



estuary

ACADIA'S CREATIVE ARTS MAGAZINE

Spring 2022

estuary // Spring 2022

Cover Art: God's Crib // Maple Sloan

Table of Contents

3:47am // Lukas Saklofske	5
Frozen Town // Natalie Pittman	5
Jackpot // Emma Cole	6
<i>Show me the Monet: Banksy</i> // Julia Sylvester	7
Zenith // Olivia LeClair	8
Almost // Mandy Armstrong-Singer	9
Demons to Freedom // Nicole Philpitt	10
Miss Lune // Erica Halliday	11
That Oversized Black Hoodie // Meg Pinder	12
Eden's Echo // Rylie Moscato	14
The Hill // Dahlia Erick	15
I want that measured ocean // Jasmine Bradley	17
Art Poem // Olivia Baxter	18
WandaVision // Hannah Fisk	19
First Impressions // Max Rowell	20
<i>Mihi librum locus</i> // Jennifer Graham	22
Untitled // Sophie Peters	23
Contemporary Criticism on Ancient Texts // Kira Cummings	24
Rescue 306 – SAR Swissair 111 // Jack Simpson	26
Sublime // Kyle Johnston	28
The Telescope's Biggest Fan // Natalie Toner	29
Editorial Note	30

*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

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

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.

Jackpot // Emma Cole

Lots of kids from my high school had jobs at the mall that summer. But I worked at the arcade, next to the movie theatre. It wasn't even a bad job. I ate popcorn and hotdogs from the concession stand. I played Stadium Arcadium over the speakers and learned to count quarters by weight. I got to watch people be bad at Guitar Hero, good at Skeeball.

Anyways, it wasn't a bad job. The claw machines were bogus, obviously. No one ever won the iPhone – the claw would always move at the last second. There was one big jackpot, on the Spin'n'Win – a game-show wheel that spun. The prizes ranged from nothing all the way up to three thousand tickets – the skinniest sliver on the wheel. Over the summer, I learned that it was all about the number of plays. It was just a countdown.

So, I started counting down. My last day was a Friday, and by Wednesday I was watching the game like a hawk. By Thursday I decided to go for it. I grabbed quarters from the cash register and went over to the wheel when no one else was around. I spent about half an hour there before giving up. Racked up some tickets, but nothing close to three thousand.

Friday was my last day. Some teenagers from those other stores came in. One of them went straight for that wheel. On her first spin, we watched as the flapper hovered over that fucking jackpot.

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.

Zenith // Olivia LeClair

She beat the fury in her breast against the malignant nature of our old town. Standing tall and proud, knee deep in stagnant water she juts her chin in the air, piercing the horizon like a jagged peak, screaming shrills of terror and confusion from a precipice. All alone her speech only in palindromes, endless circles spiralling around her, following, many trailing shadows. Rumbling, boiling and bubbling, the pools of her anger flowing and flooding, seething, festering malcontent, vile and breeding manipulations. Matters of the mind. Righteous self-hatred. Over and over, souls can be swept under ceaseless waves. Thundering and crashing. Plundering the jagged coastline. Fields of solitude stretch out as far as the eye can see. Sombre and sanguine tines of the pristine brush rustle softly in the slight breeze. Pulling thrashing limbs, the undertow sneaks up and seized their bright minds at unawares, the sun sets on their finest days, leaving them yet un-lived, forsaken upon the frozen ground that heaves great sighs in the spring, when the sun reaches zenith, a proud height of flame, a frenzy of fire, lashing like a whip overhead, flickering like racing thoughts, sudden seconds of light flashing by, sunbeams through sheer green leaves wave sombre farewell. The light of their eyes has dimmed. Their faces edify lacquered legends solidified. She screamed an ox's cry and a whole year's grief she shed.

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...

Demons to Freedom // Nicole Philpitt



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.

That Oversized Black Hoodie // Meg Pinder

The black cotton lays against your skin, it's rather functional. It's keeping you warm, it's making you feel safe. The fabric is soft not itchy. It is just some \$15 dollar sweater that you bought a while ago at Walmart. Some may ask why you bought a sweater so big? That in itself is a loaded question. Those may be the same people who ask you why you cut off all your hair? The ones who tell you "you are going through a phase".

What most people don't realize is this is your way for making the dysphoria bearable. What people don't see are the hours you are sitting alone in the dark crying because you were born in the wrong body. The constant hatred of how high your voice is, the constant realization you will never be as tall as your brother.

