



"DIRTY SHOES" BY VALORY MELVILLE

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"Dirty Shoes"

By: Valory Melville

Those crusty pair of Converse Still rotting in my closet They were the connection to my friends And the protection to my feet.

And I wore those shoes
Until the soles were bare
Smooth and thin
Like a marble statue
The canvas tattered and rigid
Deep black faded to medium gray
Time itself had stripped them of color
Rubber toes scuffed and warped
As rock molded by waves
White laces bearing the years of wear
Of dirt and grime
Still reeking of failed bleaching attempts
The insides worn and pungent
As if soaked in spoiled milk.

And yet they still lay, Buried deep within my closet, In case I need,

A pair of Dirty Shoes.

Valory finds writing to be a bit fun and hopes this could be the start of writing more for fun.

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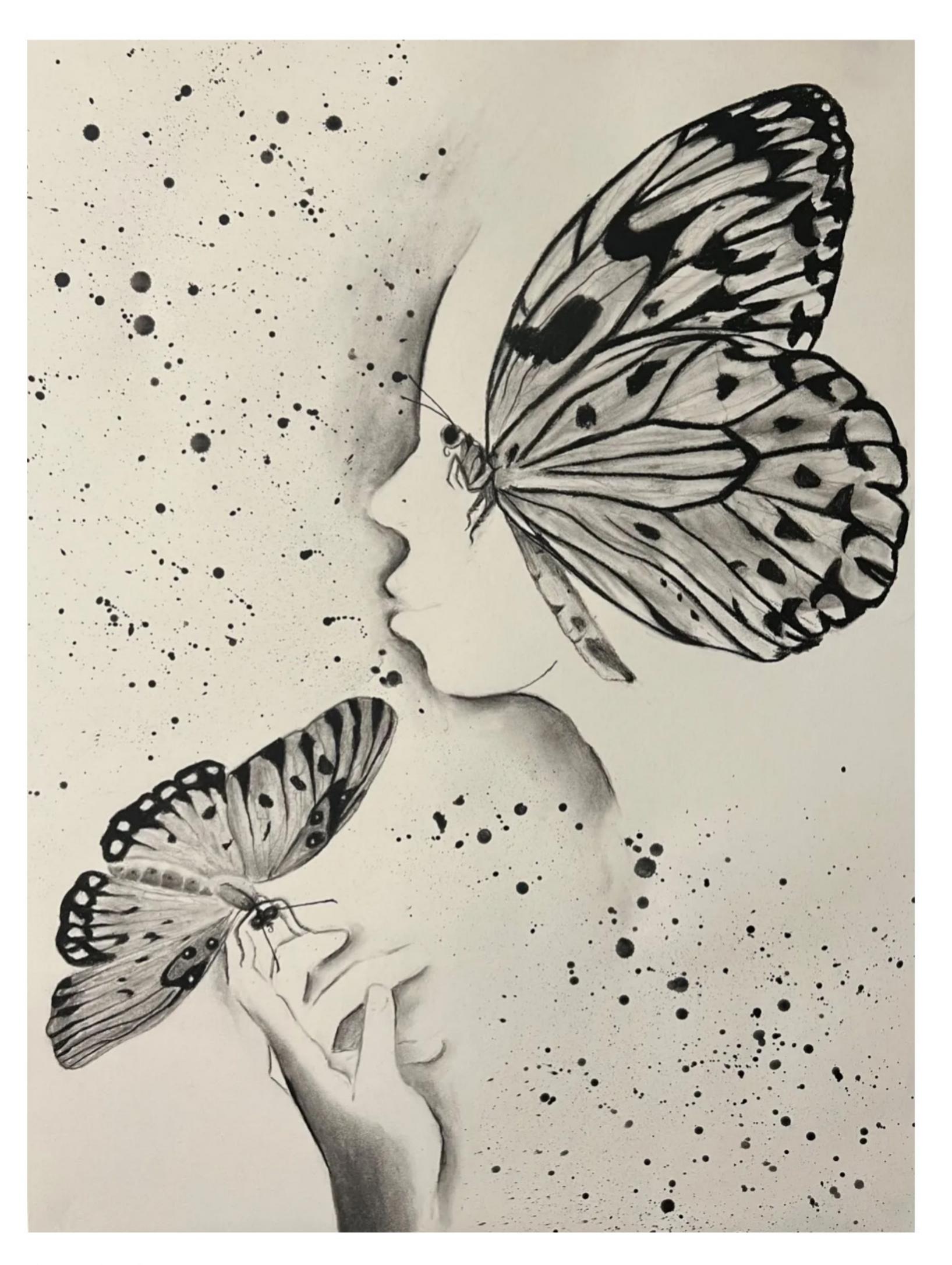




ALL NIGHT AND DAY – BY ASHLEA SIMONS

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ALL NIGHT AND DAY - BY ASHLEA SIMONS





Charcoal and Acrylic Paint on Paper

Ashlea is a part time employee at Lane Community College. She enjoys taking art classes and playing volleyball in her free time. Taking painting and drawing classes at Lane has helped her become more confident in create work.

