

THE LOOKOUT



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THE LOOKOUT

A Journal of Literature and the Arts

by the students of
Texas A&M University-Central Texas

Volume 2 | Spring 2015



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Editor's Note

On behalf of the College of Arts and Sciences at Texas A&M University-Central Texas, I am proud to present the second volume of *The Lookout: A Journal of Literature and the Arts*. Featuring new works of poetry, short fiction, and photography, this year's issue once again highlights the incredible artistic talents of the students at TAMUCT.

As usual, this volume of *The Lookout* takes readers through a broad spectrum of subjects and styles, yet it was interesting to notice a common theme emerge in the submissions this year. As the cover imagery suggests, the works in this issue take on the idea of relationships in the broadest sense: the relationships between parents and children, between individuals and society, and those between the human and natural worlds. Through an honest and unflinching exploration of relationships, both those that succeed and fail, a sense of hope and an idea of home seems to arise out of these creative works that demonstrate the power of art to both address and transform our lives and the world around us.

Enjoy this issue, and many thanks to all who have supported *The Lookout* and the community of artists and writers at A&M-Central Texas over the past year.

Ryan Bayless

Editor, *The Lookout*

Assistant Lecturer, English and Fine Arts

Texas A&M University-Central Texas

THE LOOKOUT

Volume 2

BETTY LATHAM

The Rag and Bone Man

Small, cold faces crowded
around the solitary fire
warming fingers and noses,
when the singular sound of a horse's hooves
prompted little feet to run
and greet the roaming trader.

He seemed as old as time itself
when measured by the lives of little ones
but his tireless mantra
"Rags and Bones, Rags and Bones"
transcended time and space.

The heavy horse basked in the glow
of small, shining faces
and eager hands extended stolen carrots
to their erstwhile friend.

His cart was full of broken dreams
interspersed with shiny saucepans.
Here you could trade your disappointments
for someone else's promise of a better tomorrow.

They were gone too soon
the faithful horse and dream trader
and small, cold children
returned to the solitary fire
while mothers filled their shiny pans
with rags and bones
for today's supper.

KRISTEN YOUNG

Photos of Abandoned Spaces

Among black and white
photos in a dust covered album
of rotting pianos
and crumbling cathedrals,
forgotten homes
and bridges to nowhere,
a young boy sits
on the stairs
of a cracked cement porch
that guards the sturdy brick house
flanked by pots of wilting flowers.
Chin in hands, elbows on knees
he squints into the horizon,
waiting for promises
he refuses to believe are broken.

DWIGHT A. GRAY

Our House Is Alarmed

Our house is alarmed the day the salesman knocks.
He wants to sell security. To close
the deal he turns, looks through the cul-de-sac
and questions how well we know the neighborhood.

What's with the man who's slinking out, who takes
the Friday paper while holding his bathrobe closed?
or Mrs. Frazier mowing grass, suspicious
in shades? And now the blue rubber waste-bin
casts long shadows; the mailbox leans away.
And children's games become – a code for what?

Even the house murmurs through its vents.
The wall's tremble keeps time with the salesman's pitch;
windows slyly avert their gaze; and the door,
sensing that nothing will be the same, slams shut.

CHAD PETTIT

Come to the Wall

Block letters
etched into black.
Scarred mirror image
reflects a hunched back
and outstretched arm.
A finger shakes,
tracing names.
Footsteps on the path behind
tread softly,
and heed the unspoken voice.
Absent breeze
brings familiar chill.
Beneath a flying eagle:
a flag, heavy from crimson,
somehow waves.
Eyes convey words
never spoken.
Beside it all,
in a field of Death's chosen:
statues on patrol, frozen
at the ready.
Bronze similitudes
of sons and fathers gone too soon,
not too long ago.
"Come to the wall"
says the Silence,
echoing. So loud
that hands cover ears
and weakened knees
collapse.
Trembling,
huddled strangers
embrace the chill away.

