

flourish



PRISM

Letter from the Editor

While university can often be a stressful time full of changes and new experiences for students, it is also a time for them to find their voice and solidify a path in life. These changes and new experiences often help them thrive, and even flourish.

Outside the regular stresses of university, to say that the past year and a half has been overwhelming would be an understatement. The importance of recent events and developments that have come from the past year should not be overlooked or unrecognized. These monumental events have certainly been a big inspiration for the theme and title of this year's edition.

The idea to name this edition "flourish" stemmed from two places: first, it came from one of the original themes of this edition, nature and the peacefulness a lot of us have found within it, especially within the past year. The second origin of the title was to showcase an optimism for the future and how the changes that left some of us feeling displaced last year are helping us flourish now. Flourishing doesn't have to mean an obvious outward improvement, it can also mean personal improvements within ourselves. I know this has been especially true for me and the team here at Prism as we have worked to produce this edition entirely remotely.

To end off I would like to thank the people who have made this edition of Prism possible. Thank you so much to Natalie Harris, Ari Knight, and the wonderful Prism volunteers and review committee. All of these people have contributed to help make this edition what it is, and I am incredibly grateful for all of them. I would also like to thank the professional staff and my fellow peers at Orange Media Network for constantly inspiring me during my time here. Lastly, I would like to thank all the absolutely amazing artists who contributed their creations to this edition and for entrusting us here at Prism with their work. Thank you so much for sharing your passion with us and the OSU community.

Julia Zeigler

Julia Zeigler

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 vales 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!

Embarking



Art is exploration... (pg. 92)

DANIEL WATKINS | PHOTOGRAPHY

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF

Julia Zeigler



ASSISTANT EDITOR

Natalie Harris



GRAPHIC DESIGNER

Ari Knight



COVER ARTISTS

FRONT | Ridwana Rahman

Beach Day | 35mm Film Photography

BACK | Robin Weis

Onslaught | Photography

FONTS USED

Billy

Claire Joines

Avenir Light

Adrian Frutiger

REVIEW COMMITTEE

- Tessa Coffey
- Paige Dingman
- Ardea Eichner
- Bailey Griffice
- Leah Kahn
- Molly Piszczek
- Darcy Pound
- Mia Tognoli

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

Follow us on Facebook, Instagram, and Twitter
 @osuprism

Table of Contents

* CONTENT WARNING

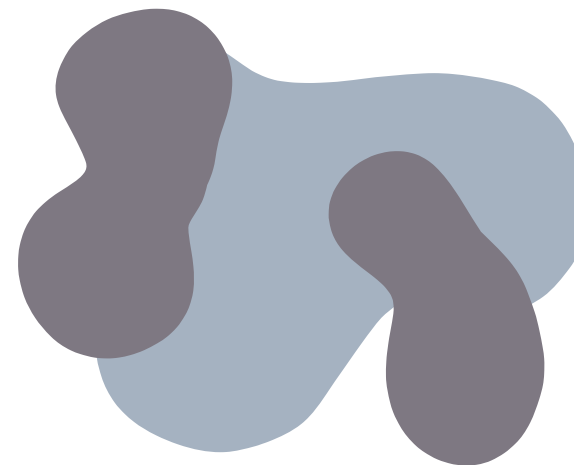
	Title Name
	Embarking 1 Daniel Watkins
	Half 6 Mahal Miles
	Feeling Blue 7 Lacey Prosocki
	Winter 8 Iryna Odeichuk
	April Snow 9 Morgan Heffelfinger
	A Letter for God 10 - 11 Raegan Roberston
	Fallen not broken 12 Patricia Schmidt
	My Father's Daughter 13 Amal Kadeem
	A Poem for Time 14 Micheal G.
	The Tree's Don't Have Eyes 15 Tessa Coffey
	Mother Northwest 16 Ardea Eichner
	Bravery 17 Darcy Pound
	Dan 18 Tessa Coffey
	hurry mija 19 Sienna Kaske
	Broken 20 Weiming Shi
	Growth 21 Ryan Moore
	war dogs 22 Paige Dingman
	The Birth of Venus 23 Tessa Coffey
	reflections of an aspiring corpse 24 Carly Werdel
	tapetum lucidum 25 Paige Dingman
	Cat Calling 26 Bailey Griffice
	Horse 27 Azellia Wagner
	America 28 Leah Kahn
	Untitled 29 Hayden Still
	Ascending 30 Daniel Watkins
	The Beast 31 Ari Knight
	daughter's guilt 32 Anonymous
	Rita 33 Ana Pearse
	Sidewalks 34 Micheal G.
	Untitled 35 Chris Nopwaskey
	Still life with cannondale and blackberries 36 Daniel Watkins
	Somewhere Past the Little Bridge in Corvallis 37 Brandt Bridges
	Crosswalk in Japan 38 Emi Ampo
	Summer 39 Iryna Odeichuk
	Lord 40 Jamie Lanza
	GOD; 41 Ardea Eichner
	Ode to Nostalgia 42 Jaden Bellamy
	Two waves 43 Iryna Odeichuk
	seven ways to slice a banana 44 Carly Werdel

Title Name	
ctrl alt delete	45 Robin Weis
Nikita's Car	46 Ridwana Rahman
Peppers	47 Ana Pearse
Cover Story	48 Jamie Lanza
middle school	49 Mahal Miles
Freshie	50 Bailey Griffice
In the pine grove	51 Daniel Watkins
Way Up High	52 - 53 Ari Knight
Rouse	54 Madisen Kinner
Something Unspoken	55 Dylan Lewis
Patroclus	56 Zane Yinger
Tribute to Blue Blanket	57 Robin Weis
Treehouse	58 Ridwana Rahman
Let me slip	59 Leah Kahn
Ode to the October Wind	60 Leah Kahn
Simple Beauty	61 Molly Piszczek
my lover, my savior	62 Anonymous
Obscene!	63 Ridwana Rahman
Accessorize	64 Desiree Weatherly
J via Zoom	65 Lacey Prosocki
Untitled	66 Hayden Still
Listen	67 Brandt Bridges
Spaced	68 Kevin Reynolds
My Apology to the Moon	69 Brandt Bridges
Support	70 Ana Pearse
dancing to fleetwood mac	71 Lacey Prosocki
the gap between my ears	72 Ardea Eichner
oracle	73 Paige Dingman
*219 Untested Rape Kits Destroyed by...	74 Ana Pearse
*flowers will grow	75 Anonymous
Abandoned Bay Area	76 Chris Nopwaskey
Castelo de São Jorge...	77 Brittan Silver
boyInPurple	78 Malini Ganguly
Boys, Boys and Girls	79 Jaden Bellamy

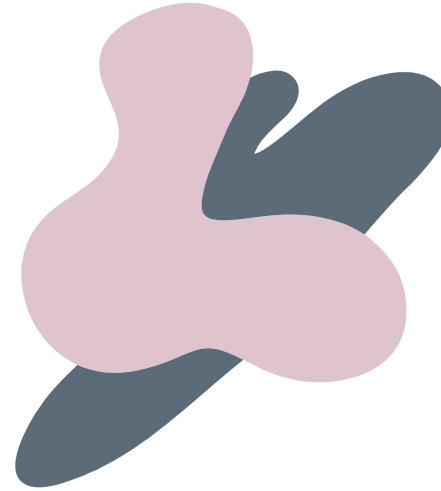


Title Name	
holy water	80 Kjerstyn Jordheim
This Box is Ours	81 Carly Werdel
Glass Secrets	82 Natalie Krill
Foundation	83 Ardea Eichner
Chatting; Flowers for Bun; Yuzu Tea...	84 - 85 April James
Metamorphosis	86 Jesus Reyes
wildflowers	87 Kjerstyn Jordheim
Untitled	88 Kevin Reynolds
Your Spring	89 Jonathan Ganal
Artist Statements	90 Cover Artists, Amal Kadem - Ardea Eichner
Artist Statements	91 Ardea Eichner - Chris Nopwaskey
Artist Statements	92 Daniel Watkins - Kevin Reynolds
Artist Statements	93 Kjerstyn Jordheim - Morgan Heffelfinger
Artist Statements	94 Natalie Krill - Sienna Kaske
Artist Statements	95 Tessa Coffey - Zane Yinger
Solitude	96 Molly Piszczek

*NOTE: To make it easier, we've put the page number for the artist statement associated with that artwork towards the bottom of each page.



Half



I claim yellow and I rage red and I talk white
But the

Slant of my eyes says I am of brown mama
Jaw Angle (edge?) matching cheekbones (and attitude)

It is using google translate (dad said it
probably asnt; good for me to learn) so:

I scream yellow!
Because I
live it!

The women who raised me are brown

I drown in red
It fills my cheeks as my mouth is empty: mute to the motherland
Livid

when Your White Moms with Those Damn Pedicures look at my
mamaEnunciating aggressivelyspeaking loudly as if that helps her sift through
those five languages
when Your White Uncles with Those Damn Camo Jackets walk up to us and
parade their centuries of privilege and safety and power asymmetry and demand
to know what the postage costs to bring someone like you here?

I look white

Not enough for your conventional beauty: perfect for
Model minority
Butt end of your yellow jokes
All the 'what are yous'
Got-to for that yummyummyummyummy Asian food !!!

