



estuary

ACADIA'S CREATIVE ARTS MAGAZINE

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Cover Art: Looking Up // Rylie Moscato

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*No one can whistle a symphony. It takes a whole
orchestra to play it.*

~ Halford E. Luccock

*I see you in the estuary that enlarges and spreads itself
grandly as it pours into the Great Sea.*

~ Walt Whitman



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

Surreal // Dahlia Erick

~ / ~ / ~ / ~ /

How very serendipitous life is
To find myself right here and now with you.
Now, mornings when I wake I do not miss
That wicked wood nymph smile and eyes so blue.
I never could have guessed the twist and turn
That would have me, by chance, in yellow walls
Sometimes near mad with glee, yet soon to learn
The sheer normality, as all rain falls
Eventually, morning greetings silenced
By commonality, replaced in time
With comfort (love?) and nature well-balanced.
I know it will be done, our clock will chime
Yet, I cannot help but note how surreal,
Over our normal night, our normal meal

Frozen Town // Natalie Pittman

The sky is pink,
The town is quiet.
The leaves are changing fast like the temperature.
I wish I could freeze this moment,
Hang it in a painting – Van Gogh style.
Next year at this time, it will be frozen again.

The Dairy Barn // Faith Moir

George woke up late.

It was well past six am when he got out to the barn to milk the cows. He zipped up his windbreaker as he trekked across the gravel driveway to the cherry red dairy barn across the way, whistling along to the latest sugary pop song that his daughter Jen was favouring. A love song by some twenty-something kid with a vague everyman name like Shawn or Justin. George figured it was titled something to do with Baby, simply because Shawn-Justin said it about five hundred times throughout the three-minute song.

Poor Gracie was mooing at him in annoyance when he finally came in. He patted her flank in apology, knowing how much she liked a schedule.

The skinny barn cat leapt into the hayloft just as he entered Gracie's stall, peering down at him with those lurid eyes. Sue was always getting on his case about strays, but George couldn't help the soft spot he harboured for the animals. It's not like the relationship isn't reciprocal, he reasons. He eats the rats in the barn. Sue would tsk in annoyance if she were here, mumbling something about how he was soft-hearted, just like his Mum.

He settled down on his stool and set the bucket down under Gracie's teat. He needed to invest in one of those machines that did the milking for him, but he liked the old-fashioned way; his forefathers had been doing it this way for four generations before him; why should he stop now? Plus, those newfangled machines wouldn't "accidentally" spill milk onto the hay for the poor kitty he knows is watching him.

“Margaret, he’s home” // Breagha Hawley

“He hasn’t written back in over six weeks!” I sobbed.

“Damn it Margaret!” Neil hesitated before continuing. “If you weren’t my sister I’d have long ago stopped listening to you worry hopelessly.”

Maybe my little brother was right, perhaps Graham was simply busy. He is working after all, on those darn ships.

“Focus on your schoolwork instead of this...boy...” Neil’s voice turned from stern to almost angry. I wailed and laid my head down on the desk that Graham had so dreamily helped me with my algebra at.

“What point is there of studying if he never comes home?” I wailed loudly as if to make it known to the whole neighborhood of my sorrow and grief.

Stuart poked his head in from the hallway and gestured towards me to follow him.

“Not now Stuart, I’m grieving.” I spoke, my heart ever so heavy.

“I’ll just tell Graham to come by another time then.” His little shoulders shrugged.

When I tell you my heart burst from its cage in my chest, I mean it. I wiped away the tears that Neil had called ‘silly’ and picked up my skirt. I didn’t even take the time to untie my apron or fix my hair, I just raced down the stairs and outside to the end of the drive.

“Why, you’re home!” I called out, tears still filling my eyes, and my cheeks oh so flushed.

“Nice to see you too Margaret.” Graham laughed at the sight of my flour and egg soaked apron, and my rosy cheeks.

“Please,” I had to force my voice out from under my croaky throat. “Please don’t ever leave again.” I started sobbing once again which took him by surprise.

“I won’t Margaret,” he smiled at me. “I promise.”

