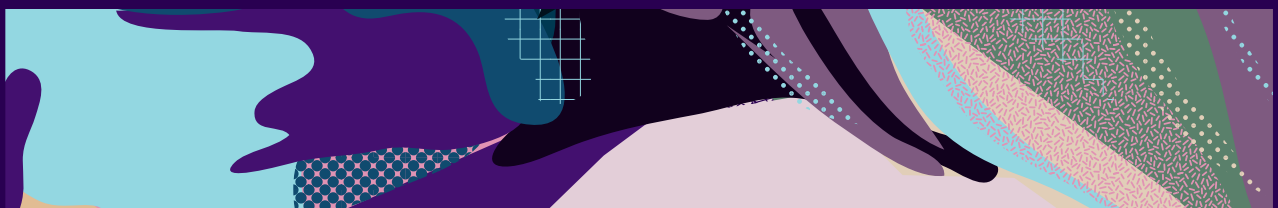


# The Arrowhead

2024



Mississippi College's  
Literary and Arts Magazine



## Fine Art

- 3 **Lost boy:** Grace Studinka
- 5 **Age:** James Wiley
- 11 **Mixed Media:** Anna Powell
- 14 **Strolling:** Ruby Lanford
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## Poetry

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# 2nd Poetry

## Being Human

By Camden Clem

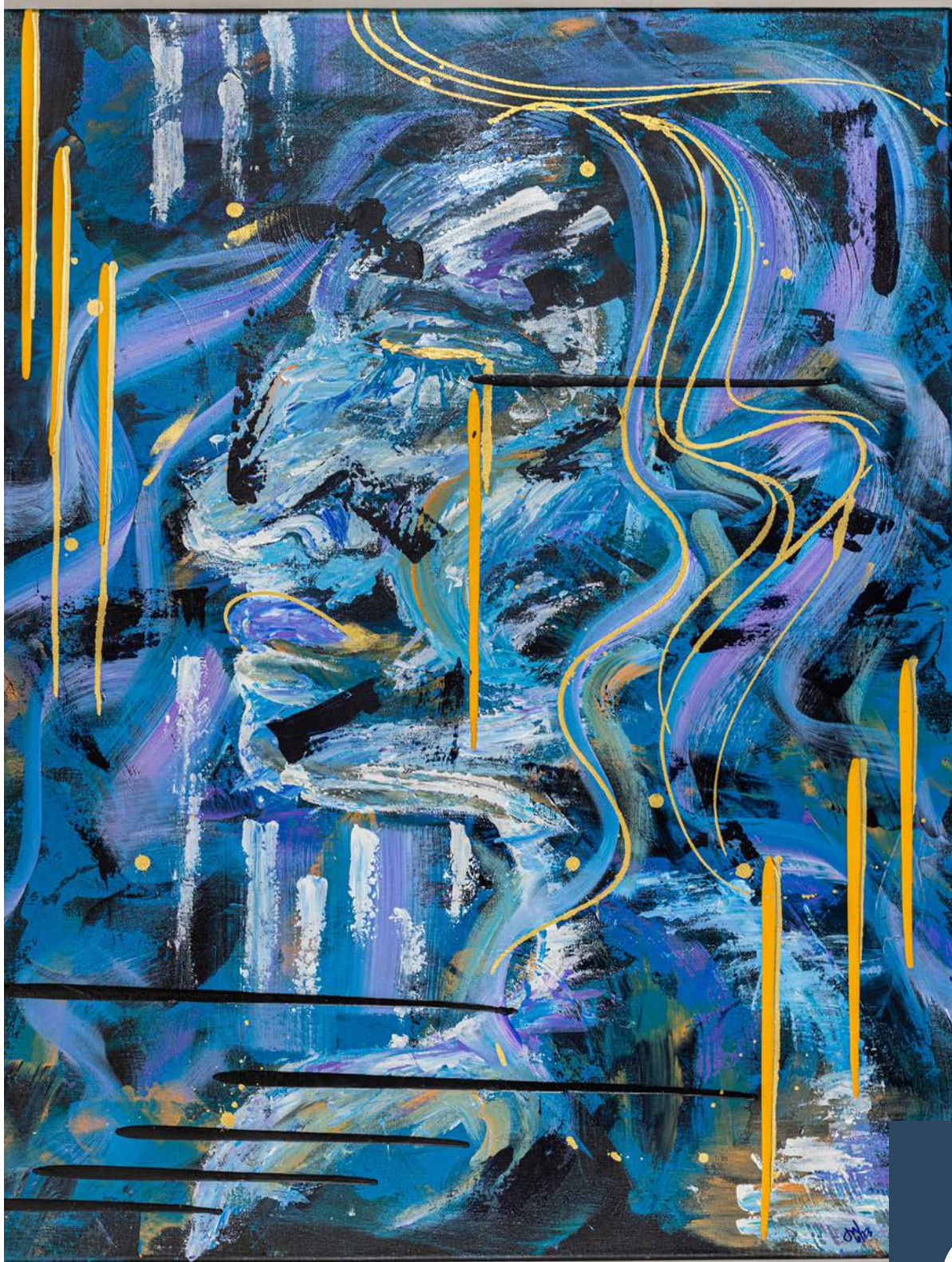
Keeping rocks in your shirt pocket; Throwing up in the sink when you brush your teeth; Getting ready in the dark for three months because picking out the right lightbulb is an insurmountable task; Being afraid of getting help; Picking at your lips until they bleed; Crying on the drive home from your parents' house; Crying as you sew up a tear in your stuffed animal's stomach; Crying out to the god you've tried your damndest not to believe in; Not knowing the last time you saw the sun rise; Your grandparents' backyard is so much smaller than you remember it being; Dazzling your little brother with that trick where you touch the flame of a candle; Not getting a dog because one day it will die; Needing to tie everything up in a neat little bow; Falling asleep on the phone