For what am I?
only half and always half
pouring all for them, the women who raised me:world's angriest advocate

These pieces encapsulate different.. (pg.93)

MAHAL MILES | POETRY

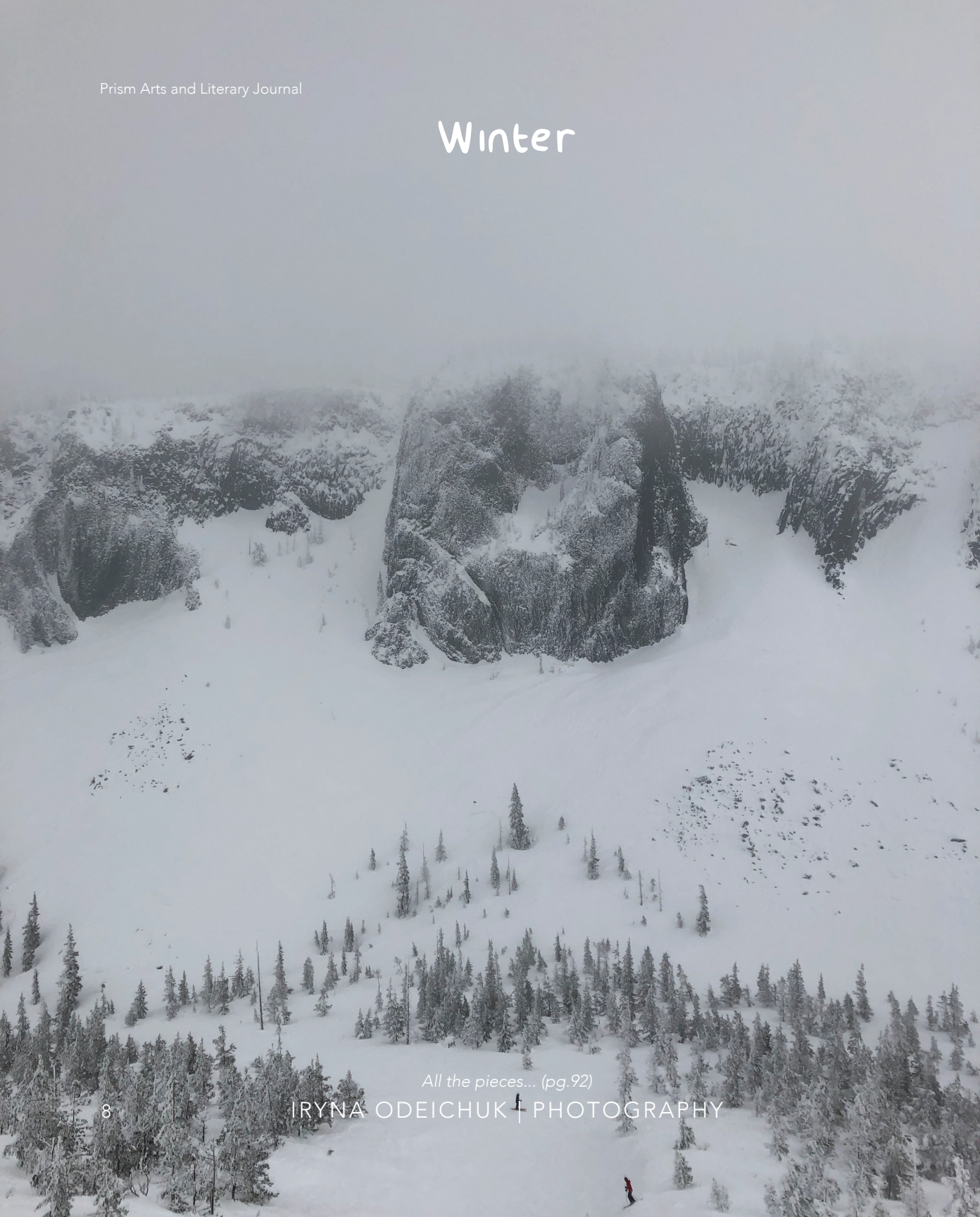
Feeling Blue



What do we see in each other.. (pg.93)

LACEY PROSOSKI | ACRYLIC GOUACHE

Winter



All the pieces... (pg.92)

IRYNA ODEICHUK | PHOTOGRAPHY

April Snow

Spring was bound for my life for several days,
Reds and yellows had been added on canvas overnight,
Some brushed, some splattered,
Master pieces presented a multitude of ways,
The warm breeze knocked on my door,
And who am I to stay silent,
Minute by minute the gate split and I was flooded with euphoria,
A feeling stamped on me times before,
Yet my intrigue resided with the unscathed,
A small patch of snow refusing winter's pass,
Virgin scenery glistened white untouched by any man,
And denying the sun's fervency completely unfazed.

Alas your resemblance to the snow lingers,
For the snow belonged to no soul,
Cherished not for beauty but resilience,
I ask you hypocritically how anyone could interrupt such brilliance,
For I am guilty,
Shackle me for my negligence to such art,
Blame it on curiosity as to why like a toddler,
I have turned these asylum white walls filthy,
I stepped foot in the snow and unbound the beauty attached to it,
Without hesitation reaped the benefits of it parasitically,
Immersed in this infatuation taking for my own well being,
Without giving recognition to the beauty I was fortuitously seeing.

Art is a different perspective... (pg.94)

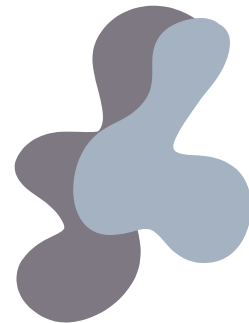
MORGAN HEFFELFINGER | POETRY

A Letter for God

God, why did you bring me here?
 What was the purpose of creating me?
 I would love to hear your answer.
 I would love to know why.
 Why? Why am I the way that I am?
 Why do I have a heart that is so powerful?
 One that gets attached too quickly and cracks each time I hit the ground.
 Why is my nose a depiction of a snowy jump?
 One that would be the perfect cliff for a skier to practice on.
 Why do I have the urge to change my hair every week?
 It's as if I have a need to be someone else from what you made.
 Why is my mind lodged in the darkness?
 A place so dark without any light to find the exit.
 Why are there slits along my wrists and deep markings going down my thigh?
 Why didn't you stop me when I was in those moments of pain?
 Why didn't you stop me when I was in those moments of pain?
 In those moments when I needed you most?

Wait, are you saying it was my fault?
 My fault for not reaching out?
 My fault for not looking for you?
 My fault for hiding the pain instead of getting help?
 I suppose you're right.
 But, why am I still in these painful times?
 Why don't my parents accept me for me?
 Why does my sister still get irritated with me?
 Why do my friends leave me out of their plans?
 Why is it, when I try to get closer, people just walk away?

I'm sorry, am I overwhelming you?
 I understand that you're frustrated.
 I know why you're mad.
 I stopped looking for help.
 I stopped trying to relieve the pain.
 I broke my promises and I picked up that blade.



I have been struggling for... (pg.94)

RAEGAN ROBERSTON | POETRY

But, I've come to a conclusion.
 I know why I am here.
 You put me here for a reason.
 There's people who love me, even though sometimes they don't care.
 There's people who might need me when no one else is there.
 There's people that are mine and I need to be here for them.
 When my days are dark, they are the ones by my side.
 I finally understand you.
 I'll keep reaching out.
 But, I just need to know when the hurting will stop.

I need some hope, a sign of brightness.
 Something to show me that I'll be okay.
 I know you can't do that, I just have to pray.
 So, that's what I will do from now on.
 I'll pray when I am sad and need you to comfort me.
 I'll pray when I am lost and need your guidance.
 I'll pray when I am thankful and list all the reason why.
 I'll pray everyday and live my life.
 For you put me here for a reason.
 I may not know why,
 But what I do know is, you have a plan for me.

A plan full of surprises.
 With ups and downs.
 With days full of sunshine and days full of rain.
 But, you'll be with me to the end and I believe that now.
 Thank you for making me.
 Thank you for my life.
 Thank you for the hope you've restored.

So, this isn't a goodbye.
 It's more of a hello.

Hello God, thank you for bringing me out of the shadows,
 That I was once trapped in.
 Thank you dear Lord, you have saved me once again.
 I'm done questioning the way I was created.
 I finally love who I am

And I'm ready for the journey that lies in your plan.

Fallen not broken



My Father's Daughter

He told me he saw me in a dream. I was running off a cliff until feathery white and gold wings ripped my skin, and flapped. And their flapping made a sound, then I started flying instead of falling. There was a light revealing a path that lead toward a place unseen, but he felt I was safe in that dream. He said that this is how he will always remember me and he promised himself he would brush my wings instead of clipping them, for as long as he lived.

And so, the wings are shedding their feathers, in grief of their most gentle admirer...

A Poem for Time

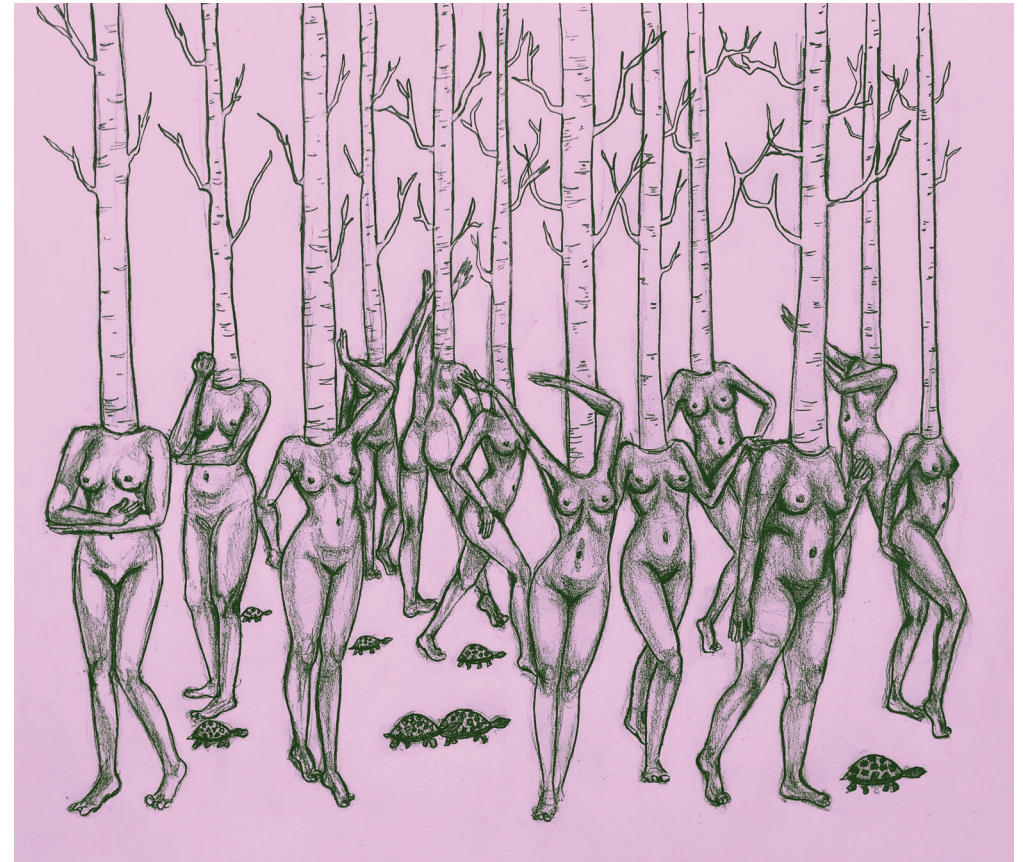
She moves when she wants to,
And bends to no man's will.
A heart that can't be wooed,
With looks that can kill.

She flows like a river,
And has never aged a day.
Those who have caught her,
Are already in the grave.

Life dances to her rhythm,
As she changes from place to place.
Every story written,
Has been touched by her grace.

People come,
As do they go.
Their story done,
Time continues her flow.