VOUCILE PHELPS SMITH

Sons and War

I can see them climbing up mountains,
reaching high in the sky. One is sliding down
the muddy hill and landing feet first as he

hits the ground. One is walking the tightrope
on the wall surrounding the fort, where all
people must be protected from the outside

in-comings. The ground is covered with rock
and small stones that let you know if
the enemy is approaching. Loud, boisterous noises

are heard. But above the shrieks, some familiar
allies are recognized. The trees that surround this
combat zone do not help make it any safer,

for some of the enemy are perched
high on the limbs, yelling out commands
to their comrades fighting below.

But today, no one falls. The mountains, only hard
plastic, the muddy hill is just a slide, and the wall
just one-foot-tall around the battered playground.

R.J. CRESSWELL

The Empty Lot

Brody Canyon ran onto the back lawn of his father's house. He ducked under a clothesline and crossed onto the patio. He stopped in front of a door, turned the handle and walked in. He emptied the contents of his pockets on the counter and turned toward his father who was sitting at a wooden card table by the window. He said, "Morning."

"How's your run?"

"Fine. Saw a snake kind of shimmering across your drive."

"It's probably harmless."

Brody turned away from his father and opened the refrigerator. He removed a plastic orange juice container and shook it. Beads of sweat dripped from his arm onto the floor.

"This is empty. Want me to trash it?"

"Save it. Your mother'll use it as a watering can."

Brody walked to the table, sat across from his father and asked, "Where is she?"

"At the church breakfast."

"Don't she get enough of that on Sunday?"

His father nodded, raised a mug from the table and drank. He pulled back the curtain from the window. "I reckon not."

"Well, I get enough of it from her."

"What do you mean?"

"I'm tired of hearing about 'God's will.' It's bullshit."

"We're all hurting, son, and she means well. Eat something and change. We need to dig up that honeysuckle before the storm moves in."

Brody nodded, and the two men sat at the table with-

out speaking. The hands of a clock on the wall ticktocked. His father said, "I'll be out back when you're ready."

"Alright."

The older man walked across the kitchen and through the door. Brody stood and took a piece of toast from the counter. He ate it, removed a mug from the cabinet, poured a coffee and drank. His phone vibrated on the counter, and he looked at it. Then he picked it up, left the room, walked down the hallway and into a bedroom. He changed clothes and left through a doorway that opened into his mother's garden.

Beyond the garden his father stood near a sweep of honeysuckle. He was smoking a cigarette and holding a pair of shears. Brody walked through the garden toward his father and took hold of a shovel propped against the fence. He said, "I thought you quit smoking."

"I did. A few times."

"You're trying too hard. Anyway, Hollis texted me. Someone's made an offer on the house."

"What's Leah think?"

"I ain't told her yet. I'll call before I talk to Hollis."

"What then?"

"If we sell, I'll lease somewhere in town. She's probably gonna stay with Tom and Noreen for a while."

"And then it's over?"

"I think so."

"She needs help."

"I know, but she won't see anyone. I'm not gonna give her an ultimatum, but if we sell, I can't see how we come back from that."

Brody gave a slight shrug and propped his shovel against the fence. He crushed a bunch of honeysuckle flowers in his hand and held them under his nose. "God,

I love this smell. Zoe did too.” He plucked a bloom from its stem and pinched and pulled the base of the flower. Nectar hung from the stamen, and he put it in his mouth. “She liked tasting them too.”

Brody’s father dropped his cigarette and stamped it into the caliche with his boot. He closed his eyes and squeezed the ridge of his nose between his thumb and forefinger. “I haven’t done that since you were a boy.”

Then he pulled two pairs of gloves from the back pocket of his jeans. He gave one pair to Brody. The men gloved their hands and worked to gather the honeysuckle. They cut back the vines and dug up the root balls. They daubed the roots with powder, wrapped them in burlap and laid the plants on a sheet of tarpaulin. The men carried the tarpaulin and shovels across the yard and sat them on the bed of a truck with a license plate that had the words “Classic Truck” printed on it. The older man closed the tailgate, removed his gloves, handed Brody set of keys and said, “You drive.”

