

COLLEGE *of* SOUTHERN MARYLAND



# Connections

FALL 2022  
LITERARY MAGAZINE

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# Connections

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## Moon

*Brenna Kekesi*

It strikes me  
How the night sky  
Allows the stars to shine  
Giving them all the glory  
Even if all that is said  
Is how beautiful the stars are  
And the ebony of the sky  
Is passed over

And maybe it's the sky's way  
Of proclaiming his love to the stars  
As if he is saying  
"Go my darling,  
Show the world  
Just how amazing you are."  
Even as he gets no acknowledgement

He could easily hide her  
And keep her beauty locked away  
Yet he doesn't, instead,  
Showing slight weakness  
Allowing vulnerability

And letting her shine through



*Sunset in Rodanthe, Jennifer Houchin*



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## The Old Man and the Dog

*Mikaela Pollard*

The old man lived by himself in a white, nearly abandoned house on the eastern part of town. It was set off in the woods; people in town believed the woods had great mysteries. Early in the morning, the Sun would cast a golden light on the woods, and the old man's house would also glow. Grumpy, the old man would sigh and pull the covers over his head. He had no time for sunshine, or happiness for that matter. It wasn't that he wanted to be miserable; he was afraid to embrace happiness. The old man saw happiness as fragile as the wind in October, quickly passing away. In fact, October was the month the old man was born in. Now early September, he could see the trees turning to rich shades of red, yellow, and gold. The old man saw autumn as the calmest season, unappreciated and yet unmatched in its beauty. Autumn was also the season he married his wife, but he refused to think about her. This particular morning, the old man woke up bright and early, unusual for him because he hated getting up in the mornings. It was then that he heard a noise, like an animal scratching a wall. Then that he heard a whimper. It sounded like a dog, but the old man wasn't sure. He rose up slowly from his bed. Woof. Woof. Then came the panting. He tiptoed down the hallway, through the kitchen to the front door. Adjacent to the door was a black desk showcasing memories of his life, including a picture from his wedding day, which he had turned toward the wall. He opened the door, both afraid and excited about what awaited at the other side. He flung the door open only to behold the most pitiful mutt in God's creation. The dog looked with his pitiful eyes into the old man's soul. The old man felt a long-buried compassion simultaneously feeling a sense of de ja vu and nostalgia toward the dog. "Where have I seen you, mutt?" He was part German Shepherd, for sure, and quite homely looking. Not that he could help it of course. But in his amber eyes, there was

a flicker of love and endearing hope. The dog began to whimper and wag its tail. The old man slowly reached down to pet him. In the distance, the wings of autumn dawn were beginning to ride the sky, illuminating the reds, yellows, and browns of the falling leaves. The dog seemed friendly enough. But for some strange reason, he kept looking towards the woods. Where did he come from. "Well," the old man sighed. "I can't keep you, that's for sure. I'm too old. Who do you belong to?" Of course, the dog didn't answer, but continued to stare into the woods. As far as the old man knew, no one lived in those woods. The dog had no collar or any form of identification. The old man sighed again. "Well, you can't stay outside all day. It's too cold. Come on in, and I will get you some food." The dog happily complied, following the old man into the house. Food consisted of some old lunch meat that had been in the refrigerator for a week and a couple slices of bread. Not enough to satisfy a beggar, but the dog seemed to enjoy it. He looked up at the old man with sad, pitiful eyes, and the man began to feel an ache in his heart. He had always been partial to dogs; they had a compassion he had never seen in too many human beings. The old man felt a strange connection to the mutt standing in front of him, as though he had known him, a lifetime ago. In fact, he looked like the dog he and Anne, his ex-wife, owned when they had first gotten married. The old man frowned thinking about her and the last words she spoke before leaving the house and departing from his life forever. But it wasn't her final words that had crushed the old man's heart. She took their dog, the only creature he had ever loved, with her. His name was Hans, named after her German grandfather. He was the kindest and most gentle dog; he never barked unless he was excited, even to see a stranger. Hans' kisses more than made up for the kisses the old man never received from his mother, and the hugs he never received from his father. Twenty years of pain melted away anytime Hans licked his face. Hans wagging tail lifted his soul. "You took everything from me when you took Hans." The old man picked up the wedding picture and threw it to