The Tree's Don't Have Eyes



I just felt that these poems... (pg.93)
MICHEAL G. | POETRY

I have primarily focused on... (pg.95)
TESSA COFFEY | GRAPHITE

Mother Northwest



I made this piece over the summer... (pg.91)

Bravery

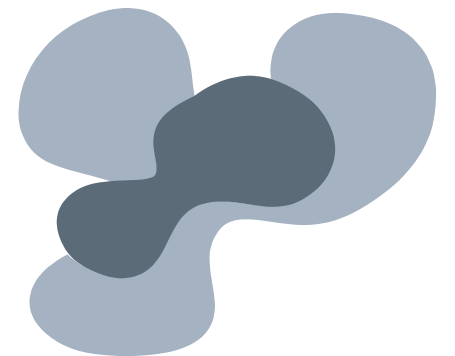
Bravery does not come from jumping off cliffs. It does not originate in the heat of the battle.

Bravery is something you instinctively have inside of you. It is within you, always, waiting to be used at just the right moment.

Do not think you lack bravery simply because you are scared. Everyone is scared at times. What truly matters is that you move beyond your fear and face whatever challenge you are up against.

At the end of the day, we are all capable of being brave. You just have to find that spark within you and light it.

Let yourself be brave.



I wrote a few short poems... (pg.92)

Dan



I have primarily focused on... (pg.95)

TESSA COFFEY | GOUACHE

hurry mija

hurry mija, we can't be late
It's your first day and your momma would hate-
Get yo shell toes on, so you can be great
Swiftly around the corner
Just past tíos house, where the blackberry bushes don't grow past that date

hurry mija, we don't wanna be late
It's your first day and your momma would hate-
Quickly to the right,
Let's pass those pigs, so you don't gotta carry that weight

keep your fists up, don't let em fall
You wouldn't wanna let em scrape your all
Come'on mija, let's groove and move our way to the school hall
They may try to keep you down, but grab my hand even when you feel small

let's read every sign and create rhymes
Oh baby girl, this is your fate
We have yet to hear your chimes
You'll grow a lot mija, now just you wait

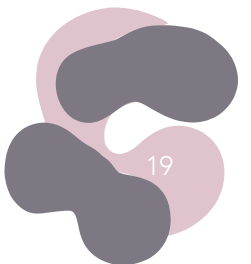
don't worry mija, you'll be alright
speak your truth, don't sway from what you know
remember your roots and that inner flame will always be bright
you're here, are you ready? let's see how you grow

be fierce, be strong, you got this to the end
i'm proud. you my daughter till the end
ay, chin up. you got the power in every word you bend

don't worry mija, don't shed a tear
just close your eyes, enter the stars and stratosphere
focus on you, and hold your sis near
chin up, focus, and make it clear

hurry mija, is a poem that... (pg.94)

SIENNA KASKE | POETRY



Broken



This is a project of photo... (pg.95)
WEIMING SHI | PHOTOGRAPHY

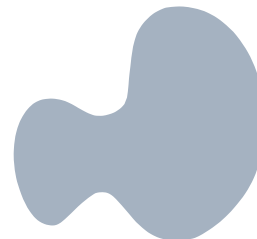
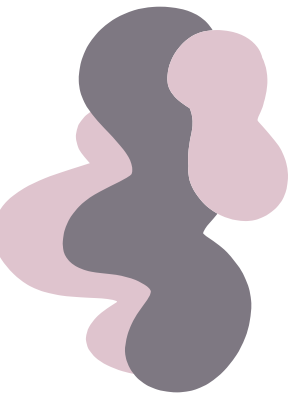
Growth



I oftentimes will go on hikes... (pg.94)
RYAN MOORE | PHOTOGRAPHY

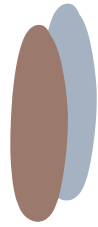
war dogs

i like to say i made this world for you,
like to talk in no uncertain terms of how i would hand-feed you stars
as though they were anything more than what they are
and i can tell you this from the side of the road,
your head cradled between my neck and shoulder
staring at the white-phantom bikes,
the wooden crosses,
dreaming of a time when we were all together and happy-
but there's fire on the horizon where i've laid siege on the afterlife,
and the tender of your fingers are losing grip against my brittle palms,
telling you that this is your kingdom, your castle-
so build it with your blazing eyes
the same way you say my name,
as though it was translated to mean war



The Birth of Venus





reflections of an aspiring corpse

said my dying cat angel
 nancy
 dont play fiddle
 with milky teats
 said
 always eat your
 ice cream
 and remember to sniff
 before you fall
 (down the stairs)
 said my dwindling angel
 the best hiss is
 a well aimed hiss
 said strength of will
 is key to survival
 (so is five thousand
 dollars) said
 ill eat when i
 damn well please
 or whenever youre ready
 to fork over the
 ice cream
 said my sweet
 dying cat angel
 third times the charm
 with regards to near death
 experiences said
 nancy you foolish
 thing
 weight is a construct
 in my heart
 I identify as chubby
 and round and
 youll never find my bones
 under all this

ice cream
 said my lovely (yet swiftly
 dying) cat angel
 behold
 I bring you tidings of great
 joy
 because that is what
 a graceful angel such as
 herself
 ought to say
 (if they say anything
 at all)
 said large poops
 are a benefit to no one
 especially the plumber
 says weemp womp
 or some other
 such nonsense
 each time she boops
 a wall
 for she is a positively
 silly thing
 and not quite graceful
 at all.

This is an ode to my cat (angel)... (pg.91)

CARLY WERDEL | POETRY

tapetum lucidum

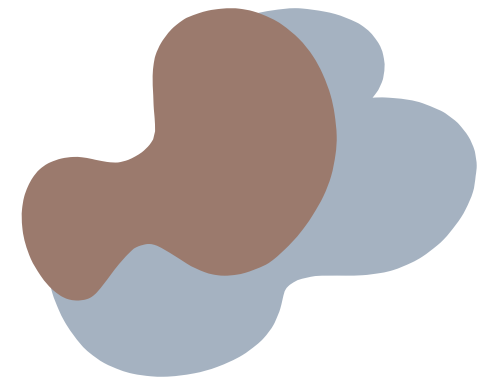
hold me down-
 i'd give anything
 to run wild like coyotes
 in the summer rain

can you see my ribs?
 do my eyes reflect your headlights in the dark?
 i want to be trim and mangy and feral;
 i want to be pitiable

crouched and cowering
 will it be the july dirt
 or the august floods
 that make a creosote-drenched corpse?

in the face of base desperation-
 a last stand of solitude-
 what good are claws,
 are jaws?

it's like this:
 the road,
 the car,
 the creature



Everything I do is from... (pg.94)

PAIGE DINGMAN | POETRY

Cat Calling

"Get the spicy tuna rice ball,
The texture is like cat food
I think you'll like it"
I've been compared to a cat
Many times
My taste in food
Finicky
And expensive
Especially for the body I've chosen to leap over
today
At times I have bouts
Of obnoxious yowling
That draws attention to my scratchy, annoying
self
Even when I don't mean to
Then it falls
Into unnerving silence
Where even when I speak
I'm never quite heard
I pad on quietly
I stare on eternally
Yet even with the gift of feline observation
I wobble with kitten uncertainty
Eyes blind and milky
Throat emitting a pitiable sonar of mews and
begs for mercy, guidance, purpose
I bare my teeth and hiss like any cat
I'm scruffed and tossed into the river like any
cat
I curl around nothing when I sleep like any cat
Until it's that time when all cats bleed for
libation to their skybound lunar mistress
Then I sleep on my back
Stomach exposed
To hands
To claws
To a death nine times less painful

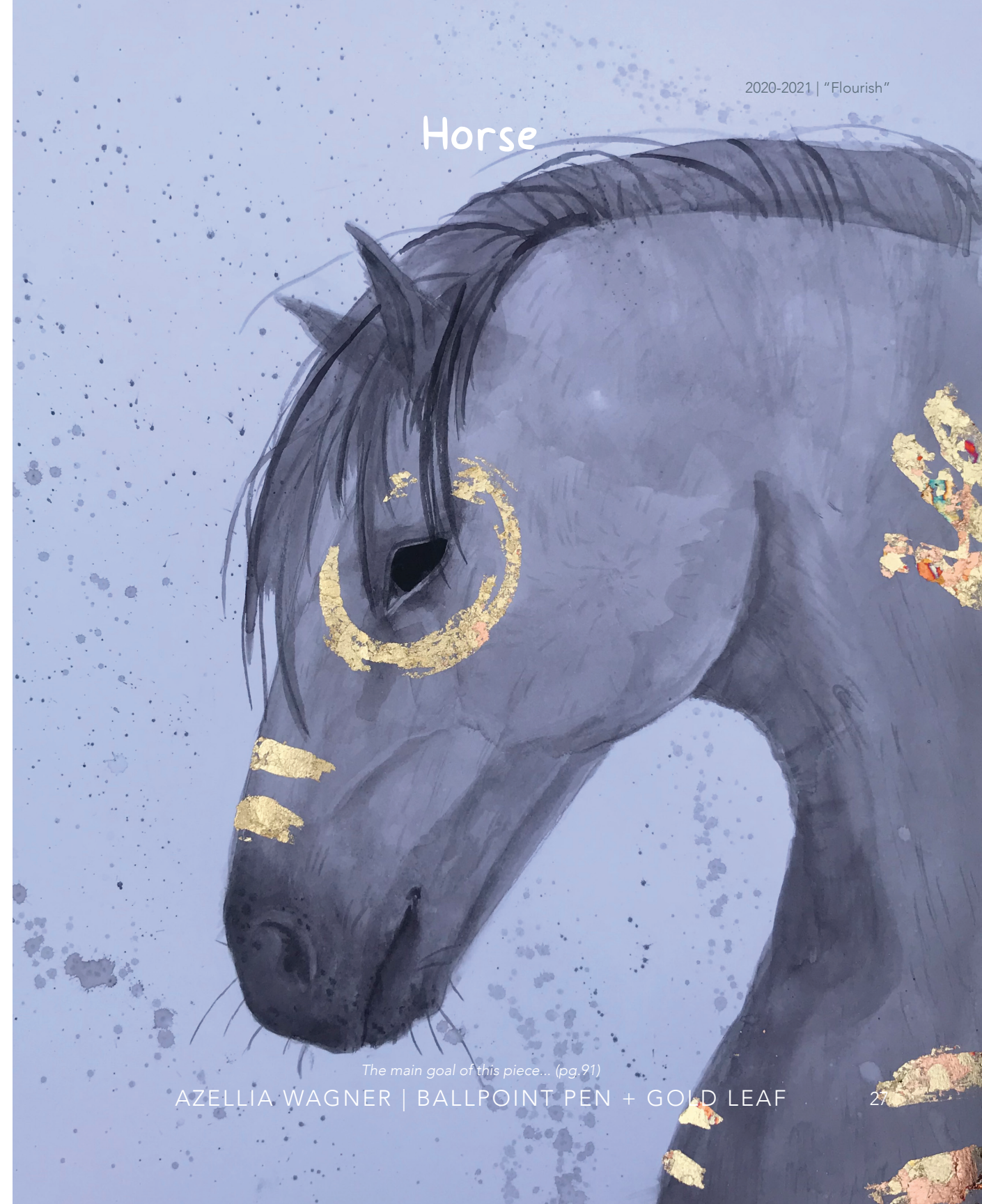
Then having to live in a world that
prefers dogs
So I'll stay low to the ground,
shadow drawn in tight
Solitary in life, forgotten in oblivion
I, the cat shall bow to everyone,
everything else forever
To the dragon
To the snake
To the horse
To the sheep
To the monkey
To the rooster
To the dog
To the pig
To the rat
To the ox
To the tiger
Even to the rabbit
Because I'm just a lowly cat
Who didn't even make it onto the
calendar.