3:47am // Lukas Saklofske

Track one:

0:00 — nothing — 0:0?

Music born from silence..

Hazed thoughts of brilliance

Masked by a layer of condensation

Muffled conversation

and quiet contemplation

The crisp copper strings

resonate with beauty as the

“American girls” do

Track two:

Watching for the streets outside our window

to only ever behold dancing organic shadows

I’m offered a hand

,but ignore it

And imagine my plaster fingers being able to pluck out these harmonies someday again.

Melting Memories // Sophia Norris

In a last ditch effort, she let out her song:
those rather haunting creaks and groans.
Everyone around could see what was wrong,
for her song? Nothing but indiscernible tones.

Her image, like an iceberg, suffers
as pieces of her break off – changing shape.
And I try to ignore the gossip of others –
her progressing demise is hard to escape.

She is unrecognizable, melting away
and she no longer knows who she is on most days.
In the heat of her problem, she begins to decay.
Her loved ones can see she has reached a new phase.

So, she ceased to exist – a fluid transition:
A hope of preservation through proactive tradition.

WandaVision // Hannah Fisk



Dark and Gloomy Days // Katlyn MacKenzie

Rain sets the stage for a dark gloomy day,
clouds are grey and looming, if unnerving,
falling in sheets, rain drenches all in grey.
Rainy days reflect the mood, disturbing.

The streets are empty, just a scattered few,
the unlucky ones are out on display
bundled to protect from the rain and dew.
Yet the rain is not all bad here today.

The best of the day is things you don't see.
Watching the rain fall from where you reside,
people at home with a book, and good tea.
rain isn't all that bad, while here inside.

Curled up on the couch, all warm and amaze,
maybe rain isn't just for gloomy days.

Art Poem // Olivia Baxter

The waves crash down to the ocean shore,
they are black as midnight,
the weather making things worse,
we can see where this ends,
this is not the end,
the waves reach higher,
to where we can't see,
they crash down on us,
this is not the end,
it can't be.

Natural History // Emma Cole

I take stairs two at a time, trying to avoid the raindrops. The museum lobby smells like rain, small puddles of slush accumulating in the grooves of the stone floor.

I hand over my museum pass, and the museum staff slides me a bright red plastic clip. It attaches to my lapel. I recognize this employee, bald with glasses. Smiling, I wonder if he recognizes me.

From this rounded lobby, the arms of the museum extend: classics, modern, post-modern, a temporary display about furniture, the natural history section.

My shoes are still flecked with rain as I take the pathway branching off to the right, away from the other exhibits. I don't look up, but the sign above me reads 'Egyptian Life and Afterlife'.

Inside feels like a different world. The walls and floor are done up in fake orangish stone, with tall columns, alabaster imposters, stretching up to the high ceilings. Plaques and graphics explain the choices in architecture and their significance. I brush past the displays of pottery, cracked knickknacks, tools, and the sarcophagus.

About halfway through, the displays on the walls give way to a mural, right up to the ceiling. There's a little railing to keep distance, but if you lean you can see the texture of the brushstrokes. Two-dimensional people in profile; bathing, fighting, ruling, working, dying.

There are five nooks the size of phone booths but for sitting, facing the mural. I always take the one on the far left; it's cozy and smells like wood. I run my fingers over the familiar graffiti – initials and dates scratched with nails or pencils or knives.

With my right hand, I pick up the phone that hangs by a cord in the booth. I can hear the looping audio before I even bring the speaker to my ear.

Her voice is perfectly measured. The kind of friendly, informative tone you'd expect at a museum. The speech is long; nearly ten minutes of information about the mural. It's a recreation, the original telling the story of an ancient Egyptian queen. She discusses how the historians derived meaning from paint on a wall, into a cohesive narrative. Her cadence rises and falls with the action of the story. Some of the phrases, the ends of the sentences, I mouth along to.

I don't cry anymore. The first couple of weeks, I would sit in this booth for an hour, maybe more as the speech looped. But after a few months, I don't cry. I just cradle the receiver closely.

