



estuary

acadia's creative arts magazine

*a habitat for student creativity
since 1999*

estuary

a habitat for student creativity since 1999

CELEBRATING TEN YEARS OF ACADIA STUDENTS'
CREATIVE WRITING AND ARTWORK

Edited by Rebecca Dobson

ESTUARY, ACADIA'S CREATIVE ARTS MAGAZINE
Acadia University  *Wolfville, Nova Scotia*
1999-2009

*This anniversary edition of estuary is in
dedication to all artists, creators, writers, poets,
editors, students, advisors, and readers who
breathe life into this magazine.*

The estuarine environment is characterized by having a constantly changing mixture of salt and freshwater, and by being dominated by fine sedimentary material carried into the estuary from the sea and from rivers, which accumulates to form mudflats...estuaries have been claimed to be amongst the most productive natural habitats in the world...[they] are transition zones between rivers and the sea...

~ Donald S. McLusky
from The Estuarine Ecosystem

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Introduction

As I was checking my mail one day at the local post office, an older gentleman began conversing with me about my experience as a student at Acadia. I was not at all surprised by his friendly gesture, as the community of Wolfville is extremely kind to and tolerant of the students who overtake their town every year. The conversation eventually turned to the question of the degree I am pursuing and, as always when someone asks me such a question, I dreaded his response to my answer. I told the man I am an English major and quickly defended myself by telling him that I love literature and that I have a career path in mind — an elementary teacher. As I was expecting, his response was not of a positive nature. “A teacher?” The man replied, “Yes, I suppose that’s about all you can do with an English degree. My granddaughter is in to all that poetry and stuff...it’s just not practical. Not practical like science.” I just smiled, told him to have a good day, and walked away.

My belief is that a world without “all that poetry and stuff” is one that is, in fact, not practical. Creativity is necessary to express what we cannot express through the disciplines of science — our imagination, personality, and emotions. Science provides us with facts and evidence, but art, whether through the written words of poetry and prose or through mediums of visual art and music, allows us to continuously explore, and discover an infinite amount of interpretations for our inner-selves and our interactions with others. *estuary* is a place for students to engage in this exploration and this year the journal celebrates its tenth anniversary. This edition stands as a testament to the fact that the creative arts are alive and fruitful at Acadia, and honours all those who, through their interest in the arts, have kept *estuary* in print.

I have selected a number of creative pieces from each printed edition of *estuary* to highlight the achievements of

students throughout its ten years in publication. For the reader's convenience, each year is attributed its own section with corresponding pieces of poetry, prose and various mediums of visual arts. I feel the pieces reflect a chronological change in the ideas and thoughts of generations, but I also feel that they speak to the constancy of the need for self expression. One will also find interspersed within these sections the biographies of those editors in chief who contributed to the print edition of that year, as well as, where appropriate, a creative piece representative of their further contributions to the arts. Further information about the history of the journal, and an index of past *estuary* staff can be found in the accompanying appendix. I would also encourage readers to visit the Acadia Archives or to kindly ask Christine Reed, our English & Theatre department secretary, to view previous print editions of *estuary* and other creative publications in Acadia's history. As you peruse this edition, I hope that you will discover the practicality that is so eminent in creativity and, in turn, be inspired to keep the arts alive at Acadia.

REBECCA DOBSON

Editor in Chief

Estuary, Acadia's Creative Arts Magazine

2008-2010

Foreword

This edition of *estuary* celebrates ten years of excellence in creative work by Acadia students. The journal was inaugurated by Dr. Wanda Campbell, Professor and Coordinator of Creative Writing at Acadia. Dr. Campbell and her team of student administrative assistants have worked extremely hard over the last decade to ensure that this enduring and lasting record of the diverse talents of Acadia students is an aesthetically fine publication, available today in print form and in online format.

The idea of publishing a journal that focuses specifically on creative work came about after a long history of struggle at Acadia to sustain such a print forum. Those interested in the prototypes of *estuary* might consult the excellent history written in 2005 by student Jennifer Knoch. As Jennifer explains, the title of the journal was chosen to describe the unique space in which creative talent is fostered and developed at Acadia. “An estuary is a place where the land meets the sea,” which aptly describes not only Wolfville’s physical location but also Acadia’s position as a small school focused on nurturing the whole student to reach his or her potential in academic and artistic excellence; however, the word also suggests the complex ecosystem that sustains varied life forms. The work represented in this edition demonstrates that one of the journal’s important strengths is its mandate to form a creative “estuary,” a place in which multiple art forms not only reside but flourish in their interconnectedness and reciprocity.

estuary meets the need to express the rich and often unheard inner life to readers who enjoy participating in the exchange of ideas, perceptions, and realizations that take place through the written arts of poetry and prose or through their sister arts — the visual arts. Dr. Campbell and her students have begun a tradition that is now firmly

established and culminates each year in this impressive tribute to personal development and creative achievement. Truly, *estuary* is the “place” where new life originates, and it continues to inspire aesthetic ability in its contributors and evoke aesthetic response from its readers.

DR. PATRICIA RIGG
Professor and Chair
Department of English & Theatre
Acadia University



One of the vital roles of the saltmarsh and its associated tidal pools and creeks is as a nursery for small fish. An estuary, where salt and fresh water mix, is ten times as productive as the open ocean...

~ Harry Thurston
A Place Between the Tides

As faculty advisor to *estuary*, it has been my privilege over the last decade to work with a variety of editors who have been among the most creative and capable students I have encountered at Acadia. Year after year they have worked hard to carve an encouraging space for language to grow and for art to flourish. Like the students whose creativity they have fostered, many have gone on to intriguing work with other words in other worlds. This 10th anniversary collection bears witness to that ongoing adventure, a sturdy foundation for a strong future.

