

"Frozen Bee" - Pedro Ochoa - community member - Apis mellifera

## Ode to Hops

By Gwendolyn Hill - student entry - Humulus lupulus

Humulus lupulus,  
indigenous to English acreages,  
in spring the late frost damages  
your tender buds; they fade  
before ever learning to climb.  
When warmth prevails,  
the constant curvature  
of your hexagonal  
hollow stems  
curls clockwise  
in your quest for the sun.  
Your heart-shaped leaves  
pair up across your stem,  
their petioles  
forming ladder rungs  
on a whorling helix.

Humulus lupulus,  
in summer your bracts  
are the folds  
of a ballerina's  
chartreuse skirt,  
dry and crackling.  
Your clusters of cones  
dance as they climb,  
twirling in tulle crinolines,  
then stop for shelter  
during intermittent showers.

Humulus lupulus,  
in autumn your crown stretches  
twelve feet tall,  
and having reached your summit

the ballerinas cease  
their dance and begin to stretch  
and search  
beneath their skirts  
for golden granules:  
your resinous treasure,  
your glands that derive  
oils and acids,  
those sought-after flavors,  
soon spotted sashaying  
through German gardens.

Humulus lupulus,  
valued first by sailors,  
whose allotment  
spoiled en route to India  
before your staunch preservative nature  
kept the drink from going wild,  
and the men from going wild  
and diving into the drink.  
You lulled them to sleep with whispers  
of tropical paradises, sliced citrus fruits,  
and fields of fresh-cut grass;  
with promises of the balance  
that elevates bitterness  
to a swirling commingling  
that beads saliva on the tongue  
and leaves aromas to linger.



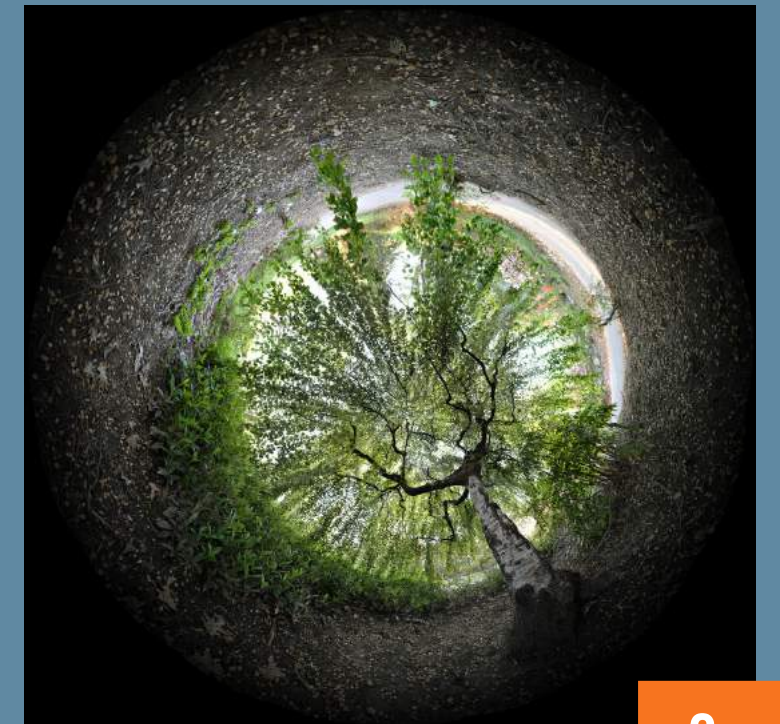
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# Campus Wild

2015



"Canopy" - Connor Christensen - student winner

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"Flying the Coop" - Aelin Mayer - student winner - *Accipiter cooperii*



### You and Me and Magnolia Trees

By Verity Sales - student entry - *Magnolia soulangeana*

I take your phone call under the magnolia tree, outside a building you've never seen, drinking a coffee too hot for this weather. You tell me about the snow in Boston. You say the snow is crowding the sidewalks; you haven't run in weeks. You tell me people are cold-worn, snow-sick, their patience collapsing like roofs.

Is it presumptuous to feel this early spring is a reward for digging up my roots? I want to tell you about this stone bench under the blossoms. About the pink petals the size of my palm, the color of your cheeks after too much sun. These blooms erupted overnight, aggressive goblets of pink opening wide like tongues from mouths. They remind me of tulips, teacups, and walking with you. When place is veiled by distance, the images blur.

I ask if you remember the pink and white magnolia trees on the Common, the ones we waited for each spring, years ago. You say, "I guess so." I can feel the cold wearing down your spine. I worry about late frosts, what if your magnolia buds brown with damage?

Petals fall around my bench and I am dizzy from their perfume, from this strange mid-March sun. Blown from the tree, the blossoms look whitewashed. They blanket the walkway. I almost say they remind me of snow, but it's not like that at all.

### Crocus Vernus

By Lacey Rowland - student winner

We are sweating, the weight of our backpacks amplified by the unusual warmth this winter. I'm missing home, the bite of morning frost and scraping my windshield before work. The crocuses would charge through crusty, brown snow, a signal that spring was coming, whether I was ready or not. But these crocuses, a patch of purples and whites with yellow tongues that lap the sun, seem uncertain. Perhaps too soon, or not soon enough?

My friend wonders what plants will be extinct someday, he wants to write about the ones that won't make it. If I were to speculate, I think these crocuses will outlive us. They've journeyed from Europe, probably wrapped in burlap in the belly of a damp ship. They outlived the speculation of their spring companion, the tulip, who have seen their comrades fall to mania. The crocus greets winter with stamina far beyond my own. Standing tall, petals stretched up as if to say, "I dare you to crush me."



"Rough-skinned Newt" - Jeannie Sullivan - student entry - *Taricha granulosa*

### A SONNET FOR JUNIPERUS VIRGINIANA

By Hannah Baggot - student winner

Grey owl, your wings glisten wide like winter,  
like scales cutting through water. I know you

know flowers are fleeting—no need to dress  
when your body already catches sun.

Grey owl, you are always winter, always  
a December's elegant ornament.

I want to protect you from hungry mouths,  
from nightmares of worms nesting in your limbs.

But you were made to take what comes—alone  
with the drought, the dry dirt, the shallow bed.

Grey owl, you hedge through the thick air, heavy  
with honor— an ever-fortified wall:

if I lie down behind you, border me  
blue with every season, against the breeze.

"Lunch Time!" - Tainara Fida - community member- *Sciurus griseus*

