



estuary

Acadia's Creative Arts Magazine

Spring 2016

Personal.press.Acadiau.ca/estuary/

Le mot écrit

Blanca Baquero

Au lieu de penser, je serais une pensée.
Je flânerais en rêvant
entre vents célestes et vents terrestres
jusqu'à ce qu'un certain poète
à la plume habile
me capte, m'enlève,
et me dépose sur une page.

Alors, dans une clarté transparente,
j'annoncerais
le chaos ou le triomphe,
la trahison ou la vérité.
Et pendant que je goûterais ma prouesse,
les Muses se réjouiraient de mon exploit :
d'être enfin devenue le mot écrit.

Alone

Nicole Havers

Lean back
swing around
change your clothes
laugh out loud
halfway sing
and other things
I imagine you do
when you're alone.

Stand up
fold the clothes
arrange the cups
in little rows
think of me
when we don't see
each other on nights
when we're alone.

Lay in bed
close my eyes
imagine your glow
on my left side
and in the black
I have you back
together even though
we're still alone.

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estuary creative arts magazine

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Response to Caitlyn Siehl

Alix Zandra Boyachek

“Do not fall in love with people like me.

I will take you to museums, and parks, and monuments, and kiss you in every beautiful place, so that you can never go back to them without tasting me like blood in your mouth.

I will destroy you in the most beautiful way possible. And when I leave you will finally understand, why storms are named after people.”

— Caitlyn Siehl, Literary SEXTS: A Collection of Short & Sexy Love Poems

I fell in love with only you.

Your beautiful disaster burned museums, and crumbled monuments, and flattened

landscapes. And the weight of your tidal wave still threatens to collapse my lungs.

I was struck down by your thunder and blinded by your lightning. And when you

left me, I finally understood, why people chase after storms.

estuary is published with the help of Acadia University and the Acadia Student Union. We publish two online issues a year and one print issue. The print issue is a selection of the best works displayed in the online issues, which can be found at Personal.press.Acadiau.ca/estuary/

Have a submission?

estuary accepts submissions of mostly creative writing, visual art, and original music (mp3 format), but is open to discussing other types of media. Submissions can be emailed to estuary@acadiau.ca

Anatomy of a Painted Face

Emily Cann

The lipstick goes on last
or so I learned from magazines
while we rifled through
stolen treasure from our mothers' make-up bags
tucked under the bathroom sink.

The lipstick goes on last,
so I erase all the sleepless nights beneath my eyes
then foundation to cover the imperfections
a foundation to build up broken smiles—
the base of all beauty comes from
this pore-clogging coat

The lipstick goes on last,
so I take a black pencil and colour in the spaces between—
more imperfections, voids that require filling—
my eyes are too full of sadness so I hide them behind
black bars of lengthened lashes
fear of a black river down my cheeks
keeps the tears from spilling

The lipstick goes on last,
so I reapply a synthetic touch of blood to my cheeks
controlling all that
rosy red shyness,
the heat in my cheeks that reminds me I'm alive
that's not for others to see.
I blink twice to see if it's really me
staring back.

The lipstick goes on last.
I uncap it to see the pinks and reds inside,
touch it to my lips—
the source of intellect,
expression,
the last outlet I possess
now painted devil's raging red
to leave a trail
of all I've kissed.

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Preface

For my final year at Acadia, and on the estuary board, I want to reflect and give thanks to all of those who have helped support the fine arts at Acadia over the year. This town is blessed to have such beautiful areas to inspire art. University itself has so many changes and choices it forces you to make, and those emotions, good or bad can encourage one to lift a pen to paper and let it out. Living on a hill, being able to look out at the places around you and the people who shaped you can be a startling thought when you're at a place encouraging you to think, so I want you all to take a pause and think about where you have come from, now and again, and see how far you've come.

A huge thank you goes out to Wanda Campbell, who is a fantastic professor, a great listener to any questions, and still managed to find the time to send people with submissions towards estuary. To Acadia University and the Acadia Student Union for their continued support of our magazine, thank you as well. To my editorial board, as many of us are graduating this year, I wish you well in all your endeavors and thank you for all the hard work you put into estuary during your time here. To the ones who will continue on with estuary or join it in the future, I wish you all the best, and hope that estuary continues to be a creative outlet for all artists at this school. Finally, I send a giant thank you to the creative minds at Acadia University and the community that continues to submit, read, and support *estuary*.

-Andrea MacMurtry
Editor in Chief
March 2016

Untitled Two

Erica Clark



Inconvenient Melody

Emily Cann

the problem
with dating a musician
you see

the keys and
strings
that dance for him
will leave you feeling lonely

the problem
with dating a musician
you understand

the music might engulf you
both
but he is always
at the heart of it

the problem
with loving a musician
you know

while he decorates the
silence
you must dance
alone.



Wait of Responsibility

Amy Elsie

Knisja tal-Madonna tas-Silg

Amy Parkes

The Church of Our Lady of the Snows

I am no more than a mason.
A mockery of God's most
magnificent.
But from dust
so to dust again;
let my crimes crumble beneath the weight
of all
I've built.

A rule of thumbs: more miracles happen
before the eyes
of non-believers.

Snow was not the only thing that fell
on that strange summer night.

The queen wept,
and I caught her sacred tears
with these calloused, profane hands.
There are ruins on the southwest hills; those slabs
burn limestone white
in the sun,
wavering with the heat, you might think
they were rose petals.

