

# estuary

acadia's creative arts magazine

Edition 15.2

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## Foreword

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This issue comes to you in the midst of many changes. *estuary* has been in the middle of a long-needed update to our website, our resources, and our organization as a whole. A great deal of this issue, as well as the upcoming print edition, has been brought to you by late nights, the efforts of the sainted Acadia Technology Services team, some yelling at computer screens, endless coffee, and a very well-timed snowstorm. For those of you who gave us your creative work this year, thank you for both your support and patience.

*estuary* has too often fallen into invisibility on campus, a problem encountered by almost every editor in chief of the magazine so far. This lessens its ability to be what its original founders intended: a resource for creative artists at Acadia, and an amplifier for their efforts. I sincerely hope that the result of this reorganization will make *estuary* more accessible to you, our readership and reason for existence.

The volume of poems, stories, and photographs *estuary* received this semester, as well as the wide varieties of their subjects, made it more difficult than usual to sort through. I cannot thank all the creators at Acadia enough for this particular difficulty; the bleakness of Winter semester combined with incredibly busy schedules can all but bury creative inspiration. At least most of the time. Thanks to *estuary's* wonderful editorial board, to Wanda Campbell for her incredibly valuable time, and to all who supported *estuary* in this year of changes and challenges.

~

Ceileigh Mangalam  
Editor in Chief  
March 2014

# Drowning

---

she's spilling over the edge  
of her wine glass,  
swallowed by sauvignon grapes,  
crushed beneath cracked heels of  
arid Rioja.

the spiraling roots cut deep,  
clinging to mountain sides  
and caressing the stones beneath,  
belonging to an earth that has  
little desire  
to quench its thirst

a third world away  
the river grows bored  
of belonging to familiar bends  
as it wanders through  
city streets and sidewalks,  
abandoning sediment and clay  
to taste asphalt and gravel  
as it saturates plaster  
and living rooms  
with rebellion.

people take refuge on roof tops,  
their breath bottled in their lungs  
as they watch the ruin  
of their photographs and furniture

when they said that prairie boys  
make good sailors,  
they weren't lying,  
trading one vastness for another  
as golden grain oceans vanish  
in a reflection of blue sky  
and salty debris  
that leaves no room  
for olive branches

—*Jenn Galambos*

# Old Man to a Child

*For Gskai Augla*

---

*Note: In the Chadic Plata language, 'kini' means 'child' or 'little one.'*

We are high in the mountains, *kini*,  
and the sea is a long country away,  
and the forests are only green thoughts,  
and our libraries are dark in creaking throats.

One shell that has not tasted salt for a long time,  
One tuft of hair from a rabbit with bones in the earth,  
One horn carved by a hand that's stilled,

One pouch for herbs so old their scent is gone.  
One pouch for words so old we cannot remember what they say.  
One pouch for the magic we still can muster,

for danger won't be bounded  
by mountains, *kini*.

—*Meredith MacEachern*

# Topophilia

---

For the love of place,  
Topographies of faces,  
And of sacred spaces

Tracing footsteps,  
Traces of dust and sand  
Across the land,  
Tracing steps  
Back to their roots

Roots anchored deep  
In the entrails of the land  
Entangled in the past  
The present and the future

Landscapes,  
Rugged coastlines  
And curving spines  
Of ancient mountains

Mapping out trails  
Cross-country  
Crossing rails  
Railway-lines  
From ancient times

The ebb and flow  
Of time, of tides  
Show  
Memories of faces  
But do even  
Sacred places  
Remain the same?

—*Mira D. Chiasson*

# Look-off

---

*Ekphrastic poem based on C. Gorey's Look-Off, January*

January land is  
barren fields,  
empty trees,  
quiet streams.

Flying high above,  
the breeze whispers tales,  
throw your body  
to the wind,  
lose  
    breath,  
    dive  
great heights,  
a chorus of whistles  
harmonize.

January land is  
frosted fields,  
snowy trees,  
moving streams.

—*Hayley MacLeod*



## New Boat in Margaretsville

---



—*Alexandra Sidorenko*

## gritty words for lovemaking

---

lips meet  
quickly under  
toobright  
street lamps  
we whispered  
hurry

we had no words for the ocean forcing its way onto the breakwater

down streets  
up stairs  
into bed  
satisfied  
miles from ocean  
i wrestle a knot  
out of your heel  
relieve tension  
between your toes

plan an expedition

set out  
at the back of your knee  
rest briefly  
on your ribcage  
find myself  
behind your ear  
trace your figure  
pretend not to hear  
your stifled gasp

we had no thought for the sand still clinging to our feet

you tasted powerful  
elastic energy  
holding back  
hours  
eight times  
or more  
tension released  
we fell asleep  
with the morning

