to her and she flinched, grabbing the clothes out of his hands. He smirked an all knowing smile. This is what she was used to, him having all the power and flaunting it. She got dressed in front of him, dropping the sheet, knowing he would prefer it that way.

Once she was dressed, the man led the woman to a mirror and smiled. “Now would you look at that? My pretty girl, all ready for work.” With that, he kissed her bruised cheek. With all the strength she had left, she prevented herself from crying. “I have a good feeling about tonight my little angel. Many suitors will come but none will want you because you must remember, you are mine.” He was now talking with the force she was used to hearing. She nodded, still trying not to cry. “Oh come now, don’t cry. Remember, you could have it worse like the other girls, a different man every night, but you only have me. But remember, if you do get a pursuer make them happy, but that won’t likely happen. I mean, just look at you. You’re ugly, dirty, not beautiful like the other girls. It’s my own way of protecting you.” The girl nodded as if his weird, twisted logic made sense. “Now go out there in your spot and wait for me, cuz you know I’m going to be your only customer later.” She nodded again. He smirked and kissed her other cheek, making
sure to get close to her black eye as possible.

She began to walk away when his voice echoed “I love you my little angel.”

She stopped and turned around and sighed sadly. “I love you too.” She croaked before leaving the room she was accustomed to being in. Tonight was going to be a particularly rough night.
CHECKMATE!

Elisa Boswell
Linocut
EVERGREEN

Elizabeth Harris

My long hair reaches down to Earth and digs itself into Mother Nature
Only to become satisfied with all Earthy treasures.
My rotten flesh now replaced with the greenest of greens
In pursuit to bloom sweet offspring.
Brown hair now brown bark and unshakeable roots
Able to surpass any storm of its kind.
When winter comes my color is deeper than all growing around—
Much like my heart.
I am forever green and forever growing.
I am an evergreen.
The poet’s book upon a shelf
implies a journey into self.
Encapsulation of each theme
blends common fact and ego’s dream.

A poem begins in outward world
where hues of life and death are merled,
with observation gained or bought,
and with review of prior thought.

It then must move into the mind
where all but one are fully blind.
Before it’s clothed in concrete words,
in this milieu it must be heard.

For common themes the journey’s short -
brief excursion, quick report;
but others, more investment keep,
need weighty dreams and fitful sleep.

For songs of beauty, poet’s way
ascends to heights, exposed to day.
In lofty joy he praises youth,
embraces beauty, love, or truth.

But life has darker themes as well
on which we most are fain to dwell.
His path to these is dark descent;
rocky, washed, unstable, bent.

Death begins on day of birth,
and so does growth of love for earth.
‘midst love and beauty we abide,
but march toward loss - this undenied.
Exploring these, at embarkation
the poet’s soul risks ablation.
The inward path begins in shade
and toll of risk must first be paid.

It loses ground but slowly, first.
Darkness grows, unnoticed, worse,
but consciousness soon dawns of slope,
and deeper shade envelops hope.

Soon, feet must strain to hold the trail,
eyes strive to see, to small avail.
Pressing on to edge of wit
reveals path’s end: beside a pit.

This hole with essences is filled
of every human pain and ill -
decline of health, ascent of death,
love’s flight, the halving of one’s breath.

Torn flesh, no proof to accident,
nor act of purpose and intent.
Torn mind, result of simple sense
of common life, grown too intense.

The blackness in the pit comprises
distilled unknown and vain surmises,
the evil side of gods’ bequest,
the contents of Pandora’s chest.

This abyss must be approached.
Its blackest darkness must be broached.
The poet must deny the urge
to flee, and must achieve the verge.

And here, just place in life he finds
as spokesman for all humankind.
Stumbling, tottering, he must do it -
stand full tall and piss into it.
Sirocco

Imagine the Feelings of My Soul

Dennie Larsen

Enclosed in an alien world where conscience is forbidden, prayer is not spoken, and God is forgotten.