*Continued on next page*

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the wall, crashing it into a million pieces, the pieces of his heart. There was a moment of silence before the man collapsed in tears to the hard, wooden floor, suddenly unaware of his surroundings. It was then that he felt a paw on his shoulder. The old man looked up, and through teary eyes observed the dog in front of him, wiping them away as he began to whine and radically wag his tail. The dog began to walk toward the front door, and the old man figured he wanted to go for a walk. He had scarcely opened the door when the dog began to sprint towards the woods. At 78, the old man could hardly keep up. He was afraid of going in the woods, where he was sure the dog had gone. No one knew what great secrets awaited there. But with fearful courage, the old man entered the woods. He heard a howling in the distance. To the old man, it sounded vaguely familiar, like the deep, guttural howls Hans would let out when chasing a squirrel or rabbit. And in the distance, near a creek, was the dog, looking remarkably like Hans. "Hans!" Hans!" The dog looked at him with pity. "I am not Hans, Henry. I am Time. Time you have wasted." Henry fell to the ground, more shocked at what the dog spoke than the fact that the dog spoke at all. "See, Henry, you have forgotten to love." Hans (or Time) began to wag his tail. "When Anne took Hans away, you lost your love for everything. For people, and even for animals." Henry scratched his head in confusion. "You have wasted time being angry and bitter. Now you are an old man, and your own time is running out. Look at all the time you wasted being angry. And since I am Time, you have wasted me." Tears welled in Henry's eyes as he reflected on all the years he had wasted being angry at the world. Of what use was it now? "Henry, today was supposed to be the day of your death. But Mercy has given you another chance." Time looked forlornly at Henry. "If you stay in these woods, you will have Hans back. But if you go home, you will have your life and time itself back. The choice is yours." Henry rose from the ground, pondering everything. Staying in the woods meant being with Hans again, and how could he leave behind the only thing he had ever

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loved? But hadn't he wasted enough time holding on to the past, something he could never take back? He looked up at the evening sky and noticed that the Sun was quickly going down. His life too, was quickly fading away. As though reading his mind, Time looked directly at Henry. "You have five minutes to choose. When the Sun goes down, and you remain in these woods, you will stay here forever, with me and all your regrets." Henry's entire life flashed across his eyes, and he could feel his very life leaving him. He was dying, and he would die right there, in the woods. But he had a choice. Slowly, he began to rise. He looked at Time, disguised as Hans, and then back towards his house. And he made the right choice.



*Bugs Eye View, Judy Angelheart*



**Home Cooking,** *Mona Weber*

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## **Banana Bread Poem**

*Katy Dailey*

I lost today's poem  
in the banana bread batter.  
It fell in with the butter  
and got creamed in with the sugar.  
By the time I noticed it was missing  
my children had eaten half the loaf,  
and now they're writing odes to the moon.



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## Mending

*Katy Dailey*

I'm torn,  
Between the clouds  
Rising off the boxwoods,  
The dog fennel bending  
Heavy with yesterday's rain  
In today's sun,  
And the endless to-dos.

I'm torn by the lists,  
And the life that they signify.  
My amazing children,  
And the orthodontist appointments.  
The birthday parties,  
And the dwindling bank accounts.

I'm torn  
Between the willow in the wind,  
And the breakfast in the blender.  
By the need to stop,  
And the relentless turning  
Of a world that is as torn  
As I am.

I wish I had an answer.  
A method of mending,  
Of breathing in the breach,  
Of reaching out,  
Arms wide,  
To grasp the edges  
Before they unravel.

I wish I had a thread  
With filaments of love,  
Attention, and intention  
With which to bind the breach.  
Bringing together  
With slow, even stitches  
This well-worn world.  
Tending to the tear,  
Drawing together the dew,  
Refracting an impossible rainbow

In the pear tree,  
And this list of to-dos  
Reflecting the life that we've made.  
This life that sometimes  
Sparkles with dew,  
And sometimes with tears.  
Worn, torn and patched  
With strand of spider's web and hope.  
Rended and mended endlessly,  
Only to be torn again,  
And again,  
Because truly,  
How else does a life become bigger,  
If not with mending and tears?





