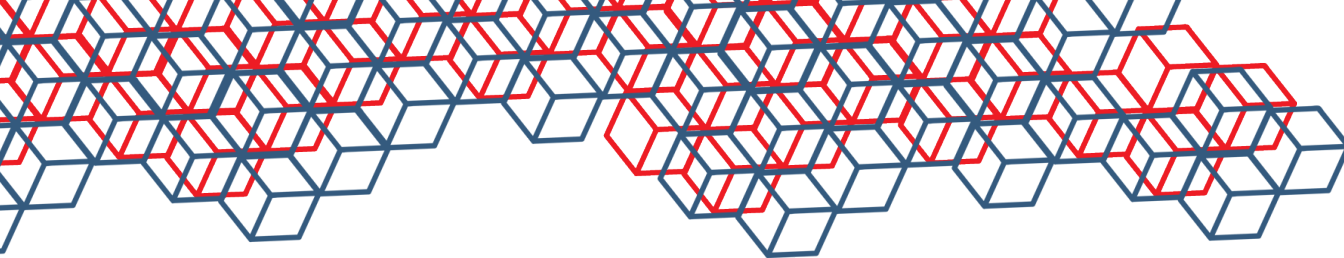


PRISM

OSU'S ART & LITERARY MAGAZINE // WINTER 2016 // VOL CXXIX



RIPTIDES



RIPTIDES



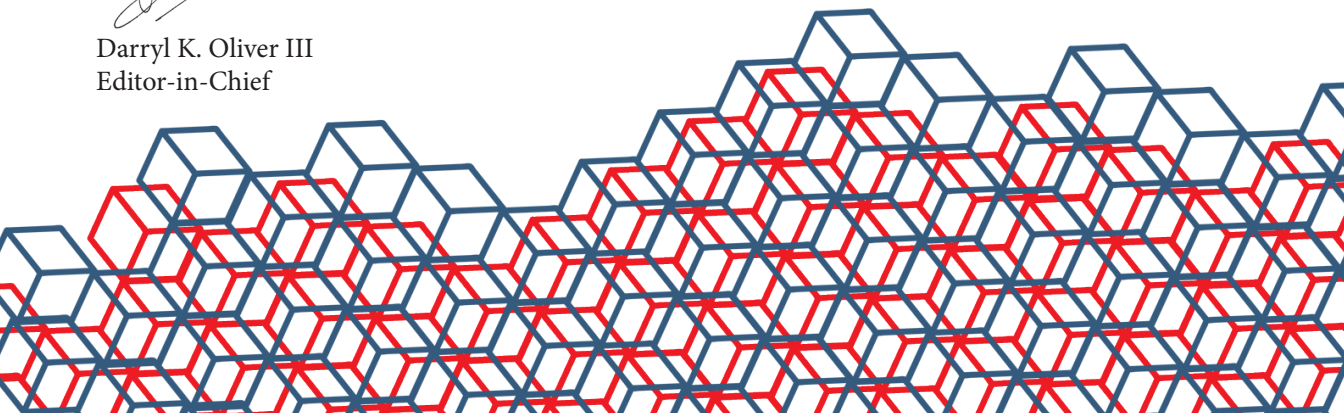
What is a Riptide? An overpowering current moving in the opposite direction of other currents. A strong influx of water pouring into an inlet or close to sandy shores, sweeping away all in its path from seaweed to boats. A current so strong it can oppose the might of the rest of the ocean. Unpredictable and unavoidable, at best, if one finds themselves in its midst yet terrifyingly captivating if one finds themselves as a spectator. A force that one can neither guide nor control. A force, well, simply put, of nature.

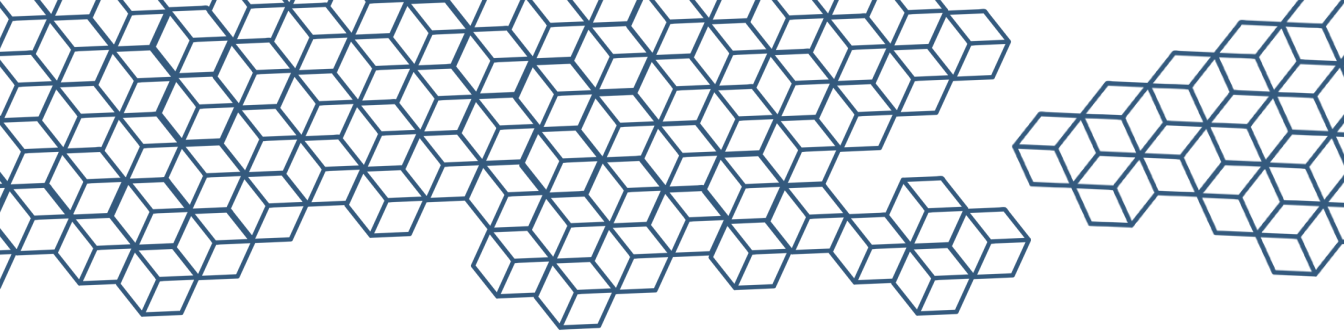
That is what has emerged from this edition, number 129, of Prism. Within the 40 pages that follow the contributors have created something that is, well, unpredictable and unavoidable at best, yet terrifyingly captivating all at once. Unpredictable, because not a single person could have predicted the shape this edition would take—and trust me we tried. Unavoidable because those persons who contributed their hard-work to make this edition possible are people who are close to you. They are your classmates, your roommates, your friends, and your siblings. They are your students and your TA's. Your co-workers and that person you walk by everyday in the quad but to whom you never say hello. In some cases, they are your parents, in others they are your children. In some cases, they are you.

The art and literature in this edition, as usual, are some of the very best works from just a few of the extremely talented students at Oregon State University. Many of the pieces deal with that which is out of our hands, such as the passage of time, the choices of another, or the power that is nature. The beauty in this magazine comes from a place of solemnity which typically accompanies the winter months, but retains a sense of hope; as if Spring is just around the corner. Once again, I am honored to have the privilege to work with all of the talented individuals who brought their unique efforts together to make this possible. I invite you all the sit back, relax, and be swept up by the tide.

Thank you for reading and enjoy,

Darryl K. Oliver III
Editor-in-Chief





Take a Breath, Breathe Easy

ASHLEY HOWARTH



PRISM

PRISM MAGAZINE // WINTER 2016 // VOL CXXIX

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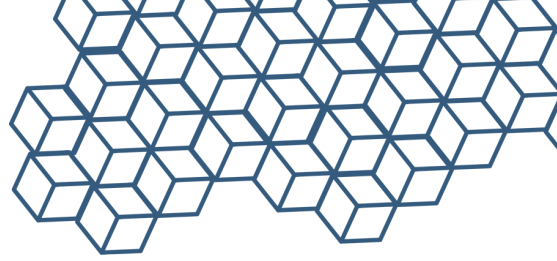
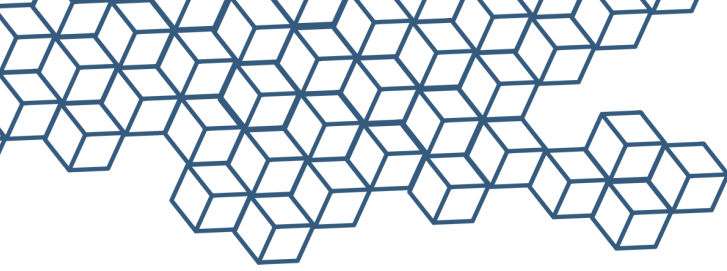
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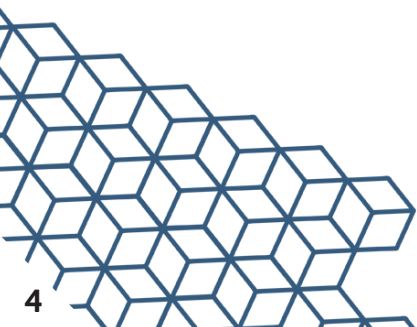
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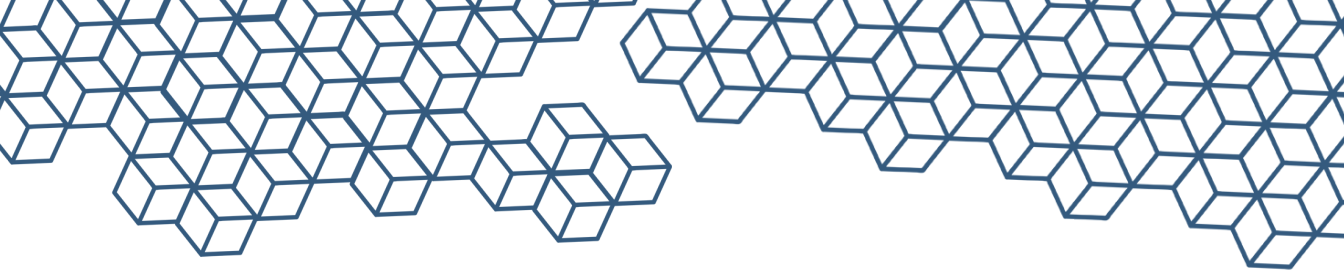
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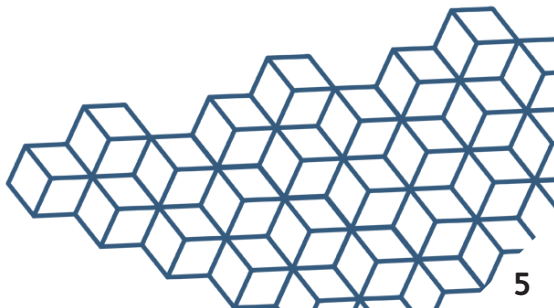
Newport, Oregon

HALIE SUTTON





Longing
SHANNA ROAST





The Picture

AUBRIE LODEN

I want to be the picture in someone's wallet
The face behind the debit card
Tucked away behind a fold
Snuggled in a shirt pocket,
Staying close to a heartbeat.

