

Eagle's Nest



Literary & Art Magazine

Volume IX

Presented by the Eastern Arts Society

Volume IX - *Eagle's Nest Magazine*

“River Through Time” by Daniel Dorsch

Ancient, strong, and powerful -
so flows the mighty stream.
Of war and peace and change she knows,
centuries of ideas and dreams.

Long ago she quenched their thirst,
those warriors, now long since gone.
She heard their prayers and battle cries.
These hills resounded with their song.

When strange new faces appeared,
their songs also became known.
Always they sought to conquer nature,
this young race, so far from grown.

Kingdoms rose and kingdoms fell.
Changes come with every hour.
Men grow numerous. So do their needs.
They learn to harness the water’s power.

In mere generations, more change.
Somehow, men take to the sky,

High in the clouds, metal birds!
How can crafts so enormous fly?

Advancement brings forth new problems.
Even oceans cannot prevent war.
Peace follows for a time. New faces,
new songs now echo from her shore.

All these things will someday pass.
Even this empire will be gone.
Still she flows by different courses,
forever running on and on.

“Enough” by Daniel Dorsch

I want to be enough for you -
You, the millions who cheer,
who cheer with uproarious applause
every time the “Great Ones” appear,
every time the greatest hits replay,
every time you sit down at the end of your day.

You turn on your TV
and the big, gorgeous guys
with the white, charming smiles,

they grab a mic and they talk
and their words travel miles and miles
and you cheer.

They wear gold belts and they flex.

I cannot do that...

They preach violence and sex.

In suits, hypocrites preach money and power
and hour after hour, the politician,
his words sour,
he tells you who should matter,
who should have the world on a platter,
who should walk bold
and who should live
in fear.

And you cheer.

And I try to find a way
to forge my family a better life.
My son and my wife,

they deserve better than this,
this living paycheck to paycheck,
just paying the bills.
It's a lifestyle that kills.

Trying to find the will not to give up.
I'm like a pup just learning to walk,
like a kid just learning to talk,
trying to show the world my revelation.

This starvation in the streets,
it does not have to be.
For the people counting on me,
the people who have blessed me with their trust,
I want to be enough.

I want to be enough.
I want to be a superhero,
not a series of ones and zeroes
on a data screen.

What does it mean?
What does any of it mean if I have a better chance,
because of the color of my skin,

than some others?

Are we brothers,
brothers, as the preacher claims?
Or only those who look the same,
whose ancestors came at the right time,
when the forests still stood
and the land was green,
when Mother Earth was cherished,
before they perished,
the keepers of the land,
by the conqueror's hand.

I want to stand.
I want to stand for those who got knocked down.
When there's injustice all around,
I want to stand up.

I want to stand up.
I want to be the one who stands up
and says, "Enough."
Enough.
Enough!

"4 a.m." by Daniel Dorsch

It's 4 a.m. and I can't sleep.
My thoughts are an ocean, too dark and deep.
Peace is a lifeline I can't seem to keep.

It's 4 a.m. and I wish it would rain.
Another clear night. It drives me insane.
Pounding droplets would at least ease the pain.

It's 4 a.m. and I'm wracked with doubts.
In the silence, my anxiety shouts.
Though it's dark, I really want to go out.

It's 4 a.m. and I want to run away.
This night's soundtrack is fear, stuck on replay.
Yet I'm really not ready to face the day.

It's 4 a.m. and I'm tired.
This restlessness has me wired.
Wiping my brow where I've perspired.

It's 4 a.m. but it will soon pass.
I want to walk barefoot through the grass.

Morning will find me low on gas.

It's 4 a.m. but I will be alright.
Just gotta make it through the night.
New hope awaits with the daylight.

- Dedicated to those like me whose insomnia and anxiety make sleeping at night difficult.

Daniel Dorsch is an author and poet living in Capon Bridge, West Virginia with his wife and son.

Words are the paint Daniel uses to create art which follows the endless journey of the human experience.

His work often explores everyday life in the present, along with knowledge of history and literature to tell stories of triumph and grief, strength and struggle, fantasy and adversity.

Daniel's first published work appeared in Dracula: Beyond Stoker and he is currently working on his first independently published poetry collection.

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“The Haunted Mansion” by Hailey Barclay

It was the year 1979 when this group of teenagers went to this abandoned house. It was built in 1879. When they pulled up to the house, it was old and creepy. There was one light on, which was odd since no one lived in it since 1920. They all got out, and they walked up to the door slowly. They tried to open the door, but it wouldn't open, so they tried again. Then it opened with a loud crash when it hit the wall. They all walked in slowly. They looked in the living room; everything was still there—all the furniture—but it was covered. But there was one thing that wasn't covered. It was this big, tall, body-sized mirror. They all thought it was a little weird that everything was covered besides the big wall mirror. Then they all left the living room and went to the next room. But when they left, there was a tall black shadow in the mirror, and it was following them through the house, watching them. As the group of kids made their way upstairs, the shadow was following them. One of the girls, Ava, yelled and told the others that she saw something move from the corner of her eye. They didn't believe her, so they kept moving. But then, when they got to the top of the stairs, Mike said, “Let's split up and look around.” Then they all split up and checked each room. Mike went into the small kid's room. Ava went into the first master bedroom. Alec went into the bathroom, and Olivia went into the small library. She was

