

Eagle's Nest



Volume VIII

Presented by the Eastern Arts Society

Volume VIII - *Eagle's Nest Magazine*

Dedicated to Joe McGee, in support of his battle!

Joe McGee, former English Faculty and editor of Eagle's Nest Magazine at Eastern, is currently battling Esophageal cancer. With the new edition being published, we want to show support and urge readers to send support to him and his wife, Jess Rinker, Adjunct at Eastern. They are both published children's book authors, and together, have over twenty-five published books. They were married in 2018 and have 6 children between them, ages 15-24. They live together with their two dogs, and Jess' daughter, Ainsley, in the mountains of West Virginia.

To support Joe McGee and Jess Rinker, go to
<https://www.gofundme.com/f/joe-mcgee-and-jess-rinker>



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“Dancing Embers” by Curtis Hakala

The sun had begun its descent, casting shadows across the abandoned coal yard as it made way for the evening. Cephas, an old man now, sat on the rusty tracks, his gaze fixed on the fire. His once-vibrant eyes, clouded by the passage of time and the lines that had etched themselves into his face, bore witness to the hardships of life in the Appalachian hollows. The smell of wood smoke lingered in the air, mingling with the scent of damp earth and wildflowers.

Cephas sighed, pulling his worn flannel tighter around him as he watched the familiar silhouette of Maggie appear at the edge of the yard. Her dress, once a bright shade of blue, had faded, and the hem frayed and trailed in the dirt.

“Maggie, I ain’t seen you in a month of Sundays,” Cephas called out, his voice hoarse and tired.

Maggie smiled. “I been waitin’ for you, Cephas. Always waitin’.”

They sat together in the failing light, the silence punctuated only by the distant whip-poor-wills and crackling of the fire. The wind picked up, and Maggie shivered, wrapping her thin shawl around her shoulders.

“Things ain’t what they used to be, Maggie,” Cephas said, staring out into the gathering darkness. “The mines all closed up, and the young’uns are leavin’, chasin’ after dreams.”

Maggie nodded, her eyes downcast. “I know, Cephas. I know. But we’ve still got each other, and that’s somethin’, ain’t it?”

Cephas reached over, his gnarled hand finding hers, their fingers entwining. “Yeah, Maggie, that’s somethin’.”

As they sat there, Cephas recalled the day he’d first laid eyes on Maggie, chasing fireflies through a field of goldenrod. They’d married young, as folks did in those days, and together they’d built a life in the shadow of the mines.

The long shadows continued to linger, an emptiness that could not be filled by the beauty of the mountains. The hollow grew quieter still, the abandoned mines standing as silent monuments.

Now, seated by the fire’s dying embers, they clung to one another, their bodies frail. The stars began to emerge in the inky sky.

“Remember when we used to dance under the moonlight, Maggie?” Cephas asked, his voice a tender whisper.

Maggie smiled, the corners of her eyes crinkling with the memory. “I do, Cephas. I do. We were so young.”

They sat in silence for a moment.

“Maybe we should dance again, Maggie,” Cephas said softly. “One last time, under the moon and stars.”

Maggie stared at the spiraling smoke after the fire had gone cold and the last embers had turned to ash.

“Yes, Cephas,” she whispered as they rose together, their bodies swaying gently. “Let’s dance.”



***"Snacktime"* by Donna Davy**

18x24 - =Acrylic and Gouache



***"West Whitehill Winery Quilt"* by Amanda West**

Painting - 2022; Design inspired by Bed of Roses quilt pattern.

Photo Credit: Trish Halterman

Displayed on the front of West Whitehill Winery, Rt. 220 in Moorefield, WV. Amanda West, owner of West Whitehill Winery, is a former Eastern employee and started the Potomac Highlands Producers (PHP).

"A New Year in Every Day" by Dillon Ruddie

To set my self at ease and wish away the day
Un breaking is my fall forward is the way
Neither mountain billows they wait for me
For light to flitter further with uncertainty

My being is walking out of here and now
The curtain of tomorrow stares with wow
If only a rainbow would cover my smile
To dry up my sad and laugh all the while

The songbirds would sing of the spring again
And the snow could melt the harsh west wind
I'll be picking flowers in the cool crisp eve
With words as my friends to them I'll cleave

When summer comes and goes so fast
It slows in memory it is a royal blast
The crickets know the way to finding harmony
At night they kill the time with little melodies

Then the autumn peeks it's head around
It's where most memories can be found
The ones with family and friends so near
Where granny makes cookies for her deer

Old man winter is knocking at the door
So cold one is dancing on the floor
With the snow circling around the trees
And cheeks so rosy with lots of glee.

