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Mother's Anaphylaxis // Rebecca Boutilier

A mix of silver and gold adorns the wrist
A symbol of wealth and one of sickness
worn proudly and openly for all to see
forever clasped in one place
on a flat plate,
two snakes intertwining, wings standing tall
the staff of Hermes, Caduceus by name
A scarlet letter,
inscribed in the print below,
warning words to those who help
after tragedy has stricken
Only one prick is needed,
then a tongue will begin to swell
and a throat closes up and
the hives begin, but this
is the smoke signal and
it carries the message for aid,
telling them how to assist the afflicted
Only once has it had to answer this call
but yet every day it is carried in caution,
and it carries this mark of time
Worn and beaten from tugging and catching,
rusted underneath the oldest of chains
With some newer to replace the bent and broken,
each linked together in a circle
Rubbed raw on the flat side from
anxious motions of the finger,
repeated again and again for over fifty years
permanently tarnished by the repetition
given as a gift from father to daughter
A form of armour to guard the body
like a shield holding back a swarm
Ready to poison the skin
even if it kills them both

Decisive // Elizabeth Nichols

The sun, not long escaping from the horizon, beams in the living-room window of my parents' house. It's early on the Saturday morning of the long weekend in August. My scruffy-faced, blue-eyed, boyfriend sits beside me. I can sense his adolescent longing for summer adventure as he asks me "Do you want to go to see her now or later?"

I am not unfamiliar with his question – probably asked a million times over the past four months since my grandmother got sick. Yet every time I struggle to respond. Even though I long to be sitting by her bedside, cherishing every last moment with her, I know the weight of being in that space – of grieving her life day in and day out. I have carried this bittersweet burden with me for so long. Part of me wishes to escape and go anywhere else for the day.

He's patient, but not unaware that he will receive another indecisive shrug from me in response. "I don't know what I want to do," I mumble in reply. It feels as if my mind is racing but getting nowhere fast. My slow internal stream of consciousness is brought to a halt as the phone rings. The voice on the other end, desperate, says: "her heart rate has changed, I think this is it." Although many frantic phone calls have come through over the course of Nan's illness – something feels different this time. As we leave the house, I hold out hope that this is not the end.

Passing orchards and cattle farms, we traverse our usual route into town. I battle within my mind, struggling with the guilt of considering going elsewhere today – yet struck with the time I wasted trying to decide what to do. He sits beside me, quiet, a constant presence. The familiar

yellow, two-storey, private-care facility comes into my line of vision as I park the car across the street. Walking to the door I am reminded of the countless visits here. I look at the window on the top floor and imagine her sitting there waiting for me to come in after work. I become suddenly aware that I may never hear her voice greeting me again. I am flooded with memories that pour over into tears as my foot touches the threshold.

I move up the stairs just to be met with weeping and my aunt's voice echoing "she's gone." I am not surprised, yet death's cutting decision breaks my heart. Without a word he extends his hand to wrap me in his arms. Instantaneously, tears streaming down my face, I decide to lean in.

What If... // Daniel Robinson

What if her pink ballet slippers were tied just tight,
And her black silhouette stood framed upon
The yellow hardwood stage,
Bathed in a pool of white light.
What if she as human might pause, falter;
When above her looking down indifferent,
A viewing box draped in midnight blue
As the tie's hue that belonged to her father.
What if her slender frame; so strong so light,
With arms extended held her aloft,
Silhouette spinning in pirouette her black figure
Leaping, Rising, Flying, out of sight.
What if she spun incessantly upon her feet;
Between the velvet crimson curtains,
Crisscrossing, swooping across the stage,
Ending up centred exactly where she meant to be.
What if her chest heaves and eyes smile, shining bright;
The crowd filling the house with applause,
Thundering, pushing out the stain of blue,
As velvet crimson curtains drop hiding her from sight.

