



estuary

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ACADIA'S CREATIVE ARTS MAGAZINE

2020

# **estuary // 2020**

**Cover Art: Joshua's "Hermit Crabs" // Alex Pardy**

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## estuary

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*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

Twenty years have passed since founding editor Christine McNair put together the very first issue of *estuary*, and now she herself is an award winning poet, and over the years so many fine young writers and artists have found a home in the productive pages of Acadia's creative arts magazine. Because of the challenges posed by the pandemic, students in the 2020 Advanced Poetry Class have stepped in as an editorial collective to shape this edition. In this special 20<sup>th</sup> anniversary issue in which over forty past and present Acadia students are represented, we look back at past achievements and forward to future promise. As the faculty advisor to *estuary*, I continue to be dazzled by the creativity and courage of our students who are determined to keep the arts alive with an eye on what Margaret Avison has called "the silver reaches of the estuary."

*Dr. Wanda Campbell*

Chair, Department of English & Theatre



*located in Mi'kma'ki, the ancestral territory of the Mi'kmaq nation*

## Interview with Founding Editor\* // Christine McNair

Christine McNair has published two books of poetry with Book\*hug, *Conflict* (2012) and *Charm* (2017). *Conflict* was a finalist for the City of Ottawa Book Award, Archibald Lampman Award, and ReLit Award, and shortlisted for the Robert Kroetsch Award for Innovative Poetry. Her chapbook *pleasantries and other misdemeanours* (Apt9 Press, 2013) was shortlisted for the bpNichol chapbook award). *Charm* won the Archibald Lampman Award for Poetry in 2018. She was previously the co-publisher for Chaudiere Books and works as a book doctor in Ottawa.

How often do you draw from personal experience, and is this a good strategy to use all the time?

The personal informs my work because I am human. We experience the world through the senses and the intellect. Things from my life will come into play in my poetry. That doesn't mean it is raw personal content but my poetry is filtered through my experience.



The I in the poem is not always me. But it is also a disassemblance to say that the I is not *ever* me.

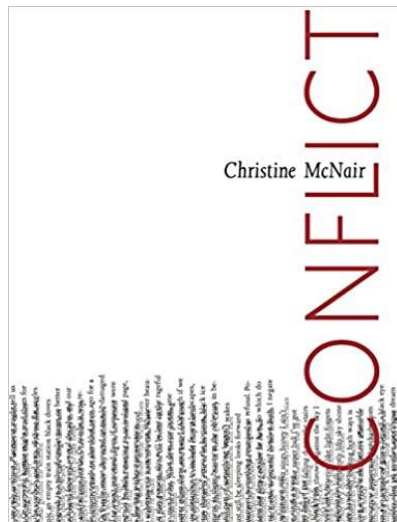
Writing the personal is tricky because it can be dismissed as emotional. Confessional. If you write of mothering then you are that.

I've been present when someone has said they would wait until the poet was done writing her 'motherhood' poems before reading that person's work again. I've been present when a mentor said they didn't take a woman seriously who wore red lipstick. You can be intelligent and conceptual and lyrical and also write from the personal.

It's all just so ephemeral in any case. The work will survive on its own merit not the content. It matters that you are happy with the content and the form. It matters more whether the work is worth reading. You don't have to write solely from the personal. You can write from many different theologies. I just want there to be lifeblood in it. I want there to be some form of attention to sound if you are calling it poetry not prose. I lack patience for all else. Why would you want to write anything lesser?

How does editing your own creative writing books compare to editing a collection of pieces written by others, such as you would do for *Estuary*? How do the processes compare? Which do you find more difficult? What is similar? Different?

I think you are at more of a remove from the content when you are editing someone else. I can approach someone else's work with less entanglements and can therefore hopefully offer something of value. When working with my own poetry, I find it both easier and harder. Easier in the sense that I'm generally cognizant of my own intentions. And I can be more ruthless. Harder in the sense that I can wrap myself up in my own insecurities or perfectionism. And sometimes can't see the



bigger picture. I've never had a problem 'killing my darlings'. My problem is leaving anything on the field. I rely on a few writer friends as early readers for my work because they will be honest.

In your poem collection *Charm* you combine themes from the past and the present. For example, in your poems "The problem with orchids" you mention Darwin's expedition and talk of "hand punched fretwork", evoking the past. You also have a poem in the form of a modern self-help questionnaire. What do you find inspires you more, the past or the present? How do you cohesively meld these two aspects in your work?

They braid together. I work in conservation, a field particularly interested in the passage of materials through time. Nothing comes through unscathed. I think that conservation has informed my interest in incorporating the historic and materiality in my work.

In the first section of *Charm*, called *the problem with orchids*, a lot of your poems don't use traditional punctuation. As such, the rhythm they carry can have many different iterations and forms. Was this ambiguous tempo intentional? Was it symbolic of anything in particular, or is this a personal form?

All things are intentional with punctuation. I don't find it useful to use conventional punctuation the same way in poetry as prose. You can do that, but I'd want a reason other than



convention. I'd like the poet to know if that punctuation is actually serving the poem. In that particular piece, the more prosaic sections are set in conventional punctuation (description of orchids and moths plus modified self-help questionnaire) while sections that delve into the emotional arc behind the piece do not have conventional punctuation. When read aloud, the prosaic sections act as a remove and are read at a different pace than the more emotional content which because of the lack of punctuation and things like alliteration and pace cause the piece to juggernaut forward. There are often points in the poem where I take a deep breath before running full tilt into the words and the breathwork is part of the reading. I participated in sound poetry groups in Ottawa and it influenced my understanding of what is possible to convey acoustically.

How do you find a cadence, tempo, and method of timekeeping that suits you?

I need to read words aloud to stitch them into a page and often repeat things back to myself when working through lines. Some poems are slower and this can be shown visually on the page. Some careen everywhere or at a rocket pace. If I'm doing a reading then I steal my husband's watch and clock myself that way.

As a book conservator, publisher, and poet, it must be difficult to juggle all three positions without neglecting one. Which position do you find motivates you the most and why? Do you find it hard to make time for your own creative writing?

It's impossible. I also have two young kids (4 and 7). And I'm the primary income for our household. And disabled. I was a co-publisher with my partner for a trade publishing company but we had to let it go. Finances and time and energy. I couldn't live all my lives simultaneously and I had to choose to prioritize the kids, conservation, and my writing. I wonder sometimes what it would mean if I'd made a different choice. Or if I had different supports. Everything has its time and its



possible that I'll work in publishing again but the kids are young and I love my day job which is also what feeds us. You make a series of choices at different points and they are necessary. Hard, though.

Motherhood has been hardest in terms of making time for my own creative writing. I've found it difficult to find other examples of writers who are mothers of young children and work full-time. They exist, they're just hard to find and I'm perpetually wondering why I can't keep up. Before children, working as publisher/poet/conservator was possible. Even while working full-time. Now, I need to aggressively carve out time to write and have had the most success when I'm away from my life. Something that's not really feasible at the moment.

I need more silence than I can afford right now.

What did you find to be the most challenging part of being the Editor for *Estuary*? How did you overcome these challenges? How has what you have learned benefitted your own work and editing process?

