

# estuary

acadia's creative arts magazine

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## Music

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## Acadia, In the End

The end is near – at least, it's said

Whether by rising tides or the risen dead  
Or a date left off the calendar – either way  
One day soon we'll wake  
To find it crumbling, they say.

And though I don't believe it, I still  
Find myself imagining it true –  
What then? I can see shattered cities and a sky  
Bruised black with smoke and silt  
A world blazed raw, the sound of fear - I  
Can see it – but not here.

I imagine coming out one day to find  
Waters lapping at the edges of the street –  
And students wading  
Through it with their hoods up, wondering  
What meal hall has to eat.

If at night zombies lurch from grave confines  
And come grasping, brain-hungry –  
(They should wait until the New Year, then –  
Exams do not promote nutritious minds)  
Perhaps they'll balk; the smell  
Of the local bar may drive them off –  
I can see the dead, slack jawed and amazed,  
Watching drunken students laugh and stumble  
Past them, with shoes and skirts askew  
(They should be careful –  
The crows are hungry too.)

In the quad, an argument will break  
Over what sort of apocalypse it is –  
Zombies will just be lost in Chase.  
The halls of Seminary will echo long  
With bothered ghosts in silent throngs.

Dennis will laugh, and Barrax too;  
Tully quiet, Cutten high and new,  
But to watch the world come to an end,  
Tower may have the finest view.

I'll stand atop the campus, looking down  
To floodwaters, fires and the dead  
Check my phone and think *it's time for bed* –

*It's getting late. The world is ending! Yet –  
When you wake up, we all enduring will  
Be toiling, yawning, down our impassive hill.  
~Meredith MacEachern*

## The Banana\* Blues: For Langston

### Hughes

I'm bluer than blue

A branch thicker than the root  
A banana unlike any other fruit

But my growth has been severed and burned

Like a scale with weight it cannot measure  
The music of my white soul  
Is melancholy, oppressed  
Singing without words  
Confined within black bars

I'm bluer than blue  
A composer without compositions  
A conductor without a baton  
To even guide himself

The song beats away as  
I'm singing my blues

\*American/British/Canadian-born Chinese  
(ABC/BBC/CBC's) are often called 'bananas'  
because they are 'yellow-skinned but  
white-hearted.'

*~Allen Qing Yuan*

## Genetically Modified

stuck here under this fluorescent lighting,  
eyes sunk in with bruises that could last a lifetime.  
swollen with a decade of perceived abnormality,  
windows to the soul that will never flutter again or  
see the light of day that dares to touch this  
porcelain skin.

marked with Dr. Frankenstein's pen,  
this encasement is no longer occupied.

awaiting the knife  
this porcelain doll lays lifeless under the  
microscope,  
the scent of stale skin and disposed organs lingers  
in the air.  
like a patient in the waiting room a long process  
will entail,  
where misplaced features will no longer reign.

soon enough these false sheets will be a pool of  
blood,  
with remembrance of slicing flesh and  
creating perfection staining deep,  
and cursed with the image of a blue eyed beauty,  
where Jack the Ripper took his victims.

knives cut deep and spark crimson.  
needles used to rid the pain,  
slicing and dicing at the self loathing and flawed  
body under the heat  
a lifelong road to perfection.

stitched up like a voodoo doll the Dead rises,  
where eyes sealed shut and rubber lips are the main  
attractions,  
killing time is up and she's got the detail to prove  
it,  
a mere memory of a psychotic genetic rampage.

a savior to the unfortunate and the weak,  
a legal slaughterhouse of the innocent and naïve,  
where mercy is left in the real world,  
in substitution for a lifelong commitment  
to the face of a mannequin.

~ Cara Williams

## Natural Confrontations

1/ Octopus

To escape  
From its predator  
The octopus ejects the ink  
From its brain and belly at the same time  
Trying desperately to dye the whole ocean  
Into a world of dream water  
Murkier than mud

2/ Leaf

Like a wounded soldier  
Still firmly holding his position  
The leaf is the only one left  
Hanging at the tip  
Of a young maple tree  
Determined to deter, to stop  
The invasion of an entire cold season

3/ Snowflake

The last snowflake  
Drifting around in a hidden corner  
Of last year  
Finally falls down  
Yet slowly, as though to dissolve  
With its white hand and crystal soul  
All the shadows  
Piled up, still piling  
Over the night

~Changming Yuan

## Neo

~Dedicated to Neo, he who can.

A caged sparrow,  
he becomes the wheel  
chair to which he is  
bound.

His infantile  
wings fold inward,  
his feathers never  
rustle free in the wind.

