

ACROSS THE BLUEGRASS



SELECTIONS FROM THE 2015
KENTUCKY POETRY FESTIVAL
COLLEGE SHOWCASE

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2015 KPF COLLEGE SHOWCASE

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SPECIAL THANKS

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I would also like to thank Kristen Pickett for her help in coordinating the College Showcase, and the folks at the Davis Marksbury Building for being so accommodating.

Finally, words cannot do justice to the amount of appreciation and respect I have for all of these featured poets, for dedicating their time and energy to this celebration of this state's tremendous poetic present and future. You are all inspirations.

Now, let's read some poetry.

-Sean L Corbin
College Showcase Coordinator
University of Kentucky MFA

JUSTIN ALLARD

CARTA CUARTA

1

i may be the only person to confess to having
a quasi-religious experience in the atlanta airport,
but the sensation of homecoming is so strong
i want to touch my head to the tiles which adhere
to the tectonic america which connects to kentucky:
my geographic repatriation with 76 pesos in my pocket
and the entirety of the bustling crowd in my arms—
my countrymen, all traveling home eventually
as i am. my language spills out unstymied
and i experience an exchange of tongues
my native muscle unravels from the intricacies
of the other which curls up to sleep outside the cramped
mouth. i bolt into the many faces to my last plane,
the airport now furry, fluid, and wide.

2

this is the coldest winter and the weakest sun
i remember shivering at 60f and gilda wore
her pink long pants and little socks. i hope
you are home and well, though my stomach
still growls for tostados, frijoles yucatecos, and arroz
and my brain slides loosely between two distinct
lifestyles: mexican expectations and american reality.
are you beset by a phantom tongue that keeps you up
late at night, talking to the wall since no one else understands?
how are you relating your stories?—mine make me shrivel
and i tell them cheaply like a broken record with a broken
heart. stay warm, dry, vocal, and sane.
the next time we'll see each other, it will be spring.

JEREMY JACKSON

THE SOUND

It was the Fourth of July when Corporal Arns,
on medical leave from Kirkuk,
opened a three week old care package from some
Appalachian borough, laced with bundles of fireworks
and a Listerine bottle filled with Wild Turkey.

In the hollow of the desert, lights flickering
in a far off mud-town, its fires of warmth and wreckage,
we spilled the whiskey into our guts and propelled
the Yellow Jackets and Morning Glories, smearing the dark
burrow of sky, laughing with the stench
of sulfur and drunken air.

Nomad children stopped to smell
or attempt to touch the streak of flames,
to trace their hands across the blistered stars
like miniature astrolabes.

But in the reveille of morning, Arns was
dead in the urine trench, the mouthwash bottle
slack in his right hand, his rifle
somehow
loosely in his left. It was not that image
but its sound—
how it refused to ring out above the drunken swill
of that night, children lapping in laughter, the sound
of colors wheeling across shadow,
the sound of a single bullet, its tenor climbing
the darkness, a single cry elbowing
against banded light until its afterglow
streaks past the dunes, sounding past
the quiet of napping armaments, burning
out somewhere over the sleeping
hills of West Virginia, the mining towns
of Tennessee, quivering over the slopes
of Al Kut.

It's somewhere
where children are circling the glint of a fire
laughing like caged soldiers
breathing the sound of desperation
and desert, and that narrow and unsure
sound of laughter.

TONI MENK

THE HOUSE SNAKE

has shed his skin
 on a limb
that reaches from the beech tree
 to the roof of the house,
the same place he shed it
 last year.

The patterned film
 drapes from the branch,
flutters in the breeze.

It is tougher than it looks.
 A titmouse struggles
to tear off a chunk.

She will use it in her nest
 and it will be
among the first things
 her offspring
 see and smell.

I have seen him – in person,
 sunning in the flowerbed.
Once spying him – up high,
 coiled around a down spout.

Last spring I saw him up
 in a tree
near a crouch where a chatty
 blue-jay couple were
building a nest
 –abandoned, the grass and twigs
eventually disappeared.

I open the umbrella – on the deck
 under the beech tree
 to protect
 from sun and rain
and falling
 snakes.

TYLER CURTH

STREET FIGHT, SUMMER 1993

Afterwards,
the loser stands slowly.
I watch as he lifts himself
from the curb where he gave up,
where he stayed to let things soak in,
let the adrenaline dissipate.
Everyone has gone
except the few of us who watched
from our creaking balconies.
On this block,
no one stops fights like this.
We are thankful for only fists.

