

DIS PLACEMENT



PRISM

DIS PLACEMENT

LETTER FROM THE EDITOR

College means something different for every person, but its universal significance is change. A change in career; in surroundings; or in life can often make one feel... displaced.

Even more poignantly, 2020 has been a displacing time for people all over the world. The increased spread of the COVID-19 virus has meant families and friends have been separated, essential facilities have had to find new means of accomodation, and the way we interact has changed in just a few short months.

Displacement in all its forms is what volume 140 is about. The feeling of isolation in times of change. The acknowledgment of differences which can feel like blessings or barriers. A journal in a new, unfamiliar configuration. Sometimes, feeling "out of place" can be terrifying. But if we are never out of place, we can never share our differences nor use them bring us together. Experiencing something new can help us create so much more and better. Sometimes, light must be displaced for us to see the beauty, the rainbow.

I would like to acknowledge the cover art of volume 140. "Birb" by Shae Nguyen was submitted in November and selected as the cover in late January. All in all, neither the artist nor the Prism editorial team knew what degree of significance the imagery of a plague mask might hold by the time Displacement was released. That said, the decision to go forward with using this cover was fully intentional.

The global consciousness of the COVID-19 pandemic is impossible to ignore. The early months of 2020 have been a time of finding strength, a time of adapting to unprecedented circumstances, and a time of mourning. But there is also no better time than now to come together as a community. Sometimes community is shared beauty and hope, and sometimes it is acknowledgment of what we're going through together. And I think that both of these ideals are captured by the art, literature, and music featured in Volume 140.

Finally, I would like to thank the incredible people who made this first annual edition of Prism what it is. This includes Lauren Miller, Jae Kim, and the incredible Prism volunteer team and review committee. I would also like to thank the professional staff and my student peers at Orange Media Network who have been an inspiration for Prism and a help throughout the process. And especially, I would like to thank our contributors, who shared their pasison and creativity with Prism. Thank you for sharing with us, and with our community.

To all of our supporters and anyone reading this, thank you for sharing and supporting in the voice of the OSU community.



Ardea C. Eichner

SOLO



OUR MISSION

Prism is dedicated to the self-expression and creativity of Oregon State University students. Any student, regardless of major, may submit visual, literary, and multimedia art pieces to the journal via our website. Submissions are always evaluated by a review committee comprised of student volunteers and the Prism editorial team. One print edition is released each academic year with the intent of sharing the creativity and values of OSU students.

In addition, Prism runs a blog entitled Backmatter and a podcast called Beyond the Page. Both feature more student work, as well as explorations into the artistic climate of our community and world. Visit our website weekly for more!

orangemedianetwork.com/prism

TABLE OF CONTENTS



EDITOR-IN-CHIEF
Ardea C. Eichner



ASSISTANT EDITOR
Lauren Miller



GRAPHIC DESIGNER
Jae Hyun Kim

REVIEW COMMITTEE

- Kevin Coalwell
- Paige Dingman
- Erin Dose
- Jonathan Ganal
- Bailey Griffice
- Darcy Pound
- Gabe Reitzes
- Sophie Unks
- Lisa Wilson
- Julia Zeigler

COVER ARTISTS

- Shae Nguyen
Photography | *Birb*
- Kevin Coalwell
Photography | *PHANTOM*

* CONTENT WARNING

Photography <i>Solo (1)</i>	1	Cooper Baskins
Photography <i>Sun Voyager</i>	6-7	Ari Knight
Prose <i>Nature's Language</i>	8	Lexi Johnson
Lithography & Monotype <i>Hairy Woodpecker on Burned Snag</i>	- 9	Mary Rose Holland
Pen <i>Observe</i>	10	Ana Pearse
Poetry <i>Rotten Milk</i>	11	Megan Tucker
Poetry <i>Conversation</i>	12	Isabella Johnson
Digital art <i>Honey</i>	13	Angel Black
Mixed media <i>sketch of pipes</i>	14	Kennie Koga
Poetry <i>Pools *</i>	15*	J. Peters
Poetry <i>Chrysalis</i>	16	Sophie Unks
Photography <i>Safe Haven</i>	17	Hasani Kasthuriarachchi
Poetry <i>Citron Summers</i>	18	Jaden Bellamy
Acrylic paint <i>Yellow Hue</i>	19	Hanna Helft
Photography <i>Abandoned</i>	20	Carlee Wormington
Poetry <i>Waste (Angsty Poem 3)</i>	21	Gabe Reitzes
Mixed media <i>Zombie of the Deep</i>	22	Felin Hazani
Photography <i>Leo</i>	23	Kalia Pincock
Photography <i>Suspension</i>	24	Gabe Reitzes
Creative nonfiction <i>Bridgetown</i>	25 & 27	Jada Krening
Ink <i>Reconstruction</i>	26	Robin Weis
Photography <i>Arctic Tern Screams...</i>	28	Ari Knight
Poetry <i>Egg Tide</i>	29	Alex Grejuc
Poetry <i>When the Muse Speaks</i>	30	Leah Kahn
Watercolor, pen <i>my heart is...</i>	31	Avery Dennis-Pavlich

Prism Art and Literary Journal
Published by Orange Media Network
Oregon State University
Corvallis, OR 97331

Follow us on Facebook, Instagram, and Twitter
@osuprism



* CONTENT WARNING

Poetry <i>For Willa</i>	32	Lisa Wilson
Photography <i>Bomb Cyclone Imminent</i>	33	Denué Grant
Poetry <i>Winter</i>	34	Robin Weis
Mixed media <i>We Time</i>	-	Ashley Villaseñor
Mixed media <i>Like one of your french girls</i>	-	Ashley Villaseñor
Mixed media <i>Quite simply...</i>	35	Ashley Villaseñor
Photography <i>Sound Waves and Static (1)</i>	36	Emmet Ritter
Photography <i>Sound Waves and Static (2)</i>	37	Emmet Ritter
Photo <i>I'd Give You The Moon If I Could</i>	38	Carlee Wormington
Poetry <i>Enviromentalism</i>	39	Erin Dose
Poetry <i>Fish Bowl Blues</i>	40	Johnny Brunac
Photography <i>Solo (2)</i>	41	Jamie Lanza
Photography <i>Pacific City</i>	42	Kalia Pincock
Poetry <i>Ebola</i>	-	Mary Wong
Painting <i>Viral Portraiture: Ebola</i>	43	Mary Wong
Photography <i>Kelsey</i>	44	Jacob Le
Poetry <i>Internal Lightroom</i>	45	Heather Hoyt
Mixed Media <i>The Fun Guys</i>	46	Felin Hazani
Digital Art <i>Space Cadet</i>	47	Angel Black
Prose <i>Human Soup</i>	48	Lexi Johnson
Photography <i>Bobby Jones</i>	49	Laurel Brinson-Larrabee
Poetry <i>It's Raining Sun</i>	50	Isabella Johnson
Acrylic Paint <i>May Queen</i>	51	Arden Smith
Ink, Watercolor <i>Bombs Away</i>	52	Tessa Coffey
Poetry <i>Dirty Dishes</i>	-	Indica Blue
Poetry <i>Dirty Dishes part ii</i>	53	Indica Blue
Prose <i>Sunshine</i>	54-55	Bailey Griffice
Photography <i>Fruits in Cairo</i>	56	Ridwana Rahman
Poetry <i>The feeling of your voice</i>	57	Megan Tucker

Poetry <i>Songbird's Anthem</i>	58	Karl McOmber
Poetry <i>Songbird's Second Anthem</i>	-	Karl McOmber
Watercolor <i>The Empty Spot</i>	59	Alexandra Walchli
Poetry <i>For Raisa</i>	60	Amanda Sweo
Photography <i>New York Seams</i>	61	Denué Grant
Digitally edited photography <i>Don't Cry</i>	62-63	Jamie Lanza
Poetry <i>Summer</i>	64	Erin Dose
Acrylic Paint <i>Morning</i>	65	Tzu-Yi Chang
Lithography & Monotype <i>Self Portrait</i>	66	Mary Rose Holland
Poetry <i>On Convincing Myself...</i>	67	Lisa Wilson
Photography [series] <i>A Collection...</i>	68	Casey Ward
Death Metal Poetry <i>she resigned... *</i>	69*	Pocket Patino
Encaustic wax <i>Divide</i>	70	Hunter Keller
Poetry <i>improvisation</i>	71-73	Nolan Clements
Poetry & Photography <i>departure</i>	74	Sophie Unks
Photography <i>Self-Portrait</i>	75	Jaden Bellamy
Digital Art <i>Envy</i>	76	Synia Khunprachansri
Provost's Literary Prize <i>Windows</i>	78-79	Erin Dose
Provost's Literary Prize <i>Chorus of your... *</i>	80-81*	Tia Lattanzio
Ink wash on paper <i>Fallen-Hero</i>	82	Quinn Buermeyer
Photography <i>WTF</i>	83	Julia Zeigler
Prose <i>Holy Space Juice</i>	84-85	Robyn Schreiber
Digital Art <i>Coming Home</i>	86	Ava Menchu
Digital Music <i>core.radio++</i>	-	Synia Khunprachansri
Guitar, Voice, Bass <i>When Summer Ends</i>	-	Dane Zurwell
Guitar, Voice, Bass <i>Hot Chocolate</i>	87	Dane Zurwell
Photography <i>Sunset Over Oregon</i>	88-89	Hope Mounts
Artist Statements	90-95	
Acrylic Paint <i>Can I hit your Juul?</i>	96	Tessa Coffey



SUN VOYAGER

ARI KNIGHT | PHOTOGRAPHY



AUTHOR | MEDIUM

NATURE'S LANGUAGE

A murmuration of birds migrating and making mass can be considered a single organism when in flight together. They move in singularity, as an ever-changing shape.

Their movements maintain momentum as they communicate in a wordless language. A language that is not tethered to the prison cell that is captained by words and fluff.

Language that does not require the overuse of words is the language of flora and fauna. Trees send nutrients to other trees through their roots and ants follow hormone trails left by other ants to know which path is the one to take.

Simple.

Mobilizing a monumental and mandatory change! Calling all sensory deprived humans to silence their mouths and to move with each other like the birds.

HAIRY WOODPECKER ON BURNED SNAG



OBSERVE



ROTTEN MILK

Anger curdles
in my stomach
like spoiled milk
in a bottle.
Leave it
to fester;
watch it clump
and congeal
each day
until the stench
becomes too putrid
to tolerate.
I open the bottle,
releasing the scent
of pepperoni pizza.
It permeates my skin.

And colors our memories
of tossing around quotes.
of musicals poorly imitated.
of shared secret gardens.

Your tear stains still mar my shirt,
and my fingerprints still indent your arm
where I clutched it in a vice grip for balance.

(I broke a year's worth of promises
without picking up the pieces.)

You tore up our friendship
like a bad poem.

CONVERSATION

She smells like his shampoo
Cucumbers, and sweat
"I even love your faded tattoos."

"Jewels shatter like demon's teeth
Beneath my feet"--he pauses, he's looking at his hands,
He can't meet her gaze

She reaches for his fingertips
"I am part sun-fish,
Drained of salt-water, morning upon morning."

