



Awak
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The University College Literary Review

is the biannual literary journal of University College at the University of Toronto.

Read on, and awaken the creative spirit that blooms within every one of us.

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When we were the crocus under the snow,
the sunspoked rail, the hammerblow,
when world was wheelbarrow overturned
then were we young and blatant burned.

"When World Was Wheelbarrow"
Miriam Waddington - UC 1939



Masthead

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A note from the Editor in Chief:

Welcome to Awakening, the Spring 2019 edition of The UC Review.

I am thrilled to present this edition, which includes work from both undergraduate students and alumni of University College.

The interweaving of undergraduate and alumni work represents the timelessness of artistic expression. Everyone has a voice, and this edition showcases the voices of those who have graduated from this university from as early as 1947 up until today's current students.

Working on The Review has taught me the beauty of perspective. We can all find our own awakening in reading the words of our peers. Perhaps a word will strike you, or an image will make you reconsider a story. I urge you to look for these moments of awakening in the pages of this journal.

As Spring approaches, and with it the appearance of new life, may our caterpillars metamorphose into butterflies, and may our buds turn into blooms. As the icy Toronto Winter of 2019 becomes a distant memory, let us look to the Spring with sunny optimism for what is to come.

This very publication has awoken from its slumber and embodies what I hope we take away from this edition. After its revival in 2015, The Review has bloomed into its rightful place among the other established publications at U of T. It has officially been renewed as an essential text in the University College canon. I am honoured to be a part of what is sure to be a long and successful future for a literary journal that means the world to me.

I am thrilled to present this journal to all of our readers. May we continue to be inspired by the beauty around us.

- Adina

Acknowledgements:

Working on The Review has been one of the highlights of my senior year at U of T. This publication could not have come into being without the absolute devotion the masthead gave to every stage of its production.

Thank you to Chen for bearing with me as I attempted to articulate my ideas without the words to do so. It has been a real pleasure working with you. Thank you to the Senior Editors, Lena and Tahmeed, who worked through every decision made, initiated and facilitated the involvement of the associate editors and the greater University College community.

Thank you to Miggy, for always knowing the answers. Thanks to Megan for your sharp eye, to Blythe for your insight and creative contributions, to Sophie for your relentless enthusiasm, and to the associate editors Ashley, Debbie, Jeffrey and Sana for your dedication.

The personal and financial support of the University College Literary and Athletic Society was essential in the production of this edition of The Review. I'd like to personally thank Paul, Noah, Danielle and Danyal for your continued support and assistance before, during and after production.

I would also like to thank John from Coach House Press, who patiently answered all of my questions as I was introduced to the intricate and fascinating world of print and publications. Thank you for your creative suggestions and your work in turning our dream design into reality.

Lastly, I'd like to thank everyone who submitted, as well as our devoted readers. The UC Review and those who read it are inextricably intertwined. After all, what is a journal without its readers?



Julia Balm

Bliss

Profound disdain for
anything not coated in sugar

for every tongue stems from the gut which stems from the
human necessity for seven hours of good sleep every night

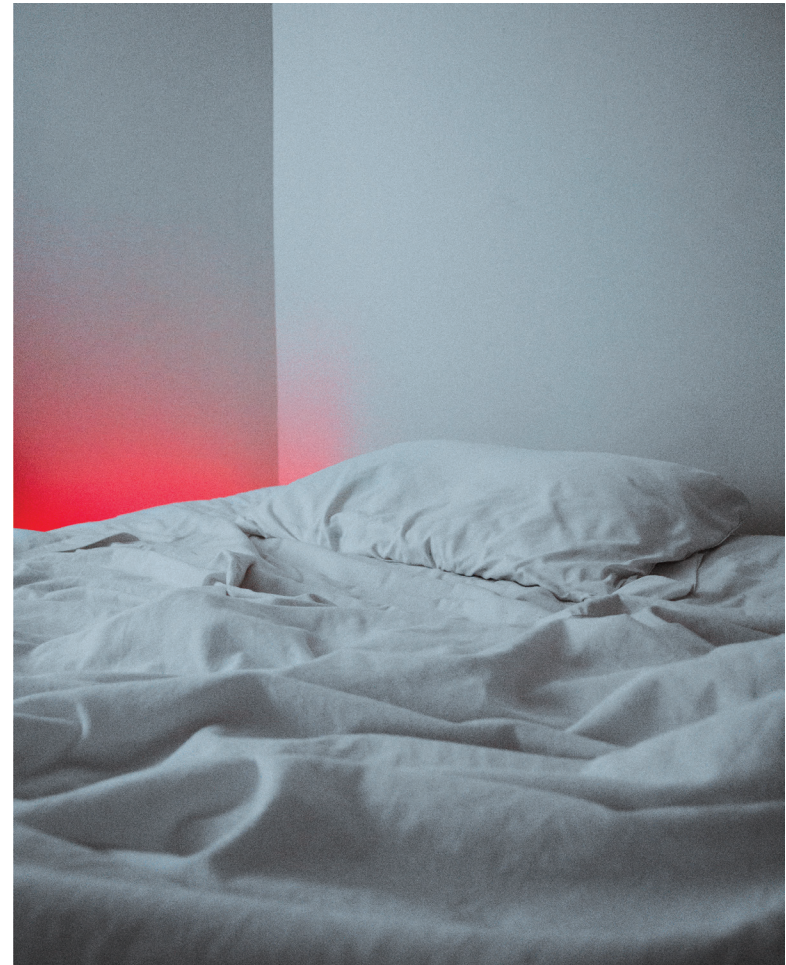
A physical therapist once told me that sitting
will be the demise of mankind

But I believe it's oversleeping that will
be the demise of both revolution and
the art of scrambled eggs

Our teeth will forget to chew if we stop eating breakfast
Our eyes will forget to stay open if we stop watching the news

Brenda Gomes

empty in your wake / 02.06.2019



Bill Tepperman

Sir Dan's In '54

It was a little frightening for a 17 year old kid who had never lived away from home to venture into the big, bad city of Toronto in 1954, a city with only two pizza restaurants!

It was especially frightening because I had never been one to seek the forefront in activities of any kind. My history of timidity was such that I had even dreaded having to make a speech in my homeroom class in high school.

But it was also a time of great excitement and anticipation for me.

I had made 'my great decision,' the decision that, if ever I was going to change my lifestyle, if I really wanted to change my entire approach to being, then this was it. This was my opportunity to leap from my custom of keeping my head down and out of the line of fire. This was the one shot that I had to move into a new future.

I realized that this move away from all who knew me could help me to break the pattern. This was a move away from a life where everyone, including me, assumed that I would continue to behave in the same old ways, where I was expected to live in that consistent fashion. This break was an opportunity for me to leap into the person that I really wished to become.

While I was puzzling things out during the summer vacation before entering First Year, I was counseled by an experienced university friend (Third Year Arts seemed very experienced) that, if I really wanted to change my life, I had to be prepared to "hit the ground running" from my first day on campus.

Not only should I start fast, he said, but I, who never had sought the limelight, should immediately run for the position of First Year representative on the UC Lit!

When I arrived at the brand-spanking-new Sir Dan's in September, 1954, all I could think was: "Here I am, trying to find a way to meet the other guys in residence, and find my classrooms, and find the Economics Building on Philosophers Walk, and he has told me that I should be running for a position on the student council...right!"

Well, shortly after my first day, and after the Jewish Holidays had kept me away from university life, I visited a friend's family in the northern suburbs for some home-cooking and affection, only to be cut off from the downtown campus that night by Hurricane Hazel, which had downed all the bridges back into the downtown area. That was followed the next day with the flu, keeping me in bed in my friend's home for another week.

So after just a short time at university, I had met virtually no one in Sir Dan's. And no one in Sir Dan's even knew my name.

When I finally got back to my 'home away from home', in the first room on the first floor of Jeanneret House, I found telephone messages on the bulletin board addressed to someone named 'Mint'. It turned out that those were intended for me, written by a fellow freshman who could not figure out the name that was being asked for on the telephone (Tepperman) since he was one of the many who had not yet met me. It seemed that he was unaware that it



would not be offensive to ask the caller to spell my last name.