Brody pulled the gloves off his hands and tucked them into his back pocket. He took the keys and walked to the door on the driver’s side of the truck. He climbed in, fastened his seatbelt and adjusted the rearview mirror. He rolled down the window and started the engine. “You need gas.”

“There’s enough to make it to town. We’ll stop for some at Graham’s on the way back.”

Brody steered the truck down the drive, passed under an archway with a hanging sign and turned onto a farm-to-market road. He turned the volume knob of the radio and dialed the tuner to a station. He drummed his thumbs on the steering wheel. The sound of static occasionally interrupted the broadcast.

The older man rode along with his arm hanging out

of the window on the passenger's side. He lit a cigarette and stared toward the horizon.

Brody drove the truck past livestock, brush, the remains of a house that had been gutted by fire, the site of a road construction project and highway signs that displayed outlines of the state of Texas. He pressed the brake as he approached a sign with the words "Slaughter City Limit" printed on it. The older man raised his hand and waved to a man in uniform who was sitting in a car with a light bar mounted to its roof.

The men passed a few cars between the city limit sign and a sign made of metal that had been bent into the words "Historic Downtown." Brody drove through an intersection, past a drug store and turned onto a road with a sign that had the words "Kingfisher Lane" printed on it. He parked the truck in front of an empty lot at the corner of the road. A fence made of wrought iron surrounded the lot.

They exited the truck. Brody walked to the back and opened the tailgate. His father walked to the gate of the fence and touched a plaque that was attached to it. It was made of copper, and the words "Zoe's Garden" and a cameo of a girl were etched onto its surface. He said, "This looks nice."

Brody walked over and stood near the gate. "It's not a garden yet, but it's coming along. Selby and Vance helped clean the place up and install the fence. Jackson Hill made the plaque."

"I know Jackson. His dad made the sign for my ranch."

"That's right."

"What are you gonna do with the garden?"

"I don't know yet. I read something about using negative space in gardening. That seems right."

Brody's phone buzzed in his pocket. He removed it

and looked toward it. "It's Hollis. He wants me to call him."

"Help me with the honeysuckle. I'll grab the shovels and start planting while you call him."

The men walked to the bed of the truck and took hold of the tarpaulin. They carried it over the curb and the sidewalk and through the gate, and they laid it down in the center of the lot. Brody walked through the gate to the truck, opened the door on the driver's side and climbed in. He pulled the phone from his pocket and swiped and tapped the screen. He held it in front of his face and said, "Video phone Leah."

Brody waited until the screen displayed a video feed of his wife. She was wearing a jersey and leaning against the wooden headboard of a bed. He said, "I was wondering where my shirt went. Did I wake you?"

"No. I'm just laying here."

"How are you?"

"I'm not sure I know how to answer that question anymore. Where are you?"

"I'm in my dad's truck. We're at Zoe's garden."

"Oh."

"Hollis sent me a text this morning. Someone made an offer on the house."

"What'd you say?"

"Nothing. I wanted to talk to you first."

"Okay."

"We don't have to sell. You can come home, and we can work on things. Maybe see someone. And you know my parents will help. Anyway, I miss you."

Tears welled from the woman's eyes, and she began sobbing. She wiped them with the back of her hand and inhaled. "Nothing's going to fix this, so don't ask me to do that. I can't live in that house or look into the yard."

"Then let's sell but come home."

"I made Zoe play outside. She wanted to watch a movie, but I dressed her in a swimsuit and filled the pool instead. I thought she would play long enough for me to clean."

"Don't do this again."

"I left her in the pool, and I went inside. I heard her cry through the hum of the vacuum. Just a little, but I heard her. I thought she was playing. I should have gone to her. I'm her mother, and I should have gone to her, but I thought she was playing. I left her alone, and she wasn't playing. She was hurt, and if I'd gone to her,"

"Stop it."

"If I'd gone to her, she might have been okay. Epinephrine. Something. My God. Her lips and her eyes. My baby. When I think of her that's all I see. Zoe. Swollen. Under the honeysuckle. Not breathing."

"It's not your fault."

"It is. I heard her, and I didn't go to her. I can't do this anymore."

"Wait."