Standing,
he is tall, sturdy looking
like a single corn stalk
in the streetlight's barren yellow circle.
I gauge the real damage:
his shirt is ripped across the front
where he was grabbed,
forced into this primitive display of masculinity,
dark circles of blood or piss on his pants.
Then he limps toward the silk blackness,
the spaces between the light's meager reach.
He moves slowly, sorely,
weaving in and out of lamplight
until he's to the next block,
and then gone.

Perhaps it was over a girl or some money.
Perhaps just a foul look and some loose words.
Though he lost, he's sparked a vengeance
that's lethal in this neighborhood.

The next night, from my balcony,
I see the winner standing
with his two buddies on the same corner,
in the same barren yellow circle.
They're laughing and slinging about like champions.
Their voices echo through the corridor

of buildings, marking territory.
This is their block.
They celebrate,
palming paper-bagged bottles as big as thighs.
Like God, I see what they don't:
a car with black windows
and dimmed head lights
slithering up the street,
submerging into darkness
then reappearing under each lamp,
each time a little closer.
Before divine intervention can twitch, it's too late.
The headlights flash on,
changing the colors of their shirts.

Alarmed,
they turn. Gun fire
gashes the night open.
Cries echo as the innocent two run,
but the fighter falls with the bottles,
now a smear on the pavement,
motionless as the circle of light that
lit his last few moments of victory.

Perhaps somebody somewhere
feels that justice has been served.
Perhaps it has.
Perhaps God is just like me
and can only know about what happens
in the scant exposure of streetlights,
but never in the dark spaces in between.

BRITTANY HANSON

IN CASE OF EMERGENCY

How in Tyson's name do the planets move?
What keeps them from careening around like
pool balls?
I distrust gravity. It's too self-important.
You can't be on
all of the time.

And what's a quark?
What exactly are they *doing*
down there in the Hadron Collider...
as humans, are we allowed?

I saw an article about an artificial working womb.
It had a lamb inside.
Should I start burning books?

A solar flare is headed our way,
along with a million asteroids.
What's the ventilation like
in those Cold War Era
bomb shelters?

The planet is spinning a certain way
and its core is spinning a certain way
and the ocean is spinning a certain way.
What would it look like?
a seven continent pile up on the meridian.

All our Qur'an's have been used for bonfires
and the Bible pages rolled
and smoked
and those damn pamphlets from the Jehovahs
line the bottoms of our bird cages.
So where do we go for answers?

We could collect call Mars
but it won't accept the charges.
We could knock at Europa
who will pretend no one's home.
We could apologize to Pluto
but we know it holds grudges
and the man in the moon is tired and deaf
from listening to all of our bullshit.

Maybe it's best if we just stay put
keep on doing what we're doing
and wait
to reap the benefits of the changes we want
but that none of us are willing to make.

PATTI CHARRON

MY IRISH MOTHER

My Irish mother
Poured words into my childhood lexicon
That earned me quizzical glances
And sometimes handed me trouble.

That which annoyed her was bloody:
Bloody neighbor's Rottweiler tore up the trash
Bloody dripping spigot in the tub
Bloody moles shredded the garden

I was banjaxed:
When the chain came off my bicycle
When I dropped my arithmetic book in the bath
When I forgot the lace prayer cap for morning mass

She wouldn't tolerate a puss face:
When I didn't get my way
When I had to eat the peas
When it was time to go to bed

She hated rubbish and blarney:
From my dad's fishing buddy, Mack
From Silas, the loud, flirty grocer
From the whiskeyed Fr. Allen, especially

She whispered on the phone
To her sisters, Margaret and Martha,
When their brother, Thomas,
Was locked and plastered

I knew this meant my dad
Would take some cash from his desk,
Go downtown to the jail
Then bring him to our house

Because Uncle Tommy was knackered
Because he was a boyo, a hoodlum,
And she wasn't about to give him a gander,
Not until he got himself right

Oh, Jaysuss, Mary and Joseph!
She would cry to the ceiling, wail and mutter
You push me to the bloody limits,
Beyond the beyonds!

So I felt right to say to Sister Helen,
When she made me read aloud yet again
An example of excellence for my class
Oh Jaysuss, Sister, you push me to the bloody limits!

And because of my Irish mother,
The words that she brought from home,
Because I didn't know that Jaysuss was "Jesus,"
I was banjaxed. And knackered. Beyond the beyonds.

