

famili r





THE UC REVIEW:
UNFAMILIAR

The University College Literary Review

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

This edition of The UC Review has been divided into two sections: one familiar, one unfamiliar. We want to give you a shock to your system. Read from here, or flip the book and start from the end. Like any good journal, how you read it is up to you.

It was printed in December 2018 at Coach House Press on
bpNichol Lane, Toronto.

(In)visible/ Chelsea - 05
Amanjot Ubhi

Snickers - 06
Emma Hastie

Sleep - 07
Sana Mohtadi

Mom's New Dress - 08
Erika Dickinson

Window 玻璃门 - 12
Tina Ye

Grandma's Kitchen
外婆家的厨房 - 13
Tina Ye

Bivouac - 14
Marina Sotirakos

Speeding Ticket - 15
Trinity Synard

Carousel - 16
Trinity Synard

F A M I

Doorway - 17
Brie Augustine

Waves - 18
Nicola Lawford

Desiderata / 10.28 - 21
Brenda Gomes

Mother - 22
Tina Ye

Places - 24
Grace Ma

Exhibition 2 - 26
Leyla zahravi

Marathon Sunday - 27
Grace Ma

L I A R

Acknowledgements - i

A note from the Editor in Chief - ii

Copy editors - iv

Masthead - v

Contributors - vii



AMANJOT UBHI

(In)visible/ Chelsea



EMMA HASTIE

Snickers

I'm not me when I'm hungry,
I'm not me when I'm sad,
I'm not me when I'm grumpy,
I'm not me when I'm mad,
I'm not me when I'm sulky,
I think I've been had
'Cause I'm sure I'm not me when my mood's getting bad.

I'm not me when I drink,
I'm not me when I glare,
I'm not me when I lie,
I'm not me when I swear,
I'm not me when I pout,
My me's might have to share
'Cause I simply can't find this "real me" anywhere.

SANA MOHTADI

Sleep

When the world is indigo
Sirens fade into a ramshackle lullaby
I'll cradle you, daddy long legs
Folding you to me like a crepe crane
Rocking you to sleep with paper-cut kisses

Let's float like bathers in the Dead Sea
Skimming the water like cream from milk
Salt on our tongues, rock candy
Let's succumb to the tide of bedsheets,
The familiar scent of slumber,
A chemical rag held close to our Owl and Pussycat faces

Posed like the Pietà, bodies tucked in
And out of the shape of prayer
Kneaded and braided by a day's work
Chests rising and falling in a familiar refrain

ERIKA DICKINSON

Mom's New Dress

She's been working on it for weeks and she made it so it would fit her. So she could bypass the standard dressing room wrestle. So she didn't have to look at herself under harsh fluorescent lights and find all the bits of herself that the generic garment disagreed with. And when she tried it on for the first time, I reacted in the same way I do in those dressing rooms. I'm never dishonest with her, yet I don't really choose to be honest with her either. I don't tell her that something looks good when it doesn't because I know that even if I tried, she'd see right through me. She made me choose the fabric. I picked a light cotton with a denim wash and a daisy print. She made me choose the buttons. I chose white ones, to match the accent of the flowers in the fabric. She chose the pattern. It's the style that 1940s housewives wore: Hugging the smallest part of the waist and flaring out into a full skirt. It's sleeveless with a collar. She made sure it fit her.

When she shows it to me, she wants me to be proud of her, and I want her to be proud of herself. But she doesn't want to hold pride in herself. She makes me hold it instead. She lets me know her pride is precious cargo that I have to be careful not to damage. I try to find the flaws I think she sees before she sees them.

"Do you think it's a weird length?" she says. I didn't pick up on that one. She has a keen eye.

"No. The hem hits you just above the knee."

"Well not really," she hikes the skirt up a bit. "If it were above the knee, it'd hit me here."

"You're not standing up straight though. If you did, it'd be above the knee."

"I don't know. It's not above the knee. It's not below the knee. It hits me mid- knee. It's a weird length."

She scrutinizes the hem for a few seconds and then walks around the corner to the full-length mirror in the hallway.

"Huh. I guess you're right. When I stand up straight, it hits me right above the knee."

"It would look really good with a belt," I offer.

She runs her hands across her waist, examining how it fits her there. She says nothing.

"I really like it. You did an amazing job. It fits you perfectly."

I try to sound sincere because I'm being sincere, but I'm afraid she might think I'm putting on a false tone.

"Yea, it's alright. I really like the fabric you picked out," she says.

"How about you try it with a hat?"

She scoffs, "You know I don't look good in hats. My head is too small."

I open up the closet and bring down her wide brimmed gardening hat she uses to keep the sun off her shoulders.

"Put this on."

She puts the hat on and looks at herself in the mirror. It casts a shadow over her bare shoulders, shielding her face. She stuffs her hands into the pockets of the dress and leans to one side.

The dress moves with her, keeping a hold on her waist while the skirt swishes around her legs. The denim wash has a relaxed look without making her blend in with her surroundings. She looks good. And she made it herself. She made it to fit her perfectly and she succeeded.

“Wow. It’s perfect. I love it and you look amazing. With the hat, you look like you’re about to strut down the French Riviera.”

I coat my honesty in enthusiasm and pray that she’ll buy it. She rolls her eyes.

“Ok now you’re laying it on a little thick,” she gives herself one last look in the mirror before she turns to face me.

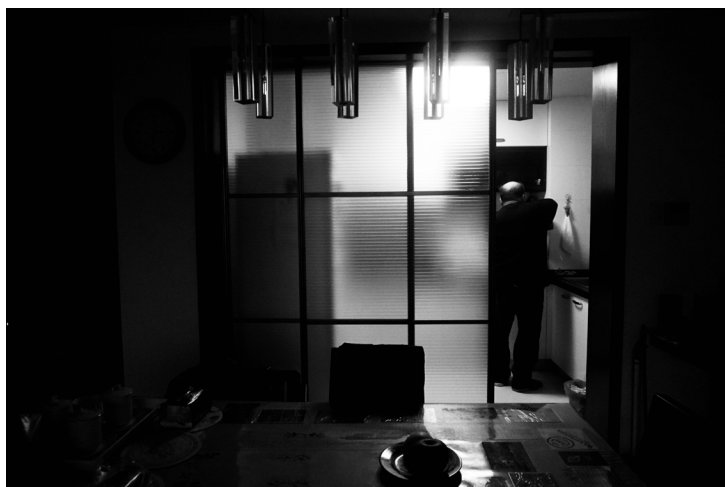
“But I’m glad you like it,” she says. Her brow softens and she smiles at me.

“I’m just really glad you like it.”

TINA YE

Home 家

Window 玻璃门



I left my home, Hangzhou (杭州), when I was 10 years old. Memories of my home have become a hazy fog, obscured by a sense of displacement and hyphenation. This year, I returned to Hangzhou. Surrounded by family, nostalgia called out to me from stationary objects, places, lights.