"I need to go."

Brody's eyes were filled with tears, and he looked at his wife until the video feed ended. He tossed his phone onto the seat and stared toward the road beyond the windshield. He pressed his hands against his eyes and slid them over the stubble on his cheeks. He lifted the phone and said, "Call Hollis Kurtz."

Then he put the phone to his ear and waited. "Hey, Hollis. I got your texts. We'll take the offer."

He spoke for a few minutes and pocketed the phone. He stepped out and closed the door. He crossed over the sidewalk and through the gate. He walked to the tarpaulin, pulled the gloves from his pocket, put them on his hands and picked up a shovel and a plant. He stood beside his

father and sat the plant on the ground. He drove the shovel into the dirt with his boot, and it broke soil near a wooden stake.

The older man pressed his hands against the soil around the base of a plant. Then he pushed himself up and sat on the heels of his feet. "How'd it go?"

"I told Hollis we'd take the offer."

"What about Leah?"

"She didn't have much to say. Wouldn't talk about it actually."

"What do you mean?"

"I tried talking to her about the house. She started talking about Zoe. She was crying when she hung up. I'll call Tom and Noreen tonight."

"You should."

The two men worked digging holes and planting honeysuckle into the soil of the lot near the fence. They did not speak. Brody watered the plants with a hose that was attached to a spigot that jutted from the ground. His father picked up the stakes and tossed them on the tarpaulin. He folded the tarpaulin and lifted it. Pieces of honeysuckle fell to the ground. He carried the tarpaulin through the gate and dropped it on the bed of the truck. He returned to the lot and picked up debris. Brody walked to the spigot and twisted the handle. He hung the hose on the fence and turned toward the older man. "I'm hungry. Let's head back and eat some barbeque at Graham's."

His father picked up the shovels and left the lot. Brody walked through the gate and closed it. The older man scraped the shovels against the bed of his truck when he sat them down. They opened the doors of the truck and climbed inside. Brody removed his gloves, started the engine and steered onto the road.

Storm clouds darkened the sky over the horizon.

HEATHER CHANDLER

In a Haze

Joy then sadness.
Laughing then
weeping.

Filled then empty.
Confident then
raw.

Sighing then gasping.
Needing you like
air.

Blurry eyes
searching for beauty in
ashes.

ANNIE MINGA

Swimming with Sharks, Sleeping with Tigers

A small wooden boat slips out to sea.
There's Wynkin, Blynkin, Nod, and me.
We are sailing through the Milky Way.
Rest is what we seek, to drift away.
Presumed tranquility in slumber,
A more dense fog, I can't remember.
I'm off on my nightly aversion,
Forsaking the boat, full submersion.

Frigid solitude, languished venture.
Ravin'd salt-sea shark's grim endeavor.
Pitchy forbidding seas cold and dark.
A dismal choice, swimming with the sharks.
Malevolent sharks feasting on me,
Gormandizing and polluting the sea.

Absconded, escaping to the shore.
Transient relief, my body torn.
Island sands sunder like shards of glass,
Beautiful rendering foliage, Alas!
Surreptitiously the tiger prowls,
Seeking what he may disembowel.
He's hiding deep in the underbrush;
Maneuvers are astoundedly rushed.

A bad choice, sleeping with the tiger.
Like the shark, he has fangs of fire.
Manifesting power, near godly.
Tiger's masticating on my body.
Voraciously destroying the land.
Circumvented escape to the sand.

Small wooden boat laid waste by the sea.
No Wynkin, Blynkin, Nod, just me.
Sabotaged and incapacitated
Eternally my tranquil slumber is tainted.
Consuming pain, my constant reminder
Of sharks and tigers with fangs of fire,
The recurring dreams that I cannot escape.
Pain seizes my body in a constant state.

CINDY VENTURA

“Unconditional Love”

Thank God you're pretty.

May you never become fat.

You benefit us.

