

# estuary

acadia's creative arts magazine

Edition 9.2

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# Untitled 1

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*Rachel Leeman*



# Those He Spared

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*Meagan O'Hara*

He was determined that no one would die today. People die everyday, however, so he changed that resolution to only involve people he knew. Was it going to just be people he knew intimately, or would it be any old person? Would he limit the people who would not die today to people who had a name, or was it people who also entered his world on a whisper or with nothing more than a vague description. Peter wouldn't die, but would the boy with the brunette hair? Would something happen to the pudgy girl who stood on the corner -- with the bright blue eyes? Could he save her, keep her alive, the way he could Dixon, who he'd known and worked with for years and years.

Yes. He had to. He had simply resolved that no one would die today.

He lay in bed and let himself just dissipate into the grayness of the unlit room. He felt as insignificant as the dust that danced about the dank smelling air and twirled in the light beam that shone on the top of the blanket thin blanket just below his knees. He just wanted to be out of his head, but his voice continued to keep him inside the body on the bed.

"You can stop them from dieing. You can take charge of things. If you're going to build a respectable career you simply can't build its foundation upon the remnants of the slain."

A pause, "That's overdramatic. You're not that bad. You've had your good days...earlier on...when your mind was sharper. Still, you have made that real impact and have that big moment with no blood on your hands before. You'll do it today, old boy. You'll do it. Save some lives. It'll be easy!"

The chirpiness of the final revelation had drawn him up into the sitting position, had him gesturing his hands in the dusty air and stirring the insignificant flakes of dead skin about in the air with even more force than that focused beam of pure sun.

He drew himself up with a soft grunt. He made his way to the door and as he did he mumbled, "No one is going to die today."

He sat down to my desk with a slow sigh and a heavy heart. The empty page stared up at him. The open mouth of a grave; just waiting for a body to be carelessly cast in.

## Seagull: Mahone Bay

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*Alexander Kaul*



## ***Brad Wilkinson***

This inner-weeping demon  
Freed itself slowly and wished  
For waiting in vain for some event  
Confused with reality  
or  
what is commonly grounded in popular opinion.

But the fire still burns and  
Lets the dogs play at night  
Because they never want  
To sleep  
Or eat  
Or drink  
Their mothers' milk  
Because at their age they seem to think  
They are independent agents

Roaming the soft earth  
In search for a mate  
Or a fight  
To win them scars  
To show  
Their friends back home

If they ever were to return  
Exhausted and bruised and  
Inwardly weeping for the blood  
Of their children  
To rest in their veins without knowing  
Harm or pain yet knowing  
That this can never be  
In a dog-eat-dog land such as this;  
It's either ride the bull  
Or get the horns in the end.



## Coon & Untitled

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### *Rose Folks*



# Hide and Seek

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*Courtney Adams*

“Are you sure she went into the forest?” I ask my daughter, the one who is still here. She nods, shy and awkward in her downy snowsuit. I stroke the top of her wool hat and tell her to finish the snowman.

I run to meet my wife, who is slipping towards me from the other side of the blue, frosted clearing. She sobs: “You were supposed to be watching her!” I want to tell her that I was! I was watching the whole time; I even wiped her little pink nose as it ran from the cold. But I know that my girls needed a carrot for the snowman’s nose-. I can’t look my wife in the eye, so I look back at my daughter. She is staring at her mother, who is now screaming: “Hailey!” No one answers. I think she expects to see blonde ringlets pop from the doorway, for a toddler’s voice to say, “Here, Mama, I’m inside the house, why are you shouting?” There is icy silence instead.

The sun is too low in the sky; my daughter needs more light so she can come home. My heart aches in my chest and I’m suddenly aware of the snow falling down the back of my open jacket, burning with cold on my neck.

Something moves in the sharp-scented trees to my left and I hope for a moment- no, it’s the neighbour who was helping earlier. “My son,” he wheezes, clouds of white vapour gasping from his red mouth. “Said he saw...girl...by the cliffs.”

My chest feels hollow as I trip and fly towards the garage. I am aware that tears are in my eyes as I now try to start the car, for I know that nothing will ever get me there fast enough.