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AM CASSANDRE'S INSPIRED ADVERTISEMENT BY SAM HEKKER

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AM CASSANDRE'S INSPIRED ADVERTISEMENT

By Sam Hekker



My name is Sam Hekker, I am first year student at Lane community college and working in the graphic arts program. I am fairly new to the graphic design world, I have many skills to improve upon but am currently loving the process of learning new material and am excited to grow in the arts/design world. This year has been my first year working with adobe, I am primarily working with photoshop and illustrator learning all the various strategies that can be utilized. I enjoy creating simplistic yet creative designs, one of my pieces I've attached is based off a culture jam concept, for my topic I chose healthcare. The idea behind a culture jam is to take an iconic symbol or concept, and expose the methods used that take advantage of certain groups of people. My second piece is an advertisement from the Art Deco era during the early 20th century. This design was heavily influenced by AM Cassandre, who was a famous French designer that created magnificent poster ads that were based off machine products. I wanted to create an ad that was reminiscent of Cassandra's works, what I came up with was an airline was ad. The captions are written in French that translates to "Fly by Nature" and "Commercial Flights."

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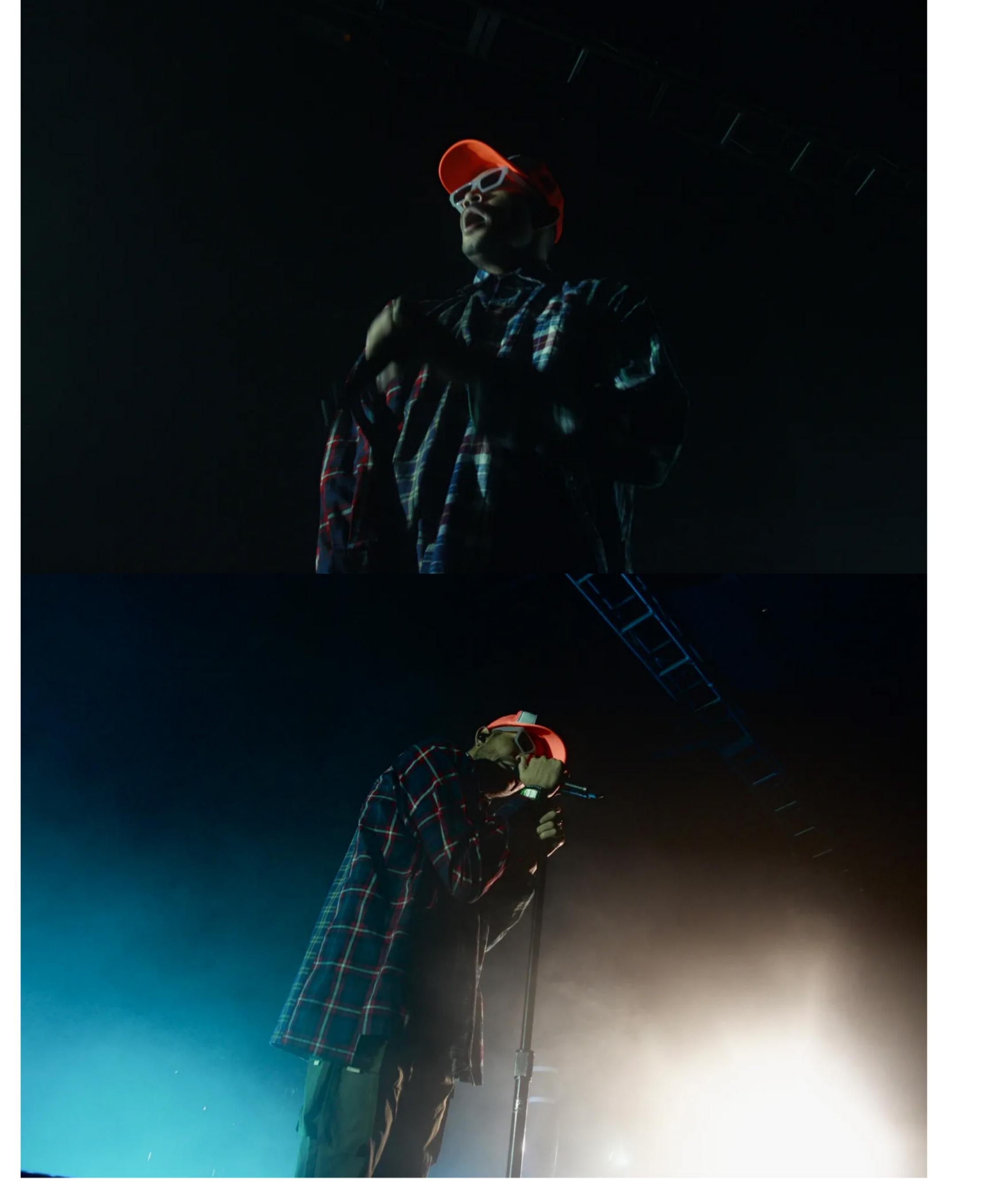
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BRYCE VINE LIVE IN PORTLAND BY CHRIS ALVARADO