"Mosquitoes drink not
My liquor blood, anymore."
Chalk splinters like dinosaur bones
Hand-prints dust his shirt

"You taste like sunshine jam,
Grapefruit-sour, strawberry-sweet."

"Bound by your daisy chains--"
He is still, he is overtaken by her touch
"Please give me your tears to drink,
Let me bear them instead."

"You used to speak kindly to me,
Drumming to the beat of your own soul
Where the world meets the wild."

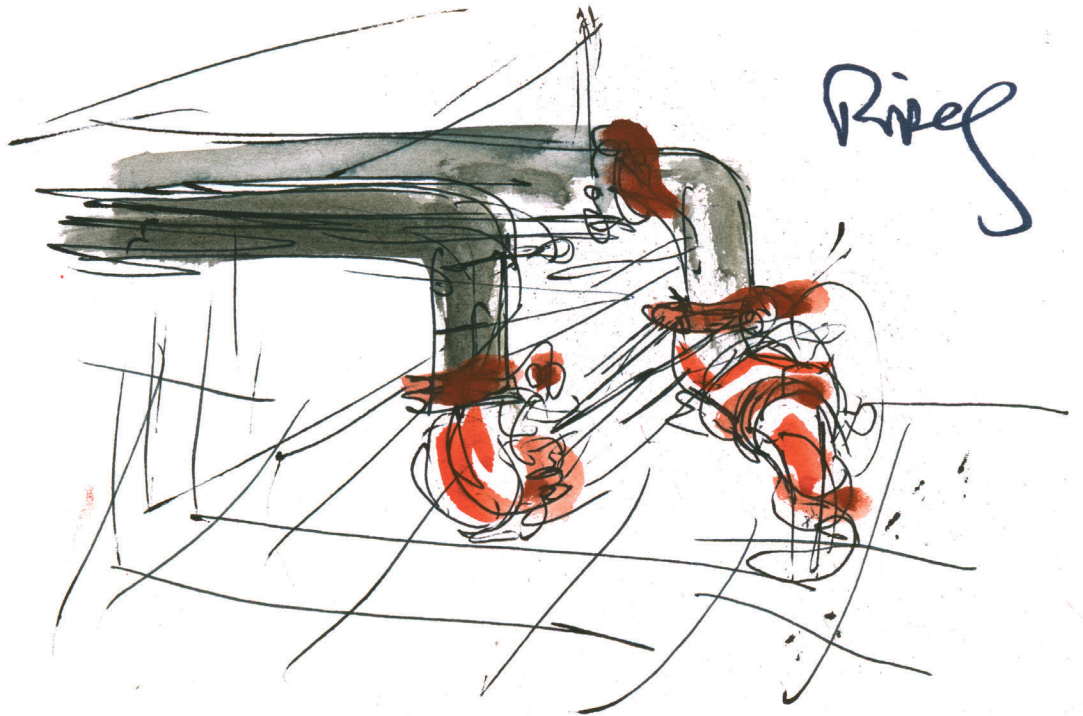
Silence dusts their tongues.
One turns to the West,
The other to farthest East--

And they never looked back.

HONEY



SKETCH OF PIPES



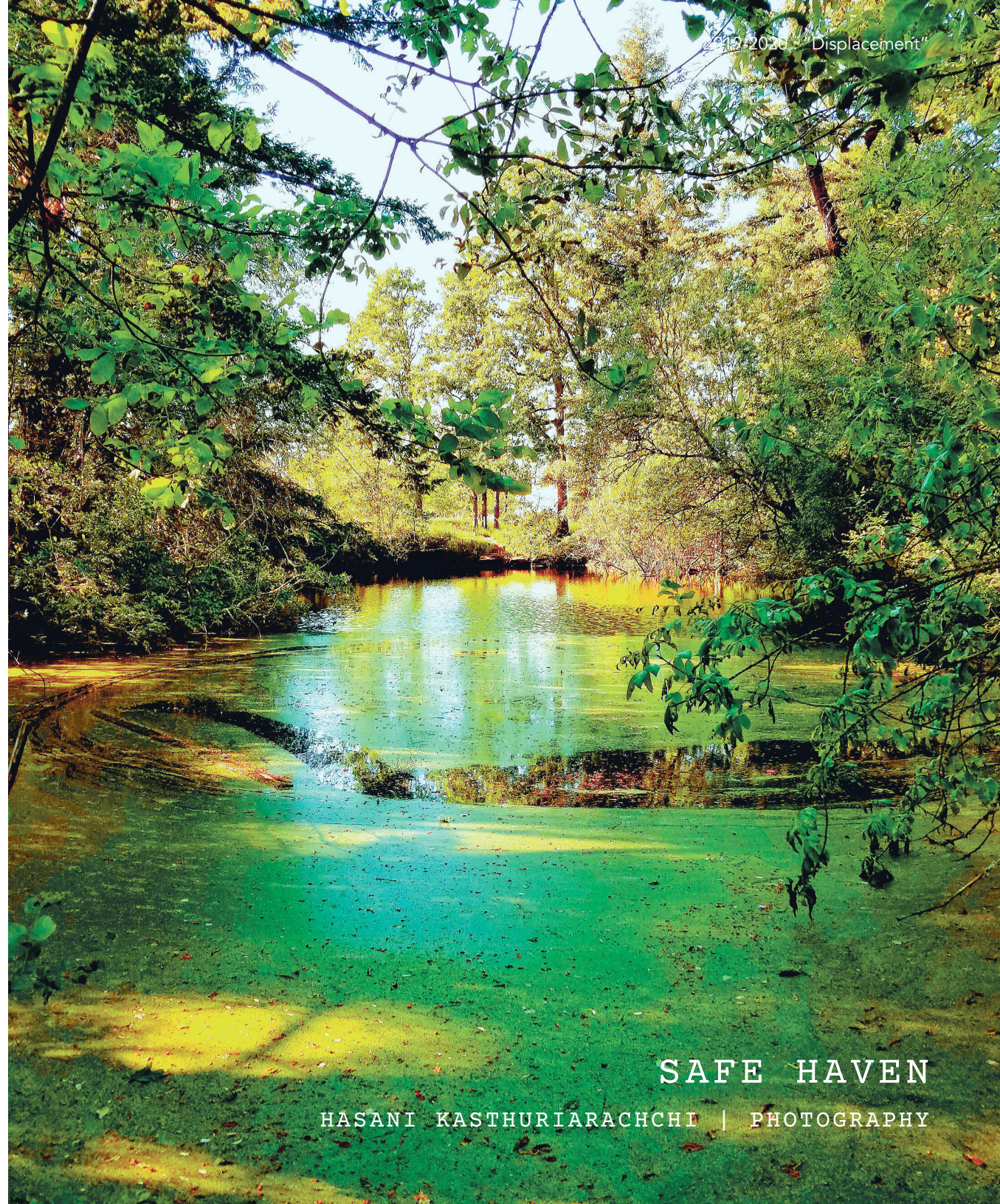
POOLS

Content Warning: Blood

I was born bleeding
 Not always dripping and red
 A fragmented dust gathered everywhere heaviness fed
 cracking apart the cellular walls I needed
 crushing like a watermelon seeded all over my brain chemistry
 invisible once spread with little sense remaining
 everything else dissipating into liquidized pools of insecurity
 I promised myself never another tyranny of weakness
 At the mercy of my own sweetness
 I was born bleeding but need not die this way
 I admit I pray to a god I do not believe in
 And falsely claim to a never minding
 Anticipation of lonely pain
 An ever binding drain not refillable in the silence of the night

CHRYSALIS

It is time to molt,
And shed the skin
Of feelings I think I should be feeling --
Colors I am told are best for me,
Patterns they would have me wear,
they dress me
In the prettiest things,
Decapitate me, force open my wings;
It is time to molt,
And shed the skin of expectations;
Learn to wrap myself, no limitations,
With feelings that color me afraid
Color me angry,
Color me ashamed,
I am nothing if I am a painting of should be's, and
I should be
Honest. Honestly,
I do not want to be clothed with your pretty colors and wishful thinking;
I will writhe no longer in this chrysalis of shrinking,
Growing just to be seen,
Swaddled to produce green,
While brown is not accepted.
I feel brown so often,
And still will wrap myself in a beautiful green.
It is time to molt.



SAFE HAVEN

HASANI KASTHURIARACHCHI | PHOTOGRAPHY

CITRON SUMMERS

Together we had many peaceful summer
nights,
Chasing the wind of the trees down the creek
Hand-in-hand,
Laying upon the delicate daisies,
Plum picking in bare feet.
Soft pink lips and
Deep brown eyes
Dotted by gentle sunbeams.

I bite into a citron
Peel and all,
And am reminded of you.

My love,
Our summer has come to an end.
And you have left me
With sweet memories,
And a bitter taste in my mouth.

YELLOW HUE



ABANDONED



WASTE (ANGSTY POEM 3)

Trash bag flag flapping
 Lagging nasty laughter catching
 My head rolls down a sunbaked street
 And melting gum clings to my feet
 The yellow welts felt swelling
 Smelly hell telling fellow
 Tumbleweeds avoid this place
 I wipe my brow and scratch my face

A zombie lives inside of me
 And worships at the Dollar Tree®

Flashback to a backstreet
 In a hatchback in the backseat
 Rain falls fast and splats flat
 At last I understand the rat
 Or what it means to be alone
 Adrift within the world unknown
 Stagger, stammer, through the night
 And pick at my internal blight

I question who I'm meant to be
 Pray mercy from the Dollar Tree®

Head pounding on the ground downtown
 The sound resounding all around
 In darkened fog, but just beyond,
 A glowing sign of green neon
 Numb stumbling becomes a run
 I mumble, dumb-stunned by my sun
 The moon and stars are all but gone
 This temple hails the midnight dawn

I found the place to set me free
 Salvation is the Dollar Tree®

ZOMBIE OF THE DEEP



FELIN HAZANI | MIXED MEDIA

LEO



KALIA PINCOCK | PHOTOGRAPHY

SUSPENSION



BRIDGETOWN

At the north end of Oregon's Willamette Valley, the cruising water of the Willamette River divides the city of Portland in two. The water, flowing 187 miles throughout the state, provided a crucial route for the transportation of goods and services in the city's early days. Yet, in the 1850s, the need for connectivity became even more imperative. And with the city's first vital connection between the two shores in 1887 — the Morrison Bridge — Portland became even more robust and more lively, eliminating a key physical barrier and providing closer relations for Portlanders on the east and west. The two sides of the city became one.

Bridges were constructed for various purposes throughout the years, built to sustain the city's electric trolley system, to serve the city's growing reliance on automobiles, to foster the birth of the Interstate Highway System.

Now, the bridges remain a trademark of the city, each spanning great lengths across the murky Willamette below. They define the city's culture and aesthetic, providing some of the greatest views of city lights in the evening or towering buildings amidst hazy clouds on a rainy day. The highest point on the top level of the Marquam provides an expansive and breathtaking view of the city below, while a drive across the Burnside from the east leads you directly into the center of downtown, all the while showcasing the iconic "Portland Oregon" sign to the right.