checking the books when she felt eyes on her, then she looked around and saw nothing. She looked and saw a mirror, then she walked closer to it. She saw something behind her, but when she turned around, there was nothing there. She was really scared, but she went back to the bookshelf and was looking at the books. Then she pulled a book off the shelf, and something fell out of it. She picked it up, and it said in bold black letters, “The Woman in the Black Dress.” That's when Olivia really freaked out. She left to find the others. She saw Mike in the kid's room and showed him the paper. He read it, and he said nothing, but he was a little freaked out too. He said he found something too; it was a piece of paper that said, “Get out now.” Then they both left the kid's room to find the others. When they were walking out, Olivia said she wanted to leave, and Mike said, “Let's go find the others.” They both found Alec in the bathroom and showed him the paper from the library and the kid's room. Then all of them said, “Let's go find Ava and leave.” But when they got to the room Ava was in, she wasn't there. They looked everywhere, and they couldn't find her. They called her, but nothing. Olivia said, “What do we do? Where did she go? We have to keep looking for her. We can't just leave her.” Then they all split up again and started to search for her. Alec got the 4th floor. Olivia got the 3rd floor. Mike got the 2nd floor, but they couldn't find her. Then they all met up on the first floor, and they told each other they didn't see her. They checked the

first floor. That's when they found something that belonged to Ava. It was her shoe. Then they found her phone near the mirror from when they walked in the house. Then they started looking at it and saw Ava walking around in the mirror. They started calling her, but she couldn't hear them. Then Olivia started shining the flashlight she was holding. That's when Ava saw the light, and she started walking to them. She saw her friends standing there and started freaking out. She was calling them, asking them to help her. Then Mike saw something and thought it was behind them, but it was behind Ava. He told Ava to hide. Ava turned around and saw the woman in the black dress. She ran and hid in a closet behind the boxes. Then Ava heard footsteps outside of the closet door. Then they opened, but it was her friends Mike, Olivia, and Alec. She started crying and hugged them. They all had to hide, then try to find a way out. But then they all heard a woman laughing. They all ran out of the room, went back to the mirror, and tried to leave, but they couldn't. So they had to find another way out. Mike found a crawl space in the master bedroom closet. Mike went first, and it was the way out. Then he yelled for Ava to crawl through, and she did. Then Alec crawled through, and then Olivia crawled through until something grabbed her leg and dragged her back into the room. She screamed when she saw the woman. That's when Mike crawled back in to help her, but the woman closed the door and locked it. Mike kept hitting the door, then

tried to kick it, but nothing. Then he tried one more time. It flew open. He crawled into the room, and Olivia was knocked out. He picked her up, took her to the door, and got out. Then they all ran to the front door, got into the car, and drove off. Then they left. Olivia woke up, but it wasn't her. It was the woman in black.



“Murdock” by Donna Davy

11x14 - Acrylic



“Horses” by Donna Davy

Painting



***“Shadows”* by Donna Davy**

18x24 - Painting

Donna Davy is an artist, and adjunct instructor at Eastern WVCTC.

“5 Directions that Will Return You to the Day We Spent Eight Hours Talking on Twitter DM”
by Nicole Yurcaba

1. Turn right onto the secondary road where two guardrails stand sentinel. Be sure to not hit the already-battered speed limit sign. Slow down as you cross the bridge. Look into the creek. See the minnows swirl. Park the car beside the crumbling red corn crib. Ignore the sign that says Security cameras on premises.
2. Begin walking. Take your time passing the garden overwritten by timothy grass, volunteer sunflowers, groundhog-gnawed cantaloupe and squash plants. If you stop, you might hear the honey bees humming.
3. At the eroding concrete bridge, turn left. Peer into the drought-eaten run. Note the two water snakes sunbathing. Their tiny heads rest on a limestone slab. Calculate approximately how long it is until they spot you and slip their heads into the lukewarm water.
4. Stop at the stone circle. At its center stands a sign with a black cat at its top. The sign reads Malanka’s Garden. Ignore the tall grasses overtaking the Russian sage.

5. Take your cell phone from your right hip pocket. I know that's where you keep it. There's signal here. Search YouTube for U2's "All I Want is You." Increase the volume.

6. Remember the March afternoon I stood exactly where you stand. It was 4:30 PM. I was recording a video. I said, Yeah, so I don't usually do this, but if you don't hear from me anymore, you know I died trying to pump up my tire. I hate the air compressor. I always think it's going to explode in my face.

Nicole Yurcaba (Никола Юрцаба) is a Ukrainian American of Hutsul/Lemko origin. Her poems and reviews have appeared in Appalachian Heritage, Atlanta Review, Seneca Review, New Eastern Europe, and Ukraine's Euromaidan Press, Lit Gazeta, Chytomo, Bukvoid, and The New Voice of Ukraine. Nicole holds an MFA in Writing from Lindenwood University, teaches poetry workshops for Southern New Hampshire University, and is the Humanities Coordinator at Blue Ridge Community and Technical College. She also serves as a guest book reviewer for Sage Cigarettes, Tupelo Quarterly, Colorado Review, and Southern Review of Books.



***"Field Day"* by Kristen Colebank**

Watercolor on paper

Kristen Colebank is an award-winning representational painter, usually working in watercolor, and her paintings are inspired by

the overlooked edges of small towns, rural landscapes, and familiar items.