Grace Studinka



1st  
Fine Art

lost Boy



Jamese Wiley

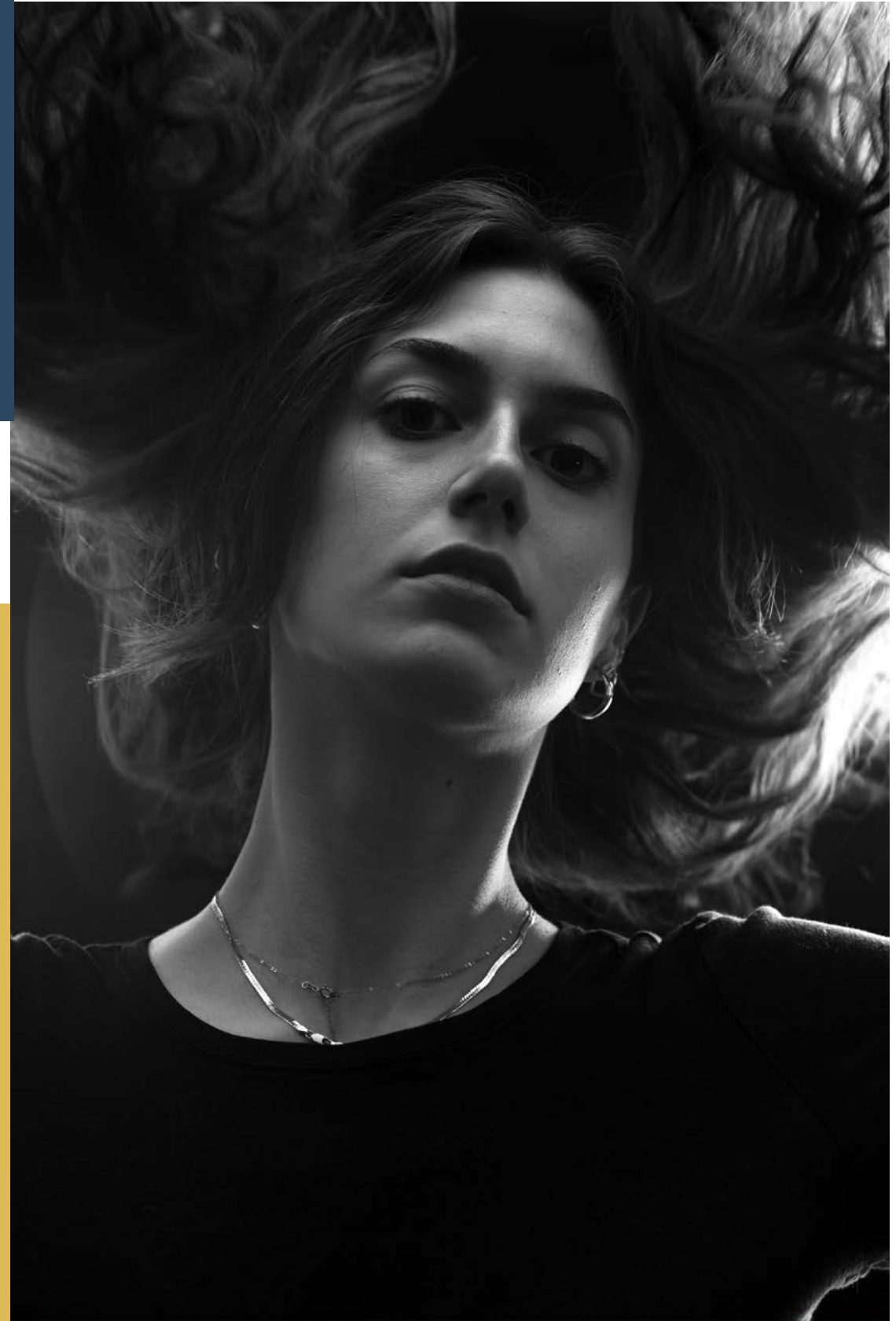
Age

2<sup>nd</sup>  
Fine Art



Photography

Emma Knowles



Underwater?

“It was the  
summer of  
sunsets  
over the sky-  
line I learned  
to memorize”

- excerpt from Mother Tongue

**2<sup>nd</sup>**  
Photography

# Jamere Wiley

“ I love editorials  
and in **contrast**, I  
also love  
documentary style  
photography.”

Honorable Mention



## The Pink lady

Kathryn Moss



## “Yesterday is a ghost, haunting those it never met”

By Devan Martin

While others flee from history,  
I sit and write of a hanging tree  
My young mind a sea, beginning to fill  
Slowly corrupted by oil spills

Thoughts that I was saved by modernity,  
But I've been granted some clarity  
I have learned from my family,  
That they hate the ancestry inside of me

They push us out of schools,  
Give us separate “public” pools  
But even so I fear  
One day I'll be another souvenir

The wind sings through the branches,  
While I steal white glances  
O death, where is thy sting?,  
As my feet continue to swing

Swing and swing they do,  
But all they sing about is you  
Not enough fountains, money, schools  
But we use this as fuel

We stress, cry and grieve,  
While you hangman's knot us on a tree  
For a man was lynched yesterday,  
But that's only an issue for me.