TINA YE

Home 家

Grandma's Kitchen 外婆家的厨房



This series of black and white photography was taken in my hometown. Everything was the same, everything was different. Both familiar and unfamiliar.

MARINA SOTIRAKOS

Bivouac

biv·ou·ac

/'bivoō,ak/

noun

a temporary camp without tents or cover.

The sweetness

Of burnt sugar

Smoke

In the night sky

And the colour of the sun

Rising

In her eyes

TRINITY SYNARD

Speeding Ticket

the bugs were bigger
in north carolina dad at his worst
launched at the police enraged
even meaner in the states
max and mimi, american cousins
pinched them by their wings, pressed 'em
flat against their palms a display
a house with an indoor balcony and a white carpet
they knew they wouldn't wreck it
in the backyard parentless my brother backflipped
playing popcorn on the blue trampoline
with our out of nowhere cousins stretched thin
I tried hard not to knee myself in the face
avoid the dinged-up eye I was always
dinging up my eye on different trampolines

TRINITY SYNARD

Carousel

the shattered green pop
whisk me up
soft body feel shame when
the thick mall
the tea stained soles
begin to cry my new face
a soft plum
her thumbnail pierces
pureed and the smell of rot
i never knew it before

BRIE AUGUSTINE

Doorway



NICOLA LAWFORD

Waves

The station is crowded, so I remind my friends to stick together. I have taken the train to Toronto with three of my friends to see a rock band from England. Legs numb from the long train ride, we wade as though through water from Exhibition Station into a dream-world of young people and food trucks, lit doubly by the glare of the late July sunset reflected off the lake. We are blinded a little when we lean out over a railing facing the water.

I look down at the waves, which have been building all day from back home in Hamilton on a southwesterly wind. The four of us took physics last year and could draw these waves on sine graphs, modelling the motion of particles oscillating up and down or back and forth. We might be swaying ourselves, dizzy with anticipation. The thought of being in the presence of a famous person is daunting, even if they are only famous for their singing voice or the way their body looks.

On the hazy opposite shoreline, I try to place Niagara-On-The-Lake. This is where my mother grew up on a fruit farm, spending her winters at Catholic school and her summers packing peaches.

She finished high school early, moved to Hamilton, and became a mechanical engineer at a university. She left her job when she had me. Her years have since been spent making me meals, reading me books, and telling me I am beautiful. She gave me her love for science and rock music, and her astigmatism of the eye, I suppose, among other things. As a teenager, she was never allowed to go to Toronto to see famous people, even though the CN tower was visible from the orchard just across the lake.

After seeing an opening act we don't know, my friends and I wander to the merchandise table. As I decide whether or not to buy a t-shirt I am trying on—it is cut off high at the hem—I scan for reflective surfaces. The mirrored convex lenses of the sunglasses disperse light waves and make my cheeks balloon out, swelling and undulating like the surface of the lake. As a rule, I try not to think too much about bodies. Bodies are all different. Bodies come with different features, in different shapes and colours, and they come from different places, and they wear different clothes, and that is alright with me, but it doesn't always seem like it is alright with everyone. I change out of the t-shirt, and the four of us walk to the cashier.

We sit down in our seats, only to jump out of them shortly afterward. The lead singer enters the stage in a flash of electric blue, holding a light-up guitar and wearing matching fluorescent shoes for the first set. A crashing clamour of applause echoes off of the ceiling, but his voice flows through, clear like water. His presence is god-like; under the spotlight, his face glows in the dark.

When my mother gives me advice, she never says that she owes everything to hard work, toughness, or putting herself before others.

"Be nice to everyone, always," she says, "no matter who they are or what they look like. That will get you places."

Where would my mother be now if not for me? Perhaps she would be standing on a stage, in a space so vast you could hear an echo, sending messages in waves at the speed of sound. Perhaps thousands would flock from across Canada to see her in person, to have the very spotlights illuminating her face reflecting off of their own skin. What does it mean to change the world? Has she done it? Will I?

BRENDA GOMES

Desiderata / 10.28



TINA YE

Mother

It's the first time I've seen my mother cry.
22 years of my life went by
Without ever seeing the tears squeeze
Past my mother's eyes.
I could only watch,
Helplessly,
As the 妈妈 I knew with the eternal smile
Wept silent tears, face half hidden out of frame.
I reach inconsequentially towards her,
Fingers stopping short of the cold screen of my phone.
There was no warmth in her tears,
Only the hard reckoning of the frailty of life.
"Your grandmother said to me yesterday—
That she felt lonely.
Insignificant."
I felt the sour squeeze of my heart, the blood and air sud-
denly forced out of me.
Family is all we have
Yet we forget, we forgo, we forfeit.
Indulged by the frivolous distractions
Of life.

I saw the stark realization of regret
In my mother's tears.
To take for granted what is most precious to us,
To regret, seconds too late, that we were not
The saints we claim to be.
Instead, left in this empty sea
Of tears we should have shed
Out of warmth, love, courage.
"Another 15 more years—"
pauses, staggers, admitting a truth
So bitter on her tongue.
Idealism wrapped in idle hope
Even after the words escaping her lips
The reverb echo in falsity.
To love is to suffer,
We make martyrs of ourselves

To salvage something that
Cannot be bent in this lifetime.
Yet we hang on
To the naive, believing nature of our
humanity.

GRACE MA

Places

Places are the greatest thieves
and givers.
How two weeks ago I would stick
to my mother like a newborn,
the same innocent temper,
at home, on the couch
like she was the only one
who knew of my existence.

It was the suburb quietude,
the full platters on the wood table,
spicy and warm and refreshing
and all for me.
I would have done anything—
and it would have been easy
because you could always see
the sun set.

And now, being here,
between glass buildings,
standing on sloped ground,
eating from a plastic fork,
watching every person you can imagine,
the heat, noise, smoke, gutters,
giving away a yearning aversion

is a feeling all so impossible,
like an alien's message.

Neither good nor bad,
I think of my mother sighing
to me, tonight on the phone:
neither good nor bad.