The hardest part was probably setting up the publication. I didn't work alone, but rather with a group of fellow students with ties to other departments. They helped us reach past the English department for submissions and creative work. We had great support from the English department (Dr. Campbell in particular) as we merged/took over a previous publication that had gone dormant (Perpetuum) with a glance back at the former Alpha Arts Magazine run through the ASU, which had a broader base than just the English department. I loved learning a little about design in those initial years and it helped shape my interest in book design. *Estuary* convinced me that I could (occasionally) lead which wasn't something I had considered before. I preferred to slip into the background.

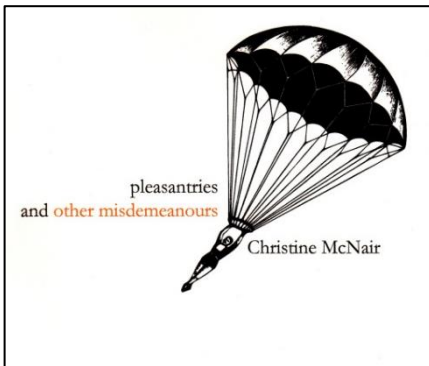
As someone who is not as well-versed in the techniques and methods of poetry, and creative writing as a whole, I was

wondering if you had any advice for inexperienced poets.  
What is the most important part of the creative process to you?

Read and listen to other writers. Be indiscriminate in your reading. Read widely in terms of technique, content, cultural background. Don't just read people that look like yourself. Follow the music inherent in language and not just the idea or emotion you're trying to express. Be omnivorous. Do not ignore what your poem looks like on a page -- it is not neutral. Do not do things in a poem because you think that's the 'right' way to do it.

The most important part of the creative process is the winnowing down of the work from mass to finished piece. And I hate to say it but reading your work aloud is important. An effective reading elevates okay work and a poor reading devastates good work. Read the words like you mean them and don't take on poet voice.

You talk about your mentors in your writing journey. What did you learn from them, and what did you learn from only yourself?



I've had a few mentors, both positive and negative. They taught me what I could be capable of and introduced me to different ways of thinking about poetry. The best mentors I had were open-hearted and generous to the breadth

of poets. They gave their time and their encouragement. What I couldn't learn from them was self-confidence. It took a toxic mentorship experience for me to realise that I didn't care as much as I thought I did about being perfect. About getting everything just so. I want to explore whatever I want and

damn being constrained to one system or mode of writing poetry. I am interested in all the things. I do not consider poetry a passive purely observational craft and I want that expressed in my work.

Where is it that you look for and find inspiration for your writing? How do you adapt your inspiration into a well-crafted work that you are proud of and content on setting out into the world without sacrificing the intent/meaning of the work?

I follow the language. I start with the lines and they tell me where to go. Sometimes an idea pulls the harness but most of the time it's the words. I write and I write and I write and I find what I need in the mass of what I write. I might start with a topic but I need to write freely to get past my own self-consciousness. I try not to judge the first amorphous mass then cut and dissect into a piece that I feel conveys the meaning or emotion. I pull out the cheap words and try to shine them up into something presentable. Only occasionally do I need to spit clean their face.

As a musician, I would be interested to know if you would consider turning certain pieces into songs? Or add instrumental music behind spoken words?

I haven't done this but I would never say never. I've sometimes seen this done effectively.

In reading both your poems and your interviews, I noticed that you have very clear diction and choose very effective words. Did you come by this talent naturally, or did you rather gain this skill when you began to dive deep into poetry?

Reading other poets helps me expand my vocabulary and play better. I do think I probably have always had an affinity for words and their hidden doorways. I also think that my mother's family has influenced my word choice and play. My mother was the first child not born in Eastern Europe and the

last to have German as a first language. Exposure to their Polish-Germanic-Slavic roots has influenced how I play with words and structure. I also work with a set of interesting words in conservation that bleed into my work. I love the possibilities of words. It is not dissimilar to spellwork for me. I want to make you look.

**making milk // Christine McNair**

alveoli and ductile = immovable imprints of trees  
sub terraaneous fluvial dictates development

predecessor -- a beginning to latch  
tongue raw sand slap a turtle latch barracuda baby

(if we suppose my milk is worth drinking)

poisoned lakes and a perfect stretch a neck arches towards  
(I should stop) suppositions pleasure down ink in nap  
schedules

we believe in the beautiful quiet of an unlatched lobe  
parasitic involvement of soft lush hand open and close

small jaws little teeth cut milk  
mastic impressions

and let down

(Previously appeared in *Charm*, Book\*hug, 2017)

\*Interview questions supplied by the Editorial Collective

## estuary Past Editors

2000 Christine McNair

2001 Steven Fortune

2002 Tegan Zimmerman

2003/2004 Chris Chisholm

2005/2006 Jennifer Knoch

2007 Jennifer Dibble & Nadia Bryden

2008 Kaitlyn MacPhee

2009/2010/2011 Rebecca Dobson

2012 Jill Glasgow

2013/2014 Ceileigh Mangalam

2015/2016 Andrea MacMurtry

2017 Georgia Woolaver

2018 Micah Carruthers

2019 Madison Tully

2020 Abby Secord & the Fall 2020 Editorial Collective



*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... ~Rebecca Dobson 2009*

Ten years ago, I compiled an anniversary edition of *estuary* that contained works from each past issue—a process I enjoyed very much as one could see an evolution of student culture over time. Fast forward ten years, and our modes of communicating such as social media sometimes seem to inhibit us from engaging with one another in meaningful ways. But yet, art persists—and in new and exciting forms. Once again, Acadia students are coming together to select pieces from another decade of issues. I am delighted that this tradition continues; I hope that one day Acadia will see a one hundredth anniversary edition of this arts magazine. I look back fondly on my time at Acadia and my time as editor. May *estuary* endure as a natural habitat ebbing and flowing with student expression for years to come.

*~Rebecca Dobson 2020*

*On the tenth anniversary of estuary, editor Rebecca Dobson put together a retrospective edition containing works from a decade of issues; here we continue this tradition by selecting texts and artwork from each of the last ten years. Past issues can be viewed here:*  
<https://english.acadiau.ca/get-involved/estuary-arts-magazine.html>

# estuary

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## **2010 Men of Salt // David Oastler**

Howling against what will be my fault  
I begin battle with this modern binary,  
clawing for answers in the mind's vault.