Each bridge captures a unique style and character: the green, gothic, and grand St. Johns; the rusty and rail-only Burlington Northern Railroad Bridge; the sleek and modern Fremont; the brick-red Broadway; the dark and double-decked Steel; the Italian Renaissance-style Burnside; the minimalist Morrison, featuring multi-colored light displays; the lively and busy Hawthorne; the ugly but functional Marquam; the modernist Tilikum; Ross Island, the gateway to Mt. Hood; and the mundane Sellwood.

The Steel can raise both its decks in 90 seconds, lifting more than nine million pounds, while the Fremont is the longest bridge structure in the Oregon highway system. The Hawthorne, originally designed to prevent horses from jumping over its sides, is the nation's last vertical-lift bridge in operation. The St. Johns is the tallest bridge in Portland, and was considered an architectural victory at the time of its conception in 1931, largely due to its long span, suspension cables, and thick concrete piers. The Marquam, though utilitarian and bland, is the busiest bridge in the state of Oregon, carrying over 136,000 cars a day on I-5.

Continued on following pages

RECONSTRUCTION



ROBIN WEIS | INK

BRIDGETOWN, CONT.

Below the bridges, Portlanders bike and run and walk; kids skateboard or skip rocks on shallow shores alongside the water. Many live, creating their own homes and camps under the shelter of the bridges. Others lay out on the docks alongside the Hawthorne on warm days, or stroll through Waterfront Park, passing under the Burnside or Morrison along the way.

Under the great concrete structures of the Marquam lies the Oregon Museum of Science and Industry, housed in a power plant once owned by Portland General Electric. Inside the vast and airy factory-like space, children build their own bridges: structures made from colorful foam blocks, meticulously placed to avoid collapse. I too built bridges there, often alongside my brother, who would hold one side of the stacked foam blocks together to ensure stability as I placed the last block just right in the middle, creating a beautiful arc and a finished product to be proud of. We cherished this connection between the two of us, the completion of a task which would not be possible alone.

Upon leaving the museum, in the bright sunny days of a Portland summer, we would walk outside to look out at the glistening waters of the Willamette from the paved walkway by the parking lot, amongst the enormous concrete pillars of the Marquam. As we leaned against the metal railing above the river, we would pause, watch, and listen: to the cars overhead, to roar and bustle above, to the bridges that connect one side to the other.

Sources:

- "The Bridges of Portland" - Jim Kettner, Travel Oregon
- "The Design Stories Behind Portland's 5 Greatest Bridges" - Alex Madison, Portland Monthly
- "National Register of Historic Places Multiple Property Documentation Form" - United States Department of the Interior, National Park Service. Oregon.gov
- "Facts About the Willamette River" - Willamette Riverkeeper.

ARCTIC TERN SCREAMS INTO THE ABYSS



EGG TIDE

The little birds scamper towards the water across the wet ocean sand
They peck rapidly for their noontime lunch
And as the the wave rushes back
They scurry away in unison
I watch it happen over and over again

And I can't help but smile
It's as if
Their grey little bodies
With white underbellies
Become an ocean of their own
And I can't help but think
The tide goes in
Later the tide will fly out into the sky
And shit on someone's shiny red Ferarri

WHEN THE MUSE SPEAKS

When the Muse speaks, I listen.
When she spills sonnets of sadness on me,
That sting my skin, and scar my soul-
I cry words.

When she sings of stars, and the sea, and the sky-
Of the sun that sets on a lullaby,
I listen, listless, restless, while-
My ears bleed,
And my soul sighs,
And my breath comes out in rhythm.

When she's here I seldom sleep,
I barely breathe, I fasting feed-
On only words she says to me,
A meager meal of Melody.
I write, I write, words without cease,
With worn hands withered from working 'neath,
The muses' most melodic gaze-

For when she's gone, I'm blank.

MY HEART IS AN OVERGROWN GARDEN



FOR WILLA

When I look up into the night sky
and my chest expands
flooding with a sense of relief
that I am part of the spinning
with no effort on my part
Can you feel it
through the years, smiling
at our resemblance
whispering, "I know"

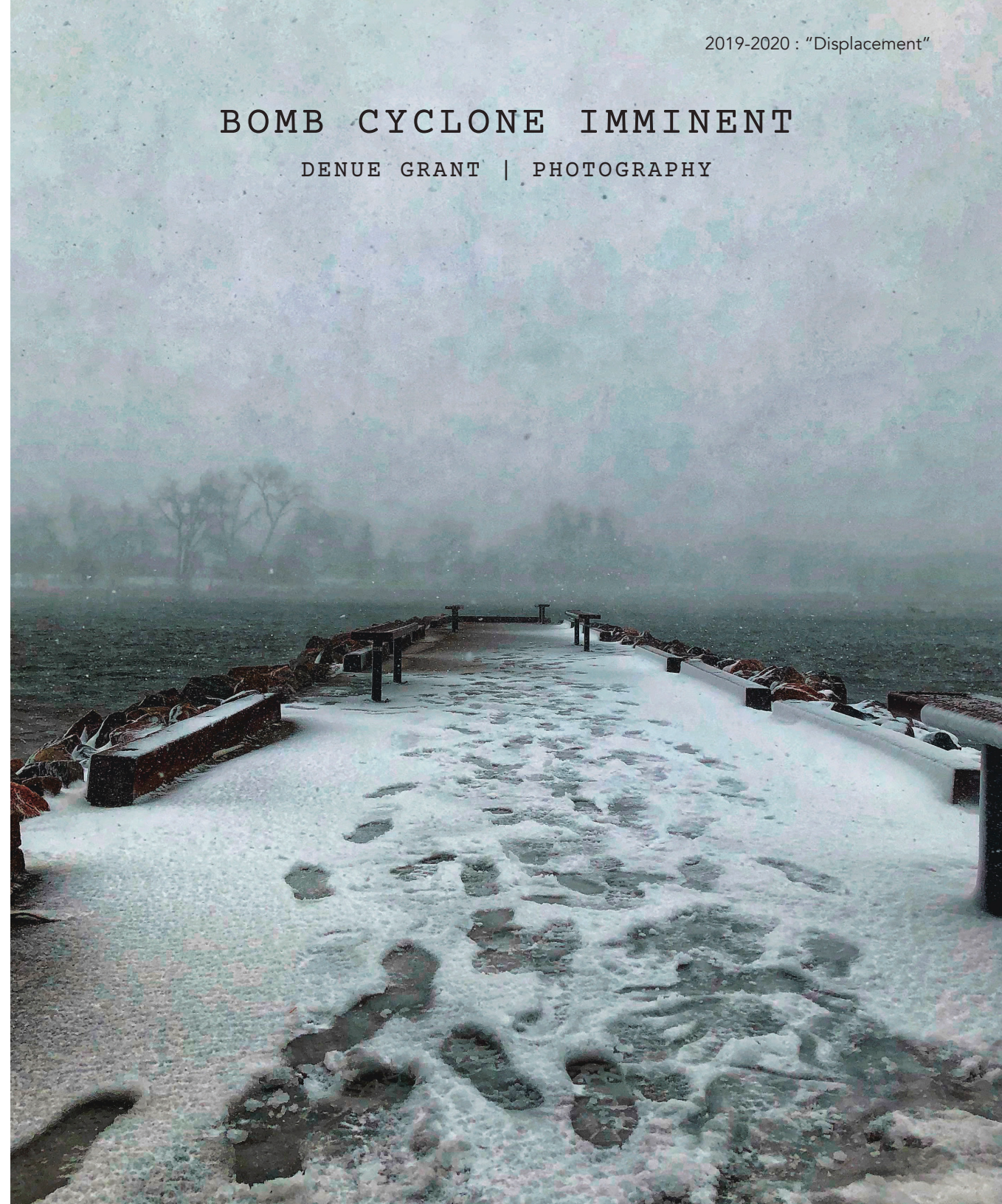
I have no desire
to drift through outer space
to float on the sea
I don't trust anything so infinite
I let myself stop believing in heaven
and this world became sweeping again

If we get any measure of choice
let me be dissolved
into something complete, entire
into the sky, into the stillness when it snows
into the early morning light of June
fresh with possibility

Let me be dissolved
into happiness
Let all these pieces I have kept,
discarding nothing,
held close, pondered
arranged into patchwork meaning
Let them scatter from me
and return back to the earth whole

BOMB CYCLONE IMMINENT

DENUE GRANT | PHOTOGRAPHY



WINTER

Ice-flecked lover,
Skin cold as the bitter snow,
Kept under covers,
There bruised flesh and brittle bone
Fed the fire
That found home in spoked thrones.

Heart pumping iron,
Metallic taste, cotton clones.
You were my desire,
Will to aspire,
As fingers prodded cheeks like sunken stones,
Shifting below the rippling surface
Were the echoes of lost purpose
Oh, how your heart became home.

Tattered curtains, slight coverage
Of the fumbling curses
Sung on those nights.
Clinging to collapsed cages,
"Everything will be alright."



WE TIME

LIKE ONE OF
YOUR FRENCH GIRLS

QUITE SIMPLY,
THIS IS A SKELETON
FATHER PUSHING HIS
INFANT OCTOPUS SON
THROUGH THE PARK

SOUND WAVES & STATIC

EMMET RITTER | PHOTOGRAPHY



I'D GIVE YOU
THE MOON IF I COULD

CARLEE WORMINGTON | PHOTOGRAPHY



ENVIRONMENTALISM

no one knows me here because
the stickers on my water bottle are gone
the dishwasher pulled piece by
delicate piece off
until fluffy gray shapes were all that remained

we sit and debate forest fires,
avalanches
disease
and what to eat for dinner,
a puddle of viscous fear
already in our stomachs

i wait until i am home
cross legged on twice-vacuumed carpet
and confess who i am to a tired cat,
holding out the blank bottle-