My dad would always tease, say her recording voice sounded too fake, not like her at all. I was entranced by it. In the car, we'd always listen during the commercial breaks when her voice would blare through the stereo. It felt like knowing a celebrity.

I notice a couple taking seats in two of the other booths. I see their shoes and legs sticking out. I hold on to the phone, clutching it, until she reaches the end of her speech. I nearly say goodbye, but I'm afraid the people would hear.

The exhibit loops around, and dumps me back into the atrium. Footsteps and voices echo, despite people's best attempts to be reverent and cautious. I pass by the front desk, give a nod to the staff member. Smile at the security guard as she holds the door open for me.

Outside, it is still raining. I huddle close to the building as I open my purse, dropping the red plastic clip into a side pocket. The clip takes its place among the multitude of multicoloured others.

Almost // Mandy Armstrong-Singer

A word rolling off the tongue,
Like honey...
But a secret sting still left inside,
Always a concealed wasp, never a honey bee,

They almost got out,
We almost made it,
You were almost mine,
I almost let myself have it,

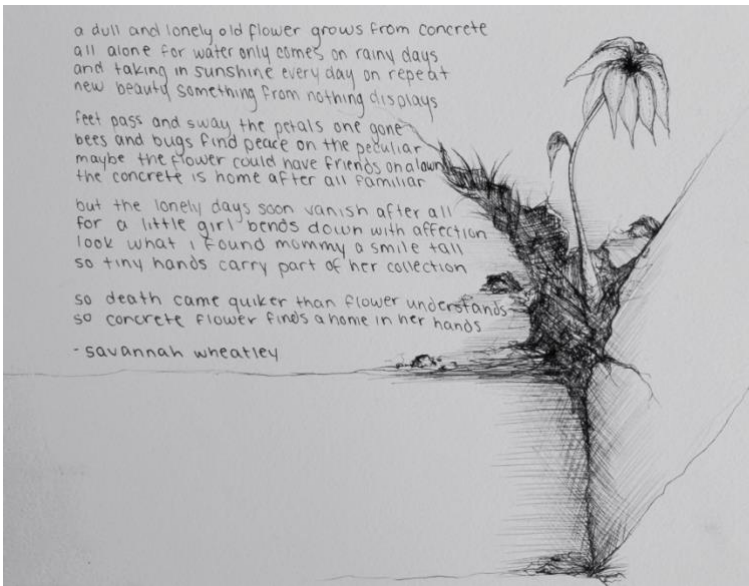
The word leaves a bittersweet aftertaste,
Like spicy dark chocolate,
More bitter, less spice,
The taste leaving you unsatisfied,

Never truly satisfied,
Always almost there,
Never truly making it,
Always almost fulfilled...

Snow // Carter Theriault

Frost twinkles throughout the city
my wallet is looking low,
I find a snowman and slide him a fifty
my pockets are filled with snow.
The snow gives me heat
at times when life is extra cold,
I don't mind that I have no money to eat
the snow to a man like me is like gold.
Portions of the ground are tainted red
I wipe my arm across my face,
for a moment, I lose the feeling of dread
the blood on my sleeve reminds me, I'm a disgrace
to my family, a disgrace to my mother,
Wayne says "please, get help big brother".

Untitled // Savannah Wheatley



The Hand of Tyr // Kira Cummings

Trick me:

Lone wolf

It's hard to digest.

Wolf in sheep's clothing;

I'm not part of your flock

Pastoral imagery --- *"What big eyes you have"*

Torn through my jaws --- *"What big teeth you have"*

Dripping dark fluid --- *"The better to eat you with"*

The Flesh:

Communion or blood ritual?

Wine and dine me ---

Devour

Devices of martyrdom --- *The Boy Who Cried "Wolf"*

Hypocrites:

(the shepherd doesn't want them to know)

To suffer in this life as if later is better but

The early bird gets the *Wyrm*

Jörmungandr

Hedonism and Heathens I am

Fenrir

the Chaos that wins in the end

Put your fingers in; your *hand*

But you'll tie me to

Nothing.

Gibbering into the

Void

[my mouth]

Our Journey Thus Far // Meg Pinder

We started this journey not knowing a single soul,
Where we are sitting there are faces we do not know,
We would eventually have the same goal
In the future we would watch this boy grow.