giving way to the deep  
—*Jamison Hall*

# Teatime

---

the day was nearly done

we stopped for tea i'd  
been cold  
since dawn since donning  
fleece down seal fur  
layered to prohibit body heat loss  
i had spent the day's  
frail twi-like light  
feeling kilocal'ries burn bleed  
through my skins  
till dark resumed exposed  
a village glow not far where  
incandescent lights  
revived a wish  
that i might last the final mile

we stopped for tea

my voice a frozen question in my throat i  
watched him flip the komatic (a sled)  
make a windscreen  
start the stove  
half smile

teatime the word was husky  
mildly spoken breathed  
his inuk face serene i  
eased my frozen layers of  
despair onto the snow stretched out recumbent  
on the crusted endless snowscape  
like the  
tea in our tin cups i steeped  
the tundra air releasing what i felt  
might be my essence soul escaping  
leaving me dispersed like him like one oddly reluctant to be done  
—*MaryAnne Dewolf*

## At War With the World

---

They say who we are belongs to us  
Nobody can take away your spirit if you don't let them  
We stayed up late,  
Our faces illuminated by the chilly white light of the screens  
Smiling, teasing, our words heard only by each other  
I shared my deepest wants, and he, his primal fears  
I invested myself in him  
in my words  
hidden inside the machine  
But they watch from afar  
in their out-of-the-way offices,  
Peering and reading all which is us  
Scrolling through our lives like just another paperback novel  
It's to protect you, they say  
We hear more and more about the privacy we deserve  
being ripped from us  
Over time, our smiles turn anxious  
We don't want to give ourselves to those  
Who don't deserve it  
So we can't give each other anything at all  
The glow of the screens highlight  
our grim faces  
Hi.  
I miss you.  
Goodnight.

—Margot Hynes

## Red

---

Sifton stood in the centre of the room, particularly pleased with the result of his handiwork. He had managed to almost uniformly paint the wall in his favourite shade of red.

He had even managed to coat his hands. And his shirt, he noted as he wiped his hands on what had previously been white fabric.

“I think your living room needed a new coat of paint,” he said to Mark, who had been reclining in a corner of the room. “I found the old colour kind of bland, myself. What do you think?”

For his part, Mark said absolutely nothing, staring at what had previously been a chartreuse coloured stretch of wall.

“Yes, yes, it is quite a change,” Sifton sighed, clapping his hands together and giving the room another good once-over. “But I’m positive that it’s one for the better. Now that I think on it, you look like you could use some colour, yourself. When was the last time you took a vacation?”

It was true that it had been awhile since Mark had gone on vacation, and he was looking awfully pale, though whether his complexion was due to shock or a lack of sun exposure remained ambiguous.

Sifton inspected the room once more before walking over to where Mark was seated.

“Well, seems like I made a bit of a mess of you,” he commented idly. “That shirt of yours is absolutely ruined. Oh, and how rude of me to leave this lying here.”

He reached out, grasping the knife in both hands and gingerly pulling it out from between Mark’s ribs. He wiped it off on his shirt before setting it down on the coffee table.

“Don’t worry, I can show myself out.” he said, sauntering off to the front door. “You need any more help painting, just give me a call.”

—*D. Rechnitzer*

## Island Embrace

---

Ashes of lingering winter  
from another place  
    fall from view,  
as sounds of a familiar spring  
    descend into  
long awaited summer.

In rare moments of heat  
the island embraces  
    the morning light,  
as it beats down  
    upon growing trees  
and rising mountains.

As the blue sky seeps  
through clouds,  
    the slight breeze  
allows the bodies  
    to soak in the sunlight,  
the sand sinks under foot  
as it lingers on our skin.

Waves calmly,  
swiftly,  
dance upon the shoreline,  
as the whispers and shouts of the beach dwellers,  
mix in the clean ocean air.

Skin burns as body and mind eagerly,  
willingly,  
soak up the needed light of summer.

Finally,  
the smell of the Pacific breathes  
life back into my resting body.

—*Arryn Benson*

## What's On My Mind

---

so... i have mushrooms on my mind today wild  
toadstools fungus forms of oyster hedgehog horse and chanterelle  
a daydream sort of snowy day wondering what's growing in the woods

we walked up on the ridge two days ago no snow then blankets of dead leaves decay de  
composition  
some interpret decomposing leaves fall woods as presage  
premonition ominous foreboding human drama histrionic dread of  
dead ... not us  
we see fecundity in fallen leaves fall colours faded under snowdrifts  
shrouds that

melt to  
nourish  
springtime soil  
decomposition  
sanguine symbols  
toadstools  
fungus  
mushrooms ... good fried in butter

—*MaryAnne Dewolf*

## Fall Indian Corn

---



—Erin Anderson



# Revolutions

---

*isochromatic poem: style in which only letters found in the title can be used to construct the content of the poem.*

Turn on, tune out,  
violent evolution sells sin,  
lures not love –  
lust.