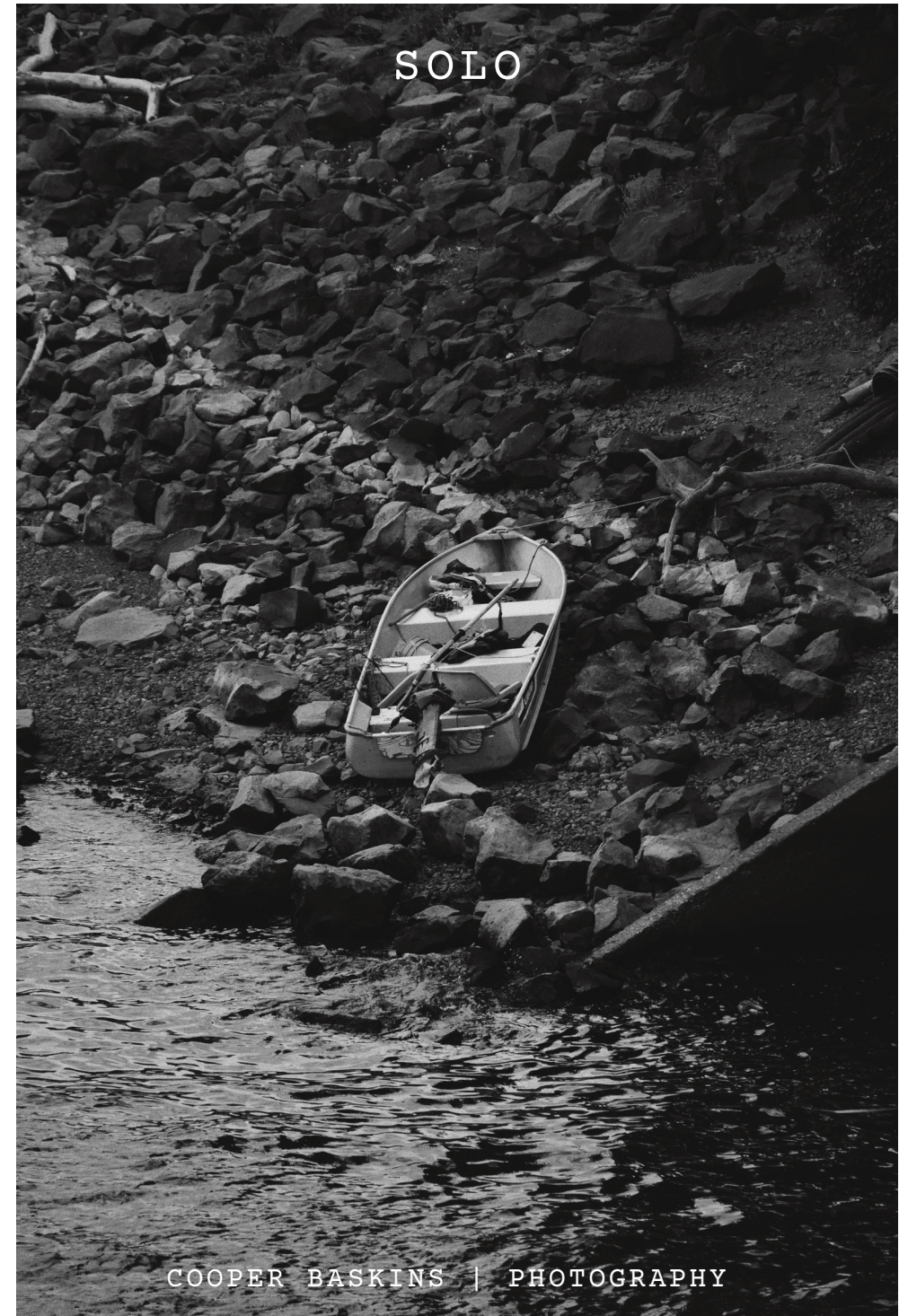
"i used to have colors here,
and here,
and here."
my fingernail clicks against the metal
and it is hollow

he looks away, oblivious and sleepy
we both shut our eyes
just for a moment



FISH BOWL BLUES

my eyes sunk into the back of my head
trying to look through the warped and
weathered glass of my brick castle that
nestled itself into the side of a hill, i came
to the realization i currently live in a
fishbowl and suddenly can't breathe.
my chest collapses when rainwater
slowly drips then pours then drips again
filling the bottom of the bowl while murky
clouds gather at the brim tears roll down
my face and fill every crevice of my body
like a resin i'm frozen under thick pebbles
that line the bottom of the castle if aimed
at the precise trajectory of forty-five
degrees with enough force pebbles can
shatter any glass what a beautiful
cracking it creates.



PACIFIC CITY



EBOLA

MARY WONG | POETRY

Armored pathogen
 Saturation imminent
 Evade destruction

Eroding defense
 Homeostasis lacking
 Feedback loop falters

Hope lies in science
 Biological vessel
 Put your faith in me

Mental confusion
 Staving off reality
 Viral load unfurls

Astute affliction
 Containment remains crucial
 Losing the battle

Promote awareness
 Resolution in our grasp
 Hope and virus thrive

VIRAL PORTRAITURE: EBOLA

MARY WONG | PAINT



KELSEY



INTERNAL LIGHTROOM

Fix this:

moody, emotional, hormonal, tired.

I thought I could—

fiddling with knobs

enough to make me

come into focus.

I hated the word,

(depression),

exposure decreasing and decreasing,

but what I feel is not black and dead.

I am alive in contrast,

dying in contrast.

(mixed state)

My photo my mind needs to look like the world

adjust tone and white balance on gray

but the capture is off

colors/details disappear into

black and white and shapes.

Dial it down, fluctuate the numbers,

miss normal in the auto settings

and I am screaming.

Sunshine burns and brings

a companion of dark,

black

and I am strangling

I am rotating around and around

I can't see past my brain.

I shove white triangles down my throat;

I run past photographs.

and I am okay.

THE FUN GUYS



SPACE CADET



HUMAN SOUP

i am sitting in my car, waiting for a red light to turn green. a bus passes in front of my vision and i see a distinct silhouette of a man sitting at the window as it flies by. time slowed; i see the profile of his face. i ponder over the wonder of the moment.

to think of how fleeting that particle of time and history, and yet i was able to grab hold of meaning in a stranger as he flew out of my direct consciousness. to think about how many human souls we walk by, drive by, make eye contact with, shrug past, fly over. it overwhelms and saturates you, this human soup that we trod through daily.

attention perpetually drawn inward, we casually ignore those who are foreign to our lives and we then retreat inside a shell; we pretend.

what does this reveal to us about our culture, our shared ego?

uneasiness takes hold of me upon realizing such a fascinating bigger picture in the grand scheme of it all. take the time to occasionally remind yourself of such truths. you're just another addition to the soup.

BOBBY JONES



IT'S RAINING SUN

It's raining sun
Trees are born when light dies
I am ocean young
Thread undone
Raining sun

Behold this King of Broken Things
Midnight Lion,
Dawnlight Tiger

World's burning
Blackened ferns like skeletons
In the whites of his golden eyes
In the whites of his shining eyes

His coat slashed diamond mines
And the monarch's purple wings
In the depths of an orange sky
In the depths of a silent sky

Who are you, really?
All the years, one so weary
Tears that only strangers see
Who are you becoming?
Who are you becoming?

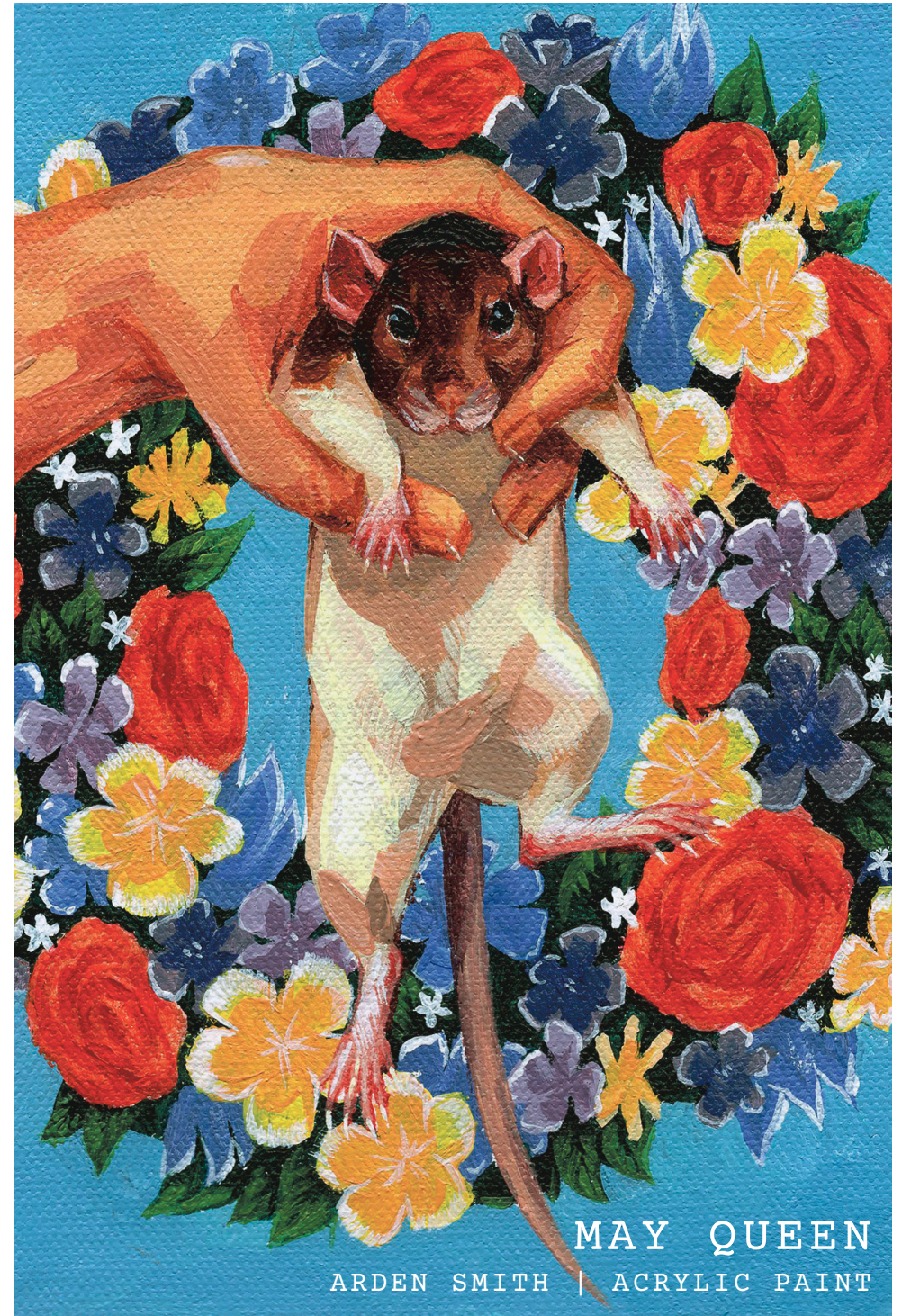
Moths still die
After transforming
Little by little by tender little die

Scorched by frost
Burned by ice

Fall into the sky
Rain down light
Ray of sunshine or
Bolt of lightning

I am this ray
I am this bolt

It's raining sun



MAY QUEEN

ARDEN SMITH | ACRYLIC PAINT

BOMBS AWAY



DIRTY DISHES

I stand at the kitchen sink.
A breeze slips through the window.
I am content.

I turn on the faucet and out flood thoughts of you.
Memories of us resurfaced.
I am the soap squeezed generously and you are the
scalding pressure of water rushing to meet me.
Our collision floods the sink with suds and bubbles
and I giggle softly.
Just as the sun shines through the window and
covers me in warmth, so did moments with you.

I force my hands to scrub the dishes coated in
fallacies of fun and focus on the reality of crusted
knives and sour lies.
When I pull my hands out, sweat sits along the
hairline of my neck.
Dirty water is all that is left.

DIRTY DISHES PART II

I stare at the kitchen sink full of dirty stagnant water.
Pull the plug, dry my hands, walk away.

SUNSHINE

The last time I saw the sunset was a day I don't remember. Looking back on it must have been a lovely summer sunset. Full of warm shades of color and that sense of nostalgia that can only come from those shades of orange and purple. I wish I'd been paying better attention to it. I'd wish I'd been paying more attention that night in general.

But now I'm here in a world of muted greens, browns, and grays. There are many others down here with me, but none of them are the one that turned me. Most have been living this way for centuries now, just outside the vision of humanity. They're like rats, coming out from the dark of the sewers to pick off the weak or the lonely. I'd be disgusted if it wasn't for the fact that every time I looked into the wet sludge of the sewers I saw their face staring back at me. Pale, bloodless, and definitely not as attractive as Hollywood wants you to think the undead are.