DR. WANDA CAMPBELL
Professor and Faculty Advisor to estuary
Department of English & Theatre
Acadia University



Spring 2000

Editor: Christine McNair



Christine completed a B.A.H. in English with a minor in Art History in 2001. In her first year at Acadia, she came across an old stack of Acadia's retro-style *Alpha* arts magazines which inspired her to found an arts

journal in conjunction with a bunch of other like-minded people. During her time at Acadia, she volunteered in various obscure ways for *The Athenaeum*, *Voice4*, the Environmental Centre and the Acadia Volunteer Centre. She and Abby Whidden (another *estuary* foundress) shared the Bittner award for creative writing and the award for highest thesis grade in their graduating year. After Acadia, she was employed for two years as the editor's devil at Gaspereau Press. She much prefers bookbinding to editing and left the press in 2003 for a MA in Conservation Studies at West Dean College (University of Sussex, UK). Her poetry and fiction have been published (or shall soon be published) in various places such as *The Antigoneish Review*, *Prairie Fire*, *Fireweed*, *ditchpoetry.com*, *Misunderstandings*, a 2008 above/ground press broadside, and in *Dalhousie Blues*, a collaborative anthology with Jamie Bradley, Sean Moreland and Caleb J.W. Brasset. Christine won an honourable mention in the Eden Mills Literary Competition and second prize in poetry in the 27th Atlantic Writing Competition. She pays the bills working as a book conservator in Ottawa.

Girl Guide

Blue daughters float into church.
The bright scream noise of the girls
tumbles down the stairs while their blue
bodies push through strands of paper-cut flowers.
Fingers clutch offerings from mothers
(white-smiling cupcakes with pointed chocolate chip eyes).

Mouths dance like moths under the wicked eyes
of saints pressed into jewelled windows in the church.
Flat against the wall, the leaders (who are also mothers)
watch them run and scream until one finally says, *girls!*
and they snap back to attention in their patrol flowers.
They pull up their socks, tighten their uniforms, all blue.

Pinched at the waist, the blue
white scarves and uniforms tug at the eyes
of the patroller. She snivels at the flowers
Amelia has pocketed before entering the church
not tidy, she says and greedily calculates the dues. The girls
cluck their tongues like mothers.

They spiral into a horseshoe while their mothers
or leaders stand waiting, their scarves tipped with blue
On my honour I will try, trill the girls
if there's a duty to be done then I say aye,
my duty is to try and my honour is to love. The church
smells of thin white flowers.

Hands clenched like sleeping flowers,
girls watch as leaders or mothers
bring out plastic wrapped badges in the church.
Lucky girls have no space on their blue
sashes while Amelia's eyes
sit (pinned) on petal girls.

Quick flash of glue and then girls
are cutting windows into paper-cut flowers
or tying blue wool into God's eyes
and wondering what it will be like to be mothers.

Day is done, gone the sun... the blue
noise of taps scrapes along the ribs of the church.

The twin eye of the steeple watches as mothers
arrive to pick up girls who twirl their skirts at their hips like
flowers
singing *blue-bells, cockleshells, evey, ivy, over* in front of the
church.

~ *Christine McNair*
Spring 2000



UNTITLED, SKETCH
HEATHER O'BRIEN

feelgoods

kid, grab yer poems and run. autodeflate them
and flatten them
under your tongue; tell the nice
men at the border you're sucking a mint.

(birds in their weenests agree) –
blackmarket poems in rollpapers make a good smoke.

~ *Marla Landers*



Spring 2001

Steven Fortune



Steven Fortune graduated in 2001 with a B.A. in English. In addition to his work with *estuary*, Steven Fortune also served as News Editor of *The Athenaeum*, providing him a sturdy reminder of how much fun the magazine gig was. Though he has taken a break from academic life to do some carpentry work with his family,

he continues to write creatively and hand out back issues of *estuary* to friends, relatives and whoever else will have them. Steven also wishes to thank all the writers and editors he had the pleasure of working with and wishes them well in the future.

Incantation

Enter my grove
Reside in my ritual
Nourish the clove
That craves the habitual

Tickle the stream
That coyly recoils
In ripples that gleam
Like honeydew oils

Wade through yourself
Discover your blood
Self-baptize yourself
Rejoice in your flood

Stray from the lake
Come whisper with me
Indulge and partake
In seminal spree

~ *Steven Fortune*
Spring 2000

After Separation

Valerie bleached her hair,
a fading brunette
turned platinum.
She taught me how to garden,
four inches deep
and two apart.

Her house,
once full of
painted rocks,
music sheets
and apple dolls,
is now an empty playground.

Small towns gossip
she haunts Tim Hortons,
hates coffee but
can't face
an empty home.
She's looking for someone.

The tulips we planted
haven't bloomed in years,
your plastic bird feeders
hang cracked
drained
and forgotten.

I watch her walk the beach,
a separated, thinner version,
an emaciation,
six feet of
skin and bones,

a fifty-year old waif
with
bottle blond
dreams.

She searches, collecting
sand and shells,
leaving no imprints
behind her,

each
step
takes her farther,
away from home.

We walk together, unbalanced,
like her, because
of her
I fear
a strong wind off the ocean
could carry us both
away.

~ *Melissa Melanson*



UNTITLED, SKETCH
ADAM HILL



Spring 2002

Editor: Tegan Zimmerman



Tegan first became involved with *estuary* in its early years, after taking her first creative writing class (where she met Christine McNair and Abby Whidden) in her second year of her English B.A.H. She really enjoyed her years working on the project and seeing it grow, which was in a large way due to the fantastic academic, faculty, student and community support she received. Tegan's experience with creative writing and estuary at Acadia lead her to pursue an MA in Creative Writing and English (East Anglia University, UK) after graduation. After dabbling in philosophy for a few years she is now pursuing a PhD in Comparative Literature at the University of Alberta, and yes...she is still trying to write a novel.

Queen Bouddica[°]

In bronze she stands
amongst her daughters,
He¹ who wrote her pillages in pages
heroine, patriot.
So near he can almost smell her scents in his snuffbox
but he doesn't
like blood underneath fingertips.
Spinsters, penniless and landless —
carefully concealed
in history's closet,
amongst corsets and Burano lace
women silently frozen,
paper dolls,
in January
ignored,
pouring tea
from exaggerated wrists.

~ *Tegan Zimmerman*
Spring 2001

[°] Bouddica, warrior queen of the Celtic Iceni tribe, refused to give up her land and wealth to the Romans, leaving her mark in British history and is regarded by many as a patriotic heroine. She and her daughters committed suicide.