The Shadow Rider of Douglas County **// Alex Woodford**

“Another lonesome night on watch” says Nate, cracking a bottle of cheap whiskey while the rain pours down on the duty tent, rifle by his side. The gang of five has been on the run for three days after that botched bank robbery, now finding themselves a few miles outside of Carson City with their camp in a secluded spot at the base of a mountain. It never rains much in the area, but tonight is a rare exception. “Why’s it always my turn to be on watch when it’s pissin’ outside?” Nate murmurs to himself after a sip and a cough, his throat burning as he slowly drifts into a nap. A crack of thunder awakens him shortly after. While hazily coming to his senses, he sees something in the distance. A rider approaching, shrouded by the night and the rain, with only his outline discernable. “Fellas!” yells Nate, “We got some company incoming!”; the sound of rainfall the only response. He runs to the four other tents and vigorously shakes each of the gang members, but their deep, trance-like slumbers somehow block out their friend’s calls. The rider continues to approach. Nate scurries to the tent and grabs his rifle, screaming “Turn away now, mister, or prepare to face the consequences!” A warning shot is fired in the rider’s direction. He slows his pace. It’s if he’s contemplating whether to continue his advance, but he then spurs his horse into a ferocious sprint, in sync with the loudest boom of thunder yet. “You asked for this!” Nate howls, drenched by the rain, as he fires his Henry repeater at the rider. The shooting soon stops.

The next evening, the gang has moved their camp a few miles west, thinking that Nate may have somehow been apprehended by the law in a drunken stupor. John is getting ready for his turn on watch as he says to himself,

“I sure hope Nate’s alright, but it wouldn’t be wise to go looking for him right now with all this heat around us.” After a few drinks and an hour or two of boredom, John eventually drifts into a nap while sitting under the stars, only to be awoken by the sudden sound of thunder and the feeling of pouring rain. Everyone else is fast asleep. He wakes, wipes the water from his eyes and makes his way to the duty tent... but he stops in his tracks, noticing something: a rider approaching, shrouded by the night and the rain, with only his outline discernable.

Terminal // Emily McClean

Wisps of blonde hair were escaping from her messy bun and the combination of December wind and tears made them stick to her blotchy cheeks. Her hands fluttered around him, trying to find any point of contact, moving from his cheeks to his hands to his chest. From my position in the fifth row, I could see the couple through the grimy bus window. The cramped space was buzzing with activity, as new passengers tried to find space for themselves and their bags but I remained transfixed by the theatrics unfolding just outside.

He readjusted his white-knuckled grip on his duffle bag, and kept looking back and forth between the girl by his side and the bus that would soon be taking him away from her. I looked away for a moment, just to see if anyone else was watching the Oscar-worthy drama that was happening only a few feet away, but an anguished wail pierced the air and I turned back. The bus driver had flicked away his cigarette and was loading the boy's duffle bag into the luggage compartment. The girl was now clinging to the boy as if her touch had the power to make him stay, but layers of sweaters and jackets and circumstance were separating them.



He gave her one last squeeze and words of reassurance that I couldn't hear through the window glass and extracted himself from her grip. As he climbed up the steps onto the bus, she stood completely still, her steaming and rapid breath acting as the only evidence that she could still live without him. He was now walking down the center aisle of the bus, and when he passed by

my seat, I could more clearly see his red rimmed eyes and runny nose.

He took the seat right behind me, and my cheeks burned with shame because now he wasn't just a person on the other side of the glass, but a real person whose personal tragedy I had consumed for entertainment. The bus rumbled to life and slowly pulled out of the bus station, but then his voice joined the vehicular cacophony.

“Baby, I can't get off the bus, I won't get my money back.”

Several moments of silence.

“I can't afford to get off, I have to go home, I—”

His voice cut off as we rounded the corner and I saw her sitting in the driver's seat of her own car, betrayal and disbelief evident on her face as she saw the bus pulling away, and leaving reality in its place.

She threw her phone onto the passenger seat and started banging her forehead against the steering wheel, her mouth hanging open in a sobbing scream that I couldn't hear. The bus rounded a corner and she disappeared from my sight.

I put my headphones in, and turned and stared straight ahead, but there was nothing to look at but the seat in front of me.

Uncanny // Andrea Warner

Cramming for exams during late hours of January 8th, 1969, I was suddenly aware of an eerie presence in the hallway outside my upstairs bedroom – I intuitively sensed an ‘approaching’. Just after midnight, I was already half dozing, but I was unceremoniously pushed to rouse quickly, the fine hair tingling on my arms and hairline suddenly standing up like tiny vigilant soldiers on guard. Newly thickening air prohibited easy breathing. I was not frightened exactly, but I felt uneasy and extremely edgy. The bedside lights slowly dimmed, brightened, dimmed again, like the lights at the end of a pier, and the sea blue fringe of the tasselled cord suspended from the overhead bulb began swaying in ever widening, arcing rings.

