

Subway



TRINITY UNIVERSITY REVIEW

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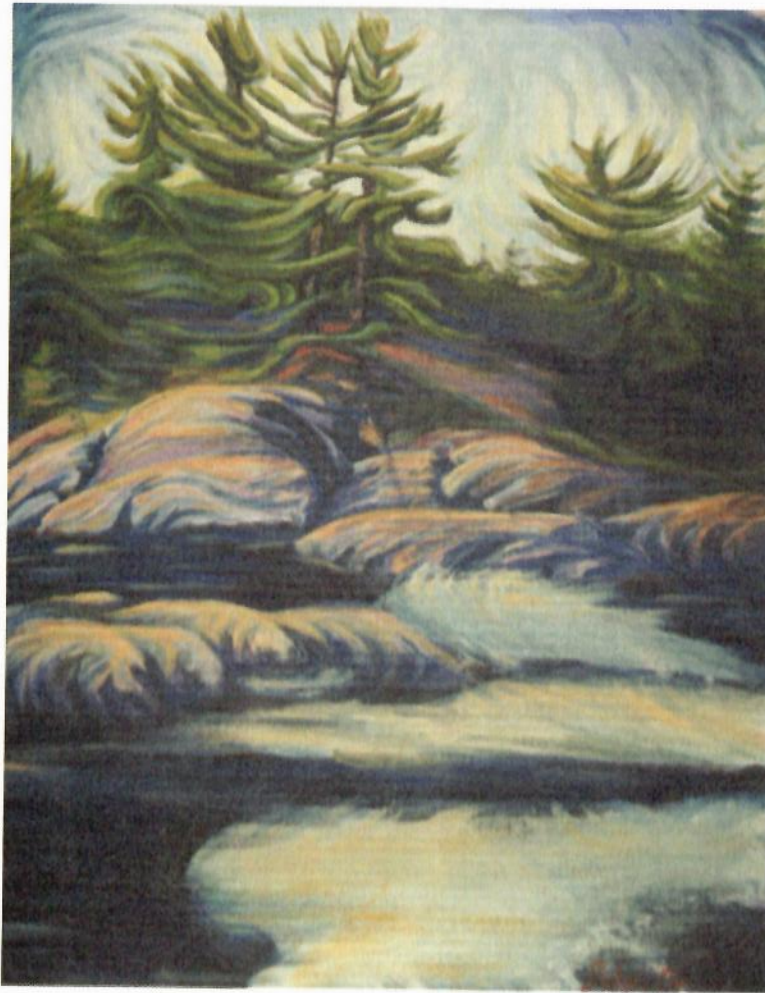
TRINITY
UNIVERSITY
REVIEW



Vol. CXIV No. 2

University of Trinity College, Toronto,
Spring, 2001

Akamii-Siipii Tipiki-piisim



JOHN L. CREESE

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2000-2001**

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Urban Goblin

Laura Barrett

"The purpose of poetry is to disenchant and disintoxicate."

W. H. Auden

I am a television. By that I mean that I prefer to call myself a Trinitron rather than a Trinitarian. Actually I just call myself Jer and so does everybody else....but I digress. What I mean is that I associate Trinitarian with not only all of the older and active alumni but with Rotarian, who (no offense) tend to be older people. What bothers me about this is that it makes me realize that one day my youth will be gone, that I will be older too. I can't help but wonder how we will look back on ourselves and each other years from now. Yearbooks allow us to reminisce about the past with pictures and descriptions of events, but our art, *our* art, will really tell us, will really remind us who we were. It will allow us to reflect on our evolution as individuals while helping us to find relevance in our lives today. If we want to, we can alliterate the world, we can capture it's colour in black and white, we can re-create it with a brush stroke, we can narrate, nay create, the human experience. It allows us to share our thoughts, to express our observations and interpretations. This is why art, whether it is poetry and prose, visual art, music or photography, is so important. As it turns out I am a Television, in more than one way. I realize that it seems odd to compare us to what is often called an 'idiot box' but speaking in the most objective sense, we sort of are. Well that and it works with the opening analogy. So to all of you who are artists (you know who you are), don't give up just because you didn't get published in our little review. One of my colleagues commented to me that one of the worst tragedies of art (he was speaking in the visual context but I think it applies here to) is that so many people who do it, give up. Don't be that statistic because statistics are boring. Be a television, people will pay attention to you.

Jeremy Dutton

April 6, 2001

shopping

the urbanite equivalent of hunting for survival
go ahead, push past those senior
citizens in the checkout counter line!
you deserve it!
you've fought your way up to the top rung of the power ladder
and once you're up there
you don't want to fall off, do you?
get those low fat, high sugar cookies!
get those discount processed meats!
run down aisle seven!
don't bother with those tiny baskets
you want a shopping cart
so you can run people over
those wimps in the express line don't know what they're missing...
lots and lots of high-priced, "discount" foods
\$50 for four bags
that's survival
that's what it's all about
you even took the time to double-bag

depletion

when i eat something, anything
i think of millions of people eating the same thing
i think of us all, in an aisle at a store
mulling over our decision
we buy something
it's an ad for itself
millions of dollars worth of advertising right on the box
"YUMMY..."
the resounding chorus of all of us
chewing our chocolate bar
sitting on a subway train