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BRYCE VINE LIVE IN PORTLAND OREGON – BY CHRIS ALVARADO



Chris is a Photographer/Videographer who focuses on live music events. They love getting to capture artists amazing moments from up close and would love to turn their work into a media company one day. "Oregon shows don't get a lot of other photographers, so I'd love to start with Oregon shows and grow from there." – Chris Alvarado

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CORDAE LIVE IN EUGENE OREGON BY CHRIS ALVARADO

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CORDAE LIVE IN EUGENE OREGON – BY CHRIS ALVARADO



Chris is a Photographer/Videographer who focuses on live music events. They love getting to capture artists amazing moments from up close and would love to turn their work into a media company one day. "Oregon shows don't get a lot of other photographers, so I'd love to start with Oregon shows and grow from there." – Chris Alvarado

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DEVOUR BY TAYLOR KAYE NIELSEN

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DEVOUR

By Taylor Kaye Nielsen

Devour: eat (food or prey) hungirly or quickly : (of fire or a similar force) destroy completely

I am used to being the similar force And therefore never expected to be consumed To be eaten up ravenously Relentlessly To be devoured by you But I crawled into your throat And begged to be swallowed I just wanted to be inside of you I am destroyed completely By your vegan punk anarchist to *die* for smile And your sleepy eyed rants about the fermi paradox My astrophysicist boy, blasting, burning, bright You drench me in intimacy and perspective And now I feel guilty for snuffing out the lives Of the ants in my bathroom

"I'm just like all the other wonderful girls in this world, going through hard shit every day. But I'm still here, and I'm still writing, and that is something." – Taylor



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Spotlight Interviews

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FIREFLIES, COUNCIL OF THE MIND, AND WESTWINDOW BY RYAN JOHNSON

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FIREFLIES

By Ryan Johnson

Star drops litter the quiet street outside

Dead fireflies

Fallen from a night sky where others walk With turned down gazes

The trees all grow downward here

Like leafy ostriches burying their coniferous heads In denial of the maddening world around them Street signs are backwards

And maps lead away from where you're going So one doesn't have to worry when one gets lost And the moon is still down below

Shining up along the way

As ways are often hard to come by

In this out of the way place

Turning eyes upwards

Small rats the size of ants

And ants the size of elephants

Scurry along the side alley looking for sustenance The shadows cast like street lamps in the rising light And dead fireflies begin fluttering

Drops of stars

Rising above the leafy ostriches Stretching towards the freedom of morning

COUNCIL OF THE MIND

By Ryan Johnson

Behind the storm strong trees evening began its stretching the

Pointed her shadow west

East had already fallen happily under her song drifting sleepilly into dreams

reaching a bobbing skiff built for one

anxious for what will be revealed

Pointing a hooked red claw off the bow of the small skiff

the Crab, with ocean dripping from its carapace of red mountains

says, "Look to the Moon."

Rays from a sleepy sun drift drunkenly away as the moon wakes in the sky

pondering these ever changing wheels

of birth, of living, and of death.

Elegant words dance from a beak atop the center mast

the Albatross, the oceans pathfinder, and keeper of celestial maps

states, "You are the way."

Shadows of memory shimmer among swells of sea this bobbing skiff alone

finding truth in the sweeping waves

living through myself not others

Echoes of a thousand voices ripple along the water line

the Siren, eyes to the abyss of passion and master of divine currents

shares, "Trust and move with."

Near the neglected rudder sits tiny stars flickering their promised freedoms

don't go tinkering with life's mechanisms

no, it is to trust these unseen currents

Thorny blue scales cut neatly out of the darkening water

the Serpent keeper of infiniti and master of the entirety of experience

chuckles, "It's always unfolding."

