

2020 DISBELIEF; 2020 STUDENT LIFE | BY YULIA GRAHAM Leave a Comment / Fall 2022 Publication Next Post → ← Previous Post Leave a Comment Your email address will not be published. Required fields are marked * Type here.. Name* Email* Website Save my name, email, and website in this browser for the next time I comment. □ Notify me of follow-up comments by email. □ Notify me of new posts by email. **POST COMMENT »**



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A SPIKE FROM THIS SEASONS HUNT | BY MATTHEW MCCOY

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A :	Spike	From	This	Seasons	Hunt -	Ву	Matthew	McCoy
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"Hello,

My name is Matthew McCoy, and I've lived in Oregon for 7 years. I'm a manufacturing student at LCC. I love finding beauty in rough situations, and I find photography relaxing. The deer was a spike from this season's hunt."

Matthew McCoy

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I DON'T WANT THE SEASONS TO CHANGE | BY THOMAS DRAKES

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I Don't Want the Seasons to Change byThomas Drakes

It snowed the winter I met Julia in history class. The other comedians and I were bothering people when I shot a lucky glance towards the window facing the courtyard. Their voices faded. Snowflakes fell from out of view and disappeared again behind a head of pitch black hair. The girl was bored, her lips slightly parted, the lower one jutting, her brown eyes directed at her laptop. Her cheek, dotted with rosacea, was propped up on a graceful hand, half the size of mine. She sighed with the world.

No one had ever looked that way to me.

The autumn after that, we would be sitting on her second-story porch overlooking the yard where her mindless little dog jumped around. Her mother was somewhere behind the screen door fixing us tea. We held hands in the quiet elation that comes from being with the first person who noticed us-being a couple months into it, sharing the joy of reciprocated attraction and attention, unaware of the things we were still figuring out at that age-and there was something else in the air.

Julia turned to me all of a sudden and said, "Thomas?"

I saw her years later in the summer at a job fair. I was sitting under fluorescent lighting, holding a terrible resume, looking for an excuse to take off. My eyes caught black hair bobbing forward in the queue. I braced for the disappointment of thinking a stranger in a crowd had her face, the constant sting of things like black hair and little dogs and white Priuses, those things my brain draws me to in order to place my ex-girlfriend back in my life. A guttural clarion call sounded within me instead, the one that says, "it's her."

Her eyes met mine. I searched them for the same flashes of love, disappointment, abandonment, but theyweren't there. Still, I raised my hand to wave. Winter. God, who is that? How had I never seen her? It must have been kind of funny the way I stared before I went over there, the way my friends laughed, but I managed to make her laugh too for the rest of the period. She told me things. She thought her favorite animal, the emperor penguin, was kind of like her. She told me she was going to finish the term early to go visit some family, and I promised I would call her sometime, see if this would go anywhere. She held up her yellow highlighter and told me, "This was the highlight of my day."

Yeah, I'd call her.

Autumn. I faced her, the meaning in her eyes dawning on me. We both had a freckle just below our left iris. Nothing had faded yet.

"You know the hand thing?" She gave my hand terse squeezes-one, two, three. She'd introduced the gesture at the zoo the day before while we looked at two penguins.

"Yeah."

"You knowwhat it means, right?"

I chuckled. Something made me look downwards. "I don't think I do."

Summer. Under the humming lights, she made her way over to the bench where I was waiting to be called. As she sat down, I could see she still had the red in her pale cheeks, the hair in her face, her hands clasping her own black folder. Her hands. My hair stood up on the back of my neck.

> "Hey, Julia." "Hi, Thomas. How have you been?" Almost matter-of-factly. I was hoping I didn't

recognize her tone because it was more adult, not more apathetic.

