



A STROKE FOR THE BOY WHO HIT ME | BY PHOENIX RAE MOONSTONE

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There were several reasons I shouldn’t have gone to see him that day, such as the fact that it was over a hundred degrees out and I’d barely had any water and would almost have a heat stroke a few hours later because of it. Or the fact that he wasn’t mine anymore, he was with a friend of mine who’d broken up with me on his behalf after they got together. Or really the fact that he’d whistled to hurt my ears when I annoyed him and thrown me into walls and wove manipulation into everything he said should’ve kept me away. But despite all that I went to the park that summer afternoon to see him. We met up and headed to the tree-sheltered rocky shore of the creek because there was nowhere else to go in that small town and he kissed me. I kissed him back and felt my pants tighten as his hands traced my body and god did I miss him but something held us back as his hands went down my pants. Maybe it was the knowledge that we shouldn’t have touched each other at all or maybe he really had stopped loving me and decided the sex wasn’t worth it or maybe I was starting to realize I needed to stop seeing him. I don’t remember what happened next but I know we were there for a while and after a while his fist was in my stomach again and my vision was blurry and I remembered there were things I didn’t miss. I don’t remember anything else that day except laying in my bed feeling like my brain was in another dimension and I don’t know how much of that was because it almost cooked itself and how much was because I’d gone back for a second helping of trauma after being forcibly removed from it. I told him I almost went to the hospital for a stroke the next day but he never responded.

Phoenix is a 20 year old nonbinary writer and student at Lane. They experienced an incredibly physically and emotionally abusive relationship at 14, which ended up being a catalyst for their previously undiagnosed mental illnesses. They’ve since gone to therapy and come very far from who they were at the time, having moved cities and made a lot of progress on themselves in and out of therapy.

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ALIEN CAMP | BY MIREILLE BLOND

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Mireille Blond is a graphic design student who loves printmaking. She loves aliens and the thought of being small compared to our universe and the infinite space beyond. She finds comfort in the thought that there are sweet two-headed aliens camping on their planets and playing space guitar while their pony takes a nap right next to them. In times of trouble, she always turns to art in some form or another.

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ANGEL OF LIMERICK | BY ROBERT CANAGA

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Coming back to art at 40 changed my life in so many positive ways. I love to explore new media and mediums, trying to merge them to my ends.

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ARDENT SPIRITS | BY RIAN WRIGHT

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Like Dionysus I seek to drown my sorrows
In bittersweet grapes and mindless revelry;
The world around me is a collapsing house fire,
The acrid taste of blood and smoke
the undertones of the wine I use
to cope.

A graphic design major that has a hobby in creative writing.

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BRIGHT SPOTS | BY PHOENIX RAE MOONSTONE

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Bright Spots

Warmth.
Light.
Safety.

Every night has its stars.
Every storm has its calm.
Every dark has its bright.

He is a bright spot.
With his arms so warm.
His words so sweet.
Him, so comforting.

His night is cold.
His storm is vicious.
His dark is numbing.

But he has his bright spots.

The way he smiles when he looks at me.
The way he holds me when we cuddle.
The way he kisses me during the romantic ending of a movie.

He is night.
He is storm.
He is dark.

But through it all, he cares.
He loves me.
He is my bright spot.

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CAPTURE_001 | BY FRED BASTIAN

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I'm a returning student with a background in Computer Science. I'm pursuing my degree in Graphic design. I'm a multi-disciplinary artist and I love to work in both physical and digital mediums (painting, drawing, and digital design). I mostly do mixed media work, but discovered a love for photography a few months ago with school. In this project, entitled Haunted, I explored creating 'ghostly' imagery as a response and a way to cope with the death I've dealt with in my own life. All of these images are created without the use of Photoshop, resorting to the use of practical camera tricks, lighting, and props.

Instagram: [@fredandart](#)

[fredandart.com](#)

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CAPTURE_004 | BY FRED BASTIAN

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CLEO | BY ROBERT CANAGA

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DESK JOB | BY SHANE RAUM

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Digital Cinema Major at LCC, transferring to Southern Oregon University in Fall 2022. Working on small independent work for portfolio.

This image represents the mental draining of a desk job, and to cope, your brain wants to go crazy.

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ENVIRONMENT PT. 1 | BY JOSHUA RODRIGUEZ

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My name is Joshua Rodriguez studying Graphic Design at LCC, and when I am not busy with work (I work two-three jobs depending on the time of the year), or school I need a way to escape. This last fall term was probably the worst mentally for me that I’ve ever experienced as additionally to what I normally struggle with I lost several family members. This made me look into myself and really learn how to “cope” with my feelings while also trying to better myself for the future. It wasn’t easy and it came down to the wire, I had to drop a class, but I got everything in on time and I passed my remaining classes. Learning to cope with my feelings meant I had to escape my current environment and find somewhere which I could feel comfortable again. That is here on the Oregon coast, or up in the woods on a hiking trail; separated from the world only with myself or the closest people to me.