**Wonder**, *Lena Hancock*

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## To the Boy... I mean Man

*Ashley Groves*

For his eyes could hold oceans.... In waves  
but yet,  
His heart was blocked.  
My heart was corrosive....and it began to pave  
but yet,  
my heart fell from the knob of the door and unlocked.  
The night of tears and shame...  
Brought me  
Drips  
Of  
Solid  
Rain.  
The night I got plastered my life was breaking at an end.  
That same night my life began to mend.  
To the boy who stole my heart,  
You're the reason my life mended together from apart.  
Thank you for the inseparable 4 years we (almost) spent.  
I want many more years..... (that's my hint)  
To the boy who wiped my eyes,  
Thank you for loving me in my depressive cries.  
Thank you for stumbling into becoming my man.  
Honestly, forever by you is where I want to stand.  
For I thank God he listened to my late tears!  
I know my prayers were answered when you stumbled, appeared.  
To the boy..... for our story just began,  
Forevermore.... I want my life with you planned.

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## Simplicity

*Brienna Harkness*

He's got everything tucked away,  
In a place I can't reach,  
Using his every penny to pave our pathway.  
I pretend not to notice,  
But if I'm perfectly honest,  
I'd be happy if the yard was surrounded by lattice.  
In a little box,  
He's saved up everything one could ever want,  
But all I wish is for him to hold my hand on walks.  
He thinks I need everything,  
But truly,  
I just want to keep cherishing  
The one I call mine.



**Umbrella Bark,** *Richard Taylor*



**Hooked,** *Beverly Russell*

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## My Hair

*Lily Bennear*

I reflect on myself as a little girl; delicate furls collapse atop my head in frail contortions so that it is only sickly wisps of red covering my skin. I had too little hair for a girl with such a passion for hair accessories. I wanted so badly to hold ties and clips with my hair and feel the leisure of a light thread brushing against my neck. I longed for hair big enough to coat me in womanly grace. To envelop me in its explicit narrative and endow me the fullness of my role in life. Its lavish body would fix me into my delicate position in this world, and it would suit me. I wanted it to be long and pretty; I wanted it to be complete. That is to say, I wanted it to grow. Naturally, with growth, I assumed, came satisfaction, fulfillment of myself; a fantastical realization of me.

With this maturation, I had expected a soothing coherence of the ostentatious and irregular respites of sensation and feeling I had known life to be thus far, and of course, longer hair. Yes, surely this day would come with growth. But before then I had to wait, languishing in my incompleteness and believing only when I reached this day would I be relieved of it. For every moment was not as true and completely good as the moment my hair was long and I was big; the moment I came into myself. So I sat with a restless gaze, fidgeting and longing for this moment where I might be sure, so that I could finally be absolved into steady goodness and ease. This is how I felt: a constant discomfort and unwholesomeness until the time came when I was fully my right and absolute self. And so I waited.

My hair grew long and pretty. It grew deep with experience; it had become calmer with time and browned a wise, rich shade of its once wild red. I could now feel its delicate tendrils caress between my shoulder blades, an intimate becoming of my body. It is just as I had wished. But what is this? I realized that despite my becoming - I was still waiting, still unsure and unwhole in myself. The feelings of doubt and unsteadiness had not subsided; I had not become a being of profound awareness, nor felt certain of my identity. In fact, I had not reached absolute certainty of any kind. But my hair had reached record

lengths. So, how can I be fulfilled and not feel fulfilled? The itinerary of my understanding had been sorely violated. The schematics of my feelings, totally miscalculated. The rate my hair had progressed was so far ahead of my expected epiphanies and profound realizations that I was beginning to become concerned. Maybe this was a scheduling issue. Maybe I had not matured quite right or at the right time. Maybe my body was rushed and early, so induced by my eagerness. Maybe there was something wrong with me, and an even subsequently scarier thought — maybe it was my fault. I bargained with myself and finally decided to wait some more. It was edging on my 18th birthday, and these feelings, no matter how many times I reached relentlessly for totality and pureness, never gave up their dissonant dances through my mind. Their shrill flux flared in me still, inharmoniously, and seemingly with no end. There was no climax to reach a conclusion, only constant and futile fluctuation. My hair was long and it had been long and I had waited for such a time that I began to question my perspective itself. Anne Rice says in her novel, *Violin*, “So hair does stand on end, even when you are lying, all crushed in your own hair on a pillow, with one arm flung out..Yes, my body went into its little war with my mind.” Maybe this war was in me. My body growing and plumping while the ever-chaotic unresolve barely fills me out, still.