The new year will come and define our lives
It's only a matter of time so don't get behind
Our hearts will be filled with wonder inside
The future is our friend one that isn't shy.



***“Untitled”* by Kaleah Thomas**

Acrylic

***“Drowning Thoughts”* by Honey Hayes**

Thoughts come and go like waves in a sea
Drifting back and forth
They call to me
I fight and try to break free
Yet the tides disagree
Leaving the cold world with a frown
I struggle not to let myself drown
Beautifully broken
The water keeps me choking
Take a deep breath before going under
The storm rolls in, the rain, the lightning, the thunder
Red skies a sailors warning
The pain is roaring
The thoughts tug like anchors on my feet
The waves are too strong to beat
I am chained to my emotions
Give in and give them devotion
I am finally free at last
My emotions begin to pass
Water fills my lungs
I hear heavens drums



“Waiting” by Kristen Colebank

19x19 - Watercolor

The homeowner of this home passed away several years ago and the home has been unoccupied since then, but it still features

elements from when the home was the centerpiece of a family’s life. The late evening sun shines in on the front porch in a particular way for only a few weeks each year, and that special light always made the vintage porch chair glow. That chair has since been removed from the property, and I feel its loss every time I drive by; it anchored the entire scene. This painting is purposefully steeped in nostalgia and memories, and I hear echoes from my childhood every time I look at it.

Contact and view more art by Kristen Colebank at:

E-mail: kcolebank@waitesrunstudios.com

Facebook: facebook.com/WaitesRunStudios

Website: waitesrunstudios.com

“Dribbles” by Mark Bennear

On Obedience

“She burst into the room covered in roots, grass, and mud.
She brought the petrichor with her.

“You’re late for your studies, Amelia.” Came the stern response.
Amelia’s eyes opened wide with defiance.

“I’m studying life, Ms. Lorn, and I have much to teach you today.”
The two stood like stone prizefighters waiting for the other
to speak.”

On Conformity

“Would you like to join our anti-tribal tribe?” She asked.

“Isn’t that a contradiction?” I was puzzled.

“We voted and decided it’s a paradox.”

“So, the tribe agrees it’s not a contradiction?”

“That’s the official position, but there are several dissenters. We
don’t mind.”

On Fitting In

Being human and lacking the third arm that all Ch’arill possessed,
the human brothers felt out of place living among them.

Garlan affixed his prosthetic third arm.

“Quit pretending you don’t want to be accepted.”

Liggo scowled, “Quit pretending you’re someone you’re not.”

On Cooperation

Andrew and Roland were busy accusing each other of being Hitler.
Orson decided to finish the group project while they bickered.
Orson let the two know and called them both slackers.

So, Andrew and Roland decided Orson was the real Hitler, and
they would work together to get rid of him.

Justice

Dribbles are short flash fiction stories that use around 50 words!