Kathryn Moss

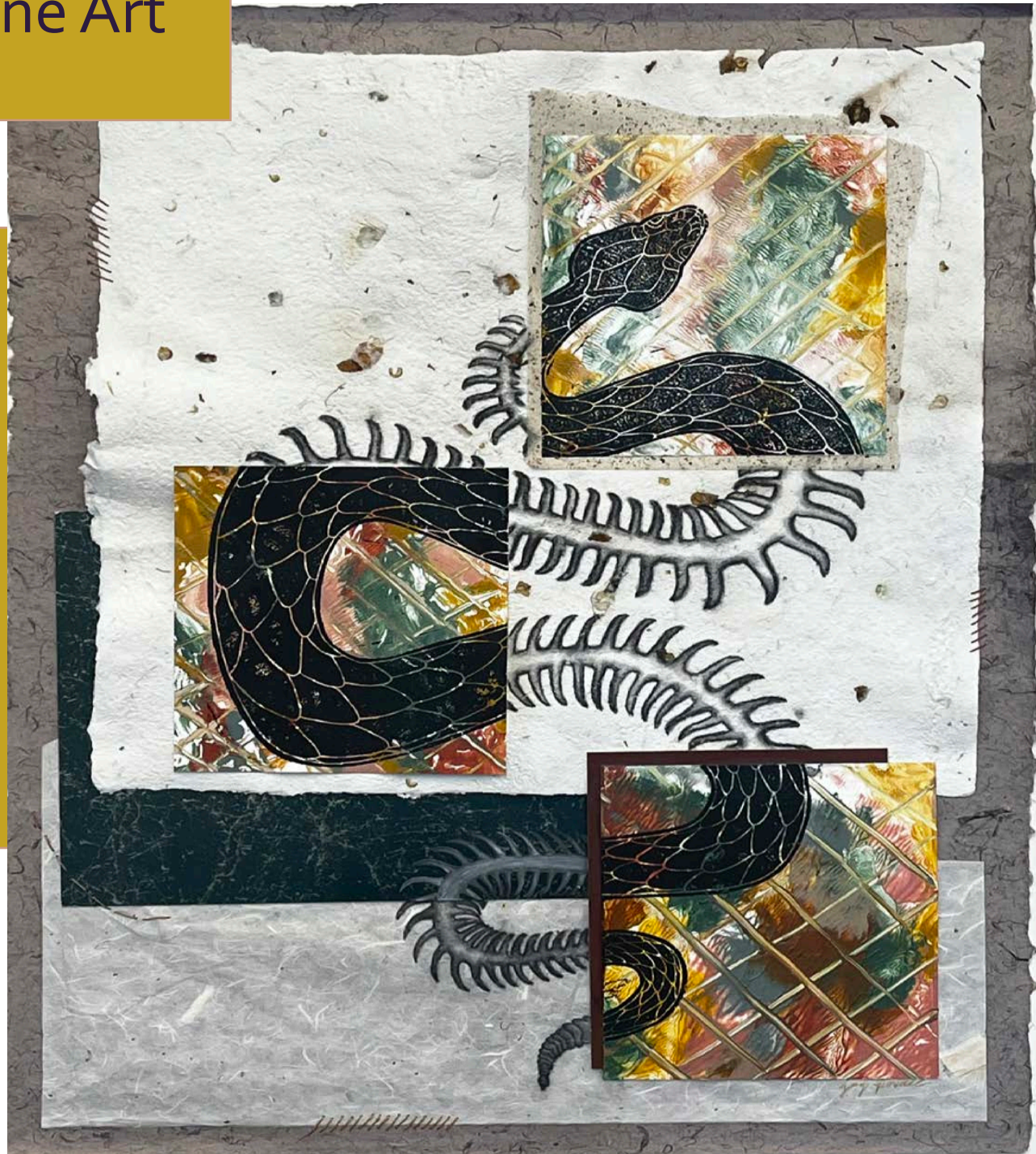


## The Dress

**HM**  
Poetry

## Mixed Media

Anna Powell



## Halfway Down, I find a Message in a Bottle

By Emma Ellard

Dear reader, come back  
up for air. Love isn't  
something you drown in.  
It's here, all around you  
in the open air. Love is somebody  
with soaked skin on the line  
holding an umbrella for you.  
Love is the rain that talks the earth  
into becoming soft. Love  
is the umbrella.

