

# estuary

acadia's creative arts magazine

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# You Don't Know Me

You don't know me, you've already gone  
To a place where you were too young to know  
The feelings that you bring to me and our family  
The respect that you bring from your picture in uniform  
You are a young soldier, who we hold the utmost respect for  
You have given your life, to fight and defend, in a war  
Where you did not belong  
Your nephew has a son, a son that we chose to name after you  
A son that is strong and intelligent, always feeling from the heart  
As we listen to him play his violin, we see a likeness of  
What the real Carson could have been, should have been  
Would have been, if given the opportunity, with the same intensity, as my son,  
Your great nephew, whom you would have loved and whom loves you  
Just from looking at your photo every day, he wants to know you, too.

*~ Kolina Logan*

# Untamed

We'll call her Baby  
Fast sitting still  
A looker  
She's in my blood  
American built from a time  
gone by  
when we were free  
Under her bonnet  
a monster  
that spit fire in the eyes of  
the law  
chasing her  
"You'll never own that  
burner," Kent once said  
I begged to differ  
She has a soul of her  
own, a little scary but awesome  
just the same, a thoroughbred  
I long to feel her thunder  
under me  
Like me  
Baby sits rusting in the front yard

*~ Jeff Lancaster*

# Exile

I had never seen men with lady fingers  
I stared at them white and milky  
Like the piece of chalk, a delicate tool  
And thought them slightly grotesque  
And thought scarred hands, blistering  
With salt-water boils, puss under nail  
Bursting with muscle, as if pulling at seams of skin, normal  
My hands will remain constant and fair  
Weather no storm outside  
Will never again touch a ball pointed knife  
Or dead fish without being filleted, packed in can  
I will read about my past sea fearing ways and write essays about it  
I will wear those ways on my brain  
Watching the storm on my pages, my laptop screen  
I will lay my unwearied back down upon the rocks  
Feel the eroded points where I meet the land  
As if I had a connection

~ *Chasity St Louis*

# Tea

bitter from forget  
too long steeped in the  
chaos of morning

~ *Tyler Boucher*

# Moon Shine

I remember nights when the rural moon beat down  
with its violet soaked night-shine,  
sitting fat and comfortable with softly bruised eyes.

And I can safely recall Scotian mornings of broken 'scapes  
when the gravy clouds streamlined  
our mashed potato sky.

Cracked and hard, my mouth  
craves bootlegged days  
of kitchen parties back at Courthouse Hill.

Nights spent sneaking out for Atlantic back-wood brew.  
Rum, made and distilled so fine that when the Mounties kicked down the door,  
the bottles shone brazen- mistaken for empties.

Those times of infatuation, the reckless contraband,  
lying piss-drunk in the grass. Watching our cider-sunrise  
fall down loaded, asleep without a gasp.

We drank in those days,  
when I returned you to your mother's house,  
and you told her, honestly, that we went to see the moon-shine.

*~ Carey Bray*



# The Fly

Oh to live a life like yours,  
not grounded to your feet, by floors,  
and at your whim your body soars,  
a fly.

Eyes wide to curiosities,  
the pillar of a human knee,  
a plastic sheet on a balcony,  
to fly!

Among the trees and through the night,  
whimsically exploring light,  
did you know this would be a tragic flight,  
oh fly?

That buzz against the window pane  
just maybe made you go insane,  
and your wings they worked, but all in vain:  
you've died.

The smoke in the attic mourns your loss,  
as though you died high, strung up on a cross.  
But now my cigarette is gone. So with a toss  
I fly away.

~ *Sara Saddington*

# The Crow

Once was a jewel  
And once was a dove

The second saw the first  
While flying above

She flew in to land  
And saw a good spot

Just on a windowsill outside the shop

She saw the old man  
And she saw him at work

Lust for the glint  
Built up while perched

She slipped through the window  
And grabbed for the jewel

Missing the target  
And hitting the stool

The ink hit the floor  
And so did the fowl

The ole man jumped back  
And looked with a scowl

The dove was now black  
The dove was now drenched

In the bottle of ink from the old writers bench

He got her in a trap  
But let her go

It would be much more just  
for her shame she must show

Now she is hated  
no matter where she goes

for what once was the dove then became

The crow.