¹ Lord Alfred Tennyson



TRUE LOVE, PHOTOGRAPH
SHELLEY SUFFRON

Casey's Rock

The water is cold, and it's deep. I touched the bottom twice. One time when cousin Michael pushed my head under the water and my feet touched the bottom, and another time when I put my water wings on my feet and jumped in the lake; that was even worse than when cousin Michael pushed my head under the water and my feet touched the bottom. I'm a good swimmer though. I tasted the water both times. It tasted like when you put tin foil in your mouth. Uncle Tom says we should say aluminum foil, because that's what it is. My mom makes me wear water wings when I swim in the lake. That's ok though, because wings can help you fly, as long as you don't put them on your feet. Casey is waiting for me. I'm almost there. Even though we're both seven, she can make it there faster than me. Mom says dogs are actually older than their age. I don't know how seven could be older than seven, but mom said so, and Casey is better at swimming than me. She's sitting on the rock already. Casey's rock is under the surface of the water, so she looks like she's sitting on the water itself. Not sitting, flying. Flying on the water. I like swimming to Casey's rock. I'm almost there. Cousin Michael can't swim to Casey's rock even with water wings. When I get to Casey's rock I'm going to fly too. Mom says we can't really fly though, but Casey and I can fly when we're on her rock. We call it Casey's rock because Casey found it first. She found it when she was two. I don't remember when I was two, but mom says dogs are older than their age. Casey is my best friend. Uncle Tom says dogs are man's best friends, but I think they can be boys' best friends too. I'm Casey's best friend. She likes me better than cousin Michael. Mom says big dogs like Casey can live until they're fourteen. That's forever to me, but mom says dogs are older than their age. I don't know how, but mom said. And I'm almost there.

~ *Thomas Todd*

Halfway Uphill

When Thursdays end in this small town,
the underage and just-legal students dress up
for the bar, they pass by your room
in their glamour; show off new shirts, miniskirts,
hooker boots and curls. You smile, sometimes
you take pictures as they parade by the door,
then return to rubbing my feet
and we talk about our income tax returns.

Twenty years old, we are halfway to mom's age, seems
so long since I was one of those girls in the hallway,
no cares but my drink and my makeup and whether
my stomach stuck out too far. Now we admit
that our love handles are there for our laziness,
not our convenience, and we vow Solemnly:
Next week will be different.

I'll get caught up this weekend, I'll lose those
few pounds, we'll go to dinner, a movie, the axe
like we used to. (Remember those days?
No cares but our hair and our clothes and the
cute guy from downstairs or the hot girl from upstairs,
and whether we had money for liquor for one more night?)
We'll devour each other once more like
lust-crazed teenagers, none of this
smooch-good-night eight-hours-sleep
must-get-up-for-class-in-the-morning good
behaviour that keeps us on our toes and
in our clothes that came when we turned twenty.

~ Shannon Hughes



Spring 2003

Editor: Chris Chisholm



While at Acadia, Chris did his best to get involved with everything he could in the English department: he was an honours student, president of the English society, and, of course, editor of *estuary*. In fact, during those years, one could say he spent more time working in the English department than in doing anything else. Though he's no longer a student or an editor, graduating in 2004, this passion for writing and literature is something that has never left him. Chris's greatest contribution to the arts community at Acadia was to have kept this magazine alive during his tenure and to have made sure that it stayed in capable hands after he graduated. Chris feels the fact that, to this day, *estuary* continues to be published every semester stands as a testament to that contribution, and he hopes to see that the magazine goes on for many more years to come. These days, Chris has made a departure of sorts from creative writing and editing, but that's not to say that he has lost his enthusiasm for English! In fact, he has become an English instructor at Pukyong National University in Busan, South Korea, so he's very much still "tied to the word," so to speak. Furthermore, Chris has no doubt that the reason he remains so attracted to the study of English is because of the exceptional professors and friends he met while studying at Acadia.

Open

Sun (light covers bright warm hue
lays upon the uneven (footsteps, tree shadows
snow

laying (one foot on the frame
before a window: cold air penetrates glass,
cold toes...

daydreaming of a dock made of rocks and old boards,
stretching partly across the lake's arm.
cold breeze, but warm sun,
and warm old rocks,
air passes through reeds and brambles.
an old boat upside down at shore (red on bottom, white on
top
a shotgunhole through the white (splintered, jagged
surrounded by water and trees
and a blue ceiling
and a distant airy skyline cloud
one jet stream
directly overhead...)

meaning-searching (one word that captures the sense —

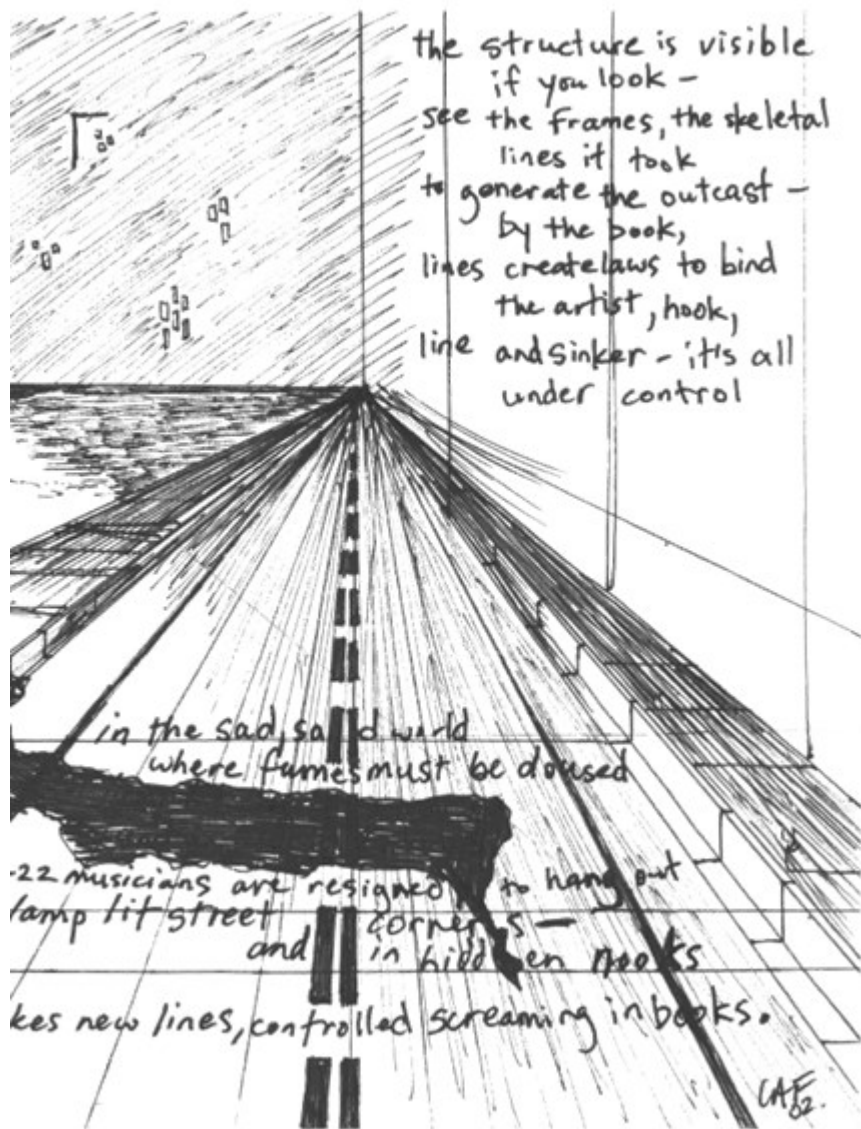
no cap — either end (no holder for pictures
only daydreams and poetry
(languages that are not expressed (only hinted at then broken
off
never finished (never closed
always open