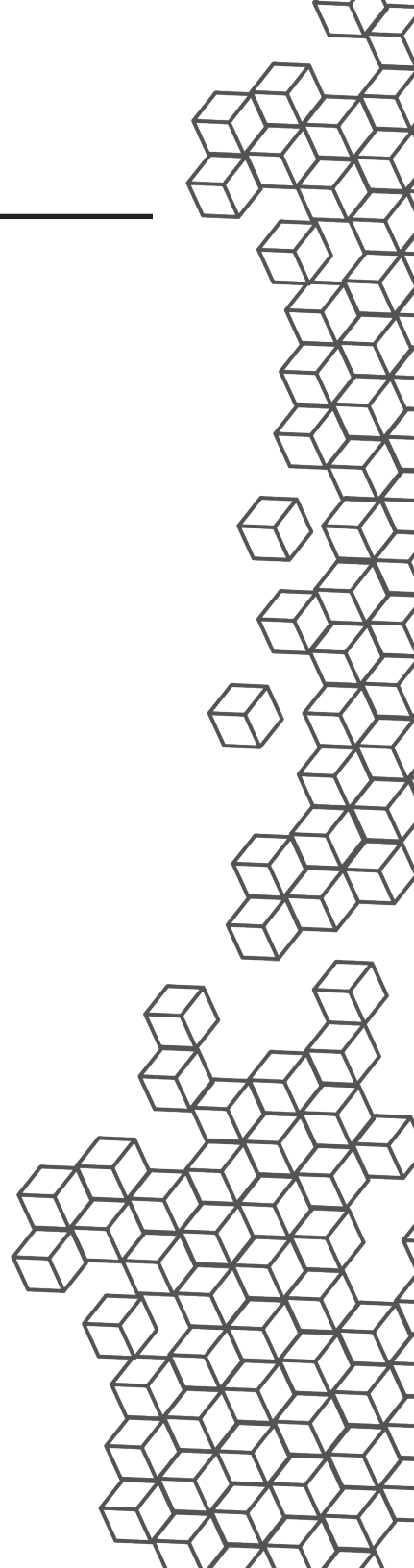
The one nose,
The two ears,
And two eyes,
Peeking above a \$5 bill.

A picture you wouldn't sell for a million.

The girl you catch a peek at
And smile while waiting for a receipt.
The colors that make you do a double take
While fishing for that damn coupon.
I want to be the picture in someone's wallet.

Not a double tap on Instagram.
Not a home screen.
Not a Facebook tag.
I want to be where no glitch,
No dead battery,
No incoming message
Can take my eyes off yours.

Someone you carry with you
Be with you in the largest cities
Or just in your hands.
A photo so precious
Its not allowed to collect dust.
Before it's the only picture left of me,
I want to be the picture in someone's wallet.

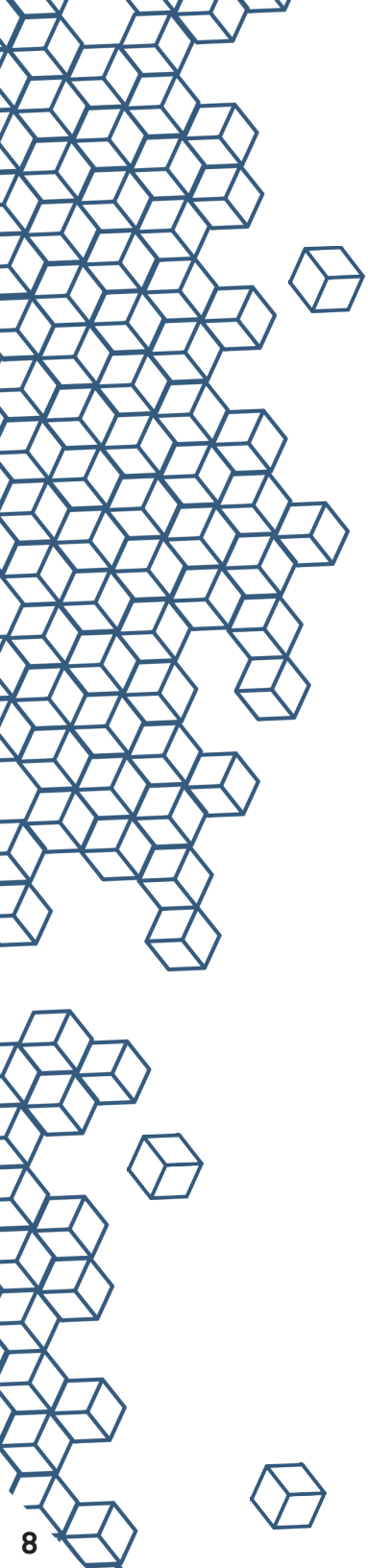


A decorative border composed of a grid of 3D cubes, some of which are missing, creating a pattern that frames the page. The cubes are arranged in a way that suggests depth and perspective.

Sleeves

LUKE CAMPBELL

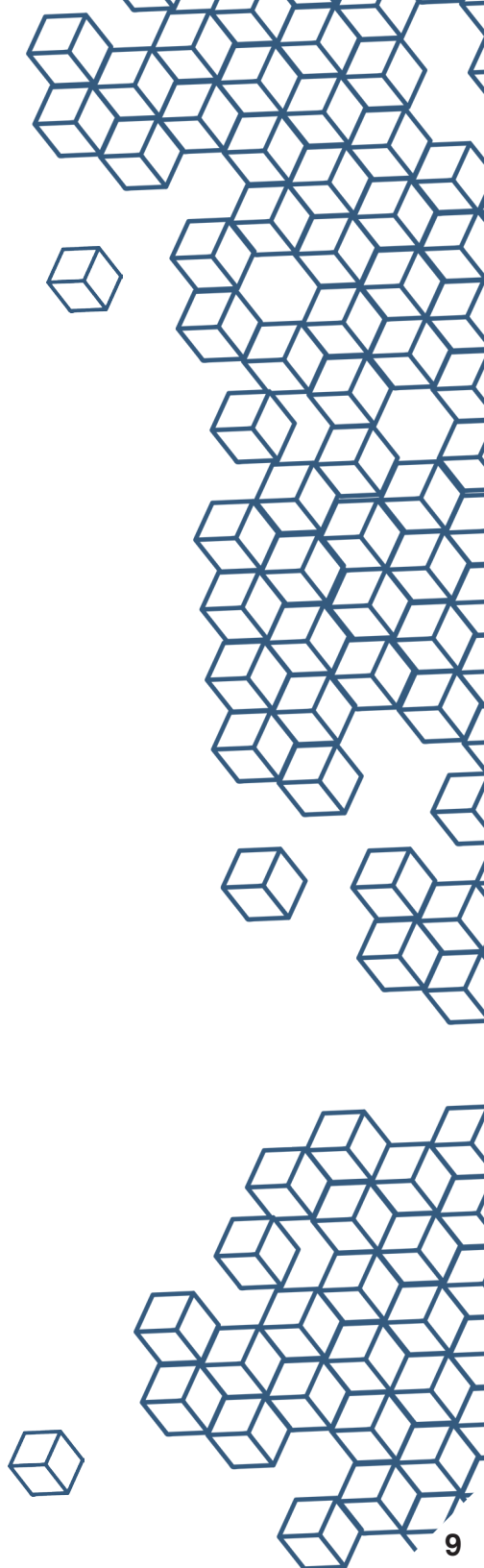
This is where you sit at 10 o'clock when the doors are unlocked; unlock the doors at 9:57; lift your chin and make sure to smile; let your hair cover your shoulders but get rid of your bangs; you have tattoos--show them off; roll your sleeves half-way up your forearm; now roll them to your elbow; learn the customer's name--say it twice; when they leave say it again; don't forget to write their number down and include the size of their tattoo on the orange form; when two people come at a time give more attention to the woman; when it is just a man make sure he sees your ring; your sleeves fell down--roll them back up; create a call list; they want more tattoos they just don't know it yet; it's okay to lean back in your chair when your boss walks by; keep the desk clean of any loose papers; keep the orange forms in your desk; keep your phone in your purse until there is no one in the lobby; don't sing unless you're alone; hide your stash in the drawer because the boss wouldn't think to look there; your sleeves fell again--safety pin them in place; keep your hair out of your face and no matter what he tells you show off your left hand; don't laugh at anyone's tattoo--their life is different than yours; change the music every hour and a half; clean the window regularly so you can see outside; when the boss is gone share your stash with the artists; wash after you shake their hand; it's okay to roll down your sleeves; file the orange forms in the drawer above your stash; lock the door before you leave.



Snacks

JYNWAYE FOO







The Women Wearing Owl Masks

NICHOLAS BROWNING

The Women wearing owl masks were going to take Luke. They always took someone, and poor Luke had been marked for years. Some days I'd daydream about rescuing him, whisking him so far away that the Ladies would never find us. But they would find us, and when they did they'd be laughing that laugh of theirs, a bellowing thing, like a boar's cough. They knew where Luke was just as I knew where my foot was. Besides, I know Luke wouldn't let me rescue him. For our people, duty was life. Even though the Women wearing owl masks had chosen him as their next, made him live each day in terror, an outcast among his own, Luke would do his duty. We were the Ladies' keepers, and one of us always carried their mark.

"Evening Luke," I said as my friend dragged his feet towards me. Black surrounded his eyes, clinging to a blood laced gaze.

He grunted a wordless reply, and I took no offense, knowing that if the Ladies had chosen me I would be far more uncivilized than this sad lad.

I, for better or worse, spent more time with Luke than anyone. The two of us were a Vigil pair, and watched together every night during the dead shift, when the world should be asleep. Each night we would march to the black pit, and witness the madness below.

A series of narrow, winding tunnels, illuminated by smoky torchlight, led us to our post. We spoke not a word. I'd learned long ago that Luke no longer enjoyed speaking. When we were children, I'd never known a more carefree, kind-hearted fellow. But after the Ladies chose him, that bright spirit began to wane, a little dimmer each day. I think, if he could, if he hadn't been chosen, he'd still

be that child. So rather than force him to ignore me, or snarl biting replies, I chose silence. It wasn't his fault.

The last corridor opened into a gaping, dome-shaped cavern, with a ceiling so tall it may as well have been the starless night sky. A narrow pathway circled the outside of the pit, where we took up our sentry position. The two Vigil members we relieved nodded dour goodbyes.

Beneath us scurried the Women, wobbling along their cavern floor, back and forth doing Gods know what, like devious mice scampering to secrete their stolen cheese in that special, special spot. They did this all night, every night, one wall to the other, over and again without pause, save for when they would pass us by. Luke and I sat perched above them, atop a sheer stone wall perhaps two houses high, where we watched their bewildering work, as we were taught to do. Stewards for the Ladies of the Dead.

Luke always sat a ways off from me. I preferred to keep my bow out, strung up, and when the Ladies approached I'd fit an arrow to the string. I'd train my arrow on their black eyes, eyes that looked like a single giant pupil. The Ladies of the Dead wore owl masks over the top half of their faces. Their noses were the owl's beak, and the owl's eyes had been hollowed out so their own dead gaze could peek through. Their mouths hung free, though, deformed things, with teeth twisting around and in upon themselves like rose petals. Crooked yellow teeth, far too long, jutting from their pouchy lips.