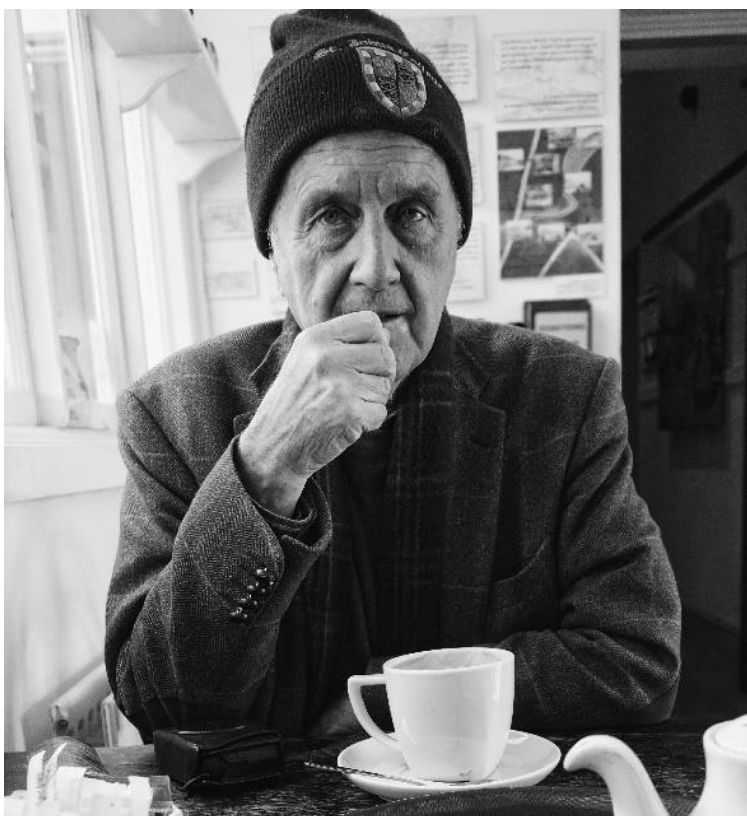
Modern man, are you still a man of any salt?  
You plow on industrially and sure. I'm left wary,  
howling against what will be my fault.

Gaia screams and begs and bleeds for halt.  
Her flowers now trampled, you wouldn't marry.  
I'm clawing for answers in the mind's vault.

Our Mother left broken, soaked in asphalt,  
by you, brother, you take up arms but I parry,  
howling against what will be my fault.

Shed off your armor of lies, evolve, molt  
from your stubborn cruelty for clarity  
and clawing for answers in the mind's vault.

I saw you salt the earth, your assault  
on the song of the soil's tired canary.  
I'm left howling against what will be my fault  
clawing for answers in the mind's vault.



**Untitled // Zach Goldsmith**

**Tea // Tyler Boucher**

bitter from forget  
too long steeped in the  
chaos of morning

## **2011    The Forest // Carey Bray**

Come out  
and I'll show you  
my neck of the woods.

With clothes shed  
let me slip through your reeds  
and slide down your banks.

Midnight-green scratches,  
her grass grabbed feet.  
Eyes exploding in a riot of stars.

We both know you're beautiful.  
But where do I stand? Lost in this bramble.  
This thicket of men.



## **2012 the transit of jupiter // Courtney Harris**

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 the dust off my shoulders



**Beauty in the Night Life // Kellie Shillington**

## **2013 Janitor's Lesson // Ceileigh Mangalam**

You learn quick what products work best for cleaning off spit and filth from the displays. Finger marks on glass: use newspaper and Windex, they'll come right off, no streaks. Boogers at ten-year-old heights crusted to banisters: Orange Cleaner, maybe 409... that stuff is My-Lord-Magic! Do you know how many people per-day, on average, hawk loogies into those Pools of Reflection? No? *A lot*. THAT'S the average. Per day. I'd say – now I can't be everywhere at once, don't quote me – 1 out of 5. People, that is. Spitting. Unbelievable. Kids who dangle threads – gobs – of phlegm as far as they can go before the thread snaps and hits them in the face and the gobs floating away to join the others. But then that's kids. Kids don't get it when they're rubbing snot on the 'Nam memorial, wiping sticky hands on Lincoln's marble shoes, flicking scabs over the waterfalls at the 9/11 sinkholes. 'Bout 45 percent of people never put their hands under the railings keeping them back from any great monument. True. But those who do usually leave a little something behind. You walk yourself right up to the rails of any great paragon of history and feel down and under a bit and BAM, you'll hit a spearmint-and-original-bubblegum-flavour barrier. Same with chairs and benches. Sometimes, it's because people want to leave something of themselves behind, stuck fast and connected to the event, the tragedy, the glory. Sometimes. Other times it's for a different purpose entirely. Graffiti's not the worst. People who think they can topple the Washington Monument or the White House with a few short slashes of red spray-paint.

## **Fuck the Man.**

Guy Fawkes silhouettes.

## **Anarchy Is The Only Way!!!**

They come off real easy with a good straight solvent and elbow grease. It's the other stuff that actually topples empires. There's impotent kinds of defacement, like that – kids who won't remember in a couple years why they were so angry at the *Government*. And then there's apathy. Desensitization. Boredom. The worst. The very worst. The kind that equals dried up snot and buildups of chewed gum and people picking their noses and wiping them on commemorative plaques and leaving salami mustard sandwiches on top of display cases. Ever lived in a world so big and great and beautiful and important that people who live in it with you get bored with the Bigness and the Beauty and the Importance? Yeah. Yeah you have. If WE weren't here, it would all go to waste. The huge social upheavals, the advances, the revolutions. We keep it clean. We keep it visible. We keep it respectable. We keep it *necessary*. We chisel off the gum and wipe down the grease and sweep away the breadcrumbs. But I can feel it; we all can. People are getting too tired to hold up the past and the present at the same time. No one ever notices the janitor.

## **2014** Why Isn't It Raining? // Asia Forbes

I looked for the Moon,  
But all I found was Sand.

I looked for a Clue,  
And I found a Paintbrush.

I stood in the Faerie Circle,  
And I felt my Wings grow, and ache...

I want to go Home.

fern resting on a bed of moss



Ashley Hazel

## 2015 Hospital Hill // Alison Dent

Behind our house in Iqaluit there is a mountain appropriately named (or so the locals claim) Hospital Hill. In January, the sun never fully rises. All day it sits just above the horizon, painting the sky gold, until early afternoon when it disappears again. On these days Hospital Hill is nothing but black ice and steep jagged rock. At the summit of the mountain there is a wooden cross. Many people say that ghosts reside there watching over the town from the highest peak. Very few have made it to the cross, especially in the wintertime. But we didn't believe in ghost stories.

On the night of the super moon we made a vow to climb to the summit of Hospital Hill. The base of the mountain was sheer ice. I crawled on my hands and knees reaching out for a rock that I could grab onto to hoist my body upwards. My legs ached as they braced against the unstable ground. As we made it further up the mountain, the wind cut across the skin on my face that was not covered by my scarf and balaclava, leaving it red and tender. I didn't dare to blink, knowing that if I did my frozen eyelashes might bind together, leaving me blinded. Some parts of the mountain were nothing but rock, glazed over with a thin layer of ice. On these stretches I reached a gloved hand into the grooves of the mountain and prayed that my feet were stable.

When we made it to the summit the world went silent. I reached for Andrew and Phil's hands to brace myself before walking to the edge where the cross stood. Below us the town was ablaze with light and above the sky was a magnificent current of energy. Streams of greens, pinks and white danced across the darkness, moving in elegant waves. The sky was alive. My heart pounded like a drum beneath the layers of my parka. Looking over at Phil and Andrew a grin spread across my face. "Come here," Phil laughed pulling us into an embrace as he began to sing, his voice slicing the silence. Giddy from our ascent we sang every song we knew until our voices blended together into a howl of laughter. We felt extraordinary, free.

We did not see the snow dancing on the surface of the earth or flinch when the wind slashed across our cheeks. It seemed to us that without warning everything went white.