Colebank has exhibited work locally, around the state, and in regional exhibitions in the Mid-Atlantic. She recently was named a 2024 Tamarack Foundation Creative Entrepreneur Fellow. She also regularly teaches watercolor classes in the Potomac Highlands.

Colebank can be reached at 304-874-3613 or kcolebank@waitesrunstudios.com.

See more of her work at <https://waitesrunstudios.com>.

Contact and view more art by Kristen Colebank at:

E-mail: kcolebank@waitesrunstudios.com

Facebook: [facebook.com/WaitesRunStudios](https://www.facebook.com/WaitesRunStudios)

Website: waitesrunstudios.com

Instagram: [@WaitesRunStudios](https://www.instagram.com/WaitesRunStudios)

“Nowhere Else Beckons the Same” by Taylor Nice

The place you felt born to escape has raised you
And carries in your heart beyond its borders
You thought mountains were your captors
Until their song to call you home
Sung so sweetly
That you packed your things neatly
With no judgment from the hills upon your return
All lost things end up where they belong
And a place feels more like home
When you know for certain nowhere else beckons the same

Taylor Nice is a multimedia artist working out of the Appalachian Mountains in Princeton, WV.



***“Breathe”* by Skylar B Alt**

8x10 Painting

“Hi my name is Skylar alt and I’ am 22 years old and I am from Moorefield wv and I have cerebral palsy I love to paint because it gives me me the opportunity to have control over how and what I create and how I express myself.
Here is the link to my art instagram to check out more of my stuff:
@ skylars_imperfect_art



***“Manatee in the Clouds”* by Shawn Harbaugh**

Title by Trish Halterman

Photography

***"Only the Water Knows"* by
Amy Franey-Cunningham**

Melancholy
etched in my heart
yet only the water knows

I stand broken
convinced to be
yet only the water knows

deafening sound
drown out the sorrows
yet only the water knows

tight grip loosens
fear unravels
yet only the water knows

my breaths mirror
the waves crashing
yet only the water knows

shattered pieces

on the shoreline
yet only the water knows

joy surrenders
peace unfolding
yet only the water knows

***"Weathered"* by Amy Franey-Cunningham**

Photography



***"A Slight Push" by
Amy Franey-Cunningham***

A slight push
and I am on my way
slightly terrifying
even more exhilarating
choices are strategic
thoughtful maneuvering
ever necessary
sunlight melts into my skin
a soft stillness
transitions into
peace of mind
eventually I capitulate
waiting for
the constant movement
folding into
inexperienced wonder
steady
steady
balancing
overturning
never an option

perfectly
timed exit
the adventure ends
turning around
facing the water
I call out
Again!
Again!

Hello! My name is Amy Lyn and I am a proud West Virginian living in Weirton. I hope you enjoy my submissions of two of my poems and photograph.

There is nothing I wanted in life that I didn't get, and if I didn't get what I wanted, it was simply a matter of me changing my mind about it. In and of itself, that my friend is an art form. As you peruse the work I have created, keep in mind, yes I was permitted to watch my dad weld, yes I was the designated bow-paddler in the canoe, and yes I used to be the skinny little kid running around the woods in the dark gathering twigs for campfires and burnt marshmallows. Fast forward a few decades later, I still enjoy running around in the woods and the occasional messy, sticky and delicious burnt marshmallow. Only difference is,

today, I create pieces of jewelry, watercolors and photographs that I love while appreciating nature either sitting on a picnic table in the woods or staring off into a lake filled with canoes and kayaks.

Mother Nature, being the original artisan, is my muse.

<https://rocksthatshine.com/books/> (Link to my published poetry book)

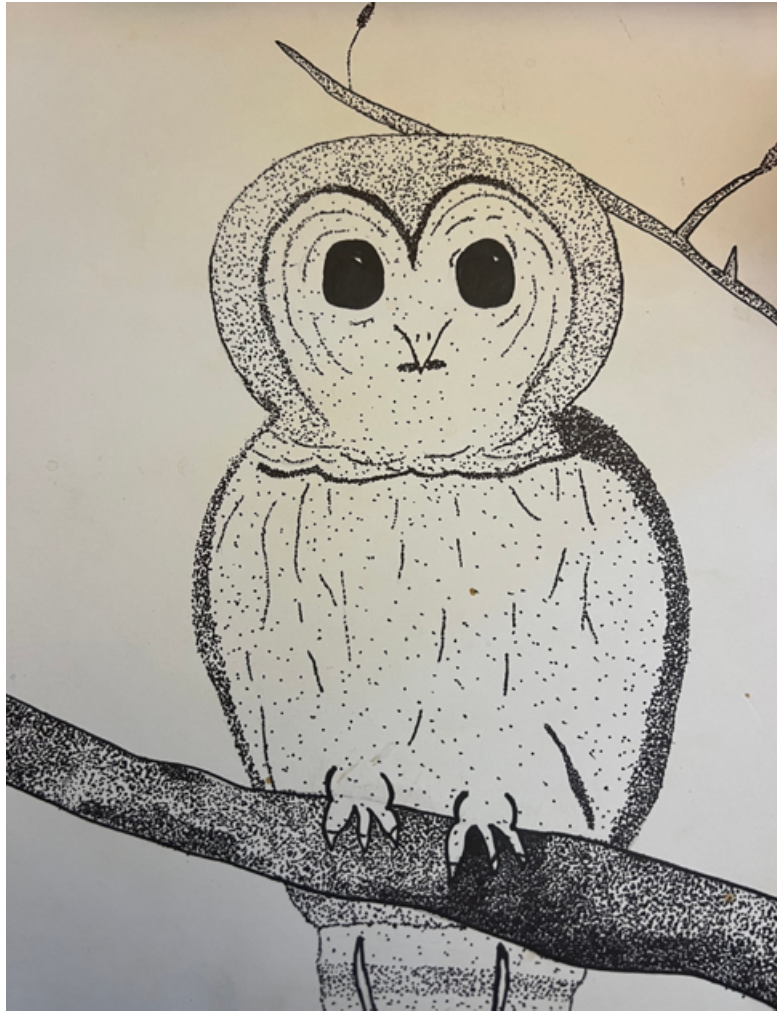
<https://www.facebook.com/amy.franey/> (Main Facebook Account)