And that is how he coined the nickname that I wore for the next four years. I add here that the nickname looked best when I saw it, perhaps only once, on the top of the ping pong ladder in the basement. University taught us to use ping pong to try to maintain our sanity, especially during exam time. It was certainly a lot safer than playing bridge or poker.
(By the way, that fellow who answered the phone has remained a life-long, though geographically distant, friend.)

So, what was life like at Sir Daniel Wilson Residence, in the first year of its existence? It was great!

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Sitting in the Jeanneret House common room, early on, reading the newspaper quietly with one other fellow, who happened to be the first Jamaican who I had ever met, I noticed the he had been staring at me for some time. Finally, I asked about this. His response: "Well, you are the first Jew who I have ever met, and I have been trying to see the horns on your head which I had learned about at home." Our joint education had begun!

And what an educational setting that common room became. Debates with the senior students who claimed to know everything (and many of them did). Introductions to the discussion of philosophy, of social and political affairs. And religion! Arguments about the Second World War, which had ended only nine years previously.

Going to breakfast, cafeteria style, in the main dining room was truly

something -- if you really enjoyed fried eggs that could bounce off the wall like rubber balls. But breakfast was not nearly as much fun as going for dinner in those ghastly black robes, which we could protest against only by wearing not very much of significance underneath. Now that must have been quite a sight!

In third year, many of us organized, storming the Dean in Residence in his room, advising him that there would be a student protest unless he did something about the horrid food. He must have learned well from us, since he went on to the Presidency of York University some time later.

What style we lived in at Sir Dan's.

Six Houses, all single rooms, all brand new. With a Hall Porter, George Marshall, who would do anything for his boys, as long as you treated him with respect. For example, there was the time that I went home to Windsor on the train for Christmas break, only to find when I got there that I had forgotten to pack any trousers. What to do? Why, just call George, describe the pants that I needed, and of course, he got them from my closet and had them expressed to me the next day. You have to keep in mind that, in those days, CN Express would pick up every day, deliver the next day to the destination-city, and deliver it by truck to the final address designated, all for little over a dollar.

Which leads to how I got my laundry done: expressing it in an aluminum case to my mother, and receiving it back in less than a week, again for just over a dollar a trip. This I had learned from another more experienced student who was in third year Engineering. He was

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quite willing to trade information with me, even though I was registered in Commerce and Finance.

And that leads me to recall a little eating club that four of us had formed on our corridor, since we were not so thrilled with the dining hall food. It began in our second year and continued until graduation.

We had each been raised in the delights of good home cooking: me, a boy from a Jewish home in Windsor; Carl, a boy of Pennsylvania Dutch descent from Kitchener; Joe an Italian from South Porcupine; and Murray from a Syrian background from Kirkland Lake. When our mothers found out that we might not be eating properly, they each took turns, once a week (or was it a month?), sending us a carton of food for the four of us to share, that would include a roasted chicken plus all of the fixings that would not leak out on the same old CN Express truck floor. Angels' wings from Joe's mother, and fresh challah from mine, still stand out in my mind. And, of course, the cold drinks (purchased for us by a few of the seniors who had previously lived at the residence on Willcocks) we kept out on the ledge outside of our third floor rooms. A violation of the rules, of course.

I must not omit mention of our maid, Minnie, who lived on Huron Street. Yes, we actually had a maid. She cleaned and tidied our House every day, when she was not dragging on one of her cigarettes (which we willingly supplied) with her nicotine-stained fingers. Minnie was a wonderful old soul, with a heart of gold. She far preferred working in the men's residence to Whitney Hall, the women's dorm. Because the men were far neater, believe it or not, and not nearly as foul-mouthed!

Now back to first year, again. My next-door neighbor was a freshman who slept in his bed with his galoshes on. Ultimately, he became a journalist. There may have been some connection.

Sir Dan's contained young men who went on to become authors, actors, politicians, teachers, businessmen, doctors, researchers, dramatists, philosophers, university presidents, diplomats. My wife, who received her degrees at Wayne State University in Detroit, was continuously amazed, over the years, when we would read in *The Globe*, or hear on CBC, the name of someone who had made their mark on the national or world stage and find out that he had shared life in Sir Dan's.

And, oh yes, that timid seventeen year old went on to be elected Second Year rep, then Third year, then President of the Lit. In 1958, I was able, with Joanne Thouless, the President of the Women's Undergraduate Association and a good friend of mine, to merge the men's Lit and the Women's Association to finally put an end to the traditional sex discrimination in UC student affairs.

I believe that this all happened because I learned to live my new life in Sir Dan's! It was, indeed, my AWAKENING!



Ryan Hume

Buddhism Chatline

I'm reading Jose Saramago reflecting on how
high school was a time in my life when I thought your God was the smallest
of things
how Ron Silliman said Braille is the world in six dots
how last night I dreamt that socialism was the sun and every person a
sunflower
 how dreaming that made my life better

At work I shelve self-help books with the Dalai Lama's face
 confronting me with a half-smile,
 for a moment dwelling in a world of tremendous poise
 and the infinite beauty of an agnostic's charity,
but the paperback was written by a psychiatrist from Arizona
and I've been carried back to a place
9 where happiness is just another knowable thing
written into the margins of a science

Astrology and the politics of self-care
 is Mercury's retrograde why we're like this?
it's difficult sometimes to believe that everyone in the world can be sad
for the exact same reason
at the exact same time

Shelley Rafailov

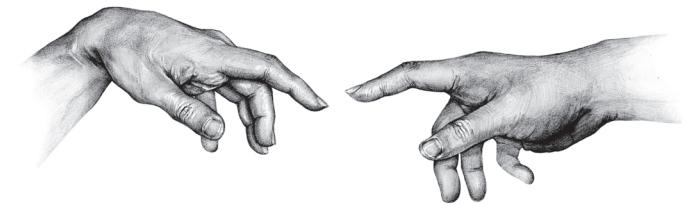
spring lamb

Black eyes blink sluggishly, *open, shut*
The world reflects in judgement-free mirrors
Gentle hearts beat *alive, alive*

Mother nudges them to move, please
You need to stand on your own
Life will not wait on weak knees

Elizabeth Ann Francis

Vita Nova



Elizabeth Ann Francis



Kelsey Goforth

Lake Huron

Caught again drinking abandoned coffee,
Bitter and cold,
Trying to grow up too fast.

Serving chicken with too much lemon,
From a cramped corner kitchen,
Playing house every summer weekend.

Watching sunsets and fire pits,
Warm with comfort,
And captured in a blurry frame.

Flames extinguished,
And awning lowered,
We leave it alone for winter.

||

Isaure Vorstman

on my desk made of wood bottles essays and feathers

on my desk made of wood
bottles essays and feathers
a postcard stands sent by
my grandma to mom years ago
it says:
how are you doing
my dear girl Rome looks great from
the top of Saint Peter it's raining
I wish it rained less than it is
now I finished this letter thing
right on the deadline I want
you to know Rome looks great from
the top of Saint Peter it's raining
now I finished this letter thing
that's kind of good so here I am
resting on top of the spire it's
misty and dreary and I can't see
much but Saint Peter Saint Peter
he is kind of cool in a good kind of way
my dear girl Rome looks great from
the head of Saint Peter is spinning
I see its face plastered on this photograph
that I'm sending to you now
my name on the back and some words
on the back anyway girl you can put this
on a desk or something the one you
do your homework on sometimes
anyway girl I love you big kisses
from Rome

||



Josefina Hernandez

Window Study



Aliki Bitsakakis

The Artist

Rain. It was raining as Eliot Silver stood on the sidewalk outside his squat apartment building, tugging at the collar of his older brother's suit with one hand, the other clutching an overpriced coffee. He lingered in the damp air, inhaling smog, the blur of bustling men and women obscuring his view. He abandoned his post, taking a falling step into the street. A pale yellow cab screeched to a halt. Eliot jumped back, receiving a shouted slur from his near killer, more than a dozen head shakes and averted gazes from those around him, who patiently waited for the light to signal their presumed safety. Eliot sighed, wishing he had a newspaper to shield his ruffled hair from the rain and the patter of irritations that hung above the city like a cloud of soiled bed sheets.

