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The Trinity Review

WIN TER 2024

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Winter Edition 2024



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Cover by: Mei Linh Cheng
Back Cover: Mei Linh Cheng

THE TRINITY UNIVERSITY REVIEW 136.1
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The Trinity Review is crafted and published at Trinity College, University of Toronto which is on the traditional lands of the Huron-Wendat and Petun First Nations, the Seneca, and Mississaugas of the Credit River; we are immensely grateful for the opportunity to operate on a land that has been under the care of First Nations for thousands of years. We would also like to draw attention to the fact that the land Trinity College is currently on came to the University of Toronto through government land grants made possible by the disposition of land from original First Nations caretakers. For those of us who are settlers on this land and members of Trinity College, we recognize our responsibility towards reconciliation with both Indigenous peoples and the land itself.

As a literary journal we would also like to express our gratitude for the stories which Indigenous storytellers, authors, and peoples across Turtle Island have shared with us. Our editorial board commits itself to listening and learning from these stories; we ask our readers to do the same.

In Tkaronto, these stories might have been told in languages such as Wyondat, Seneca, and Anishinaabemowin. Many of these languages need greater protection and UNESCO has declared 2022-2032 the decade for Indigenous Languages. We call on the University of Toronto to fulfill call to action #16 of the TRC.

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Memory harbours in souvenirs — often buried away in well-worn jackets, lost in childhood bedroom clutter, or deserted in the glove box of an abandoned car. Still, they pulsate, bearing recollections and remembrances we yearn to grasp onto or crave to forget. TR136.1 scrapbooks these weary moments of wistfulness: the tattered postcards of our past, the yellowing letters in unopened envelopes, and the forgotten faces in rusting locket. We hope you hold onto them, hold them up to the light, and find yourself in their reflections.

As The Trinity Review lurches into its 136th year, we would like to extend our gratitude toward our past and present contributors for their endowment of the most vulnerable spaces of an artist's mind. Furthermore, we would like to thank all the editors, design editors, event coordinators, and treasurers on our team for their unrelenting commitment to our journal. This publication would not have been possible without the collective dedication of every member of our team.

Now, we must leave you with The Trinity Review's Winter Journal for you to discover the trinkets at the bottom of the drawer and the knick-knacks collecting dust on the shelves. Whether this journal allows you to excavate memorabilia of lazy summer afternoons or confronts you with what haunts you when the lights go off, we can only hope that you find it to be a worthwhile collection of the literary and the arts.

Sincerely,
Editors-in-Chief

penny

Phoebe Sozou

i didn't take your scarf but i thought about it 'till september came. summer broke across the crag, spilling sunlight over terracotta roofs and cats stretched out beside the road. the whole world flung out before us like a wrinkled quilt, do you remember? my clumsy hands and your liver-spotted ones. loose change stashed under couch cushions. smile lines. you never went looking for god, you let him come to you—the last time you climbed the mountain he must have found what he was searching for, because you never came back down.

i didn't take your scarf but i tried to, i swear. it was thick and green and it smelled like you, and i knew when i saw it slung over the side of the bed that i wanted it. mama thinks you made it but she says she's not sure. i think it doesn't matter. i think the weight of it would've been enough. i think that i would slip away from a hundred family dinners to sit in a room filled with garbage bags, to sit with the space where your socks used to be.

i didn't take your scarf but i took a spool of thread and two crocheted squares instead. a weaving woman, a waiting woman, we've all heard this one before—me in the car, you at the door, crashing together, your loom still sitting in the cellar. mama tells us how you stitched your family back together quicker than they could pull themselves apart; six chairs and a table do not an island make, but you fished our living room out of the sea and gave it stable ground. owl eyes, tablecloths, pinprick scars, your arm bent over my cradle. ithaca was built by a mother, not a soldier. did you notice when the wool turned pink?

i didn't take your scarf but i thought about it 'till september stole those sunny days away. summer broke its back across the crag, spilling sunlight over wayward roads that wound up nowhere and left the village wanting. a windless world flung out before us like one of your quilts, do you miss it? i've got your spool in my pocket and your picture back at home. i'm going to look for you in everything, i promise. i'm going to wait for you at the door.

In Her Purse

Pádraig T. Watson

I want a girl, with the following in her purse:

a small packet of tissues,

a keyring holding at least four but no more than nine keys,

a library card,

a debit card,

Two loyalty cards, one to a grocery store, and one to somewhere more frivolous,

I want a girl, with the following in her purse:

a picture of herself when she was younger,

and a picture of a family member.

I want a girl, with the following in her purse:

Her glasses case, with one of those little swatches of soft microfiber material to clean the lens.

Her glasses, in a pocket directly above the glasses case—not very well-protected.

Some socks. Small ones. Anklets. A reserve pair. Sometimes her feet get wet.

I want a girl, with the following in her purse:

Forty dollars cash, or the equivalent in local currency.

Some barrettes.

A bobby pin.

A hair elastic.

Her cell phone (only usually, sometimes it's in her jacket pocket).

A coupon ripped off of a flyer, because there were no scissors around.

It's for laundry detergent.

I want a girl, with the following in her purse:

There's a roll of mints, preferably Certs, with the foil tightly wrapped around what's remaining,

A sticker for her next dental appointment, still stuck to the wax paper it came on, it has a cartoon of an anthropomorphized tooth.

Three toothpicks too.

I want a girl, with the following in her purse:

A thermal receipt that is old enough nothing can be read off of it.

Her mid-tier brand set of earbud headphones, with the wire neatly wrapped up and tucked snugly into a small pocket.

I want a girl, with the following in her purse:

A post-it note, the sticky part on the back of which has claimed some lint and fuzz,

the business card of a nice flower shop, the one that did an arrangement she saw somewhere, but can't remember where.

The business card for an auto body shop offering a 10% discount on lube, oil, and filter—in the corner she has scribbled a number, but it's super difficult to know if it's a date or a phone number, there's no name attached.

The business card for a woman she met downtown who works for a financial planner—she's been thinking of getting smarter with her money. Maybe she'll start investing and taking her retirement planning more seriously. She told me this over Nicaraguan coffee.

A credit card, with an appropriate credit score attached to it somewhere in the ether.

I want a girl, with the following in her purse:

A Merlin English Premier League Sticker, #301, it's of Teddy

Sheringham from the 1999-2000 season. It looks like her friend's dad

and she wants to show it to her, but she hasn't seen her in months. She got it from me. It's ok, there were a lot of duplicates that year.