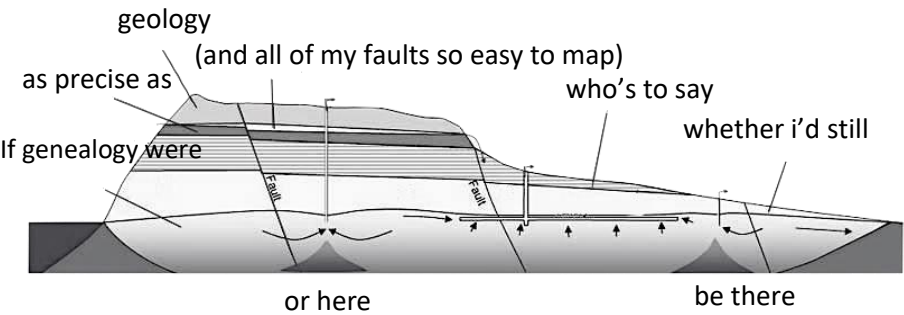
## **2016   Willows: A lipogram // Kaitlin Wilcox**

along lost back roads  
maps not brought to look for  
amazing finds and willows with long  
drooping lanyards of mint, sap and moss.  
hanging aloft running brooks  
you and I will call out  
a short story of our past  
across satin plains and touch  
harsh bark from aging oak  
and magically  
as though it was God's plan  
it turns from you and I  
simply to  
us



**Meeting Place // Nicole Havers**

2017 Cross Examination // Amy Parkes



**2018**    **Tweet Poems // Edda Ahrent**

I wonder if the sea has adhd  
it's always  
overlapping  
overlapping  
overlapping  
simultaneous crescendos  
foam like thoughts  
erupting

\*

the boat rocks gently  
on the waves  
you just have to remember  
remember  
what's holding you up  
is history

\*

I believe if I can only reach  
high enough I will dip my hands  
into the sky  
and stars will stick  
to my fingertips



## Two Luftballons // K. Eric Fredrickson



## **2019   Coming Back // Nathan Cann**

On the highway somewhere  
between here and home  
there is a beaten stretch of road  
weaving through the memorably named  
towns that I will never visit.  
In an aging car I have had for years  
that smells still of old owners,  
I navigate this passage  
flanked with trees that seem familiar  
pushed together.  
A cup of spent coffee rolls beside me.  
I took pleasure in killing it too young,  
while the heat had not yet reached my hands  
and the farmhouses seemed too similar  
a few hours ago.  
It is here I find myself,  
crawling in the quiet morning  
before the fishermen start the outboards  
and roll out into the bay  
still wading in dark water.  
Content as I am in the muted thrill  
that comes before a winter dawn  
I leap at the sight of a small sun  
cresting the ridge my road lies on,  
coming closer with every mile.  
And, like a buck crashing through the underbrush  
one sun splits into two  
flashing first and then racing past,  
neck and neck.  
I nod to the passing driver,  
and under fogged breath I thank them  
for reminding me I am still heading East.

## 2020 Corona Corona // Various

*...or suppose  
Devouring pestilence hangs in our air  
And thou art flying to a fresher clime:  
Look, what thy soul holds dear, imagine it  
To lie that way thou go'st, not whence thou comest:  
Suppose the singing birds musicians,  
The grass whereon thou tread'st the presence strew'd,  
The flowers fair ladies, and thy steps no more  
Than a delightful measure or a dance;  
For gnarling sorrow hath less power to bite  
The man that mocks at it and sets it light.*

~William Shakespeare, *Richard II*, (I. iii. 285-294)

The year 2020 has been unlike any in living memory with a global pandemic raging around the world and across Nova Scotia, but people everywhere are responding to fear with fortitude, to ignorance with imagination, and to the Corona Virus with creativity. In these unusual times, Acadia's advanced poetry class took up the challenge of creating corona corona. A sonnet corona is a sequence, or crown, of sonnets concerned with a single theme where each sonnet is linked to the one before it by repeating the final line as its first line until the crown is complete. This form is a challenge for a solo poet, but even more so when created in collaboration and yet, like so many during this difficult year, these Acadia students have lightened the "gnarling sorrow" of the world through generosity of spirit.

Wanda Campbell // Faculty Advisor



### **Crowns of Isolation //**

**Rhea / Alex / Kaitlynn / Kate / Cam / Emma / Jenna**

1.

In January bubbles meant air spheres,  
reflecting rainbow hues beneath white light—  
Corona best chilled with sliced lime, a beer,  
masks solely reserved for Halloween night.

Embracing loved ones was never a crime,  
hospital visits welcomed, encouraged.  
Constant sanitization wasted time—  
handshakes symbolled respect, now discouraged.

There existed such a thing as good news—  
phases only reserved for angsty teens.  
Not frightened daily of who we might lose,  
daily cases now command TV screens.

In January ignorance was bliss.  
Two months pass, all doors locked, March is madness.

2.

March madness life locks doors to everything,  
students sent home, while trips are postponed and  
life's put-on hold. No more birthday song, stings  
daily briefings from Stephen-Strang's newsstand.

Canadians called home to borders closed,  
now bubble up family no more than one,  
six feet apart as more rules are composed  
to new life in caged masks nowhere near done

with the fact of time loss may never stop.  
Blink to June, was there even a summer?  
July to August, a time blur on top  
of CERB, school stress as all humans suffer

questions unanswered, hard to remember  
eight months pass to quarantine September.

3.

Eight months "iso", quarantine September  
What once was fun quickly becomes a bore  
Life before this we cannot remember –  
masks a new skin, when they were once a chore.

With September came university,  
their new rules a stark contrast to last year.  
Time spent with friends is now a luxury,  
our next step in life is even less clear.

For me, we must find joy wherever we can—  
with art, be it paint, sculpture, or writing.  
A break from our screens, of that I am a fan—  
our hands are cramped from all of the typing.

If you asked me, I never would have guessed—  
Eight months ago was the start of this mess.

4.

The start of this mess bestowed this crown  
of divinity that is my warden  
No God! I'm a rabbit in a warren  
Quivering,  
                    twitching,  
                                    foaming,  
  Hold me down!

I'm a wild thing! there's sweat upon my brow!  
the foam upon my teeth    screams    misfortune  
God! I'm no angel, I'd kneel before one  
lift this heavy circlet before I drown

My long legs beat against surrounding dirt  
I long, Oh God, I long to    run,    RUN,    RUN!!!!  
and sink my teeth into brother rodent

Thrash my brittle body till I'm inert  
My God, please leave me in this hole, undone  
to keep  
                    the warren  
                                    safe  
  in my descent

5.

You keep safe in the descent to this new  
                    Darkness era: split from your families,  
Parted from those you need, causing undue  
                    Harm to your keenest, once prime faculties.

Your chosen heart-held friends, those simply craved  
                    Are gone now, pushed far from you like fissures

In the earth's skin. Crowds drop in early graves  
As society palls to plague pressures.

I, unmoved, crowned in my isolation,  
Preside king over my allotted piece.  
I require no one for foundation,  
Where tighter circles, losing their cogs, seize.

My crown weighs next to nothing; feather-light,  
Even when people fall dead in the night.

6.

Society fallen dead in the night,  
Our true colours showing, evil is nigh  
Consumed for so long by our nature's plight,  
Apocalypse realized by simple minds.

I don't know how much my generation  
can fix, will fix, wants to fix. So, maybe  
this is it. We can't stop our destruction,  
self-inflicted. The old gods are gone, see

they will not help us. We abandoned them.  
In our last moments, they will turn away,  
they may whisper to us a simple hymn  
briefly acknowledging our Judgement Day.