*~ Jesse Malone*

# A New Body

When I talk of my home, 1326 km from here  
the first thing I tell people I miss is the cheap Indian food  
which makes your eyes water  
the second thing is the lonely bus  
that comes to the corner of my street  
as I stand in the slush, wet sneakers, crumpled notebooks  
and the cold wind making my knees red.

My forest green socks with broken elastics  
slide to my ankles  
as I take out my monthly pass and ID  
nod at the driver- who is French, with grey hair  
and always smelling of smoke  
before I get on and take my place;  
by the window, in a single seat, near the front.

If given the choice, I always sit alone.

I leave this all behind:  
the black nail polish I chipped off too quickly  
the metallic dreams of calling myself a writer  
of reading my poetry outloud while girls with purple hair  
drink bitter black coffee  
and the bus ride on my way to highschool  
where I fantasized a separate existence.

I start to think of myself as an alien,  
but I never take off my Magen David  
though I have forgotten the words to every prayer  
so it hardly bothers me to move to a town without  
a synagogue.

It is easy to shed this skin.  
It is so easy to get on the bus, alone  
and not look back at the home  
I've left.  
I just press my face to glass,  
and draw the outline of the new person I will become  
in the fog from my own hot breath.

~ *Zoë Migicovsky*

# True Story

“My sex life is like poetry.”

Of course Meg wants to talk about sex. She always talks about sex. One time she sat down at the library for four hours, researching the word “sex” in seventy-five languages. *Geschlect. Sexo.* Whatever. You can try to spin the conversation into something else, something classy – like Politics or Blake – and she’ll just stare at you, glassy-eyed. But bring up sex and then she’s there with you, bouncing on her heels. Babbling, babbling.

But it isn’t her energy that royally ticks me off. It’s her lying. Meg is a virgin. She just won’t admit it. No, in Meg’s imaginary sitcom she loses her virginity at fourteen to a trucker named Julio Lope. That’s what she tells everyone, anyway.

But I smile. I laugh. I swallow my thoughts with my strawberry shake and then ask the question I really don’t want to ask:

“How did you two meet?”

“At *Falstaff*’s. I batted my Revlon lashes at him, worked my sexy voodoo. He took me to his apartment later that night. We’ve been inseparable ever since. True story.”

Right. And I date a vampire. “Fascinating.”

“Mhm. He lives in a bachelor pad.” She takes a long, thoughtful sip from her mango smoothie. Her bendy straw is pink from her raspberry lip-gloss. “He’s so your type.”

“He’s seventeen and he has his own apartment?”

“He’s a successful entrepreneur.”

“You mean he deals in drugs.”

“What was that?”

“I think I swallowed a bug.” (Cough cough).

“Lovely. Well anyway, I think Jacob wants to like, make me his bride?”

“When do I get to meet prince charming?”

“Oh. Well, that’s what I was getting at: the tragedy!” She closes her eyes and pauses dramatically.

“The tragedy?”

“Well, one night I snuck into his apartment – you know, because I wanted to surprise him for his birthday. I bring him a cake. And then I see it! A tacky, angora sweater hanging from his coat-rack! So I dash to his room and find a stick-insect skinny woman sitting on his bed, butt naked! She says “Hi” to me, and then I drop my cake and it smashes to the floor. I am so distraught that I run out of his house and never look back. It feels like it happened just yesterday.”

That’s because it did happen yesterday. She stole that from *Bridget Jones’ Diary*. I watched it last night on the Women’s Network.