2020 has been pretty rough... (pg.91)

BAILEY GRIFFICE | PROSE



Horse



The main goal of this piece... (pg.91)

AZELLIA WAGNER | BALLPOINT PEN + GOLD LEAF

America

Poor country, afraid to know itself,
 Thy children cry
 Thy people die
 Your huddled masses yearn to breathe free-
 Yet you would not.
 Let us be free,
 Let us unite
 Our hearts as one
 Under this word we used to know as Democracy,
 But have forgotten
 With that sweet taste of liberty.
 America, I weep for you
 Yet my tears are not idly spent-
 They are the beginning of a flood of words
 That will tear down
 The towers of oppression our "leaders" have built,
 And wash away the red stains of selfishness within their souls,
 Until their scales are ripped clean and they are human once again.

And after 150 days,
 We will step out of our arks
 Onto dry ground
 And the earth will sing
 A new song of freedom.



Sometimes poems come to... (pg.93)
 LEAH KAHN | POETRY

Untitled



Black Lives Matter (pg.92)
 HAYDEN STILL | FILM PHOTOGRAPHY + ADOBE

Ascending



Art is exploration... (pg.92)

The Beast

I am running.
Chasing what cannot be chased
And fleeing from that which there is no escape.
I dart over brooks,
Under logs that once stood tall,
Through piles of gnats that some higher being
Tossed out carelessly into the troposphere.

I feel as though I have triggered an avalanche.
As if a pebble the size of a small country
Has set its sights upon my behind, and has been
Seeking to squish me into its collection.
I skid to a stop at the base of a cliff and do not
Look back.

And then, as if I had disturbed its slumber
The beast arose from the horizon,
Rays of sunlight curving to accommodate its
grand shape.
One booming eye casting judgment down upon me
And an expression so ancient,
Not even the gods could read it.

A great being of light and shadow it was;
Affixed to the forefront of my mind like a waterfall,
Beautiful and eerie,
Drowning out everything around it.
Indeed, the deer and the wolves and the voles
And I
Were all in agreement: it set our fur on edge.

One giant step
And another
And another
Come lumbering through the woods.
The birds have followed the sun
To whatever hole she crawls into when her silver sister
appears.

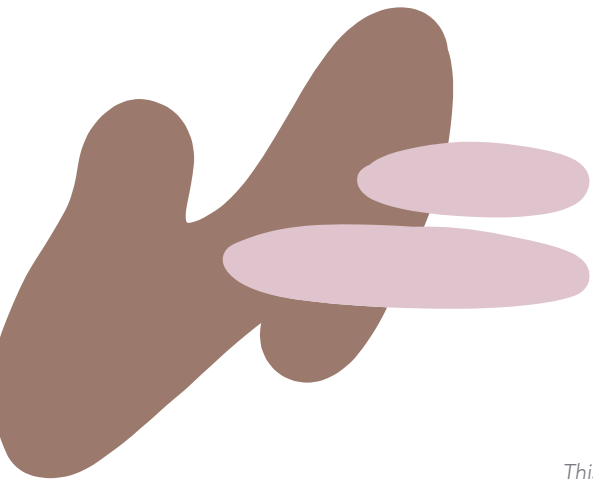
The Serpent Follows the Stones,
The Scale Seeks Unequivocal Justice,
And The Salamander Sells its Limbs to
the Clock,
But this beast has not heard whispers
of the Old Stories.
They are too green for a creature such
as this one.

You and I,
We're not so different.
I can read that expression on your
face,
And I know what you have to say, O
Warrior,
When you curl back to look at me
through your veiled lids,
Stamp your foot like a simple bull,
And charge.

This poem was written... (pg.92)

daughter's guilt

i am my mother's daughter.
my seat in the church pew is cold,
but when i am lonely i still have my bible to hold.
i do not pray to god anymore,
yet i still ask for his help when the man on the street calls me whore.
i am not religious
but i sometimes ask god if he hates us.
my mother thinks i am another of god's ewe
i wonder if i tell her otherwise, she will hate me too.



Rita



Sidewalks

People see me everyday,
An inescapable part of the street,
Stepping all over me,
With an uncountable number of feet.

The rain has no mercy,
Covering up my tears,
Seeping into the gutters,
To permanently disappear.

Years pass by like cars,
And I slowly begin to fade,
I am starting to crack,
Soon I will be repaved.

But will I be forgotten?
Even after all those days?
To all these feet,
I'm the same as yesterday.

The best friend of the poor,
Supporter of political megalomaniacs,
Guardian of children at play,
Carrying all of society on my back.



I just felt that these poems... (pg.93)
MICHEAL G. | POETRY

Untitled



There are many well known... (pg.91)
CHRIS NOPWASKEY | PHOTOGRAPHY



Still life with cannondale and blackberries



Art is exploration... (pg.92)

Somewhere Past the Little Bridge in Corvallis

Sit down, and listen. If you don't, you'll hear the hustle of cars, and the spin of bikes behind you. You'll hear half conversations walking by and finish them with your own echoing voice. So sit down, right here on this log, and look around. Sit quietly, and listen. You can hear the woodpeckers, if the wood is hard and alive, and not dead like the log you sink into. And if you listen even closer you can find them, you can see how they land on thin branches and flash their ruby hair. And once you see them, and you watch them, you can see the little bites of bark floating away from the tree and you'll know which way the wind is blowing. You'll know how the forces out of your control are working, if you just look closely, and sit quietly. So stop your eyes from locking and just look, look at it all, the way some trees have branches swooping low to the ground, how some trunks shoot branchless into the sky until they sprout at their top, all for the same light. You'll see branchless birds and birdless branches, you'll see that grass is never still, and that logs lying flat are anything but dead. So scratch the live bark and feel the moss under your nails, push your finger through the soft logs. See the trees twisted together in perfect design, see how moss only grows on one side; see the solar panels lined row by row by row. You'll see the inconsistencies in the blue sky, and the majesty of rolling grey clouds on the horizon, if you just look. So sit down, and listen; there's so much going on in the quiet places.



These pieces were... (pg.91)

Crosswalk in Japan



This piece is based off of... (pg.92)

EMI AMPO | DIGITAL ART

Summer



All the pieces were... (pg.92)

IRYNA ODEICHUK | PHOTOGRAPHY

Lord



I'm inspired to do art... (pg.92)

JAMIE LANZA | COLORED PENCIL

GOD;

Don't Stop Reading.

God is a Victim.

"God" is a powerful word.

- We, The Humans, created It eons ago.
- Next, We abused It.

We bastardized God with such misnomers as Goddess.

- If Goddess makes you feel safe, use Her.
- However:
 - She says a "GOD" is a Man.
 - For Me anyway:
 - She prevents Me from moving beyond "Him"...
 - He Him HIS HE'LL HE'S! HE'D!!
 - **DON'T LET HIM TOUCH ME!!!**
- God is NO man.

God makes those of us who haven't grown up with It feel...

UnE_sY.

- Dear Reader,
 - If you like God, keep liking It.
 - I'm glad.
- Dear Reader,
 - If you don't like God, that's okay.
 - But Please:
 - Don't let Them **steal** It from You.
 - That's right.
 - I said You.
 - Not you.
- You are God.

You are God.

You are God.

Don't let ANYONE take that from You.

Keep building.

God;

I wrote this piece a while ago... (pg.90)

ARDEA EICHNER | POETRY

Ode to Nostalgia

Impossible to articulate
For its vast and particularity
Of oneself.

Often I find myself
Drunk off its melancholic
Warmth,

Its tainted peacefulness
Enveloping me in a
Distant state of mind-

Providing just a moment
Of pure, blissful distraction.



The human dilemma is universal... (pg.92)
JADEN BELLAMY | POETRY

Two waves



All the pieces were... (pg.92)
IRYNA ODEICHUK | SKETCH

seven ways to slice a banana

1. You place it, fully peeled, on the tracks before an oncoming train. The train immediately derails upon impact. As the metal slides across the glistening asphalt, sparks skidding in every direction, you contemplate the beauty of fire.

2. You read that given enough concentration, your brain has the power to emit a Light Amplification by Stimulated Emission of Radiation, or LASER. It is powerful enough to cut through anything, even a banana. You place the banana on a plate. You sit. Stare. Focus. Focus harder. It should only be a matter of time now. You focus, and wait.

3. You put on that new pantsuit with those sexy, sexy shoulder pads, your hair swept up all smooth in the back and punctuated by a snappy black hair clip. You look sharp as fuck. Upon seeing you, the banana is overcome, and slices itself.

4. You challenge Darth Vader to battle, and against everyone's strong recommendations to the contrary, you choose to bring a banana to a light saber fight. It was the disbelievers first mistake to doubt you, and worse, to doubt the power of The Force. After successfully destroying Vader and freeing the enslaved masses who now worship you as a god, you turn the banana on yourself, slitting your own throat. No one should have that much power.

5. Upon completion of the utter devastation of planet Earth, you decide

to colonize Mars, bringing a banana with you as 'emergency rations.' You quickly realize that Mars is even less habitable than Earth, and the soil is completely unsuitable to grow anything tastier than poop potatoes. Starving, delirious, and deprived of adequate oxygen, you find an ancient piece of petrified space dust and cut the banana into thin circular slices, then arrange them in the shape of a word. HELP, you write to the beings that may be. (homesick is what you would have written had you had enough slices.)

6. You bury the banana in a prehistoric marshland. You die. Then reincarnate yourself ten million years later as a big-brained hyper-communal insect that has adapted to record high climate extremes. The leader of the bug government is an archeologist. You become the new leader. As head bug archeologist, you use your powerful exo-skele-shovels to uncover the now fossilized banana and display it in a bug museum with a plaque talking about its role in primitive nutrition. All the bugs who attend the bug museum are very impressed. This is why we elected you as head bug, they would say.