LAURA BARRETT

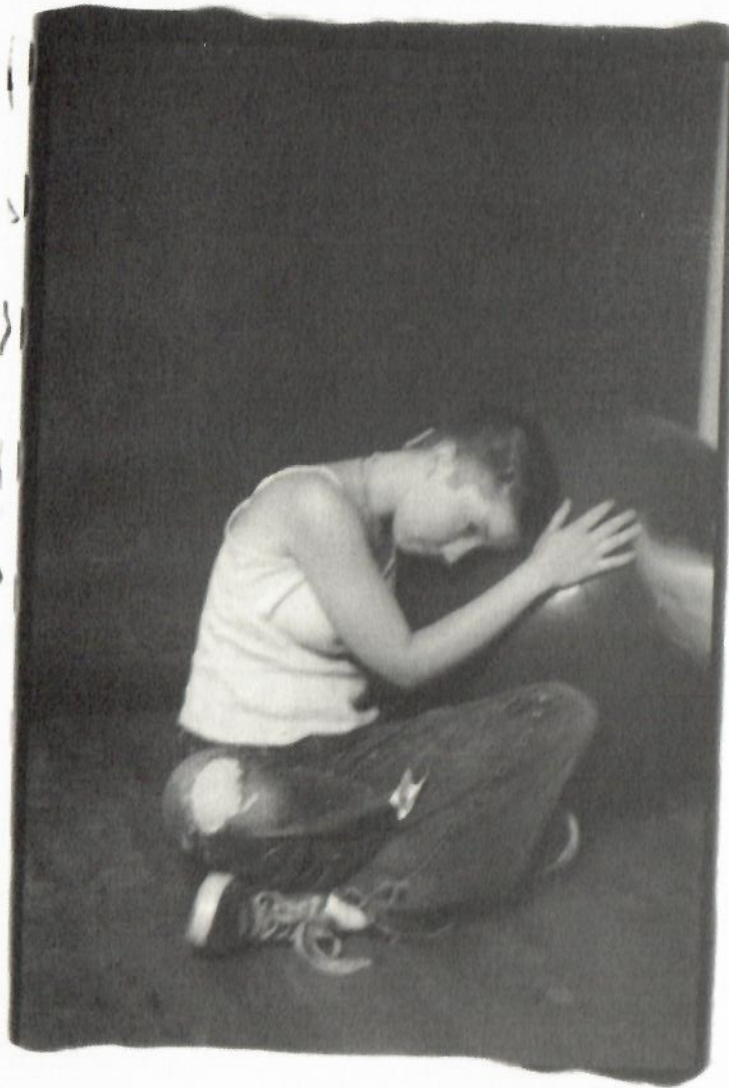
Monsters

A whooshing sound –
My breath –
I turn, slowly
Checking for monsters under My bed
My teeth brushed
My face washed
No reason for him to be
Mad with Me
Bad to Me
i feel dirty again
A creak
Heavy feet
He's coming

i wet the bed

The clown beside me smiles
She doesn't feel bad
Like i do
after he leaves
The handle turns
On my door
my dad walks in
The monster
is in my room...

JAMES WALLACE

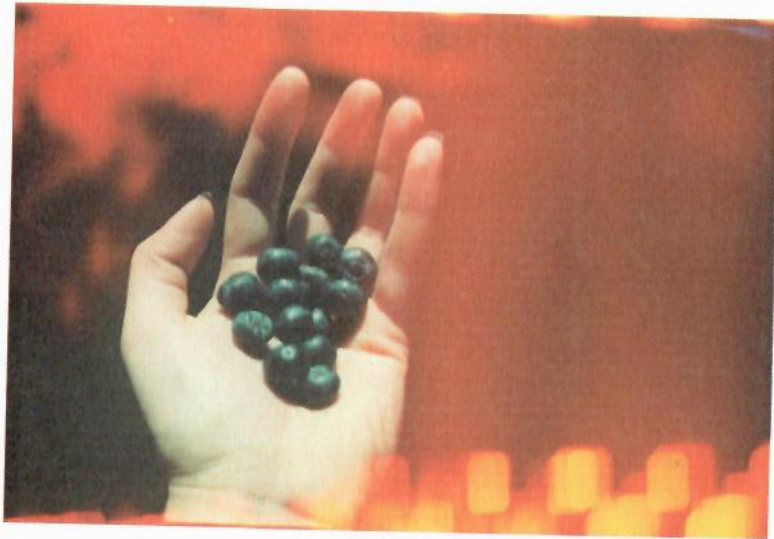


JENNIFER KRAUS "MAVERICK"

Crinoline Skirts

If you forced me to remember
all of my fraying relationships
and childhood secrets,
I would surely go back
to whispering curtains where I sat
chipping at cracked paint
dreaming of young, daring lips touching my cheek.
Must I tell you what happened
when we were trying to discover ourselves?
Recording our conversations so we could remember
ourselves later.
There were the times of polyester friendships,
bleached over and over, trying to remove their nature.
There were the convenient marriages between the needy
while little girls sat on their pink lunch boxes,
whispering their cruelties to one another,
but they were screaming.
I wish they just screamed.
Sitting on my lunch box,
Just kissed by my mother before she sent me off to school.
Surely this is how I remember –
This is how it happened.