I sometimes imagine it wants to tear apart my skin, bursting forth into the fresh air.

I imagine a gilded hand parting luminescent clouds and lifting that weightless part of me to a height so great that it becomes obscure to what is left of me here.

I imagine it watches me, sadly remembering that I once contained it. Knowing that with its departure, it left behind a heavy empty shell. With its freedom, it destined me to be damned.
I want fire.
I want a love that consumes me and tears me up inside and out.
Until I can’t stand it anymore.
I want passion.
I want so much passion for anything and everything that I do, that I forget what I’m doing.
I want to see flames around me
Filled with love, passion, energy, life, and spirit.
Through the fire and the flames, I want to feel.
I want to watch the world burn.
Consumed with all the good, and let the ashes be the negative.
I want to burn.
Light up the sky.
Give me a lighter, give me a match, and I will show you what I mean.
I want to start the fire.
I want to exist, beyond of what people think of me.
What I think of me.
I want to shine so bright that they see me and see my fire, my flames.
I want love.
I want to feel love and be loved, until the love engulfs me.
I want fire.
I want to burn.
Through the flames, I am alive
I am free.
Staring out the window at the world beyond,
Wondering if any out there know I am here.
Moving insouciantly through their day,
Not aware of being watched or heard.
Nor really caring if the truth be told,
But maybe they should take notice,
Just in case,
Someone is watching with an agenda in mind.
Not of joy and happiness,
But one of evil and wickedness.
Not to be paranoid or too suspicious,
But to know that all are not worthy of trust.
Thinking on that,
Maybe I would not want them to know I am here.
So, quietly I sit maybe a little fearful and apprehensive,
Hoping those that are evil and wicked
Stay out there in the world beyond the window.
Teaching 101

Peg Ellington

I stand
    Front and center
    Mentally In Charge.
Seeking head nods,
    Shoulders squared
    Eye to eye contacts.
I fail to cultivate reasons
    To lean toward my students,
    To use fewer words that I own
    And more words that they claim
Learning teaches us to accept failure,
    To claim our mistakes.
    To admit our errors.
In this way, the gap between
    Teacher and student
    Narrows and equalizes
Our ways of knowing.
On crumbling rooftop ledges
Perch wise-eyed angels
Legs dangling over crumbling edges
“Do you hear?” one angel inquires
“Harlem awakens.”

Rusty bed springs groan,
Sleepy children moan
“Lawd, help me, Jesus, get through another day.”
Brooms swish, wet laundry sways
Stoops hold the funky, fresh, and faithful
As children with marbles and hopscotch play

The frying grease pops a “hisssss”
While street hustlers give and take
Cooped up lovers sigh and kiss
“Child, bettah getcho crazy ass off my fire escape!”
Shattered windows, broken dreams
‘Ol Lou puffs at a Chesterfield
Tattered suit bursting at the seams

Rattling mufflers and coughing cars
“Watchu say, my brotha?”
Coins rattle the worn, tin cup
In rhythm with an acoustic guitar
Busy feet, tap away at the beat

Of a heart that’s old and broken
“We cool.” Playing pool
Avoiding the unspoken
Cool cats and wide brimmed hats
Sweating, humming a respectful tune
“Amaaaaazing grace……”
“Lawd, save this place……”
As another victim makes his final journey
Heads are bowed to the here and now
While through the streets
Not a peep
Can be heard from the folks of Harlem
Now time passes slow
The sun setting low
In mourning for the fallen, but not forgotten

Guardians of the past and present
Look up in reverence toward a glowing crescent
Spreading their wings, they smile and sigh
One more day past, yet another soon ‘nigh
What is left undone will soon begin
But for now... Harlem sleeps again
CHICAGO

A co-production of The Sumter Players & GSW Theatre Arts Department
March 8 - 11, 2012
Theatre Arts