## Mother Tongue

By Emma Ellard

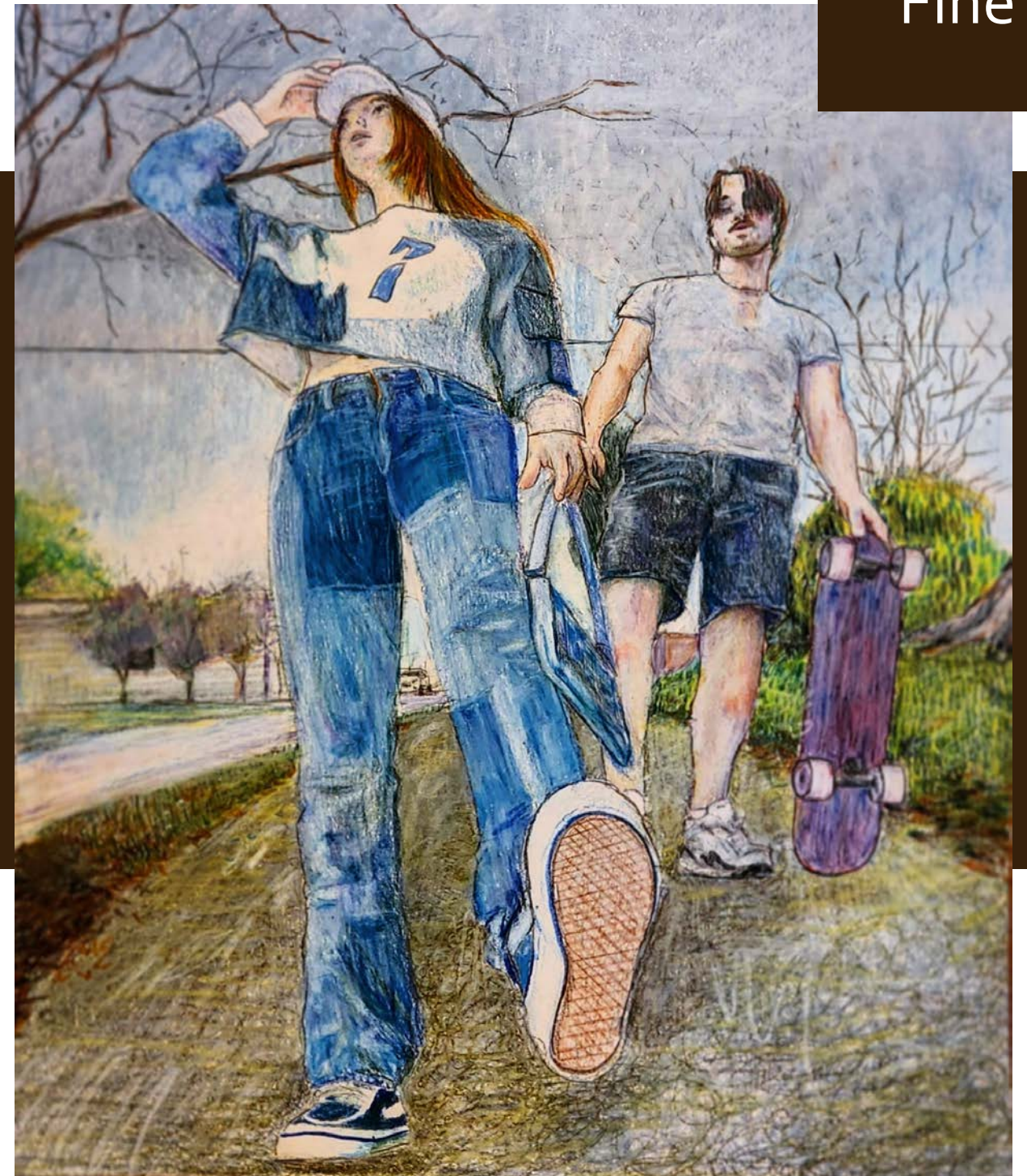
It was the summer of sunsets over the skyline I learned to memorize, the summer I repainted the kitchenette to keep from taking a butcher's knife to the bone. I recreated recipes – shoddy recitations, broken mother tongue. I gazed wistfully at third story windows. I put a coin in a jar every time I thought about the knife. I took the mirrors down once I got tired of seeing my mother without being able to ask her whether it's one tablespoon or two.

**3<sup>rd</sup>**  
Poetry

## Strolling

By Ruby Lanford

**3<sup>rd</sup>**  
Fine Art





## Honorable Mention Photography



**The Imperial Museum**  
Mary Freeman

# The Deer

By Addison Alexander

**Creative  
Nonfiction**

Deer will flinch at the crunch of a leaf but ignore the gravel-rumbling acid-burning-rubber approach of a two ton impending collision. The metal slams into their 150 pound bodies, and most stumble into the woods to die first and feel the shock later. Deer will graze until the grass stops, and they will linger near the asphalt— which offers them nothing— until they are pulled away. Why, when starry nights lead them back to the black river, that strip of nature nullified, do they stay so close? Why, when their hooves click the concrete, do they bolt from oncoming undoing— and then, as they reach safety, pause, look into light, and double back?