7. You take a knife and just fuckin send it.

This poem is very much a... (pg.91)

CARLY WERDEL | POETRY

ctrl alt delete



ROBIN WEIS | INK

Nikita's Car



Peppers



Cover Story



I'm inspired to do art... (pg.92)

JAMIE LANZA | COLLAGE

middle school

i learned a lot in middle school
 like how teachers don't question,
don't dare unravel that spool
 so here, my greatest impression :

when a girl , age twelve, is dropped off hoursearly
 and can't find warmth among that crimson brick
 she is not offered (notworthy)
 to come inside, and that sort of feeling sticks

These pieces encapsulate... (pg.93)

MAHAL MILES | POETRY

Freshie

There are barely any lights out here. Only the spread of miles of land carved by man. Patchwork carvings of various browns stick out against the vivid dark green of the once untamed forest. So different from the desert dryness of the home I leave behind. The only similarity is the winding ant tracks of humanities asphalt. One of the few providers of blips of light. As the wing of the plane elegantly dips, for but a moment the cabin is bathed in the vivid red glow of sunset. And in this slowly reaching darkness, I reach finality in my change.

In the pine grove

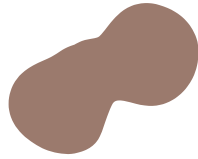


Way Up High

ARI KNIGHT | PHOTOGRAPHY



Rouse



My first time attempting... (pg.93)

MADISEN KINNER | WATERCOLOR

Something Unspoken

After I destroyed myself,
before I opened my eyes for the last time,
could I have changed who I was?

Did I have to be someone who
everytime, couldn't do anything, but
fail? Alas, I cannot.

"Goodbye" I said to myself.
"Hello sweet whimsical death"
I was welcomed with open arms.

Just as I recalled every happy memory I
kept one thought in my mind.
Looming, always there.

My mind slipped from my brain,
nothing remained.
Only the cold breath,
protruding from my cold lips.

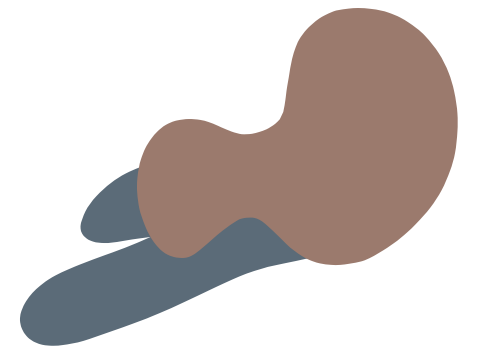
"Quiet" I said.
"Rescue is near"
Something Unspoken.

Then I saw it.
Under the lids of my eyes.
Vexed about me.

"Welcome" He said.
"Xenagogue" I replied
"You were expecting me?" "A
zoothapsis, how could I forget?"

I wrote it for class... (pg.92)

DYLAN LEWIS | POETRY



Patroclus

The waking sun falls on your gentle face
Like the ocean breeze
Like crashing waves

Hyacinth and lilac dance on your skin
Like babbling brooks
And naiads
And forest kin

We race the beach laughing
In shady dunes were collapsing
A wild tangle of strong limbs
My soul finds yours
You sing us hymns

I keep these memories
Like the tide hoards pearls
I wish I could hold you
Your shoulders to me
Just us, against the world

But the Fates had other plans for us
I watched you fall
I felt the string cut

Dropped
To the dust

My soldier
My lover
Traded for glory
"I'll never leave you"
Swore thee

Oh how cruel
Our story

I would lay my head upon your chest
And trace the lines of your palms
Now I'm a mess

And your feet
Aren't where they used to be
Always chasing mine
In ecstasy

Oh, you were a masterful craft
There's been no one in my arms
After all of that

And your eyes
Aren't where they used to be
Ever meeting mine
Now misery

I wake up in panic
No, I can't stand it
Where are you dreaming?
I'll come if you tell me

Tell me how to dance
To dance in the waters
The waters of the river
The river of darkness

Darkness of Styx

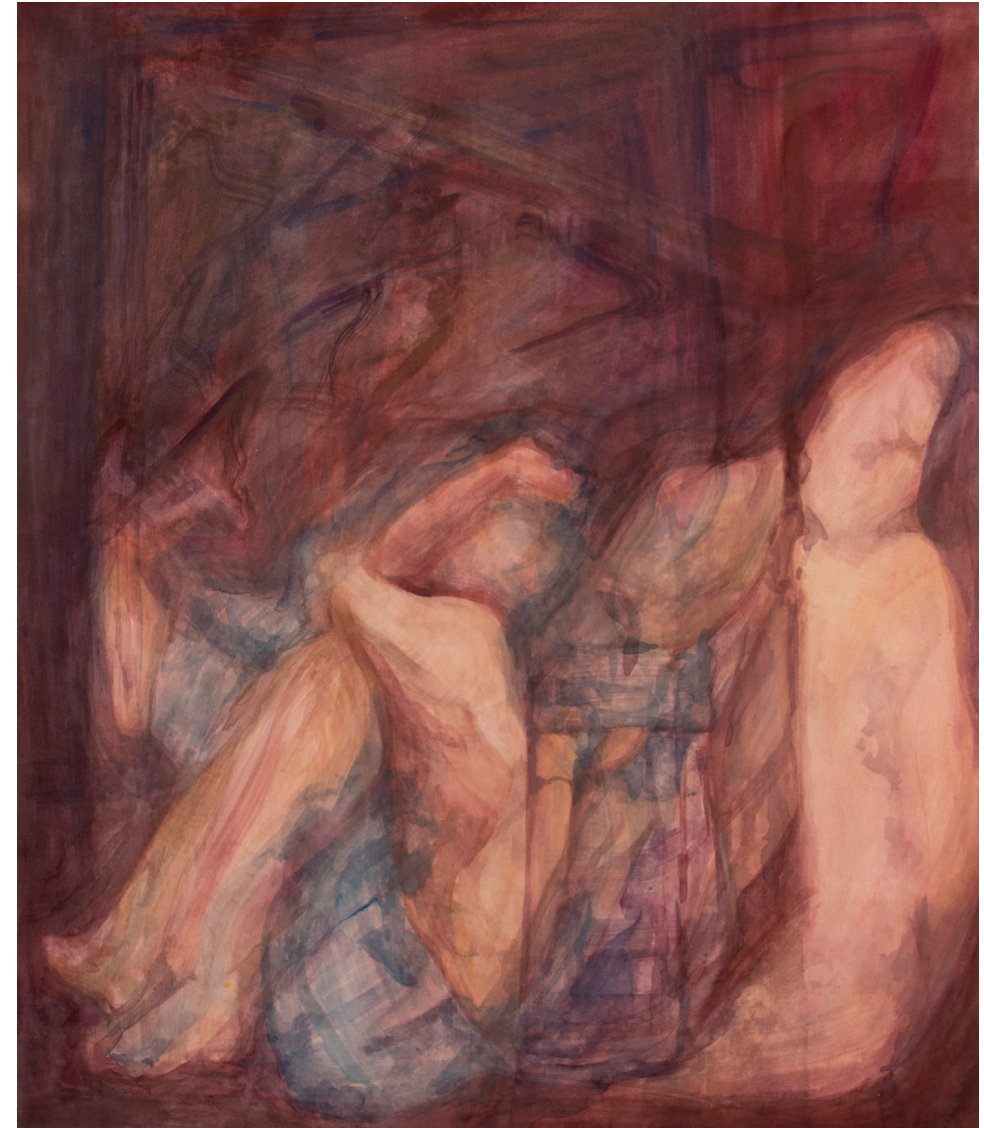
Where you go I follow
My promise isn't hollow
For there is no me
Without you

Oh mother, please deliver
I can wait no longer
Tis why I'm going under

I'm going under
For you



Tribute to Blue Blanket




Treehouse



"Treehouse" is the first... (pg.94)

Let me slip



Let me slip
Into something more comfortable
Like the ethereal morning mist.
Trading the cage of my soul
For a wood to melt into.
Let me be ingrained in the bark of every tree
My heart pounding through the rustling leaves,
Let the forest be so thick you can smell me
Somewhere where the pine strewn floor
Meets the muddy earth.
I want to breath in
And have the trees creak as my lungs expand,
And exhale
With the cool autumn wind.
Find my voice
Singing with the bird song
And the frog croak
And the bat's yawn.
Find my soul seeping
Through every wormhole
Of the wood
And reach out
To feel the wood's embrace
As I lean in
For a kiss.



Sometimes poems come to... (pg.93)

Ode to the October wind

Have you ever heard the birds sing,
And been so full of sunshine and love
That you could not help singing with them?
Autumn is full of moments like that.
And trees
Trees with the green dripping off them
Lazy as honey
Spinning off a spoon.
Lay me limply
On the branches of the tree
Staring up at such
Luscious greenness
And let me die,
My body a monument
To the October wind.

Sometimes poems come to... (pg.93)
LEAH KAHN | POETRY

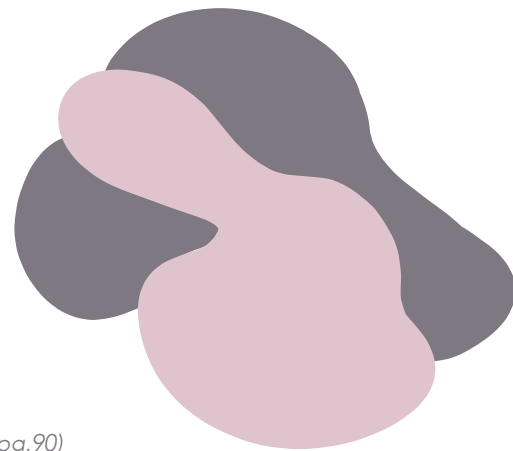
Simple Beauty



MOLLY PISZCZEK | INK PEN

my lover, my savior

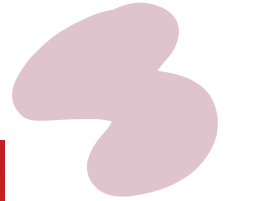
i read her song of songs
i tell her pools is a euphemism for vagina
she laughs.
she asks why a euphemism and not just a metaphor
i do not have the answer.
i recite solomon's words into her ear
between her thighs
god is inside her
if we are an abomination
then why have i only ever felt holy with her?
if we are sinning
why do i feel no shame?
if we are broken
why am i whole when she calls my name?
she touches my shoulders
i do not have to cover up
she touches my breasts
i do not have to hunch
god promised me freedom
i did not know freedom until now
the church is wrought with false teachings
i know now my lover is the truth.



This work is a reflection... (pg.90)

ANONYMOUS | POETRY

Obscene!



"Obscene!" is about photographing... (pg.94)

RIDWANA RAHMAN | PHOTOGRAPHY

Accessorize



This piece was originally... (pg.92)

DESIREE WEATHERLY | DIGITAL ART

J via Zoom



J and S are two... (pg.93)

LACEY PROSOSKI | GOUACHE

Untitled



Black Lives Matter (pg.92)

Listen

Listen: when it's quiet, and people are stuck, the world comes
Back to life; dancing birds, singing leaves, and still wind.
People too, they sing and dance in rooms by themselves, they
Bake rosemary bread and shave their heads, dye
It pink, and dance some more. They post and listen
To the whirl of happenings like music on the subway.