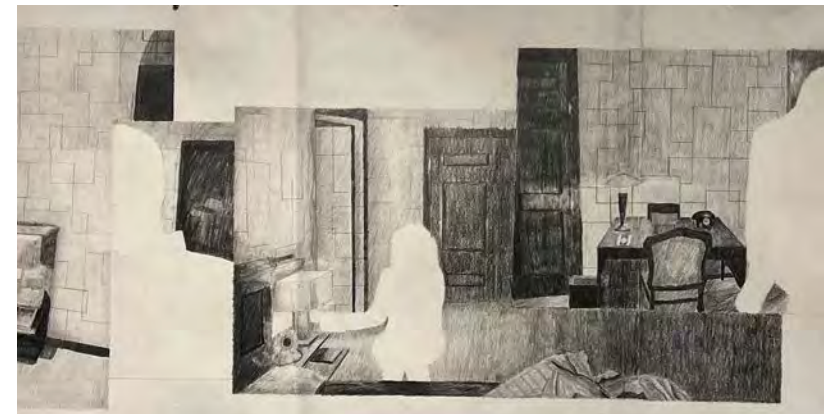
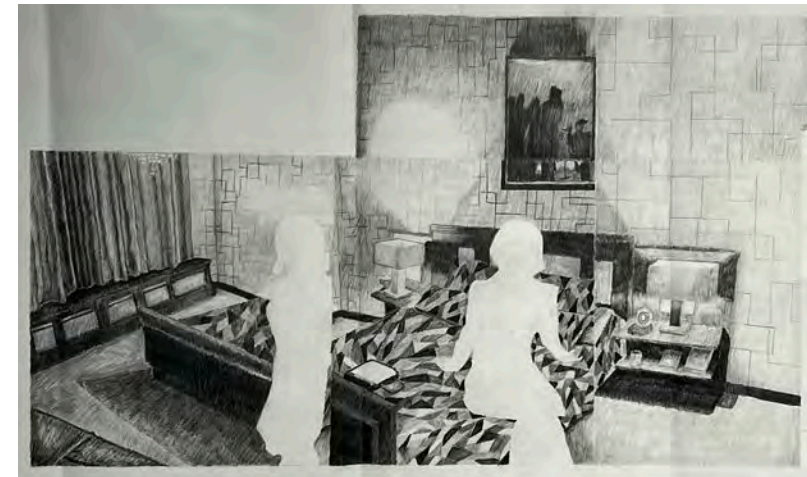
***“Control”* by Trent Montgomery**

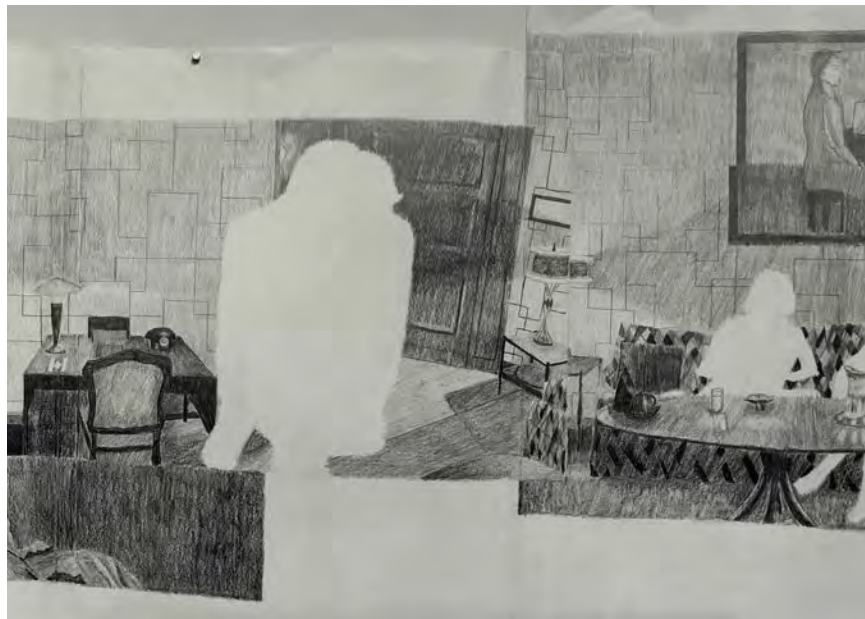
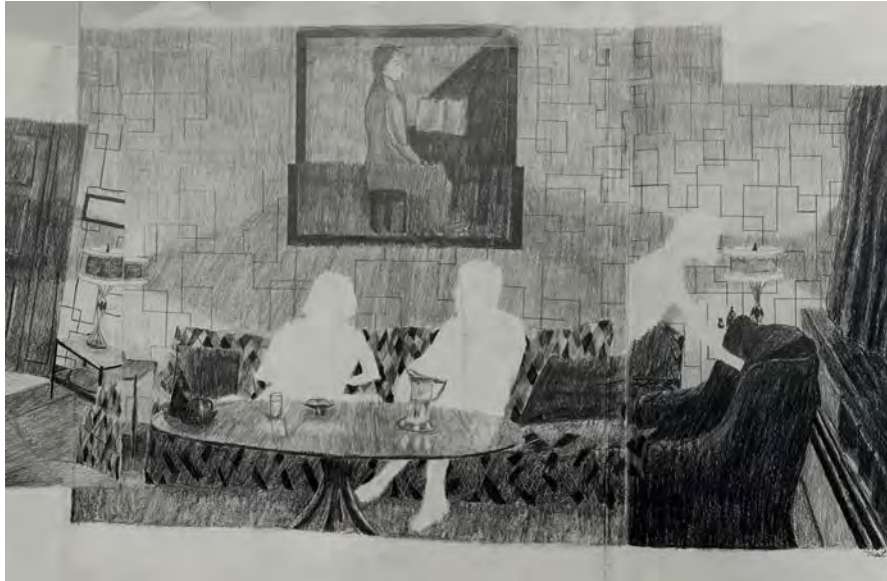
You want to have control
Sitting and stirring
Intention setting and manifesting
Trying to shape your life.
You should try to let go
Bask in the unknown
Drift your vision to the edge of the horizon
Stay along the path
The horizon always comes faster than you'd think
You don't want to let go
But it's hard when the stars and birds above,
Tell you to turn and run.
Change your life
Change your name
Move away to another city,
Relearn your fate
Then end up right at the beginning again
Sifting your vision through the clouds
Discerning the deception of those all around
Jealousy, hidden behind friendly eyes
Those you think are allies
But come to find they're plotting your demise.
Then you realize, you were right to take control.