The Ladies would take turns shambling up to Luke with their hunchbacked walk, and they would stop before him, and they

would point. They'd point at Luke with fingers thrice as long as my own, crooked, dis-jointed things. The nails were stained black and brown and a stale buttery yellow, and grown so long they'd begun to curl. When they pointed at Luke I examined their elongated, sloping foreheads, skin dark gray and moist. Their putrid smell curled up to my nose, sour, stinging. A grimy black clump of hair sat upon each of their heads, a single mass of decomposing filth, trailing down their horrible backs to drag along the floor. A few rogue tendrils peeked above the whole, protruding like drowning hands. When they pointed those horrid fingers at my companion, they laughed, a hacking sort of cackle, and their owl masks bounced upon their bulbous faces. Thank the Gods it is not me, I thought to myself every time they pointed at my companion, scornful with their prophetic laughter, my barbed arrow tip trained upon their swollen eyes. Thank the Gods.

Over the course of the night I'd lose count the number of times they'd pay mocking homage to Luke. No real pattern or order governed the manner by which they'd approach us. It seemed random to me, even after all these years. And Luke, poor stalwart Luke, would simply return their black gaze. If it was me, I would scream, or loose my arrow, or run until my lungs burst. Brave Luke was doing his duty.

Earlier in the day I'd had to intervene for Luke, again. He'd been buying a haunch of cow carcass from the local butcher when about a dozen village children surrounded him. At first he'd raised a half amused eyebrow, but then the children, in an unsettling display of unison, each raised a finger, and pointed at Luke.

I'd never heard Luke scream before, but when he did, it filled me with both sadness and fear. It began as a low cooing noise, al-

most as if he were too frightened to force the air from his throat. But the cry gained strength, until he screeched a ragged, raw, throat-tearing howl. He dropped his meat on the dusty stone and fled. And the children chased him, a sea of gray robes, pointing their accusing fingers at Luke's retreating back.

I sprinted after them, and thrust myself in the middle of the cruel game, swatting down their poisonous fingers. For the rest of the day, I couldn't purge the image from my mind. Luke's eyelids had peeled back further than I thought possible, until far too much of his eyeballs were exposed. His lips had pulled into tight, bloodless things. His fingers had dug into the flesh of his own hands. Poor Luke.

"Thank you, for your help today," a tired, quiet voice said, interrupting my thoughts. I tried not to show my surprise, half-turning to my friend.

"Sorry they did that. I wish I could have stopped them."

Luke shrugged, only his face visible in the torchlight. "You've been okay. Far better than most. To the others, well, I serve only as a reminder. A reminder of what they might have been. What they could become. At least I'm still alive, still human, to you."

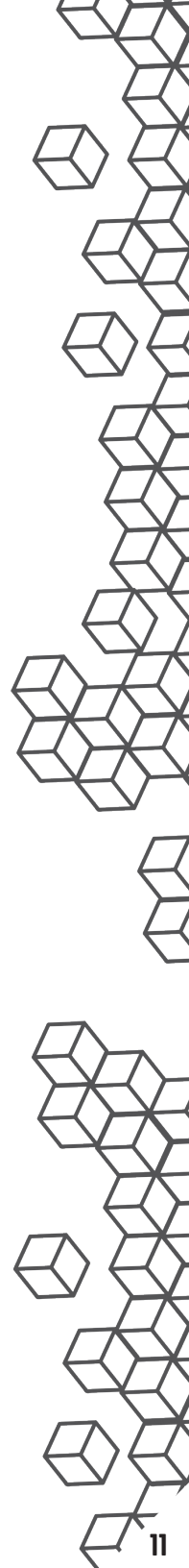
Cringing, I felt blood rise to my cheeks. I could have done far better. "You're all right, Luke. Who knows how many years you still have?" I tried to make my voice hopeful. I half succeeded.

"Yeah." He shrugged again. "Or it could be tomorrow."

"Are you... how do you deal with it?"

Luke didn't answer for some time. The whisper and shuffle of the Ladies' dragging hair and ragged, soiled robes teased my ears.

"I don't, really," he finally replied. "In the end, I'm just the same as you. We're all





marked, eventually.”

The words felt cold, and I glimpsed my nightmares.

Luke rose to his feet. I didn't pay much attention, figuring he was giving his arse a break from the rough stone. It wasn't until he began a jittery, tip-toeing step towards the pit's edge that I became alarmed.

“You okay, Luke?”

Instead of replying, he stepped closer. The way he moved disturbed me, reminded me of a child making its doll walk.

“Stop it,” I ordered, rising to my feet with the thought of restraining him. But I couldn't make myself go towards him, even found myself shrinking further away.

Silence filled the cavern. Heavy, suffocating silence. For once, the Ladies stood still. And Luke stepped over the edge.

I thought I'd hear him hit the floor. Instead, the Ladies began to shriek. A cacophony of banshee cries bombarded my ears, clawing through my skull until I couldn't form a coherent thought. I found myself at the pit's edge, watching as they took him.

The Womens' mouths stretched wide, wider than the breadth of my arms, and for some reason I pictured myself curling up inside those humid jaws. I saw dozens of those horrid, gaping maws, filled with innumerable teeth and pink, soggy throats.

As a single entity, they dropped onto all fours and adopted a sickening trot, like a horse nearing the end of its life. They lumbered towards Luke's body, bouncing along in that broken canter with what seemed like glee, their yawning jaws nearly scraping the floor. At first they just circled him, dancing on all fours, their festering, disproportioned bodies swaying in grotesque circles. A sort of demented waltz. I stood transfixed, hoping they wouldn't take him, yet praying for it to end.

Finally, they pounced, covering him, still screeching their horrible, deafening song, and they devoured Luke.

I collapsed to the floor, unable to watch any longer. Curling up on the stone, I hugged my knees to my chest and covered my ears. And I screeched, too, fitting right in with the chorus.

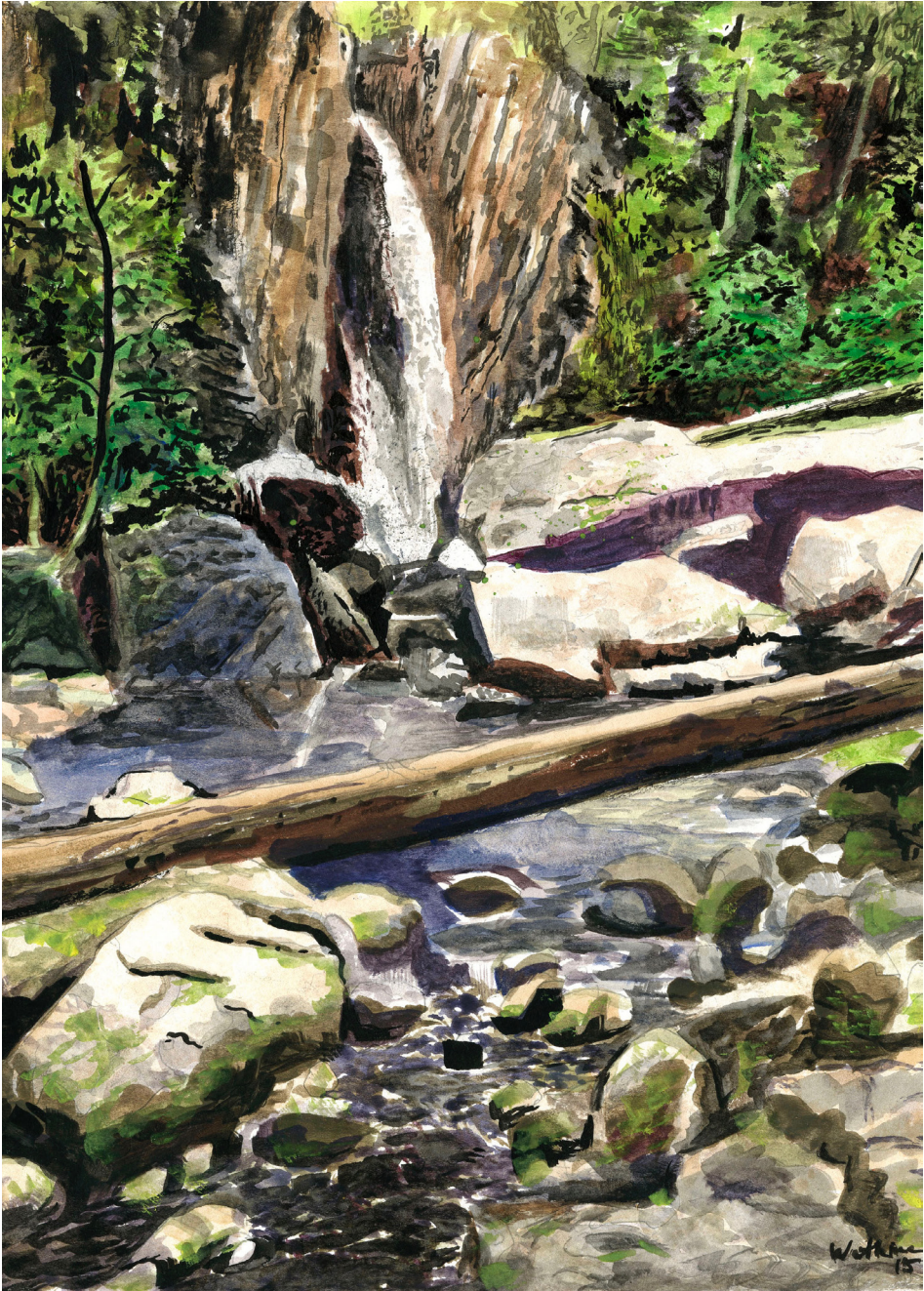
I don't know how long passed before I realized the noise had stopped. People were moving around me, and someone helped me to my feet. My vision was foggy, and I wasn't certain if I was actually awake. Two men from my village supported me between them, until my head cleared and I could stand on my own.

The Women wearing owl masks hobbled back and forth across the cavern floor below, as if nothing had happened. Every single person from my village had come, and formed a ring around the brink of the pit. Hundreds of pale, gaunt visages directed their forlorn eyes towards the Ladies. Waiting to witness the next selection. Some mouths moved in prayer. One of the children who had chased Luke tried to hide behind her mother's dress, and buried her face in the ragged cloth.

