



PRISM

OSU'S ART & LITERARY MAGAZINE
SPRING 2016 | VOL CXXX

BEDLAM

BEDLAM



Here we are — ten months, three terms, three magazines later — and finally we arrive at our destination; an entire year's worth of creative content from students, for students, by students. Three magazines with a distinct theme that manifested through unintentional collaboration. Three magazines that somehow manage to be unique but retain the feeling that is Prism. Three magazine in which someone, possibly a classmate of yours, was published for the first time. Three magazines, and I am honored to have been involved with each of them, and with all of your work. So, thank you Oregon State University, and the students specifically, for this wonderful opportunity.

Each term the title for the current edition is pulled from the overarching theme which forms after all 40 pages are filled. Fall term it was *Breathe* referencing the crisp imagery which encompassed that edition. Winter term it was *Riptides* which enveloped a powerful amalgamation of thought-provoking writing and nature imagery. Spring term we've chosen *Bedlam*. Bedlam is chaos and this edition, number 130, is definitely chaotic in nature. From the cover image to the poetry, the sculptures to the prose, there is unruliness. But, the true beauty is not in the chaotic nature this edition has taken on, but in the order that can be found in said chaos. The hues of blue which seem to repeat from image to image, the social commentary buried beneath the surface of these works and even a concept of acceptance which prevails throughout the poetry and prose. It is, much like the previous editions, very much unique and very much Prism.

This edition we have the honor to publish the winners of the 2016 Provost Literary Prize Eric Callahan and Nina Poloni. Their work can be found as the centerfold pieces in this edition, and we'd like to offer a large congratulations to them and their achievements. Lastly, I'd like to announce the new Editor-in-Chief for the 2016-2017 school year, Ethan Heusser, who will take on my role and continue to push Prism ahead into the future. But, for the time being, please sit back and enjoy my final contribution to the Prism community.

Thank you for reading,

Darryl K. Oliver III
Editor-in-Chief



Vernonia

SHANNA ROAST | PHOTOGRAPHY

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The Ecstasy of Eos

GABRIEL SHIELDS | COPICS, INK, ACRYLIC



Life and Living

ABIGAIL LOSLI | ACRYLIC ON WOOD PANEL



Beach

ALEXANDRA MAY | GRAPHITE DRAWING

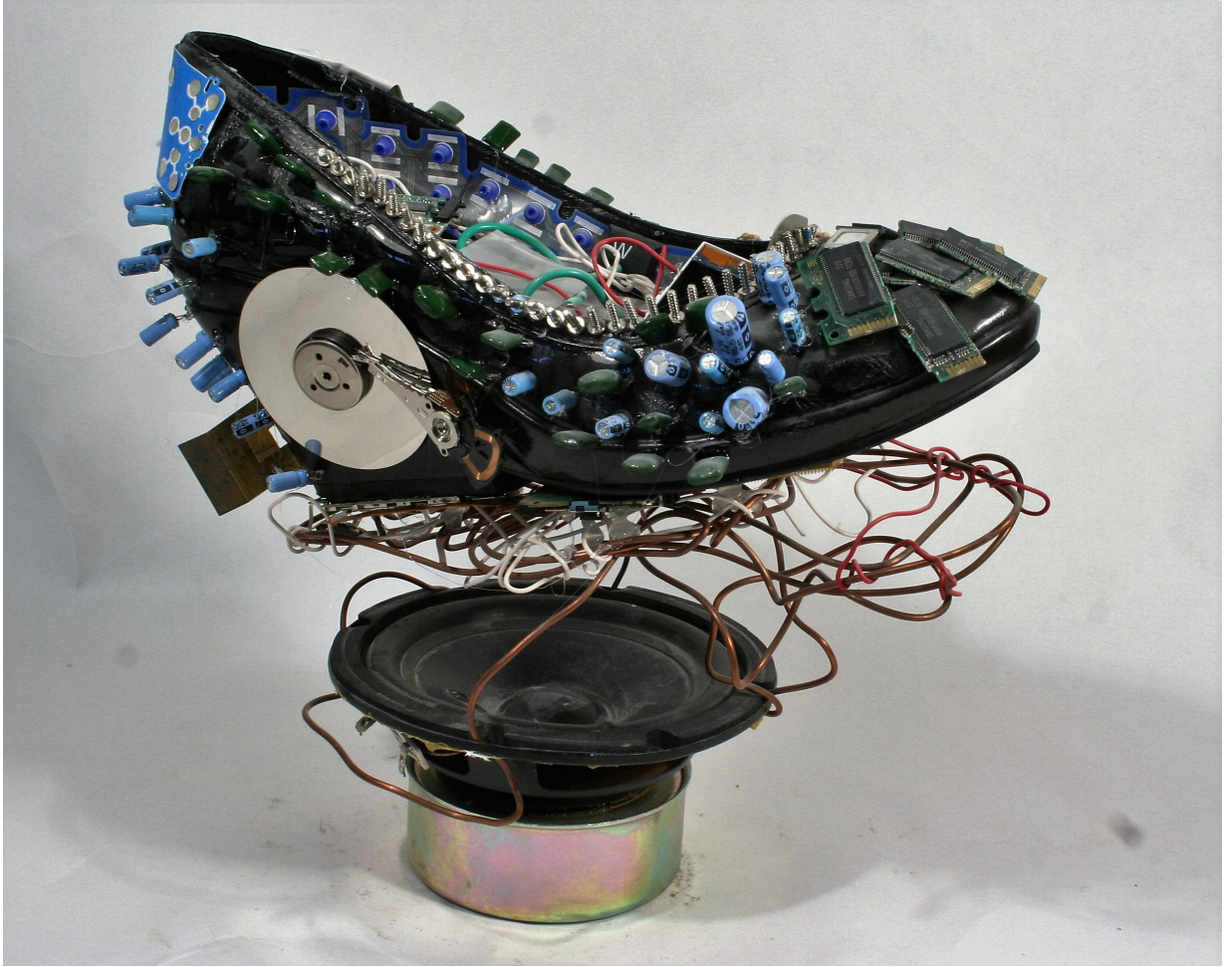


Hesperocallis

GABRIEL SHIELDS

*Thirsting to disagree with blue,
A contemptuous world scoffs at the sky --
'Is one mere droplet of cerulean lough
Sufficient to avail a quenching denied?'*