The hands on Eliot's watch ran quicker than his feet. By the time he burst into the convention center, grabbing his access pass from his assistant, the event was emptying and Eliot was cursing himself under his heaving breath.

Disoriented, face twitching, Eliot's definition of art dramatically unraveled as he looked around the room. Local artists, no-names, long clothing and unkempt hair. They stood proudly before nude self-portraits, pop cans arranged in crude words on the floor, Pollock imitations that looked like projections of projectile vomit.

A tray of miniature foods and slick glasses of wine walked by.

Eliot hated artists. There was a clear divide in the room – the amateurs, and those undeserving of their fame. Some artists truly were starving. Eliot could decipher that from their tattered clothes and makeshift easels. He felt for them, but also did not want to accidentally edge too close to them. He imagined that was how most of his accomplished colleagues regarded the younger man as they rounded the office corners. The other half of the crowd was nowhere near starving,



but described themselves as such in order to acquire sympathy, only to exceed expectations. They acted as if what they did was saving the world. They spoke of social justice and animal rights. Yet they refused to acknowledge the origin of the leather on their polished shoes, or the cries of their hungry colleagues. They expected the world to bow at their feet, as they trampled on the hands they vouched to heal. They were empty statues and Eliot refused to rub their marble noses for luck. He kept to the perimeter of the room, unable to look them in the eye.

Eliot pulled his phone from his pocket and opened his editor's contact information. He was going to call her and say I'm sorry, but there is no story here. There is never a story at any of these local events. Until you start sending me to newsworthy environments, you're never going to see real writing from me. I'm out. But he didn't call her. A hundred paces away, a man in a pressed suit had ripped the lanyard from his neck and thrown it on the ground. He ran a hand through his shockingly grey hair. Eliot approached, careful this time to not get run over by a speeding cab.

"You also a journalist?"

"Was. I'm quitting today," the older man responded, voice hoarse. "I've been working for the Times for over twenty years. The past three, they send me here. Every goddamn year. And for what? He never talks. I can't even see his bearded face without flying into a wild fucking rage." The man grabbed Eliot by the shoulders. The younger man recoiled at the sudden intimacy. "I saw him in the parking lot. Do you know what he said to me? He referred to me by name. This is all a joke to him. He knows what's going on here."

"I'm sorry but uh, who are you talking about?" Eliot felt small next to the man grasping his shoulders with the last of his

strength.

"Dominic."

Eliot had never heard that name before. But he felt the somersaults the older man's tongue had to perform in order to say it. He looked away from the mania in the man's eyes, attention caught by the pass on the ground. A blue sticker that was not present on his own stared back at him. "What's that sticker?"

The older journalist bent, peeled the sticker off his discarded pass, and jabbed it onto Eliot's lanyard.

"It's yours now. Go through those double doors and you can see what I'm talking about. Dominic's haunted art critics for years. He won't tell us where he's from, won't tell us what inspires him, hell, he won't even tell us his last name. But he's fucking brilliant. I'm passing the torch to you, whoever you are. If you can get him to talk, my eldest daughter is yours. I'll even throw in my retirement savings. But if you indulge yourself in Dominic's world, and as a result, can't sleep at night, paralyzed by that man's goddamn silence, don't say I didn't warn you. Have a nice life, kid."

~

The attached room was considerably smaller than the convention hall, which was just about deserted by the time Eliot managed to work up the courage to attend the private event he was not invited to. Beverages were missing from this party; the only objects clutched in the hands of these people were notepads, pencils, a few cameras. Some hands were empty, rubbing each other in anticipation, sweat glistening in the dull lighting. Eliot scrambled to get his notepad and pencil from his breast pocket. He followed the crowd to the stage where journalists



and art critics alike displayed the same hunger as they sat in silence. They were vultures. Predators. All they wanted was a story. They'll go home tonight, to their furnished apartments, shiny laptops. They'll go to their offices, where a coffee machine is stationed around every corner. They didn't care if Dominic died tomorrow, as long as they wrote their story today. Eliot closed his notepad and put it back in his pocket.

"Dominic has requested all cameras to be restricted from usage until the end of the presentation. He wishes you to first see his painting, then look into it. Do not think about your role as reporters, but as human beings." Eliot physically rolled his eyes at the presenter. No one noticed. "The painting will be revealed first, then Dominic will be out to answer some questions. Please be respectful of his answers. He will then instruct you of when to take your pictures. Without further ado, we present, *Untitled, 2019*."

The blue curtain dropped, as did Eliot's being.

A bold circular motion pulled him in and tossed him over his shoulder. Struggling to find a foothold in the wave of chaos, he inhaled the black water, choking on its tang. Thrashing around, searching for some sort of solace within the treacherous wave, Eliot was at the mercy of the beast he unleashed by looking at the painting. The deeper he went, the more complex the image became. Scarlet undertones, charcoal brushstrokes, suffocating darkness. That black that filled his mouth now travelled to his lungs, sticking the folds of flesh onto themselves. Deeper, deeper, Eliot's struggle ceased. Strangled shrieks erupted around him. Premature tears. Bound by invisible shackles and white knuckles. Dark ink to his ears. Deeper, deeper, he saw no conclusion to this journey. He knew this was his end. Even if he came out of this with his life, every experience would be compared

to this one. Every encounter with water would be compared to the time he drowned. Deeper, deeper, he no longer recognized himself. He looked in the mirror and saw a wilting man with matted hair and a coffee stain on his shirt. Transported away from the convention center, standing on the docks, cowering from the tide. He dropped to his knees, missing the rain. Deeper, deeper, the darkness darkened. The spinning slowed. The water leaked out of a puncture in his lungs. Nausea evaporated. And he missed it. He missed the fear. The ability to look into the water and shout back. All in the span of a second, he had been through war, heartbreak, resurrection. He lay on the shore, contemplating the value of his eternal life. He needed to be lost at sea again in order to straighten his thoughts.

The room was silent. The woman sitting next to Eliot was crying. Eliot's eye drifted across the stage and stopped at its far edge. A man stood there. He was younger than Eliot anticipated. Not much older than himself. He wore ripped jeans and a ripped black t-shirt. The rip in the shirt was at the collarbone, as if it was torn by an over-excited lover, or by the artist himself in a moment of frustration. He wore workers' boots, covered in red paint, as if he had finished a painting just before coming to the showing. His shoulders, wide. His posture, dignified. Hands clasped behind his back. Eliot knew before seeing them that they would be adorned with heavy rings. He was handsome, yet terrifying. Polished, yet criminal. He looked like a pirate. Dark tousled hair topped his head, complimenting the hair stretched across his traumatized cheeks. Thin lips. Definite, emerald green eyes. Eliot felt the skin peeling away from his organs. The man on the stage bled confidence and confidentiality. There was no telling how long he was standing on the stage. He had materialized out of thin air. A magician spotted before making his surprise entrance. Maybe there was a



trap door underneath those boots. Maybe he descended from the sky. As Eliot stared at Dominic, the artist stared right back. They locked eyes. Eliot felt the spinning again, the faint screaming. He broke the gaze, unable to experience the vortex again so soon. Dominic finally spoke, voice like tar.

"I will now take your questions." All heads turned to the artist. Eliot expected applause, but no one moved a muscle. Slowly, hands raised into the air. Dominic nodded in the direction of his desired reporter.

A voice in the front called out, loud enough for the crowd of silent adults to hear. "Can you tell us what this piece represents?"

Dominic fixated his gaze on the voice. "What do you see when you look at this piece, sir?"

The reporter stammered. "Um, I see a wave of sorts. Maybe a hurricane. A natural disaster?"

"And if I told you what I saw, would you hold my opinion over your own?"

"Well, you are the artist." The reporter spoke more timidly now, feeling the pressure of the massive canvas.