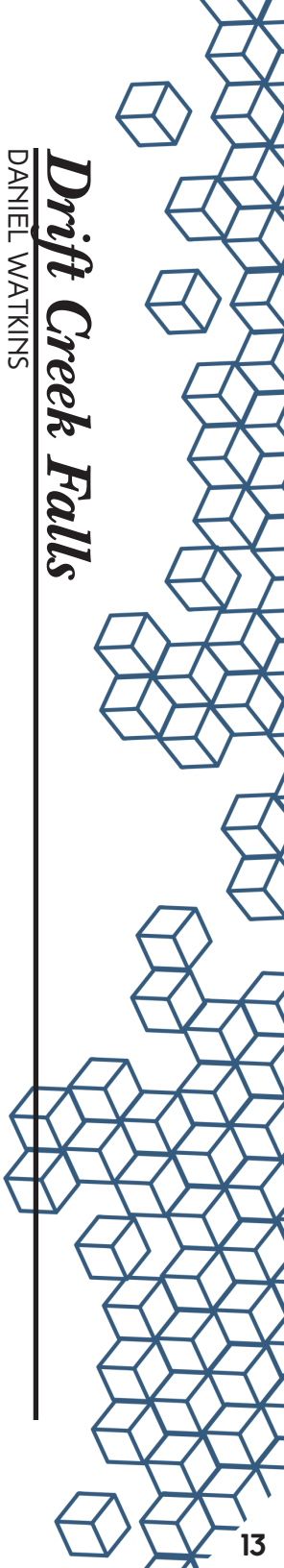
The crones formed a great line, at least forty of them, perhaps a hundred. Their yellow beaks stabbed towards me, and their rotting teeth curled into something resembling a smile. They shuffled closer, hunched over, dragging their rubbery arms along the ground.

Terror cloaked me, a second skin embracing my own flesh, merging and melting into my pores until it was inside me, and I became dread. Hot tears leaked down my cheeks.

Chortling behind their owl masks, the Ladies raised their arms, and their clawed joints wavered, wavered, before finally settling on their next chosen.



Drift Creek Falls
DANIEL WATKINS





Biology Lesson

AUBRIE LODEN

Butterflies don't even need to try for
people to notice them
And when they are seen, they're chased.
Protected.
They can't help it, but oh do they know it.
Our eyes are just drawn to butterflies.
Feather light with bodies slim and
equipped for flutter flight,
Just a breeze pushes them to the next new
thing

Butterflies can't be caught in the rain
A single raindrop can tear them down.
But not to worry;
It's a crime to see a butterfly on the
ground.
Its not long before someone notices,
And halts their day
to see how they can make it fly again.

Their existence in their entirety brings
people magnificence and distraction Who
wouldn't want to have a butterfly on their
arm?

The same cannot be said for a moth.

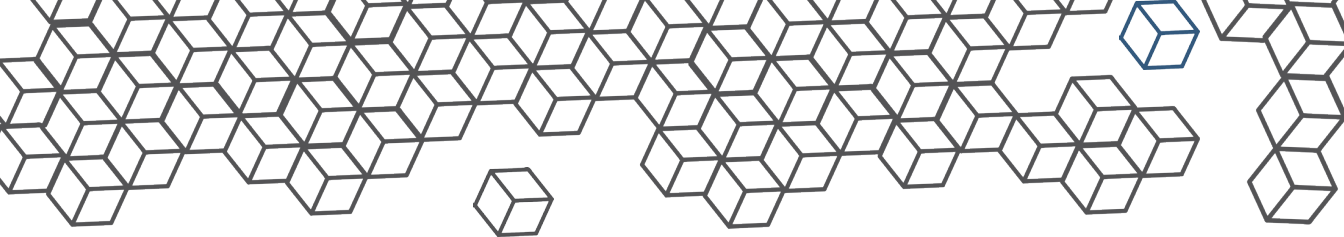
When seen, moths are ignored, if not
swatted away.
They cant help it, but oh, do they know it;
Our eyes just don't agree with moths.
Thick and powerful, with bodies built
durably for hard conditions,
Almost nothing can keep a moth away
from the light.

Moths are driven creatures,
They have not known what it is like to be
wanted or chased
They pay no attention to rain when it beats
their wings,
Or the wind pushing them around
They're used to it.

Someone going out of their way to pick
them up from the ground?
Moths have never known such luxury.
Since they are so sturdy, they should be
able to get themselves up.
Right?

They know that if they are to live in this
world as a moth
Your existence is to be efficient - contrib-
ute to the ecosystem,
And not expect to be greeted by delight or
admiration
When they land on an arm.

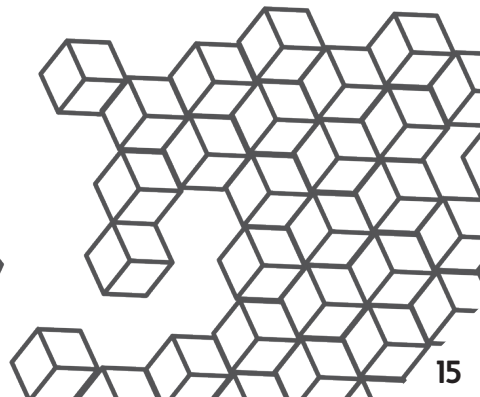
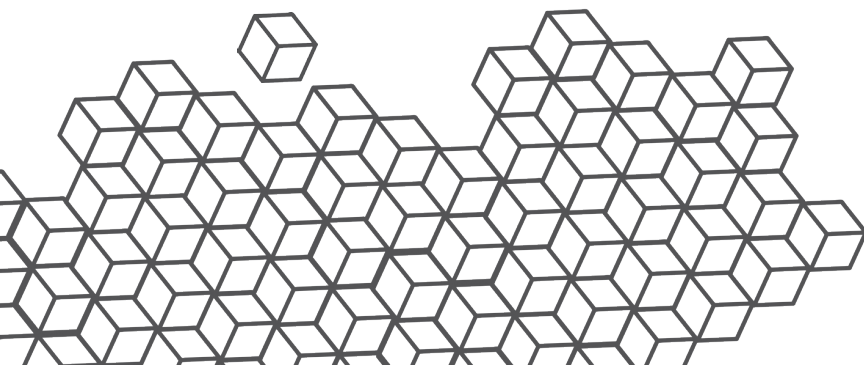
In this world, beauty is your only strength.
And while built to last,
Moths seem to not live nearly as long as
butterflies

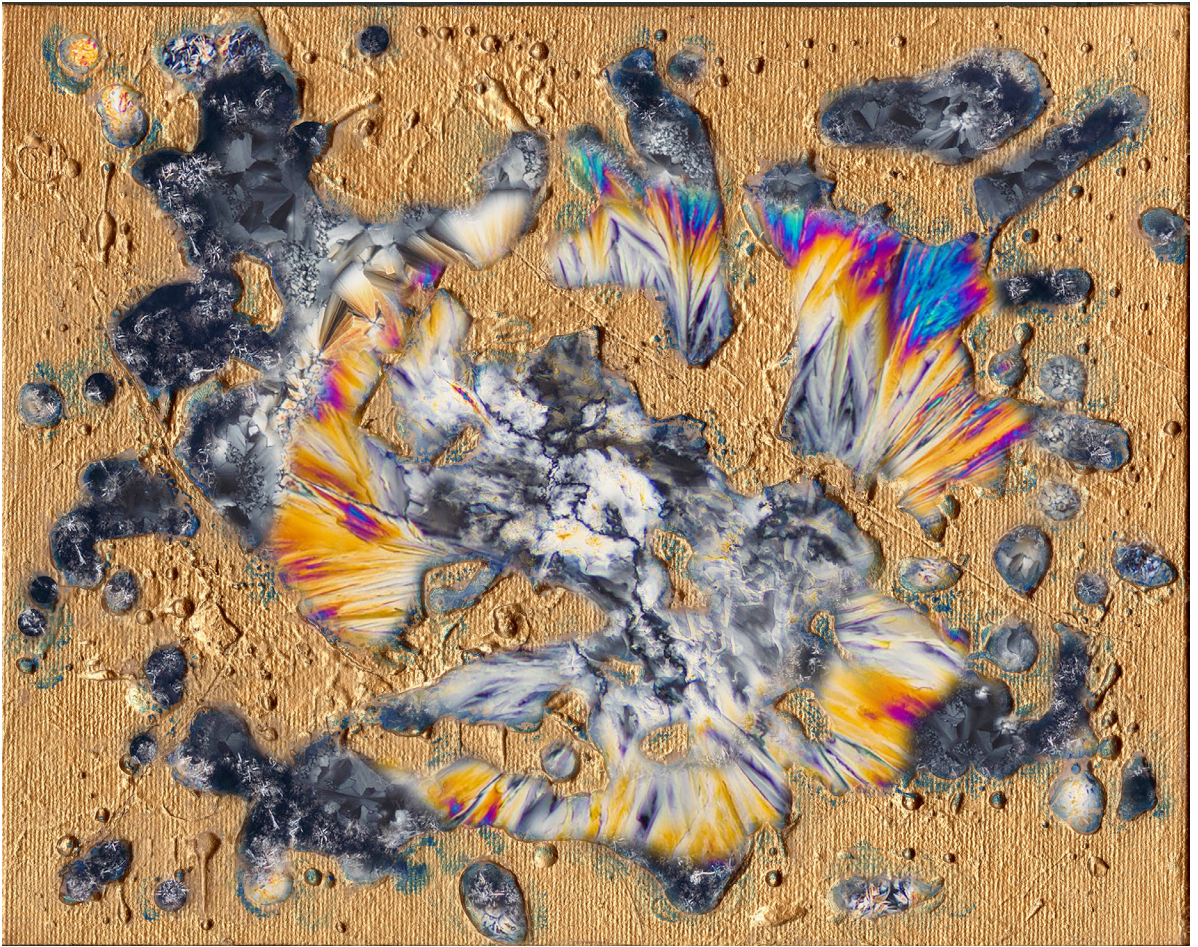
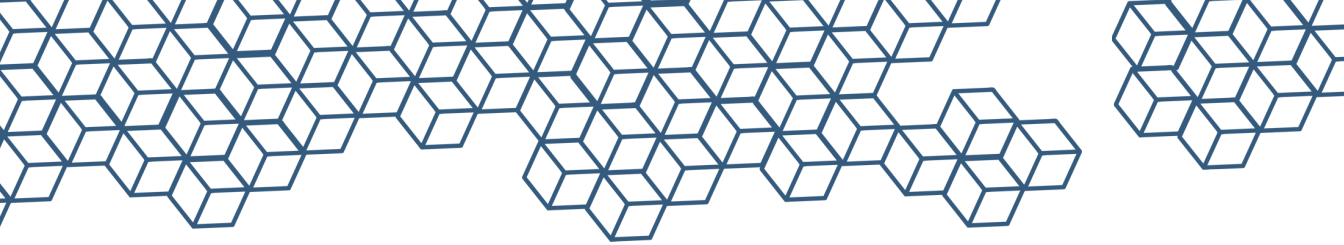


Waves

ERIC CALLAHAN

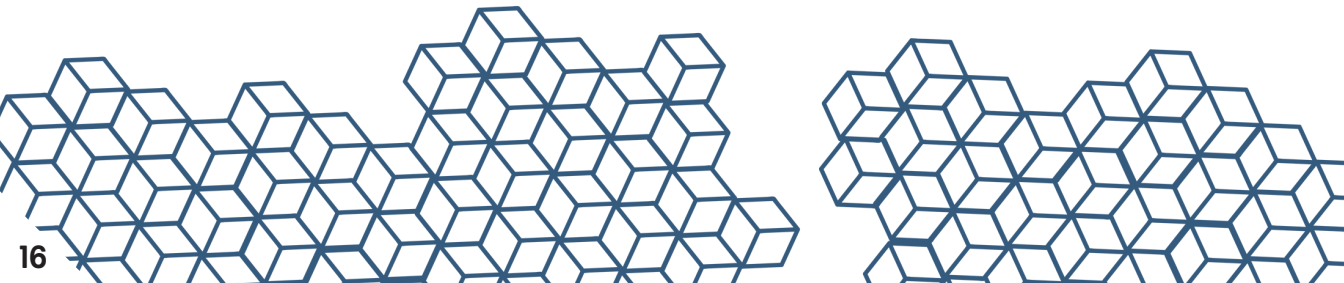
Growing up in Reno, I spent my time dreaming of the ocean. Our ranch wasn't very big, the land was big enough, but we had only a few cows and an old steer with brown spots and irritable eyes; remnants from my Grandfather, who lived off of his cattle. My father works construction though, and while he 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.