LEYLA ZAHRAVI

Exhibition 2



GRACE MA

Marathon Sunday

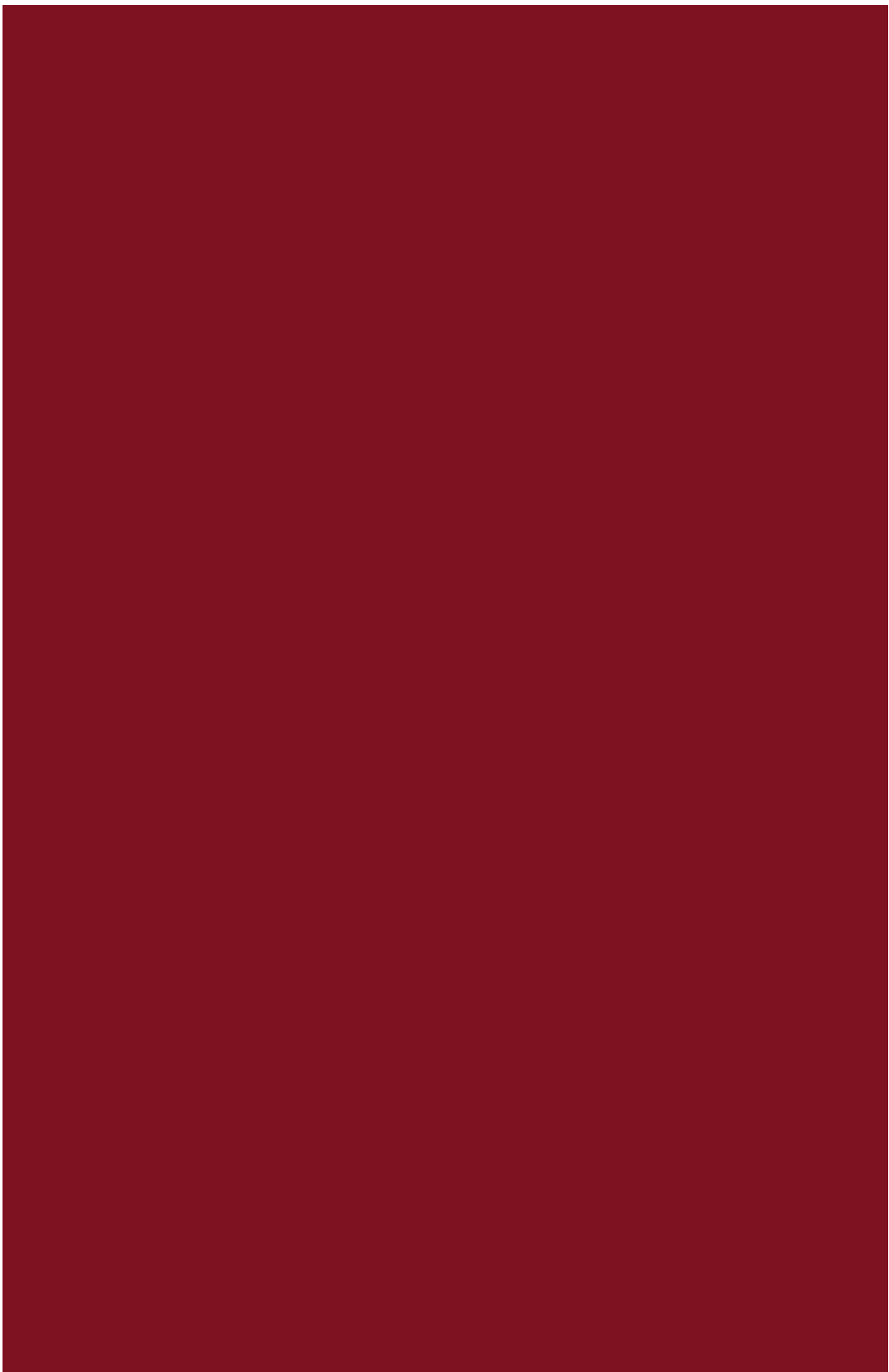
The runners will run the empty streets
tomorrow morning before morning,
when frost is unseen and fog unseen
and the wind cut over and over.

Nearby a body of aprons will convene
in a kitchen playing yesterday's jazz,
and dust flour on warm elastic dough
to knead for love and money.

The runners will run by the bakery
with its dim windows and faint scent
and then run by twenty-three others
with the same windows and perfume.

This innate forgetfulness,
I envy more than anything else,
just like how you will miss the runners
because you always rise after.





*A note from
the Editor in Chief*

To our dear UC Review community,

Confused? Disoriented?

Welcome to unfamiliar, the Winter 2019 edition of The UC Review.

By now, at least you've figured out where to start. If I'm being honest, it took me some time to figure it out, too. When I took on the role as Editor in Chief, I was stepping into the well-worn shoes of people I am grateful to call friends and colleagues. I have been involved with this publication since first year, and felt I was prepared to take on this role in my final year of university.

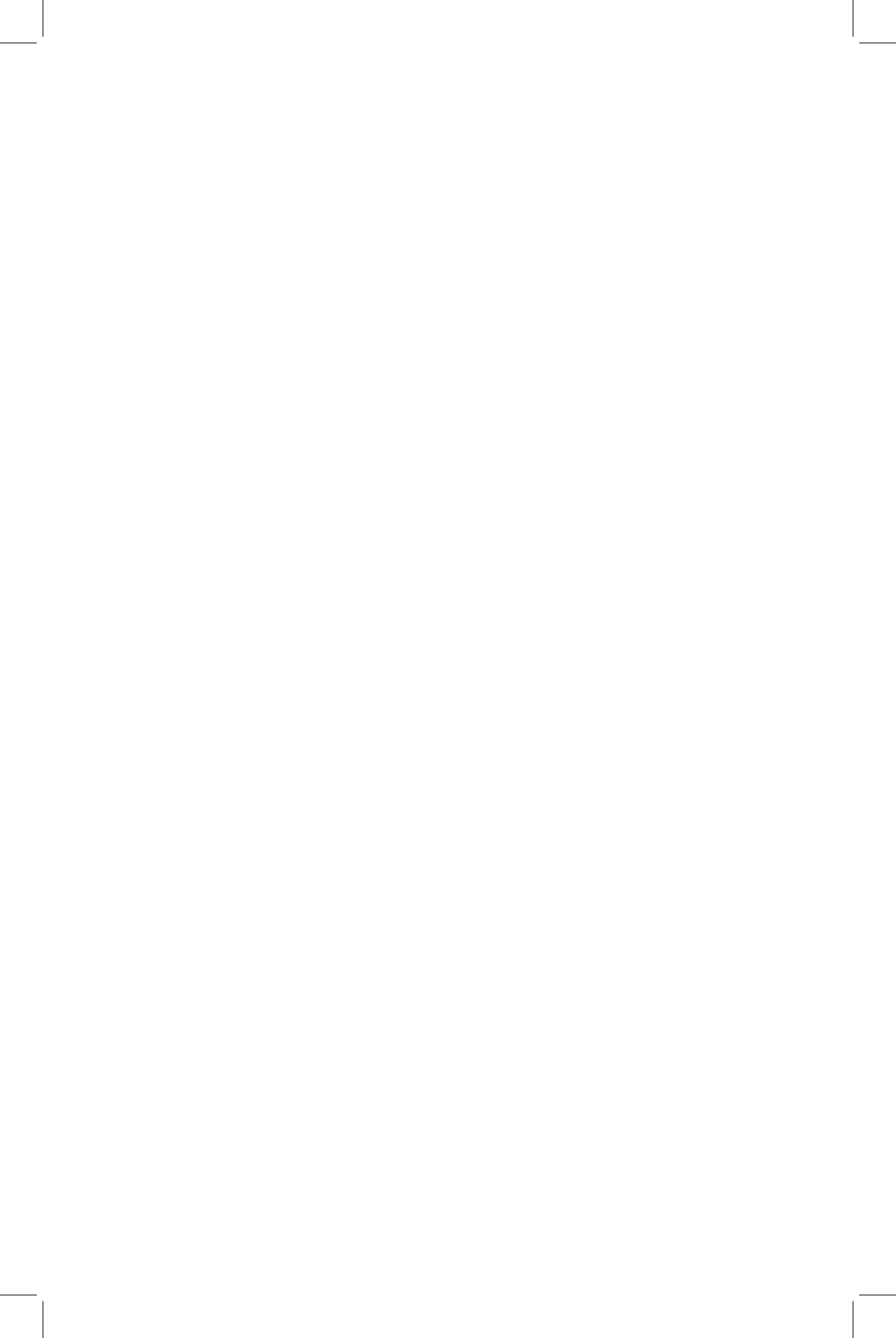
Little did I know how little I knew. What I thought would be familiar territory turned into a maze of deadlines, communications, finances, hiring, editing and designing. Within every aspect of this journal there was a whole unfamiliar world of detail waiting to be discovered. I am very grateful to my team of dedicated editors, whose enthusiasm and remarkable dedication to the production of this journal made every part of the work a pleasure.