"Once I have created, the art escapes me. This piece is no more mine than it is yours. Your interpretation of it is as valid an opinion as can be conjured. I will refrain from exposing my intentions, in order to preserve the innocence of the relationship between art and audience. Next question."

"You have built the persona of a very private person, yet displaying your work to such an audience takes much openness. It is no secret that art often reveals the inner workings of the artist. Is it difficult to have your work on display, given your lifestyle?"

Dominic's hands were now in front of him. He twirled the

three fat rings residing on his fingers. They were dirty, tortured. The hands of a worker.

"Art and its creator are separate. Although one is born of the other, once birthed, they are different creatures. My existence does not depend on the world knowing of my personal life. I am a private person, that much is true. But my art does not belong to me; it belongs to all of you. I hope that answers your question."

The mass of reporters scribbled in their notepads. All except Eliot, who remained encased in silent awe.

"Why all the secrecy? Celebrities showcase their lives to be more relatable. Why do you refuse to connect with your audience?" Dominic smiled widely at this comment, baring his fangs. "Celebrities share their lives with the world in order to sell us the clothing they are wearing. They crave validation upon realizing the lives they are living are empty. My life as a human being is not yours to exploit. Write that in your magazine, right next to the latest celebrity sex scandal, if you don't mind."

"To be frank, your art is absolutely terrifying. Where does it come from? How is someone capable of producing such life-altering pieces?"

"We are all artists, for an artist is someone who suffers. My job as an artist is to evoke that emotion in you. I made this painting to hurt you, and I am glad to see that I have achieved that."

"Did you ever want to do something with your life other than be an artist?"

"No."

Dominic looked at Eliot again. Eliot tensed. He quickly realized Dominic's eyes were not the only ones staring at the man in the stiff suit. Horrified, he saw his own hand in the air.



Rebecca Michaels

recurrent laryngeal nerve

there's a fish in my throat
behind the uvula
arching down into my chest
and back to my tongue

watching the stone sea swell
a broken-backed whale against the sky
straining with wind
my feet on pebbles

I remember
what it was like to live with black eyes
and the weight of skin
that moved like wet sand

to see time as a stone does
one long present without a name
our mother tongue the swish of a tail in deep water
the only poetry
written in the language of our movements.

reaching the water
with frozen hands and the taste of slate
I remember what it was like to live without consciousness
and then I forget

how to remember



Eliot cleared his throat, slowly standing. "I thought I knew what I was getting myself into when I walked through those doors... but now I'm not so sure." Eliot looked at the sea of vultures glaring up at him. He relaxed his arms at his side. "Something else is at work here. Something I don't understand. They're all missing the point. They think you want to be some sort of celebrity. But clearly there's something else that commands you to do this." A scream lodged itself in Eliot's throat. He tasted bitter blood on his lips.

Dominic put his fists in the pockets of his jeans, a diluted smirk plastered across his cheeks. "My friend, do you believe to have a purpose in life?"

It took a second for Eliot to recognize this response as a question directed back at him. He answered in a hoarse voice. "I believe so."

"Well, what is it?"

"To be quite honest, I haven't the faintest idea."

"So I assume that merely saying this is my purpose will not constitute a sufficient answer for you."

"I just want to know what this is all about. Why are you doing this? Why are you an artist?"

Dominic beamed. "Next question."

Rachel Evangeline Chiong

BLUE



Isaure Vorstman

Lauds

Let me yawn like students do when they wake up from work all day
At night their minds alight with things that only some can understand

The winter melt, the chocolate chips, the chip and dip, the minty smells
The teas that brew when dawn comes up and say hi, are you ready?

Can you fix my apron so it fits under my sweater?
And the legs I tucked under my desk, boy, I can fold them out again!

Oh man oh man I'm ready to get moving I'm ready to go out
and do things

There's water all over my desk and drawers full of toys and earth
A bouncy ball left by some old kid that I once babysat

Oh man oh man I'm ready to get moving I'm ready to go out
and do things

Remove the tight scarf off my neck and let me smell the air a bit
Give me the space for me to grow and show some skin again

Oh man oh man I'm ready to get moving and I'm ready to go out
and do things



Eupheme Konstantinou

Moon

As I worried
through stone and stem,
found breath in current,
& strength in weakened men—

and as in idle night
I troubled with depth
all colour strung
above my rest

and counted out
my canvassed heart
in daubs of need
and strokes of doubt—

25

buried through that screen
another gate,
unkeyed and lockless
heaven of skin,
squinting sun from bulb
and worshipping
in joy unseasoned;

unrhymed, the moon broods
or sleeps, or goes about its mystery,
and haloes out its sentences
all nibless on the clouds—
and out, beyond pageant,
beyond the desert stage of skin,

some heavy shore,
tugging at the stars.

.....

There is a light the colour of voices, diffuse along the line and point of night, cemented by alcohol and service, the swaying cant of proper, her pointillated lips, the angle of his collar, while over and away the speech of nature makes roots from fingers and birds of eyes, a thousand dancing rays crowning the head of dawn drawing forth with noble carriage—sleeping water that I am, I ask in channels of boundary for mirror, torch, a genealogy of thirst committed to a centre; and there I am, burning in accidents across the inspired vision of myself, extended out, a personal, indulgent synonym for silence; and I pretend in shore to hold shape enough to let the flora drink, to feel the happy waste of wings infuse with syllables of doubtlessness the unlearned tremors of my surface; if I were to speak again, in fear, near to the alien guest finding form in my throat, I would say, without history, “I am not wanted here”; but roots commit to growth in the rhythm of inordinate, cyclic migrations, and gardens of symbols bloom from unseen seeds while buds recall their structure in tandem thoughtlessness, love authoring itself in correspondences of counter, glass, and look; somewhere the moon speaks through me, I’m told, by need disguised in recognition, but a sun gathers all conviction by the light of these churning, biotic glimpses of growth.

26

A chrysalis of form, antennaed and resistant, scurries along the floor; days pass on the palette of its colour, endless nights beneath

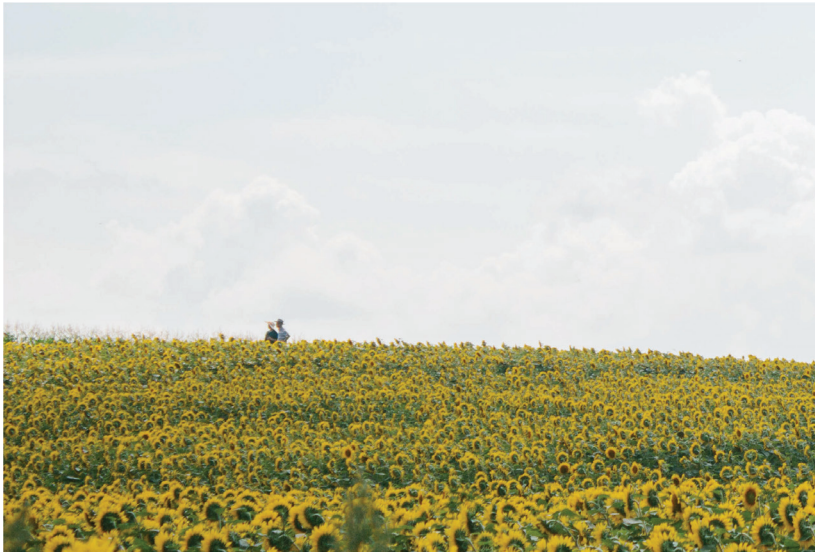


a star encased in water, lover of the tide and the space between mornings; the pull of shore subsides—
With a scream the sun glares and scatters the blood of night across the barroom floor.

Alexander Ng

someday, we'll look back.

27



Marina Sotirakos

το τραγούδι

its melody
fills my ears

a song spun
in translucent silk

my tongue trips
over mountains
that curve

and landscapes
that were once
home

28



Alicia Kapudag

Light in a Fog

A subtle sound, however relaxed the interval may seem at first, will resemble an urgent alarm amidst the fog. It must be dealt with as it is the only unnatural vibration in the soundscape of the most mysteriously magical night of all. The fog reflects and amplifies both colour and sound; unmasking, unnerving synthetic imposters within its bounds. In loaded stillness, space becomes that much more defined, as the lines begin to blur. No space can be fully occupied; there's always a light, there'll always be a sound. Stillness is in motion after all.