"Oh, I've been having ... a lot of fun." "Well, I'm glad that you are," she sighed, looking around. I realized I wasn't sure

whether she meant the occasion or the years since the last time I saw her, when she wiped her face and stormed out of my car. I shook the image. We exchanged a few more words about our new schools and lives before she was

called away to speak to a recruiter. She got up and glanced at me. Her freckle was there-I detected the slightest shift in her gaze as if she saw mine too. Until then, she'd been indistinct, like she'd run into a coworker, but that moment, us, lasted forever. She gave me a restrained smile, some acknowledgement that it might be the last one. Later, when JCPenney told me that I wasn't what theywere looking for, I made a

point of passing her on myway out, meaning to say something, anything. My heart pounded as I got close to her. Whatever I wanted to say came out as a brisk "goodbye"-I thought maybe I heard a somber "bye" in return-and I was through the doors. I couldn't believe how fast it was. I crossed the white rows and columns of the parking lot, wanting things to be

different more desperately than ever before. I wanted it to make sense for me to throw my keys over the fence, to rip my folder in half and break out of my shoes running back to the doors. It didn't. It hasn't snowed since that winter, but I still dream in the shades of white. We walk

in my old neighborhood under the snow that fell on us before we knew it wouldn't, hand in hand, and the houses and trees don't really render because all my insensate brain needs to bring is her. Other times, I dream that both of us are leaving our college graduations, holding our teaching degrees. We run into each other and say that we have plans to move, laughing about the similar lives we'll lead, and both of us are biting our tongues waiting for the other to say something, but we don't, because really, there isn't anything to say. I don't want to have to carry a gallon of white paint wherever I go to brush a new

coat over all my regret and longing, to pretend the memories they taint aren't close to washing away entirely. I don't knowwhat I'd be left with. No, I like the first dream. On that walk, I haven't lived the years of my life that have passed since high school, since highlighters, since Julia would take my hand and squeeze three times-One, two, three-

"I love you."

I'd have the courage to say it back.

Thomas Drakes is an education student at Lane Community College aspiring to teach high school English.

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LET ME REMIND YOU OF THIS: YOU ARE NOT CRAZY. | BY JORDAN COEN

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Let Me Remind You Of This: You Are Not Crazy.
By Jordan Coen
Let me start off by telling you this:
You are not crazy.
In comes the teal colored pill that you have to take
And suddenly-
Thud! Thud! Thud! you hear
as if it were in your ear and not your heart
Let me remind you of this:
You are not crazy.
You know how everyone says when you die
everything shuts down?
Well, it's true.
Let me remind you of this:
You are not crazy.
Suddenly it starts
Your heart:
Thud! Thud! Thud!
Thud... Thud... Thud...
Then everything else:
You feel your kidneys stop working
Your blood stops coursing through your blood
Your eyes can't open
They just shut down.
And you give in
But you're not suicidal
Trust that
Oh, no, you're just done
There's nothing you can do to stop the inevitable
So you just give in
and close your eyes
and everything turns pitch, pitch black
Everything, pitch, pitch black
And there you go, gone
But you're not
Let me remind you of this:
You are not crazy.
Let me remind you of this:
You are not crazy.
Let me remind you of this:
You are not crazy
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"My name is Jordan Coen and I currently go to school at Southern Oregon University (SOU) where I'm majoring in Educational Studies in order to become a teacher. My minors are Creative Writing and Gender, Sexuality, and Women's Studies. When I'm studying or in class, you can usually find me writing, reading, watching my favorite shows, or hanging out with friends, family, or my pets. If you want to see more of my writing, you can follow me on Instagram at Jordancoen2."