Instagram: @omegas_og

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ENVIRONMENT PT. 2 | BY JOSHUA RODRIGUEZ

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FT. ROCK | BY ROBERT CANAGA

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GHOSTS | BY PHOENIX RAE MOONSTONE

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Ghosts

They follow me.

Corner of my eye,
Right behind my back.

They're always there.
Even when I'm alone,
I'm not really.

But I am.
Because they're not real.
He's not real.
Not here anyways.

But he's always here.
Lurking in my mind.
Waiting to strike.

He pulls me into the past.
Back through the razors that I still have scars from.
Back through the bright spots that kept me there.

I close my eyes, and I feel him cutting against me.
His eyes like molten metal.
His voice like a knife.
His words like blades.
His hands like razors.

He's angry at me again.
We're standing outside, arguing.
He growls my name, and I shrink.

Now we're sitting by the creek.
We're being sarcastic with each other.
Without realizing it, I cross a line.
Everything blurs. I can't breathe. My stomach hurts.
My vision clears, and he's still there.
As though nothing happened.
So I act that way too.

Now we're in the school hallway.
He's holding my hand.
There's some other friends with us.
One of them says something that upsets him.
My back hurts. I'm against a wall.
I can't remember being thrown,
But there's no other way I'd be on the ground against the wall so fast.
Two of our friends run to me. Make sure I'm okay.
One of them yells at him. He ignores her.

I blink, and I'm back in the present.
He's nowhere near here. I'm safe.
But I can still hear him growl my name.
I can still see the blur before my vision cleared.
I can still feel the pain in my back as I lay against the wall.

Not every ghost is a razor.
Sometimes he pulls me into the bright spots.

Now we're in my room, watching a movie.
It's at a love song, and we're singing along as we look at each other.
He takes my hand, and I bury my face in his chest.
We hear a snap from under my mattress.
We both laugh, and I jokingly grumble at him for cracking my bed frame.

Now we're sitting by the tree just past the playground.
I'm in his lap, watching flower petals drift by.
Our friends are sitting around us.
He moves me and gets up, only to pull a flower down from the tree and give it to me.
He struggles to make it stay in my hair after I settle back into his lap.

Now we're at the park, sitting on a log.
It's getting dark, but that makes the trees more beautiful.
His cousin is there too,
but he keeps scaring him away so we can be alone.
We just sat there, enjoying each other's company.

I shake my head and come back,
Fighting the tears in my eyes
And the pit in my chest.

His ghosts follow me everywhere.
Cutting into me with his razors.
Comforting me with his bright spots.
Haunting me with our past.
Tainting the present.
Ruining my future.

Phoenix is a 20 year old nonbinary writer and student at Lane. They experienced an incredibly physically and emotionally abusive relationship at 14, which ended up being a catalyst for their previously undiagnosed mental illnesses. They've since gone to therapy and come very far from who they were at the time, having moved cities and made a lot of progress on themself in and out of therapy.

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GRIEF | BY STEPHANIE WALEN

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I am a multi-dimensional artist and musician in my second year of the graphic design program at LCC. In my free time I pet neighborhood cats, forage for tasty plants, and watch birds. This piece means a lot to me- it brings up themes of grief, darkness, and a thread of hope through remembering we are a part of nature. A quote from Martin Prechtel on Grief: “If we do not grieve what we miss, we are not praising what we love. We are not praising the life we have been given in order to love. If we do not praise whom we miss, we are ourselves in some way dead. So grief and praise make us alive.”

Instagram: Stephanie_walen_art

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I’LL FINISH IT LATER | BY SHANE RAUM

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Digital Cinema Major at LCC, transferring to Southern Oregon University in Fall 2022. Working on small independent work for portfolio.

This short piece is a video representation of how students deal with stress and other tasks they need to do. Our phones are easy distractions to cope with undesired tasks.

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MARTIAN MEADOW | BY MIREILLE BLOND

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Mireille Blond is a graphic design student who loves printmaking. She loves aliens and the thought of being small compared to our universe and the infinite space beyond. She finds comfort in the thought that there are sweet two-headed aliens camping on their planets and playing space guitar while their pony takes a nap right next to them. In times of trouble, she always turns to art in some form or another.