Fragile, tense and  
seized by palsy pain,  
his eyes soar with hope as he  
rounds his lips and

strains to blow a  
single  
bubble;  
strains

to become  
a child  
again  
for the first time.

"I...can't," he gasps—  
he inhales a new breath  
again and again,  
it takes half an hour

until  
an iridescent  
bubble takes  
flight.

His meek, determined  
breath plants life anew:  
weightless, painless, flying  
free:

Neo.

~ *Rose Grieder*

## Raven

Although all ravens long for freedom bliss  
and take to the sky to learn of all things,  
know this: I do thee love. A strange abyss  
exists where you are gone. Spread not your wings.  
Your burning love sparks an endless ember  
within my heart; be wary raven, star,  
of thought that brings you shame. Please remember  
just how perfectly imperfect you are.

~*Katrina Brooks*

## Pointless Perseverance

Shining sheets of steel  
March down the smoothly paved road  
While fair maidens and young boys wave their men  
away  
Dull grey men  
Fathers and brothers with time to waste  
Load onto ships lying in bays  
To die alone in foreign lands.  
The shame! The shame!  
No really what a shame!  
Building a wall of pebbles to stop the tide  
Or a lasso to pull at the moon.  
Let's build a fortress without our hands  
Stop a river with our minds  
Unite all kingdoms with the sweep of our hands  
No really, flood a desert with your tears  
See what the cacti have to say to that

Futile, Pointless  
A waste of the mind  
Throw forth your hand  
Glance not behind  
Forget the past  
Embrace the mind

~*Austin Huang*

**A Sentry's Post** (above) and **Reflexion** (below)

~ *Kela Larocque*



## Untitled 1

With the setting of the sun

The colours fade  
Like an old coat of arms.  
Each ambition of the day  
Is slowly extinguished.  
~*Sherri Springle*

## String Me Along

When you embrace me fast beneath your chin

And when against your collar I do rest,  
Sweet sings our harmony that from within  
My resonating heart, I can't contest.

As fingers softly skim around my neck,  
Some how you always know which strings to press  
To promise passion that I can not check,  
And make me trust it's your love you confess.

Your sole reward for my fidelity:  
Staccato ecstasy that flees with you.  
Beneath your masterful stroke; enmity  
Forgotten for my purpose felt anew.

But when alone, my love turns to chagrin,  
For you just play me as your violin.  
~*Kathryn Henderson*

## Swan Lake Waltz

Moonlit ball masquerades tonight

Princely ladies, Fine Gentleman

We are through the night with heads hung back  
Ticklish grass lightly kissing our feet  
Nocturnal twirl, Spiral of the night  
Twirl, twirl with the stars  
Colourful blend  
Soft gold, loud silver  
Just missing each other's toes  
A duo from moon glades  
Midnight ball lit up like noon  
Warm darkness with a gentle embrace

Minstrels flowing through their flutes  
Ever moving, ever pushing  
Brass punching light in to the night  
Mingle, mingle lively dances  
Twirl into tables  
Twirl into chairs  
Push over the cake  
The host doesn't care  
Dance into the twilight  
Asleep at the daylight.  
~ *Austin Huang*

## Rebirth

I'm waiting for the bells to stop

These old friends of mine,  
singing through the rain

break the metal from my bones

clash the curtains with the sea breeze  
and set the sands to flow

A pair of pigeons upon the roof  
of a brick wall  
discard  
the senselessness of hollow bones  
and plummet from the sky

It is in me to rebel

the blood pools in their feet  
as they stand  
listlessly  
staring  
at the shadows  
cast  
from the setting sun

~*Jennifer Galambos*

## Spoken Word 3

So. Let me ask you again. Let me ask you again for a light.

Let me ask you for a light because you and me, we're in an endless night that crawls its way through  
absolution.

And I'm sitting in the dark watching a slideshow of evolution, like the shadows on someone's cave  
long before there was the concept of freedom and slaves.

Nobody told me it was revolution. Because I don't remember how I learned how to walk, or the part  
where they told me to run, or how all the light fell out of the sun.

Maybe we should go back to the start.

But we know better. It's not as easy as shifting back the moon or stamping that envelope with the note  
"Return to Sender"

Because I may not remember learning how to walk but I can still feel the ache in my knees and the  
scrapes on my palms and all the past wrongs etched in on the inside of my eyelids.

So that when I fall asleep all I can see is the whites of your eyes like two stars who have abandoned  
their constellation in search of planets not bound by their rotation.

And that light that fled left a thread of darkness that stretches and spills its way into the sea. And all  
those inside who long to be free are screaming, "I *must* be blind" because they can't seem to find a way  
out.