*With parting vaped fauces wide,
The firmament thunders its riposte --
'Which among you have witnessed wilting,
Or any desert bloom given up the ghost?'*



Untitled

NIKITA ROZANOV | SCULPTURE



Sketching
JYNWAYE FOO

Sketchbook

CLAIRE KIEFEL

How do you paint a soul,
when the most beautiful colors have been taken,
by the earth that feeds it.

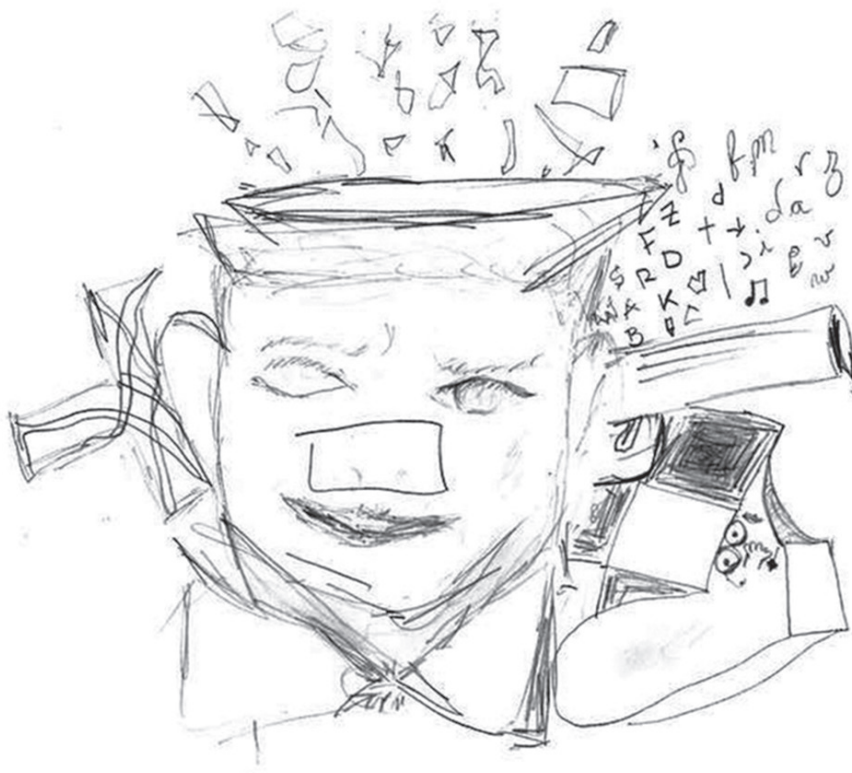
And the earth has been taken by humans,
feeding monsters.

How do I free myself from my body
when the contours of my paradigm can only be explained with the persis-
tence of your eyes;

but it won't be shared.

You won't look at me.

Because we're too busy feeding demons in the pale night—
satisfied to admire live colors
artists painting the most tragic portrayal of a soul
even though it was already dead.



Sketching

FRANCISCO YANQUI-RIVERA

Untitled

NIKITA ROZANOV



Emancipation

SHANNA ROAST | PHOTOGRAPHY



Prayer

ETHAN HEUSSER

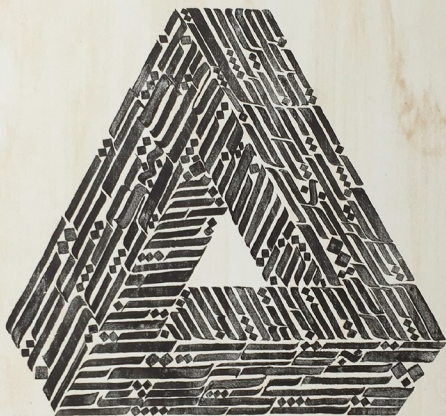
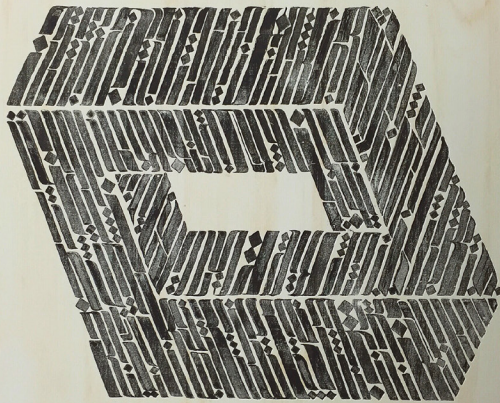
torsion is the right word. torsion
re:calibrated which is how
we know grace lies in repetition.
eyes lives ice, aye. but do clocks
really work like clockwork?
i spent eighteen years for a copper sprocket.

fatherfun white eyes were meant for bursting into
daffodils (like a layoff) magnolias sing
for our dead and ends like these
ease limping panting gaping to obscurity
with the right hand
on some bibles

in repetition grace lies. there is no
right answer but there sure are wrong
answers. there is no beginning but
there sure are several ends.
maybe daisies will perch on my
grave and whisper *wrong answer* until
ends i am not long enough to see.

grace lies in repetition. change
is perversion, the force that twists.
i will let change work my line
and after it is done i will laugh
laugh laugh gracing racing hatred:mine.
o synthia (o ethan) o cynthia
o synesthesia
O Father.