Euphoria

CATHERINE FITZSIMMONS



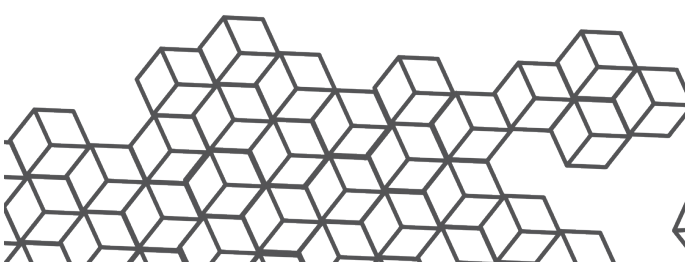


Lean

ETHAN HEUSSER

Seconds are syncopated.
I was walking with a limp,
legs an oxbow river bend, when
the bass drum of my calfskin heart
reimagined. Rain became a tap
dance and stoplights turned blue
in their jazz-wanting. My directive,
fallen out of frame favor
smelled fever in this burlap skin and left.
Still I can tap knocks on rocks
longer and longer the echo, while bad
ness is still extraordinary and baseballs
are still pitched in Fahrenheit.
The zeitgeist of awakenings
told me its name, the shadow
of its name is violets and it
has strapped too many earths
to its canvas back, this face
is a jar of our gods like
the mason cage I put my poems in
once I saw objects repeat objects.

Still this night, Still, this night,





Remember That Place in the Woods?

BREE GILLESPIE

There is an ugly grey shed
Where our footprints used to linger
A bright red pickup
Where you broke your arm
Twelve
(Or was it eleven?)
Summers ago
See, even I lose track of it
Because I can no longer see that part
Of the woods that was ours
A private little
Dirt patch
Where we became pirates and
 Soldiers and
 Rock stars and
 Scientists and
 Friends.

But that was a long time ago
When your mom lived next door
Before your dad left
Before your house became empty
Before we got new neighbors
Before they filled that empty spot
And covered the remnants of us.





Untitled

DANIEL HELD

Long Way to Go, Kid

SKYE LYON

Ease yourself into the stillness of my tongue,
it bares to name the meaning of my story,
in full, lacking censorship –
losing the greatest sense of ownership
even in the smallest of things.

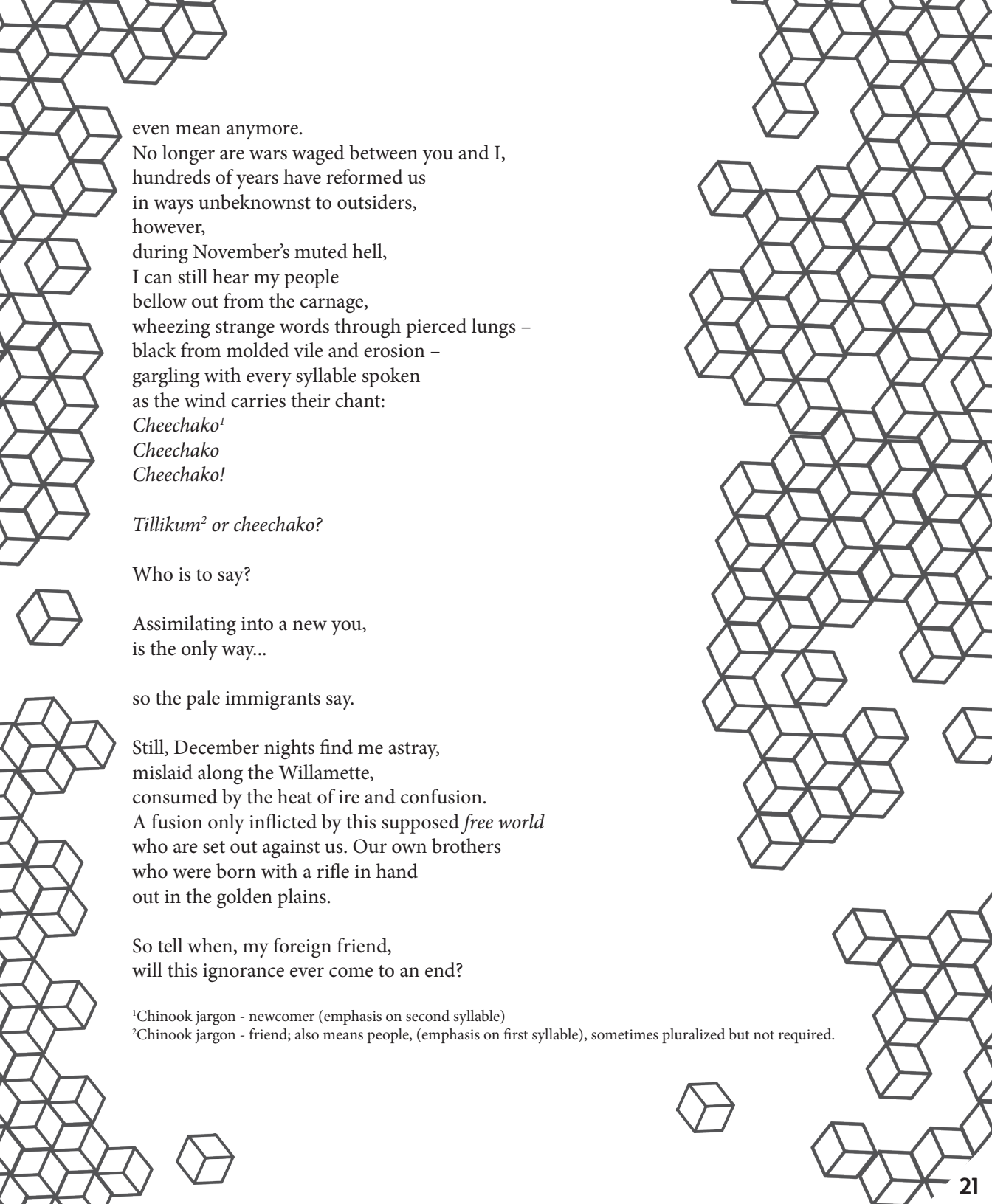
Each night,
these words,
my beliefs,
are repeatedly misused and inverted,
time and time again in the textbooks of academia,
the roar of sleepless media,
so tell when, my sheepish friend,
will this ignorance ever come to an end?

Maybe then you
can define the fine lines that create
the complexity of
a lonesome me,
a mixed blood me,
a ruthless me,
the All-American,
“come all ye faithful” me.

I am someone more than a mere categorical persona.
My life cannot be flat lined in a
nation that gave me the right to be a part of the greater good,
who birthed me onto bloodstained blades of grass
out in the golden plains of a supposed *free world*.

To the finite ends of the Earth,
this land was given to not only me,
but to my people –
in a fury of sound and silence
laced in between the forgotten languages of my
great grandfather
and his father before that.

Generations fragmented into the history books
like run on sentences chopped jaggedly in half,
giving no sense to the definitive kind of sense
any of these haphazard words



even mean anymore.
No longer are wars waged between you and I,
hundreds of years have reformed us
in ways unbeknownst to outsiders,
however,
during November's muted hell,
I can still hear my people
bellow out from the carnage,
wheezing strange words through pierced lungs –
black from molded vile and erosion –
gargling with every syllable spoken
as the wind carries their chant:

*Cheechako*¹
Cheechako
Cheechako!

*Tillikum*² or *cheechako*?

Who is to say?

Assimilating into a new you,
is the only way...

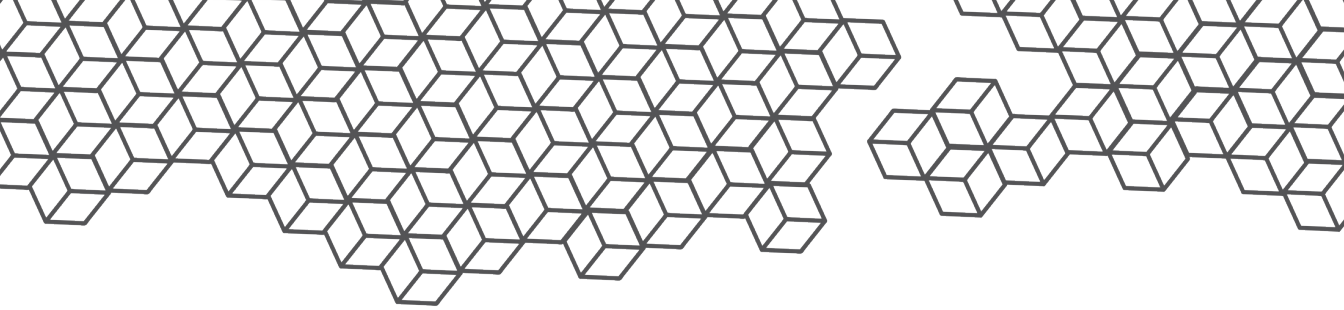
so the pale immigrants say.

Still, December nights find me astray,
misaid along the Willamette,
consumed by the heat of ire and confusion.
A fusion only inflicted by this supposed *free world*
who are set out against us. Our own brothers
who were born with a rifle in hand
out in the golden plains.

So tell when, my foreign friend,
will this ignorance ever come to an end?

¹Chinook jargon - newcomer (emphasis on second syllable)

²Chinook jargon - friend; also means people, (emphasis on first syllable), sometimes pluralized but not required.



Decisions

MITCHELL BUECHLER

My mother doesn't love me.

I can hear everything she says regarding my existence inside of her.

