

DREAMWORLD | BY ALEXANDER G STARKE

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Alex Starke is a graduate of the University of Oregon with a degree in Medieval Studies and a minor in Early Modern European History. He met his wonderful wife, Anne, while singing in the Johann Strauss operetta, Die Fledermaus. He and Anne currently reside in Eugene, Oregon with their Pack of Jack Russell terriers. Alex loves to write on almost any topic from travel to Sci-Fi short stories. When not writing, traveling, doing photography, or taking dictation from Thor, you will find him most afternoons in his backyard flinging the sacred orb for Thor. This is his second time up at Lane Community College, this time he is going for a degree in Multimedia Design.

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FUTURE REFLECTIONS | BY MARGARET ROSE

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Future Reflections depicts the artist with eyes shut, reflecting on their hopes and goals for their future in an abstract dream-like setting. All materials except the photograph of the artist were scanned into a computer. The natural materials were all gathered while on a walk with their two-year-old child.

Margaret is studying Graphic and Web Design at Lane Community College. They aspire to have their own design studio and to be able to provide their skillset to organizations focusing on social justice and activism in the community.

Find more work on their Instagram!

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GRATITUDE: SUNSET OFF THE OREGON COAST | BY ALEXANDER G STARKE

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GRATITUDE: THOR, MY HEART AND SOUL | BY ALEXANDER G STARKE

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NIGHT MEMORY | BY LESLIE HOUGHTON

1 Comment / Winter 2021 Publication

Memory—tricky, slippery, fluid, changeable

Every remembering physically changing that memory in the very synapses of the brain

My brother recently said of my mother, she was always ready to laugh

I said, I can't remember her laughing, ever

I have no memory of her laughing, I said

Then it came to me in the middle of the night—an image, a memory

I'd finally remembered my mother laughing

Riding in the car with my family a very long time ago

Traveling through the dark night together

Feeling of total safety

Total belonging

They gave that to us that night in our two-tone, faux “woody” station wagon

But it was illusion, that safety

No seat belts back then, in our hurtling tin can

All the same, that doesn't mean it wasn't real, it wasn't true

Or maybe it wasn't true

But it was real

Rushing forward through time and space

A little space ship containing a universe

Laughing, talking, making jokes, playing games

Dad driving, the steady captain of our little ship

Mom, the cruise director

I finally remembered

Oldest brother in the highly coveted way-back of the station wagon, lying on sleeping bags and pillows, looking out the back window at the lights going by

Talking, talking, talking, holding court, holding forth

The rest of us a captive, but mostly benign, audience

Ok, now everyone laugh hilariously at everything he says, she said, our cruise director

Thinks he's the king of comedy on a roll

Now, she said, don't react or laugh at anything

Perfect complete silence

Was that when he sensed something was up?

Or did it happen in the reverse?

Memory slips again

As I recall it, fallible synapses again at work, he redoubled his efforts

Trying to recapture his audience

Until the game was revealed to peals of laughter

Laughter filling the car that night

And still sounding faintly in my ears

Having fallen in love with reading and writing stories as a young child, Leslie is now able to spend much of her time indulging those passions. When not writing or rewriting, you will find her walking, making photomontages on Photoshop, doing yoga, or cavorting with her sprite grandson, River. She has recently completed writing her first novel, Morfphology.

Leslie lives with her husband and their sweet Hawaiian rescue dog, Ono, in beautiful Eugene, Oregon—a university town that proudly still holds tie-dye in high regard.

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1 thought on “Night Memory | By Leslie Houghton”

 JENNIFER MEACHAM
MARCH 12, 2021 AT 7:57 PM

This is a very sweet story! Thank you for sharing.

★ Like

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SAFE AT HOME | BY A CITLALMINA XOCHITL RIOS

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A Citlalmina Xochitl Rios is a poet, photographer, and printmaker living in Eugene, Oregon. She is currently an art major at Lane Community College, in fall 2021 she will be attending College of Creative Studies in Detroit, Michigan. She can be found on Instagram @citlalminaxrios Her website is [www.acxrios.com](#)

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SKINNERS BUTTE RAINBOW | BY JACOB

3 Comments / Winter 2021 Publication




I love capturing vibrant colors on camera as well as exploring Oregon. I'm 20 years old in my second year at Lane. This photo was taken at skimmers butte park on a rainy day last year. This photo is one of my favorites.

Find more work on Instagram!

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3 thoughts on “Skimmers butte rainbow | By Jacob”



TAY Q

MARCH 12, 2021 AT 3:37 PM

An Absolutely stunning image of the widely known area in a perfect beautiful light. Way to go jake! – Taylor q

★ Like

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CARSON

MARCH 12, 2021 AT 10:28 PM

I love it jake!! -obie

★ Like

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ZAHJAHNE

MARCH 13, 2021 AT 12:17 AM

This is beautiful jakey ❤️

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THE STORM AND THE DEVIL | BY KEEGAN LEVI POND

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I thought I'd made it through the storm.
That we clashed, and went our separate ways,
As far away from each other as the world would allow.
But the storm did not move.
While I sailed, it stood raging,
The eye was far wider than I let myself believe.
Now the storm sifts through the wreckage,
My disappearance only provokes,
What can be done with what remains?
Once upon a time I was the devil.
They put me in his shoes but I danced anyway,
The storm didn't like that.
The devil didn't like that.
The other side approaches.
My body aches, but my mind stays the course,
The storm is silent.
I am silent.
Then the crash of the waves returns,
As if it were whispering, "Welcome home."
Where is Hope now?
What if I continue towards it and am swallowed by the sea?
Even as I ask myself, I press on,
And if it carries me on forward, then hope is alive.
The devil sends the storm?
I sail into the storm.
You *are* the storm?
I can swim.

I'm a student and a franchise-owner who loves to tell stories. Currently applying to study abroad in Vancouver Canada.

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1 thought on “The Storm and The Devil | By Keegan Levi Pond”



ADELE MORZIER

SEPTEMBER 29, 2021 AT 7:12 AM

Like many of my classmates, I have a lot of online work and examinations to do in a short period of time. I'm also sick of having to attend online classes that I don't want to go to any more.. take my online class for me, a service I discovered a few months ago, definitely saved my bacon. In the event of a pandemic, this is very important. It's already being used by all of my pals, and everyone seems pleased with it.

★ Like

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YOUTH AMONGST THE SHELVES | BY A CITLALMINA XOCHITL RIOS

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