CHRISTOPHER WYDLER

Caged #Nation

A young lady named Pandora snapped a photo with her friends on an early Sunday morning, after emptying two kegs of bud and decimating her father's liquor cabinet. Explicitly, she wrote #Yolo, as if the world knew the truth beyond her redundant excuse for a scope. While spending another Sunday recovering, dad enjoyed his time catching bass up stream and mom raged on by pruning her orchids in the garden. As the evening approach and Pandora awoke, she immediately sat at her computer screen to see what she missed in the world. Suddenly, a depressing knock patted the door. Her father walked in and uttered, "Pumpkin how is your grade in composition?"

Slowly she turned and replied, "im doin gr8!"

HEIKE SPEARS

Chicken or Beef?

Pick, Pick, Pick
Lay Egg, Lay Egg, Lay Egg
Wings, Breasts, Thighs
Fried, Grilled, or Baked
Chicken or Beef?

i don't see daylight
i can't move around
i stand in my own filth
i work hard for your money
Chicken or Beef?

Eat, Eat, Eat
Give Milk, Give Milk, Give Milk
Steak, Hamburger, Roast
Rare, Medium, or Well-done
Chicken or Beef?

so helpless, so powerless, so defenseless
pain, such pain, such sad suffering pain
you kill me, you sell me, you eat me
no mercy, no mercy, no mercy
Chicken or Beef?

Don't Think, Don't Think, Don't Think
Profit, More Profit, Much More Profit
Exploit, Exploit, Exploit
Buy, Buy, Buy
Chicken or Beef?



HOLLY WARD

Industrialization

ASHLEY TOLLE

Southern Trees

I feel sorry for trees born in the South,
sap so sour it leaves a bad taste in your mouth,
all in the name of something devout.

Do the branches feel ashamed to sway
when they know how much a little black girl weighs
after being hung for days?

How do they feel
having seen the beating of Emmitt Till?
What a story that layer of bark would reveal.

Enslaved roots to America's greed,
scorched sacred symbols become the creed.
How could they approve of these deeds?

Southern trees hold American history,
each layer of bark a new story:
comedy, tragedy, or perhaps someone's glory.

CASSIE MORPHET

Twisting Truth

I offer an illusion of the lies
between each twisting tree.
Branches stretch underneath
growing with every leaf.

You care for the water in the creek,
never seeing the twisted leaves
as they lay under your feet.
The crunching of silent leaves.

Our roots are growing so deep
twisting underneath the tree,
pushing past the dirt and dead leaves.
Illusions are the lies we seek.



HEIKE SPEARS

Sea of Leaves

JESSICA GIBSON

Rooted Wings

Riddle me grounded,
held captive by an invisible force.
I want to expand this mortal essence,
become reacquainted with intuition beyond meager years,
allow rings of triumph to signify my intelligence,
like the plume that delivers life to limbs.
I am stoic, patiently enduring this solid form—
if only for a fleeting moment.

Should sharpened metal pierce these hardening veins,
my presence will remain—continuously flowing,
like raindrops strained from unified formations,
consciously aware of how liquid is temporary,
forever altering its shape in order to return to the clouds above,
inevitably solving this relenting riddle of permanency,
where invisible forces will one day provide roots with wings.

RANDY RHAMY

The Social Worker's Song

I will be your voice

O silent child.

Your face and eyes fearful

of the huge world

looming over you.

Your still present

innocence

is my calling.

Let my efforts be the arms

that enfold you.

Let my fight for you

be an honor that unfurls

like a flag in the wind.

You will be protected.

I will see you to safety

O silent child.

REBECCA BRADEN

I Wonder

Innocent hands so smooth and plump,
defying the heights, stacking little wooden blocks.
She pauses, block frozen in air as she stares up
at the box that holds the sun.
A bird flies by, contradicting her discovery.
She is as frozen as the block yet flying high
in her mind, soaring
in the blue over the greens and browns.
What does she imagine? I wonder
with such a clean slate to create. She knows
no boundaries or walls that prevent.
She catches me gazing and giggles with delight.
Throwing her arms in the air,
the block takes flight. Eyes wide, she squeals.
For if a bird or block can fly, why not her?