***“Dissociation”* by Trent Montgomery**

80x18 - Graphite(Pencil Drawing)

Based on scenes from the limited series 'The Queen's Gambit'





***"Untitled"* by Donna Davy**

16x20 - Acrylic

***“Winter”* by Daleny Crites**

A winter’s day is too short to date:

Sometimes too short to wait.

The leaves on the trees are forever gone.

The days are so still and straight.

Winter makes me wonder if the leaves would ever respawn.

How will I ever cope with this sadness?

The sadness of the still trees and barren ground.

Summer will soon be filled with vastness,

But will it ever be found?

Winter may still be here,

But the thought of summer is nowhere near.



***“Untitled”* by Skyler Crites**

12th Grade Moorefield High School Student

Graphite



“Untitled” by Skyler Crites

12th Grade Moorefield High School Student
Graphite

“Untitled” by Nathan McDonald
Moorefield High School 12th Grade English

Side by side with faces I don't know
I'm sure soon enough we'll all be full of bullet holes
A small prayer to God is said
I sigh as one says God is dead
Small whispers and whimpers all of fear
We all know why we're here
We go to the trenches guns in hands
Your only friend in these dead lands
As bullets soar and crash into men
They all fall to the ground already dead
I march forward with regrets a few
Looking down seeing the shape of a rock roll by
Unable to react I was sent sky high
One last thought before goodbye
Never mind I let out a sigh.

***"Forsaken Land"* by Trenton Johnston**
Moorefield High School 12th Grade English

Does the world not hear my cries?
Why will nothing answer me?
Have I not given enough?
Have I not given all I had, to make everyone happy?
What must I do to get an answer?
Disregard I know why now.
It's because they can't answer.
I'm sure even if it could, it would not satisfy my calls.
Because it does not care.
But I still enjoy my home.
The people I keep around me.
They give me happiness that the world could not return to me.
But it doesn't change the fact.
That I'm in a forsaken land.

***"Untitled"* Poems by Julianne Shifflett,**
Senior at Moorefield High School

Love is a strong disease
It's a force that swallow's you
A never ending feeling dwelling in fear
A sympathetic hand, eye, or word
A heart wrenching pain, cry, or scream
It's a defining experience with hurt
It's a definition of exhaustion
Love? What's so poetic about it?

-js

time will heal your heart.
you just have to pick yourself up.
day by day.
one day you will be able to say:
"i am okay."

-js

i'm even more stuck than i was before.
glued to the bed. the blankets molded my figure. the dried tears
on the sheets.
the screams over lapping.
waking up and fearing the same ceiling i thought i ran away from.
waking up in a place i thought i got out of.
but my minds still seems to feel stuck.
in a time frame. 2 sided people.
it's all become the same.
from then and now, i still don't feel the moving on part.
the replenishment of life.
of my feelings.
of my thoughts.
laying in a bed that is not mine.
and still feeling the same, all over again.

-js

i lay here.
in his sheets.
in his blankets.
in his bed.
i feel used.
i feel gross.
i feel unworthy for him.
my heart hurts.
my chest stings.
i feel useless.
and all i want is my real home.
because no matter where i go.
home is never found.