Such fear, present with such leisure. Such doubt, present with such prosperity. How could my body be so definitely bigger and my experiences no more sure? Different, but not any more absolute. A flat-lining change compared to the exponentiality of my physical state. And so here is my body lying, with one arm flung out, the plump face of fullness. And here is my mind, standing on end. My body, fulfilled, and my mind in the same wanting state in which it had always been. Disparate and unsure, I was becoming an adult. Grown, and yet with the same existential understating and wonder of a child. In this unfulfillment, I began to consider that the length of my hair may not be synonymous with my attainment of the absolute knowledge of the universe. I began to meet a new perspective. I began to think of my wish for long hair, and what I had really wished for: the absence of this ever-present uncertainty. The feeling I assumed would come with the length of my hair -- catharsis. A sweet

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salve to the dogged ache of doubt.

This ever-elusive sense of completeness and void of insecurity I was longing for I had associated with how big I was, how grown up I was. Because grown-ups know things. Right?

Having just turned 18, I can impart to you now the great sagacity that comes with the endowment of adulthood. It is that I lack, still, the omniscience and certainty for which I have so long waited. And in lacking, I question if such a state is even attainable, and I think, maybe I never will find sovereign sureness and feel total relief. I question the linear hierarchy of growth and knowledge; maybe there isn't a definite path leading to absolute rightness in all things. Maybe there is no one thing more right than the other; maybe everything simply is. Maybe existing as we do now involves a wondrous, eclectic garland of experience and sensation, and there is no end to these inflections of chaos that erupt in us, the arrhythmic and sudden swells of feeling. Maybe there, in this incessant uncertainty, is a choice to allow such discomfort to exist as a part of this experience. Because maybe life is not meant to be one good thing. My answer - now that I am big, and my hair is long? Well, I am not certain, and I don't know that I ever will be.



*Don't Fly Away, Ashley Edelen*





**One Day Like This, Donna Sperry**

## **Sussex Court and Halfmoon Drive**

*Amber Gieske*

No clouds in the stratosphere  
The halfmoon at the tip of a noble spear  
Looking skyward as I walk under the muted orange lights  
Watching neighbors as they sit and talk away the night  
Storytellers with eyes a-glaze,  
Recalling tales from the good old days  
My thoughts have left me in a haze  
But walking always sets the imagination ablaze  
The stars up above in their constant cycle  
Entreat me to stay here, if just for a little while  
The same stars that spoke to Homer's pen  
Those stars that looked down  
On Tolstoy, on Shakespeare,  
On Twain and Ibsen  
These are the stars that watch me tonight  
Dancing away darkness in the demi-moonlight  
I look and see  
Listen and speak  
The world's sights and sounds  
The storms, the week  
To history it's just a glimpse,  
A sliver, a pebble, a peek  
But for tonight,  
with the open sky and whispered breeze,  
A piece of the story is all that I need  
And with that in my pocket,  
I'll take my leave

---

## Gift

*Jennifer Pohlemus*

All I have left, physically, of Grace Wells  
is a sparse collection  
of tattered, Little Golden Books  
carried with me lovingly, even fiercely,  
to rented basements.  
Back home again.  
and again.  
To lovers' houses  
in a state almost as green  
as I imagine Ireland to be –  
less the faeries, of course.  
To new places, after the violence,  
of self-hewn solitude and safety.  
Grace lived in a house  
with a grand porch, as I remember,  
in the woods  
not a far drive from my parents' home.  
She brought a Little Golden Book  
to church for me  
on scattered Sundays  
full of anticipation.  
Developers cut down many of her precious trees  
one autumn – and built a McDonald's.  
Still, she gifted –  
or entrusted?  
into my eager hands –  
or mind?  
one Little Golden Book at a time.  
We went to her home once –  
or many times?  
with lace-edged linens  
in paper-lined drawers,