Jordan Coen

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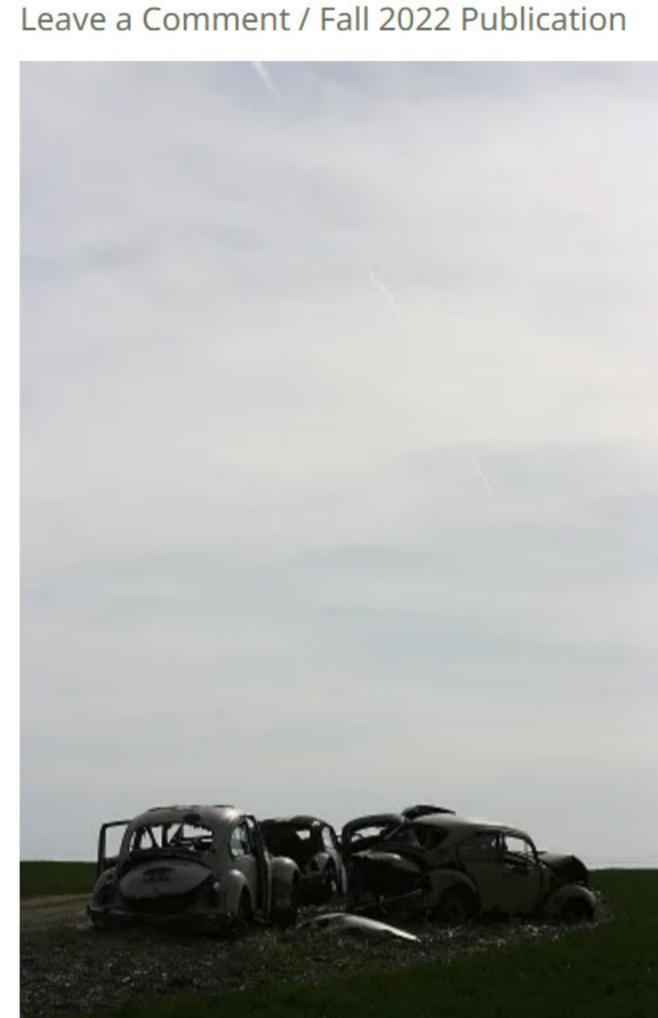
