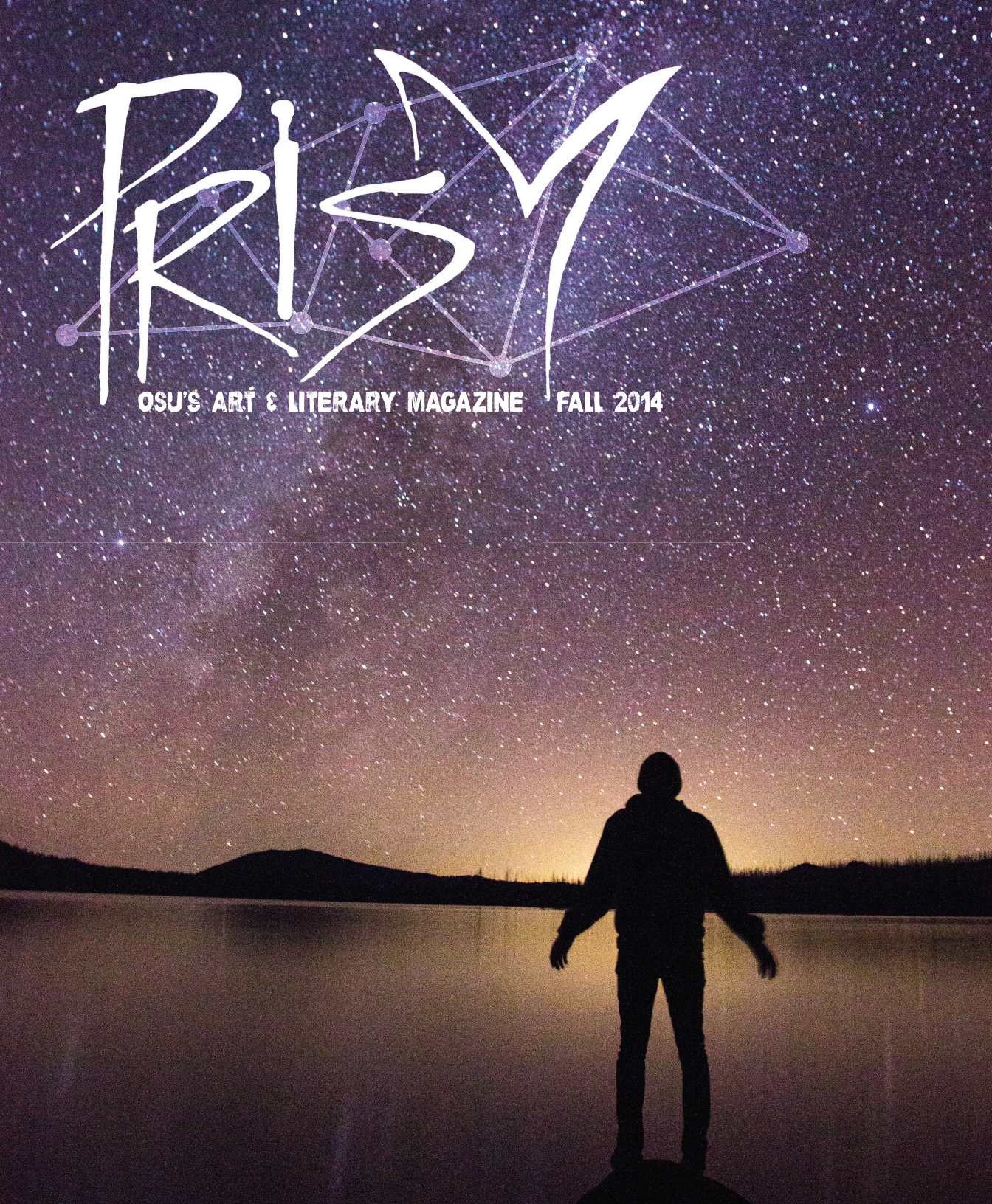
PRISM
OSU'S ART & LITERARY MAGAZINE
FALL 2014

PRISM

INTO THE WILD

Every term the Prism team puts together a collection of poems, stories, and visual art that represents the best creative work produced by Oregon State students, and Fall '14 is no exception. What many people don't know is that as we piece together the magazine, larger themes begin to emerge, and artists who never knew they were working together wind up collaborating on a publication whose end product is always a surprise—even to me!

This Fall, the writers and artists of Prism come together to tell a story of cycles, both agricultural and personal. So much of this term's art confronts the wild: in nature, in society, and in our selves. What we find is pattern within chaos—the reflection of our own growth in the crop-cycles, seasons, tides and time. Sometimes sentimental and sometimes outright bizarre, this magazine gives us a glimpse of not only OSU's immensely talented student artists, but also at the little piece of wilderness in us all.

I invite you to look for these themes in each of the pieces we present, and what I think we can discover from this edition of Prism are the connections between each of us and the world, like the constellations found between so many stars.

Thank you for reading,

Megan Haverman
Editor-in-Chief

CATHEDRAL WINDOW

Hollie Arnold

Spray Paint and Acrylic on Plywood

PRISM

Prism Magazine / Fall 2014 / Volume 51:1

Editor in Chief
Megan Haverman

Digital Editor
Brendan Hesse

Graphic Designers
Beau Leslie
Lauren Salgado

Literature Editor
Mitch Buechler

Poetry Editors
Sara Crawford
Darryl Oliver

Art Editor
Baylee Bullock

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Aaron Davis: Cover Images
Photography

Prism Magazine
118 Memorial Union East
Oregon State University
Corvallis, OR 97331