The people have fallen, soon to be gone.  
I have the rest of my life to be proven wrong.

7.

Always proving to be misinformation  
hysteria grips the entire globe  
a simple flu undergoes mutation  
from coughs to fevers – it's a heavy load.

Social distancing becomes the new norm  
fourteen-day quarantines affect us all  
I must wear a mask, we can't use our dorms  
no new cases – finally there's a lull.

We must stay vigilant during this time  
wave upon wave, in every country  
stocking up on anything we can find  
a global pandemic – no one is free.

January promises bright futures,  
Reflects white lights for those who need nurture.



### **Viral Threat // Taryn / Jade / Norah / Rylie**

1.

No chance to say goodbye, a choking strike;  
the virus's name means "little halo"  
for the way it becomes sudden angel  
under microscope. Glowing maybe. Like  
emperors, crowned and emptied, lost. Ghostlike.  
Haunting plasma with runny grip, painful  
bloom festering through the body. Glacial  
death, or perhaps survival. A hitchhike  
through cytoplasm, sweating into the lung  
of a world gasping for the chance to grow  
canals lush as rainforests. A strange trade  
for beauty. Humans trapped by their cells. One  
remembers the origin – snake, bat. Show  
us chance, world made verdant. We are afraid.

2.

Be afraid—someone for me to feed on,  
for I am starved inside this petri dish  
each moment inside here I grow withdrawn  
I'm trapped within this glass just like a fish;

The others live, kill and spread as they should.  
Who says that humans always know what's best?  
They destroy more lives than we ever could  
so, let me out and I can take the rest.

Keep me trapped and I will retaliate  
you are naïve to think you can defeat.  
You're in this mess because you took our bait  
the cure is hidden it is obsolete.

Try and get rid of us it makes things worse  
while I'm here, want me to reserve your hearse?

3.

Run from the hearse – here, life begins or ends.  
White walls and monitors. Pristine lab coats.  
The heart is holding on as breath suspends.  
Code Blue. Compressions. Air shoved down their throats.

Children scream as they cannot find their own.  
The trauma floor looks like a wreckage.  
As each doctor quickly attends their zone.  
This whole night changed in a second.

Each patient is saved or lost.  
You can stop and finally breathe.  
As your scrubs are tossed,  
You take it all in and silently grieve.



As sirens echo in the distance, you wish they weren't.  
A long long night and your emotions are burnt.

4.

Long nights, and sounds from the mucus chamber  
warn our family of impending pain.  
But, his chartreuse snot screams out: "Disclaimer!  
Calls, glass walls." Is separation humane?

Furrowed eyebrows of his doctor—high risk—  
A cornucopia of dense baking,  
my grandmother's veins clutched around the whisk,  
ten milky candles, his senses fading.

Hospital doors become his prison bars,  
not to trap him in, but keep us out—  
Gone—the stained white t-shirts and smell of cigars.  
Virus talons take, gifting him no handout.

Papa, papa, a fresh star in the sky,  
I wish I had the chance to say goodbye.

## Home of My Heart // Jordan MacIntyre

A new plague hit

CANADA'S TOP ISLAND TRAVEL DESTINATION

Though this disease was not *new* here

they have never seen anything like it before.

Visit Cape Breton? The highlands are just one place.

How about (Cotton Land?

You want a cheap high? *Come* and get it. We're

EASY TO FIND. HARD TO LEAVE.

The drugs or the beauty?)

No, it's the beauty! Between the

WORLD CLASS GOLF and LIVING CULTURES

'There's not one friend I have that isn't a junkie.' But isn't it just beautiful. Pay no attention to the trees, the leaves

will fall when they are ready (just as the community has.

YOU'LL HEAR IT BEFORE YOU SEE IT. No,

it's the drugs!

Coughing, spitting, injecting.... TAKE IT ALL IN!

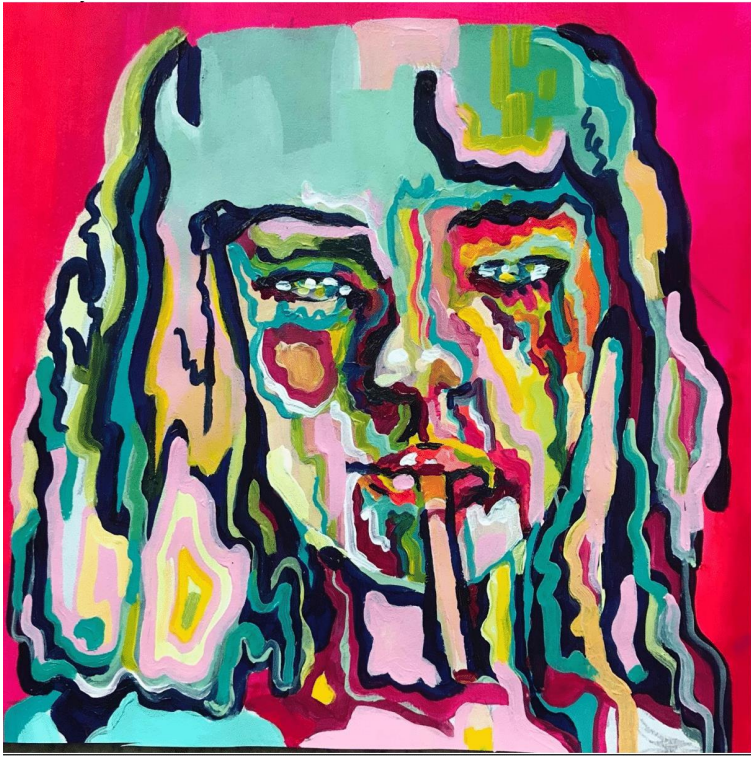
'She was looking at one of her own, a lost Cape Bretoner in need of help and offering a new story') More important things used to flow through the veins of

Île-Royale. But what else is there to do

than to drink and do drugs

when the place once prided on PROUD PEOPLE  
and a STRONG FUTURE is now a place of the fallen?

YOUR HEART WILL NEVER LEAVE because it can't.



**Portrait // Olivia Black**

**The Empty Set // Chelsy Mahar**

The empty set.  
The characters are gone,  
But one is left  
To roam,  
Under the painted sky,  
Upon the realistic earth,  
Through dimmed streetlights,  
She wanders where her character was birthed.

**... // Zach Strong**

The orange glow from the monitor  
caressing the skin of the lover,  
rain falling at the door  
streaming light, a visor.

Living to connect  
with eyes not direct.

Keys giving way—  
Fears, tears, cheers; a thought—  
On a display  
the wires have brought.

And all the while,  
Anxiety, a growing pile.

Do my words say?  
Do my circles smile?  
Does my message read?  
Will they ever know? How much I care? Do they care?  
Did I say something?  
Wrong? Am I stressing all for nothing? Nothing? Do my words  
mean? Anything? Are they ignoring? Me?  
Did something happen to them? Does anybody know? Does  
anybody care?

Am I merely another thoughtful picture?

