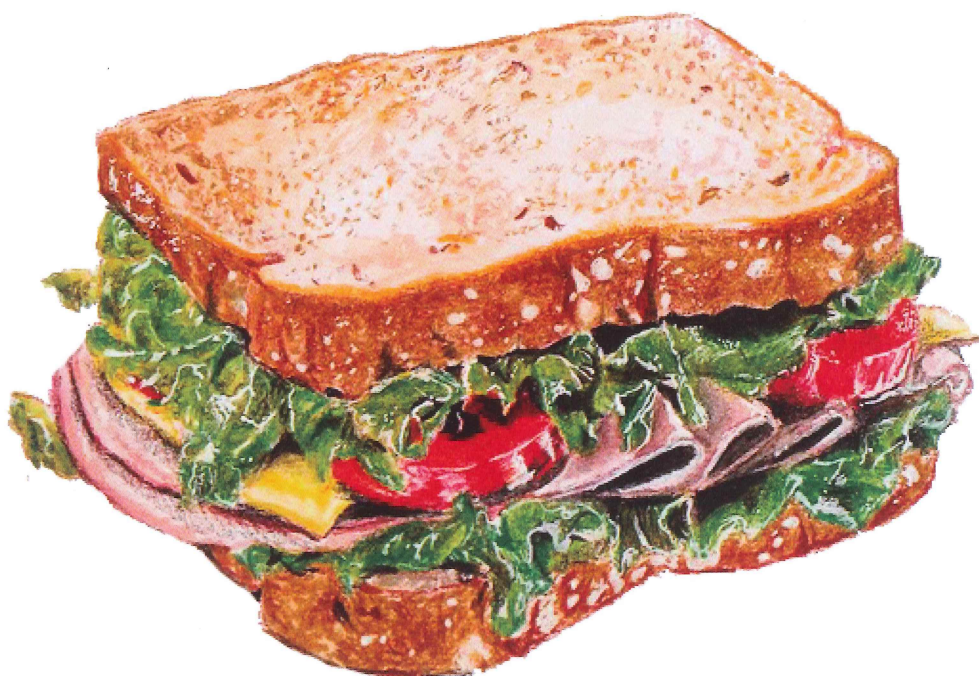


# PRISM

OSU'S ART & LITERARY MAGAZINE • SPRING 2015



*CECI N'EST PAS UN SANDWICH*

# SOMEDAY A LIFE

Gwendolyn Hill

Provost Poetry Winner

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*Dorothea Lange's*

*"Child and Her Mother, Wapato,  
Yakima Valley, Washington, 1939*

Her hair is a shadow that falls across her face,  
and on her dress bloom the only flowers  
to be seen for miles. Her fists clench barbed wire.  
The grove is full of hide and seek and other childish  
games, but she knows she is needed elsewhere.

She came to these irrigated fields in the shadow  
of Mount Adams to plant sugar beets in the rich  
volcanic soil, and fill countless hours with digging,  
hoeing, sowing (and sewing), weeding, washing,  
harvesting, cooking. She couldn't escape the dust.

Where she came from, the dust flew  
in tornadoes large enough to carry  
Dorothy to Oz, but all she remembers  
is scratching it from her scalp, and finding  
dark clouds on her pillowcase in the morning

Still sometimes, on dry summer days, the dust  
fills her lungs as the chickens kick at it, pecking  
for dinner in a storm of their own design.  
She can always find it lingering  
where her socks meet her boots.

The dust is ground under her fingernails,  
worked into her heels. The dust holds  
her fate in its cracks. It cradles the seeds  
she so desperately needs to grow, the cash crop  
that holds the promise of someday, a life.