Revolutions never rest  
so lost solutions  
serve lions revolvers –  
ten tons lose to tin.

Rust sets in.  
—*Jenn Galambos*

## Spark

---

He waves his cigarette at me, “got a light?” I pat my pockets searching for my trusty pink zippo. I lift my knee and run my lighter down my pants and back up to light it like my father always used to. I hold the lighter up to the guy’s mouth and he inhales to light his cigarette. “Thanks!” he says and I nod. “That’s a sweet lighter, can I see it?” I hand over my lighter. People are always interested in a zippo. “Princess? For reals?”

“Yeah my dad bought it for me forever ago.”

“That’s really awesome! My parents don’t even know I smoke.”

“It was technically for survival camping originally, but it has lit quite a few cigarettes since that time,” I reach over and grab my lighter back.

“It’s crazy in there tonight eh?”

“Yeah, I’m getting a little tired. I always enjoy coming out on the patio for a break from the chaos.”

“Me too! It’s like a step away to clear your mind and breath, although technically you’re breathing toxins I guess.”

“Bad for your lungs, great for you mind!” I smile.

“Exactly! I’m Brent by the way.”

“Tiffany.”

“Well Tiffany, what brings you to the bar on a fine evening such as this?”

“It’s my friend’s birthday, and I promised to come to the party, though it’s been long enough now that I’m hoping I can head home. I have a paper due Monday that I’d like to work on still tonight.”

“Tonight? Are you crazy! It’s already eleven! Take the night off! Live and be free!” He laughs. I smile back.

“Yeah sure.” I take the final drag from my cigarette and throw it into the rusting coffee can.

“You don’t look ready to go back in there! Can I offer you another to stay?” he asks, pushing up another cigarette from his pack. I eye it for a moment and smile.

“Sure!” I grab the cigarette and pull out my zippo and snap it twice, lighting the flame like magic. Brent looks at me in wonder. I pull in the intoxicating first drag of a new cigarette and hold it in my lungs. I exhale the smoothly and we both nod. A connection that will last for as long as the cigarette burns.

—*Meaghan Smith*

## Fire Dance

---

I'm nestled between my parents,  
warmly wrapped in a  
golden wool blanket.

Behind us,  
the pond water is  
stagnant and murky.

Opa came telling stories  
*When I was a kid, we played with bombshells found in the fields  
hid older teenagers from the Nazis  
woke from planes crashing behind the house*

My mother has sadness  
in her eyes,  
wishing him home to Oma.

I pull my bare feet  
from the ticklish grass,  
my face falls  
into my father's chest,  
I hear his heart pulsing,  
rhythmic breath.

Behind shadowed eyelids  
I see dancing flames.  
—Hayley MacLeod

## At the Campsite

---

The afternoon sun reflects  
down on  
our faded tent  
if only  
the heat would  
stay at night  
once the sun sets  
and the chill creeps  
inside our sleeping bags

*Come on*  
*did you find it yet?*

A single shoe discarded  
near a bag  
Swim trunks thrown  
by the door  
Cards left  
in disarray

*Hurry you two*  
*we need help collecting firewood.*

The smell of cigarette smoke  
filters through behind me  
as the gruffness  
in my father's voice  
makes it clear  
that we will  
continue our search.

—*Arryn Benson*

## Slime Mold, You Beautiful Bastard

---



—Jamison Hall

# Salt

---

The bow of an old motorboat  
is designed for one,  
but we jostled to the tip together—  
two hoodies way-too-big,  
two streams of dark hair  
surrendered  
to the wind.  
Everything in us breathed  
the cool grey crests  
and cerulean sky  
skittered with salt-white clouds.

Salt was in everything,  
from the waves that licked our ankles  
to the lines in our hands and lips.

Salt was the flavour of abandon.  
—*Ellyanne Spinney*

# Dogs

---

the moon is weeping, plastered  
across the sky- implying  
dimensions of paper and paste.  
wind rolling with the conversation.  
“dogs are sad”  
she said  
“sure they are”  
fucking cold wind now  
choke. I feel that choking feeling creeping,  
like thick strong hooked hands are reaching down from behind your ears and slowly carefully  
“I’m going inside”

the arguing rolls in redundant cycles of practiced casual loath  
it gets faster though,  
and giggling bites are spit now with colourless disdain and the egos  
pulse hotly  
and the cycles spin like massive metal gears  
loosed

You pathetic fuck  
—*Iain Bauer*

## Waterways

---

Water's ways  
sculpted wood  
polished bone  
etched in stone

water whispers its way  
springs source to sea  
runoff to river  
to water-  
fall

falls  
through rifts  
soaks down

water listens to  
oceans answering  
an ancient calling

with time, tide  
    water's atoms  
        carve out continents

defying geographies transcending boundaries  
    water's ways remain  
through states through time  
waterways.