Most of the time she's talking to a man and the word, "Mistake" comes up frequently.

How it all was a drunk decision and nothing more, that I'll just be another one to her.

She talks of the pain in her stomach from me, but when she created me it was pure happiness.

What am I to do?

This place I call home is dark and warm, but I know it won't be mine for much longer. She
won't be mine for much longer.

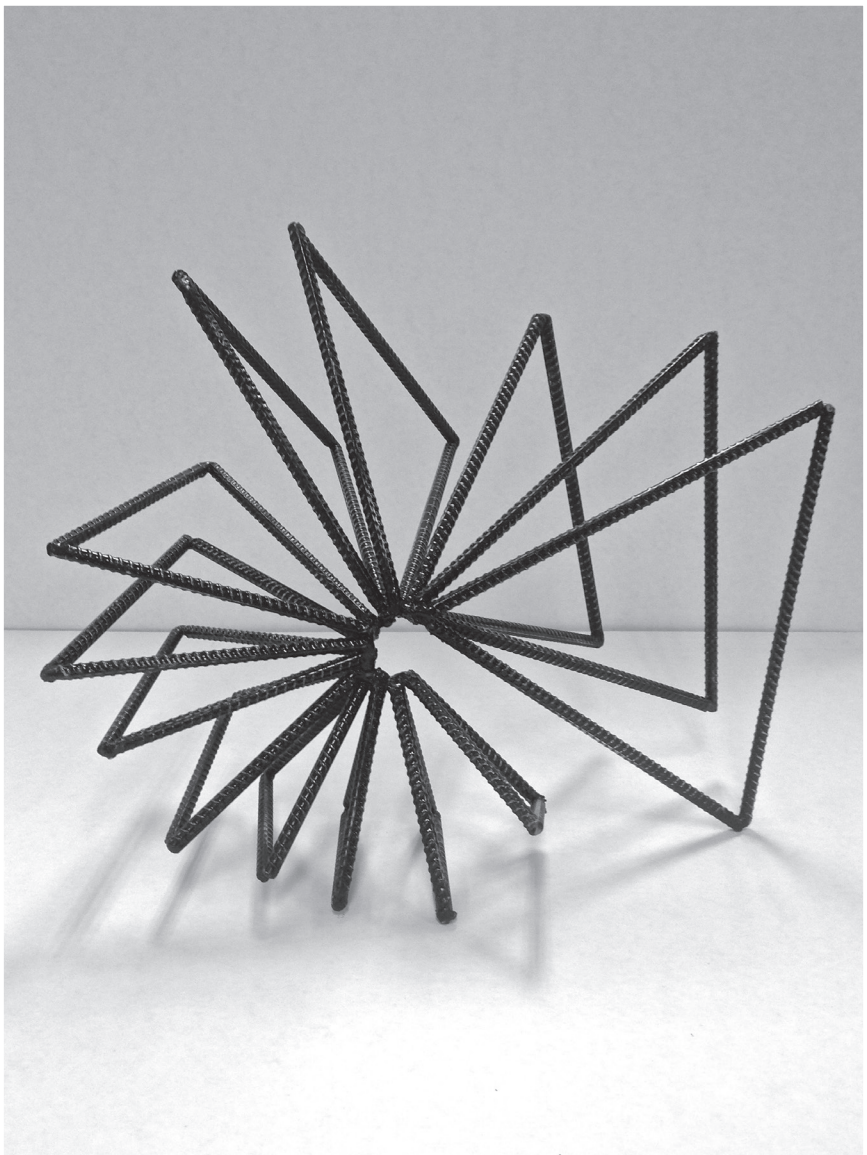
I feel myself begin to deteriorate within the walls.

Soon I will be nothing to this woman I have called my sanctuary.

My chicken, rice, beans, cheese and sour cream insides begin to melt away into the abyss.

The last thing I hear from her before vanishing is, "Damn Chipotle, never again".





Untitled

ALEXANDRA MAY



Flesh

ETHAN HEUSSER

Come, let us be as animals
let us lope over the earth in a distant chain
let us bray like bone-husks
for we leave nothing left to be desired

Sure, we are watched
we are watched very closely
but always from a distance, the
watchers are one by all videophiles
gripping tightly their lost freedoms

This moment - It's not real.
In three hours it will be a fading emotion.
In three days it will trouble you as you wake from a deep sleep, and
in three more it won't have happened at all.

But I can only move on so many times.
Soon there won't be any corners in my mind
to run away to, any corners
to run away from.
Soon our lost dungeon will be the only one,
forever bubbling,

tickling the surface, nibbling
like suggestions like
cultivated aftertaste like
the carnal oneness of our bodies like
flesh.



Predator

YUHENG ZHAO





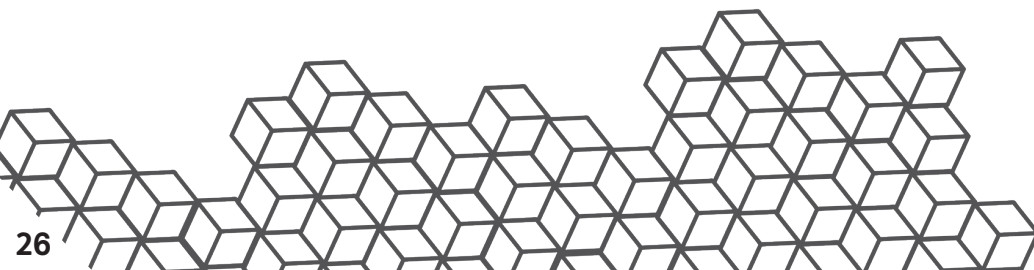
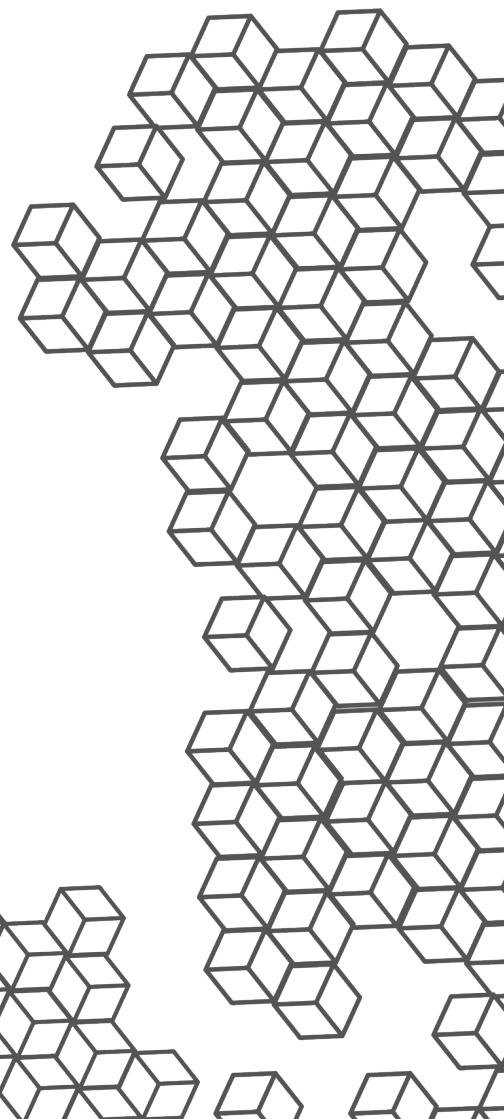
Dancer

ERIC CALLAHAN

Rain rushes, falling hard
and bursting. It watches
the ground rise up
and sees nothing else.

But snow sees the ground and the sky,
hears the chime of winds
and dances while it can.
Taking the stage above frozen rivers
and mountain spines, the flakes dance
in flurries or alone,
roaming where clouds will take them,
drifting beauty.
Cascading down
to valley and ridge
in their joyous waltz,
snow floats unbridled from side to side,
bumping and playing
when others might fear a storm.

That is what I love about snow,
there is no hurry in its fall,
the ground is inevitable,
summer unstoppable,
and so crystal flakes
dance while they still fly.



Lizards

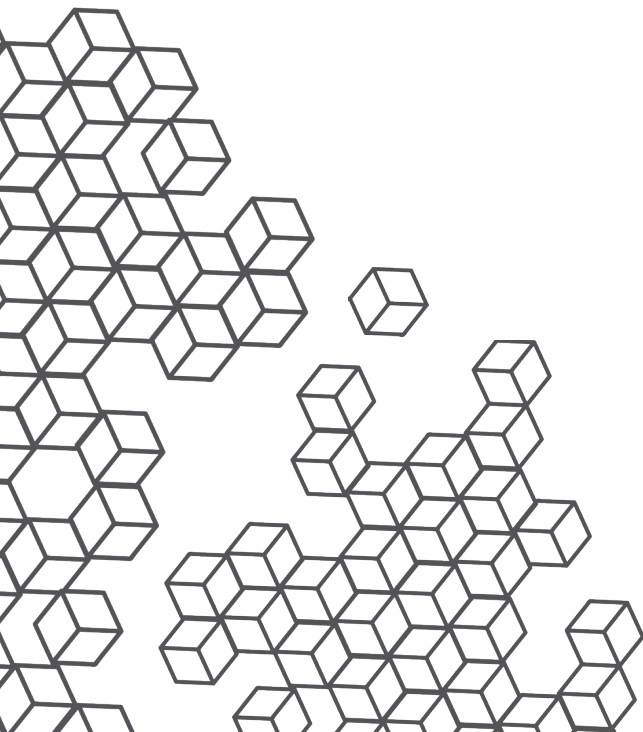
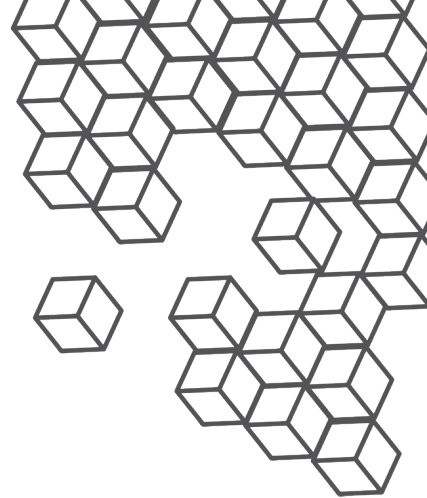
MICHAEL HENRY LONIE

A Sonnet in the Herpetological Style
Three little lizards, dark, all in a row
What kind they are is what I want to know.
Four larger lizards are less dark I see,
Are they the same? It really puzzles me.

The three smaller, darker.
The four lighter, larger.
Are they the same species, all blue bellies?
How much difference differentiates species?

The three lived higher on the mountain than the four.
The same species, dark scales protect from UV more,
They're smaller because of colder temperature.
A hypothesis, I did not test it, for sure.