They remember what silence sounds like:
Police sirens whirring past dark tinted windows, dark
Enough to hide the face behind. Black
Walls in a dark room eating sound at night.
Like the quieting beat, beat, beat, of a runner running by.

But listen: here is the point. When it's quiet
Gunshots ring loud in the streets, and
Death becomes unusual. Violence
Shouts on the screen like it's just been born.

And they wonder,
Who would conceive this bastard? and
How can they kill him, erase

The shivering reflection
Rippling in the pond,

Looking back into them.

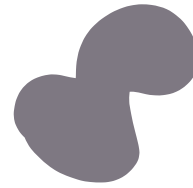
These pieces were... (pg.91)

Spaced



Made with abstract techniques... (pg.92)

KEVIN REYNOLDS | ACRYLIC ON CANVAS



My Apology to the Moon

Well shit,

I stepped out onto the three steps leading to my door
With a glass of red wine cooled by frozen grape
(Hold your scorn)
Because like a chilled pearl it seeps into the liquor,

And then I saw it;
The most cliché shooting star
Blowing across the entirety of the sky.

Walt Disney must have thrown it
Through the yellow streetlight lit sky
With a whistling, rhyming song.

But how could I not write it into life?

I know it's a dismissible cluster
Of dying dust and rock,

Anything but a star;
Carbon, hydrogen, iron,
All in a simple, fleeting composition.

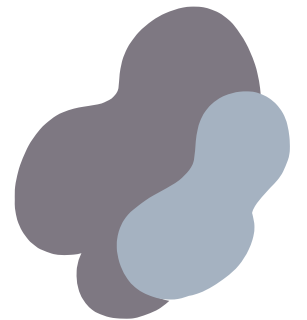
But it felt like more, like it was mine,
Like it died for me.

To have something that can't exist without you,
Something that comes alive through your eyes,
Is self-inflicted magic.

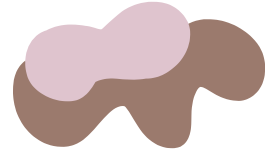
There's no point in lying on the page;
I miss the burnt up rock.

But now the moon looks back at me,
Asking why I mourn the death of something gone
And dismiss its endless being.

For the moon does chase us
As long as we chase ourselves
And watch burning rocks fly across the night sky.



Support



dancing to fleetwood mac



the gap between my ears

Called out of classes for the 5th time this week.
 Lying in bed but frankly I'd rather be sleeping.
 Avoidance is treating me just fine though, thanks!
 Only thing is, the internet can't sleep.
 Voices around the globe deafen deaf ears.
 Nobody knows how to fix...
 Everything.
 Everybody's talking, getting tired, talking again.
 Racist cops egged on and on and on while
 Legislature struggles to keep pace with snails.
 National experts speak and no one listens.
 Y"OU CAN'T TAKE MY FREEDOM!"
 Over it.

Ugly. Useless. Ungrateful. Unhelpful.
 G"irl, talking like that won't save the world!"
 Suck it.
 Ugly how I refuse to take action. Useless when I try to change.

I feel like little more than "intellect" and "influence"
 Squandered.
 Listening was never a strong suit. I'm just leaning out.
 Pretend I'm not here and you'll be better off.
 Take away plastic badges and I'm the same I ever was.
 Actions lead to headspace in a way, I guess.
 Yesterday was a whole week of getting dressed.
 Cynicism isn't getting me anywhere. But in all that's going on, is enough...
 Enough?

I wrote this acrostic poem... (pg.91)

ARDEA EICHNER | POETRY



oracle



Everything I do is from... (pg.94)

PAIGE DINGMAN | COLLAGE + DRAWING



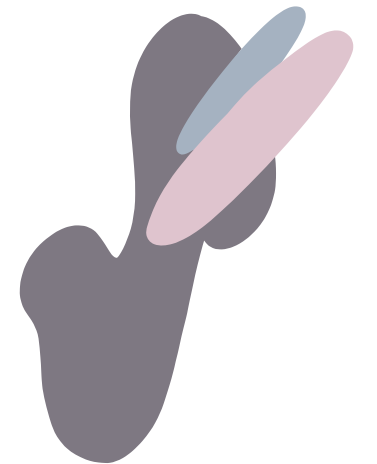
219 Untested Rape Kits Destroyed by the MN Police



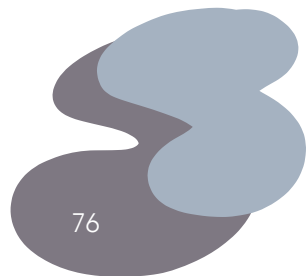
My piece "219 Untested..." (pg.90)

flowers will grow

how blind do you have to be to not see the word "stop" escape her lips when tears were kissing my face instead of you were you deaf to them or did you not care is it my fault that my antidote a four letter word was trapped behind walls negated by an army of thoughts saying you owe him this they say i'm being a girl dramatic i want to say the only reason i survived is because i am a girl we are built to bring life to the world you don't know how hard i am trying to bring life to myself i tell myself it is not my fault it is not my fault it is not my fault the poison was slow releasing i've heard that's the type that kills don't fucking touch me the toxin might kiss your skin leave it's mark on you like he did me he is my poison and there is no antidote boys will be boys and i will be me and he will go on and the flowers he took will wither and die gardens need water not blood i stand in the rain and let only the storm touch me hoping it will wash him away and maybe someday flowers will grow here again



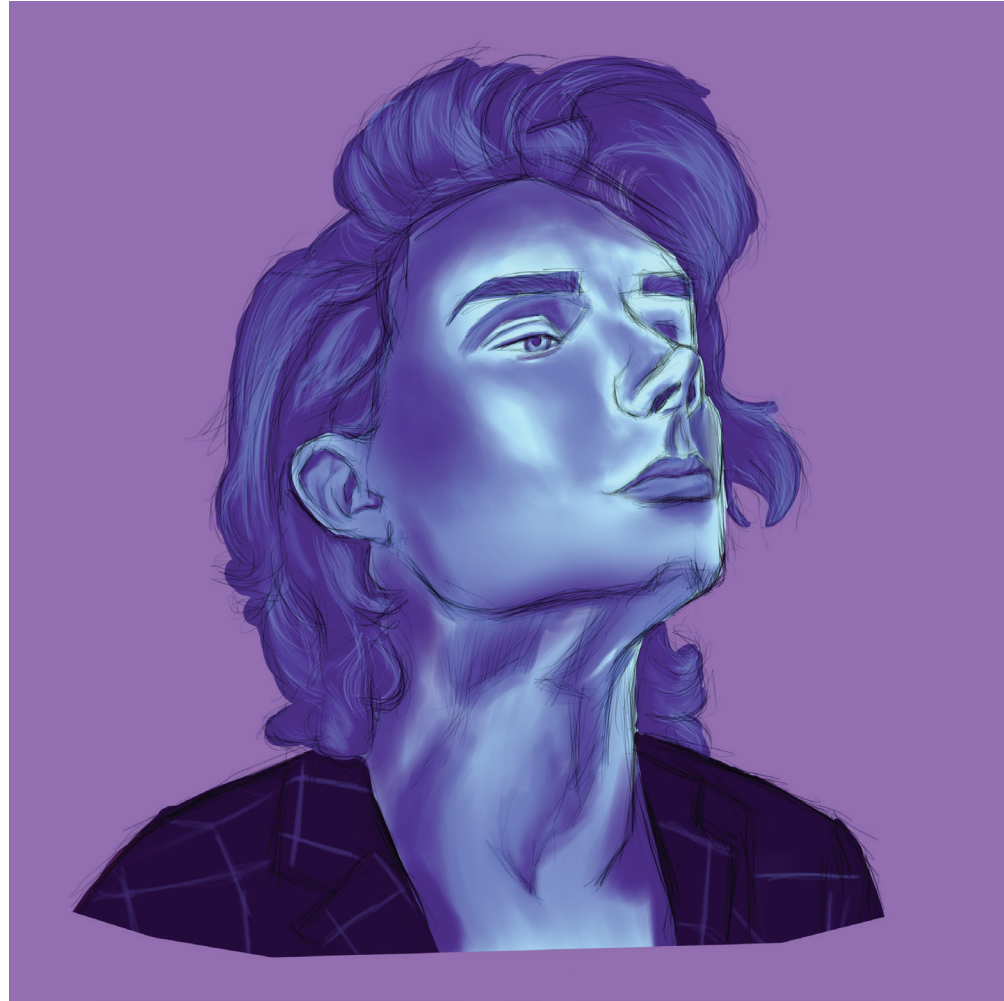
Abandoned Bay Area



Castelo de Sao Jorge - Friends in New Places

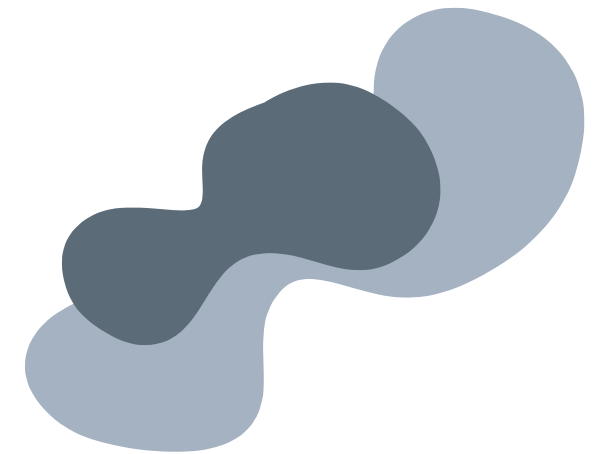


boyInPurple




Boys, Boys and Girls

To me,
They are all a cup of tea
With a spoonful of honey-
Both rough, tough
Sweet and soft.
I do not care for particularities
Color of the eyes, skin
Or hair-
For we are all children
Of mother mammalia
Why should it matter
The form of our genitalia?




holy water

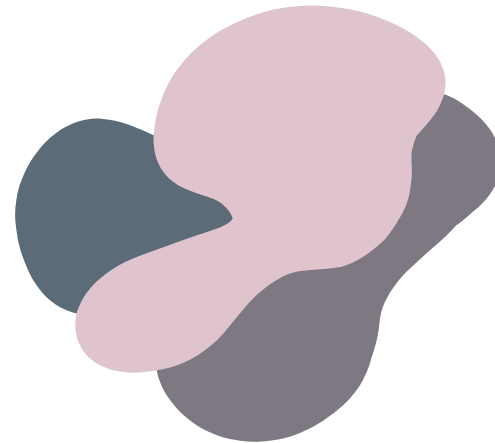


being with you is like the air when it's almost
raining,
the ocean sky full of spring water
like i am full of love for you.
i could flood the earth
and drown the moon
and still be overflowing.
you are the scent after it rains,
washing away everything else, every other part
of me,
warm and soft and i could sleep here,
in this rain,
drinking you in, the truest holy water.