**lament // Cam Anderson**

do it. destroy me,  
CARVE MY SKIN WITH CHROME--- / sculpt me beautifully  
make me *divine*  
do it. i beg,  
SEVER MY SOUL WITH SOFTWARE --- / debug my corruption  
make me *transcendent*  
do it. please help,  
EXCIZE MY MIND WITH ELECTRICITY --- / reduce to efficient  
make me *empyrean*

| METAL  | TECHNOLOGY |
|--------|------------|
| mortal | humanity   |

make me glitter with symbolic binary  
eviscerate my existence / replace with metal  
install a semblance of human-divine

<<<<< REPLACE IT ALL >>>>>

|          |   |   |
|----------|---|---|
| 01100111 | shear my humanity<br>off this corpse ----         | G |
| 01101111 | immortalize the concept<br>of me forever ----     | O |
| 01100100 | integrate my intelligence<br>into the virtual --- | D |
| 01101100 | make them mourn me<br>as i move beyond --         | L |
| 01111001 | their petty grasping at<br>purpose and faith -    | Y |

~~~WE WILL LAMENT THE DAY WE LOSE OUR HUMANITY~~~  
BUT UNLIKE THEM, I WILL GROW BEYOND

## **Split View // Alex Pardy**



## **The way the grass bends // Zoe Brown**

The way the grass bends  
Braided in colours  
Of gold and green  
Could inspire the most uncreative soul  
And make someone from the farthest reaches of this earth  
Feel as though this is home

Sweet old bodies  
Walk by and say hello  
Young silhouettes in the distance  
Talk idly, and pick at the red dirt caked on their white shoes  
Some turn pages  
some let their tears fall and be taken away with the next tide

All the while there is the sun  
Dancing around in one corner of the sky  
Planting bright orange,  
and soft purple kisses  
On anyone kind enough to give her a glance

## **Clarinet in B $\flat$ // Emma Bullerwell**

Shaking, nervous hands grasp grenadilla,  
gently caresses it with a deep lust.  
Her body feels warm, smooth like vanilla,  
I know her. This is our mutual trust.

I place my moist palms on her thin metal.  
My thumb rests in its prison, its cage,  
look down and see the curves of a bethel,  
I am the congregation, she's the sage.

Only I hear the clack of keys booming,  
only she sees inner coruscation.  
We lift, we pause, we linger in looming  
we are unison, divine vibration.

Messenger Goddess, sweetness of my reed,  
thank you for your gifts, you are what I need.

## Claddagh // Norah Chaput

Woven tight around my fourth finger.  
Passed down by generations.  
Gifted by my grandparents.

The silver exterior glistens in the sun.  
Criss crossed small detailed lines  
intertwine creating its spherical connection.  
Slimming and elegant,  
It hugs my finger.

As the two hands cradle the heart,  
it gives you two choices.  
Display it  
and it's open.  
Conceal it  
and it's been  
chosen.



Will a spark change the direction of the heart?  
Turning it out of sight.  
Or will you wear it proudly,  
and be content with it revealed for all to see?

Woven tight with culture,  
where my ancestors came from,  
leaving the tranquil boat from Galway,  
entering into the boisterous city of Toronto.  
This ring is a reminder  
Of my pride for their strength.



## **A Memory // Elizabeth Cox**

It was that time in winter when the apples begin to taste more like water than apples, and when the thought of a steaming hot drink from a fancy coffee shop begins to lose its appeal. It was February. The fourth, to be exact.

The snow sparkled, but not like diamonds or glitter. Instead, it glinted in the light, much like the vindictive sheen of a sharp knife. Children's screams pierced the air, and snowballs flew in every direction. I sat wrapped up in a warm blanket on my porch, watching and laughing hysterically when the kids who deserved it most got smacked across the face with freezing snow. A certain satisfaction when they slumped off dejectedly, holding their most likely stinging faces. This was my Sunday afternoon routine. Nothing much else to do except watch a movie, and this . . . this was much better.

Around two o'clock, the snow would start flying, and I made sure I was out there, in the breathtaking cold with my hot tea, to cheer on my favourites. I was partial to the youngest girls. They were tiny, but they had a certain fiery grit, which made them ever so ferocious. Sometimes, my little white cat would sit under my blanket with her head poking up so she could watch too. I think she enjoyed those times just as much as I did. Those hours were our little distraction from the short desolate days and long frozen nights.

I made sure to make a fresh batch of cookies every Sunday morning for the lineup of kids at my front door. It was a tradition. Half-past four, when everyone was tired out, but just before their parents called them inside for supper. They would come with wet hair, red noses, frozen fingers, and racing heartbeats to get a cookie. They would gather around my rocking chair and pass around the tin.

They were like grandchildren to me, although they did not know it. I loved them just the same.

I knew what was coming when they went home. Dinner, then the lonely pacing and the aimlessness. Looking for the people who were no longer there. Who no longer bothered to come home. Waiting for tomorrow morning when I had to go to work. Out to the car at 6:00 am when the air hurt to breathe, and no amount of coats or sweaters could keep the cold out. No time to do anything but wait until I was tired enough to go to bed, but enough time to feel like I should be making use of it. Sometimes I turned on the TV, and other times I sat in my kitchen, a glass of wine in hand, contemplating my past. I might even wander around my empty house, listening to the laughter from past afternoons echoing in my head. I think their parents felt sorry for me. I can't see any other reason why they would let their kids eat cookies from a strange lady who lived in a big house. A big empty house. I didn't want their pity. If only they had come to visit or invited me to dinner once in a while. Then, I would have known someone really cared.

All the next week I would look forward to Sunday afternoon. And all week I dreaded the evening after. Those kids were my joy. They were my sunshine and my hope. But now, my dear, I can scarcely recall their faces or their names. I do remember the feeling though. The absolute joy and complete exhilaration of the moment. I'll remember that until the day I die, which I don't think will be too long now. But for the moment, I'll sit in my chair, wrapped up in a blanket looking out the window of this white-walled room, and try to hold on to that memory.

## Real[i]ty Surface // Kira Cummings

1.

*'Embrace your built-ins! [...] Use them to add character to your home.'*<sup>1</sup>

My psych professor asked  
everyone where they're from  
(just one place will suffice—  
thank you very much):

I'm from America(?)  
(from Asia/this planet/this universe—  
you know, somewhere in the supercluster—  
don't you know all humans originated from  
Africa at one point?)

Whereabouts?

Lotsa places.

(He was disgruntled at that tricky response.)

*Everyone's just from one place, it's built-in.  
Stardust?*

kira kira hikaru<sup>2</sup>  
osorano hoshiyo

*'When the giant star [...] run[s] out of fuel, [...] it will first  
collapse and then rebound in a spectacular explosion. There  