I want a girl, with the following in her purse:

The online code to a rapper's mixtape. You can access the mixtape for free. His rap name is Arrogant Flow, with the air part stylized A-I-R in some places, but he introduced himself as Anthony because he thought she was "fly. Usually he doesn't give out his real name." She tore the corner off to stick a chewed piece of gum to one day without tearing through any of the code, even though it's highly unlikely she'll ever go online and listen to the album.

I want a girl, with the following in her purse:

A card for a free donair. You need to buy eight and the ninth one is free. She doesn't actually eat that many donairs and has only been to the place the card is for twice. She didn't even get a stamp the first time either. But the second time she was with her friend and the guy working accidentally stamped a little bit across the two and the three so he said "Shit, that was a bad stamp. I'll just give you three stamps." So on the card there are three stamps that look like little gyros and they are all a bit blurry so they kind of look like psychedelic gyros, or gyros you'd see if you were so hungry you started hallucinating Greek food. Except purple. Because the ink pad was a kind of blueish-purple. You would bet on the stamps coming out more blue based on the look of the ink pad if I'm honest. But they definitely come out more of a purple-ish tone. She's pretty sure she won't even get to eight gyros before this place closes. It's in a bit of a weird location in that it's hard to see from the street that gets most of the walking traffic. But since she got a stamp for free, which she sees as fortunate, she's holding on to it.

I want a girl, with the following in her purse:

There's a picture cut out of SPIN magazine from a feature on the Yeah Yeah Yeahs. It's of Karen O. It was from the issue where the band was on the cover. April 2006 some research shows. She originally cut it out because she thought she might like to get her hair cut into the short-cropped bowl cut that Karen O has. She must have been feeling avant garde at the time. She never got her hair cut exactly like that but she did mix up the style in some interesting ways. The picture had been pinned to a cork board in her room when she was in university. There had been some other pictures too but for some reason she stuck this one into her purse. The edges are a bit crumpled, but considering the weight of the magazine paper it's in pretty good condition for being more than a decade old. She always kept it between a couple of harder objects and now has it folded—along the edges only—to make it smaller and tuck the crumpled edges out of sight, and it fits into her wallet behind where she keeps her money. Now she uses it for inspiration, or at least that is what she considers its official purpose. She still feels a strong sense of admiration for Karen O but doesn't listen to the Yeah Yeah Yeahs all that often anymore. At least not actively putting them on for herself. You still hear "Maps" played every once and a while. She did cut this one out, it wasn't ripped. So either she used to have more time for things like that or she valued it more than a coupon which could afford to have less clean lines around the sides.

I want a girl, with the following in her purse:

A wallet.

And a travel size nail clipper and emery board set. That might come in handy.



Scrapbook of the Last Year
Christina Dinh

Mixed media collage
8.5 × 11 inches
2023

The Difference Between n and ñ Selena Mercuri

I keep a vial of sand on my nightstand
as a tribute to the crashing waves,
the sandy shore, and the palm trees
that sway in the warm breeze. I want to remember
the pastel houses that line the roads and the sounds
of the children swimming in the river.
Cuba is dark at night and the streets are illuminated
by stars rather than streetlights.
I make paper kites with my uncle
while my grandmother makes fried plantain
and arroz con frijoles negro.
I keep a vial of my Cuban-ness
on my nightstand so that I remember
how to roll my Rs, so that I remember
the difference between n and ñ.
I want to remember who I am.

Skeleton Keys

Saige Severin

The old dirt path is a scraggly thing. It turns off the main road like a cosmic afterthought, some young god scribbling lines on a half-baked world in the corner of his room. The road, like the world, discarded by the heavens. It doesn't lead to much. Just a long, aching climb down uncertain slopes to a ramshackle house that had seen better days fifty years ago. Now its days are less than numbered; they're in the negatives. All things end in time, and don't those walls know it. Now if only their owner could admit it to himself, take one last look at the long-unwound clock and give up that final ghost.

David could have saved himself a two-hour trudge through October-frigid rain if he'd only rented a car in town. No way to get a car down the dirt path, though. He'd have to turn off into some damp clearing and trust unseen strangers not to steal it, and trust isn't something David excels at these days. Besides, he doesn't mind the rain. It seems to fit the mood.

He walks down that old road a quarter-hour after dusk, watching his own ratty white sneakers step carefully in the waning moonlight. He makes it past the jagged rocks and the roots and the gravel and the corpse of a sled he tried to build one winter, still visible from the path like some kind of mossy, half-rotten headstone for a childhood he can't quite remember. The days blur together out here, sunbaked afternoons bleeding into dew-cold mornings with the crackle of an evening fire in-between. He's not sure if he ever rode that old sled. He doesn't think he built the runner quite right.

Rich copper light shines out from the kitchen window, and David finds the door unlocked. He takes off his sneakers at the door, not bothering to be quiet. There's a pile of lukewarm eggs sitting in the middle of a cracked plate on the kitchen counter, waiting for him.

David shovels them down with his fingers, rinses his hand off in the rusting old sink, and makes his way to the sagging, puke-green couch that he begged for his folks to let him buy, over thirty years ago now. Half a month's wages it was. Worth it. David lets that musty fabric smell cover him like a second skin and drag him down to rest. For just a few hours.

He doesn't wake so much as surface, a new chill beneath his fingernails and a weariness written into the lines on his face. The rattling sound of an old gas stove beckons him back into the kitchen, running fingers through his hair as he goes. As if either of them cares about grooming these days. As if his father doesn't look twice as unkempt and three times as tired.

David pulls out a chair at the table and settles into it. Lets the splinters dig into his bare arms. His father stands with his back to the room, laser-focused on a kettle of water. It's been boiling for a few minutes now, but still his father watches.

"There's a bunch of leftover stew in the fridge," says Tom. "A whole pot's worth. Made it a week ago with the last veggies from the garden out back. Not much else here worth saving, but you should take that with you when you go. Hate to see it go to waste."

David plants his elbows on the table and sinks his face into his hands. He stares down at the woodgrain, an old birch that he helped his father fell and chop and shape and sand and polish until they had something they'd be proud to eat from. "I think," he answers slowly, "that you and me got different ideas about where I'm gonna be going."

A huff of laughter from the old man. A kind sort of noise. Like an elderly dog would make.

"Back home," he says. "To your own damn place a hundred miles from here, with a big container of stew and whatever else you feel like takin' along with you."

"I'm not takin' anything, Dad."

