



## Roadside Market

Angie Harri

Photography



## The Snack that Smiles Back

Zach Hodge

Third Place—Drawing  
Markers

## Pickin' Day

Summar McGee

Honorable Mention—Poetry Competition

Plunk! Okra echoes in neon orange bucket—

Swarms of insects bombard my face and  
I am drenched in sweat.  
One by one, we strip each hardy stalk:

It's pickin' day with Big Mama.

A well-oiled machine,  
Her gnarled hands pick, pick in rhythmic motion:

Grab.  
Twist.  
Pull.

Grab.  
Twist.  
Pull.

Big Mama hums off-tempo gospel between chews of tobacco.  
Her slate-blue polyester dress hides mud-caked work boots.

She trods forward with hefty hips swaying,  
Moves with just the right amount of Southern sass.

The weeds between the rows of okra tower over Big Mama.  
Like clockwork, she hacks away with  
Rusty pocket knife hidden in her bosom,  
A deep and present feeling.

The scorching heat of Mississippi sun sears my flesh.  
My hands—red, swollen, callused  
My skin—covered in bumps from furry okra leaves  
I long for a break,  
But I don't stop.  
'Cause when it's all said and done,  
*The okra don't pick itself.*