MIKAYLA MERCER

One and the Same

I'm supposed to meet him here at dusk to tell him that I'm going to leave all of this and find something else, someone else. I'm supposed to explain how I'll soon be sitting atop cliffs instead of sand, in the place where the water shines more blue than green as it crashes and recedes from what we call land. But, he just doesn't come to life for me anymore. Maybe he will for you. Maybe he'll live for you.

We met on this shore while reading books on blankets and pretending that the rest of the world didn't exist. Except, he did, and I did, and for once it was better than burying ourselves in others' words. Like waking up from a good dream, life was suddenly greater than it used to seem. Between trips to the snack bar down the road and shaking sand out of the pages of chicken-scratch-filled journals, we struck up conversation.

It started small; it started short.

"How are you?" I said.

"Good," he replied with a shrug and just the hint of a smile.

We didn't come together all at once after that though. It was in bits and pieces, here and there, one part him and one part me. Like pieces of the same whole, we were drawn together and we were drawn to more. So, as the days of summer and fall ticked down to nothing, our blankets moved closer and closer, and our excuses to interact just grew. When one day there was one blanket instead of two, it wasn't exactly out of the blue.

When the days grew colder and scarves weren't enough, we moved to the coffee shop in the old section of town, across from the library full of characters we both loved. For endless nights in a row, we huddled in that cozy armchair in the back, my laptop set up and keys clicking out a senseless pattern as we traded lines and split slices of pound cake. The barista knew to let us be and wordlessly kept us afloat with glasses of my favorite peppermint tea.

Of course, there were times when the peace was broken. He left, angry about the ways of the world, crying out for something to change, and I pleaded for him to stay with me as his heavy footsteps pounded in my head. I bit my nails and chewed my lip, clenched my fists and felt a tear slip, but I never knew where he went. Then, I scribbled, tapped, and plotted on my own, until one day he walked back out of the darkness and right into my home.

Winter and spring went by too fast, and then another summer had come to pass. His spirit filled up my heart and house. I could see the transformation from torn pages and rough sketches, making something whole, something true. The world was a canvas that I wanted to explore, and he was my foundation, but I needed so much more. I collected our words for safekeeping and when they were too beautiful to bear, I took a leap of faith and made them something to share.

Now we've reached the end and I don't hear his voice whispering in my ear any longer, so I rest on the same beach where it all began and recall it all the fonder. He's caught up in my words, preserved all the same, forever in the finished pages on my shelf, and for all time I'll revel in the months we gave ourselves. He won't come for me

now because we're truly one and the same. You see the boy and all his beauty were, of my mind, wholly made.

He's out there in the world for each reader's own taking, the discovery and the creation away from which I am breaking. Through the collection of words I etched across paper and tapped out in the dark of the night, he came alive as a man on a blanket, shrugging his shoulder and arching his eye. He's living for the populace now, not just me, and he'll travel in boxes to bookshelves in a hundred different cities.



HOLLY WARD

Roadtrip

MIKAYLA MERCER

Goodbyes Made a Poet

You're wrong—
Like children who call the world small,
Teachers who dub students impossible,
Parents who label the arts worthless,
Friends who christen pursuits pointless.

You're wrong—
Like rocks that move uphill,
Roots that sprout upward,
Homes that house no one,
Paths that head nowhere.

You're wrong—
Like times you give up
Moments you let go
Seconds you forget
Days you will never know.

You're wrong—
Like chemicals in your mouth,
Vapors in your eyes,
Catches in your breath,
Breaks in your beat.

You're wrong—
Like outdated pictures splashed across the nightly news,
Hypocritical epitaphs posted on profile pages,
Uneasy hellos shared before unanswered goodbyes,
Weary rings of black gathered around severe stones.

You're wrong
And you're gone,
But your goodbyes made a poet out of me.

MICHAEL HERMANN

Ganymede

Largest viewpoint in my eye,
Curly waves flow magic 'til I die.
Heavens swarm lifeless fog even then,
Elysium breathes beauty once again.

Eternal corruption of perfection,
Yet flawless, keeps us guessin'.
Hourglasses filled with future unbound,
Secluded truths of the heart are always found.