This term's theme unfamiliar is, ironically, something all U of T students can relate to. There are so many "firsts" we experience in university: the first day of classes, the first exam, the first failed exam... Pretty soon, however, we become accustomed to all of the newness, and everything, once again, settles into familiar territory.

This journal is both familiar and unfamiliar. After its revival in 2015, The Review has been remaking a name for itself. It has now rightfully settled in its place among the other established publications at U of T, and has officially been renewed as an essential text in the University College canon. I am honoured to be a part of what I hope will be a long and successful future for a literary journal that means the world to me.

I am thrilled to present this journal to you, dear readers. I hope it sparks questions and inspires an outpouring of creative expression. In familiarizing ourselves with its contents, may it lead to a more intimate understanding of each one of 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, who had the vision for this extraordinary edition of *The Review*. Thank you for bearing with me as I attempted to articulate my ideas without the words to do so. You managed to turn what was an idea that was given by an editor during a masthead meeting into a true work of art that has revolutionized the design of literary journals across campus. 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, and acted as indomitable pillars in the often-times shaky production period.

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 inextricably intertwined. After all, what is a journal without its readers?

I look forward to producing the second edition of *The UC Review* in the Winter term with all of you.

Adina Samuels
Editor in Chief

Tahmeed Shafiq
Senior Editor

Miggy Teoh
Digital Editor

Lena Schloss
Senior Editor

Chen Shang
Design Editor

M A S T H E A D

Sana Mohtadi
Associate Editor

Jeffrey To
Associate Editor

Anna Adami
Archivist

Blythe Hunter
Consulting Editor

Ashley Manou
Associate Editor

Debbie Bhattacharya
Associate Editor

Sophie Nielubowicz
Promo & Social Media
Coordinator

C O P Y E D I T O R S

Megan Brohm
Chief Copy Editor

Adela Jeon
Copy Editor

Jason Sze
Copy Editor

Zeynep Uncu
Copy Editor



Contributors

Katrina Agbayani

Program: Humanities

College: Victoria College

Year: 1st

Description: In between classes and episodes of *The Office*, Katrina likes to write poems and short fiction pieces.

Mikaela Toone

Program: Ethics, Society and Law and Writing and Rhetoric

College: University College

Year: 3rd

Description: This is the first piece I've written in quite a while. I look forward to writing more. (P.S. Merry Christmas Mum and Dad!)

Nicola Lawford

Program of Study: Engineering Science

Year: 1st

Description: Nicola Lawford's short fiction has been awarded the Maitland Banting Silver Quill Award and published in *The Kit Compact Magazine*. She composed "Waves," a personal essay, as a part of her application to study at the University of Toronto.

Shelley Rafailov

Program: Human Biology, Psychology

College: University College

Year: 2nd

Description: Shelley is a second-year student who is trying her best to learn how things work, whether it's the human body, the brain, or the universe in general. She believes that the best inspiration hits at around two in the morning, and is thus in a perpetual state of exhaustion. She can be found in con hall, on the subway, or stress-baking in a kitchen somewhere.

Isaure Vorstman

Program: History, Political Science, Creative Expressions and Society

College: Victoria College

Year: 2nd

Description: Isaure has lived in Amsterdam, Philadelphia, Culemborg, and Toronto. She spends her summer terms giving tours of medieval cities in Southern France, and during the fall and winter semesters you can usually find her practicing loud modernist music on one of the many pianos hiding on the St George campus.

Brie Augustine

Program: English specialist

College: University College

Year: 2

Marina Sotirakos

Program: Double major in English and History, minor in Political Science

College: Victoria College

Year: 4th

Description: Marina is a fourth-year student who still tries to write for fun.

Trinity Synard

Program: Religion and English

College: University College

Description: Trinity is a student, writer, and avid tree-admirer. She also thinks about Medusa too much, loves to eat sour skittles, and has yet to figure out why she writes.

Antonia Facciponte

Program of Study: English Specialist and Creative Expression and Society
Minor

College: Victoria College

Year: 3rd

Description: Antonia Facciponte is a third year student at the University of Toronto, pursuing an English Specialist and Creative Expression and Society Minor. She is an associate editor at The Trinity Review and IDIOM. Her work has been published in The Humming Magazine, and the current issue of Exile Literary Quarterly.

Grace Ma

Program of Study: Double Major in Environmental Sciences and English

College/Faculty: Trinity College, Faculty of Arts and Science

Year: 2nd

Description: Grace Ma appreciates the versatility of poetry and milk crates.

Sana Mohtadi

Program of Study: English

College/Faculty: University College, Faculty of Arts and Science

Year: 2nd

Description: Sana Mohtadi grew up outside of Boston. She likes to write poetry about God, her mom, and the city.

Emma Hastie

Program of Study: Genetics

College/Faculty: Victoria College

Year: 3rd

Description: Emma Hastie is currently working towards a double major in molecular and fundamental genetics. She spends most of her time writing, staring off into empty space, and avoiding her studies (accomplished by the first two activities).

Leyla Zahravi

Program: Double major in biomedical toxicology and health and disease

College: New College

Year: 5th year

Description: My passion for art and science has led me to develop an interest in social issues. I am interested in bringing awareness through the medium of photography.

Erika Dickinson

Program etc.: English & Philosophy

College: University College

Year: 3rd

Description: Some of Erika's favourite things right now include cinnamon raisin bagels, dry shampoo and wool scarves. She spends her free time dancing around her room to 80's music and watching Vine compilations on YouTube.

Amanjot "AJ" Ubhi

Program: Criminology Specialist

College: University College

Year: 4th

Description: I do a lot, but mostly I'm just trying to breathe. @aj.ubhi

Brenda Gomes

Program: Ecology & Evolutionary Biology and Cell & Molecular Biology

College: University College

Year: 3rd

Description: 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.