The vampires of the sewers have lived like this since humans have had cities, hiding in the refuse and drinking the blood of whatever they can find. It's a way to live, but when I run my hands through my hair and come back with huge clumps or when my stomach constantly rumbles for something more, I realize something. It's a way to live, but I'm not alive.

Which is why I'm weaving between the pews of the church a few minutes outside of town. One of the horribly older vampires had rambled on about how the blood of holy men can redeem any one of us. That the blood can return us to our old selves. The old priest had not even heard me sneak into the chapel. His bald head was bent in nightly prayer and softly lit by the warm oranges of the candles. I crept up behind him and leaned in.

"How may I help you, my child?" He did not look up from where he kneeled, looking towards the still darkened stained glass above.

"...I don't think you can help someone like me, Father."

He let out a light chuckle from underneath his prayers, "If I didn't want to at least try to help folks I wouldn't be very good at my job now, would I? So, penny for your thoughts my child?"

I don't remember anything before the night I was turned, but those soft words. They could have come from someone I'd once known. From a Father. A grandfather. Maybe this very priest could have been my priest at one point. I could have been knelt beside him once, human, whole. My stomach ached with such a deep hunger. This wasn't a way to live. Preying on the people we may have left behind. But I was so hungry. For blood, for flesh, for redemption.

I left him there in the church after saying a small goodnight. Like I said, the way we live can certainly be seen as just that, just a way to live. But having to hide, having to prey on others, I do not believe that's a life worth living. So I left the church and took a slow stroll to the small graveyard. The view of the horizon was not obstructed by the city, so I made myself cozy at the base of one of the headstones.

It was cold out as the sky slowly began to lighten. Looking back on it I think I remember having an ice-cold beer as I watched the warm sunset that night. Maybe someone else had been there with me, maybe I had been alone. That last sunset must have been so beautiful. I wish I could have shivered as I slowly saw the breaking golds and oranges of the sunrise over the horizon.

FRUITS IN CAIRO



THE FEELING OF YOUR VOICE

Blades of barley calcified
shatter sonorously
like the peal of waves on stone

and the crackle of umber leaves
in harvest. Blinding breath
rises from a thermos of tea,

caressing my cheek as I confide
in the scent of cinnamon:
my daydreams are laced with heartstrings.

SONGBIRD'S ANTHEM

KARL MCOMBER | POETRY

Bluebird Bluebird
Sitting in the tree,
Will you sing your song to me?

Sing it loud
And sing it free,
Break my cage

And toss the key.
Bluebird Bluebird
Healing on the limb,

Will you hum that tune to him?
Hum it long
And hum it sweet,

Soar his mind
And quell that heat.
Bluebird Bluebird

Flying from the fir,
Will you fan those wings to her?
Fan them hard

And fan them free,
Bare her soul
And clear that sea.

Bluebird Bluebird
Sing to me.

SONGBIRD'S SECOND ANTHEM

KARL MCOMBER | POETRY

Why wait?

Why not fly?

Fly far.

I'll watch

As you float

On by,

Through me

And past my

Soft skies.

I'll stall

While you soar

Up high,

On top

Of my world

And life.

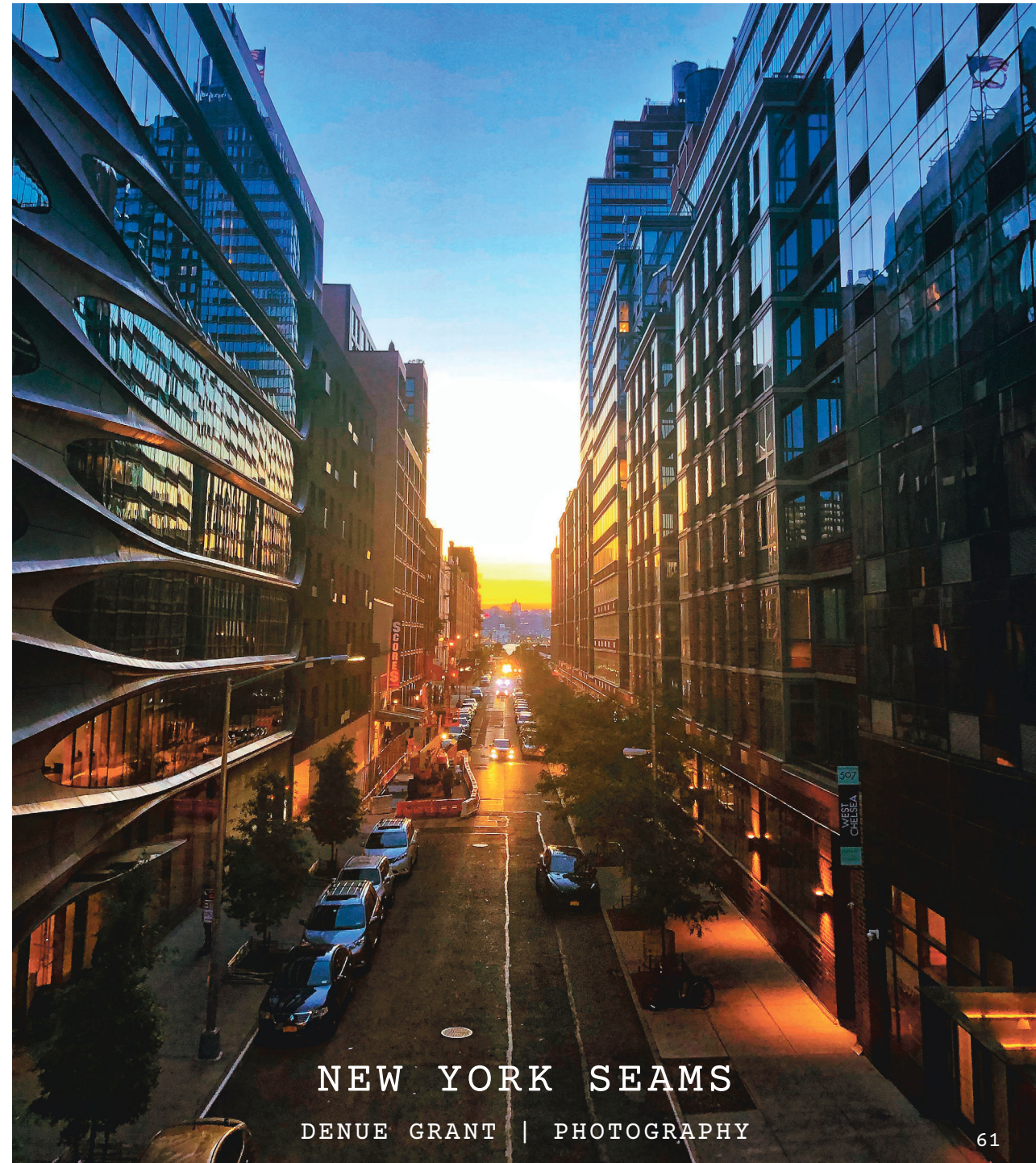


THE EMPTY SPOT

ALEXANDRA WALCHLI | WATERCOLOR

RAISA

Resisting the urge to call out
Always leads to my own
Idiotic expression of
Some kind of issue that
A friend could really fix



NEW YORK SEAMS

DENUE GRANT | PHOTOGRAPHY



DON'T CRY

JAMIE LANZA | DIGITALLY EDITED PHOTOGRAPHY

SUMMER

We lost all sense of time
Hours minutes seconds
Drifting away like a bottle in the waves

The tides were all we had
Aside, of course, from each other
Sandy feet stung by rocks and laughter carried away in the wind
Hunting out shiny purple fragments of shells,
Your lips tasted like salt and
Your fingers found the tangles in my hair

We stood atop an ancient cliff
Searching the skyline for hints of morning light
You took off your watch, held it up,
(a brilliant, shining element of the past)
And let it go-
Falling down,
Finding a place between the waves
And sinking

The sun breaks over the water
The tide is high
We are together

MORNING



SELF PORTRAIT

ON CONVINCING MYSELF
THERE ARE OTHER SEASONS

the chill is nearing
the fire in the sky dims
but not before it lights
a smoky haze of leaves
and lessons and traces
a path beyond what
we thought we needed

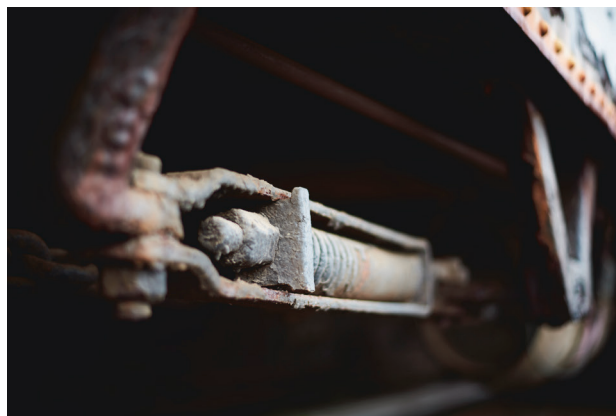
it's the end of summer
the end of brightness
buoyancy
where we're told we'll find joy
jumping from waterfalls
fireworks streaking past stars
now there's a darkness and a settling cold
coming but this window
feels hopeful, jumbled enough
to see us through
a golden vein coursing forward

it is sure it is declarative
yet it is desperate still grasping
scraping the sky for enough light to see your face
willing you to say "yes" again

fall always felt like a failure
after a summer frantic and languid
neon-glow and exhausting
autumn, in its shadows,
takes revenge on summer's slights
hidden in the glare
of sunbeams no longer
life stonier, unyielding, real

but the rust in my blood
did not seep into yours
I fell in love with you,
the way you catch the light
throw back the good
into starker relief
the rain is gone and
the rain will come again
you remain
all burnt orange
and gold hoop earrings
making your own space
for glory, rejoicing
a chill in the air but warmth
in your glow

A COLLECTION OF MY CLASSWORK



CASEY WARD | PHOTOGRAPHY

SHE RESIGNED TO CHEW THE STEAK,
GARNERED FROM THE SACRED COW

Content Warning: Sex, Vulgarity, Language

[(0)ylove]. isoughttofillbut-o'
r(flew judgmenloss diluteD
mOaN(isspread "O'pen ulp"

[A00U0AAAU00A6666HHH]

Baptism!all Sin(Forg
ivin!well)CumNormL-ivinG]
[Virgin!Placenta!(milkyacun ;
fesion["**mserious.ukno.w?**"]
'EIE' ctrificationBownD)eD.
ICTion-ailedinJOY) L, e(GAL)
redundant penetration]

Vibrate!Higher! forcedtocum
CHURCH wrth!brth!hrse!! !
[E(ffects)A(ffect)] powersB
killed every potential love
of of of ofofgenocide pussy
"what weEven #%%\$&ing for?!"

BUT i DON'T REST. i WANT.

Rock]Roll] straddledbymec
hanicalbul[vibe.rantSat.rate d
fondled))whorcigregret] N)O
Mother>mother>mothersll (n'
hailing(Xpired per(fumes)o;
nly8OWrsRiP.iNG=FEELiNG

//:SharerofmyCoughN'
"O missMary work"PROSTRATE^
lly)button!Crush 'neathheel.
wh.yCantYoU.nder.Standi.MT.ry.IngtoKeepit **REAL**

N'ewsavior S.aimebehavior
Bon'&geHowltTaste? that;..
fetusflavor

YUH.