WESTWINDOW

By Ryan Johnson

I'm staring out

the brightening west window

towards the invisible ocean

Pine Trees sway gently

on overgrown grass

like paint brushes

reaching to the sky

Painting hues of orange

and red

as the sun leaves

the dark blue canvas

Now the salty symphony

of the coast comes

crashing alive with

the oceans gong

splashing the allegro

As the joyous harmonies

C C 1

of finches

and chickadees

animate the work of the trees

Where the obsidian

of the east

meets the carnelian

of the west

A plane lights the border

with white dots

turning east like stars

traveling home from vacation

I wonder

what the stars did

out in the blue sky

the one they headed home from

did they swim

in the vast sea

above

Were they lovers

coming home from their honeymoon They are gone now back home and I wait alone with questions Longing as night falls on the west window I'll see them soon

Ryan has two amazing kids who inspire them to explore their creative potentials. They are a full time student at Lane, literature and philosophy majors. Ryan is in work study at the respite room near the health center, and loves writing. Generally, Ryan enjoys writing poetry, prose, and short fiction but they also enjoy writing research and argument essay's. "Though I wouldn't say an argumentative essay is my ideal way to wind down at the end of a day." – Ryan

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FRIENDSHIP LEMONADE BY TAYLOR KAYE NIELSEN

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FRIENDSHIP LEMONADE

By Taylor Kaye Nielsen

Every mom in the carpool school drop off lane watched my neighbor Christian Martinez dropkick my face like a soccer ball. I don't know why it took so long for

one of these moms to get out of their car and stop this crazed 6th grade boy from beating the shit out of me, a terrified and already screaming third grade girl. Maybe it was because half the moms were secretly in slippers and pajama pants and there was a good three feet of snow outside or maybe (as I truly believed at the time) it was because they were all getting a kick out of my pain and liked watching me suffer but either way, this kid two times my size was wailing me like there was no tomorrow. I just kept screaming and using the only defense my little child sized brain could think of at the time which was digging my nails into this kid anytime I could possibly get a grip on any part of him. It must have looked insane, him punching and kicking and fucking me up while I just kept latching onto his arm or leg, whichever was closer during that particular atack, in order to stab my nails into him like mini make-shift daggers, but none the less none of these moms gave a single shit. It took an entire ten minutes, (I know because my mom watched it back on the cameras later that day) for a parent to finally take pity on me and drag themselves out of their SUV in, yes, slippers to drag this lunatic off of me and I knew right then, crying in the snow, bleeding just waiting for someone to help me that I would have to seek my own justice out in this world and I began plotting my revenge.

A few days later while I was still nursing my wounds, Christian and his parents knocked on my front door, which was right across the street from their house. My mom answered the door and called me over so that Christian could apologize. I think his parents were a little shocked when they actually saw my bruised face and two black eyes. I hoped they thought their kid was a psychopath because who the fuck beats up a little girl. I was mad, soooo mad but I was also abnormally smart and devious for my age, so when Christian apologized to me, I looked him in the eyes, smiled and forgave him.

Three weeks and five days later I decided enough time had passed and it was time I could get away with the next step of my plan. I went over to my best girl friends on the block's house and me, Sabrina and Dinova all plotted together to take Christian down once and for all. We mixed together a potion full of dirt, little pieces of grass, ketchup, mustard, mayonnaise, cayenne pepper, tabasco sauce, the dead body of one fly, an ungodly amount of salt, and every other gross but non deadly thing we could possibly think of into a base of strawberry lemonade. We thought we were pure geniuses. You couldn't see all the crap mixed in with it being so pink and even less so when we put it in a black cup. We rehearsed and scripted what we planned to say and then proceeded to knock on his front door.

When Chrstians mom answered the door I kept cool, calm and collected and told her I wanted to be friends with Christian again and had brought him a peace offering in the form of lemonade. Now, I guess some kids would've been too intimidated to do this in front of a parent but I was a special kind of kid, I was

autistic and therefor didn't give a fuck about what was socially acceptable and had my own secret hate for parents at this point after being neglected by them for a whole ten minutes in my greatest time of need, so I was even happier that Christians mom would play a role in her own sons demise. My allies, Sabrina and Dinova weren't scared either because I assured them I would take the fall for everything. I remember his mom went to get him and dragged him to the door and forced him to drink my friendship lemonade as I called it. I batted my eyelashes with innocence the entire time, even as he ran away gaging, or as I would later tell the story throwing up, I'm still not sure which is a more true description since it was so long ago. The one thing I do remember is feeling like a legend, like my own savior, like I didnt need stupid adults to help me anyways.