541-737-2253
prism@oregonstate.edu

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CONTENTS

01 **Cathedral Window** — Hollie Arnold
04 **The Owl, The Stag, The Hare** — Ashley Coleman
05 **Untitled** — Jerome Stretch
06 **Punk Rock, Rock Bottom** — Nick Sullivan
07 **The Wolf We Feed** — Alex Conall
08 **Breathe** — Shanna Roast
09 **A World on My Shoulders** — Amy Hodges
10 **Suffer the Curve** — Ashley Coleman
11 **Abundance** — Gwendolyn Hill
12 **REACH** — ILL GANDER
13 **Statue of Liberty** — Vivek Tanna
14 **Koschei** — Alex Conall
16 **Potential** — Alyssa Phan
17 **Harold** — Nicholas Browning
20 **Untitled** — Jerome Stretch
21 **Firebreather** — Ojone Amedu
22 **Grandpa's Advice** — Gwendolyn Hill
23 **Sleeping Stranger** — Ashley Coleman
24 **Follow the Animal Trail** — Patrick Roy
25 **Bard's Etude** — Lauren Martinez
26 **Raining** — Luke Campbell
28 **Untitled** — Kaylee Weyrauch
30 **Whiskey Boy** — Madeleine Fellows
32 **Sin** — Marissa Solini
33 **POSEIDON** — ILL GANDER
34 **I Need a Drink** — Cassie Ruud
35 **Given** — Eric Callahan
36 **Keep Time** — Kyra Young
37 **Ekphrasis: The Sower (Sower in the Setting Sun)** — Gwendolyn Hill
38 **Contributor's Notes**

THE OWL , THE STAG, THE HARE

Ashley Coleman

Watercolor Monotype Prints

UNTITLED

Jerome Stretch

Photography

PUNK ROCK, ROCK BOTTOM

Nick Sullivan

Poetry

Dog barks, track marks, idea sparks, and pool sharks
Nicotine stains and coffee breath
Dragged to court with temper short
Give me convenience or give me death

Unwanted, ungrateful, unkind, and unliterate
Wet dreams of a government falling
Escalation innovation
Pick up the phone it's London calling

Fast cars, face scars, steel bars, and cruel tsars
We are anything but clean
Sid and Nancy, nothing fancy
God save the queen

Throwing stones, telephones, traffic cones, and broken bones
Faces full of billy clubs
It's a blitzkrieg bop that's never to stop
Storming streets and English pubs

Proper people and classy clothing are a very scary notion
Punk rock, rock bottom, youth and commotion

THE WOLF WE FEED

Alex Conall

Poetry

they say there are two wolves
in each of us
one made of all the vicious things
one made of all the virtues

which wolf wins?
the one I feed

but anger is a thing of vicious wolf
"God grant me the serenity"—
it is not courage that changes things
that can, that must be changed
it is anger

virtuous wolf takes no offense where none is meant
which values intent of speaker
over pain
of those hurt by careless words

if I starve the virtuous wolf
indeed I will become
a hateful thing
a hate-full thing

but if instead
I starve the vicious wolf
I will not be good
just sanctimonious

and how to call someone 'good'
who would deny a helpless animal
its only source of food

I feed both wolves
which wolf wins?
why must there be a winner?

BREATHE

Shanna Roast

Photography

WORLD ON MY SHOULDERS

Amy Hodges

Acrylic Painting

SUFFER THE CURVE

Ashley Coleman

Poetry

Red blouse, ruffled skirt
Un-creased but curled
Pale and compliant
The perfect victim

"She must have a cheap
cherry-flavored love
A lacking, slacking
slovenly love"

"A 'You'll never find
someone pure as me' love
A narcissistic, artistic
fast burning wick love"

"Add on a kinky
slick kind of kiss
A stick in your stomach
sick kind of kiss"

"A melts in your mouth
lick kind of kiss
Of Popsicle pink
lips kind of kiss"

A sail without wind
of untapped potential
An untested sailor
of unseen credential

An out casted outlier
of hesitant nerves
A thin veiled desire
left to suffer the curve

ABUNDANCE

Gwendolyn Hill

Poetry

I'm climbing an apple tree and there are bees
buzzing, covered in fuzzy
pollen granules, lazing drunkenly
on leaves and tasting
nectar alongside the hummingbirds,
butterflies, beetles, and bats who
pollinate the flowers that surround
us and give us their fruit,
seeds, nuts, grains, vegetables;
the harvest of our everyday sustenance,
the means by which we survive,
the fix for our daily caffeine addictions,
and I wish for a world where everyone rejoiced;
gave thanks and praise
to the stems,
meristems, petioles,
xylem and phloem,
sepals, petals, lenticels,
and chloroplasts
that are engineered perfectly,
like abundant leaf-covered ladders
leading to feasts,
so that we can relish a tart crunch
every time we clamp
our teeth into an apple.