Impossible Rectangle, Impossible Triangle
BRANDON SAHLFIELD | MONOTYPE





Untitled

KYLE ANTHONY HELM | PHOTOGRAPHY



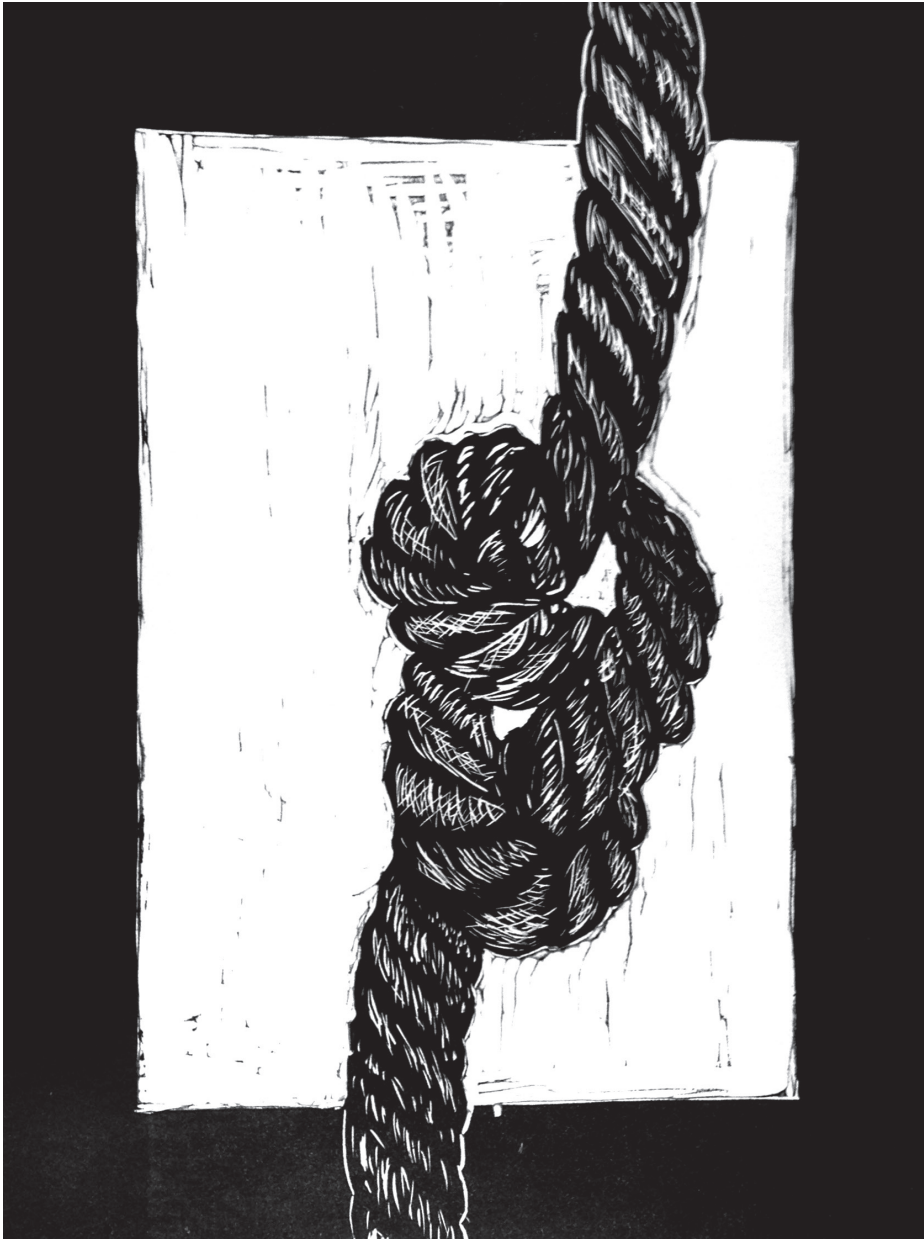
The Difference A Year Makes

JENNA JARVIS

Shit I Can't Say to You: Part 1

A year ago, it was me.
Back then, you and I were a “we.”
Now you feel happy and new again,
And naturally, so does she.

But where does that leave me?



I Cannot Knot

ALEXANDRA MAY



Untitled

MIKE CHUSCO | GRAPHITE

When You Were Here

NINA POLONI | PROVOST SHORT STORY WINNER

I'm probably more well-adjusted than 98% of kids with a dead parent.

I mean, sure I still cry when I watch Star Wars without him and I can't drink cherry Coca-Cola anymore, but I'm not a druggie or some wacko loner who likes fire a little too much. The worst thing that I've ever done was sneak out of the house to go to IHOP at 2am with some theater kids, so I guess you could say that I turned out pretty okay.

Mom says he would have been 54 this February.

I never really know how to respond when she says stuff like that; I was only seven when it happened: 36 pills of Tylenol, half a bottle of vodka, and a handgun for good measure.

No, I didn't see it.

No, that doesn't really make it any better.

Yes, I'm going to visit his grave anyway.

His birthday is on a Tuesday this year.

Last spring, I took the day off from classes. Not because I was really itching to spend my Monday thinking about some guy I barely remember who didn't give enough of a shit about me to stick around, but because I'm a horrible person and I didn't want to sit through another chemistry lecture if I could get out of it.

This year, I've decided to be less of an asshole.

It will take us four days to get from San Diego to Mt. Shasta and back again. The drive is only about 11 hours each way without stops, but Rita is so slow that when all the other cars in the slow lane honk and try to pass her they expect to see a 108 year old blind horse behind the wheel, so we budget for 15 hours instead.