Unexpectedly, a flashbulb memory momentarily materialized of myself and two of my long-time childhood friends, Neil and Lillian, stargazing one evening a few summers before at my shoreside family home, the three of us all crammed together tightly like tinned sardines on my parents’ porch swing. I don’t remember why, but we philosophically began talking about death. Was there a heaven, hell, something in between? Or, worse, nothing? Debating the question until tiring of the subject, we finally each made a pact that, when we died, we would come back and tell the two others if there was at least ‘something’ after death. The eerily inexplicable sensations that I had been experiencing then slowly dissipated, and I silently wondered what had that been all about? With the previously un-noticed lowing sound of the distant foghorn supplying a whale song lullaby, I gradually drifted off to sleep. The following afternoon, as my mother disengaged from an unexpected phone call on the party line, she hesitantly

turned to me and gently broke the news that Neil had been washed off the deck of the schooner, Bluenose II, during a violent storm the previous evening while on route from the Caribbean. He was deemed to be officially lost at sea. Two newly hired crewman went overboard in the heavy seas, but only one made it back to the boat. Neil's rescue line parted before they could pull him to safety. Lillian attended a different school, but she was waiting for me when I got home late that afternoon. She wanted to tell me about the bizarre experience she had the night before. She hadn't yet heard the news.

Departure Day Looming // Andrea Warner

I sit, muse, and my blues and joy spring forth
on the dock which juts far into the lake
like a compass needle finding true north,
while the slick surface of the waters break.
Night returns on the tail of Orion's belt.
Dark deepens, the woods still full of escapes.
Reflections of stars are echoed and felt
until the ether shuts its cosmic drapes.
But nature's naked in its oaken frame.
Grounded to the earth, the gloom pulls apart,
yet bids rebirth of my spiritual flame;
recognized, reflected deep in my heart.
Lake Ellenwood offers her splendid wares
As I unpack my itinerant cares.

What We Learnt in History Class // Rebecca Sheridan

I says to my mate this morning, I go
“you ‘ave got the world ahead of you bruv.”
And she looks at me like I’m crazy or
summat, right? But I just say “swear down,
you ‘ave got the brains to make it, innit”
and then she tries to tell me that she ain’t.
See, yesterday we’re in class and there ain’t
none of us who wants to be there. We go
maccies in the break cos it’s cheap, innit,
and it’s better than costa’s anyways bruv.
I’m driving the car, going 80 down
the slip road and she’s holding in the door.
The car is so old right she’s got to or
it flies open but it’s aight and it ain’t
like she minds when the window’s down
anyways. Suns out, music’s up. (We’ll go
back next week just to get out that place bruv).
“Shame that class is inside today, innit?”
Now I say to her “it makes sense dunnit;
not like we can learn about Hitler or
them Nazis under a nice blue sky bruv,
just wouldn’t be right”. (Now I ain’t
saying I like it, but that’s how it goes
cos sometimes you just gotta put your ‘ead down).
But she’s gone all quiet and now she’s down.
Imma cheer her up (just what you do innit),
so I asks her “where do you wanna go,
like in life or whatever. Stay ‘ere or
go somewhere real, you know if money ain’t
an issue”. She says “Nah. It ain’t that bruv.”
Then I says “I don’t know what you mean bruv.”
She’s like “it ain’t money keeping us down
it’s just this place and this age and there ain’t

nuffin we can do 'bout it. Shame, innit?
Ain't no 'ope for us - not me or
you. We ain't gunna get a chance to go."
Then I'm like "that ain't all, there's more innit,
Like tomorrow bruv; we can come down
to Maccies, if you want" so we go.



Summer in a Tourist Town // Rebecca Sheridan

On the north-west coast of Wales there is an island called Anglesey and this island has only two main roads: the first swings along the island's coast, either through the villages or aside the farmers' fields; the second cuts straight through Anglesey and onwards to Holyhead, just a ferry away from Ireland. The closest McDonalds is back on the mainland and two bridges police the entire traffic.

In high winds, they close Britannia, and commuters funnel patiently through the roundabouts of Menai. In the summer, these commuters funnel through the tourists and the city slickers. These are the people who come to the beaches to eat their picnics and discard them later from their speeding cars.

On the north-side of Anglesey there is a village called Benllech, and this village falls upon the coastal road. If you're heading away from the bridges and turn right at the traffic lights, beside the chippy and the garage, you will find the beach. Here is the shop where I work in the summer. We sell ice creams and coffees, beach towels and beach toys. On rainy days we go hours without seeing anybody. At the peak of summer, we don't see anything but the next person in line. On those nights I see the imprint of barcodes on the inside of my eyelids. One day I walked home with impatience and a plastic bag and picked up as much of the litter as I could. There were a few cups from McDonalds and more sweet wrappers than I could count. Mostly though, there were the tags from our shop. Buckets and spades and buckets and spades and buckets and spades all faded from rain and laid on the pavement.