## No Bees Please

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***Andrew Williams***

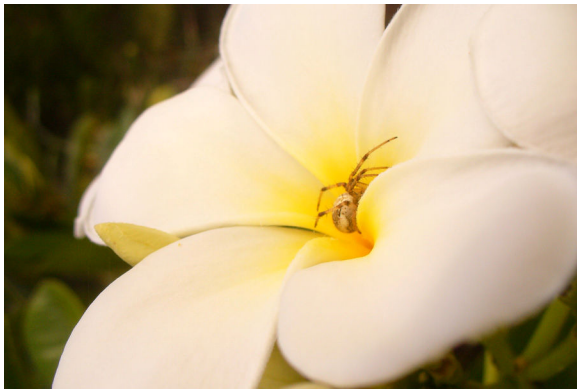
(Top Left)

## Softpetal

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***Azura Goodman***

(Bottom Left)



## Untitled 4

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***Rachel Leeman***

(Top Right)

## Sunflowers

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***Carolyn Thomas***

(Bottom Right)



# Raspberry Summer

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***Kelly Bowen***

It is April  
and once again the earth  
has eased this pole back  
toward the sun.  
My hands ache to be used in the warm dirt;  
my body shakes off the sleepy cold  
and makes me restless.  
At night I dream of our summers,  
of dry, dusty  
barefoot – freckled – burntback – firefly  
summers of seeds, earth,  
and driving across state lines  
dirty, sunburnt, and singing  
with the windows rolled all the way down.  
Some seven hundred miles from home,  
I lie awake, barely breathing,  
and wonder if you, too, remember  
sunflowers – Sweet Home Alabama –  
thunderstorms wearing just a t-shirt –  
or moonlight on rainwater.  
It is perhaps  
my best kept secret,  
but I will always take the pain of the thorns  
to get wild raspberries for you.

London

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*Zoe Migicovsky*



## The Spyglass

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***Kyle Stoddard***

Mom bought me a spyglass for my 8<sup>th</sup> birthday. On the card it said “For my lovely boy on his 8<sup>th</sup> birthday.” She loves me, I know it. Today, I am playing with my new spyglass. I’ve looked at grass and flowers and plants and rocks and trees. Oh and I looked at bugs. I hate bugs. Especially spiders. Oh here is a nasty one. 8 legs, furry looking and gross. It crawls along quickly and pauses and then quickly moves again like it is floating on the surface of the rock in front of me. We have been learning about measurements in school and I’d say this thing is 4 centimetres big. I hold my spyglass over the ugly creature. I focus the sun on it. It burns. I can smell it. It smells like Mom’s hair after she uses the hairdryer. The spider shakes and wiggles its legs up at the sky. It stops moving. There is something moving from under the rock. About 30 baby spiders come out from the rock and cover the big spider. They stop moving and they just sit there in front of me. I drop my spyglass on the rock. I cry and yell for Mom and run into the house, leaving the broken spyglass lying in the tall green grass.

## Hemmingway

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***Brody Todd***

Lifeless fingers, shotgun smoke; lost generation.



Untitled

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*Carey Bray*





## ***Robert Mousseau***

No need to tell me  
about the bloodred sky  
illuminating god's frown.  
I've stood there and seen it,  
at least in my dreams (I think).  
Forget it, don't matter –  
I'm sure it's ugly all the same.

Besides, there's only one thing to do in situations like  
this  
and that's to hole up all windows closed  
and shutters locked secure.  
If you've got a basement go hide in it  
and stock some shelves and get some blankets  
and for god's sake build a fireplace for heat.

Invite your friends, your lovers,  
your dog, your cat,  
hell, you can even bring your goat,  
but listen up and board the door closed  
because this storm of shit and sugar ain't goin'  
nowhere any time soon.

I'm sorry but you gotta keep the rats outside.  
Ain't no place for rodents in this sort of hole.

If for some reason question rises of the bible  
you've got to stand firm and true –  
little bastard's lies are trouble.  
Keep it locked out if you can  
or locked up if it's gotta come inside  
and make sure to use its providence one pinch at a  
time.

Ain't no good truth to be found in that piece of work.

Not that I'm angry  
and not that I'm bitter  
I'm just telling the truth,  
don't you see?

When we've got backwards breakdown falling outside  
and turmoil riddled madness here within  
that wholesome book of wisdom ain't got nothing to  
contribute  
so why bother wasting the shelf space?  
Might as well stockpile the Milton and the Blake  
and keep religion in the fiction  
cause the fear, well it's good for you,  
but there ain't no sense in putting too much stock in  
something  
if it's not gonna find you in the end anyway, is there?

Better to write your own story  
so make sure you put plenty of candles  
in a box in the corner  
and a type writer down on the floor.  
Punch out line after line without even thinking  
cause it's likely no one's gonna see it anyway.  
But, on that off chance some poor soul does bear  
witness to the carnage  
they'll find your hole and they'll know once they read  
your words –  
they'll say, "serves the miscreants right."