The screech of the kettle finally grows too shrill, its death throes screaming out at a pitch too high for either man to hear the whole of. Tom lifts it from the stove and pours it slow over a mess of coffee grounds lying on a brown paper filter. Both men watch the glacial drip of dark blood from filter to mug. Tom moves away the kettle when the cup is full. Puts it back on the stove. Lets the screams start up again. He places the mug down in front of David and a splash of coffee escapes from the porcelain rim, set free by the tremble of Tom's hands. Neither man moves to clean the spill away. They watch it drip down and circle up. A new ring of time on that worn old wood.

"Don't take anything, then," Tom says. Real quiet. Like he's letting the kettle speak for him. "Leave the stew to the rats for all I care. But you're goin'. In a day or two, maybe. I don't got much longer than that."

David doesn't like to think about time. He left his watch back home, collecting dust on the front hall table. No need for it out here, where hunger counts the hours like a metronome and dusk only falls when it damn well pleases. Besides, Tom doesn't keep any clocks around the house. Says it's bad manners to ask God what's taking so long.

He listens to the kettle screech, head still in his hands, as the coffee loses its heat and Tom's unsteady legs force him to sit down.

"No sense fighting it," Tom says.

"I'm not fighting *it*, Dad," David shoots back. "I'm fighting *you* —"

"— nothing new there —"

"— and your stupid need to push your own son away so you can die with a bunch of rusty nails and this *goddamn* kettle —"

Their voices overlap and cancel out like stones thrown in a pond side by side, their ripples collapsing into and erasing one another. In the answering stillness, David stands and sweeps the

screeching kettle sideways into the sink. Metal clashes against metal and then all is silent, just the sound of heavy breathing and the creaks of the old house left to echo through the morning.

David sinks his hands into his pockets and lets shame settle heavy across his back. Stares out the window at a nursery of weeds poking up through rain-soaked soil. There is so little space within him. He is crowded with questions and anger, the sharp sting of rejection layered over bitter curiosity like a subway car long past capacity. His stomach churns with questions that he has asked time and time again, over crackling phone calls and furious emails, spoken from the mouths of doctors and loved ones alike, the questions for which he trekked down that old dirt path only to find that nothing has changed after all.

Who chooses to die alone? With money enough to get by and mind enough still to use it, with a family out in the world to care for you, who would choose to pass on in a ramshackle house down an old dirt road in the middle of nowhere? Why let your cells mutate and spread without treatment, why let pain slow your muscles until every gesture is an Olympic feat, why bleed and rot and lose yourself with no one around to hold your hand?

What kind of father banishes his only child from his deathbed? David doesn't understand.

As if he has spoken aloud, his father answers, "Nothing for you to understand. I've told you how it is. I've told you why. Whether you can live with it or not doesn't matter, son. You ain't the one dying."

David keeps his feet still. His eyes forward. He tries to remind himself that it isn't right to direct anger at a dying man. Tries not to scream heartbroken fury at this person who raised him, a towering, inhuman figure in his memory now reduced to a physical body — fallible, with sunspots on his hands and black marks on his lungs. It's all David can do to keep staring out the window.

There's a squirrel amongst the weeds out front. Looking for food but finding none. A little late in the season, David thinks. It's gonna have a hard winter. He watches it scrouge and scrape at the wet earth, slowly unclenching his fists as it stands on its hind legs to look around, letting his anger drain out through his feet as it turns tail and runs back to the forest, lifetimes away from some unseen predator. The squirrel vanishes from sight and wisdom pokes its head up from somewhere deep in David's chest. A long-forgotten rumble, something ancient and sweet that speaks from the core of him, from the very roots of memory. Wisdom is a voice that says, it's alright son. It's alright now. There's no use fighting what even God can't change.

He lets his eyes fall from the window to the floor. His hands drop heavy to the table. "Alright," he echoes. "Enough." He takes one long deep breath in and then, "What needs doing?"

They start with the pantry. They dump most of the perishables in the compost bin and scatter decades-old trail mix on the back porch for whatever animals will come and get it. Tom makes up the bed in the extra room. Roots through the closet and finds little more than moth-eaten sweaters and a crumbling pack of cigarettes. David pulls up a hotspot on his phone and navigates through his father's ancient computer to turn off the water, the power, the heat. Sends messages to those who need to hear from him. Turns off his phone to witness as the old laptop slowly dies.

Tom's fridge contains a huge pot of chili and a twelve-pack of beer. They take two beers each and go to sit in the mossy offal of the armchairs out front. The chair's wicker supports can barely take David's weight, but they manage. Tom sits beside him and cracks the top off his bottle with the deftness born from decades of practice, a skill not lost to the quaking in his wrists. They watch as evening burns the world bronze.

"Do you know where you're going?" David asks the night.

It answers, "To the ground, son."

Silence reigns until the dawn.

When light peeks back through the forest of weeping branches, David gets to his feet. He goes inside, quietly, and emerges again with his shoes on and his bag packed. His father's quickened breath means he's awake. The soft wheeze of each exhale means he's in pain. David looks into the rising light and finds that there is little else to be said. He drops his hand to the determined slope of his father's shoulder.

"I'm off, then."

Tom gives him one slow nod. "Godspeed."

David's footsteps crunch on fresh-fallen leaves as he makes his way back up the slope of that old dirt road. Patches of almost-dry mud suck at the soles of his ratty old shoes. The earth is wet from last night's rain. David's cheeks are, too. He lets the rain fall, unashamed. Memory fades behind him as time rises up to carry him away.

When the sound of David's footfall fades off, Tom stands on creaking feet. He tidies up the bottles. He makes himself a sorry breakfast of cold coffee and packs up a bag with his last half-loaf of bread, some bottled water, a favorite book or two. Not time enough to read them, but plenty to feel the pages between calloused hands, to trace lines with his fingers if not his mind. He locks up the skeleton of that creaky little house and leaves the key out on the porch. Let the next person find it ready for them, easy as that. Let them make it a home.



Intricate Design

Sabbah Yasin

Her hands know the expertise of lineages,
care, woven in intricate design. Love,
braids with vibrant Bosphorus blues, cooling
bougainvillea geometry in subjective hues. Rays
open the rug store, beauties — undenied. Lily
petals swirling silk scarfs and over
Istanbul's terraces, sweeping by once
Roman chariots, now kittens traverse long routes.
Feet after prayer, lover's dancing to dreams,
spills of tart remarks, laughter, or a spoonful of
cucumber-mint yogurt; perhaps just glancing by
have been absorbed by this pillow's
pistachio eye — many times. *It sees the
fulsome detailing's of a home.* Stories
blend like the wool held in her hands, she ties
another ghiordes knot. All woven in a pattern,
like you, an intricate design.