each with a pine-scented sachet,  
and years that poured over her  
like bobby pins and clothes lines.  
Like gingerbread trim  
on peaks above windows  
that chipped and grayed and cracked.  
And still, Little Golden Books  
found their way to me, delivered,  
as a deer bears a fawn in the spring.  
One time, as I recall –  
long ago now –  
the county tore down Grace's house  
and replaced it with a parking lot  
where commuters waited for buses.  
And the Little Golden Books  
never came again.



*Sonia, Heather Marie Kerr*

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## Reality

*Jennifer Pohlemus*

Juju!  
Come down here and see me!  
Julius!  
I said take the children to Sesame Street.  
Sheeah!  
Did she change her mind?!  
Staff! Staff! Help!  
Is your name John?  
No. I'm Emily.  
What do you need?  
Tell my aunt that my mom needs help in the bathroom!  
Are you done with your tray?  
Sheeah! Sheeah!  
Can she hear me?!  
All afternoon, right through dinner,  
and into evening  
I watch and listen to Kiki  
travel seamlessly between her mother's home  
in the Baltimore projects of 1978  
and this psychiatric unit's community room in 2022.  
I envy her hallucinogenic grace,  
her fluidity through consciousness,  
her mother,  
her fierce protection of an apple on her dinner tray,  
and the way Jesus blessed her with \$750,000,000  
and a hymn.  
Here I sit  
in this hopelessly locked ballroom  
too impaired to dance  
and sane enough to know it,  
to care – even.  
Anti-anxiety, anti-psychotic, anti-depressant...

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every anti-pill...synthesized, sold, and swallowed.  
The nurse's pantry is full of chemical straightjackets.  
I pay someone I have never met  
to mix for me a cocktail of acceptable behavior,  
gobble it down for so long  
that I have forgotten who I am.  
Kiki knows exactly who, where, and when she is at all times.  
I wish I could be so certain.  
Even in her paper gown  
with her adult diaper poking out,  
she is certain of salvation.



**Fenced In at the Museum,** *Deja Harmony*



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## Foraging Smelter Town Finding Super Fund Origins, Tom Rush, and Death

*William Crawford*

Our Jetta died when we stopped to answer the call of nature. A text to AAA yielded the prospect of a two-hour wait for a mechanic. Our luncheon foray to Sunland Park, New Mexico, was placed on temporary hold. “Don’t worry Crawdaddy,” clucked Jimmy Pro. “Let’s grab our cameras and check out Smelter Town.” Little did I realize that we were marooned at the edge of tragic history, just a few miles west of El Paso.

Jimmy and our ebullient pal, Young Dave, had long ago introduced me to folk balladeer, Tom Rush. Somehow the melancholy words of his 1970 “Drivin’ Wheel” now popped into my brain, achieving an instant fit.

Well, I just came up on the midnight special, how about that. My car broke down in Texas, stopped dead in her tracks ...

Smelter Town sits high on a windswept arroyo at the nexus of West Texas, New Mexico, and Old Mexico. The Santa Fe Railroad cuts through a rugged mountain pass, marking the only snow-free RR passage across the Rockies. Mexican workers slipped over the border here starting in the mid 1800’s. They tilled in the mines and worked in the smelter. Eventually, the town grew to more than 2,500 residents. The workers lived in stark poverty in adobe huts, often with no windows. However, the sense of community was strong. Smelter Town was the quintessential company village.

Stores, a theater, and even a YMCA were eventually erected amidst the primitive adobe homes. San Rosalia Church was built here as a namesake for the town in Chihuahua where many of the workers were born. Extreme poverty was partially offset by tight knit Communicado and a surprising sense of civic pride.

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Jimmy and I moved methodically through the cemetery packed tightly with graves heaped with rough stones left over from past mining. Faded wooden crosses and tawdry artificial flowers helped to create an unmistakably working-class Latino motif.

