

A NAP | BY KRIZIA WALKER

[Leave a Comment](#) / [Spring 2022 Publication](#)

“A Nap”
By Krizia Walker

A nap.
Waking up after sunset has struck the far away mountains.
Heavy purple hum.
Stiff-limbed and feverish thrum in your cheeks
Blanket-branded, sweatshirt-stamped skin
Annotating motionlessness.
Dead to the world, though sweet like sap—
a nap.

In the kitchen, a thoughtless swig of lemonade
To hurry, to awaken a brain cell brigade
Low blood sugar limbo
Where did the time go?

The rule is- drool is- uncivilized, unladylike, ugly
So you wipe it away, but do you remember the days
of kindergarten hours
On mats with trains and flowers
Clouds and simple houses- (square, squares, rectangle, triangle)

You closed your perpetually mesmerized eyes and let gravity embrace you
While you raced after dreams in the room’s dim hue
as teacher unspools a story
and hush falls like first snow

Hypnotism
A simple prism
A bubble in time
A blip.
Fleeting as a wing’s flap.
A nap.

I’m a Psych/Inclusive Education major. I love reading, writing, watching booktube channels, and watching horror movies. My favorite band is Wolf Alice. I’m neurodivergent, enneagram 4w5, and a Virgo through and through.

[← Previous Post](#)

[Next 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Your email address will not be published.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 »

BUD TO ROSE | BY SOLOMON BATENHORST

Leave a Comment / Spring 2022 Publication



Hello, I am Solomon Batenhorst and photography is a side hobby that I enjoy. In this year’s theme, I thought it would be fun to try photography and explore my creativity.

← Previous Post

Next Post →

Leave a Comment

Your email address will not be published. Required fields are marked *

Type here..