~ *Chris Chisholm*
Spring 2004

Sonnet 9.2

~ Chris Flood





Kerouac's Requiem for the 11th Hour

The grammar shapes the metered impact
 of my poems^o
But I can write without your consent.
Sit down, my friend, didn't anyone
 ever let you know
That you are utterly free,
Free as empty space?
Revel in your anonymity
 who obliged you to work this much?
Travel like you don't have a green card,
 get old alone,
Stop acting as a llama might.
 You don't have to beg for dinner-table scraps.
Life is high up enough —
 why kneel?
Rip up the roots
 let it sound out.
Explode & go,
 I won't say nothing,
Swamp water isn't all too picky
And I got no body

~ *Stephanie Clark*

^o Italicized lines credited to Jack Kerouac's "11th Chorus."

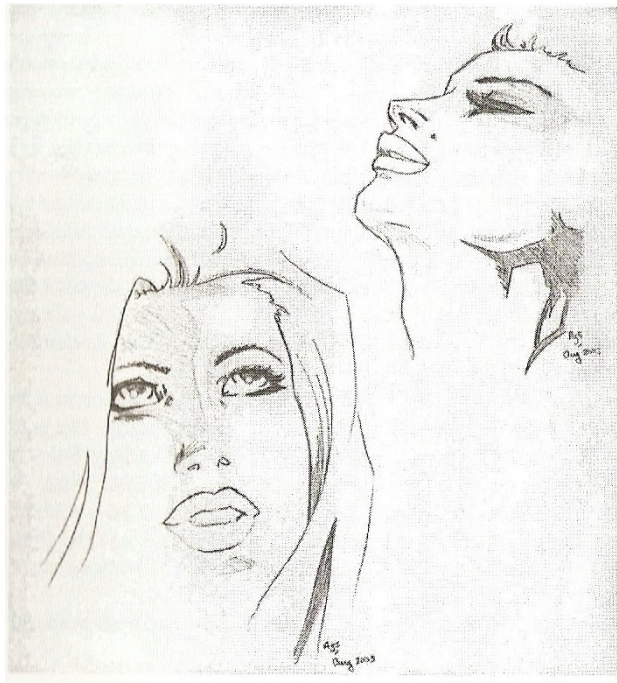


Spring 2004

Remembrance

1. *Where was your father when you were born?*
No one remembers
if he was in Rwanda or Sarajevo.
Your mother will say he managed
still to reach out and catch you
when you took your first step.
2. *When did you see him last?*
At the airport, dressed in fatigues. Someone was
crying. He stood apart, immersed in a sea of green,
a gentle eye giving lie to the grim line of his mouth.
You lay awake at night yet, your cheek expecting
the caress of his prickly shadow.
3. *Did he used to read bedtime stories?*
He wasn't a reading man
but you have long forgotten,
minding instead the strong, steady hand
that propped your head the night
he broke your fever with a cold bath.
4. *Did he teach you to catch and release?*
You remember casting for steelheads with him
as they swam upstream to spawn in Carson Lake.
One day, you will find a yellowed news clipping
telling of the landmine buried in the shale of a dried
riverbed, a relic of a shattered past he tried to mend,
in his way, the one that got away.

~ Steve Hébert



EXPRESSIONS, SKETCH
ALANA SMITH

split/second summertime

dirty fingernail-happy wondering what to do with my
melting ice cream wonderfulness on a street corner as the
olds teach the youngs how to eat with their tongues so as
not to lose a drip so as not to soil a shirt im not a passerby
but a wanderer not a nobody but a someone somehow just
waiting to be found waiting to save the melting ice cream
from some uncertain doom though maybe death by
beautiful sunshine isn't so horrible at all

(on that street and in that little stand they sell
happiness in tiger stripe and cherries jubilee but its
seasonal and so is freedom like a marigold or a
valentine so now i live my life in the dreaming for the
days when days are longer and when fireflies and
barbeques and sweet love take me away)

~ *Maggie Rodger*



Spring 2005

Editor: Jennifer Knoch



Jennifer attended Acadia from 2002-2006, earning a degree in History and Honours English. She was involved with *estuary* for all four years, serving as editor in chief during her last two. A proud Tully resident for her entire Acadia career, Jennifer was always actively involved in the Acadia community, serving on House Council, playing Ultimate Frisbee, volunteering at the Women's Center, performing in the 2006 production of the *Vagina Monologues*, and working as a research assistant, as well as a peer tutor at the Acadia Writing Centre during its first two years of operation. After she graduated from Acadia, Jennifer went on to earn a Masters of Language and Literature at Queen's University. Upon completing her degree, she spent a year travelling — backpacking through Europe and Australia as well as working on a cruise ship in the Caribbean. In the summer of 2008, Jennifer took the Creative Book Publishing program at Humber College in Toronto, a four month program that lead to an internship, and eventually a job, at ECW Press in Toronto. ECW publishes Canadian fiction and poetry as well as a wide array of non-fiction. Jennifer holds the position of Associate Editor, a job which includes copyediting and proofreading, photo research, writing copy, ghostwriting, production tasks, and online marketing.