Wilted Black-Eyed Susans

Danielle Duchin

Subdued as the soft pink on old floral upholstery
Sun shines on copper skin from the market stalls to the Saint-Antoine
restaurant

The flesh is cool with dew when the sun is only a yellow stain on the
horizon

I wish the waves would always brush forward and never pull back
I wonder if the girls would still recognize me at the ice cream stand
Next year at this time I won't be here

Untitled One

Erica Clark



ENGL 1001

Danielle Duchin

"What is the significance of this passage to the rest of the text?"

I'm going to avoid your gaze and turn my head like I'm perplexed.

"Should I rephrase the question?"

You could, but I'll just turn my head the other direction.

"Why don't you tell me what you noticed about this passage?"

Hold on a sec; I got a text message.

"Was there a part of it you didn't understand?"

And make myself look dumb? I'm not raising my hand.

"Will you speak if I add two points to your paper from Monday?"

Wait. Were we supposed to write an essay?

"Am I speaking in a foreign language? In gibberish?"

No, but the German students skipped because they have an assignment to finish.

"Did anyone do the reading for today?"

I'll do it during the break; it's on the way.

"How would you feel if I stood up here and never said anything?"

I wouldn't mind; it would give me more time for facebook creeping.

"Have you walked into the wrong class and are too embarrassed to say so?"

"Or are you wax fakes set here for a prank show?"

"Is the prerequisite for this course to have a missing tongue?"

"Was there an atomic explosion this morning that ruptured each eardrum?"

"Are you participating in a silent protest against the decline of the humanities?"

"Did you learn nothing from the discussion last week on the three ironies?"

"Have I gone mad from this stress?"

Your previous questions suggest yes.

"Can someone please say something? Or are you all just figments of my imagination?"

I wonder if should wait to ask for an extension.

Time to Die

Victoria Fink

I dug trenches at Vimy,
mud sucking at my legs
while I shovelled down -
shells and bullets blasting overhead
tearing human flesh
souls crying, howling, wailing
for your embrace.
I felt you in my shadow,
closing in on me,
dogging my steps,
and I waited for that bullet,
that shell,
that bomb,
to rip me to shreds.

I made it home
to the arms of my family,
where guilt *wreaked* me -
red hands smothered
covered in imaginary blood -
wondering why you left me,
and took so many others.

The years flew by:
married, children, the works.
Life went on and swept me away,
gruesome memories locked-
thrown away.

Time crept on,
and snuck up on me,
my weathered face and lined hands
showing the years I've lived,
but now I feel you again,
hovering behind me
on the edge of my senses,
waiting for me to fall,
for my bones and body to fail me
instead of flying bombs and bullets.

A black bird sings outside my window
while my shaking, clean hands wrap around a rosary.
I remember my past,
vivid, red, and horrible,
and the comfort you gave
to my friends -

no longer enemies, I wait.

Meeting Place

Nicole Havers



Childish Desires

Amy Parkes

To the darkness hiding
in my hollows I say:
come out, come out, where
ever
you are. I am ready
to be swallowed, ready
to be faint footprints
and shadows.

To the darkness hiding
in my hollows, I say:
Red Rover,
come over.
I am ready to bleed
under your teeth. I am ready for
the sting that means
still living.

To the darkness hiding
in my hollows, I say:
mister wolf, your time
has come.
Enough of these childish games. Play instead
with matches
ashes, ashes
we all fall down with the burning house and rub
smoke
from our eyes.

I am ready to wipe the soot from the mirror and see only
the purity of bones
looking back.

Tea of the Month

Nicole Havers

Secretly, I will always want
your tea, no matter
the leaves or the season,
but just cannot afford it

Sometimes my tongue melts
out of my mouth and onto the floor
I gather it up in a little pot
so I can dip my pen in it

Willows

A lipogram by Kaitlin Wilcox

along lost back roads
maps not brought to look for
amazing finds and willows with long
drooping lanyards of mint, sap and moss.
hanging aloft running brooks
you and I will call out
a short story of our past
across satin plains and touch
harsh bark from aging oak
and magically
as though it was God's plan
it turns from you and I
simply to
us

V For

Amy Parkes

I.
V
is for victor,
to whom go the spoils.
V
is for vicar,
to whom I confess.

II.
Forgive me, father,
for I have sinned.

III.
Built from eighty-three years of habit,
he carves two deep slashes
into every surface he claims his own. V is for Vic,
or Chief,
or Daddy,
depending.

IV.
All his little birds
half Jewish, half Catholic, and
wholly superstitious,
we know better than to give knives
as gifts.
What say the laws
of inheritance?

V.
It took us three days to go through his belongings.
His pocketknife
on his dresser
untouched.

Suddenly his life is reduced to an ancient sea-going duffel bag and
one box.

My big sister
picks up the pocketknife.
Deeply gouged into the walnut handle and painted in
with white-away
a V.
One must never give knives.

Daddy,
we know you didn't do it on purpose.

VI.
My big sister holds the folded knife very carefully.
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She takes my hand in her own, wraps
my fingers
around the smooth handle.
"I think this belongs to you,"
she says.
Inheritance is a tricky thing. What goes down
to the eldest,
to the favourite,
to the baby?
What goes down by bloodline?

VII.
A year later my big sister
wraps the two deep gouges I've cut
into my arm
a V
for grief.

Inheritance is a tricky thing.

VIII.
Forgive me, Daddy.
I didn't do it on purpose.