Name*

Email*

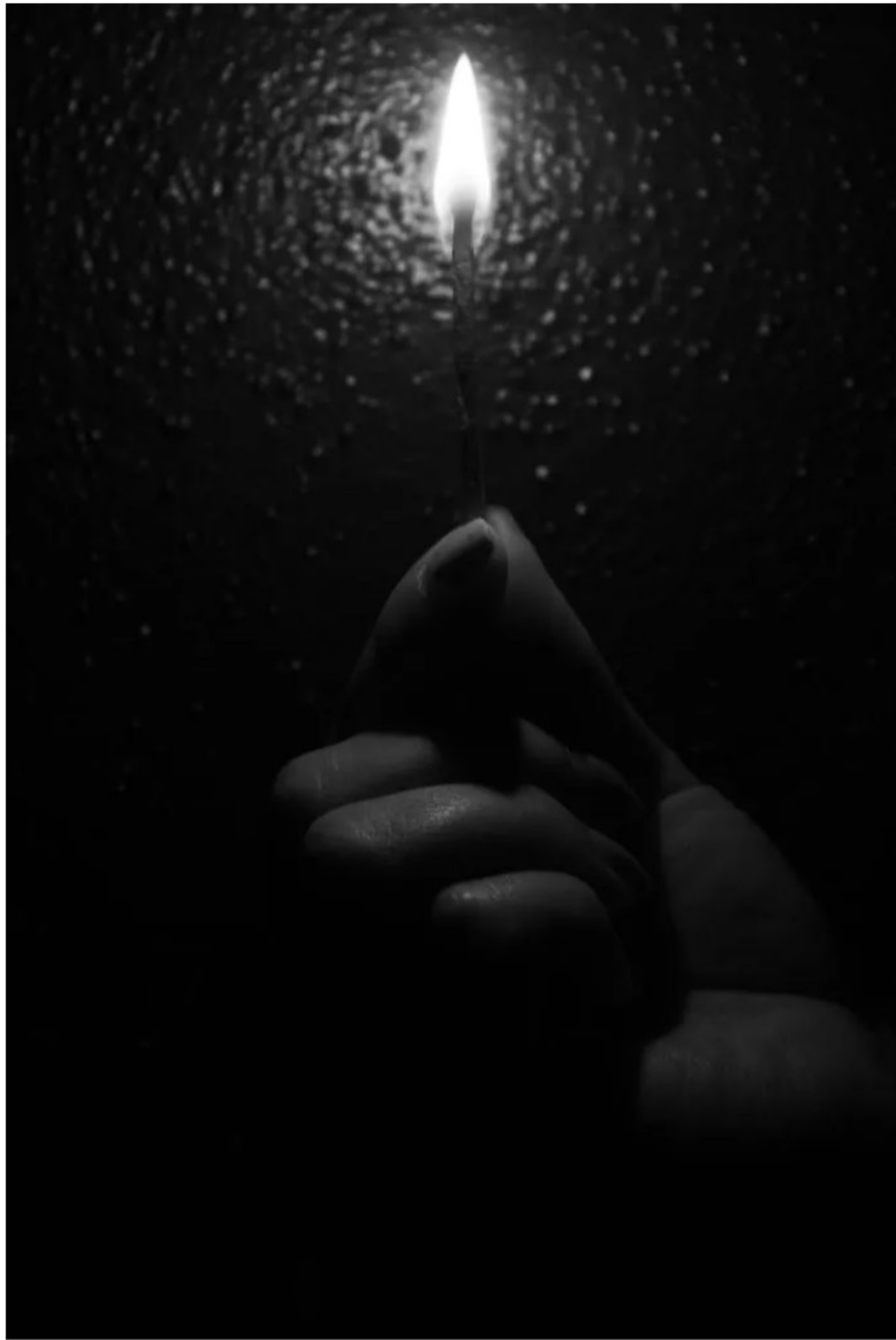
Website

- ☐ 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 »

BURNING MATCH | BY SOLOMON BATENHORST

[Leave a Comment](#) / [Spring 2022 Publication](#)



Hello, I am Solomon Batenhorst and photography is a side hobby that I enjoy. In this year's theme, I thought it would be fun to try photography and explore my creativity.

[← Previous Post](#)[Next 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.

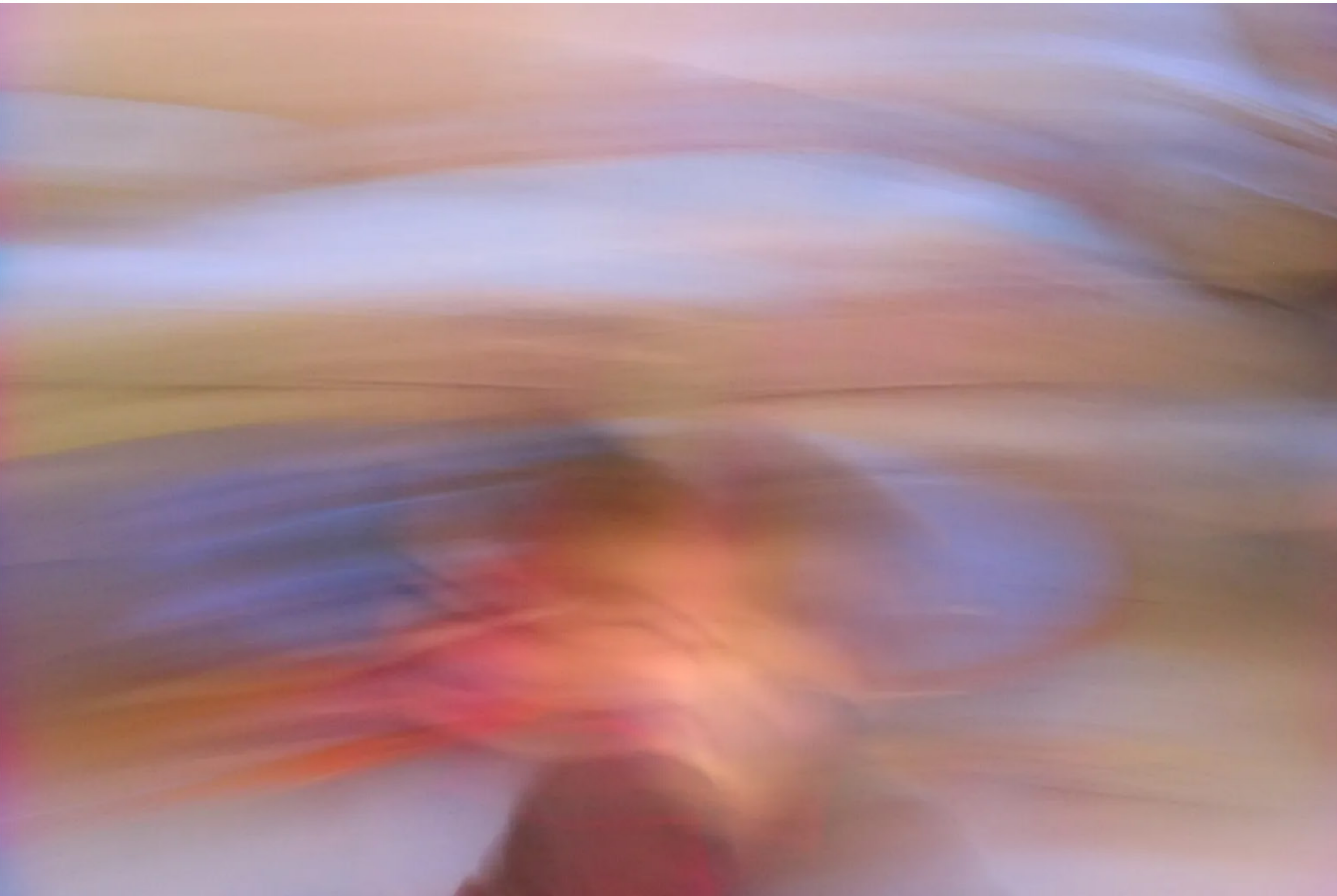
☐ Notify me of follow-up comments by email.