REACH

ILL GANDER

Photography

STATUE OF LIBERTY

Vivek Tanna
Graphic Design

KOSCHEI

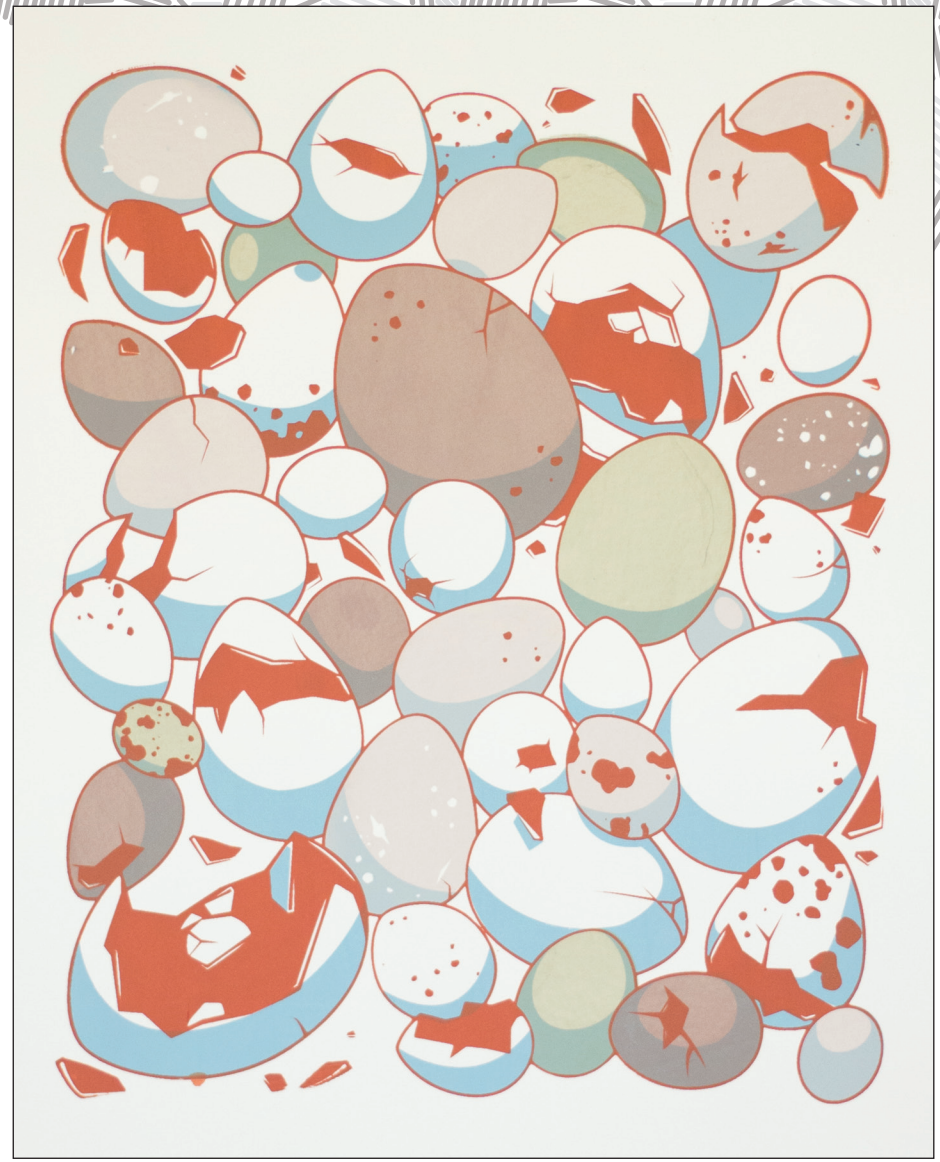
Alex Conall

Poetry

I keep my heart in a needle
in an eggshell
in an ice-rimed chest.
It's safer far
away from me
than locked within my breast.
No one can bruise it there,
or make it bleed,
or break it.
In needle, eggshell, chest, and frost,
it's safe.
It can't be harmed.
But no one can touch it there,
or make it beat,
or take it.
In needle, eggshell, chest, and frost,
it chafes.
It can't be charmed.
This fourfold safety is a gilded cage,
a fool's-gold treasure locked away
by my own hands.
I shiver. I'm so cold.
I dream of sunny summer days.
I'm alone in all my plans.
My heart in ice
preserved from heartache,
and I fear to let it thaw.
The warmth may well preserve
like jarred and sugared fruit,
boiling flesh till raw.
Too much pain to process.
Too much fear to flee.
Too little time for tender
heart to be touched tenderly.

Who's got time for loving?
Unto Caesar I must render
all the time I have for me.
Excuse, excuse! I'm too afraid,
with no real cause, I think,
that to shed the icy armor
is to bare the soul and heart—
a chasm, not a chink,
through which I could be hurt.
Of course I could be.
That's the point.
No pain, no gain.
No risk, no win.
Sometimes life will disappoint.
I know all this, and yet,
my head knows,
not my heart.

So I read, I write, I knit,
I study, dance, and draw,
bury loneliness in art,
and claim a love for solitude,
which is true, and yet
my heart stays cold
in flimsy needle,
fragile shell,
chest meant for pirate gold.
What is love when heartless?
What is life sans love sublime?
Do not call me Deathless,
though that is who I mime.
Say instead I'm Lifeless,
alone in frost and rime.



POTENTIAL

Alysa Phan

Screen Print

HAROLD

Nicholas Browning

Short Story

Harold is made of other people's armpit hairs, and he is my best friend.

Harold is a special friend, an entity I have devoted the better part of a year to help bring to life. In order to do this, Harold has ordered me to collect armpit hairs from various persons, and fashion them into the shape of a tiny human. It's been a tedious process, piecing together his body and each limb with such care, using materials collected from an assortment of unsuspecting donors. Yet each new strand of potent, wiry hair has carried us one step closer to our goal. And now, I am ecstatic to announce, Harold is almost complete.

I pull into my grandparent's driveway, hefting my backpack of supplies over one shoulder. Laptop, change of clothes, toothbrush. My G19 Gen4 glock I never travel without. And, of course, my favorite companion Harold.

"I'm here!" I shout, pushing open the living room door and thrusting myself inside. I'm greeted with a crackling fireplace, a house decorated with too many robins and cardinals and paintings done by family members, and an array of bright lights necessary only by standards of the old.

"Hello Brad! You hungry?" My grandma asks, already slaving away in the kitchen. She is plump, seventy-something, and a bead of sweat clings precariously to the hook on her old nose.

"Nah, Gram-gram." I set my backpack gently against the wall before hustling into the kitchen to wrap her in a hug. "Where's Grandpa?"

"Took the dog for a walk, he'll be back soon."

"Cool," I say, popping a handful of peanuts into my mouth. There always seems to be one of those cans of peanuts around my grandparents. "I'm going to go put my stuff away."

"Alright dear. Supper should be ready in a couple hours," she says, slamming the oven door shut and bustling to the fridge. Always in a hurry for some reason.

"Sounds good." I'm already in the other room, hugging my backpack to my chest, envisioning Harold confined inside.

I get to stay in the nice loft since the rest of my family ended up not getting plane tickets. It's

on the second floor, an open floor-plan facing west with a balcony that looks down on the first floor. The side of the house is fashioned completely of windows, affording a gorgeous view upon the Pacific Ocean, curling on the shores just a couple hundred yards away.