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MINI EARTHQUAKE INSIDE YOU | BY JORDAN COEN

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In for four,
Hold for four,
Out for six.
“Want to try the rainbow exercise?” Your brother asks.
“Yes,” your shaky voice answers.
You tell him everything red you see
Your backpack, your cup, the wall ...
“Good, can you take a sip of this water?” Your brother suggests. Your shaky hand that has
created an earthquake within you, lifts the lip of the bottle up to your lips.
“Good, can you put the lid on it for me now?”
Now you tell him everything orange you see
Your dress, part of your cat, Camilla, your highlighter ...
Now everything yellow
Your highlighters, your shirts, your sticky note tabs ...
“Good,” he says, “now everything green”
Your box, highlighters, part of your tissue, part of that painting ...
Now blue
Sip of water
Your highlighter, your sticky note tabs, your shirts ...
“Good. This next one is a little harder, everything purple”
Your pen, your sticky note tabs, your shirts
And as you sat there, you realized that the mini earthquake within you had stopped, you had
coped.
You coped

I'm Jordan Coen and my pronouns are she/her/they/them. I'm currently a student at LCC and will be transferring to Southern Oregon University (SOU) in the fall where I'll major in Educational Studies to become a teacher and I'll double-minor in Creative Writing and Gender, Sexuality, and Women's Studies. At SOU, I hope to be a writing a tutor and explore my creative writing even more than I am now. In my free time, I like to write for contests and fun, read, watch Grey's Anatomy, and hang out with my pets, family, and friends. I wrote this poem about the worst panic attack that I've had — I was hanging out with my brother and I remember thinking that I was going to pass out. My brother, later told me that it looked like I was going to pass out. Normally, the 4-4-6 breathing technique can stop my panic attacks for me, but it wasn't working, so we did the rainbow exercise shown in the poem. I believe we did that twice and then did a planning exercise in which you go back as far as you need to, I think we did the end of the week, and you explain what you're going to do ending with what you're doing now. This exercise finally helped my breathing become steady, without me realizing it.

Instagram: @Jordancoen2

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RAZORS | BY PHOENIX RAE MOONSTONE

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Razors

He is a razor.
His eyes piercing mine.
His voice cutting into my mind.
His words slicing through every part of me.

No. Nononononono.
He’s angry.
His voice is going to be dark.
His eyes are going to be blazing.
His words are going to be cold.
His hands will be pain.

His gaze burns in my eyes.
It sears into my mind,
Like a sword just pulled from the mold.
It freezes me in place,
Keeping me from escaping or fighting back.

His voice cuts through me.
Usually gentle and soft,
It feels like sandpaper being shoved against me.
Deep and angry, almost like a growl.
He does growl when he says my name.

His words slash away my resolve.
He rips me apart, destroying everything.
I’m manipulative. I’m mean.
I’m just a whiny little bitch.
His words tear away anything positive,
Until nothing is left but loathing.

His hands slice into me, unforgiving and merciless.
They pierce my lungs, making breath impossible.
They rip into my stomach, unbearably painful.
They throw me lifeless to the wall,
letting me crumble to the ground.