BOBBY RICH

UNDISCLOSED LOCATION

I found the place once again where the taproot of our ~~however-you-want-to-characterize-that-thing-anymore~~ initially took hold past midnight in the back of my car that summer years ago and it seems odd that such a seemingly insignificant street would become a place to revisit but then again lots of things seem odd to me in negative in mirror inverted my breath now steamy in this Kentucky winter once obscured the glass of my Volvo once mingled with your own once shared with your lungs inhale exhale you complete my pump my machine and so the trees now brittle skeletons once guarded our presence from the light of the moon on this lonely street with their full fat-leaved arching limbs they stood as though they were soon to be at war with the houses facing them the houses set high and steep set like sentries of this half-cobblestone hill path set like witnesses to the close-walled greenhouse we'd made a cocoon of leather and steel and I was convinced that I'd die choking on your hair how many times you had to pull it from my throat like a trolling line then brown then red then pink now blue I know I know though I haven't seen you in so long I shouldn't keep tabs but damnit I do and I was sure that nothing existed outside that vehicle anymore and that didn't matter anyway but time passed it always does shots were fired and apparently we found and trapped and killed Osama Bin Laden apparently disposed of him in accordance with Islamic law by which I mean put him on ice and dumped that frozen fucker in an undisclosed location somewhere in the middle of the Atlantic ocean that's just how I remember the date but such knowledge only came after we

finally drove away around 3AM and you said you thought you knew somebody on that street I said well what a funny coincidence and coincidentally I now mount their stairs the person you knew who I am soon to meet for reasons completely unrelated and I survey the slanted street looking for remnants or signs or a husk we may have shed there a hollow record of our hips pre-dating the whole mess that became us and here now in this dry December cold I feel your warm lips at my ear cooing *let's just stay here let's just stay here let's just stay here until the last leaves fall*

JOANNA ENGLERT

MOON SOUNDS

When you died, Johnny,
 we held your
 funeral on the moon.
Not for its poetry,
 or religion,
But for its science.
 (Silence?)

You: twenty-five.
The moon: *billions*.
And no sound ever. (No atmosphere, you know?)

Naturally,
 this required research. You'd want facts, just like us.
The moon:
 induces earth tides (sea contractions),
 but poetry, too.
Egg-shaped,
 its craters don't change much;
 invisible lakes can't erode.
They think it was once part of the earth,
 and now each year it drifts further away.
 (It's happening now. Can you feel it?)

Really, we thought you'd like to know it better.

There were still motions:
 heads bowed,
 hands clasped,
 a procession—however warped (gravity)—
 and (mouthed) eulogies unsounded;
 we left them invisible to echo,
 cupped in craters.
We brought no flowers,
 they'd never make it.
Still, a vision:
 petals like confetti.

From the moon, we watched that night in spring
 so many years ago (May, the "Milk Moon"):
 all of us sitting on a curb
 outside a party,
 our heads foggy
 (or were they clear?)
 from the joint you just passed us,
 and we watched the moon:

a headlight
hung in cheap air,
the sky a baby mobile starscape.
The voices inside,
they were too many to be one,
not enough to be numerous:
sound tides.

We looked at earth and watched ourselves,
movements like water rings on a coffee table.

What I'm telling you is,
In 1971, Stuart Roosa took seeds to the moon and back;
now the earth is filled with "Moon Trees."
I think that's what you'll be now.

You died, Johnny,
And we held your funeral
on the moon.
So that back on earth,
you could be silence in a moon tree garden.

TESSA WITHORN

WITCHCRAFT AT THE COMMUNITY POOL

We circle around a red deck of cards and sprinkle drops of chlorine water from prune-wet fingertips. *Is there a spirit here?* Two of Clubs, black means no. Flip over the next card. Beyond the fence, rocks guard a child-sized cemetery of lichenized tombstones. *Is there a spirit here?* Queen of Hearts, red means yes. Pierced ears to the breeze, we listen for voices above water splashes, baby shrieks of exorcisms from the kiddie pool. *Will you give us a sign?* Ten of Diamonds, yes. Whistles blow and we wade in the shallows in wait. I point across the deep end, where we're not allowed to swim. They see signs too, someone's suit changed from black to red—like oozing cherry afterbirth from spitting out the pit. Empty Adirondacks by the poolside shimmer with spirit sweat and sun. We're anxious for the autumn equinox, to bleed between our legs brilliant patterns like the backs of cards. *Do you promise not to hurt us?* Jack of Spades, no.