I used to love the ocean, but hardly spare it a glance as I unzip my backpack and reach for my friend. Harold is a little claustrophobic, and I don't like to keep him closeted in tight spaces for long.

"I CAN'T HELP MARVELING AT HIS BEAUTY A MYRIAD OF DARK-BROWNS AND BLACKS, TINGED WITH A FEW SPECIAL BLONDES"

"You okay, little buddy?" I ask, petting the mound of bristling hairs, some still clumped with white pods of dandruff. Harold smiles back at me, assuring me he is fine. I can't help marveling at his beauty; a myriad of dark-browns and blacks, tinged with a few special blondes.

I fuss with his most recent addition, blonde hairs lining his arms like veins, taken from my roommate just a night back while he slept. I had slipped into his room with those little clippers I think they reserve for nose hairs, summoned the ninja skills I am sure I possess, and crept towards his bed. It had been a simple thing, slipping the tiny gold sheers beneath a shirtsleeve, making sure he was positioned in a manner so that none of my precious cargo could go to waste.

Another successful mission, and Harold was one step closer to completion.

"Whew, getting cold out there!" my grandpa exclaims, pushing through the downstairs door. I hear the dangling dog tags clinking against Skeeter's collar.

"Brad's upstairs," my grandma says.

"Hullo Brad!" my grandpa shouts up. "I'm going to take a quick shower to warm up."

"Heya Grandpa," I smile from the balcony. I go down the stairs to greet the dog, and can't help catching a glimpse through a crack in my grandpa's doorway. He is changing in his room, and as he stretches up his arms to pull off his sweater, I see the most beautiful cluster of silver strands. Adrenaline pummels my brain and I begin to breathe fast, almost hyper-ventilating, and I find myself walking towards his room.

The dog brushes against my side, tongue lolling from its mouth, but I ignore it. Something like a drug-induced daze has hit me, and I am locked like a laser on my grandpa and the treasure he hoards beneath his arms.

"Woah, Brad, I'm changing," he says as

"

'GRANDPA, MIND IF I CLIP A COUPLE ARMPIT HAIRS?' I ASK, BRANDISHING MY PAIR OF LITTLE GOLD CLIPPERS

"

I ease open his doorway. I grin to set him at ease. He's in his tighty-whiteys, though they bear a faint musty yellow color from long use. Pale splotched skin and a pouting gut make up his torso, but I hardly notice. All that matters is what's beneath those arms.

"Grandpa, mind if I clip a couple armpit hairs?" I ask, brandishing my pair of little gold clippers and sidling forth in a reassuring manner.

"What the hell?"

"It's for a science experiment," I lie, still moving forward.

"Brad, stop it," he says, holding up his hands in a defensive manner. "Emma!" he shouts at my gram.

"It's really important, Grandpa," I insist, almost within arms-length now.

"Get out of my room, Brad," he growls through a gruff silver beard. His eyes narrow beneath drooping brows, and his hands ball into fists.

I reach into the back of my pants and pull out my trusty glock. "You're giving me those hairs." I smile and raise the gun to his face.

He's cowering now, all thought of being a tough guy gone. "Brad, please. I don't understand."

Gram bowls into the room, knocking into my back and almost pushing me over. I catch my balance, but Grandpa is charging now too. A shower of red splatters against the walls, and my ears are ringing like crazy, and I feel wet on my face.

Gram shrieks, and runs from the room.

I hustle to my grandpa's side, ignoring a red-lopsided head and pink spongey things scattered about. I lift his arms, my fingers shaking so much I can barely keep the clippers straight, but manage to snip my prize.

I sprint back upstairs and begin piecing the final pieces of Harold together as best as I can, though my heart is blasting so hard against my chest I'm afraid it'll burst. The new silver strands shine within his body like arteries. Harold urges me to hurry.

My grandma is on the back deck, waddling towards the beach, cellphone to her ear. It doesn't matter. Nothing else matters but Harold.

I hug him to my cheek, then press his bristly hide against my lips and breathe deep his dandruff-musk scent, overwhelmed with joy.

Harold is alive.

UNTITLED

Jerome Stretch

Photography

FIREBREATHER

Ojone Amedu

Poetry

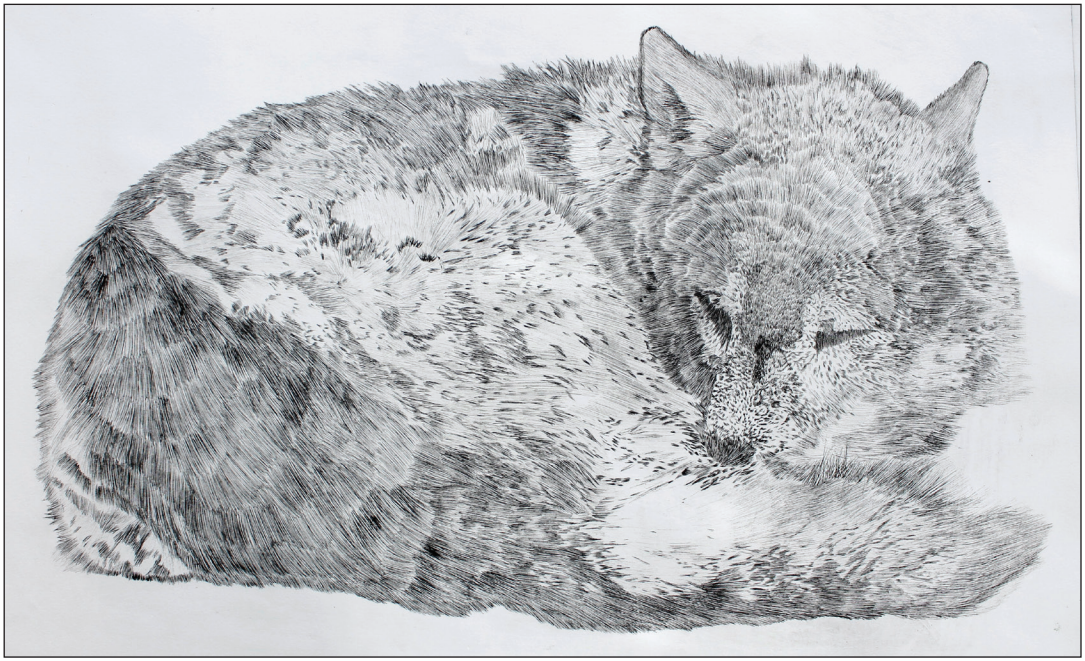
I'm the firebreather
Take me or kill me
Seeds sowed deep inside
Igniting chaos.
Here comes the rain, floods.
Wave after wave, salty to taste.
It's a rather beautiful battle, isn't it?
The blue against the red.
Whispers from millennia ago,
Primordial knowledge
It must always come down to this, war.
It must.
Oh, soothe. Soothe the aching land, how it cries.
Steam, a heavy cloak from its pores.
But I'm the firebreather,
My power's only skin deep. I cannot fight,
This raging war.