Elizabeth Ann Francis

Untitled

29



Elizabeth Ann Francis

Peter Niblock

Sylvan Spring

A vibrant voice applauds the rising cheer
As trees beset so long in winter's thrall
Begin to bud and breathe the breath of spring,
This voice that hails the regal strength within
So wed to root and wise in twig and bough
That wind and rain and dark inclemency
Might cloak and quell but never long subdue.

Delights it then a sylvan air to sing,
Still more the trees their own sweet song to hear,
A gift that will a greater gift impart
As buds unfurl and leaves break forth anew,
Their glad profusion soon to glisten green.

This verdant bliss, this treasure for all eyes,
This gem of nature's store, this stunning prize.

30



Ziigwen Mixemong

I am here for them

I don't like it when I'm stared at in class
during the land acknowledgement
I don't like being forced to listen to your false
narrative of a Cherokee ancestor
I don't like hearing 'you don't look native
but I knew you were something'
I don't like it when I hear the pain of
Tattle Creek as I'm walking across Philosopher's Walk
I don't like that museum, stealer of all things sacred,
being so close to where I sleep
I don't like being pumped full of false praise
by the very people who seek to assimilate me

31

My grandmothers didn't like having
their children ripped from them
My grandfathers didn't like watching
their parents die from smallpox
My father didn't like being beaten
and dealing with trauma that will last a lifetime
My mother didn't like growing up,
not knowing who she was
My sisters don't like feeling
as though they're on the brink of being a statistic

I don't like it here.
I am here for them,
I repeat to myself as I walk through this institution,
I am here for them.

I am here for them,
the ones before me
the ones yet to come
the ones here now
the ones that can't be here
I am here for them.

Elizabeth Ann Francis

Woodland Mushrooms

32



Elizabeth Ann Francis



Blythe Hunter

small and skin

I think it's curly hair that makes me will myself tiny

men's hoodies fit straight
so you have to be just a single molecule to swim in one
and swimming is so nice

did you know Instagram is a real place you can go?
and going places means buying new clothes for the sun
so maybe I'll get a tube top or something

toss out my beanie and oversized dress shirts
because they can hide miracles (I swear)

33 winter girls are too bundled, I feel too bundled with him
I won't be happy until I'm in a bathing suit wearing heels
with hair down to my ankles
experiencing true joy in the sleet

because coats are for quitters and hypothermia is fun

Sabrina Almeida

"Patience, My Dear Torrent"

Heaven's gonna bring me a glass of water
in the most inconvenient way possible:
brooding clouds
pouring over an impervious city,
grappling onto agog skin,
singing against the window panes.

A small price to pay for
the soul's provisions,
hope renewed in the fact
that our cup will never
go empty.

34



Kerri Palangio & Cynthia Guzner

1979 Roommates



Photographer: Shirley Palangio

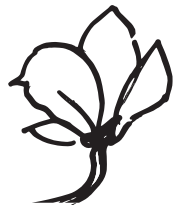
Sunniva Bean

Toronto's Tracks

I'll try to tie down these streets with that bike ride home singing
along to Etta James
Till revisiting our lanes awakens yonge's rush and my beating chest
Glowing of three pints, my city's midnight lights
Etta crowing, "Something's got a hold on me that won't let go"
My elated soul drowning out the few pairs of eyes as I belted it with
her
Party to a midnight sun of a northern summer
Seared with hope on that endless bright night.

When I drift off to see the world,
And the CN Tower no longer orients those walks from yours to mine,
I'll retrace your rhythm as I hold you in my mind.
I'll find you frozen in those prolonged Canadian winters
So even in February, your icy remnants flickers
free from the fray of the future.

I hope you sway with me to this tune
rewind time to feel my warmth.
I believe Etta when she says, "it must be love" because I hear your
hum in her sweet sound
Even after dusk displaces what my memory let linger,
Lagging twirls of time, when you shook me wide awake—
Soaked into my stained soul, you'll murmur through my veins
long, long after you're gone.



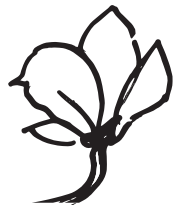
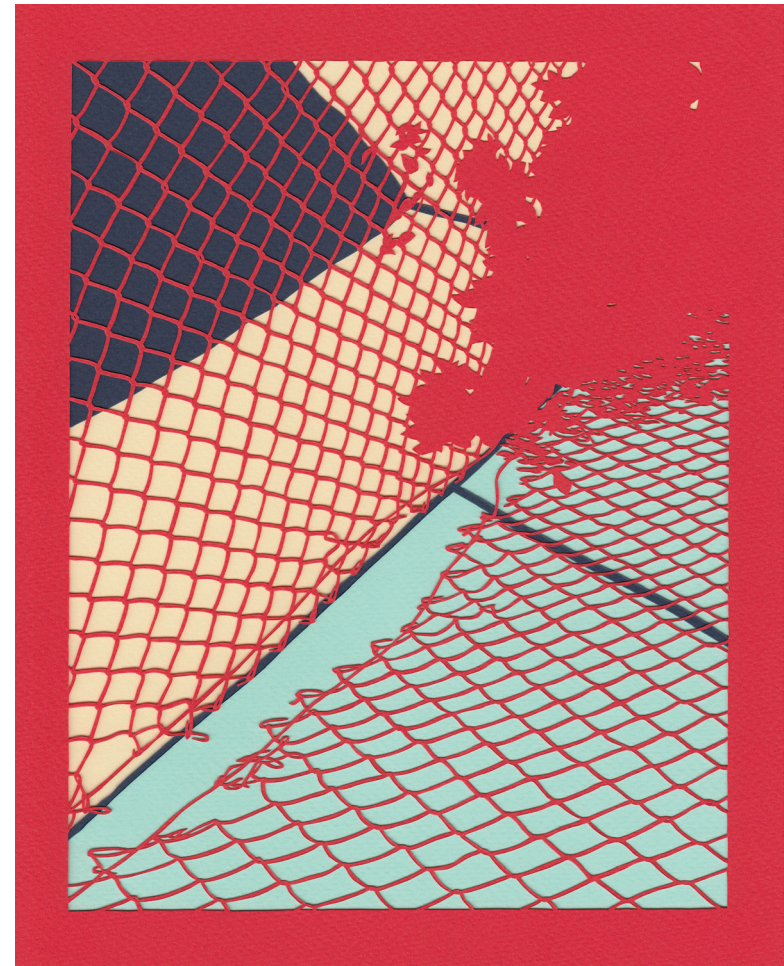
Rosalind Owen

Good Morning

Tight chest, tight back,
breathe, relax. I'm in bed
and the sun isn't up yet,
a time when everyone else is quiet
and the birds are still being polite.
I know I had dreams,
but my brain won't let me find them.
That's ok, relax.
They started in my brain
and never left.
Get up, get some coffee, do the dishes:
water is conducive to thought,
and it's nice to tidy up.
(I've heard ideas hatch best
in a clean environment.)
Maybe some breakfast now—
though I've been told not to feed my appetite.
I journal and eat yogurt and berries,
sitting cross-legged on my bed,
swimming in my sweatshirt,
and I remember my dream:
at the very bottom of my change jar,
after some extra rummaging,
I saw the last loonie I needed to
do a load of laundry.

Josefina Hernandez

Contain



Becca Willow Moss

Ruth's Revolt

I hold her hand, humming softly. Her skin is thin, translucent. There is a blue hue from the light in the retirement home ceiling, reflecting on the blue veins of courage in her arm. These days, she stays in bed. Her once-mobile legs are no longer able to take her outside, nor inside the synagogue at which she was an active member – known as *Rosh Hashanah Ruth*. Each year, she and her husband would host the congregation's Rosh Hashanah Kiddush. Annually, she'd bring sweets, and her mother's rugelach, based on a refined recipe from Russia. Ruth requested my Saturday morning slot for visits, along with a set-list of shul tzmirot. Tuesday, Thursdays, and Saturdays are my days devoted to working with the elderly.