—*Mira D. Chiasson*



# Swinging Door

---



—Erin Anderson

## Lost in a Crowd

---

I offered the Ocean my tears,  
But they simply mixed with the waves.  
I offered the Sky my breath,  
But it was mistaken for clouds.  
I offered the Sun my passion,  
But its heat was lost to the inferno.  
I offered the Earth my body,  
And it found its rest at last.

—*Katie Henderson*

# Monoculture

---

*monoculture: the agricultural practice of producing or growing a single crop or plant species over a wide area for a large number of consecutive years.*

It is an area not only the humans can harvest, and now that the perfect product is in excess, it will only take one successful attack, and it's under duress.

So all in all, it will fall, no way to brace against a wall.

The land is burned, and dry, and completely bled, making everything now, simply dead.

—*Marc Hetu*

## The Dilemma

---

The window was the best means of escape.

It was quaint, horizontally bisected and framed by lace curtains, an echo of a time when benevolent, lipsticked mothers perched latticed blueberry pies on windowsills to cool. It also looked just wide enough to allow James' as-yet still skinny 13-year-old hips to pass through.

He looked at the width of the opening, measuring, panicking.

The stove was the real problem.

It was too new, shining with lack of use. Not like his stove, in his house, where everything had marks of wear and tear and everything was familiar and the surfaces of things didn't seem to shrink away from his touch. Too white, too clean. He was afraid that if he touched something, his fingers would scorch and an alarm would suddenly go BEEEEEP BEEEEEEEP BEEEEEEEP and the halls would wail his transgression to the sky.

He rubbed an itch on the side of his nose. Why had he offered to make food? Why, when the only thing he'd brought was Kraft Dinner, and clearly anyone who entered this house bearing MSG and powdered cheese would be excommunicated from the sanctified, organic ground of 67 Eucalyptus Street? The only option was to remove himself, by whatever means possible, from the situation.

It was mortifying. Casey would never speak to him again, even if she did need help with her English homework. He wouldn't be able to show his face in school. Would have to pretend that he'd evaporated. Spontaneous Human Combustion was the answer. He'd cut his hair and dye it, wear coloured contacts, sit in a different chair in class. She'd never know...

The window was still the best means of escape.

Upstairs, Casey sat crosslegged on her lace-covered bedspread, listening to the perfect silence from downstairs. She shifted, unable to negotiate a comfortable position on the old, scratchy lace. She hated lace, and it was catching on the buckles of her shoes, which she also hated, and wasn't supposed to wear when she was sitting on the bed.

She could imagine James standing in front of all that gleaming stainless steel. Furiously rubbing the side of his nose like he did whenever a teacher asked him a question. She shouldn't have agreed when he offered to make them some food; she could tell he was just being nice. The new stove was ridiculous. The whole kitchen was. It was a testament to her mother's new job, how well it paid. Never mind that everything they ate was pre-made from the overpriced grocery in the Village Centre because Mom never had time to make anything anyway. Kale was a staple in these new meals. Casey was sick of kale. She'd seen the telltale blue cardboard corner of the KD box in James' bag.

James, standing blankly in the kitchen, purposeless. The bright orange cheese and dried macaroni sitting in their unsullied box. Casey jumped off the bed and stomped down the stairs, making as much noise as possible.

—*Ceileigh Mangalam*

## Dog Days

---

When I was a young child,  
In the hottest day of summer,  
I nearly drowned in the neighbour's pool  
While my mother was being baptized.

I bobbed away from the group,  
In search of deeper knowing.  
Stepping beyond the floating line  
They never told me not to cross,  
I lost my footing and sank down to a blissful place.

There was only a blue-tinted haze.  
I wanted to stay, but it wasn't quite time.  
Rejecting the stasis, I raised up my arms,  
And felt a stranger's panicked hands grabbing at me.

I don't know which one of us changed more that day:  
My crying mother with her fresh-washed soul,  
Or me with my sea-grey eyes.

—*Asia Forbes*

## Self-Improvement

---

There are tricks you  
can learn  
like finding space  
in a small town  
or thinking  
in a noisy coffee-shop  
or new ways  
to fix broken  
cigarettes

—*Peter LaMarre*