"I'm just like all the other wonderful girls in this world, going through hard shit every day. But I'm still here, and I'm still writing, and that is something." - Taylor

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HEALTHCARE CULTURE JAM BY SAM HEKKER

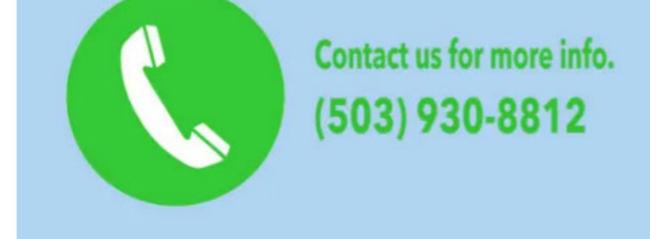
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HEALTHCARE CULTURE JAM

By Sam Hekker



We take care of your health, in exchange for your wealth



My name is Sam Hekker, I am first year student at Lane community college and working in the graphic arts program. I am fairly new to the graphic design world, I have many skills to improve upon but am currently loving the process of learning new material and am excited to grow in the arts/design world. This year has been my first year working with adobe, I am primarily working with photoshop and illustrator learning all the various strategies that can be utilized. I enjoy creating simplistic yet creative designs, one of my pieces I've attached is based off a culture jam concept, for my topic I chose healthcare. The idea behind a culture jam is to take an iconic symbol or concept, and expose the methods used that take advantage of certain groups of people. My second piece is an advertisement from the Art Deco era during the early 20th century. This design was heavily influenced by AM Cassandre, who was a famous French designer that created magnificent poster ads that were based off machine products. I wanted to create an ad that was reminiscent of Cassandra's works, what I came up with was an airline was ad. The captions are written in French that translates to "Fly by Nature" and "Commercial Flights"

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HOST AND DEVOUR BY TAYLOR KAYE NIELSEN

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HOST

By Taylor Kaye Nielsen

I should show up for the little girl who lives inside of me She watches the world from inside my eyes And feels it when I'm touched She is a ghost both living and dead Hosting my adult body

I should show up for the little girl who lives inside of me

She doesn't ask for much All she craves is safety And to be understood At first I tried to listen when she screamed When she told me she was in danger When she banged on my rib cage bars And clenched my pelvic floor into ruin

But I seem to never be able to Show up for little girl who lives inside of me The next time that she screamed I tried to keep her safe But we were in our own bed And that's the only safe haven I've ever known I didn't know where to take her So we played pretend

I blindfolded her and told her my skin suit was a castle

Instead of a casket I told her she was safe In the middle of a war zone So she wrapped herself in a white flag And showed up to a gunfight And I didn't show up for the little girl inside of me Even as the white turned to pink Turned to red

And every man she ever loved played a part in her death

Yet there will be no eulogy No justice, no revenge She won't even get an apology Or a tombstone Her ghost nestles in my bones

And I still refuse to show up for the little girl inside of me

Because I would disappear with her

DEVOUR

By Taylor Kaye Nielsen

Devour: eat (food or prey) hungirly or quickly

- : (of fire or a similar force) destroy completely
- I am used to being the similar force
- And therefore never expected to be consumed
- To be eaten up ravenously
- Relentlessly
- To be devoured by you
- But I crawled into your throat
- And begged to be swallowed
- I just wanted to be inside of you
- I am destroyed completely
- By your vegan punk anarchist to die for smile
- And your sleepy eyed rants about the fermi paradox
- My astrophysicist boy, blasting, burning, bright
- You drench me in intimacy and perspective
- And now I feel guilty for snuffing out the lives
- Of the ants in my bathroom