Grandpa's Advice

Gwendolyn Hill

Poetry

Opportunistic seedlings spring
up overnight; volunteers,
my Grandpa used to say,
colonizers invading
his corn fields,
but he didn't mind.
Brushing by leaves
we released
their vivid green scent
into the morning chill.
Plant them against
a South facing wall,
he said. Paint it white.
Carrots make good
companions, as do garlic,
onions, basil, and borage.
Pray for a hot summer,
he said, heat signals
the blossoms to form.
Water sparingly after fruit-set
for fullest flavor. Beware
late blight and hornworm beetles.
Pick some that are still
green and dredge them
in cornmeal,
then fry them.
Cut the flesh
of red ones into wedges
and sprinkle them with salt.
Puree them into soup
and serve it with
grilled cheese.
Crushed, diced,
fire-roasted, stewed,
jammed, and jarred, but don't forget
to save some for their seeds,
even Jefferson knew
the importance of preserving
for the next generation.
Oxheart, Banana Legs, Red Zebra,
Black Prince, Cherokee Purple,
Brandywine; best eaten fresh.
San Marzano are famous
for their sauces.
Sungold are my favorite,
he said, always grow
a bush or two of Sungold.
You'll crave their candy sweet
juices when nights are long,
but don't give in
to temptation.
They are never the same
out of season,
just a mealy mess.
That's part of their charm,
he said, they never last.



SLEEPING STRANGER

Ashley Coleman

Intaglio Drypoint Print

Follow the Animal Trail

Patrick Roy

Poetry

Residing alone
Whilst enveloped by the world
I feel closer to my carnal self
Than any sense of humanity that I have ever felt

A desire to consume meat fresh from the bone
To fornicate licentiously
To howl in delight at blasphemous acts

The cold penetrates my core
Relieving me of my ego
Reminding that the blood flowing through my veins
Matches the current of the river
That the wind will carry an echo
But so far

A trail ceases to exist
If left untraveled
A soul to brood endlessly
If never unraveled

Follow the animal trail

Bard's Etude

Lauren Martinez

Acrylic on Canvas

RAINING

Luke Campbell

Dialogue Short

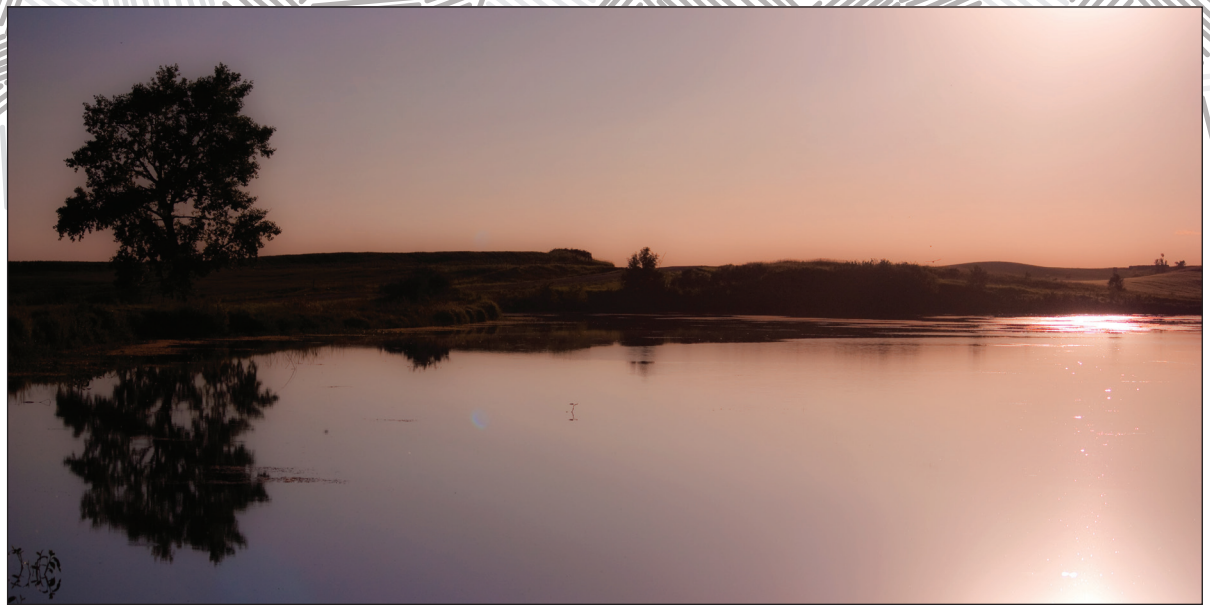
"It's raining again," she said.
"Did you bring your jacket?" he asked.
"No."
"Do you want mine?"
"No. We don't have to walk a lot tonight, right?"
"I don't really know what's going to happen."
"Well, I'll be fine."
"You can wear my jacket."
"No, it's okay."
"Okay."
"I'm going to brush my teeth."
"Why?"
"Because my breath stinks."
"I don't think Jan would care if your breath smelled. I'm not sure she'll even notice."
"What time is it?"
"Just a bit past nine."
"But what time is it?"
"Like 9:15 or something."
"Can you just look?"
"Yeah, sorry."
"It's okay. Sorry I snapped at you a little."
"A little?"
"Yeah, a little. Did you look at the clock?"
"Yeah."
"And?"
"And it's 9:07."
"Thank you. That's all I wanted."
"I'm going to wait on the couch."
"Thanks for taking me out tonight."
"It's Jan's birthday."
"Well, you're still taking me out."
"Do you want me to drop you off at your place before we head to the restaurant?"
"You don't want me to go?"
"No. I just thought you wanted your jacket."