☐ Notify me of new posts by email.

POST COMMENT »

FLEETING | BY KAYA M.

Leave a Comment / Spring 2022 Publication



As a parent, I've found there are days that seem to drag on for ages, but then there are days that pass by far too quickly. My son is my muse and represents to me the fleeting beauty all around. Don't blink or you could miss it.

Instagram: @publicprocrastination

[← Previous Post](#) [Next 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 »



LIKE BROKEN GLASS | BY JORDAN COEN

[Leave a Comment](#) / [Spring 2022 Publication](#)

Like Broken Glass

Something so sweet can hurt you so deeply
Like a jawbreaker; that pain in your jaw that lingers on
His love was like candy, given so sweetly
Until the end, when it was gone
They stopped kissing me goodbye
Stopped cuddling with me, it wasn't the same
Became distant, leaving me to wonder why
Hurts my throat to speak your name
A rasp comes out that leaves me to cry
When he dropped my hand
My heart shattered like broken glass
And left me to piece my heart back together

I'm a current student at LCC who is majoring in Elementary Education and working towards their Associate of Arts Oregon Transfer degree and Teacher's Aide Certificate, which I'll receive in June. After I graduate from LCC in June, I'm going to transfer to Southern Oregon in the fall where I'll be majoring in Educational Studies with double-minors Creative Writing and Gender, Sexuality, and Women's Studies. In my free time, I love to write, read, hang out with my family and friends, and much more, but my favorite thing to do, other than, writing, is reading. I'm currently working on multiple projects — multiple short stories, my first memoir, and my first novel.

[← Previous Post](#)

[Next 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 »

MELTING ICE | BY SOLOMON BATENHORST

[Leave a Comment](#) / [Spring 2022 Publication](#)



Hello, I am Solomon Batenhorst and photography is a side hobby that I enjoy. In this year's theme, I thought it would be fun to try photography and explore my creativity.

[← Previous Post](#)

[Next 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 »

SHE WALKS ALONE | BY STEPHANIE WALEN

[Leave a Comment](#) / [Spring 2022 Publication](#)



My name is Stephanie and I'm an artist and musician. I'm a second-year graphic design student at LCC. I have enjoyed learning new instruments after playing the violin in high school, including guitar and mandolin. I took a workshop from Jan Michael Looking Wolf who teaches Native American-style flute, and this is the first piece of music with lyrics that was born from that experience. I was living with my mom in a period of "transience" between towns, relationships, and careers. This piece of music has been a therapeutic reminder that I am walking through the world in my own way and that I'm always at home in myself.

[← Previous Post](#)

[Next 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 »



SWEET, SWEET LIPS | BY JORDAN COEN

Leave a Comment / Spring 2022 Publication

Sweet, Sweet Lips

Above him you stand, the tallest
Your lips lock, revealing your first, what a score
A fairytale come true, flawless
A smile forms when you feel the thirst for more
As you're lifted up, your legs wind around his hips
Ready for more
Your lips move like a song, in your chest your heart does flips
Your thirst becomes hard to ignore
Butterflies soar in your tummy
As your thirst is fulfilled
More than yummy
Your love is now unspilled
Leaving a bittersweet taste on your now experienced lips
On your sweet, sweet lips, the feeling of a kiss still grips

I'm a current student at LCC who is majoring in Elementary Education and working towards their Associate of Arts Oregon Transfer degree and Teacher's Aide Certificate, which I'll receive in June. After I graduate from LCC in June, I'm going to transfer to Southern Oregon in the fall where I'll be majoring in Educational Studies with double-minors Creative Writing and Gender, Sexuality, and Women's Studies. In my free time, I love to write, read, hang out with my family and friends, and much more, but my favorite thing to do, other than, writing, is reading. I'm currently working on multiple projects — multiple short stories, my first memoir, and my first novel.


← Previous Post

Next 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 »

THREE WEEKS / TWO WEEKS | BY KAYA M.

[Leave a Comment](#) / [Spring 2022 Publication](#)



I'm an environmental science major and I take photos of nature. Nature is my favorite educator, and one lesson she's offered me is that of transience. Transience is evident all throughout nature, but possibly most obviously in her short-lived yet strikingly beautiful blooms. The calla lily blooms for merely 3-8 weeks each year, and like so many other flowers, reminds me to remain present in the highs of life and restful in the lows.

Blooming for only about two weeks per year, the cherry blossom reminds me to always stay purposefully aware of the beauty around me. Seasons change, and that in itself is beautiful.

[← Previous Post](#)

[Next 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 »