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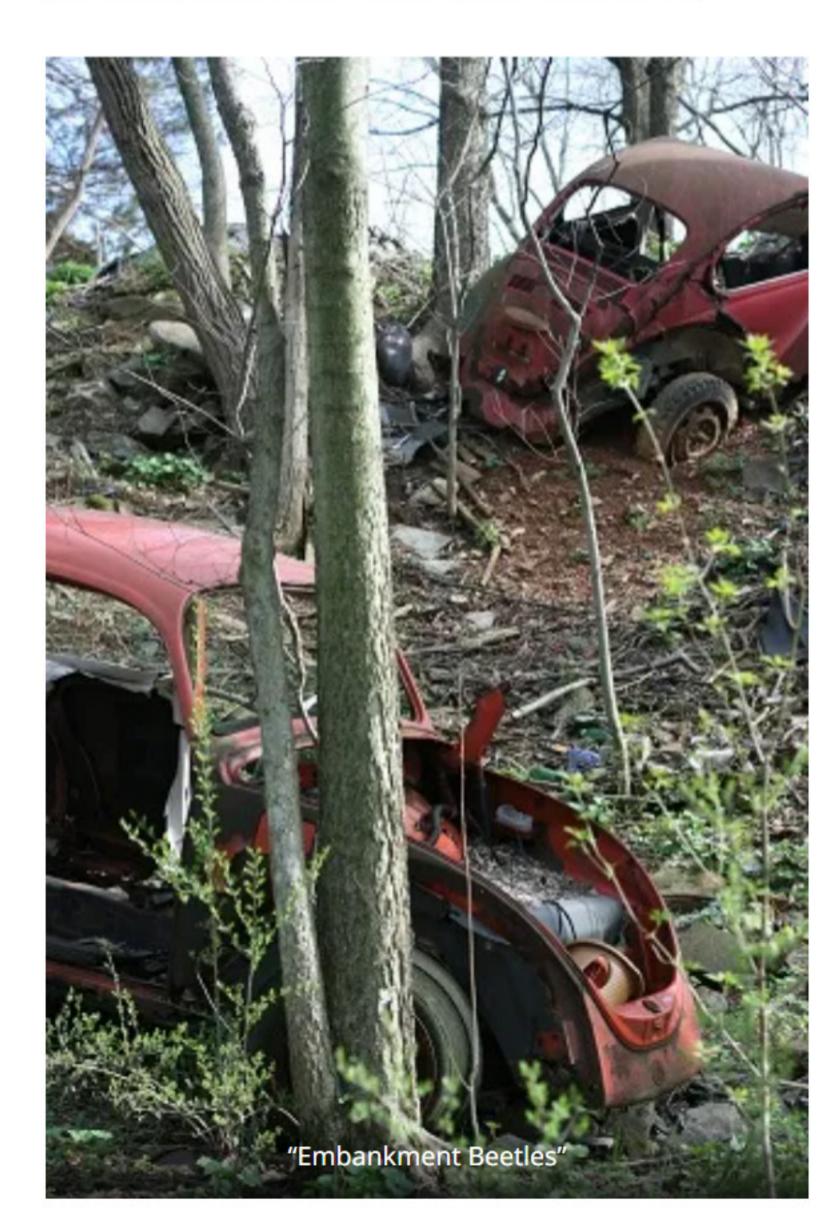
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