I'm humming over the television today. I sit beside Ruth, she lies beside me; her legs limp, her hands tense. She is stunted by the news, stunned by the headlines.

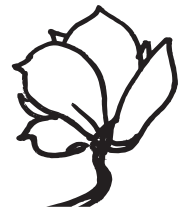
Saturday, October 27th, 2018: the 18th day of Cheshvan. We stare at the startling coverage of the Squirrel Hill shooting in Pittsburgh, with pits in both our stomachs. We watch together, but we are worlds apart. For when the nurses come in and change Ruth, I see the tattoo on her arm – the numbers marking her misery under the Nazi regime. The retirement residence staff rotates Ruth's body as I rotate my focus, waiting in the corridor. I take to the hallway, to provide any semblance of privacy Ruth can find in her small, square room. Turning a blind eye to incontinence, I try to focus my vision on the incomprehensible, inconsiderate hate. Be it on the news, or on Ruth's arm, I am made aware of the hatred others feel toward my Jewish people. Each Saturday, I see the tattoo from the concentration camp. The concentrated reminder that when Ruth was my age, her Jewish identity

wasn't expressed through wearing a Magen David necklace – the way my friends and I did after our Bat Mitzvahs. It wasn't just the imprint from a sunburn at Jewish summer camp – but the numbers imprinted on her arm.

Ruth seldom discussed her experiences in the Holocaust with me, but always ended our time together by reminding me to use my “Jewish voice.” She'd request specific Yiddish music around the time of her birthday. When I was hired by her daughter to attend to Ruth's needs, Ruth stared at me in silence for the first minutes of our encounter. I – dressing like I do, only in clothing from my Grandmother's generation – looked to Ruth like her friend, Sima. When Ruth finally spoke, she said: “Sima, I'm glad you survived the war. We didn't know.” Whether or not this was a moment of her dementia was not important. To me, it was clear: I was to be Sima, singing to Ruth songs of the shtetl. As an actor, the role of Sima was an honour. As a Jewish woman, the role of Sima strengthened my connection to art and generations past.

Today, Ruth is focused on the television. As she shakes her head in bed, the stakes in our room rise. I want to ask, are you ok? But she is already answering me in her limbs. Her hand trembles. Her pointer finger, toying with the bars on her bed, twitching, itching to get out.

Ruth has been preparing for the end of her life for some time now, prelude her demise with songs of synagogues and showtunes. I've been singing to her since her diagnosis of cancer in 2017. My Saturdays are not filled with a minyan of 10 men, but of 10 songs of celebration, being the voice of an entire nation while Ruth hums along. I sing her favourite, *Ich Hob Zifefel Leib*, weekly. Other songs include



Shalom Alechem, Lecha Dodi, Yerushalayim Shel Zahav, Oyfn Pripetshik, and every so often, I shamelessly throw in Fiddler on the Roof.

She doesn't sing with me, yet her torso and spirit do. Ruth is now 89, and the whites of her eyes are clearer than a Sabbath tablecloth, unscathed by her age. "Times have not changed," she mutters. She closes her eyes, hiding the clear, cerulean blue irises, but unsuccessfully hiding the tears from me. "Oy," I gasp, clasping her now weakened hand in mine, cuddling her hand as though she were a child; tenderly and with gentle pressure.

"Shall I turn off the television for a little while?" She opens those eyes. She pauses, before offering monotonously: "I hoped I'd die before seeing a second holocaust of our people."

41

I invoke my Jewish day school ammunition, to assure Ruth she's in no condition to die: "Ruth in the bible is famous for not wanting to leave. She's the one who coined that saying: *If you go I go, if you stay, I'll stay*. Ruth, I'm here for the next hour, and I'm staying. So, you better stay." Ruths are never in much of a rush. Flushed, her tears are now those of laughter.

Taking my cue, I lower the television volume slightly. It is still audible, so to not ignore the abhorrent act, nor to distract - but to impact with harmony. The voice is my anomaly - my way of clumsily orienting myself amidst this day. So, I sing *Essa Enei* in Hebrew to Ruth, while the newsreel peels back our North American blindfold. I sing the lyrics which translate to: "God will guard you. Your going out and your coming in. From now until forever." While Ruth may understand the

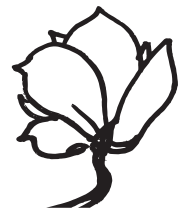
lyrics for their linguistic resonance, I am unconvinced she believes their euphemistic arrogance.

I did not go to Ruth's funeral that week, yet I attended two others. I prepare each week for multiple visits to multiple retirement homes, taking time and care in my choice of repertoire. Some patrons lay in bed, some are still walking instead, but always in my head remains the knowledge that they are nearing their ends. Friends of mine, audiences of mine. Restricted and retired souls, who have invited me to into their final residences. The many homes they might have dwelled in throughout their lives, are now condensed to one shoebox. Trinkets, toys and photographs lay around, proving helpful in my asking about personal and unique recollections. These sterile retirement homes with high-turnover, make for a needed high-tolerance of isolation. I try to fill the rooms with buoyancy and vitality, knowing how vital it is that I make my one voice sound like a chorus.

42

With every final verse I sing, I can count a hearse I've seen. I am an artist: a singer, actor, photographer, stylist, and granddaughter first. Therefore, I have taken on the role of surrogate granddaughter to many, and serenader of many. I could not live my life as proud Jewish artist, had I not learned from the lives of those whose art preceded mine.

I began volunteering in retirement residences in eighth grade after my grandmother died. I listened to stories, learning from strangers who became the guiding forces for my path. The maps carved out in memoirs of those who fled Europe, were reflected in my moral compass when embracing my route as a Jew. Minds frayed around me, as



did sweaters bought at Talbots many moons ago. As speech slurred and final fatigue set in, dialogue was no longer an option. I took to using my voice. My sound was stagnant during my youth due to stage fright, I began singing for the elderly patrons around me.

Years later, I have graduated from university, and balance my theatre, singing and acting, with performing an act of devotion. I spend my days singing final lullabies to those whose family members' visits lull in frequency. Every life has a melody and memory I'll bellow 'til my grave.

In retirement homes, doors are shut when one passes on, and others pass by without knowledge of the death. As the staff prepares, there is no media, no spectacle, or shock value. I attend every funeral, as audiences can be sparse on the retirement home circuit. At shivas, I console, I cajole, and I do my best to play a role.

To all my Ruths: if you go, you go. But *when* you go, you stay with me. For every note sung and every life lived has a resonance that lingers on. I sing knowing it might be the last song someone hears, and that I must continue the refrain when that time comes.

Isaure Vorstman

Week 6

oh good, you're back, the break is over and I can hardly say
I'm glad to be here but I'm glad to see your face

my holidays were good enough, I got some sleep, slept in and stuff
I did some work and drank a bit, did mardi gras with family

I wrote an essay on money and things, I wish you could've
helped me out, I'm trash at economics, you can say it, we both know it

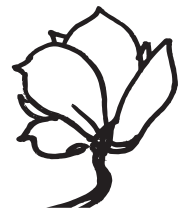
so many things went by and with you not
there to witness them what's the point of all those things then?

oh they closed the saint george campus twice when snow hit hard
but only when I had no class, these people had one fucking job

they closed the campus twice and my res ran out of hot water
I couldn't wash myself for days, you know how I hate cold showers

anyways, I'm not ready for my classes and neither are you,
I know you and the way you do things, you know I do

the general giddiness that comes from you being
back, I've missed you, where were you?



Josefina Hernandez

Persist



Elizabeth Ann Francis

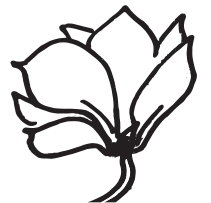
Dawn at Sasajewun



Rosalind Owen

The Words I Speak

All the words I speak
came from people before me
(and now they tell me not to plagiarize.)
From my mother, from my tormentors,
from teachers and books,
from enough strangers, from enough data.
I absorbed, and now I use.
I decide which words to say, and where to put them.
Ideally, not in someone else's mouth.
Ideally, in their ears,
the window to the brain.