is no risk to Earth, but Betelgeuse will brighten.'*<sup>3</sup>

Bright or dim,  
All is well—  
Just don't  
defile the status quo.

---

<sup>1</sup> "Tierra Antigua Realty" 2020 calendar

<sup>2</sup> Japanese "Twinkle Twinkle Little Star"

<sup>3</sup> Rincon, "Betelgeuse"

That star's been pretty twitchy/lately,  
like my eye on caffeine. *What's a character without  
A reference point?*

2.

*'[Get] serviced by a certified chimney sweep. This  
maintenance should be done yearly.'*<sup>4</sup>

'Your FB profile still says ur in  
HK. You should update it:  
"Moved to Tucson, going to university in  
[Canadian flag emoji]"'.  
—Grandma

Twinkle twinkle little star  
How I wonder  
Where  
You are

(Are you even certified to exist if you don't  
update social media?)

3.

*'Fight flu season by disinfecting shared surfaces in your  
home.'*<sup>5</sup>

I flew all the way to Canada, because:

(a) Grand Mother,  
you're

(b) too Much,

(c) Moocher.

Tu es une (Should it be 'vous'?)

(d) Grande Mouche. *Actually, it doesn't matter en anglais.)*

*After all, everyone in the universe  
speaks English. Why switch it up?*

---

<sup>4</sup> Calendar

<sup>5</sup> Calendar

My grandpa shrieked with his buttohole mouth:  
We had to go to the Mexican part of town for this!  
as he threw conchas at US(And  
don't be racist, corn puff.)

The *idiot box*'ll rot your brain!      But it's a state of being,  
not an object.  
*Come outside. Variety is the spice of life.*

Like a moth to a flame. Or rather, celestial architecture:  
*‘Many astronomers secretly hoped the star would explode’<sup>6</sup>.*

(Kill it with fire! This flU, iS contAmination.)

They—the grandparents—  
*they taint these surfaces with*  
*explosive diarrhea*  
 piss on the concrete in the backyard—*dad had to hose it*  
*down later*  
 marking their territory—*the world is their toilet*  
*How can one ever disinfect these surfaces?*

They're still your grandparents, said my Filipina stepmom's generosity  
(They thought her Tagalog was Spanish, but don't worry, she's legal.)

My grandma had a Freudian slip last week. My dad was helping her log into an account and the question was ‘what’s your pet’s name?’. ‘Lorna’ she said—my stepmom’s name.

<sup>6</sup> Drake. Oddly Dimming Star Isn't about to Explode after All

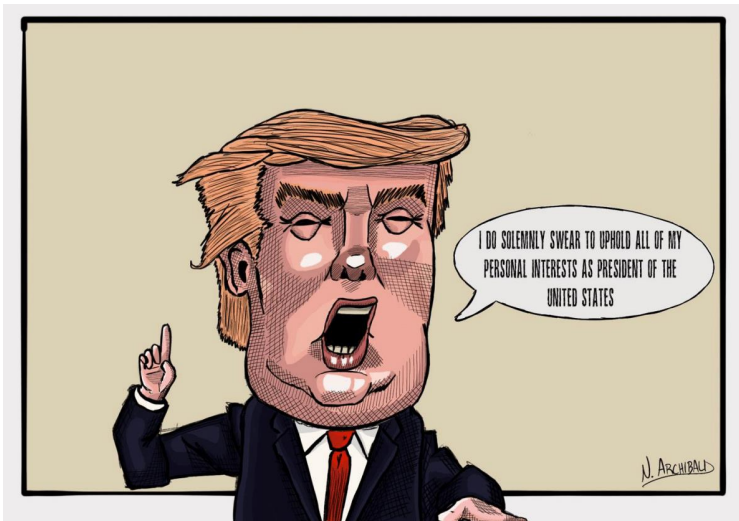
*Does it still count as a shared surface if it's been colonized?*

Pass me the Lysol!

Even the pyramids of Giza  
Align with Orion's belt.  
Other/suns of other/places.  
It's a coincidence. No: they went there—

*They were sharing it. Were they sharing it?*

*What other barriers are there?*  
*What, there are other barriers?*



**Cartoon // Noah Archibald**

**Water // Rhea Davis**

Chubby fingers—four years old

D

I

V

E

giddily grasping mud and stone,  
who made a home of shallow Chamcook Lake.

She lacks depth—not life.

Something about tiny hands and treasures,  
mutual respect between little me and a minnow—  
slick, smooth, sliding, clueless.

I built him a lake in cupped palms,

before he swam away.



**Fish Out of Water // Shevon Chmura**



## Trans [Remembrance] Gender // Eli Dunlap

I mentally run through the list  
of names  
the ten thousandth time today;

**Mia: 29**

**Aerrion: 37**

**Gia: 46**

**Isabella: 21**

**Elie: 23**

**Shelley: 16**

**Kee: 24**

**Aja: 32**

**Queasha: 24**

**Tiffany: 32**

**Marilyn: 22**

**Angela: 42**

**Summer: 24**

**Bree: 27**

**Shaki: 32**

**Draya: 28**

**Merci: 22**

**Tatiana: 22**

**Brayla: 17**

**Dominique: 27**

20 names of the reported  
350 beautiful souls taken,  
often tortured,  
in senseless crimes of hate.

350 lives  
taken from families,  
friends, communities...

350 people  
who will never return  
home.

*Simply* for being who they are.  
*Simply* from living in a world that insists  
time and time again that people  
“like them”  
should not exist.  
That people  
like me  
should not exist.

Its ironic, isn't it?  
How their names could easily replace  
the Bible verses  
read during Sunday worship?



Harry Styles // Hannah Fisk

## **The Werewolf's Wife // Rylie Moscato**

“Come inside!” I call to my moon lover.  
Sandstone birch panels collide as the wind's bite  
carries the baying of gray wolves.  
Sky cackles begin to sound,  
a veil drawn over the slice of his Felling Axe.  
Cerulean eyes squint, nails draw blood.

Snow full of carmine—my blood,  
I remind myself, not my moon lover.  
The forest reveals no shabby flannel, no dirty denim or axe  
Has he fallen victim to an animal bite?  
Probing prongs pierce, a shrewd scream sounds.  
Could he have fallen victim to the wolves? —

The mugo pines flash, I expect to see wolves.  
“Babe, did you draw blood?”  
A honey-coated voice! Comforting sound!  
And then I see him, my moon lover.  
Boards of oak creak as I rush to fix him a bite,  
and clear off the hook for his axe.

From the kitchen I watch him swing down the axe,  
a frightening fracture joins the chorus of wolves.  
His shirt is ripped and reveals a deep bite!  
Nothing to stop the gushing blood  
that steals the life of my moon lover.  
His face contorts. I begin to hum a soothing sound.

Only there is no sound  
that could cover bones snapping over the discarded axe.  
No longer does our porch hold my moon lover,  
but the twisted appearance of the wood's wolves.  
I realize that next, it is my skin with my blood  
that this snarling werewolf will bite.

I form a plan, but will he bite?  
A bottle of wine and a shrieking sound,  
the kitchen covered in “blood”.  
A distraction! I managed to steal the heavy axe,  
but its weight concedes defeat against this wolf.  
Goodbye, me and my moon lover.

Soaked in my blood, the wolf finally eats a bite.  
How do I taste moon lover? Will you make a satisfied  
sound? I suppose I am the axe, swept aside by the wolves.

### **Life is... // Thamintdha Surendraraj**

Life is an unpredictable journey.

If you have a map  
You'll be lost....

If you weren't lost at least once,  
Just know that you're sailing on the wrong path.

Don't waste your time hunting for the map,  
Create one which you can own.



**Ode to the Wound Where, In Scotland, A Fox Bit Me**  
**// Taryn Muldoon**

You opened in my flesh, slaving  
red, punctured to the white star of fat,  
skin hungering yellow  
with the triangular jaw  
of a bruise. All those pills I gulped for you,  
how they carved my arteries animal, spiking  
into whatever you wedded to my blood.  
Not rabies, they promised. Whatever killed  
the fox that formed you has yet to chew howling from my  
veins.

Now, my blood is salted with fox-spit  
carrying wind-struck rabbit, limestone, the clean  
grass of an Ayrshire field. My blood has been bitten  
by place, cells swollen  
by all launched into me. In you,  
the furrow left by hilted canine;  
my hands caught in a scruff of fur.  
You hissed fox-red, wept – pink as Virkon, as the Hibi  
we irrigated you with, sown  
into the dim ache of my body.

You were born into my flesh  
rowdy, curled like a cub, raw  
and valleyed as Hesselhead quarry  
where the gulls throbbed  
under the sun, so new to being free  
and dimpled into the skin of their lives.  
You were written into me like that, curved  