NERMEEN MOUFTAH



JENNIFER KRAUS "MAVERICK"



JAMIE VENN

Conversations With Three Men

A dialogue of life

The art of procrastination is never so perfect as when the procrastinator procrastinates about his procrastination. Bowing my head to block the Toronto cold, I tread the short distance from the dining hall to the street on which my residence stood in the company of Epicurus.

"Epicurus, my dear fellow, I did not enter into the hall tonight seeking a variety of dishes to excite my taste-buds. For, certainly, I espouse your belief in the satisfying nature of moderate consumption. But, my fine friend, how can I hope to be satisfied in the taking of meals when my head is stuffed so full of Latin verbs as to make my whole body numb?" I lifted my two curious brown eyes from the pavement and settled them on his face.

"How many verbs do you know?" He continued to keep pace.

"Too many."

"Then let some go. They will come. Do not rush to take coffee with dinner. Coffee is a treat indeed, but not a treat to be savored with the fish or olive. Keep your eye on the pot, but never rush into your coffee." He cracked, then, a slight smile. It was a simple smile, a smile that bore, in the dignity of its curve, a fine release.

Continuing towards the residence, it was some time before I noticed that Epicurus had slipped away as silently as he had come. And yet, my disappointment did not burn for as long as I expected. For, attempting to make my way across the street, I was startled by the sight of Caesar, cloaked in sullen dignity, on the curb.

"Ho! Caesar! What are you doing upon the curb? Surely you are not prevented from crossing the street by anyone. Why stand you so still?" Coming closer to his remarkably average frame I waited with a sort of automatic reverence for a reply.

"No, it is true enough. I am not prevented from crossing this street. But, clever girl, have you considered the possibility that I may not want to cross? Indeed, I have been here now for an age in contemplation of this possibility. If I do, in the end, choose to

cross this street, there will be a host of obligations that I will have to fulfill over there." He pointed with a rigid certainty towards the residence.

"Are you afraid of those obligations Caesar? Surely not. You are rock and ocean together. You weather every storm. And yet, you bring about violent storms, storms of blood and fire. No, you are not afraid to cross this street." Stepping even closer, I laid my hand upon his arm.

"You say that I am both rock and ocean. There is truth in your words. But, as surely as I am both of these, so too am I fear and courage. Some men will see me only on that side of the street. They will see me at my best, courage my companion. You are seeing me now, on this side. Where is courage now? Do not underestimate the importance of fear. The courageous are only made such by mercy of its presence, at all times, in their camp." He gave out a sigh, a heavy thought. His very fiber finished warring with fear for the day, he ended the battle with one mighty thrust of his foot over the curb. In a moment, he too was gone.

Following in the footsteps of Caesar, I advanced across the lonely street and into the building. Immediately, warmth spread over my body, revitalizing my being. Yet, though comfortable in mind and body, my spirit hung loosely within me. Guilt had crept into my body, nudging confidence and simple satisfaction in every which direction. Irritated with this, I contemplated heading outside again, to escape the piles of paper and stacks of books within my room.

"Have you ever tried to run from the wind?" Marcus Aurelius whispered over my shoulder.

"What good would it do to run from something such as that?" The general depression of my spirit poured forth into my words.

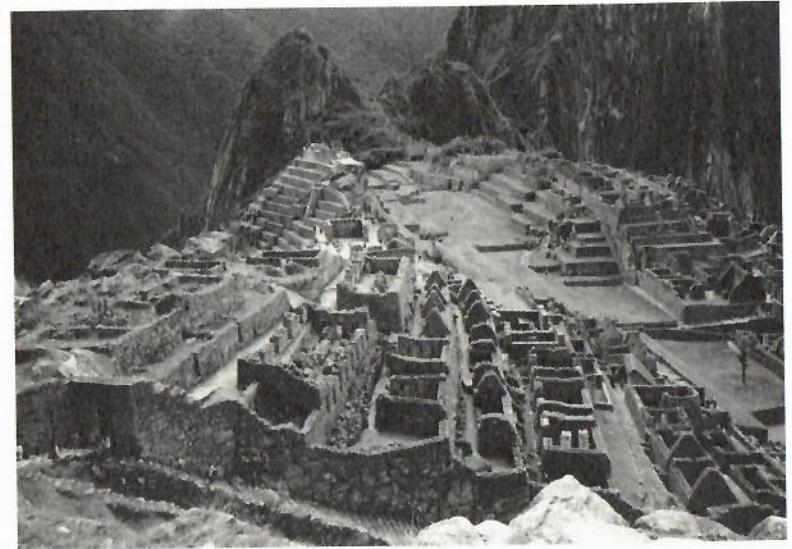
No good at all. Read of love in a textbook. Despise of the love that you find in a textbook, but you still have to love. Escape from textbook love. Close the textbook. But, your escape is as complete with that textbook in your hand as with it buried in the soil of the garden beneath your window. By the body of Jove! What good is Man – frightened by a tiny seed within the palm of his hand? He hates this seed, reminding him as it does of some-

thing awful, but he still loves to eat! Close your palm then, but do not close your mind." He stopped. He walked away.

Settling myself with ease into a chair, I considered my evening. After a brief pause, I rose and drew together the curtains flanking my window. A certain trinity, a trinity of mind, body, and spirit united within me. Hunger, fear, and worry rose from their huddled position in the corner of my room and perched, with me, upon the edge of my bed. I lay down, and went, not unhappily, to sleep.