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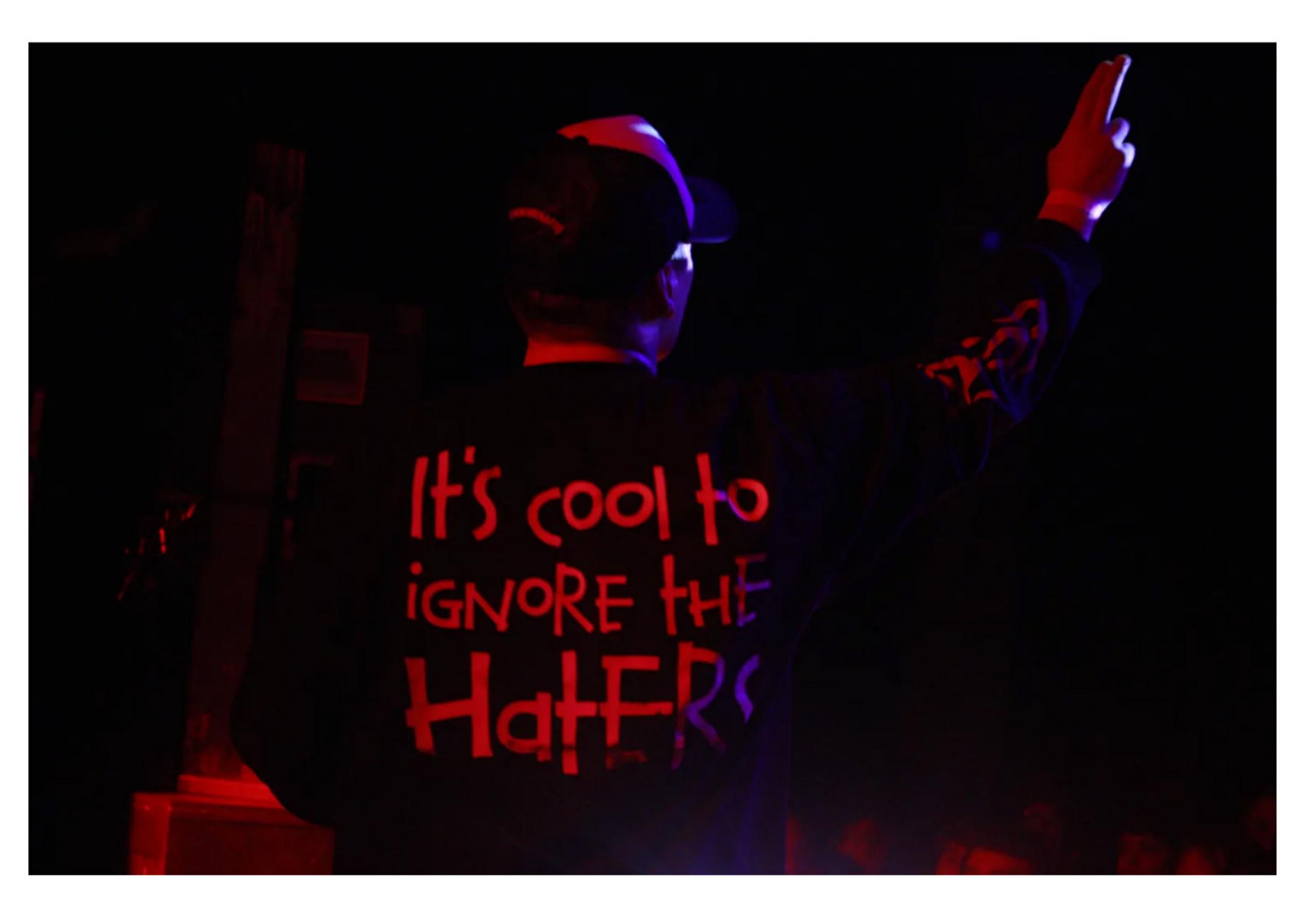


JOEY VALENCE FROM JOEY VALENCE & BRAE LIVE IN EUGENE OREGON BY CHRIS ALVARADO

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JOEY VALENCE FROM JOEY VALENCE & BRAE LIVE IN EUGENE

OREGON – BY CHRIS ALVARADO



Chris is a Photographer/Videographer who focuses on live music events. They love getting to capture artists amazing moments from up close and would love to turn their work into a media company one day. "Oregon shows don't get a lot of other photographers, so I'd love to start with Oregon shows and grow from there." – Chris Alvarado

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LOOK AT ME! AND NO TITLE BY LINDA ABAJIAN

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Look at Me!

The apple holds itself together,

with a core stuffed with seeds,

each one full of possibility

that cry out in whispered hope,

Look at me, I could be a tree!

That first class I had nothing

bits of old furniture, a few boxes,

barely enough to feed myself, and I too

whispered out all my dreams,

Look at me, I could be something!

One class turned to two,

then full-time, a term, a year

and then my degree

I was a tiny seed hoping to become a tree

Yes, look at me!

Hopeless

cold

dead

unending

night desolate

yellow

daffodil

tenacious

punching upwards

Hope once more

The author, Linda Abajian, recently returned to college and am almost done with the poetry class taught by Jose Chaves. "It is a great class! Here is my poem about possibility."

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NOSE VASE AND SUN AND MOON BY OLIVIA KUEHL

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SUN AND MOON BY OLIVIA KUEHL



NOSE VASE BY OLIVIA KUEHL



Olivia is enrolled as an Anthropology major at Lane and hopes to be graduating in the Spring, at which time they will be transferring to the University of Oregon as a Folklore and Public Culture major. Within their art, they enjoy adding elements of both wheel throwing and hand building, and focusing on the processual element of artistic creation, instead of the end product. Outside of art, they enjoy fostering cats and working on their drum kit!

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NUMBERS BY SCOOTER MILNE

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"Numbers"

A poem by Scooter Milne

I didn't start out with a whole lot of feelings about numbers, in general. I liked numbers and letters, though I was easily much more fond of the latter. Numbers were fine.

They were fine, that is, until my grade hit the number five, and I was told to treat letters like numbers, using number rules. I didn't understand it, and I didn't like it. I never could embrace it, even when I did eventually start to figure some of it out. I still wished the numbers had stayed separate from the letters.