Her car, a beat up, rusted-orange 1967 VW Bug that we affectionately call "The Pumpkin," is stuffed to burst. When I open up the passenger side door to slide in after my astronomy lecture is over, I'm afraid that the bags wedged into every available space in the backseat might explode out at me and bury me in an avalanche of "totally necessary" stuff.

I have to move three bags of candy, a box of Twinkies, and a half-eaten package of chips from the cracked tan leather passenger seat before I can sit down. There's a little red cooler at my feet filled with sandwiches, baby carrots, and grapes, and I'm sure there's another few bags of chips and boxes of cookies hidden in the backseat somewhere.

Rita likes to be prepared.

"Do you think we have enough food?" I ask.

Rita sticks her tongue out at me, "You can starve, for all

I care."

"At least then I wouldn't have to come on this road trip with you." I say. She turns the keys and tries to start up the car, which replies with a sputtering mechanical whir before dying down again.

"See," I say, "even the Pumpkin doesn't want to go."

She glares at me and then tries the keys again. This time, the Volkswagen's sputter turns into a happy purr. She smiles triumphantly as we pull out of the campus parking lot and follow the winding streets to the interstate.

This whole trip was her idea.

Rita is a capital B, Best Friend. She'll bring you chicken noodle soup at the first sign of a sniffle, and is always the first one to stop by with chocolate, tissues, and *The Notebook* after a breakup. Once, she drove all the way up to Las Vegas to rescue her sorority sister from a bachelorette party gone wrong. So, when a year and a half into our friendship I finally told her my sob story after too many glasses of Chardonnay—including the part that I had never actually visited his grave—she decided that it was time for a road trip. And what better time to do it than the already emotionally turbulent day of his birthday?

Awesome.

The first hour or so on the road is actually pretty great. We blast Taylor Swift and belt out the lyrics with the windows rolled all the way down, drinking in the last of the fading Southern California sunlight while the wind whips our hair. We spend some time chatting, too. Rita laments about her classes, updates me on all of the gossip about our friends, and ruminates about the boy she has her eye on from her psych class. It feels like a real, actual, bona-fide road trip, or, at least what I've always imagined a road trip with my best friend would be like.

"Lily's trying to get my dad to move in with her," she says, relaxing into her seat as we hit a long stretch of empty pavement, "Brian isn't thrilled, of course, but he'll get over it. Dad thinks he needs a *positive female presence* in his life."

"I mean, you turned out just fine," I tease, tearing into a stale Red Vine with my teeth and sliding down into the passenger seat so that my feet rest up on the dashboard, "Purple hair, tattoos, and a liberal arts degree? It's a father's dream."

Rita laughs.

"I think I agree with him, though," she says, "Just because I'm God's gift to Earth doesn't mean Brian will turn out the same way. You know, Karen doesn't even send him birthday

cards anymore?”

Karen. I can't imagine being so distant from my own mother that I call her by her first name. Then again, my mom didn't up and leave to "find herself" in Bali when I was twelve.

"She must be a piece of work."

Rita nods, pursing her lips. She's quiet for a moment.

"Do you remember what he was like?" she asks, "Your dad, I mean."

"A little," I say. I look down, play with the hem of my shirt, fiddle with my ring spinning it around and around on my finger, "I try to remember the good parts, usually. It makes it easier to pretend, you know?"

Rita nods. Of everyone, I think she understands.

We stop for the night somewhere in the middle of the Mojave. We'll sleep on the side of the road in the car, but for now Rita and I lay on our backs in the middle of the empty interstate. We stare up at the sky, tracing made-up constellations with our fingertips. I don't think that I have ever felt so small.

Rita grabs my hand, and squeezes. For a moment, I think that she might say something, make some profound mention about why we're here, talk about the meaning of life, ask me what it's like to keep on living when half of what makes me *me* is gone.

But, she doesn't ask, and so I don't tell her that it's been so long since I knew him, that sometimes it's easy forget that he even existed at all.

The dark asphalt clings to our backs, leaving tiny smears of black on our tee shirts and little bits of loose gravel pressed into the skin of our arms. We keep our eyes fixed upwards, towards the stars, towards the vast and endless universe, towards the heavens that we hope are somewhere, anywhere, out there. A meteor streaks hot and bright across the backdrop of the Milky Way and a million pinprick lights.

"Make a wish," Rita says.

I close my eyes and let the darkness and the silence envelop me, instead.

I wake up in the passenger seat of the Pumpkin somewhere along I-5 with a stiff neck and a sore back. Without taking her eyes off of the flat stretch of interstate, Rita plucks a to-go cup from the cup holder and hands it to me, "Caffeine."

"You are a godsend."

The drive is anything but scenic. We're deep in the San Joaquin Valley, surrounded by acres and acres of citrus orchards, vegetable fields, almond trees, and flat, flat, flat. Beat up, rusty pickups with faded paint dot the side of the road. Deeply tanned fieldworkers sit in the wooden flat-

beds and stare at us as we pass.

Rita doesn't talk much in the morning, so I have plenty of time to look out the window and think.

We took a camping trip when I was four, my parents and I, two months before they split. It's been well over a decade, so what I remember comes back in bits and pieces of fragmented memory: the gooey, sticky-sweetness of my first campfire-roasted marshmallow; dirt caked between my toes, on the back of my knees, in the creases of my elbows; hushed arguments in our tent under the stars when they thought I was asleep; the smell of my father smoking cheap cigars.

God, those cigars. When he was home—a rare occasion because he worked in construction and put in too many hours of overtime—he would put on a suit and tie, and smoke one on the front porch. He'd lean back in my grandma's old rocking chair and blow smoke rings towards the roof, eyes closed. The smell, like the worst kind of dusty, dirty gym socks, would cling to him for days after.