Tina Ye

Program of Study: Human Biology

College: University College

Year: 4th Year

Description: When my family first immigrated to Canada in 2006, I learned English by reading Magic Treehouse again and again. As a self-taught photographer, my first camera was the flip phone I got for my 13th birthday. My dream is to work for UNESCO. Follow my photography on [Instagram.com/vaureos_photo](https://www.instagram.com/vaureos_photo)

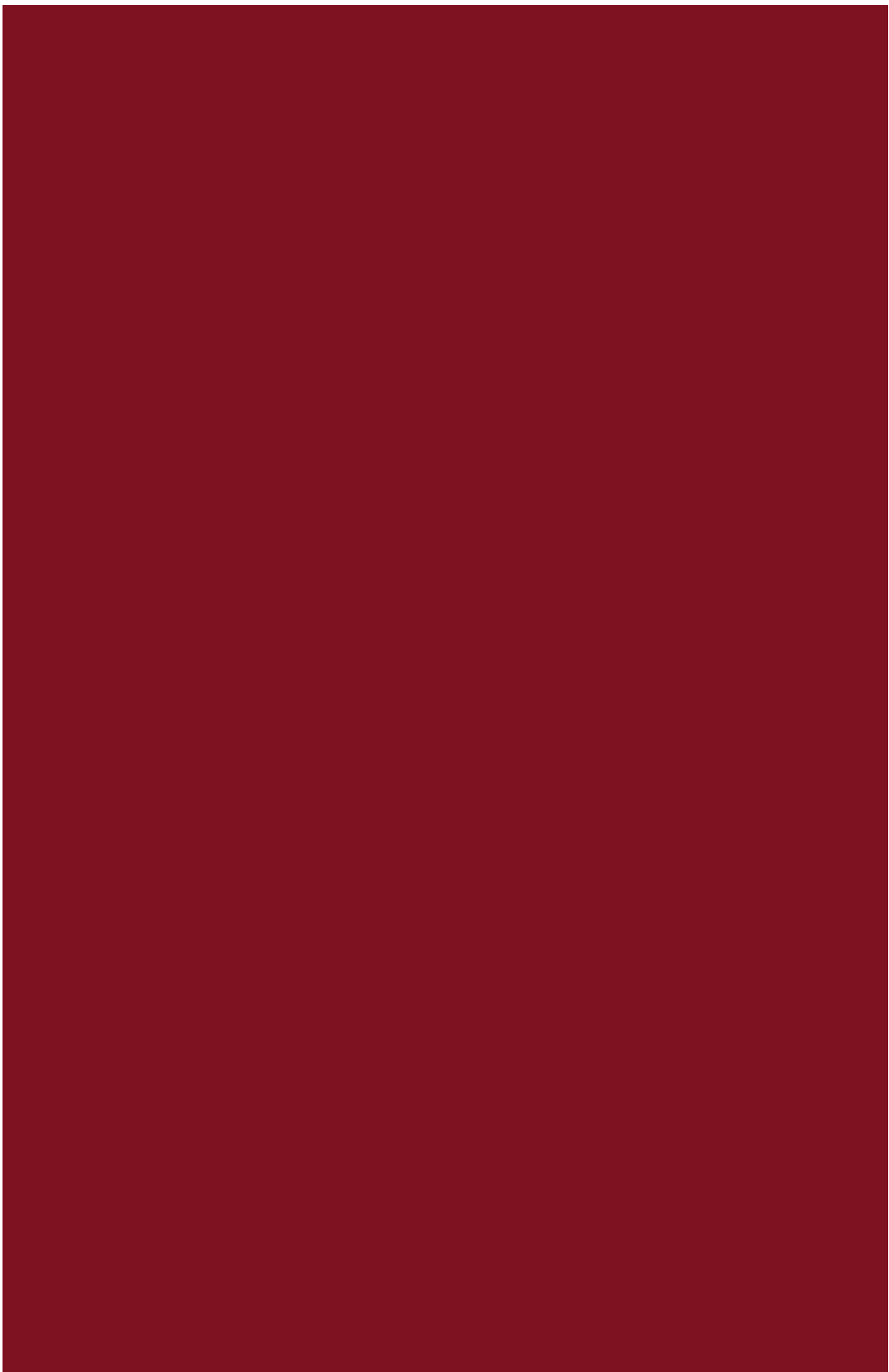
Connor Bennett

Program: Dept. of English

Year: MA

Description: Connor Bennett was born in Toronto and lives in Pickering, ON. He is an M.A. student at the University of Toronto, studying English. His fiction has previously appeared in Hart House Review.







THE UC REVIEW:
UNFAMILIAR

(Dis)connected/ Chelsea - 05
Amanjot Ubhi

Glimpse - 06
Antonia Facciponte

The body is not a prison-house - 07
Trinity Synard

Faceless - 08
Brie Augustine

The Voyage - 10
Connor Bennett

my old bedroom is a barren office - 16
Shelley Rafailov

Car's Rear View Mirror 后视镜 - 18
Tina Ye

Staircase 楼梯 - 19
Tina Ye

U N F A M

Excelsior - 20
Shelley Rafailov

Rare Steak - 21
Mikaela Toone

(Un)certain/ Clement - 24
Amanjot Ubhi

Premonition - 25
Katrina Agbayani

I moved out - 27
Isaure Vorstman

EE2 - 29
Leyla zahravi

20 - 30
Sana Mohtadi

I L I A R

Acknowledgements - i

A note from the Editor in Chief - ii

Copy editors - iv

Masthead - v

Contributors - vii

AMANJOT UBHI

(Dis)connected/ Chelsea



ANTONIA FACCIPONTE

Glimpse

My aunt was having a baby,
Mom told us to get in the car.
We walked around the hospital,
looking for her room. I passed
an open door, peered inside—
saw several people crying.
A lady in black gasped for air.
The nurses were calm—wheeled it
out. Covered in a yellow sheet.
I told my parents and brother
that we must be in the wrong place.