LOGAN LITTLE

POEM NUMBER 14

Take these words for what they are
I will never forget how yours felt
Jagged palm-sized pieces of glass
Imposturous diamonds still shine

God, what a light!

Every time I hear them in my head
They cut
And they cut, with the sound
Of the spades grinding teeth, of clay on steel
Away at my days like rain for fresh sod
Gathering puddles of reflection
A gravedigger's ambition too often drowns
In his boots

I planted some flowers this year instead
And boy, are they growin'
Like the distance between the last days
When my sweat turned no stones
My eyes never met her sun
Carrying water in the cup of my hand

Those poor flowers

I forget they too have lives
And they too admire the sun and moon
Amongst the stars and you, but this year
Birds will bathe and buds will bloom
With colors I could only have seen in those eyes
With petals as soft and frail
As the same morning lips

They will bloom only to shrivel
Loosing their petals and pigment

They too will know those words
Spoken amongst white and pink pastels

I will have dug each one of those holes
Sowing seed as I go

STELLA DACCI

I AM FORCED TO TURN THE LIGHTS ON

throughout the kitchen so that the darkness is relegated to the backs
of corners and underneath chairs as I go get my favorite coffee mug the one
that is all-over brown except for the white chipped places that sits
by that stainless steel sink like it has always sat there by that sink
in front of those windows that only seem to get angrier each passing hour pulling
in the steam and arabica to my nose it's almost like it has always been
this rough-boarded kitchen and this coffee mug for my whole entire life
and I would love to have one of those biscuits in the red handkerchief but always
when I envision it in my head it starts to feel like biting into an egg sac
and then my mouth is so full of baby spiders a legion of spiders that I get
the sensation that my mouth is vibrating and that is how I know that it is impossible
that it ever could have been this kitchen and that sink and those boards that
can't decide how the gaps should fix themselves and it was never this coffee
mug and I'll need to keep my eyes open if these are the kind of things I have to catch

CHRISTOPHER KNOX

IF NOT THE COLD

Driving through the dark,
the stars hum in time with the echo
of wheels passing the guardrail and I think,
I could have known my other self but I
left it inside the guitar case
that had to be sold for rent.
Each window I pass is a gaping hole
in the fabric of night.
The expectation is that these holes are
warm on the inside,
but they resemble sickrooms

with black blankets
tucked in around them.

I have to stop my thoughts.
I have to hum with the stars to keep going.

This dark works best out of vacuum,
out of time.
Sometimes it feels like I could just stop
and pay attention, but no--
the only thing that speaks to me is
a blue flower buried in a landscape upon
wallpaper,
safe from the plunder of winter.

TORI HOOK

THE SLOW AND PAINFUL DEATH OF SOUND

For my baby brother.

Can you hear me
when I stomp my feet
on the smoothie-stained carpet,
sending “Listen to me!”
across sound barriers,
hoping maybe the message
will reach your fingertips?

When I eskimo kiss
your nose and flutter
my eyelashes—sorry
about the mascara—
I just called to say I love you.
Can you hear me?

When I take away
the Chester’s cheese puffs
and you throw an Iron Man
action figure at my head,
I curl in the kitchen
by the dishwasher and cry.
You watch the tears smear
my face and smudge
them away with cheesy
fingers. Do you understand?
Can you hear me?

The Clonidine kicks
in at 8:04 and you pull
my head down to rest
on your pacemaker.
“Sing,” you sign.
I drop an octave
for optimal vibration
and move my lips
against your chest
so you can feel

“you make me happy
when skies are gray.”
Your eyes watch
to make sure I’m
not just humming—
you can’t lip-read
laryngitis—
Promise I’ll sing
for real this time,
but can you hear me?

MEGAN GIESKE

SHARING NO LANGUAGE BUT LIGHT

III. Universe as a Bad Mother

While bowing in the Arizona desert,
We wipe dark matter off our brows, deep cut
as Europa's rifts, polish our thousands of radiotelescopes
to an apocryphal white, and feed the thing
inside the black hole with cosmic smoke signals
sent across the galaxy to drift into the cigarette-haze
of a cosmic birthmother with four
limbs, one mouth, and a pair of eyes.
We call her not "she," but thing: glow, god(s), infinity,
everything eternal, and anything but secular:
the same star-flung belief that named the night sky,
where Nut in star-studded dress
arches her back over the Earth.

Now, she presses her eye to a tiny black hole
in space from which she stares *back*,
and with the solar wind, she
runs her fingers through our hair,
mouthing, "EARTHSHINE
EARTHSHINE EARTHSHINE,"
as the childlike among us
teeter towards her across the ecliptic
to look for her in the sun
even if it blinds.