Hello! My name is Amy Lyn and I am a proud West Virginian living in Weirton. I hope you enjoy my submissions of two of my poems and photograph.



“Branches of Serenity” by Audrey Helman

8x10 - Drawings/Illustrations/Mosaic/Dot Art



"Owl's Silent Sentinel" by Audrey Helman

8x10 - Drawings/Illustrations/Pointillism Drawing

"I'm a new artist, I paint and draw a couple things in my free time for fun."



"Seneca Rocks" by Kiera Heavener

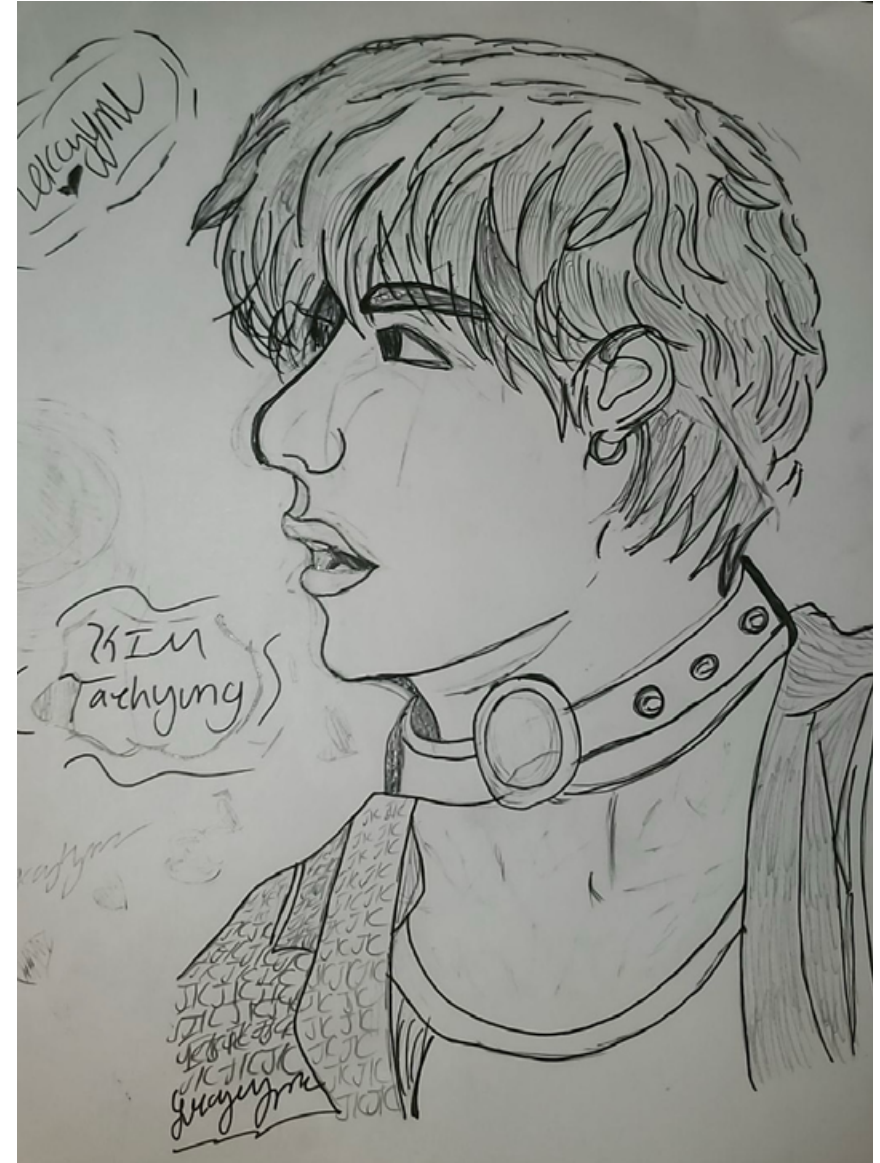
9x6 - Painting



“West Virginia Woodlands” by Kiera Heavener

8x11 - Painting

“Over the years I have been testing many ways as to paint and with this opportunity I plan to explore more types of ways to paint and expand my creativity!”



“BTS Kim Taehyung Idol Drawing”

by Lekaylynne Haggerty

8x11 - Drawing/Illustration



“Dog in Hoodie”
by Lekaylynne Haggerty
8x11 - Drawing/Illustration



“Duke the Dog”
by Lekaylynne Haggerty
8x11 - Drawing/Illustration

“My Name is Lekaylynne Haggerty I’m from Baker, West Virginia.
I’ve been drawing since I was 13.”