Deer are crepuscular, a word meaning that they are creatures of twilight and thus meant to live in lowlight, in the milieu of dusk and dawn. Their world is dreamy, a smear

of fog and dew-damp clover. They do not taunt the sun. But deer are also instinctual, and their drive to find mates leaves no stone unturned on either side of the pavement. They are soft light dwelling prey, with a compulsion to hunt each other. They will follow their own across cataclysm. What a trick of man to pull these purblind animals toward each other at the crux of blinding lights.

Blinding isn't the approach of nature. The gift of our sun is that we must look at her purposefully, that she resides above us— what a gift to have our faces oriented away from glory. We are not thrown into brilliance like the deer, whose eventide eyes will fill up with photoreception, who will be confounded by light at eye-level, who will misunderstand escape. We protect ourselves from full

revelation, and the tops of our heads burn.

The eyes of prey are found always on the sides of the head; they offer inexact depth perception and a wide peripheral. How could they know the proximity of a predator with blazing eyes and preternatural speed? If they are not blinded, they are tricked. Some will think that the space between beams is empty, that they can evade the oncoming in one precious slice of darkness, return to brush and shelter until man's helios has passed them over. They are creatures built for escape, so they dive.

It's a comfort to imagine that deer mistake headlights for the sun, that they feel the dissipation of morning fog upon them, the warmth of summer filling their bodies when they feel the impact. Their confusion melts away: Here is how the story ends, prey caught after a life spent running. They did not expect another ending. I imagine that as they lay, their sweeping peripheral shows them both sides of the forest, and they remember it as it once was.

There is no aubade of the deer who lies in the crook of road's belly, defeated by the pull. The one who

fled for instinct's sake but doubled back in instinct's defeat, into the artificial light which forsakes the deer's eye and lays him down. We ignore the red of the deer as we pass, but pull back our eyes, inexplicably, to look at the macabre. Yet we think that we are not dazed by glory extrinsic to us, that we do not go blind from undue knowledge flooding us all at once. We pretend to misunderstand.

“The gift of our sun is that we must look at her purposefully, that she resides above us—what a gift to have our faces oriented away from glory.”



# The Due

By Kathryn Moss

3<sup>rd</sup>  
Photography

# Editors and Sponcers

## Editor

Camden Clem

## Art Editor

Cate Sparks

## Assistant Editor

Merrin Meyer

## Editing Intern

Nettie Schulte

## Sponcers

Dr. James Potts

Benjamin Ivey



## Editor's Note

Having the honor and pleasure of working on the arrowhead staff for the past three years, I am constantly in awe of the quality of work we see through submissions. The students at this school are not only talented, they are also passionate. It is evident from their work that they feel deeply and care deeply about the world around them. This magazine is a testament to the creative heart that is alive and beating at Mississippi College. Thank you to everyone who submitted and who has had a hand in The Arrowhead this year. Your work makes the world just a little bit brighter.



# The Judges

## Anthony Thaxton

Fine Art

## Justin Rives

Photography

## Lindsey Alexander

Poetry

## Notes from Judges

TO ALL THE ARTISTS WHO SUBMITTED: I was pleased with the variety and quality of work submitted. It was hard to judge everything together: I wish there were different categories (like Traditional Media, Digital Media, etc). Very difficult to objectively judge them all together like this. I factored in composition, originality, color, texture, form, technique. The digital entries look really good, but some of the colors and composition were done for the digital artist already in their source photos. This is hard to factor in and to compare with the other work landing in an objective place to give ribbons. And judging art is so subjective... the next artist might judge it completely differently and for valid reasons to him. I'm proud of the work you students are doing at MC. Congratulations from a proud, older Choctaw.

-Anthony Thaxton

OK, so this was so much harder than I thought it would be. I think because there were so many good choices.

- Justin Rives

# Mississippi College's literary and Arts Magazine

Showcasing student art and writing, The Arrowhead is a celebration of the vibrant arts community of Mississippi College. We recognize the best of the best, highlighting student work and platforming the artistic voices of our institution.