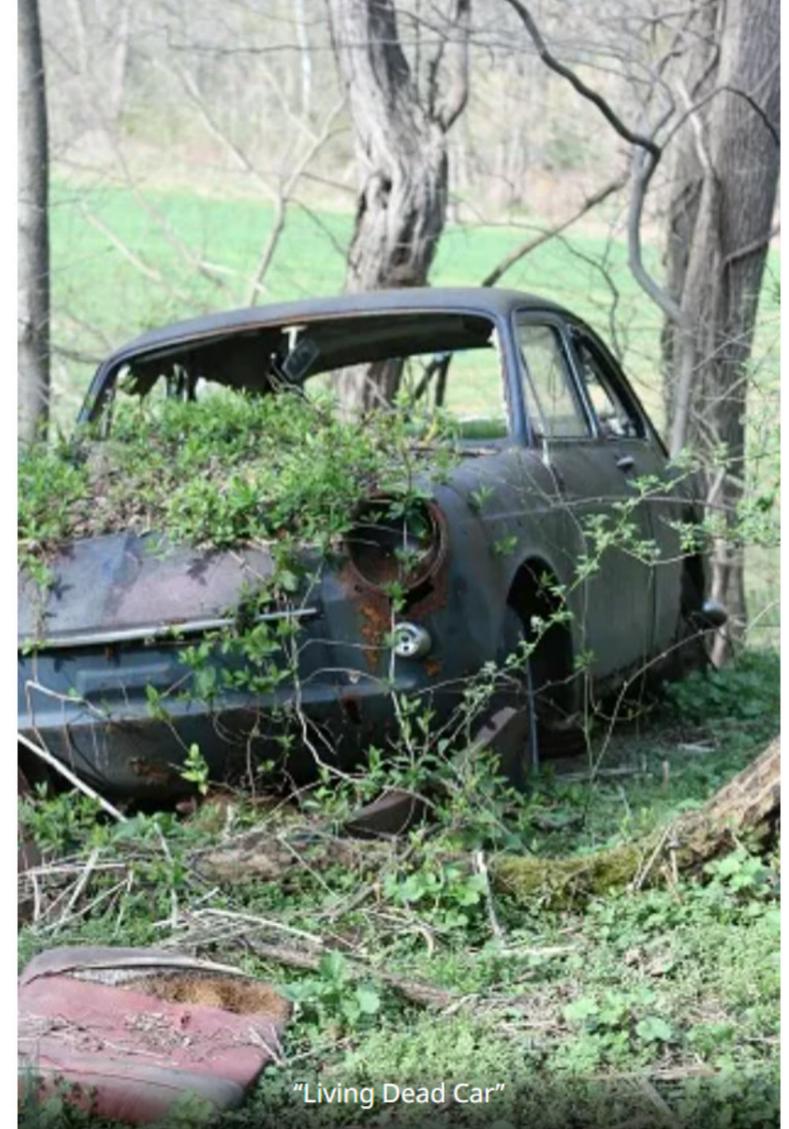
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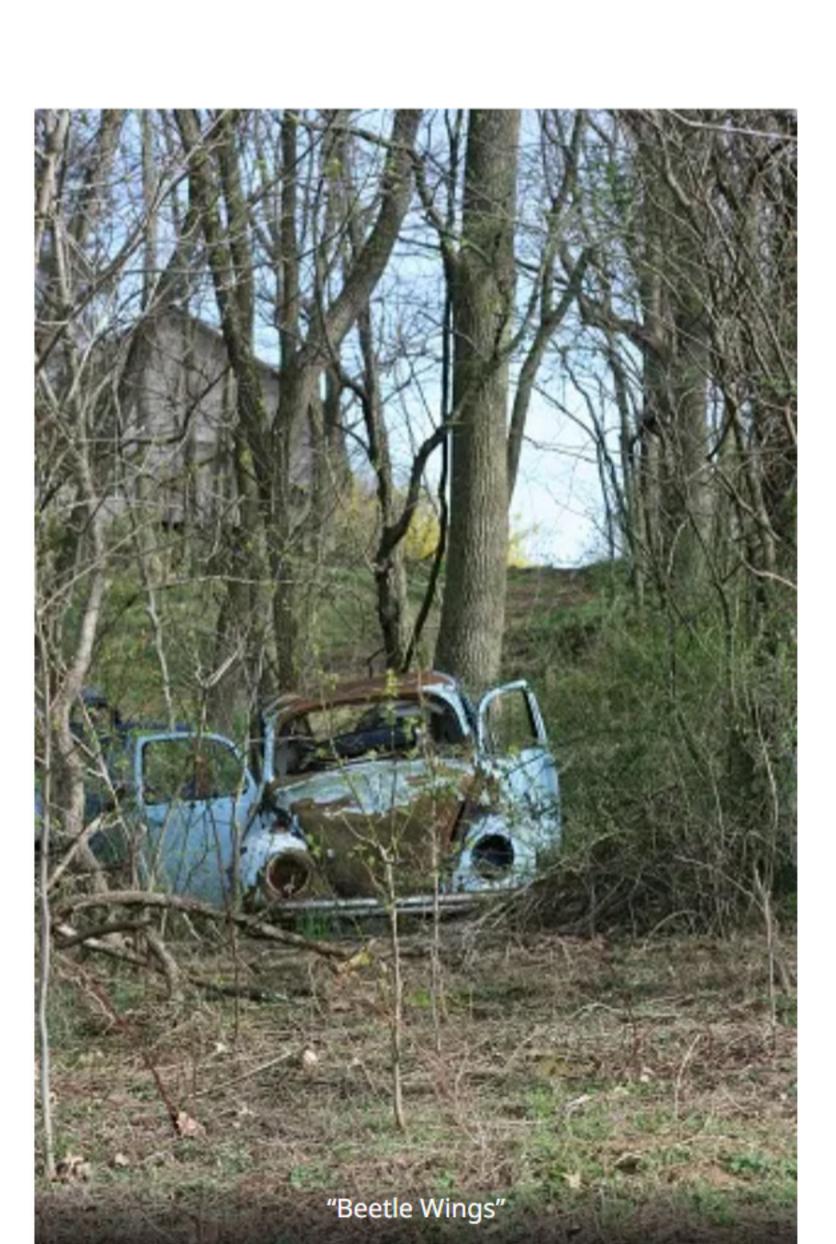