Photomemory

Your photographs are plastered
shining beacons on beige expanses
crystallized perfection
bridging time and distance.
Sharply focuses memories
of a past blurred
by rose-coloured tears.
Flashes of the past
returning unbidden.
Ghostly apparitions
with friendly features forever frozen
like store window mannequins -
a semblance of life
trapped behind glass.
Your happiest days
in glossy 4 x 6s
available in an hour
that can be shuffled and replicated
but never regained.
These photographs are floating
on the periphery of my vision
illusions of immortality.
Things are never as close
as they appear.

*~ Jennifer Knoch
Spring 2005*



ASPIRING ARTIST, DRAWING
RHONDA DUPUIS

Gingersnap Café

Chopstick funeral
Tuesday afternoon
Cobalt saxophone
Second week in June
Chalkboard membership
Fifty cents a glass
Midnight cobblestone
Nothing left — alas!

~ Erin Olovson-Cleveland

The Wind Here

The night was wretched, dark and cold
And the wind, it whirled and
Swirled the leaves, like salsa skirts
On invisible hips.
I stashed my fingers in cold coat pockets
Because the wind, stinging,
Would surely not be welcome there,
I thought, not thinking.
The wind has a way here, you know,
Of sneaking into every crevice,
And on these wretched cold dark nights, you're prone
To feel dejected.
I turned up my collar, then shrugged it up more
And I cursed the pedestrian way,
Until salsa skirts stroked my legs, and then
I danced in the wind, on a whim, in the night.

~ Beth Trimper



Spring 2006

Ants and Banana Popsicles

My childhood reminds me of those clean cement sidewalks that have dandelions growing through the cracks and of the soothing spring breeze that is just cool enough to light your cheeks and pinch your nose, and it makes the trees blow so that their shadows trace pictures on your bare feet that are lying face up because you're sprawled on your stomach studying the ant who's carrying a crumb that's twice the size that he is, and you try to imagine being that small and doing something that big, and then you realize that it wouldn't be fun to be an ant because crossing the street would seem like crossing a country and you'd never know what was beyond your eye-level; and then you sit up because your mom just called your name, and she's holding a banana-flavoured popsicle, and you sit on the porch steps and eat it, and the sticky juice runs down your arms, and you don't really care because you don't know about hygiene, or about how you're supposed to shower everyday so that someone will procreate with you, because children aren't supposed to know about that kind of thing, and all they can remember is how to tie their shoes and count to ten, and the way bananas are the best flavour, and that it wouldn't be fun to be an ant because life is perfect enough already.

~ *Emma Vost*

Wit

Pencil shavings fall off in spirals,
Slowly unravelling, peeling away.
Revealing new truths while
Hiding the old ones;
An unendingly renewable voice.

~ *Rob Mousseau*



STILL NUDE, INK
JOSH CAMPBELL



Spring 2007

Editor: Jennifer Dibble



Jennifer graduated from Acadia in 2007 with a B.A.H. in English and a minor in Sociology. Eager to write fiction, her undergraduate honours thesis, *Wild Geese*, was a collection of seven short stories about the migratory habits of families and their tendency to always return to each other. Jennifer was a member of *estuary*'s editorial board for two years before becoming co-editor alongside Nadia Bryden for the 2006-2007

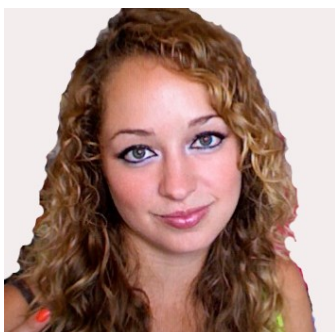
school year. She was a member of the English society, contributed articles to *Voice4*, and attended the Annual Atlantic Undergraduate English Conference at the University of New Brunswick in 2007. Outside of the English department, Jennifer was an enthusiastic member of Random Acts of Kindness, and played intramural curling. Since graduating from Acadia, she has travelled to Ecuador and Kenya to volunteer and build schools with a non-profit organization called Free the Children. She is currently living in Toronto, where she recently completed a graduate certificate in book and magazine publishing at Centennial College. Jennifer is a member of the International Board on Books for Young People, and recently completed an internship at Scholastic Canada. She is pursuing a career in children's and young adult publishing.

Until You Fall

1. *Does she make friends easily?*
Your mother's answer is automatic:
an emphatic, defensive of course
and a frown. While the other kids sit in clumps
on the plush grass outside the museum, you eat
lunch with the skeleton of a triceratops
in the echoing lobby, and watch dust fluttering
and glimmering in the soft light.
2. *How did she meet her best friends?*
You build a fort in your basement and spend
the day reading books with dusty covers. You find
your friends hiding between the pages and spend hours dancing
at a ball with the Bennet sisters and walking
on red sand beaches with Anne Shirley, until you fall
asleep beneath a thinning flowered comforter.
3. *Who taught her about love?*
Your sister smirks when you ask, presses
a two dollar bill that she stole
from your mother into your palm
(so you won't tattle) and sneaks
out the side door in three-inch heels. You wait
until the screen door creaks shut and clamber
upstairs to tell your father.
4. *How did she learn about loss?*
At your grandmother's funeral your mother holds
your hand and tugs at your scratchy wool skirt, admonishing
you for the scrapes on your knees. You brush
her hands away, and when you finally ask
why she always nags, she only says
my mother never did. She cries
over the bathroom sink and you know
the tears are not for you.