Josef Eisinger

This Life on Earth in Perspective

In 1930, during the early days of radio broadcasting, Albert Einstein admonished a radio audience in Berlin not to consume the fruits of science with as little intellectual curiosity as a cow chewing its cud devotes to botany (Herneck). Since then, almost a century of astonishing scientific and technological advances has passed and I wonder if a similar comment could not be made regarding the general public's attitude towards science and its achievements.

47

I, on the other hand, am one of those who relish belonging to the first generation that knows the age and the history of our universe, even the physical laws that govern it, though gaps do remain; and I am thrilled to belong to one of the earliest generations that can be aware of the checkered past of our planet, and, specifically, of how life evolved on it. It is a story that was sketched with remarkable insight by Charles Darwin, but subsequent scientific advances, particularly radio-activity-based dating of fossils and sophisticated DNA sequence analysis, have provided us with a far more detailed view of the heritage of the Earth's species, including our own.

To envisage a vast span of time like the 4.54 billion years of our planet's existence, it is helpful to shrink it to just one year, in which Earth was created on 1 January, and to look back on the year's events from the vantage point of midnight on December 31. This allows us to view the evolution of life in its proper perspective.

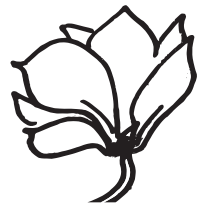
In that make-believe time domain, it took until the middle of January (or about 200 million years) for the newly formed planet to cool

sufficiently for its surface to retain liquid water – the essential medium for all life as we know it. There exists strong fossil evidence that already by the beginning of February, single-cell life forms (prokaryotes, e.g. bacteria) were thriving in the Earth's oceans, although the antecedents of these early denizens of the ocean are not known and are subject to various hypotheses. They had plenty of time (some 2 billion years) to evolve in complexity.

The DNA analysis of a large number of today's species suggests that LUCA, the Last Universal Common Ancestor, was alive in March. This hypothetical organism's genome included the 355 genes that every creature living on Earth today – be it a microbe, a tree, a fish or an elephant – has in common with LUCA, and presumably, all future life forms on Earth descended from it. Knowing the functions of the proteins encoded in these 355 genes, we can even paint a crude portrait of LUCA: It was a single cell, anaerobic microbe whose DNA, composed of the same four bases as our DNA, floated in its cytoplasm, which was enclosed by a lipid bilayer membrane, as in a bacterium. Some of LUCA's genes suggest that it lived in a temperature and chemical environment not unlike that in deep sea vents.

48

Then, sometime in August, an event occurred that would alter all future life in a dramatic fashion: Certain bacteria incorporated within their cell walls a pigmented protein complex (now known as the photosynthetic reaction center, or PRC) which was capable of converting radiant energy into useful chemical energy, and in the process, generated oxygen molecules. Sustained by the abundant sunlight on Earth,



these photosynthesizing bacteria flourished, and in time generated enough oxygen to constitute one fifth of the Earth's atmosphere. Since oxygen was poisonous to most of the then existing life forms, the so-called 'Great Oxygen Catastrophe' led to the extinction of numerous species. The bacterial PRC that accomplished this remarkable feat is, apart from cosmetic differences, identical with the PRCs that inhabit green leaves and sustain plants.

49 Early in September another development took place that had far-reaching consequences for life on Earth. Some of the single-cell organisms acquired a membrane-enclosed nucleus in which genetic information was conveniently packaged. This innovation of eukaryotes, as these nucleated cells are called, provided many advantages: the most important one being that it facilitated the emergence multicellular life forms, whose individual cells shared a common genetic master plan. All through Fall a vast number of multicellular species proliferated in what is known as the 'Cambrian explosion' and by the 1st of December the first vertebrates had evolved, fishes and tetrapods populated the oceans, and the first land plants made their appearance.

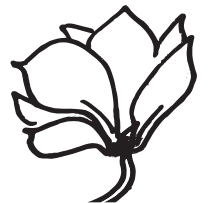
Then, on 10 December (251.4 million years ago) disaster struck. The so-called 'Permian-Triassic extinction event' caused the demise of some 90 percent of ocean-dwelling species, possibly because something caused Earth's temperature to rise and thereby deprived its aquatic creatures of their life-sustaining dissolved oxygen.

But life went on. Beginning in mid-December, numerous species of

dinosaurs made their appearance and they roamed over Earth's land and seas for some two hundred million years – until disaster struck once again: On December 26 (66 million years ago) another extinction event occurred, possibly the impact of a large meteorite. It wiped out fifty percent of all species, including all the dinosaurs – all except the avian ones, whose descendants – we call them birds – remain with us still.

During the last five quiescent days of our retrospective year, a great array of new species evolved, including mammals, those warm-blooded animals that had acquired the knack of bearing live offspring. The fossil record tells us that by 29 December (20 million years ago) many familiar mammals – bears, giraffes, hyenas, and apes – populated the Earth's forests, while *Homo habilis* and several other humanoid species were alive some four hours ago. And just half an hour ago, modern humans, optimistically named *Homo sapiens*, made the scene in Africa, and before long populated all the continents.

Earth's most recent catastrophic event was the last ice age in which a kilometers-thick sheet of ice covered large areas of the Northern hemisphere. When the ice melted a mere 90 seconds ago (i.e. 12,000 years ago), it caused the oceans to rise dramatically and ushered in Earth's present (Holocene) period. This is the era in which humans invented agriculture and viniculture, discovered how to smelt metals, invented the art of writing, built great cities, and forged vast empires; Julius Caesar was assassinated just fifteen seconds ago. Modern science began to bloom about two seconds ago (ca. 18th century) and in time,



allowed us humans to discover the bumpy history of our planet and the astonishing story of how life, as we know it, evolved. That is unquestionably an intellectual achievement of humanity that deserves to be celebrated – if Earth were not, even now, careening toward another extinction event. This one, unlike the many that preceded it, is of our own making and must be attributed to the inability of humans to co-operate in curbing climate change – while there is still time.

Herneck, Friedrich. "Eine Zu Unrecht Vergessene Ansprache Albert Einsteins" (An Unjustly Forgotten Speech of Albert Einstein's). Die Naturwissenschaften, vol 48, no. 2, 1961, pp. 33-33. Springer Nature America, Inc, doi:10.1007/bf00603397.

51

Elizabeth Ann Francis

Arrival



Elizabeth Ann Francis

Lance Nizami

Palo Alto, San Andreas Fault Line , 2 am

I feel the shakes at night
Is it just my body falling asleep
Is it just the Fault Line coming awake

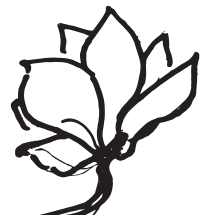
What *tremors* me
What makes me hesitate to fall asleep
In far Japan, the temblors happen often; fear is real
But what perturbs me here?

It's not a strike-slip, fault-wise
It's not a perturbation of the earth
It's more a perturbation of the self
It's fear: the fear of shaking in my life

The fear of having tremors in my hands
The fear of having chaos in my heart
The fear of happenstance: the plain bad luck
The fear of future shaking makes us shake

I feel the shakes at night
Is it just my body falling asleep
Is it just the Fault Line coming awake?

52



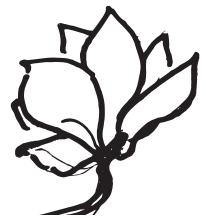
Olive Scott

Sweet Summer

In the morning the waves are not so loud,
The dew drops on my bare toes
Are cold.
And the gravel road pricks.
I am walking on porcupines, I think.
I walk to the field and let the mosquitoes
Bite.
It is so early,
There is no one to witness my
Trespassing.
Mum does not know I am awake.
Only the crickets are up,
And they do not stop their droning music
For me.
Not even the sparrow and common swallow
Sing before dawn.
Through the field of golden grass,
And then back again,
My feet pull me onwards.
The new solar panels
Dominate the center.
I sit under them when I do not want to be
Found.
Squares of darkness;
Nothing grows beneath them.
Dad says they are good,
But they ruined my field.