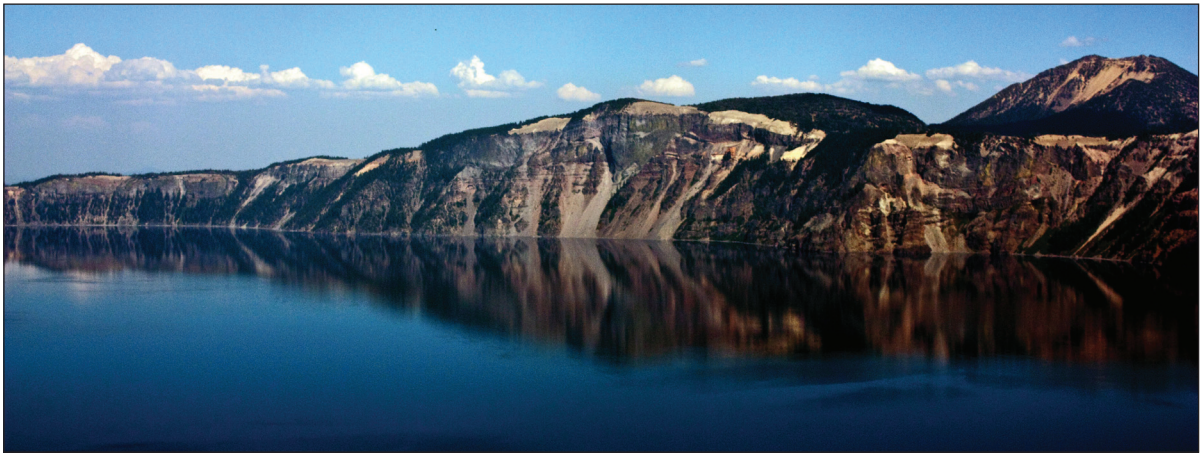
"I never said that."
"Okay, well I'm going to ask Jan what we're doing."
"Are you going to text her?"
"Calling would be faster."
"Why don't you just text her?"
"Because calling is faster. Hello? Hey Jan, it's George. Oh. Well she hung up on me."
"Is she drunk already?"
"I'm not sure. If tonight is anything like last year then most likely."
"I wish I knew you guys then."
"Yeah, me too. She's calling me back. Hey Jan. Okay. Okay. Yeah, she's here. Yes she's coming. Okay, I'll tell her. Okay. Bye. No. No I don't remember saying that. No, Jan. Jan. Fine. Bye."
"What did she say?"
"How much did you want to drink tonight?"
"Just a few."
"Do you think you could drive us home?"
"I thought we would be walking."
"You don't have to if you don't want to."
"Who else is going to do it?"
"No one. Are you ready?"
"Almost, let me get some water."
"Do you want me to drop you off at your place?"
"I don't need my jacket."
"You sure?"
"Yeah, I'll be fine."
"You know it's hardly out of the way."
"We drive past the bar to get to my place."
"We won't be late."
"I said I'll be fine."
"It's still raining."
"I know."

UNTITLED

Kaylee Weyrauch

Photography





WHISKEY BOY

Madeleine Fellows

Creative Non-Fiction

This boy I dated liked whiskey more than he liked me. In the end, he craved its warmth on his lips instead of mine. I kissed his cheek and neck and forehead while he reached for his bottle like an infant.

He did not desire to pick my brain, though he was fascinated by my strength of wit, for his gears could never turn as fast as mine. His mechanism was slowed by his consumption, his craving. Our first kiss and our last kiss were mingled with the taste and talk of his drink: a crutch he needed when his knees went weak for me.

He wanted to be reckless but was given the task of being careful with my heart. He was afraid of the burning in my chest so he washed away his conscience with the burning in his throat. But in the morning he was left with the hangover of a girlfriend lying next to him, a girlfriend who had remained sober.

We had our good times. After a night of pressing mouths together, and mouths against collarbones, and mouths in places where skin is delicate, he drove me in his dad's beat-up baby blue Volvo to get pizza. He insisted on paying for the meal. He strived to play the role of the gentleman – in my eyes in these moments he was mature, strong; he could handle anything and he was made to take care of me.

He looked at me like no one had ever been brave enough to. He watched me as if for a moment he couldn't breathe, with a dazzle in his eyes and a puppy-dog-eager-to-please smile. He shouted to the world that I was perfect and that he was so happy with me. He told me that I was beautiful. He showed me how to love all of myself. I don't know if I was in love with him but I want to say that I was.

The "honeymoon phase" people call it, ours lasted a while, but when it was gone it was really gone. Time flew as we clumsily discovered each other's bodies and found solace in each other's scents. But while I wasn't looking, he reached for a taste of his old life again, his old friends who taught him to party. He spent weekends intoxicated and stumbling like a fool, while I was sobbing harder than I thought I was capable of, at movies that had never even resonated with me before. I had fallen into sadness. It wasn't sadness due to his drinking. I never minded at all what he did in his free time. It was sadness because he was cut off from me now. He was detached, interested only in the next big party. I had lost him to his wild nights. He had slipped through my fingers. But the thing was, I hadn't realized it yet.

> "On the surface I figured I was happy, but something nagged at my insides that I couldn't put into words."