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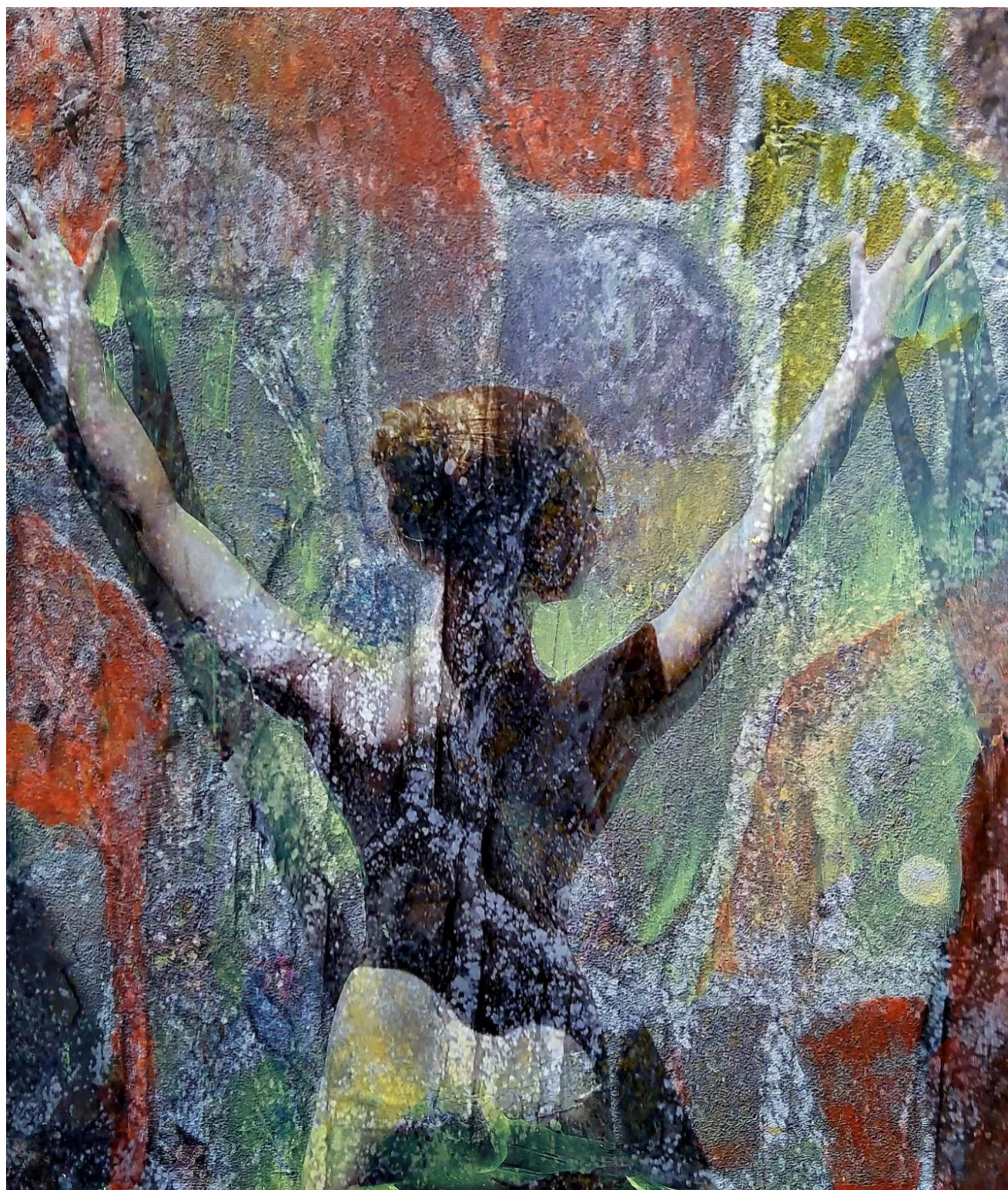
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REACHING | BY ROBERT CANAGA

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RESOLUTIONS | BY KAYLEY COOK

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Resolutions

It's been one year:
She said “even as we grieved, we grew”
But I don’t feel new
How do I heal
When my heart’s black and blue

Kayley is a double major in English Literature and Education. She’s in the Honors Program and Phi Theta Kappa, volunteers with OSPIRG, and is a tutor at Lane’s Tutoring Center. Outside of school, she plays piano, and she loves to read. She plans to go to the University of Oregon once she has finished at Lane, and she would like to study in the UK at some point.

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THE BOX | BY ABBEY WILLIAMSON

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Currently, I'm a Graphic Design student at Lane Community College, about to apply for the second year. When I saw this year's theme, cope, it really struck a chord with me. I immediately started thinking about how I cope with my personal issues, with my artwork; and how blessed I am to have that. I'm a quiet person, so people don't know that I'm also very driven and extremely anxious. At both school and work, I look around and think about how everyone has their own personal story, and the weight they carry around with them. Anybody could be disguising their struggles with a smile. After seeing this prompt, I knew this piece would be the one I'd submit. My drawing, "The Box", represents the layers to a person, and how as you unpack, you might be surprised by what pops out.

Instagram: @abbersnail_art

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THE FLOWER WITHIN | BY MELONY BURNETT

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This piece was a self-care project. It can be challenging to make enough time for the things we enjoy the most with having such busy schedules and so many obligations. I schedule in time for my artistic outlets that bring peace and joy into my life. Such as painting, taking pictures out in nature while on a hike or walk, amongst other activities that bring a healthy balance to my life. I am working on my AAOT here at LCC and I plan to transfer to the U of O this fall term 2022. I am majoring in Psychology to be a counselor in the future. It's important to me to live my best life so that I may help others do the same once I reach my new career goal.

<https://melonyburnett.wixsite.com/my-path-to-success>

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TRIAL RUN | BY JACK BEYMER

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My name is Jack Beymer. I’m 20 years old, and I am currently studying to be an audio engineering major at Lane. This piece is my first entry into mixed media. I am still relatively new to the concept of making and recording electronic music, as up until the beginning of the pandemic, I was well on my way to becoming a Music ED Major. But having to transition into a remote environment locked me away from live music. That was all I knew how to do. So over the year I took away from school, I decided that this was the best way to fill the void. I ended up teaching myself the basics about how to record myself, and eventually, how to record both video and audio at the same time.