Motor Puce's Inn I
Michaela Yarmol-Matusiak

Digital Photography
30.5 cm x 40.6 cm
2020



Putting Up the Shutters
Cristiana Da Costa

Digital photography
4 x 6 inches
2023

Humidor

Yance Wyatt

To the spring breakers parasailing off the coast of Key West or the cigar barons sipping rum on the rooftop of Havana's Hotel Nacional, the red and white boat idling in the Straits of Florida would've seemed as teensy and toylike as a fisherman's bobber. Hidden behind their Oakleys and sweat-stained caps, the two-man crew dozed in the pink shade strained through the cockpit's red canopy. The boatswain's stubbled chin lulled until it pricked his chest and snapped to attention, waking him so that he woke the petty officer in turn.

"Looka there."

"Huh?" said the petty officer with a start. "I don't see anything."

"Listen up."

"Don't hear anything either."

"That's my point. No gulls." The boatswain reactivated the sonar, which displayed a slightly different trench topography each time the green wand revolved. "We're in the middle of nowhere. You let us drift off course again."

"Me?"

"You were on lookout, weren't you? Besides, I'm too damn old to stay awake all day."

The petty officer lifted the binoculars that he wore like a necklace and fingered the knob until the line between sky and sea, turquoise and teal, became apparent as opposed to implied. He spotted a black dot disappearing and reappearing amidst those rolling blue hills, not sharp enough to be a shark fin and too late in the season for a humpback sighting. He pitched the binoculars to the boatswain and pointed thereabouts.

"I'll be damned," said the boatswain. "I think you just popped your cherry. Sit tight, sweet cheeks."

The speedometer jumped to twenty RPMs and the speedboat skipped across the water like a side-armed stone. They cut the engine and coasted alongside a woman lying facedown on a flaccid innertube as though a mighty wave had dealt her a blow. So as not to take on too much sun or lose too much fluid, she was unseasonably dressed in baggy sweats, her bloated limbs draped over the tube's circumference, her belly plugged in the hole.

"Ma'am? Ma'am! Señora?"

The petty officer grabbed the lifesaver from its mount and lassoed it around her neck. Meanwhile the boatswain fetched a megaphone from the cockpit and spoke with what must've seemed in her far-gone state like the very voice of God.

"This is the US Coast Guard. Are, you, alive? If so, don't move. We're gonna tow you in."

On the boatswain's nod, the petty officer reeled in the braided nylon until the momentum took hold and she drifted the rest of the way, finally thumping up against the scummy hull. Seeing that he couldn't deadlift her from above, the petty officer tied a boy-scout knot to the rail, donned a neon life vest, and to keep it from capsizing, lowered his feet onto either side of the innertube as if balancing a scale. But without much tack to his footing, he struggled to hoist her up even with the boatswain trying to pull her aboard with a bearhug—a chore on account of her weight. The longer they labored, the less careful they were. A bump here, a bruise there, and they quit apologizing and treated her as cargo.

Eventually she slid on deck like a bested tuna. The petty officer scaled the gunwale ladder and took a load off beside the boatswain, both of them briny and soaked, the elder in sweat, the youth in saltwater.

"Talk about rode hard and put up wet. If she needs CPR, it's all you, rookie."

"Aloe is what she needs. Or else her skin'll start bubbling."

"Reckon they sell that in la república."

"We can't take her back in this condition. They'll just throw her in the tank. We've got to get her to a hospital, stat."

"Wet feet, dry feet. That's the policy. Not our fault she didn't make it to shore. Current is what it is."

"Rock paper scissors, then?"

They each made a fist, gaveled it twice against a palm, and threw down.

Again the nose rose and the aft dipped and the speedboat, swinging sharply stateside, sluiced a whirlpool into international waters.

They were forced to decelerate twice en route: first so they wouldn't get tangled up in the mangroves, then again so they wouldn't leave a wake through Key West Bight, where the ferries launched and the rich kids swam with dolphins and the snorkelers floated facedown like their bodies had been dumped off by the Miami mob. Prior to arriving they alerted the land unit, which was waiting at Whiting Street Pier by the time they tied off.

It took four coasties to haul the woman ashore, one per limb. They roused her with smelling salts and after gaining consent rubbed her down with Alocane. The bottle wasn't economy size, so they portioned it according to the severity of her burns, double coating not her nose and collarbone as was often the case, but the nape of her neck and soles of her feet.

"Didn't have the good sense to flip over once in a while," said the boatswain after being told to step aside. "Wouldn't want this chica cooking your arepas." He stood with one foot on deck and the other on the dock as the land unit peeled off her wet hoodie in exchange for a dry, double XL, USCG T-shirt.

“Her stomach’s all swollen,” said the petty officer. “You’d think she’d be starving, but it looks like she ate a blowfish.”

“Probably is starving. Parched too. Belly that ballooned. That’s the body hoarding the last of its water to keep from dehydrating. You ever seen them feed-the-children ads where the old white man puts potbelly African kids on his knee like Santa Claus?” The sun had half-sunk into the sea, letting down a drawbridge of light from here to Cuba. The woman, more lucid now, pointed back to the boat. “Looka there. Already wants to go home. Oh you will my dear. Soon enough.”

“I think she’s pointing at us.” Heeding the volume of her moans, the petty officer played a game of hot and cold until she thrilled at his nearness to her deflated innertube. Turning it upside down and inside out, he found what she was signaling for. Duct-taped to the inner seam of the tube’s donut hole was a gallon Ziplock containing an astonishingly dry English/Spanish, Spanish/English dictionary and a translucent cast of Saran wrap. Within the cast was a bundle of cigars corded up like a dozen sticks of dynamite.

“You gotta give it to her,” said the boatswain. “That’s damn resourceful. Making her own little humidior.”

“Why go to the trouble when she could’ve packed more food and water?”

“To buy us off is why. As currencies go, a cigar beats the exchange rate of a peso.”

The petty officer endeavored to rebundle them without letting any of the leafing flake, but the boatswain was less delicate in snatching them up for inspection. With a willfully bad accent, he read the brand name on the gold foil each cigar wore like a wedding band: “Hoyo de Monterrey Souvenir de Luxe. That’s a mouthful, even if you don’t smoke it.”

“Give ’em here.” This order was issued by the ensign of the

land unit. He’d moseyed over to complete his report and now beckoned with the hand not holding the clipboard.