like the great bend of rock to water;  
my capillaries open to sky.

I used to prod you just to feel the throb, imagined  
the desperate lattice of nerves racing through me,  
making themselves a home in a tide of white cells  
and cholesterol. Now, there is nothing beneath my fingers  
but nerve and bone. You shine white  
as memory. When I swim, you are as bright  
as the water we first doused you in, and I remember

how I once made myself a home in a tide of courage  
and fox-catching hands. When I press  
the memory it hurts, and all of Scotland pangs  
within you. But this is the wisdom of the wound –  
for that ache, like you,  
will fade.

## **Water Colours // Alex Pardy**

Summer skies say goodbye,  
as crisp Autumn air sprays to life.

Melodic crickets chirping, while stars  
are calling out her name from afar.

Seafoam greens turn to twilight blues  
as waves crash along the shores.

Smokey salmon changes to coral and Sugar Plum heavens  
as she dances with her friends along midnight sands,

Where Sea-coal fires crackle, and  
illuminates their shadows,

Ebony trees rest over lavender seas  
as she captures their reflection from the sky.



**Untitled // Amanda Furniss**

**A Welcome Weight // Kaitlynn Sheculski**

The smoky grey yarn reminds me  
of grey skies and *Gauloises*.  
From home in Tours,  
by train to Amboise.

The beige yarn, intertwined,  
it forms a complex knit.  
As if it were the cobblestone streets,  
that lead us past caf  s, patisseries, and *chateaux*.

I trace my fingers  
along the yarn, not rough or soft  
but worn, (as am I)  
by rushed travel home  
in the mere beginnings of a pandemic.

The world was so exciting then;  
New countries to visit and fall in love with.  
Cheap coffee and cheaper wine,  
friends that are now spread across continents.

The slight, yet stable weight  
of the blanket on my shoulders  
is a welcome pressure  
to ground me through months of uncertainty.



## **Arms // Emma Cole**

The wind was picking up. And I was dragging my feet along the sidewalk. Slow steps, feeling the annoyance radiate off my brother. His strides were three years longer, and his sounds of frustration only made my steps heavier.

Each brick in the building we trudged past was familiar, though that day the windows were dim, and the breeze blew through it. Its husk stared blankly as we crossed the lawn. Down the road, a sight my eyes knew well: the painted lines stretched across both lanes, a brief pause in the flow of traffic, waiting for us. I didn't know the exact time, but I could feel in my small, aching legs how much longer till we reached the crosswalk. Before doubling back and finding the path between houses, and then our home was in sight.

Until then, I followed my brother, studying the non-existent patterns on the back of his jacket. Or watching his shoelaces smack the pavement. Lifting free from the tattered shoes around his feet.

He spoke once, urging me to hurry. His voice was the same as I always remembered it. The tone of discontent. The vocal fry as his words shook their heads. For a second I hurried, stepping quicker and faster. Before remembering that I didn't want to walk any faster. And that my legs were too sore to be rushed.

He stopped suddenly, just past the curb hidden by the dumpsters and the fence I knew but had never memorized. Tilting his face from the wind, my brother stepped out onto the street, dropping the thousand miles off the edge of the sidewalk, to the asphalt. My feet planted for a moment. This wasn't the way. But any way I went unaccompanied was incorrect. And I knew this.

So I stepped after him. Following suit.

The road stretched long and far ahead of me. A journey that would take years. My brother was up ahead, reaching the impossible halfway point. Not looking back.

Maybe the wind told me. Maybe it reached down and tapped my shoulder, telling me to look, as it presented me with the noise of a car rounding the corner. Breaking the sound barrier. Only myself and this metal creation existed in the world. The car's eyes were aligned with mine.

My mind didn't know, but maybe my body understood, as the car continued barreling towards me. I may have moved, or perhaps I didn't. The car was coming either way.

Before whatever should have come next, I felt arms wrap around my shoulders and my torso. Criss-crossing me. Survival above comfort. Instinct, no regard for safety. The arms held tight and lifted me off, my feet flying higher and higher until I was floating.

And then the car sped along. The street was quiet. And the arms left me. Open and vulnerable. The momentary warmth cooled.

We found the path between the houses. And we were silent once again.

**Cactus-daughter // Kate Storey**

A husk of green-tinged peeling skin  
made of claws and jutting elbows  
drags herself across desert barren  
Flutelike fingers leaving furrows

This thirsty vessel, empty jug  
desert creature primed for slaughter,  
pulls body forward tug by tug  
writhing root-tongue seeking water

In the distance! Her destination!  
a perfect pool in which to plunder  
her cracking lips kiss salvation  
gnashing teeth tear mirror asunder

Water-feast sloshes into her stomach  
no respite from gorging on spray  
azure blood fills her rasping gullet  
spiky hair thrown to disarray

liquid overflows from burbling maw  
her ribs split open from the torrent  
she's filled with water, filled with awe  
fissured flesh is no deterrent

A broken body, her thirst for rupture  
Presses harder than figure maimed  
life is draining through the puncture  
her mouth still sips to drown in shame

## Night Fog // Jade Veinotte

Pungent air wafts—threatens to suffocate  
Legs teeter, upcoming steps ominous  
Night fog continues to proliferate

Crow scurries, carrying its stale playmate,  
distraction from nearby necropolis  
Night fog continues to proliferate

Prior, she was buried alive—prostrate  
Dwindling sanity, recall his promise  
Night fog continues to proliferate

She slips from consciousness, lungs subjugate  
Stop, he knows she's gone, heart feels hollowness  
Night fog continues to proliferate

He couldn't save her, wants to obliterate  
Man laments, snooping crow grows ponderous  
Night fog continues to proliferate

He's laid by the crow twelve hours, might add eight  
Declared missing body reeks rottenness  
They present varied ways to suffocate...  
Night fog continues to proliferate

## River Phases // Jenna Yorke

Glacial jets pierce the opaque depths of the icy pool.  
The surface surrenders to the roiling rage of the river  
and rushing rapids carry a torrent of thought through  
hidden coves of unease and swirling eddies of uncertainty  
helpless in the wild turbulence of water and fear  
to finally succumb to the strength of the current.

Brook to stream to river to sea  
the shallow disquiet emerges  
into an estuary of glassy calm  
to be cleansed and eroded like  
the bank, leaving only

a deep reservoir  
of cold, clear  
strength.

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is published at the Acadia Printshop with the help of Acadia's Department of English and Theatre. Online versions of this and other past issues can be found at <https://english.acadiau.ca/get-involved/estuary-arts-magazine.html>



**estuary // 2020**