TRINITY SYNARD

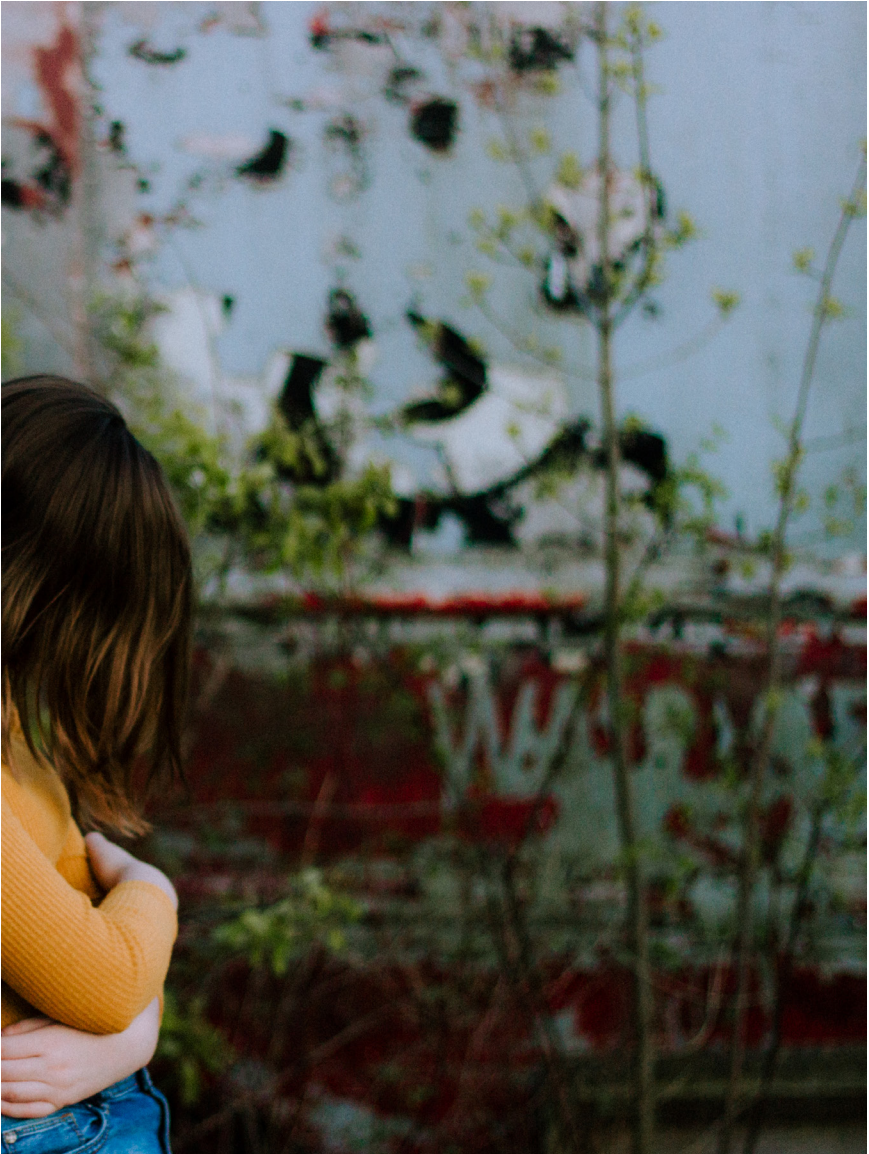
The body is not a prison-house

like plato said
contorted alongside the saxophonist
team and bend to let him know
his ability he's ian's gold teeth
breaking light and gesturing free
before the angelic mechanical orchestra
pray I never forget again what Dev
Ian Eva told me and the city of toronto
how the firmament isn't beyond the body
really it can be anywhere at all,
heavens all and sainthood and freedom
and to never be shy corkscrew our wrists
kicking against the beer slick floors
to the electronica a red inner flesh
humans ecstatic baring our necks
we are not souls cursed
to a prison-house

BRIE AUGUSTINE

Faceless





CONNOR BENNETT

The Voyage

We waited on the shore for the captain; we could not leave without him; but the daylight softened, our legs ached, we could not keep formation, and so finally we sat on the sand. Some of us slept on duffel bags. Some of us made castles, and others dug holes, and some of us found shells to take with us on our voyage. We waited, and watched the boat go up and down, and listened to the gluck-slap sound it made with the waves. Even the bishops, who were to bless our voyage and our souls, had already come down from the chapel on the ridge overlooking the sea. Where was the captain?

Soon I was the only one still sitting (even the bishops took off their shoes, pulled up their skirts, and went in the water), so I decided to go looking. A person without anything to do can only be alone for so long, especially at night. Behind us, bordering the other side of the beach, was a dark forest. I walked along the tree line, trying to find a way in, but the foliage was so thick and the space between trees so dark that I walked and walked, and felt so sorry for the captain. Surely he was in there; surely he'd gotten lost on his way to shore and was afraid.

I called his name, and kept walking, faster now, and just when I reached a footpath, an entrance into the woods, I heard a voice from somewhere inside saying, "The moon had a dream, and in it we were happy." Surely this was the captain! I ducked beneath branches and stepped over stones; mosquitos buzzed in a nimbus around my head, and the darkness thickened until I could not see. I called for the captain again, and panicked, and knew I was lost. I could not see, and I turned, and held out my hands, but every direction was the same, every step a mistake, bringing me farther into the woods. But then the voice came again, louder now, closer, saying, "Behold the movement of the sky," and I did, for suddenly there were stars and light, and I watched Orion bow to Andromeda, and it was good. I had arrived at a clearing, and in it a circle of several small campfires. At the centre of this circle was a hermit whose congregation consisted of a grasshopper, a white-speckled doe, and two chickadees, but no captain. With eyes shut and hands raised to the heavens, the hermit said, "And nobody ever died, and hearts never broke. Everybody was happy. No one was alone, and no one felt alone.

But then the moon was eclipsed by the earth, and the moon felt a chill—it shivered and woke—and we fell. And so mothers grew children, and they wept for their children, and children for their mothers, and in this way they joined the water cycle, and they grew clouds in the garden of the sky...”

Stars burned deeper into the sky and campfires warmed the trees. I thought maybe the captain had come back and was waiting for me on the shore, but when I returned there were only the bishops splashing each other and having fun. I was ready to set out. I was tired of this place. I had packed my bag, considered every item, every shirt, pant, and sock; I had considered all of my thoughts and decided which to keep, and considered all of my feelings and done the same. But this delay was no help to me; the discarded thoughts and feelings might catch up with me at any moment, might ask me to bring them on the voyage, or just sneak into my duffel bag. Where was the captain? Apart from those asleep on the shore, I could not spot any of the other sailors. Gluck-slap, the boat said.

I walked in the night and found almost nothing of interest. Bushes leaned in the wind and sand stuck to my boots. The moon made everything blue. I had been walking for a long time and thinking of ways to describe the stars when someone rushed past me in the opposite direction; I stopped and watched, but it was only another sailor running late. I kept walking. I thought I should think like a captain who is about to lead a voyage, and just as I did, the path I had been following arrived at an open gate; it was the gate that led up the ridge to the chapel; the bishops must have accidentally left it unlocked. I went to shut it, fearing the cattle would get lost, when I thought: maybe the captain stopped in to pray!

Like a memory burning deep in a mind, the chapel was illuminated against the night, a shining hillside house with darkness all around it, harboring warmth. The doors were unlocked and candles glowed in the windows, but there was no one inside. Two small cottages stood on both sides of the chapel, each with gardens growing lilies and wildflowers.

Mailboxes were planted nearby. Neither bishop had any mail. The lawns wet my boots for crossing them; the moon suggested I look from atop the ridge to see if I could see the captain. (How would we ever find our way without him?) From the top of the ridge I saw the beach and the woods, and sensed the waves moving in the dark, but it was no use, I could not see him. All of this was visible under a sky spotted with gold, as if the divine were shining to us through the moth-eaten cloth of night. For so long these stars had been separated, lingering on other sides of the sun, but here they were, a celestial procession, finally together in one sky. I wish I could have been up there with them.