***"Long Live the Poets" by
Olivia Morrison***

It hurts when people tell me they hate poetry
Repeating the same dead sonnet,
Again and again.
But I'll never understand
Accepting the absence of poetry
Lost forever are the words
Strung together in silent music
Gone forever are the meanings
and messages pouring from
Heart to hand,
Pen to paper.

One can only compare thee to a summer's day for so long
Not everyone goes gentle and midnight dreary,
Pondering while weak and weary.
Sorry for the roads untraveled
Loving thee like red roses and all number of ways
In tombs by the seas and the
Friendly breeze carrying
Hopes and feathers alive
The Queen-Moon rests upon her throne, and Paul Revere rides

to 'morrow
With fire and ice,
and the raven's sighs.
carrying songs of guilt and sorrow

I'll pour my words out with rhythm and song
And see anything absurd
Like little children huddled together
Drinking up every word.

My love is more than poetry
It's much more intense than that
It's the reading of the mind and soul
Emotion laid out flat

I pity those who see the rhyme
As something more to take up time
Instead of seeing it with all their eyes
The brightest hellos
and saddest goodbyes.

***“Mountain Air Filled With Memory Music”* by
Olivia Morrison**

I'll remember the summer breeze against my hair
The burning of my lungs
Pumping of my legs
one by one by one by one
The thud of my boot
and the clank of my water
The rustle of the trees and the birds calling out in beautiful song

I'll memorize the sound of the white water,
the smell of river
Filling my soul with nostalgia of times not so long ago

I'll follow the eagles and the sounds of the forest,
The rocks pressured over time
Tree roots
Drawing constellations across the path:
Nature's beautiful sketch work

I'll remember sitting high,
Listening to crickets, waiting for a streak of light in the sky
The sound of almost silence,

but something not quite like it
When humanity seems oh so far away
And your sitting in the woods
watching, waiting
For the slightest movement or sound

When your standing by a lake,
dark or day doesn't matter
You watch you hope bob on the waters top
up, down, up, down, up, down.
The sounds of forest friends or foe around you

I'd imagine myself a different being
One among the trees
One with the rocks, the leaves
The acorns scattered along the lane

Trees.
Mountains.
Rocks.
River.
Home

***“West By God Virginia” by
Olivia Morrison***

In West By God Virginia,
We know our mountain’s soul

In West By God Virginia,
We’re the butt of the jokes you stole

Us Mountaineer’s don’t get much credit
but our Mountains sure do roll

In West By God Virginia,
We are wistful, wishing of what is left

In West By God Virginia,
Surrounded by the beauty this world can possess

In West By God Virginia,
We are plagued by big cities theft

Our coal, our food, our lumber.
When will we leave our Mountaineers to rest?

We’ll breathe our mountain air,
like we’re worried it would run out

Cause our world moves differently from yours,
That’s without a doubt.

We’ve got our birds, we’ve got our bears.
In our woods they’re littered throughout.

In West By God Virginia,
Our country kids holler and shout

In West By God Virginia,
We hold our family close to our heart

In West By God Virginia,
Our kids are leaving for a brand new start

In West By God Virginia
We climb up our gorgeous slopes

In West By God Virginia
Our Rivers run full of hope

Our Mountaineer Country
Our Family
Our Almost Heaven
Our Mountain State
Our Wild and Wonderful

Our West By God Virginia

My name is Olivia Morrison and I am a 17 year old poet from Kearneysville, WV. I am a born and raised West Virginian, and plan to continue my studies at WVU studying Geotechnical Engineering. I hope to lead and inspire a new generation of conservation-minded West Virginians and my poems often reflect that.

If you enjoy my work, you can find more on my Instagram @omorrisonpoetry

***“Ripe Mint”* by Gena Lambert**

The fresh scent of ripe mint flushes my face as I pass. Such a lovely aroma. It makes me think back to the days when creek beds replaced town pools and swings were tires. When the outside never seemed like a stranger. When you walked in town everyone spoke “Y’all” and “Holler.”

I went back to the days when hiking was a tradition. And contests were not always about winning. I saw the days I sat in a classroom and longed to be outside. To play in the grass and learn about all thing’s kind.

I walked kicking rocks as hard as I could. And the crunch of leaves was not annoying. The trees were becoming bright and alive sheltering what little I could see of the sky. The sound of hoofbeats came from afar and laughter always seemed to follow.

I went to the day I go and lift hay feeling so insanely strong. The words “Lunch” used to be my favorite. I saw the days where the sun was so bright and sweat soaked every shirt. The days I would happily just play in the dirt.

I went to the days I got to see the sun at various places. Watch the sunset so beautifully and pink. And when darkness followed so did the people. I went to the day the town came together and sat at the drive-in. All holding popcorn and someone's hand.

The fresh scent of ripe mint still flushes my face, though in the way a smile happily will grow. It takes me to the day I saw the mountains from a new. I saw the tops of the trees and the land underneath. I saw the horses bringing their own way up through. Laughter still follows.

I heard the soft-spoken words and saw the kindest eyes from everyone I know. As we all took in the most gorgeous view. And it took me back to the days when I felt little and free. The days where everything seemed easy. The smell of ripe mint will remind me of who I was then. But the view of Seneca Rocks takes me to the present.