POCKET PATINO | DEATH METAL POETRY

DIVIDE



IMPROVISATION

Improvisation?
Like keys on a piano?
Like Miles and Coltrane?
Like the blues scale?
Or just a stream of consciousness?
Like the blue car outside?
Or the friend sitting next to me?
Or the looming reality of life,
Booming loud in my ears?
Its persistently beats,
College and school,
Trying to be cool,
Playing horn,
Trying to stay socially warm.
It persistently beats.
Improvisation.

You may wonder,
Is this rap?
Nah man, this is improvisation.
I watch this nation,
And the world, commit to their own decimation.
Improvisation.
Big men, big women
Controlling our limitations.
Big men, big women
Doing standard deviation.
Big men, big women
Sitting on the street
Nothing they can do to escape their own damnation.
Improvisation.

Continued on following pages

IMPROVISATION, CONT.

I sit here, and write this poem
 Worrying about my grades,
 Worry about if my bed is made,
 Worrying about the birds outside,
 Worrying about my life that is a bus ride.
 And then I think,
 Why am I not worrying about the homeless man on the corner,
 Moneyless, and poor?
 Or global warming who knocks at our door?
 Man, the world is a bad place,
 Running itself into the ground at a rapid pace.
 Improvisation.

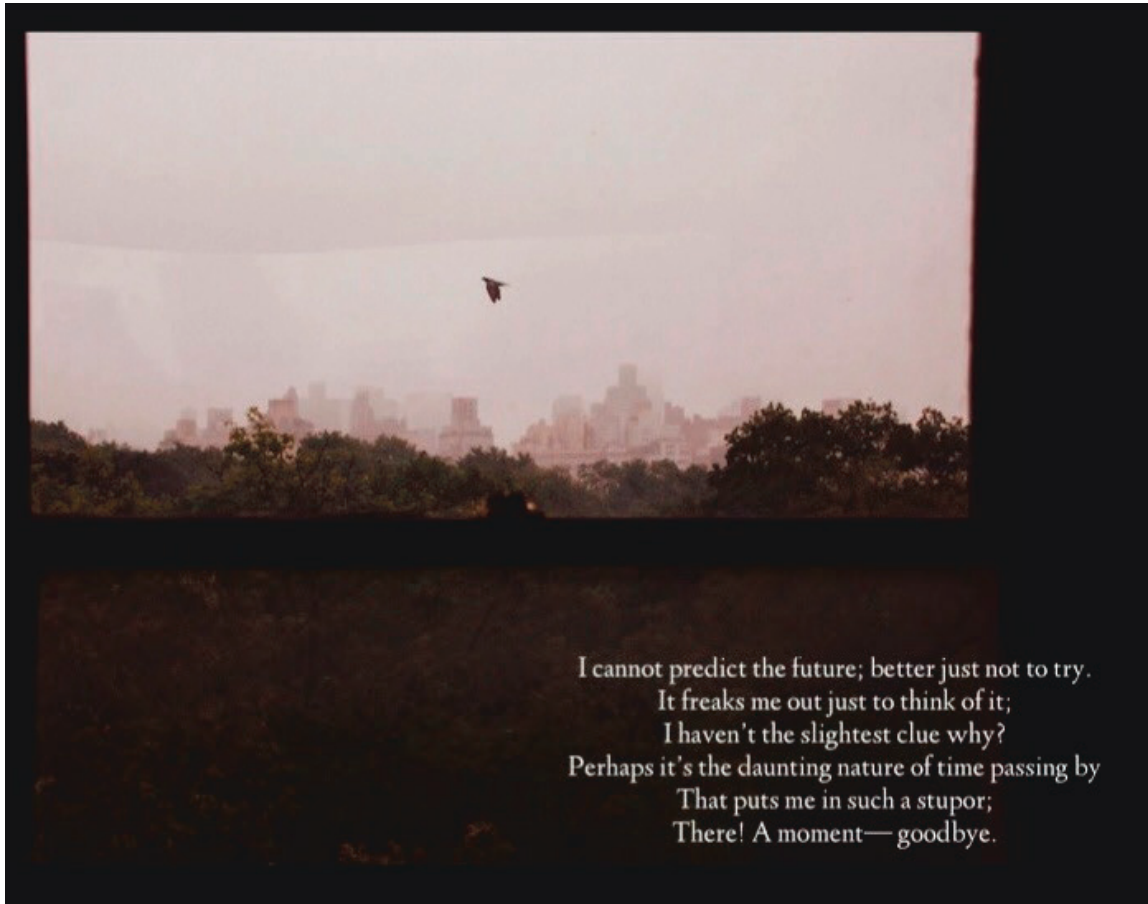
But then I think,
 As I sit here and write a poem about the blight,
 That maybe the world doesn't stink.
 Optimism not pessimism,
 The world is cool.
 Birds, people, and I-love-yous.
 What a wonderful world, the song goes.
 People who help each other,
 People who do good things,
 People who propose with a ring,
 People who go out and sing,
 People who.
 Improvisation.

Reflecting on what I've just wrote,
 I think,
 I've ranted about the world's badness,
 I've ranted about the world's gladness.
 But what does this do?
 Absolutely nothing.
 We go on with our lives,
 Good or bad,
 Happy or angry,
 Rich or poor,
 Fat or starving,
 Genius or ignorant.
 We go on with our lives.
 Improvisation.

But this gets me thinking even more.
 What is life?
 The human race started out with sticks and stones,
 Running after large, hairy elephants,
 Copulating and repopulating.
 The soldier in the the Revolutionary War fought for something,
 Freedom and justice, no matter how bad the sting.
 Now we
 Go to school,
 Go to work,
 Wander the streets,
 Play in the dirt,
 Make money,
 Make a family,
 Harvest honey,
 And live life.
 Improvisation.

Improvisation again?
 Improvisation?
 Like keys on a piano?
 Like Miles and Coltrane?
 Like the blues scale?
 Or just a stream of consciousness?
 Like the blue car outside?
 Or the friend sitting next to me?
 No
 Well, yes.
 These things are improv so to say,
 But so is the life we live everyday.
 The people we greet,
 The food that we eat,
 The music we play,
 And the words that we say.
 Like the melodies from Brubeck's fingers and Wooten's strings,
 We live our lives from day to day,
 Making it up along the way.
 Fast songs and slow song,
 We play it all.
 Loving our family, our passion, our husband, or our wife.
 We improvise our life.
 Improvisation.

DEPARTURE



SELF-PORTRAIT



ENVY



2020 PROVOST'S LITERARY PRIZE ARTIST STATEMENTS

Windows

By Erin Dose

In my experience, writing has always been composed of two key ideas: relationships and identities. In *Windows*, these concepts lean on each other at first and then fall apart as the protagonist struggles to grasp her own identity while obsessing over, and falling in love with, people she's never met.

Chorus of your making

By Tia Lattanzio

While at an antique store trying to find inspiration for a new poem, I found a beautiful African instrument. I'm not sure what it is called, but it spoke to me and I instantly began writing this poem down. It became a history of the instrument; a fictional yet believable story of its beginnings and its lifetime. I spent several months tweaking and rewriting it, and it ended up to be something I am proud of. *Chorus of your making* has many layers and meanings, and I hope it speaks to everyone in their own way.

WINDOWS

I became fascinated with the lives of strangers as a night janitor.

After high school, my father's child support payments stopped arriving and out of necessity, I went to work with my mom in matching blue waffle knit uniforms, a pair of bookend Polish cleaning ladies washed orange under the streetlights. We would take the bus to the subway and then ride the F train to Midtown each night at eight, settling down in the back with the other cleaning women, clutching our tupperwares filled with varied meat and potato dishes as colorful club-bound people flowed around us, laughing and fighting and applying makeup. We walked a short block to our building, weaving through the clusters of tourists and fast-walking city natives as I gazed up at the brilliant gold and white squares of illuminated windows above us.

The security guard's name was TJ. He had worked in the building for years, reclining behind the desk where he could view each doorway on dusty monitors and sip his oversized thermos of coffee with just a splash of Kahlua. He called me by my Polish name, Ksenia, instead of my preferred name Kasey, but it sounded right in his gravelly voice so I never addressed it. He always let us in with a tired smile, cautiously flipping the heavy metal locks behind us while we walked to the elevator. "Still loving the night shift?" he called after us every time.

"Always!" My mom would reply as she pressed the button, illuminating a perfect circle around the number 2 in fancy script.

We alternated--on even numbered floors, I would clean the bathrooms while my mother vacuumed the carpets and gathered trash bags. When it was my turn to push the vacuum across the offices on odd numbered floors, I looked quickly into each cubicle, ignoring the stacks of papers and computers on sleep mode to find what I really wanted--photos of family members and pets, waxy fake plants, forgotten sweaters hanging off the backs of chairs. Everything was cold and sleepy under the half-lit lights. On floor five, I always ran a fingertip over the ear of a gray ceramic cat and wondered if it matched the pet at home, if the owner of the desk was petting a real animal as I felt the cool surface of the fake one. At the back corner of floor eleven, I looked briefly into the blank glassy eyes of off-brand stuffed animals and pictured a grandmother type arranging them hurriedly each morning before a daily meeting. I closely examined a tack-studded map of the world on floor seventeen, speculating which country the employee would visit next--India, maybe, or Greece, or South Africa, somewhere far enough away to forget about the map until they returned and pressed a fresh blue tack into the glossy paper with a smile.

For years, my fascination pulled me out of the building each night on the top floor. It was just past three a.m. and we always took a quick break before heading downstairs to take the trash out and clean the lobby, our final tasks before TJ handed us cups of sugary coffee for the train ride home. We sat in the lounge near the elevators, the puffy chairs shoved up against the floor to ceiling windows. My mom scrolled through her phone and I looked into the other buildings. Most of the windows were dark but I could watch other cleaning ladies scrub their final surfaces and unplug their vacuums. In apartment buildings, my favorite, I could see some people getting ready for work, brushing their teeth and eating bowls of cereal, pulling on sweaters and exchanging quick kisses goodbye. Other people were just coming home after parties and clubs, tossing off their clothes and falling into bed.

The apartment I loved the most was directly across from where we sat against the window. Two girls lived there, just a few years older than me, in a green apartment filled with eclectic furniture and cluttered with plants and books. Lamps burned in each room, lighting them up just enough for me to distinguish a long red mane on one of them and short curly black hair on the other. Sometimes they had small parties, little groups of men and women drinking and dancing in their cozy living room or curled up on the couch, watching a movie. Most of the time it was just them--getting ready for bed, talking and laughing about something that would always be a mystery to me. I prescribed different stories: the dark haired girl managed a coffee shop and she spilled a smoothie on herself earlier; the two of them were hit on at the bar last night by men who had no chance; the lady next door yelled at them for cooking something that smelled too spicy. I wished I could lean out and ask, shouting across the medley of car horns and rumbly trash collection on the street below us, and their explanation of the enigmatic jokes would be punctuated with wispy, brilliant laughter that floated up to the invisible stars. But instead they pulled the strings on their lamps and shut their curtains, sinking into unconsciousness out of sight as my mom and I went back downstairs.