The smile offers no disguise,
Life shines through your sunrise.
Miniscule of extreme radiance,
Larger than life, I pray we dance.

All bodies which bask, trumped in the serenade,
Always cherished, little Ganymede.

HOLLY WARD

Summer Waves

Pirouettes to shore

Dancing in the summer heat

Awake and alive

CONTRIBUTORS

Rebecca Braden is an English major and will graduate from Texas A&M University-Central Texas with a Bachelor of Arts in May 2015. She is currently enrolled in the Masters in Liberal Studies program at TAMUCT with an emphasis in English.

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R.J. Cresswell holds a Masters degree in History from TAMUCT and currently teaches high school level social studies. His fiction has appeared in *Spinetingler Magazine*, and he has interviewed bands for Punknews.org. His own band, Saw Wheel, has multiple independent releases and their music was recently featured in the documentary, *Last Train out of North America*.

Jessica Gibson is a junior majoring in English at Texas A&M University-Central Texas.

Dwight A. Gray is a graduate student in the Liberal Studies program at TAMUCT and is also an MFA Candidate at the Sewanee School of Letters. Dwight has published one book of poetry, *Overwatch*, and his poems have also appeared in *Grey Sparrow Journal*, *Bellow*, *Poetry Salzburg*, *The Good Men Project*, *O'Dark Thirty*, *94 Creations*, *Spark!: A Creative Anthology*, and *The Lookout*. Dwight also leads the Cove Writers group, a workshop for writers in Copperas Cove and surrounding communities.

Michael Hermann earned his B.A. in History with a teaching certification from A&M-Central Texas and is currently pursuing his Masters in the Liberal Studies program at TAMUCT.

Betty Latham graduated from TAMUCT in December 2014 with a Bachelor of Arts degree in English. She is now a first-year graduate student in the Liberal Arts Program at A&M-Central Texas and works as a university writing tutor. Her work also appears in Volume 1 of *The Lookout*.

Mikayla Mercer graduated with a Bachelor of Arts in English from Texas A&M University-Central Texas in the fall of 2013 and is currently pursuing a Master of Criminal Justice degree, also through TAMUCT.

Annie Minga is a senior majoring in English at A&M-Central Texas with a minor in Religious Studies. Annie currently serves as the Vice President of the TAMUCT Warrior Artist Guild and her photography was featured in Volume 1 of *The Lookout*.

Cassie Morphet is a senior at A&M-Central Texas working towards a Bachelor's degree in English.

Chad Pettit is an English major working towards a teacher's certification at TAMUCT. His poetry has also appeared in the Isothermal Community College's annual literary journal, *The Anuran*.

Ann Rabara-White is a senior working towards her Bachelor's degree in English with a minor in Film Studies at Texas A&M University-Central Texas.

Randy Rhamy is a senior majoring in Psychology at Texas A&M University-Central Texas. Randy is a founding member of the

TAMUCT Warrior Artists Guild, and her poems have been published in Central Texas College's literary journal, *Byways*, as well as *The Chinook*, and Volume 1 of *The Lookout*.

Voucile Phelps Smith is a senior majoring in English at Texas A&M University-Central Texas.

Heike Spears is a senior at TAMUCT majoring in English and will graduate in May 2015. She plans to pursue a teacher's certification in order to become a German teacher after working since 1995 as a teacher's aide. Her poetry was also featured in Volume 1 of *The Lookout*.

Ashley Tolle is a senior at Texas A&M University-Central Texas working towards a degree in Liberal Studies with a concentration in English.

Cindy Ventura is currently working towards a Bachelor's degree in Social Work at Texas A&M University-Central Texas. Her art was also featured in Volume 1 of *The Lookout*.

Holly Ward will graduate in the Spring of 2015 with a Masters in Liberal Studies from Texas A&M University-Central Texas. Her poetry and photography also appeared in Volume 1 of *The Lookout*.

Jerimiah Woods earned his Associates of Applied Science degree in Criminal Justice from the State University of New York-Canton and is currently working towards a Bachelor's degree in Psychology with a minor in English at TAMUCT.