We grew too, to become the Warrior of Light
Joining the Scions of the Seventh Dawn.
We go to aid allies in the thousand year fight.
This war not named becomes one known as Dragonsong.

Dragonsong is over but our journey does not end.
An ally comes, she's the other twin we met before
We go from Ishguard to Kugane for our friend
A new fight though we are not on shore

We get no break, when battle ends, another starts.
We have lost beloved friends, who stay in our hearts.

An Ekphrasis poem based off of Final Fantasy XIV.

The Man in Room Ten // Gwen V. Williams

“Do you know him?” asked the skeleton on the sofa. He spoke in an excited whisper, leaning over his newspaper. “The man in room ten?”

“Of course! He’s practically a celebrity,” breathed the grey zombie with cracked skin that revealed his bones. He stood behind the motel reception desk. “Last night, he spoke to me covered head to toe in blood. Terrifying.” The zombie shuddered, lipless mouth grinning.

The skeleton gasped jealously. “What did he say?”

“Nothing much. Well, he came in earlier that afternoon, asked for a room he could smoke in, and then left for a while. But he was assertive. Yet calm. His tone could take my head clean off.”

The skeleton laughed. “Imagine. A man who could decapitate you literally and with his words. And he smokes?”

“Apparently. So I gave him room ten.”

“You can smoke in room ten?”

“Er...no. But how could I say “no”?” the zombie hissed. “His words were so persuasive...So sophisticated and precise. And he’s not a very tall man—”

“Round nose,”

“– round middle—“

“Not much hair,”

“– but with those great red eyes and those straight white teeth?” The grey man shivered. “A man looking like that with so much blood on his hands.”

“You’d never expect it. It’s incredible,”

“I hear he’s the most efficient Psycho around,”

“I hear he can’t remember half of his victims from that other world he came from. Since he’s cursed with...that Creature.”

They fell quiet. The zombie cleared his throat.

“Well, after he ordered a room, he left. And he came back like his head was on some cloud, left, and then came back around two AM as if he’d swam in blood.”

“And then?”

“He said– ‘I’m gonna smoke some more pot.’ And left,” The zombie laughed.

“Pot?”

“Well, he seemed rather delirious. He has been running for a while,”

“Should we be worried?” the skeleton asked.

“About his health, I mean. He’s not young. I love work too but going out killing at two in the morning? Seems extreme.”

“You could ask him,”

“Me? No!” The skeleton waved his hands.

“You’re in no danger. You’ve got no blood. He won’t be able to smell you,”

“I know, it’s just...well, his reputation is...”

“Impressive,”

“Especially given the...man-eating Creature in his head,”

“Yes,”

They were silent again. The skeleton’s fingers rapped against his newspaper nervously. “Do you think the Creature digests hard calcium?”

The bell above the lobby door jingled and the man in room ten walked in. He was wearing the same black and red pinstriped suit and long black overcoat from the night before (now cleaned of blood). He was exactly as they’d described and had round red sunglasses perched on his grey hair, which was slicked back carelessly. There were circles under his dark red eyes. He rubbed his neck tiredly.

“Good morning,” he drawled in a nasally accent.

“Good morning, Mr. Tilasus,” the zombie said, quivering excitedly with a smile. The skeleton covered his skull with his newspaper. “Did you sleep well?”

“Sure.”

He reached into his coat and slapped a wad of black dollar bills on the counter. The zombie’s eyes widened.

“Holy Norman,” he whispered. “Mr Tilasus, this is very generous of you—“

“It’s for the bleach,” Tilasus yawned, slipping the sunglasses over his eyes.

“Bleach?”

“For the bathroom,”

“W-What happened in the bathroom?”

“I skinned a deer,”

“You— I— what?”

“I was high, I was hungry. It happens,”

He left with no other word. The skeleton and the zombie stared at one another with their mouths agape. They stared like that for a long time.

Good Soup // Maple Sloan



Show me the Monet: Banksy // Julia Sylvester

Monet's honored Japanese bridge at Giverny;
tainted, tarnished, trashed.