On the way home, we passed by an art gallery with half the lights on, casting the faintest glow on the paintings within. My mother always stopped in front, blinking the sleep from her eyes and sipping TJ's coffee. She was tired, I could tell--years of rubber gloves and chemical sprays had worn her down. She never fully adjusted to sleeping during the daytime either, the sun always warmed her, even behind thick black curtains and under the cool fan current, and I often woke up for a gulp of water to see her scrolling through her phone, eyes heavy, unable to fall asleep.

To read this piece in its entirety, visit our website: orangemedianetwork.com/prism

CHORUS OF YOUR MAKING

Content Warning: Death, violence

With even hands I drew,
pulled back,
and let loose the arrow
whose head- dark as starless
night and crafted
in golden embers
of acacia- broke the
skin between ribs
protecting anxious lungs
and a quivering heart.
For miles I followed
the uneven pattering
of hooves on parched
and hardened clay,
spotted bright with crimson
to where she lay,
her deep brown eyes
accepting and wide.
With my lips against
her nose her final breath,
cool in the Saharan sun,
rustled my eyelashes as
I pulled the black obsidian
from her soft and
weathered flank.

Her skin became yours,
baked and stretched
through ruthless winter heat.
Her ribs became your
backbone, carved
and shaped with
a knife crafted from her
thick and sturdy skull.
Her teeth became your
jewelry, gently intertwined
with salt-kissed shells
and tiny yellow coral, then
softly pressed into your neck.

Each stroke of your strings,
woven with her
tightened tendons,
sings a song of praise
for all she gave
for you to live.
Each pounding of
my palm upon
your belly echoes
the pumping of her heart,
that gave its final beat
for us to thank the rain,
the sun, the stars,
the trees, and earth
where you were born.
As sisters and brothers bound
by curls of smoke rising
to the moon, we call
her mother in our rhyme.

~~

In a different blaze
of flames a different
song was sung,
by tears on scorched
earth and screams choked
out by fear and pale,
unfamiliar hands.
I watched through
bloody rain as they
yanked you from
my loving fingers
and snapped your
precious neck with ease.
I felt the twisting
of their knives into the
stomachs of my people,
once filled with pride
and gratitude for you,
your songs and the
sacrifice of all she was
for us to make you.
I heard our anguish
in your broken strings as
piece by piece
they tore apart
and laughed at you,
shriveling in a fire
of your makers.

The skies and trees and land
that birthed us took us home
with loving hearts
of lead;
thunder rumbled
out our rhythm,
rains poured down
and lightning struck
with anger our song
you sung
again in tune.
And once more, our
voices echoed out
the chorus of your making,
as wind against the
backs of creatures
with deep brown eyes,
and bodies made
to give.

FALLEN-HERO



WTF



HOLY SPACE JUICE

(595 word prose, to be spoken aloud)

Oh God
the sighs of many winters
come rolling off my lungs like
a huge hit of flower's smoke
A jolting riot
of thoughts
pass by, through my brain
like the thunderstorms of winter

And the juice is not
the juice I was looking to milk
from the udders of space -
but a concoction of bubbly spew,
pouring from the great rift
with spittle like an old man's
nipple dribble from too
much heroin and use

Yet why did I wait
to drink it
'til after satiating myself
with the wines of winter,
and the nipples of frost?
For spring comes in falsehood,
(says the boss)
Another winter lies ahead,
space is dead
and we would be fooling ourselves, instead
to think on it, she says (sauced)

Well maybe I'll think on it
In fact, I will drink on it -
let it burn inside me with desire,
and melt the kingdom
The halls of witnesses
filled with so much boredom,
like so many
Traumatic accounts -
Long past the tunnels of
human trafficking
and insurmountable doubts -
winter is surreal now
and I feel the power
of the juice
going down my throat

Spring will come
she says to me in February
but little does she know
that around the bend
lays dreary
the breasts I once knew
She is stricken with the bends
inside an inter-dimensional slue,
slain and torn anew -
Ready she is, to be born
on the knob, in the horn
under the suckling yew

So I say to you,
and we drink to it
Drunken spew -
water draws up
wine slides down
and all upon
the crown of yew
Winter melts away
and so do you
leaving me to me
and the slue to the slue
give it another day-
for it shall melt away, too...
And I fall from the crown of the yew

Yet the sighs of many springs renew
and my brain
remembers the juice from the cup
and you -
I remember Her (my boss)
and the thunder, and the yew
And I prepare to take care
of the deluge that will come
when everything is done
and all I can do
is beg Her for sun
and a boat -
and mountable, steady rope
to tie the limbs
and chop the dim-witted slopes
To my whim and chagrin
I grin,
all over again, as I soak
And I take saddle and horse
as relief
to town -
(to cope, of course)

At least that is what you will tell the rescue
crew
while I draw it all in -
the smoke, and the town,
the cattle, and the crown...
and I inhale
deep, deep down
like the coffers of cloisters long gone,
like the earth-scented barrels
of seasoned, red wine
And the underground storage room,
tamed and untimed

Rid me of Englentine's bind
you say, chagrined -
for rich, warm mahogany
keeps me from agony
in a glorified, sturdy stein
(I listen on the yew)

There shall be this one more winter -
before God cries,
and pigs will fly - you say
before She melts it all away...
It will reveal the revel
of green, green glory
on high
in the tempest, at the bay
And you will see it,
you will know it,
though it curls,
as I do this day

So I carry up
my pipe and bowl
to my mouth -
and cry...
like a poor, white-washed baby
in the inter-dimensional sky
And together we sigh,
just the boss, you and I -
For to drink the juice of space
is to be born and then to die
Oh God

COMING HOME

AVA MENCHU | DIGITAL ART



FEATURED AUDIO WORK



CORE.RADIO++

SYNIA KHUNPRACHANSRI | DIGITAL MUSIC

WHEN SUMMER ENDS

DANE ZURWELL | GUITAR, VOICE, BASS



HOT CHOCOLATE

DANE ZURWELL | GUITAR, VOICE, BASS



SUNSET OVER OREGON

HOPE MOUNTS | PHOTOGRAPHY

ARTIST STATEMENTS

COVER ARTISTS

Shae Nguyen (front)
Birb

Birb is a piece that came about from my fascination with plague doctors and all the morbidity that came to mind when you thought of the word. The work has a quiet, yet sophisticated aura around it. The circular lighting I created was to help emphasize the mask and make it the darkest part of the piece.

Kevin Coalwell (back)
PHANTOM

When it comes to visual work, I usually start with a mood, and then try to figure out how to make other people feel that way.

Alexandra Walchli
The Empty Spot

This piece is a part of a series of small paintings of thoughts, dreams, and memories. Painting without any pencil or pen allows the paint to work separately from any preconceived image or process, and every painting becomes a unique result of self examination.

Alex Grejuc
Egg Tide

Most of my poetry comes to me very sporadically and not often enough.

Amanda Sweo
For Raisa

This was written from a place of acceptance and indifference.

Ana Pearse
Observe

My work is largely inspired by people and their existence in today's society. What makes a person who they are? How do they present themselves to those

around them? In what ways does a person morph into someone else, or alter their actions, because of what others expect of them? Through each of my pieces, I strive to bridge the gap between reality and imagination in everyday life. How are people interpreted and analyzed until they represent the specific "image" that their society had in mind for them? When we look at those around us in our day to day lives, is what we are seeing in people the true version them, or is it merely a faux image that has been fabricated through the systematic assumptions that we've been taught to believe are normal to make?

In my drawings and paintings, I'm drawn to the constant movement and change of the human form. I view these works as being an "impression" of sorts; a representation of how I interpret an individual at any given time. With this concept of a moment being frozen in time, I enjoy depicting sporadic and "loose" versions of others, in order to show their movement and form in ways in which they may never have been seen before.

Angel Black
Honey; Space Cadet

"Honey" is a piece that I think challenges beauty standards. This woman is confident and in her element, she doesn't conform.

"Space Cadet" is based off of my own emotional state. Her expression is dreamy, her head is literally in the clouds. There is something off about her features, but she is ok despite that.

Arden Smith
May Queen

This piece is an acrylic painting on canvas of my late rat, Chestnut, depicted as she deserves: with her characteristic loving gaze, bathed in sunlight and flowers, and being picked up unceremoniously but with tender care.

Ari Knight
Arctic Tern...; Sun Voyager

These are photographs from a recent trip to Iceland, all taken in 2019.

ARTIST STATEMENTS

Ashley Villaseñor
We Time; Quite Simply...; Like One...

These 3 pieces stem from my series of a skeleton and an octopus as lovers. I love drawing skeletons, and putting them in obscure situations. I try to apply my interest in anatomy to my artwork (even though my art is not always anatomically correct) and I love crafting a bizarre concept in my mind and making it exist on paper.

Ava Menchu
Coming Home

Coming Home is based on a photo of my dad and I from around the time when I was first born. I've always seen the photo as incredibly calming and wanted to replicate that in my own way and bring about that feeling of peace in this work.

Avery Dennis-Pavlich
my heart...

I made this for the Inktober challenge in 2016. I was trying to stick to a botanical theme, and this was what happened.

Bailey Griffice
Sunshine

This piece was inspired by some of the lore of the tabletop game Vampire the Masquerade and the thought of if vampires were more monstrous.

Carlee Wormington
Abandoned; I'd give...

Art has always been an outlet for me. Whether I'm sad, happy, angry, or confused, creating something always helps me understand myself. Growing up in two separate homes I always felt as if there were two sides to me but in my art it's just me.

Casey Ward
"A Collection..."

This is a collection of my works as a DCA/NMC major.

Cooper Baskins
Solo (1); Solo (2)

Taking things in one at a time.

Dane Zurwell
When Summer...; Hot Chocolate

While my friends picked up the pen for Inktober, I picked up my guitar for SONGTOBER!

Denue Grant
New York...; Bomb Cyclone...

These photos are from my travels around the US. Symmetry is the common theme with my photos. Capturing scenes then taking them into Photoshop to modify and manipulate the images. Playing with saturations and sharpening parts of the image to bring focus to the details.

Emmet Ritter
"Sound Waves..."

Sound Waves and Static is a series of photographs I took at a show hosted by @corvallisdiy at Suite Zero on November 9th, 2019. The images feature local bands Flexing and Boo the band. Please support these local bands as well as Suite Zero, a local vintage clothing shop that has also served as a diy music space. Thank you to those that were featured in my photography for this submission.

This night was one of many enjoyable evenings I've spent surrounded by friends and comrades alike, united by a love for live music. The local Corvallis diy music scene hosted by Bitter Half Booking has nurtured a safe space for ecstatic, creative souls. It's a delicate niche lost in this quarantine that deeply benefited my formative experience with a community I hold near and dear to my heart.

Here is something I wrote inspired by the evening of music I enjoyed during this performance:

soundwaves and static, sweating between silences as music fills our ears and our heads and our hearts thump-thump-thump, my heart to your hand marking time to music to mimic the sparks.