Anyways, winter comes, the tourists go. The roads are safer, the beach is ours. Our dogs run along the sand once more and we meet our friends on the coastal paths, ask them how their summer was and whether they made enough money to open up again next season.

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.

Briefcases and Maternal Secrets // Nathan Cann

Good thing, indeed
the leather was tough:
Mud-colored salt-covered skin
fought its way
through law school,
its handle stretching
under the weight of decades
of consistently too much work.
A lifetime on the frontlines
will earn its bruises.
wave
after wave of infant(ry)
have throttled the steel clasps,
unaware that all it took was
a truly gentle hand and
a slight slide to
the right and
the confidential intel
of coffee-coated contracts
would be revealed.
Though, it was never sealed shut
despite the impenetrable
triple-digit rolling lock
embedded in the skin, no, there
was never enough worry
and always too much faith for that.
Despite all that noise about
professionalism and
hardened brown leather exteriors,
inside laid the clandestine:
an artifact from an important visitor,
a child's drawing, more
precious, more binding
than any contract.

Nighttime Nosebleed // Jenna Yorke

I jolt awake, choking on salt and rust -
ink black, blind, and gushing a scarlet flood.
Marred linen, the stain spreads hot like young lust;
my pulse throbs in time to the squirts. The blood
starts to clot, evoking bridal bedsheets,
a macabre parody of wedding nights.
The flow abates, the drowning starts to cease,
the ooze thickens, slightly eases my plight;
mouth tastes metallic, face is all sticky,
droplets crusting on blanket and pillow,
the apex of night, covered and filthy -
cruel awakenings to dreams so mellow.
This nighttime nosebleed, I think I might die
traumatized and quivering, here I lie.

Borrowed // Jenna Yorke

My best friend Vivian and I flew to Punta Cana for our friend Alicia's wedding. She was getting married on Saturday and we decided to fly in early to relax before the festivities. The beach was white and sandy, the people inviting and friendly, the water azure and tantalizing. The view from the balcony of our room was an intoxicating display of palm trees, wading pools, and smiling, colourful people. The place was teeming with luxuriant patio furniture, a variety of vividly-hued exotic birds, and resort workers holding trays filled with ice-cold beverages. This was our first time in a foreign country and it was paradise. We were blown away by how fantastically different everything was.

We checked into our rooms and agreed to meet in twenty minutes, once we freshened up and changed for dinner. The air was sticky, wet, and heavy on my skin. I decided to wear my favourite dress. It was a halter with a fitted bodice and a nipped in waist which then fell, pleated, to brush the floor. It was a myriad of hues of blues and greens: sea-foam, leaf, aquamarine, sky, ocean and navy. The silky material was a sluice of water on my skin, I felt better than I did naked. I loved that dress; I felt like a Greek goddess. It was the perfect outfit to wear in a place where the sand is so hot it blisters your feet if you stand on it without shoes for too long.



When I descended the marble staircase to meet Viv, she caught sight of me when I was about six steps to the bottom. She gasped and held her hand dramatically over her heart while exclaiming, “You are a vision! That dress is perfect! Please let me borrow it for Alicia’s wedding on Saturday? I was with you when you bought

that skirt set at Milton's— you said you were planning to wear that to the wedding! You're going to look beautiful and I only have that hideous marigold romper!" She must have sensed my hesitation as she quickly added that she would "specifically pack it in her suitcase and take it to be carefully dry-cleaned back at home" before returning it. I reluctantly acquiesced and true to my word I relinquished my treasured outfit to Vivian that evening after dessert. (We have been inseparable since kindergarten after all and many items have been borrowed and returned over the last fifteen years with impunity).

On Saturday, the sea was aquamarine, and the surf invited us in with friendly, gentle waves. The water too warm – almost unrefreshing. We spent hours frolicking in the surf, glimpsing vibrant, tropical fish and collecting an astounding variety of shells from the sea floor. We changed for the ceremony at sunset and Viv was breathtaking in my dress, and she assured me several times between thanking me that she would take care of it and return it with haste.