I knew how different I wanted my life to be from his. I wanted to read and write and create beautiful things with intelligent people, and he wanted to get wasted with frat boys. But I thought we would be okay. A little difference in opinion was natural.

And yet suddenly I felt so lonely, even as he sweetly held me in his arms. On the surface I figured I was happy, but something nagged at my insides that I couldn't put into words. Nothing should have been the matter. Not when I had a boyfriend who said, "I love you." But stress dreams plagued my night times and fleeting depressions interrupted my days. He ignored his doubts and cold feet and focused on the spicy kiss of his liquor. And I said, "I love you, too."

This boy I dated and loved for a moment in time, he was impulsive and easily persuaded. When we first got together he jokingly called whiskey his "true love." And later this boy who called me the best friend he'd ever had, this same boy gave me up – for a chance to be immature again – to not be tied down to a girlfriend who had expectations of him – to forget everything and get drunk.

Now we see each other, with the space of two desks in between. His eyes are sad. He moves about the room in a different way. He has no one to shave his stubble for. His hands that used to be so familiar to me, drum against his desk. I watch him out of the corner of my eye. How strange it is to know someone in ways no one ever has, to tell someone every detail of your day, to possibly love someone, to hold someone so tightly that it hurts – and then to avoid their gaze days after.

When we finally looked at each other after all those days of ignoring, he nodded at me with an unsure, pursed-lipped face. I nodded back and gave a small wave, breaking out into a genuine smile that was trying to say, "I'm okay now. We're okay." He was taken aback for a moment, but then he, too, gave a grin. It was reminiscent of how he used to look at me. But this smile had more relief to it. As it broke across his face, all the tension between us fizzled out and dissolved into fondness.

Who knew a smile could have the same alleviating effect as a hearty swig of whiskey?

Sin

Marissa Solini
Video Stills

Poseidon

ILL GANDER

Photography

I NEED A DRINK

Cassie Ruud

Poetry

It's been a bad week.
It's been a shit-heavy
Goddamned
Fucking week.
Been up since the crusty-eyed
Body-ached
Tangled-hair dawn
And down since the footsore
Starry-eyed
Smudged mascara night.
I've been doing homework
School work
Real work—"Can I take your order?"
"Dammit Jim, space the emdashes!"
I've been a shoulder,
Sitting up with you and telling you that no, it's okay
You'll find another guy, he wasn't worth it, have some more
Ice cream
Listening to you cry and scream and hit yourself
Every time you hit your leg I felt bruises spreading on my own.
It's been a bad week.
I had to sit and listen to a silver-tongued friend
Speak in platitudes about how he didn't mean to hurt her
He did it in the nicest way possible—
Crushed her like a rose petal.
He's my friend.
But I am sick to my core of being the grown up for these so-called adults.
It's been a bad week.
If I try and care anymore
I'm going to go insane.
So tonight
I'm going to wear my reddest mouth
Don my tallest boots
Baptize myself in a jean jacket—
Pour liquor down my throat until the sky opens up with rain
And stars as though God himself—the randy old immaculately conceptual bastard—
Is throwing me a wink.
I'm going to be the only girl in the world this evening.
And Jesus Christ I'm going to relish every goddamn minute.

Given

Eric Callahan

Poetry

Give me to the worms,
that writhe and push
through the dirt in thankless labor.

Give me to the blue-green sea,
let me fall to the sandy bottom
in soft descent, losing small chunks
as the fish nibble, all the way down.

Give me to the feet of a mountain,
let it stand on my throat, pressing
out what air remains
in my lifeless lungs.

Give me to the grass,
growing strong through my placid skin,
drinking deep of my red rain.

Give me to the scavengers,
the rats, birds, roots and bacteria,
ill-loved creatures welcome to my cornucopia,
picking and pulling until there is nothing
of me for the wind to blow against.

When you give me to death, cry your tears,
sing your hymns, but let me give back
what I have taken.

KEEP TIME

Kyra Young

Poetry

My arms go round and round
Same pattern every day to fit their
Ever-changing routine,
Time is harshly indifferent to their lives,
So they depend ceaselessly on me.
I stop,
And there's the illusion of timelessness
But even when I quit working,
The bell ringer still rings his bells

A man wears me in his coat,
His is the only true schedule I keep,
I am his companion and
My loyalty is strong,
Like the chain
That links me to him.
I bring him his lover, and I take her away,
I did the same for his father before him,
I make his children grow, I turn his hair gray,
And even when he is gone, Time will
Go on.

EKPHRASIS : THE SOWER (SOWER IN THE SETTING SUN)

Gwendolyn Hill

Poetry

Indigo shadows creep across the sun-scorched soil.
The crows, thin fingernails of feathers the sun cannot touch,
whose ragged voices are his only company.
The sower, ceaseless at his task;
Sunrise, sunset.

The fiery sun looks down on the looming twilight.
The grain, a golden ocean split by the harrow's rusty teeth,
waves cut by the scythe, then winnowed and separated from the chaff.
In the sunset, the sower relentlessly continues his chores,
awaiting a sleepy sunrise.

The seeds he tosses are parcels of hope.
The primordial leaves encased in pericarp and husk,
waiting patiently for water and light, for some signal of their destiny.
After sunset the sower sleeps between his weary sheets,
and in his dreams the seeds begin to stir with the first rays of the sunrise.

A seed feeds on itself;
metabolizing heterotrophic nutrition,
imbibing water like a dry sponge.
The root hairs reach for minerals below,
the embryonic shoot begins to grow,
cells divide and spread,
and slowly,
slowly,
a shoot emerges,
within it the ability to bear fruit,
a sacrifice so that others may live.
The sower, ceaseless at his task;
Sunrise, sunset.

CONTRIBUTORS' NOTES

Alex Conall
Women's, Gender, and Sexuality Studies; E-campus; Senior
Alex Conall is a queer, white atheist who writes poetry and short stories and keeps coming up with more and more novel ideas, but who keeps not having time to write them all.