The tiny, three-foot-long graves of infants lost to runaway disease and lead poisoning were a sight almost impossible for us to bear. Texas mining provided a steady if paltry wage. However, the harshest fringe benefit was the deadly lead and mercury residue which permeated the air, water, floorboards, and clothing. Everything! Before there was Flint or East Chicago, there was Smelter Town.

The mining of lead and silver flourished until around 1970 when the El Paso Public Health Department found blood lead levels off the charts in both children and adults. The New York Times published a sobering national expose detailing the contamination and chilling health effects. ASARCO finally closed the mines in 1972 when court action forced the company to recognize overwhelming scientific data and their own culpability. Momentum from public outcry over the Smelter Town eventually helped spur Congress to pass Super Fund Clean Up legislation in 1980.

Today, the January sky turned slate grey as Jimmy Pro and I plied the historic graveyard. The crisp desert air transmitted the mournful whistle of one of the four powerful diesel locomotives pulling a seemingly endless Santa Fe freight train eastward through the pass. We ploddingly shot this desert pathos until our fingers froze to our cameras.

Then, seemingly out of nowhere, we came across a traditionally dressed Mexican vaquero arranging fresh roses and costume jewelry on a battered wooden cross at a rocky grave site. We exchanged solemn greetings barely audible above the whirl of the sharp wind. Jimmy respectfully whispered his handle, and I responded in kind. Our new friend nervously fondled his sombrero which he had removed out of respect. “Pancho Villa,” he mumbled softly. Now, I lurched hard left, so as to muffle a cynical guffaw. But then my careening gaze caught the weathered white cross with letters barely visible: Villa.



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Could an infamous cemetery hard by the Rio Grande harbor a vaunted ghost? Did this notorious Mexican outlaw and revolutionary have kin folk who made the northern trek here from San Rosalia?

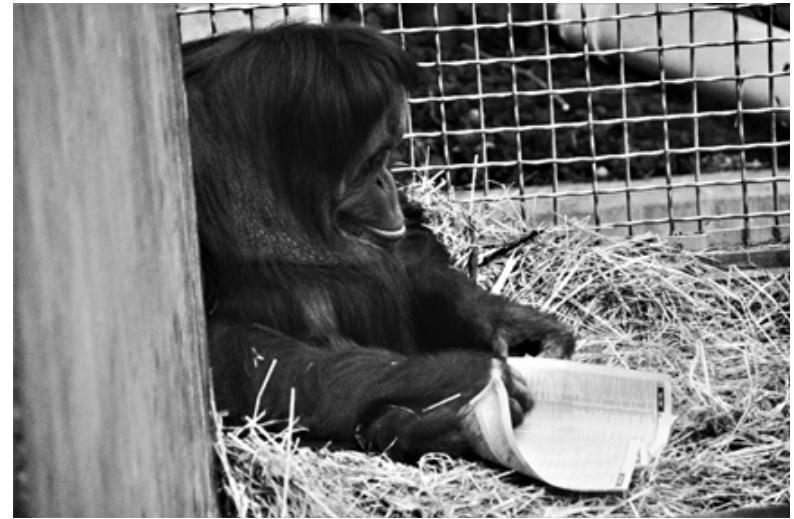
Just then, my cell phone pinged, announcing a text. That damn road service mechanic was finally inbound. We said our respectful good-byes to Pancho. Jimmy and I exchanged disbelieving glances as we walked out under the wrought-iron cemetery sign. The Santa Fe freight's whistle, now far to the east, drifted back to haunt us atop this cold arroyo. Tom Rush spoke to me again as he sometimes does. His laconic voice bubbled back up in my brain:

I want to tell you just how I feel ...

I feel like some old engine lost my drivin' wheel ...



*Smelter Cemetery, William Crawford*



*Pre Cell, Diane Payne*

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## Contributors

**JUDY ANGELHEART** captures moments on her cell phone. Southern Maryland constantly presents opportunities to capture a moment and freeze it in a photo. She feels that pausing to take in the world around brings gratitude to God for this amazing world.

**LILY BENNEAR** is 18 years old and is a dually enrolled high school student at CSM. She wishes to share ideas and experiences through the valuable human expression of writing.