Swapping spray paint for oil,
magical green
startled by slick.

Banksy chooses orange as his shade of protest,
caution cones and drowning shopping carts.

Framed in gold
to mock men in suits,
who have walls dressed in exquisite scenic murals,
while their windows show nothing but sorrow,
hidden in their wallets, the only green that's left.

An Ekphrasis poem based off of the painting Show me the Monet by Banksy.

More Equal than Others // Arcade Napier

“Yes” the woman in a uniform vaguely military agreed “Whoever wakes up... first, will be taken care of” pausing to glance down at the young boy attached to my arm. I nodded a confirmation of understanding and took the two small pieces of paper from her outstretched hand. A number and letter on each, printed in black, just one off from each other. We stepped past the woman and walked quickly through a short concrete tunnel. I had never seen it from this angle. “It’s bigger than I remember” I said to no one, but hoping the boy would hear. He only responded to the large open space by clutching my hand tighter. Gone were the brightly coloured seats and advertisements, screens showed directions and affirmations instead of scores and highlights. Like so many others around the world, it could have been a massive cargo hold, an old hangar, a stadium.

It was simple really, consent or be shot, in return a few measly points of hope tied to a small packet with two equally measly morsels no larger than peas. That was all a few weeks ago, giving those deemed essential time to prepare, for the rest of us time to weep and steel our resolve. Many ran, just like drafts during wartime. Few escaped with all efforts on the contingency, this great net cast had few holes to wriggle through. Truly this is for the greater good... I ask myself.

Like the penultimate move in chess we walked through the grid of tiny beds, another sacrifice to prolong the king, and for how long this time. Those morsels carried in my pocket grew heavy with each step, the seams of my jacket digging into my shoulders, tiny fingers digging into my hand. The cots were half full and filling as more like us filed in. Some were already asleep,

others looked about with wide eyes, an occasional prayer could be heard, a crying child, a weeping adult. We moved our beds next to each other so as we slept, heat could transfer. The cots were small, barely wide enough for a pair of strong shoulders, and even an average man would struggle with cold toes. We sat side by side, the boy next to me had already been consoled with lies, his face only bore confusion at this great spectacle. Soft words of reassurance were tossed to him without much care as I dug through my pocket for the packet of hope.

Now with the packet consumed we lay down, a small hand clutched by both of mine as I tried my best to turn fate and pass my points of hope to him. Unnatural sleep found me quickly and forced my eyelids in a blink. Just like that the world slipped away and I saw my future staring at me from the void, Nothing. I tried to squeeze my son's hand one last time.

Eden's Echo / Rylie Moscato

87 years coiled in a loop
first steps, first laugh, first love –
Eve eats the apple –

clammy hands join, Ring-around-the-rosie
16th birthday, wax dripping down –
Eve eats the apple –

clandestine love affairs maim and
Ben & Jerry's fill the gaping hole –
Eve eats the apple –

demeaning comments roadblock
but
the promotion is achieved –
Eve eats the apple –

your child graduates in a scarlet robe,
will she be exempt? –
Eve eats the apple –

wrinkly purple fingers of your first grandchild
new life, same patterns –
Eve always eats the apple.

Branded Memories // Lindsay Godbout

[TW: this short story depicts the trauma surrounding sexual assault]

It's a Wednesday, that I know. Everything feels hazy, but I know that it is Wednesday. I have a Foundation year Programme lecture this morning. I'd had a Journalism lecture the day before. Yesterday. Yesterday feels like a lifetime ago. I almost want to laugh at the irony of a life-changing event happening on what seemed like a normal Tuesday. How many lives were forever altered on a random weekday? The lecture hall is what I always pictured a university classroom to look like, maybe without all the scratched graffiti on the old, wooden tables. The walls are painted a bizarre pinkish colour that nobody can agree on a name for. Was it Light Salmon or Dusty Rose? Dusty Salmon? Who knows? The lecture has pretty good attendance, mid-week lectures tend to. We aren't crawling into the hall after finishing our FYP papers at 2am, the Science students are here, and the end-of-week lull has not yet set in. The room is a sea of thrifted clothes, Blundstone boots, and clicking keyboards. It was my home, but it now feels tainted.