~ Jennifer Dibble
Spring 2007

Editor: Nadia Bryden



Nadia, graduating from Acadia in 2008, volunteered with *estuary* for three years while completing her B.A.H. in Psychology, teaming up with Jennifer Dibble in the 2006-2007 school year as co-editor in chief. Initially an English major, Nadia was also involved with *The*

Athenaeum for several years as copy editor and contributor, and could often be found working the late shift at the Axe or Vaughan Memorial Library. She was also involved with the Billiards Club and several Intramural teams at any given time, despite being hopelessly injury-prone. Nadia, a school junkie, is currently a full-time B.Sc. Biochemistry student at Carleton University in her hometown of Ottawa (though a switch to the Neuroscience program is imminent). She also plans to complete a B.Ed. in the near future.

Stream of Consciousness

...merging with a Sea of Despair [but strangely enough I don't care]

- - -

My thoughts are hanging on a thread when in my mind I'm floating still while nursing my forgotten beer, I'm half-intent on looking through a window where an employee is dancing, rehearsing in front of her till, and I wonder where her world exists, certainly this minimum wage low-level job is a cover for some more fulfilling and thrilling display of her passions and interests though she acts in a play called *My Life the Disappointment*, the same as us all, because when you fall from the lowest there's no hurting at all, it's just not where we see ourselves being in the end, we'll 'be' something somewhere where being has some meaning more than just your rent and your car and my bills and her food, heaven sent, because we all deserve so much more than a life determined by whichever future exists beyond one cheap wood-framed door, so thin that possessions so loved and adored are transparent to those who would take all we can afford, we are more than these lives on a thread.

~ Nadia Bryden
Spring 2007

Villanelle Anti-Ode

I tried to fit my words inside
a box so small my eyes were strained,
but found that I could not abide
without forced rhymes. Denied
inspiration, I exclaimed
“I tired!” To fit my words inside
someone else’s structured mind
— to be not lost, nor chained,
but found—that, I could not abide.
Clichés aside,
my expression is a bird contained.
I tried to fit my words inside
forms and rules done with pride,
asking for rebellion restrained,
but found that I could not abide
by laws of literature known worldwide.
In the end, my problem remained.
I tried to fit my words inside
but found that I could not abide.
So, I wrote one last line.

~ *Lauren Gingras*



Spring 2008

Editor: Kaitlyn MacPhee



Kaitlyn was the editor in chief of *estuary* in the 2007-2008 school year, her fourth year of undergrad. She earned a B.A.H. in English and minored in psychology. She has always had a passion for creative writing, and for her thesis she rewrote the Shakespeare tragedies for children. As well as editing *estuary*, she has contributed to past editions, and believes engaging the community of Wolfville in art and writing is one

of the best ways to unite people, create synergy, and to get projects off the ground. The *Authors at Acadia* series was another successful venture the English department undertook, hosting guest writers at the university. Kaitlyn was responsible for all the posters plastered around the campus and community. As well as a love for written words, Kaitlyn also performed in two seasons of the ever popular *Vagina Monologues*. Now in her first year of her MA in English Literature at McGill University, Kaitlyn hopes she enjoys her MA enough to continue on with a PhD. She is especially interested in postcolonial literature, feminist literature, and gender studies.

Old Friends

He uses and uses and uses and uses
his skin transparent rice noodle white.
Pale cheekbones cut glass, lips turn blue like eyes in water.
He says, "I have a helluva crush on a beautiful woman, I'm
happy."
Fragile constructions existing between sheets of summertime
you wore your heart on your music picking fingers
that you picked at, the skin torn
abused.

Cold January new years he says,
"I just stayed home in bed.
Me and buzz, we had a blast."
Snorting laughter,
It's not quite a joke.
A needle in a bleeding haystack
your hay coloured hair
"A blast."

Downtown in front of dollar stores and garbage cans
death camp eye sockets
"I'm not afraid anymore," he whispers.
"I'm not like other people
I don't have that fear anymore."
Freezing hands pressed to skeletal ribcage
you're out on a limb
brittle thin limbs
you've forgotten
what waking up feels like.

And I've forgotten
what it feels like
to kiss you.

~ *Kaithyn MacPhee*
Spring 2008



POST SOMETHING, PHOTOGRAPH
AZURA GOODMAN

Hemingway

Lifeless fingers, shotgun smoke; lost generation.

~ *Brody Todd*

Halifax

We made an illegal pathway through the park
not hitting any trees
casting a maniac light on the parking lot
I lost my clothes (for a moment)
and in the morning
angrily regressed upon your compliments that
(honest and truthful: the things I have yet to become)
hit upon my ears a little too sharply

~ *Rachel McLean*



Spring 2009

Editor: Rebecca Dobson



Rebecca has served as editor of *estuary* since 2008 and is currently in her third year working towards completing a B.A.H. in English. She practically lives in the English department as she is involved with

anything she can get her hands on related to the field. Rebecca is currently the president of the English Society and is a columnist for *Voice4*. She is also a student assistant to Dr. Wanda Campbell, devotes a chunk of her time to volunteering at Wolfville Elementary, and works at the Acadia Student Union. Her friends often joke that she needs counselling for her addiction to signing up for this plethora of extracurriculars. Luckily, psychology is her minor and it is keeping her from losing her mind. Rebecca is a kid at heart and wishes to pursue elementary education.

Untitled

For my Mother

I wonder now, when you were my age,
if you imagined yourself in a fairytale,
if you thought, as I do, that happy endings must exist,
a rag-to-riches type of story,
that it would somehow be different than this.

Instead, your life amounted to hoards
of unslayable dragons and impenetrable towers.
Left alone to rescue yourself,
your knight defeated by his own might,
a bipolar spectrum of obstacles that still haunt you today.

Your story unfolded into a series of jobless interviews and
ironic welfare,
a chapter plot of when ten dollars became a jackpot
of diapers, formula, and one small box of rice,
its sequel consisting of nothing more than
a special dinner at a department store restaurant.

But then you took control and became the narrator,
refusing to be the distressed, and determined to be nothing
less than the hero.
Your bravery never faltering, you rescued me from the
statistics of single parenthood,
finalizing your tale through me.

You were persistent, stubborn, and at times frustrating,
but I keep your story on my shelf,
its pages dog-eared and scribbled upon,
and I use it as inspiration to write my own narrative of
perseverance and determination.