Cast
Adrien Carter  Erin Shattles
Alexis Young  Grace Wooten
Will Dozier  Heather Loffredo
Joey Dunn  Anthony Hand, Jr
Ken DiNella  Bernadine Goshay
Bradly Bunce  Mark Culpepper
Brenda Burns  Richard Aguirre
Michael Cahal  Richard Thornton
Parker Phillips  Samone Mugridge
Christi Barr  William Searcy
Crystal Neal  Brittney Paige Bragg
Daina Rosario  Cassandra Mugridge
Lisa Hacker  Daniel Eric Holt
Derrick Bryant  Charlotte Schopen-Davis
Elizabeth Tyrer

Crew
Donna Minich, Director
Bradly Bunce, Vocal Director
Michael Cahal, Instrumental Director
Christi Barr, Choreographer
Garrett Clark & Sue Fitzgerald, Stage Managers
Ray Mannila, Technical & Set Director
Sharon Parks, Costume Design
Jen O’Rourke, Properties Mistress
Zac Lewis, Lighting Design
Brandon Loper, Sound Design

CHICAGO
A co-production of The Sumter Players & GSW Theatre Arts Department
March 8 - 11, 2012

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Sirocco

Richard III

GSW Theatre Arts Department Production
April 12 - 15, 2012

56
Cast
Chris Coleman
Megan Sleeth
Chris Gilstrap
Christian Sams
Nathan Long
Mario Pagan
Eric Holt
Hannah Ruiz
Jalen Clark
Jason Wallace
Justin Fisher

Jesse Wade
Jessie Edwards
Ashley Longacre
Justin Manone
Mark Culpepper
Christopher Law
Richard Thornton
Robert Adams
Sara Thompson
William Searcy
Jeremy Ellenberg

Crew
Jeffrey Green, Director, Set & Sound Design
Ray Mannila, Production Manager, Technical Director, Set, Properties, Lighting, & Make up Design
Shatora Smith, Stage Manager
Kristen Pair, Properties Design

Richard III
GSW Theatre Arts Department Production
April 12 - 15, 2012
The Glory Man

GSW Theatre Arts Production
Sept. 27 - 30, 2012

Cast
Alexis Young
Angel Medina
Jesse Wade
Caroline Peavy
Chris Gilstrap
Crystal Neal
Eric Holt
Hala Gross
Hannah Ruiz
Jalen Clarke
Jason Wallace
Jessica Steward
Jessie Edwards
Kia Blackmon

Kristin Pair
Makayla Jackson
Rebekah Martens
Richard Thornton
Sara Thompson
Shahnawaz Khan
William Searcy
Ansley Plymale
Brianna Lockhart
Robert Adams
Christine Manigault
Jeremy Ellenberg
Datarius Williams
James Schopen-Davis

Crew
Jeffrey Green, Director
Lane Marchant, Set Design
Ray Mannila, Lighting & Costume Design
Hannah Ruiz, Costume Design
Brandon Loper, Sound Design
Shatora Smith, Stage Manager
Ray Mannila, Technical Director
Jeremy McCrae, Light Board Operator
Brandon Loper, Sound Engineer
Jonathan Fall, Sound Board Operator
The Crucible
A co-production of The Sumter Players & GSW Theatre Arts Department
Nov. 8 - 11, 2012

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The Crucible
A co-production of The Sumter Players & GSW Theatre Arts Department
Nov. 8 - 11, 2012
Sirocco

The Thunder Box
GSW Theatre Arts Production
Nov. 29 - Dec. 2, 2012

62
Cast
Jeremy Ellenberg
Jesse Wade
Richard Thornton
Daniel Eric Holt
Chris Gilstrap
Sara Thompson

Crew
William Searcy, Playwright
Jason R. Wallace, Director
Eric Holt, Technical Director
Shatora Smith, Stage Manager
Jesse Wade, Set Design
Sara Mackenzie, Costume Design
Jeremy Ellenberg, Lighting Design
Hannah Ruiz, Lighting Board Operator
Brandon Loper, Sound Board Operator
Kristin Pair & Ray Mannila, Properties Design

The Thunder Box
GSW Theatre Arts Production
Nov. 29 - Dec. 2, 2012
The 2013 edition of *Sirocco* is dedicated to Keaton Wynn, a professor of Fine Arts. Keaton is a master potter who earned his MFA in Ceramics from Kent State University and his MA in Art History from Virginia Commonwealth University. Keaton has been featured in exhibitions regionally, nationally and internationally. Originally from St. Louis, Missouri, Keaton has become an integral part of the Fine Arts Department since he moved to Georgia Southwestern State University.