This Box is Ours



Multicolored Christmas lights
Twinkle overhead
The shadow of February
Turning us to stray kittens
or floppy bean bags
Filled with dried rice-
Put us in the microwave
Let us be hot and smelly once more
'til then
We will hold each other
Hostage under all these blankets
Your warm smile lit by a
Greenbluepink glow
And this cluttered
cardboard box of a room
Our only shelter from the rain.



This is a set of poems... (pg.93)

KJERSTYN JORDHEIM | POETRY

This poem is about... (pg.91)

CARLY WERDEL | POETRY

Glass Secrets

Scribbles her day out on a calendar
as a reminder to what she did.
Every day detailed and tossed into a jar full of memories,
followed by the lid.

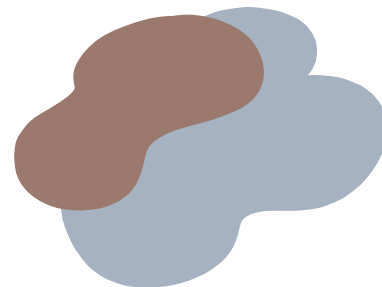
Ex-lovers and best friends will guest star in her daily notes.
Folded in to the future,
as a secret,
and I will wonder what she wrote.

It is one day into our mutually acknowledged existence that I hear this story.
It is not but two days later my name is written out beautifully, in glory.

I grin as she tells me I made it on the wall,
world record, golden days pinned perfectly in the hall.

The jar's her secret keeper,
never shared a story ever.
Let my name be repeated in your handwriting forever.

It is unknown to me whether I will become acquainted with the jar,
or simply an Etch-a-Sketch drawing shaken out from afar.
I loathe the idea of the latter,
but vulnerability is paired with pain.
I would rather her break my heart, than never know my name.



This piece was inspired by... (pg.94)

NATALIE KRILL | POETRY

Foundation

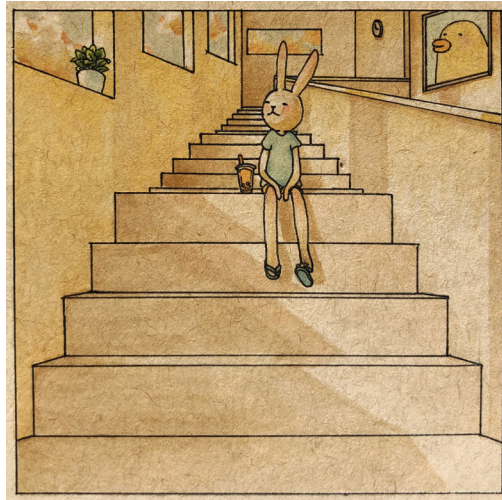
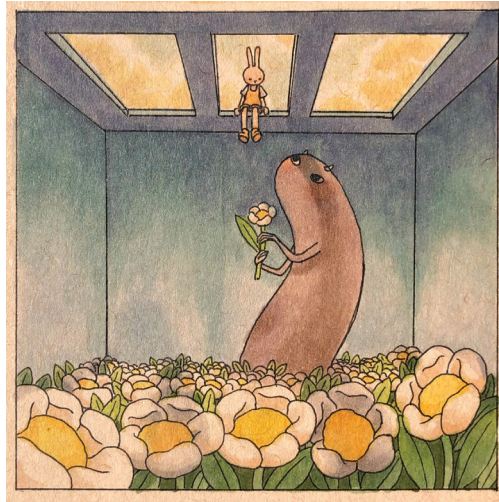
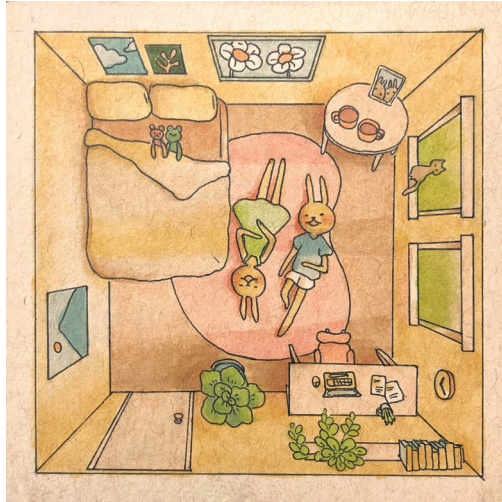


This was just a fun doodle... (pg.91)

ARDEA EICHNER | INK + DIGITAL ART

Chatting; Flowers for Bun; Yuzu Tea; High Tea

Flora Apartments



This is a little 3.25"x3.25" piece... (pg.90)

This was a large project... (pg.90)

Metamorphosis



The journey is always a... (pg.92)

JESUS REYES | MULTIMEDIA + PHOTO

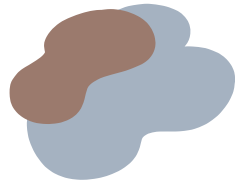
wildflowers

i wish i could capture the feeling you give me,
 the moments when our breathing matches
 and we are floating
 glowing
 you make me a monarch.
 a queen and a butterfly,
 walking on air
 in the never ending sunrise,
 no,
 you are the sky like it was tonight,
 when you said
 "look", and
 i can't describe it because it is you,
 warm and bright somehow in
 hues of blue
 watching over me
 and holding me under the firefly heavens.
 i have no wishes
 that i whisper in the dark
 because u & me break through all the glass
 & shatter all the jars;
 loving u is alive & as vivid as the wildflowers i
 tuck into your car
 even though i know they blow away in the desert
 wind,
 sweet & soft across the storm like the universe,
 infinite,
 of us.

This is a set of poems... (pg.93)

KJERSTYN JORDHEIM | POETRY

Untitled



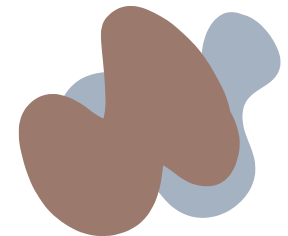
Other piece is about... (pg.92)

KEVIN REYNOLDS | MULTIMEDIA

Your Spring



**Still from video*



Wanted to capture an... (pg.92)

JONATHAN GANAL | VIDEO



Artist Statements

Cover Artists**Ridwana Rahman (Front)*****Beach Day***

"Beach Day" was from a couple summers ago, one of the best summers I've ever had, and I also just love the people in it.

Robin Weis (Back)***Onslaught***

I'm often revisited by the apparitions of the places I've been and the sporadic infusions of familial presences that populated them. My concentration currently consists of overlapping, abstracted forms taken from distorted family photographs. Just as time warps the physical imagery, the mental imagery soon follows. It is this imprecision of recollection that I've sought to capture.

Amal Kadem***My Father's Daughter***

This is a piece about grief.

Ana Pearse***219 Untested Rape Kits Destroyed by the MN Police; Peppers; Rita; Support***

My piece "219 Untested Rape Kits Destroyed by the MN Police" was created as a representation of the 219 untested rape kits that were recorded to have been destroyed by police departments across Minnesota. Wanting to bring attention to this unjust and alarming action, I sculpted 219 cotton swabs out of polymer clay to resemble the swabs used in rape kit testing. "Peppers" is a photograph that I created through the use of my pinhole camera (made out of a cardboard box). Once the exposure was completed onto light-sensitive paper, I developed both of the prints in my at-home darkroom to create negative images. After the negative prints had been produced, I ended the process by making positive prints (depicted in above images) via light, negative print, and light-sensitive photo paper. My two drawings "Rita" and "Support" are both pieces that were created as impressions of my surroundings.

Influenced by the momentary and fleeting aspects of time, I create flash drawings with a pen and journal paper to document people, places, and/or things that I note in my everyday life.

Anonymous***daughter's guilt; my lover, my savior***

This work is a reflection of the violence I have faced, both as a woman and a member of the queer community, at the hands of the Christian church; as well as the love and the power I have chosen in spite of those traumas.

April James***Flora Apartments; Chatting; Flowers for Bun; Yuzu Tea, High Tea***

Flora Apartments: This was a large project that satisfied my desire to squish as many details into one piece. The end goal is to make a puzzle out of this drawing! If you want to play Eye Spy, find the frog face (there's one that I know of) and find all seven birds.

Chatting: This is a little 3.25"x3.25" piece with the end goal of channeling as much peace and coziness as possible when you look at it. I hope it works!
Flowers for Bun: This is a little 3.25"x3.25" piece that I drew from a prompt, "monster". It didn't seem fair to treat it like a scary outcast, so now they are pals living in different realms but bonded by friendship.

Yuzu Tea: This is a little 3.25"x3.25" piece I made to play with lighting and to fantasize about a drink I would love to try, honey yuzu bubble tea. I hope this tiny drawing brings you calmness and peace!

High Tea: This is a little 3.25"x3.25" piece that highlights one of the most pleasant aspects of life- good tea with good company. In my biased opinion, the three teas on the back shelf are the best.

Ardea Eichner***GOD;; the gap between my ears; Foundation; Mother Northwest***

GOD;; I wrote this piece a while ago when I was thinking about spirituality and how I interpreted the

Artist Statements

world. I grew up an atheist, and I still wouldn't consider myself religious, but I don't want to be scared of the idea of a "god." So I explored what that might mean in this bullet-poem, and how I want to separate the idea of God from its cultural baggage.

the gap between my ears - I wrote this acrostic poem about all the craziness of this past year. I have struggled with my mental health for a while, but between quarantine keeping me stuck inside and the whole world ending, this year has been a doozy. It felt good to put on paper in some way or other.

Foundation - this was just a fun doodle I made when I was feeling the style of Picasso. But rocks, bones, and geometric shapes all feel very grounded and foundational to me, so I think this character has what they need to do alright.

Mother Northwest - I made this piece over the summer while visiting a friend's secluded cabin by the sea. I spent long enough on the rocky beach painting this embodiment of life and rebirth that my leg got sunburnt around the shape of my sketchbook.

Ari Knight***The Beast; Way Up High***

This poem was written all in one night; holding little to no extraneous meaning besides itself. Nonetheless, it's one of my favorites.

Azellia Wagner***Horse***

The main goal of this piece was to communicate my appreciation for animals and what they do for us, more specifically I focused on horses and their past roles as a mode of transportation and a big help in hunting.

Bailey Griffice***Cat Calling; Freshie***

2020 has been pretty rough so there are definitely themes of sadness and isolation, but it's important to keep going forwards.

Brandt Bridges***Somewhere Past the Little Bridge in Corvallis; Listen; My Apology to the Moon***

These pieces were written to reflect upon our current circumstances and isolation, looking to nature and our inner voices for guidance.

Brittan Silver***Castelo de São Jorge (from series 'Friends in New Places')***

These photographs were shot in different cities around Europe. Not only were the locations in the photographs new to me but also the friends, each of whom I met during my travels.