Most of us – myself included – are guzzling coffee to try and wake our foggy brains. Coffee was a bad idea. Almost immediately, my heart starts thudding wildly in my chest. I push my cuppa joe away from me to avoid temptation. Once liberated from the intoxicating scent of a fresh dark roast, I catch a whiff of something all too familiar. He's here. I glance to my left to see him sitting at the same aisle table. He doesn't look up at me, obviously too enthralled in the lecture to see my furious, horrified expression. I rub my clammy palms on the hem of my dress as my legs begin to shake. I clutch my pencil in my sweaty

hand and try to follow the lecture. He is here – NO, pay attention! He’s going to try to talk to you – stop, I want to focus! My breath leaves my lungs as my chest tightens. LEAVE! My mind is screaming at me. I glance longingly at the double doors at the top of the stairs. Fuck! I then realize that this is not just the effects of a caffeine rush. Every part of my body is telling me to leave, but I’m afraid that would be letting him win. At the same time, I’m more afraid of fainting in this lecture hall, drawing everyone’s attention to me. I need to hide my shame. Briskly, I gather the last shreds of my composure and flee Alumni Hall.

Alone in the outside stairwell, I press my trembling body into a corner. Tears roll down my cheeks and sobs rack my body. Less than 24 hours prior, I was okay. I felt like I was finally finding footing in this uncharted, university territory. Now, I’m even more hurt and confused than before. Dirty, the only word I have to articulate what I’m feeling. In that stair landing, I can feel my consciousness slipping. I do not want to feel. As if to ground me, my phone buzzes in my hand. The group chat is just as lively as ever. I need them. Painfully slow, I open my phone and text the group chat that I’m in need of assistance. Immediately, my body fills with the anxiety that HE will walk through the doors leading to my hiding place. Instead, my friend Syd pokes their head into the stairwell. They wrap their arms around my waist and leads me outside to Tutorial Cycle. The previous night’s events flood out of me as Syd patiently listens. They know. I can’t hide my sin anymore.

I want that measured ocean // Jasmine Bradley

I opened my arms for unwelcome change;
a land that buckles before an ocean.
An unnamed child's here, with a hat pulled down
and eyes that always know what to look for;
a man who will scorn them,
a friend who would leave them again.

I've begun to feel like that child again,
as my father preaches accepted change.
I perform straight-faced to appease them.
I was baptized in that briny, clear ocean
and drank the wine they poured for
my bowed head. Always to look down.

But there is always "further down"
even if it looks like home again.
My complexion is dull, work-weary and for
what? A collection of loose change?
But I tried to drain their ocean
and now I barely talk to them.

I first went by they/them
pronouns. I could never stare down
the unsure depth of that ocean.
Then I claimed a new name again;
now I hardly stomach change.
I hide from the sun that burnt me before.

I leave my house as unsure as before
I started HRT. I see them;
the people who've shunned my kind of change.
And I know, badged with pride, they look down
on my washed-up face: "It's that lie again".
I left your church. You boiled the ocean.

Now I sit in turmoil, drought. An ocean
only fills my lungs when I answer for
the expectations I fall short of again
and again. I cannot defend them;
that furious purpose I can't jot down.
I hate it. I am wired with unbecoming change.

It seems again that I want that measured ocean,
something in me to stay unchanged, unlived for.
But I could not face them with my uncut hair down.

my body as a temple // Roudraksh Jankee

“treat your body like a temple”– they say, so I do!
Like a temple, I leave my doors open,
to the inquisitive visitor
to the heartbroken
to the desperate
to the pretentious
to the worshipper.

Different visitors, different reasons to visit, but
they all, somehow, find their way to my threshold.
Very few, however, find their way inside.

The few who explore the inside
leave it
tainted
with their touch.