“What’re you gonna do with them?” the boatswain asked, one eyebrow hiked like a tiki hut. “Tag ’em or burn ’em?”

“Oh, I’ll burn ’em alright,” the ensign replied with an incriminating dimple.

“That there’s contraband,” said the boatswain.

The ensign cinched the pen to the clipboard and rapped it against the heel of his palm. “It’s ’bacco, not smack.”

“And all this time,” the boatswain started, “I thought you a stickler for the rules. Turns out you’re not such a square.”

“I’ll cut a corner here and there—round it off a bit—if I get a whiff of a good Cuban.” The ensign ran one under his nose. “Reminds me of home.”

“Round it down, you mean?”

“What’ve we got here, a baker’s dozen? We’ll call it an even ten.” The ensign turned leeward to light an illicit Souvenir de Luxe before sliding one into either pocket of the boatswain’s cargo shorts.

“Let me ask you something,” said the boatswain, who was senior in age but not in rank. “What’ve you got against good ole Swisher Sweets, made right here in the US of A? Right here in Florida, matter fact.”

“Sweet my foot.” The ensign scoffed up a ragged plume of chimney smoke. “In America, the soil’s full of chemicals. In my country, it’s full of sugar.”

“Your country?” said the boatswain.

“I’ve got dual citizenship. My parents came over the right way.”

“A real patriot, huh?”

The ensign made fishlips and blew a bitter wreath upon the boatswain, who fanned it away right along with the irksome gulls that had risen like topsoil in a tempest the moment the ensign had put

something sausage-shaped in his mouth.

“Keep that up and I’ll make the call.”

“Go right ahead,” said the ensign. “But you call customs on top of immigration and we’ll be here all night. What is it you always say? ‘Re-port, de-port, and still make happy hour.’” The ensign glanced at the face of his phone. “Already half past five.”

“You two can go,” said the petty officer—still climbing the ladder and paying his dues. “I’ll stick around to fill out the paperwork.”

“You sure?” the boatswain asked with another tiki eye. “Alright then. Come find me when you finish. I’ll be somewhere on Duval.” He patted his pockets in search of his keys but the first thing he felt were the smokes.

* * *

The petty officer couldn’t bring himself to throw her in the cage. Once the land unit left, he let her sit beside him on the pier looking westward toward the Gulf, the Americas, the life she’d never have. The mercury had dropped right along with the sun. He took a wool fire blanket from the boat’s emergency kit and lay it like a serape over her shoulders. Just then two siblings—a boy and a girl that might’ve been twins—strolled out onto a strand between jetties, buckets in hand, to dig for burrowing crabs. They caught one, dropped it with a shriek, then changed their minds and used the buckets for construction. The little girl sat high and dry atop a pillowy pink drift while the boy plunked down in the surf that fizzed in his lap like spilt Coca-Cola. They chirped back and forth in Spanish. The Cuban woman watched them wordlessly until she could stand to watch no more. She rose of a sudden and strode barefoot as a saint on hot coals over sand still radiating the day’s trapped heat. She spoke to the children in a language they understood, and when she returned to the pier on her own recognizance, retaking her seat beside the petty officer, she smiled at the sight of the children doing nothing

whatsoever. Suddenly they seemed satisfied, if not entranced, by the sea.

They were still on their best behavior when the transport arrived. The petty officer made calming gestures to show the woman she had nothing to fear, and when the immigration officers didn’t handle her with kid gloves, he apologized on their behalf. They asked him the requisite questions for a transfer of custody then slapped him with a sheaf of paperwork. Then they snapped an unglamorous photo of her and opened the rear door of a paddy wagon packed like sardines with other balseros who’d washed up on other keys. She climbed in and, gazing back at the petty officer, removed a pearl of a pill from a locket around her neck—the only item they hadn’t confiscated, for whatever reason. Maybe because it seemed almost corporeal, snug as it was between varicose breasts.

The van was out of earshot before the petty officer could intervene, just another pair of bloodshot eyes peering back at him from US 1. In the absence of both partner and charge, he sought the company of the spellbound siblings still peering out at the fathomless deep.

“What’d she say to you?” He took a chance on their English. “The woman from earlier.”

“Shut up,” said the sister. “She said shut up and meet in the middle. Me and mi hermano were arguing about where to build our castles. Mine kept crumbling and his kept washing away. I thought he was too close to shore, and he thought I was too far.”

“She said shut up and meet in the middle, but not yet,” the brother added. “She said it won’t matter if you build in the right place if you don’t build at the right time. So that’s what we’re waiting for. A few minutes of slackwater while the moon turns the tide.”

The siblings resumed their vigil, and the petty officer was left to dot his i’s and cross his t’s under the lamplight of that selfsame

moon.

If the captains of industry could build a seven-mile bridge from Little Duck to Knight's Key, was it so preposterous to think there might be enough cable and decking to pave a ninety-mile straightaway due south? Despite the moonrise casting Marathon and Islamorada in a light more like midday come storm season, there were no windows through which to appreciate the jasmine, hibiscus, and hot pink bursts of bougainvillea, nor the chili lights and Chinese lanterns of Coconut Grove once on the mainland. There was only the darkness of the bulkhead and the rumbling of the floorboard, the growling of stomachs and the sibilance of prayers, the wheels hiccupping at the seams of each bridge until the stop-and-go traffic stopped once and for all. Then the doors opened and the poor, tired, huddled masses crawled out to behold an eerily familiar cityscape that would have them believe, in their collective delirium from hunger, from heat, that they'd ridden clear across the Straits of Florida, all the way home to Havana.

They stayed on Duval until last call then traded glass for plastic and joined the stumbling exodus in search of a swiggy bonfire. First they tried Whitehead Spit, but the horizon flashed with the heat lightning of too many iPhone cameras. Even at this hour tourists were snapping Instagram pics of the grounded buoy that marked the southernmost point of the continental US. Plan B was Straw Hat Beach, but skinnydippers had already turned the boardwalk into a catwalk. So they broke away from the pack and left the gingerbread cottages for a wasteland of clapboard shacks demolished by the gales of yesteryear. They followed the tumbledown pickets that pointed the way through a wreckage tourists might've mistaken for flotsam washed ashore, spooking wild roosters into low flight as they went.