What would *we* ask her,
if for a sign of something infinite?

II. Life Is a Theory

Sharing no language but *light*,
we tune in space noise for sounds of life
as faint as that of Jupiter rotating
like sparks that fly in the meteor's tail,

and listen to the light of sun-like stars. . . .
We expect a human hand turning the knob,
listening to our widescreen blip, microwave
pop-corn signals, electromagnetic shock-
waves of Mickey Mouse, of Elvis,
of your grandmother's Sinatra record,
and your father's *Let It Be* album, cosmically,
"Turn on. Tune in. Drop out," and explode.

Outside *The Explorer*

drifting to the edge of a waterless Earth
into the vast, ageless, churchless dark
two Chinese astronauts for thirty years,
have been asking: Is the universe round
like a balloon? Is it flat like a rubber band?
Elastic, will it snap back? Will they answer,
and fling a crumpled note in the rubber band
of an expanding universe? Answer,
"Hello, Earthlings?" on the telephone,
strung across Mars' canyons and oceans?
Of course, they'll answer. If we ask, they'll answer.

Asking:

This message is going out to all of space

Answering:

Are we alone?

I. Landing in Indiana

Space would be the main thing.
Whether Midwest or Farwest,
whether Galaxy A1-52 or A1-53.
in both, there is "a terrible waste of space."
The road's always straight,
that immaculate emptiness,
as if the radio advertised tornadoes.
The country's level as Saturn's rings,
flat and limitless . . . and with
alternating strips of quicksilver water,
harsh green corn and Jupiter's hurricane eye
above half the sky thin as nebulous clouds.
After the winter solstice, you hear
the most lonesome space sounds
pulse across the galactic plane
of cold December fields in stubble
to make the prairie hawks wheel
in the hateful black space

like swaying Acrius of Babylon
in the whirring wind, hunched

from the moaning of alien corn,
ears an oracle white, listening,
blinking kernels into being,
growing taller, simply obeying.
They're seemingly, the creatures
waiting forlornly in the fields
as if this is the somewhere,
the "something incredible,
waiting to be known," and us

ignorant not of what we may find,
but of what we have found.

MINADORA MACHIERET

OF SARAH, GOD, AND PCOS

Sarah your wife shall bear you a son, and you shall call his name Isaac; and I will establish My covenant with him for an everlasting covenant for his descendants after him” ~Genesis 17:19

When God birthed you
you became Mother—no longer Princess.
Breathe in smoke, cells expand
your womb of bird’s nest, flourishes.

Inhale on laughter
exhale a scream as angels hold you down;
Isaac conceived—your lone egg, holy.
Your ovaries were stone,
but in that instant became flesh.

Reap a nation
and God will have your back,
but disease is crueler,
it left your genes
and entered mine.

ERIC BRAUN

STANDING ALONE IN THIS FIELD

white powder has covered the ground,
cold has come.

birds have gone, and taken some of my fingers with them.
deer have eaten my skin away with their large teeth.

I am a naked giant, and have nothing left, but few precious things
inside,
that still make me whole.

become my shelter –
let me live amongst your branches.
become my home –
lend me the hole in your side.
become my food –
termites gnaw into my bones.
become my warmth –
they demand with their axes.
become my protector –
grass begs.

I am ancient. gnarled. exfoliated-
bare
before god and man.

how can I do these things?

my roots soaked up the gentle earth,
for decades now. They are full
to bursting, with sap that will not rise.

a lone tree, am I.

my crystal covered limbs reach up to cold morning skies,
my roots
sink
deep, into the earth.

I pray for the same things all creatures pray for.
yet I stand here, waiting,
for nourishment, protection, and a single touch that does not ache.

CAROLINE PLASKET

*WITH PATIENCE THAT DRILLS, A MOTHER CAN DIG A HOLE FROM
ONE SIDE OF THE EARTH TO THE OPPOSITE AND CRAWL THROUGH,
JUST TO GET SOME WORDS FROM THE OTHER SIDE*

I thought, "Youth looks good on her."
I considered her pink cheeks
and remembered my own insufficiencies in those times when,
weren't we all fumbling to hold beauty in our cupped hands
while trying to make it look as if we were shooing something away?

I thought she would open up, and her thoughts would fall on me but
it was hard rubber in her mouth, and

words are migrant, and language sometimes inflexible.
She stretched like the neck of a nestling reaching to feed.
When we eventually pulled each one out
I showed her how to warm them and
turn them into something soft she could land on.