TRICIA GRIFFITHS

Machu Picchu, Peru, Summer 2000



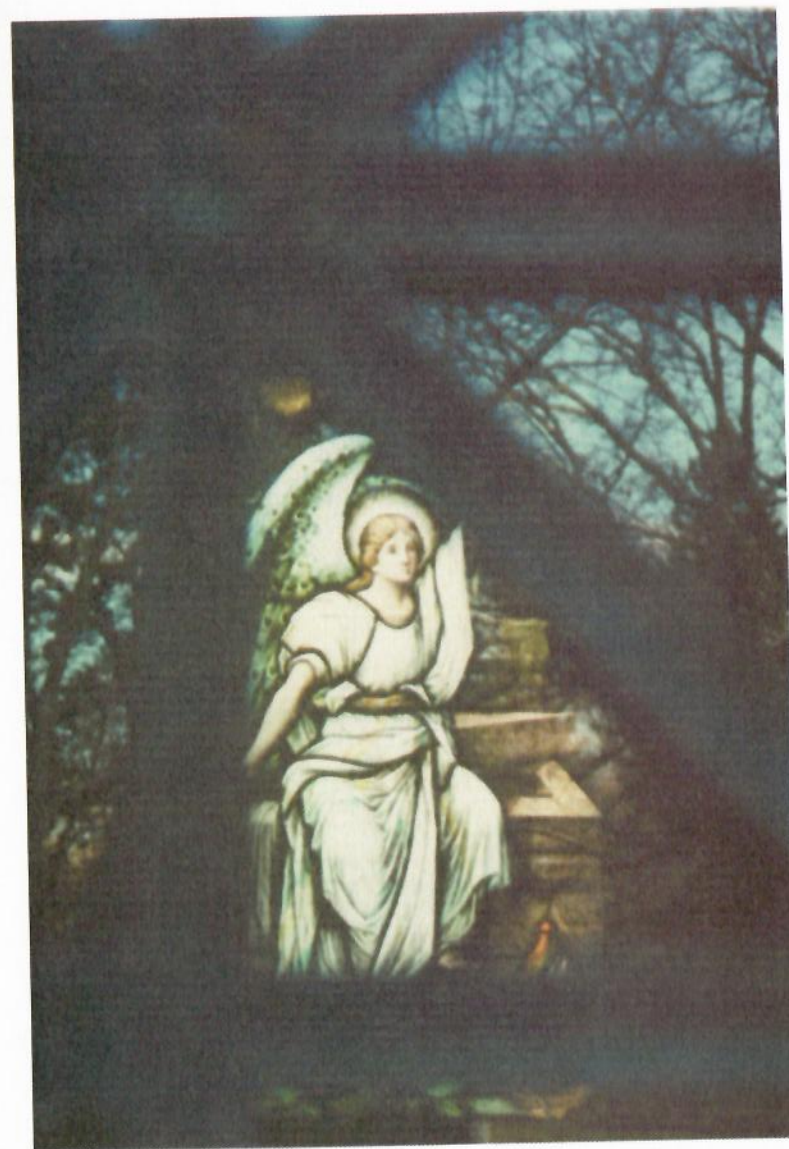
CASS CHAN

**On the author's reading amateurish poems, and
seeing in hers a similar weakness**

What's worse, I ask, the poems shaped in a cracked mold,
Like Vulcan warped with bitter remonstrance,
Their lines in-twisted, doubled to a fold,
And fat-like grilled into twelve cants,
Or that the sighing poet should never pray,
And sacrificial smoke should never rise,
And Day should dawn, but wordless, roseless Day,
To lift a greyish sun above our eyes?
Fie! I beg mercy. Art's not art alone,
To sit enveloped misty and benign
As might a glinting muse on starry throne,
Offset by no less beautiful design.
Forgive me my impertinent bromide:
No fair is fair without a dull beside.

IRINA DUMITRESCU

Angel of the first degree



PETER L. G. JOSSELYN

January Rain

January Rain
falls in a mist
slowly down from the
mauve-coloured sky
of this dull, chill night
as you sit in the stairwell
absentmindedly inhaling
off a stale cigarette,
a half finished
pitcher of beer
(your previous
morning's breakfast
sitting by you side
pleading with you,
urging you to take
that last step-
a companion against
the inevitabilities of
sleep and the passing of time.

BRIAN JACKSON

I need to find me.

I need to find that pocket-sized place in the cove of my soul that
pins down my feral spirit and unleashes it all at once.

I need to hold me.

I need to hold in my hand that ball of life, twisting and coiling,
churning colours out to illustrate vivacity.

I need to touch me.

I need to feel my essence being touched and wonder why and how
and who and what can put a finger on my interior and make me
pool into puddles.

I need to know
Me in every
Find and Hold and
Touch and just
Commit
To who and what
I am.

I need to *be* me.

March 14, 2001

TIFFANIE ING

Rome Street



CHRISTINE EVANS

Oscar Road

Sitting in the bus stop, beside Oscar road
The speeding traffic keeps my eyes in hold.
Beside Oscar road.