Soon the air filled with mists that quickly thickened into clouds. Snowflakes moved from them as if lowered on fishing lines, millions of them turning a soft static in the night. While I was catching them I heard a sound from somewhere below that pulled on all my muscles; I was sure I'd heard a call, and I listened, but in this storm I could hardly hear a thing—though what else could it have been?

The captain must have come back! Everyone was leaving without me! I started to run, certain I would be left alone forever (the bishops, I knew, would never take me in). What had I been doing up here, surrounded by snow? Why couldn't I have just waited on the shore? I ran, and tumbled down the hill and hurt my elbow, but I kept running and running...

...But the captain hasn't come. We sit on the beach, the same sleeping sailors, the same bishops humming hymns to stay warm, and the boat, moving up and down, anchored but eager to deliver us to new shores. Snow is laid over everything. Our breath collects in the sky, forming new clouds out of which it will continue to snow. It is so cold. Surely if the captain does not come soon the water will freeze. Surely we will be stranded. Every now and then the bishops look to me expectantly. They want to go home. But we will wait, and when the captain comes we will stand and salute, and not bring up how late he is.

SHELLEY RAFAILOV

my old bedroom is a barren office

Decades later and I still feel that tug
Deep in my gut, pulling me backwards
Begging me to relapse into nostalgia
And like a fool, I listen.

My muscle memory follows the sunset
White sneakers turn pink in the fading light
I pull rocks and leaves out of my pockets
Looking for a key that does not exist

I unlatch the garden gate and walk through
Smile at chalk drawings that litter the brick
Open the back door with the broken lock
And gently step into the kitchen

But my home is not the same anymore
The cracked kitchen tiles have been replaced
A new coat of paint has taken the years off
And I smell sawdust instead of dinner

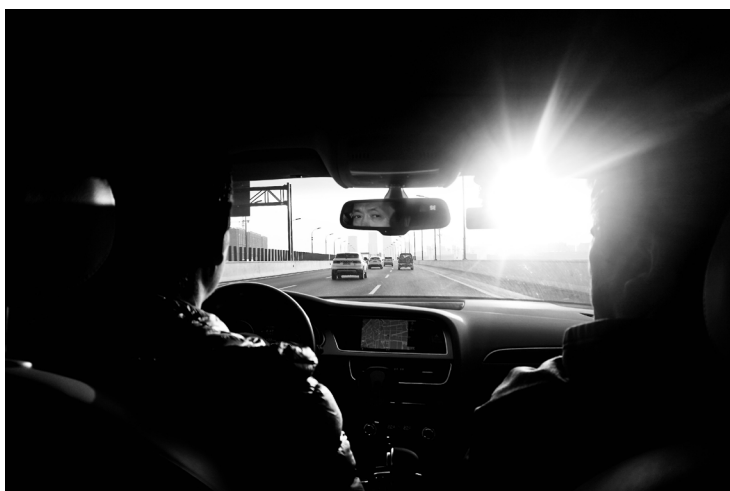
I scream for my mother who is not upstairs
Because there are strangers in our living room
And grandma isn't across the yard anymore
To hear me yelling through the screen door

An acrid taste sits on my tongue as I run
A fever to flush me out of a place I don't belong
I cry that these walls were mine first
But these people still call me an intruder.

TINA YE

Home 家

Car's Rear View Mirror 后视镜



This series of black and white photography was taken in my hometown. Everything was the same, everything was different. Both familiar and unfamiliar.

TINA YE

Home 家

Staircase 楼梯



I left my home, Hangzhou (杭州), when I was 10 years old. Memories of my home have become a hazy fog, obscured by a sense of displacement and hyphenation. This year, I returned to Hangzhou. Surrounded by family, nostalgia called out to me from stationary objects, places, lights.

SHELLEY RAFAILOV

Excelsior

how do i explain
that our altruistic drive
was fuel to answer
the call of the void?

i humor the thought
of visiting alien races
struggling to understand
how homo sapiens
will willingly plunge
into the unknown
with thundering hearts
and wills pre-written

MIKAELA TOONE

Rare Steak

i.

He dove into the monstrous wave only moments before it cracked onto shore. I observed from afar, the frothy final moments of each swell ate my feet. Ten seconds passed and he popped back out of the sea, readying himself again to attack the water. I wondered what he saw while he was holding his breath. I wanted to slide under the violence too but my mother told me not to and I promised I wouldn't. My cold bare feet slapped against the sand-mud as I ran toward the sea to get a closer look. I really didn't mean to dive. But then the perfect wave formed and I sprang into it. For a moment I thought I'd succeeded, just like him. But then I started spinning. My foot caught rock and sliced open from toe to heel. I was swallowing salty water. Ten seconds became twenty. Then the panic ceased. I felt a cold burn run across my skin and the chaos grinded shut. When I started to move again my limbs were stiff. The sand-mud was gone and my steaming body collapsed onto hard ice. I craned upwards. Through the sun's fierce glare I saw white tusks and matted woolen fur heaving breath toward me.

ii.

The chowder sucked. It didn't taste like anything. Each time my family visited home we celebrated with a meal at the same ocean-view diner. My dad always ordered rare steak. He offered me a piece and I took it reluctantly. It turned out it wasn't just the chowder – the steak tasted like melted plastic and was equally difficult to chew. So I got it over with and quickly swallowed Satan's recipe. Then I started gurgling. My dad got confused as I stood up and pointed to my dying throat. Someone was pushing hard into my abdomen. The eighth thrust, ninth, nothing. What a shitty steak. On the tenth my ribs cracked. Then I felt my bones melt into powder, followed by my teeth and skin. My insides dried up, too. All of my tension and fear turned to dust as well. My star stuff blew over into the chowder and probably made it taste much better.

iii.

The swine flu was beginning to exit my body through snot and sweat. My family left me in the house to secrete – they were trying to avoid a similar fate on our visit home. The beach was metres away but I hadn't seen it yet. Today, my feverish body had a burst of blue-red advil-tylenol energy. I walked confidently down the sandy steps my Grandfather built towards the beach. I brushed sand flies off of my legs and touched the salty froth. I got closer to the edge where the stink of seagulls was enough to smack me back into my flu-ish state. Then the horizon started dotting – I wouldn't make it back. I stumbled towards the steps so that my body wouldn't be taken by the tide. I crawled onto a landing where garden snakes lurked, and just before my face struck the sandy wood, a stab of pain hit my shoulder blade. Then another. Sharp little needles all over my back and the stench of seagulls burning down my nose, eyes, and throat. I began to rise with them. Down on my beach I saw a gangly girl collapsed in the hard sun. It didn't matter. I flew up past the seagulls who warned me to stop. I got higher and higher. I could see the curve of my Earth. Higher and higher still. I could see the edge of the sky. And then I felt the heat and saw my feathers falling below me. I was melting and plunging. I smacked against the water. I was cold and choking. My fever broke.