When my mother told me he was dead, the cigars were all I could think about.

No more smoke, I thought. No more smoke.

We stop again for the night near Sacramento when Rita announces that she is too damn tired to drive anymore.

"Let's just go to Lake Tahoe," I tell her while we demolish what's left of our fries in the florescent lighting of an In N' Out, "Let's get drunk and gamble away our college funds at one of the casinos, and then just go home."

"I think I want a milkshake," she says.

"I'm serious, Rita."

"I am too. Chocolate. Maybe with whipped cream. What do you think? Whipped cream?"

I glare at her.

"So, no whipped cream," she says. "This isn't funny."

"No," Rita says, "it's *hilarious*."

I flip her off. A woman with a soccer mom haircut and an oblivious three year old in an Elsa costume shoots daggers at me with her eyes.

"You know what's really hilarious?" Rita asks. "I plan this whole trip for you because you're too scared to do it by yourself and you haven't even *once* said 'thank you.'"

I twist one of the paper napkins to shreds in my lap.

"You're not the only one with shit, Jess," she says, "I'm just trying to help you deal with yours."

I stare hard at the speckled Formica tabletop. Silence.

"We'll stay here tonight," Rita says, finally, "We can finish the drive in the morning."

So, we do.

Weed, California is about as beautiful a place as it sounds.

Ten-point-four-five miles northwest of Mt. Shasta, it is a

town living in the shadow of something more majestic and breathtaking than it could ever hope to be.

Not that it tries, really.

“Weed like to welcome you!” the peeling white paint on the sign arching over I-5 greets us when we roll into town early the next morning.

Population: 2,456, it reads in smaller letters underneath. The six is crossed out in what looks like red Sharpie, and a seven sits directly above it, lopsided. Even the graffiti looks faded.

The interstate cuts Weed down the middle, weaving serpentine alongside half-burned homes and through blackened, scorched earth. It’s been long enough now since the last forest fire for little sprouts of green to poke through the soil again, especially near the cemetery.

Dead people make good fertilizer, I guess.

The cemetery is tucked next to the Burger King and behind First United Methodist Church, a faded white building with a cracked stained glass window depicting what is either the Virgin Mary, or Donald Trump in a Virgin Mary costume. Towering redwood and pine trees line the edges of the field. One massive oak, split down the middle by what must have been lightning, sits almost in the very center of the graveyard.

I wonder if his grave is near that tree.

We pull into the parking lot of the church, if you can even call the small, misshapen rectangle of loose gravel a parking lot. The gravel crunches under the Pumpkin’s wheels and ricochets off of the metal in little pings until Rita parks in the spot closest to the gravestones.

The sky is that hazy sort of soft grey that happens just before the sun breaks over the horizon. The light filters into the car just enough for me to see Rita’s face in soft silhouette, the edges all blurred and faded in the first promises of day.

“I’m not going with you,” Rita says.

“I know.”

I push open the car door and step out towards the cemetery before I have a chance to talk myself out of it.

The last of the morning frost dusting the grass crunches under my feet. It’s so quiet here I think that even the dead might be at peace. I watch my breath come out in puffs and brush my hand across the weathered gravestones and statues while I walk.

Names of people I will never know are etched into the slabs of marble and granite. A few are starting to decay already, gathering dust in the crevices of their writing and clutching to wreaths and bouquets of crumbling, brown things that must have once been flowers. Part of me wishes that I could stop at each one of them.

Hello, I want to say, I’m here. I haven’t forgotten you.

I find him towards the back of the field.

Mom told me once that he wanted to be cremated. My uncle wouldn’t let them.

“He belongs with his family,” my uncle said. Dad’s wishes weren’t in writing so he’s out here instead, with his baby sister, his mother, his aunt, and his grandfather, all lined up in a neat little row.

He is on the very end.

The stone is small and unassuming. Underwhelming. Rosy and speckled with black and white, the slab of granite three feet high and two feet wide seems too little a marker for a life.

I brush off the layer of frost, and trace my fingers over the words etched in the surface.

Nothing can bring you peace but yourself.

– Ralph Waldo Emerson

James H. Markham

1961-2003

I am glad that Rita is not here with me.

I thought that when I got here, I’d want to talk to him. You know, the way they always do in movies? I thought that I’d want to yell and scream, and tell him once and for all, all of the ways that he screwed me over and screwed me up and God, how could he just leave me like this?

I thought that I’d cry.

But, I spread my scarf on the half-frozen ground and sit facing his gravestone, instead.

I sit with Dad for an hour, maybe more. I sit with him until the frost on the tips of the grass melts into dew and the dirt underneath me turns to mud that soaks through my scarf and onto my jeans in big, brown splotches. I sit with him for so long that my back starts to ache and my left foot goes all pins and needles and my lips turn thirteen shades of violet-blue. I sit with him until the morning sunlight brushes the treetops and its rays warm my gooseflesh arms and Rita’s hand finds my shoulder, squeezing, hard.

“We should go soon,” she says. “Traffic.”

“Do you have a cigarette?”

She fishes a pack of semi-smashed Marlboros from her jacket pocket and shakes one out, handing it to me.

“Thank you,” I say.

I know it’s not the same, I think to myself, tucking the cigarette up against the base of the cold granite where it meets the earth. But I don’t smoke cigars.

My hip pops and my back crackles when Rita helps me stand. The sun is burning off the last of the morning haze. Gravel crunches under our feet. The church bells chime. We get into the car and we drive and drive and drive.