**WILLIAM CRAWFORD** graduated from Surrattsville High School in Clinton. He is now a prolific itinerant writer and photographer based in Winston Salem, North Carolina. CRAWDADDY got his start as a combat photojournalist in Vietnam where he was mentored by four eventual Pulitzer Prize winners.

**KATY DAILEY** lives near Leonardtown, Md., with her husband, two children, and two cats.

**ASHLEY EDELEN** is an administrative assistant for the Marketing, Admissions, and Recruitment Department at CSM. This is her first time submitting to the Connections Literary Magazine.

**AMBER GIESKE** is a CSM STEM student and musician who enjoys writing observations on life, love, and the natural wonders that surround us.

**ASHLEY GROVES** loves writing poetry, and this is her last semester at CSM.

**LENA HANCOCK** is a mom of two, Maryland native, and currently serves as the director of marketing at CSM. She considers herself an amateur “iPhonetographer” and enjoys taking pictures of anything and everything, although butterflies, sunsets, and her children are current favorites. She has been published in Connections previously.

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**BRIENNA HARKNESS** is a CSM student who would prefer a warm cup of coffee over a conversation.

**DEJA HARMONY** feels that taking classical photography in college in a traditional darkroom made it an art for her as much as the Mona Lisa or a piece by Ludwig van Beethoven. She takes pride in catching what’s different and unique. The change from film to digital has its merits, but the artistry of darkroom gets lost in the new age. James Augustus Van Der Zee took pictures of a wedding with a polaroid camera and worked out the “kinks” in the darkroom. Photoshop and Lightroom are amazing, but the true ownership of the craft gets lost when the zeros and ones do the job. She feels that if you love what you do, you will always be happy.

**JENNIFER HOUCHIN** is an administrative assistant in the Science Department at CSM, and has worked at the college for nearly 20 years.

**HEATHER KERR** is an artist who lives in Southern Maryland with her husband and three children. She attends school for environmental management and sits on the Environmental Council in Calvert County.

**DIANE PAYNE** is a full-time electronic support technician for the Marketing, Admissions, and Recruitment Department at CSM.

**JENNIFER POLHEMUS**, an internationally published poet, lives in Central Pennsylvania in a concrete valley surrounded by verdant mountain ridges where she goes to escape metropolitan madness. She has been publishing her writing for almost 30 years and started offering editing and creative writing coaching services about 10 years ago. She was nominated twice for the Pushcart Prize in Poetry. Her current projects include finding a publisher for “Hells and Heavens”, a novella co-authored with her mentor and former high school history teacher and completing “Her Believing Heart”, a multi-genre collection documenting a segment of a journey toward personal transformation.

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**MICHAELA POLLARD** is a Charles County resident, currently living in La Plata, Md. She received her associate degree in English from CSM in Spring 2020, an accomplishment that she is very proud of. She enjoys writing and has been published in Connections three times. She is always looking for opportunities to share her writing and is currently working on a novel about a character with some of the same difficulties and life experiences she has. She is working towards a bachelor's degree in English studies with a concentration in creative writing. Eventually, she plans on earning a master's in fine arts and becoming a published novelist.

**BEVERLY RUSSELL** is a CSM alumna, currently working at the Leonardtown Campus in Learning Support and teaching first year seminar courses. Her passion is student success and goal completion. Hobbies include micro farming and making Betty Crocker look like an amateur!