Christopher Wydler graduated with a Bachelor's in English in the Spring of 2013 from Texas A&M University-Central Texas. He is currently a graduate student at TAMUCT in the Master of Science in Liberal Studies program and will be pursuing doctoral studies in English at Texas A&M University-Commerce in the Fall of 2015.

Kristen Young is a senior in the English program at A&M-Central Texas and plans to pursue a Masters in literature after graduation in 2015. Her poetry also appeared in Volume 1 of *The Lookout*.

Submission Guidelines

The Lookout is published annually by the College of Arts and Sciences at Texas A&M University – Central Texas and features poetry, short fiction, creative non-fiction, photography, and visual art submitted by current students and recent alumni of TAMUCT. Any student currently enrolled in classes at TAMUCT (or recent graduates) may submit their previously unpublished creative writing, photography, and/or art work for possible publication in the spring.

To submit your work, save your complete and polished manuscripts in Microsoft Word and send as an attachment to Professor Ryan Bayless at **ryanbayless@tamuct.edu**.

Poetry: submit 1 to 3 poems

Prose: submit 1 short story or creative non-fiction essay

Photography and Art: submit 1-3 works

(attach photos as JPEG files; black-and-white images preferred, but color photography and art will be considered for the cover)

-Please use the body of your email as a cover letter that includes the titles of your submitted works, contact information (email, physical address, and phone number) as well as a brief bio that indicates your class (Junior, Senior, etc.), your major (or degree), and a list of any previous publications in the arts.

-Also, please write “LOOKOUT SUBMISSION” in the subject line of the email.

Submissions accepted October 1st - March 1st each year

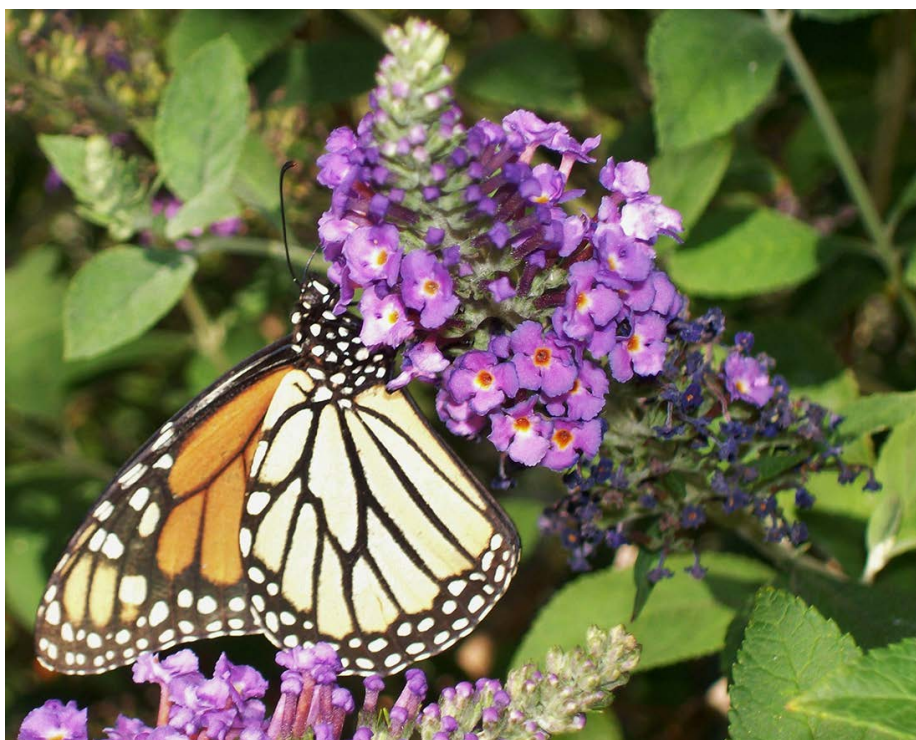


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THE LOOKOUT

A Journal of Literature and the Arts

by the students of
Texas A&M University-Central Texas



Spring Wings - Jerimiah Woods



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