-js

i feel empty.
the love you once showed as migrated its way into different little
things.
you needed more than me.
you needed it more than me.
you loved it more than me.
what do i have to do to, for you to see.
i just wanted to be more than it.

-js

"Blackout Poetry" by Moorefield High School

12th Grade English Students

Based on the poem "Do Not Go Gentle into that Good Night" by Dylan Thomas, students were to create a poem and an illustration centering around 15-20 words they chose from the original poem.

Do Not Go Gentle into the Good Night
By: Dylan Thomas

Do not go gentle into that good night,
Old age should burn and rave at close of day;
Rage, rage against the dying of the light.

Though wise men at their end know dark is right,
Because their words had forked no lightning they
Do not go gentle into that good night.

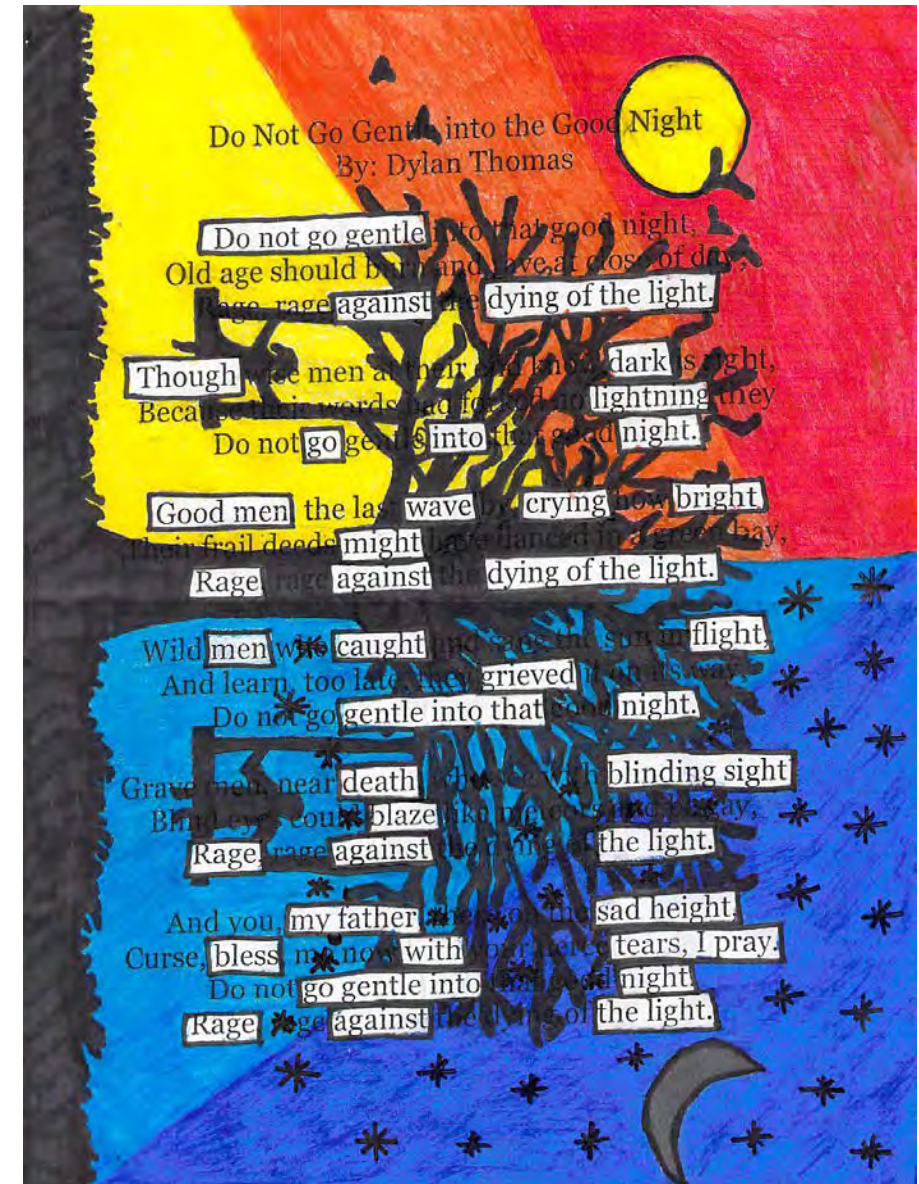
Good men, the last wave by, crying how bright
Their frail deeds might have danced in a green bay,
Rage, rage against the dying of the light

Wild men who caught and sang the sun in flight,
And learn, too late, they grieved it on its way,
Do not go gentle into that good night.