Recently, I was given a brand new health diagnosis. It's a diagnosis of numbers, and once other numbers surrounding it have been discovered, it will mean even more numbers in my future. I don't have a choice anymore. I have to care about the numbers, whether I want to or not. Some of the numbers will be my enemy, and others will be sought after. Again, I'm thrust into a world where I don't want to deal with the numbers anymore.

This isn't a battle I'm remotely interested in fighting, but I haven't been given the choice of opting out. I'm not sure what all of the rules are this time. The numbers dictate the skirmishes, but the only things in my personal arsenal are letters and words. They refuse to engage with these numbers. Math symbols versus punctuation, equations versus grammar, figures versus words. Cold hard facts versus the flow of emotion.

Scooter is a first-year student at LCC. She is pursuing an AAOT, and hopes to transfer and work on a BA in writing in the future. In her spare time, she likes to work on fanfiction, and study animation for fun. She is the current President of LCC's GSA as well as a peer writing tutor.

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PETTY REVENGE BY SCOOTER MILNE

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Petty Revenge

A Short Story, By Scooter Milne

Thursday afternoon's school bus wasn't too terrible this time. Most of the buses tended to range from "probably pushing its expected useful lifespan" to "you know the district has an extra liability policy on this one." I put this one at a firm "maybe another 5 years if the mechanics give it a once-over." The door always worked and wasn't too noisy. There wasn't a ton of damage to most of the seats, and only a few of them had had their upholstery covers replaced. The Sharpie doodles and tags that were still intact were all less than 3 years old. It didn't usually have transmission problems, either. That was always a bonus.

While I genuinely hated riding the bus, I was almost always the first one on board. I had my own territory staked out whenever I did, in the same place every time. The best seat was just behind the bus driver. Nobody ever wanted to sit there. There was always the assumption that you couldn't get away with anything. That was exactly how I liked it because I simply wanted to get the ordeal over with and get home. If the bus driver's presence decreased the possibility that anybody would bother me in the process, so be it.

My route's driver was probably in his late 40s, a tall but fit guy, and clearly there to his job and also get home as quickly as possible. It wasn't that he was rushed, or mean, or snippy. He just did what he had to do, and not much more.

I climbed up the stairs, nodded to the driver, and tossed my backpack into my seat. It was a large brown bench with under springs that hurt if you sat on them wrong, and any actual padding it may have had in the past had long since deteriorated. Since I was a bit on the shorter side, it was the perfect length for me to lean my back against the wall of the bus and stretch my legs out toward the aisle without being in anyone's way. After I adjusted my backpack into a backrest, I

reached up to pull the window open. It may have been April, but Texas frequently starts up its summer heat early, and of course the buses never had any luxuries like air conditioners. The other kids started to slowly file in and choose their seats further back. I pulled out a book to read. It would still probably be 20 minutes or more before we actually left.

"What'cha readin'?"

Oh, gods. Not that guy. I blinked and raised only my eyes to see over my book. It was an Annoying Bus Kid. Of all the damn days we had to both pick to ride this week... ugh.

Annoying Bus Kid was at least a grade below me. I never bothered to try and actively find anything out about him, including his name. He was average height and kind of stocky, with dull brown hair that always looked as if he'd just lost a fight with his own pillow. His face was almost always broken out, and his glasses were easily twice as thick as my own. I never saw him associate with anyone else, ever. He wasn't a goth or a kicker or a gamer or anything really. A true loner, even more than me. In other circumstances, I might have felt sorry for him. He decided to make sure I didn't have the chance by being an annoying little prick instead.

"It's a sci-fi," I said flatly, only lifting my eyes to briefly acknowledge his unfortunate presence. He dumped his backpack onto the floor of the seat across from mine. I sighed and went back to my book. This route never had a bus more than two-thirds full, so his choice of seating was clearly deliberate. Nobody liked this kid, and he obviously knew it. I started trying to read faster in the hopes that I could finish the chapter I was on before he did something stupid.

A mere three paragraphs later, there was a thud on the end of my seat, and I was presented with the putrid and tattered remains of something that probably used to be a sneaker in another life. Attached to it completely across the aisle was the bane of my existence for the afternoon. He was grinning triumphantly. For some reason. "Get that *nasty* thing *off* of my seat!"

"No," he giggled.

I hugged my book to my chest, reared back a bit, and pushed the offensive detritus away with both of my own feet. Ugh, great. It was going to be one of those bus rides. I thought I was done putting up with crap for the day when the last period bell rang. I glared at the kid, rolled my eyes, and resettled myself.

Two minutes later, he did it again.

"Seriously, what the hell, man?" I yelled, shoving his foul phalanges away again. Thankfully, other kids passing down the aisle slowed down his assault on my space, but we repeated this dance multiple times before the driver closed the bus's doors. The engine started, the kid giggled and stuck his foot on my seat again, and I reached my limit.