Some are mesmerised by the exterior,
others are left spellbound by the interior.
Several wander around,
touching, glaring, feeling, indulging
and they get so consumed by the periphery
that they forget what lies
deep inside,
The Idol, The Offering

the dancer // Sophie Peters



A Few Risks of Flying a Kite Three Sizes Too Large // Abby-Jean Gertridge

[Narrated by either a very small man in an incredibly proper waistcoat, or a small gerbil, dressed very similarly. The true nature of a gerbil is up to the reader's interpretation.]

Now, I may not be an expert on many things, if any, but! I do have one very valuable piece of information to share with you.

This only applies if you are one of good constitution and strength, one of those few people who are brave enough to even TRY something as risky as this.

You enjoy flying kites, don't you?

Well, of course you do! What else would one fly if not a kite? Cats and Dogs are too wily to be airborne, aeroplanes are oh so outdated, and of course, there was that incident with the Goldfish last year.

While kites are the most enjoyable choice when looking for OTFSTS, (Objects To Fly and Soar Through Skies), there are a few things you should know before flying your first kite.

Good kites come in one size; if you think you've seen a kite of a size different from another, chances are your eyes are playing tricks (as they are often wont to do), OR, they are merely distributing their size in a manner you are too close minded to notice.

With this in mind, I will tell you that there are those who would go against the Natural Order of Kites and try to make one a few sizes too large. One, or two sizes up? INCREDIBLY dangerous. But! I will admit (though I have never flown one myself, that would be incredibly improper), they can be quite fun.

No, while once-and-twice-too-large kites have their failings, they are still kites! Just with their surfaces distributed a little funny. That's alright. The real danger shows its oh so terrible face, rears its awful head, prances out of dark alleyways and tip-toes out from under the bed, when one is foolish enough to try to fly a kite THREE sizes too large.

You may be asking me, although I cannot hear you, as is the unfortunate nature of my quaint prison of pages, "what exactly are the risks of flying a kite three sizes too large? Surely it cannot be much worse than a kite, say, two times too large?"

And that question, my dear reader, is exactly why I have left you this message.

You see, Kites Twice Removed From Themselves, or Three Times Too Large, gain this sense of splendor and confidence not found in good, reliable kites. This makes them cocky, arrogant. Oh sure, for the first flight or two, everything will seem just dandy.

But I beg of you, DO NOT FLY THAT KITE A THIRD TIME.

I once lost a dear friend to a kite that size.

Not for long, mind you, he flew back around a week later, and now flies by for tea every fortnight. All in all, I do think he is enjoying his new airborne life, although he does say it can get a bit dry.

Anyways, where was I?

Oh yes. The kite.

ONE! You may grow an inflated sense of ego, which is just a bad look on anyone.

TWO! Your kite may fall, or knock others out of the sky, and that really would be a shame, wouldn't it be?

THREE! And this is the most dangerous one, so pay attention! Should you fly this kite, know that you may be wrapped up and flown away! Stolen from the lovely fields we call our homes, sentenced to an eternity of being whipped throughout the sky, tossing and turning this way and that.

And if you are stolen from us, you'd miss tea time, and, well.

...it is bad luck to have tea with an odd number of people.

The Telescope's Biggest Fan // Natalie Toner

Silver unbroken, only paused by black bolts
First put together with dad's calloused hands
Half-hearted curses echoing off the turning of the screw
Mom's steady thumb, saving the screwdriver
Build your own telescope night replacing monopoly

Black pointed legs, metal columns meeting in three
Place the rubber stopper on the cracked wooden deck
The sun heating the tripod and our eyes.
But as the rubber cools as does the night
Dad's eyes exude alight with universal possibility

The finder scope, the curtain drawn before the show
My father a giddy audience, turning knobs in circles
And later, teaching me the pattern to turn to find the moon
My fondest memories, in a team against the blurry scope
Eventually finding our way to the clear, complex galaxy

The beams from my dad's smile rival the suns'
When the sky is shadowed, and the moon is playing
The eyepiece providing the view of space and beyond
Constellations described through the glossy circle ending
the tube
The lens to the stars bringing him contagious joy

The smooth replies from the night sky's biggest fan
When I would ask my dad to identify the milky way
The glimmer in his eyes not unlike a comet
The telescope always only a few steps away from the
couch
And the time slipping away into blissful years of
stargazing.