Alysa Phan
Fine Arts & Graphic Design; 5th Year Senior
Forever young my spirit will be
Open minded beyond what eyes can see,
Good taste and swell craft is what I aspire
Work becomes play, I will never grow tire,
Cute things and unique scenes is what I create
But there's always something to communicate,
With art and design I have the power
I will play till I reach my finest hour.

Amy Hodges
Psychology & Music; Junior
I've never been good with words, and I'm particularly bad at expressing how I feel. I create art to express what I can't put into words, and hope that someday, somehow, someone will hear what I'm trying to say.

Ashley Coleman
Fine Arts; Senior
Carl Jung said, "The meeting of two personalities is like the contact of two chemical substances: if there is any reaction, both are transformed;" this is my approach to my creative work. In my art, I seek to connect with the viewer both aesthetically and emotionally, drawing out memories and feelings we all share as living beings. I want my work to read like a story that everyone wants to hear.

Cassie Ruud
English; Senior
I typically use poetry as a form of emotional catharsis. I've found it to be immensely effective given that feelings can be confusing and difficult to sort through and being able to manifest this through imagery and words helps put the insanity inside everyone into a clearer perspective. It helps us sort through our issues and emerge victorious.

Eric Callahan
English; Junior
I write to tell stories and relate ideas. I enjoy inventive uses of language. For me, imparting meaning is the goal of writing. I tend to choose natural subjects for poetry. I like to write about the interactions between humans and nature, as well as how each affects the other.

Gwendolyn Hill
English; Junior
My poetry is inspired by my agricultural roots. I am interested in the connection between fields and gardens and our kitchen tables, and the processes that take place between here and there. I am especially fascinated by the science and inner workings of the true heroes of this story: the plants. I write to bring readers closer to their plates, and to honor the work it takes to transform a tomato from seed to supper.

CONTRIBUTORS' NOTES

Hollie Arnold
Fine Arts; Junior
The stained glass window of my life is made up of specific words and pictures describing some of my best and worst traits, secrets, and hidden truths. Behind a fairly strict Catholic upbringing, those truths were never able to shine through… until now.

ILL GANDER
Junior; New Media Communications
I SHOOT. BANG BANG.

Jerome Stretch
Photography; Senior
Jerome Stretch is a photographer who was born and raised in Portland, Oregon. Growing up in Portland and being exposed to skateboarding and graffiti culture influences much of his photography. His work is shot on film and encapsulates a certain style of youth culture and identity.

Kaylee Weyrauch
Photography; Sophomore
Having engaged in subjects as diverse as philosophy of perception, queer theory and art history, my work reflects conceptually layered ideas about reality, identity and past artwork. I am intrigued by natural environments and how my photographs can alter seemingly-normal landscapes. My photographs' orientations are purposeful, inviting the viewer to think critically about what they are seeing. I rely on our desire to learn, create, and understand all aspects of our world.

Kyra Young
English; Senior
I have a passion for the emotions that writing poetry lets me feel.

Lauren Martinez
Fine Arts; Senior
Video Games present an alternate world, an escape from physical reality. Yet, in that escape it brings individuals together into a collective and creates a shared experience, especially in online games. That estranged connection between personal and public experience holds my eye for exploration. Varied interpretative involvement connects viewers together as an experience itself that goes beyond into different groups (gamers vs. non-gamers). The ephemeral stage of online games introduces questions of other shifting temporary spaces, which is what my current work has delved into.

Luke Campbell
History, Writing Minor; Senior
My name is Luke Campbell. I am 21 years old and have been writing and reading for most of those years. I wish there was a better story for the creation of Raining, but I wrote it as a dialogue exercise for a writing class the morning it was due, that eventually caused me to be late for another class. And it just so happened to be raining that morning. I got feedback from friends and fellow writers, worked on it until I hated the story, and submitted it on a chance of chances.

CONTRIBUTORS' NOTES

Marissa Solini
Fine Arts; Senior
In my performance, photograph and video-based work, I like to tackle potent subjects regarding sexuality and women's issues in today's society. Wrapped up in my video work is a subtle nod towards religious views and the influence of media culture. SIN comments on the conflicting messages regarding sexuality that are swimming around in today's society.

Madeleine Fellows
English; Freshman
I enjoy finding stories everywhere. I hope to someday write and direct your favorite film.

Nicholas Browning
English; Junior
I'm probably going to have my sanity questioned (understandably so) after people read this short story. I was trying to write something both humorous and creepy. What could fit that description better than a tiny man made of people's stolen armpit hairs, and a narrator obsessed with bringing him to life? I am so excited to be able to share this tidbit of crazy.

Nick Sullivan
Pre-business; Sophomore
Each of the four quatrains make a reference to a different punk rock band. The bands that are referenced are the Dead Kennedy's, The Clash, the Sex Pistols, and the Ramones. The form is a loosely based hybrid of limericks and a sonnet.

Ojone Amedu
Mechanical Engineering; Freshman
What you see is what you get with me, it's as simple as that. Yet, I am as complex as water flowing under a bridge. Such is the path of life and, in essence, the paradoxical of the human mind. There is no such thing as an excess of knowledge to fill up our minds. I like donuts, by the way. :D

Patrick Roy
Liberal Studies; Senior
Wilderness explorer and incessant daydreamer attempting to articulate individual consciousness.

Shanna Roast
Photography & Education; Sophomore
Photography has changed the way I see the world. It has allowed me to see some beauty in nearly everything. I love working with people in particular because they can convey their emotions and stories so beautifully. I have a love for abandoned or dystopian objects and places. I dream to one day visit Chernobyl, and in my image "Breathe," I wanted to recreate the same abandoned feeling.

Vivek Tanna
Graphic Design; Junior
I make pretty stuff.

SUBMIT TO

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OSU'S ART AND LITERARY MAGAZINE

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“Harold is made of other people’s armpit hairs, and he is my best friend.”
-Nicholas Browning “Harold” Page 17