We sit together in silence. I could just get up and leave. I *should* get up and leave. But I feel sorry for her. It’s not just about sex – it’s the fairytale she wants. Love to her is cryptic wall-paper: one that covers the walls of a room she can never leave.

A boy with impossibly blue hair walks across us to his beat-up Chevy.

“I slept with that guy last night.”

“What?”

“We met last night at *Falstaff's*. True story.”

~ *Corey Liu*

## Echoes of an Accident

“She’s alive”. The words crackle through the phone and then the static takes over, your voice drowned in the waves of electrical interference. I cling to the telephone, searching for sounds I can make sense of, waiting for syllables to emerge from the sea of unintelligible noise. I remember that day on the beach, when she brushed the sand off a conch shell and held it up to my ear and showed me how to listen for the ocean. I remember the day, years later, when she told me that the sounds in the shell were just the echoes of my own heartbeat reverberating through the empty chambers. I remember that I had no words for her after that, remember the way I left her to fold in on her own empty chambers because I was afraid that my heartbeat would get lost in the vastness. I sit alone at the kitchen table, the clock ticking on the wall above my head, water dripping from the faucet, and I grip the phone tighter, willing the sounds to form words. I hear my heartbeat pounding in my ears and I wonder what sounds she made on impact – legs shattered, ribs cracked, breath hissed out in the fraction of a second. I wonder if the heartbeat pounded in her ears, blood rushing out like the tide, or if she heard nothing but the echoes of empty chambers as she lay broken on the pavement. “Did you hear me, Kelly? I said she’s alive.”

~ *Kelly Bowen*

# Josh's Wool Sweater

I have often looked at sheep, but I have never had a burning desire to wear one on my back, which I suppose is the reason why I had managed to avoid wool sweaters these past twenty years. It's a frightfully cold morning at the camp, and with the fire not yet lit, I feel total disregard for my previous notions of wool sweaters as being nothing more than itchy eyesores. After escaping the chilly sheets of the bed that my body refused to warm and scampering over to join him on the couch, I rouse my best friend with the chilly touch of my fingertips as they absentmindedly fix his dreadlocks and twinge at the thought of never again curling about the ringlets hidden within. He grins before he looks, and takes my hands between his own. Sitting up now, despite the sleepiness made obvious by the droop of his head, I watch as my best friend ducks down his warm brown eyes and his Medusa inspired hair to coax his three dollar sweater, dug up like a doubloon from the bottom of a Salvation Army bin, up and over his head. As I run my fingers over the corduroy railways of his pants, waiting, he smiles my favorite crooked smile and leans in to rub his salt-hardened stubbly cheek against my cool ivory one and to place his offering of comfort in my lap before lying back down.

Against my cheek the wool is thick and coarse. As I rub the cloth in little circles on the apples of my cheeks I inhale and become light-headed with the smell of tobacco, wax and the scent of his skin. I pull the weighty ivory sweater over my head and slide my arms through the appropriate tunnels. An involuntary smile starts to spread all over my face and body as my torso embraces the hundreds of subtle prickly kisses, lovingly given to me by a garment formerly defined by doubt. I've relied on him once more to provide warmth for me. With a sigh I settle my sit-bones into the couch and stretch my legs out by his lying body, so he can hug my feet and keep those warm too. He nuzzles into the familiar position, wrapping his legs around mine. The prejudices I had towards wool sweaters no longer apply to this one, so I pick up my previous enterprise and refocus my energies to wondering what on earth fourteen down could possibly be while listening to the rhythmic talents of the rise and fall of Josh's breath.

*~ Danielle Pierce*

## “Live” Music

Most people probably assume that the term “live music” comes from the fact that you are listening to real, live musicians. However, this is not actually the case. Live music is the opposite of dead music, which is what you are listening to when you use a radio, CD player, iPod®, and so on. This is called dead music for a very good reason: there are dead musicians inside the music player.