Immersed in the city, sometime in early may
In the paper bag in the corner a soul is washing away

The bus comes
And the bus goes
I don't think I know where though

The morning air is chilly, at seven thirty five
All around this rectangular sphere, the city is coming alive

But in a brown paper bag, in the corner not so far away
Diluted by the spirit a soul washes away
not so very far away

The bus comes
And the bus goes
But not to the pleasure of this soul

The masses pay homage, to the reflections off the glass.
Perplexities that reflect off the eyes that pass,
Off the glass

But the bus never comes,
It only goes
I think I now know where though
It goes where it goes

Till the end of Oscar Road
Till the end of Oscar Road

JEREMY DUTTON

Rome Street



CHRISTINE EVANS

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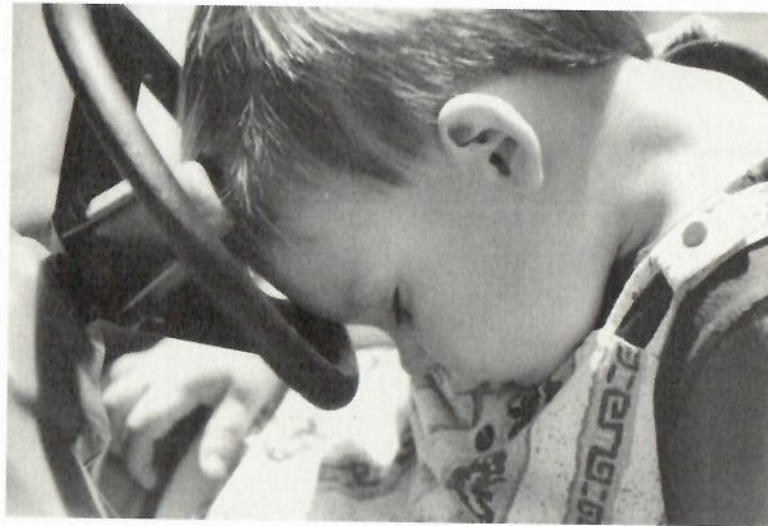
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JEREMY DUTTON



CHRISTOPHER SCINTA

I Never Woke Up

I never Woke up
My stillborn lover dying his
Clothes in the dark as effigies of
Existence are etched into my back

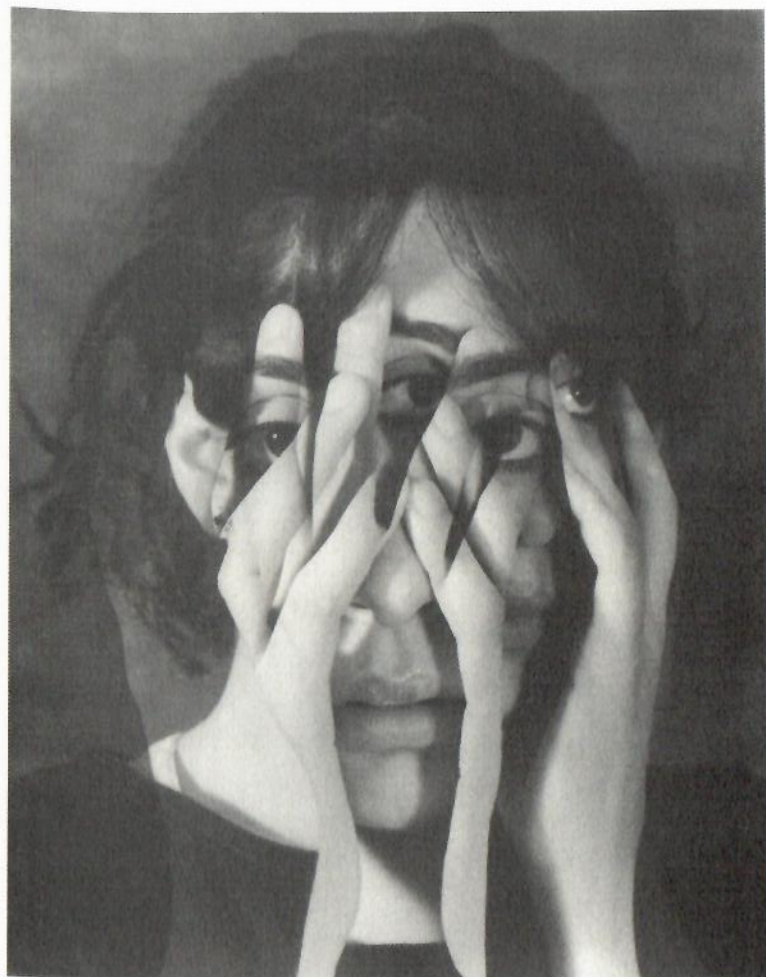
I lay here
Silent except for the sounds of
Cyberspace running through my
Walls
And down, down, down till the tips of my toes.