**DONNA SPERRY** is in her 25th year teaching mathematics at CSM.

**RICHARD TAYLOR** is a full-time courier for Mail, Shipping, and Receiving for Operations and Planning at CSM.

**MONA WEBER** feels that one should never stop taking a moment to look at nature to appreciate and enjoy its beauty.



## **SUPPORT**

### **Connections Literary Series**

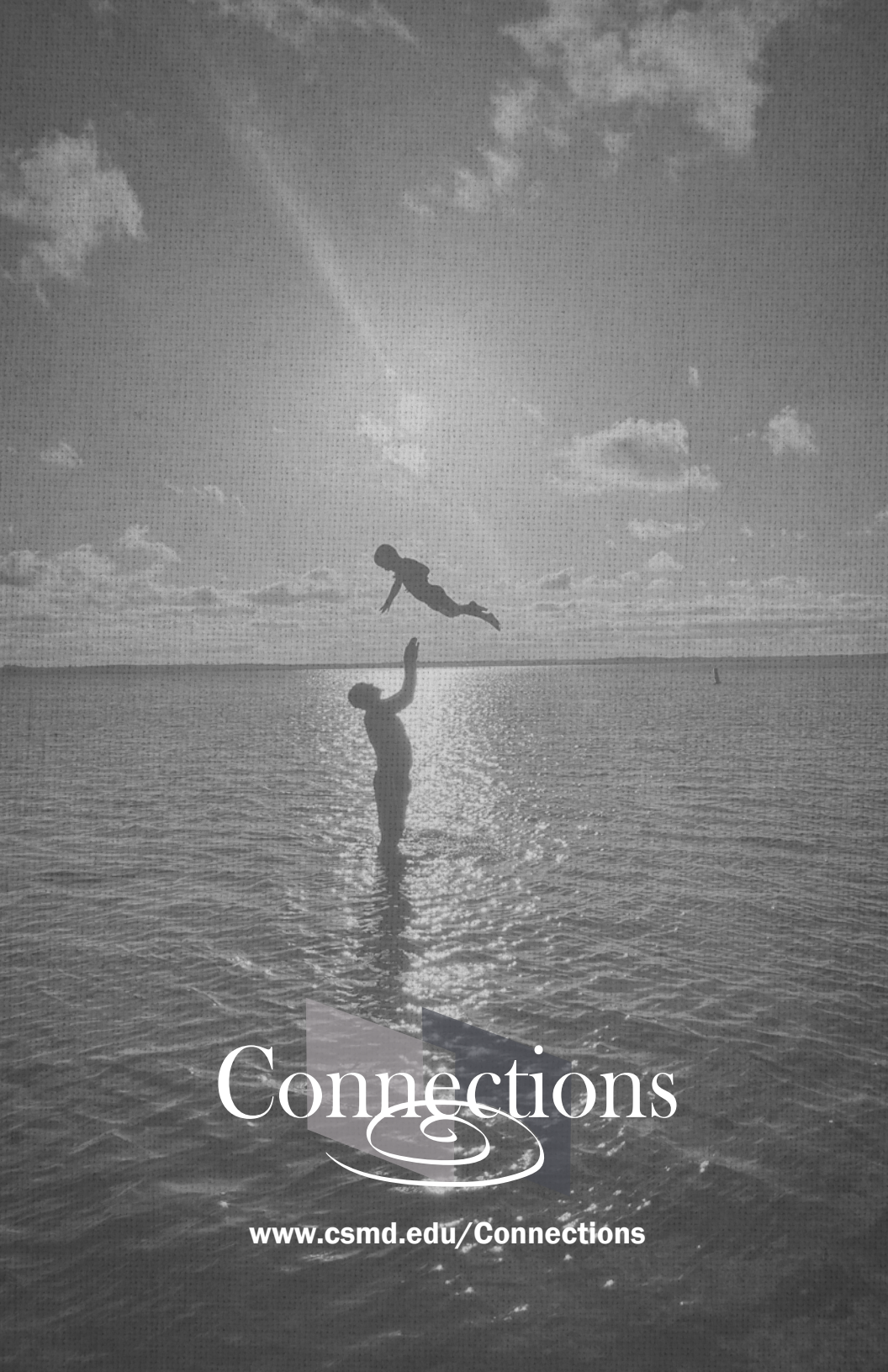
For two decades, the Connections Literary Series has featured writers such as National Book Award winners Tim O'Brien and Robert Stone; Pulitzer Prize-winning poets Yusef Komunyakaa and Henry Taylor; and Poets Laureate Lucille Clifton, Michael Glaser, and Kay Ryan.

Connections readings offer the Southern Maryland community a chance to hear and meet established and emerging local writers. The Connections Literary Magazine is a regional literary journal published twice a year that features poems, stories, artwork, and photography of Southern Maryland. Also featured, from time to time, is material from visiting writers.

With your support, the Connections Literary Series will continue to provide Southern Maryland with opportunities to enjoy featured authors, poets, and the creative works of community members and students at the College of Southern Maryland.

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# Connections

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