Reaching Fort Zachary Taylor, they downed what was left of their roadies and hopped the fence but steered clear of the barracks in case the nightguard were ex-Navy, not that jurisdiction meant much on a retired base consigned to sunbathing and Civil War reenactments. They brushed aside the palm fringe that served as a windbreak then kicked off their flipflops and went to where the water washed up around their ankles, letting the silt slip through their toes as the ocean breathed in and out like one great pneumonic lung. Before them the world was black but strewn with twinkling silver as if the sky harbored as much treasure as the sea. What had been a clear day was now a clear night. So clear, they joked that they could see the lights of Havana, but they both knew it was just a dinner cruise coming in. Otherwise the evening was so empty, the vacuum so vast, they had to fill it with small talk just to maintain a sense of scale.

"Are you from here?" asked the petty officer. "I mean actually from here?"

"You're asking am I a goddamn Conch?" The boatswain was drunk on rum runners and inarticulate, now deploying expletives where adjectives should go. "I'm a fuckin' Kentuckian. American by birth, Southern by the grace of God."

"Wasn't Kentucky neutral?"

"Birthplace of bourbon and bluegrass. That's more than I can say for this place, no matter how far south we are."

"If you're that against it, why'd you put in to be stationed here?"

"Sleight of hand." The boatswain produced the two hidden cigars. He bit and spat, cupped a palm and chuffed both alight with the same slender flame, his face dawning and setting in the span of a struck match. "With the White House so focused on walling out the Mexicans, their letting Cubans spill in olly olly oxen free. Tell me, what good is locking the front door if you leave the back wide open?"

The petty officer plugged the cigar in his mouth as an excuse not to speak. All he contributed to the conversation was a prohibitive cough.

“Don’t inhale her. Just taste.” The boatswain drew a curling mouthful by way of example. “How’s it you got all the way down here to the Florida Keys, the dribble of America’s dick?”

“I’ll tell you when I figure it out myself.”

“You could use most people’s excuse and say you was chasing a girl.”

“More like the opposite.”

“The girl chased you?”

“That’s not what I meant by opposite. Back home I was a fish out of water. So one day, I jumped in my truck and drove down the coast till I ran out of real estate.”

“And you never looked back,” the boatswain presumed with a sage and squinty toke.

“I thought that’s what we were doing now.”

“Not from where I’m standing. Seems to me you’re looking straight ahead. New horizons and whatnot.”

Whereas the boatswain’s smoke rings had become a steady industry, the petty officer’s unsmoked Cuban paid out a thin ribbon as it transformed itself into ash like a wand of incense. “Then what I did, you wouldn’t call it running away from home?”

“That’d be a hell of a note. Given your job is keeping folks from doing just that.”

“I don’t see it that way. The way I see it, we might be helping them just as soon as turning them back. I mean, what’s Key West if not a welcoming party? Come one, come all.”

“Spoken like a true lefty,” said the boatswain.

On that note he called it a night. His Cuban was down to the knuckle anyhow. As he retreated up the coast into the curved and licking darkness, that flaring cherry became the port light of a vessel

or the wingtip of a plane. The petty officer found himself alone again. No partner. No charge. No children building sandcastles. He checked that he had reception, then made the call he’d been putting off.

“Dade County Refugee Center.”

“I’m a Petty Officer Third Class stationed in Key West, and I’m calling in regards to a woman we picked up in the Straits today. She didn’t have ID on her, but she was wearing this locket. And the weird thing is, I saw her take something out of it and put it in her mouth right before she was hauled off to Miami for processing. I’m not asking for specifics. I just want to make sure she’s okay. That it wasn’t, like, a kill-pill or something.”

“She’s alive alright. Rough shape, though. Third-degree burns on the neck and feet, and the mother of all yeast infections.”

“You can share that over the phone?”

“She’s not entitled to privacy. Isn’t a US citizen. But her son is, so says the Fourteenth Amendment. Wet foot, dry foot.”

“She has a son in the States?”

“In the infirmary. As of twenty minutes ago. They found the locket in her cleavage during a cavity search. Still had a few pills inside it. Thought she might be smuggling a soluble narcotic, so they sent it to the lab. Turns out it was Pitocin.”

“Pitocin?”

“You know, the stuff that induces labor. Hello? Officer? Hello?”

The petty officer stood with the phone to his ear until realizing he’d been hung up on in response to his own gaping silence. The soundscape of the conversation gave way to the seascape before him and, with a tilt of the head, the celestial carousel up above. Were there really a man in the moon, he would’ve been grinning as coolly as the crayon sun in the corner of every family portrait ever drawn

by a boy. Like the warm equatorial current of the same name, el niño had been born of two worlds and would forever have passage between them. The petty officer had been an unwitting but not unwilling doula to this deliverance.

“Huh.”

He dropped that Souvenir de Luxe with a hiss and followed his footprints home.

Brother

Ulis Bertin

You call me brother again
this morning, and it kills me.

The mad scramble is taking the city by the gills,
flinging it up the shore
gasping for the waters
of sedate routine;
And in the uproar of ten million voices
my dishes stagnate in the sink
and the bin bags lie like bloated bodies
of vacationing nouveaux-riches
in the cupboards underneath. And
you call me brother.

Sweep that officious finger
in a gesture enclosing the world and
its silent ranks
of decent young men
to judge me from the stands behind you;

Men who take their
coffee sugared,
lawns mowed,
cars sparkling,
motherly hands in pockets,
wives quiet,
Fathers upstanding and fascist,
foreigners pulped,

neighbours silent,
backyards bare.
So I stare, slack-faced, hoping
against hope
I'll dislodge
some tooth to hurtle
echoing down your throat.

My dismissal arrives
By dispatch: orders taken,
attention stood,
country died for,
At ease...
but it was your turn,
Brother.
don't forget it,
Brother.
there are rules,
Brother.
Did you feel the word scrape in your cheeks
for half-digested scraps
to bribe the doorman of my mind?
He is long asleep, and cannot hear.

Tell me, brother,
How many good men, infant soldiers, wavering priests
has the word slaughtered and subdued?
I feel your hand on my back,
your gun to my spine
In those two syllables;
Beckon me into no-man's land:

But the grin still hanging from my bombed flesh
Will wait, like a dog,
For your approval from the trench.

Listen.
If you order me over a precipice
and my blood's the one to stain the ice,
the one advice is true and straight:
Don't tape your curses to a kiss,
Don't ridicule my sacrifice,
Don't let a false word seal my fate.

For then, my friend, though I love you so
I find you too hard not to hate.