The mothering sounds call to me
Nurturing my mechanical hands
And heart

My paint is chipping
You peel off the layers with
Your stainless steal hands that
Do not rust as you pull
Me out from the ocean
And lay me out on the tiled
Floor beside the bathtub

JENNIFER KRAUS "MAVERICK"

Double Exposure



CHRISTINE EVANS

Untitled #64



CHRISTINE EVANS

gold watch

bubbles rising from the surface of my frothy champagne
little animals are drowning. too small for me to see (or save)
i drink up
what a surprise this is.
forty years are summed up with one swig of poison.
does that say something about me,
sitting here in my crowded living room,
listening to the murmur of people,
my 'dear friends' and my even dearer acquaintances.
i keep my associates close to me.
working alongside each other, we have developed a kind of
half-hearted friendship.
words like 'potluck' and 'congratulations' spring to mind.
they can't help it and neither can i, but our relationships are
strictly boring.
every month, the lot of us trudge to another house, another party.
another night of pleasant small talk.
our eyes glisten at the sight of a bonus.
i'm home every night at 5:41, and it is devoid of comfort and
hope.
sleeping off my depression,
i dream of disgruntled receptionists hacking my legs off with
sharpened paper clips.
i drink seven barrels of coffee in the morning to wake me up.
i take public transit to extend my longevity, but every day it works
in reverse.
we are all dead on the trains,
and we sold our souls the second we walked through the turnstyles.
everyone is looking down, downtown.
we don't notice the fifty-floor office buildings
that have sprouted up around us,
but should we?

should we worship these monstrous prisms?
back to my cube and back to grey numbers and swivel-chairs
(what a luxury!)
why yes, i love my job. the pay is good, the people are reasonable,
and my family is satisfied with the medical plan.
am i happy?
why do you ask?

devil on the subway

i try to look at his face but he makes my eyes tired
eyelids drooping, i turn away
but i try to force myself to look at him
the only way i will be able to see him
is by licking my finger and wetting my eyelids that way
but everyone on the subway will see me do that
so i will never see the devil's face

childhood

i remember a time when dreams didn't fade
and i'm saddened to realize that i have
cobwebs on my ceiling
(and that i'm actually concerned about them)

swiss army knife

items which would be of no use in a real war
but i like the toothpick

Thor's Hammer

I see the clouds moving slowly by,
Daring them to release their burden.
I cool breeze sweeps across my face
And I shiver with sensual pleasure.
The scent of rain has not yet come;
Silence mounts with each passing breath.
My elation boils and I am freed
From my bondage in a life of sun.
The sensation rises and I climb once more,
Towards a granite throne;
Lord of the darkening skies.

JAMES WALLACE

In Memory of Matthew: A March to the St. Lawrence

Oh when the Saints
go marching in
leaving us in a gymnasium full of grievance.
You were alive.
Laughing and dreaming,
Playing a pioneer in the Gold Rush.
I was just a Russian.
I still can't understand how we came together –
if at all.
Lightening crashes, some sort of bacteria,
then you were gone.
You, now wiser than any of your old teachers
sitting in the gymnasium stupefied.
Harsh electric lights blinding our numb tears.
I can't understand because I can't get past myself.
It's always that way.
Matthew, I want you to know
your ashes spread through the St. Lawrence
into the thoughts of everyone who knew you.
Oh when the sun refuses to shine,
I still want to be in that number,
Oh when the Saints go marching in.

NERMEEN MOUFTAH

The Martyr

The saint laughed loudly,
in the manner which
saints will laugh
while hanging from
a heavy cross –

a cross of shame,
bleeding into the street –

while people walked
lethargically past
and taxis cut
in and out
of traffic
like a swarm
of killer bees,
drowning out the
crazed, pained
delirious cackling
of the saint
who waited patiently
for death or miracle.

BRIAN JACKSON

Erwache

She held my hand
And made me drunk with joy.
The wolf and the Lamb at once,
The mistress and the servant
She doesn't need another
Blue-eyed soldier
Another young poet in armour
But how I long to Serve her,
For in a moment
She made a boy a man
A hero risen from out
Of the Abyss
Cloaked in her embrace
Of tender fire.
Re-emergent, resurgent, reborn.

ANDREW MASON

Eleventh Hour Elegy

The dearest hours of night have come again -
Arrived, the time when I may touch your flesh -
We two are one, in black night's cov'ring sheen;
With silent love, I fold you to my breast.
The aching day passed slowly as a year;
My thoughts, they turned often to the past:
For what I craved was once again to hear
My name in passion through your soft lips passed.
The fiery sun lies cold within our bed;
The busy world a distant model seems;
These hours with none but you I'd rather spend
Beloved, we will here await our dreams.

Though at the glow of morning we must part
My love, my love, forever yours my heart.

Defiance

When you come back this way, love
There'll be no pipe or trumpet.
When you come this way again
There'll be no clarion call.
But I will walk beside you, love
Through your trials and tribulations
I will stay right here beside you, love
And I will face them all.

VANESSA SCOTT

And She Came Running to Daddy

"His legs are split straight through!" cried Sandra, staring furiously at her stuffed bear, its left leg hanging pathetically by a few threads. "You're always too rough with my things. He was my favourite."

Erin, who was lying on her bed, rolled onto her stomach and proffered a shrug. "It's not worth making such a fuss over," she said, rolling her eyes. "It's not very lady-like, is it? We are, after all, a full fifteen years old now."

"Funny you should mention it. Would you call smoking cigs in the recess yard lady-like? How about being caught by Mrs. Tieggs and being sent to the principal's office?" pressed Sandra.

"Oh, stop being a big shrew! Smoking cigs is perfectly lady-like; all the stars do it," said Erin. She held up the penny magazine that she had been perusing through and pointed at a still of Veronica Lake. The actress was smiling radiantly and sat next to an equally luminous man in a white tuxedo. Sure enough, in the screen goddess's hand was a cigarette, attached to a thin filter, trailing a sinewy thread of smoke behind it. Erin nodded victoriously and handed the magazine to Sandra.