Grave men, near death, who see with blinding sight
Blind eyes could blaze like meteors and be gay,
Rage, rage against the dying of the light.

And you, my father, there on the sad height,
Curse, bless, me now with your fierce tears, I pray.
Do not go gentle into that good night.
Rage, rage against the dying of the light.

By Daleny Crites



By Kaylyn Burner

Do Not Go Gentle into the Good Night
By Dylan Thomas

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By LJ Kesner

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By Noely Rivera-Marrero

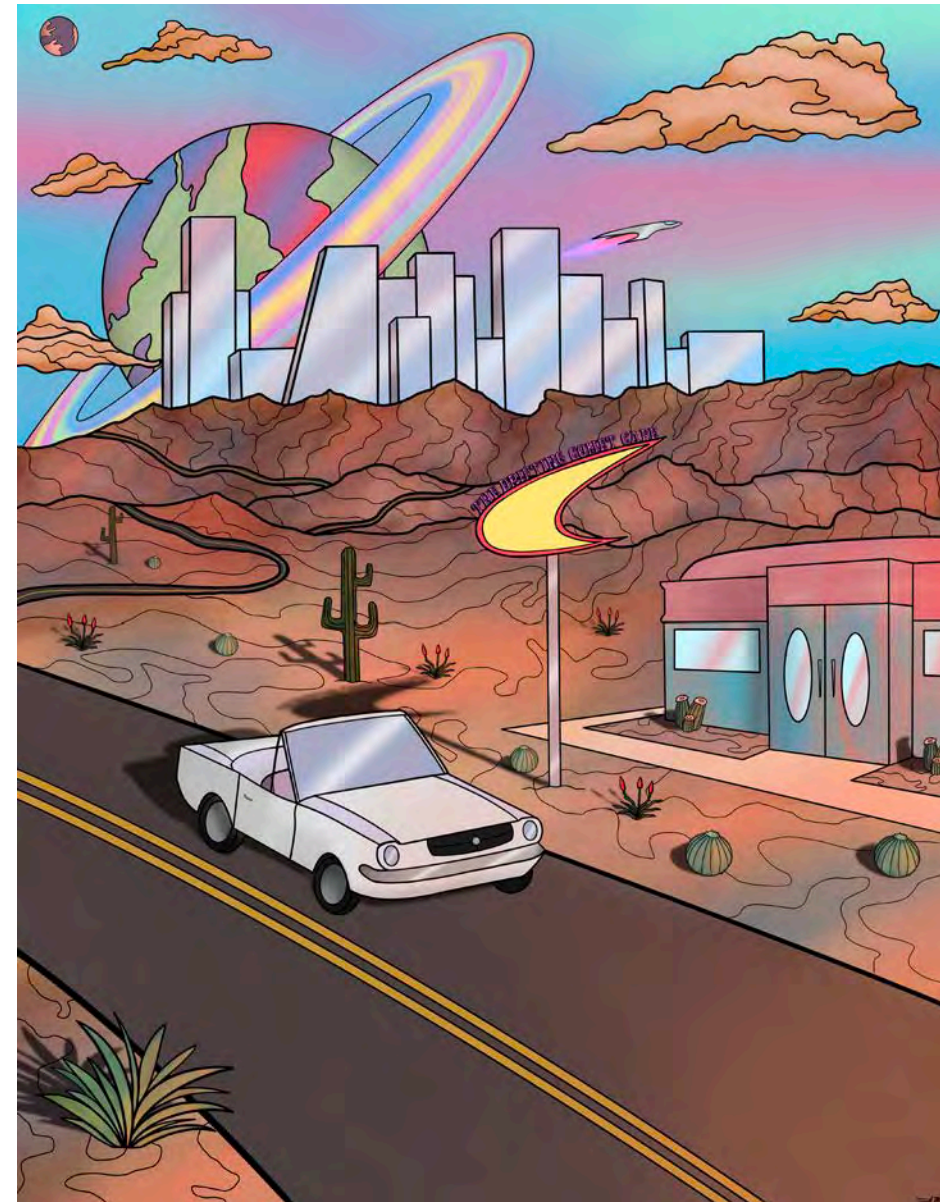


By Breanna Dean

"Drifting Through Las Rhodo (12 Steps)"