And goddamnit all I need is a light. A light for the cigarette between my fingertips, the burning red  
ember at the base of my lips. Light this cigarette so I can send a smoke signal to those stars who shed  
their

concern by forgetting to burn. Because I've lost my way home and all I have is a backwards map inked  
into my skin for all the places I've been and no flashlight to light the way home.

*~Jennifer Galambos*

## Untitled



*~ Riley MacKinnon*

## Quiet Tracks



*~Erin Anderson*

## Undone

No matter what I've said to you, you know that you're the only one I ever want to be weak with. You're the only one that I'll let watch me cry, because I know you'll tell me to suck it up and get on with my life. I need that, and you stole it from me. The hardest part now is that you're the one I would've turned to when I got that shitty grade, or when my water heater broke, but I can't. You're not going to answer my calls anymore, and I hate you for that.

But then, after all the times you've been there for me, and I can't even be there for you now. I love you-can't-even-show-up-when-it-counts-much. And I'm so selfish that after all you've gone through all I want to do is bitch about *my* paper, and how stupid this guy in *my* class is like none of your shit ever happened. If I were you I wouldn't answer my calls either.

Does me not crying every day mean that I've lost you completely? I don't think so, because when they were shuffling around at some bullshit ceremony, proving they loved you more because they could afford to go, I was here, where you would've been had it been me. Right here, sitting on our musty old blue couch with the sticky cup holders and the levers that haven't worked in years, the one that we found a family of mice living in when I moved away.

And I actually thought I was fine, but then my mom called today, and I told her I was busy. I feel bad lying to her, but I can only hear the question, "how are you?" with that stupid fucking tone dripping with sorry, trying to get me to break down and tell her how hard it's been so many times before it starts to build anger where the sad used to be. I can handle the anger without you. I don't know what to do with the sad.

But I'm supposed to "move on" though right? That's the bullshit you always hear in movies. I don't really know what that means without totally letting you go, though. Oh well. So here, on the lumpy old couch, I bury you in the virgin ground of my heart, while they bury you in the cold dead earth.

~ *Meaghan Smith*

## The Mouse

Once there was a mouse. A mouse with whiskers, which the mouse cleaned frequently after they had brushed in the dust of Behind-The-Walls and Under-The-Fridge, and especially In-The-Clock. The mouse also had short brown fur which the mouse cleaned just as much as the whiskers, but more to rid the bristles of the biting nits that leapt onto the mouse's back whenever he ventured Out-Of-The-House. All this being Behind and Under and In and Out was necessary for the mouse's survival. Behind was where those flaking silk-moths came to expire in a puff of a final landing. Their eyes were especially delicious to the mouse, the crunch of the thorax particularly pleasing.

Under always availed the mouse with crumbs of cheese or old crackers, or smears of sweet cream or milk: soured but good. Out was where succulent worms reared their pink heads to plunge back into the black soil, making sport for the sharp, clipping nip of the mouse's front teeth.

But In-The-Clock... what did In provide for the mouse, except for occasional dry woodlice which the mouse found tasteless and mossy?

You'd have to ask the mouse, but my personal opinion is... nothing. Nothing crunchy or deliciously pink, or nibs of chocolate or coffee beans. The Grandfather clock faced the East windows, on whose ledges the mouse had often sat, and chewed a strip of rind while the brown fur warmed and the plump tail flicked at dried-up flies.

In the mornings, light slides through the windowpane-frost and the round face of the clock to pool on the platform that holds the round brass wheels, steel springs and iron bolts.

This is where the mouse sits, brown bristles lit up gold at the ends, almost melting in the brightness of the small, glowing chamber. The mouse sits on the big brass wheel and glides round and around, cleaning his fur and whiskers. Even the mouse's ears are limned in the light, the small hairs glowing precise and white.

I'm not sure why the mouse goes up there. His nest is elsewhere, and there is no food among the occasional shuffling woodlice, but perhaps you can guess, as I have. Imagine that mouse, simply sitting, the shadow hands ticking counter-clockwise, the numbers in black, reversed.

Round he goes, again and again. You really have to wonder what he sees in the chamber of glowing brass wheels, springs, shafts, and coils. It could be dust making that nose twitch. But the way he sits so spellbound in 360 degrees, makes me think of awe.

*~Ceileigh Mangalam*

## Dusk at Lake Champlain



*~ Erin Anderson*

Music Archive:

## At the End of the Day

*~ Adam Clarke*

*(The above musical composition is available at the online music archive of Estuary:  
[www.acadiou.ca/estuary](http://www.acadiou.ca/estuary))*