JOY BOWMAN

ZEUS IN DRAG

On his way he trades gold for two roosters.
Ripping a star from the sky, he shreds
the strawberry flesh from the fowl.
In a burlap sack, he brings seven hens to keep
the seven bitches at bay.

Artemis is alone in the self-pleasuring pain
of secluded sleep—a sister who is not a sister,
who tries to be a man.
The nymphs wait, guarding themselves.

Zeus binds his waist,
fashions a girdle out of cypress and palm,
a dead fox matted with spongy earth serves as a cape.
He wrings out the juice, shakes from the inflamed fur
a confetti of maggots, thinks of Callisto, and says to himself:

*For you I will crawl like a slug,
For you I will pound cattail reeds and arrowheads into my side.
For you it is hunger and nothing else.*

He thinks of a damp mouth, obliging lips,
leaves hoof prints on the sodden forest floor.
He pounds shells and rocks together to color his eyes
silver, to remind her of the moon.
He rubs himself with grit and dirt creating shadows
to trick her eyes.

He throws the hens to the watchdogs,
each bitch busy gnashing
and conceals his jaws with a mantle of silver skin.
He takes honey and plasters the cockscombs,
violet and crimson, onto himself all the while thinking:
For you I will give the familiar.

He finds her naked and alone.
Pulling at the gaping holes in his side, he speaks of trespassers, hunters:
My sister, the journey has been hard on me.
His veil slips as she thrashes beneath him, golden horns emerging.

Meanwhile, Artemis dreams of a girl who wants to be a woman,
whose son will be her undoing and is better off cast into the sky.

JORDYN RHORER

A MISSED RENDEZVOUS

I wish I had words for what your tongue
can do, wrapped around drawn-out oo's
and delicate shhh's when you let out
the words *bouche, boucle, brosser, brune*.

You close your eyes and get into character,
more French than *pain au chocolat*, with your
fingers cupped around your bottomless
pour-over like it's the last *touché*
touch you'll ever *toucheras* touch.

Your lips spell *café*, and you watch her,
the girl two tables over, her toes inched
farther and farther away from herself
like she'll *faire un somme* over a philosophy
textbook. I imagine you are in Paris.

We're just meeting for the first time
in a very long time, our *retrouvailles* plays
on your lips before you flip the card and
move to how delicate the *gâteau* is here,
how you're not impressed with the *glacage*.

I hear you say, "*Le gâteau n'est pas assez sucré,*"
with your fingers perched in a pinch like
you've caught the word mid-air. I want
to taste the end of your fingertips, I have
always had *les sucreries*. I have the taste for it.

But our meeting, our date, our reunion
is *coupe, coupes, coupons*, cut too short
when you finish the stack of three-by-fives
and pack up your bag without looking my way.

2015 KENTUCKY POETRY FESTIVAL COLLEGE SHOWCASE

JUSTIN ALLARD • CENTRE COLLEGE
JEREMY JACKSON • SPALDING UNIVERSITY
TONI MENK • SPALDING UNIVERSITY
TYLER CURTH • SPALDING UNIVERSITY
BRITTANY HANSON • SPALDING UNIVERSITY
PATTI CHARRON • SPALDING UNIVERSITY
BOBBY RICH • UNIVERSITY OF LOUISVILLE
JOANNA ENGLERT • UNIVERSITY OF LOUISVILLE
TESSA WITHORN • UNIVERSITY OF LOUISVILLE
DYLON JONES • UNIVERSITY OF LOUISVILLE
WALTER LOGAN LITTLE • MOREHEAD STATE UNIVERSITY
STELLA DACCI • MOREHEAD STATE UNIVERSITY
ROBERT CAMPBELL • MURRAY STATE UNIVERSITY
CHRISTOPHER KNOX • MURRAY STATE UNIVERSITY
TORI HOOK • ASBURY UNIVERSITY
MEGAN GIESKE • ASBURY UNIVERSITY
MINADORA MACHERET • NORTHERN KENTUCKY UNIVERSITY
ERIC BRAUN • NORTHERN KENTUCKY UNIVERSITY
CAROLINE PLASKET • NORTHERN KENTUCKY UNIVERSITY
JOY BOWMAN • UNIVERSITY OF KENTUCKY
JORDYN RHORER • UNIVERSITY OF KENTUCKY
BIANCA RUDNICK • TRANSYLVANIA UNIVERSITY