AMANJOT UBHI

(Un)certain/ Clement



KATRINA AGBAYANI

Premonition

It all happens before, and
even after— that moment on the subway,
breaking through sunlight and silence, a deep rumbling
that arranges and rearranges all
the truths you knew, and even the ones you looked away
from.

There is so much conflict
without a graspable form, like
a god without an idol.
How do you let it sit so quiet, hands folded,
until it simply cannot anymore and
suddenly moves in violence?
Who can bear the responsibility?

Maybe no one can, and so everyone tries
to be impossible.

Even in such weather. In the evenings, we march into
the hard, cold wall of our ended adolescence,
swinging Spanish wine from the neck with our full faculties,
tasting with hands and hard memories.
We can eat what scares us and become it,
if only to become something new.

We outgrow the grooves,
we dig—
the streets with the dinged stop sign and the
neighbourhood garage filled with
cars we couldn't wait to drive and crash.
We made our own conflicts before
we realized we could
become them too. It all happens before, we know.

It comes on like a fever.

We know what it feels like
before we know its real name.

ISAURE VORSTMAN

I moved out

monday: I threw my oldest damn copy
of calvin and hobbes in the trash; it is torn on the side
it is wet in the middle it is crowned by brown
stains over page fifty-two

tuesday: I scratched at the scab on my knee;
my cat bit me on the weekend. and today
(they tell me) she meowed so loud my brother
jumped (they tell me)

wednesday: day three and no cornflakes; I don't
like almond milk with coconut flavors, the
dishwasher blows and I forget to watch
my step in the basement laundry room

thursday: we upgraded to spotify family
so I can always listen to paul simon
without franz schubert interrupting nor
whatever my mom is jamming to

friday: day five and no cornflakes; my roommate bought a blender and I am late for class, the tulips I planted are budding so well

saturday: when the trains are late I take the bus; while dad gives me a driving lesson I learn of the guest fast asleep in my room: a colleague from the netherlands

sunday: my sister makes a chocolate cake and I help by admiring the kitchen's new teapot; back in the garden the tulips I planted are budding so well

LEYLA ZAHRAVI

EE2



SANA MOHTADI

20

There's something about not knowing which fork to use
That endears me to myself, that
Swing-set moment of childhood euphoria,
Frozen in mid-air, a little girl preserved in amber
Rather than a woman at a dinner party,
With the music too loud and the lights too dim,
Using a dessert spoon to eat soup.

I look into young eyes,
Sisters staring back at me
And realize, they don't see me as one of them.

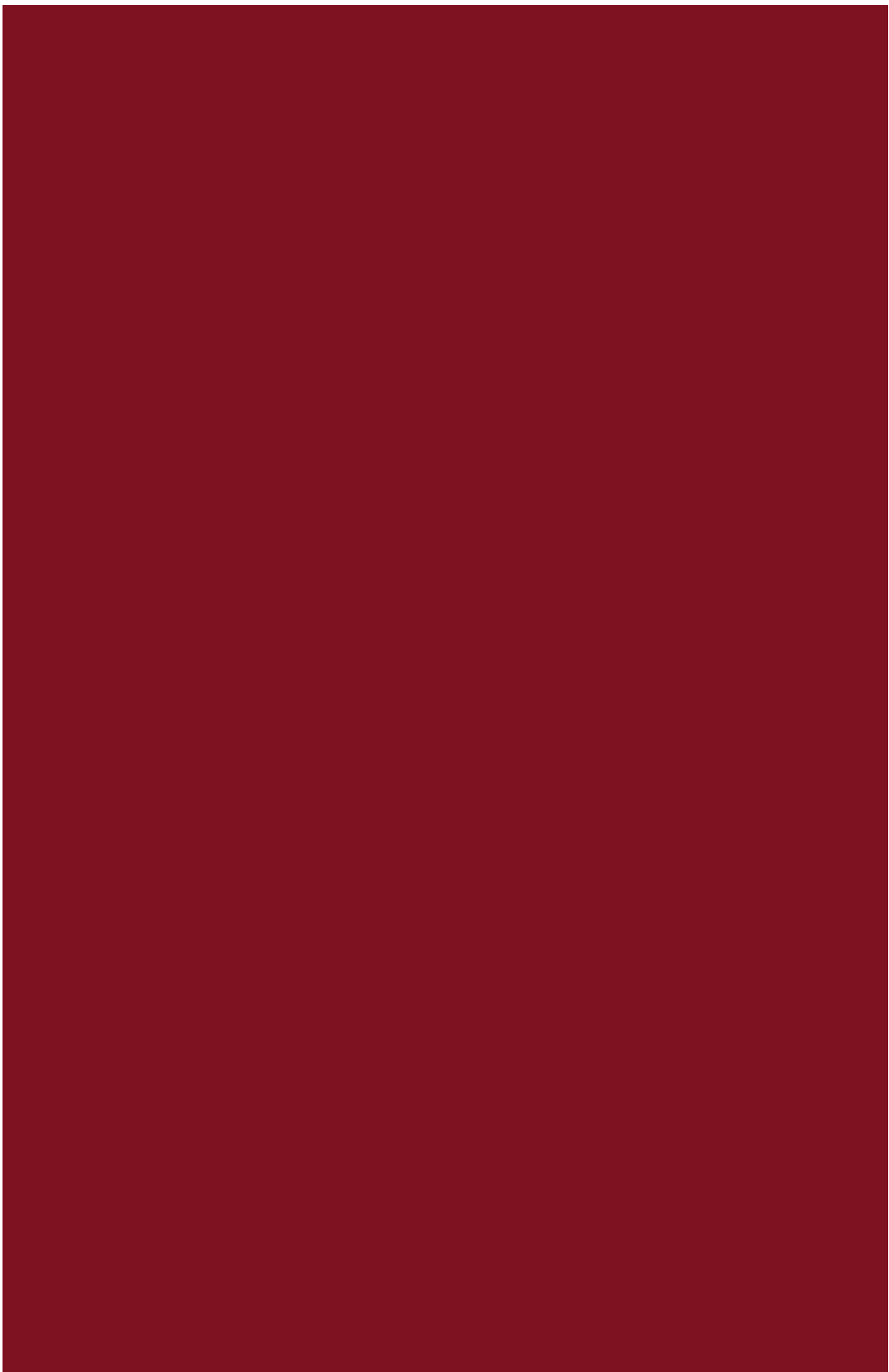
The blacks of my irises are turning silver,
Blinking back the years in ink and envelopes and ticket
stubs,
Ellipses to periods, and back to ellipses again.

The University College Literary Review

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

This edition of The UC Review has been divided into two sections: one familiar, one unfamiliar. We want to give you a shock to your system. Read from here, or flip the book and start from the beginning. Like any good journal, how you read it is up to you.

It was printed in December 2018 at Coach House Press on
bpNichol Lane, Toronto.



famili r