It's times like this you wish it were a phase so you could stop the goddamn voices in your head. The ones telling you, you will never be a real boy. The ones telling you, you will always be seen as a girl. The ones telling you, you are making this up. The ones telling you nobody is ever going to love you the same way. The ones telling you, you are good for nothing, a mistake.

To most people this sweater is just a couple pieces of cotton fabric sewn together. To you it's security. It's the barrier between your eyes and what you hate most. Yes, mentally you know under the sweater is the chest you hate, the chest you wish you could change. But it makes the mounds less visible,

you feel like those around you don't stare there as much.

You wish you could put the hood up and just fade into the shadows. You don't want to be the center of attention. But you also don't want to be the "little miss whatever" whatever new feminized nickname your mom, dad, grandma, or grandpa decided to call you that day. Knowing none of them truly understood why you cut your hair. Why you transitioned from wearing clothes that hugged your figure to those that make you look like a blob.

The colour might have been a fluke, but it signifies how you feel to the outside world. The lack of light represents the lack of hope. It's hard to feel hope when you feel like the world is against you. You know there are a lot of people out there who don't accept people like you. People who just want to freely be themselves. Though somewhere you find a spark of light, maybe it's the kid you see sitting alone, maybe it's the supportive online friends you have made. But maybe you yourself have been able to be the one who gets yourself out of those dark spirals.

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.

The Hill // Dahlia Erick

By nightfall it had dropped to minus twenty, but that one brief, beautiful afternoon I was home from university was made the most of. Everyone bundled up into their winter warmest, three generations each as gung-ho as the next to have a go. We traipsed up along the barbed-wire fence, 256 five-year-old steps to the top, my mini-me cousin announced triumphantly. We didn't actually climb to the top, my family's graveyard sits over the hill, we were only concerned with the bottom. More specifically: how fast we could reach the bottom. On all manner of toboggans, the Classic, the Inner Tube, the old-fashioned wooden Speed Demons, we sailed down that hill at shocking velocities... eventually.

First, it's helpful if there's already a track made; that first go round is always slow. Grandpa was inexplicably the first one down the hill, the same as two decades ago when it took me 256 steps to reach the top.

Second, it takes some balance and precision to reach maximum speed, so careful consideration must be taken to the size and order of the riders.

Third, all limbs must be securely on the toboggan or powder would fly into the riders' faces and make the whole endeavor exceptionally cold; at the top limbs were twisted around each other, while the toboggan stubbornly tried to slip away.

At this point, not the moment when everyone's ready but the moment someone stopped clinging to the powder, the toboggan was off. By late afternoon all these particulars are worked out and the speeds that are reached! Lord! Luckily, our adults are of the relaxed variety, they still recall their own dicey childhood experimentations with adrenaline. Speed isn't the biggest concern anyways; being a cow pasture, our hill ends with a barbed wire fence. It's ten meters out, but when you've got three teenage boys on a wooden sled rocketing down a 256-five-year-old-steps tall hill, that fence comes jumping out quick. The word "BAIL" is known instinctually. We need those childhood stories to look back on with a rueful shake of our sensible adult heads, like our adults do now.

I remember these afternoons of thrilling speeds from my childhood, but nowadays I also paused at the top to take in the Rocky Mountains that sweep out into the distance, as only adults do, to admire the peaks that dwarf our hillside. Tracks forged by the older adults twist out in front of me and my fearless younger cousins stand behind, cajoling me to hurry up and take my turn at the crystal-covered hill of our childhood.

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.

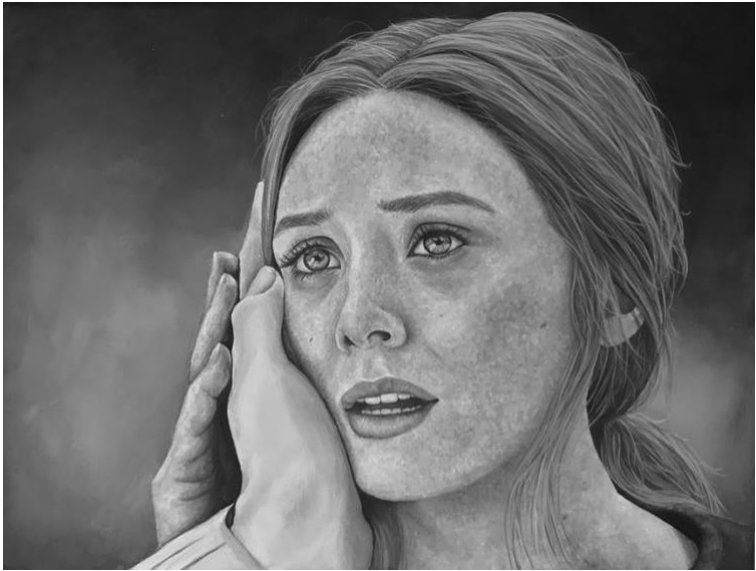
Now I sit in turmoil, drought. An ocean
only fills my lungs when I answer for
the expectations I fall short of again
and again. I cannot defend them;
that furious purpose I can’t jot down.
I hate it. I am wired with unbecoming change.