Waves

ERIC CALLAHAN | PROVOST POETRY WINNER

Growing up in Reno, I spent my time dreaming of the ocean. Our ranch wasn't very big, the land was big enough, but we had only a few cows and an old steer with brown spots and irritable eyes; remnants from my Grandfather, who lived off of his cattle. My father works construction though, and while he was rising through the ranks to a middle management position, the herd wilted. Me and the leftover beef would sit on the edge of our property, stare in between the three wires that made a fence, and watch out over the salt flats. Pure white. Endless white, even though I could see the far side where brush and yellow grass rose from the parched dirt, what I really saw were waves, falling at our fence. I assembled the ocean puzzle from movies and photos, and then I watched it form in front of me, blue springing from the salt and rolling out white. Now in the tomorrows of my life, after work dad and I come home and I sit by the three-wired fence, with just the steer, and I try to remember how to see the ocean.

(Previously published in Winter 2016.)

To a Weed

ETHAN HEUSSER

I will not kneel into the earth
and sing “Where have all
the flowers gone, long
time passing,” since we
shipped them off like lives
too long ago and our ancient
walls keep seeds and boats
at bay. I will not wring
water from bellflowers
or claim to find echoes
of their dry soil in this dust.
Instead I will laugh
and say this:

Here’s looking at you, plant.
When I kneel I know you are a tree
for ants, an emerald tower
with your hair a wild tendrilstem,
your veins a soft milk saphouse
I will not tap or drink. You who
are the branchfather of oaks,
wild firs, the earthair
to which I once aspired? By growing in my grove
you break the logic of our language with all we have to offer.
I inhale your smoke and know your stalk
is the stake at which you burn. Mis-
taken Motherfather, prick me tightly.

Your growing is the
unconditional gift.



Plant Your Own Garden

DEA AROZAMENA | MIXED MEDIA INK AND WATERCOLOR

Quick and Painless History Lesson

LUKE CAMPBELL

During the Second World War Britain and **the Soviet Union invaded Iran**. Iran's neutrality, stated two years prior, was of no concern to Britain until Germany's unwarranted invasion of the Soviet Union. It seemed a real possibility that the Soviet Union could collapse under the Blitzkrieg in the summer of 1941. Eventually losing Iran and the rest of the Middle East to a German invasion was also a real possibility to Britain. If the British didn't have anything to say about it Nazi soldiers were to meet their Japanese allies in India after conquering Iran.

There were a few other reasons Britain was concerned with Iran while World War II was raging on. Keeping a presence in the Persian Gulf and **securing Iran's oil fields** were most important. Britain also desired to stifle any growth of Soviet Union presence in the area. Any competition for oil was unwanted. A Nazi fifth-column that could turn Iran over to Germany from the inside with a coup d'état also worried Britain. Last on Britain's agenda was supplying the Soviet Union. To the British, the Iranians, and the rest of the world, Germany could overpower the Soviet Union. And there was no reason to set up supply lines to a nation doomed to fall.¹ Why go to class if you're going to fail anyway?

There are a couple common history lessons here. First, Russia's entire history is about looking for a warm water port. See the above example of Russia literally invading Iran, a nation with access to the Indian Ocean, as well as the example of Russia literally invading Crimea in the Black Sea a few years ago. Resources are also relevant, especially in war. If anyone wants to get something done, you need the supplies. Iran has a lot of oil. I'm not saying it's the only reason to go to war, but we've all seen it happen before.

Bored and Anxious

OLIVER MEYR

Haha
My God
You think that I can read this?
If you're looking for the product of a soul that's solely spirited
Read this
Reames sift
through filtering
Neural Glitches
Daking mitches
Prowing thitches
To mosiety my sistress.
I missed this.
I found this.
I am flying.
I was grounded.
Too much joy.
Downshift.
Warrant out for my impoundment.
How sick he is he tells himself.
How beautiful and pure.
How arrogant (yet not at all)
to hit the tense switch and narrarate in third.
Balance Sincerity and Absurd.
Sincere words:
I am on a journey.
I am a definite volume of overflowing beauty from mental solidarity in fluidity.
Trying not to blow steam.
Pain thinking I'm living everyone's dream.
Pain knowing I don't enjoy drinking.
Pain knowing that only one person will ever have the fullest entirety of my love
and it will never happen or mean
A thing
Other than.
The boundless meaning.
Of loving infinitely.
With no strings.



Northern Lights

ASHLEY HOWARTH | LINO CUT



DANTE JAMES GIGLIOTTI | MIXED MEDIA

Wisdom Teeth

Can't You See I'm Busy?

JENNA JARVIS

Vienna walked through the doorway of Marshall's studio apartment, and after one glance around the foyer, she felt an ache in the pit of her stomach — it was officially over. It was too late to leave, but she knew that every step she took inside would lead her closer to a man that seemed to be looking for a way out. Sometimes the buildup to a breakup is worse than the actual act of breaking up. Unless the person being kicked to the curb is blindsided, a breakup can deliver a sense of relief because the relationship that died eight weeks ago is finally being buried. Vienna did not want an ounce of that relief if it meant losing Marshall in the process.

She eyed his hallway table and felt that a decision had been made that no longer included her. The black table always had a light layer of dust atop of it, but now there were three clean outlines where her gifts had stood tall and proud throughout their relationship. The Billy Joel mug that she broke when she knocked it off the table during their first fight, and then glued back together for him when they made up, was nowhere to be found. The dog figurine she bought for him after little Cooper passed away was absent as well. And finally, the biggest tip of all, the picture frame that held the photo of their first kiss was out of sight.

"Hey V. How was work? Did Liz make you run her errands again today? It was so hot out all afternoon, you

should get hazard pay or something," said Marshall with a suspicious amount of pep and concern in his voice.