My Fantastic Spot // Abigail Taylor

It's not déjà vu; I've been here before.
I've waltzed under vivid purple and pink,
feet atop the leaves of the forest floor,
and sat beside a river of blue ink.

A canopy of glass foliage shines
above my head, the sky is tinted by
the crisscrossing leaves cut in jagged lines.
The sun stays high, never being too shy.

Coloured plants, in shades more than green,
sway back and forth, dancing with the soft breeze.
In the rare dark, beings so small may be seen,
floating in place like creatures from the seas.

It's a secret spot with no location,
created by my dreamer vocation.

Miss Lune // Erica Halliday

Le soleil is hidden, fades far away,
below the horizon to take a rest.
Now, la lune rises and comes out to play,
beneath the dark sky, she sure acts her best!
Her face, it glows; so brilliant and bright
as she illuminates the globe for all
to see. The people, they just love the night,
so they may gaze into her beauty; fall –
for her. She saturates with serenity,
anyone who can find her pure calmness.
You overflow with peace and lenity,
in sweet adoration, even Somnus.
Her imperfections make her so perfect,
she invites you to relax and reflect.

Sublime // Kyle Johnston

Blue wave rises up
Far beneath the man-made boats
The earth moves, restless.

The boats are so small
Echoing our small, sublime
Insignificance

For this world is much
Bigger than we are. Always.
Blue wave crashes down.

*An Ekphrasis poem based off of The Great Wave by
Katsushika Hokusai.*

Frame of Mind // Sarah MacCallum

brown frames and round lenses
green frames and small lenses
blue frames and rectangular lenses
 my father's spectacles through the years
placed on his nose reading the news
perched on his head helping me with math homework,
on the ledge as he cooks nanna's spaghetti recipe
 reading the times on his silver watch
allows him to drive to soccer games and practice
focus on his daughters biking down the lane
and his wife nestled on the couch reading
 lost for days but always found
on the desk with family photos and keys
temples folded away in their case as he sleeps
waiting to be opened when he awakes
 these glasses help him see those he loves

Hayseed Splendor // James Meers

Spraying rocks and debris as he went, Dennis drifted around the dirt corner in his two stroke Black Honda ATV. He wore red racing pants with embroidered, black, chisel toed, Alligator skin cowboy boots, but no helmet. His beaded cornrows whipped behind his vibrant blue and pink Pit Viper sunglasses. He donned a beer-stained Budweiser tank top that parachuted in wake of his speed as he jammed the throttle coming out of the corner onto the straightaway where he leaned back into a roaring wheelie. His buddies spectating in the grey lifted Toyota Tundra whooped and hollered and held their beers in the air out of respect as their stunting hillbilly hero flew by gracefully steering with one hand and a Budweiser to match his shirt in the other. He recovered from the wheelie to gain more speed for the jump at the end of the road. His beer sprayed and foamed in the air when he chucked it into the cheering crowd as he shot by, then he ducked his head below the handlebars as he accelerated. Dennis needed as much speed as possible, if he did not have enough speed for the jump, he would be fishing himself and his ATV out of the river. The spectators could only make out a spectre in the plume of dirt left by his tires shredding the earth. Then, from the brown dirt cloud of imminent demise, a solitary figure shot to the sky in a glorious display of redneck magnificence.

Editorial Note

Special thanks to Dr. Wanda Campbell and Erica Halliday for their support and insights as we worked to make this issue of *estuary* a reality.

This edition includes a wide array of poetry, short-stories, and artwork from students across several departments and years of schooling. Each submission comes together to create an enthralling edition that highlights the talent of Acadia University's students. I want to thank everyone who was brave enough to submit their work for Acadia to see. Without these students' creativity and hard work, *estuary* would not be possible.

Named for the place where salt and fresh water mix to create lively and productive nurseries for small fish, *estuary* is proud to showcase a promising diversity of work in this edition. I have no doubt that this diversity will carry forward and *estuary* will continue to thrive at Acadia due to the courage of contributors and editors alike.

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