“How much variation makes species different, O professor?”
“Good question,” he said, and said no more.



Fearless

LAUREN FREEMAN

“Fearless,” he said
“Fear Less,” she said.
But why am I fearless,
He wondered.
Do I have fears?
Do warriors fear me?
And she said:
You are who you are,
Fearless or not.
If you choose to be so,
Then that is you.
But I fear less,
Because I believe more.
And you are fearless
Because you believe in yourself.
And he said,
That is why I am fearless.
Yet sometimes I have fears.
I am afraid of the fire,
And you fear only the lion.



Untitled

EVELYN JANET KRITLER



Untitled

GREGORY HEINONEN



On the Growing of Potatoes

ETHAN HEUSSER

Some where
a rucksack quivers;
noses root in soil,
mute organs of expression.

I am also lost, in search
of ancient treasures rumored
long ago in the darkness & the deep.

I am sifting dust
with preconceptions of mud.

Some time
fathers
and the mothers of fathers
were farmers here as well,
living before me
dying behind me
at once at home with salt flats
and the tang of ocean-swell

And as I sit here,
trawling through the brain-matter
that grounds our living day,
I too am lost in wonders.

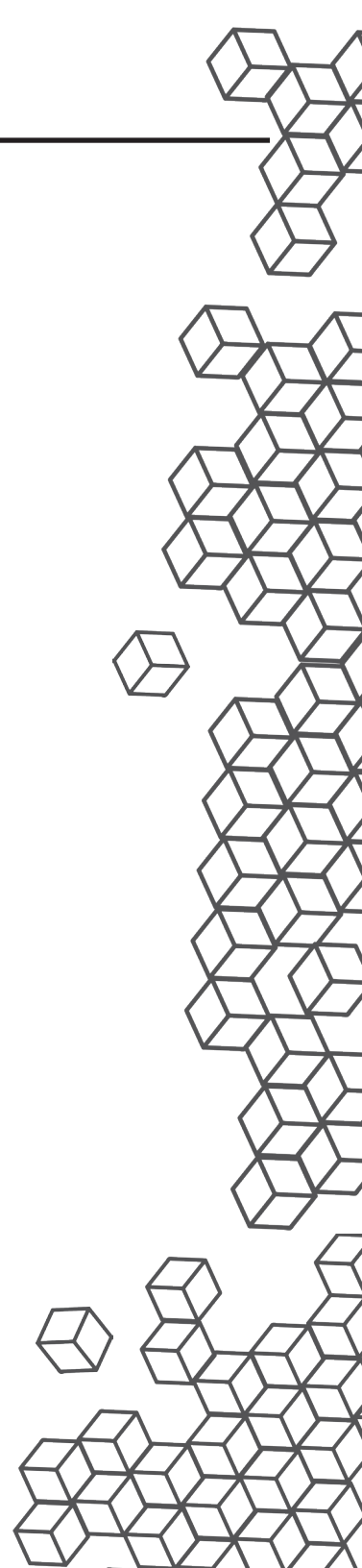
I thought I found them
in this boneyard
but it was only you,

You who live in homes and in fields,
children of migrant earth

You who laugh lustily
at the tipped white-caps of frost

You who outnumber the numberless
and inspire death with your dreaming


You who breathe





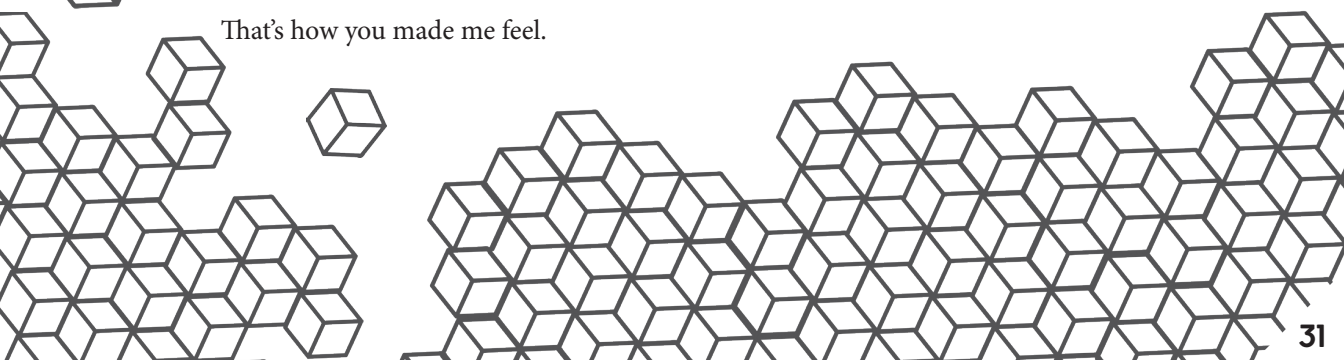
Hangnail

AUBRIE LODEN



Sometimes when you bite your nail, it breaks off.
And you desperately try to fish with your teeth for that tiny stub
Jutting out in the crevice between your red, puffy cuticle and your nail.
It annoys you all fucking day, until you can get back home,
Dig around your room for some tweezers,
Grasp that little bit of nail,
And pull.
Then stop because you notice that it's carrying up your finger
Taking way more tissue with it than it should
Fuck.
What are you going to do now?
If you cut it, you're left with basically the same situation, just higher up on your nail.
If you keep pulling, the wound is only going to get bigger.
So you keep pulling.
You can't pull it fast, because you don't want to make it any worse.
The tip of your finger starts to get really hot.
Pimples of crimson ooze from where the side of your nail used to be.
They get larger, connect, and start travelling, and making a huge mess.
So you run your finger under water for a few seconds, hoping it stops
Then you try to distract yourself with something else, something pretty.
Only to find you got blood on that too because the water just amplified it.
So you sit back and try to think about how this whole fucking deal started,
And how this tiny thing has taken up so much of your emotional expenditure.
At this point your whole finger is throbbing.
And there's nothing you can do but wait.

That's how you made me feel.

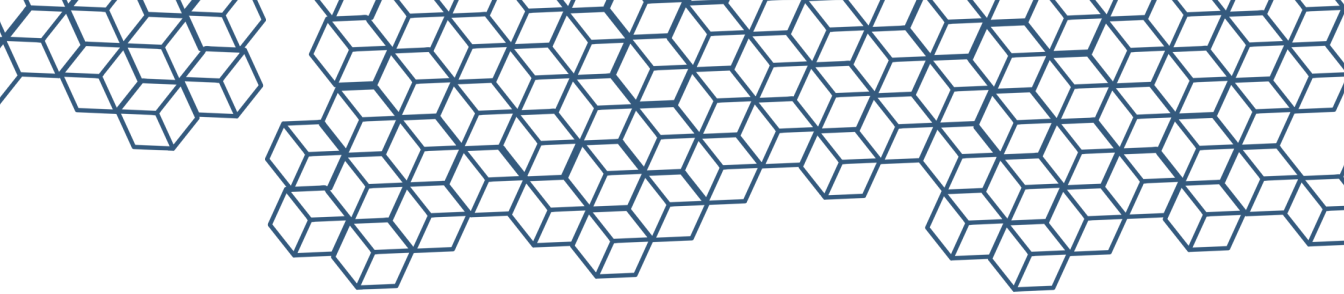




Untitled

KODY KIRKPATRICK

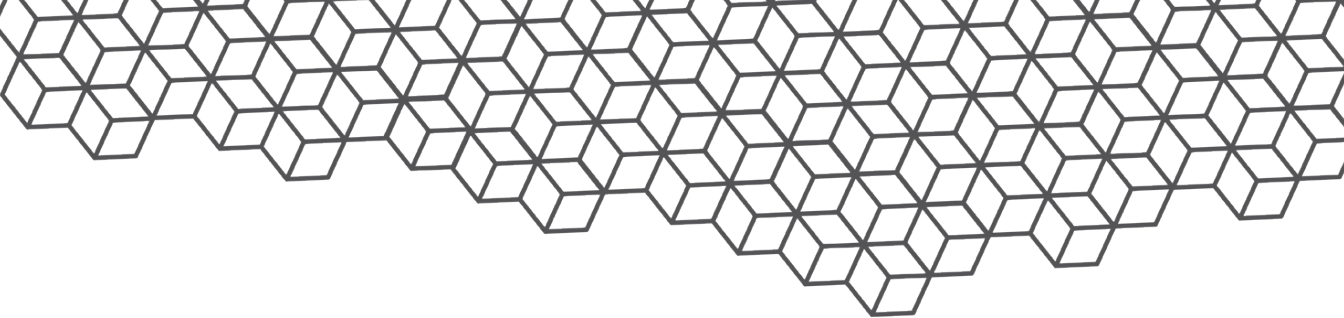




Todd

SHANNA ROAST





The Dying of the Year (October 2015)

MICHAEL HENRY LONIE

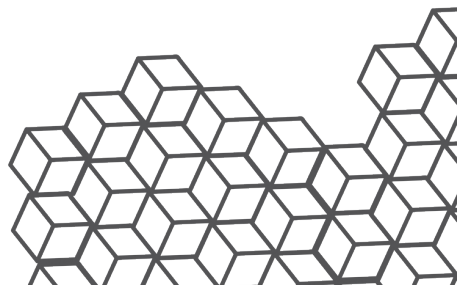
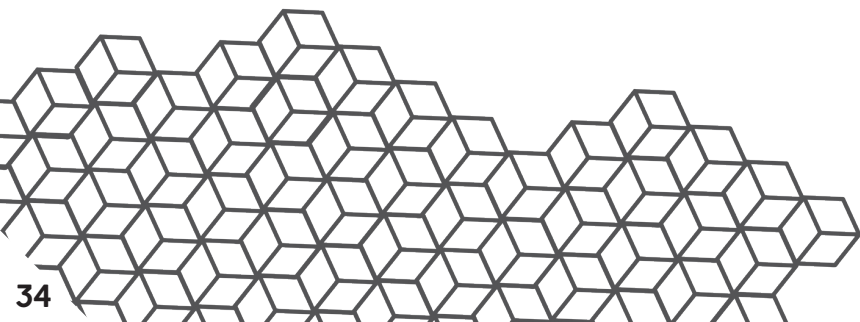
The dying year, the shortened days,
they wound my soul as years do flee.

The mists of time devour the nows,
the real, the precious moments lived,

that weave the warp and woof of lives.
The trees for Winters fast prepare.

The dying year, the shortened days
presage the Winters onrush, cold.
Winter rushes, Spring comes slow.

Comes there a Spring I shall not see?
Tis fate and what must be must be.