"It must be absolutely divine," declared Sandra, gazing at the image of Miss Lake in all her black and white glamour. "Just imagine being as beautiful as she is, surrounded by people just as beautiful as her - oh, and the men! It must be divine."

Erin, sensing that her friend was departing on one of her romantic flights of fancy, let out a groan. "What are you yammering on about? You would live in one of them moving pictures, wouldn't you?"

"Well, would it really be all that terrible?" protested Sandra. "Clark Gable towering over you, taking you in his arms, kissing you passionately - what a dream!" She placed a hand to her forehead and feigned a swoon.

"Oh, shut your gab."

"You're absolutely no fun at all," declared Sandra. "Come on, stop being an old maid and tell me about Adam."

Erin buried her face in the bed spread and said something that came out indecipherably muffled.

"Get your face out of there and tell me what happened!" demanded Sandra, her curiosity sizzling. She turned an expectant face to her friend.

"There's nothing to tell," responded Erin in a tone that begged an end to the subject.

"Oh no, you're not getting off that easy: I saw you go off with Adam after school. What happened?"

"We walked home is all." Erin averted her eyes from the glare of Sandra's girlish inquisition, her gaze lighting on a stuffed giraffe that was laying at the foot of her bed. The toy had been a gift from her father on her tenth birthday, and since then had become less an adored plaything than a source of comfort when she was feeling anxious. However, of late, the grubby little giraffe didn't seem to have much of any function. It merely sat there, garnishing her bed with its dusty, mottled presence.

"Stop stallin' and tell me already," begged Sandra, brushing a wisp of brown hair from her eyes.

Erin looked at her friend and sighed heavily. "You really are incorrigible. If you must know, he took me to Grover's Point."

Sandra echoed this last word in astonishment. The significance of Grover's Point in the eyes of the teenage population could not be underestimated. It was officially the site of Shintville's only radio tower, located in between the town dumping grounds and the major highway. On weekends, it was often frequented by inebriated teenagers for its secluded location. The concrete base of the tower provided an ideal canvas on which to make crude declarations of love in spray paint or chalk.

"Nothing really happened," mumbled Erin.

"What do you mean nothing happened? From what I hear, everything happens at Grover's Point."

"Like what?" challenged Erin.

Sandra made a puzzled face and gestured vaguely, trying her best to conjure up the puzzling, but nonetheless exhilarating, acts that

supposedly occurred between teenagers at said location. "I don't know," she conceded. "You tell me."

After a pause, Erin offered, "He wanted to kiss me."

"Was it just like the movies?" said Sandra, shrieking in delight.

"I wouldn't know. I didn't let him," answered Erin, sounding troubled.

"You didn't let him? Why ever not?"

Erin shrugged, saying, "On account of...on account of...I don't know."

"Don't you thing he's handsome?"

"Well, yeah. Of course I do."

Sandra looked critically at her friend, then declared, "Erin Marianna Jones, I just don't get you. You've had a crush on that boy since last summer. For a whole week after you met him, you couldn't stop going on about him. What's changed?"

Erin's only answer came when she seized the stuffed giraffe and hurled it at Sandra, missing her by a foot. If not for the elfish little smile that she appended to this action, Sandra would have thought that she was angry at her.

The awkward moment was interrupted by Mrs. Jones, who poked her head into the room and announced, "Your father and I are visiting the Allens". We'll be back in a bit." Her eyes fell on the giraffe, which had landed on the floor. "You're so careless, Erin. Don't leave your things laying about." She picked the toy up, gave it a perfunctory dusting, and replaced it on the bedspread.

"This used to be your favourite little thing in the world," Mrs. Jones said with a reminiscent air. "When your father gave this to you, you were so excited. We couldn't part the two of you. You and your father would put on the silliest puppet shows with it. Now it seems you barely give your father more than a few words a day. How things change."

"Donna, we'll be late," called out Mr. Jones from downstairs. Mrs. Jones gave her daughter a look of concern, then hurried out of the room.

"Don't forget to watch the baby while we're out," she hollered from the landing. The front door slammed, then there was silence.

"Let's see the baby!" said Sandra, watching her friend's demeanour carefully. Erin agreed, sounding cheerful enough to assuage Sandra's fears that an argument was impending. Lately, Sandra had noticed a marked change in Erin's behaviour. She had become more moody and given to tantrums and icy spells of silence. Erin had always been a wilful child, and terribly stubborn, but she had definitely changed. Nowadays, Sandra found herself more careful, more cautious in her conversations with Erin, so as to not set off one of her fits.

The nursery was quiet and still, smelling of talcum powder and domestic tranquillity. The silence was a rare occurrence. Since the baby's arrival two months earlier, the family hadn't passed an entire night without their sleep being interrupted by the urgent cries and wails of little Pembroke.

"He's a darling," cooed Sandra as she peeked over the crib. She gripped his hand lightly with her thumb and index finger, and watched with delight as he gripped back. Erin had deposited herself on a rocker by the window and watched Sandra with disinterest.

"Don't you want to see him?" asked Sandra, still preoccupied with Pembroke's tiny hand.

"Why? It's not as if I haven't seen it before."

"Your sister is the biggest grump, isn't she, Pembroke?" said Sandra in an infantile tone. "Erin, would you ever want one?"

"You mean a baby? I don't know."

Sandra left the crib and sat on the floor next to the rocker. "How do you -" she said, stopping herself short.