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.

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.

WandaVision // Hannah Fisk



First Impressions // Max Rowell

I'm not sure what I expected to happen when I pushed the button. All I knew was that I had done it, had accomplished something millions had dreamed of but only a few were ingenious—and unhinged—enough to even take steps toward. I wasn't arrogant enough to believe I could have done it all on my own. Time travel was the culmination of generations before me, each positing theories and equations and insane ideas. And I had finally, finally done it. There would be books about me, awards, maybe a documentary. I wasn't above a documentary.

Even as I reveled in my genius, a part of me wondered how no one had thought of this before. The groundwork had been laid for years. I was just the first to put the pieces together.

It was ridiculous, I thought, to speculate, when what I should have been doing was testing out my greatest accomplishment. Taking a breath, still fixated on my own brilliance, I stepped inside the grid of glowing lines and entered my equations for today's date and the date in which I wanted to arrive. I'd planned this for years, the perfect occasion, when I'd get to look my father in the eye and tell him that I figured it out. I'd spent years imagining the look on his face. The pride, the disbelief. The grid glowed dazzlingly around me, surrounding me in green light.

When the glare finally died, I carefully opened my eyes, victorious speech poised on my tongue. To my immense surprise, I was surrounded instead by

people I didn't recognize. A group of about twenty, a mix of men and women, some in jeans, some in sweats, some in lab coats, even a squinting woman in Victorian attire. She wasn't the only one dressed in seemingly antiquated clothing. Whirling, I found myself up against a set of metal bars that enclosed us in every direction. Past them was nothing at all. Nothing tangible, at least. Just a white light that seemed to stretch in every imaginable direction, suspending this cage full of strangers.

“What is this?” I shoved on the bars. “What happened?”

“You time travelled,” someone replied wearily. I turned again to find a tall woman with close-cropped hair and a frayed shirt slumped against the bars next to me. She looked exhausted, but the expression on her face bordered on sympathy. “Time travelling is illegal, punishable by eternal imprisonment.”

“Illegal?” I blinked. “How can it be illegal? I created it!”

She tilted her head. “I'm sorry. I'm sure you did,” she says, eyes flicking across the cell full of people, eyes deadened, and postures slumped. “But you were not the first.”

Mihi librum locus // Jennifer Graham

I've always wanted to be in your
walls

I love your spine
The way you talk to me
The way we converse

The candles burn bright
There you are
My intimate playmate

Together our imaginations create
stories
and
for a while I feel safe in your
arms

Until the clock strikes and
I am asked to proceed into
Loneliness
Uncertainly
Back to myself

More than a memory
You
Show up each day and pull me in
deep

Every inch of you is beautiful and
lush
Plump and juicy
Quenching every desire

Sssshhhhhh.....
(whispering)
May I keep you?

Untitled // Sophie Peters



Contemporary Criticism on Ancient Texts // Kira Cummings

Morality is not

the actual, the intelligible
the ontological

Gilgamesh – fear of death

Not for sins but for *chaos*
to go the way of the *mirror*

Watery reflection
Lakes of inflection
To drown therein

The gods of both ends
argued Achilles' wrath:

he was actual, not moral.

No sins to pay for —
No confession to hide from —
No good and no evil beyond translation —

MENIS:

RED as Ares.

RED as Mars.

RED as Death.

RED as Blood.

RED with passion.
RED with rage and iron.
RED for cherries, strawberries, cranberries.
RED rust. **RED** powder. Runes painted **RED**.
RED are the etchings. **RED** is the carnality.
RED on the horizon – the sunset; or is it rising?
Masque of the **RED** Death. **RED** Jasper.
Crimson **RED** garnet Jupiter
and **RED** rubied DAWN!!!

The sparkling jewels of the earth
Sun-glint multifaceted sanguine
Sinful to the angels
Beautiful to us.
Mammon.