Newspapers · Magazines · Tobacco · Drinks · Confectione



Essential Worker
Curtis Botham

Charcoal on paper
90 x 60 inches
2021

Found Poem With *The Chinese Immigration Act, 1923*
Jun Ying Wen

having entered
afflicted with
some other
country,
not included in
the
plainly legible,
an immigrant
specified by
came
the place whence he
is
therein contained,
in the form prescribed,
until
made
to disembark from
origin

Flight
Saige Severin

Three high chimes and one low one. Her mother's ringtone.
Bright, bright, bright, and the dark beneath it. She stares at the phone
on her bed, ringing unanswered. She backs out of the room slow. One
foot set down softly behind the other.

They always looked past each other. Always spoke in parallel,
similar minds churning out similar ideas that go on forever, never
touching, two lines in perfect sync extending into the distance with no
hope of communication between them.

Some nights she could swear they intersected. After good
wine and good food, her father out of town or simply out of mind,
two women sat at a table with hearts bared and lines curved to meet.
Equals.

Her mother calls at this time every night. Bright, bright,
bright. And dark. It means: she is coming home. It means: soon, but
not too soon. It means: get ready. Love her voice and love the thought
of her but fear the gentle storm that stirs the waves, two lines once
more in parallel with no horizon to reconcile them.

She halts, still at the top of the stairs.

Her phone rings in the distance. Three high chimes and one
low one.

Her mother needs her. She knows that now. Her mother
always needed her, to lean on. There are no words between them, no
soft tones. No whispers in the night clutching wet faces to dry chests
running chapped fingers through damaged hair and curling bodies
close like they were once, so long ago. Just leaning. Breakage. Falling
and landing on one another's shoulders before forcing themselves
back to their feet.

Her mother is calling, and she will not answer.

She runs down the steps. Throws the door open. Steps out into a frigid night where snowflakes crust the ground beneath her bare feet. Pinpricks of ice. Rigid tears on her cheeks, sliding towards nothing. She faces down the world from the tundra of her front porch.

Her phone rings behind her, calling. Begging. It pleads with her.

An itch in her fingertips harsher than the frozen needles under her feet. She runs. Pounding down the lane, breath too cold to even cloud the air, she digs her fingernails into the palms of her fists and presses until there are needles there too, until her whole body is bright, bright, bright pain and the world around her is dark.

Long walks on hot afternoons, her stories slowly turning into arguments, twisted and malformed by the sharp angles of her mother's thoughts. Tears of frustration on her cheeks because she wouldn't listen. She heard but she didn't listen. Endless phone calls answered and very little said.

Fast down the icy street until she has to stop and lean against the nearest building for support. Cold air in, needles down her throat. Warm air out.

She pushes away from the building and opens her eyes, but the ringing doesn't stop. It stays in her ears as she stumbles, slowly freezing, into a store and asks to place a call. High, high, high over low, low, low as the phone in her hand rings. A click as her call is picked up. She speaks. She is heard. She runs.

Love her. Love her like the drops of blood from your own split veins. Love her like the beauty of light dancing on the edge of a knife. Love her like the pain in your lungs when you scream, like the ache in your knees when you kneel and beg for forgiveness. Love her and hate her in equal measure.

Hate her like the sight of your own face in the mirror. Half of

it is hers.

Three high tones. Ice-broken feet carry her through hours and across miles until she stands at the door she was fleeing towards. One low one.

They wait for her in a corner booth. Tucked in among the bowls and cups and golden light, hands curled around each other and heads together. They are in a world of their own, but the door is open. She called them here and here they are, to lean on.

Her mother could never understand this. The craving deep beneath her skin for warmth, for softness and light. The need to fall and fail and drown, held by lean fingers and calloused hands that will someday pull her, gasping, to the surface. Her mother would tell her to stand but all she wants to do is fall, fall, fall. She wants someone to cushion the blow.

It is several years past. She sits between her parents on a long couch, eyes fixed on a crack in the plaster wall. They speak to the woman in front of them, spectacles on her nose and clipboard in her hand. Her mother asks what went wrong. What they did to make her like this. Why she was broken, broken, broken in all the wrong ways. Why, since she had not yet shattered completely, she was still not strong enough to pick up the shards of herself and fit them back into her mother's mold.

Cold hands on a wooden door. Frozen feet on the threshold. Warmth and light and clasped hands in the corner.

She halts, still at the edge of a precipice.

The phone rings on in her ear. Bright and dark and soft and sharp, sharp like her mother's arms around her, sharp like her voice just barely raised in anger, sharp like her words and the angles of her face and the look in her eyes when she gazes on failure. Sharp and soft like the slope of her mother's shoulders, soft like a skirt smoothed down before school, soft like instructions given gently, a guiding hand.

Her mother needs her. She needs to hear the words that she could never say to her own mother, to hold like she was rarely held. She needs strength in her daughter's back so her strikes won't cripple. So her daughter can stand again and take another blow. She needs a sounding board for her thoughts, an apostrophe in her contractions. A second try at childhood. Her mother needs so much that she will not ask for.

Her back is tired. Her voice worn thin. Old pleas will fall on deaf ears.

Her mother calls but she is unmoving. Stock still, miles from home, refusing to answer.

Refusing? Incapable.

Her mother needs something she does not know how to give.

Warmth from the corner booth unchains her from the floor. She pushes open the door with a thawing hand and slides into a chair across from the light. Her friends disentangle their hands and reach for her. Bodies bent around the table. Heads tucked in tight. Phones may ring outside, or they may not. None of them can tell. She hangs there in silence, in joy, in comfort. She holds on tight.

Private School Survey

Derek Webster

Grey pants, gravy-stained blazer, all those sports trips.
Thirty years gone, memories turn quizzical online.
What's your newsletter preference, virtual or paper?
Ah, the math problem of self: If your body is a train
moving forward, who stares at what is receding?
The world pivoted. Sir only ironic with friends now
but I still like the clap of chapel bells
even if the promise to protect rings empty.

Sacrifice was everywhere back then: at Christmas,
in milk bones, in our judged-wonky hearts, in low
whispers when someone didn't play their part.
Small wonder victims became our subject. Yet even
on the beach where the creek dies, feeding the lake,
I served those bullying bells. And returned.

a little anthology on grandparents

Shirley Yue Chen

A photo. A light tan sofa. A sixty-three-year-old man is holding a four-month-old baby. He has black hair and she does not have much hair yet. He is smiling. She looks dazed. For eight years, the family said he went abroad. America. That was when I could not comprehend the concept of death, and when they were trying to.