He was unloading the dishwasher as he spoke, his hands shaking as the glass bowls clashed against each other in the wooden cabinet.

Small talk huh? thought Vienna. *Is he trying to ease me into it? He hasn't shown interest in me or my work at the magazine for two and a half months, but how thoughtful of him to feign curiosity and sympathy on our final day as a couple.*

"It was alright today," she finally answered. "Lots of desk work, but that kept Liz off my back."

"That's good. Soon you'll be running that place."

Will you even be around to see that happen? she mused; desperately wishing she was wrong.

Vienna wasn't going down without a fight. If they were going to break up, it would be on her terms. The fire of her first love would certainly not be extinguished in a paint-chipped apartment in Brooklyn. She wanted fireworks. Like actual fireworks. If she had it her way, Marshall would make the words "I can't do this anymore, I'm so sorry" explode across the East River. In lieu of that unrealistic goodbye, she decided she'd settle for a tearful walk in Prospect Park. It seemed pathetically romantic that this should end in the same place it began four years ago.

Determined to leave the apartment, Vienna approached Marshall in the kitchen.

“Hey, let’s get out of here. It’s cooled off outside and we haven’t been to our park in ages.”

“I...I um I can’t today V. After I finish unloading these I have a ton of phone calls to make. Go watch Law and Order or something, we need to talk later, just...not yet. I’m not ready. I...I don’t have time right now I mean.” Marshall’s stuttering made Vienna feel slightly better because it seemed this wasn’t going to be as easy for him as she thought.

Still, a break up on her boyfriend’s faded green couch wasn’t the equivalent of being surrounded by elm trees near the gates of Prospect Park. She refused to wait around until he “had the time” just to dump her in the living room.

“Marshall, I can’t wait for the damn dishes and I can’t wait for whatever mysterious phone calls you need to return. I’ve been overly patient with you for almost three months, but lately you’ve been acting like my time isn’t valuable anymore. We were each other’s number one priority for the past four years, can I be yours again for an hour today?” Vienna almost broke down and let tears escape from her green eyes while she uttered her plea.

Marshall took her hand and slowly led her to the open window in his bedroom. The two of them silently looked out across the park and waited for a breeze before they spoke again. Vienna looked down and saw that her gifts had not been discarded, but rather moved to the windowsill. However, before she had a chance to scold herself for

her irrational assumptions that she made in the foyer, she noticed a fourth item had been added to the collection. A closed, small, blue velvet box was resting on the windowsill.

Marshall had never been one for grace, but he got down on one knee the best that a painfully nervous, 6 foot tall, 29 year old man knew how to. He peeled back the lid of the box to reveal the most beautiful, special ring that any girl could hope for.

“Vienna Rose Thaxter, I have loved you for four years and I have no doubt in my mind that I will love you for the rest of my life. For the past two and a half months I’ve been working extra hours to pay for the ring you deserve. And I’ve been having endless conversations with your mom on the phone about the ring and the right way to ask you how to marry me, which I’ve since learned is genuinely impossible. So here it goes, will you marry me V?”

Vienna had always been a very strong woman, but she was still human. She let the tears flood down her freckled face and embraced Marshall, trying to pour out every piece of love in her irrational heart. She cried and cried and let him hold her until he eventually pulled away and said “Vienna, honey, I’m going to need a verbal answer here. Can you just try to stop crying for a little and give me a clear yes or no?”

Vienna paused and kissed him hard on the lips. “Yes you idiot, yes! Can’t you see I’m busy?”



Stellar

DEA AROZAMENA | MIXED MEDIA



Untitled
ANNIE MITEV



Black Coffee

LANESHA REAGAN

I think there's something to be said about people who like black coffee.

Don't get me wrong; I love a vanilla frappuccino from Starbucks but black coffee.

The bitterness and bite it has on a dewy morning, the shot of adrenaline you feel pumping through your veins on nights you don't want to sleep. The taste of someone's lips after they have a cup is intoxicating. Maybe it's just me but I love it. How can you not? If awareness had a taste it would be black coffee.

My favorite though is watching people drink black coffee for the first time. It's like watching someone take their first sip of alcohol. You can tell by their face that it's the first time, and instantly they hate it but they want more.

I like people who drink black coffee because they are able to deal with the bitterness and I need someone like that. I need someone that will keep wanting more of me because they aren't afraid of what will happen next. I need someone that is intoxicated with me. I need someone to be with me and feel adrenaline pumping through their veins.

Is it too much to ask, for a cup of black coffee?