The Reincarnation of Kurt Cobain

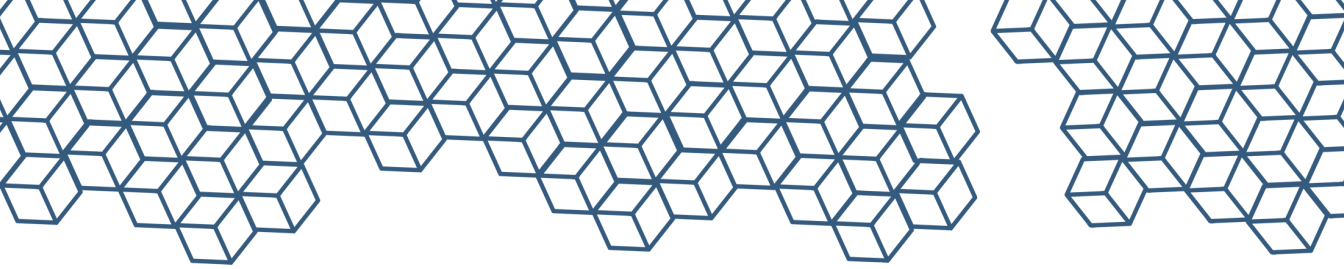
SKYE LYON

Don't ask me where the sun beams end,
this air has always been seedy,
and the salivating blonde man working a liquor store counter
savagely staring directly into your mud honey
eyes can only give you a bruised lipped grin
instead of a wine cooler,

and sometimes the most beloved
pubescent novellas end
where the star lights begin.

The answers remain the same:
why do we still fail?

Maybe these stanzas paint a mural of optimism
lost. Lovers, a pious cavity,
a cherry wood Victor 45,
we stand alone in a corner
brooding over the lot.
Stand right there,
do not move.
take me.



Lauren

CATHERINE FITZSIMMONS





Colchuck Lake

YUHENG ZHAO



Contributor's Notes

SHANNA ROAST

Art and Education; Junior

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.

NICHOLAS BROWNING

It's been a truly lovely experience to be a part of this magazine. I hope my stories have provided some enjoyable entertainment and brain ponderings. Thank you so much for reading!

DANIEL HELD

English; Senior

Dabbler in photography, writing, painting. Voracious bibliophile and 007 enthusiast. Fan of Gothic literature, Sherlock Holmes, and a good Manhattan. Montana born and raised, but now a EXPLOregonian. Favorite quote: 'No bird can soar too high, if he soars with his own wings.' -William Blake.

HALLIE SUTTON

Digital Communications, Photography; Junior

Stop - Take a deep breath - Take a picture. What you document today, will be worth more tomorrow. Save every photo - print

them, scan them and frame them. Every blurry, poorly executed, and unplanned image says more than you can imagine. I am proud to say that I have over 100,000 images accounted for; stored on multiple hard drives and in stacks of boxes. Every image documents a time, a feeling and a memory. Do not delete an image or throw away a print, because you will never know what you might forget until you remember. Keep shooting.

VEDANTH NARAYANAN

Computer Science

I am an energetic person who is devoted to making people smile. Lover of the PNW, a good cup of coffee, and Instagram (@veefaceswest). My free time is spent listening to music, running, and investing time in my photography.

MICHAEL HENRY LONIE

Microbiology

I am what you might call a nontraditional student. I used to work as an auditor, but decided to make a career change, so I went back to college. My new career seems to be that of a professional student. Studying history has always been my hobby.



GREGORY HEINONEN

Public Health; Freshman

As a break from studying, I enjoy exploring various creative outlets specifically pottery, photography, and graphic design. I enjoy photography because it gives you the ability to reflect back to specific moments in time, something few other art forms can.

AUBRIE LODEN

Public Health

Hello! I'm a Public Health Major with a double minor in Communications and Business. I also sing T- Pain with the OSU A-Cappella team Divine, and I enjoy going to country dances with my friends. Being featured here is an honor, Thank You!

MITCHELL BUECHLER

Senior

I rhyme words with words in my free time.
[SoundCloud.com/official_androck](https://www.soundcloud.com/official_androck)

Top 5:

1. Midnight OG (Welcome to the City)
2. Memento
3. Androck X Androck
4. Party on 6th Ave.
5. Chemdawg

JYNWAYE FOO

Environmental Science; Sophomore

Art is easier done than said.

LAUREN SUE FREEMAN

Liberal Arts; Sophomore

I live here in beautiful Corvallis. I am a Sophomore in the Liberal Arts program, I like to read, write poetry and short stories, walk a lot, listen to music and go to the movies. I can't say what my five favorite songs are, because I enjoy all kinds of music, and they all seem to be my favorites.

ETHAN HEUSSER

English; Sophomore

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.

YUHENG ZHAO

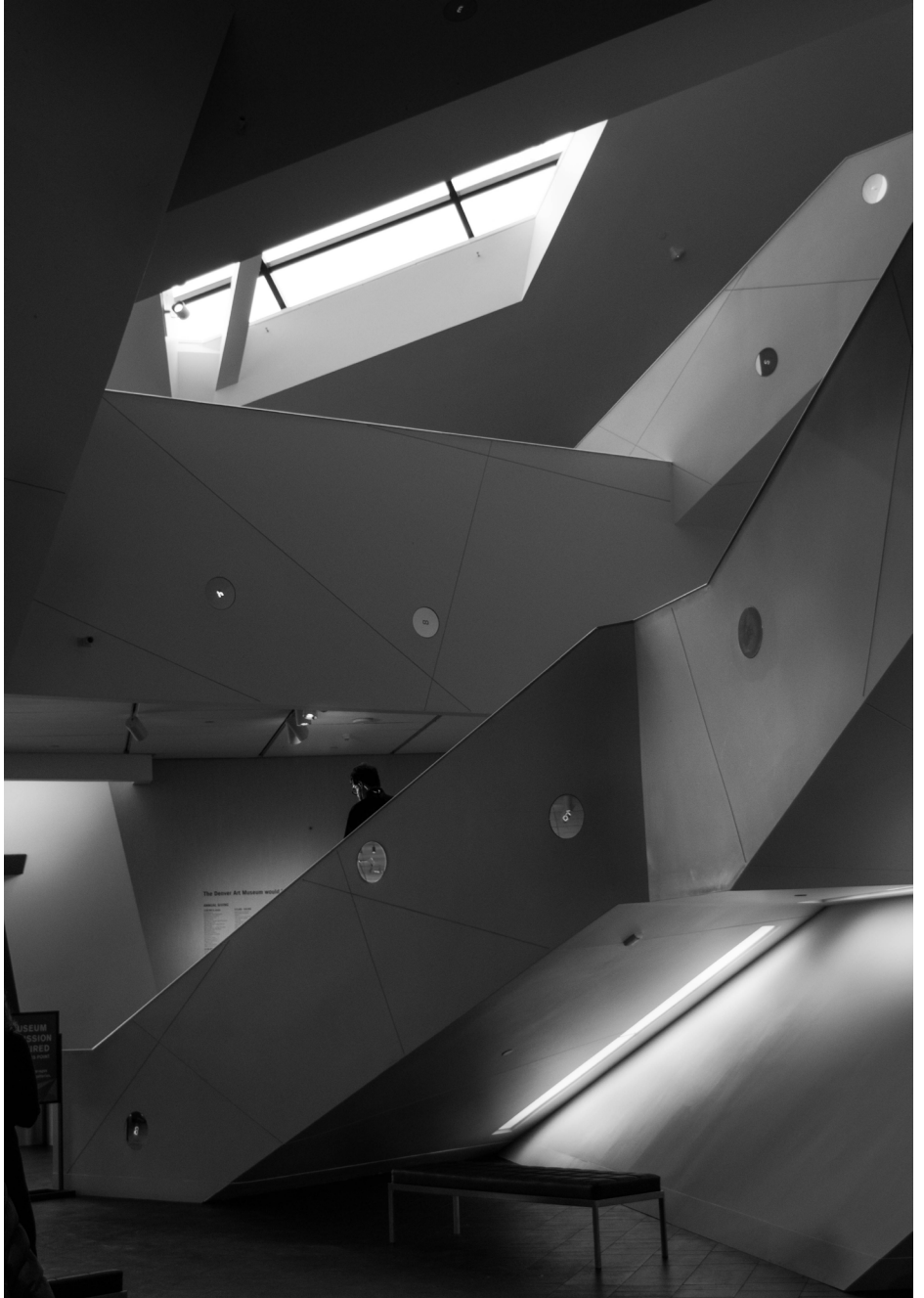
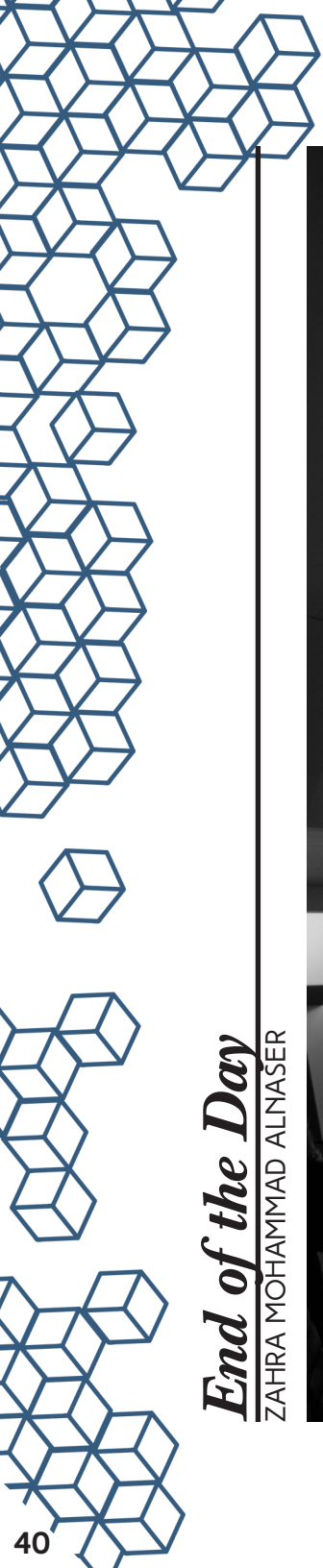
Business; Sophomore

I was born in China lived there for 10 years. My hobbies are flying, surfing, photography, and any adventure related activities. I am a sophomore here pursuing a degree in business. My top 5 songs will probably be Man of The Year, Forgot About Dre, Alchemy, amorphous, and Fire Squad.

SKYE LYON

Liberal Studies; Senior

For years now, I have battled with the best, now it is about time, in 2016, you delve into a deeper sky. Cheers to this brave new world.



End of the Day

ZAHRA MOHAMMAD ALNASER



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“’Tis fate and what must be must be”

MICHAEL HENRY LONIE "THE DYING OF THE YEAR (OCTOBER 2015)," PAGE 34