So, once you've got your food all shelved  
and your beds all made  
and your books all read  
and your scares all saved  
take a rest and pat yourself on the back  
cause you've set yourself up for the long haul, man –  
play some fuckin' charades or something.  
Get up and dance like the monkey you are  
and see if anybody recognizes the truth.  
And if you hear the bombs start falling  
or if comets come down from the sky  
then take a drink, a slug of wine,  
and just dance that much harder  
cause you might as well go out with a bang,  
don't you think?

# Post-Something

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*Azura Goodman*



# On leaving the United Kingdom

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***Kaitlyn MacPhee***

You're propped like a twining  
tree root smiling in an inside-out way  
soft lines of your face  
exposed

I'm sort of pleased deep inside like a furnace  
of crushed leaves and coal fire in autumn  
fed with burning cinnamon  
(my cinnamon perfume)  
cider smoke smoking  
(your eyes on fire)  
black holes like burnt paper sparrows  
black red wine stains on the carpet

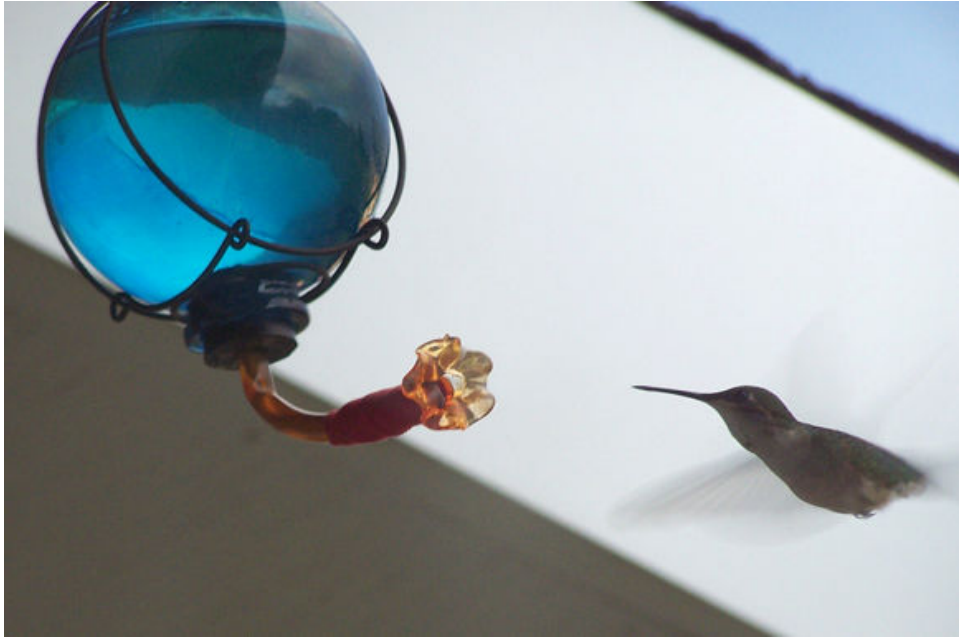
They dried in the shape of birds  
in flight

Uneven banjos and harmonicas  
twanging through cheap speakers  
in the dim light bulb light  
Celebrating the summer  
end of evening  
Harbinger of airplanes  
and sad broken heat

## Untitled 2 & Untitled 3

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*Rachel Leeman*



### *Jennifer Huizen*

Bells and angels and the occasional Scottie dog: mastery had gone into these idols. A freshly arranged centerpiece of these tiny ornaments makes its way through the procession of cakes and pies and candy canes and gestures and demands its own separate place of worship. Like Mary looking down at her swollen womb, these too seemed of Immaculate Conception. The family sets in on them, consumes them as if flocks of sheep devouring freshly dewed grass. The smallest member dances around the coffee table with one grasped in a stubby red hand, craving the sugary sweetness that would later leave her in a state her mother would describe as “glazed over.” On the edge of this otherwise blissful scene, stands a woman in quiet reflection. This year, I stand here, she thinks, like my mother and grandmother before me, as is tradition. This year had been the year her grandmother had said no more, that “no one cared anyways.” Images of her grandmother’s kitchen had littered her thoughts all night, images of flour loosely scattered on the floor from over excited rolling pins. She hadn’t slept. She had driven through a snowstorm to get here, to convince herself that some things hold their own place in time. While she watched these visions of sugar plums and fairies and the ghosts of Christmas to come parade through her living room, she wonders if she too, will be as faithful to time as these flattened balls of sugar, flour, and butter.



# Downward

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*Andrew Williams*



# Trees: Misty Morning

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*Brad Wilkinson*