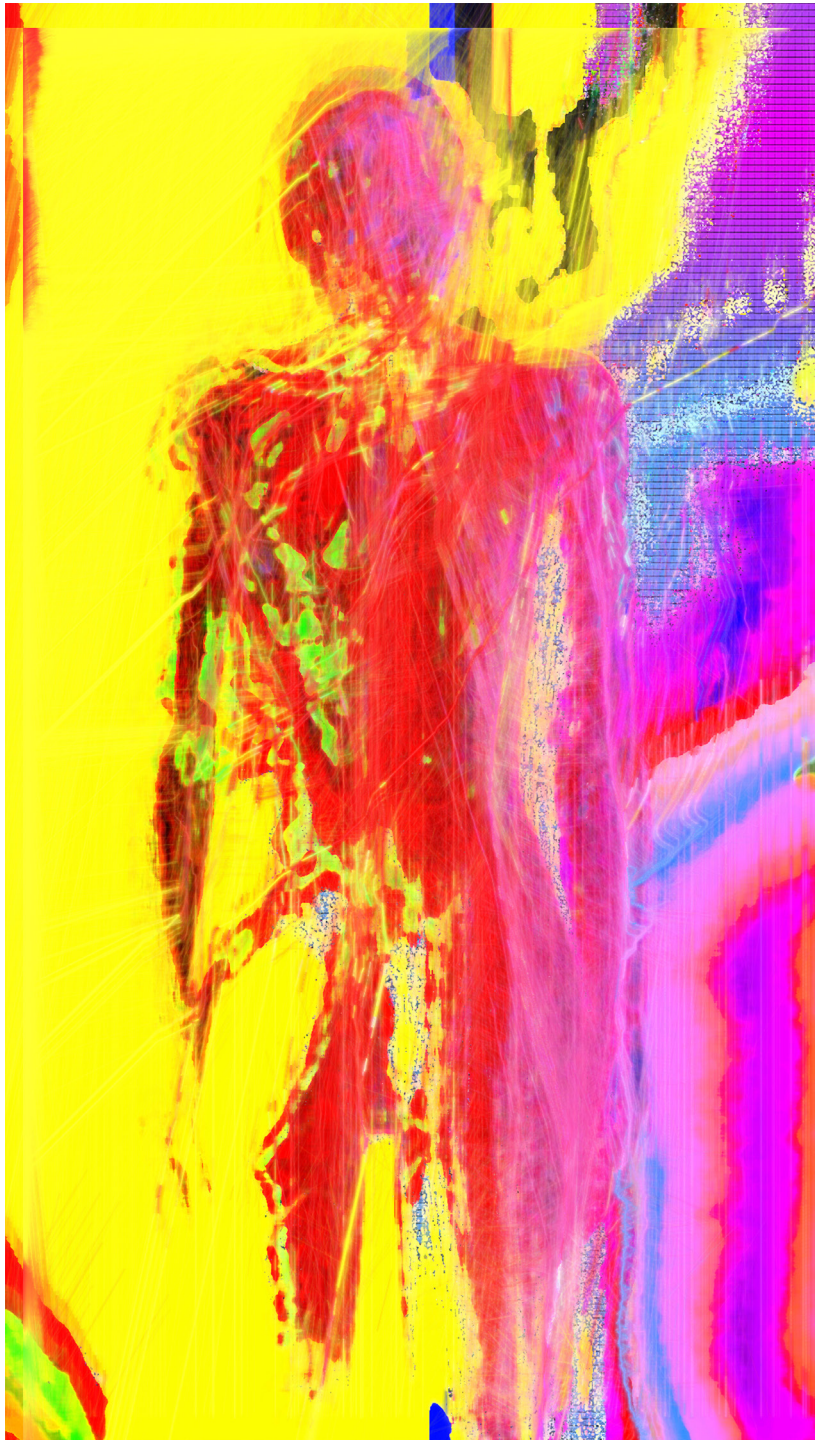


The Ground We Travel

CHIANNA TOLTON | PHOTOGRAPHY

Choices of Memories

JON ANTHONY THOMPSON





Who's Going To Stop Me

SHANNA ROAST | PHOTOGRAPHY

Contributor's Notes

JON ANTHONY THOMSON

Music Production Major. Member of Quizotic BMP Collective. Goal: Art as hard as I can. Drake My Life. Papa Bless Vape Nation. etherealdelusions.com/portfolio

FRANCISCO YANQUI-RIVERA

Francisco D. Yanqui-Rivera is a musician and scientist in development. He is a curious person, bird watcher, day dreamer, and stubborn maker.

ABIGAIL LOSLI

“Life and Living” is based on observing moving water daily for 30 minutes. Lakes, rivers, and the ocean inform the paintings in this ongoing series.

LUKE CAMPBELL

Over the past few years writing has truly become my passion and I hope to one day

enter an MFA program somewhere in the country. I believe everyone should write, even if it's only keeping a journal, and read whenever given the chance.

ERIC CALLAHAN

I'm an English major who spends most of his time chasing plastic discs around. The Men's Ultimate Disc Club takes up most of my life, but when I'm not playing, I'm either outdoors or in blankets thinking of stuff to write about.

CATHERINE FITZSIMMONS

I've been making art since high school, but only recently realized it's my calling. I changed my major and I'll never look back. I strive to make pieces that evoke emotion and leave the viewer with a message. Likes: music, art, and being active outside.

ALEXANDRA MAY

All I want to say is, thank everyone who has supported me. Because without them, there'd be no me.

CLAIRE KIEFEL

Writing helps me to know myself.
"Peace only comes with truth."

ETHAN HEUSSER

I owe a big thanks to the rest of the Prism team for putting together this term's edition of the magazine! Also, thanks to all of my friends and to the Creative Writing Society for reading my work and offering feedback.

JYNWAYE FOO

Art is easier done than said.

LUKE CAMPBELL

I owe my love for writing to my mother, who read to me and my siblings as kids and encouraged us to always do what we love. The

Web is Still There is my first poem to be published.

ASHLEY HOWARTH

My creative work has always been inspired by my love for nature and in creating the Northern Lights I hope that one day I will be able to experience them myself.

SHANNA ROAST

Photography started out as a hobby of mine, but has turned into a passion. Since falling in love with photography, I have found beauty in things I used to overlook, done things I would never have tried before, and learned more about myself in the process.

OLIVER MEYR

Mostly "Bored and Anxious" speaks on how right we can be sometimes to not let art connect to us. We read and experience art, and sometimes it cannot conquer our individualism.



Will

CATHERINE FITZSIMMONS | PHOTOGRAPHY



SUBMIT TO PRISM

**Deadline for submission:
WEEK 4 OF FALL 2016**

Open to all majors, all mediums
Include name, major, medium, phone number,
titles of work - 5 submissions maximum

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**"YOUR GROWING
IS THE
UNCONDITIONAL
GIFT."**

Ethan Heusser
"To A Weed,"
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