They said it was *Moloch*, but it was the church:
Joyce's *Ulysess* via Nora's flatulence.

recognition rooted in realms of error
paradoxical; perverse; mercurial terror—

*“Quod est superius est
sicut quod inferius,
et quod inferius
est sicut quod
est superius”*

Rescue 306 – SAR Swissair 111 // Jack Simpson

“Are you the Captain?” Swissair’s Chief Safety Officer Capt Juerg Schmid asked me as I met him in the back of the aircraft.

“No Sir, I am the First Officer, the co-pilot.”

“That’s okay, First Officers are people too,” he smiled.

The other Swissair executive was the Vice President - Operations, and he was polite, but there was no smile. Our aircrew had searched the area earlier that morning, a pre-dawn launch. We were the second Hercules on scene, the first had launched the night before. Their aircrew was short on crew-day and had just returned to base. The crash scene was devastating – 229 souls lost, dismembered bodies could be seen among the fuel slicks and fuselage components that had floated to the surface. Coast Guard vessels and fishing boats from Sambro, Peggy’s Cove and elsewhere combed the debris field. The search and rescue mission would soon be re-classified as a recovery operation, and the Swissair executives were briefed that there was no possibility of survivors among the 229 passengers and aircrew of Swissair Flight 111.

Captain Schmid was a close friend of Captain Urs Zimmerman, the fallen pilot of Flight 111. They and their wives were to have dinner together that Saturday in Zurich, in celebration of Zimmerman’s 50th birthday. Schmid shared this with me prior to flight, forcing a short-lived half-smile. He was grieving for a close friend, for the aircrew, and for the passengers.

I did the same. I needed to fly; I did not have the luxury of yielding to my emotions.

My Aircraft Commander returned from his briefing with the Joint Rescue Coordination Center and briefed the crew and our Swissair friends. We took our crew positions for engine start with Capt Schmid behind me, flying from the right seat, and the Vice President behind the Aircraft Commander, on the left. On reaching the area, we slowed the aircraft and configured for a sector search – flaps set to 50-percent, 20 knots above stall speed.

Captain Schmid was very active and even agitated; the Vice President bewildered and seemingly in shock, ashen gray, still and silent. Schmid stood over my shoulder, holding a support handle we call the holy Jesus bar; never had the nickname seemed more appropriate. As though looking for his friend, he asked that we circle debris field after debris field, zeroing in on anything that looked human. This flight was about them; we dutifully complied with every request. As all the call arounds were from Captain Schmid, and all were referenced from his right-side windows, I maintained control per protocol as the right seat pilot. The aircraft buffeted as we completed circle after circle, flying through our own prop and aerodynamic turbulence. There was little room for error, flying 20 knots above stall, our senses heightened. One-hundred-plus decibels screamed from our engines and whirred from our props. Our engine exhaust breached the cabin, as again and again, we kept flying through it. So too did the salt air, we were that low, that slow. My senses were saturated!

Compartmentalizing, professional, turns to the right, flying from the right. Clearer images of carnage came into view, the fog lifting here and there, the fishing boats hauling human remains aboard. Our rescue helicopters were even lower than us, hoping against hope for survivors. Hairs on my body stood up. It was like trampling through a graveyard on a boyhood dare; I could feel the souls of the dead. I was fighting emotions, one hand on the flight controls while digging the fingers of my other hand into my knee pit so as to feel physical pain, and this in a futile attempt to stave off tears. It was a futile effort, the tears streamed down my cheeks, salting my lips, dripping from my chin. 229 souls. There really are no words that convey the feelings. Just grief, pure and simple grief.

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.

*Ekphrasis poem based on The Great Wave by
Katsushika Hokusai.*

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 light 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.

Editorial Note

Special thanks to Dr. Wanda Campbell for her encouragement and support on this edition of *estuary*. Her strong passion for this magazine has been felt by the editors and contributors over the past years and I am honoured to work alongside her on this edition.

This printed edition includes a wide array of poetry, short-stories, and artwork from both Fall 2021 and Spring 2022 submissions. The authors and artists within these pages demonstrated their courage and creativity, and I am beyond excited to have pieces from students across campus come together. I want to thank everyone who was brave enough to submit their work for Acadia to see. Without these students, *estuary* would simply 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 talents of contributors and editors alike.

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Editor // Rylie Moscato

Faculty Advisor // Wanda Campbell

Cover Art // Maple Sloan

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