"I swear to God, if you put that nasty shoe on my seat one more time, I'm going to chuck it out the window!" "And if she does, I'm not going to stop the bus," the driver added, chuckling as he started us down the driveway.

That seemed to do the trick. Annoying Bus Kid kept to himself, and I was able to get back into my book. Sometimes, it paid to be "bus driver's pet."

Nobody on our route was really very far away from the school, but it was a long and twisty ride. This part of town was full of hills, and there were just some bits the tired old bus had to take the long way around to get to in order to drop kids off anywhere near their homes. The first stop wasn't for a couple of miles, and it was about 45 minutes before mine.

Halfway to the first stop, there's a familiar thud on the edge of my seat again. I turn to see the offending shoe, staring at it for a few seconds.

It was untied.

I reached down, snatched the disgusting sneaker off the kid's foot, and turned and threw it as hard as I could out the window next to my head.

"HEY!" shrieked Annoying Bus Kid. "OH MY GOD!! HEY! HEY, SHE THREW MY SHOE OUT THE WINDOW!"

"Yes, she did! She told you she was going to, and I told you I wasn't going to stop for it," said the driver, calmly as could be.

I had turned to face my window with my arms crossed. I couldn't help but grin like a maniac. This was the legendary kind of shenanigans my dad claimed he got up to in school, and I never imagined myself participating. I

was the quiet kid who drew cartoon characters all the time. Cause trouble? No, not me! *Of course* not me. This practically felt like an adventure. The rest of the bus was laughing, and I was the one who made it happen. Now Shoeless Kid happened to be the first stop on this route. He'd spent the rest of his ride mumbling about how his mom was totally gonna kill him. He limped off the bus, and everyone else started laughing again as he made his way down his driveway. As we took off, the bus driver made a point to look at me from his interior mirror. "I know I shouldn't laugh at a student," he sputtered in between stifled guffaws, "But that was the funniest damn thing I've seen all year! Thank you. Absolutely worth having to write a report for." Shoeless Kid got a suspension from riding the bus for a month. I got peace and solitude on my way home for the remainder of the school year. The next year, I moved to another school, so I never saw him again. That was fine by me.

Maybe I was never involved in such epics like my dad's Great Carrot Stick War back in the 70s, and I didn't build model ships and sink them in the creek out back with a BB-gun to try and "study" WWII battles for history class. But I suppose I have, on very rare occasions, been pushed far enough to engage in my very own flavor of mischievousness.

Scooter is a first-year student at LCC. She is pursuing an AAOT, and hopes to transfer and work on a BA in writing in the future. In her spare time, she likes to work on fanfiction, and study animation for fun. She is the current President of LCC's GSA as well as a peer writing tutor.

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TABOO BY MATTHEW DAL PORTO

Leave a Comment / Winter 2023 Publication

Taboo

The cold bench by the bus stop

Has had a carcass beneath its metal beams For as long as I can remember

A rotting disfigured thing

Every morning I must sit above it

With a burning nose and watering eyes Pretending it doesn't exist

Until the bus stops by and takes me away

I only ever glanced at its face too similar to mine I hated it, the selfishness it exudes

Too loud and consuming

Its stench clings to my clothes

That mangled hand clutching for my pant Desperate for attention and love

But it's ugly, undeserving

Diseased with malaise so easily caught

This morning is different

Its grip a vice in my eyes

I can't look away

Even when the doors close

And the driver shouts

I can still see it through the glass

And all throughout the day

The author, Matthew Dal Porto is an accounting major who write as a hobby.

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THE MUSE'S BURDEN BY MARLEY MOORE

Leave a Comment / Winter 2023 Publication

The Muse's Burden

By Marley Moore

So tell me how hard it is to be you. Your selfless journey through heartbreak and discovery Believing every breath you take. Innocence is something you found in me. Low, you know, that they took from you.

Vanity is such an odd thing Another painting of you, another act for me No painter, philosopher, nor Sailer could Encompass desperation more, than that of your virtue.

"Hello! I'm Marley Moore, a Psych major here at LCC. One day I hope to be a clinical psychotherapist, possibly a psychiatrist! When I'm not focusing on schoolwork, I spend a lot of my time singing, writing, reading etc. This piece combines a few passions of mine, a poem written inspired by a character I identify with from my favorite book and author: Oscar Wilde's "The Picture of Dorian Gray". This is an acrostic poem that spells out the name Sybil Vane, and combines the perspective of myself, and her character from the story. Throughout I reference different concepts from the book, while speaking with my own voice. For those who haven't read the book, I hope there's meaning within it to place in your own lives, and that you enjoy the poem." — Marley Moore

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