One day I will look back on the day and know my heart and soul went free with the wind of the West Virginian Mountains. And the smell of ripe mint will remind me of my forever home.



***“Wonderful WV”* by Gena Lambert**

11x8.5 - Drawing

“I am 16 and in 10th grade. I go to the wonderful school of Pendleton County Middle/High School.”

***“Back Home”* by Laura Mongold**

Looking back over the years, the 4th of July has been that one holiday that seems to inspire the close knit community that we live in. Independence Day at the Moorefield Town Park will give you some unforgettable memories. It has that home town community feel that makes it special.

The entrance into the park boasts a sign depicting the parks many events for the day from lawn games to the big Little League play-off games that will be happening through the day. Starting very early, people are arriving just so that they can get that special spot to set up their chairs and prepare to spend the entire day with their friends and family.

Upon entering the park, you see trees, which you recognize immediately and must have been there for many decades because of their humongous size. Their long limbed branches, swaying in the gentle breeze provides a nice gentle shade for those below as if waving to friends. Below the trees are gold nameplates describing those who had donated the tree in honor of deceased loved ones. Walking around the park, you can see families of all kinds and sizes. Around the baseball diamond, which has the greenest grass and surrounded by billboards of local businesses you see large groups of families wearing matching team shirts in brilliant colors. Mothers and their littlest of children are sitting on the bleachers

yelling for the kids on the field while sweating like crazy; along the sidelines are the fathers talking amongst themselves, while complaining about the referee’s calls.

In the air is the aroma of Rose’s famous hot dog chili enticing you to come over to the concession stand to sample some of her secret recipe? On the other side of the park, wafting through the air is the fabulous smell of the BBQ chicken from the Lion’s Club, Hot Country Ham sandwiches made by the 40 & 8 Club. And let us not forget the sticky sweet smell of the cotton candy, snow cones and funnel cakes!

A well-constructed pavilion, which was donated by a local processing plant, stands in one corner of the park and over the booming loud speakers are the melodies of the various bands that have taken the time to entertain the crowds with their foot-stomping, handclapping music. Music from mandolins, banjos, and fiddles fill the air. Here you will see the older generation taking it easy, sitting back in their lawn chairs, fanning their faces as the day’s heat begins to wear while enjoying the wonderful sounds of yesterday. On some of the faces you can see tears in the corners of their eyes, perhaps as they are thinking of those that are no longer with them to enjoy the days as they had in the past. Others that are there clap their hands noisily in beat with the twang music that has inspired them.

Around lunch time, the tall and lanky park manger gets on the

back of his beat-up pick-up truck with loudspeaker to announce over the crackly speaker that the lawn games are about to begin. His high-pitched voice crackles with excitement as he invites everyone to join in on the sack races, wheel barrel races, egg tossing, and last but not least, the famous greased flag pole with the \$20 prize attached to the top for the luckiest of teams that can climb to the top to retrieve it. There is one family in particular that seems everyone goes to watch as they usually win that prize each year: a well-aged father, who looks like Santa, a beard and all, a giant of a son who is a hair under seven feet tall, another son who is just small and wiry, and of course the sisters get into the act as well. They have two minutes to climb atop of each other to get to the top. The father stands as the base, and then the gigantic son climbs up on top of his dad. They show some tremendous strength here! On top of the already trembling father, who is exerting extreme strength to stand, and the son is basically almost there himself, climbs the rest of the family. Knees into shoulders, grease flying everywhere, some pants starting to sag as feet utilizes them for grip-holds but finally, they reach the top. A collective cheer spreads throughout the crowd as they come sliding back down to the ground, waving that prized \$20.

By nightfall, things start to quiet down; dirty faced children are starting to wind down from the long day of running all over the park. Tired, exhausted parents are gathering up the belongings

that were brought, and then lay back on their blankets, talking quietly with their friends who are sitting nearby, planning the next get together that they will share. Although tired, they are still anxious for the fireworks display that is to come by 9:15 p.m.

The sky was as dark as ink lights up with the brilliance as a ruby red starburst that fills the sky. From the crowd, you hear a collective oh! Small children begin to cry from the thunderous booms that can be heard after each firework blast. You hear mothers cooing to them to ease their fear. Minute after minute, the spectacular array of color lights up the dark sky, until finally they come to an end with several minutes later with an echoing of impressive loud booms heard throughout the valley.

Sleepy families begin making their way to their cars thinking that perhaps this year was better than last. The park begins to empty out slowly, like a jar of molasses draining. Horns fill the air as impatient drivers are hurrying home so that they can rest before the next day's work.

But in all, the time spent enjoying the fabulous food, enjoying the wonderful country music, and enjoying our special time with family and friends is what really makes Independence Day in the hometown park one the beats all others. Upon closing your eyes, you can remember those past Independence Day holidays with fond memories and sweet melancholy, thinking no matter where you travel to or how old you become; the time spent at the Moore-

field Town Park for Independence Day will never be forgotten. The fresh scent of ripe mint still flushes my face, though in the way a smile happily will grow. It takes me to the day I saw the mountains from a new. I saw the tops of the trees and the land underneath. I saw the horses bringing their own way up through. Laughter still follows.

I heard the soft-spoken words and saw the kindest eyes from everyone I know. As we all took in the most gorgeous view. And it took me back to the days when I felt little and free. The days where everything seemed easy. The smell of ripe mint will remind me of who I was then. But the view of Seneca Rocks takes me to the present.