I never saw the dress again. Vivian apparently forgot to pack it in her suitcase. I imagine a maid found it hanging in the closet and couldn't believe her good fortune and now wears it every Friday night dancing. I told Viv I forgave her. I try really hard to get over the incident, but every once and awhile, when we are out together, in a shop window display or encasing a passing woman – I catch a glimpse of silk, a sheen of turquoise, or the scent of coconut and The Dress looms between us, the spectral reminder of a borrowed, cherished item and a broken trust.

-lost (two) // Max Gustafson

lost were we spinning and spinning and
what's a life besides two people with
nowhere else to be little
more than luck and an icicle
do you know the steps of this
waltz is this trickery are you a woman and
are we women and are trees
women too can everything be she
please i promise i'll be nice
when the relatives come over
and i won't whisper when i
kiss you this time unless you
want me to everything's alive
and we are things too i know it i've
never been more sure except
the time i burned my hand so
i guess don't trust everything
i say unless you want a hand
to match mine we are dancing
and this is our stage but nobody's
watching except for the little bugs
and bugs don't judge you when
you step on someone's toes
and if they were judging you
they don't speak english so
who cares everything's alive
and last i checked
we were things

Forerunners // Selena MacDonald

My grandmother claimed she could see spirits. They would appear anywhere. Sometimes hidden behind the trees that lined the gravel pathway that she took to the co-op store and sometimes standing by the old woodstove that she had in the kitchen. They would sometimes stand next to the framed picture of Jesus that graced the wall in her bedroom, and she would have to move the photo when they left. She thought it just wasn't right to have them standing next to the Lord that took them.

She would wake in the middle of the night in a cold sweat, paralyzed with a vision soon to unfold. I remember once when she shuffled to the kitchen table, her hands too shaky to take the teapot off the wood stove. She shivered as she glanced out the window into the frozen harbour, the ice as white as her pallid cheeks, and described to us a mining disaster. She named the dead, the location, even the cause.

The radio crackled within the hour. The news announced a horrific explosion at the Number Three, not far from where we sat at our kitchen table in Bell Island. She sat in her rocking chair and embroidered the Celtic cross on a handkerchief, listening to every detail that she had described repeated exactly by the news anchor. She got up from her seat and left the room just before the anchor instructed his listeners to take their caps off for the list of the dead. I glanced out the window to watch as she wandered toward the cliffs near the house, and my eyes drifted to the embroidery that she left on her chair. Under the cross, she embroidered the names of the dead. My eyes ran down the black stitching as the news anchor listed the names in the same order: Murphy, King, Parsons, Boland.

Despite this uncanny evidence, only certain members of my family believed her. Those who didn't accused her of enjoying old Murphy's home brew. To be honest, I didn't know where I stood on the matter.

She was most convinced of the forerunners, however. Her Gaelic cousins in Nova Scotia called them Manaidhean. A number of random occurrences could put her into a nervous frenzy. Dogs howling too close to the house, pictures falling off of walls, dreaming of a wedding, all of these ordinary events were omens that would indicate a death in the family.

Once a bird flew into my bedroom. This was the most potent and worrying of all the manaidhean. While my father swatted the sparrow with a broom my grandmother prayed her rosary well into the night.

I'm still alive, if that proves anything.

She passed last year. We spread her ashes over the cliffs that she used to gaze at from the kitchen window. The night before she died she claimed to see her mother's spirit at the end of her bed. It was as if she were beckoning.

Most of my family has forgotten the spirits and visions and forerunners, but I haven't. Something about them still strikes me to the core, and I can't quite put my finger on why. Maybe it's because a sparrow careened through the open screen door the night before my uncle died, or because I had an exceptionally vivid dream about my cousin's car accident.

Or maybe because I could almost swear that I saw my grandmother the other day, embroidering a Celtic cross by the kitchen stove.



**Unwarranted Keepsake From a Step-Dad
// Danika Berghamer**

Grey, toque
Spicer's Construction,
Freshman, block letter, font.
Acrylic hat
Scratchy But,
only enough to be noticeable when already cranky.

Thin material
Made to put on a, big show
Center of attention
Life of the party
soul of the crowd
Demands not unwelcomed mind you,
A dual role;
adverse, self-fulfilling, prophecy.
Suffocating, material,
Creates, an uncomfortable, warmth,
Keep in mind,
One that becomes familiar.
The warmth that Comes from the Genuine,
True, whole-hearted, try too hard,
Friends are blood, Love,
Of a ride-or-die homie.
A greasy,
Yet-polished,
Mullet, business in the front, party in the back,
Start-up business,
Entrepreneur shit,
Shack business, outta yah homies' garage,
There a brand on that dime baggie?
Feel.