1976. On the fourteenth day of the second month, I went to the countryside to see a patient. An old farmer with arthritis. It was a long walk and the fields were ice! I carried a medicine box on my back and a big tummy in the front. Went in the afternoon. Came back in the evening. I gave birth close to midnight, so on the certificate, they marked the fifteenth as his birthday. But it was eleven forty or so, on fourteenth day, the second month -- I gave birth to a father for you.

A tall table of redwood topped with a film of glass, covering layers of photos -- most coloured, a few not. Children of all ages. The same one? At a wedding or a park. In school uniform. New year reds. White-laced with daisies in her hair and a green apple in her hand, playing princess in a photo studio. Dark, greasy marks, ash-tray-shaped. Coins and bills and newspaper clippings. A list of names followed by mahjong winnings. Underneath all that, there lies calligraphy on golden rice paper: black characters standing like proud palaces. His hand was renowned locally. The village asked him to write "male" and "female" on public washroom walls. His daughter asked him to make a kite out of bamboo and newspaper and sticky rice. Her kite became the biggest and the most beautiful in the whole school: a rainbow butterfly that she would tell her own daughters about. The doctor asked him to write when he could no longer speak. He wrote again and again, with trembling hands, a page of scribbles. The name of someone who could not come home.

The breakfast tasted good, right? That market stall has been there for many, many years. I go every Saturday, just not when it rains. Remember, always bring an umbrella, for rain and for shine. Let's have the leftover taro cakes for breakfast tomorrow. Those are taro plants by the road, but they are still too young. See, their stalks are finger-thin. But in two weeks, taros as big as your head will come out of the ground -- heads with hair on all sides! There? No one goes to that public washroom now. Everyone has their own washrooms. But people used to go there with long shoulder poles. Natural fertilizer! Not free, they pay by the number of baskets. This bridge will drown when the typhoon hits. There are loaches down there, and leeches. Your mother crawled out of there with her legs all bloody once, and a handful of our lunch! Loaches are good steamed or pan-fried with rice. We will have winter melon soup with short ribs for lunch. Winter melons dissolve toxins and distinguish internal fires. Great for this heat. After, let's pluck moss between the bricks in that wall to make beds for the chicks. Let's go see the dragon eye tree you planted in the yard. It's three times as tall as you now. Its fruits will be ripe this afternoon or tomorrow. Remember to never eat more than twenty dragon eyes a day, or your guts will catch on fire. The tree's young, but its fruits are big and sweet. It only yields them every other year though. When you are back, it yields the sweet ones.

What I have of them, I lay down here.

Phoebe Sozou is a first-year student at the University of Toronto, where she hopes to study Classics with a focus on Ancient Greek literature. She loves medieval poetry, ridiculous supernatural dramas, and stories about coming home.

Pádraig T. Watson is an MA student at U of T's Ontario Institute for Studies in Education. He is studying the use of screenwriting in high school English classrooms. His short fiction work has appeared in *The Honest Ulsterman*, *NōD*, *Abridged*, *deathcap*, *Flash Fiction Magazine*, *Another North*, and *Goose*.

Christina Dinh (she/her) is a political science major with a double minor in urban studies and women and gender studies who illustrates sometimes.

Selena Mercuri is a Cuban-Italian student at the University of Toronto in the fields of English and Political Science. She is the Editor-in-Chief of *Trash Panda Literary Magazine*. Selena won the 1st place 2023 Norma Epstein Award for her short story, "Havana."

Saige Severin (she/her) is an English specialist, a writer, and a lover of all things magic.

Michaela Yarmol-Matusiak (she/they) is in her fourth year of an Honours Specialisation in American Cultural Studies and Scholar's Electives at Western University. Her work consists primarily of free-form drawings, photography, writing, and collections of curiosities. Through highly immersive multidisciplinary practices, Yarmol-Matusiak makes work in order to commit to a single moment in time as the only viable reality, a practice that stands in opposition to and challenges the temporalities and characteristics of the

contemporary. Michaela has published and exhibited photography, drawings, poetry, and installations in Canada and the United States and is currently moving into the field of Museum and Curatorial Studies.

Sabbah E-Najuf Yasin, is a student at the University of Toronto, finishing her last year in Sociology and Philosophy, and English studies. In her spare time, she enjoys reading self-development books, indulging in dark chocolate, and walking in forests.

Cristiana Da Costa is a student from Toronto. She is one of the Editors-in-Chief of *Acta Victoriana*.

Yance Wyatt is a hearing-impaired author whose in-laws emigrated from Cuba. He studied fiction at the University of Cambridge and the University of Southern California before becoming a professor in the USC Writing Program and the director of the USC Writing Center. A two-time Pushcart Prize nominee, his work is published or forthcoming in *Zyzzyyva*, *THEMA*, *Los Angeles Review*, *Northwest Review*, and *the Pinch*.

Ulis Bertin is a French-Australian-Albanian student studying at the University of Toronto. He has been writing for years, and is fascinated with the worlds of significance in small moments and in human expression. His biggest influences are Oscar Wilde, Ray Bradbury, and Leonard Cohen. He hopes you find anything beautiful or true in his writing.

Curtis Botham is a Halifax-based artist who graduated from NSCAD University in 2017. His large-scale charcoal drawings, which mostly focus on issues involving labour, the environment, and income

inequality, have been displayed in galleries around Nova Scotia. He has won numerous awards, including the Canada Games Young Artist of Excellence Award, and numerous grants from Arts Nova Scotia and the Elizabeth Greenshields Foundation. Some of Curtis' artwork can be seen at curtisbotham.weebly.com. He can be contacted at ctbotham@gmail.com.

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Jun Ying Wen is a third-year student of Peace, Conflict, and Justice, English, and Creativity and Society at Victoria College. Her writing has appeared in *Acta Victoriana*, the *Trinity Review*, the *Hart House Review*, and elsewhere.

Derek Webster's first full-length collection *Mockingbird* (Signal) was a finalist for the Gerald Lampert Award for best poetry debut in Canada. He received an MFA from Washington University in St. Louis, where he studied with Carl Phillips, and is the founding editor of *Maison-neuve* magazine. Recent work appears in *Columba Poetry*, *yolk.*, *Blackbox Manifold* (Sheffield) and *The Honest Ulsterman* (Ireland), and is forthcoming in *Stand* (UK), *The Walrus*, *Grain*, and *The Amper-sand*. He lives in Montreal and Toronto.

Shirley Yue Chen is a third-year struggling through the coruscant fields of English, Philosophy, and Book and Media Studies. She loves cats of all kinds and boba with 0% sugar.

The titles are set in Libre Baskerville Bold and the body text in Libre Baskerville Regular.