One day I will look back on the day and know my heart and soul went free with the wind of the West Virginian Mountains. And the smell of ripe mint will remind me of my forever home.



***"Honey Bees"* by Laura Mongold**

13x8 - Photography

She is a former student/graduate of Eastern WV Community and Technical College. Mother of 3 and granny of 8.

"I enjoy photography and crafts of all different kinds. I never know what it will end up looking like until I am finished, whether it be a quilt, or a wreath, or a paint project I am working on."



“Financial Miracle” by Liuqing Ruth Yang

H 24 x W 20 x D 1.2 inches - Painting



“Freedom” by Liuqing Ruth Yang

H 20 x W 16 x D 1.2 inches - Painting



***“Self portrait with a Chinese Traditional Fan”* by
Liuqing Ruth Yang**

H 30 x W 20 x D 1.2 inches - Painting

Website: www.ruthyangpainting.com

Instagram : [ruthyangpainting](https://www.instagram.com/ruthyangpainting)

***“Anxiety”* by Rebecca Hornlein**

this is the worst part about crossing the street
the part where you notice me, the part where you
step out into the crosswalk with that bright red sign that
egregious monstrosity, that signifier, held up high
announcing to the world that i am here! that i need to cross!
where you focus on me and track me and make sure i'm fine
(yes i am fine i will be more fine when you stop looking at me)
where we smile awkward stranger smiles and i try very
very hard not to think about you looking at me or of the
many drivers behind their wheels, tapping their fingers i
know i know, i am trying to hurry this, too!
i do not want to be in your way i don't want your eyes,
your impatience, i don't want the stranger smiles and
the way you notice me and i exist in your world for these
seconds that feel like minutes but at least no one is honking
then i'm past it all and the sidewalk continues on ahead and then
i can resume breathing again when i am not part of their world
anymore
continuing along blissfully lifeless concrete that takes no notice of
me.
i finish walking home and i would rather never walk ever again
to avoid the worst part about crossing the street

***“Crash”* by Rebecca Hornlein**

i hate you
i hate how you recede
and return
like cold, unforgiving waves
against an eroded shore
i hate you
i hate how you crash
against me
pitching me, breaking me
against that eroded shore
i hate you
i hate the saltwater that
your presence
forces into my wounds
demolishing sandcastles
i hate you
i hate the deluge of you
filling my lungs
your attention scraping like jagged
broken seashells
you are drowning me
please stop

***“Dracula”* by Rebecca Hornlein**

Let me tell you of the different variations of the night sky
This sky that belongs to me once the burning sun sets
The white silver gleaming of stars that shine and fade
Of the moonlight waxing and waning, its ethereal light
Bathing your towns, resting on my wings as I take flight
These chiropteran wings that carry me, taking me closer
Closer and nearer, so near you might think you mark my
Silhouette, stark against the moon, blending with all of the
Colors of the night sky- the deepest blacks, the darkest blues,
The purple regalia, the burnt lavender and protean grays
This sky belongs to me as I hunt you, watch you from its depths
I hear your human hearts beating, a sirens call to the stillness
In my own dead core, my own hunger, that makes my fangs ache
I circle your homes, your towns, slowly circling, picking prey
The perfect specimen with the perfect neck, the perfect taste
Unawares and unassuming, walking carelessly in the streets
So reckless, so late, the last mistake you will ever make
When you are alone I strike, holding you close, binding and
Constricting, fangs sinking, delving into the arterial wealth within
Drinking your rich blood, nourishing my body and briefly sating
My endless hunger- leaving you with nothing, leaving you staring
Unseeing, blankly, at that resplendent night sky with all of its color

For it is mine and not yours! All of your fire and blades and pitch-forks
Cannot touch me when I take once more into that dark sky overhead
As the beating leather of my wings whisk me back to my castle,
Where I ensconce myself behind my stone walls and high parapets
The red velvet lining of my resting place, my hand-crafted coffin
And tomorrow night, and the next night, and the next night
You all will be my prey once more

“My name is Rebecca Hornlein, and I am a writer/editor from New Jersey. I am currently working towards my MA in Creative Writing and Southern New Hampshire University.”



“Sound of Freedom” by Saydee Hoke

5x7 - Painting



***“Star Burst”* by Saydee Hoke**

5x7 - Painting

“Art is my way of expressing myself.”

***“Well Filled With Stones”* by Steven Knepper**

My daughters find it in the weeds,
each mounded stone a chalky skull
hand plucked from dirt and millipedes
and loaded on a cart to haul
down to the open maw they feed—
a task to fill a fear inside,
children that leaned, and fell, and died.

***“Tilman’s Proposal”* by Steven Knepper**

I leave my bed on moonlit nights
To pace the corn rows up and down.
The stalks, already shoulder height,
will soon be tasseled with a crown.
After a thunderstorm is best,
The wisps of mist well suit my mood.
I am a ghost that cannot rest,
pining for what it’s long pursued.
Such nights I hear the cornstalks grow,
Thirsting for every summer drink.
Their sighs are answered up the row,
While roots below reach out and link.
It’s awful lonesome without you.
Please marry me and walk there too.