~ *Rebecca Dobson*

Fret

sound is projected
outwards, that's how it works –
strings reverberate and vibrations
bounce around inside the guitar body
and then zoom outside. our ears snatch
them out of the air – in my case usually
wrong notes. but try as I might I can't
play the right ones. perhaps I'm out
of tune, or maybe I ought to change
these strings 'cause they seem to
have lost that smoothness and
brightness they had when they
were new. but I can't blame it on
my strings when the real problem
is my left hand and this one chord
shape it doesn't seem to want to
make, and that pattern that my
right hand likes to forget
how to strum.

someday,
I'll get
better,
but
today
I'll
most
likely
just
let you
mock me,
as I just keep
on trying
to make good
sounds.

~ Tyler Boucher

Your Ribcage

High above the grizzly maze
pulled me into the alders.

Lonely
with the life gnawed out of it
an arm that ended at your shoulder
with a watch on the wrist.

You looked at the lens,
underneath your sexy camo bandana.
Prince Valiant with his hidden forehead,
told me not to cry.

“I’ll die for these animals,
I’ll die for these animals,
I’ll die for these animals.”

When the smoke from the guns
cleared and became Alaskan mist,
the camera that wasn’t rolling
whimpered “please don’t listen”.

Warmth deep in the grass
is what you’ve become,
talk to me Timothy
the camera’s still on.

Timothy Treadwell^o
1957-2003

~ *Jen Huizen*

^oTimothy Treadwell was an American bear enthusiast, environmentalist, naturalist, and documentary film maker. He lived among the grizzly bears of Katmai National Park in Alaska for approximately 13 seasons until, in 2003, he and his girlfriend were killed and partially devoured by one or possibly two grizzly bears.



Appendix

estuary: a history

Acadia has had a long and turbulent relationship with the creative arts. The many reincarnations of its publications are a testament to the ongoing struggle to create and sustain a successful literary magazine. Although keeping a magazine alive was a battle, generations of dedicated staff continued the fight, motivated by a passion to create and sustain a dynamic artistic community at Acadia.

Prior to the establishment of an independent literary magazine, Acadia's campus newspaper, *the Athenaeum*, provided the only outlet for budding artists. After 1939, *the Athenaeum*, decided to focus exclusively on news related to events on campus and Acadia students lost their only semi-creative publication.

Twenty-three years later, in 1962, Dr. Gillon's creative writing class felt the need for a creative arts magazine. *Amethyst* was born that year with Gregory M. Cook as its first editor. In 1963, it became a part of the Acadia Students Union and stated in its constitution that "the purpose of this magazine is to provide an outlet for the creative effort of students and to stimulate literary activity on campus." This was a goal that remained consistent even through *Amethyst's* many reinventions. Before the magazine's release in 1962, Cook told *the Athenaeum* in an interview: "For a magazine in its experimental stage and a modest beginning, I am certain it will create a good impression, and all who helped promote the venture should be satisfied. It is what we need at Acadia to stimulate literary appreciation."

And so, "with a notion that smouldering writers might be kindled to take their art more seriously with a few local patrons, with a handful of knowhow and a head full of determination, *Amethyst* was launched."

Although *estuary* is focused almost exclusively on publishing creative works, *Amethyst* included a wide range of literary subjects including critical prose, theatre, magazine and book reviews as well as announcements of publications by the faculty. The magazine depended principally on subscription and advertisements for its income. The magazine cost 25 cents an issue or two dollars for the year. Although the price doesn't seem high now, *Fiddlehead*, a more established Atlantic magazine which drew submissions from all over Canada, charged the same amount. The new *Amethyst* was a young magazine with high aspirations. In 1963, *Amethyst* followed in *Fiddlehead's* footsteps and started accepting submissions from all over Canada, although a large portion of the submissions continued to be from Acadia students. In the third issue of *Amethyst*, two thirds of the submissions came from university students representing eight different universities.

The new magazine was generally received well and garnered an assortment of reviews. *Canadian Author and Bookman* commented that it displayed "writing that bodes well for our literary future" and that the magazine was "notable for editorial courage." *Canadian Poetry Magazine* said that *Amethyst* "should be able to balance itself on firm feet." A student review in *the Athenaeum* added that "it provides us with a very worthwhile two hours of reading and thought provoking ideas. Not all of the material is excellent but it is good." A fledgling magazine cannot hope for much more.

In 1965, the magazine changed hands to a new editorial team and acquired a new name, *either/or*. The name reflected a challenge either to speak or to remain silent, highlighting a deep-rooted belief in the importance of communication. Editor Don Fraser explained that "*either/or* was conceived with a twofold purpose: it was to be at once an act of rebellion against the sterility, the mediocrity, the creative vacuity of student life, and a medium for expression, for meaningful communication among the disparate elements of the campus."

The magazine received some attention on campus, and fairly good reviews. *Athenaeum* reviewer Clarence Tracy stated that “Acadia, one of the smallest [universities], has produced twenty-four pages of original work of which nobody needs to be ashamed at all.” Although Tracy was more critical of the prose, he admired the poetry in issue seven of *either/or*, indicating that “the poems in it have a simplicity and sincerity that I found immediately appealing as well as a precision of phrase and control of tone.” *The Athenaeum* review was not only a testament that the magazine attracted some attention on campus, but that students were still producing quality work.

In 1975, the editors of *either/or* took a chance and produced a special edition of the magazine entitled *Mud Creek*. *Mud Creek* was a result of the fact that *either/or* had grown “in format, scope and circulation.” The staff’s finances were obviously adequate at the time, for the magazine is printed on large, glossy pages conducive to artwork. The layout team was also able to be more experimental – often superimposing poems into artwork and achieving a smoother integration with visual pieces that would not be feasible on a smaller page.

In 1976, the magazine’s staff decided to reinvent the magazine once more. The new creation was *Alpha*, a monthly periodical printed with soft covers and newspaper quality pages, sold for 25 cents per issue. The magazine was still published by *either/or*, although there would never be another magazine to be printed with that name. *Alpha* adopted the motto “fabricando fit faber” – one becomes a craftsman by working at his craft. By producing multiple issues and giving more artists a chance to be published, *Alpha* seemed to be living up to their slogan. The magazine’s staff wanted to combat “public apathy and private frustration” which plagued young writers. They saw a willingness in writers to “immerse themselves in the human environment and to provide an imaginative and creative spirit in a chaotic world.”