Jamie // Jordan MacIntyre

It was 1984 when I first decided that I was going to rob the local RBC. It took me several years to come up with my plan, and find the courage to do so. As a man with several children living in a safe community, who worked at the bank, nobody would suspect me. All I had left to do was come up with an airtight alibi. If I was a suspect I would say “I was bowling with my youngest son Jamie that night! He has high functioning autism so he is non-verbal. He doesn’t understand anything that is happening, officer.” I got ready, I put my balaclava, blueprints of the bank and handgun into the dash of my car, I covered my license plate and was ready to rob the bank. “I know doing this will help my family,” I thought to myself, but was still scared. I put my youngest son into the car to take him “bowling” and we started to drive. I was halfway to the bank when my son said his very first words “Bowling dad, we’re going bowling”. I knew that I could not continue with the bank robbery and had to take him bowling. I was so happy that my son had said his first words after five years of living that I did not care about the money anymore. We would figure it out, I could get another job. Nothing is worth losing my family over. Moments later, sirens. I was being pulled over. I quickly remembered that my licence plate was covered and I was about to be in a lot of trouble. “Please don’t check the car,” I said to myself while pulling over. After talking to the officer I told him I had no idea why my license plate was covered, it must have been the kids pulling a prank of me. I told him that I was very sorry and would not let it happen again. We were almost on our way and the cop gave us our warning, and then Jamie decided to say some more words. “Please don’t check the car.”

Dancer // L Hall

Dancer among the waves,
the devil unleashed.

A renegade
raising the black flag.

How many did you cut down?
How many will never go home?
How many did you send to the depths below?
How many did you send to old Davy jones?

Dancer among the waves,
thunder without a storm;
black powder
turning the ocean red.

How many did you shoot down?
How many will never go home?
How many did you send to the depths below?
How many did you send to old Davy jones?

Dancer among the waves,
a flash of steel upon the blue.
A spray of red
staining white foam.

How many did you cut down?
How many will never go home?
How many did you send to the depths below?
How many did you send to old Davy jones?

Dancer among the waves,
cannot dance upon the land.
Feet kick the air,
sway and be still.

Dancer among the waves,
will anyone cut you down?
Is there anyone waiting back home?
Will you descend to the depths below?
Will you go to meet old Davy Jones?



My Great Grandmother's Deck of Cards // Rhea Davis

Long, fragile fingers home to silver bands,
hung from cotton-mill-wrinkled hands,
performed the over-hand shuffle.
A riffle shuffle lets the cards cascade.
On a milky-plastic sandwich tray
she taught me Poker with pennies.
I giggled giddily at the thought of Kings
and Queens on the flush.

Her raspy, toothless grin spit stories,
secrets; she whispered that
she knew a man who got shot for cheating in poker.
Behind thin round-rimmed eyeglasses of gold,
Grammy Hазie was the Old Maid.
The deck smelt of barred soap and oatmeal,
or maybe that was just her grey hands.
The cardinal color has faded,
lost its sweet-cherry chime.
Pale playing cards
in a tattered tuck box sleep.



Valley Summers // Julia Coldwell

Oxidized iron ores
and marshmallow roasts
on Fundy shores.
Summer holiday toasts
And campfire smores.
Under starry valley coasts
where fishermen's tours
share stories of ghosts
and buried treasure lures.

Editorial Note

Special thanks to Dr. Wanda Campbell, Laura Bullock, and Robin Gallant for their hard work and help in making this issue of *estuary* a reality.

The creative works in this issue come from a variety of students, who all have contributed some beautiful pieces. Each submission comes together to create a cohesive collective showcasing the talent and diversity here at Acadia University. We would like to thank these students for their hard work and beautiful art because without them there truly would not be a creative arts magazine here at Acadia.

The graphic art on pages 11 and 21 has been submitted by Jordan Mahaney. Jordan is a 4th year Biology student at Acadia hoping to pursue a career in art and graphic design. Follow her artistic journey at @jordanmahaneyart on Instagram.

Black and white photographs on the cover and pages 16, 26, and 30 were graciously submitted by Zach Goldsmith. Zach runs a photography business *Zach Goldsmith Photography*, you can view some of his work and contact him for photoshoots at Zach Goldsmith Photography on Facebook or @zachgoldsmithphoto on Instagram.

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Editor // Madison Tully

Editorial Board // Laura Bullock

// Robin Gallant

Faculty Advisor // Wanda Campbell

Cover Art // Zach Goldsmith

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