Keaton teaches Art History and Ceramics, and he often leads seminars on Art Philosophy and Craft Theory. Keaton takes great care in his responsibility of shaping the minds of future artists. In his classrooms, you can see his passion for Art and Art History, especially when he gives his “disappointed dad” look when his questions go unanswered. Keaton is always ready to tackle any question, technical or philosophical, any student brings to him. Without the knowledge he shares with his students, the future artists would not have a clear understanding of where they stand in the art world. Therefore, Keaton is always looking for new ways to open young minds to the cultures of the world; in recent years, he has directed study abroad programs to both China and Africa.

Keaton has sought to enrich the lives of not only the students of Georgia Southwestern, but everyone in the community. He has served on the Americus-Sumter County Arts Council (ASCAC) for many years, and last year, through his initiative, the ASCAC opened the Americus Center for the Arts (ACA). The project began with the intensive cleaning of the building and the installation of a bathroom, which took several months. Most recently, the roof has been repaired. Now, the ACA is a place for local artists to display their talents and a place where everyone can participate in the art making process.
Sirocco Mission Statement

At Sirocco, we strive to provide our community an outlet for the unique voices we encounter everyday and to share our contributor’s personal expressions in order to enrich our environment. Through the years, we have witnessed the rising awareness of creative writing and hope to further that cause. Our goal is to encourage new voices, reinforce the creative process, and create opportunities for the winds of creativity to sweep through our community.

A Brief History

From 1965 – 1983, twelve editions of Sirocco were published as a literary magazine. The founding faculty advisor was Mrs. Iris Argo. In 1984, the magazine’s name was changed to Clay and Pine: A Magazine of Literary and Visual Art and continued under that name until 2004. In 1985, Clay and Pine was the winner of the College Literary Magazine National Competition. In 2004, the editors wanted to return to the original name as it was more in keeping with the themes of Georgia Southwestern’s nickname – the Hurricanes. To augment the name, the subtitle “Catching the Winds of Creativity” was added. In 2010, Sirocco expanded the artistic media it encompassed and added a musical accompaniment with the help of Dr. Mark Laughlin.
The Dolores Capitan Writing Award
This award is made possible through the generous support of Dr. And Mrs. William Capitan, and is given yearly to nonfiction writers who are students at Georgia Southwestern State University. The winners are chosen by faculty judges.

2013 Academic Division Winners:
1st place:    Johnathan Simmons’ “Hamlet”
2nd place:  Kassandra Tuten’s “The Radical Feminist Masturbator: Masturbation as a Key Issue in the Second Wave Feminist Movement”
3rd place:  Erin Anderson’s “Brazil: A Socioecology in Two Settings”

Editor’s Choice
This year’s Editor’s Choice prize is sponsored by Clinic Drug Store. This award is selected by Sirocco’s Literary and Art Editors. This year’s winner:  Jody Spence’s “Quiet”

Pat’s Place Poetry Prize
This award, sponsored by Pat’s Place, is given to the best poetry submission. The winner is chosen by the Sirocco staff. This year’s winner:  Burt Carter’s “The Poet’s Work”

Cover Prize
This year’s cover art contest is sponsored by Global Graphics. This award offered each fall by the Sirocco editors, who select a theme and accept submissions for cover art. This year’s winner:  Kristin Pair’s “Into the Realm of Fae”
Platinum Sponsors for Sirocco 2013

Thanks for your support!