You may be wondering how this all works. Well, when a musician dies, his or her body is spirited away to a factory where music players are made. The portion of their mind that deals with music is removed and placed in the body of a small creature such as a mite. Each mite has a variety of musical instruments that they play within the device, and they can play four at once because they have eight legs. Of course, such tiny instruments make very high-pitched, low volume noise. This problem is fixed by the computer within your music player: it amplifies the sound and lowers its pitch to the correct level before the signal is sent to the speakers.

The information for the mites to play their instruments is contained on the CD, record, tape, or whatever media is used, and can be read by the mites. Furthermore, one of the main reasons that an iPod® or similar mp3 player is so expensive is because of the quality of the musicians used in the manufacturing process. Dead musicians run from around twenty bucks for a mediocre one to five hundred or more for someone really talented like Yo-Yo Ma.

One final matter that must be addressed is the problem that companies like Apple could go around killing musicians for their souls. Fortunately, this does not happen because musicians who do not die of natural causes can't be used. Well, you might ask, can't they induce what appears to be a natural death? Well, yes they can, but the musician's mind somehow knows, and that's that. And, with the continually expanding market for such devices, several companies are pioneering the creation of “artificial souls” for the process.

Hopefully this piece of very fine writing had been enlightening for the reader. Of course, as a final disclaimer, I must note that musicians used in this process are not harmed in any way (as they are dead) and the piece of their soul that plays music is very content to sit in the body of a mite and play music on demand. (The mite is not harmed, either, just so you know, and it is incapable of caring about its situation).

~ *D. Bryce Johnson*



# Habits

I'm out. Thank God.

I turn to look back at the plain brick building that's imprisoned me for three months. Now, finally, I can get back to my life.

I see my parents waiting by the car, Mom with a tentative smile on her face like I'm going to explode or something. Whatever. If they don't yell at me, I won't yell at them. But they always yell first. I see my little brother in the back of the car, playing some stupid game, I'm sure. I give my mom a hug; that makes her happy. She'll ignore everything else if I just hug her. I hug my dad, too, but not as enthusiastically. He doesn't even smile. Then I climb into the car without saying anything besides "Thanks for picking me up."

Mine is the classic family: perfect older sister headed to Med School, "cute" younger brother who everyone loves, and me, the middle child, the so-called "black-sheep", the one with average intelligence and failing grades. I gave up on school a long time ago.

The drive back is half an hour, long and tedious. Smelly, too, since it requires driving through Saint John. I just look out the window, ignoring my brother who's ignoring me. He normally doesn't get involved in the huge fights with my parents. He just sits downstairs, playing the PS3, pretending to ignore the shouting and the threats. I think he wants me gone. He's always saying, quite bluntly, that we'd all be happier if I'd just move out. Whatever.

Once we get home, I give it about two hours before telling my parents that I'm going to the gym. They just stare at me for a few seconds before answering – like they always do, the freaks – and then they finally nod and tell me to be back in two hours. Perfect. I pack my bag and practically run out of the silent, tense house.

Once I'm sure they can't see me if they wanted to look out the window (and I have no doubt that their eyes followed me all the way down the street) I veer to the left, away from the gym. I'm at Chris's house in fifteen minutes. We go down to his basement even though his parents aren't home. Habit, I guess. Once there he slides me a little baggie.

"I gave you some extra, for free, to celebrate your release," he says with a grin. I grin back and mumble "thanks". I hand him some money and tuck the little bag in my coat pocket.

"You know, you should consider dealing," he says.

"Yeah,maybe," I answer. But I can't help thinking, *there's three months in rehab, down the drain.*

~ *Jillian Glasgow*

# Untitled

*~ Jen Huizen*



# Rest Stop

*~ Carolyn Thomas*



# Contemplation

*~ Carolyn Thomas*



# Zion

*~ Tyler Boucher*



# Greenhouse

~ Tyler Boucher



# Cyclic Pigeons

~ Carey Bray

