

estuary

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Graveyard

Here

(or maybe there)

lies
the grave stone,
l i e s
a lonely body
without
a name.

*Eleanor Rigby died in the church
and was buried along with her name,
Nobody came.*

Black crow, cackling and cawing,
ready to strike
when the potheads frolic in
Where do they all come from?

reverence for the privacy
not the plots.
From decay
a mushroom is born
spores transcend

Passers by
haven't got
time to
stop

for all *the lonely people*.
The grave gate
locks with a latch
leaving the living

out.

~Rose Grieder

Second Hand

Greasy streets antiquated with

Avant—

garde

c r a c k s

add to the air

of Montreal's

Euro flair.

As a tourist

promenading in a pack

of pedestrians whose

sophistication seduces

my nostrils to surrender

just this

once

to cigarettes—fragile

stems of class

like Audrey Hepburn's

slender ciiiiigggggggaaaaaaarrrrrrrreeeeeeetttttttttooooooooo

in *Breakfast at Tiffany's*.

Sultry smoke

lingering in lungs,

lusting

for a French kiss

with a hint of toxic

sharp

sensual

je ne sais quoi.

~Rose Grieder

the transit of jupiter

my hair smells like cold.
like that frozen ocean smell,
like that laundry hanging out,
in the wind - just like the wind

i've gotta tell you, i've found beautiful sounds
in the crunchiest snow
and the highest tides i've ever seen

have you ever watched your heart
set with the sun
and rest in the receding tide?

a universal opening of the heart
breathing it in
breathing it out
a transit of jupiter
and the smiling moon
like orion in our own dark night
shaking off the dust off my shoulders

~Courtney Harris

Farewell to the Coastline

On the long beach shore, autumn's newborn waves
muffled my voice, and like a fool,
I sang as though I were alone:
“How I wish, how I wish you were here.”
Do you remember the Cariboo,
our summer drive, learning those words?

Later, at 3 am I burst into tears in my dream,
not because the soft dirt had made my sleep light and my neck ache.
I haven't woken up crying
since I was an infant who missed her father,
but this time I was calling for something more present
than you.

You never heard about my trip to Tofino,
and I didn't answer the phone that evening
just in case you had.
See, I've made it simple, try to think of myself
the way you do: an algebraic equation, a business agreement.
You'll never appreciate why I need answers that add up
to something whole, that all your useless remainders
never amount to much at all.

Father,
I even kissed the window glass
the day I said farewell to the coastline.
The waves had grown from the day before,
and all I wanted was to slide into my new black skin,
let myself lie in the freezing water,
and float upon the comfort
of knowing I'll never again
feel the cold rushing in.

~Mary Belle Lapp

Metaädbusters

The following two poems are from a series entitled Metaädbusters. Each sentence is a quote from the March or April 2011 issues of Teen Vogue, Cosmopolitan, Adbusters or Popular Mechanics.

Void

We live in an insane culture and rather than marginalize the cries for reform, we need to normalize the pain. Drill 10-inch-deep holes into a rock, clear the dust, drop in a pair of Micro-Blaster charges, insert firing pins, connect a pneumatic line and detonate from 25 feet. It creates a yawning void, an insatiable hunger, an emptiness wanting to be filled. It's okay to expect more from a shed.

Timber

The boys are betting that we cannot face the horror of their sexual system and survive. As your guy is thrusting, squeeze your Kegel muscles around his penis. It's all about aggression and cool and no real emotion. Holler 'Timber' into your snorkel. An iron fist lurks in that velvet glove. Now let's talk about pajamas that won't shrink a guy's boner.

~Grant Oyston

Lonely Eyes

At first glance, the girl dancing in the bar looks care free and happy. She's not dressed like most other girls in the bar; instead of a tube top and a short skirt that barely covers her underwear she's wearing a semi-formal dress that swings around her knees. She dances differently too. Instead of the sleek, sexy hip movements of everyone around her, she dances with her arms flailing all over the place, stomping her feet, spinning in circles and jumping around. And from the huge grin on her face and the way she throws her head back and laughs at something her friend said, you would think she was having a grand old time.

But if you've been watching closely enough, every once in a while the smile leaves her face and she looks around, scanning faces. In that moment, she's lonely; you can tell she's looking for someone in particular, like her latest crush or the guy who broke her heart. You can tell when she spots him too; suddenly the grin is back on her face and she's dancing as enthusiastically as before. You almost think you imagined that brief moment in time, but at a second glance you can see it there still; the longing and loneliness are still obvious in her eyes.

~Jill Glasgow

Apapan's Wake

Ammama stands before me, red-eyed, wrapped in a green silk sari, her occasional gasps for air accompanied with small jerks of her shoulders. My cousin, Davey, shaggy-headed and small before her height, listens to her in confusion. We don't want to go to the living room to sit. The basement is calling with roller skates and monkey bars – who wants to sit in the musty old living room around an urn? But Ammama insists:

“Go sit in the living room. It's the best we can do to remember... Papi...”

Her voice breaks. The light inside is dim in the misty morning, and her hair glows dully gray and white, cropped short and restrained with a green clip. I am old enough now to have looked at the old photographs and to have seen the long brown braided hair she pinned around her head like a crown, and to have wondered why she cut it off. Practicality? Who would trade those long braids for something as mundane as that? Her mouth is shut tight now. She covers it, breathes in hard through her nose, air catching in her throat.

“Why are you crying, Wumboo? Why are you crying?” Davey is bewildered. 'Wumboo,' the silly jumble of sound that my baby cousin uttered on first seeing my grandmother, has stuck. He's never called her anything else. Ammama turns in whirl of muted spring fabric, and shuts the door behind her. We hear the small, sharp breaths through the white-painted wood, thin and erratic. We gaze at the white.

The grown-ups tell us that Apapan is gone. We know that, of course. He's not having to sit with us here, anyway. I wriggle with a five-year-old's aversion to stillness on my mother's uncomfortable knees. She and the others are talking in hushed, quiet tones, letting the pauses between their words yawn and stretch before again grinding into speech. Mommy won't let me jump down, her fingers around my middle tightening every time I try to escape from the dull room. Another pause. Then: “Honey?” Mommy murmurs into my ear. The others are staring at me. I look down to cotton and polyester.

“Do you want to say something about Apapan? You remember Apapan?”

Of course I remember. I remember scratchy red wool, the salt-and-pepper billy goat beard, the bouncing on his knee. And the ladu. Mostly that sticky, syrupy, South Indian treat is the thing that I now remember most about my Apapan. Every time he came to visit, I can remember the broad brown fingers smelling of cardamom and sugar, and offering one more piece of delicious amber candy. I nod. I'm flattered: they want to hear me speak! But I don't know what to say. I stare at the small, porcelain jar in the middle of rug, around which we are gathered. My family keeps staring at me, expectant. I wriggle again, annoyed at the gaping silence. Why is everyone so sad?

~Ceileigh Mangalam

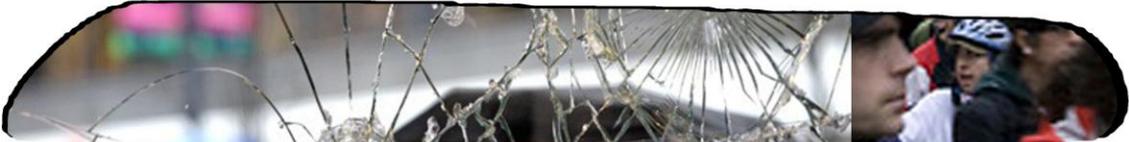
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CG

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