The new magazine included a monthly editorial and letters to the editor much like a newspaper would. Many of the editorials included cries for attention for Canadian artists from the media and incitements to write. Editor Leo Deveau wrote somewhat sentimentally, “creating is to share and to care.”

By 1977, the price went up to 50 cents per issue, or three dollars for a subscription of seven issues, as the magazine still struggled for appreciation and recognition. Editors encouraged writers that with awareness of creative potential “we can become culturally alive.” In their attempts to help writers develop, every rejected submission received feedback. *Alpha* also started to feature glossy fold-outs in an attempt to improve the quality of the magazine. Two years after its inception, *Alpha*’s staff provided a comprehensive definition of their new magazine: “*Alpha* is a magazine for people who make things happen – an outlet for good literature of many genres and high quality artwork and photography, a forum on the arts...not just another pretty magazine.” Despite the serious tone, *Alpha* still had a lighter side and was the only magazine to include student drawn comics in addition to traditional creative works.

Despite their initial attempts to draw submissions from across the country, by 1982 *Alpha*’s staff decided only to publish work by Acadia students, a policy which still extends to *estuary*’s editorial policy. The year saw experimentation with a couple different formats including a chapbook, and letter size publications with glossy covers. The magazine was now selling for \$1.50 per issue. Despite these successful publications, the magazine was still plagued with rumours that it would be “phased out.” Fortunately, the rumours were not realized until 1991, when *Alpha* published its last issue and had to fold for financial reasons.

So in 1991, the official literary magazine of Acadia University shut down, but the creative arts did not shut down with it. For example, from 1989-1991, Acadia had a writing group, an offshoot of the English Society, which

met once a week on the 4th floor of the Beveridge Arts Centre. There, these developing artists gathered to share their prose, poetry, and artwork. At the end of the year, they published a collection *Fourth Floor Images*.

Unfortunately, *Fourth Floor Images* was also forced to fold for financial reasons. Although it was an unofficial magazine, *Fourth Floor Images* and the Acadia Writing Group demonstrated that the creative fires were still burning bright.

Financially discouraged, Acadia had no literary magazine until 1996. The English department took it upon themselves to remedy the creative stagnation by publishing *Perpetuum*. Selections were made by a panel of students who also worked on the magazine production. *Perpetuum* published student artwork, poetry and prose. Although the magazine lasted only three years, it was an important step in re-establishing the creative arts at Acadia.

A year later, students started a magazine that was entirely student run with *Mosaic*, a web magazine which published student's creative works. They also released a pocket-sized print edition at the end of the year. As *Perpetuum* was fading away and *Mosaic* was struggling to get on its feet, students and faculty decided to conglomerate the two publications into one magazine – *estuary*.

An estuary is a place where the land meets the sea. Wolfville's mud flats, where the Bay of Fundy connects with the dykelands, are an example of a tidal estuary. Estuaries are diverse habitats, allowing a large variety of species to live in them. This, in turn, supports many more species that use the estuary for food sources. Donald S. McLusky points out that many consider estuaries to be "the most productive natural habitat in the world." And so a new magazine was born. *estuary* is unique in that it preserved both *Mosaic*'s online format, as well as releasing a print edition. *estuary* currently produces one to two print chapbooks a year as well as two online editions. The magazine remains focused on artwork, photography, creative prose and poetry. Many of the articles which used

to be a part of the literary magazine such as dramatic reviews and interviews with guest authors are now a part of the English department newsletter, *Voice4*. *estuary* does not charge for its print edition in an attempt to reach as many people across campus as possible.

Acadia's creative arts magazines have had a long and tumultuous history, but behind all the financial troubles, and the changes in name and staff, one thing remains – a true passion for the arts and the belief that Acadia is a veritable estuary of artistic promise.

JENNIFER KNOCH

Editor in Chief

Estuary, Acadia's Creative Arts Magazine

2004-2006

Acknowledgements

This edition would not have been possible without the help and support of many special individuals and organizations. I would personally like to thank Dr. Wanda Campbell, *estuary's* faculty advisor, for her expertise, guidance, and utmost kindness. Dr. Campbell has been with the journal from the beginning, and deserves a special thank you for keeping *estuary* alive. She is an amazing professor and mentor and I cannot thank her enough for inspiring me to compile this edition. I would also like to thank Christine Reed, our English and Theatre department secretary, for her ongoing help, kindness, and for putting up with my daily emails and questions; *estuary's* previous editors for providing their biographies and photographs— especially Christine McNair for guiding me in my search for the *estuary* alumni; Dr. Patricia Rigg for her accompanying foreword that speaks so well to this edition and the journal in general; the Acadia Archives for allowing me to peruse past editions of *estuary* for countless hours; Staples Business Depot's Copy & Print Centre for their time and effort in publishing this edition; and finally, all of Acadia University's students, faculty, and staff who support this magazine through their contributions and readership.

Estuary, Acadia's Creative Arts Magazine
A Habitat for Student Creativity Since 1999
Celebrating Ten Years of Acadia Students' Creative Writing and Artwork



estuary publishes an online edition each semester of the given school year, as well as a print edition in the spring compiled of the best submissions from the corresponding online editions.

estuary accepts student submissions of poetry, short fiction of approximately 500 words or less, artwork clearly photographed, photography, and original music pieces. We accept and encourage multiple submissions. Please send text (Word .doc), photograph (.jpg), and music (.mp3) submissions as an attachment by email to estuary@acadiau.ca. Please forward further inquiries by email as well. *estuary* does not return manuscripts.

To view previous online editions and for further information please visit our website at <http://www.acadiau.ca/estuary>.



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Typeset in Garamond and High Tower Text, with Garamond headings. Cover art in mixed media, "Na" by Nels Grauman Neander, featured in the Spring 2007 print edition. Cover design and all layout by Rebecca Dobson.

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Printing by Acadia Printing Services.

ESTUARY, CREATIVE ARTS MAGAZINE
1999-2009
<http://www.acadiau.ca/estuary>