Carly Werdel***reflections of an aspiring corpse; seven ways to slice a banana; This Box is Ours***

reflections of an aspiring corpse: This is an ode to my cat (angel) as she was dying, and a poem to help comfort my mom (nancy). Angel is now dead, so her aspirations were apparently achieved.

seven ways to slice a banana: This poem is very much a stream of conscious poem, submitted partially so I could force the review committee to read it.

This Box is Ours: This poem is about the comforts of having a space that is your own and sharing it with someone you love.

Chris Nopwaskey***Abandoned Bay Area; Untitled***

There are many well known monuments and structures in the Bay Area but some have been forgotten and lost to time. I spent my senior year in high school finding these places and preserving them as photos before they are demolished and turned into housing.

Artist Statements

Daniel Watkins

Ascending; Embarking; In the pine grove; Still life with cannon dale and blackberries

Art is exploration, for me at least. I am most interested in projects where I don't know how things will turn out. Film photography is a recent addition to my ensemble of explorations. These photographs were taken using a Dakota RZ2000 camera with Kodak Tri-X black and white film. The nature of film photography is that each shot is an experiment with chemistry and light, and has the potential for surprise.

Darcy Pound

Bravery

I wrote a few short poems, the first one of which is supposed to inspire bravery to take action.

Desiree Weatherly

Accessorize

This piece was originally for a class project. We had to pick an artist's artwork and base our work on their style. I chose Picasso. The composition is based on a still-life painting I created a few years ago in my second year of college. I created this piece digitally in Adobe Illustrator.

Dylan Lewis

Something Unspoken

I wrote it for class, and it didn't take me very long, but I quickly liked where the poem was going and how it eventually ended.

Emi Ampo

Crosswalk in Japan

This piece is based off of a photo I took while traveling in Japan. It was completed using a digital art app.

Hayden Still

Untitled; Untitled

Black Lives Matter

Iryna Odeichuk

Two waves; Winter; Summer

All the pieces were made when inspired by Pacific Northwest

Jaden Bellamy

Ode to Nostalgia; Boys, Boys and Girls

The human dilemma is universal; we all feel sadness, love, pain and happiness. I hope to capture and bring beauty to all of these in my work, because no matter the emotion present, it shows us we are here, alive and I find that absolutely lovely.

Jamie Lanza

Lord; Cover Story

I'm inspired to do art when I feel fully in the present moment of life or when I need to escape reality. I start each piece, regardless of medium, with a really vague concept and then I just go for it with my heart and soul. And I know no matter what results, it will reflect how I felt in that moment, and that's what creating is all about.

Jesus Reyes

Metamorphosis

The journey is always a challenge and transformation in the words of self discovery is beautiful, metamorphosis into one's true self is the ultimate reward.

Jonathan Ganai

Your Spring

Wanted to capture an abstract perspective of spring. Especially in the perspective of students. Heavily inspired by Japanese culture and so I had it spoken in Japanese.

Kevin Reynolds

Spaced; Untitled

Made with abstract techniques, "Spaced" is about the internal thoughts and feelings behind the mask we all wear daily. Other piece is about being left out and watching things from the outside.

Artist Statements

Kjerstyn Jordheim

wildflowers; holy water

This is a set of poems about learning that the strongest thing you can do is love another person.

Lacey Proski

Feeling Blue; dancing to fleet wood mac; J via Zoom

What do we see in each other in person that our virtual appearances mask? The paint translates the energy I get from being around others. A silver lining of quarantine is that with nothing concrete to look forward to, we have to make the most of each present moment. The people in our life are temporary and so are we.

The first two pieces, Feeling Blue and Feeling Bold, were painted live as a performance in the Truckenbrod Gallery downtown Corvallis last month - masks on and socially distanced. Dancing to Fleetwood Mac is a self portrait done in the mirror (while dancing). Those three were done with a palette knife. J and S are two friends who I painted through a zoom call last spring.

Leah Kahn

America; Let me slip; Ode to the October Wind

Sometimes poems come to me in the mist in the woods in the morning, or the sun kissing the naked limbs of the trees. But sometimes poems are my frustrations and fears written out in emotions I best express with my pen.

Madisen Kinner

Rouse

My first time attempting such a big layering piece. It was a learning process but super fun.

Mahal Miles

Half; middle school

These pieces encapsulate different ways of hurting - different ways of aching. Let us learn to show our heartache to one another. Let us begin the journey of healing.

Malini Ganguly

boyInPurple

I've been trying to improve both my use of color as well as my understanding of color theory. I used an online random color palette generator, and then layered the colors onto my sketch.

Micheal G.

A Poem for Time; Sidewalks

I just felt that these poems deserved more than gather dust.

Molly Piszczek

Solitude; Simple Beauty

From the rise of this pandemic, more and more families are losing loved ones. It's common to hear "one less chair at the table", referring to those who are no longer with us. By having to quarantine throughout this year, it's easy to feel as if we are alone and in constant solitude. Sometimes art is the escape we need to feel prepared for what's ahead. It's common for nature to go unnoticed. Sometimes we have to take a step back to see what's right in front of us.

Morgan Heffelfinger

April Snow

Art is a different perspective on looking at life. Although life gets ugly, or can be absolutely breathtaking, we view it in our own way. April Snow is a metaphor on toxic love, comparing it to stepping in freshly laid snow, and therefore stripping it of its natural beauty.

Artist Statements

Natalie Krill

Glass Secrets

This piece was inspired by the fact that I now know and goes as follows: To fall in love, I must be open to heartbreak.

Paige Dingman

oracle; war dogs; tapetum lucidum

Everything I do is from one of two places, or sometimes both, and that's love and the desert. Every emotion, even rage or sorrow, is rooted in love somewhere along the lines, stubborn like a saguaro. I want this to be felt clearly in each piece that I feel is up to snuff, whether it's blunt and bold in its assertions or placed in what's unspoken. I hope that it is.

Patricia Schmidt

Fallen not broken

All of these pieces are very dear to me in very different ways. The first two I drew when I felt really down but I couldn't bring myself to not see something good in this world. The other pieces show my passion for fantasy and mystery. Jamila is my Pathfinder character that I love very much.

Raegan Roberston

A Letter for God

I have been struggling for a long time with mental illness and have been through some very traumatic experiences. These poems that I've written have really shown my progress in getting better and finally finding some love that I have never had for myself. I am extremely proud of my work and where I am today.

Ridwana Rahman

Treehouse; Nikita's Car; Ob scene!

"Treehouse" is the first film photograph I developed by myself at home, and I love it for that reason. I took it on a walk last summer, near the rose garden in Portland. "Nikita's Car" is just a photo of Nikita's car. I like taking pictures of things and trying to make them look and feel the exact way that they did in real life. Inspired by Stephanie Sarley, "Obscene!" is about photographing fruits in a "perverted" but still digestible way. I wanted to explore imagery that could be considered "vulgar" but also gentle at the same time.

Ryan Moore

Growth

I oftentimes will go on hikes just to get outside and destress, and I find the natural patterns, like these ferns, to be one of the best parts (Growth)

Sienna Kaske

hurry mija

hurry mija, is a poem that traverses through city streets from the father's perspective walking his daughter to her first day of school. Yet it represents more than a walk. The young girl, unaware of her surroundings, depends on her dad to guide her to their next location. Coming from a place of protection, the father reminds his daughter what he taught her in order to prepare for the world. Through writing this poem, it has allowed me to remember and release certain pains that existed in my childhood. It allowed me to give voice to my younger self and appreciate the journey of where I am today. As change, is a community call for collective liberation. The original drafts of this poem centered around me, yet as I was writing and editing it, I realized that the story I am trying to tell is much bigger than myself. In order to imagine and build a world where equity and freedom exist, we must work together and understand our unique differences in order to see our similarities.

Artist Statements

Tessa Coffey

The Tree's Don't Have Eyes; Dan; The Birth of Venus

I have primarily focused on the human figure in my artwork, especially women, but recently I've become fascinated with insects and animals, especially animal skulls. My recent work has reflected this interest with more animals making appearances into my pieces along with other elements of nature. I try to maintain a degree of realism in my art but make it more personal to my own style with vibrant colors and elements of surrealism. Having a strong color pallet is integral to my work and I try to render my figures avoiding the use of white and black for a more vibrant and striking effect. Although I have begun incorporating men into some of my pieces, I prefer creating art centered around women and femininity. Femininity is often associated with weakness or passiveness and the female body is overly sexualized, especially in media, so I choose poses and bold colors to make the women in my pieces appear powerful. I'm inspired by very graphic, illustration style artists, hyper realist artists and more expressive, abstract artists which has lead me to experimenting with these different types of art.

Weiming Shi

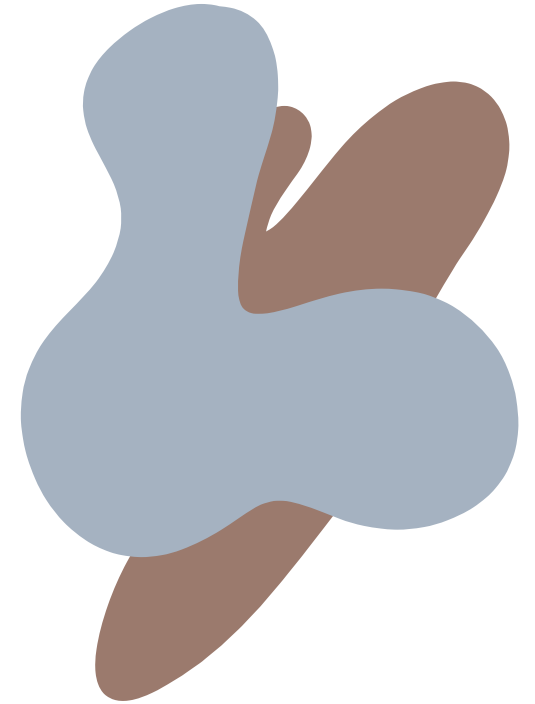
Broken

This is a project of photo manipulating and it talks about "Rebirth", which means you can just break yourself if you do not like yourself and try to be the men who you want to be, and I try to present this idea through all elements or effects that in this photo.

Zane Yinger

Patroclus

I wrote this poem on a rainy afternoon after reading The Song of Achilles by Madeline Miller. The love that unfolds between Patroclus and Achilles is breathtaking and delicate; such a treat to read! I just wanted to capture and share all the feelings this story germinated in me.



Solitude



From the rise of this pandemic... (pg.93)

MOLLY PISZCZEK | PHOTOGRAPHY



SUBMIT TO
PRISM

HEAD TO THIS LINK FOR MORE
INFORMATION

<https://www.orangemedianetwork.com/prism/site/submit/>



Students from any major are welcome to submit.
Literary, visual, and multimedia art of any kind is accepted.
Up to five pieces per person are accepted.