“Trips to the Shade Gap Mill” by Steven Knepper

These memories predate the time of books,
a child’s sensorium, alert and vague,
unreal and more-than-real,
scenes from a lucid dream.
We’re riding to the mill,
the smells of rubber overboots and grain,
rat poison, iodine, and Swisher Sweets,
wood smoke in wintertime
and onion sets in spring,
the chop dust coating surfaces so thick
that devils swirl out in the bare bulb light
whenever you pick something from a shelf.
We’re in the old red GMC. We chatter,
try to tune the radio, or ride in silence.
I watch the passing fields or look at him,
my father wearing a DEKALB mesh cap,
wings on a soaring ear of ripened corn,
his long arm dipped in bronze up to the sleeve
line of his t-shirt where the muscle narrows
out again. His cheeks are stubbled like cut hay.
He needs a vial of cattle medicine,
some powdered formula for calves, a dozen

porcelain insulators, or a pouch of Levi
Garrett. “It’s a dirty habit. Don’t you start.”
He lets me pick a Cow Tale, Mallo Cup,
or bag of M&Ms from cardboard bins
below the countertop. The checkout lady
smiles and asks him how his crops are coming on.
Sometimes he lifts me up to slot a quarter
so a pop can thunders down, Grape Slice or Orange.
Sometimes he lifts me on the feed scales, slides
the iron weights to balance out my growth.
One winter memory: I wander from
his side, approach the stove that groans and croaks
like some squat toad beside the mousetrap rack.
I slip the mitten, reach, and touch—and scream,
the finger flesh already blistering.
My father scoops me from behind like one
of twenty feed sacks that he bought that day
and whispers in my ear that it will pass.

Steven Knepper teaches in the Department of English, Rhetoric,
and Humanistic Studies at Virginia Military Institute. He has
published poems in *The William and Mary Review*, *Pembroke
Magazine*, *SLANT*, *The American Journal of Poetry*, *Roanoke
Review*, *Pennsylvania English*, and other journals.

“The Cellar” by Whitney Judy

The cellar door stood ajar, and Hannah Jones stood atop the stairs. She cast her flashlight into the darkness, making yellow circles on the wall and stairs below. The smell of damp earth and decay met her, and she hid her nose in the crook of her elbow to cast it away. Why did she have to inherit such an eyesore of a house? Who was Aunt Lydia, anyway? It wasn't anyone she'd ever met or heard of before; for all Hannah knew, she was a crazy stranger who, for whatever reason, had singled her out. In any case, Hannah was unsettled by the house, and by its condition. Either Aunt Lydia was a hoarder, or she was purposefully trying to keep people away. But why?

Hannah took a deep breath and began to descend. She took one rickety, creaking step at a time, plunging herself further into that bleak, sour basement. Dust swam in front of her face, as did several thick, dust-coated cobwebs. She felt incredible fear deep inside, not only for potential spiders, but by what she might find. It not only stunk to high heaven, but there was something else just below the surface. She couldn't pinpoint what it was, exactly, but the word “death” kept flashing in her mind like a wonky neon sign. The smell that accompanied it was like what she suspected death smelled like, and it was cloying and terrible. Her stomach clenched at what she could possibly see, and her anxiety told her that she

didn't want to know. She just wanted to get out of there, never come back, and maybe call the police. She wasn't sure that they could get inside, even if they wanted to. There was just so much junk, more than she had ever seen in her entire life.

It occurred to Hannah then that Aunt Lydia was nothing more than a psychopath who murdered people and kept them in her basement. After all, why else would she have hoarded herself inside of the home, and why would the basement smell as it did? Hannah thought about those helpless people, and the last sight they saw being a crazy woman in a dank, dark basement. She thought about their pleas, their fear, their desperation for their lives, and how Aunt Lydia ignored them in favor of her potential bloodlust. Hannah also thought about how she was now left to pick up the pieces, and the burden was left to her. She still didn't know why, but she suspected it was because she, too, shared a similar disposition. Aunt Lydia had no way of knowing that, of course, and Hannah would certainly never act upon those urges, but they were there. As unnerving as it was, Hannah had to face the fact that maybe she had inherited more than just an odd house full of trash and junk from dearly departed Aunt Lydia.

Hannah decided that she'd had enough, both of standing in the basement doing nothing and of the thoughts that were churning in her head. She would list the house on the market as it was, and let the burden & mystery pass on to some other poor

unsuspecting victim. She wasn't going to fool around with this nonsense for even a moment longer than necessary, and she was determined to stick to that self-promise. She turned around, making her way back through the cobwebs and dust, hating how they felt against her skin and in her hair. Clutter she could deal with; a cellar full of God knew who & what, not so much.

As she climbed the stairs, there was another sensation, this one much worse. It was as though a hand had wrapped around her ankle and attempted to pull her to the bottom of the stairs. She tried to move up again, but the grip only tightened. Before she could scream, she was sucked downward, the flashlight falling from her hands with a resounding thud, casting one final light in the old, abandoned basement.

"I'm a local writer, currently working on two novels and a few short stories. I'm just trying to get some of my work out there!"



"Out In The Woods - Of West Virginia"
by Trent Montgomery

11x14 - Digital Illustration

Contact and view more art by Trent Montgomery:
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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 another great volume. 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 announce the annual juried community art show will be held from October 5-26, 2024, at our main campus in Moorefield, WV. We are looking to support artists from all over the Potomac Highlands! Art club is also available at Eastern for community members to come to campus and have an evening of creating on the second Wednesday of every month during the Spring & Fall semesters.

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 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.

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