So this piece was originally my submission to the “Musique concrète” project for MUS118. Musique concrète is a form of electronic music that involved real world sounds; perhaps wind noise, people talking, it could be anything. What I decided to do with it was find a time that I was going to be the only one home, then strap a microphone and a camera to be and run around the house banging as many things together as possible. The result was about 30 minutes of uncut footage that I had to figure out what to do with. So I ended up finding a bunch of little snippets of these videos and cut them down to the point that they functioned as drums. And being a sax player, I ended up adding that on top. 82 tracks later and here we are.

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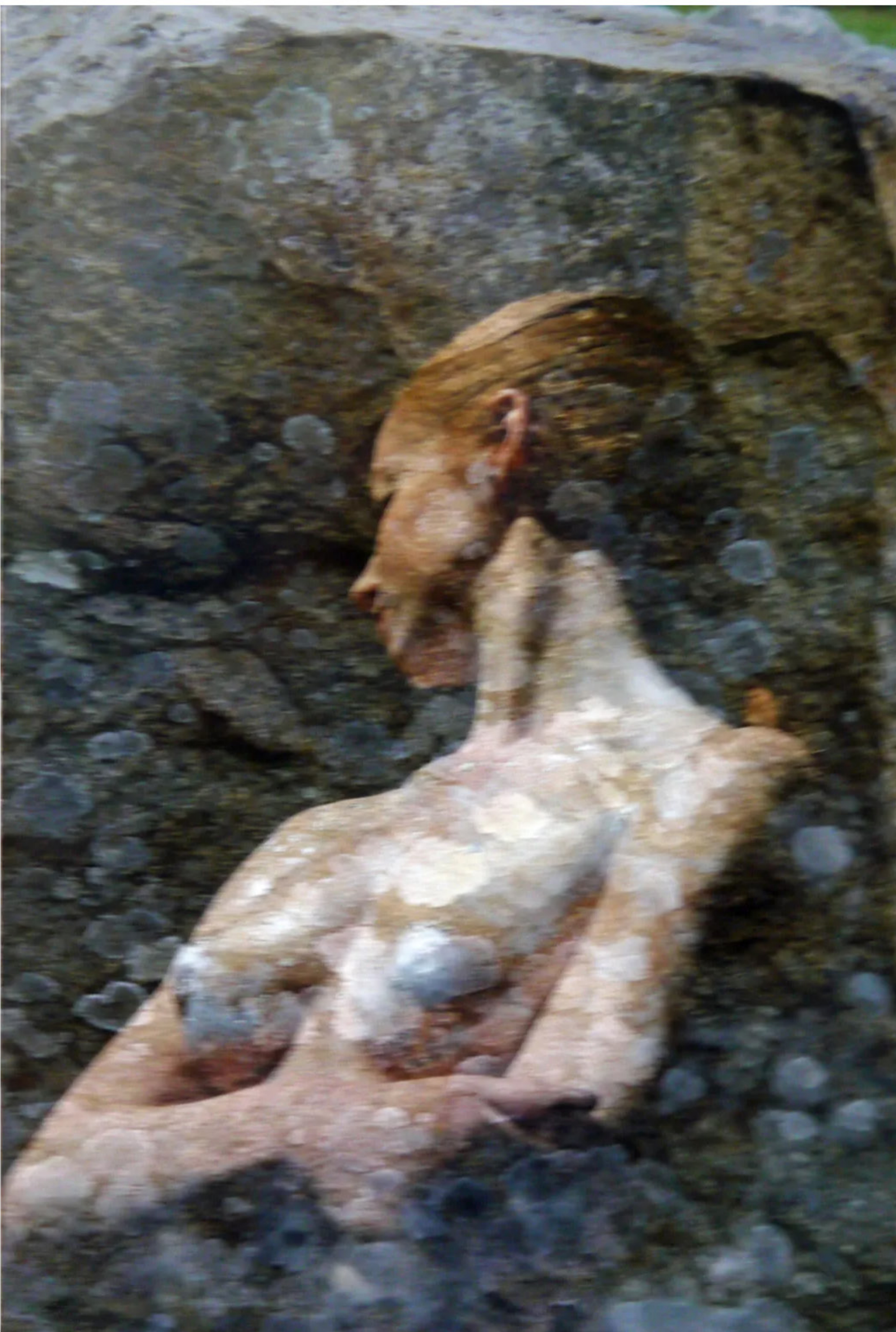
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Coming back to art at 40 changed my life in so many positive ways. I love to explore new media and mediums, trying to merge them to my ends.

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