"How do you what?"

"How do you have a baby?" Sandra looked at her friend, who remained silent. Erin looked troubled again. A vague distress had settled across her face.

"Come on, you always know about stuff like this better than I do," ventured Sandra.

Erin jumped to her feet and said with sudden enthusiasm, "Fine, so you really want to know how it works?"

"Yes," begged Sandra.

"It all begins with this wicked sorcerer, who is big and tall and smells of rotten eggs and alcohol. He has this magic wand

that he always carries around with him. And at night, when you're sleeping, he creeps into your room and whacks you on the head with it," said Erin, becoming animated. She began miming out the movements of the sorcerer, mimicking his awkward, creeping steps.

"And he won't stop whacking you, even when you tell him to stop. He just comes back night after night," continued Erin in a croaky voice. She wrung her fingers at Sandra and chased her about the room. Sandra shrieked in feigned terror. Their strange game of tag continued a while longer, until a porcelain figurine - a gift from Erin's aunt - was disturbed from its position on the mantle and fell to the floor with an impressive smash. Little, white shards of porcelain were strewn across the wooden floor, like opal seashells on a sandy beach.

"Oh Erin, look what we've done!" shrieked Sandra.

"I'm not finished with you yet, Missy," croaked Erin, still mimicking the sorcerer.

"Stop playing. Can't you see what's happened?" exclaimed Sandra, looking helplessly at the scattered porcelain.

"I'll whack you with my wand and you'll never be the same again." Erin took a step towards Sandra and snarled menacingly.

"Quit it, will ya? You're scaring me something awful," yelled Sandra, on the verge of tears.

Still playing the game, Erin scooped up Pembroke in her arms and said, "Then he'll be my next victim. He'll satisfy my hunger just fine." She let out a shrill, girlish laugh and began to dance about the room with the baby. As she did so, she was careful to avoid the porcelain shards, at times taking baby steps and at others taking giant leaps. Sandra watched Erin's clumsy waltz with concern as it reached a more frenzied pace.

"Please, stop. Let's just go back to your room," she pleaded. Letting out another peal of laughter, Erin began spinning on the spot, pressing Pembroke tightly against her bosom. Feeling more confident, she extended her arms, holding him at length. Pembroke, who had until this point responded to his sister's dance with wide eyes and periodic giggles, began to cry. Erin didn't stop, though. She only spun even faster, her ponytail reaching out at a

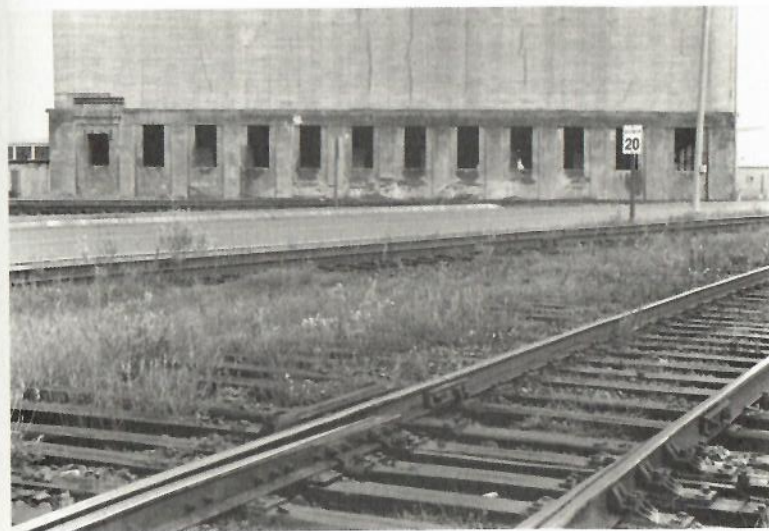
perpendicular angle to her body.

"I hear your parents coming!" cried Sandra in panic. "Please, put him down." She ran out of the room and darted down the stairs.

Erin was beginning to lose her momentum. Taking a step backwards, she yelped in pain after stepping on a shard of porcelain, and lost her balance. She landed hard on her side, her face smashing against the coolness of the floor. Sitting up slowly, she realised that her hands were empty. Across the room, by the dresser, lay little Pembroke, a silent, crumpled mound of yellow pyjamas.

Erin could hear her mother's shrieks and Sandra's frantic explanations. She felt a strong arm grasp her around the waist and another by the arm. "Easy does it," whispered her father in a soothing tone. "I think your ankle's twisted." He braced her tightly against his warm body and led her slowly towards the door. Mr. Jones picked his way carefully over the porcelain shards, taking awkward, creeping steps as he went.

DERRICK CHOW



PETER L. G. JOSSELYN



ANDRÉ DAHLMAN

The Price of My Pretense

Patchouli incense, cigarettes
Cats and tropical plants
But what this apartment really needs
Is delicious coloured glass
And posters, artifacts
That scream
Je suis de romantique
(Language added for pretension,
Spelling mistake to keep it real)

I would like to buy myself
An acoustic guitar
And maybe I could spell it acoustix
Like they do in the coffee shop
That I was in a few months ago

If you make a spelling mistake it's cool
If you intersperse your poetry with
Foreign languages your intelligent

I would crumple up this piece of paper
If it hadn't cost be 13 cents.

JEREMY DUTTON



University of Trinity College, Toronto,
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