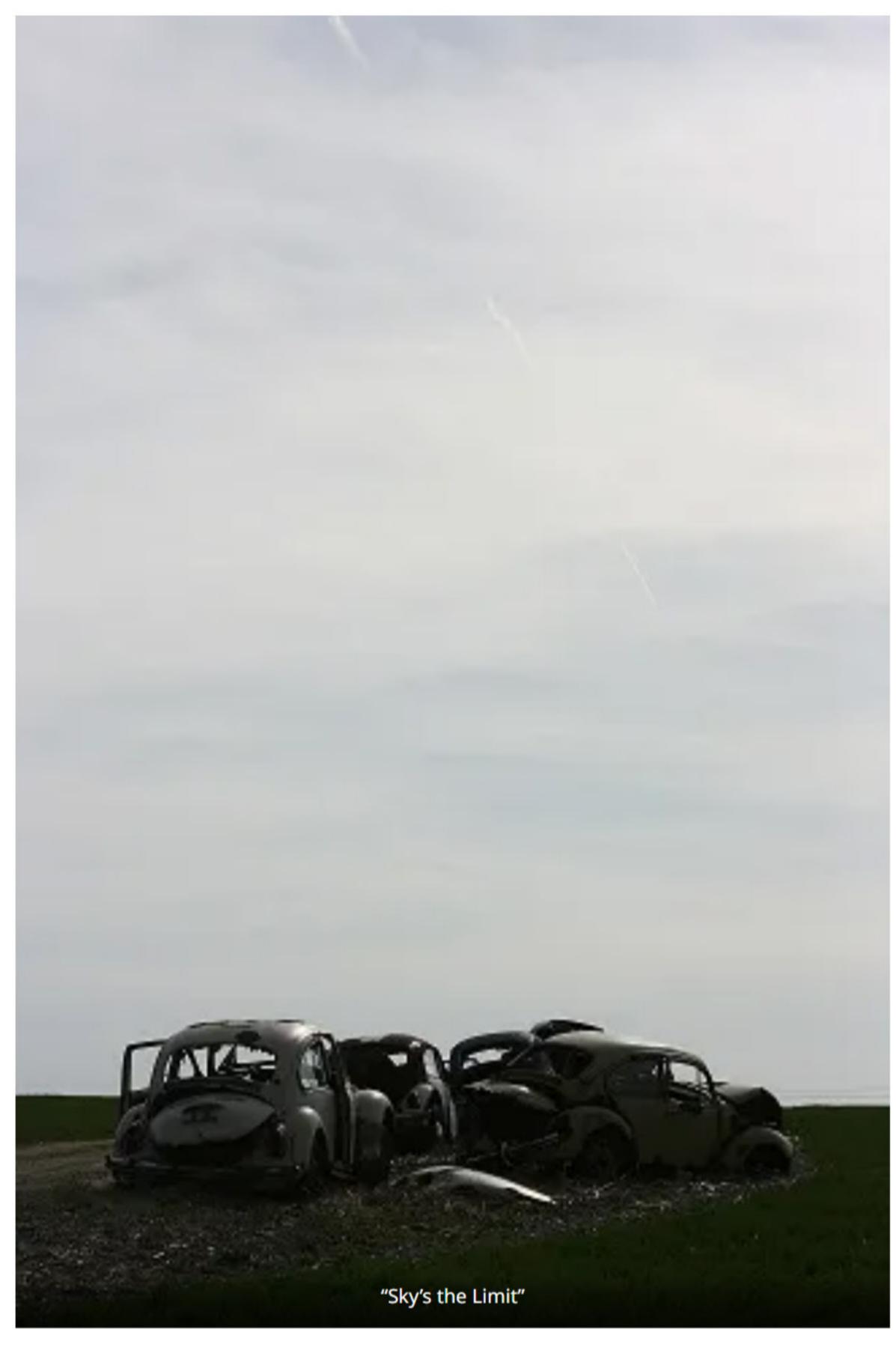
PHOTOGRAPHY SERIES | BY EMILY CRAMER













"I am an Art History student at LCC. The photos I have submitted are from my time as a photography student in high school in Pennsylvania. These are some of my favorite images I have had the pleasure of capturing. For me, the photos are very nostalgic because the location is a place I used to live in Hellam, PA. The land was littered with rotting Volkswagens covered in living plants and vines. The cars are gone now, so I am glad I was able to capture these images and share them with you."

Emily Cramer

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WASTING AWAY | BY JASPER BURCHARD

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Wasting Away – By Jasper Burchard

Hi! I'm Jasper! I've been doing art for most of my life, all different forms and mediums. This particular piece is graphite with a little sharpie thrown in. The concept for this piece was more of an emotional decomposition being displayed in a physical way.

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