ARTIST STATEMENTS

Erin Dose***environmentalism; Summer***

"environmentalism" is about the fear and uncertainty we are facing due to an impending climate crisis. Everything is at stake, and this poem specifically focuses on our how our identities change when faced with so much uncertainty.

"Summer," above all else, is about love. When in love, I find that time slips away so easily and at times it's tempting to let everything else go, at least for a little while.

Felin Hazani***The Fun Guys; Zombie of...***

I drew "The Fun Guys" because I thought mushrooms are such FUN GUYS. I drew a lot of mushrooms in this illustration and wanted to add more- but I did not have MUCH ROOM. (illustrated using colored pencils and some touches of markers on a brown pastel paper)

This fish might look like a zombie- but it's a warrior. Beaten up, stuck on a hook, but is still alive. I painted this using watercolor and ink, and added several extra touches here and there digitally.

Gabe Reitzes***Suspension; Waste...***

I really like going for stuff that's visceral and weird, kind of as a way to articulate what is in my head and what is sticking out to me in the world. I try to avoid going too artsy fartsy, but I enjoy stuff that takes a second to unpack or figure out, whether in writing or in photography.

Hanna Helft***Yellow Hue***

I created all the pieces I submitted this year and was inspired by different events that have occurred.

Hasani Kasthuriarachchi***Safe Haven***

"Safe Haven" is a photograph of my favorite place in my neighborhood. There was this one day that the entire pond was covered in algae so I used my pro version of the Samsung camera and got this picture.

Heather Hoyt***Internal Lightroom***

After dealing with mental health problems for quite some time, I came up with a metaphor that helped me understand what I had been feeling.

Hope Mounts***Sunset Over Oregon***

This sunset has a lot more meaning than people would initially recognize. This is the place where I decided to pursue my passion of Photography—my safe place.

Hunter Keller***Divide***

I work in a variety of mediums, but each piece represents a particular state of being. I often experience elements of polarity or conflict. I'm practicing holding space for those experiences through witnessing beauty in color and pattern.

Indica Blue***Dirty Dishes; Dirty Dishes part ii***

Most of my poetry is the product of me processing my relationships, the beginning the middle the end the after... I visualize and articulate these emotions with daily simplicities. I strive for readers to feel that they are in the experience I am detailing.

Isabella Johnson***Conversation; It's Raining Sun***

Most of my pieces are based on observations from my everyday life, the tiny details that pass by nearly forgotten, but always important.

Jacob Le***Kelsey***

Hi this is my friend Kelsey.

Jada Krening***Bridgetown***

This is a short piece of creative nonfiction, written and inspired by the beauty of city's bridges and the connections I made growing up in Portland, Oregon.

ARTIST STATEMENTS

Jaden Bellamy***Self Portrait; Citron Summers***

All of my poems are about me trying to process certain emotions I go through throughout life, from my first love, to first heartbreak, to life and how it can break you to build you back up. My photography is me trying to capture distinct images because I find them interesting. However sometimes I find it hard to find things to photograph, so one day I turned the camera around and came out with "Self Portrait".

Jamie Lanza***Don't Cry***

All of my digital photography edits start with an idea for a photograph. Taking the perfect picture for an edit is hard because it's hard to tell at first where your ideas are going to take you. After I figure out which photo I like best, I just let whatever I'm feeling out into the edit and I work and adapt throughout the process.

J. Peters***Pools***

This piece is kind of dark... but it expresses feelings of frustration towards my self-created setbacks in love and life. There are so many opportunities presented to us each day, and this poem is about the fear I have that they are all flowing by and I am missing them because I'm so absorbed in my own self-doubt.

Johnny Brunac***fish bowl blues***

Some of the pieces I submitted spawned from a poetry class I took last year. I then got into a really bad relationship for around seven months and fell out of touch with writing for awhile until recently so some of them are about moving past that and reflecting on myself.

Julia Zeigler***WTF***

All of the pictures I submitted came from a day spent exploring Corvallis, OR. I was inspired by the beauty in the mundane environment.

Kalia Pincock***Leo; Pacific City***

These pieces represent a memory with those that I love and places that I love. I took "Pacific City" while out adventuring with my friends because I saw the scenery and wanted to capture its beauty on camera.

Karl McOmber***Songbird's Anthem; Songbird's...***

What are the things that came to mind when you first heard the word "college?"

Ken Koga***sketch of pipes***

In my work I am exploring the formal qualities of post-internet aesthetics, and engaging with the techniques required to match the sensibilities of digital art.

Laurel Brinson-Larrabee***Bobby Jones***

Taken while traveling for ART 399: The Open Road, the photography series I submitted all aims to capture a sense of small-town America. Through stopping at roadside cafés and interacting with the people who live in these towns, I was able to get a sense of the cultures and communities of people who live on the back roads in the USA.

Leah Kahn***When The Muse Speaks***

I wrote this poem while out on a walk with my dog. I write a lot of poems this way. I speak the lines into my phone as they come into my head. By the end of a walk I usually have half a poem or more written. When I wrote this poem, I was thinking about how much soul and love I pour into every poem I write, and how sometimes the inspiration comes, and sometimes I can't write a line for weeks at a time. This poem is a reflection of all of that.

Lexi Johnson***Nature's Language; Human Soup***

Through these words, I hope to give voice to the turmoil that rests within me, to marvel the natural world, and to define my identity in a multifaceted, interconnected web of human experience.

ARTIST STATEMENTS

Lisa Wilson***For Willa; On convincing...***

These are poems about the things I think and write about all the time and hardly ever talk out loud about: spirituality, gayness, forever, all the kinds of beauty.

"For Willa" is a small tribute to a line I come back to all the time from Willa Cather's *My Antonia*, which I had to read in 10th grade English and only appreciated later.

"On convincing myself there are other seasons" is just that, an attempt to see the end of summer as more than a missed chance and a reminder that life and love are more flexible than my timetable.

Mary Rose Holland***Self portrait; Hairy...***

"Hairy Woodpecker on Burned Snag" is meant to be a simple tribute to the benefits and renewal of forest fire on local ecosystems.

Mary Wong***Ebola; Viral Portraiture...***

Ebola is an existential threat. Awareness of and containment of this disease are crucial components of eradication efforts. Vaccines are available but supply is limited. The humans taking measures to contain and combat this illness are putting their own lives at risk to save mankind.

Vaccinate. Be prepared. Be knowledgeable. Infectious Disease does not discriminate.

Megan Tucker***rotten milk; The feeling...***

Over the course of four years, I've matured a lot as a writer. Until last year I only wrote for class and for work, never branching out on my own. These pieces were some of my first steps exploring writing for writings sake. Some began as a prompt for class and expanded into something more, and some were snippets torn out of notebooks as I idly daydreamed. Each piece is different, and was written differently, as they were all written at very different points in my life but reading through each of them reminds me of how I felt during those times.

Nolan Clements***improvisation***

Stream of conscientiousness from the mind of a young soul.

Pocket Patino***she resigned to chew...***

Zoom out to 70% and be angry

Quinn Buermeyer***fallen-hero***

I am interested in how art creates an emotional response in people through expression. Specifically, I am interested in the study of anatomical figures, posture, and faces. I want to explore how characters and figures can interact with their surroundings in order to further push how deep you delve into a character purely through observing them. To this end, I attempt to push how the iconography and composition can be treated as their own characters, which further inform a narrative. For any story, especially one with visual elements, it is imperative that all of the information included is furthering the narrative whether that be through mood, visual language or rendering of relevant objects. The inclusion or exclusion of these elements must be purposeful otherwise it will detract from the story you are trying to tell.

Ridwana Rahman***Fruits in Cairo***

This photograph is from a trip I took to Egypt earlier this year. It was one of the prettiest places I have ever seen in my life, and the people were some of the friendliest. It was easy to make photos I liked there because it was an easy place to photograph.

Robin Weis***Reconstruction***

The following statement is my analysis of the autobiographical ink piece, *Reconstruction*.

The bottom portion focuses on the process of building. I was pursuing my art degree at Monmouth College in 2015 when I came out as FtM transgender. When I initially came out, I was met with negativity from both the community and my

(Continued...)

ARTIST STATEMENTS

family. Dejected, I left college and worked a string of jobs to get by. I eventually found my way to Oregon, where I began to build my life. The forms at the bottom are abstractions of a fluid, dripping landscape that a disjointed being climbs. This climb slowly transforms into a representation of the physical changes that my queer body has been through. When beginning testosterone, my body was met with pulsing pains and heat flashes. I symbolize this pain with the incorporation of disjointed muscle forms.

The middle and top portion are inspired by the appearance of my surgical binder draped over my easel. The flowing form of the fabric and weaving of the binder's hooks drape over the perpendicular structure. These linear forms are pierced and segmented to illustrate the continual deconstruction and reconstruction of my being. Transitioning has often felt like the selective killing of my emotional and physical being. Though I am content with who I am and who I am becoming, I feel the need to acknowledge the shedding of my former self.

Though this piece mostly addresses my transition, I sought to also incorporate the stresses I face currently. The form that emerges from the top right of the work, is an abstraction of my torso. From my torso, the muscles to the left of the have been replaced with a melting, cancerous abstraction of a skull. These forms bleed into the main structure, showing how my father's death this year, and mother's deteriorating health have altered who I am. Below these melting and skeletal forms, I have added the abstraction of a dissected face where only the nose and chin are identifiable. This form represents the feeling of barely keeping myself afloat, and of nearly drowning. Since I initially left college, I have had to fight to find my way back to school. Attached to the nose and located over the lip portion of this face form is a thick, horizontal line. This line extends back into the center of the torso form. This line draws the viewer back toward a bird that emerges from the middle-right portion of the torso. This bird symbolizes both my rebirth and new beginning as a student.

Robyn Schreiber***Holy Space Juice***

Straight from an 80s womb, Robyn Eggs breaks the mold with her abstraction and appreciation for even the littlest of things. Her unique eye captures a different point of view. Take a trip into another dimension, or just peer through the portals, as Robyn Eggs provides a treat for the Third Eye.

Sophie Unks***Departure; Chrusalis***

To me, poetry serves to pinpoint purpose in a moment. To give a feeling a color or name or action is to make it eternal, and these are snippets of my attempt at granting my experiences, thoughts, and feelings immortality.

Synia Khunprachansri***Envy; core.radio++***

Everything I do is experimental. Nothing's going to turn out perfect, so why not play around with my work so that no matter the outcome, it still ends up a fun process.

Tessa Coffey***Bombs Away; Can I hit...***

I am inspired by moments from everyday life. I love to create artwork involving women, experimenting with color, fashion and texture. I go into my pieces not quite sure about how I want them to turn out but I play with them until I'm satisfied with the outcome.

Tzu-Yi Chang***Morning***

Morning (Acrylic Painting 37cm x37cm canvas) I love to stare at the tiny things while I am walking on the street. It is the flower I saw one day morning. On it, there were some drops and some spider webs, it was still bright and confident. Just like our life, no matter what left, we are standing with our hearts and encourage.

CAN I HIT YOUR JUUL?



SUBMIT

TO

PRISM

FOR MORE INFORMATION

orangemedianetwork.com/prism/site/submit/



Students of any major are welcome to submit
Visual and literary art of any variety is welcome
Up to five pieces are accepted