The sun has floated upward,
But it is still across the lake.
I go to the dock to see it fly, and think;
The forest must be violet on the other side.
The grass is dry beneath my feet,
And I have only moments
To slip into bed
Before Grandma wakes.

Afternoon is different.
Mum wears her linen dresses,
The rest of us live in bathing suits.
When I bite into my peach
Its juices drip down my chin.
I hate that.
My sticky hands reach down into the lake.
There is splashing and screaming
As boys jump off the dock.
They used to ride their bikes off the edge,
One life jacket for them,
Another for the bike.
I kick beech nuts into a hole the chipmunk
Has made.
Lunch is ready, Mum says.
It is fish
Again.
My dad likes fishing,



And I name every single one he catches.
 Today we are eating Red.
 Perspiration drips down our soda cans,
 When I blink
 My eyelids are sweaty.
 That is how the last week of summer goes,
 A rising sun.
 An empty forest.
 A field that knows my soul.

Today,
 The solar panels are still there,
 Wildflowers grow in the tall yellow grasses,
 The road is paved,
 Waves rise off the asphalt,
 And my feet burn instead of prick.
 We eat fish, but they are nameless.
 Grandma does not come.
 Boys jump off the dock
 And turn to catch their toddlers before they
 Hit the water.
 Mom wears her bathing suit,
 And I wear my linen dress.

Josefina Hernandez

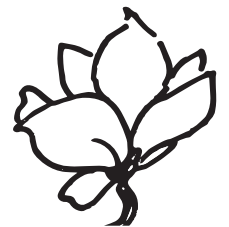
Sidelines



Grace Ma

At night, waves to my eyes, I wonder:

If I will only know one moon,
 why would I need to know twice of anything?



Aliki Bitsakakis

2nd Year | English Major | Victoria College

Aliki is an avid reader and writer who also occasionally paints. Her artistic journey is perpetuated every day by the people she encounters, the places she visits, and the thoughts that keep her up at night.

Julia Carmen

4th Year | History Major | St-Michael's College

Julia was diagnosed with having her head in the clouds at a very young age and is currently using writing as a form of treatment. She is enthusiastic about the moon, Russian novels, and quality cheese platters.

Ziigwen Mixemong

3rd Year | Indigenous Studies and Women and Gender Studies | UC

Ziigwen Mixemong is an Indigenous student striving to push the narratives of her people to the forefront of mainstream conversations. She doesn't always know what to do with her inherited trauma and resilience but she tries her best.

Rebecca Michaels-Walker

3rd Year | Ecology & Evolutionary Biology | UC

Rebecca is passionate about the importance of intersections between art and science, and is always looking for new and multidisciplinary perspectives from which to look at the world.

Elizabeth Ann Francis

4th Year | Ecology and Evolutionary Biology | UC

Elizabeth Ann Francis is a self-taught fine artist based in Toronto. She works primarily in oils and graphite, and explores themes surrounding the human experience and the natural world.

Olive Scott

2nd Year | Classical Civilizations, Environmental Studies | Victoria College

Olive is a second year student who is still trying to decide her major. She dances with the Only Human Dance Collective, and spends most of her time thinking about gymnastics, cats, and the Romans.

Marina Sotirakos

4th Year | English and History major | Victoria College

Marina is a fourth-year student who is unsure what the next chapter of her life contains but is nonetheless excited to graduate.

Blythe Hunter

3rd Year | Book & Media Studies | Woodsworth College

Blythe likes dogs a lot and doesn't do too much.

Alexander Ng

1st Year | Math and Physical Sciences | UC

Alexander Ng is a visual artist based in Toronto. Using the photographic medium, he strives to capture the character and personality of his subjects, as well as to preserve moments in time.

Sunniva Bean

4th Year | Sociology and International Relations | Victoria College

Sunniva Bean is currently studying abroad in Granada, Spain. In her spare time, she enjoys debating, painting, and photography.

Rosie Owen

3rd Year | Linguistics Specialist | UC

Rosie moved to Canada to study physics, until she realized the beauty of math can be applied to anything—including language. She is inspired to embrace her own perspective, voice, and creative vision.

Isaure Vorstman

History Major | Victoria College

Hailing from Amsterdam, Culemborg, Philadelphia, France and Toronto, her writing is a mishmash of these places as well as of people, music, memories, happy or sad, stuff she can't make sense of, and whatever else she's been busy thinking about.

Brenda Gomes

3rd Year | Ecology & Evolutionary Biology | UC

Brenda is a music photographer based in Toronto. She isn't afraid to go beyond her comfort zone with her personal work, dabbling in portraiture, travel, and landscape.

Sabrina Almeida

2nd Year | Rotman Commerce | Woodsworth College

Sabrina is the co-president of UofT Spoken Word. You can find her roaming campus for the best cafe study spots, listening to girl power playlists, and rereading *The Night Circus* for the thirteenth time.

Shelley Rafailov

2nd Year | Human Biology, Psychology | UC

Shelley prefers winter to spring. She believes spring's only redeemable features are cherry blossoms, birds, and the fact that the season is at least 50% overcast and rainy days, which is the ideal atmosphere for poetry.

Grace Ma

2nd Year | English and Environmental Science | Trinity College

Grace Ma is forever indebted to nature and wool socks.



Contributors Alumni

Ryan Hume | 2018

Ryan is a recent graduate of University College. During his undergrad, he was an active member of the UC community, holding positions on the UC Lit, UC Review, and Gargoyle.

Kelsey Goforth | 2012

Kelsey is a poet and writer who lives in Toronto. By day, she works at a health non-profit that focuses on end-of-life issues. By night, she can be found training for marathons, writing poetry and planning her next adventure.

Cynthia Guzner | 1983 Kerri Palangio | 1984

In 1979, Palangio from North Bay and Guzner from Dundas, Ontario found themselves as 1st year roommates. It was an awakening to life at university in the big city and the beginning of an adventure that is still going strong 40 years later.

Peter Niblock | 1951

Peter was active in the M&P society, and played soccer and ran cross-country for UC & U of T. He taught for three years and returned to U of T to study theology at Wycliffe College.

Dr. I.R. “Lance” Nizami | 1982

As of 14 February 2019, Lance Nizami had more than 260 poems in print (not online) in recognized poetry journals, some recent publications being in *Poetry Salzburg Review* and in *Shearsman*.

Alicia Kapudag | 2012

Since her on-screen debut in Canadian indie film *Rearview* (2013), Alicia went on to pursue her acting career internationally, appearing in a variety of Turkish TV series and various films including award-winning genre film *Housewife* (2017).

Josef Eisinger | 1947

Josef is a physicist, molecular biologist, and professor emeritus at the Mount Sinai School of Medicine in New York. His scholarship ranges from nuclear physics to the history of science.

Bill Tepperman | 1958

Thanks to his exciting time at UC, Bill became committed to giving back to this country which allowed his father to develop a new future in a new land. Find him on the JCR wall as William Tepperman.

Rachel Evangeline Chiong | 2018

Rachel wants to cry because she's an alumni now. Her biggest accomplishment after graduating was putting together a website: www.rachelevangelinechiong.com.

Becca Willow Moss | 2017

Becca is a singer, actor, writer and visual artist based in Toronto and New York. She is an advocate for finding emotional health through vocal experimentation, and believes that one's audible sound is indicative of a sound mind.

Josefina Hernandez | 2012

Josefina practices paper cut works and carvings with an x-acto knife. Inspired by nature's sinuous and organic forms, she explores the relationship between us and the spaces we inhabit. In her work, she seeks to convey both the spiritual and material realities of human existence.

Eupheme Konstantinou | 2016

She is the rotted pretensions of a rose as seen from dreams suspended from the ISS. She does nothing and accomplishes less.