by Trent Montgomery

11x14 - Digital Drawing/Illustration & Poetry



12 steps from the void at all times
Driving down the dusty road 22 miles out of Las Rhodo,
the crowning jewel of Terra Prime
A planet on the edge of the galaxy
The last discoverable and hospitable place
That anyone who is anyone could ever hope to find

Mixed with hippies and witches
who practice palmistry and tarot reading
One brewed me a concoction
"To ward off the visions," she said,
Made with hydrangeas
Pink, purple, and blue
To bring about some pride, love, and understanding
Steeping it through an opalite filter
Adding a little youthful optimism
To cleanse me of the energy left by those who were
jaded, jealous, petty and narcissistic
Though the energy finds me no matter
how much I cut it off or run from it
She told me I'm a Dragon Phoenix
In a crystalline cocoon and still transforming
Taking in all energies
I need to discern which is needed for me

with a metamorphosis almost compete
As long as I don't run from it
Born of the eagle goddess, who had a spirit of a bear
Bestowed down to me with natural healing properties
Allowing me to be all I need
And yet, still meant to eventually evolve into the Vajrayogini
A perfect form of strength and grace
Like living fire which burns brighter than the sun

Yet here I am, now 55 miles out
Driving away in my mustang
Speeding away but knowing I should stay
Leaving the warmth of inspiration
Which has been eluding me in the current overgrowth
of the trees that block out the sun
Keeping me burning cold
A frozen ember, stuck in time
Left in the moonlight, making me think it's daytime
And yet still asking the moon for her blessing
when the sun's been giving it so many times
Only for me to eclipse him with my contradicting nature

After a few more miles
I'm next to the Drifting Comet Cafe

Where I may or may not stop and go in
Have a drink, so I can try to stop myself from thinking about it all;
The before and after,
A fall and rise to contemplation
Of whether it is condemnation or acceptance of the truth
Should I turn around or not
Make my escape to an artist's oasis
And if I don't, I'd never truly know
But yet I would because if I tried
I know it would be more than worth my time
From what I have spent and what my years have still to see
Whats yet to be
If only I'd pierce the veil that's
Only, truly, thinly there



"Self-Portrait" by Trent Montgomery

18x24 (unframed)/ 24/30 (framed) - Graphite(Pencil Drawing)

Contact and view more art by Trent Montgomery:

E-mail: trentmontgomery991@gmail.com

Instagram: @trentm_artwork

Facebook: TrentMontgomery01

From The Editor

This concludes this edition of “Eagle’s Nest” magazine. Thank you to everyone who submitted art and literary works to make this one of the most successful volumes we have had at Eastern. We look forward to putting more out in the future, to continue spotlighting local artists and writers. Stay tuned to our social media channels to see some of those who submitted, get highlighted in social media posts! In upcoming events, The Eastern Arts Society is happy to be hosting a juried community art show from September 5-26, 2023 at our main campus in Moorefield, WV. We are looking to support artists from all over the Potomac Highlands! A club at Eastern is also being revamped. Formerly known as Sketch Club, it will be evolving into the Eastern Arts Club. This will cover multiple artistic medias, and will be open to the community. There will be more info to come in the coming months about this as well.

Make sure to spread the word about Eagle’s Nest, so artists and writers in the community know they have an accessible place to promote their creations!

***-Trent Montgomery, Marketing & Graphic Designer/
Eastern Arts Society Advisor***

Eagle’s Nest Magazine is an Eastern Arts Society publication made possible by generous donations and funding through the Eastern Foundation. If you’d like to help us continue to create and publish this journal, as well as develop more creative and artistic endeavors, please consider donating.

You may contact megan.webb@easternwv.edu or robert.burns@easternwv.edu to find out how you can help!

For more information on submitting to Eagle’s Nest, please contact Trent Montgomery at trent.montgomery@easternwv.edu

Thank you to everyone who contributed to this edition. Please support Joe McGee in his battle.

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